

170144

基本馆藏

大学四年级英语课本

上 册

徐燕謀編

时 代 出 版 社

95-721170144

2240

T1K9

大学四年級英語課本

上 冊

徐 燕 謀 編

时 代 出 版 社

1957年·北 京

时 代 出 版 社 出 版

北京市书刊出版业营业许可证出字45号

(北京阜外百万庄出版大楼)

新 华 书 店 发 行

北京印刷厂印装

1957年11月北京初版 1957年11月第1次印刷

开本: 787×1092 1/16 印张: 15-12/16 字数: 311千字

1-6,000册 定价(10) 2.00元

P R E F A C E

This book is specially compiled for Chinese students of English of the Senior Class. It is to be published in two separate volumes, the first comprising nine units of study, and the second eight. The number of selections to each unit is not uniform; it ranges from one to three, being determined by the length of the selections included. Each unit is designed for a fortnight's use in the analytical reading course with 4—6 hours' classroom work per week.

The selections are chiefly works of English and American authors, from Shakespeare and Milton to James Aldridge and Howard Fast. While he gives prominence to the novel, drama and poetry, the compiler does not exclude certain minor types of literature. The selections are not arranged chronologically, for considering acceptability the old masters often have to yield precedence to the new. Short scenes from plays, especially those by contemporary dramatists like Odets, Shaw and Galsworthy, are put in with a view to cultivating speaking ability, in which our students seem to be most weak.

To each selection are appended brief introductory remarks on its author and his works.

In view of the students' difficulty in getting good dictionaries and other reference books, the compiler has spared no effort to make the notes as accurate and exhaustive as possible. Each selection has a list of new words and old ones not used in their ordinary senses. Certain words have their meanings and others have their synonyms or antonyms given in parentheses. The word combinations and word groups of each selection are also listed and some explained. *The Lexical and Phraseological Notes* deals with word-formation, etymology, synonymy, desynonymization, Americanisms, archaisms, neologisms, the structure and classification of phraseological units and other lexicological questions. Biographical and geographical names, classical and historical allusions, quotations, etc. are explained in *Miscellaneous Explanations and References*. Peculiar grammatical constructions and phenomena, figures of speech and other rhetorical devices, and questions concerning style and literary criticism receive due treatment under *Grammatical Phenomena and Stylistic Devices*. From each prose selection a few sentences are picked out as models for imitation, but the choice is entirely subjective. The purpose of the notes is not only to make possible an adequate and

comprehensive analysis of the selections, but also to arouse the students' interest in questions of language and literature, to help form a correct taste, and to impart information necessary to elementary research work. Care must be taken not to let the students lose themselves in the mazes of analysis and thus neglect the synthetical grasp of what they study. They must be made to see the forest as well as the trees.

The English language is rich in synonyms, but perfect synonyms are very rare. Hence the necessity of distinguishing the nuances between them. Besides, there are a number of words easily confused owing to superficial resemblance in spelling or pronunciation and other reasons. *A Glossary of Synonyms and Words Easily Confused* may be of some help to students when they are doing exercises on semantics.

The exercises are closely related to the text and the notes. They are, however, given by way of example only and are, therefore, tentative and subject to change, omission or supplementation in case they are found unsuitable for use. In preparing them the compiler has tried his best to seek variety and to enlarge gradually the students' capacity for independent work.

The compiler wishes to express here his indebtedness to Mr. T. K. Ch'uan, Mr. C. K. Kê, Mr. C. S. Yang, Mr. T. C. Lin, Mr. S. Y. Yao and Mr. P. S. Chêng, who have helped him in various ways.

The Compiler

Fudan University
Shanghai
May 10, 1957

C O N T E N T S

TEXT		Page
I. Notes From The Gallows	Julius Fuchik	5
Lab Assistant Episode	Clifford Odets	15
II. Quod Erat Demonstrandum	André Maurois	19
Ode To The West Wind	P. B. Shelley	22
III. Mrs. Packletide's Tiger	Saki	31
An Ideal Husband (A Scene)	Oscar Wilde	34
IV. Coal Center	Howard Fast	40
Labour Spy Episode	Clifford Odets	46
V. Dream Children; A Reverie	Charles Lamb	49
Interne Episode	Clifford Odets	53
VI. The Strike	Theodore Dreiser	57
VII. Rogers	Mark Twain	73
Introducing Puff	R. B. Sheridan	78
VIII. Sonnet On Chillon	G. G. Byron	82
Prometheus	G. G. Byron	83
Prometheus And Pandora	Thomas Bulfinch	85
IX. On Big Words	A. G. Gardiner	88
The Bee And The Spider	Jonathan Swift	92
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON AUTHORS AND SELECTIONS		96
NOTES		114
A GLOSSARY OF SYNONYMS AND WORDS EASILY CONFUSED		188
EXERCISES		207

T E X T

I.

NOTES FROM THE GALLOWS

By Julius Fuchik

(1)

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

In five minutes the clock will strike ten. A beautiful, warm spring evening, April 24, 1942.

I am hurrying as fast as I can while pretending to be an elderly man with a limp — hurrying to reach the Jelineks' before the building is closed at curfew, at ten. There my "adjutant" Mirek is waiting. I know that he has nothing important to tell me this time, nor I to tell him. But to miss an appointed meeting might cause panic, and I should hate to cause extra worry for those two fine souls, my hosts.

They greet me with a cup of tea. Mirek is there — and the Fried couple, also. That is an unnecessary risk. "I like to see you, comrades, but not together this way. So many in one room at once is the best way to jail, to death. You will either have to stick to the rules of conspiracy, or quit working with us, for you are endangering yourselves and others. Do you understand?"

"We understand."

"And what have you brought me?"

"Copy for the May first number of *Red Rights*."

"Excellent. And you, Mirek?"

"There's nothing new. The work is going well...."

"That's all. See you after the first of May. I'll send a message. So long."

"Another cup of tea, chief."

"No, no, Mrs. Jelinek. There are too many of us here."

"At least one cup, please."

Steam rises from the fresh-poured tea.

Someone rings at the door.

At this time of night? Who can it be?

The visitors are impatient. They bang on the door.

"Open up! The police!"

Quick through the window. Escape. I have a pistol; I'll hold them back. Too late. Gestapo men under the windows, aiming pistols into the room. Detectives have forced the door, rush into the room through the kitchen. One, two, three — nine of them. They do not see me because I am behind the door through which they came. I could easily shoot them in the back. But their nine pistols point at the two women and three unarmed men. If I fire, my five friends will fall before I do. If I shoot myself, there will be shooting anyway and those five will die. If I don't shoot, they will sit in jail six months or a year, and the revolution will set them free, alive. Only Mirek and I will not come out alive; they will torture us. They won't get anything out of me: but out of Mirek? A man who fought in Spain, a man who lived through two years of concentration camp in France, who came from France back to Prague illegally in the midst of war — no, he will never tell. I have two seconds to decide. Or is it three seconds?

If I shoot, I don't save anyone, except myself from torture — but I sacrifice the lives of five comrades. Is that true? Yes.

So it is decided. I step out of the corner.

"Ah, one more!"

The first blow in my face. Hard enough to knock a man out.

"Hands up."

Another punch, and another.

This is just as I imagined it would be.

The orderly apartment is now a pile of furniture and broken things.

More blows and kicks.

"March."

They drag me into an automobile. Pistols always pointing at me. They start on me in the car.

"Who are you?"

"Professor Horak."

"You lie."

I shrug my shoulders.

"Sit still or we shoot!"

"Well, shoot."

Instead, they punch me.

We pass a streetcar. It looks to me as though it were draped with white. A wedding car — at night? I must be feverish.

The Petchek building, Gestapo headquarters. I never thought I should enter here alive. They make me run up to the fourth floor. Aha, the famous II-A section, anti-Communist investigation. I seem to be almost curious.

A tall thin commissar in charge of the arrest unit puts a revolver in his pocket and takes me into his office. He lights my cigarette.

"Who are you?"

"Professor Horak."

"You lie."

The watch on his wrist shows eleven o'clock.

"Search him."

They strip me and search.

"He has an identity card."

"The name?"

"Professor Horak."

"Check up on that."

They telephone.

"Of course, he is not registered. The card is forged."

"Who gave it to you?"

"Police headquarters."

Then the first blow with a stick. The second, third..... shall I count them? No, my boy, there is nowhere to report such statistics.

"Your name? Speak. Your address? Speak. With whom did you have contact? Speak. Your address? Talk! Talk! Talk, or we'll beat you."

How many blows can a man stand?

The radio squeaks midnight. The cafés must be closing, the last guests going home. Lovers stand before house doors unable to take leave of each other. The tall thin commissar comes into the room with a cheerful smile.

"Everything in order, Mr. Editor?"

Who told them that? The Jelineks? The Frieds? Why, they don't even know my name.

"You see, we know everything. Talk! Be reasonable."

In their special dictionary to be reasonable means to betray.

I won't be reasonable.

"Tie him up and give him some more."

One o'clock. The last streetcars are pulling in, streets are empty, the radio says good night to its last faithful listeners.

"Who else is a member of the Central Committee? Where are your transmitters? Where is your printing shop? Talk! Talk! Talk!"

By now I can count the blows again. The only pain I feel is in the lips I have been biting.

"Off with his boots."

That is true, my feet have not yet been beaten numb. I feel that. Five, six, seven — as though that stick shot up to my brain each time.

Two o'clock. Prague is asleep. Somewhere a child will whimper, a man will pat his wife on the hips.

"Talk! Talk!"

My tongue feels along my bleeding gums and tries to count how many teeth have been knocked out. I can't keep count. Twelve, fifteen, seventeen? No, that is the number of commissars conducting my "hearing." Some of them are visibly tired. But death still does not come.

Three o'clock. Early morning moves in from the suburbs. Truck-gardeners drive toward their markets, street-sweepers go out to work. Perhaps I shall live to see one more day break.

They bring in my wife.

"Do you know him?"

I swallow the blood from around my mouth so that she will not see... but that is foolish because blood oozes from every inch of my face and from my finger tips.

"Do you know him?"

"No, I don't."

She said it without betraying her terror by even a glance. Pure gold. She kept our pledge never to recognize me, although it is almost unnecessary now. Who was it gave them my name?

They led her away. I said farewell with the most cheerful glance I could summon. Perhaps it wasn't cheerful. I don't know.

Four o'clock. Is dawn breaking or not? The darkened windows give no answer. And death is slow in coming. Shall I go to meet it? How?

I strike back at someone and fall to the floor. They kick me. Stamp on me with their boots. That's it, now the end will come quickly. The black commissar pulls me up by the beard and shows me a handful of torn out whiskers with a devilish laugh. It really is comical, and I don't feel pain any longer.

Five o'clock — six — seven — ten. Then it is noon, the workmen are at their benches, children are in school. People buy and sell in the shops, at home they are getting lunch. Perhaps mother is thinking of me this moment, perhaps my comrades know that I was arrested and have taken precautions against being caught themselves... what if I should talk..... no, I never will, you can count on me, truly. Anyway the end can't be far off now. This is all a nightmare, a horrible feverish nightmare. Blows all over me, then they throw water on me to bring me back. Then more blows, and shouts. "Talk! Talk! Talk!" But I still can't die. Mother, Dad, why did you make me so strong as to stand this?

Afternoon. Five o'clock. They are all tired out by this time. Their blows come slower, at long intervals, kept up out of inertia. Suddenly from a distance, from an immeasurable distance, comes a calm quiet voice, as kind as a pat:

"He has had enough."

Some time after that I was sitting at a table, which kept falling away and then coming back to me. Some one came in and gave me water. Somebody offered me a cigarette, which I couldn't lift. Now someone tries to put on my slippers, but says he can't. Then they half lead and half carry me downstairs into an auto. As we drive someone covers me with his pistol, which seems laughable, in my condition. We pass a streetcar, garlanded with white flowers, a wedding car — but maybe that is just a dream. Either a dream or fever, or dying — or death itself. But dying is hard, and this is easy — or it isn't either hard or easy. This is light as down — if you take a breath you will blow it all away.

All away? No, not yet. Now I am standing again, really standing alone, without any support. Just before my face is a dirty yellow wall, splashed... with what? With blood, it looks like... Yes, it is blood. I raise a finger and smear it..... yes, it is fresh... it is my blood.....

Someone behind hits me on the head and orders me to raise my arms and bend my knees to a squat. Down — up — down. The third time I fall over.....

A tall SS-man stands over me, kicking me to get up. It is quite useless to kick. Someone else washes my face, I am sitting at a table. A woman gives me some sort of medicine and asks where it hurts worst. I say all the pain seems to be in my heart.

"You have no heart," says the tall SS-man.

"Oh, I certainly have," I say, and am suddenly proud that I have strength left to stand up for my heart.

Again everything vanishes — the wall, the woman with the medicine and the tall SS.

When I come to, the door of a cell opens before me. A fat SS-man drags me inside, pulls off the shreds of my shirt, lays me on the straw mattress. He feels my swollen body over and orders compresses.

"Just look," he says to the second man and wags his head. "Look what a thorough job they do."

Again from a distance, an immeasurable distance, I hear that calm quiet voice, as kind as a pat:

"He can't last till morning."

In five minutes it will strike ten. On a beautiful, warm spring evening, April 25, 1942.

(2)

MAY 19, 1943

Tonight they drag my Gustina off to Poland "for labor." To the galleys, to death from typhus. She has only a few weeks of life left, perhaps two or three months. And my case has been turned over to the court. There will be about four more weeks of examination in Pankrats, and then two or three months to the end. These notes will never be finished. I shall try to write what I can if there is a chance in the next few days. But I can't write today. My mind and heart are full of Gustina, a noble and warm person, a precious devoted friend in a life which has been deep but never exactly peaceful.

Evening after evening I sing her the song she loves best. Of the bluish grass of the steppes, whispering the glorious tales of partisan battles. Of a Cossack girl who fought for freedom by the side of her husband, of her bravery, and how after one battle they couldn't raise her from the ground.

Oh, my courageous comrade, what strength is in that little being and its finely carved face! What tenderness in those great childlike eyes! The endless struggle and frequent absences made us eternal lovers who have a hundred times relived the burning moments of the first caress and first union. It is always one pulse which beats in our two hearts, one breath which we two breathe in moments of bliss and hours of anxiety, excitement or grief.

For years we have worked together and helped each other, as only a friend can help a friend. For years she has been my first reader and first critic; it was hard to write when I could not feel her eyes on me. For years we have stood together in the struggles in which our life has been rich. For years we have wandered hand in hand over the

land we love. We have had many trials and many great joys, for we have been rich with the wealth of the poor — the wealth which is within us.

Gustina? Look, this is Gustina:

It was during martial law, in the middle of June, a year ago. She saw me for the first time six weeks after our arrest, after all those calamitous days when she strove alone in her cell against the various rumors of my death. They called her in to soften me up.

"Persuade him," said the chief of the department as he placed us face to face, "persuade him to be reasonable. If he won't think of himself, make him think of you at least. You have an hour to think it over. If you are still stubborn, you will be shot tonight. Both of you."

She stroked me with her eyes and said simply:

"Mr. Commissar, that is no threat for me. That is my last and greatest wish. If you execute him, execute me too."

That is my Gustina, immense love and great strength.

They can take our lives, can't they, Gustina? But cannot take our love or our honor.

Can you imagine, people, how we shall live if we ever meet after all this is past? To meet again in a life of freedom, beautiful with creative liberty? When we have achieved what we have longed for, and worked so patiently for, and for which now we go to die. Even though dead, we shall still live in a bit of your great happiness because we have invested our lives in it. That gives us joy, even though it is hard to part.

But they did not let us say farewell, embrace, or even grasp hands. Only the prison collective which communicates between Pankrats and Karlovo Square brings us occasional news of each other's fate. You know, Gustina, and I know that we shall probably never see each other again. And yet I hear your voice at a distance calling: Good-bye, my love, till we meet.

Till we meet again, my Gustina!

DAD SKOREPA

When by chance you see all three together, you have a living picture of fraternization — the gray-green uniform of the SS guard Kolinsky, the dark blue uniform of the Czech police, Hora, and the light, unhappy uniform of the prison trusty, Dad Skorepa. You see them together very rarely, however — very rarely. For the simple reason that they belong together.

Prison regulations allow work in the corridors, cleaning and serving meals, to be done “only by particularly reliable prisoners, disciplined and strictly isolated from the others.” That is the letter of the law, the dead letter — woefully dead. There are no such trusties, and never have been. Certainly not in any Gestapo prisons. The trusties here are antennae, feelers thrust out by the prison collective in the cells to contact the free world in order to live and communicate with others. How many trusties have paid with their lives for some message which was intercepted, for being caught with a secret note on them! But the law of the prison collective mercilessly demands of their successors that they continue the same dangerous work. Whether they go into it courageously or are afraid — they are forced to work for the collective. One only risks more if one is afraid, only loses out sooner or later, as in all underground work.

This is underground work of the nth degree, directly under the hands of those who are set to stamp out opposition. In the sight of guards, in posts which they assign, under a rigid schedule set by the enemy — under most difficult conditions. Everything you have learned about illegal work outside is inadequate here, but you are required to do as much or more than before.

There are masters of illegal work outside, and masters of it here among the trusties. Dad Skorepa is a past master, quiet and unassuming in appearance, but as agile as a fish. The guards praise him — look what a drudge, how dependable, interested only in doing his duty, far from anything which is against regulations. They tell other trusties to follow his example!

Yes, trusties, follow his example! He is really a paragon of trusties as prisoners wish them, the sturdiest and yet most sensitive of the collective's antennae.

He knows who is in every cell, knows every newcomer from the first moment — why he is here, who his contacts are, how he has behaved outside and how his pals have behaved. He makes a study of "cases" and tries to unravel them all. That is important if he wishes to carry through outside contacts and occasionally to give sound advice.

He knows the enemy, also. Makes a careful study of each guard, his habits, his strong and weak points, what to watch out for in him, what he can be used for, how to trick him or put him off the track. Many of the guards' characteristics which I have used were told me by Dad Skorepa. He knows them all, can define them exactly and well. That is important to one who wishes to move freely about the corridors and do his work effectively.

But above all, Skorepa knows his own duty. He is a Communist who knows that he must be a Communist every moment, that there is no time or place to fold his hands in his lap and "let the work ride." I should say that he has found his best place here in the greatest danger and under the heaviest pressure. He has even grown while here.

He is elastic; each day or hour presents new situations which demand new methods. He invents them fast and cleverly. He may have only a fraction of a minute. That is enough to knock on a cell door, listen through the peep-hole to a carefully prepared message and then deliver it clearly and exactly to a cell at the other end of the corridor between the moment that his guard goes downstairs and the relief comes up one flight of stairs. He is careful and has great presence of mind. Hundreds of prison notes have gone through his hands — not one was caught, nor even suspected.

He knows instinctively who is in trouble, who needs encouragement with a few words on the situation outside. He knows whom he can encourage with a special look of those fatherly eyes of his, when