

第3课 山水与情思

博学之(Text)

Once More to the Lake

E. B. White

Summertime, oh summertime, pattern of life indelible, the fade-proof lake, the woods unshatterable, the pasture with the sweet fern and the juniper forever and ever, summer without end; this was the background, and the life along the shore was the design, the cottages with their innocent and tranquil design, their tiny docks with the flagpole and the American flag floating against the white clouds in the blue sky, the little paths over the roots of the trees leading from camp to camp and the paths leading back to the outhouses and the can of lime for sprinkling, and at the souvenir counters at the store the miniature birch-bark canoes and the post cards that showed things looking a little better than they looked. This was the American family at play, escaping the city heat, wondering whether the newcomers at the camp at the head of the cove were “common” or “nice”, wondering whether it was true that the people who drove up for Sunday dinner at the farmhouse were turned away because there wasn’t enough chicken.

It seemed to me, as I kept remembering all this, that those times and those summers had been infinitely precious and worth saving. There had been jollity and peace and goodness. The arriving (at the beginning of August) had been so big a business in itself, at the railway station the farm wagon drawn up, the first smell of the pine-laden air, the first glimpse of the smiling farmer, and the great importance of the trunks and your father’s enormous authority in such matters, and the feel of the wagon under you for the long ten-mile haul, and at the top of the last long hill catching the first view of the lake after eleven months of not seeing this cherished body of water. The shouts and cries of the other campers when they saw you, and the trunks to be unpacked, to give up their rich burden. (Arriving was less exciting nowadays, when you sneaked up in your car and parked it under a tree near the camp and took out the bags and in five minutes it was all over, no fuss, no loud

wonderful fuss about trunks.)

Peace and goodness and jollity. The only thing that was wrong now, really, was the sound of the place, an unfamiliar nervous sound of the outboard motors. This was the note that jarred, the one thing that would sometimes break the illusion and set the years moving. In those other summertimes, all motors were inboard; and when they were at a little distance, the noise they made was a sedative, an ingredient of summer sleep. They were one-cylinder and two-cylinder engines, and some were make-and-break and some were jump-spark, but they all made a sleepy sound across the lake. The one-lungers throbbed and fluttered, and the twin-cylinder ones purred and purred, and that was a quiet sound too. But now the campers all had outboards. In the daytime, in the hot mornings, these motors made a petulant, irritable sound; at night, in the still evening when the afterglow lit the water, they whined about one's ears like mosquitoes. My boy loved our rented outboard, and his great desire was to achieve single-handed mastery over it, and authority, and he soon learned the trick of choking it a little (but not too much), and the adjustment of the needle valve. Watching him I would remember the things you could do with the old one-cylinder engine with the heavy flywheel, how you could have it eating out of your hand if you got really close to it spiritually. Motor boats in those days didn't have clutches, and you would make a landing by shutting off the motor at the proper time and coasting in with a dead rudder. But there was a way of reversing them, if you learned the trick, by cutting the switch and putting it on again exactly on the final dying revolution of the flywheel, so that it would kick back against compression and begin reversing. Approaching a dock in a strong following breeze, it was difficult to slow up sufficiently by the ordinary coasting method, and if a boy felt he had complete mastery over his motor, he was tempted to keep it running beyond its time and then reverse it a few feet from the dock. It took a cool nerve, because if you threw the switch a twentieth of a second too soon you would catch the flywheel when it still had speed enough to go up past center, and the boat would leap ahead, charging bull-fashion at the dock.

阅读导释 (Notes)

1. indelible /m'delɪbl/ *adj.* 永记于心的, 无法泯灭的
2. juniper /'dʒʊnɪpə/ *n.* 杜松
3. jollity /dʒɒlɪti/ *n.* 欢乐, 欢闹
4. sneak up 偷偷地走, 悄悄靠近

5. note /nəʊt/ *n.* 声音, 鸣叫 (这里指艇外发动机的声响)
6. sedative /'sedətɪv/ *n.* 镇静剂, 能使人安静的东西
7. whine /waɪn/ *v.* 哀诉, 发牢骚
8. eat out of one's hand 对某人服服帖帖, 唯命是从
9. This was the American family at play, escaping the city heat, wondering whether the newcomers at the camp at the head of the cove were "common" or "nice", wondering whether it was true that the people who drove up for Sunday dinner at the farmhouse were turned away because there wasn't enough chicken.

该句中的escaping和wondering部分修饰the American family, 表示伴随状态。其中wondering whether it was true that the people who drove up ...中的that引导的是主从句, 它是先行主语; 紧接的who引导的是一个定语从句。

10. The arriving (at the beginning of August) had been so big a business in itself, at the railway station the farm wagon drawn up, the first smell of the pine-laden air, the first glimpse of the smiling farmer, and the great importance of the trunks and your father's enormous authority in such matters, and the feel of the wagon under you for the long ten-mile haul, and at the top of the last long hill catching the first view of the lake after eleven months of not seeing this cherished body of water.

这个句子很长, 含有多个如at the railway station ..., the first smell ..., the first glimpse ...这样的短语, 它们可以视为解释和说明前面的so big a business in itself: 车站外松树的清香、农民的笑脸、大大的旅行箱和货车的颠簸等画面在作者看来都是弥足珍贵的记忆。

参考译文 (Translation)

再度游湖

埃尔文·布鲁克斯·怀特

夏日啊夏日, 夏日的生活方式亘古如斯。夏日的湖色依旧, 树林也坚忍不拔, 牧场上常年长满了香蕨和杜松, 夏日看起来好似无边无际。而这些还仅仅是布景, 湖岸四周的生活才是真正的风景所在。一间间农舍淳朴、安逸; 小码头上立着一根旗杆, 美国国旗在蓝天白云下飘扬; 曲折的小径绕过树根, 从一个个帐篷经过, 通往户外厕所, 那里还有石灰水罐, 供洒扫之用; 小卖部的纪念品柜台上陈列着用桦树皮做的皮划艇模型, 而明信片上的景物看起来比实景还要漂亮。这是美国家庭的游戏: 逃离城市的酷热喧嚣, 猜一猜湖湾尖上的帐篷里那群新来的住客是“一般人”还是“有教养的人”, 猜一猜那些在星期天驱车来农庄吃饭的人是否是因为鸡肉不足而被打发走的。

我不断回忆这些情景, 似乎对我而言, 那些时光和那些夏天都是弥足珍贵的, 值得珍藏

心底。那里充满着欢乐、祥和与美好。在八月初抵达这里本身就是非同小可的一件事：农用货车停在火车站外，初闻松树的清香；初见笑脸满盈的农民，大包小箱极其重要，一件不能少，而父亲在这些事上具有绝对的权威；货车在身下颠簸，拉着你走过漫长的10英里；到达最后一个大坡顶时，你一眼就能看见阔别了十一个月之久的珍贵湖水。其他露营者一看到你就会大呼小叫，你打开旅行箱，解除它们的重负。（如今“抵达”本身已经不再令人兴奋。你只需静静地把车开过来，停靠在帐篷旁的树下，取出行李，五分钟就可以完事。再没有大惊小怪，也没了关于行李的喧闹和精彩。）

那里的一切都是宁静、美妙和欢乐的。而如今唯一不足的就是艇外发动机发出的令人感到陌生又焦虑的声音。那声音非常刺耳，它时常打破幻象，令年华流逝。曾经的夏日，所有的发动机都是装在艇内的，距离稍远，发出的声响就像镇静剂，令人昏昏欲睡。这些发动机既有单缸的也有双缸的，有些是断电式点火型，有些是火花式点火型，它们在湖面上所发出的声音都如催眠一般。单缸的砰砰声，双缸的咕噜噜声，都不太吵人。但如今所有露营者使用的都是艇外发动机，在白天炎热的上午，这些发动机会发出一种令人烦躁、懊恼的声音；而到了傍晚，夕阳洒满湖面时，发动机的声响又如同蚊蝇萦绕耳际。我的儿子非常喜爱我们租的这种游艇，他最大的愿望就是学会单手操控它，并且完全掌控它。他很快就学会了让发动机憋一点点气（但又不能憋太多）的窍门，学会了如何调节针型阀。看着儿子，我不由得想起了操控带有笨重飞轮的老式单缸发动机的情景，一旦你真正从精神上亲近它们，它们便会对你服服帖帖。那时的汽艇没有离合器，靠岸时你要在准确的时间点关闭发动机，然后再靠舵荡到岸边。如果你掌握了窍门，就可以使发动机反转，先关掉开关，在飞轮转完最后一圈要停下时打开开关，飞轮会在压力下回弹，开始反方向转动。在顺风的情况下靠岸，用一般的方法很难减速。如果某个小伙子觉得他已经掌握了如何操控发动机，他会禁不住想要把船多开几步，然后再将它退到离码头几英尺远的地方。如果这样做，驾驶者就需保持冷静，因为如果提前二十分之一秒打开了开关，那时飞轮还有足够的速度转过中线，于是飞轮继续顺转，汽艇便以公牛的猛劲撞向码头。

■ 明辨之 (Who's Who)

埃尔文·布鲁克斯·怀特 (Elwyn Brooks White, 1899-1985)，美国当代著名幽默作家、时评家，同时还是诗人、文体学家。他为数家报纸杂志写稿，是《纽约客》(New Yorker) 杂志的特约编辑，为其工作11年。他还为《哈泼斯》(Harper's) 杂志撰写了6年专栏。这些专栏随笔造就了他干净优雅同时又简洁幽默的文风，由专栏文章结成的文集也颇受好评。他的散文和随笔描述了城市和郊区生活的各种复杂与丰富，甚至专门为纽约写了一本小册子：《这就是纽约》(Here Is New York, 1949)。他不仅为成人写书，也为孩子们写了三本书：《精灵鼠小弟》(Stuart Little, 1945)、《夏洛特的网》(Charlotte's Web, 1952) 与《吹小号的天鹅》(The Trumpet of the Swan, 1970)，均已经成为儿童文学中的经典。怀特也是英语语言大师。

1959年，他编辑并修订了小威廉姆·斯特朗克(William Strunk Jr.)的《文体要素》(*The Elements of Style*)，使之成为美国高中和大学的英语常用教科书。

怀特虽然是读者喜爱的著名作家，却非常安静内向，对慕名而来的读者和拜访者尽量避而不见。他曾经在作品中表明，理想的都市生活能够让居民享受“孤独与私密”。同时他也是热爱生活、热爱自然的人，那些动物故事就来源于他在自家农场的发现。本篇选文描述了他与一面湖水的缘分。说到湖泊，有人认为是灵感的源泉，有人尊为神圣的精神，而怀特笔下的这片湖则成为他怀旧的媒介和回忆的寄托。如果湖水还如当年那般宁静，曾经经历的祥和与美好似乎也不会消逝，回忆将长存，湖边的时间甚至会永远停留在多年前的美好夏天。新的发动机声搅扰了作者对宁静湖水的印象——其实湖水没有变，只是游艇的噪音导致他的回忆出现断裂，从而无法按照期待的那样回到过去。有趣的是，他的儿子却很喜欢操控新的发动机，就像他当年喜欢操控旧的发动机一样。这是生命的延续吗？是人生的轮回吗？是古老被新生取代的必然规律吗？不管是什么，自然都是忠实的见证者，也是沉默的记录者。人到中年的作者，见山已不是山，见水也已不是水，所见皆是自己的人生。怀特善于记述城市生活，甚至被认为是纽约的代言人，但是我们品读这篇小文时，却从这位惯于记录“大苹果”都市生活的作者笔下，感受到了一丝丝熟悉的禅思的味道。

■ 审问之(Reading Comprehension)

The narrator doesn't like the outboard motors, but why do you think he compares how his son likes the outboard motors with how he liked the inboard motors? What feelings does he want to convey?

■ 慎思之(Critical Thinking)

1. 当我们重游熟悉的风景时，我们想看的到底是什么，是风景还是回忆？
2. 中国人喜欢寄情于山水，那么我们到底寄托的是什么感情？山水在我们的情感寄托中扮演了什么角色？

■ 笃行之(Getting Started)

利用节假日以及寒暑假，到曾经熟悉的风景中走一走，看一看，也想一想，体会时间的流逝，以及生命的成长所带来的不同感受。

丨 国学链接 (Sinology Hyperlink)

导读 (Warm-up)

诗言志，歌咏言，中国自古以来就有寄情山水、寓情于景的诗歌传统。唐代诗人张若虚的《春江花月夜》绝唱古今，素有“孤篇盖全唐”之誉。诗人勾勒了春江月夜一派鲜丽华美又澄澈空明的清幽意境，诗中游子怀人的思慕之情和对宇宙和人生的无限遐想相互交织，浑然天成，将全诗升华到一种清丽明净而青春盎然的艺术境界。细细品读这首千古绝唱，感受中国古典诗歌的意境之美。

春江花月夜

张若虚

春江潮水连海平，海上明月共潮生。
滟滟随波千万里，何处春江无月明！
江流宛转绕芳甸，月照花林皆似霰；
空里流霜不觉飞，汀上白沙看不见。
江天一色无纤尘，皎皎空中孤月轮。
江畔何人初见月，江月何年初照人？
人生代代无穷已，江月年年只相似。
不知江月待何人，但见长江送流水。
白云一片去悠悠，青枫浦上不胜愁。
谁家今夜扁舟子，何处相思明月楼？
可怜楼上月徘徊，应照离人妆镜台。
玉户帘中卷不去，捣衣砧上拂还来。
此时相望不相闻，愿逐月华流照君。
鸿雁长飞光不度，鱼龙潜跃水成文。
昨夜闲潭梦落花，可怜春半不还家。
江水流春去欲尽，江潭落月复西斜。
斜月沉沉藏海雾，碣石潇湘无限路。
不知乘月几人归，落月摇情满江树。

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■ 格物致知 (Investigating)

1. 在中国辽阔的大地上, 自然、人文景观丰富多样, 数不胜数。你或许见过荒漠里的风吹流沙, 你或许见过草原上的挥鞭策马, 你抑或见过江南古镇的白墙青瓦、流水人家……当你看到大漠孤烟的时候是否有种悲壮的情怀? 当你登上万里长城的时候是否有种英雄豪气? 根据你熟悉的山水景色, 写一篇抒情散文, 并思考: 山水与情感之间的关系到底是怎样的, 人为何会对自然有种本能的亲近感?
2. 王国维在《人间词话》开篇写道, “词以境界为最上, 有境界则自成高格, 自有名句。五代、北宋之词所以独绝者在此。” 阅读相关诗词, 并思考: 王国维的“境界”具体指什么? 王国维又说, “境界有大小, 不以是而分优劣”。你认为“境界”是评判诗词优劣的唯一标准吗?
3. 你是怎么理解“智者乐水, 仁者乐山”的? 你又是怎么理解希腊文学传统中的“日神精神”和“酒神精神”的?