ADVANCED ENGLISH

高校英语专业综合英语教材

高级英语

主　编　邹　颉
副主编　贝　昱
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ZHEJIANG UNIVERSITY PRESS
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前　言

本书是为高校英语专业高年级学生编写的综合英语教材，也适合水平相当的学习者使用。本书的编写原则是：

一、精选当代英美文坛优秀散文，题材广泛，立意新颖，注重文化内涵和人文价值。

二、努力体现国家教学大纲精神，进一步训练和提高学生的综合英语技能尤其是阅读理解、语法修辞与写作能力。

三、结合当今国际社会公共话题或热门问题，提供丰富的时代信息和鲜活的语言规范，既训练学生的语言技能，又帮助他们开阔视野，激发心智，增长知识。

四、课文注释详尽，特别是文化背景知识的介绍力求准确、客观。

五、练习项目设计精当，注意培养学生批判性阅读、思考、评说和写作能力及英语释义和英汉互译能力。

六、综合英语这门课程的主要知识点和核心概念用术语汇编的形式列于书后，以便学生查阅和记忆。

在本书的编写过程中，我们参考了国内外近年来正式出版和公开发表的有关语言文化教学，尤其是阅读和写作方面的专著和文章，从中得到了不少有益的启示和语料，在此我们谨向其作者表示诚挚的谢意。

由于编写时间仓促，编者水平有限，书中谬误之处在所难免，敬请专家和读者不吝指正。

编　者

2006年12月于浙江工商大学

Contents

Unit 1

Text A The Lonely, Good Company of Books

Richard Rodriguez[1]

From an early age I knew that my mother and father could read and write both Spanish and English. I had observed my father making his way through what, I now suppose, must have been income tax forms. On other occasions I waited apprehensively while my mother read onion-paper letters air-mailed from Mexico with news of a relative's illness or death. For both my parents, however, reading was something done out of necessity and as quickly as possible. Never did I see either of them read an entire book. Nor did I see them read for pleasure. Their reading consisted of work manuals, prayer books, newspapers, recipes....

In our house each school year would begin with my mother's careful instruction: "Don't write in your books so we can sell them at the end of the year." The remark was echoed in public by my teachers, but only in part: "Boys and girls, don't write in your books. You must learn to treat them with great care and respect."

OPEN THE DOORS OF YOUR MIND WITH BOOKS, read the red and white poster over the nun's desk in early September. It soon was apparent to me that reading was the classroom's central activity. Each course had its own book. And the information gathered from a book was unquestioned. READ TO LEARN, the sign on the wall advised in December. I privately wondered: What was the connection between reading and learning? Did one learn something only by reading it? Was an idea only an idea if it could be written down? In June, CONSIDER BOOKS YOUR BEST FRIENDS. Friends? Reading was, at best, only a chore. I needed to look up whole paragraphs of words in a dictionary. Lines of type were dizzying, the eye having to move slowly across the page, then down, and across.... The sentences of the first books I read were coolly impersonal. Toned hard. What most bothered me, however, was the isolation reading required. To console myself for the loneliness I'd feel when I read, I tried reading in a very soft voice. Until: "Who is doing all that talking to his neighbor?" Shortly after, remedial reading

classes were arranged for me with a very old nun.

At the end of each school day, for nearly six months, I would meet with her in the tiny room that served as the school's library but was actually only a storeroom for used textbooks and a vast collection of *National Geographics*. Everything about our sessions pleased me: the smallness of the room; the noise of the janitor's broom hitting the edge of the long hallway outside the door; the gleam of the sun, lighting the wall; and the old woman's face blurred white with a beard. Most of the time we took turns. I began with my elementary text. Sentences of astonishing simplicity seemed to me lifeless and drab: "The boys ran from the rain.... She wanted to sing.... The kite rose in the blue." Then the old nun would read from her favorite books, usually biographies of early American presidents. Playfully she ran through complex sentences, calling the words alive with her voice, making it seem that the author somehow was speaking directly to me. I smiled just to listen to her. I sat there and sensed for the very first time some possibility of fellowship between a reader and a writer, a communication, never *intimate* like that I heard spoken words at home convey, but one nonetheless *personal*.

One day the nun concluded a session by asking me why I was so reluctant to read by myself. I tried to explain; said something about the way written words made me feel all alone — almost, I wanted to add but didn't, as when I spoke to myself in a room just emptied of furniture. She studied my face as I spoke; she seemed to be watching more than listening. In an uneventful voice she replied that I had nothing to fear. Didn't I realize that reading would open up whole new worlds? A book could open doors for me. It could introduce me to people and show me places I never imagined existed. She gestured toward the bookshelves. (Bare-breasted African women danced, and the shiny hubcaps of automobiles on the back covers of the *Geographic* gleamed in my mind.) I listened with respect. But her words were not very influential. I was thinking then of another consequence of literacy, one I was too shy to admit but nonetheless trusted. Books were going to make me "educated." *That* confidence enabled me, several months later, to overcome my fear of the silence.

In the fourth grade I embarked on a grandiose reading program. "Give me the names of important books," I would say to startled teachers. They soon found out that I had in mind "adult books." I ignored their suggestion of anything I suspected was written for children. (Not until I was in college, as a result, did I read *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*[2] or *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*[3].) Instead, I read *The Scarlet Letter*[4] and Franklin's *The Autobiography*[5]. And whatever I read I read for extra credit. Each time I finished a book, I reported the achievement to a teacher and basked in the praise my effort earned. Despite my best efforts, however, there seemed to be more and more books I needed to read. At the library I would literally tremble as I came upon whole shelves of books I hadn't read. So I read and I read and I read: *Great Expectations*[6]; all the short

stories of Rudyard Kipling[7]; *The Babe Ruth Story*; the entire first volume of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (A-ANSTEY); the *Iliad*[8]; *Moby Dick*[9]; *Gone with the Wind*[10]; *The Good Earth*[11]; *Ramona*[12]; *Forever Amber*; *The Lives of the Saints*; *Crime and Punishment*[13]; *The Pearl*[14].... Librarians who initially frowned when I checked out the maximum ten books at a time started saving books they thought I might like. Teachers would say to the rest of the class, "I only wish the rest of you took reading as seriously as Richard obviously does."

But at home I would hear my mother wondering, "What do you see in your books?" (Was reading a hobby like her knitting? Was so much reading even healthy for a boy? Was it the sign of "brains"? Or was it just a convenient excuse for not helping around the house on Saturday mornings?) Always, "What do you see...?"

What *did* I see in my books? I had the idea that they were crucial for my academic success, though I couldn't have said exactly how or why. In the sixth grade I simply concluded that what gave a book its value was some major idea or theme it contained. If that core essence could be mined or memorized, I would become learned like my teachers. I decided to record in a notebook the themes of the books that I read. After reading *Robinson Crusoe*[15], I wrote that its theme was "the value of learning to live by oneself." When I completed *Wuthering Heights*[16], I noted the danger of "letting emotions get out of control." Rereading these brief moralistic appraisals usually left me disheartened. I couldn't believe that they were really the source of reading's value. But for many years, they constituted the only means I had of describing to myself the educational value of books.

In spite of my earnestness, I found reading a pleasurable activity. I came to enjoy the lonely, good company of books. Early on weekday mornings, I'd read in my bed. I'd feel a mysterious comfort then, reading in the dawn quiet — the blue-gray silence interrupted by the occasional churning of the refrigerator motor a few rooms away or the more distant sounds of a city bus beginning its run. On weekends I'd go to the public library to read, surrounded by old men and women. Or, if the weather was fine, I would take my books to the park and read in the shade of a tree. Neighbors would leave for vacation and I would water their lawns. I would sit through the twilight on the front porches or in backyards, reading to the cool, whirling sounds of the sprinklers.

I also had favorite writers. But often those writers I enjoyed most I was least able to value. When I read William Saroyan's *The Human Comedy*[17], I was immediately pleased by the narrator's warmth and the charm of his story. But as quickly I became suspicious. A book so enjoyable to read couldn't be very "important." Another summer I determined to read all the novels of Dickens. Reading his fat novels, I loved the feeling I got — after the first hundred pages — of being at home in a fictional world where I knew the names of the characters and cared about what was going to happen to them. And it bothered me

that I was forced away at the conclusion, when the fiction closed tight, like a fortune-teller's fist — the futures of all the major characters neatly resolved. I never knew how to take such feelings seriously, however. Nor did I suspect that these experiences could be part of a novel's meaning. Still, there were pleasures to sustain me after I'd finish my books. Carrying a volume back to the library, I would be pleased by its weight. I'd run my fingers along the edge of the pages and marvel at the breadth of my achievement. Around my room, growing stacks of paperback books reinforced my assurance.

I entered high school having read hundreds of books. My habit of reading made me a confident speaker and writer of English. Reading also enabled me to sense something of the shape, the major concerns, of Western thought. (I was able to say something about **Dante**[18] and **Descartes**[19] and **Engels**[20] and **James Baldwin**[21] in my high school term papers.) In these various ways, books brought me academic success as I hoped that they would. But I was not a good reader. Merely bookish, I lacked a point of view when I read. Rather, I read in order to acquire a point of view. I vacuumed books for epigrams, scraps of information, ideas, themes — anything to fill the hollow within me and make me feel educated. When one of my teachers suggested to his drowsy tenth-grade English class that a person could not have a "complicated idea" until he had read at least two thousand books, I heard the remark without detecting either its irony or its very complicated truth. I merely determined to compile a list of all the books I had ever read. Harsh with myself, I included only once a title I might have read several times. (How, after all, could one read a book more than once?) And I included only those books over a hundred pages in length. (Could anything shorter be a book?)

There was yet another high school list I compiled. One day I came across a newspaper article about the retirement of an English professor at a nearby state college. The article was accompanied by a list of the "hundred most important books of Western Civilization." "More than anything else in my life," the professor told the reporter with finality, "these books have made me all that I am." That was the kind of remark I couldn't ignore. I clipped out the list and kept it for the several months it took me to read all of the titles. Most books, of course, I barely understood. While reading Plato's *The Republic*[22], for instance, I needed to keep looking at the book jacket comments to remind myself what the text was about. Nevertheless, with the special patience and superstition of a scholarship boy, I looked at every word of the text. And by the time I reached the last word, relieved, I convinced myself that I had read *The Republic*. In a ceremony of great pride, I solemnly crossed Plato off my list.

Notes

1. Richard Rodriguez: 1944- , was born in San Francisco, and received degrees from Stanford University and Columbia University. He became a nationally known writer with the publication of his autobiography, *Hunger of Memory: The Education of Richard Rodriguez* (1982), which describes the struggles of growing up bi-culturally — feeling alienated from his Spanish-speaking parents yet not wholly comfortable in the dominant culture of the United States. In "The Lonely, Good Company of Books" Rodriguez records his childhood passion for learning.
2. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*: a novel by the American writer Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), written under his pseudonym Mark Twain, and published in 1884. It is a sequel to *Tom Sawyer* (1876), and carries on the picaresque story of the characters in *Tom Sawyer*, but is a more accomplished and a more serious work of art as well as a keener realistic portrayal of regional character and frontier experience on the Mississippi.
3. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*: a story for children by the English writer Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832-1898), written under his pseudonym Lewis Carroll, and published in 1865. It tells how Alice dreams she pursues a White Rabbit down a rabbit-hole to a world where she encounters such celebrated characters as the Duchess and the Cheshire Cat, the Mad Hatter and the March Hare, the King and Queen of Hearts, and the Mock Turtle.
4. *The Scarlet Letter*: a romance by the American writer Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864), and published in 1850. This somber romance of conscience and the tragic consequences of concealed guilt is set in Puritan Boston during the mid-17th century.
5. *The Autobiography*: written by the American statesman, scientist, and author Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), and published in England, France, and Germany before the American edition of 1818, but the complete work did not appear in English until 1867. This account is the epitome of Franklin's spirit and shows him as a great example of 18th-century enlightenment.
6. *Great Expectations*: a novel by the English writer Charles Dickens (1812-1870), and published in 1861. It recounts the development of the character of the narrator, Philip Pirrip, commonly known as "Pip," a village boy brought up by his noisy sister, the wife of the gentle, humorous, kindly blacksmith Joe Gargery.
7. Rudyard Kipling: 1865-1936, English poet, short-story writer, and novelist. He was

born in India, educated in England, and returned to India at 17 as a journalist. In 1889 he came to England to live. His poetry is striking for his success in using popular forms of speech. His stories brought him fame, and, partly under French influence, he gave close attention to perfecting the art of the short story. The early stories show Kipling's capacity to feel with the humble (common soldiers, Indian peasants) and the suffering. But he admired action, power, and efficiency. This side of his character brought out much of the best and the worst in his writing. Widely regarded as unofficial poet laureate, he refused many honors; in 1907 he was the first English writer to receive the Nobel Prize for literature.

8. *Iliad*: an epic by the ancient Greek poet Homer (c.850 B.C.). Its subject is the siege of Troy by an alliance of Greek states; the occasion of the war is the elopement of Helen, wife of Menelaus, king of the Greek state of Sparta, with Paris, a son of Priam king of Troy. The *Iliad* has had an enormous influence on the literature of Europe. With Homer's *Odyssey*, it set the standard for epic poetry, which until 19th century was considered the noblest poetic form.
9. *Moby Dick*: a novel by the American writer Herman Melville (1819-1891), and published in 1851. Within this realistic account of a whaling voyage is set a symbolic account of the conflict between man and his fate.
10. *Gone with the Wind*: a novel by the American writer Margaret Mitchell (1900-1949), published in 1936 and awarded a Pulitzer Prize. A tremendously popular and frequently revived film was created (1939) from a script written by Sidney Howard. Set in Georgia during the Civil War and Reconstruction, this long romantic tale centers on the adventures of Scarlett, a high-spirited willful girl, daughter of Gerald O'Hara, an Irish immigrant who has become owner of Tara, a large plantation.
11. *The Good Earth*: a novel by the American writer Pearl Buck (1892-1973), published in 1931, awarded a Pulitzer Prize, and dramatized by Owen and Donald Davis (1932). With *Sons* (1932) and *A House Divided* (1935), it forms a trilogy, *The House of Earth*. Pearl Buck won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1938.
12. *Ramona*: a novel by the American writer Helen Hunt Jackson (1830-1885), and published in 1884. It is a historical account of government injustice in the treatment of the Indians.
13. *Crime and Punishment*: a novel by the Russian writer Fyodor Mihailovich Dostoevsky (1821-1881), who is well known for his psychological analysis of character and creation of narrative tension.
14. *The Pearl*: one of the finest of the great 14th century alliterative poems. The author is

unknown. The poet dreams of his dead child, and has a vision of her in Heaven; she rebukes him for his grief and demonstrates that she is in bliss. He plunges into the stream which runs between them in order to reach her, and instantly wakes, resigned to her loss, and in peace of mind.

15. *Robinson Crusoe*: a romance by the English writer Daniel Defoe (1660-1731), and published in 1719. The author tells how, with the help of a few stores and utensils saved from the wreck and the exercise of infinite ingenuity, Crusoe built himself a house, domesticated goats, and made himself a boat. He describes his struggle to accept the workings of Providence, the perturbation of his mind caused by a visit of cannibals, his rescue from death of an indigenous native named Friday, and finally the coming of an English ship whose crew are in a state of mutiny, the subduing of the mutineers, and Crusoe's rescue.
16. *Wuthering Heights*: a novel by the English writer Emily Brontë (1818-1848), and published in 1847. It is the story of two families living upon the Yorkshire moors about twenty years before the author was born, and the tragedies brought into their lives by the introduction of the orphan boy, Heathcliff.
17. *The Human Comedy*: a novel by the American writer William Saroyan (1908-1981), and published in 1943. The story is set in California and mainly about children.
18. [Alighieri] Dante: 1265-1321, Italian poet, soldier and politician. His *Divina Commedia* (c.1307-21), an imaginary journey through Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, under the guidance of Virgil, representing Reason, and Beatrice, representing Faith, is generally considered the greatest poem of the Middle Ages.
19. [Rene] Descartes: 1596-1650, French philosopher and mathematician, who exposed the doubtful nature of commonly accepted "knowledge" (such as that acquired through the senses). He then attempted to rebuild human knowledge using as his foundation *Cogito, ergo sum* (I think, therefore I am). Descartes identified the "thinking thing" (*res cogitans*) or mind with the human soul or consciousness; the body, though somehow interacting with the soul, was a physical machine, secondary to, and in principle separable from the soul.
20. [Friedrich] Engels: 1820-1895, German social philosopher and collaborator of Karl Marx. He is generally credited with shaping two of the major philosophical components of Marxism: historical materialism and dialectical materialism. His most important works are *Anti-Duhring* (1878) and *The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State* (1884).
21. James Baldwin: 1924-1987, American novelist. The son of a Harlem preacher,

Baldwin grew up in poverty. His first novel was *Go Tell It on the Mountain* (1953). His second novel *Giovanni's Room* (1956) and the third one *Another Country* (1962) assured him as one of the most gifted of Black novelists in contemporary American literature. His later essays explain pungently what it means to be Black and describes the danger of ignoring the Black plight in American society.

22. *The Republic*: a philosophical dialogue by Plato (427-347 BC), Greek philosopher, pupil of Socrates and founder of the educational establishment, the Academy. He was the author of more than 20 philosophical dialogues on such topics as metaphysics, ethics and politics. Central to his teaching is the notion of forms: located outside the everyday world, these are timeless, motionless, and absolutely real. True knowledge can only be knowledge of the forms; the senses can only give us opinion or illusion. Plato and his pupil Aristotle were among the most influential thinkers of the ancient world.

Understanding Meaning and Idea

1. What was Rodriguez's parents' attitude toward reading? Did it influence his attitude? Cite examples from the essay that support your opinion.
2. What does Rodriguez mean by "the fellowship between a reader and a writer"? Why does he differentiate between "intimate" and "personal" forms of communication?
3. Rodriguez hoped that reading would fill "the hollow" inside him. What was the cause of his emptiness? Did he succeed in filling the void? Why did he find reading a lonely experience? Did reading fulfill any of his expectations?

Discovering Rhetorical Strategies

1. What is the thesis of Rodriguez's essay? Is it stated or implied? Explain.
2. How does the author's use of narrative advance his views on reading and education?
3. What is the writer's tone? How effective is it in conveying his point of view?
4. The essay ends with an ironic anecdote. Why did Rodriguez choose to conclude this way? Does it satisfactorily illustrate the writer's attitude?
5. What words or phrases imply that there is an ethnic component in Rodriguez's conflict? Is the subtlety effective? Justify your response.

Ideas for Discussion / Writing

1. Rodriguez believed reading would make him "educated." Do you agree or disagree? Is reading vitally important to a person's education? How do you define *education*?

Can it be acquired only through reading, or are there other contributing factors? Write an argumentative essay on this topic.

2. Is reading still a significant source of information and entertainment, or is it being replaced by television or Internet? Is it important or necessary to be a reader today?

Paraphrasing

1. I sat there and sensed for the very first time some possibility of fellowship between a reader and a writer, a communication, never *intimate* like that I heard spoken words at home convey, but one nonetheless *personal*.
2. Each time I finished a book, I reported the achievement to a teacher and basked in the praise my effort earned.
3. In spite of my earnestness, I found reading a pleasurable activity. I came to enjoy the lonely, good company of books.
4. But I was not a good reader. Merely bookish, I lacked a point of view when I read. Rather, I read in order to acquire a point of view.
5. Nevertheless, with the special patience and superstition of a scholarship boy, I looked at every word of the text.

Translating

I also had favorite writers. But often those writers I enjoyed most I was least able to value. When I read William Saroyan's *The Human Comedy*, I was immediately pleased by the narrator's warmth and the charm of his story. But as quickly I became suspicious. A book so enjoyable to read couldn't be very "important." Another summer I determined to read all the novels of Dickens. Reading his fat novels, I love the feeling I got — after the first hundred pages — of being at home in a fictional world where I knew the names of the characters and cared about what was going to happen to them. And it bothered me that I was forced away at the conclusion, when the fiction closed tight, like a fortune-teller's fist — the futures of all the major characters neatly resolved. I never knew how to take such feelings seriously, however. Nor did I suspect that these experiences could be part of a novel's meaning. Still, there were pleasures to sustain me after I'd finish my books. Carrying a volume back to the library, I would be pleased by its weight. I'd run my fingers along the edge of the pages and marvel at the breadth of my achievement. Around my room, growing stacks of paperback books reinforced my assurance.

Text B When Bright Girls Decide That Math Is "a Waste of Time"

Susan Jacoby

Susannah, a 16-year-old has always been an A student in every subject from algebra to English, recently informed her parents that she intended to drop physics and calculus in her senior year of high school and replace them with a drama seminar and a work-study program. She expects a major in art or history in college, she explained, and "any more science or math will just be a waste of my time."

Her parents were neither concerned by nor opposed to her decision. "Fine, dear," they said. Their daughter is, after all, an outstanding student. What does it matter if, at age 16, she has taken a step that may limit her understanding of both machines and the natural world for the rest of her life?

This kind of decision, in which girls turn away from studies that would give them a sure footing in the world of science and technology, is a self-inflicted female disability that is, regrettably, almost as common today as it was when I was in high school. If Susannah had announced that she had decided to stop taking English in her senior year, her mother and father would have been horrified. I also think they would have been a good deal less sanguine about her decision if she were a boy.

In saying that scientific and mathematical ignorance is a self-inflicted female wound, I do not, obviously, mean that cultural expectations play no role in the process. But the world does not conspire to deprive modern women of access to science as it did in the 1930s, when Rosalyn S. Yalow, the Nobel Prize-winning physicist, graduated from Hunter College and was advised to go to work as a secretary because no graduate school would admit her to its physics department. The current generation of adolescent girls — and their parents, bred on old expectations about women's interests — are active conspirators in limiting their intellectual development.

It is true that the proportion of young women in science-related graduate and professional schools, most notably medical schools, has increased significantly in the past decade. It is also true that so few women were studying advanced science and mathematics before the early 1970s that the percentage increase in female enrollment

does not yet translate into large numbers of women actually working in science.

The real problem is that so many girls eliminate themselves from any serious possibility of studying science as a result of decisions made during the vulnerable period of mid-adolescence, when they are most likely to be influenced — on both conscious and unconscious levels — by the traditional belief that math and science are "masculine" subjects.

During the teen-age years the well-documented phenomenon of "math anxiety" strikes girls who never had any problem handling numbers during earlier schooling. Some men, too, experience this syndrome — a form of panic, akin to a phobia, at any task involving numbers — but women constitute the overwhelming majority of sufferers. The onset of acute math anxiety during the teen-age years is, as Stalin was fond of saying, "not by accident."

In adolescence girls begin to fear that they will be unattractive to boys if they are typed as "brains." Science and math epitomize unfeminine braininess in a way that, say, foreign languages do not. High-school girls who pursue an advanced interest in science and math (unless they are students at special institutions like the Bronx High School of Science where everyone is a brain) usually find that they are greatly outnumbered by boys in their classes. They are, therefore, intruding on male turf at a time when their sexual confidence, as well as that of the boys, is most fragile.

A 1981 assessment of female achievement in mathematics, based on research conducted under a National Institute for Education grant, found significant differences in the mathematical achievements of 9^{th} and 12^{th} graders. At age 13 girls were equal to or slightly better than boys in tests involving algebra, problem solving and spatial ability; four years later the boys had outstripped the girls.

It is not mysterious that some very bright high-school girls suddenly decide that math is "too hard" and "a waste of time." In my experience, self-sabotage of mathematical and scientific ability is often a conscious process. I remember deliberately pretending to be puzzled by geometry problems in my sophomore year in high school. A male teacher called me in after class and said, in a baffled tone, "I don't see how you can be having so much trouble when you got straight A's last year in my algebra class."

The decision to avoid advanced biology, chemistry, physics and calculus in high school automatically restricts academic and professional choices that ought to be wide open to anyone beginning college. At all coeducational universities women are overwhelmingly concentrated in the fine arts, social sciences and traditionally female departments like education. Courses leading to degrees in science- and technology-related fields are filled mainly by men.

In my generation, the practical consequences of mathematical and scientific illiteracy are visible in the large number of special programs to help professional women overcome