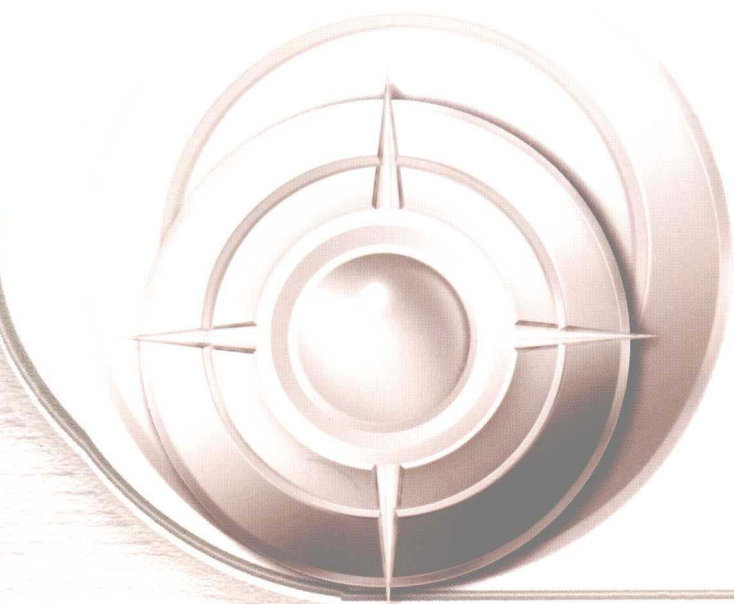


Advanced English

高级英语

上册



主 编 李经纬
副主编 李志东
编 者 张淑静 张金凤 周 英
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内容简介

本教材为高等院校英语专业高年级学生编写。所选文章内容丰富,题材广泛,体裁多样,语言优美,文字精练,大多数为名家之作,而且作者的国别不同,风格各异。本书适合培养学生积极思维,深刻理解和分析鉴赏的能力,有利于提高学生的英语水平和人文修养。全书练习设计合理,涵盖读、说、写三项重要技能,涉及词汇、语法、语用、语篇和修辞训练,既兼顾传授知识又注重提高能力,体现了科学的教学思想和以人为本的精神。

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

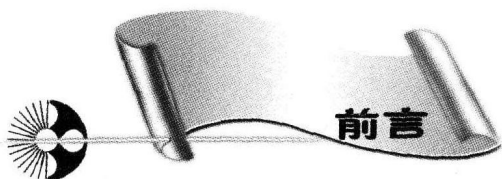
高级英语. 上册/李经伟主编.—西安:西安交通大学出版社,2007.5

ISBN 978-7-5605-2342-2

I. 高… II. 李… III. 英语—高等学校—教材 IV. H31

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2006)第 117514 号

书 名	高级英语.上册
主 编	李经伟
出版发行	西安交通大学出版社
地 址	西安市兴庆南路 10 号(邮编:710049)
电 话	(029)82668357 82667874(发行部) (029)82668315 82669096(总编办)
印 刷	西安建筑科技大学印刷厂
字 数	330 千字
开 本	727 mm×960 mm 1/16
印 张	17.125
版 次	2007 年 5 月第 1 版 2007 年 5 月第 1 次印刷
书 号	ISBN 978-7-5605-2342-2/H·617
定 价	28.00 元



本书根据国家教育部《高等学校英语专业英语教学大纲》的要求而编写,并按照《解放军外国语学院高级英语课程标准》对教学内容及练习形式进行设计和安排。

1. 本书(分上、下两册)用于英语专业本科三年级“高级英语”课程教学,也适用于英语水平相当的其他人员使用。

2. 本教材与《新编英语精读教程》(1至4册)在内容和体例上相衔接,即每课围绕一个主题,展开读、说、写三项技能的训练。每册书安排10个单元,可供一个学期使用。

3. 总体上,书中课文的长度控制在2500至3000词,文字标准规范,内容精彩,知识覆盖面宽,难度适中,适合培养学员积极思维,深刻理解和分析鉴赏的能力。课文的题材和体裁多样,选材范围以丰富学员的西方文化知识和拓宽其视野为出发点,注重文章的思想性、文化内涵和人文价值。另外,还兼顾到作者所属国的代表性、作者的写作策略和写作风格的多样性。

4. 每篇课文前加有课文导读,介绍作者及与文章相关的背景知识;课文后附有注释,对超出学生理解水平的语言难点和知识点做出必要的解释,个别地方还夹注中文,如人名、地名及历史事件等。练习配备包括:(1)课文问答:① 针对课文内容设置的问答题;② 针对写作特点的问答题,如篇章结构、语体风格、修辞手法的运用等。(2)词汇与结构:① 词义解析(就课文中出现的词,在特定语境中的含义,要求学生结合上下文并借助词典,做出正确的解释);② 近义词、同义词、反义词填空;③ 选词填空(针对课文中出现的常用词汇和重点词汇/短语/句式而配备的练



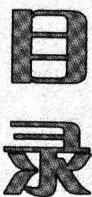
习);④ 多项选择(四选一词汇练习)覆盖当课的词汇并适当延伸以达到扩充词汇量的目的。(3)句子段落练习:① 句子解释 (paraphrase);② 句子改写 (rewriting),侧重句型和修辞;③ 句子翻译(汉译英,包括汉语为100字左右的短文翻译);④ 完形填空;⑤ 短文改错 (proof-reading)。(4)指导性口语和写作练习 (oral practice and suggestions for writing),围绕课文主题和内容所展开的口、笔头训练,旨在提高学员读、说、写的综合能力。

最后,衷心感谢关心和支持本教材编写的部、系领导程工教授和王岚教授,还要感谢参与编写工作的各位同仁,正是由于大家的精心努力和通力合作才有了今天的这部教材。由于各种原因,教材中难免有疏漏谬误之处,诚恳欢迎广大师生批评指正。

主 编

2007年2月28日

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David Quammen

A graphic of a rolled-up scroll with the words "Lesson 1" written on it in a bold, serif font.

Lesson 1

Guide to Reading ♦

James Thurber (1894-1963) was an American humorist, cartoonist, and social commentator. His contributions to *The New Yorker* made him immensely popular. Among his best-known are *My Life and Hard Times* (1933), *Fables for Our Time* (1940), and *The Thurber Carnival* (1945).

First published in November 14, 1942, issue of *The New Yorker*, “The Catbird Seat” was also included in the volume *Best American Short Stories* of 1943. Thurber liked the story, and chose it for the 1945 retrospective collection of his best work, *The Thurber Carnival*.

The story chronicles a battle of wills between the fussy Erwin Martin, head of a filing department, and Ulgine Barrows, the firm’s efficiency expert who threatens to bring change into Martin’s well-ordered existence. With comic irony, Martin uses his reputation as a meek and pleasant man against the flashy Mrs. Barrows. Martin, a conventional, well-behaved office clerk, suddenly finds his job threatened by an aggressive, loud-mouthed “special adviser to the president.” To protect his job, this unobtrusive little man resorts to a most unusual crime. The character of Martin is typical of what critics have called Thurber’s “Little Man,” a common working man who is baffled and beaten down by life in the United States in the twentieth century. One of the more important themes of “The Catbird Seat” is the struggle for men and women to understand each other and live together. In Thurber’s work, the battle is always between a weak, nervous man and a strong, domineering woman. It was a recurring theme in his work, most notably in fictional works like *The Owl in the Attic* (1931) and

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty (1939). When “The Catbird Seat” was adapted as a movie in 1960, the film was called “The Battle of the Sexes.”

The title “The Catbird Seat” derives from the speech patterns of Red Barber, the radio announcer for the Brooklyn Dodgers baseball team in the 1940s. Thurber, a devoted baseball fan, was among those who enjoyed the colorful expressions Barber sprinkled throughout his commentary. As Joey Hart, Martin’s assistant explains, sitting “in the catbird seat” means being in an advantageous position. Although it is Mrs. Barrows who seems strong and bold and powerful, it is Martin who wins in the end.



The Catbird Seat

James Thurber

- 1 Mr. Martin bought the pack of Camels on Monday night in the most crowded cigar store on Broadway. It was theatre time and seven or eight men were buying cigarettes. The clerk didn’t even glance at Mr. Martin, who put the pack in his overcoat pocket and went out. If any of the staff at F & S had seen him buy the cigarettes, 5 they would have been astonished, for it was generally known that Mr. Martin did not smoke, and never had. No one saw him.
- 2 It was just a week to the day since Mr. Martin had decided to rub out Mrs. Ulgine Barrows. The term “rub out” pleased him because it suggested nothing more than the correction of an error—in this 10 case an error of Mr. Fitweiler. Mr. Martin had spent each night of the past week working out his plan and examining it. As he walked home now he went over it again. For the hundredth time he resented the element of imprecision, the margin of guesswork that entered into the business. The project as he had worked it out was 15 casual and bold, the risks were considerable. Something might go wrong anywhere along the line. And therein lay the cunning of his

scheme. No one would ever see in it the cautious, painstaking hand of Erwin Martin, head of the filing department at F & S, of whom Mr. Fitweiler had once said, "Man is fallible but Martin isn't." 20
No one would see his hand, that is, unless it were caught in the act.

3 Sitting in his apartment, drinking a glass of milk, Mr. Martin reviewed his case against Mrs. Ulgine Barrows, as he had every night for seven nights. He began at the beginning. Her quacking 25
voice and braying laugh had first profaned the halls of F & S on March 7, 1941 (Mr. Martin had a head for dates). Old Roberts, the personnel chief, had introduced her as the newly appointed special adviser to the president of the firm, Mr. Fitweiler. The woman had appalled Mr. Martin instantly, but he hadn't shown it. 30
He had given her his dry hand, a look of studious concentration, and a faint smile. "Well," she had said, looking at the papers on his desk, "are you lifting the oxcart out of the ditch?" As Mr. Martin recalled that moment, over his milk, he squirmed slightly. He must keep his mind on her crimes as a special adviser, not on 35
her peccadillos as a personality. This he found difficult to do, in spite of entering an objection and sustaining it. The faults of the woman as a woman kept chattering on in his mind like an unruly witness. She had, for almost two years now, baited him. In the halls, in the elevator, even in his own office, into which she 40
romped now and then like a circus horse, she was constantly shouting these silly questions at him. "Are you lifting the oxcart out of the ditch? Are you tearing up the pea patch? Are you hollering down the rain barrel? Are you scraping around the bottom of the pickle barrel? Are you sitting in the catbird seat?" 45

4 It was Joey Hart, one of Mr. Martin's two assistants, who had explained what the gibberish meant. "She must be a Dodger fan," he had said. "Red Barber announces the Dodger games over the radio and he uses those expressions—picked 'em up down South." Joey had gone on to explain one or two. "Tearing up the pea patch" 50
meant going on a rampage; "sitting in the catbird seat" meant

sitting pretty, like a batter with three balls and no strikes on him. Mr. Martin dismissed all this with an effort. It had been annoying, it had driven him near to distraction, but he was too solid a man to be moved to murder by anything so childish. It was 55 fortunate, he reflected as he passed on to the important charges against Mrs. Barrows, that he had stood up under it so well. He had maintained always an outward appearance of polite tolerance. "Why, I even believe you like the woman," Miss Paired, his other assistant, had once said to him. He had simply smiled. 60

B A gavel rapped in Mr. Martin's mind and the case proper was resumed. Mrs. Ulgine Barrows stood charged with willful, blatant, and persistent attempts to destroy the efficiency and system of F & S. It was competent, material, and relevant to review her advent and rise to power. Mr. Martin had got the story from Miss 65 Paired, who seemed always able to find things out. According to her, Mrs. Barrows had met Mr. Fitweiler at a party, where she had rescued him from the embraces of a powerfully built drunken man who had mistaken the president of F & S for a famous retired Middle Western football coach. She had led him to a sofa and 70 somehow worked upon him a monstrous magic. The aging gentleman had jumped to the conclusion there and then that this was a woman of singular attainments, equipped to bring out the best in him and in the firm. A week later he had introduced her into F & S as his special adviser. On that day confusion got its foot 75 in the door. After Miss Tyson, Mr. Brundage, and Mr. Bartlett had been fired and Mr. Munson had taken his hat and stalked out, mailing in his resignation later, old Roberts had been emboldened to speak to Mr. Fitweiler. He mentioned that Mr. Munson's department had been "a little disrupted" and hadn't they perhaps 80 better resume the old system there? Mr. Fitweiler had said certainly not. He had the greatest faith in Mrs. Barrows' ideas. "They require a little seasoning, a little seasoning, is all," he had added. Mr. Roberts had given it up. Mr. Martin reviewed in detail all the changes wrought by Mrs. Barrows. She had begun 85

chipping at the cornices of the firm's edifice and now she was swinging at the foundation stones with a pickaxe.

6 Mr. Martin came now, in his summing up, to the afternoon of Monday, November 2, 1942—just one week ago. On that day, at 3 p. m., Mrs. Barrows had bounced into his office. “Boo!” she had yelled. “Are you scraping around the bottom of the pickle barrel?” Mr. Martin had looked at her from under his green eyeshade, saying nothing. She had begun to wander about the office, taking it in with her great, popping eyes. “Do you really need *all* these filing cabinets?” she had demanded suddenly. Mr. Martin’s heart had jumped. “Each of these files,” he had said, keeping his voice even, “plays an indispensable part in the system of F & S.” She had brayed at him, “Well, don’t tear up the pea patch!” and gone to the door. From there she had bawled, “But you sure have got a lot of fine scrap in here!” Mr. Martin could no longer doubt that the finger was on his beloved department. Her pickaxe was on the upswing, poised for the first blow. It had not come yet; he had received no blue memo from the enchanted Mr. Fitweiler bearing nonsensical instructions deriving from the obscene woman. But there was no doubt in Mr. Martin’s mind that one would be forthcoming. He must act quickly. Already a precious week had gone by. Mr. Martin stood up in his living room, still holding his milk glass. “Gentlemen of the jury,” he said to himself, “I demand the death penalty for this horrible person.”

7 The next day Mr. Martin followed his routine, as usual. He polished his glasses more often and once sharpened an already sharp pencil, but not even Miss Paired noticed. Only once did he catch sight of his victim; she swept past him in the hall with a patronizing “Hi!” At five-thirty he walked home, as usual, and had a glass of milk, as usual. He had never drunk anything stronger in his life—unless you could count ginger ale. The late Sam Schlosser, the S of F & S, had praised Mr. Martin at a staff meeting several years before for his temperate habits. “Our most

efficient worker neither drinks nor smokes," he had said. "The results speak for themselves." Mr. Fitweiler had sat by, nodding approval. 120

8 Mr. Martin was still thinking about that red-letter day as he walked over to the Schrafft's on Fifth Avenue near Forty-sixth Street. He got there, as he always did, at eight o'clock. He finished his dinner 125 and the financial page of the *Sun* at a quarter to nine, as he always did. It was his custom after dinner to take a walk. This time he walked down Fifth Avenue at a casual pace. His gloved hands felt moist and warm, his forehead cold. He transferred the Camels from his overcoat to a jacket pocket. He wondered, as he did so, if 130 they did not represent an unnecessary note of strain. Mrs. Barrows smoked only Luckies. It was his idea to puff a few puffs on a Camel (after the rubbing-out), stub it out in the ashtray holding her lipstick-stained Luckies, and thus drag a small red herring across the trail. Perhaps it was not a good idea. It would take time. 135 He might even choke, too loudly.

9 Mr. Martin had never seen the house on West Twelfth Street where Mrs. Barrows lived, but he had a clear enough picture of it. Fortunately, she had bragged to everybody about her ducky first-floor apartment in the perfectly darling three-story red-brick. 140 There would be no doorman or other attendants; just the tenants of the second and third floors. As he walked along, Mr. Martin realized that he would get there before nine-thirty. He had considered walking north on Fifth Avenue from Schrafft's to a point from which it would take him until ten o'clock to reach the 145 house. At that hour people were less likely to be coming in or going out. But the procedure would have made an awkward loop in the straight thread of his casualness and he had abandoned it. It was impossible to figure when people would be entering or leaving the house, anyway. There was a great risk at any hour. If he ran into 150 anybody, he would simply have to place the rubbing-out of Ulguine Barrows in the inactive file forever. The same thing would hold true if there were someone in her apartment. In that case he would

just say that he had been passing by, recognized her charming house, and thought to drop in. 155

10 It was eighteen minutes after nine when Mr. Martin turned into Twelfth Street. A man passed him, and a man and a woman, talking. There was no one within fifty paces when he came to the house, halfway down the block. He was up the steps and in the small vestibule in no time, pressing the bell under the card that said 160
“Mrs. Ulgine Barrows.” When the clicking in the lock started, he jumped forward against the door. He got inside fast, closing the door behind him. A bulb in a lantern hung from the hall ceiling on a chain seemed to give a monstrosly bright light. There was nobody on the stair, which went up ahead of him along the left 165 wall. A door opened down the hall in the wall on the right. He went toward it swiftly, on tiptoe.

11 “Well, for God’s sake, look who’s here!” bawled Mrs. Barrows, and her braying laugh rang out like the report of a shotgun. He rushed past her like a football tackle, bumping her. “Hey, quit 170 shoving!” she said, closing the door behind them. They were in her living room, which seemed to Mr. Martin to be lighted by a hundred lamps. “What’s after you?” she said. “You’re as jumpy as a goat.” He found he was unable to speak. His heart was wheezing in his throat. “I—yes,” he finally brought out. She was jabbering 175 and laughing as she started to help him off with his coat. “No, no,” he said. “I’ll put it here.” He took it off and put it on a chair near the door. “Your hat and gloves, too,” she said. “You’re in a lady’s house.” He put his hat on top of the coat. Mrs. Barrows seemed larger than he had thought. He kept his gloves on. “I was 180 passing by,” he said. “I recognized—is there anyone here?” She laughed louder than ever. “No,” she said, “we’re all alone. You’re as white as a sheet, you funny man. Whatever has come over you? I’ll mix you a toddy.” She started toward a door across the room. “Scotch-and-soda be all right? But say, you don’t drink, 185 do you?” She turned and gave him her amused look. Mr. Martin pulled himself together. “Scotch-and-soda will be all right,” he

heard himself say. He could hear her laughing in the kitchen.

12 Mr. Martin looked quickly around the living room for the weapon. He had counted on finding one there. There were 190
andirons and a poker and something in a corner that looked like an
Indian club. None of them would do. It couldn't be that way. He
began to pace around. He came to a desk. On it lay a metal paper
knife with an ornate handle. Would it be sharp enough? He
reached for it and knocked over a small brass jar. Stamps spilled out 195
of it and it fell to the floor with a clatter. "Hey," Mrs. Barrows
yelled from the kitchen, "are you tearing up the pea patch?" Mr.
Martin gave a strange laugh. Picking up the knife, he tried its
point against his left wrist. It was blunt. It wouldn't do.

13 When Mrs. Barrows reappeared, carrying two highballs, Mr. 200
Martin, standing there with his gloves on, became acutely
conscious of the fantasy he had wrought. Cigarettes in his pocket,
a drink prepared for him—it was all too grossly improbable. It was
more than that; it was impossible. Somewhere in the back of his
mind a vague idea stirred, sprouted. "For heaven's sake, take off 205
those gloves," said Mrs. Barrows. "I always wear them in the
house," said Mr. Martin. The idea began to bloom, strange and
wonderful. She put the glasses on a coffee table in front of a sofa
and sat on the sofa. "Come over here, you odd little man," she
said. Mr. Martin went over and sat beside her. It was difficult 210
getting a cigarette out of the pack of Camels, but he managed it.
She held a match for him, laughing. "Well," she said, handing
him a drink, "this is perfectly marvellous. You with a drink and a
cigarette."

14 Mr. Martin puffed, not too awkwardly, and took a gulp of the 215
highball. "I drink and smoke all the time," he said. He clinked his
glass against hers. "Here's nuts to that old windbag, Fitweiler," he
said, and gulped again. The stuff tasted awful, but he made no
grimace. "Really, Mr. Martin," she said, her voice and posture
changing, "you are insulting our employer." Mrs. Barrows was 220
now all special adviser to the president. "I am preparing a bomb,"

said Mr. Martin, "which will blow the old goat higher than hell." He had only had a little of the drink, which was not strong. It couldn't be that. "Do you take dope or something?" Mrs. Barrows asked coldly. "Heroin," said Mr. Martin. "I'll be coked to the gills when I bump that old buzzard off." "Mr. Martin!" she shouted, getting to her feet. "That will be all of that. You must go at once." Mr. Martin took another swallow of his drink. He tapped his cigarette out in the ashtray and put the pack of Camels on the coffee table. Then he got up. She stood glaring at him. He walked over and put on his hat and coat. "Not a word about this," he said, and laid an index finger against his lips. All Mrs. Barrows could bring out was "Really!" Mr. Martin put his hand on the doorknob. "I'm sitting in the catbird seat," he said. He stuck his tongue out at her and left. Nobody saw him go.

15 Mr. Martin got to his apartment, walking, well before eleven. No one saw him go in. He had two glasses of milk after brushing his teeth, and he felt elated. It wasn't tipsiness, because he hadn't been tipsy. Anyway, the walk had worn off all effects of the whiskey. He got in bed and read a magazine for a while. He was asleep before midnight.

16 Mr. Martin got to the office at eight-thirty the next morning, as usual. At a quarter to nine, Ulgine Barrows, who had never before arrived at work before ten, swept into his office. "I'm reporting to Mr. Fitweiler now!" she shouted. "If he turns you over to the police, it's no more than you deserve!" Mr. Martin gave her a look of shocked surprise. "I beg your pardon?" he said. Mrs. Barrows snorted and bounced out of the room, leaving Miss Paired and Joey Hart staring after her. "What's the matter with that old devil now?" asked Miss Paired. "I have no idea," said Mr. Martin, resuming his work. The other two looked at him and then at each other. Miss Paired got up and went out. She walked slowly past the closed door of Mr. Fitweiler's office. Mrs. Barrows was yelling inside, but she was not braying. Miss Paired could not hear what the woman was saying. She went back to her desk.

17 Forty-five minutes later, Mrs. Barrows left the president's office and went into her own, shutting the door. It wasn't until half an hour later that Mr. Fitweiler sent for Mr. Martin. The head of the filing department, neat, quiet, attentive, stood in front of the old man's desk. Mr. Fitweiler was pale and nervous. He took his glasses off and twiddled them. He made a small, bruffing sound in his throat. "Martin," he said, "you have been with us more than twenty years." "Twenty-two, sir," said Mr. Martin. "In that time," pursued the president, "your work and your—uh—manner have been exemplary." "I trust so, sir," said Mr. Martin. "I have understood, Martin," said Mr. Fitweiler, "that you have never taken a drink or smoked." "That is correct, sir," said Mr. Martin. "Ah, yes." Mr. Fitweiler polished his glasses. "You may describe what you did after leaving the office yesterday, Martin," he said. Mr. Martin allowed less than a second for his bewildered pause. "Certainly, sir," he said. "I walked home. Then I went to Schrafft's for dinner. Afterward I walked home again. I went to bed early, sir, and read a magazine for a while. I was asleep before eleven." "Ah, yes," said Mr. Fitweiler again. He was silent for a moment, searching for the proper words to say to the head of the filing department. "Mrs. Barrows," he said finally, "Mrs. Barrows has worked hard, Martin, very hard. It grieves me to report that she has suffered a severe breakdown. It has taken the form of a persecution complex accompanied by distressing hallucinations." "I am very sorry, sir," said Mr. Martin. "Mrs. Barrows is under the delusion," continued Mr. Fitweiler, "that you visited her last evening and behaved yourself in an—uh—unseemly manner." He raised his hand to silence Mr. Martin's little pained outcry. "It is the nature of these psychological diseases," Mr. Fitweiler said, "to fix upon the least likely and most innocent party as the—uh—source of persecution. These matters are not for the lay mind to grasp, Martin. I've just had my psychiatrist, Dr. Fitch, on the phone. He would not, of course, commit himself, but he made enough generalizations to substantiate my suspicions. I suggested to Mrs. Barrows, when she