

21 世纪英语专业系列教程

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高级英语阅读教程 ①

Advanced English

上海交通大学出版社

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内 容 提 要

《高级英语阅读教程》分上中下三册,共精选短文 96 篇,内容涉及中西文化、语言、教育、生活、媒介、历史、妇女问题、科技、人性、哲学、文学等,每册按主题分为 16 个单元,每个单元配有与学习内容相关的阅读理解、词义辨析、句子释义以及修辞等练习和思考题。该教程为英语专业高年级学生设计,也可用作大学英语研究生和本科生选修课教材或散文爱好者的读物。

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编者说明

为了满足英语专业高年级教学的需要,我们根据教育部颁发的《英语专业教学大纲》编写了《高级英语阅读教程》。

本教程包括 96 篇课文,其中多数为英美各时期有代表性的短文,内容涉及中西文化、语言、教育、生活、媒介、历史、妇女问题、科技、人性、哲学、文学等。本教程不以英美短文的源流为主线,重在通过内容广泛的短文介绍英美社会文化的精神财富,旨在使学生从中获得美的享受和智的开拓,因此贯穿全教程的主线是英美文明的成长与变迁。

本教程分上中下三册,每册分 16 个单元,每一单元由主题大致相同的两篇课文组成,力图向学生展示思维的多视角和多维性,以便学生通过比较、对照、分析、讨论,培养开阔的视野、独立的见解和批判的精神。每篇课文均配有起导读作用的引言、作者介绍及有关文化背景的注释。Text A 后配有阅读理解、词义辨析、句子释义以及修辞等练习,以利于学生掌握课文内容,巩固并扩大词汇量,提高阅读和写作技巧。思考题的编写旨在启发学生对由课文所引申的问题进行横向和纵向的比较、思考,即进行古今、中西文化对比、评述,从而为毕业论文工作奠定基础。Text B 后配有阅读理解和讨论题,目的是使学生对不同的见解提出自己的看法。

对本教程的使用可根据课文的侧重点,展开课堂讨论,在讨论中注重对课文中的重点和难点的理解,以培养学生分析问题和解决问题的能力。对于同一个句子,同一个观点,鼓励不同的阐释,但必须有理有据。在讨论的基础上,可适量布置写作练习,以进一步提高学生的逻辑思维能力和写作能力。

编者

2004 年 1 月

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Unit One

Text A

What Life Means to Me (I)

Jack London¹

Born into a poor family and raised in extreme poverty at the bottom of the society, Jack London resolutely determined to climb up out of the working-class where he felt sordid and wretched. He tried various means, engaging himself in business and selling his muscle, etc. However, he found himself a failure and decided to sell his brains instead.

1 I was born in the working-class. Early I discovered enthusiasm, ambition, and ideals; and to satisfy these became the problem of my child-life. My environment was crude and rough and raw. I had no outlook, but an uplook rather. My place in society was at the bottom. Here life offered nothing but sordidness and wretchedness, both of the flesh and the spirit; for here flesh and spirit were alike starved and tormented.

2 Above me towered the colossal edifice of society², and to my mind the only way out was up. Into this edifice I early resolved to climb. Up above, men wore black clothes and boiled shirts³, and women dressed in beautiful gowns. Also, there were good things to eat, and there was plenty to eat. This much for the flesh. Then there were the things of the spirit. Up above me, I knew, were unselfishnesses of the spirit, clean noble thinking, keen intellectual living. I knew all this because I read "Seaside Library" novels⁴, in which, with the exception of the villains and adventuresses, all men and women thought beautiful thoughts⁵, spoke a beautiful tongue, and performed glorious deeds. In short, as I accepted the rising of the sun, I accepted that up above me was all that was fine and noble and gracious, all that gave decency and dignity to life, all that made life worth living and that remunerated one for his travail and misery.

3 But it is not particularly easy for one to climb up out of the working-class — especially if he is handicapped by the possession of ideals and illusions. I lived on a ranch in California, and I was hard put to find the ladder whereby to climb. I early inquired the rate of interest on invested money, and worried my child's brain into an understanding of the virtues and excellencies of that remarkable invention of man, compound interest⁶. Further, I ascertained the current rates of wages for workers of all ages, and the cost of living. From all this data I concluded that if I began immediately and worked and saved until I was fifty years of age, I could then stop working and enter into participation in a fair portion of the delights and goodnesses that would then be open to me higher up in society. Of course, I resolutely determined not to marry,

while I quite forgot to consider at all that great rock of disaster in the working-class world — sickness.

4 But the life that was in me demanded more than a meagre existence of scraping and scrimping. Also, at ten years of age, I became a newsboy on the streets of a city, and found myself with a changed uplook. All about me were still the same sordidness and wretchedness, and up above me was still the same paradise waiting to be gained; but the ladder whereby to climb was a different one. It was now the ladder of business. Why save my earnings and invest in government bonds, when, by buying two newspapers for five cents, with a turn of the wrist I could sell them for ten cents and double my capital? The business ladder was the ladder for me, and I had a vision of myself becoming a baldheaded and successful merchant prince⁷.

5 Alas for visions! When I was sixteen I had already earned the title of "prince." But this title was given me by a gang of cut-throats and thieves, by whom I was called "The Prince of the Oyster Pirates." And at that time I had climbed the first rung of the business ladder. I was a capitalist. I owned a boat and a complete oyster-pirating outfit. I had begun to exploit my fellow-creatures. I had a crew of one man. As captain and owner I took two-thirds of the spoils, and gave the crew one-third, though the crew worked just as hard as I did and risked just as much his life and liberty.

6 This one rung was the height I climbed up the business ladder. One night I went on a raid amongst the Chinese fishermen. Ropes and nets were worth dollars and cents. It was robbery, I grant, but it was precisely the spirit of capitalism. The capitalist takes away the possessions of his fellow-creatures by means of a rebate, or of a betrayal of trust, or by the purchase of senators and supreme-court judges. I was merely crude. That was the only difference. I used a gun.

7 But my crew that night was one of those inefficients against whom the capitalist is wont to fulminate, because, forsooth, such inefficients increase expenses and reduce dividends. My crew did both. What of his carelessness⁸; he set fire to the big mainsail and totally destroyed it. There weren't any dividends that night, and the Chinese fishermen were richer by the nets and ropes we did not get. I was bankrupt, unable just then to pay sixty-five dollars for a new mainsail. I left my boat at anchor and went off on a bay-pirate⁹ boat on a raid up the Sacramento River¹⁰. While away on this trip, another gang of bay pirates raided my boat. They stole everything, even the anchors; and later on, when I recovered the drifting hulk, I sold it for twenty dollars. I had slipped back the one rung I had climbed, and never again did I attempt the business ladder.

8 From then on I was mercilessly exploited by other capitalists. I had the muscle, and they made money out of it while I made but a very indifferent living out of it. I was a sailor before the mast, a longshoreman, a roustabout; I worked in canneries, and factories, and laundries; I mowed lawns, and cleaned carpets, and washed windows. And I never got the full product of my toil. I looked at the daughter of the cannery

owner, in her carriage, and knew that it was my muscle, in part, that helped drag along that carriage on its rubber tires. I looked at the son of the factory owner, going to college, and knew that it was my muscle that helped, in part, to pay for the wine and good fellowship he enjoyed.

9 But I did not resent this. It was all in the game. They were the strong. Very well, I was strong. I would carve my way to a place amongst them and make money out of the muscles of other men. I was not afraid of work. I loved hard work. I would pitch in and work harder than ever and eventually become a pillar of society.

10 And just then, as luck would have it, I found an employer that was of the same mind. I was willing to work, and he was more than willing that I should work. I thought I was learning a trade. In reality, I had displaced two men. I thought he was making an electrician out of me; as a matter of fact, he was making fifty dollars per month out of me. The two men I had displaced had received forty dollars each per month; I was doing the work of both for thirty dollars per month.

11 This employer worked me nearly to death. A man may love oysters, but too many oysters will discline him toward that particular diet. And so with me. Too much work sickened me. I did not wish ever to see work again. I fled from work. I became a tramp, begging my way from door to door, wandering over the United States and sweating bloody sweats in slums and prisons.

12 I had been born in the working-class, and I was now, at the age of eighteen, beneath the point at which I had started. I was down in the cellar of society, down in the subterranean depths of misery about which it is neither nice nor proper to speak. I was in the pit, the abyss, the human cesspool, the shambles and charnel-house of our civilization. This is the part of the edifice of society that society chooses to ignore. Lack of space compels me here to ignore it, and I shall say only that the things I there saw gave me a terrible scare.

13 I was scared into thinking. I saw the naked simplicities of the complicated civilization in which I lived. Life was a matter of food and shelter. In order to get food and shelter men sold things. The merchant sold shoes, the politician sold his manhood, and the representative of the people, with exceptions, of course, sold his trust; while nearly all sold their honor. Women, too, whether on the street or in the holy bond of wedlock, were prone to sell their flesh. All things were commodities, all people bought and sold. The one commodity that labor had to sell was muscle. The honor of labor had no price in the market-place. Labor had muscle, and muscle alone, to sell.

14 But there was a difference, a vital difference. Shoes and trust and honor had a way of renewing themselves. They were imperishable stocks. Muscle, on the other hand, did not renew. As the shoe merchant sold shoes, he continued to replenish his stock. But there was no way of replenishing the laborer's stock of muscle. The more he sold of his muscle, the less of it remained to him. It was his one commodity, and each day his stock of it diminished. In the end, if he did not die before, he sold out and put

up his shutters. He was a muscle bankrupt, and nothing remained to him but to go down into the cellar of society and perish miserably.

15 I learned, further, that brain was likewise a commodity. It, too, was different from muscle. A brain seller was only at his prime when he was fifty or sixty years old, and his wares were fetching higher prices than ever. But a laborer was worked out or broken down at forty-five or fifty. I had been in the cellar of society, and I did not like the place as a habitation. The pipes and drains were unsanitary, and the air was bad to breathe. If I could not live on the parlor floor of society, I could, at any rate, have a try at the attic. It was true, the diet there was slim, but the air at least was pure. So I resolved to sell no more muscle, and to become a vender of brains.

Notes

1. **About the author:** Jack London (1876-1916), American novelist and short story writer, is best known for his stories of adventure and violence. His novels and stories, exciting, well-detailed, and vividly told, are marked by sympathy with the poor, prophecies of world revolution and a future socialist state, and emphasis upon the primitive, the powerful, the cruel, and the violent, usually embodied in an animal or a "superman". Among his works are: *The Son of the Wolf* (1900); *The People of the Abyss* (1903); *The Iron Heel* (1908); *Martin Eden* (1909); *Burning Daylight* (1910) and *John Barleycorn* (1913).
2. **the colossal edifice of society:** the very large structure of society
3. **black clothes and boiled shirts:** clothes worn on formal occasions; white starched shirts for wear with evening dress
4. **"Seaside Library" novels:** popular editions of novels intended for readers taking a rest at the seaside
5. **...thought beautiful thoughts:** had wonderful ideas
6. **compound interest:** interest calculated both on the original sum of money lent or borrowed and on all the unpaid interest already earned
7. **merchant prince:** a prosperous big shot in the business world
8. **What of his carelessness:** What was the situation with respect to his carelessness
9. **bay-pirate:** Here "bay" refers to San Francisco Bay
10. **the Sacramento River:** a river in northern California, flowing into southwest to enter the tidal reaches of Suisun Bay, an arm of San Francisco Bay

Questions for Comprehension

1. What did London think of his environment in the working class?
2. What made London determined to climb up into the colossal edifice of society high above him? Describe the vision of upper society London cherished in his early childhood.
3. How did London try to climb into the society above? By what means? Did he succeed in the end? Why or why not?
4. What was London's understanding of the nature of capitalist society?

5. Why did London resolve to become a brain vender instead of a muscle seller?

Vocabulary and Structure Exercises

I. Complete the following sentences with words or phrases from this lesson.

1. Florence Nightingale is the _____ of many a young nurse. (Para. 1&3)
2. If I had any money to _____, I would _____ it in that land. (Para. 3)
3. The magician made us think he cut a woman in half, but it was an _____. (Para. 3)
4. It's going to be some time before I _____ my full strength. (Para. 7)
5. They brought the boat into the harbor and dropped the _____. (Para. 7)
6. Draper completely _____ all these facts as though they never existed. (Para. 12)
7. He is a _____ for a large steel company in Sheffield. (Para. 13)
8. She improved, but she _____ in the hospital for four weeks. (Para. 14)
9. The amount of water in the pond will _____ as the dry season continues. (Para. 14)
10. There's only a _____ hope of survival for the crash victims. (Para. 15)

II. Explain the difference in the meaning or use of the italicized words in the pairs or groups of sentences.

1. a. Now he's grown up he no longer takes any *interest* in his stamp collection.
b. The subject may be full of *interest* to you, but it holds no interest for me.
c. We will at all times put the *interests* of the workers before all else.
d. This bank charges 6 percent *interest* on all money borrowed from it.
2. a. The new road has completely *spoiled* the character of the village.
b. Food *spoils* more quickly without preservatives.
c. That little girl is terribly *spoilt* — her parents give her everything she asks for.
d. He's *spoiling* for trouble.
3. a. The company *exploited* its workers with long hours and low pay.
b. We must *exploit* oil reserves, water power and solar energy, etc.
c. Their properties can be *exploited* for entirely new applications.
d. The daring *exploits* of the parachutists were much admired.
4. a. He is *prone* to lose his temper when people disagree with him.
b. Some people seem to be accident- *prone* .
c. He is *prone* to colds, especially in winter.
d. he was lying *prone* on the couch, fast asleep.
5. a. The house has a pleasant *outlook* over the valley.
b. The employment *outlook* for the next year is based in part on contracts signed this year.
c. A work of art should conform to its author's *outlook* on the world.
6. a. She hoped to lead a life of *virtue*.
b. Patience is a *virtue*.
c. This seat has the *virtue* of being adjustable.

- d. She lost her *virtue* when she was only fourteen.
7. a. We have a big *stock* of books, which are kept in the stock room till they are needed.
b. He has £9000 in *stocks* and shares.
c. Farmers need plenty of grass to feed their *stock*.
d. Both his parents are of Scottish *stock*.
8. a. The trap had cut deeply into the rabbit's *flesh*.
b. The spirit is willing but the *flesh* is weak.
c. The minister said that such was the way of all *flesh*.
9. a. Five hundred pounds is all that *remains* to him of the large fortune that he inherited from his father.
b. He *remained* in his seat after all the other students had gone home.
c. His mind *remained* active in spite of his physical deterioration.
d. The *remaining* students will serve as the audience.
e. The *remains* of the meal are in the refrigerator.

III. Paraphrase the italicized parts in the following sentences.

1. *Above me towered the colossal edifice of society*, and to my mind the only way out was up.
2. But it is not particularly easy for one to climb up out of the working-class — especially if *he is handicapped by the possession of ideals and illusions*.
3. But the life that was in me demanded more than *a meagre existence of scraping and scrimping*.
4. The capitalist takes away the possessions of his fellow-creatures *by means of a rebate, or of a betrayal of trust, or by the purchase of senators and supreme-court judges*.
5. *He was a muscle bankrupt*, and nothing remained to him but to go down into the cellar of society and perish miserably.

Rhetorical Exercise

Here are some examples of metaphor from the text:

Above me towered the colossal edifice of society, and to my mind the only way out was up.

I lived on a ranch in California, and I was hard put to find the ladder whereby to climb.

I was down in the cellar of society, down in the subterranean depths of misery about which it is neither nice nor proper to speak. I was in the pit, the abyss, the human cesspool, the shambles and charnel-house of our civilization.

If I could not live on the parlor floor of society, I could, at any rate, have a try at the attic.

Other examples:

The news is a *dagger* to his heart.

Learning is *climbing up a mountain*.

She was strangled in *the net of gossip*.

Money is the *lens* in the camera.

A house divided against itself can't stand.

The machine-gun mowed down the enemy.

Joe was a *lion* in the battle.

The following examples are from Shakespeare's works:

How many thousand of my poorest subjects

Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?...

Life's but a *walking shadow*, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

And then is heard no more; it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

Benedick. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claudio. Can the world buy such a *jewel*?

Questions for Discussion

1. What life means to you? Do you think you are living a happy and satisfactory life? Talk about your understanding of life and society.
2. Will you earn a living by means of brain or muscle? Which means do you prefer? Talk about your own life experiences and your view on life.

Text B

Christmas

Floyd Dell¹

Totally ignorant of the poverty of his family, our hero, the little boy felt sorry for the poor children. He didn't find he was one of them until something happened before Christmas. Not wanting to upset their son, the parents pretended they hadn't known it was Christmas Eve. At this point, many things fitted together in the boy's mind, meaning something, the boy suddenly realized they were poor. The incident brought a strong impact on his character. From then on, the boy didn't want anything...

1 That fall, before it was discovered that the soles of both my shoes were worn clear through, I still went to Sunday school. And one time the Sunday-school superintendent made a speech to all the classes. He said that these were hard times², and that many poor children weren't getting enough to eat. It was the first time that I

had heard about it. He asked everybody to bring some food for the poor children next Sunday. I felt very sorry for the poor children.

2 Also, little envelopes were distributed to all the classes. Each little boy and girl was to bring money for the poor, next Sunday. The pretty Sunday-school teacher explained that we were to write our names, or have our parents write them, up in the left-hand corner of the little envelopes. . . . I told my mother all about it when I came home. And my mother gave me, the next Sunday, a small bag of potatoes to carry to Sunday school. I supposed the poor children's mothers would make potato soup out of them. . . . Potato soup was good. My father, who was quite a joker, would always say, as if he were surprised, "Ah! I see we have some nourishing potato soup today!" It was so good that we had it every day. My father was at home all day long and every day, now; and I liked that. I had my parents all to myself, too; the others were away. My oldest brother was in Quincy³, and memory does not reveal where the others were: perhaps with relatives in the country.

3 Taking my small bag of potatoes to Sunday school, I looked around for the poor children; I was disappointed not to see them. I had heard about poor children in stories. But I was told just to put my contribution with the others on the big table in the side room.

4 I had brought with me the little yellow envelope, with some money in it for the poor children. My mother had put the money in it and sealed it up. She wouldn't tell me how much money she had put in it, but it felt like several dimes. Only she wouldn't let me write my name on the envelope. I had learned to write my name, and I was proud of being able to do it. But my mother said firmly, *no*, I must *not* write my name on the envelope; she didn't tell me why. On the way to Sunday school I had pressed the envelope against the coins until I could tell what they were; they weren't dimes but pennies.

5 When I handed in my envelope, my Sunday school teacher noticed that my name wasn't on it, and she gave me a pencil; I could write my own name, she said. So I did. But I was confused because my mother had said not to; and when I came home, I confessed what I had done. She looked distressed. "I told you not to!" she said. But she didn't explain why. . . .

6 I didn't go back to school that fall. My mother said it was because I was sick. I did have a cold the week that school opened; I had been playing in the gutters and had got my feet wet, because there were holes in my shoes. My father cut insoles out of cardboard, and I wore those in my shoes. As long as I had to stay in the house anyway, they were all right.

7 I stayed cooped up in the house, without any companionship. We didn't take a Sunday paper any more, and though I did not read small print, I could see the Santa Clauses and holly wreaths⁴ in the advertisements.

8 There was a calendar in the kitchen. The red days were Sundays and holidays;

and that red 25 was Christmas. I knew just when Christmas was going to be.

9 But there was something queer! My father and mother didn't say a word about Christmas. And once when I spoke of it, there was a strange, embarrassed silence; so I didn't say anything more about it. But I wondered, and was troubled. Why didn't they say anything about it? Was what I had said I wanted too expensive?

10 I wasn't arrogant and talkative now. I was silent and frightened. What was the matter? Why didn't my father and mother say anything about Christmas? As the day approached, my chest grew tighter with anxiety.

11 Now it was the day before Christmas. I couldn't be mistaken. But not a word about it from my father and mother. I waited in painful bewilderment all day. I had supper with them, and was allowed to sit up for an hour. I was waiting for them to say something. "It's time for you to go to bed," my mother said gently. I *had* to say something.

12 "This is Christmas Eve, isn't it?" I asked, as if I didn't know.

13 My father and mother looked at one another. Then my mother looked away. Her face was pale and stony. My father cleared his throat, and his face took on a joking look. He pretended he hadn't known it was Christmas Eve, because he hadn't been reading the papers. He said he would go downtown and find out.

14 My mother got up and walked out of the room. I didn't want my father to have to keep on being funny about it, so I got up and went to bed. I went by myself without having a light. I undressed in the dark and crawled into bed.

15 I was numb. As if I had been hit by something. It was hard to breathe. I ached all through. I was stunned — with finding out the truth.

16 My body knew before my mind quite did. In a minute, when I could think, my mind would know. And as the pain in my body ebbed, the pain in my mind began. I *knew*. I couldn't put it into words yet. But I knew why I had taken only a little bag of potatoes to Sunday school that fall. I knew why there had been only pennies in my little yellow envelope. I knew why I hadn't gone to school that fall — why I hadn't any new shoes — why we had been living on potato soup all winter. All these things, and others, many others fitted themselves together in my mind, and meant something.

17 Then the words came into my mind and I whispered them into the darkness.

18 "*We're poor!*"

19 That was it. I was one of those poor children I had been sorry for, when I heard about them in Sunday school. My mother hadn't told me. My father was out of work, and we hadn't any money. That was why there wasn't going to be any Christmas at our house.

20 "*We're poor.*" There in bed in the dark, I whispered it over and over to myself. I was making myself get used to it.

21 It wasn't so bad, now that I knew, I just *hadn't known!* I had thought all sorts of foolish things; that I was going to Ann Arbor⁵— going to be a lawyer — going to

make speeches in the Square⁶, going to be President. Now I know better.

22 I had wanted (something) for Christmas, I didn't want it, now. I didn't want anything.

23 I lay there in the dark, feeling the cold emotion of renunciation. (The tendrils of desire unfold their clasp on the outer world of objects, withdraw, shrivel up. Wishes shrivel up, turn black, die. It is like that.)

24 It hurt. But nothing would ever hurt again. I would never let myself want anything again.

25 I lay there stretched out straight and stiff in the dark, my fists clenched hard upon Nothing...

26 In the morning it had been like a nightmare that is not clearly remembered — that one wishes to forget. Though I hadn't hung up any stocking there was one hanging at the foot of my bed. A bag of popcorn, and a lead pencil, for me. They had done the best they could, now they realized that I knew about Christmas. But they needn't have thought they had to. I didn't want anything.

Notes

1. **About the author:** Floyd Dell (1887-1969) is an American versatile and prolific writer and editor for several newspapers and magazines. "Christmas" is an excerpt from *Homecoming* — his autobiography (1933).
2. **hard times:** The *hard times* mentioned in this excerpt most probably refer to 1893, when the United States suffered from a severe and prolonged depression.
3. **Quincy:** a suburban town near Boston, Massachusetts
4. **the Santa Clauses and holly wreaths:** Santa Claus is an imaginary old man in red clothes with a long white beard, believed by children to come down the chimney on Christmas Eve to put presents in their stockings. The holly wreath is a ring of holly, an evergreen shrub with prickly leaves and red berries. It might be said that Santa Claus and holly wreath are symbols of Christmas.
5. **Ann Arbor:** the site of the University of Michigan, one of the best-known universities in the United States
6. **going to make speeches in the Square:** The boy was dreaming of running for the Presidency

Study Questions

1. How did the child react to what the Sunday-school superintendent said?
2. Why did the mother ask child not to write his name on the envelope? Why did the child's mother look distressed when she learned that he had written his name on the envelope?
3. Why didn't the child's parents say a word about Christmas? Why did the father pretend not to know it?
4. What did the child realize on Christmas Eve? What change would the incident bring the child?

Unit Two

Text A

What Life Means to Me (II)

Jack London

Jack London became a successful brain vender after he had studied ardently. He discovered that people in the upper class and lower class were the same. Besides, he found the fame, wealth and success of the people in the edifice of society were based on the hard work of the people down in the cellar. Having lost many illusions he had retained about the society high above him, he decided not to climb up but, instead, to return to the class where he belonged and work together with other members of the working class, and resolved to topple the society he had once been so eager to enter and build a clean and noble new society out of the rotten old one.

1 Then began a frantic pursuit of knowledge. I returned to California and opened the books. While thus equipping myself to become a brain merchant, it was inevitable that I should delve into sociology. There I found, in a certain class of books, scientifically formulated, the simple sociological concepts I had already worked out for myself. Other and greater minds, before I was born, had worked out all that I had thought and a vast deal more. I discovered that I was a socialist.

2 The socialists were revolutionists, inasmuch as they struggled to overthrow the society of the present, and out of the material to build the society of the future. I, too, was a socialist and a revolutionist. I joined the groups of working-class and intellectual revolutionists, and for the first time came into intellectual living. Here I found keen-flashing intellects and brilliant wits; for here I met strong and alert-brained, withal horny-handed, members of the working-class; unfrocked preachers too wide in their Christianity for any congregation of Mammon-worshippers¹, professors broken on the wheel of university subservience to the ruling class and flung out because they were quick with knowledge which they strove to apply to the affairs of mankind.

3 Here I found, also, warm faith in the human, glowing idealism, sweetnesses of unselfishness, renunciation, and martyrdom — all the splendid, stinging things of the spirit. Here life was clean, noble, and alive. Here life rehabilitated itself, became wonderful and glorious; and I was glad to be alive. I was in touch with great souls who exalted flesh and spirit over dollars and cents, and to whom the thin wail of the starved slum child meant more than all the pomp and circumstance of commercial expansion and world empire. All about me were nobleness of purpose and heroism of effort, and my days and nights were sunshine and starshine, all fire and dew, with before my eyes,