


# 高级英语阅读

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## 前 言

《高等学校英语专业教学大纲》中指出：高级英语是一门训练学生综合英语技能尤其是阅读理解、语法修辞与写作能力的课程。该课程通过阅读和分析内容广泛的材料，包括涉及政治、经济、社会、语言、文学、教育、哲学等方面的名家作品，扩大学生知识面，加深学生对社会和人生的理解，培养学生对名篇的分析和欣赏能力、逻辑思维与独立思考的能力，巩固和提高学生英语语言技能。通过大量的相关练习，包括阅读理解、词汇研究、文体分析、中英互译和写作练习等，使学生的英语水平在质量上有较大的提高。

在现阶段的高等学校英语教学中，无论是英语专业或是非英语专业，学生都拥有较为固定的教学用书，但是仅仅学习教材中所提供的阅读材料是远远不够的。虽然现在学生所接触到的英语阅读材料不胜枚举，但是选编多种不同文体类型且内容难度较大的阅读材料相对较少。作为大学英语专业或非英语专业的学生，尤其是那些顺利通过英语专业四级或大学英语四、六级的学生，他们已经有了一定的英语基础，掌握了较为过硬的英语基本功，应该熟悉英语文章中一些常见的英语文体，掌握这些文体的写作特点，如：记叙文、说明文、论述文等文体的特点要能驾轻就熟；对于不同英语文体里所涉及到的多种主题应能够有更高、更深层次的理解和欣赏。为了更好地配合那些具有良好英语基础的学生进一步提高英语阅读水平，扩大他们的知识面，提升他们对英、美等国的著名作家、文学家以及著名政治家经典原文的欣赏能力，特编写一本《高级英语阅读》供他们阅读及欣赏。

《高级英语阅读》里所收集的 25 篇文章皆为现代英、美等国家

的著名作家、文学家以及著名政治家等的经典性原文,主要体裁有:记叙文、说明文、论述文、议论文、小说、传记体作品、演说等,所涉及的题材有政治、历史、人文、法律、教育、环境、种族、思想情感等内容。编写体例主要有课文、课文注释和有关课文内容问答、欣赏和评论等。阅读要求有:学生应培养自己独立查找工具书或通过网络查找相关参考资料的习惯;学生应在掌握课文基本内容的基础上,注意理解文章的结构、语言特点、写作风格以及写作技巧的运用等,以便使英语阅读水平能提升到一个更高的层次。

编书的过程也是学习和研究的过程,编者担任英语专业高级英语课程教学多年,因此,在选编文章的时候,总想多选择一些思想内容深刻、写作技巧高超、语言表达优美且难度较大的经典原文,以便广大英语专业或非英语专业的学生能够有选择地阅读,对不同体裁的文章加以分析和比较,加深对这些文章的主题思想、篇章结构、写作特点和风格等方面的理解,从而能够提高欣赏经典性原文的能力。编者在编写本书的过程中,除了查阅相关大量资料外,还参阅了部分研究者成果和资料,特别是选用了北京外国语大学张汉熙教授编写的《高级英语》教材中几篇经典文章,并同时为这些文章增加了相应的注释,以便读者对有些语言现象有更深刻的理解。

本书的编写和出版,得到了南京信息工程大学第二期教学建设和改革项目基金的资助,得到了南京大学出版社丁芳芳、蒋桂琴女士的大力帮助,最终使得本书得以出版,在此,均深表感谢。

由于时间仓促,编者的水平有限,书中一定有许多不尽如人意的地方,希望广大的读者批语指正以便使之更加完善。

编 者

2006. 11. 30

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# Unit One

## Mr Know-ALL

*W. Somerset Maugham*

I was prepared to dislike Max Kelada even before I knew him. The war had just finished and the passenger traffic in the ocean-going liners was heavy. Accommodation was very hard to get and you had to put up with whatever the agents chose to offer you. You could not hope for a cabin to yourself and I was thankful to be given one in which there were only two berths. But when I was told the name of my companion, my heart sank. It suggested closed port-holes and the night air rigidly excluded. It was bad enough to share a cabin for fourteen days with anyone (I was going from San Francisco to Yokohama<sup>1</sup>), but I should have looked upon it with less dismay if my fellow passenger's name had been Smith or Brown.

When I went on board, I found Mr Kelada's luggage already below. I did not like the look of it; there were too many labels on the suitcases, and the wardrobe trunk was too big. He had unpacked his toilet things, and I observed that he was washing—stand his scent, his hair-wash, and his brilliantine. Mr Kelada's brushes, ebony with his monogram in gold, would have been all the better for a scrub. I did not at all like Mr Kelada. I made my way into the smoking-room. I called for a pack of cards and began to play patience. I had scarcely started before a man came up to me and asked me if he was right in thinking my name was so-

and -so.

“I am Mr Kelada.” he added, with a smile that showed a row of flashing teeth, and sat down.

“Oh, yes, we’re sharing a cabin, I think.”

“Bit of luck, I call it. You never know who you’re going to be put in with. I was jolly glad when I heard you were English. I’m all for us English sticking together when we’re abroad, if you understand what I mean.”

I blinked.

“Are you English?” I ask perhaps tactlessly.

“Rather, you don’t think I look an American, do you? British to the backbone, that’s what I am.”

To prove it, Mr Kelada took out of his pocket a passport and airily waved it under my nose.

King George has many strange subjects. Mr Kelada was short and of a sturdy build, clean-shaven and dark-skinned with a fleshy, hooked nose and very large, lustrous and liquid eyes. His long black hair was sleek and curly. He spoke with a fluency in which there was nothing English and his gestures were exuberant. I felt pretty sure that a closer inspection of that British passport would have betrayed the fact that Mr Kelada was born under a bluer sky than is generally seen in English.

“What will you have?” he asked me.

I looked at him doubtfully. Prohibition was in force and to all appearances the ship was bone-dry. When I am not thirsty I do not know which I dislike more, ginger ale<sup>2</sup> or lemon squash. But Mr Kelada flashed an oriental smile at me.

“Whisky and soda or a dry Martini, you have only to say the

word. ”

From each of his hip pockets he fished a flashed flask and laid them on the table before me. I chose the martini, and called the steward. He ordered a tumbler of ice and a couple of glasses.

“A very good cocktail,” I said.

“Well, there are plenty more where that came from, and if you’ve got any friends on board, you tell them you’ve got a pal who’s got all the liquor in the world. ”

Mr Kelada was chatty. He talked of New York and of San Francisco. He discussed plays, pictures, and politics. He was patriotic. The union Jack is an impressive piece of drapery, but when it is flourished by a gentleman from Alexandria or Beirut. I cannot but feel that it loses somewhat in dignity. Mr Kelada was familiar. I do not wish to put on airs, but I cannot help feeling that it is seemly in a total stranger to put mister before my name when he addresses me. Mr Kelada, doubtless to set me at my ease, used no such formality. I did not like Mr Kelada. I had put aside the cards when he sat down, but now, thinking that for this first occasion our conversation had lasted long enough, I went on with my game.

“The three on the four,” said Mr Kelada.

There is nothing more exasperating when you are playing patience than to be told where to put the card you have turned up before. You have had a chance to look for yourself.

“It’s coming out, it’s coming out,” he cried. “The ten on the knave. ”

With rags and hatred in my heart I finished. Then he seized the pack.



“Do you like card tricks?”

“No, I hate card tricks,” I answered.

“Well, I’ll just show you this one.”

He showed me three. Then I said I would go down to the dining-room and get my seat at table.

“Oh, that’s all right,” he said. “I’ve already taken a seat for you. I thought that as we were in the same stateroom we might just as well sit at the same table.”

I did not like Mr Kelada.

I not only shared a cabin with him and ate three meals a day at the same table, but I could not walk round the deck without his joining me. It was impossible to snub him. It never occurred to him that he was not wanted. He was certain that you were as glad to see him, as he was to see you. In your own house you might have kicked him downstairs and slammed the door in his face without the suspicion dawning on him that he was not a welcome visitor. He was a good mixer, and in these days knew everyone on board. He ran everything. He managed the sweeps, conducted the auctions, collected money for prizes at the sport, got up quoits and golf matches, organized the concert, and arranged the fancy-dress ball. He was everywhere and always. He was certainly the best-hated man in the ship. We called him Mr Know-All, even to his face. He took it as a compliment. But it was at meat times that he was most intolerable. For the better part of an hour then he had us at his mercy. He was hearty, jovial, loquacious and argumentative. He knew everything better than anybody, else, and it was an affront to his overweening vanity that you should disagree with him. He would not drop a

subject, however unimportant, till he had brought you round to his way of thinking. The possibility that he could be mistaken never occurred to him. He was the chap who knew. We sat at the doctor's table. Mr Kelada would certainly have had it all his own way, for the doctor was lazy and I was frigidly indifferent, except for a man called Ramsay who sat there also. He was as dogmatic as Mr Kelada and resented bitterly the Levantine's cocksureness. The discussions they had were acrimonious and interminable.

Ramsay was in the American Consular service, and was stationed at Kobe. He was a great heavy fellow from the Middle West, with loose fat under a tight skin, and he bulged out of his ready-made clothes. He was on his way back to resume his post, having been on a flying visit to New York to fetch his wife, who had been spending a year at home. Mrs Ramsay was a very pretty little thing, with pleasant manners and a sense of humor. The consular service is ill paid, and she was dressed always very simply; but she knew how to wear her clothes. She achieved an effect of quiet distinction. I should not have paid any particular attention to her but that she possessed a quality that may be common enough in women, but nowadays is not obvious in their demeanor. You could not look at her without being struck by her modesty. It shone in her like a flower on a coat.

One evening at dinner the conversation by chance drifted to the subject of pearls. There had been in the papers a good deal of talk about the culture pearls which the cunning Japanese were making, and the doctor remarked that they must inevitably diminish the value of real ones. They were very good already; they

would soon be perfect. Mr Kelada, as was his habit, rushed the new topic. He told us all that was to be known about pearls. I do not believe Ramsay knew anything about them at all, but could not resist the opportunity to have a filing at the Levantine, and in five minutes we were in the middle of a heated argument. I had seen Mr Kelada voluble before, but never so voluble and vehement as now. At last something that Ramsay said stung him, for he thumped the table and shouted,

“Well, I ought to know what I am talking about. I’m going to Japan just to look into this Japanese pearl business. I’m in the trade and there’s not a man in it who won’t tell you that what I say about pearls goes. I know all the best pearls in the world, and I don’t know about pearls which aren’t worth knowing.”

Here was news for us, for Mr Kelada, with all his loquacity, had never told anyone what his business was. We only knew vaguely that he was going to Japan on some commercial errand. He looked round the table triumphantly.

“They’ll never be able to get a culture pearl that an expert like me can’t tell with half an eye.” He pointed to the chain that Mrs Ramsay wore. “You take my word for it, Mrs Ramsay, that chain you’re wearing will never be worth a cent less than it is now.”

Mrs Ramsay in her modest way flushed a little and slipped the chain inside her dress. Ramsay leaned forward. He gave us all a look and a smile flickered in his eyes.

“That’s a pretty chain of Mrs Ramsay’s, isn’t it?”

I noticed it at once, answered Mr Kelada. “Gee<sup>3</sup>,” I said to myself, “those are pearls all right.”

“I didn’t buy it myself, of course. I’d be interested to know

how much you think it cost. ”

“Oh, in the trade somewhere round fifteen thousand dollars. But if it was bought on Fifth Avenue, I shouldn't be surprised to hear that anything up to thirty thousand was paid for it. ”

Ramsay smiled grimly<sup>4</sup>.

“You'll be surprised to hear that Mrs Ramsay bought that string at a department store the day before we left New York, for eighteen dollars. ”

Mr Kelada flushed.

“Rot. It's not only real, but it's as fine a string for its size as I've ever seen. ”

“Will you bet on it? I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's imitation. ”

“Done. ”

“Oh, Elmer, you can't bet on a certainty”, said Mrs Ramsay.

She had a little smile on her lips and her tone was gently.

“Can't I? If I get a chance of easy money like that, I should be all sorts of a fool not to take it. ”

“But how can it be proved?” she continued. “It's only my word against Mr Kelada. ”

“Let me look at the chain, and it's imitation. I'll tell you quickly enough I can afford to lose a hundred dollars, ” said Mr Kelada.

“Take it off, dear. Let the gentleman look at as much as he wants. ”

Mrs Ramsay hesitated a moment. She put her hands to the

clasp.

“I can't undo it,” she said. “Mr Kelada will just have to take my word for it.”

I had a sudden suspicion that something unfortunate was about to occur, but I could think of nothing to say.

Ramsay jumped up

“I'll undo it.”

He handed the chain to Mr Kelada. The Levantine took a magnifying glass from his pocket and closely examined it. A smile of triumph spread over his smooth and swarthy face. He handed back the chain. He was about to speak. Suddenly he caught sight of Mrs Ramsay's face. It was so white that she looked as though she were about to faint. She was staring at him with wide and terrified eyes. They held a desperate appeal; it was so clear that I wondered why her husband did not see it.

Mr Kelada stopped with his mouth open. He flushed deeply. You could almost see the effort he was making over himself.

“I was mistaken,” he said. “It's a very good imitation. But of course as soon as I looked through my glass I saw that it wasn't real. I think eighteen dollars is just about as much as the damned thing's worth.”

He took out his pocket-book and from it a hundred-dollar note. He handed it to Ramsay without a word.

“Perhaps that'll teach you not to be so cocksure another time, my young friend,” said Ramsay as he took the note.

I noticed that Mr Kelada's hands were trembling.

The story spread over the ship as stories do, and he had to put up with a good deal of chaff that evening. It was a fine joke

that Mr Know-All had been caught out. But Mrs Ramsay returned to her stateroom with a headache.

Next morning I got up and began to shave. Mr Kelada lay on his bed smoking a cigarette. Suddenly there was a small scraping sound and I saw a letter pushed under the door. I opened the door and looked out. There was nobody there. I picked up the letter and saw that it was addressed to Max Kelada. The name was written in block letters. I handed it to him.

“Who’s this from?” he opened it. “Oh!”

He took out of the envelope, not a letter, but a hundred-dollar note. He looked at me and again he reddened. He tore the envelope into little bits and gave them to me.

“Do you mind just throwing them out of the port-hole?”

I did as he asked, and then I looked at him with a smile.

“No one likes being made to look a perfect damned fool,” he said.

“Were the pearls real?”

“If I had a pretty little wife, I shouldn’t let her spend a year in New York while I stayed at Kobe,” said he.

At that moment I did not entirely dislike Mr Kelada. He reached out for his pocket-book and carefully put in it the hundred-dollar note.

## I . Notes

**The author:** W(illiam). Somerset Maugham (1874—1965) British novelist, playwright, short-story writer, highest paid author in the world in the 1930s. Despite his popularity, Maugham did not gain serious recognition. This was expressed in his

autobiography *The Suming Up* (1938) that he stood "in the very first row of the second-raters". Maugham's skill in handling plot has been compared by critics in the manner of Guy de Maupassant. In many novels the surroundings are international and the stories are told in clear, economical style with cynical or resigned undertone.

"I have never pretended to be anything but a story teller. It has amused me to tell stories and I have told a great many. It is a misfortune for me that the telling of a story just for the sake of the story is not an activity that is in favor with the intelligentsia. In endeavor to bear my misfortunes with fortitude." (*from Creatures of Circumstance*, 1947)

1. **Yokohama**: one of the largest cities in Japan which locates in the east coast facing the Pacific ocean. 横滨
2. **ginger ale (lemon squash, whisky and soda or a dry Martini)**: referring to different kinds of drinks.
3. **Gee**: colloquial English, usually used to express the feeling of surprise, delightedness etc.
4. **smile grimly**: showing the depressing feeling while smiling.

## II. Questions for Discussion

1. Name the basic ingredients of the story as a narrative.
2. How does the narrator feel about Mr Kelada in the beginning? On what does he base his impression?
3. What kind of person is Mr Kelada? What details and exam-

- 
- ples does the narrator give to describe him?
4. How do other passengers on the boat feel about Mr Kelada? How do you know?
  5. What kind of people are the Ramsays? How does the narrator feel about them?
  6. Tell in your own words the bet and its causes and how it develops.
  7. Does Mr Kelada lose the bet? What is the truth behind the story?
  8. How do you like Mr Ramsay? Which do you like more, Mr Kelada or Ramsay?
  9. What is the narrator's attitude in the end to Mr Kelada?
  10. What is the purpose of this story? What does the author want to tell? Is he successful as a writer? Does he have an acute observation?



# Unit Two

## The Trial that Rocked the World

*John Scopes*

A buzz ran through the crowd as I took my place in the packed court on that sweltering July day in 1925. The counsel for my defense was the famous criminal lawyer Clarence Barrow. Leading counsel for the prosecution was William Jennings Bryan, the silver-tongued orator, three times Democratic nominee for President of the United States, and leader of the fundamentalist movement that had brought about my trial.

A few weeks before I had been an unknown school teacher in Dayton, a little town in the mountains of Tennessee. Now I was involved in a trial reported the world over. Seated in court, ready to testify on my behalf, were a dozen distinguished professors and scientists, led by Professor Kirtley Mather<sup>1</sup> of Harvard University. More than 100 reporters were on hand, and even radio announcers, who for the first time in history were to broadcast a jury trial. “Don’t worry, son, we’ll show them a few tricks.” Darrow had whispered throwing a reassuring arm round my shoulder as we were waiting for the court to open.

The case had erupted round my head not long after I arrived in Dayton as science master and football coach at the secondary school. For a number of years a clash had been building up between the fundamentalists and the modernists. The fundamentalists adhered to a literal interpretation of the Old Testament. The