戴着口罩哭泣，是一种什么体验？

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**I've Been Wearing Masks for Months and I Still Have Questions**

**口罩戴了几个月，我仍有不少疑问**

Recently, at a funeral, I got to thinking about the lesser challenges of the mask. Not the should-you-or-shouldn't-you, which is settled science at this point, but the specific problem of how to cry with a mask on. The mask posed a new challenge: How to blow my nose discreetly and with enough frequency that I didn't wind up with a big wet splotch in the middle, surely a repellent look during a raging pandemic?

Worse, I hadn't worn black. That is to say, I had worn black clothing and a black coat, but the mask was light gray.

Goodness knows, I had mask issues. I forgot, repeatedly, not to apply lip balm. I smiled meaningfully at people, forgetting they couldn't see. Walking up a steep hill after the funeral with two old friends, I gasped and wheezed like an animal trapped under a damp blanket. "Can we stop for a minute?" I begged, while the two of them looked at me coolly, their expressions yogi-like, their breath inaudible.

When I got home, I faced the usual cacophony of masks scattered on the bench by the doorway. "Whose are these?" I raged. Some masks had been labeled, but a vast majority were inscrutable.

"Whose face does this belong to?" you'd find yourself wondering, and then wandering to a more existential place. "And who am I beneath this mask I wear?"

译文：

最近，在一场葬礼上，我不由得琢磨起了一些关于口罩的小难题。不是“该戴还是不该戴”的问题，因为到了现在这个节骨眼儿上，这早已有科学定论了。我为难的，是一个非常具体的问题：带着口罩的时候，该怎么哭呢？口罩带来了全新的考验：我应该如何体面地擤鼻涕？而且还得擤得足够频繁，以免口罩中央留下一大滩湿乎乎的污渍。在疫情肆虐的环境里，这幅样子肯定会让所有人对我敬而远之。

更糟糕的是，我穿戴得也不够黑。也就是说，我穿了黑色的衣物和黑外套，但我的口罩是浅灰色的。

天晓得，我的确跟口罩过不去。有好几次，我都忘了戴口罩的时候不能涂润唇膏。我依然会用微笑对别人传达我的好意，但却总忘了人家根本看不见。葬礼结束之后，我和两个老朋友沿着一个陡坡往上走，我气喘吁吁，像一个被湿毯子压住的动物。我恳求说：“我们能歇会儿吗？” 而两个朋友看着我，脸上的神情像瑜伽修行者一般平静，他们呼吸轻柔，无法听见。

进家以后，我面对着门厅长凳上一如既往散落各处的口罩，觉得它们的样子分外刺眼。我怒吼道：“这都是谁的？”有些口罩加了标签，但大多数都神秘莫测。

你会发现自己开始疑惑：“这只口罩属于哪张脸呢？”接着，思绪就会进入更加存在主义的范畴：“在我戴着的口罩之下，我又是谁呢？”

生词好句

1.blow one’s nose

擤鼻涕

2.discreetly

英 [dɪˈskriːtli] 美 [dɪˈskriːtli]

adv. 偷偷地

3.wind up

陷入，卷入，落得（坏的结果）

4.splotch

英 [splɒtʃ] 美 [splɑːtʃ]

n. 斑点

5.repellent

英 [rɪˈpelənt] 美 [rɪˈpelənt]

adj. 讨人厌的

6.clothing

英 [ˈkləʊðɪŋ] 美 [ˈkloʊðɪŋ]

n. （总称）衣服（clothes）

7.gray

英 [ɡreɪ] 美 [ɡreɪ]

n. 灰色（黑白间的过渡色，属于中性色neutral tone） adj. 阴郁，乏味（metaphorically convey gloom and dullness）

拓展:

该单词美式拼写为gray，英式拼写为grey。

8.goodness knows

天知道（为了避讳直接说God一词，而使用该用法，相当于God/ Heaven/ Christ knows）

拓展:

goodness n. （尤指食物中的）营养，养分，精华

Don't cook vegetables for too long - they'll lose all their goodness.

烹饪蔬菜时间不要太长&mdash;&mdash;这会使菜里的所有营养成分都被破坏掉。

9.apply

英 [əˈplaɪ] 美 [əˈplaɪ]

vt. 应用；涂抹（唇膏、乳液等）

10.balm

英 [bɑːm] 美 [bɑːm]

n. 植物油，香油

拓展:

lip balm 唇膏

11.gasp

英 [ɡɑːsp] 美 [ɡæsp]

vi. 喘气（suddenly take a breath due to surprise, pain, shock）

拓展:

gasp for breath 上气不接下气

last gasp 奄奄一息

12.wheeze

英 [wiːz] 美 [wiːz]

vi. 喘息（breathing audibility because of some obstruction in the airway）

13.trap

英 [træp] 美 [træp]

vt. 困住 n. （捕猎物用的）机关

14.coolly

英 [ˈkuːlli] 美 [ˈkuːlli]

adv. 冷淡地（unfriendly）

15.yogi-like

英 [ˈjəʊɡi laɪk] 美 [ˈjoʊɡi laɪk]

adj. （像练瑜伽的人一样）平静的

拓展:

yogi n. 练瑜伽的人（a practitioner of yoga）

16.inaudible

英 [ɪˈnɔːdəbl] 美 [ɪˈnɔːdəbl]

adj. 听不见的

17.cacophony

英 [kəˈkɒf.ə.ni] 美 [kəˈkɑː.fə.ni]

n. 混杂的声音（mixture of loud sounds，文中指乱糟糟的景象）

18.rage

英 [reɪdʒ] 美 [reɪdʒ]

vi. 大怒，发怒（speak very angrily）

19.inscrutable

英 [ɪnˈskruːtəbl] 美 [ɪnˈskruːt̬əbl]

adj. （尤指人或其表情）高深莫测的，不可测知的（not showing emotions or thoughts and therefore very difficult to understand）

20.find sb. doing

处于某种状态

21.wander

英 [ˈwɒndər] 美 [ˈwɑːndər]

v. 溜达（move around）

原文：

I've Been Wearing Masks for Months and I Still Have Questions

By Pamela Paul

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Recently, at a funeral, I got to thinking about the lesser challenges of the mask. Not the should-you-or-shouldn't-you, which is settled science at this point, but the specific problem of how to cry with a mask on. This was especially pressing for me because, as an incorrigible weeper - it doesn't matter if I'm a third friend twice removed - I was streaming tears before the service had begun. But the mask posed a new challenge: How to blow my nose discreetly and with enough frequency that I didn't wind up with a big wet splotch in the middle, surely a repellent look during a raging pandemic? How to lift my mask to do the requisite wiping without someone looking askance?

Worse, I hadn't worn black. That is to say, I had worn black clothing and a black coat - the ceremony was socially distanced and outdoors on a brisk November day - but the mask was light gray. I hadn't realized until I was running out the door that I didn't own a proper mourning mask. I briefly considered borrowing one of my son's black masks, but given the territorial behavior around masks in my family, knew this would have had grave repercussions.

In a household with three children, it was only natural that a proprietary mind-set had set in. Early on, when we were still in the box-of-disposable-masks phase, before anyone "owned" any particular mask, there was a lot of tussling about who left which mask where and who bent their nose wire just so. Later, when we converted to washable masks, the sense of "Mine! Mine!" only grew. The smallest child learned to knot his ear loops. The middle child only wanted certain colors. The eldest clung to the disposables until they ran out. Once, over the summer, we went to the beach and didn't bring enough masks. The middle child had to wear the youngest child's mask to use the bathroom, the sensory equivalent of getting into his sibling's bathful of used lukewarm water.

My husband ordered a bunch of cheap masks, not knowing how long the pandemic would last and not wanting to make too great an investment. Also, he is colorblind. The first shipment arrived, and the kids scuffled over the package, snatching up the best ones. I wound up with the polka dots, which everyone seemed to recognize lacked a certain dignity. I would run errands in my polka-dot masks sensing I was the object of disdain.

Also, my masks didn't fit. This was before mask makers began offering different sizes and the ones we had seemed to come in one-size-fits-all … for a horse. Then sizes were introduced, but how did one calculate face size, anyway? Last I checked, there were no size charts directing you to measure the circumference of your face around the widest swath of nose, or to draw the distance between earlobe and chin. Using guesswork, I ordered a new batch and learned that my middle child and I had bigger faces than anyone else in the family. I flashed back to a haunting period of adolescence in which my oldest brother accused me of having a face that managed to be too long and too fat at the same time.

Meanwhile, my husband got creative. He had discovered that masks could make a statement, and soon had an exciting coronavirus wardrobe full of personality. One day, a mask with the pattern of an old library card arrived, complete with date stamps. I posted a picture of it on Instagram, where it received more likes than images of my most recent book and my best cat photos.

I had to face the fact that my masks were both unoriginal and unfashionable. They said nothing smart about me and I didn't wear them well. My horse-size masks kept slipping off my nose. An ear loop always came loose when I was in the company of my strictest quarantine friend or at the moment I arrived at the cash register. When alone, I lost confidence in my face (was there something structurally unsound about it?), and when in company, I felt like an outlaw, shirking my duty as a citizen. Maybe she's one of those anti-maskers, folks probably whispered behind my back at the pharmacy.

Maybe I was! Goodness knows, I had mask issues. I forgot, repeatedly, not to apply lip balm. I smiled meaningfully at people, forgetting they couldn't see. Walking up a steep hill after the funeral with two old friends, I gasped and wheezed like an animal trapped under a damp blanket. "Can we stop for a minute?" I begged, while the two of them looked at me coolly, their expressions yogi-like, their breath inaudible.

I briefly contemplated buying a special plastic cup that you can apparently put between your face and your mask to create breathing room, but knew nobody who used such a device, which I'd only seen advertised on social media, and therefore it felt almost as foolhardy as buying something "as seen on TV" was during the '70s. For all I knew it had been debunked as unsafe and black-marked as uncool; if I wore it, I'd probably wind up with deep, telltale red indentations on my skin. "She fell for the cup," people would note as they swished by in their bespoke, limited-edition masks from pop-up websites that only fashion insiders knew about.

When I got home, I faced the usual cacophony of masks scattered on the bench by the doorway. "Whose are these?" I raged. Some masks had been labeled, but a vast majority were inscrutable. I did my best to divvy them up and called once again to the kids, "Please remember to put your masks in the laundry after using them!" but the truth was, nobody knew where to put the masks. The sock drawer didn't seem quite right, nor did anyone enjoy the idea of stashing them alongside the underwear. How did you differentiate between the clean ones and the "I only wore it for five minutes" ones? What we ended up with were piles everywhere, and the risk of accidentally putting on someone else's mask.

"Whose face does this belong to?" you'd find yourself wondering, and then wandering to a more existential place. "And who am I beneath this mask I wear?"

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