

双眼睛世 Dard Times

〔英〕狄更斯 原著 吴素君 编译



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Hard Times **艰难时世**

Chapter 1

"Now, what I want is, Facts. Teaching these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!"

There was a plain, bare schoolroom. The speaker, who owned the school, had built it rather like himself—square. He had a square body, a square head and thick, square fingers. His eyes were square, like dark holes in his head. He had lost most of his hair, and his yellow head seemed ready to burst. Perhaps it did not have enough room for the hard facts inside it.

Mr. Thomas Gradgrind is a man of realities, a man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. With a rule and a pair of scales always in his pocket, ready to weigh and measure any part of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. You might hope to get some other meaningless belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—No, sir!

"In this life," Mr. Gradgrind said firmly, "we want nothing but Facts, sir;

第一章

"这么说吧,我所要求的就是事实。请别把事实以外的东西教给这些男孩子和女孩子。唯有事实才是生活所必需的,除此之外,什么都不要栽培,其他的一切都该连根拔除。这是我教育自己孩子的原则,这也是我培养这些孩子所遵循的原则。要紧抓事实不放,老师!"

这是一间简陋的,没什么装饰的教室。这个讲话的人,即学校的所有者,把学校建造得跟他本人颇为相似——四四方方的。他的体形是方的,脑袋是方的,手指也又粗又方。他的眼睛是四角眼,就像两个黑漆漆的小洞嵌在脑袋上。他的头发已经掉得所剩无几,那颗蜡黄色的脑袋似乎快要胀裂开来了。也许是这颗脑袋已经没有足够的空间来容纳这些生硬的事实了。

托马斯·葛擂硬先生是一个讲求实际之人,是一个注重事实和精于算计之人。他为人处事秉承这样的原则:二加二等于四,不等于更多,并且任凭别人如何说服,他也不相信会等于更多。他的口袋里经常装着尺子和天平,随时都准备着来称一称、量一量人性的某一部分,而且还能精确地告诉你那准确的量度。你可能有希望把别的什么毫无意义的信条塞到乔治·葛擂硬,奥古斯塔斯·葛擂硬,约翰·葛擂硬,或者约瑟夫·葛擂硬(这些都是假设的,并不存在的人)的脑袋里去,但要是想灌进托马斯·葛擂硬的脑袋里——先生,那就甭想!

"在生活中," 葛擂硬先生确信地说,"除了事实,我们别无所需。先生,



nothing but Facts!"

The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the little containers then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim. "Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, pointed to a girl. "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

"Sissy Jupe, sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and curtseying.

"Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia."

"It's father as calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another curtsey.

"Then he is wrong," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

"He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir."

"We don't want to know anything about that, here. You mustn't tell us about that, here. Your father breaks horses, doesn't he?"

"If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir."

"You mustn't tell us about the ring, here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horsebreaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"Very well, then. He is a horse-doctor and horsebreaker. Tell me: what is a

不要别的,只要事实!"

讲话的人和一位教师,以及另一位在场的成年人,都微微向后挪了一下,他们用目光扫视着当时那些井然有序地坐在那里的小罐子们,准备把无数加仑的事实一股脑儿地灌注到他们里面,直到要溢出来为止。 "第二十号女学生,"葛擂硬先生指着一个女孩子说,"我不认识那孩子,她是谁?"

"西丝·朱浦, 先生。"第二十号女生涨红了脸, 站起来行了个屈膝礼, 解释道。

"西丝不算名字,"葛擂硬先生说,"别管自己叫西丝,叫你自己塞西莉亚。"

"是父亲管我叫西丝的,先生。"小女孩又行了一个屈膝礼,用战战兢兢的声音回答道。

"那就是他的不对了," 葛擂硬先生说, "告诉他,不可以那样叫,塞西莉亚·朱浦,等一下,你父亲是做什么的?"

"他是马戏团里的,请您原谅,先生。"

"在这儿,我们不想知道马戏团那档子事儿。你用不着告诉我们这个。你 的父亲训练马匹,是吗?"

"请原谅,先生,要是他们有马可驯的话,他们的确会在马戏场里驯马, 先生。"

"在这里,你没必要告诉我们有关马戏场的事。那么,好啦。那就说你父亲是个驯马师。我敢说,马儿生了病,他也能医治吧?"

"嗯,是的,先生。"

"那么,很好。他是一个马医和驯马师。告诉我,什么是马?"



horse?"

(Sissy Jupe thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.)

"Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind, for the general benefit of all the little containers. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts, and know nothing about one of the commonest of animals! I'll ask a boy. Bitzer, yours."

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer. A boy stood up. He looked at Mr. Gradgrind with colourless, expressionless eyes. "Animal, sir, four legs, eats grass, forty teeth," He went on and on.

"Now girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind. "You know what a horse is." She curtseyed again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time.

The third gentleman now stepped forward; he was a government officer. "Very well," said this gentleman, smiling, and folding his arms. "That's a horse. Now, let me ask you girls and boys, would you have wallpaper with horses on it?"

After a pause, one half of the children cried together, "Yes, sir!" Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that Yes was wrong, cried out in chorus, "No, sir!"—as the custom is, in these examinations.

"Of course, No. Why wouldn't you?"

A pause. One fat slow boy, answered, "I wouldn't paper a room. I would paint it."

"You must paper it," said the gentleman, rather warmly.

"You must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not.

(这一要求让西丝·朱浦坠入了巨大的恐慌之中)

"第二十号女学生竟然不能给马下个定义!"葛擂硬先生为了这些小容器们的全体利益才这样说的。"第二十号女学生没能掌握事实,就连关于一种最普通的动物的事实也是一无所知!我来问个男学生。毕周,你来。"

那个方形的手指,点来点去,忽然停在毕周身上。一个男孩站了起来。 他用没有光彩又呆滞的目光看着葛擂硬先生。"是一种动物,先生。四条腿, 食草,有四十颗牙齿……"他诸如此类地往下说。

"好了,二十号女生,"葛擂硬先生说,"你知道什么是马了吧。"她又行了一个屈膝礼,若不是她的脸一直涨得绯红,而且已经是红得不能再红了,要不然会更红的。

这时,第三位绅士走上前来,他是一位政府官员。"好极了,"这位绅士 交叉着双臂,笑着说,"这就是马的定义。那么,让我来问问你们这些男孩 子和女孩子,你们喜欢拿画了马的墙纸来糊墙吗?"

停了一会儿,半数的孩子齐声喊道: "喜欢,先生!"另一半的孩子,看了看那位绅士的脸色就明白了"喜欢"是错误的答案,便异口同声地高叫着: "不喜欢,先生!"——在这样的考问之下,这般回答只会成为惯例。

"当然不。为什么你们不喜欢这样做呢?"

停顿了片刻,一个胖墩墩、动作迟钝的男孩子回答说: "我不喜欢用纸来糊墙,我喜欢油漆房间。"

"你必须用纸糊。"那位绅士有点冒火了。

"你必须用纸糊,"托马斯·葛擂硬说,"不管你喜不喜欢,别跟我们说你不爱拿纸来糊墙。这是什么意思呢,孩子?"



Don't tell us you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

"I'll explain to you, then,'said the gentleman, after another and a gloomy pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with pictures of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?"

"Yes, sir!" From one half. "No, sir!" From the other.

"Of course no," said the gentleman, "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere, what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere, what you don't have in fact. What is called taste, is only another name for Fact." Thomas Gradgrind looked pleased.

"This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now, I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you have a carpet with pictures of flowers upon it?"

By now, the children knew that "No, sir!" was always the right answer to this gentleman. Most said "No", and only a few said "Yes". Sissy Jupe was one.

"Girl number twenty!" Sissy blushed, and stood up. "So you would carpet your room—or your husband's room, if you were a grown woman, and had a husband—with pictures of flowers, would you?" said the gentleman. "Why would you?"

"If you please, sir, I love flowers." returned the girl.

"And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them?"

"It wouldn't hurt them, sir. They'd only pictures; pictures of something very pretty and pleasant. And I would fancy…"

"那么,就由我来解释给你们听吧。"经过一段沉闷的停顿之后,那位绅士说:"为什么你们不应该把画着马的墙纸来糊房间?在现实生活中,你们是否曾见过马儿在房子的墙壁上走来走去呢?你们见过吗?"

"见过,先生!"一半的人回答说。"没有见过,先生!"另一半的人说。

"当然没有见过。"那位绅士说, "为什么呢, 因为在现实中见不到的东西, 你们无论在何处也是见不到的; 事实上没有的东西, 在哪儿也不会有的。 所谓'品味', 只是事实的别称而已。"托马斯·葛擂硬看上去对此很满意。

"这是一个新原则,一个发现,一个伟大的发现,"那位绅士说,"现在,我再来考考你们。假设你准备给房间铺地毯,你会选择有花的地毯来铺地吗?"

此时孩子们心里有数了,那位绅士的正确答案总是"不喜欢,先生!"大多数人都说"不喜欢",只有少数几个人说"喜欢"。西丝·朱浦就是少数人中的一个。

"第二十号女生。"西丝红着脸站了起来。"那么你给自己房间铺地毯——或者给你丈夫的房间,假定你已经是个成年女子并且有了丈夫——会用有花色图案的那种,对吗?"那位绅士说,"你为什么那样做?"

"很抱歉,先生,我喜欢花儿。"那个女孩回答说。

"这就是你要把桌子和椅子摆放在花儿上面,并且让人在上面踩来踩去的原因吗?"

"这不会碍着花儿什么呀,先生。它们仅仅是图案,仅仅是既漂亮又赏心悦目的图案罢了。并且我还幻想着……"



"Ay, ay, ay! But you mustn't fancy," cried the gentleman. "That's it! You are never to fancy."

"You are not, Cecilia Jupe," Thomas Gradgrind repeated, "to do anything of that kind."

"Fact, fact, fact!" said the gentleman. And "Fact, fact, fact!" repeated Thomas Gradgrind.

"Fancy," said the gentleman, "You must not do that. You must stick to the Facts, Cecillia Jupe, and forget the word Fancy. You have nothing to do with it. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You do not find foreign birds and butterflies upon your cups and plates in real life; so you must not have pictures of them on your cups and plates. You must have, in simple colours, pictures of mathematical figures that can be proved. This is the new discovery. This is fact! This is taste."

The girl curtseyed, and sat down. She was very young, and she did not think that the hard world of facts was a very exciting place.

"Now," said the gentleman, "would Mr. M'Choakumchild give his first lesson here?"

Mr. Gradgrind looked pleased. "Mr. M' Choakumchild, we only wait for you."

So, Mr. M'Choakumchild began in his best manner. He and some one hundred and forty other schoolmasters, had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many piano legs. They all knew all the Facts about everything. And now Mr. M'Choakumchild was ready to deliver all these Facts to the children who sat before him.

"哎,哎,哎!你不可以幻想!"那位绅士叫道,"对!你绝对不可以幻想。"

"塞西莉亚·朱浦,你不可以再做这样的事了。"托马斯·葛擂硬先生重复了一遍。

"事实,事实,事实!"那位绅士说。而托马斯·葛擂硬先生也跟着说: "事实,事实,事实!"

"幻想,"那位绅士说,"你绝不可以那样的。你必须忠于事实,塞西莉亚·朱浦,忘了'幻想'这个词儿吧。你不能和它沾上边儿。事实是你们不能在花上来回走动;所以也不允许你们在有花儿的地毯上走动。在现实生活中,你们从没见过奇奇怪怪的鸟儿和蝴蝶停在杯盘上,所以你们也不可以在杯盘上画这些图案。你们只能用那种色彩单一,并可以证明的几何图案。这是一大新发现。这就是事实!这就是品味!"

这个小女孩行了个屈膝礼,坐了下来。她太年轻了,她并不觉得由事实构成的冷酷世界是一个令人激动不已的地方。

"好了,"那位绅士说,"麦却肯恰尔德先生还打算在这儿上第一节课吗?"

葛擂硬先生看上去心满意足的样子。"麦却肯恰尔德先生,我们就等你了。"

于是,麦却肯恰尔德先生以最佳姿态开堂讲课了。他和其他的一百四十位老师,就好像是钢琴的一只只腿一般,在同一时间,同一工厂,依照统一的原则,新近制造出来的。他们统统都知道一切事物的全部事实。而现在,麦却肯恰尔德先生就是准备将所有的事实灌输到坐在他前面的孩子身上。

Chapter 2

Mr. Gradgrind felt very pleased with himself as he walked home from school. It was his school, and he intended it to be a model. He intended every child in it to be a model—just as the young Gradgrinds were all models. And certainly no one could have a better education than he provided for the five young Gradgrinds.

Mr. Gradgrind's house was called Stone Lodge, and had its own schoolroom. It was the children's prison. And as soon as they could walk, their father made them walk to it. The children's oldest memory was—a blackboard. Litter Gradgrinds did not know the story of the three bears. But they could repeat: "Bear—animal, four legs, thick, rough fur..." They never heard of the Man in the Moon. Oh, no, "The moon is a dry, airless desert of rock and dust." The sun had never smiled on any of the Gradgrinds. How could it? It was only a quantity of hot gas!

Stone Lodge itself was a big, square house, a mile outside Coketown in north-west England. There was nothing fancy about it. It had six windows on each side of the front door. There were also twelve windows at the back of the house. The place was regular and balanced, as a gentleman's home ought to be. Like everything else in Thomas Gradgrind's life, Stone Lodge was fact, not fancy.

Mr. Gradgrind's business had made him rich. He bought pots and pans from the factories and sold them to the shops. The high profit from the business was a

第二章

葛擂硬先生怀着满意的心情从学校走到家里。这是他的学校,他决意要使它成为一所模范学校。他打算让这个学校里的孩子全都成为模范——就像小葛擂硬们个个都是模范一样。当然,他们任何一个人所受的教育都赶不上他给小葛擂硬们提供的教育。

葛擂硬先生家的房子被叫做石屋,并且拥有自己的教室。这也是孩子们的牢房。孩子们一会走路,他们的父亲就将他们赶进教室。孩子们记忆中的第一样东西便是一块黑板。小葛擂硬们不知道三只小熊的故事。但是他们能够复述:"熊——动物,四条腿,皮毛粗厚……"他们从来没听过关于月亮里的人的传说。哦,没有。"月球是一个干燥、没有空气、由岩石和尘埃构成的不毛之地。"太阳也未曾向任何一个葛擂硬微笑过。怎么会笑呢?它只不过是一定量的高温气体罢了!

石屋,是一座正方形的大房子,位于英格兰西北部焦煤镇郊外的一英里处。石屋全然没有奇幻的色彩,正门两侧各有六扇窗户,后边也有十二扇窗户。这座建筑方正对称,作为这位绅士的房子真是恰如其分。石屋,正如托马斯·葛擂硬生活中的其他一切事物一样,是事实,而非幻想。

葛擂硬先生是靠经商发了财的。他从工厂收购各种锅罐杂物,并把它们 转卖给各个店家。从经商中得以谋得高额利润的事实,也一直为他所津津乐



fact that never failed to please him. Other people now did most of the work, so that Mr. Gradgrind could give his time to more important things. Good government was one of them—he wanted to be the Member of Parliament for Coketown. And why shouldn't he be? He had lived in the town all his life. He had built and paid for the new school. With his experience of business, he would be a wonderful Member. And one thing was certain: Parliament needed men with Facts.

Thomas Gradgrind. A good, hardheaded businessman, the people of Coketown said. No fun and games about Tom Gradgrind. And Tom Gradgrind was proud of the fact. So, on the way home that evening, he did not welcome the sound of music. Hardheaded men lived very comfortably without music, Tom Gradgrind thought.

The sound was coming from a big tent, just outside the town. A flag flew from the tent roof, with "Sleary's Circus" on it. And there was Sleary himself, a fat man with a moneybox in his hand.

"Hurry up!" Sleary was shouting. "The horses are ready. See the famous Miss Josephine Sleary, who rides the white horse standing up! See the great Mr. Jupe riding with his wonderfully trained dog, Merrylegs! See Mr. Childers…"

Mr. Gradgrind did not stop, of course. He had no time for this kind of non-sense. The road turned to the left and passed behind the big tent. Mr. Gradgrind saw a number of children at the back of the tent. They were—yes! They were looking into the tent through little holes. "They didn't go to school this afternoon!" Mr. Gradgrind thought. "I'll just go closer—I might recognize them." And indeed, he did recognize two at once. His own daughter, Louisa, and her brother, Tom.