



假如给我三天光明

海伦·凯勒自传

一本让千百万人重获信心与希望的书

(美) 海伦·凯勒◎著 冒晔华◎译



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Three Days to See 假如给我三天光明

By Helen Keller

海伦·凯勒

All of us have read thrilling stories in which the hero had only a limited and specified time to live. Sometimes it was as long as a year; sometimes it was as short as twenty-four hours.

有这么一种扣人心弦的故事，相信大家都曾读过——故事的主角来日无多，长则一年，短则一天。

But always we were interested in discovering just how the doomed man chose to spend his last days or his last hours. I speak, of course, of free men who have a choice, not condemned criminals whose sphere of activities is strictly delimited.

但我们总会禁不住猜想，这个被宣判了大限之日的人会如何安排他生命的最后几日，甚至是最后的几个小时。当然，我所说的是有权利作出选择的自由人，而非那些行动被严格限制的死囚。

假如给我三天光明(海伦·凯勒自传)

Such stories set us thinking, wondering what we should do under similar circumstances. What events, what experiences, what associations should we crowd into those last hours as mortal beings? What happiness should we find in reviewing the past, what regrets?

这样的故事使我们思考：在类似的处境中，我们自己该做些什么。平凡的我们，在生命最后几小时的行程单上，该以什么样的事件和经历填充？该和哪些人接触？在生命的终端回首往昔，我们会发现哪些幸福，抑或是悔恨？

Sometimes I have thought it would be an excellent rule to live each day as if we should die tomorrow. Such an attitude would emphasize sharply the values of life. We should live each day with a gentleness, a vigor, and a keenness of appreciation which are often lost when time stretches before us in the constant panorama of more days and months and years to come. There are those, of course, who would adopt the Epicurean motto of "Eat, drink, and be merry," but most people would be chastened by the certainty of impending death.

有时候我想，如果把每天都当做生命中的最后一天来过，也不失为一个极好的准则。这样的生活态度能够鲜明地突出生命的价值。我们应该以平和之心、活力之躯和感激之情过好每一天。然而面对悠悠岁月，这种珍贵的信念往往被来日方长的念头取代。当然，也有人奉行伊壁鸠鲁享乐主义“吃喝玩乐”的信条，但他们中的大多数人都将受到日趋逼近的死亡的惩戒。

In stories the doomed hero is usually saved at the last minute

by some stroke of fortune, but almost always his sense of values is changed. He becomes more appreciative of the meaning of life and its permanent spiritual values. It has often been noted that those who live, or have lived, in the shadow of death bring a mellow sweetness to everything they do.

故事里，主人公常常在最后一刻因命运的巧妙安排而获救，但他的价值观也发生了变化。他变得更加珍视生命的意义及其永恒的精神价值。常有人言，那些在死亡阴影下生活或是曾经生活过的人，做起事来会更增几分成熟和沉稳。

Most of us, however, take life for granted. We know that one day we must die, but usually we picture that day as far in the future. When we are in buoyant health, death is all but unimaginable. We seldom think of it. The days stretch out in an endless vista. So we go about our petty tasks, hardly aware of our listless attitude toward life.

然而，我们中的大多数人已经对生活习以为常。我们都知道自己终将死去，但总是将那一天想得很遥远。当我们身强力壮时，死亡简直不可想象。我们很少为之挂怀。日子一天天过去，似乎没有尽头。就这样，我们忙于平日里的琐碎事物，几乎注意不到自己无精打采的生活态度。

The same lethargy, I am afraid, characterizes the use of all our faculties and senses. Only the deaf appreciate hearing, only the blind realize the manifold blessings that lie in sight. Particularly does this observation apply to those who have lost sight and hearing in adult life. But those who have never suffered

假如给我三天光明 (海伦·凯勒自传)

impairment of sight or hearing seldom make the fullest use of these blessed faculties. Their eyes and ears take in all sights and sounds hazily, without concentration and with little appreciation. It is the same old story of not being grateful for what we have until we lose it, of not being conscious of health until we are ill.

恐怕，我们在使用自己的感官时，亦是重蹈了这昏昏沉沉的覆辙。只有聋子才会珍惜听觉，只有盲人才能体会到视觉的可贵。那些在成年之后丧失视觉和听力的人对这点体会尤深。而那些视觉和听力没有受过半点伤害的人对自己天赐的官能却鲜有充分利用的时候。他们心不在焉地将周遭一切恍惚入眼、囫圇入耳，毫无重点、不予鉴赏。还是那句老话，人在染病时才察觉到健康的存在，我们只有在失去时方懂珍惜。

I have often thought it would be a blessing if each human being were stricken blind and deaf for a few days at some time during his early adult life. Darkness would make him more appreciative of sight; silence would teach him the joys of sound.

我常常想，如果每个人在他成年的早期能够体会一段失明失聪的日子，那倒是一种福气。黑暗会使他更加珍惜光明，寂静会教给他聆听的喜悦。

Now and then I have tested my seeing friends to discover what they see. Recently I was visited by a very good friend who had just returned from a long walk in the woods, and I asked her what she had observed. "Nothing in particular." she replied. I might have been incredulous had I not been accustomed to such repose, for long ago I became convinced that the seeing see

little.

我会时不时地测试视力健全的朋友，想了解他们都看到了什么。最近有一位好朋友来探望我，她刚刚从一片树林散步回来，我便问她见到了哪些东西。“没什么特别的。”她答道。如果不是对这类回答司空见惯，我一定会觉得难以置信。很久以前我就已经确认了这个事实：看得见的人看进眼里的却很少。

How was it possible, I asked myself, to walk for an hour through the woods and see nothing worthy of note? I who cannot see find hundreds of things to interest me through mere touch. I feel the delicate symmetry of a leaf. I pass my hands lovingly about the smooth skin of a silver birch, or the rough, shaggy bark of a pine. In the spring I touch the branches of trees hopefully in search of a bud, the first sign of awakening Nature after her winter's sleep. I feel the delightful, velvety texture of a flower, and discover its remarkable convolutions; and something of the miracle of Nature is revealed to me. Occasionally, if I am very fortunate, I place my hand gently on a small tree and feel the happy quiver of a bird in full song. I am delighted to have the cool waters of a brook rush through my open fingers. To me a lush carpet of pine needles or spongy grass is more welcome than the most luxurious Persian rug. To me the pageant of seasons is a thrilling and unending drama, the action of which streams through my finger tips.

这怎么可能呢？我问自己。在树林里走了一小时，却看不到一件值得留意的东西？我，一个盲人，光靠触觉就能感受到难以计数

假如给我三天光明(海伦·凯勒自传)

的乐趣。我感觉到叶子表面精致的对称。我的双手爱惜地抚上白桦树光滑的树皮，或是松树干枯粗糙的躯干。春天里，我仔细地在枝头摸索，希望能发现一叶新芽，那是大自然从冬眠里苏醒的第一个信号。我感受花朵娇弱的天鹅绒般的质地，发现它那奇妙的回旋重叠的构造——又一个大自然的奇迹。偶尔，如果特别走运的话，我将手轻轻放在一棵小树上时，能够感觉到鸟儿尽情歌唱的震颤。我喜欢让沁凉的溪水流过指缝。最名贵的波斯地毯都不比繁茂的松针或是松软的草地更得我心。在我眼里，交替更迭的四季是一出永不落幕的精彩大戏，它的一幕幕情节在我的指尖流淌。

At times my heart cries out with longing to see all these things. If I can get so much pleasure from mere touch, how much more beauty must be revealed by sight. Yet, those who have eyes apparently see little. The panorama of color and action which fills the world is taken for granted. It is human, perhaps, to appreciate little that which we have and to long for that which we have not, but it is a great pity that in the world of light the gift of sight is used only as a mere convenience rather than as a means of adding fullness to life.

有好几次我都禁不住在心底呐喊，让我亲眼看看这所有的一切！如果说仅是触碰它们就能带给我这么多的快乐，若是亲眼得见，那该是一番多么美丽的景象！然而，那些看得见的人显然看不到那许多。这大千世界的色彩与活动在他们眼里是理所当然的存在。也许人类就是这样，对已经拥有的东西不以为然，对尚未得到的思慕不已。但可惜的是，在光明的世界里，人类更容易将视觉的天赋当做一项便利的条件，而不是利用它使生活变得更加充实。

If I were the president of a university I should establish a compulsory course in "How to Use Your Eyes". The professor would try to show his pupils how they could add joy to their lives by really seeing what passes unnoticed before them. He would try to awake their dormant and sluggish faculties.

如果我是一所大学的校长，我一定会设置一门必修课——“如何使用你的眼睛”。这门课的教授会尽力让学生明白，发现那些被他们忽视的事物能够为生活增添怎样的乐趣。他会试着唤醒学生们沉睡疲弱的感官。

Perhaps I can best illustrate by imagining what I should most like to see if I were given the use of my eyes, say, for just three days. And while I am imagining, suppose you, too, set your mind to work on the problem of how you would use your own eyes if you had only three more days to see. If with the on-coming darkness of the third night you knew that the sun would never rise for you again, how would you spend those three precious intervening days? What would you most want to let your gaze rest upon?

为了更好地说明这个问题，或许我可以假设自己能够使用自己的眼睛。比方说，就三天，想象在这三天里我最想看到的东西。与此同时，假设你也得面对和我相同的问题——如果你只剩下三天光明，你想如何使用你的眼睛？当你知道在第三个漆黑的夜晚过后，太阳将不再为你升起，你将怎样度过这珍贵的三天呢？你的目光最想在什么上面停留？

I, naturally, should want most to see the things which have

假如给我三天光明 (海伦·凯勒自传)

become dear to me through my years of darkness. You, too, would want to let your eyes rest on the things that have become dear to you so that you could take the memory of them with you into the night that loomed before you.

我最想看到的，自然是那些在多年的黑暗中变得对我弥足珍贵的东西。而你呢，你想要凝望的也一定是对你来说最为宝贵的东西，因为你将带着这些记忆走进茫茫黑夜。

If, by some miracle, I were granted three seeing days, to be followed by a relapse into darkness, I should divide the period into three parts.

如果有奇迹赐予我三天的光明，三天后我得重回黑暗，我将把这段时光分为三个部分。

The First Day 第一天

On the first day, I should want to see the people whose kindness and gentleness and companionship have made my life worth living. First I should like to gaze long upon the face of my dear teacher, Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, who came to me when I was a child and opened the outer world to me. I should want not merely to see the outline of her face, so that I could cherish it in my memory, but to study that face and find in it the living evidence of the sympathetic tenderness and patience with which she accomplished the difficult task of my education. I should like to see in her eyes that strength of character which has enabled her to stand firm in the face of difficulties, and that compassion

for all humanity which she has revealed to me so often.

第一天，我要看人。他们对我的温柔、善良和陪伴让我找到了生活的价值。首先，我将长久地凝视我亲爱的老师的面容——安妮·莎莉文·梅西夫人的面容。当我还是孩子的时候，她来到我身边，为我开启外面的世界。我希望看到的不仅是她脸上的轮廓，将她的样貌带入记忆珍藏还远远不够。我还要仔细观察这张脸，找出她同情的温柔和耐心的痕迹，就是这样的她完成了教育我的艰巨任务。我还想在她的眼中看到她的坚强和慈悲——坚强的性格让她在困难面前屹立不倒，她也经常在我面前流露出对全人类的同情怜悯。

I do not know what it is to see into the heart of a friend through that "window of the soul", the eye. I can only "see" through my finger tips the outline of a face. I can detect laughter, sorrow, and many other obvious emotions. I know my friends from the feel of their faces. But I cannot really picture their personalities by touch. I know their personalities, of course, through other means, through the thoughts they express to me, through whatever of their actions are revealed to me. But I am denied that deeper understanding of them which I am sure would come through sight of them, through watching their reactions to various expressed thoughts and circumstances, through noting the immediate and fleeting reactions of their eyes and countenance.

眼睛被称为“心灵的窗户”，但我尚不知道透过眼睛看进朋友的内心会是怎样的感觉。我只能用指尖摸索着脸的轮廓去“看”。我能察觉到欢笑、悲伤和很多明显的情感，通过感受朋友们的面

容，我认识了他们，但仅仅通过触摸我想象不出他们的性格。当然，通过其他方法，例如他们的言谈举止等等，我可以对他们的性格有所了解。但那仅限于粗浅的认识，我想只有亲眼见到他们，通过观察他们对各种思想和环境的反应，以及他们在那一瞬间的眼神和表情才能进一步地了解他们。

Friends who are near to me I know well, because through the months and years they reveal themselves to me in all their phases; but of casual friends I have only an incomplete impression, an impression gained from a handclasp, from spoken words which I take from their lips with my finger tips, or which they tap into the palm of my hand.

我对身边的朋友非常熟悉，通过经年累月的交往，他们向我展示了全方位的自己；但若是只有一面之缘的朋友，仅仅通过一次握手，或是我的指尖在他们嘴唇上读到的、他们在我掌心里写下的只言片语，我只能得到一个不完整的印象。

How much easier, how much more satisfying it is for you who can see to grasp quickly the essential qualities of another person by watching the subtleties of expression, the quiver of a muscle, the flutter of a hand. But does it ever occur to you to use your sight to see into the inner nature of a friend or an acquaintance? Do not most of you seeing people grasp casually the outward features of a face and let it go at that?

但这些对于视力完好的你们是多么简单，多么得心应手。只需注意对方微妙的表情、肌肉的颤动、手势的变化就能迅速领会对方的基本特质。但你们可曾想过利用自己的视力来洞悉一个朋

友或熟人的内在本质呢？恐怕大多数人只是随便看看一张脸的表面特征便就此作罢了。

For instance, can you describe accurately the faces of five good friends? Some of you can, but many cannot. As an experiment, I have questioned husbands of long standing about the color of their wives' eyes, and often they express embarrassed confusion and admit that they do not know. And, incidentally, it is a chronic complaint of wives that their husbands do not notice new dresses, new hats, and changes in household arrangements.

举个简单的例子，你能精确描述出五个好朋友的容貌吗？有些人可以，但很多人做不到。我做过一次试验，让结婚多年的丈夫说出他们妻子眼睛的颜色，但多数情况是他们犯起了糊涂，尴尬地承认自己并不清楚。无独有偶，妻子们抱怨不迭的正是她们的丈夫对自己的新裙子、新帽子、屋子里的新摆设视若无睹。

The eyes of seeing persons soon become accustomed to the routine of their surroundings, and they actually see only the startling and spectacular. But even in viewing the most spectacular sights the eyes are lazy. Court records reveal every day how inaccurately "eyewitnesses" see. A given event will be "seen" in several different ways by as many witnesses. Some see more than others, but few see everything that is within the range of their vision.

看得见的人们总是很快适应日常环境，能吸引他们眼球的只有惊人、壮观的景象。但就算面对世上最壮丽的景色，他们的眼睛都

假如给我三天光明(海伦·凯勒自传)

是慵懒的。庭审记录能够证明，每一天都有对事件描述极不准确的“目击证人”。同一件事，被不同的证人以各种不同的方式“看见”。有的人看到的比别人多一些，但能够看到视力范围内的全部事物的人却寥寥无几。

Oh, the things that I should see if I had the power of sight for just three days!

啊，假如我有视力，哪怕只有三天，这些东西是我一定要看的！

The first day would be a busy one. I should call to me all my dear friends and look long into their faces, imprinting upon my mind the outward evidences of the beauty that is within them. I should let my eyes rest, too, on the face of a baby, so that I could catch a vision of the eager, innocent beauty which precedes the individual's consciousness of the conflicts which life develops.

第一天将是忙碌的一天。我要把所有亲爱的朋友叫到身边，长久地凝视他们的面容，将他们脸上记录的内在美的证明深深刻入脑海。我还会将目光停留在婴儿的脸上，欣赏那种充满渴望、天真无邪的美，那种美不谙世事，没有掺入生活的酸甜苦辣。

And I should like to look into the loyal, trusting eyes of my dogs—the grave, canny little Scottie, Darkie, and the stalwart, understanding Great Dane, Helga, whose warm, tender, and playful friendships are so comforting to me.

我还想看看小狗们忠诚的眼睛——严肃机警的小斯科蒂与达奇，还有高大健壮、善解人意的大丹、黑尔格，他们的热情、温厚和顽皮的友情带给我无限慰藉。

On that busy first day I should also view the small simple things of my home. I want to see the warm colors in the rugs under my feet, the pictures on the walls, the intimate trifles that transform a house into home. My eyes would rest respectfully on the books in raised type which I have read, but they would be more eagerly interested in the printed books which seeing people can read, for during the long night of my life the books I have read and those which have been read to me have built themselves into a great shining lighthouse, revealing to me the deepest channels of human life and the human spirit.

在那忙碌的第一天里，我还要仔细端详家里简单的小东西。我想看看自己脚下地毯温暖的色调，墙上的图画，还有那些将房子变成家的暖心的小玩意。我将带着敬意查看自己曾经读过的盲文书籍，但我更感兴趣的是供正常人阅读的印刷品。在我生活的黑暗长夜中，那些由他人读给我的书，俨然在我心中筑起一座辉煌的灯塔，为我指出人类生活与精神的最深远的航道。

In the afternoon of that first seeing day, I should take a long walk in the woods and intoxicate my eyes on the beauties of the world of Nature trying desperately to absorb in a few hours the vast splendor which is constantly unfolding itself to those who can see. On the way home from my woodland jaunt my path would lie near a farm so that I might see the patient horses ploughing in the field (perhaps I should see only a tractor!) and the serene content of men living close to the soil. And I should pray for the glory of a colorful sunset.

在那个拥有光明的第一天的下午，我要在森林里来一次远足，让我的双眼陶醉在大自然的美丽风景之中。在有限的几个小时里，我要全身心地投入这波澜壮阔的世界，这个让拥有视力的人目不暇接的世界。在从森林之旅返回的途中，我要选择一条临近农庄的小路，这样我可以看看在田间耕作的马驹（也许我只能看到一台拖拉机！），一睹土地滋养下的人们安然自得的生活。我会祈祷自己有幸欣赏到一个绚丽多彩的辉煌落日。

When dusk had fallen, I should experience the double delight of being able to see by artificial light which the genius of man has created to extend the power of his sight when Nature decrees darkness.

当夜幕降临，人造的灯光让我感受到双重的快乐。在大自然宣告黑暗的降临时，人类凭借自己的聪明才智创造了光明，来延伸他的视力。

In the night of that first day of sight, I should not be able to sleep, so full would be my mind of the memories of the day.

在拥有光明的第一天的夜里，我将难以入眠，脑海里满是那天的回忆。

The Second Day 第二天

The next day—the second day of sight—I should arise with the dawn and see the thrilling miracle by which night is transformed into day. I should behold with awe the magnificent panorama of light with which the sun awakens the sleeping earth.

第二天，进入光明的第二天，我将在黎明时分起身，看那黑夜转换为白昼的壮丽奇观。灿烂的曙光将沉睡的大地唤醒，我会带着