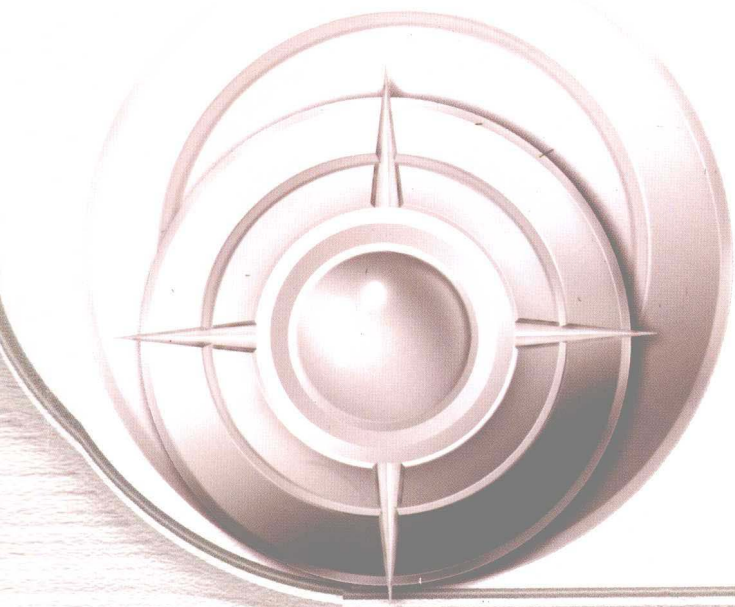


Advanced English

高级英语

下 册



主 编 李经纬
副主编 李志东
编 者 张淑静 张金凤 周 英
陈 虎 闫桂龙 吕芸芸



西安交通大学出版社
XI'AN JIAOTONG UNIVERSITY PRESS



林熙, 富丰容... 限国的香... 代... 又... 料...

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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。

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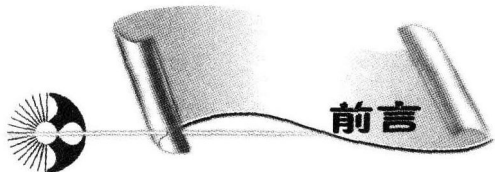
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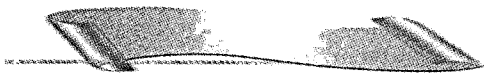
本书根据国家教育部《高等学校英语专业英语教学大纲》的要求而编写,并按照《解放军外国语学院高级英语课程标准》对教学内容及练习形式进行设计和安排。

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2 500~3 000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

目 录

Lesson 11	<i>Beauty: When the Other Dancer Is the Self</i>	3
		Alice Walker
Lesson 12	<i>A Culture of Poverty</i>	26
		E. F. Schumacher
Lesson 13	<i>A Horseman in the Sky</i>	46
		Ambrose Bierce
Lesson 14	<i>Is This What War Will Come to?</i>	65
		Eric Adams
Lesson 15	<i>Predictable Crises of Adulthood</i>	93
		Gail Sheehy

STATIONS

Lesson 16 The Ghosts of Emmett Till **115**

Richard Rubin

Lesson 17 Race Without Face **139**

Edward Iwata

***Lesson 18 Football Red and
Baseball Green*** **162**

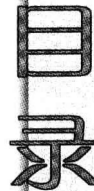
Murray Ross

Lesson 19 Fellow-Creatures **189**

Wright Morris

Lesson 20 The Experience **209**

Jill Tweedie



A graphic of a rolled-up scroll with the text "Lesson 11" written on it in a serif font.

Lesson 11

Guide to Reading

Alice Walker (1944-) is an African American novelist, short-story writer, poet, essayist, and activist. Her most famous novel, *The Color Purple*, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award in 1983. Walker's creative vision is rooted in the economic hardship, racial terror, and folk wisdom of African American life and culture, particularly in the rural South. Her writing explores multidimensional kinships among women and embraces the redemptive power of social and political revolution. Walker began publishing her fiction and poetry during the latter years of the Black Arts movement in the 1960s. Her work, along with that of such writers as Toni Morrison and Gloria Naylor, however, is commonly associated with the post-1970s surge in African American women's literature.

Alice Walker was born in Eatonton on February 9, 1944, the eighth and youngest child of Minnie Tallulah Grant and Willie Lee Walker, who were sharecroppers. The precocious spirit that distinguished Walker's personality during her early years vanished at the age of eight, when her brother scarred and blinded her right eye with a BB gun in a game of cowboys and Indians. Teased by her classmates and misunderstood by her family, Walker became a shy, reclusive youth. Much of her embarrassment dwindled after a doctor removed the scar tissue six years later. Although Walker eventually became high school prom queen and class valedictorian, she continued to feel like an outsider, nurturing a passion for reading and writing poetry in solitude.

The importance of how we view ourselves, in relation to the pressures of

bodily perfection that are put on women, is clearly demonstrated in Alice Walker's essay, "Beauty: When The Other Dancer Is The Self." Alice Walker writes, at the beginning of her essay, about her bright childhood up until she was eight years old. For the first seven years of her life she is happy and confident because she is constantly reminded of her beauty. Consequently, she possesses great self-assurance and pride. While delivering an Easter speech, Walker writes, "I can tell they admire my dress but it is my spirit, bordering on sassiness (womanishness) that they secretly applaud." However, Walker's life completely changes when, at the age of eight, her brother shoots her in the eye with a BB gun and her eye never properly heals. At the beginning, there is a "glob of whitish scar tissue" on her eye and as a result, "For six years I do not raise my head." Her confidence is destroyed as her outward beauty is scarred for life. She is no longer happy because for the first eight years of her life, her happiness revolved around her beauty. Finally, when Walker is fourteen she has the "glob" removed, and she describes the change: "Almost immediately I became a different person from the girl who does not raise her head. Or so I think." The scar tissue is no longer there but she still cannot see out of that eye and it "wanders." So although she is grateful for the initial beauty which she has gained back, she is still very self-conscious of her wandering eye. She is still at war with herself. She is separate, not complete because she still has not accepted that beauty can only truly come from within. Her peace of mind does not completely come, her separated selves are not truly united, until one day her three year old daughter says, "Mommy, there's a world in your eye." These words, spoken from the purity and innocence of her daughter, strike a chord somewhere deep within that makes her think, "Yes indeed, I realized, looking into the mirror. There was a world in my eye. And I saw that it was possible to love it. . . ." Suddenly, all of the negative and ugly beliefs that she has held up to herself fall away as she realizes the greater importance of "inner vision" over society's rules of beauty.

Walker's experience is a commentary on the role of good looks in a young girl's life and on the importance of good sense in gaining self-acceptance and esteem as an adult.



Beauty: When the Other Dancer Is the Self

Alice Walker

- 1 It is a bright summer day in 1947. My father, a fat, funny man with beautiful eyes and a subversive wit, is trying to decide which of his eight children he will take with him to the county fair. My mother, of course, will not go. She is knocked out from getting most of us ready: I hold my neck stiff against the pressure of her 5 knuckles as she hastily completes the braiding and then beribboning of my hair.
- 2 My father is the driver for the rich old white lady up the road. Her name is Miss Mey. She owns all the land for miles around, as well as the house in which we live. All I remember about her is that she 10 once offered to pay my mother thirty-five cents for cleaning her house, raking up piles of her magnolia leaves, and washing her family's clothes, and that my mother—she of no money, eight children, and a chronic earache—refused it. But I do not think of this in 1947. I am two-and-a-half years old. I want to go 15 everywhere my daddy goes. I am excited at the prospect of riding in a car. Someone has told me fairs are fun. That there is room in the car for only three of us doesn't faze me at all. Whirling happily in my starchy frock, showing off my biscuit-polished patent-leather shoes and lavender socks, tossing my head in a way that 20 makes my ribbons bounce, I stand, hands on hips, before my father. "Take me, Daddy," I say with assurance; "I'm the prettiest!"
- 3 Later, it does not surprise me to find myself in Miss Mey's shiny black car, sharing the back seat with the other lucky ones. Does not 25 surprise me that I thoroughly enjoy the fair. At home that night I tell the unlucky ones all I can remember about the merry-go-round,

the man who eats live chickens, and the teddy bears, until they say: that's enough, baby Alice. Shut up now, and go to sleep.

4 It is Easter Sunday, 1950. I am dressed in a green, flocked, 30
scalloped-hem dress (handmade by my adoring sister, Ruth) that
has its own smooth satin petticoat and tiny hot-pink roses tucked
into each scallop. My shoes, new T-strap patent leather, again
highly biscuit-polished. I am six years old and have learned one of
the longest Easter speeches to be heard that day, totally unlike the 35
speech I said when I was two: "Easter lilies / pure and white /
blossom in / the morning light." When I rise to give my speech I
do so on a great wave of love and pride and expectation. People in
the church stop rustling their new crinolines. They seem to hold
their breath. I can tell they admire my dress, but it is my spirit, 40
bordering on sassiness (womanishness), they secretly applaud.

5 "That girl's a little mess," they whisper to each other, pleased.

6 Naturally I say my speech without stammer or pause, unlike those
who stutter, stammer, or, worst of all, forget. This is before the
word "beautiful" exists in people's vocabulary, but "Oh, isn't she 45
the *cutest* thing!" frequently floats my way. "And got so much
sense!" they gratefully add ... for which thoughtful addition I
thank them to this day.

7 *It was great fun being cute. But then, one day, it ended.*

8 I am eight years old and a tomboy. I have a cowboy hat, cowboy 50
boots, checkered shirt and pants, all red. My playmates are my
brothers, two and four years older than I. Their colors are black
and green, the only difference in the way we are dressed. On
Saturday nights we all go to the picture show, even my mother;
Westerns are her favorite kind of movie. Back home, "on the 55
ranch," we pretend we are Tom Mix, Hopalong Cassidy, Lash
LaRue (we've even named one of our dogs Lash LaRue); we chase
each other for hours rustling cattle, being outlaws, delivering
damsels from distress. Then my parents decide to buy my brothers
guns. These are not "real" guns. They shoot "BBs," copper pellets 60

my brothers say will kill birds. Because I am a girl, I do not get a gun. Instantly I am relegated to the position of Indian. Now there appears a great distance between us. They shoot and shoot at everything with their new guns. I try to keep up with my bow and arrows.

65

9 One day while I am standing on top of our makeshift “garage”—pieces of tin nailed across some poles—holding my bow and arrow and looking out toward the fields, I feel an incredible blow in my right eye. I look down just in time to see my brother lower his gun.

70

10 Both brothers rush to my side. My eye stings, and I cover it with my hand. “If you tell,” they say, “we will get a whipping. You don’t want that to happen, do you?” I do not. “Here is a piece of wire,” says the older brother, picking it up from the roof; “say you stepped on one end of it and the other flew up and hit you.” The pain is beginning to start. “Yes,” I say. “Yes, I will say that is what happened.” If I do not say this is what happened, I know my brothers will find ways to make me wish I had. But now I will say anything that gets me to my mother.

75

11 Confronted by our parents we stick to the lie agreed upon. They place me on a bench on the porch and I close my left eye while they examine the right. There is a tree growing from underneath the porch that climbs past the railing to the roof. It is the last thing my right eye sees. I watch as its trunk, its branches, and then its leaves are blotted out by the rising blood.

80

12 I am in shock. First there is intense fever, which my father tries to break using lily leaves bound around my head. Then there are chills; my mother tries to get me to eat soup. Eventually, I do not know how, my parents learn what has happened. A week after the “accident” they take me to see a doctor. “Why did you wait so long to come?” he asks, looking into my eye and shaking his head. “Eyes are sympathetic,” he says. “If one is blind, the other will likely become blind too.”

85

- 13 This comment of the doctor's terrifies me. But it is really how I look that bothers me most. Where the BB pellet struck there is a glob of whitish scar tissue, a hideous cataract, on my eye. Now when I stare at people—a favorite pastime, up to now—they will stare back. Not at the “cute” little girl, but at her scar. For six years I do not stare at anyone, because I do not raise my head. 95
- 14 Years later, in the throes of a mid-life crisis, I ask my mother and sister whether I changed after the “accident.” “No,” they say, puzzled. “What do you mean?” 100
- 15 *What do I mean?*
- 16 I am eight, and, for the first time, doing poorly in school, where I have been something of a whiz since I was four. We have just moved to the place where the “accident” occurred. We do not know any of the people around us because this is a different county. The only time I see the friends I knew is when we go back to our old church. The new school is the former state penitentiary. It is a large stone building, cold and drafty, crammed to overflowing with boisterous, ill-disciplined children. On the third floor there is a huge circular imprint of some partition that has been torn out. 105 110
- 17 “What used to be here?” I ask a sullen girl next to me on our way past it to lunch.
- 18 “The electric chair,” says she. 115
- 19 At night I have nightmares about the electric chair; and about all the people reputedly “fried” in it. I am afraid of the school, where all the students seem to be budding criminals.
- 20 “What’s the matter with your eye?” they ask, critically.
- 21 When I don’t answer (I cannot decide whether it was an “accident” or not), they shove me, insist on a fight. 120
- 22 My brother, the one who created the story about the wire, comes to my rescue. But then brags so much about “protecting” me, I become sick.

23 After months of torture at the school, my parents decide to send 125
me back to our old community, to my old school. I live with my
grandparents and the teacher they board. But there is no room for
Phoebe, my cat. By the time my grandparents decide there is
room, and I ask for my cat, she cannot be found. Miss
Yarborough, the boarding teacher, takes me under her wing, and 130
begins to teach me to play the piano. But soon she marries an
African—a “prince,” she says—and is whisked away to his
continent.

24 At my old school there is at least one teacher who loves me. She is 135
the teacher who “knew me before I was born” and bought my first
baby clothes. It is she who makes life bearable. It is her presence
that finally helps me turn on the one child at the school who
continually calls me “one-eyed bitch.” One day I simply grab him
by his coat and beat him until I am satisfied. It is my teacher who
tells me my mother is ill. 140

25 My mother is lying in bed in the middle of the day, something I
have never seen. She is in too much pain to speak. She has an
abscess in her ear. I stand looking down on her, knowing that if
she dies, I cannot live. She is being treated with warm oils and hot
bricks held against her cheeks. Finally a doctor comes. But I must 145
go back to my grandparents’ house. The weeks pass but I am hardly
aware of it. All I know is that my mother might die, my father is
not so jolly, my brothers still have their guns, and I am the one
sent away from home.

26 “You did not change,” they say. 150

27 *Did I imagine the anguish of never looking up?*

28 I am twelve. When relatives come to visit I hide in my room. My
cousin Brenda, just my age, whose father works in the post office
and whose mother is a nurse, comes to find me. “Hello,” she says.
And then she asks, looking at my recent school picture, which I did 155
not want taken, and on which the “glob,” as I think of it, is
clearly visible, “You still can’t see out of that eye?”

29 “No,” I say, and flop back on the bed over my book.

30 That night, as I do almost every night, I abuse my eye. I rant and rave at it, in front of the mirror. I plead with it to clear up before 160 morning. I tell it I hate and despise it. I do not pray for sight. I pray for beauty.

31 “You did not change,” they say.

32 I am fourteen and baby-sitting for my brother Bill, who lives in Boston. He is my favorite brother and there is a strong bond 165 between us. Understanding my feelings of shame and ugliness he and his wife take me to a local hospital, where the “glob” is removed by a doctor named O. Henry. There is still a small bluish crater where the scar tissue was, but the ugly white stuff is gone. Almost immediately I become a different person from the girl who 170 does not raise her head. Or so I think. Now that I’ve raised my head I win the boyfriend of my dreams. Now that I’ve raised my head I have plenty of friends. Now that I’ve raised my head classwork comes from my lips as faultlessly as Easter speeches did, and I leave high school as valedictorian, most popular student, and 175 *queen*, hardly believing my luck. Ironically, the girl who was voted most beautiful in our class (and was) was later shot twice through the chest by a male companion, using a “real” gun, while she was pregnant. But that’s another story in itself. Or is it?

33 “You did not change,” they say. 180

34 It is now thirty years since the “accident.” A beautiful journalist comes to visit and to interview me. She is going to write a cover story for her magazine that focuses on my latest book. “Decide how you want to look on the cover,” she says. “Glamorous, or whatever.” 185

35 Never mind “glamorous,” it is the “whatever” that I hear. Suddenly all I can think of is whether I will get enough sleep the night before the photography session; if I don’t, my eye will be tired and wander, as blind eyes will.

36 At night in bed with my lover I think up reasons why I should not 190
appear on the cover of a magazine. "My meanest critics will say
I've sold out," I say. "My family will now realize I write
scandalous books."

37 "But what's the real reason you don't want to do this?" he asks.

38 "Because in all probability," I say in a rush, "my eye won't be 195
straight."

39 "It will be straight enough," he says. Then, "Besides, I thought
you'd made your peace with that."

40 And I suddenly remember that I have.

41 *I remember :* 200

42 I am talking to my brother Jimmy, asking if he remembers
anything unusual about the day I was shot. He does not know I
consider that day the last time my father, with his sweet home
remedy of cool lily leaves, chose me, and that I suffered and raged
inside because of this. "Well," he says, "all I remember is standing 205
by the side of the highway with Daddy, trying to flag down a car.
A white man stopped, but when Daddy said he needed somebody to
take his little girl to the doctor, he drove off."

43 *I remember :*

44 I am in the desert for the first time. I fall totally in love with it. I 210
am so overwhelmed by its beauty, I confront for the first time,
consciously, the meaning of the doctor's words years ago: "Eyes
are sympathetic. If one is blind, the other will likely become blind
too." I realize I have dashed about the world madly, looking at
this, looking at that, storing up images against the fading of the 215
light. *But I might have missed seeing the desert!* The shock of that
possibility—and gratitude for over twenty-five years of sight—
sends me literally to my knees. Poem after poem comes—which is
perhaps how poets pray.

On Sight

220

*I am so thankful I have seen
The Desert
And the creatures in the desert
And the desert Itself.*

The desert has its own moon 225
*Which I have seen
With my own eye.
There is no flag on it.*

Trees of the desert have arms
All of which are always up 230
*That is because the moon is up
The sun is up
Also the sky
The Stars
Clouds* 235
None with flags.

*If there were flags, I doubt
the trees would point.
Would you?*

45 *But mostly, I remember this;* 240

46 I am twenty-seven, and my baby daughter is almost three. Since
her birth I have worried about her discovery that her mother's eyes
are different from other people's. Will she be embarrassed? I
think. What will she say? Every day she watches a television
program called "Big Blue Marble." It begins with a picture of the 245
earth as it appears from the moon. It is bluish, a little battered-
looking, but full of light, with whitish clouds swirling around it.
Every time I see it I weep with love, as if it is a picture of
Grandma's house. One day when I am putting Rebecca down for
her nap, she suddenly focuses on my eye. Something inside me 250