

名家经典珍藏版

海伦·凯勒自传

(英汉双语)

[美] 海伦·凯勒◎著 袁敏琴◎译

❖❖❖ THE STORY OF MY LIFE ❖❖❖



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Preface

It is with a kind of fear that I begin to write the history of my life. I have, as it were, a superstitious hesitation in lifting the veil that clings about my childhood like a golden mist. The task of writing an autobiography is a difficult one. When I try to classify my earliest impressions, I find that fact and fancy look alike across the years that link the past with the present. The woman paints the child's experiences in her own fantasy. A few impressions stand out vividly from the first years of my life; but "the shadows of the prison-house are on the rest." Besides, many of the joys and sorrows of childhood have lost their poignancy; and many incidents of vital importance in my early education have been forgotten in the

序 言

当我提起笔来，记下从出生到现在的生命历程，真觉得惶恐不安。童年往事犹如笼罩在雾一般轻柔的薄幕下，现在要把它掀开，的确让我疑虑重重。写自传本身是件很难的事，更何况童年早已久远，我已经无法分清楚哪些是事实，哪些只是我的幻觉想象。不过，在我的大脑记忆中，有些事情仍然鲜明生动地闪现出来，虽然某些画面只是片断的、零碎的，但对于我的人生却有或多或少的影

excitement of great discoveries. In order, therefore, not to be tedious I shall try to present in a series of sketches only the episodes that seem to me to be the most interesting and important.

Helen Keller

响。为了避免冗长乏味，我将节选一些最有趣和最有价值的情节，来讲述我生活的故事。

——海伦·凯勒

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THE STORY OF MY LIFE



第一篇

我生活的故事

CHAPTER I

I was born on June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, a little town of northern Alabama.

The family on my father's side is descended from Caspar Keller, a native of Switzerland, who settled in Maryland. One of my Swiss ancestors was the first teacher of the deaf in Zurich and wrote a book on the subject of their education—rather a singular coincidence; though it is true that there is no king who has not had a slave among his ancestors, and no slave who has not had a king among his.

My grandfather, Caspar Keller's son, "entered" large tracts of land in Alabama and finally settled there. I have been told that once a year he went from Tuscumbia to Philadelphia on horseback to purchase supplies for the plantation, and my aunt has in her possession many of the letters to his family, which give charming and vivid accounts of these trips.

My Grandmother Keller was a daughter of one of Lafayette's aides, Alexander Moore, and granddaughter of Alexander Spotswood, an early Colonial Governor of Virginia. She was also second cousin to Robert E. Lee.

My father, Arthur H. Keller, was a captain in the Confederate Army, and

第1章 早期的光明

1880年6月27日，我出生在亚拉巴马州北部的一个小镇塔斯坎比亚。

我的祖先是瑞士人，移民到美国后定居在马里兰州。我的瑞士祖先中竟然有一位是苏黎世最早的聋哑人教育专家，他曾写过一本关于如何教育聋哑人的书。谁能料到，他的后人中竟然会有一个像我这样又盲又聋又哑的残疾人，这不能不说是一个神奇的偶然。每当想到这里，我就不得不相信所谓“国王的祖先也可能是奴隶，而奴隶的祖先中也可能诞生国王”的正确性，命运真是无法预知啊！

我的祖父，也就是卡斯帕·凯勒的儿子，到了亚拉巴马州这片广袤的土地之后，就定居下来。我曾听说，那时候由于塔斯坎比亚地处偏僻，祖父每年都要特地骑马，从塔斯坎比亚镇跑到760英里（1英里约合1609米）远的费城，去购买家里和农场要用的各种东西。每次祖父前往费城的途中，总会写信给家里报平安，信中对西部沿途的景观，以及旅途中所遭遇的人、事、物都有清楚而生动的描述。姑妈至今还保留了许多祖父的家信，这些信就好像是一本历险小说，令人百读不厌。

my mother, Kate Adams, was his second wife and many years younger. Her grandfather, Benjamin Adams, married Susanna E. Goodhue, and lived in Newbury, Massachusetts, for many years. Their son, Charles Adams, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, and moved to Helena, Arkansas. When the Civil War broke out, he fought on the side of the South and became a brigadier-general. He married Lucy Helen Everett, who belonged to the same family of Everett as Edward Everett and Dr. Edward Everett Hale. After the war was over the family moved to Memphis, Tennessee.

I lived, up to the time of the illness that deprived me of my sight and hearing, in a tiny house consisting of a large square room and a small one, in which the



海伦的父亲亚瑟·凯勒，曾任南方联盟军上尉

我祖母是拉斐特一位官员亚历山大·摩尔的女儿，又是弗吉尼亚早期殖民政府总督亚历山大·斯波特伍德的孙女，她还是罗伯特·李的堂姐。

我父亲亚瑟·凯勒曾是南北战争时的南军上尉，我的母亲凯蒂·亚当斯是他的第二位妻子，母亲比父亲要小好几岁。母亲的祖父本杰明·亚当斯娶了苏珊娜·古德休，住在马萨诸塞东北部的纽伯里波特，他们生了儿子查理·亚当斯，然后又迁到了阿肯色州的赫勒拿。南北战争爆发后，查理·亚当斯代表南方参战，后来升为准将。他和露希·海伦·艾弗雷特结了婚，她与爱德华·艾弗雷特和爱德华·艾弗雷特·黑尔博士属于同一个艾弗雷特家族。战争结束后，他们搬到了田纳西的孟菲斯。

在我还没有失去视觉、听觉以前，我们住的屋子很小，总共只有两间，一间正方形的大房子和一间仆人住的小房子。当时，按照南方的习惯，人们

servant slept. It is a custom in the South to build a small house near the homestead as an annex to be used on occasion. Such a house my father built after the Civil War, and when he married my mother they went to live in it. It was completely covered with vines, climbing roses and honeysuckles. From the garden it looked like an arbour. The little porch was hidden from view by a screen of yellow roses and Southern smilax. It was the favourite haunt of humming-birds and bees.

The Keller homestead, where the family lived, was a few steps from our little



海伦的母亲凯蒂·亚当斯，年轻时代是孟菲斯市的美女

往往会在自己家旁边再加盖一间屋子，以备不时之需。南北战争之后，父亲也盖了一所这样的小屋子，他同母亲结婚之后，就住进了这个小屋。这屋子虽小，但是爬满了葡萄、爬藤蔷薇和金银花，从园子里望去，像是一座用树枝搭成的凉亭。这里的花儿成了蜂鸟和蜜蜂的乐园。

我家的老宅子离我们的蔷薇凉亭没有几步远。由于我们家被茂密的树木、绿藤所包围，所以邻居们都称我们家为“绿色家园”。这个旧庭院是我童年时代的天堂。

在我的家庭老师莎莉文小姐来之前，我经常独自一人摸着围成方形的黄

rose-bower. It was called "Ivy Green" because the house and the surrounding trees and fences were covered with beautiful English ivy. Its old-fashioned garden was the paradise of my childhood.

Even in the days before my teacher came, I used to feel along the square stiff boxwood hedges, and, guided by the sense of smell, would find the first violets and lilies. There, too, after a fit of temper, I went to find comfort and to hide my hot face in the cool leaves and grass.

What joy it was to lose myself in that garden of flowers, to wander happily from spot to spot, until, coming suddenly upon a beautiful vine, I recognized it by its leaves and blossoms, and knew it was the vine which covered the tumble-down summer-house at the farther end of the garden! Here, also, were trailing clematis, drooping jessamine, and some rare sweet flowers called butterfly lilies, because their fragile petals resemble butterflies' wings. But the roses—they were loveliest of all. Never have I found in the greenhouses of the North such heart-satisfying roses as the climbing roses of my southern home. They used to hang in long festoons from our porch, filling the whole air with their fragrance, untainted by any earthy smell; and in the early morning, washed in the dew, they felt so soft, so pure, I could not help wondering if they did not resemble the asphodels of God's garden.

The beginning of my life was simple and much like every other little life. I

杨木树篱，慢慢地走到庭园里，凭着嗅觉寻找刚刚开放的紫罗兰和百合花，深深地闻着那清新的花香。有时我心情不好，也会独自来这里寻找安慰，我总是把炙热的脸埋在清凉的树叶和草丛之中，让烦躁不安的心情平静下来。

置身于这个绿色花园里，真是令人心旷神怡。我高兴地从这里漫步到那里，直到忽然间来到美丽的葡萄藤下。我靠抚触它的叶子和花来认识它，并且知道这是缠绕在花园另一端的摇摇欲坠的小凉亭上的葡萄藤。这里有在地上蔓延的卷须藤和低垂的茉莉，还有一种十分罕见的蝴蝶荷花，因为它那容易掉落的花瓣很像蝴蝶的翅膀，所以名叫蝴蝶荷，这种花能发出一阵阵香甜的气味。但花园里最美丽的还是蔷薇花。我在北方的花房很少见到这种令人心醉的蔷薇。它到处攀爬，长长的绿枝倒挂在阳台上，散发出芳香，没有一点儿尘土的气息。每当清晨朝露未干时，它摸上去是那么的柔软高洁，令人陶醉不已。我总是禁不住想，即使是上帝御花园里的曝光兰，也不过如此吧！

就像其他新生命一样，我的生命刚开始也是简单而平常的，我来到人世，观察这个世界，再到开始人生的旅途，和任何新生儿没有什么区别。为了给我起个好名字，大家都绞尽脑汁，费尽了口舌，因为作为家里的第一个孩子，起名字可是一件大事，家里的每个人都认为自己起的名字是最有意义

came, I saw, I conquered, as the first baby in the family always does. There was the usual amount of discussion as to a name for me. The first baby in the family was not to be lightly named, every one was emphatic about that. My father suggested the name of Mildred Campbell, an ancestor whom he highly esteemed, and he declined to take any further part in the discussion. My mother solved the problem by giving it as her wish that I should be called after her mother, whose maiden name was Helen Everett.

But in the excitement of carrying me to church my father lost the name on the way, very naturally, since it was one in which he had declined to have a part. When the minister asked him for it, he just remembered that it had been decided to call me after my grandmother, and he gave her name as Helen Adams.

I am told that while I was still in long dresses I showed many signs of an eager, self-asserting disposition. Everything that I saw other people do I insisted upon



海伦出生的小屋，这里是蜂鸟和蜜蜂的乐园，也是海伦童年时代的天堂

的。父亲希望以他最尊敬的祖先的名字“米尔德里德·坎贝儿”给我起名，并拒绝听取任何不同意见；母亲则想用她母亲婚前的名字“海伦·艾弗雷特”给我起名。经过再三讨论，最后依照母亲的希望，决定给我用外祖母的名字。

但是后来带我去教堂受洗时，由于紧张和兴奋，再加上有别的想法，父亲在前往教堂的途中竟把这个名字给忘了。当牧师问这婴儿叫什么名字时，他只记得我用了外祖母的名字，于是说出了“海伦·亚当斯”这个名字。

家人告诉我，说我还是婴儿时，就显露出了不服输的性格，对任何事物都充满了好奇心，我的个性非常倔强，总是非常固执地模仿大人的一举一动。所以，当我只有6个月大时，就已经能说出“你好”！有一天，我还因

imitating. At six months I could pipe out "How d'ye," and one day I attracted every one's attention by saying "Tea, tea, tea" quite plainly. Even after my illness I remembered one of the words I had learned in these early months. It was the word "water", and I continued to make some sound for that word after all other speech was lost. I ceased making the sound "wah-wah" only when I learned to spell the word.

They tell me I walked the day I was a year old. My mother had just taken me out of the bath-tub and was holding me in her lap, when I was suddenly attracted by the flickering shadows of leaves that danced in the sunlight on the smooth floor. I slipped from my mother's lap and almost ran toward them. The impulse gone, I fell down and cried for her to take me up in her arms.

These happy days did not last long. One brief spring, musical with the song of robin and mocking-bird, one summer rich in fruit and roses, one autumn of gold and crimson sped by and left their gifts at the feet of an eager, delighted child. Then, in the dreary month of February, came the illness which closed my eyes and ears and plunged me into the unconsciousness of a new-born baby. They called it acute congestion of the stomach and brain. The doctor thought I could not live. Early one morning, however, the fever left me as suddenly and mysteriously as it had come. There was great rejoicing in the family that morning, but no one, not

为清楚地说出了“茶！茶！茶”而吸引了每个人的注意力。即使是在我生病之后，我依然清晰地记得我在这最初的几个月学会的单词之一——“水”。虽然我忘掉了其他的发音，但是对于“水”这个字却仍然记得。也正是在学会了拼读这个单词之后，我脱离了只能“哇哇”发音的阶段。

家人还告诉我，我刚满周岁就会走路了。那次，母亲刚把我从浴盆中抱出来，放在膝盖上，突然我发现树影在光滑的地板上一闪一闪的，于是我就从母亲的膝盖上溜下来，摇摇摆摆地去踩那些影子。当这股冲劲消失之后，我立即跌倒在地，哭着求母亲抱我起来。

但是好景不长。春天，百鸟欢鸣，歌声盈耳；夏天，到处是果子和蔷薇花；当草黄叶红时，深秋已经来临。三个美好的季节就这样匆匆而过，在一个活蹦乱跳、咿呀学语的孩子身上留下了美好的记忆。在第二年那个可怕的2月，我突然生病了，失去了视力和听力，成为一个懵懂无知的新生婴儿。医生诊断，我得了急性胃充血和脑充血，说我救不过来了。但在一个清晨，奇迹却出现了，我忽然发高烧，但高烧又突然退了，全家人对于这种奇迹惊喜异常。但是，我的家人（甚至连医生）也都没有料到我再也不能看见、听不到了。

我至今还依稀记得那场大病，尤其是母亲在我高烧不退、痛苦难熬的时

even the doctor, knew that I should never see or hear again.

I fancy I still have confused recollections of that illness. I especially remember the tenderness with which my mother tried to soothe me in my waking hours of fret and pain, and the agony and bewilderment with which I awoke after a tossing half sleep, and turned my eyes, so dry and hot, to the wall, away from the once-loved light, which came to me dim and yet more dim each day. But, except for these fleeting memories, if, indeed, they be memories, it all seems very unreal, like a nightmare. Gradually I got used to the silence and darkness that surrounded me and forgot that it had ever been different, until she came—my teacher—who was to set my spirit free. But during the first nineteen months of my life I had caught glimpses of broad, green fields, a luminous sky, trees and flowers which the darkness that followed could not wholly blot out. If we have once seen, “the day is ours, and what the day has shown.”

候，在我身边温柔地抚慰我，让我在恐惧中勇敢地渡过难关。我还记得高烧退去之后，我从半睡中被吵醒，睁开了双眼，可是眼睛却干燥灼热、疼痛怕光，所以不得不避开我以前所喜爱的阳光。后来，我的视力一天不如一天，对阳光的感觉也渐渐模糊不清了。

那段记忆就像是一场噩梦，仿佛一切都那么的不真实。我逐渐习惯了周围的寂静和黑暗，几乎忘记了这以前的世界。直到她——莎莉文小姐——我的家庭老师到来。是她减轻了我心中的负担，重新带给我精神的自由。

虽然我只拥有过19个月的光明和声音，但我却仍然能够清晰地记得那宽广而翠绿的田野、灿烂的天空、青翠的草木、争奇斗艳的鲜花，所有这些都一点一滴地铭刻在我心上，永驻在我心中。



海伦·凯勒

CHAPTER II

I CANNOT recall what happened during the first months after my illness. I only know that I sat in my mother's lap or clung to her dress as she went about her household duties. My hands felt every object and observed every motion, and in this way I learned to know many things. Soon I felt the need of some communication with others and began to make crude signs. A shake of the head meant "No" and a nod, "Yes", a pull meant "Come" and a push, "Go". Was it bread that I wanted? Then I would imitate the acts of cutting the slices and buttering them. If I wanted my mother to make ice-cream for dinner I made the sign for working the freezer and shivered, indicating cold. My mother, moreover, succeeded in making me understand a good deal. I always knew when she wished me to bring her something, and I would run upstairs or anywhere else she indicated. Indeed, I owe to her loving wisdom all that was bright and good in my long night.

I understood a good deal of what was going on about me. At five I learned to fold and put away the clean clothes when they were brought in from the laundry,

第2章 童年的记忆

生病后几个月发生了什么事情，我已经记不起来了，只记得我常坐在母亲膝盖上，或者紧拉着母亲的裙角，跟着母亲到处走动。我用手触摸每一件物体，感觉每一个动作，通过这种方式，我熟悉了许多东西。我渴望与人交流，于是开始做一些简单的动作，摇头表示“不”，点头表示“是”，拉着别人向着我表示“来”，推向外侧表示“去”。当我想吃面包时，我就以切面包、涂黄油的动作来表示。当我想让母亲做冰淇淋时，就会模仿工人制作冰淇淋的动作。我还会做出发抖的样子，表示冷的感觉。母亲也竭尽所能做出各种动作，让我了解她的意思，我也总是可以明白母亲的意思，去楼上或其他地方给她取东西。说实在话，母亲的慈爱和智慧是我在那漫长的黑夜里的光明。

我也慢慢明白了许多发生在我身上的事情。5岁时，我学会了把洗好的衣裳叠好收起来，把洗衣店送回家的衣服分类，并能分辨出哪些是我自己的。从母亲和姑妈的梳洗打扮中，我知道她们要出去，于是我就求她们带上我。当有亲戚朋友来访时，我总被叫来见客人；他们离开时，我会挥手告