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21 世纪高校英语专业基础课系列教材

高级英语教程

(一) 学生用书

南开大学外国语学院英语系教材编写组 编

A large, textured green globe is the background for the entire cover. It shows the continents of North and South America in a darker shade of green.

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南开大学出版社

21 世纪高校英语专业基础课系列教材

高级英语教程(一)

(学生用书)

Advanced English for English Majors
Book I

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南开大学出版社

天津

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

高级英语教程(一)学生用书 / 马红旗, 马秋武, 胡翠娥编著. —天津: 南开大学出版社, 2004. 6

(21 世纪高校英语专业基础课系列教程)

ISBN 7-310-02094-4

I. 高... II. ①马... ②马... ③胡... III. 英语—高等学校—教材 IV. H31

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2004)第 022017 号

出版发行 南开大学出版社

地址: 天津市南开区卫津路 94 号 邮编: 300071

营销部电话: (022)23508339 23500755

营销部传真: (022)23508542

邮购部电话: (022)23502200

出版人 肖占鹏

承印 南开大学印刷厂印刷

经销 全国各地新华书店

版次 2004 年 6 月第 1 版

印次 2004 年 6 月第 1 次印刷

开本 787mm×1092mm 1/16

印张 14.5

字数 357 千字

印数 1—5000

定价 25.00 元

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前 言

我们谨将南开大学英语系集体智慧的结晶——《21世纪高校英语专业基础课系列教材》奉献给广大的学生，奉献给崭新的21世纪。

这套教材是2000年教育部批准实施的《高等学校英语专业英语教学大纲》颁布后，国内出版的第一套英语专业基础课系列教材，共计8种，分两次出齐，包括：

1. 《英语口语教程》
2. 《英语阅读教程》(一、二)
3. 《英语听力教程》(一、二)(含学生用书与教师用书)
4. 《英语翻译教程》
5. 《英语口译教程》
6. 《英语写作教程》
7. 《基础英语教程》(一、二)(含学生用书与教师用书)
8. 《高级英语教程》(一、二)(含学生用书与教师用书)

新世纪的教材应该有新世纪的特点。我们在教材编写中努力做到：全面围绕新《大纲》的要求，立足培养具有扎实的英语语言基础和广博的文化知识的复合型英语人才，反映当代科技、文化的最新成就，反映教学内容和课程体系改革的最新成果，在教材内容和体系上有明显特色。

系列教材编写工作难度大、时间紧、要求高。参加编写工作的所有教师兢兢业业，一丝不苟，历冬寒夏暑，始成此书。

我们倾全系之力编写这套教材，因为我们知道：我们正在为新世纪奉献自己的微薄之力。我们倾全系之力编写这套教材，因为我们相信：新世纪需要这样的教材。

这套教材得到了南开大学各级领导，尤其是学校教材建设委员会的关心和支持，并被列为教材重点建设项目；这套教材还得到了南开大学出版社的大力支持和帮助。

我们真诚地感谢所有关心、支持、帮助我们的朋友，我们真诚地欢迎批评和建议。

编 者

2001年9月
于南开大学

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Unit 1

Part I

On Getting on in the World

Jerome K. Jerome

Not exactly the sort of thing for an idle fellow to think about, is it? But outsiders, you know, often see most of the game; and sitting in my arbour by the wayside, smoking my hookah of contentment, and eating the sweet lotus leaves of indolence, I can look out musingly upon the whirling throng that rolls and tumbles past me on the great high road of life.

Never-ending is the wild procession. Day and night you can hear the quick tramp of the myriad feet—some running, some walking, some halting and lame; but all hastening, all eager in the feverish race, all straining life and limb and heart and soul to reach the ever-receding horizon of success.

Mark them as they surge along—men and women, old and young, gentle and simple, fair and foul, rich and poor, merry and sad—all hurrying, bustling, scrambling. The strong pushing aside the weak, the cunning creeping past the foolish; those behind elbowing those before; those in front kicking, as they run, at those behind. Look close, and see the flitting show! Here is an old man panting for breath; and there a timid maiden, driven by a hard and sharp-faced matron; here is a studious youth, reading “How to get on in the world,” and letting everybody pass him as he stumbles along with his eyes on his book; here is a bored-looking man, with a fashionably-dressed woman jogging his elbow; here a boy, gazing wistfully back at the sunny village that he never again will see; here, with a firm and easy step, strides a broad-shouldered man; and here, with stealthy tread, a thin-faced, stooping fellow dodges and shuffles upon his way; here with gaze fixed always on the ground an artful rogue carefully works his way from side to side of the road, and thinks he is going forward; and here a youth with a noble face stands, hesitating as he looks from the distant goal to the mud beneath his feet.

And now into sight comes a fair girl, with her dainty face growing more wrinkled at every step; and now a careworn man, and now a hopeful lad.

A motley throng—a motley throng! Prince and beggar, sinner and saint, butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, tinkers, and tailors, and ploughboys and sailors—all jostling along together. Here the counsel in his wig and gown, and here the old Jew clothes man under his dingy tiara; here the soldier in his scarlet, and here the undertaker’s mute in streaming hat-band and worn cotton gloves; here the musty scholar, fumbling his faded leaves, and here the scented actor, dangling his showy seals. Here the glib politician, crying his legislative panaceas; and here the peripatetic Cheap Jack, holding aloft his quack cures for human ills. Here the sleek capitalist, and there the sinewy

labourer; here the man of science, and here the shoe-black; here the poet, and here the waterrate collector; here the cabinet minister, and there the ballet-dancer. Here a red-nosed publican, shouting the praises of his vats; and here a temperance lecturer at fifty pounds a night; here a judge, and there a swindler; here a priest, and there a gambler. Here a jewelled duchess, smiling and gracious; here a thin lodging-house keeper, irritable with cooking; and here a waddling, strutting thing, tawdry in paint and finery.

Cheek by cheek, they struggle onward. Screaming, cursing, and praying, laughing, singing, and moaning, they rush past side by side. Their speed never slackens, the race never ends. There is no wayside rest for them, no halt by cooling fountains, no pause beneath green shades. On, on, on,—on through the heat and the crowd and the dust—on, or they will be trampled, down, and lost—on, with throbbing brain and tottering limbs—on, till the heart grows sick, and the eyes grow blurred, and a gurgling groan tells those behind they may close up another space.

And yet, in spite of the killing pace and the stony track, who, but the sluggard or the dolt, can hold aloof from the course? Who—like the belated traveller that stands watching fairy revels till he snatches and drains the goblin cup, and springs into the whirling circle—can view the mad tumult, and not be drawn into its midst? Not I, for one. I confess to the wayside arbour, the pipe of contentment, and the lotus leaves being altogether unsuitable metaphors. They sounded very nice and philosophical, but I'm afraid I am not the sort of person to sit in arbours, smoking pipes, when there is any fun going on outside. I think I more resemble the Irishman, who, seeing a crowd collecting, sent his little girl out to ask if there was going to be a row—"Cos, if so, father would like to be in it."

I love the fierce strife. I like to watch it. I like to hear of people getting on in it—battling their way bravely and fairly—that is, not slipping through by luck or trickery. It stirs one's old Saxon fighting blood, like the tales of "Knights who fought 'gainst fearful odds" thrilled us in our schoolboy days.

And fighting the battle of life is fighting against fearful odds, too. There are giants and dragons in every age, and the golden casket that they guard is not so easy to win as it appears in the story books. There, Algernon takes one long, last look at the ancestral hall, dashes the teardrop from his eyes, and goes off—to return in three years' time, rolling in riches. The authors do not tell us "how it's done," which is a pity, for it would surely prove exciting.

But then not one novelist in a thousand ever does tell us the real story of their hero. They linger for a dozen pages over a teaparty, but sum up a life's history with "he had become one of our merchant princes," or, "he was now a great artist, with the world at his feet." Why, there is more real life in one of Gilbert's patter-songs than in half the biographical novels ever written. He relates to us all the various steps by which his office boy rose to be the "ruler of the Queen's navee," and explains to us how the briefless barrister managed to become a great and good judge, "ready to try this breach of promise of marriage." It is in the petty details, not in the great results, that the interest of existence lies.

What we really want is a novel showing us all the hidden under-current of an ambitious man's career—his struggles, and failures, and hopes, his disappointments, and victories. It would be an

immense success. I am sure the wooing of Fortune would prove quite as interesting a tale as the wooing of any flesh and blood maiden, though, by the way, it would read extremely similar; for Fortune is, indeed, as the ancients painted her, very like a woman—not quite so unreasonable and inconsistent, but nearly so—and the pursuit is much the same in one case as in the other. Ben Jonson's couplet —

“Court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.” —

puts them both in a nutshell. A woman never thoroughly cares for her lover until he has ceased to care for her; and it is not until you have snapped your fingers in Fortune's face, and turned on your heel, that she begins to smile upon you.

But, by that time, you do not much care whether she smiles or frowns. Why could she not have smiled when her smiles would have thrilled you with ecstasy? Everything comes too late in this world.

Good people say that it is quite right and proper that it should be so, and that it proves ambition is wicked.

Bosh! Good people are altogether wrong. (They always are, in my opinion. We never agree on any single point.) What would the world do without ambitious people, I should like to know? Why, it would be as flabby as a Norfolk dumpling. Ambitious people are the leaven which raises it into wholesome bread. Without ambitious people, the world would never get up. They are busybodies who are about early in the morning, hammering, shouting and rattling the fire-irons, and rendering it generally impossible for the rest of the house to remain in bed.

Wrong to be ambitious, forsooth! The men wrong, who, with bent back and sweating brow, cut the smooth road over which Humanity marches forward from generation to generation! Men wrong, for using the talents that their Master has entrusted to them—for toiling while others play!

Of course, they are seeking their reward. Man is not given that god-like unselfishness that thinks only of other's good. But in working for themselves they are working for us all. We are so bound together that no man can labour for himself alone. Each blow he strikes in his own behalf helps to mould the Universe. The stream, in struggling onward, turns the mill-wheel; the coral insect, fashioning its tiny cells, joins continents to one another; and the ambitious man, building a pedestal for himself, leaves a monument to posterity. Alexander and Caesar fought for their own ends, but, in doing so, they put a belt of civilization half round the earth. Stephenson, to win a fortune, invented the steam engine; and Shakespeare wrote his plays in order to keep a comfortable home for Mrs. Shakespeare and the little Shakespeares.

Contented, unambitious people are all very well in their way. They form a neat, useful background for great portraits to be painted against; and they make a respectable, if not particularly intelligent, audience for the active spirits of the age to play before. I have not a word to say against contented people so long as they keep quiet. But do not, for goodness' sake, let them go strutting about, as they are so fond of doing, crying out that they are the true models for the whole species. Why, they are the deadheads, the drones in the great hive, the street crowds that lounge about, gaping at those who are working.

And let them not imagine either—as they are also fond of doing—that they are very wise and philosophical, and that it is a very artful thing to be contented. It may be true that “a contented mind is happy anywhere,” but so is a Jerusalem pony, and the consequence is that both are put anywhere and are treated anyhow. “Oh, you need not bother about him.” And so your contented party is passed over, and the discontented man gets his place.

If you are foolish enough to be contented, don’t show it, but grumble with the rest; and if you can do with a little, ask for a great deal. Because if you don’t, you won’t get any. In this world, it is necessary to adopt the principle pursued by the plaintiff in an action for damages, and to demand ten times more than you are ready to accept. If you can feel satisfied with a hundred, begin by insisting on a thousand; if you start by suggesting a hundred, you will only get ten.

It was by not following this simple plan that poor Jean Jacques Rousseau came to such grief. He fixed the summit of this earthly bliss at living in an orchard with an amiable woman and a cow, and he never attained even that. He did get as far as the orchard, but the woman was not amiable, and she brought her mother with her, and there was no cow. Now, if he had made up his mind for a large country estate, a houseful of angels, and a cattle show, he might have lived to possess his kitchen garden and one head of livestock, and even possibly have come across that rara-avis—a really amiable woman.

What a terribly dull affair, too, life must be for contented people! How heavy the time must hang upon their hands, and what on earth do they occupy their thoughts with, supposing that they have any? Reading the paper and smoking seems to be the intellectual food of the majority of them, to which the more energetic add playing the flute and talking about the affairs of the next-door neighbour.

They never know the excitement of expectation, nor the stern delight of accomplished effort, such as stir the pulse of the man who has object, and hopes, and plans. To the ambitious man, life is a brilliant game—a game that calls forth all his tact and energy and nerve—a game to be won, in the long run, by the quick eye and the steady hand, and yet having sufficient chance about its working out to give it all the glorious zest of uncertainty. He exults in it, as the strong swimmer in the heaving billows, as the athlete in the wrestle, the soldier in the battle.

And if he be defeated, he wins the grim joy of fighting; if he loses the race, he, at least, has had a run. Better to work and fail, than to sleep one’s life away.

So, walk up, walk up, walk up. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! Walk up, boys and girls! Show your skill and try your strength; brave your luck, and prove your pluck. Walk up! The show is never closed, and the game is always going. The only genuine sport in all the fair, gentlemen—highly respectable, and strictly moral—patronised by the nobility, clergy, and gentry. Established in the year one, gentlemen, and been flourishing ever since!—walk up. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and take a hand. There are prizes for all, and all can play. There is gold for the man and fame for the boy, rank for the maiden and pleasure for the fool. So walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up!—all prizes, and no blanks; for some few win, and as to the rest, why—

“The rapture of pursuing

Is the prize the vanquished gain.”

Notes

1. **Jerome K. Jerome** (1859 – 1927): English novelist and playwright whose humor—warm, not sarcastic, and unintellectual—won him a wide following.
 2. **Jean Jacques Rousseau** (1712 – 1778): French philosopher, writer, and political theorist whose treatises and novels inspired the leaders of the French Revolution and the Romantic generation.
 3. **Alexander the Great, or Alexander of Macedonia** (356 BC – 323 BC): Son of Philip II and King of Macedonia from 336 to 323 BC. One of the greatest generals in history, he overthrew the Persian empire, carried Macedonian arms to India, and laid the foundations for the Hellenistic world of territorial kingdoms.
 4. **Caesar**: Gaius Julius Caesar, celebrated Roman general and statesman, the conqueror of Gaul, victor in Roman civil war of 49 – 45 BC, and dictator, who was launching a series of political and social reforms when he was assassinated by a group of nobles in the Senate House on the Ides of March.
 5. **Algernon**: fictional character, a witty man-about-town in Oscar Wilde's play *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Algernon Moncrieff, known as Algy, is the nephew of Lady Bracknell. He pretends to be the brother of his friend Jack Worthing so that he may meet Cecily, Jack's ward.
 6. **Hookah**: oriental tobacco pipe.
 7. **Sweet lotus leaves**: Greek legend has it that eating lotus leaves makes people sleepy.
 8. **Tiara**: a turban worn by ancient Persian kings.
 9. **Cheap Jack**: a seller of cheap inferior goods, typically a hawker at a fair or market.
 10. **temperance**: abstinence from alcoholic drink (as modifier), eg. Temperance movement. Temperance lecturer is a person who preaches and dissuades people from alcoholic drinking.
-
-

Exercises

I. Answer the following questions.

1. What is the author's attitude on how people should get on in the world?
2. Name the reasons given by the author to support ambitious people.
3. Name the reasons given by the author to disapprove of contented people.
4. What does the author think of "unselfishness"? Does he hold "unselfishness" an absolute virtue and "selfishness" an absolute evil? Why or why not?
5. "A contented mind is happy anywhere." Does the author approve of this philosophy? Why or why not?

II. Look up the italicized words in the dictionary and explain.

1. smoking my hookah of contentment, and eating the sweet lotus leaves of *indolence*.

2. all *straining* life and limb and heart and soul to reach the ever-receding horizons of success.
3. all hurrying, *bustling*, *scrambling*.
4. a thin-faced, stooping fellow *dodges* and *shuffles* upon his way.
5. and here the *undertaker's* mute in streaming hat-band and worn-cotton gloves.
6. here the man of science, and here the *shoe-black*.
7. and here a waddling, *strutting* thing, tawdry in paint and finery.
8. it is in the *petty* details, not in the great results, that the interest of existence lies.

III. Paraphrase the following sentences.

1. They sounded very nice and philosophical.
2. It stirs one's old Saxon fighting blood, like the tales of "Knights who fought 'gainst fearful odds" thrilled us in our schoolboy days.
3. What we really want is a novel showing us all the hidden undercurrent of an ambitious man's career.
4. Each blow he strikes in his own behalf helps to mould the Universe.
5. And so your contented party is passed over, and the discontented man gets his place.
6. He did get as far as the orchard.
7. Better to work and fail than to sleep one's life away.
8. If you are foolish enough to be contented, don't show it, but grumble with the rest.

IV. Translate the following sentences into Chinese.

1. Day and night you can hear the quick tramp of the myriad feet—some running, some walking, some halting and lame; but all hastening, all eager in the feverish race, all straining life and limb and heart and soul to reach the ever-receding horizon of success.
2. Here is a studious youth, reading "How to get on in the World," and letting everybody pass him as he stumbles along with his eyes on his book.
3. There is no wayside rest for them, no halt by cooling fountains, no pause beneath green shades.
4. I confess to the wayside arbour, the pipe of contentment, and the lotus leaves being altogether unsuitable metaphors.
5. Who—like the belated traveller that stands watching fairy revels till he snatches and drains the goblin cup, and springs into the whirling circle—can view the mad tumult, and not be drawn into its midst?
6. And fighting the battle of life is fighting against fearful odds, too.
7. I am sure the wooing of Fortune would prove quite as interesting a tale as the wooing of any flesh and blood maiden, though, by the way, it would read extremely similar.
8. It is not until you have snapped your fingers in Fortune's face, and turned on your heel, that she begins to smile upon you.
9. Men wrong, for using the talents that their Master has entrusted to them—for toiling while others play!

10. It may be true that "a contented mind is happy anywhere," but so is a Jerusalem pony, and the consequence is that both are put anywhere and are treated anyhow.
11. If you are foolish enough to be contented, don't show it, but grumble with the rest; and if you can do with a little, ask for a great deal.
12. And if he be defeated, he wins the grim joy of fighting; if he lose the race, he, at least, has had a run.

V. Find out the compounds in the texts and explain how they are formed. Give more examples to illustrate the different ways of compounding.

VI. Backformation is a process of word-formation by which a word is created by the deletion of a supposed affix. It is also known as a reverse derivation. Thus "editor" entered the language before "edit," "automation" before "automate," "enthusiasm" before "enthuse." Most of the backformations are verbs. Do you know from which words the following backformations are derived? And give some more examples of this kind.

swindle, peddle, beg, aggress, preempt, donate, peeve, gloom, laze, greed

VII. Replace the italicized words with simple, everyday words or expressions.

1. smoking my *hookah* of contentment, and eating the sweet lotus leaves of *indolence*.
() ()
2. I can look out *musingly* upon the whirling throng. ()
3. Day and night you can hear the quick tramp of the *myriad* feet. ()
4. And now into sight comes a fair girl, with her *dainty* face growing more wrinkled...
()
5. here a judge, and there a *swindler*. ()
6. here a waddling, strutting thing, *tawdry* in paint and finery. ()
7. like the *belated* traveller that stands watching fairy revels...()
8. Knights who fought 'gainst fearful *odds*. ()
9. I am sure the *wooing* of Fortune would prove quite as interesting a tale...()

VIII. Give synonyms to the following words as many as you could.

1. motley
2. blurred

IX. Translate the following sentences into English, using the words and expressions given in the brackets.

(in one's own half, to strain, petty, in a nutshell, motley, cheek by cheek, panacea, for one, against fearful odds, linger, hold aloof from)

1. 他竖起耳朵想听他们在说些什么。
2. 几条船上的水手什么人都有。
3. 世界上没有包治百病的灵丹妙药，只有相信自己。
4. 节日的公园人们摩肩接踵，很难从人群中穿过。
5. 当他自称自己能超然于名誉和金钱时，他是在撒谎。
6. 拿我来说，我就不喜欢他的画。
7. 在和非典(SARS)的战斗中，尽管非常困难，医务人员还是取得了决定性的胜利。
8. 超市经营者采取各种可能措施来制止小偷小摸，但是效果不大。
9. 大会主席在作总结发言时，说，“总之，这次的会议很有收获，解决了许多迟迟未能解决的问题。”
10. 公司的执行董事长被控告以权谋私，他将要服五年的徒刑。

X. Oral work

In this essay, the author distinguishes two groups of people, ambitious and discontented busybodies, contented and unambitious people. Give your opinion about the two groups. If possible, what sort of person are you likely to become?

XI. Written work

Write an essay on the thin people or the fat with focus not only on their physical appearances, but more on their behavior and personality. Keen observation on details is required and the sense of humor will be much valued.

Part 2

Some Remarks on Humor

E. B. White

Analysts have had their go at humor, and I have read some of this interpretative literature, but without being greatly instructed. Humor can be dissected, as a frog can, but the thing dies in the process and the innards are discouraging to any but the pure scientific mind.

In a newsreel theatre the other day I saw a picture of a man who had developed the soap bubble to a higher point than it had ever before reached. He had become the ace soap bubble blower of America, had perfected the business of blowing bubbles, refined it, doubled it, squared it, and had even worked himself up into a convenient lather. The effect was not pretty. Some of the bubbles were too big to be beautiful, and the blower was always jumping into them or out of them, or playing some sort of unattractive trick with them. It was, if anything, a rather repulsive sight. Humor is a little like that: it won't stand much blowing up, and it won't stand much poking. It has a certain fragility, an evasiveness, which one had best respect. Essentially, it is a complete mystery. A human frame convulsed with laughter, and the laughter becoming hysterical and uncontrollable, is as far out of balance as one shaken with the hiccoughs or in the throes of a sneezing fit.

One of the things commonly said about humorists is that they are really very sad people—clowns with a breaking heart. There is some truth in it, but it is badly stated. It would be more accurate, I think, to say that there is a deep vein of melancholy running through everyone's life and that the humorist, perhaps more sensible of it than some others, compensates for it actively and positively. Humorists fatten on trouble. They have always made trouble pay. They struggle along with a good will and endure pain cheerfully, knowing how well it will serve them in the sweet by and by. You find them wrestling with foreign languages, fighting folding ironing boards and swollen drainpipes, suffering the terrible discomfort of tight boots (or as Josh Billings wittily called them, "tite" boots). They pour out their sorrows profitably, in a form that is not quite fiction nor quite fact either. Beneath the sparkling surface of these dilemmas flows the strong tide of human woe.

Practically everyone is a manic depressive of sorts, with his up moments and his down moments, and you certainly don't have to be a humorist to taste the sadness of situation and mood. But there is often a rather fine line between laughing and crying, and if a humorous piece of writing brings a person to the point where his emotional responses are untrustworthy and seem likely to break over into opposite realm, it is because humor, like poetry, has an extra content. It plays close to the big hot fire that is Truth, and sometimes the reader feels the heat.

The world likes humor, but it treats it patronizingly. It decorates its serious artists with laurel, and its wags with Brussels sprouts. It feels that if a thing is funny it can be presumed to be something less than great, because if it were truly great it would be wholly serious. Writers know this, and those who take their literary selves with great seriousness are at considerable pains never