

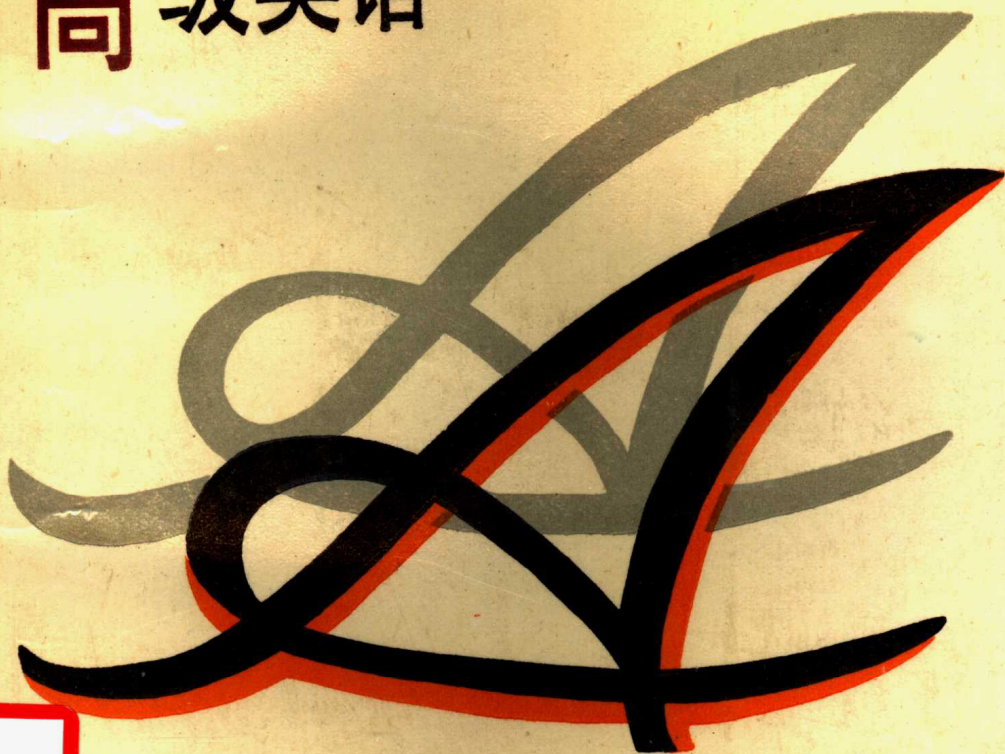
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巫漪云 主编
黄关福

高级英语

下 册



复旦大学出版社

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(下册)

主编 巫漪云
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(沪)新登字 202 号

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复旦大学出版社出版

(上海国权路 579 号)

新华书店上海发行所发行 复旦大学印刷厂印刷

开本 850×1168 1/32 印张 15 字数 370,000

1995 年 2 月第 1 版 1995 年 2 月第 1 次印刷

印数 1—5000

ISBN7-309-01453-7/H·244

定价 13.00 元

内 容 提 要

本书根据《高等学校英语专业高年级英语教学大纲》的要求,并结合复旦大学外文系近年来的教学经验编写而成。

本书在选材和体例等方面与《高级英语》上册基本相似,全书共 12 课,选自英美等国各种不同文体的原版作品。每课包括课文、作者简介和注释、练习、文体知识、辅助阅读材料五部分。课文内容生动、难度适中,篇幅长度平均为 3000 词左右,作者简介主要介绍作家的时代、生平与其重要著作,注释部分简要解释有关历史背景知识、专有名词以及外来语等等,练习多为问题与提示、词语训练及综合性练习,诸如完形填空、段落翻译、口头讨论以及指导性写作,文体知识包括一般文体知识与一些主要修辞手段,辅助阅读材料附于正式课文后,一般为两篇,长短不等,题材、风格相同或不同,供学生探讨。

本书取材广泛,语言规范,内容编排系统,难点解析透彻,因而具有趣味性、知识性和实用性三大特点,不仅适用于高等学校英语专业高年级精读课,同时也可供有相当英语基础的非英语专业学生和英语自学者学习使用。

前 言

《高级英语》(上、下册)是高等学校英语专业高年级精读教材,也可供有相当英语基础的非英语专业学生和英语自学者学习使用。

我们总结了复旦大学外文系英语专业近年来的教学实践,根据《高等学校英语专业高年级英语教学大纲》的要求,提出了一些设想,编写了《高级英语》课本。经过一年使用,我们对这部教材又进行了加工。本书的目的可以归纳为如下四个方面:

1. 通过预习、复习巩固等环节,培养学生自学英语的能力。
2. 引导学生注意吸收语言材料,扩大文化知识,特别是有关英美的文化知识。
3. 通过对文章的思想内容、篇章结构、语言技巧的分析,提高学生对文章的理解、分析及评述的能力。
4. 继续打好语言基本功,培养熟巧,努力发展学生综合运用英语的能力。

每册课文有 12 课。每课包括课文、作者简介和注释、练习、文体知识、辅助阅读材料五部分。为了使用方便起见,现在分述如下:

I. 课文

1. 增强时代感。除了个别课文外,全部是 20 世纪作品。第二次世界大战以前的作品约占 25%,多出自名家手笔;战后的作品约占 75%,其中大多数为 70 年代以后的作品。
2. 选文注意语言规范化,同时为了提高学生适应能力及阅读英美文学作品的的能力,选入了少数包含俚语和俗语的作品。

3. 选文力求题材广泛,体裁多样。尽可能反映当代西方社会的文化与生活的各个侧面及人们关心的社会问题,使学生在语言的同时能扩充知识,获得新信息。课文中文学作品约占30%,其他各种文体的作品包括报道、论述、传记、游记、文学评论、小品等约占70%。根据学生的需要,我们加重了说明文与议论文的份量。

4. 课文中美国作家的作品占一半,英国作家的作品约占三分之一,适当选入了一些加拿大作家及其他国家作家的作品。

5. 为了使学能多接触语言材料,我们增加了课文的篇幅,课文长度平均为3000词左右。

6. 为了帮助学生发展运用语言的能力,所选课文大多难度适中,有一些课文比较容易,个别课文难度较高。

II. 作者简介和注释

每篇课文后有作者简介,简要地介绍作家的时代、生平与他的重要著作,以帮助学生更好地理解课文。教师可根据实际需要进行适当补充,或启发学生进行补充。有一些新作家,现有资料很少,课本中便不再专设这一项目,而将作者介绍列入注释。

每篇课文后有注释。为了培养学生自学能力,凡是在常用的英美出版的英语词典中可以查到的单词、短语,一般不注。注释包括下列各方面:(1) 有关历史文化背景知识;(2) 专有名词,如人名、地名、书名等;(3) 不易查到的外来语与其他语言的词语。

III. 练习

每篇课文后附大量练习,这是为教学提供方便,使教师在备课时不必再化大量时间编写练习。练习份量较重,教师可视实际情况选择使用。练习大致可以分为三类:

1 问题与提示(Questions and Suggestions)

这部分包括中心思想与主要内容(Central Themes and Main Ideas)及课文结构分析(Analysis of Text Organization)。前者通

过多项选择题、问答或提示等方式,帮助学生熟悉事实与细节、抓住要点、较深刻地理解课文主题与分析主要的思想内容。后者通过问答或提示等方式,帮助学生熟悉与分析文章的结构布局 and 风格。要求学生预习课文时参照问题与提示进行思考。它不仅可供学生预习及复习用,还可供教师讲课与检查时参考,能帮助学生提高理解与分析的能力,掌握写作技巧。

2 词语训练(Verbal Practice)

这部分比重较大,主要包括下列练习。

(1) 句子释义(Paraphrasing)。所列入的句子一般比较难,可供学生复习参考。

(2) 同义词与反义词(Synonyms and Antonyms)。这个练习的重点不在于理论上进行词义的比较(教师在讲课时必然会涉及必要的比较),而是要求学生进行一些思考,了解自己对一些词已掌握了多少同义词和词组、多少反义词和词组。这对今后通过阅读吸取语言材料是有好处的,也为写作、翻译时选用词语提供方便。这个练习可以让学生自己做,课堂内如选择一些词语进行讨论,集思广益,可起示范作用。

(3) 用词与词汇(Diction and Vocabulary)。这部分包括填空、单句翻译等练习。不给提示,要求学生能熟练运用课文中的一些单词与短语。学生经过充分准备后参加课堂讨论,这样做效果较好。在一些课中,增设多项选择及造句练习。

(4) 仿造句子(Sentences for Imitation)。选择课文中一些在结构、用词、修辞等方面值得摹仿的句子,要求学生仿造。

除了上述固定项目,根据课文的语言特点,还设计了一些练习,每课不尽相同。另外,在一些课内,有少量复习巩固语言基础的练习,可让学生自己去做。

3 综合性练习

综合性练习形式有完形填空(Cloze)、段落翻译(Translation,

英译汉、汉译英)、口头讨论(Topics for Discussion)及指导性写作(Guided Writing)。最重要的是口头讨论与指导性写作,这两项是每一课都有的。指导性写作可作为课外笔头作业,口头讨论则需在课堂内进行。要求学生事先做好充分准备,参加讨论,这样方能取得预期效果。综合性练习是训练和提高学生综合运用英语能力的重要手段。

IV. 文体知识

这是精读课文中的一个新增项目,每两课安排一节,全书共12节,介绍一般文体知识与一些主要修辞手段。学生掌握一些文体知识有助于吸收语言材料和增进对作品理解、分析与鉴赏的能力,也有助于提高表达能力。

V. 辅助阅读材料

每课除一篇正式课文外,另外有两篇长短不等的辅助阅读材料。这样,我们有可能选入更多英美作家的作品,在文章体裁方面,也更加丰富多采。辅助阅读材料和课文可以属同一题材,也可以不属同一题材而属同一种风格;属同一类题材的辅助阅读材料可以是课文的补充,也可以持相反的观点。总之,从不同的角度探讨同一问题。这对学生参加讨论与写作很有好处。辅助阅读材料的主要目的是增加阅读量,扩大视野。在当前情况下,只要求学生阅读,至于能吸收多少,视各人情况,不作规定,不强求一律。辅助阅读材料也为学习上潜力较大的学生提供进一步学习的条件。如果以后学生水平不断提高,可考虑对学生阅读辅助材料提出适当要求。

两册课本中,对一些单词的拼法,英式与美式兼用,以课文为准。如果课文作者是英国人,则该课中出现有关单词都采用英式拼法;反之,如课文作者为美国作家,则该课中出现有关单词,全采用美式拼法。

参加上册编写工作的为巫漪云、黄关福教授、**朱涌协** 副教

授。参加下册编写工作的为巫漪云、黄关福、吴延迪教授、黄勇民副教授。

编写过程中,得到外文系主任陆国强教授很多关心与支持。美国专家 Katherine Hager 女士、Charlotte Steele 女士分别在上册和下册中给予我们很多帮助。外文系资料室与打字室提供了不少方便。外文系孙骊教授审阅了两册课本的全稿,并撰写了文体知识部分。我们在此一并表示感谢。

由于时间匆促以及编者水平的限制,本书难免会有疏漏或不妥之处,希望读者在使用中不吝指正。

编 者

1994 年 3 月

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Lesson 1

Quintana

JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

Quintana will be eleven this week. She approaches adolescence with what I can only describe as panache, but then watching her journey from infancy has always been like watching Sandy Koufax pitch or Bill Russell play basketball. There is the same casual arrogance, the implicit sense that no one has ever done it any better. And yet it is difficult for a father to watch a daughter grow up. With each birthday she becomes more like us, an adult, and what we cling to is the memory of the child. I remember the first time I saw her in the nursery at Saint John's Hospital. It was after visiting hours and my wife and I stood staring through the soundproof glass partition at the infants in their cribs, wondering which was ours. Then a nurse in a surgical mask appeared from a back room carrying a fierce, black-haired baby with a bow in her hair. She was just seventeen hours old and her face was still wrinkled and red and the identification beads on her wrist had not our name but only the letters "NI" "NI" stood for "No Information," the hospital's code for an infant to be placed for adoption. Quintana is adopted.

It has never been an effort to say those three words, even when they occasion the well-meaning but insensitive

compliment “You couldn’t love her more if she were your own.” At moments like that, my wife and I say nothing and smile through gritted teeth. And yet we are not unaware that sometime in the not too distant future we face a moment that only those of us who are adoptive parents will ever have to face—our daughter’s decision to search or not to search for her natural parents.

I remember that when I was growing up a staple of radio drama was the show built around adoption. Usually the dilemma involved a child who had just learned by accident that it was adopted. This information could only come accidentally, because in those days it was considered a radical departure from the norm to inform your son or daughter that he or she was not your own flesh and blood. If such information had to be revealed, it was often followed by the specious addendum that the natural parents had died when the child was an infant. An automobile accident was viewed as the most expeditious and efficient way to get rid of both parents at once. One of my contemporaries, then a young actress, was not told that she was adopted until she was twenty-two and the beneficiary of a small inheritance from her natural father’s will. Her adoptive mother could not bring herself to tell her daughter the reason behind the bequest and entrusted the task to an agent from the William Morris office.

Today we are more enlightened, aware of the psychological evidence that such barbaric secrecy can only inflict hurt. When Quintana was born, she was offered to us privately by the gynecologist who delivered her. In California, such private adoptions are not only legal but in the mid-sixties, before legalized

abortion and before the sexual revolution made it acceptable for an unwed mother to keep her child, were quite common. The night we went to see Quintana for the first time at Saint John's, there was a tacit agreement between us that "No Information" was only a bracelet. It was quite easy to congratulate ourselves for agreeing to be so open when the only information we had about her mother was her age, where she was from and a certified record of her good health. What we did not realize was that through one bureaucratic slipup we would learn her mother's name and that through another she would learn ours, and Quintana's.

From the day we brought Quintana home from the hospital, we tried never to equivocate. When she was little, we always had Spanish-speaking help and one of the first words she learned, long before she understood its import, was *adoptada*. As she grew older, she never tired of asking us how we happened to adopt her. We told her that we went to the hospital and were given our choice of any baby in the nursery. "No, not that baby," we had said, "not that baby, not that baby." All this with full gestures of inspection, until finally. "That baby!" Her face would always light up and she would say: "Quintana." When she asked a question about her adoption, we answered, never volunteering more than she requested, convinced that as she grew her questions would become more searching and complicated. In terms I hoped she would understand, I tried to explain that adoption offered to a parent the possibility of escaping the prison of genes, that no matter how perfect the natural child, the parent could not help acknowledging in black moments that some of his or her bad

blood was bubbling around in the offspring; with an adoptada, we were innocent of any knowledge of bad blood.

In time Quintana began to intuit that our simple parable of free choice in the hospital nursery was somewhat more complex than we had indicated. She now knew that being adopted meant being born of another mother, and that person she began referring to as “my other mommy.” How old, she asked, was my other mommy when I was born? Eighteen, we answered, and on her stubby little fingers she added on her own age, and with each birthday her other mommy became twenty-three, then twenty-five and twenty-eight. There was no obsessive interest, just occasional queries, some more difficult to answer than others. Why had her other mother given her up? We said that we did not know—which was true—and could only assume that it was because she was little more than a child herself, alone and without the resources to bring up a baby. The answer seemed to satisfy, at least until we became close friends with a young woman, unmarried, with a small child of her own. The contradiction was, of course, apparent to Quintana, and yet she seemed to understand, in the way that children do, that there had been a millennium’s worth of social change in the years since her birth, that the pressures on a young unmarried mother were far more in 1966 than they were in 1973. (She did, after all, invariably refer to the man in the White House as President Nixon Vietnam Watergate, almost as if he had a three-tiered name like John Quincy Adams.) We were sure that she viewed her status with equanimity, but how much so we did not realize until her eighth birthday party. There were twenty little girls at the party, and as

little girls do, they were discussing things gynecological, specifically the orifice in their mothers' bodies from which they had emerged at birth. " I didn't, " Quintana said matter-of-factly. She was sitting in a large wicker fan chair and her pronouncement impelled the other children to silence. "I was adopted." We had often wondered how she would handle this moment with her peers, and we froze, but she pulled it off with such élan and aplomb that in moments the other children were bemoaning their own misfortune in not being adopted, one even claiming, "Well, I was almost adopted."

Because my wife and I both work at home, Quintana has never had any confusion about how we make our living. Our mindless staring at our respective typewriters means food on the table in a way the mysterious phrase "going to the office" never can. From the time she could walk, we have taken her to meetings whenever we were without help, and she has been a quick study on the nuances of our life. "She's remarkably well adjusted," my brother once said about her. "Considering that every time I see her she's in a different city." I think she could pick an agent out of a police lineup, and out of the blue one night at dinner she offered that all young movie directors were short and had frizzy hair and wore Ditto pants and wire glasses and shirts with three buttons opened. (As far as I know, she had never laid eyes on Bodganovich, Spielberg or Scorsese.) Not long ago an actress received an award for a picture we had written for her. The actress's acceptance speech at the televised award ceremony drove Quintana into an absolute fury. "She never," Quintana reported, "thanked us." Since she not only identifies with our work but at