

Commentez en anglais le texte suivant et le traduire à partir de « As a practitioner of hindsight... » (1.9) jusqu'à « ...of the high country » (1.25)

The narrator, Lyman Ward, is a former historian trying to make a partially fictionalized account of his grandparents' lives on the American frontier in the 1880s. His grandfather Oliver was a mining engineer, and his grandmother was a famous artist. The novel Angle of Repose is directly based on the letters of Mary Hallock Foote, a famous 19th century writer.

Among my grandfather's few papers, along with offprints of his articles in *Irrigation News* and *Transactions of the American Society of Civil Engineers*, is a government publication on the Arrow Rock Dam, at the time of its completion the highest in the world. The bulletin lists, in addition to the politicians who took credit for the dam, the engineers who built it. Oliver Ward's name is not
5 among them, but A. J. Wiley's is. It was Wiley, by that time a great name in reclamation circles, who sent the book to Grandfather, with a scrawl across the flyleaf: "It's your dam, boss, whatever it says here - the same one we talked about on the river beach twenty years before the Bureau of Reclamation was ever heard of."

As a practitioner of hindsight I know that Grandfather was trying to do, by personal initiative and
10 with the financial resources of a small and struggling corporation, what only the immense power of the federal government ultimately proved able to do. That does not mean he was foolish or mistaken. He was premature. His clock was set on pioneer time. He met trains that had not yet arrived, he waited on platforms that hadn't yet been built, beside tracks that might never be laid. Like many another Western pioneer, he had heard the clock of history strike, and counted the
15 strokes wrong. Hope was always out ahead of fact, possibility obscured the outlines of reality. When they moved to the canyon camp, for example, they expected to stay only through the summer. They stayed five years.

Naturally I never saw the camp in Boise Canyon. Before I was old enough to hear about it, it was three hundred feet under water. Just as well. Abandoned in its gulch, its garden gone to weeds, its
20 fences down, its ditches drifted full, its windows out, its bridge no more than broken cables trailing in the creek, every nail and fencepost tufted with the wool of passing sheep bands, it would look like failure and lost cause. But while they lived there it was hopeful struggle, not lost cause, and for a while it was a little corner of Eden.

Eden had three stories. The upper one ran from the canyon rim up high sage slopes toward the
25 aspen groves, pines, mountain meadows, and cold lakes and streams of the high country. The middle story was the rounding flat in the side gulch where a spring broke out and where their buildings and garden were. The lowest story was the river beach.

Just below the mouth of their gulch the cliffs pinched in, and the pinnacle called Arrow Rock, into whose slot Indians were supposed to have shot arrows to appease or subdue the spirits, stood up close against one wall. Rock slides had partially dammed the river and created a rapid below, a pool above. Except in very high water the pool was smooth, with a gravel beach which was their front yard. Into the natural reservoir that was a forecast of the much larger one they intended some day to build there, logs came down on the spring run-off, followed by loggers in sharp-prowed boats. If they needed fence posts or timbers they could sail out in their own black boat, called the Parson, and harpoon what they wanted with picks, and drag it ashore. They pulled breakfast from the pool, the children waded its edges and caught crayfish under its stones, the juniors took icy swims in it before the ladies were up or after they had gone to bed. Through the nights of five years their campfires threw red light on the lava cliffs and touched the moving river with the mystery of transitoriness, and framed the triangle of the tent against the dark in an assertion of human purpose. Even in low water, the rapid below was a steady rush and mutter on the air.

On the beach, while they were still all together, they held their conferences and sang and talked in the evenings. Much planning went on around their fires, much hope went downriver and was renewed from upstream. This was the place where for a while Grandfather had everything he had come West looking for - the freedom, the active outdoor life, the excitement of something mighty to be built.

In Grandmother's old photograph album with the Yellowstone bear on its cover there is a snapshot of Grandfather, the juniors, and the Keyser son who came out to inspect the irrigation scheme his family was considering. They are standing on the beach with saddle horses and a laden packhorse droop-headed behind them, and an edge of river and the black pillar of Arrow Rock in the background. Across the bottom, evidently at some later time, Grandmother has printed in white ink, in the neat print that is so different from her hasty script, "*How Hope looked. Aug. 1883.*" Hope looks very young, young enough to seem dubious to less cautious men than the Keyser.

Wallace STEGNER (1909-1993), *Angle of Repose*, 1971.