

# LITERATURE AND CULTURE

A Gateway to Good Books and a Good Living

## 文学与文化读本 (第三册)

黄晓红 编



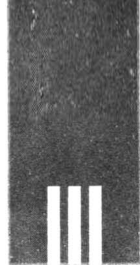
LITERATURE AND CULTURE



旅游教育出版社

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北京第二外国语学院英语系组织编写

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## 读、想、悟

### ——写给教师和学生们的话

《文学与文化读本》是一套以英语经典文学原著为主要内容,使学生从进入大学伊始就可接触到英语世界文化的系列教材。旨在促进其语言学习,开阔其人文视野,丰富其想象力,深化其认知能力,训练其思维能力,培养其欣赏能力以及提升其人文素养乃至生活质量。编者希望本教材及课程将有助于提高大学英语专业学生的语言表达水平、跨文化理解和研究能力以及人文素养的博雅境界。这套教材不但适合阅读赏析,也适用于跨文化学习与研究。

本套教材共有八册,适合大学一到四年级四个学年使用。该套教材是根据不同年级学生的英语水平 and 兴趣点选编的,不分文学流派、不分时间先后地选择了多个国家、多种文学题材和体裁的作品。所有作品都是未经简写的原作,由浅入深,循序渐进,旨在让学生从一开始就阅读和欣赏原汁原味的经典著作,养成阅读原著的兴趣与习惯。为期四年的学习,将使学生的语言能力与相关知识结构达到比较扎实深厚的程度。

课文选材跨越国界地域、民族与时代,除了选用英美文学作品与英译文学及文化名篇之外,还包括中国学生通常不大接触得到的古今中外各民族优秀作家的精品佳作。选材文类包括小说、散文、诗歌、戏剧、文论、随笔小品、传记、书信、演讲、游记、笑话等。其选用标准讲究高品位,其核心主题紧紧围绕“真善美”。

每册书由十个单元组成。每个单元包括以下三个基本模块:

一、焦点文章阅读。在课文前有作者生平简介,如课文为长篇节选,则另有作品全书内容简介。课文后有需要深度思考的哲理性讨论题,可启发学生独立思考,深入探索人文精神实质。第一册课文后附有词汇注解,希望帮助学生尽快从中学较为依赖性的学习方式过渡到独立查阅研究性学习。从第二册起不再附词汇表,但增加帮助中国学生理解的文化背景方面的注释,尽量帮助他们解决一些阅读和欣赏上的难点。

二、补充阅读。补充阅读的内容与主课文主题相关,但角度不同、体裁各异,旨在为学生提供更广泛丰富的文学文化精品,更多的批判性思考和想象空间,以及更大的语言输入量。

三、课外阅读的推荐书目和文学作品影视名片。本模块旨在引导和鼓励学生更认真完整地阅读原著,鼓励他们自己到人类文化的宝库中去探寻,并培养其独立查阅资料和多方考察及深入研究的能力。

为使本教材的使用达到最佳效果,教师应注重启发式教学,注重与学生之间的互动性,引导学生独立思考、自由表达。授课形式应生动活泼,鼓励学生积极参与课堂教学活动,最大限度地激发学生的想象力和创造性思维能力。

建议授课方式结合文学经典电影赏析,以课堂讲授、提问、小组讨论、研讨会为主。在教师指导下,学生在课前、课上和课后独立研读,课堂上则以提问和讨

论为主。要求学生对讨论题认真思考,充分表达自己独到的见解,或向教师提问。学生在自由亲切、无拘无束、轻松愉快的课堂讨论和分组研讨等形式中,表达自己的思想感情。目的就是通过英语文学与文化的学习,使学生在发展英语语言能力的同时,探索人生的终极意义,提升精神生活的质量,提高综合人文素质。

课后要求学生在课堂学习及课下大量阅读的基础上,写出读书札记(reading journal),表达自己的思想感受。每学期要求学生至少熟读一本完整的文学作品,写出有独到见解、论点明确、逻辑清晰、语言准确流畅的书评(book review)。与此同时,通过口试(oral presentation)要求学生针对相关主题演讲或分组演示(group presentation),检测其思维组织和口头表达能力及团队合作与协调能力。通过课程的各项要求,使学生的创造性、批判性思维及听说读写各方面的语言能力都得到充分的调动和发展。

该套教材试图将英语语言的学习与文化感知相融合,引导学生去思考、去表达、去运用其他专业课程中学到的语言知识。可以说这是一套融知识传授与能力训练及素质培养于一体的综合拓展型教材。

# Preface

Congratulations on becoming a university student of English studies and entering this course of Literature and Culture! Beginning today, you will be privileged to have direct access to the great treasure house of some of the world's best works of literature and culture.

This course is designed to open your eyes to a new way of looking at yourself, others, and the world around you. Through reading great books by great authors in English, you will cultivate your sense of truth, virtue, and beauty; at the same time, you will develop your ability to think critically and creatively; and, naturally, you will acquire a much higher degree of English proficiency.

The course will be conducted with a heuristic approach, leading you to find out answers for yourselves. In addition, the course is intended to:

Open up wisdom instead of cramming in knowledge;

Encourage independent thinking instead of spoon-feeding;

Nourish boundless humanity instead of providing only skill training; and

Provide pleasure and excitement in a dynamic process of discovery through your own experience and practice.

In sum, you will be guided to work on your own initiative and fully develop your inborn powers of learning and understanding.

The requirements on your part are to:

1. Relax and enjoy the lessons. When you enjoy doing something, you do it best. With a happy mood and open mind, you will find the texts very interesting, inspiring, thought-provoking, and rewarding.

2. Preview each unit carefully before coming to class. The focus of your preparation should be on understanding the ideas in the readings and thinking about the ques-

tions that follow each lesson instead of merely memorizing vocabulary and grammar. You are encouraged to imagine wildly and ask questions of your own and bring them to class for discussion.

3. Participate actively in class. Instead of lecturing, the teacher will conduct the class through a two-way communication with students involving many questions and topics for discussion. Unlike the fact-based questions you may be used to from your previous schooling, here you will be challenged with abstract questions to which there are no definite answers. To obtain the maximum benefit from this course you must become actively involved in the class discussions.

4. Read extensively outside of class. The course texts only provide a small clue to the vast treasure house of world classics. You are encouraged to undertake further reading and independent research whenever your interests are evoked. Your broad reading should in turn enrich and enhance your learning experience in class.

Through this course, it is hoped you will be placed on the path towards life-long learning and pleasure in the reading of good books and will become an enlightened and happy citizen of the universe.

Huang Xiaohong  
Summer, 2006

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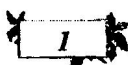
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## Section A Focus Reading

### The Wind in the Willows (Excerpt)

By *Kenneth Grahame*



#### About the Author

Kenneth Grahame (1859 – 1932) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1859. His mother died when he was five years old. Soon after, his father left him on the care of his grandmother, a stern woman who lived in a great rambling house in Berkshire, on the banks of the Thames. The riverbank may have served the boy as an idyllic refuge from an unhappy childhood, for it reappears as the setting of *The Wind in the Willows*. The young Grahame's dream was to attend Oxford University, but his relatives insisted he go into business instead. A clerkship was arranged for him at the Bank of England, where he would remain for the rest of his working life.

While the public Grahame toiled at the bank, rising gradually to a prominent position, the private Grahame escaped into fantasy, writing sketches and stories about children that were published in *The Yellow Book* and collected in two volumes, *The Golden Age* (1895) and *Dream Days* (1898). These were tales (based on his own childhood) that made gentle fun of children and adults, and they came to be admired by English and American readers of all ages.

Grahame did not marry until he was forty, already an officer at the bank and a published author. The marriage seems not to have been a happy one, but it did produce a son, and it was the boy's need for a bedtime story that provided a new outlet for Grahame's imagination and an occasion for his most enduring work.

The boy, Alastair, born in 1900, was nicknamed "Mouse." Grahame began telling him an extended story one night in 1904 and committed parts of it to paper a



few years later when the child was away from home. He was finally prevailed upon to put it into book form, and *The Wind in the Willows* was published in 1908. The book was immensely popular from the beginning and remains a classic. But it was Grahame's last literary effort. He left the bank the same year it was published and spent much of his time traveling, often alone. His son died tragically in 1920, and Grahame never wrote another book. He died in 1932.



## About the Book

Since its first publication in 1908, generations of adults and children have cherished Kenneth Grahame's classic, *The Wind in the Willows*, a book written for children and loved by both adults and children. For in its entrancing, lyrical world of gurgling rivers and whispering reeds live four of the wisest, wittiest, noblest and most lovable creatures in literature—Rat, Mole, Badger and Toad of Toad Hall. Like true adventurers, they glory in life's simplest pleasures and natural wonders. But it is Toad, cocky, irrepressible in his goggles and overcoat, whose passion for motorcars represents the free and fearless spirit in all of us; as it is Toad's downfall that inspires the others to test Grahame's most precious theme—the miracle of loyalty and friendship.

It is easy to see why *The Wind in the Willows* has become one of the classics of children's literature and why it continues to appeal today. The characters are individual masterpieces; the setting of the English countryside shown in all its seasons is totally charming, the language is a combination of the poetic and the humorous. A fantasy set in a natural fairyland of the inner life of the river-side: "with his ear to the reed-stems he caught, at intervals, something of what the wind was whispering, so constantly among them", *The Wind in the Willows* is a timeless tale that should be a part of everyone's childhood.

The riverside adventures of Toad and Mole and Rat and Badger was made into a play—*Toad of Toad Hall* by A. A. Milne while the author was alive and later made into Disney cartoons and TV series.



## Comments on *The Wind in the Willows*

他(A. A. Milne——编者加注)说：“我不来形容这本书，形容是无用的。我只说这句话，这是我所谓家常书的便是。”他在上边又说：“近十年来我在保

荐它。我初次和生客会见常谈到这书。这是我的开场白,正如你的是关于天气的什么空话。我如起头没有说到,我就把它挤在末尾。”……

……这本《杨柳风》我却是一拿来便从头至尾读完了,这是平常不常有的事,虽然忘记了共花了几天功夫。

——周作人

## Chapter 1 The River Bank

1 The Mole had been working very hard all the morning, spring-cleaning his little home. First with brooms, then with dusters; then on ladders and steps and chairs, with a brush and a pail of whitewash; till he had dust in his throat and eyes, and splashes of whitewash all over his black fur, and an aching back and weary arms. Spring was moving in the air above and in the earth below and around him, penetrating even his dark and lowly little house with its spirit of divine discontent and longing. It was small wonder, then, that he suddenly flung down his brush on the floor, said “Bother!” and “O blow!” and also “Hang spring-cleaning!” and bolted out of the house without even waiting to put on his coat. Something up above was calling him imperiously, and he made for the steep little tunnel which answered in his case to the gravelled carriage-drive owned by animals whose residences are nearer to the sun and air. So he scraped and scratched and scabbled and scrooged and then he scrooged again and scabbled and scratched and scraped, working busily with his little paws and muttering to himself, “Up we go! Up we go!” till at last, pop! his snout came out into the sunlight, and he found himself rolling in the warm grass of a great meadow.

2 “This is fine!” he said to himself. “This is better than whitewashing!” The sunshine struck hot on his fur, soft breezes caressed his heated brow, and after the seclusion of the cellarge he had lived in so long the carol of happy birds fell on his dulled hearing almost like a shout. Jumping off all his four legs at once, in the joy of living and the delight of spring without its cleaning, he pursued his way across the meadow till he reached the hedge on the further side.

3 “Hold up!” said an elderly rabbit at the gap. “Sixpence for the privilege of passing by the private road!” He was bowled over in an instant by the impatient and contemptuous Mole, who trotted along the side of the hedge chaffing the other rabbits as they peeped hurriedly from their holes to see what the row was about. “Onion-sauce! Onion-sauce!”<sup>①</sup> he remarked jeeringly, and was gone before they

① onion-sauce; the sauce usually put on or eaten with rabbit meat



could think of a thoroughly satisfactory reply. Then they all started grumbling at each other. "How *stupid* you are! Why didn't you tell him—" "Well, why didn't *you* say—" "You might have reminded him—" and so on, in the usual way; but, of course, it was then much too late, as is always the case.

4 It all seemed too good to be true. Hither and thither through the meadows he rambled busily, along the hedgerows, across the copses, finding everywhere birds building, flowers budding, leaves thrusting—everything happy, and progressive, and occupied. And instead of having an uneasy conscience pricking him and whispering "whitewash!" he somehow could only feel how jolly it was to be the only idle dog among all these busy citizens. After all, the best part of a holiday is perhaps not so much to be resting yourself, as to see all the other fellows busy working.

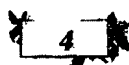
5 He thought his happiness was complete when, as he meandered aimlessly along, suddenly he stood by the edge of a full-fed river. Never in his life had he seen a river before—this sleek, sinuous, full-bodied animal, chasing and chuckling, gripping things with a gurgle and leaving them with a laugh, to fling itself on fresh play-mates that shook themselves free, and were caught and held again. All was a-shake and a-shiver-glints and gleams and sparkles, rustle and swirl, chatter and bubble. The Mole was bewitched, entranced, fascinated. By the side of the river he trotted as one trots, when very small, by the side of a man who holds one spell-bound by exciting stories; and when tired at last, he sat on the bank, while the river still chattered on to him, a babbling procession of the best stories in the world, sent from the heart of the earth to be told at last to the insatiable sea.

6 As he sat on the grass and looked across the river, a dark hole in the bank opposite, just above the water's edge, caught his eye, and dreamily he fell to considering what a nice snug dwelling-place it would make for an animal with few wants and fond of a bijou riverside residence, above flood level and remote from noise and dust. As he gazed, something bright and small seemed to twinkle down in the heart of it, vanished, then twinkled once more like a tiny star. But it could hardly be a star in such an unlikely situation; and it was too glittering and small for a glow-worm. Then, as he looked, it winked at him, and so declared itself to be an eye; and a small face began gradually to grow up round it, like a frame round a picture.

7 A brown little face, with whiskers.

A grave round face, with the same twinkle in its eye that had first attracted his notice.

Small neat ears and thick silky hair.



8 It was the Water Rat!

9 Then the two animals stood and regarded each other cautiously.

10 "Hullo, Mole!" said the Water Rat.

"Hullo, Rat!" said the Mole.

"Would you like to come over?" enquired the Rat presently.

"Oh, it's all very well to *talk*," said the Mole, rather pettishly, he being new to a river and riverside life and its ways.

11 The Rat said nothing, but stooped and unfastened a rope and hauled on it; then lightly stepped into a little boat which the Mole had not observed. It was painted blue outside and white within, and was just the size for two animals; and the Mole's whole heart went out to it at once, even though he did not yet fully understand its uses.

12 The Rat sculled smartly across and made fast. Then he held up his forepaw as the Mole stepped gingerly down. "Lean on that!" he said. "Now then, step lively!" and the Mole to his surprise and rapture found himself actually seated in the stern of a real boat.

13 "This has been a wonderful day!" said he, as the Rat shoved off and took to the sculls again. "Do you know, I've never been in a boat before in all my life."

14 "What?" cried the Rat, open-mouthed: "Never been in a—you never—well I—what have you been doing, then?"

15 "Is it so nice as all that?" asked the Mole shyly, though he was quite prepared to believe it as he leant back in his seat and surveyed the cushions, the oars, the rowlocks, and all the fascinating fittings, and felt the boat sway lightly under him.

16 "Nice? It's the *only* thing," said the Water Rat solemnly, as he leant forward for his stroke. "Believe me, my young friend, there is *nothing*—absolute nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. Simply messing," he went on dreamily: "messing—about—in—boats; messing—"

17 "Look ahead, Rat!" cried the Mole suddenly.





18 It was too late. The boat struck the bank full tilt. The dreamer, the joyous oarsman, lay on his back at the bottom of the boat, his heels in the air.

19 “—about in boats—or *with* boats,” the Rat went on composedly, picking himself up with a pleasant laugh. “In or out of them, it doesn’t matter. Nothing seems really to matter, that’s the charm of it. Whether you get away, or whether you don’t; whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all, you’re always busy, and you never do anything in particular; and when you’ve done it there’s always something else to do, and you can do it if you like, but you’d much better not. Look here! If you’ve really nothing else on hand this morning, supposing we drop down the river together, and have a long day of it?”

20 The Mole waggled his toes from sheer happiness, spread his chest with a sigh of full contentment, and leaned back blissfully into the soft cushions. “*What* a day I’m having!” he said. “Let us start at once!”

21 “Hold hard a minute, then!” said the Rat. He looped the painter through a ring in his landing-stage, climbed up into his hole above, and after a short interval reappeared staggering under a fat, wicker luncheon-basket.

22 “Shove that under your feet,” he observed to the Mole, as he passed it down into the boat. Then he untied the painter and took the sculls again.

23 “What’s inside it?” asked the Mole, wriggling with curiosity.

24 “There’s cold chicken inside it,” replied the Rat briefly; “cold tongue cold ham cold beef pickledgher kinss alad fren chroll scresss and wiches potted meatginger beer lemon ades oda water—”

25 “O stop, stop,” cried the Mole in ecstasies; “This is too much!”

26 “Do you really think so?” enquired the Rat seriously. “It’s only what I always take on these little excursions; and the other animals are always telling me that I’m a mean beast and cut it *very* fine!”

27 The Mole never heard a word he was saying. Absorbed in the new life he