



广播电视大学英语专业教材

泛读 读本

第五册

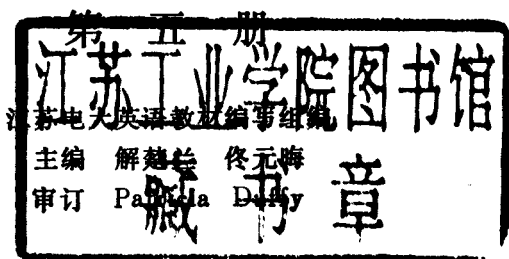
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BOOK 5

广播电视大学英语专业教材

泛 读 读 本



江苏教育出版社

一九八八年五月

封面设计 徐凤婴

广播电视大学英语专业教材

泛读读本(第五册)

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出版: 江苏教育出版社

发行: 江苏省新华书店

印刷: 江苏新华印刷厂

开本 787×1092毫米 1/32 印张 19.125 字数 424,000

1988年5月第1版 1988年5月第1次印刷

印数 1—10,250册

ISBN 7-5343-0405-9

G·370

定价: 4.15元

责任编辑 阎兴朋

前 言

本书是广播电视大学英语专业的泛读读本第五册，主要供全国电大英语专业三年级上学期使用。与本书配套的还有快速阅读第五册、指定参考书及其他文字和声象材料。

本册教材内容分为四大部分，共计十三个单元。第一部分(一至三单元)是中国现代革命史上三位伟人的传记文学作品；第二部分(四至八单元)，是西方文明史上十三位重要人物的传记或故事；第三部分(九至十二单元)重点介绍了几种不同的文学体裁、作品和作家，包括小说、诗歌、散文、戏剧、电影等；第四部分(十三单元)介绍了英语的发展演变，英语教学的现状等等。各篇除有少量压缩外，一律未经简写或改写，保留了原文的风貌。

本册教学进度表见下页。

本册主编为解楚兰(南京大学)和佟元晦(江苏广播电视大学)参加本册编写工作的还有韦润芳、杜佩玲、徐德培和刘文昌等。受聘在江苏电大任教的美籍专家 Patricia Duffy (杜佩玲)担任了本册教材的主审。

由于时间紧迫，水平有限，错漏与不妥之处恐在所难免，诚恳希望广大电大师生批评指正

编 者

一九八七年十二月

教学进度表

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The English Language

UNIT ONE

Red Star Over China

by Edgar Snow

Part 4 The Genesis of a Communist

1. Childhood

I had given to Mao a long list of questions to answer about himself, and I felt almost as embarrassed for my inquisitiveness as a Japanese immigration official ought to feel for his impertinence, but doesn't.¹ On the five or six sets of questions (I had submitted on different matters) Mao had talked for a dozen nights, hardly ever referring to himself or his own role in some of the events described. I was beginning to think it was hopeless to expect him to give me such details; he obviously considered the individual of very little importance. Like other Reds (I met) he tended to talk only about committees, organizations, armies, resolutions, battles, tactics, "measures" and so on, but seldom in terms of personal experience.

For awhile I thought this reluctance (to expand on subjective matters, or even the exploits of their comrades as individuals) might derive from modesty, or a fear or suspicion of me, or a consciousness of the price (so many of

these men had on their heads. Later on I discovered that this was not so much the case as was the fact that most of them actually did not remember these personal details. As I began collecting biographies I found repeatedly that the Communist would be able to tell everything that had happened in his early youth, but once he had become identified with the Red Army he lost himself somewhere, and without repeated questioning you could hear nothing more about him,⁵ but only stories of the Army, or the Soviets, or the Party-capitalized. They could talk indefinitely about dates and circumstances of battles, and movements to and from a thousand unheard-of places, but those events seemed to have had significance for them only collectively, not because they as individuals had made history there, but because the Red Army had been there, and behind it the whole organic force of an ideology for which they were fighting. It was an interesting discovery, but it made difficult reporting.

One night when all other questions had been satisfied, Mao turned to this list I had headed "Personal History." He smiled at a question, "How many times have you been married?"—and the rumour later spread that I had asked Mao how many wives he had. He was sceptical, anyway, about the necessity for supplying an autobiography. But I argued that in a way this was more important than information on other matters. "People want to know what sort of man you are," I said, "when they read what you say. Then you ought also to correct some of the false rumours cir-

culated."

I reminded him of various reports of his death, how some people believed he spoke fluent French, while others said he was an ignorant peasant, how one report described him as a half-dead tubercular, while others maintained that he was a mad fanatic. He was mildly surprised that people should spend their time speculating about him. He agreed that such reports ought to be corrected. Then he looked over the items again, as I had written them down.

"Suppose," he said at last, "that I just disregard your questions, and instead give you a general sketch of my life? I think it will be more understandable, and in the end all of your questions will be answered just the same."

"But that's exactly what I want!" I exclaimed.

During the several nightly interviews that followed—we were like conspirators indeed, ^{perched in the cave} ~~huddled~~ in that cave over that red-covered table, with sputtering candles between us—I wrote until I was ready to fall asleep. Wu Liang-p'ing⁶ sat next to me and interpreted Mao's soft southern dialect, in which a chicken, instead of being a good substantial northern *chi* became a romantic *ghii*, and *Hunan* became *Funan*, and a bowl of *ch'a* turned into *ts'a* and many much stranger variations occurred. Mao related everything from memory, and I put it down as he talked. It was, as I have said, re-translated and corrected, and this is the result, with no attempt to give it literary excellence, beyond some necessary corrections in the syntax of the patient Mr. Wu:

"I was born in the village of Shao shan in Hsiang T'an Hsien, Hunan province, in 1893. My father's name was Mao Jen-sheng,⁷ and my mother's maiden name was Wen Ch'i-mei.⁸

"My father was a poor peasant and while still young was obliged to join the army because of heavy debts. He was a soldier for many years. Later on he returned to the village where I was born and by saving carefully and gathering together a little money through small trading and other enterprise he managed to buy back his land.

"As middle peasants then my family owned fifteen *mou* of land. On this they could raise sixty *tan*⁹ of rice a year. The five members of the family consumed a total of thirty-five *tan*—that is, about seven each—which left an annual surplus of twenty-five *tan*. Using this surplus, my father accumulated a little capital and in time purchased seven more *mou*, which gave the family the status of 'rich' peasants. We could then raise eighty-four *tan* of rice a year.

"When I was ten years of age and the family owned only fifteen *mou* of land, the five members of the family consisted of my father, mother, grandfather, younger brother and myself. After we had acquired the additional seven *mou*, my grandfather died, but there came another younger brother. However, we still had a surplus of forty-nine *tan* rice each year, and on this my father steadily prospered.

"At the time my father was a middle peasant he began

to deal in grain transport and selling, by which he made a little money. After he became a 'rich' peasant, he devoted most of his time to that business. He hired a full-time farm labourer, and put his children to work on the farm, as well as his wife. I began to work at farming tasks when I was six years old. My father had no shop for his business. He simply purchased grain from the poor farmers and then transported it to the city merchants, where he got a higher price. In the winter, when the rice was being ground, he hired an extra labourer to work on the farm, so that at that time there were seven mouths to feed. My family ate frugally, but had enough always.

"I began studying in a local primary school when I was eight and remained there until I was thirteen years old. In the early morning and at night I worked on the farm. During the day I read the Confucian Analects and the Four Classics.¹⁰ My Chinese teacher belonged to the stern-treatment school. He was harsh and severe, frequently beating his students. Because of this I ran away from the school when I was ten. I was afraid to return home, for fear of receiving a beating there, and set out in the general direction of the city, which I believed to be in a valley somewhere. I wandered for three days before I was finally found by my family. Then I learned that I had circled round and round in my travels, and in all my walking had got only about eight *li* from my home.

"After my return to the family, however, to my sur-

prise, conditions somewhat improved. My father was slightly more considerate and the teacher was more inclined to moderation. The result of my act of protest impressed me very much. It was a successful 'strike.'

“My father wanted me to begin keeping the family books¹¹ as soon as I had learned a few characters. He wanted me to learn to use the abacus. As my father insisted upon this I began to work at those accounts at night. He was a severe taskmaster. He hated to see me idle, and if there were no books to be kept he put me to work at farm tasks. He was a hot-tempered man and frequently beat both me and my brothers. He gave us no money whatever, and the most meagre food. On the 15th of every month he made a concession to his labourers and gave them eggs with their rice, but never meat. To me he gave neither eggs nor meat.

“My mother was a kind woman, generous and sympathetic, and ever ready to share what she had. She pitied the poor and often gave them rice when they came to ask for it during famines. But she could not do so when my father was present. He disapproved of charity. We had many quarrels in my home over this question.

“There were two ‘parties’ in the family. One was my father, the Ruling Power. The Opposition was made up of myself, my mother, my brother and sometimes even the labourer. In the ‘United Front’ of the Opposition, however, there was a difference of opinion. My mother advocated a policy of indirect attack. She criticized any overt display

of emotion and attempts at open rebellion against the Ruling Power. She said it was not the Chinese way.

But when I was thirteen I discovered a powerful argument of my own for debating with my father on his own ground, by quoting the Classics.¹ My father's favourite accusations against me were of unfilial conduct and laziness. I quoted, in exchange, passages from the Classics saying that the elder must be kind and affectionate. Against his charge that I was lazy, I used the rebuttal that older people should do more work than younger, that my father was over three times as old as myself, and therefore should do more work. And I declared that when I was his age I would be much more energetic:

"The old man continued to 'amass wealth,' or what was considered to be a great fortune in that little village. He did not buy more land himself, but he bought many mortgages on other people's land. His capital grew to £2,000 or £3,000.

"My dissatisfaction increased. The dialectical struggle in our family was constantly developing. One incident I especially remember. When I was about thirteen my father invited many guests to his home, and while they were present a dispute arose between the two of us. My father denounced me before the whole group, calling me lazy and useless. This infuriated me. I cursed him and left the house. My mother ran after me and tried to persuade me to return. My father also pursued me, cursing at the same time that

he demanded me to come back. I reached the edge of a pond and threatened to jump in if he came any nearer. In this situation demands and counter-demands were presented for cessation of the civil war. My father insisted that I apologize and *k'ou-t'ou*¹³ as a sign of submission. I agreed to give a one-knee *k'ou-t'ou* if he would promise not to beat me. Thus the war ended, and from it I learned that when I defended my rights by open rebellion my father relented, but when I remained meek and submissive he only cursed and beat me the more.

"Reflecting on this, I think that in the end the strictness of my father defeated him. I learned to hate him, and we created a real United Front against him. At the same time it probably benefited me. It made me most diligent in my work; it made me keep my books carefully, so that he should have no basis for criticizing me.

"My father had had two years of schooling and he could read enough to keep books. My mother was wholly illiterate. Both were from peasant families. I was the family 'scholar.' I knew the Classics, but disliked them. What I enjoyed were the romances of Old China,¹⁴ and especially stories of rebellions. I read the *Yo Fei Chuan* (*Chin Chung Chuan*), *Shui Hu Chuan*, *Fan T'ang*, *San Kuo*, and *Hsi Yu Chi*,¹⁵ while still very young, and despite the vigilance of my old teacher, who hated these outlawed books and called them wicked. I used to read them in school, covering them up with a Classic when the teacher walked past. So also did

most of my schoolmates. We learned many of the stories almost by heart, and discussed and rediscussed them many times. We knew more of them than the old men of the village, who also loved them and used to exchange stories with us. I believe that perhaps I was much influenced by such books, read at an impressionable age. 少年時代

"I finally left the primary school when I was thirteen and began to work long hours on the farm, helping the hired labourer, doing the full labour of a man during the day and at night keeping books for my father. Nevertheless, I succeeded in continuing my reading, devouring everything I could find except the Classics. This annoyed my father, who wanted me to master the Classics, especially after he was defeated in a lawsuit due to an apt Classical quotation used by his adversary in the Chinese court. I used to cover up the window of my room late at night so that my father would not see the light. In this way I read a book called *Words of Warning*¹⁶ (*Shen Shib Wei-yen*), which I liked very much. The authors, a number of old reformist scholars, thought that the weakness of China lay in her lack of Western appliances—railways, telephones, telegraphs and steamships—and wanted to have them introduced into the country. My father considered such books a waste of time. He wanted me to read something practical like the Classics, which could help him in winning lawsuits.

"I continued to read the old romances and tales of Chinese literature. It occurred to me one day that there was

one thing peculiar about these stories, and that was the absence of peasants who tilled the land. All the characters were warriors, officials or scholars; there was never a peasant hero. I wondered about this for two years, and then I analyzed the content of the stories. I found that they all glorified men of arms, rulers of the people, who did not have to work the land, because they owned and controlled it and evidently made the peasants work it for them.

"My father, Mao Jen-sheng, was in his early days, and in middle age, a sceptic, but my mother devoutly worshipped Buddha. She gave her children religious instruction, and we were all saddened that our father was an unbeliever. When I was nine years old I seriously discussed the problem of my father's lack of piety with my mother. We made many attempts then and later on to convert him, but without success. He only cursed us, and, overwhelmed by his attacks, we withdrew to devise new plans. But he would have nothing to do with the goods."

"My reading gradually began to influence me, however; I myself became more and more sceptical. My mother became concerned about me, and scolded me for my indifference to the requirements of the faith, but my father made no comment. Then one day he went out on the road to collect some money, and on his way he met a tiger. The tiger was surprised at the encounter and fled at once, but my father was even more astonished and afterwards reflected a good deal on his miraculous escape. He began to won-