大学英语

COLLEGE ENGLISH

北京大学 张祥保 周珊凤 主编

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大 学 英 语

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北 京 大 学

张祥保 周珊凤 主编

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编者说明

《大学英语》是一套高起点综合实践课教材，供高等学校英语专业学生在基础阶段使用。它有助于提高学生听、说、读、写和自学的能力。学生学了这套教材，再加上听、说、读、写等单项训练，在进入高年级时，应该具有以下能力：

1. 能阅读一般英美原著和英语参考书；
2. 能听懂用英语讲授的知识性课程；
3. 能用英语参加课堂讨论，语言基本正确；
4. 能用英语写读书报告，语言基本正确。

《大学英语》全书共分四册。每周上课六学时，可在两年内学完。

第一册计十五课，第二册十一课，第三册和第四册各十五课。短的课文每周讲授一课，较长的课文授课时间可由教师酌定。每课内容包括课文、注释和练习。第一、二册还有词汇表和补充阅读。分别说明如下：

课文：为了一开始就让学生接触地道的英语，课文全部选用英美作者的原著。我们只在少数课文中，从教学的需要出发，作了个别的文字修改。在选材上，我们尽量注意到课文内容的多样性、知识性和趣味性。

词汇表：考虑到学生适应大学的学习要求需要有一个过程，我们在第一册每课课后附有词汇表，并用汉语释义。第二册课文后的词汇表就不列入较易查到的词汇。学完第一、二册后，学生应该有了一定的自学能力，因此，第三、四册就不附词汇表。

注释：包括作者简介、背景知识、语法以及一般工具书中不易查到的语言问题。除第一册课文的注释用汉语外，其它三册的课文注释全部用英语。

练习：第一、二册中有的课文篇幅较长，练习就相应增加，部分分为A、B两组。教师在使用时，可考虑采取教一部分课文，做一部分练习的做法。总的说来，本书练习种类较多，份量较重，教师可选择使用，也可根据学生的需要进行补充。

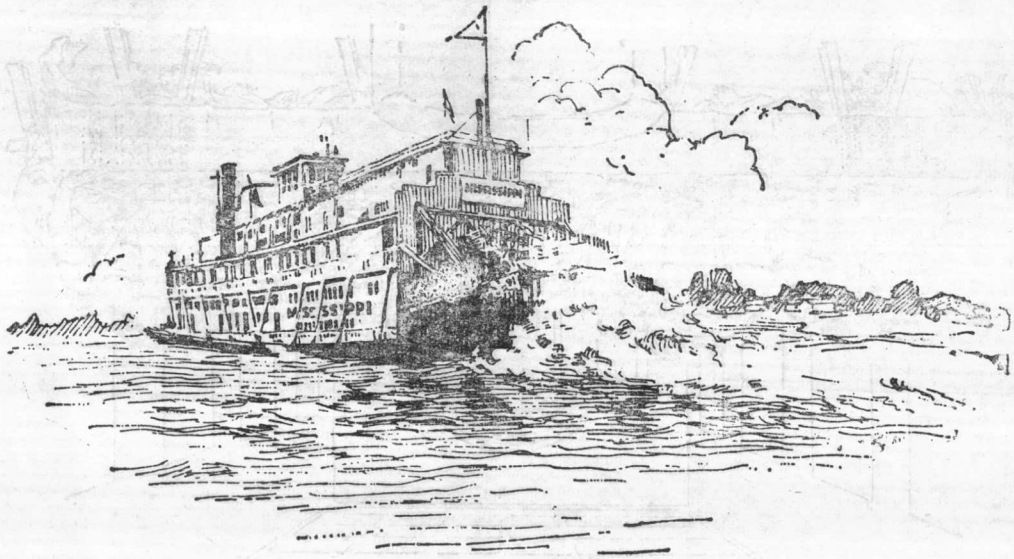
补充阅读：为了增加学生的语言感性知识和词汇量，第一、二册每课都附有补充阅读材料。我们只做注释，不附词汇表，以逐步培养学生查阅词典的能力。

参加《大学英语》审稿会的有北京外国语学院、北京外贸学院、国际关系学院、南开大学、南京大学、复旦大学、上海外国语学院、华东师范大学、上海师范学院、西安外国语学院、湖南师范学院、解放军洛阳外国语学院、深圳大学和贵州大学等兄弟院校的代表，刘世沐教授担任主审。代表们对《大学英语》提出了许多宝贵意见，对我们帮助很大，我们在此表示衷心的感谢。

曾参加本书一、二册编写工作的，有王式仁、陈瑞兰、石幼珊、丁安如同志；参加三、四册编写工作的有吴柱存、陶洁、王式仁、黄继忠、刘意青、丁安如同志。试用本书的许多教师也同我们密切合作，提出了大量的宝贵建议，给予我们很大支持。我们在此向他们谨致谢意。

由于我们水平有限，本书中缺点和错误在所难免，希望使用本书的同志们指出，以便再版时修正。

一九八四年七月



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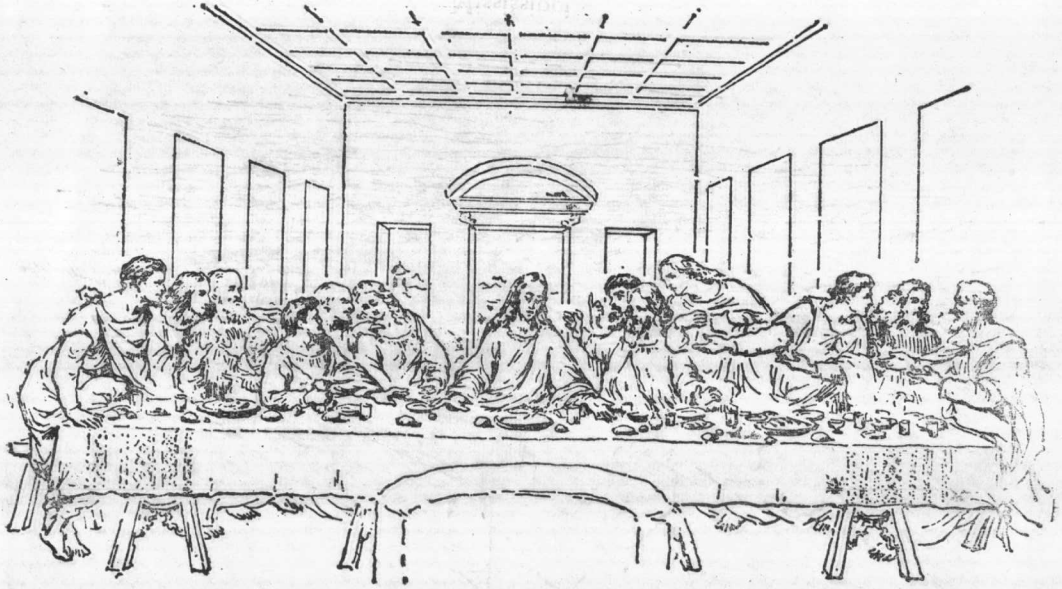

Last Supper

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Lesson One

TEXT

Forty Years On

by Norah Lofts

John Bullyer and I met for the first time in 1956 when we were both in our early sixties, but it is true to say that he did more to shape my life than any other person, and is largely responsible for the diffidence which has, I know, been a handicap to me, though I am told that I conceal it very well.

John Bullyer came into my life when my Uncle George, who lived close by us, married, rather late in life, a most delightful woman who thus became my Aunt Carrie and quite my favourite relative. In those days wholesale indulgence of the young had not yet come into full fashion, and a pretty aunt always free with caresses, sweets, words of praise and excuses for misdoings was something of a rarity and greatly to be treasured. For me she had but one drawback; she was also aunt to John Bullyer, the son of her sister who lived in Gloucestershire. She invariably referred to him as "Little-John-my-other-nephew" all in one word, and she referred to him far too often.

Later in my life I could see her motive; she came to us as a stranger; my mother was a relative by marriage, a near neighbour and a potential friend; we children were common ground, a safe topic for those early, difficult conversations over the teacups.

From Aunt Carrie's point of view it was fortunate, from mine, disastrous that John Bullyer and I were of comparable age, practically twins, in fact, having been born within four

days of one another. Probably hundreds of comparisons were made before I became aware of them. The first that I remember with any clarity was made soon after I began school where I had lain on the floor and wailed that I wanted to go home. Shortly after that my mother reported in a voice that was to become all too familiar, that Little-John-Aunt-Carrie's-other-nephew had started school on the same day and taken to it like a duck to water.

And so it went on. Incredible boy, he knew his nine-times table while I was still hopelessly bogged in the fours; he was dealing expertly with fractions what time I wrestled unsuccessfully with tens and units. I began to dread Aunt Carrie's erstwhile most welcome visits. She was still just as pretty and gay, still as sweetsmelling, still ready to take part in any childish game, to be enthusiastic about any pursuit, certain to produce chocolate or sixpence from her reticule; but, as soon as she had gone, Mother was sure to say the dread words:

"Aunt Carrie was telling me that John Bullyer ..."

The comparisons were, without exception, to my detriment. The wretched boy never set foot upon a football field without scoring a goal; never took bat in hand without making some notable number of runs. I was hopeless at games; at football I fell in the mud, and caught a cold which became bronchial; at cricket I made ducks, dropped easy catches and was afflicted with nose-bleeding. I became so conscious of my inferiority that even when I overheard my parents speak of John Bullyer as "The Child Wonder" I never even suspected the irony; I took it literally and believed that they regarded him with the same awe and envy as I did.

To me it seemed sinister that Mother always passed on, with pitiable pride, any small achievement of mine. Once, at my prep school, I had a story in the magazine and Mother

was momentarily jubilant.

"I must have another copy of that," she said, "so that Aunt Carrie can send it for John Bullyer's mother to see." What a boomerang that proved! By return of post came the news that John had won a scholarship.

To anyone now on the bright side of forty it will seem strange that we boys never met, but in those days Gloucestershire was as far removed, in travelling time, from Suffolk, as New York is today, and my father was a man who preferred his own bed to any other. Aunt Carrie kept saying, "Really, you boys should know one another, I'm sure you'd be such friends," and once or twice she tried to arrange that John should stay with her in the holidays. Mercifully for me something always prevented him from doing so.

I did have, however, one horribly narrow escape. An elderly couple, distant relatives of my father's, were celebrating their Golden Wedding. They lived in London, reasonably accessible, and they issued such a pressing, sentimentally-worded invitation that even Father was bound to accept. As soon as he had done so Aunt Carrie came over in a state of high excitement. Wasn't the world a small place, the Bullyer family and Father's old relatives had once been near neighbours and all three Bullyers had been bidden to the feast.

I saw my mother look at me, not, I admit, with any lessening of affection, but with a strange, anxious appraisement. When Aunt Carrie had gone Mother said to me:

"You sit there huddled over a book until your back is bent like a bow. Go out and get some air." I stood up, obediently, and she added, "Oh, I wish the sun would shine; you look so much better with a little tan." I realised from that that she and I visualised John Bullyer in the same way, tall, big for his age, straight as a ram-rod, with a handsome brown face and hair like the man pictured on Father's bottle

of hair tonic.

Walking made no perceptible difference to my posture and the sun remained disobliging, so Mother, like the practical believer in self-help that she was, tried another tack:

"You'll need a new suit at Easter anyway, you might as well hav it now. *And* I'm going to find a different barber. I *cannot* believe that that piece of hair would stick up like that if it were properly cut."

It was plain to me that I was repulsive to look at as well as being a clown at games and a booby at arithmetic.

On the evening before we were to make our early morning start for London, Mother came into my room and made me try on the new suit. I could see, by the expression on her face, that it worked no miracle. Nor, alas, had the new barber. But Mother did not take defeat easily; looks weren't everything; my manners, at least, should pass muster! So while I glumly divested myself of the wasted suit, she gave me a few final instructions. I kept saying,"Yes, Mother" and "No, Mother", and "I'll remember, Mother", and gritted my teeth together until my jaws ached.

"Have you anything in your mouth now?" She demanded.

"No, Mother."

"Well, hurry into bed and get a good night's sleep." (Everything looks better in the morning!) She kissed me, fondly, but at the same time she stroked down the obstinate tuft of hair. I felt exactly like a very ugly dog of low pedigree which some doting owner has entered for a show!

I did not sleep well; I had, in fact, the worst night I had ever known. Although I had ceased gritting my teeth my jaws still ached. The pain spread up into my head, back into my ears, down into my throat. With the covers over me I broke into a hot sweat, when I pushed them off deadly chills

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shook me. In addition to my physical woes I had mental agonies, including that first sad loss of simple faith; I had prayed, as never before, that something might occur to prevent this meeting. The smallest excuse would have served; Father was already regretting his acceptance, he would have seized gladly at any chance to retract it.

I saw the dawn that morning, watched my window grow grey, heard the first bird chorus. After several centuries had dragged by I heard the strident alarm go off in my parents' room and thankfully rose from my bed of torment. I felt little, if any, better when I was on my feet. I washed more thoroughly than usual, hopefully plunging the whole of my stuff-feeling head into the cold water; then I dressed and, in honour of the occasion, went to the looking glass to arrange my tie. For a moment, I swear, I thought that nervousness had affected my eyesight; the face that looked back at me was a dreadful caricature of my own, only just recognisable. My ears, ordinarily so prominent, were hidden by the bulge of my jaws and I seemed to have no neck.

Horrified I reeled into my parents' room; Mother was settling a beribboned corset-cover over her bosom and Father was gloomily stropping his razor.

"Do *you* think I look funny this morning?" I blurted.

They both turned. Mother screamed, Father said:

"I wouldn't say *funny*. You look damned peculiar."

It was mumps. It left me very open-minded about prayer.

Aunt Carrie thought it a great pity that John and I could not go to the same public school; I was spared that by the intransigence of our respective fathers. Harrow, in its charity, accepted my unpromising self; John took his talents to Winchester.

Time went on; so did the comparisons. By word of mouth

during the holidays, by phrases that leaped out of letters during term time, I was kept up to date with John's prowess and progress. Thus goaded I began at last to look round for something that I *could* do, something at which I could excel. When I found it I worked with a savage intensity, minding nothing else; let this be mine, John Bullyer could have all the rest.

I was, however, still a Grub Street hack, counting it a good week in which I made five pounds, when John attained some glittering appointment in India. That ability to master the nine-times table had proved no flash-in-the-pan; he had developed into some kind of financial wizard and was now being 'lent' to the Maharajah of a native state whose exchequer was in a deplorable tangle. There was a paragraph in the daily papers about it.

Aunt Carrie took the cutting to show to my mother. I was glad later that she had that pleasure, for that was her last visit, her last report. She was dead before her other nephew reached his destination. The line which had for so many years vibrated between Gloucestershire and Suffolk was lifeless and dumb.

Three or four times during the next forty years I saw mention of John Bullyer in the press. His was not the kind of career to attract much publicity but those rare paragraphs charted a steady success which culminated in a knighthood when he retired in 1956. On that occasion there was a half column about him; it said that his last job, the handling of some currency crisis in a young South American Republic, had forestalled a revolution. When asked, in an interview, what he intended to do with his leisure, Sir John replied, "I hope to take up golf; I have never had time to take it seriously." I pictured him again, lean and tanned, with a head of well kept grey hair, getting his handicap down in record time.

I was sorry that Aunt Carrie could not cut out that half column, sorry too that there was no photograph; I could have looked at it almost unflinching, I thought. I was, by that time, not unsuccessful in my own line.

Late that year, in November, I was in my club, sipping a glass of sherry before dinner. A rather deprecating cough at my elbow made me look round. I saw a short stout man, a round dumpling of a man, glitteringly bald, with a little snub nose that looked too small to support the framework of his heavy glasses. They were of that peculiarly thick kind which reduce the eyes to pin-points. Diffidently, with more than a suggestion of a stammer, he spoke my name and I somewhat grudgingly admitted my identity. Since I attained some measure of fame I have on occasion been accosted by strangers and no matter how flatteringly they speak I am always horribly embarrassed.

"You d-don't know m-me," said the little man. "My name's John B-Bullyer. We once sh-shared an aunt, C-Caroline Lacey."

I leaped up and shook hands, expressing my pleasure at meeting him at last, and then we settled down to drink sherry together. His stammer, like my shyness, soon wore off.

"I used to hear so *much* about you," he said with a grin. "Then I learned that you were a member here and I could not resist asking someone to point you out to me. Though, if you'd looked the least bit as I always imagined I don't think I'd have d-dared to approach you. You see ... I grew up with the idea that you were at least eight feet tall, tremendously handsome and more talented than da Vinci." His grin broadened — and I knew why! "Really," he said, "the letters Aunt Carrie used to write about you and the way my mother used to read them out. You were the b-bug-bear of my life."

"They were nothing," I said, "to the letters *your* mother

used to write about *you.* I was told every time you got a sum right. I always thought of you as nine feet high, better looking than Robert Taylor and more versatile than Churchill. So they played the game both ways, did they?"

We laughed.

"But it was worse for me," he said. "I've always been undersized, and I always had these." He touched his glasses. "And there were you, tall and handsome, with *such* nice manners. And so clever too. I had to do something; and all I could ever do was sums, and jolly well kill myself at games in an effort to be popular. I might almost say," he said, with something like resentment, "that because of you I've been doing sums all my life!"

"Substitute spinning yarns for doing sums and you have exactly my story," I said.

We looked at one another: Then it probably dawned on us both that the place in which we sat is not the haunt of men who have been failures in life, and that, boys being what they are, an occasional prod in the rear is no such bad thing. Together we lifted our glasses, and though neither of us spoke, I know that we drank to the memory of Aunt Carrie.

Notes

1. Norah Lofts — (1904-) English writer

2. She was also aunt to John Bullyer (l. 15) — A noun may have no article before it when followed by a *to*-phrase ("to" meaning "of" or "for"). indicating connection with someone or something.

   Compare:

   She was an aunt of mine.
   She was aunt to me.
   He was an advisor of the Indian prince.
   He was advisor to the Indian prince.

3. Gloucestershire (l. 16) — a county in southwest central England

4. born within four days of one another (ll. 26, 27) — one born only four days after (before) the other

5. all too familiar (l. 32) — excessively familiar
   Cf. far too often (l. 18)

6. he knew his nine-times table while I was still hopelessly bogged in the fours (ll. 35,36) — indicating the difference in their progress in learning the multiplication table

7. he was dealing expertly with fractions what time I wrestled unsuccessfully with tens and units (ll. 37,38) — "What time" means "while" or "when".

8. at cricket I made ducks (l. 51) — made the score of zero, failed to make any points when playing cricket

9. easy catches (l. 51) — in cricket, balls that are easy to catch

10. prep. school (l. 59) — private preparatory school where in Britain pupils up to the age of 14 are prepared for entry to a higher school, especially a private secondary school called a public school, and where in the U.S. pupils are made ready for college or university

11. on the bright side of forty (l. 65) — not yet 40 years of age. "On the wrong side of 40" means "over 40".

12. Suffolk (l. 67) — a county in east England

13. did not take defeat easily (l. 107) — would not accept defeat without a struggle

14. beribboned (l. 146) — covered with ribbons. "Be-" is a prefix used to make adjectives ending in "-ed" from nouns.

be-ribbon-ed, be-wig-ged

15. Harrow (l. 155) — a famous public school founded in the eighteenth century

16. Winchester (l. 157) — a famous school founded in the fourteenth century

17. Grub Street (l. 166) — name of a London street inhabited by needy authors and literary hacks in the seventeenth century

18. getting his handicap down in record time (l. 191) — becoming a good golf player in an unprecedentedly short time

19. with more than a suggestion of a stammer (ll. 202, 203) — with not a slight stammer

20. da Vinci (l. 220) — Leonardo (1452-1519), painter, sculptor, architect and engineer of Florence, Italy

21. Robert Taylor (l. 227) — a Hollywood film star

22. Churchill (l. 227) — Winston (1874-1965), statesman (prime minister of Britain from 1940 to 1945 and from 1951 to 1955) and man of letters. He was a brilliant orator and a landscape painter; he received the Nobel prize for literature in 1953. In his youth he was an ardent polo player and a qualified bricklayer.

23. played the game both ways (l. 228) — used the same strategy in both cases

24. So they played..., did they? (l. 228) — The use of an affirmative tag question when the affirmative statement begins with "so" implies the speaker's arrival at the conclusion by inference.
Cf. They played..., didn't they?

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