

高等学校试用教材

# 现代英语散文 读写教程 下册

MODERN ENGLISH ESSAYS

A Reading and Writing Course

潘永樑 翟福金 编

上海译文出版社



英语专业四级教材

# 现代英语散文 读写教程

下册

MODERN PROSE WRITING  
A READING AND WRITING COURSE

周中孚 编著

上海外语教育出版社



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Book II

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## 前 言

《现代英语散文读写教程》在1990年6月经国家教委高等学校外语专业教材编审委员会英语编审小组审定通过,推荐为高等学校外语专业试用教材。出版前,编者又参照国家教委高等学校英语专业高年级英语教学大纲(试行本)的有关规定和审稿专家的建议,对教程进行了修订。

这套教材的课文都选自现代英美作家的英语散文,题材较广泛,体现了现代英语散文的各种风格和写作技巧。每课都有一定的难度,供分析讨论;长度大多在1200至1500字之间,适合在分析阅读课中使用。对课文中的语言难点及有关的背景知识和文体修辞要点都作了较详细的注释,这对有些手头缺乏必要参考书的学生和自学者尤其适用。

大量的练习是这套教材的一个特色。每课都有五种练习:

(1)课文理解分析练习:包括对课文内容的提问和对课文结构、风格和修辞要点的分析及难句的解释。学生可以把这些问题当作练习要点和复习依据,教师亦可选其中一些问题在讲课时提问或让学生讨论。

(2)语言点练习:包括运用课文中典型语法结构和表达方式的练习,以及辨认和解释课文中的文体和修辞手段的练习,目的在于帮助学生熟练掌握这些语言点。

(3)写作练习:包括大致与课文内容和形式相联系的作文练习,目的在于使学生能在规定的时间内用英语完成有一定难度的作文。

(4)写作模式介绍:系统介绍英语段落发展的主要方法。每一种方法都有简短的说明和实例分析练习,目的在于帮助学生掌握英

语段落及短文的形式和结构,并在自己的作文中应用。

(5)复习练习:包括大量有一定难度的语法和词汇练习,帮助学生温故而知新,巩固和发展英语的基本能力,提高熟练掌握英语的程度。除了一般的复习内容外,每课还突出一个复习重点,引导学生钻研一些语言问题。

这套教材体现了编写《现代英语散文读写教程》的三个目的:

(1)给英语专业高年级学生提供合适的现代英语散文,指导他们掌握要点、分析结构、欣赏文体和修辞的特色,学会其中典型的句子结构和表达方式,从而使学生在高年级进行大量阅读的同时,有机会在教师的指导下继续细读一些语言材料,提高阅读、分析和欣赏英语散文的能力。

(2)介绍英语散文的基本写作模式和段落发展的方法,通过适当的作文练习,使学生学会用英语叙事、描写、阐述和论证及学会修改自己的英语作文,逐步做到英语行文结构清楚、语句合乎规范、表达方式恰当。

(3)提供大量难度较大的、各种形式的英语语法和词汇练习,使学生进一步掌握有一定深度和广度的英语知识,提高运用英语的熟练程度,从而打好扎实的英语基础。

本教程分上下两册,共20课。每课教学时间可以安排如下:

教师讲课3小时;

学生课堂讨论和做练习2小时;

短文写作2小时。

如果教学进度为每两周一课,那末这两册教材可以满足英语高年级两个学期读写课程所需。教材另外配有一本教师手册,对教程中所有的练习都提供详尽的解答,可供使用者参考。

我们在这套书的编写和教学过程中,得到了许多同事和学生的支持和合作。英语系的冯翠华教授一直热心鼓励和支持这套教材的编写。薛汉荣教授曾与我们一起教这门课程,在教学中对教材编写提出了许多有用的建议。我们对他们的帮助表示衷心的感谢。我们深深感激上海外国语学院英语系李观仪教授和西南师范大学

外文系江家骏教授,他们受国家教委高等学校外语专业教材编审委员会的委托,在百忙之中审阅了这套教材,提出了许多修改意见和一些值得进一步考虑的问题。我们参照他们的建议,在出版前对教材作了修订。但编者学力有限,现在这个本子中不当和疏漏之处肯定还不少,均由编者自己负责,并望使用者多加指教。两位编者在几年的合作中对教程的编写负有同等的责任;在最近修订时,翟福金负责上册,潘永樑负责下册。教师手册的编写情况亦同。

编 者

1992年1月于洛阳

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## Lesson One

### At The Tailor's

*J. B. Priestley*<sup>1</sup>

1. Between the Chaos of Regent Street<sup>2</sup> and the opulent bustle of New Bond Street is a little region that is curiously hushed. It is made up of short streets that pretend to run parallel to one another, but actually go off at all angles. At a first glance these streets appear to be filled with the offices of very old firms of family solicitors. Many of their windows have severe wire screens. The establishments there have a certain air of dignified secrecy, not unlike that of servants of the old school<sup>3</sup>, those impassive butlers who appeared to know nothing, but really knew everything. There is little evidence that anything is being sold in this part of the world. The electric-light bills must be very modest indeed, for there are no flashing signs to assault the eye, no gaudily dressed windows to tempt the feet to loiter. Whatever the season, no Sales<sup>4</sup> are held there. You are not invited to stop a moment longer than you may wish to do. Now and then you catch sight of a roll of cloth, a pair of riding breeches, or, perhaps, a sober little drawing of a gentleman in evening clothes, and as you pass you can hear these things whispering "If you are a gentleman and wish to wear the clothes that a gentleman should wear, kindly make an appointment here and we will see what we can do for you." Money, of course, is not mentioned, this being impossible in all such gentlemanly transactions. For this is the region, Savile Row, Conduit Street, Maddox Street<sup>5</sup>, and the rest, of the tailors or—rather

—the tailors<sup>6</sup>. Enter it wearing a cheap ready-made suit, and immediately the poor thing begins to bag in some places and shrivel up in others. If you have the audacity (as I once had) actually to walk into one of these establishments wearing a ready-made suit, you will regret it. Nothing is said, but a glance from one of the higher officials here strips you and quietly deposits your apparel in the dust-bin.

2. The hush here is significant. It might be described as old-world, and for a very good reason, too. In a new world in which anything will do so long as it arrives quickly and easily, this region has fallen sadly behind the times. It is still engaged in the old quest for perfection. Behind these wire screens the search for the absolute still goes on. Tailoring here remains one of the arts. There are men in this quarter who could announce in all sincerity that trousers are beauty, beauty trousers, and that is all we know and need to know.<sup>7</sup> For them the smallest seam they sew can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.<sup>8</sup> That they are artists and not tradesmen is proved by the fact that, unlike tradesmen, they do not labour to please their customers, but to please themselves. A tailor who is a mere shopkeeper fits you until you are satisfied. These artists go on fitting you until they are satisfied, and that means they continue long after you have lost all interest in the matter. You stand there, a mere body or lay figure,<sup>9</sup> and they still go on delicately ripping out sleeves and collars with their little penknives, pinning and unpinning, and making mysterious signs with chalk, and you have long ceased to understand what all the bother is about. And even then they may tell you, quietly but firmly, that they must have another fitting. That they should do this to me is proof positive of their disinterested passion for the art of tailoring.

3. I never walk into my own tailor's without feeling apologetic. I know I am unworthy of their efforts. It is as if a man without an ear for music should be invited to spend an evening with the Lener Quartet<sup>10</sup>. I am the kind of man who can make any suit of clothes look shabby and undistinguished after about a fortnight's wear. Perhaps the fact that I always carry about with me two or three fairly large pipes, matches, about two ounces of tobacco, a wallet, chequebook, diary, fountain-pen, knife, odd keys, and loose change, to say nothing of old letters, may have something to do with it. I can never understand how a man can contrive to look neat and spruce and do anything else. Wearing clothes properly seems to me to be a full-time job, and as I happen to have a great many other, more important or more amusing, things to do, I cheerfully bag and sag and look as if I have slept in my suits. I can say this cheerfully here, but once I am inside my tailor's I immediately begin to feel apologetic. They do not say anything, but there is mournful reproach in their eyes as they turn them upon their ruined sonnets and sonatas<sup>11</sup>. One day I shall call upon them in evening clothes because I fancy they are not so bad as the lounge suits. But I do not know; they may see enormities where I see nothing; and so perhaps I had better keep the fate of their masterpieces hidden from them. Possibly they whisper to one another, when they see me slouching in, looking like a man who might buy his clothes through the post: "He's one of those gentlemen who're a bit careless during the day. I shouldn't wonder," I hear them adding wistfully, anxious to convince themselves, "if he takes trouble at night."

4. They have their revenge, though, when they get me inside one of their horrible cubicles, for a fitting. By the time I have been inside one of those places ten minutes I have not a shred

of self-respect left. It is worse than being at the barber's, and fully equal to being at the dentist's. To stand like a dummy, to be simply a shape of flesh and bone, is bad enough, but what make it much worse are the mirrors and the lighting. These mirrors go glimmering away into infinity.<sup>12</sup> At each side is a greeny-gold tunnel. I do not mind that, having only a slight distaste for tunnels and hardly any at all for infinity. But I do not like all those images of myself. Wherever I look, I see a man whose appearance does not please me. His head seems rather too big for his body, his body rather too big for his legs. In that merciless bright light, his face looks fattish and somewhat sodden. There is something vaguely dirty about him. The clothes he is wearing, apart from the particular garment he is trying on at the moment, look baggy, wrinkled, and shabby. He does not pay enough attention to his collar, his boots. His hair wants cutting, and another and closer shave would do him good. In full face he does not inspire confidence. His profile, however, is simply ridiculous, and the back view of him is really horrible. And a woman and several children are tied to a fellow like that! Incredible that a man can take such a face and carcase about with him, and yet entertain a tolerably good opinion of himself! As I think of these things, it is possible that I smile a little. That is what it feels like—smiling a little; but immediately twenty images in that cubicle break into ghostly grins, produce wrinkles from nowhere, show distorted acres of cheek and jowl. And there is no looking away.

5. Meanwhile, the tailors themselves, so neat, so clean, so deft, are busy with the pins and the chalk. They are at home in these little halls of mirrors, and so look well in them from every possible angle of reflection. They pretend a certain subservience, but it is the idlest of pretences. They know—

and they know that I know—that I am but a shadow of myself, a puppet in their hands. Their opinions, such as they are, seem to be those of most moderate sensible men, but even if they murmured that it was high time the Spanish Inquisition<sup>13</sup> was established in this island, I should have to agree with them. They are not all alike, these fitters, or cutters, or whatever they are. Thus my usual trouser man is quite different from my usual coat man. He is smaller and livelier, more bustling, more given to cheerful gossip. A long and intimate acquaintance with trousers has made him far more democratic and earthy. There are times when I feel I can almost hold my own with him. On the other hand, the coat man is quietly tremendous. He has one of those tight, healthy-looking, clean-shaven faces, like a brownish apple; and look something between a priest, a surgeon, and a solicitor who occasionally rides to hounds<sup>14</sup>. Everything about him is clear, polished, and speckless. He regards me with about the same amount of interest that I give to another man's coat. When he once condescended to tell me about his boy (who is at a public school<sup>15</sup>) I felt immensely flattered and rushed to agree with everything he said. For a few minutes I was really alive, almost sharing the honours with my coat. But then he became serious again and took out a pin somewhere and made another chalk-mark.

6. I can understand the feelings of those people who are compelled to live with great artists. I can also understand the inner meaning of the old saying about nine tailors making a man<sup>16</sup>. They have so little common humanity, these artists of the pins and chalk, that it must be difficult to wring out of nine of them folly and friendliness enough to make an ordinary citizen. But now that the dandies<sup>17</sup> are all dead and gone, theirs must be a lonely world. Will they accept these few

words of tribute from a pocket-stuffer, a rumpler and crumpler, a bagger?

## NOTES

1. John Boynton Priestley, son of a schoolmaster, was born in 1894. After serving in the British army during the First World War, he went to Cambridge, where he took his M.A. In his long literary career which began in 1922, he became not only jack of most literary trades but master of quite a few: novels, plays, essays both historical and literary. Among his many works are *The Good Companions*, *Angel Pavement* and *Bright Day* (novels); *Eden End*, *The Linden Tree* and *An Inspector Calls* (plays). *All about Ourselves and Other Essays*, from which the text is taken, is a collection of his essays edited by Eric Gillet (published in 1956).

J. B. Priestley is noted for simplicity in his writing. He writes in the essay *Delight*, "Deliberately I aim at simplicity and not complexity in my writing. ... I do not pretend to be subtle and profound, but when I am at work I try to appear simpler than I really am. Perhaps I make it too easy for the reader, do too much of the toiling and sweating myself." *At the Tailor's* is a fair example of his style. The writer thinks deeply and exactly but tries to express himself simply and in familiar language.

2. Regent Street, New Bond Street: Both are busy streets in the fashionable West End of London.
3. servants of the old school: servants who stick to the old ways.
4. Sales: Bargain sales at which goods are sold at reduced prices. The word is often capitalized when used in this

sense.

5. Savile Row, Conduit Street, Maddox Street: These streets are the region of the tailors who cater for the wealthy and fashionable people in London.
6. the tailors: Here "the" is emphasized and pronounced [ði:]. It means "the very" or "the best of their kind".
7. trousers are beauty, beauty trousers...: This is apparently, an imitation of two lines from Keats' poem *Ode on a Grecian Urn*:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Notice the balanced pattern in the first line, where the main elements are reversed. This rhetorical device is called chiasmus (Greek "a placing crosswise"). Other examples are :

Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

(Shakespeare, Sonnet 154)

Do not live to eat, but eat to live.

8. For them the smallest seam they sew...: This is an imitation of two lines from Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*:

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The tailors think that the clothes they make are real works of art and that the smallest seam they sew could inspire thoughts and emotions that were too profound to be expressed by mere tears.

Note: the two above-mentioned pieces of imitation are called parody, a writing in which some particular language and style (of an author, for instance) is imitated especially for comic effect or

ridicule.

9. lay figure: an artist's joined wooden model of the human body, on which drapery is arranged to get the proper effect.
10. the Lener Quartet: a well-known Hungarian string quartet, founded in 1920.
11. sonnets and sonatas: (十四行诗和奏鸣曲) Here they refer to the suits that the tailors regard as master-pieces.
12. These mirrors go glimmering away into infinity: The images reflected in the mirrors (opposite each other on the walls of the cubicles) seem to be stretching in a never-ending line.
13. the Spanish Inquisition: The tribunal established by the Catholic Church in Spain in the 15th century for the discovery and suppression of heresy and the punishment of heretics. It was notorious for its cruel and extreme practices.
14. ... rides to hounds: goes fox-hunting on horseback with a pack of hounds. Fox-hunting used to be considered as a pastime of the wealthy in England.
15. who is at a public school: A public school in England is in fact a very expensive private school for the children of wealthy families. Attending a public school used to be regarded as a status symbol. The coat man whose son is at public school regards himself as a member of the upper class and wants to be treated as such.
16. nine tailors make a man: This is an old expression of contempt at the expense of tailors. Originally it means that tailors are so feeble physically that it would take nine of them to make a man of good physique. The



author, however, has extended the meaning of this old saying in the essay.

17. the dandies: men who pay fastidious and exaggerated attention to dress or personal appearance (as by always dressing in the height of fashion or by adopting carefully affected styles of dress). Dandies especially figured in high society of the 18th century Europe.

## EXERCISES

### ANALYSIS

#### I. Questions on content:

1. What would you notice if you visited the district of the tailors?
2. Why does the author compare the tailors in Savile Row to butlers? What do they have in common?
3. Do the tailor's shops in this district attract many customers?
4. What will happen to a customer if he enters these establishments wearing a ready-made suit? Why?
5. Why does the author say that the region might be described as old-world?
6. Why does he feel apologetic whenever he goes into the tailor's?
7. When the tailors add wistfully "I shouldn't wonder if he takes trouble at night", what do they mean?
8. How does he feel when he gets into one of the fitting cubicles?
9. What does the author actually mean when he says "They have so little common humanity, these artists of the pins and chalk, that it must be difficult to wring out of nine of them folly and friendliness enough to make an ordinary citizen"?