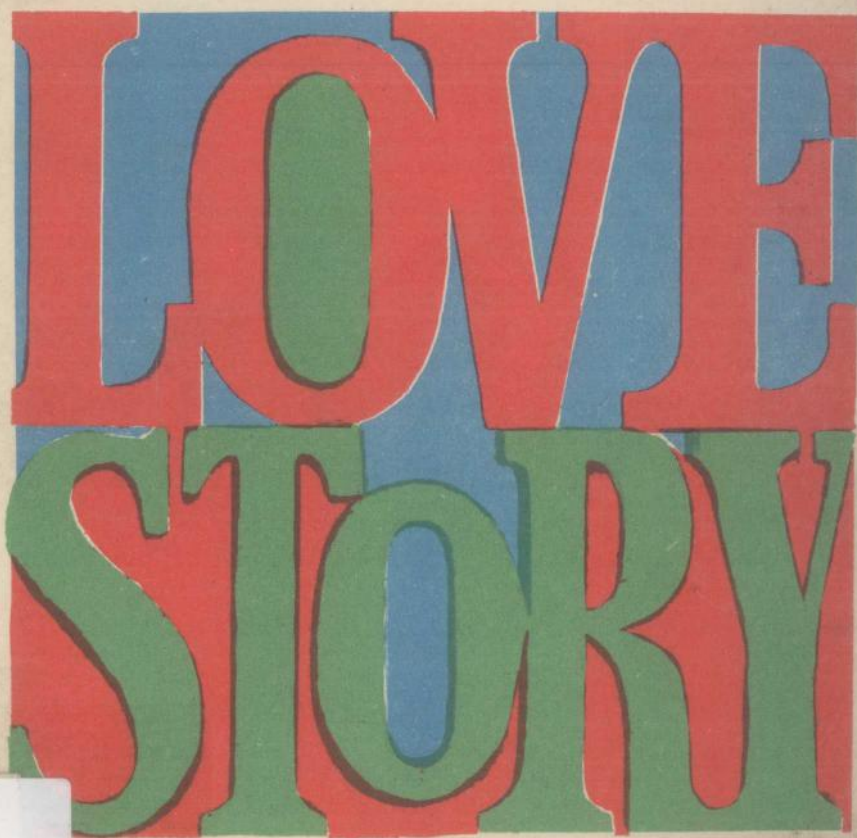


中英對照 愛的故事

西格爾著 鄭川譯



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Love Story

by Erich Segal

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愛 的 故 事

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一個二十五歲就死去了的女孩子，你能夠說些什麼呢？

她很美麗，也很聰明。她愛莫扎特和巴哈，還有披頭，和我。有一次，當她特別向我介紹這些音樂的時候，我問她最喜歡那一類？她說以字母的排列為序。當時我也跟着她微笑。但是我現在却坐在這兒懷疑，不知道她是以我的姓或名字來排列的。依照我的姓，我應該排列在巴哈和披頭之間，依照我的名字，則我應該排列在莫扎特的後面。隨便怎樣我都排不上第一位。為了一個很愚笨的理由，我為此感到非常苦惱，因為我從小樣樣都要爭第一。這是家庭的傳統，你可知道？

1

What can you say about a twenty-five-year-old girl who died?

That she was beautiful. And brilliant. That she loved Mozart and Bach. And the Beatles. And me. Once, when she specifically lumped me with those musical types, I asked her what the order was, and she replied, smiling, "Alphabetical." At the time I smiled too. But now I sit and wonder whether she was listing me by my first name—in which case I would trail Mozart—or by my last name, in which case I would edge in there between Bach and the Beatles. Either way I don't come first, which for some stupid reason bothers hell out of

我讀大四那一年，養成了到瑞德克利芙學院圖書館去閱覽的習慣。不祇是去看女孩子的腿，雖然我承認我很喜歡看。那個地方很安靜，沒有人認識我，借書的人也比較少。在考歷史的前一天，我還沒有翻過考試的書目表上的第一本書，這是哈佛大學所特有的毛病。我慢慢的走到借書部，打算借本書來解救明天的困境。那兒有兩個女館員。一個亭亭玉立，有一副拒人於千里之外的表情；另一個戴着眼鏡，是個帶點羞怯的小姐。我選擇了那個「四眼」。

『你們可有「中世紀的衰微」這本書？』

她瞥了我一眼。

『你們自己沒有圖書館嗎？』她問道。

『喂，哈佛學生有權在瑞德克利芙圖書館借書的。』

『我說的不是法令，預科生，我說的是道德問題，你們這幫人有五百萬本書，我們却只有幾千本破書。』

老天爺，這是一個有優越感的小姐！她以為既然瑞德克利芙跟哈佛的比率是五比一，那麼女孩子們準比男孩子聰明五倍。對於這一類小姐，我一向是敬而遠之，但是當時我實在太需要那本該死的書。

『聽我說，我需要那本該死的書。』

『說話文雅點兒好不好，預科生？』

me, having grown up with the notion that I always had to be number one. Family heritage, don't you know?

In the fall of my senior year, I got into the habit of studying at the Radcliffe library. Not just to eye the cheese, although I admit that I liked to look. The place was quiet, nobody knew me, and the reserve books were less in demand. The day before one of my history hour exams, I still hadn't gotten around to reading the first book on the list, an endemic Harvard disease. I ambled over to the reserve desk to get one of the tomes that would bail me out on the morrow. There were two girls working there. One a tall tennis-anyone type, the other a bespectacled mouse type. I opted for Minnie Four-Eyes.

"Do you have *The Waning of the Middle Ages*?"

She shot a glance up at me.

"Do you have your own library?" she asked.

"Listen, Harvard is allowed to use the Radcliffe library."

"I'm not talking legality, Preppie, I'm talking ethics. You guys have five million books. We have a few lousy thousand."

Christ, a superior-being type! The kind who think since the ratio of Radcliffe to Harvard is five to one, the girls must be five times as smart. I normally cut these types to ribbons, but just then I badly needed that goddamn book.

"Listen, I need that goddamn book."

"Wouldja please watch your profanity, Preppie?"

"What makes you so sure I went to prep school?"

『你怎麼知道我進過大學預科？』

『你看上去既愚蠢又有錢。』她說，摘掉了她的眼鏡。

『你錯了，』我反駁說。『其實我是既聰明又貧窮。』

『啊，不，預科生。我是既聰明又貧窮。』

她瞪視着我。她的眼睛是褐色的。好的，也許我看上去像個富家子弟，但是我不能讓克利芙女子學院的學生——雖然她的眼睛很美——管我叫笨人。

『你怎麼會這樣聰明？』我問道。

『我不會跟你去喝咖啡。』她回答說。

『聽着——我不會請你。』

『所以你是個愚蠢的人。』

讓我來解釋我為什麼要帶她去喝咖啡。由於在那個緊急關頭我假意投降——那是說，我假裝突然想請她去喝咖啡——我終於借到了那本書。他既然必須等到圖書館關門才能離開，所以我有充分的時間來記憶有關十一世紀末葉王室的信賴從傳教師轉移到律師的史實。那次考試我得到一個甲下，湊巧跟她第一次從桌子後面走出來的時候我給她的腿打的分數相等。不過，對於她的服裝，我不能給那麼高的分數，我覺得它太隨便了一點。我特別討厭她帶的那個印第安式皮包。幸而我沒有說出來，後來我才發現那是她自己設計的。

我們走進了附近的矮人餐廳，那是一家賣三明治的小餐館，雖然取了那樣一個名字，對於顧客的身材倒沒有限制。我叫了兩杯咖啡，還替她要了一份巧克力冰淇淋。

"You look stupid and rich," she said, removing her glasses.

"You're wrong," I protested. "I'm actually smart and poor."

"Oh, no, Preppie. *I'm* smart and poor."

She was staring straight at me. Her eyes were brown. Okay, maybe I look rich, but I wouldn't let some 'Cliffie—even one with pretty eyes—call me dumb.

"What the hell makes you so smart?" I asked.

"I wouldn't go for coffee with you," she answered.

"Listen—I wouldn't ask you."

"That," she replied, "is what makes you stupid."

Let me explain why I took her for coffee. By shrewdly capitulating at the crucial moment—i.e., by pretending that I suddenly wanted to—I got my book. And since she couldn't leave until the library closed, I had plenty of time to absorb some pithy phrases about the shift of royal dependence from cleric to lawyer in the late eleventh century. I got an A minus on the exam, coincidentally the same grade I assigned to Jenny's legs when she first walked from behind that desk. I can't say I gave her costume an honor grade, however; it was a bit too Boho for my taste. I especially loathed that Indian thing she carried for a handbag. Fortunately I didn't mention this, as I later discovered it was of her own design.

We went to the Midget Restaurant, a nearby sandwich joint which, despite its name, is not restricted to people of small stature. I ordered two coffees and a brownie with ice cream (for her).

「我叫珍妮弗。凱維勒里，」她說。「義大利裔美國人。」
好像我不會知道似的，她又補了一句：「我念的是音樂系。」

「我叫奧立佛。」我說。

「是姓還是名字？」

「名字。」我回答說，然後我說我的全名是奧立佛。巴賴特。（我是說，那是我全名中的大部分）

「啊，」她說。「巴賴特，跟那個詩人同姓？」

「是的，」我說。「不同宗。」

在跟着那一段停頓的時間裡，我由衷的感謝她沒有像別人一樣，提出那個使我煩惱的問題：「巴賴特，跟那座大樓同名？」因為建築巴賴特大樓的人正好是我的祖先，而這座大樓也是哈佛校園裡最巨大最醜陋的建築物。它代表我家的豪富，也象徵着空虛而浮華的哈佛主義。

在那以後，她非常的安靜。難道我們這樣快就無話可談了？她是不是嫌我跟那個詩人攀不上關係？怎麼？她只是坐在那兒，似笑不笑的望着我。爲了找些事情做，我順手翻閱她的筆記簿。她寫的字很特別，小巧秀麗，却沒有一個大寫的字母。她還在修習幾種很特別的課程：比較文學 105，音樂 150，音樂 201……

「音樂 201，那不是研究院的課程嗎？」

她點點頭，沒有辦法掩飾她的得意。

「文藝復興期複旋律法。」

"I'm Jennifer Cavilleri," she said, "an American of Italian descent."

As if I wouldn't have known. "And a music major," she added.

"My name is Oliver," I said.

"First or last?" she asked.

"First," I answered, and then confessed that my entire name was Oliver Barrett. (I mean, that's most of it.)

"Oh," she said. "Barrett, like the poet?"

"Yes," I said. "No relation."

In the pause that ensued, I gave inward thanks that she hadn't come up with the usual distressing question: "Barrett, like the hall?" For it is my special albatross to be related to the guy that built Barrett Hall, the largest and ugliest structure in Harvard Yard, a colossal monument to my family's money, vanity and flagrant Harvardism.

After that, she was pretty quiet. Could we have run out of conversation so quickly? Had I turned her off by not being related to the poet? What? She simply sat there, semi-smiling at me. For something to do, I checked out her notebooks. Her handwriting was curious—small sharp little letters with no capitals (who did she think she was, e. e. cummings?). And she was taking some pretty snowy courses: Comp. Lit. 105, Music 150, Music 201—

"Music 201? Isn't that a graduate course?"

She nodded yes, and was not very good at masking her pride.

"Renaissance polyphony."

「什麼叫做複旋律法？」

「毫無性感，預科生。」

爲什麼我要提出這個問題來？她不看校刊嗎？她不知道我是誰嗎

？

「喂，你知道我是誰嗎？」

「知道，」她的回答裡帶着一點不屑的味道。「你是巴賴特大樓
的主人。」

她並不知道我是誰。

「我不是巴賴特大樓的主人，」我含糊的說。「我的曾祖父把它
送給哈佛。」

「好讓他不怎麼爭氣的曾孫進哈佛的校門！」

話已說到極限。

「珍妮，如果你相信我是個沒出息的人，你何必一定要我請你喝
咖啡呢？」

她注視着我的眼睛微笑。

「我喜歡你的身體。」她說。

大勝者的部份才能，就是也能做一個好的失敗者，這中間並沒有
矛盾。把失敗變成勝利是哈佛的傳統。

「運氣太差，巴賴達，你們可輸慘了。」

「是嗎？我高興你們贏，我是說，你們的人太需要贏了。」

當然，徹底的勝利比較好。我的意思是，如果你有選擇的餘地，
最後一分鐘得分也很不錯。當我陪着珍妮走回她的宿舍的時候，對於
這個傲慢的瑞德克利芙丫頭，仍舊抱着必勝的信念。

"What's polyphony?"

"Nothing sexual, Preppie."

Why was I putting up with this? Doesn't she read the *Crimson*? Doesn't she know who I am?

"Hey, don't you know who I am?"

"Yeah," she answered with kind of disdain. "You're the guy that owns Barrett Hall."

She didn't know who I was.

"I don't *own* Barrett Hall," I quibbled. "My great-grandfather happened to give it to Harvard."

"So his not-so-great grandson would be sure to get in!"

That was the limit.

"Jenny, if you're so convinced I'm a loser, why did you bulldoze me into buying you coffee?"

She looked me straight in the eye and smiled.

"I like your body," she said.

Part of being a big winner is the ability to be a good loser. There's no paradox involved. It's a distinctly Harvard thing to be able to turn any defeat into victory.

"*Tough luck, Barrett. You played a helluva game.*"

"*Really, I'm so glad you fellows took it. I mean, you people need to win so badly.*"

Of course, an out-and-out triumph *is* better. I mean, if you have the option, the last-minute score is preferable. And as I walked Jenny back to her dorm, I had not despaired of ultimate victory over this snotty Radcliffe bitch.

「聽着，你這個傲慢的瑞德克利芙丫頭，禮拜五晚上我們跟達特
穆斯大學比賽曲棍球。」

「是嗎？」

「所以我想請你看。」

她用瑞德克利芙學院一貫的重視運動的口氣回答說：「我爲什麼
要去看一場差勁的曲棍球球賽？」

我小心翼翼的說：

「因爲我要參加比賽。」

一陣短暫的沈默。我想我聽到了雪片粉飛的聲音。

「參加哪邊？」她問道。

"Listen, you snotty Radcliffe bitch, Friday night is the Dartmouth hockey game."

"So?"

"So I'd like you to come."

She replied with the usual Radcliffe reverence for sport:

"Why the hell should I come to a lousy hockey game?"

I answered casually:

"Because I'm playing."

There was a brief silence. I think I heard snow falling.

"For which side?" she asked.

二

奧立佛。巴賴特四世

四年級生

麻薩諸塞州，易普威治市人費立浦愛塞特中學畢業

年齡：二十歲

五呎十一吋，一八五磅

主修：社會研究

優等生：一九六一，六二，六三年

全長春藤冠軍隊：一九六二，六三年

事業目標：法律界

現在珍妮應該已經讀過了節目表上的我的簡歷了。我非常相信管理員維克看着她拿去一份的。

「我的天，巴賴特，這是你頭一次約會嗎？」

「閉嘴，維克，要不然我就要打掉你的牙齒。」

2

Oliver Barrett IV *Senior*
Ipswich, Mass. *Phillips Exeter*
Age 20 *5'11", 185 lbs.*
Major: Social Studies
Dean's List: '61, '62, '63
All-Ivy First Team: '62, '63
Career Aim: Law

By now Jenny had read my bio in the program. I made triple sure that Vic Claman, the manager, saw that she got one.

"For Christ's sake, Barrett, is this your first date?"

"Shut up, Vic, or you'll be chewing your teeth."

As we warmed up on the ice, I didn't wave to her