

英语专业写作教程系列

高级英文写作教程： 散文阅读与句法应用

FROM READER TO WRITER
Advanced Sentence Practice

陈孝模 编著



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前 言

《高级英文写作教程：散文阅读与句法应用》适用于英语专业高年级学生，也适用于有志于英语写作（或汉—英翻译）但在句法运用上犹感力不从心的英语工作者。

《教程》含 10 篇课文，都是 20 世纪的作品。每篇附有相应的作者生平、背景介绍、课文注释、多项练习以及思考讨论题等，组成一个单元。其中课文注释包括不易攻克的语言难点、古词、古义、方言、俚语和典故等，以及必要的社会文化和历史背景知识；课文中一般生词成语和语法问题则要求学生通过使用工具书和独立思考等方法解决。

各项练习旨在改变以往学生从基础阶段若干单项的训练（如以练习个别词语为目标的填空、选择、改错和造句等）直接转向段落或文章写作的模式，要求学生在高年级阶段继续下大的功夫于句子、句子结构层面的思考与训练；加强对体现英语特色（与汉语不同）的那些句法手段的关注与使用；对以往尚未充分意识的、非勤学多练难以学得的那些句法手段和语言特征的关注与使用。

列于练习首项的句子转换组合（insertion transformation）着重引导学生在一种模拟的写作环境中（在课文创造的上下文或语境中）按照提示，想像并参与英语作家从立意到遣词造句的过程，并在这过程中去领悟英语句法手段的多样和表现力、相对复杂与相对简单的英语句子结构的区别、掌握与运用那些比较复杂而流畅的句法手段的必要性和可能性。在这一练习中，参考答案的提供

者既不是教师也不是本书的编者,而是英语专业作家,因为所有答案都来自课文。既然是以英语专业作家为师,所以除了学生,任何力求锤炼自己的英语句法的英语工作者都不妨尝试做做这一练习,即使是水平较高者也会从中得益,也可以通过它来检验自己或与专业作家做一番比试或交流。显然这样的练习有益于阅读与写作之间的互动;有利于学生在较高层次上去把握内容与表达形式之间的关系;也有利于他们在阅读中加强对作品语言的句子结构与句法手段的读解。需要说明:书中现用的这一练习的样式与提示符号系统均采用美国 Clarence E. Schneider 所著 *Syntax & Style* 一书中的句法部分。其内容之精要已作为本教程初阶(预习期必修材料)附于书后(见 APPENDIX II)。这样,学生一方面可知这项练习的由来,可熟悉其样式与所用符号系统;另一方面则可及时回顾以往学过的句法知识并尝试怎样练习。不过该书未为其练习中的句子提供类似本书课文的那种上下文。“答案就在课文之中”是本书才有的一个特点。

其他三项练习分别是插入成分(interrupter)、并行结构(parallelism)与包括修辞格在内的其他语言特征(distinctive linguistic features);每项又都包含辨认与应用(造句)两个部分。就性质而言,插入成分和并行结构也属“语言特征”。鉴于这两者在某些类型的话语中几乎无处不在,所以分项专门练习。常用的修辞格及其定义列表于本书附录 I 内(见 APPENDIX I 中的 List of Figures of Speech),供练习时参考。“其他语言特征”除应包括插入成分(见第 16 页)与后项指代(cataphoric reference)(见第三、四单元有关思考讨论题)之外,还有个个别但必要的术语和定义需要教师酌情增加。

为了减少“讲解”教材、增加“使用”教材的成分,也为了更好体

现阅读和写作之间的互动,编者每篇课文提供了若干思考讨论题。这些问题与其说是全面的毋宁说是举例性和参考性的。倘若某一单元中某一带有普遍性的问题(如作品主题)的讨论效果不错,教师完全可以把它移植到另一单元中去使用。但总的来说,在问题设计中编者既考虑到内容方面总体和局部的理解分析,也考虑到与特定内容相应的文学作品形式问题和语言问题的探讨。涉及作品分析方面的术语及其定义在很多中外出版的英语教学用书、参考书和有关专著中都能找到。本书附录 I 所收的“文学用语”(见 APPENDIX I 中的 List of Literary Terms)是思考讨论题中所出现的最常用的文学批评用语。它们至少可以帮助学生正确理解题意。

编者在练习和思考讨论题中有意出了一些“难题”,以期在可能情况下活跃教学气氛,引起课堂内或课堂外的深层探讨。例如第一单元练习 C 的练习 I 中的第 1-3 题是较易得到答案的,而第 4 题就可能需要更深层的探讨,才能获得较圆满和智慧的答案。

阅读和练习两者既有区分又能互动的特点为使用本书的教师提供了有所侧重或两者并重的方便;在每周课时的具体安排与课堂内外作业的分配上,在课文使用量与讲解、评析、讨论之间的调控上,教师也因此拥有机动掌握的很大空间。根据以往经验,倘若每周课时为 2-4 学时,本书至少可供一个学期的使用。

为了便于教师掌握教学进度和课堂处理,在个别情况下编者对课文原文有所删节;为了便于学生为某些练习作相对简略的回答,书中留出了一些答案空间。这些空间的大小虽然有所不同,但并不准确反映正确答案的长短。

本教程课文曾在 1986—1992 年的北京大学英语专业散文选读课中连续使用。1995 年后又在北京联合大学应用文理学院英

语专业的同一课程中使用。大部分练习是在最近几年中编写设计的。2000年夏天,部分课文与练习还在中国人民大学举办的英语专业硕士学位进修班中试用。以上实践证明:本书设计的一些学习内容和方法别开生面,行之有效。

最后,感谢燕京研究院在本书编写过程中给予的支持,以及一些同行与友人的建设性意见;感谢编辑同志付出的辛劳。对于书中存在的疏失,敬请行家与使用者批评指正。

编者

2002年3月于北京

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UNIT 1

LETTERS TO A FRIEND

By W. H. Hudson^①

40 St. Luke's Road, W. ,

Xmas Day, 1900.

Dear Roberts,

Thanks for your letter: I envy you at having escaped from this unlovely place for these unlovely festivities.

I don't know how it is with you with regard to Xmas greetings—cards and all that—but in spite of all I have done to break free of these most irksome conventions I still find myself cursed with them. For years past I have made it a point to inform every person I know that I do not send cards and have even broken off acquaintance with a good number of good people just to give myself more liberty. And yet here I am, with a shower of these undesired tokens falling upon me at every post. And having no tokens to send in return I must at least write, and for days past I have been occupied with useless letters about nothing, and wishing the people I write to were all at the devil. I don't mean you—you have sent me no card, thank God, or whoever it is that presides over this department.

I have a good many things out^②—articles, a book or two, etc.—but with the exception of some very small things the stuff does not go, and so I must wait and wait before the blessed time

comes when I too can shake off the mud of the metropolis^③ and go away towards and past Hindhead^④ and see and breathe again.

With kind regards to Mrs. Roberts,

Yours ever,

W. H. Hudson.

Harrogate,^⑤

Tuesday morning (1903).

Dear Roberts,

I have not been at all well since I saw you — in fact I was getting weaker every day and suffering considerably from pains in my stomach; then Tom Robinson told me to come here and try the waters.^⑥ My idea is to go into apartments for a week or so to see how I get on, and I'm looking round and staying temporarily at Roker's Hotel, not far from the station. It is a commercial hotel and I am half inclined to stay a week in it as the people are very obliging and there's a nice quiet room to sit and smoke in. I suppose that four hours' shaking in the train from King's Cross^⑦ did my system some good, as I had some refreshing sleep last night — the first time in the last two or three weeks.

As to literary work I can't touch it at present and can't think of anything to come. What revolts me is the thought that when I had not a penny and almost went down on my knees to Editors, publishers and literary agents I couldn't even get a civil word, and of ten — or perhaps twenty — MSS. sent nine (or nineteen) would be sent back. And now that I don't want the beastly money and care nothing for fame and am sick and tired of the whole thing they

actually come to beg a book or article from me. I have had requests for a book from four publishers during the last few weeks and have not even replied to the letters sent me, and do not suppose I ever shall. But perhaps there is some miraculous quality in these waters, and later, when I get away from this dreary country and back to the south or west Nature's ministrations may bring me back the desire for production. *The Purple Land* is the only book of mine I see before me at present.^⑧ I hope you are keeping well and fit. If I can get rid of this catarrh in a week or so I go straight back to take Mrs. Hudson to some place on the coast. Kindest regards to yours.

Ever yours,

W. H. Hudson.

40 St. Luke's Road, W. ,

June 24th (1904).

Dear Roberts,

I'm back here again, but have only been back TWO DAYS, and hope to see you very soon. I was left with a dog—a fox-terrier of the female sort on my hands. Its poor mistress not long before her death thought it would have to be poisoned as its temper was so bad towards everyone except herself. But I've broken it^⑨ into a good little thing and as we can't keep her I'm taking her this morning to Silchester^⑩ to get her a home in a cottage down there. These poor little parasitic semi-humans sadden one: but "the call of the wild"^⑪ is never really dead in the dog of this breed, as it is with pugs and other degenerate varieties, and I'm going to put it where there is a

common¹² and unlimited furze and the fascinating smell of rabbits hanging about and perhaps it will forget us and be happy.

Best regards to all: — I shall be back on Monday.

Yours,

W. H. Hudson.

Thistle House, Furze Platt, Maidenhead,¹³

July 31st, 1913.

Dear Roberts,

It is long since I heard from you — July 7th in a letter in which you criticize my handwriting and say you intend going away on the 22nd for a fortnight, but don't say where. Well, I should have written before but had no news and everything goes on just the same — my wife makes very little progress and I am not up to much.¹⁴ If this letter should be sent after you or you should still be in London, please let me have *Marriage* (Strindberg) back if you've still got it. I want to read it now and any other of Strindberg¹⁵ I can get, especially the autobiographical ones. Not that I'm very much interested in *him* but I'm interested in women's attitude towards him. I've read the *Confessions of a Fool*, a painful book which made one blush for one's (male) sex — a prolonged howl and screech of rage against his wife, a furious blackening of her character, mixed with kisses and worship of her hair, her arms, her lovely feet and ankles, and so on. Now here's a curious thing. It is women who are devoted to Strindberg and exalt him so much higher than he deserves, and among them you will find the most advanced women — those who

regard themselves as not only the equals but the superiors of men. Yet they know that Strindberg despised woman's intellect and hated her pretensions with a furious hatred! How do you explain it? Well, you will deny the facts — the admiration of the advanced women. I've taxed¹⁶ two or three advanced women with it — and they — shuffle¹⁷ out of it the best way they can. One day last week when up in town I lunched with Miss Lind-af-Hageby who is in the very front of advanced women and who has devoured every line of Strindberg's 40 or 50 volumes and has written her book about him. I asked her how she, knowing his scorn and contempt for women better than any one, would explain her extraordinary regard for him. She said it was her interest in drama and literature! Well, I'm not such a simple juggins¹⁸ as to accept that as the true reason. Another remark she made, speaking on other subjects, throws a little light on her attitude towards Strindberg. She said that the most perfect man was to her the man who had most woman in him. Well, isn't Strindberg more than half woman? Could anyone who was not half woman despise woman as he does! There I'll leave the question for the present — but I warn "advanced" women not to bother me more about Strindberg. Don't forget *Marriage* anyhow.

Farewell,

W. H. Hudson.

(A Cornish Village),

December 31st, 1916.

Dear Roberts,

I'm still vegetating here, doing little or nothing. We have in the house a Rev. H. Ford, D. D., a vicar from the Peak district,^① who comes in and smokes with me, shows me the books he has written and talks library matters. Somehow wherever I go I get mixed up with priests and parsons! The past ten days it has been a furious wind and wet so I could just manage to go to the post-office down the street, and on the last occasion my hat blew off twice. The first time I caught it: the second time it whirled 50 yards away and it happened that our own vicar, the Rev. Something Savage^② and his wife were coming down the road and he with marvelous agility for so majestic and old a man captured it for me! So now I've got two parsons on hand! Flushing^③ isn't as you said built on the side of a cliff, but at the foot, so there isn't much of a slope getting to this house. Next door lives an old gentleman (a bachelor) whose acquaintance I've made and who is very amusing. He is nearly blind but won't see^④ it and walks boldly about everywhere and has twice stepped off our stone pier into the sea! The other day the milkman who has a donkey in his cart was here delivering milk when the old man came out and was walking briskly into the donkey when a young man passing by seized him by the arm and pulled him back on the pavement. The old gentleman turned in wrath and swore at him. "Do you think I want your impudent help?" he shouted. "I can see where I'm going as well as anyone." Then after a few more angry words, he stepped out and came bang against the donkey.

Last evening I sat in the kitchen with my host and hostess and

laboriously tried to explain what was meant by a joke, a pun, and so on, and I gave them two or three examples and after pondering the matter some time they both confessed that they couldn't see any point in them. I had a card from old Napier King, R. A., asking me to call and see him at Falmouth where he lives. I have known his big sea pictures many many years, but don't delight much in his art. An ugly uninteresting town is Falmouth. Dull old Penzance is quite a fairy city, an Arabian garden of delight, in comparison. But in the evening, looking out from my window, when I see it all in darkness, and behind town and hill, over the water the sky is luminous pink and amber with our new moon "stooping" through the flying grey clouds, it is a very beautiful prospect. I hope you are all right again. With good wishes to both for the New Year.

Yours,

W. H. Hudson.

23 North Parade, Penzance,

February 10th, 1919.

Dear Roberts,

I have your letter and am glad you are getting on so well. About myself, I can't say I'm getting on with my work "slowly" since I haven't touched it since I came over 3 months ago. I've been getting weaker instead of improving and had to drop medicine as my heart trouble had reached that stage when taking digitalis is only flogging a tired horse for nothing. Dr. Sir J. Mackenzie had told me when to drop it, and Dr. Miller here was only astonished at having given me the old-fashioned tincture to take which can't be

relied on — he thought all the swell physicians had dropped it long ago since it is so variable and never to be relied on. The only reliable form is the digitaline, [⊗] a French invention, and I took it a little and got some benefit: then it, too, failed to do any good so I'm not to touch any drug now until I get over the phase or go out altogether. [⊗] That's enough of my case. The poem is not too bad only of course it ends weakly and flatly. But the thought is one of the commonest in poetry, and you meet with it especially in William Morris, [⊗] and it is indeed that feeling for life and nature which makes me a reader and liker of his verses. He doesn't know much about nature from the science point of view. He *thinks* he knows all common wild flowers, but even then [⊗] goes wrong at times, and so little about birds that he is afraid to mention any but the cormorant. But he worships the earth and sea and sky, and the earth especially, when it rains and when it shines, when fields are white with snow, or green in summer and better still when yellow with harvest, and when not he only but all men are happy in the sights and sounds and smells of earth, and happy in their toil. What wonder that he abhorred the very thought of death and that the very remembrance of death is the only sad thing in his works. I suppose that no man ever accomplished more in 30 years than Morris, and every hour of it devoted to art work. [⊗] But the art he was devoted to was not the art of Swinburne [⊗] and Tennyson, [⊗] or of Watts [⊗] and Rossetti [⊗] in painting, or in any great thing done in any art for art's sake. He admired some of their work — he couldn't help admiring the beautiful, but he despised the ideals of those who set art above life, who imagine the highest thing men can do is to create something exquisite that has no relation to life. . . . That has been my idea and I don't know of any great man except Morris who has lived up to it, on which account I

put him far far above the great artists of his day.

But I'm getting prolix and I don't suppose you, even with the help of Naomi^① and two or three microscopes or magnifiers, will be able to make the screed^② out.

With love to both,

Yours,

W. H. H.

Notes

① William Henry Hudson (1841-1922) was born near Buenos Aires in the Argentine. Though his grandfather was an Englishman, his parents, who migrated to the Argentine before the birth of Hudson, were both citizens of the United States. His happy childhood on the pampas of South America is described in his autobiography *Far Away and Long Ago* (1918), which he wrote when he was seventy-seven. He went to England in 1869, and became a British subject in 1900.

From early boyhood Hudson was a patient and careful observer of nature. Out in the Argentine, while a child, he used to roam in the wilderness by himself. He was always found standing among the tall grass watching insects or listening to the chirping of birds for hours at a stretch. In England, where he was condemned by poverty to live in a dreary London district, he used to take journeys, chiefly on foot, through the southern counties, attentively watching birds, animals and plants, and talking to the peasants and their children.

Hudson is one of the best known writers of nature books in English literature. Of his nature books the most popular are: