The Secret to Remembering Travel

旅行记忆的秘密

Whenever I look through all those files of things I've saved over the years, I usually stumble upon some long-forgotten newspaper article I have tucked away, I give it a casual glance, turn it over, then always find that whatever's on the back is more interesting. Serendipity seems to win out over planning every time. Travel is like that. No matter how many journals I fill, photos I take, or posts I send, I find that I often "document" the wrong things.

每当我翻阅多年来保存的所有文件时，我通常会偶然发现一些我藏起来的早已遗忘的报纸文章，我会随意地瞥一眼，翻过来，然后总是发现背面的东西更有趣。幸运的是，意外发现似乎总是胜过计划。旅行就是这样。无论我填满多少日记，拍多少照片，或者发送多少帖子，我发现我经常“记录”错了事情。

While living and teaching English in Vietnam in the late 1990s, I filled my journal with reviews of the Western movies I devoured in between classes. Unfortunately,not one word described life in the alleys in Ho Chi Minh City, a place in the throes of wild transition.

在20世纪90年代末，我在越南生活和工作，教授英语，我的日记里充满了我在课间狼吞虎咽的西方电影的评论。不幸的是，没有一个字描述了胡志明市小巷里的生活，这个地方正处于疯狂转型的阵痛中。

Similarly, while studying in Russia in the early 1990s, I snapped roll after roll of onion-domed' cathedrals that haven't changed for centuries, ignoring the babushkas holding toothbrushes for sale outside metro exits - a telling snapshot of the country's first baby steps into capitalism, now long gone.

同样，在20世纪90年代初在俄罗斯学习时，我连续拍摄了一卷又一卷几个世纪都没有变化的洋葱顶教堂的照片，却忽视了在地铁站出口外拿着牙刷出售的老奶奶——这是该国最初步入资本主义的有力快照，现在已经消失很久了。

Not that there's anything wrong with gold-topped churches, of course, but I ended up "capturing"the same Russia people can capture today. Now,when I go on trips, I try to listen to what Future Robert is trying to tell Present Robert to notice, to record, to remember.

当然，金顶教堂本身并没有错，但我最终“捕捉”到了人们今天仍然可以捕捉到的俄罗斯。现在，当我去旅行时，我尝试倾听未来的罗伯特试图告诉现在的罗伯特注意、记录和记忆的事情。

This isn't as easy as it sounds, but it's worth bringing up since most of us tend to over-document when we travel these days.Armed with smartphones and virtually limitless memory cards, we take hundreds if not thousands of photos without a second thought.And unlike before, we actually share them - immediately-on social media.

这并不像听起来那么容易，但值得一提，因为我们大多数人在旅行时倾向于过度记录。武装着智能手机和几乎无限的存储卡，我们会毫不犹豫地拍摄数百甚至数千张照片。与以前不同的是，我们实际上会立即在社交媒体上分享它们。

That would be fine, but I frequently catch myself rushing like a Black Friday' shopper to spread news of my travels in real time Last week in eastern Oregon, I jumped out of the car at the Clarno Unit of the John Day Fossil Beds National Monument, snapped a photo, touched it up, and sent it off. This is all before I even bothered to take a non-virtual look at the fossilized land plants and animals in the 44-million-year-old volcanic mudflow.

这本来没什么问题，但我经常发现自己像黑色星期五的购物者一样匆忙，实时传播我的旅行消息。上周在俄勒冈州东部，我在约翰戴化石床国家纪念碑的克拉诺单元跳下车，拍了张照片，修饰了一下，然后发送出去。这一切都是在我甚至没有真正看一眼440万年前的火山泥流中的化石陆生植物和动物之前完成的。

The antidote to the nod-and-go³ approach is simple: just slow down. This isn't a unique observation, or even a new one. When photography was just getting off the ground in the Victorian era,English art critic John Ruskin criticized how travelers ended up paying less attention when they had a camera in their hand. His advice was to sketch, reasoning that taking the time to jot down even the simplest drawings can help anyone "see" a place better.

对抗点头即走的方法很简单：就是放慢脚步。这不是一个独特的观察，甚至不是一个新的观点。当摄影在维多利亚时代刚刚起步时，英国艺术评论家约翰·拉斯金批评了旅行者手中有相机时最终会付出更少的注意力。他的建议是画素描，理由是花时间记下即使是最简单的图画也可以帮助任何人更好地“看到”一个地方。

That point is certainly echoed by many other people. In a newly published book on sketching, the author illustrates how a few thoughtful drawings can do a good job of capturing the spirit of an experience. He believes that "sketching uses more of your brain's capabilities ... creating a more detailed, layered map,"and I agree with him.

许多人当然也认同这一点。在一本新出版的关于素描的书中，作者说明了一些深思熟虑的图画如何能够很好地捕捉经历的精神。他认为“素描使用了你大脑的更多能力……创造了一个更详细、层次更多的地图”，我同意他的观点。

The key to maximizing future memories, then, is just to be present, pay attention to the details that interest you, and look at them closely - perhaps even sketch them. Only you know what those details are.

那么，最大化未来记忆的关键就是存在，关注你感兴趣的细节，并仔细观察它们——甚至可能素描它们。只有你知道这些细节是什么。

Most people take photos when they travel, but not everyone jots down drawings and descriptions in a journal. I've filled 30-some notebooks with a decade's worth of lost travel moments. Lately I've been reading each of them, page by page. It's been mazing. I enjoy the unfiltered lines: scribbles about train times, sketches of a bus s dramatic mustache, ideas for songs I'll never write. These musings can bring back forgotten memories and lend° color to cherished ones.

大多数人旅行时会拍照，但并不是每个人都会在日记中记下图画和描述。我已经用十年的时间填满了30多本笔记本的失落旅行时刻。最近我一直在逐页阅读它们。这很神奇。我喜欢那些未经过滤的线条：关于火车时间的涂鸦，公交车司机戏剧性的胡子的素描，我永远不会写的歌曲的想法。这些遐想可以唤起被遗忘的记忆，并为珍贵的记忆增添色彩。

I've been telling friends the story about a "goat whisperer"I encountered on a train in Bulgaria for years, but when I sat down to write about it a few months back, I was able to paint the picture more clearly because I had thought to' record how the gray-haired man tapped his foot as he whispered, that the baby goat was wrapped snugly in a blue-and-red striped plastic bag, and how it happened en route to Vidin on what would have been my dad's 65th birthday

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I like to think that each trip has at least one "moment" like this - one that teaches us a lasting lesson or influences how we see the world. Such moments can't be planned,of course, but I try to be present enough to know when one might be happening so I don't just slow down to enjoy it; I stop altogether.

我喜欢认为每次旅行至少有一个这样的“时刻”——一个教会我们持久教训或影响我们如何看待世界的时刻。这样的时刻当然不能计划，但我尽量保持足够的存在，知道什么时候可能发生，这样我就不只是放慢脚步去享受它；我完全停下来。

Last October, I traveled to south-central France to follow in the footsteps Robert Louis Stevenson took in his book Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes. When I came to a small lake between the villages of Le Cheylard and Luc, I knew I was near the spot where Stevenson had offered what would become one of the book's enduring quotations: "I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move."

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And I disobeyed him. I stopped instead - to look and listen. Only then did I hear a v :few pieces of dry leaves falling through the trees and birds stopping their songs then starting up again. Only then did I notice the spiky chestnut shells below my feet and the birch trees swaying in the wind - details Stevenson had noted, too.

我没有听从他的话。我停下来——去看和听。只有那时我才听到几片干树叶穿过树木的声音，鸟儿停止了歌唱然后又重新开始。只有那时我才注意到我脚下的刺栗子壳和在风中摇曳的桦树——史蒂文森也注意到了这些细节。

I didn't photograph or post any of that, but I sure do remember it.

我没有拍照或发布任何这些，但我确实记得。