**U5 Wagner Matinee**

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VOCB

PHRSE

1. I received one morning a letter, written in pale ink on glassy, blue-lined notepaper, and bearing the postmark of a little Nebraska(2) village. This communication, worn and rubbed, looking as though it had been carried for some days in a coat pocket that was none too clean, was from my Uncle Howard and informed me that his wife had been left a small legacy by a bachelor relative, and that it would be necessary for her to go to Boston to attend the settling of the estate. He requested me to meet her at the station and render her whatever services might be necessary. On examining the date indicated as that of her arrival, I found it to be no later than tomorrow. He had characteristically delayed writing until, had I been away from home for a day, I must have missed the good woman altogether. 一天早上我收到一封信, 是用褪色的墨水写的，信纸是蓝色划线，很光滑，用了内布拉斯加州的一个小村庄的邮戳。信很破旧，磨损地很厉害，好像它放在从没洗过的大衣口袋中好几天。这是我的叔叔霍华德寄来的，他告诉我，他的妻子从单身的亲戚那里得到了一小笔的遗产，这使她必须去波士顿办理财产的事务。他请我去车站接她，给她一些必要的帮助。我看了下她来的日期，发现就在明天。他总是拖延写信时间，如果我离家一天的话，可能就见不到婶婶了。
2. The name of my Aunt Georgiana opened before me a gulf of recollection so wide and deep that, as the letter dropped from my hand, I felt suddenly a stranger to all the present conditions of my existence, wholly ill at ease and out of place amid the familiar surroundings of my study. I became, in short, the gangling farm boy my aunt had known, scourged with chilblains and bashfulness, my hands cracked and sore from the corn husking. I sat again before her parlor organ(3), fumbling the scales with my stiff red hands, while she, beside me, made canvas mittens for the huskers. The next morning, after preparing my landlady for a visitor, I set out for the station. When the train arrived I had some difficulty in finding my aunt. She was the last of the passengers to alight, and it was not until I got her into the carriage that she seemed really to recognize me. She had come all the way in a day coach(4); her linen duster had become black with soot and her black bonnet gray with dust, during the journey. When we arrived at my boarding house the landlady put her to bed at once and I did not see her again until the next morning. 想着乔治亚娜婶婶的名字，我陷入了深深的回忆之中，信不知不觉地从我手里滑落，我突然觉得周围的一切都好陌生，在熟悉的书房中我竟然感到非常不安和不自在。我仿佛又成为了婶婶知道的那个又瘦又高的农村男孩，长满了冻疮，很腼腆，双手因为剥玉米都裂开了，疼痛不堪。我仿佛又坐在了她的风琴前，用僵硬的，通红的手指笨拙地玩着琴键，而她在我旁边，为剥玉米的人做帆布手套。第二天早晨，和房东太太说了要来客人后，我去了车站。当火车到达时，我好不容易地找到了婶婶。她是最后一个下车的人，而且直到我去拿她的行李，她才好像认出我。她一路上都是在长途汽车上度过的，亚麻风衣因为烟尘而变成了黑色，帽子因为粉尘而变成了灰色。当我们到达公寓时，房东太太马上安排她睡下了，直到第二天早晨我才又看到她。
3. Whatever shock Mrs. Springer experienced at my aunt's appearance, she considerately concealed. As for myself, I saw my aunt's battered(5) figure with that feeling of awe and respect with which we behold explorers who have left their ears and fingers north of Franz Josef Land(6), or their health somewhere along the Upper Congo(7). My Aunt Georgiana had been a music teacher at the Boston Conservatory, somewhere back in the latter sixties. One summer, while visiting in the little village among the Green Mountains(8) where her ancestors had dwelt for generations, she had kindled the callow fancy of my uncle, Howard Carpenter, then an idle and shiftless boy of twenty-one. When she returned to her duties in Boston, Howard followed her, and the upshot of this infatuation was that she eloped with him, eluding the reproaches of her family and the criticism of her friends by going with him to the Nebraska frontier. Carpenter, who, of course, had no money, took up a homestead(9) in Red Willow County, fifty miles from the railroad. There they had measured off their land themselves, driving across the prairie in a wagon, to the wheel of which they had tied a red cotton handkerchief, and counting its revolutions. They built a dug-out(10) in the red hillside, one of those cave dwellings whose inmates so often reverted to primitive conditions. Their water they got from the lagoons where the buffalo drank, and their slender stock of provisions was always at the mercy of bands of roving Indians. For thirty years my aunt had not been further than fifty miles from the homestead. 无论施普林格夫人看到婶婶的样子有多吃惊，她还是很体贴得隐藏着情感。至于我自己，我带着敬爱之情看着婶婶的背影，就像看着那些在弗朗茨约瑟夫以北地区冻掉了耳朵和手指，或者那些在刚果高地染上疾病的探险者一样。大约在60年代后期，我的乔治亚娜婶婶曾经是波士顿学院的音乐老师。一年夏天，她去青山附近参观她的祖先世代居住过的小村庄，而我的叔叔霍华德卡彭特，当时是一个无所事事、懒惰的21岁男孩，喜欢上了她。当她重新回到波士顿学院的时候，霍华德跟随着她，这段痴情的结果是，她和他私奔了，为了逃避家里人的指责和朋友们的批评，他们一起来到内布拉斯加州边远地区。没有钱的卡彭特在离铁路五十英里的红柳村建起了家宅。在那里，他们赶着马车穿越草原，在车轮上系了条红手帕，记下车轮旋转的圈数，然后自己量出一块土地。他们在红土山坡上挖了个窑洞，那儿有很多这样的洞穴，居民们常常又返回到原始的生活条件中。他们的水是水牛常去喝的湖水，他们的粮票总是从流浪的印第安人那里得到的。30年来我婶婶都没有到过离家五十英里以外的地方。
4. I owed to this woman most of the good that ever came my way(11) in my boyhood, and had a reverential affection for her. During the years when I was riding herd(12) for my uncle, my aunt, after cooking the three meals—the first of which was ready at six o'clock in the morning—and putting the six children to bed, would often stand until midnight at her ironing board, with me at the kitchen table beside her, hearing me recite Latin declensions and conjugations, gently shaking me when my drowsy head sank down over a page of irregular verbs. It was to her, at her ironing or mending, that I read my first Shakespeare, and her old textbook on mythology was the first that ever came into my empty hands. She taught me my scales and exercises on the little parlor organ, which her husband had bought her after fifteen years, during which she had not so much as seen a musical instrument. She would sit beside me by the hour, darning and counting while I struggled with the "Joyous Farmer". She seldom talked to me about music and I understood why. Once when I had been doggedly beating out some easy passages from an old score of *Euryanthe*(13) I had found among her music books, she came up to me and, putting her hands over my eyes, gently drew my head back upon her shoulder, saying tremulously, "Don't love it so well, Clark, or it may be taken from you." 我非常感谢她在我童年时为我做的一切，并对她有着一种敬爱之情。在我帮叔叔放牧的那段时间里，婶婶每天做好三餐后——第一餐是在早上6点钟准备的——让6个孩子睡下后，往往会在厨房的桌子上熨衣服，一直站到午夜，听我背诵拉丁文动词，当我因为背不规则动词而昏昏欲睡时，她就会温柔地摇醒我。正是在她熨烫或缝补的时候，我第一次看了莎士比亚的书，而我第一本得到的书就是她那本关于神话传说的课本。她在那架小小的风琴上教我弹琴，那是叔叔15年前买给她的，在那之前她有十五年没看到过乐器了。当我和《欢乐的农民》做斗争时，她就会好几个小时坐在我身边，织补和算账。她很少跟我谈音乐,而我也知道原因。有一次，当我在弹奏她的音乐书《优兰蒂》里的一些简单片段时，她走到我身边，用手遮住我的双眼，轻轻地将我的头放在她的肩上，颤抖地说，“不要那么入迷，克拉克，否则你也许会失去它的。”
5. When my aunt appeared on the morning after her arrival in Boston, she was still in a semi-somnambulant state. She seemed not to realize that she was in the city where she had spent her youth, the place longed for hungrily half a lifetime. She had been so wretchedly train-sick throughout the journey that she had no recollection of anything but her discomfort, and, to all intents and purposes, there were but a few hours of nightmare between the farm in Red Willow County and my study on Newbury Street. I had planned a little pleasure for her that afternoon, to repay her for some of the glorious moments she had given me when we used to milk together in the straw-thatched cowshed and she, because I was more than usually tired, or because her husband had spoken sharply to me, would tell me of the splendid performance of the *Huguenots*(14) she had seen in Paris, in her youth. 第二天早上我见到婶婶的时候，她看起来有点没睡好。她似乎没意识到这里是她度过了青春年华的城市，那个她半辈子都在向往着的城市。一路上她因为晕车而感觉很不舒服，几乎没留下什么好的回忆，实际上，从红柳泉县农场到纽伯里街的旅程，几乎是像做了几小时噩梦那样度过的。为了回报她给予我的美好时光，我打算那天下午给她一点惊喜，那时我们常常在稻草盖的牛棚里挤奶，在我累了的时候，或是我被叔叔狠狠地教训过后，她会跟我讲她在巴黎看过的《胡格诺教徒》的精彩表演。
6. At two o'clock the Symphony Orchestra was to give a Wagner(15) program, and I intended to take my aunt; though, as I conversed with her, I grew doubtful about her enjoyment of it. I suggested our visiting the Conservatory(16) and the Common(17) before lunch, but she seemed altogether too timid to wish to venture out. She questioned me absently about various changes in the city, but she was chiefly concerned that she had forgotten to leave instructions about feeding half-skimmed milk to a certain weakling calf, "old Maggie's calf, you know, Clark," she explained, evidently having forgotten how long I had been away. She was further troubled because she had neglected to tell her daughter about the freshly opened kit of mackerel in the cellar, which would spoil if it were not used directly. 下午两点，交响乐团将演出瓦格纳的作品，我打算带婶婶去听，虽然我和她说话的时候，开始怀疑她是否会喜欢。事实上，为了她着想，我只能希望她不要再对那些感兴趣，不过庆幸的是，长时间的心理斗争最终还是结束了。我建议在午餐前一起参观音乐学院和波士顿公园，但她似乎完全不敢出去冒险。她不停地向我询问城市的各种变化，而她尤其关心的是，她忘了吩咐家里人用半脱脂牛奶喂一头体弱的小牛，“玛蒂的小牛，你知道的吧，克拉克，”她解释说，显然已经忘了我离家多久了。此外她又开始烦恼的是，她忘了告诉女儿地窖里有新鲜的鲭鱼，如果不马上吃完就会坏掉。
7. I asked her whether she had ever heard any of the Wagnerian operas and found that she had not, though she was perfectly familiar with their respective situations, and had once possessed the piano score of *The Flying Dutchman*(18). I began to think it would have been best to get her back to Red Willow County without waking her, and regretted having suggested the concert. 我问她是否听过瓦格纳的歌剧，得知她没听过，但她对它们很了解，并曾拥有《飞行的荷兰人》的乐谱。我觉得在她没醒来的时候，把她送回到红柳村是最好的，我开始后悔向她提了音乐会。
8. From the time we entered the concert hall, however, she was a trifle less passive and inert, and for the first time seemed to perceive her surroundings. I had felt some trepidation lest she might become aware of her queer country clothes, or might experience some painful embarrassment at stepping suddenly into the world to which she had been dead for a quarter of a century. But again, I found how superficially I had judged her. She sat looking about her with eyes as impersonal, almost as stony, as those with which the granite Rameses(19) in a museum watches the froth and fret that ebbs and flows about his pedestal. I have seen this same aloofness in old miners who drift into the Brown Hotel at Denver(20), their pockets full of bullion, their linen soiled, their haggard faces unshaven; standing in the thronged corridors as solitary as though they were still in a frozen camp on the Yukon(21). 可是从我们走进音乐厅起，她就不再那么消极和迟钝了，并而首次开始注意周围的环境。我感到有些不安，怕她可能会注意到自己古怪的乡下穿着，或是怕她因为突然踏进这个阔别二十多年的世界而感到痛苦和尴尬。不过，我再次发现自己对她的判断是多么的肤浅。她坐下来，目光冷淡地看着周围的一切，好像是在博物馆中用花岗岩雕出的雕像般看着基地四周潮起潮落的波纹和泡沫。我曾在丹佛布朗酒店里的老矿工眼里也看到过同样的超然态度，他们的口袋里装满了金子，衣服很脏，憔悴的脸上满是胡碴;他们孤独地站在拥挤的过道里，好像在育空地区的一个冰冷的难民营里。
9. The matinee audience was made up chiefly of women. One lost the contour of faces and figures, indeed, any effect of line whatever, and there was only the color of bodies past counting, the shimmer of fabrics soft and fine, silky and sheer: red, mauve, pink, blue, lilac, purple, ecru, rose, yellow, cream, and white, all the colors that an impressionist(22) finds in a sunlit landscape, with here and there the dead shadow of a frock coat(23). My Aunt Georgiana regarded them as though they had been so many daubs of tube-paint on a palette. 下午场的观众主要是妇女。事实上，因为光线看不清那些人的面孔和体型，通过面料的光泽，可以看出是软的还是硬的，是丝绸的还是透明的；红色，紫红，粉红，蓝色，丁香紫，深紫，淡褐，玫瑰红，黄色，乳白，白，印象派画家能在阳光明媚的风景中找到的一切颜色，这里都有。婶婶看着他们，仿佛他们是调色板上的颜料。
10. When the musicians came out and took their places, she gave a little stir of anticipation, and looked with quickening interest down over the rail at that invariable grouping, perhaps the first wholly familiar thing that had greeted her eye since she had left old Maggie and her weakling calf. I could feel how all those details sank into her soul, for I had not forgotten how they had sunk into mine when I came fresh from plowing forever and forever between green aisles of corn, where, as in a treadmill, one might walk from daybreak to dusk without perceiving a shadow of change. The clean profiles of the musicians, the gloss of their linen, the dull black of their coats, the beloved shapes of the instruments, the patches of yellow light on the smooth, varnished bellies of the 'cellos and the bass viols in the rear, the restless, wind-tossed forest of fiddle necks and bows—I recalled how, in the first orchestra I ever heard, those long bow-strokes seemed to draw the heart out of me, as a conjurer's stick reels out yards of paper ribbon from a hat. 当演奏家们陆续出场各就各位后，婶婶期待着，带着愈发激动的目光从看台上越过栏杆看着那些组队未变的演奏团。这可能是自她离开家里的老麦琪和孱弱的小牛犊以来，第一次眼里出现了完全熟悉的事物。我能够体会这些细节是如何深入她的灵魂的，因为这种震撼的感觉我也曾经拥有，它们是如此深深打动我的心，使我不曾忘却。在那时我站在绿油油的玉米地的田埂上，无止境地耕地，就像是在踏水车，我总是日复一日的日出而作，日落而息，根本不用理会外界的变化。而在这里，音乐家们干净利落的侧影，光洁的亚麻衬衣，他们乌黑色的外套，各种乐器令人钟爱的形状，柔和的黄色灯光打下的线条为后排大提琴的音箱和小提琴的身上增添的一块块斑驳，所有的小提琴如随风摇曳躁动不安的树林般的演奏——我回忆起在第一次听音乐演出时，这些低沉的大提琴声弦音都快要把我的心揪了出来，就像是变戏法的魔术师挥动魔棍把成片成片的纸条从帽子里抽出来一样。
11. The first number was the *Tannhauser*(24) overture. When the horns drew out the first strain of the Pilgrim's chorus, my Aunt Georgiana clutched my coat sleeve. Then it was I first realized that for her this broke a silence of thirty years. With the battle between the two motives, with the frenzy of the Venusberg theme and its ripping of strings, there came to me an overwhelming sense of the waste and wear we are so powerless to combat; and I saw again the tall, naked house on the prairie, black and grim as a wooden fortress; the black pond where I had learned to swim, its margin pitted with sun-dried cattle tracks; the rain-gullied clay banks about the naked house, the four dwarf ash seedlings where the dishcloths were always hung to dry before the kitchen door. The world there was the flat world of the ancients; to the east, a cornfield that stretched to daybreak; to the west, a corral that reached to sunset; between, the conquests of peace, dearer bought than those of war. 第一场是《汤豪泽》序曲。当喇叭吹出朝圣者合唱的第一个曲调时，乔治亚娜婶婶便紧紧抓住了我的大衣袖子，然后我第一次意识到这声音使她三十年来第一次打破了沉寂。两个主旋律相互碰撞，伴随着狂热的维纳斯堡主题曲和那撕裂般的弦音，却有一种压倒一切势不可挡的感觉向我袭来。我意识到：我们消磨、荒废了生命，却对此无法抗拒。我再一次看见大草原上高高耸立的没被修葺的房子，看上去就像是木质的堡垒那样黑暗劣质；还有那个我曾经学习游泳的黑水塘，旁边布满了被太阳晒干的公牛的脚印子；在那赤裸的木方四周的泥土墙边，雨水冲刷出一道道沟壑；还有那四颗刚种下的小树在厨房门前总是被挂晾干洗的碗布。我们的祖先便是生长在这样的一个世界，在东边，可以从玉米地一直望到地平线；在西边，也可以从落日线触及到牲畜栏；而在这中间，是人们用比战争更为和平的手段来征服的这片土地。
12. The overture closed; my aunt released my coat sleeve, but she said nothing. She sat staring at the orchestra. What, I wondered, did she get from it? She had been a good pianist in her day, I knew, and her musical education had been broader than that of most music teachers of a quarter of a century ago. She had often told me of Mozart's(25) operas and Meyerbeer's(26), and I could remember hearing her sing, years ago, certain melodies of Verdi's(27). When I had fallen ill with a fever in her house she used to sit by my cot in the evening—when the cool night wind blew in through the faded mosquito netting tacked over the window and I lay watching a certain bright star that burned red above the cornfield—and sing "Home to our mountain, O, let us return!" in a way fit to break the heart of a Vermont boy near dead of homesickness already. 序曲结束了，婶婶把手从我袖子上拿开，未发一语。她坐在那里，痴迷地盯着乐队，我不由暗自揣度，她究竟从中得到了什么？我知道在她年轻的时候她是一位优秀的钢琴家，她所受的教育在比她前四分之一个世纪中的大多数音乐教师都要好。她常常和我说起莫扎特和梅耶贝尔的歌剧，我仍记得多年前婶婶还唱过威尔地的曲子。在她家的时候，每当我生病发烧躺在床上，到了晚上婶婶便习惯性地坐在我的床边，那时清冷的夜风穿透夜色吹起钉在窗户上的蚊帐，我躺在那儿，凝视着玉米地上方的一颗明亮的、橙黄色的星星，婶婶在我的耳边轻声吟唱道：“快让我们回到故土吧，回到那重峦叠嶂的地方！”这令我这个十分想家的佛蒙特州的小男孩也感到心碎了。
13. I watched her closely through the prelude to *Tristan and Isolde*(28), trying vainly to conjecture what that seething turmoil of strings and winds might mean to her, but she sat mutely staring at the violin bows that drove obliquely downward, like the pelting streaks of rain in a summer shower. Had this music any message for her? Had she enough left to at all comprehend this power which had kindled the world since she had left it? I was in a fever of curiosity, but Aunt Georgiana sat silent upon her peak in Darien. She preserved this utter immobility throughout the number from *The Flying Dutchman*, though her fingers worked mechanically upon her black dress, as if, of themselves, they were recalling the piano score they had once played. Poor hands! They had been stretched and twisted into mere tentacles to hold and lift and knead with; on one of them a thin worn band that had once been a wedding ring. As I pressed and gently quieted one of those groping hands I remembered with quivering eyelids their services for me in other days. 在《特里斯坦和伊索尔达》序曲开始前我便仔细地观察婶婶，想猜测出琴弦和空气中沸腾的骚动对她来说意味着什么。但是她是如此缄默地盯着台上的手提琴演奏家们，一根根琴弦被拉下去，就像夏天暴雨时重重拍打在地面的雨丝。这支曲子给她传递了什么信息呢？自她离开后，这个曲子激活了这个世界，但婶婶现在又能理解它多少？我实在是太好奇了，但是乔治亚娜婶婶却依旧坐在那里，在达里安的高潮中保持沉默。在演奏《飞行的荷兰人》时，她仍是保持不动的状态，但她的手指却在黑色的裙摆上机械地移动着，好像他们在重温曾经弹奏过的钢琴键盘。多么可怜的一双手啊！她的手指只是为了举拿、抬升、揉捏而不断地伸展、扭拧成一团，现在却变成了一只蜷曲的触手般；其中的一只手指上还套有一个薄薄的、破旧的指环，那曾经是一只结婚戒指。我把手轻轻覆盖在婶婶那只摸索的手上，使它安静下来，我想起在从前的那些日子中这双手为我做了许多事，我的眼睫不禁颤抖起来。
14. Soon after the tenor began the "Prize Song," I heard a quick drawn breath and turned to my aunt. Her eyes were closed, but the tears were glistening on her cheeks, and I think, in a moment more, they were in my eyes as well. It never really died, then—the soul that can suffer so excruciatingly and so interminably; it withers to the outward eye only; like that strange moss which can lie on a dusty shelf half a century, and yet, if placed in water, grows green again. She wept so throughout the development and elaboration of the melody. During the intermission before the second half of the concert, I questioned my aunt and found that the "Prize Song" was not new to her. Some years before there had drifted to the farm in Red Willow County a young German, a tramp cow-puncher, who had sung in the chorus at Bayreuth when he was a boy, along with the other peasant boys and girls. Of a Sunday morning he used to sit on his gingham-sheeted bed in the hands' bedroom which opened off the kitchen, cleaning the leather of his boots and saddle, singing the "Prize Song," while my aunt went about her work in the kitchen. She had hovered about him until she had prevailed upon him to join the country church, though his sole fitness for this step, insofar as I could gather, lay in his boyish face and his possession of this divine melody. Shortly afterward he had gone to town on the Fourth of July, been drunk for several days, lost his money at a faro(29) table, ridden a saddled Texan steer on a bet, and disappeared with a fractured collarbone. All this my aunt told me huskily, wanderingly, as though she were talking in the weak lapses of illness. 很快在男高音演唱“赞曲”之后，我听到一个急促的喘息声，我便转向婶婶。她的眼睛紧紧闭着，可是泪痕在她的脸颊上隐隐发光，我想在那一时刻，我也同样快热泪盈眶了。那个能够忍受如此重创和痛苦的灵魂从来都没有死去，从表面上看它只是在外表枯萎了，就好像那些奇异的苔藓可以依附在灰尘布满的岩石上将近半个世纪，但是若把它们放在水中，它们又会再次变绿鲜活起来。她在曲子演奏过程中都是如此地哭着。 在第二场的幕间休息中，我问了婶婶并且发现对她来说“赞曲”并不陌生。很多年前有一个流浪者来到了红柳县农场，他是一个年轻的德国人，小时候和其他小孩一样在拜罗伊特的合唱团呆过。在周日的早晨，当婶婶在厨房里干活的时候，他的卧室正好对着厨房，他总是会坐在花格单棉布床上，把自己的皮鞋和马鞍擦得干干净净，接着便会唱起“赞曲”。婶婶不断劝说他留下加入村里的教会，只不过据我所听到的，他唯一有资格留下的原因是他有一副天真烂漫的男生面孔，并且会唱这首神圣美妙的歌曲。但在那不久之后，他在七月四号去了城里，大醉了几天，在赌桌上输光了钱，还和别人打赌去骑德克萨斯有马鞍的公牛，在摔断了锁骨之后便消失了。所有的这些婶婶是哑着嗓音，神情恍惚地对我说的，好像她是处于病中虚弱的状态来和我讲的。
15. "Well, we have come to better things than the old *Trovatore*(30) at any rate, Aunt Georgie?" I queried, with a well-meant effort at jocularity. “不管怎样，乔治婶婶，我们总算是碰到了比老《游吟诗人》更好的音乐了，是吧？”我出于好意地问道，想使气氛活跃一些。
16. Her lip quivered and she hastily put her handkerchief up to her mouth. From behind it she murmured, "And you have been hearing this ever since you left me, Clark?" Her question was the gentlest and saddest of reproaches. 她的嘴唇颤抖着，并且迅速用手绢捂住了嘴巴，声音透过手帕小声喃喃道：“克拉克，自你离开之后你一直在听这些吗？”她的询问像是一种温柔的、悲痛的指责。
17. The second half of the program consisted of four numbers from the *Ring*(31), and closed with Siegfried's(32) funeral march. My aunt wept quietly but almost continuously, as a shallow vessel overflows in a rain-storm. From time to time her dim eyes looked up at the lights, burning softly under their dull glass globes. 第二半段的节目由《指环》的四首曲子组成，并以齐格弗里德的葬礼进行曲作为结束。我的婶婶一直在不断的悄悄落泪，就像是在暴风雨中水从一只浅浅的容器中缓缓溢了出来。她不时抬头用朦胧的泪眼看着灯光，它们在黯淡的玻璃灯罩后面发出柔和的光芒。
18. The deluge of sound poured on and on; I never knew what she found in the shining current of it; I never knew how far it bore her, or past what happy islands. From the trembling of her face, I could well believe that before the last numbers she had been carried out where the myriad graves are, into the gray, nameless burying grounds of the sea, or into some world of death vaster yet, where, from the beginning of the world, hope has lain down with hope and dream with dream and, renouncing, slept. 音乐如流水般袭来，我并不知道她在这闪动的音乐中发现了什么，也不知把她带走了多远，经过了哪些幸福的岛屿。从她颤抖的面庞中可以看到，我坚信在最后一个音符开始之前她的心已随着音乐去了某个地方——那里有不计其数的灰色的坟墓，还有那些在海边举行的无名的葬礼，或是进入到一个更为死寂的世界。那里从世间开始诞生之际，多少人怀揣着希望和梦想，也伴随着希望和梦想，却最终放弃，在那沉睡。
19. The concert was over; the people filed out of the hall chattering and laughing, glad to relax and find the living level again, but my kinswoman made no effort to rise. The harpist slipped its green felt cover over his instrument; the flute players shook the water from their mouthpieces; the men of the orchestra went out one by one, leaving the stage to the chairs and music stands, empty as a winter cornfield. 音乐会结束了，人们谈笑风生着走出大厅，开心地放松身心，并再次回到了日常生活当中。但是我的婶婶却不肯起身，没有丝毫要走的迹象。竖琴师用绿色布套罩上他的乐器；吹笛师甩出笛子中的口水；演奏者们一个接着一个离开了，只剩下舞台上的椅子和乐谱架，就如同隆冬的玉米地般空旷。
20. I spoke to my aunt. She burst into tears and sobbed pleadingly. "I don't want to go, Clark, I don't want to go!" I understood. For her, just outside the door of the concert hall, lay the black pond with the cattle-tracked bluffs; the tall, unpainted house, with weather-curled boards; naked as a tower, the crook-backed ash seedlings where the dishcloths hung to dry; the gaunt, molting turkeys picking up refuse about the kitchen door. 我对婶婶说话，劝她走，她一下子泪流满面，用哽咽的声音恳求我道：“我不想走啊，克拉克，我不想走啊！” 我能够理解她，对于她来说，一旦走出了这个音乐厅，那便是另外的一个世界：那里有乌黑的池塘，四周的陡崖上遍布的牛马的踪迹；由于日晒雨淋导致门板凹凸不平的，像塔一样未上油漆的房子；那些歪歪扭扭的小树苗上晒着的烘干的洗碗布；还有那些瘦削的，正在脱毛的火鸡在厨房门前的垃圾堆里啄食。

**Vocabulary**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Legacy | Something left behind | 历史遗留物 |
| Scourge | Cause great pain and suffering | 祸害 |
| Fumble | Finger or handle awkwardly | 笨手笨脚地 |
| Upshot | Final result, outcome | 结果，结局 |
| Revert | Return, go back | 回到…中 |
| Doggedly | Perseveringly | 顽强地 |
| Haggard | Tired and thin-faced | 疲惫，面黄肌瘦的 |
| Conjecture | Guess, speculate | 推测，臆断 |
| Inert | Not wanting to move or act or think | 不想动，呆滞的 |
| Trepidation | Fear or nervousness | 惊恐不安 |
| Excruciatingly | Intensely, unbearably | 非常的，极度的 |
| Matinee | A performance held in the afternoon or morning | 日场戏剧 |
| Drowsy | Half asleep, feeling sleepy | 晕坨坨，昏昏欲睡 |
| Jocularity | The quality of being humorous or given to joking and jesting | 滑稽 |
| A deluge of | Flood, an overwhelming amount | 大量的，洪水般的 |
| Interminably | Endlessly | 无休止的 |
| Seething | Boiling | 翻滚的，热烈的 |
| Myriad | Countless, innumerable | 无数的 |
| Infatuation | Intense but foolish love | 热恋，迷恋 |
| Contour | Outline, shape | 外形，轮廓 |
| Slender | Slight, small, poor | 少量的 |
| Turmoil | A state of confusion or disorder | 混乱 |
| Gaunt | So thin that the bones under the skin can be seen | 骨瘦如柴的 |
| Aloofness | The state of being cool and unconcerned | 漠不关心的 |
| Perceive | Notice, become aware of | 观察到，察觉到 |

U5 Phrases

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Out of place | 格格不入，不恰当 | He was the only person who was not formally dressed in the party, so he felt out of place. |
| 他是派对里唯一没有穿正装的人，他因格格不入而尴尬。 | | |
| Not so much as | （甚至）连…都不 | He can’t so much as write a letter of introduction |
| 他甚至连介绍信都不会写 | | |
| Dead to | 对…没有反应， 无动于衷 | Some people from the leading position were dead to other’s sufferings. |
| 一些身居高位的人对他人对痛苦无动于衷。 | | |
| Go about | 做事，处理 | Go about the business in a right way |
| 正确处理生意事务 | | |
| Sink into | 铭记 | Let this lesson sink into our mind |
| 让我们牢牢记住这次教训。 | | |
| To all intents and purposes | 实际上 | The pollution was so much that to all intents and purposes the lake was dead. |
| 污染太严重了，这个湖实际上已经洗了。 | | |
| Prevail upon | 促使相信，说服 | He finally prevailed upon his superior to believe in his innocence |
| 他最终使得他的上司相信他是清白的 | | |
| At the mercy of | 由…支配，任其摆布 | The weak countries will be at the mercy of world prices. |
| 弱国只能任凭世界行市的摆布。 | | |
| In short | 总而言之 | In short, we need further discussion. |
| 总而言之，我们还需要进一步的讨论。 | | |