

COLLEGE ENGLISH

Book 5

说明

本书为北京外国语学院胡文仲、杨立民等同志所编《大学英语教程》(*College English*)一、二、三、四册的续编,供大学英语本科高年级阅读课使用。

进入高年级阶段,阅读课应以提高学生自学能力、利用辞典及其它工具书独立解决语言及背景知识的难点、正确理解课文及作者的观点为主要目的。因此,本书注释力求精简,一般只包括在学生现有的工具书中较难查到的背景知识。有的语言或背景知识难点是“练习”要求学生解答的,未列入“注释”。

进入高年级后,学生不可能在课上课下做许多练习,因此,只设计了三部分:(一)侧重内容理解的是非题;(二)测验学生对语言难点的理解;(三)部分讨论题。

本书所选文章,大部分已在北京外国语学院英语系试用过。我们衷心希望使用本书的同志提出意见,以便修订。

本书练习答案另出。

编 者

参加本书编写工作的还有:张中载、张毓霖、朱菊娣。

CONTENTS

Lesson One	(1)
Text: Rashid's School at Okhla	
by Santha Rama Rau	
Lesson Two	(10)
Text: Four Choices for Young People	
Lesson Three	(17)
Text: Rock Superstars:	
What Do They Tell Us About Ourselves	
and Our Society?	
Lesson Four	(23)
Text: A Most Forgiving Ape (Part One)	
by Alan Moorehead	
Lesson Five	(32)
Text: A most Forgiving Ape (Part Two)	
Lesson Six	(41)
Text: A Lesson in Living (Part One)	
by Maya Angelou	
Lesson Seven	(50)
Text: A Lesson in Living (Part Two)	
Lesson Eight	(57)
Text: I'd Rather Be Black Than Female	
by Shirley Chisholm	
Lesson Nine	(64)
Text: The Trouble With Television	
Lesson Ten	(71)
Text: On Getting Off to Sleep	
by J.B. Priestley	
Lesson Eleven	(78)
Text: Why I Write	

	by George Orwell	
Lesson Twelve		(89)
Text: Work		
	by Bertrand Russell	
Lesson Thirteen		(97)
Text: I Would Like to Tell You Something		
	by John F. Kerry	
Lesson Fourteen		(106)
Text: Are All Generalizations False?		
	by	
	Lionel Ruby	
	Robert E. Yarber	
Lesson Fifteen		(116)
Text: The Beauty Industry		
	by Aldous Huxley	
Lesson Sixteen		(125)
Text: Miss Brill		
	by Katherine Mansfield	

Lesson One

TEXT

Rashid' s School at Okla

by Santha Rama Rau

1. Kitty and I drove away from Delhi along the straight, flat Agra road. It was hot, with all the stale accumulated heat of summer concentrated in that autumn day. Behind us the dust rolled upward in thick red clouds. Kitty kept her hand casually and frequently on the horn while we wound our way through the morning traffic. We passed the long lines of bullock carts, with their uncoiled axles screaming — a device which is deliberately intended to keep the bullocks awake, but which seems to have no effect on the drivers who sleep calmly on top of their loads. The camel-trains were more orderly. Their drivers had threaded ropes through the noses of the animals to facilitate their control, yet it still took the train about a quarter of an hour to swing away from the center of the road and allow us to pass. The camel owners were more prosperous than the bullock owners; the household utensils on the last animal were made of silver instead of brass.

2. "Merchants," Kitty guessed, "on their way back to Agra."

3. Okhla, when we reached it, proved to be a scatter of huts with earthen walls plastered with cow-dung which kept the interiors cool during the day and was used as fuel when it had dried. There was an absurdly tiny shop whose proprietor was a member of the village panchayat — the five men who are traditionally elected as governors of the village. He acted as the

village bank as well as the village letter-writer. Like all Indian villages Okhla was deserted at that time in the morning. Most of the people were working in the fields, and the women had gathered at the well which was their meeting place and center of gossip. As we turned up the dry earth track towards the school, the women stood with their terracotta urns on their heads watching us.

4. Kitty stopped the car. "Is Rashidji up at the school?" she called. After they had answered us we had to stay and talk to them, for there were countless things they wanted to know about me, a stranger. Was I married? No? They told me comfortingly not to worry. I still looked young even if I was nearly seventeen; but it certainly wasn't too early to start looking if I didn't want to bring shame on my unfortunate mother. Why was I here? How long would I stay?

5. Rashid came out to meet us in front of the school. He was a small man, deceptively frail-looking for one of his immense energy. He made himself understood as much by the gestures of his hands as by his fluid English.

6. "I am so glad you could come," he said, enunciating each syllable clearly. "We, of course, have been at work since half past five. We like to begin early in the cool of the day so that we can let the children rest through the hot hours. . . ." He led us across the yard, on three sides of which were the earthen school buildings. Turning to me, he explained, "You must think this is all very primitive, but to us" — in a suddenly florid tone — "it is the realization of a dream. Sometimes I go into Delhi to have dinner with Kittyji, or see some other friends, and everywhere I hear people talking about this 'political consciousness' we must bring to the inarticulate millions of India. And I say to them this is not a present we can give the villagers; we cannot say 'Come, it is Christmas, here is a gift,' we can only

help them. Perhaps we can even give an impetus — but the achievement? That lies with them." He looked at me, trying to gauge my reaction. "But I'm afraid I am only a voice crying in — er — an Indian village."

7. As we reached the main school building I saw that all the doorways were decorated with enormous yellow sunflowers painted, I was told, by the children.

8. "They make the colors themselves," Rashid said, "because of course, we can't afford to buy them. Nevertheless, even in a matter as small as this, the earth looks after her own." This started him off on a new speech. He told me something of the history of the school, which in a small way was the history of the whole educational movement which the Congress Party had inaugurated through the medium of the village schools.

9. To begin with, the villagers were suspicious. It was hard, Rashid said, to persuade them that they were really getting something for nothing. And even when that was accomplished, they were not at all sure that they wanted their children to leave their homes. The adult villagers had found in their own lives no use for education, or indeed for literacy. A few of them spoke of a previous adult literacy campaign into which they had been drawn. They remembered that it had taken the quicker ones a short enough time to learn to read and write — and an equally short time to forget all they had learned. They were frankly skeptical.

10. As soon as the children of the village were old enough to work in the fields they became economically important to their families. Against that argument education carried very little weight. Rashid assured them that the children would learn really useful things in school — how to enrich the soil, how to make the land more productive. Still the parents were not convinced.

11. "Finally," he said. "I told them that if they would send their children to my school I would provide the means for them to reel cotton for an hour every day. At last the villagers saw some concrete good in education. The spools of cotton can be sold for a few pice each -- less than a penny, but enough to make a substantial difference to the family finances. I won my point; they helped build the schoolhouse, and the children come here every day until they are old enough to help their parents in the fields."

12. We reached a group of children in a corner of the yard who were building a relief map. Some were soaking mehendi leaves to make a red dye to color the countries.

13. "It is astonishing," said Kitty, "how they can accept the idea of world geography when they have never been further than twenty miles from their villages."

14. Rashid looked round the class with affection and triumph. "It was much easier to get the villagers to consent to co-education than it would have been to get the consent of townspeople. I hope industrialism doesn't draw our people into the cities too soon. They lose that independence of spirit that only ownership and the land can give."

15. Late that afternoon when we were leaving Okhla, Kitty asked Rashid to come into Delhi and have dinner at her house. "Or do you have your mothers' class tonight?" she remembered suddenly.

16. "No," he answered, "that isn't until tomorrow. I would like very much to dine with you."

17. "Do tell my niece about your success with the ladies, Rashidji," Kitty suggested.

18. Rashid looked at me pinkly. "I'm afraid your aunt rather misrepresents the incident. Some of my pupils, you see, after they had been coming to school for some months must have

carried home favorable reports to their parents. Indeed their mothers were so impressed that one day several of the men of the village came to me to ask whether their wives could learn as well. Of course I was delighted with the success of the school. "He looked at Kitty. "But there was a serious drawback. Most of these women were Moslems and consequently could meet no men except their husbands. Imagine what a dilemma! I could not let the opportunity pass, yet I could not teach the women. Eventually I reached a solution that pleased all parties. Now, two evenings a week the women gather in the largest room of the school while I lecture to them from behind a screen with my eyes covered."

19. After some further discussion between Kitty and Rashid about extending the village school system to other communities around Delhi, Kitty and I left. But that evening at dinner talk of the school was resumed. Rashid had come in on the rickety bus that passes through Okhla twice a day, true to his promise, and Mother was much interested in what I had to tell of the visit to Okhla.

20. "It must have needed a great deal of courage to carry through a scheme like that," she said, turning to Rashid.

21. "Not courage so much as hard work and money," he replied. "The officials don't really interfere in matters like this. You see, theoretically they are on the side of education for all people."

22. "I believe," Kitty put in, "that there are even some laws to that effect -- for all the good they do."

23. "But actually they might as well forbid people to go to school. The damage would be about the same, because naturally we cannot afford public schools on any national scale unless they are subsidized by the government. As long as we don't ask for financial aid we are left undisturbed." Rashid smiled timidly

as though he were expecting to be contradicted.

24. "I didn't mean that kind of courage," Mother said. "I mean the courage it would need to build a world. I know if I had the job on my hands I wouldn't have the least idea what to put into it." She hesitated. "These children are never going to forget what you tell them now. It must be an almost frightening responsibility. Can you say to the Moslems, 'It is wrong to marry twice'? Or to the Hindus, 'It isn't sinful to eat beef'?" She looked across the table at Premila and me, and added. "In the West they get out of it easily. They teach their children rigidly, and then say, 'Rely on your conscience, it will tell you good from bad.' My daughters hate generalizations like this, but I have always thought that Indians are rather rational people, and for us, I find, reason and conscience are mutual correctives." She smiled disarmingly. "Am I wrong, Rashidji?"

About the author:

Santha Rama Rau was born in India in 1923. She is the author of many travel books about India and the Far East. Our text is taken from the first of the author's many books, entitled *Home To India*. The book tells the absorbing story of the author's return to her native land as a 16-year-old girl, after ten years of attending school in London and spending her vacations traveling on the continents of Europe and Africa with her sister, Premila, and her parents. Her father was a member of the diplomatic service and her mother an ardent social and political worker for a free India. From this background came her own intense interest in the changes that were taking place in her native land; the breakup of the caste system, the changes in marriage customs, and the education of women. Her grandmother, in whose house she lived for a while on her return

to India, belonged to the old India. But her parents and her mother's brother — whose wife, Kitty, is the first person mentioned in this chapter — all worked for social reform.

After returning home from school in London at the outbreak of World War II in 1939, the author visited her aunt Kitty in Delhi, the capital of India. It was Kitty who suggested the trip to Rashid's school in Okhla. Kitty, a Viennese married to an Indian, had fallen in love with her husband's land. He was a newspaperman, she an educator with a training in psychology. Together they worked for the liberation of India. In the years following the incident described here, the author completed her education in America. She graduated from Wellesley College in 1944.

Notes

- 1) Agra — the city of the world-famous Taj Mahal, the beautiful tomb built by a Mogul emperor for his favourite wife. The Agra road is much travelled by those who go to see this architectural wonder.
- 2) Rashidji — The name of the village schoolmaster is Rashid. The addition of the syllable—ji shows respect.
- 3) a voice crying in — er — an Indian village — The Biblical phrase is "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" (Mark 1, 3). Rashid has adapted it to fit his own situation. In both cases the meaning is the same: The "voice" is solitary and isolated and may not be heard.
- 4) Premila — The author's sister.

Exercises

I. True or false:

- 1) Modern means of transportation was still not much employed along the Agra road.
- 2) In the little shop, there were also a bank and a post-office.
- 3) Village girls in India married early.
- 4) Rashid was a very energetic person, but he didn't look strong.
- 5) Rashid was not sure that he could achieve his goals. He thought success depended on the villagers themselves.
- 6) This was the first time India tried to bring education to the countryside.
- 7) The children learned to reel cotton at school because it was an important skill and difficult to learn.
- 8) Kitty thought one understood world geography better if one could see more places.
- 9) In Rashid's mind, workers in the cities did not enjoy independence of spirit.
- 10) Moslem women could not meet strange males because they were very shy.
- 11) The bus that passed through Okhla was very old.
- 12) Kitty didn't think the law was much help to the scheme of extending the village school system.
- 13) The village school got much moral support from the government.
- 14) Moslems think to eat beef is sinful.

II. Explain the italicized parts:

- 1) ...and everywhere I hear people talking about this

- political consciousness we must bring to the inarticulate millions of India. (Para.6)
- 2) Nevertheless, even in a matter as small as this, the earth looks after her own. (Para.8)
- 3) ...which the Congress Party had inaugurated through the medium of the village schools. (Para.8)
- 4) . . . they became economically important to their families. (Para.10)
- 5) . . .who were building a relief map. (Para.12)
- 6) co-education (Para.14)
- 7) Eventually I reached a solution that pleased all parties. (Para.18)
- 8) true to his promise (Para.19)
- 9) I mean the courage it would need to build a world. (Para.24)
- 10) . . . reason and conscience are mutual correctives. (Para.24)

III. Questions for discussion:

- 1) What difficulties did Rashid have in persuading the villagers to send their children to his school?
- 2) The author's mother described Rashid's responsibility as "almost frightening." What did she mean by "frightening"?
- 3) What do you think Rashid had in mind when he said that education was only an impetus to the achievement of "political consciousness"?

Lesson Two

TEXT

Four Choices for Young People

1. Shortly before his graduation, Jim Binns, president of the senior class at Stanford University, wrote me about some of his misgivings. "More than any other generation," he said, "our generation views the adult world with great skepticism. . . there is also an increased tendency to reject completely that world."

2. Apparently he speaks for a lot of his contemporaries. During the last few years, I have listened to scores of young people, in college and out, who were just as nervous about the grown-up world. Roughly, their attitude might be summed up about like this: "The world is in pretty much of a mess, full of injustice, poverty, and war. The people responsible are, presumably, the adults who have been running things. If they can't do better than that, what have they got to teach our generation? That kind of lesson we can do without."

3. These conclusions strike me as reasonable, at least from their point of view. The relevant question for the arriving generation is not whether our society is imperfect (we can take that for granted), but how to deal with it. For all its harshness and irrationality, it is the only world we've got. Choosing a strategy to cope with it, then, is the first decision young adults have to make, and usually the most important decision of their lifetime. So far as I have been able to discover, there are only four basic alternatives:

I. Drop Out

4. This is one of the oldest expedients, and it can be practiced anywhere, at any age, and with or without the use of hallucinogens. It always has been the strategy of choice for people who find the world too brutal or too complex to be endured. By definition, this way of life is parasitic. In one way or another, its practitioners batten on the society which they scorn and in which they refuse to take any responsibility. Some of us find this distasteful — an undignified kind of life. But for the poor in spirit, with low levels of both energy and pride, it may be the least intolerable choice available.

II. Flee

5. This strategy also has ancient antecedents. Ever since civilization began, certain individuals have tried to run away from it in hopes of finding a simpler, more pastoral, and more peaceful life. Unlike the dropouts, they are not parasites. They are willing to support themselves and to contribute something to the general community, but they simply don't like the environment of civilization; that is, the city, with all its ugliness and tension.

6. The trouble with this solution is that it no longer is practical on a large scale. Our planet, unfortunately, is running out of noble savages and unsullied landscapes; except for the polar regions, the frontiers are gone. A few gentleman farmers with plenty of money can still escape to the bucolic life — but in general the stream of migration is flowing the other way.

III. Plot a Revolution

7. This strategy is always popular among those who have no patience with the tedious workings of the democratic process or

who believe that basic institutions can only be changed by force. It attracts some of the more active and idealistic young people of every generation. To them it offers a romantic appeal, usually symbolized by some dashing and charismatic figure. It has the even greater appeal of simplicity: "Since this society is hopelessly bad, let's smash it and build something better on the ruins."

8. Some of my best friends have been revolutionists, and a few of them have led reasonably satisfying lives. These are the ones whose revolutions did not come off; they have been able to keep on cheerfully plotting their holocausts right into their senescence. Others died young, in prison or on the barricades. But the most unfortunate are those whose revolutions have succeeded. They lived, in bitter disillusionment, to see the establishment they had overthrown replaced by a new one, just as hard-faced and stuffy.

9. I am not, of course, suggesting that revolutions accomplish nothing. Some (the American Revolution, the French Revolution) clearly do change things for the better. My point is merely that the idealists who make the revolution are bound to be disappointed in either case. For at best their victory never dawns on the shining new world they had dreamed of, cleansed of all human meanness. Instead it dawns on a familiar, workaday place, still in need of groceries and sewage disposal. The revolutionary state, under whatever political label, has to be run — not by violent romantics — but by experts in marketing, sanitary engineering, and the management of bureaucracies.

10. For the idealists who are determined to remake society, but who seek a more practical method than armed revolution, there remains one more alternative.

IV. Try To Change the World Gradually.

One Clod at a Time

11. At first glance, this course is far from inviting. It lacks glamour. It promises no quick results. It depends on the exasperating and uncertain instruments of persuasion and democratic decision making. It demands patience, always in short supply. About all that can be said for it is that it sometimes works — that in this particular time and place it offers a better chance for remedying some of the world's outrages than any other available strategy.

12. So at least the historical evidence seems to suggest. When I was graduating from college, my generation also found the world in a mess. The economic machinery had broken down almost everywhere; In this country nearly a quarter of the population was out of work. A major war seemed all too likely. As a college newspaper editor at that time, I protested against this just as vehemently as student activists are protesting today.

13. At the same time, my generation was discovering that reforming the world is a little like fighting a military campaign in the Apennines, as soon as you capture one mountain range, another one looms just ahead. As the big problems of the thirties were brought under some kind of rough control, new problems took their place — the unprecedented problems of an affluent society, of racial justice, of keeping our cities from becoming uninhabitable, of coping with war in unfamiliar guises. Most disturbing of all was our discovery of the population explosion. It dawned on us rather suddenly that the number of passengers on the small spaceship we inhabit is doubling about every forty years. So long as the earth's population keeps growing at this cancerous rate, all of the other problems appear virtually insoluble. Our cities will continue to become more crowded and noisome. The landscape will get more cluttered, the air and