



西安交通大学

研究生创新教育系列教材

综合英语 I

总主编 郭继荣

副总主编 刘新法



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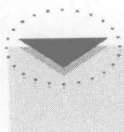
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总序

创新是一个民族的灵魂,也是高层次人才水平的集中体现。因此,创新能力的培养应贯穿于研究生培养的各个环节,包括课程学习、文献阅读、课题研究等。文献阅读与课题研究无疑是培养研究生创新能力的重要手段,同样,课程学习也是培养研究生创新能力的重要环节。通过课程学习,使研究生在教师指导下,获取知识的同时理解知识创新过程与创新方法,对培养研究生创新能力具有极其重要的意义。

西安交通大学研究生院围绕研究生创新意识与创新能力改革研究生课程体系的同时,开设了一批研究型课程,支持编写了一批研究型课程的教材,目的是为了推动在课程教学环节加强研究生创新意识与创新能力的培养,进一步提高研究生培养质量。

研究型课程是指以激发研究生批判性思维、创新意识为主要目标,由具有高学术水平的教授作为任课教师参与指导,以本学科领域最新研究和前沿知识为内容,以探索式的教学方式为主导,适合于师生互动,使学生有更大的思维空间的课程。研究型教材应使学生在在学习过程中可以掌握最新的科学知识,了解最新的前沿动态,激发研究生科学研究的兴趣,掌握基本的科学方法,把教师为中心的教学模式转变为以学生为中心教师为主导的教学模式,把学生被动接受知识转变为在探索研究与自主学习中掌握知识和培养能力。

出版研究型课程系列教材,是一项探索性的工作,有许多艰苦的工作。虽然已出版的教材凝聚了作者的大量心血,但毕竟是一项在实践中不断完善的工作。我们深信,通过研究型系列教材的出版与完善,必定能够促进研究生创新能力的培养。

西安交通大学研究生院



序

半个多世纪以来,世界各国都在强调创新,并形成日益强大的竞争优势。中国也把提高自主创新能力作为提高国家竞争力的中心环节,把建设创新型国家当作一项重大战略。

高等教育是国家教育体系中的重要组成部分,而研究生教育又是我国高等教育的重要组成部分。作为国家创新体系中的核心力量,研究生创新教育肩负着为 21 世纪培养高层次创新型人才的重任,因而具有十分特殊的重要意义。与此同时,研究生外语教育作为研究生教育的重要组成部分,也就成为培养 21 世纪高层次创新型人才的必要基础和重要内容。因此,研究生的外语能力与专业知识技能具有同等重要的地位。

2005 年 1 月,教育部发布了“关于实施研究生教育创新计划加强研究生创新能力培养进一步提高培养质量的若干意见”,同时实施了研究生教育创新计划项目。为了培养出能满足社会需要的高层次创新型人才,西安交通大学大力推进研究生的外语教学改革,并支持立项进行深入调查和研究。大量数据表明,当前社会对学生的需求以及学生自身的学习状况和发展特点都需要我们在研究生阶段的外语教育中着重培养三个方面的能力,即(1)获取信息的能力——外语的载体价值;(2)沟通交流的能力——外语的工具价值;(3)创新思维的能力——外语思维能力价值。

在充分论证和深入研究的基础上,我校的研究生英语教学逐步完成了课程体系改革,并受到了学生及专家的普遍好评。同时,作为研究生创新教育的重要支撑,我们组织编写了这套“研究生创新教育英语系列教材”,包括《综合英语》(I, II)、《高级口语教程》、《实用英汉互译教程》、《国际学术交流英语》、《西方文化渊源》和《西方名著选读》。教材作(编)者都是活跃在教学一线的骨干教师,并直接参与了教学改革的研究与实践。他们具有高度的责任感与使命感,业务精良,年富力强,思维活跃,专业理论基础扎实,知识结构合理,具有

一定的研究能力和学术水平,他们为完成系列教材的编写倾注了大量的心血。从项目申报到教材编写的各个环节中,西安交通大学研究生院都给予了大量的支持与帮助。专家评委认真听取课题申报和各项汇报,仔细审查相关内容,分析可行性与合理性,帮助项目组严把质量关。西安交通大学外国语学院领导也非常重视和关心该项目的进展情况,并从时间上及设备上保障课题的顺利进行。同时,感谢西安交通大学出版社给予的大力支持。另外,我们在编写过程中,参考了一些国内外的图书、报刊、杂志和网站文章,在此向原作者表示感谢。

“研究生创新教育英语系列教材”的编写是一项开创性的工作。由于我们经验不足、水平有限,错误之处在所难免,希望广大教师和读者在使用中提出宝贵意见和建议,使本系列教材在今后的修订中得到进一步的提高和完善。



前言

随着经济的全球化和国际交流的日益增强,提高学生的语言应用能力已经成为各高校外语教师关注的重点。“研究生创新教育英语系列教材”之《综合英语》教材的编写正是按照教育部《非英语专业研究生英语(第一外语)教学大纲》制订的教学目标,以语言基础为主,培养学生语言应用能力;以阅读为出发点,对学生进行听、说、读、写、译等综合技能的训练,巩固和提高学生的语言基础知识和语言应用技能,全面提高学生综合应用语言的能力。

《综合英语》的编写从学生的实际出发,以大学英语四级水平为起点,遵循了循序渐进的规律。教材分为Ⅰ,Ⅱ两册并备有配套的教师用书,涵盖研究生教学的基础阶段,也可以相对独立地选择使用,因而可以更具针对性地进行教学。

《综合英语》选材广泛、新颖,内容与时俱进,既涉及到当今社会的许多热门话题,如社会、经济、教育、文化及科技,又包含了原汁原味的文学作品,更穿插有励志、节能、探月等新兴主题。一方面体现了很强的实用性和学术性,另一方面又极具可读性和趣味性。同时,文章思想内容深刻,适合在研究生阶段的英语学习中进行讨论式教学,以达到激活思想、启迪思维的目的。

《综合英语》的练习题形式活泼多样,突显实践性。在紧密结合课文训练学生的阅读、词汇、翻译及写作等方面技能的基础上,编写人员精心设计 Warm-up 和 Speaking 练习题培养学生的口头表达能力。特别是通过设计角色扮演、辩论、场景模拟、演讲、采访等延伸主题的活动使学生能

够身临其境地运用英语,进行更全面更深入的交流。注重实践性能够充分调动学生学习语言的积极性,既巩固了已掌握的知识又提高了语言技能。

《综合英语》由西安交通大学外国语学院研究生英语教学中心组织人员编写。在教材编写的过程当中,编写人员根据自身的教学经验,综合学生需求,力求做到最好,但由于编者水平有限,缺点在所难免。我们诚挚地希望广大师生和读者提出批评和建议,以便使该教材在今后的修订中不断得到改进和完善。

编者

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Unit 1

conveying his sense of frustration and bemusement at what he experienced and observed there. Through these stories, the author creates a comic picture and shows us some things we can smile

Text A University Days

James Thurber

Warm-up

1. Do you have any anecdotes about your university life?
2. Are you satisfied with your university life, including the campus, teaching facilities, cafeterias, library, classmates, professors, extracurricular activities, etc.?
3. What suggestions would you put forward for the improvement of your university?

Lead-in

The author writes comically about his college experience at Ohio State University. The author entertains and amuses while conveying his sense of frustration and bemusement at what he experienced and observed there. Through these stories, the author creates a comic persona and shows us some things we can smile about.

- 1 I passed all the other courses that I took at my university, but I could never pass botany. This was because all botany students had to spend several hours a week in a laboratory looking through a microscope at plant cells, and I could never see through a microscope. I never once saw a cell through a microscope. This used to enrage my instructor. He would wander around the laboratory pleased with the progress all the students were making in drawing the involved and, so I am told, interesting structure of lower cells, until he came to me. I would just be standing there. "I can't see anything," I would say. He would begin patiently enough, explaining how anybody can see through a microscope but he would always end up in a fury, claiming that I could too see through a microscope but I just pretended that I couldn't. "It takes away from the beauty of flowers anyway," I used to tell him. "We are concerned solely with what I may call the mechanic of flowers." "Well," I'd say, "I can't see anything." "Try it just once again," he'd say, and I would put my eye to the microscope and see nothing at all, except now and again nebulous milky substance—a phenomenon of maladjustment. You were supposed to see a vivid, restless clockwork of sharply defined plant cells. "I see what looks like a lot of milk," I would tell him. This, he claimed, was the result of my not having adjusted the microscope properly, so he would readjust it for me, or rather, for himself. And I would look again and see milk.

2) I finally took a deferred pass, as they called it, and waited a year and tried again. (You had to pass one of the biological sciences or you could not graduate.) The professor had come back from vacation brown as a berry, bright-eyed, and eager to explain cell-structure again to his classes. "Well," he said to me, cheerily, when we met in the first laboratory hour of the semester, "we're going to see cells this time, aren't we?" "Yes, sir," I said. Students to right of me and to left of me and in front of me were seeing cells; what's more, they were quietly drawing pictures of them in their notebooks. Of course, I didn't see anything.

3) "We'll try it," the professor said to me, grimly, "with every adjustment of the microscope known to man. As God is my witness, I'll arrange this glass so that you see cells through it or I'll give up teaching. In twenty-two years of botany, I—" He cut off abruptly for he was beginning to quiver all over, like Lionel Barrymore, and he genuinely wished to hold onto his temper; his scenes with me had taken a great deal out of him.

4) So we tried it with every adjustment of the microscope known to man. With only one of them did I see anything but blackness or the familiar lacteal opacity, and that time I saw, to my pleasure and amazement, a variegated constellation of flakes, specks and dots. These I hastily drew. The instructor, noting my activity, came back from an adjoining desk, a smile on his lips and his eyebrows high in hope. He looked at my cell drawing. "What's that?" he demanded, with a hint of a squeal in his voice. "That's what I saw," I said. "You didn't, you didn't, you didn't!" he screamed, losing control of his temper instantly, and he bent over and squinted into the microscope. His head snapped up. "That's your eye!" he shouted. "You've fixed the lens so that it reflects! You've drawn your eye!"

5) Another course that I didn't like, but somehow managed to pass, was economics. I went to that class, straight from the botany class, which didn't help me any in understanding either subject. I used to get them mixed up. But not as mixed up as another student in my economics class

who came there direct from a physics laboratory. He was a tackle on the football team, named Bolenciewicz. At that time Ohio State University had one of the best football teams in the country, and Bolenciewicz was one of its outstanding stars. In order to be eligible to play it was necessary for him to keep up in his studies, a very difficult matter, for while he was not dumber than an ox he was not any smarter. Most of his professors were lenient and helped him along. None gave him more hints in answering questions or asked him simpler ones than the economics professor, a thin, timid man named Bassum. One day when we were on the subject of transportation and distribution, it came to Bolenciewicz's turn to answer a question. "Name one means of transportation." The professor said to him. No light came into the big tackle's eyes. "Just any means of transportation," said the professor. Bolenciewicz sat staring at him. "That is," pursued the professor, "any medium, agency, or method of going from one place to another." Bolenciewicz had the look of a man who is being led into a trap. "You may choose among steam, horsedrawn, or electrically propelled vehicles," said the instructor. "I might suggest the one which we commonly take in making long journeys across land." There was a profound silence in which everybody stirred uneasily, including Bolenciewicz and Mr. Bassum. Mr. Bassum abruptly broke this silence in an amazing manner. "Choo-choo-choo," he said, in a low voice, and turned instantly scarlet. He glanced appealingly around the room. All of us, of course, shared Mr. Bassum's desire that Bolenciewicz should stay abreast of the class in economics, for the Illinois games, one of the hardest and most important of the season, was only a week off. "Toot, toot, too-tooooooot!" some student with a deep voice moaned, and we all looked encouragingly at Bolenciewicz. Somebody else gave a fine imitation of a locomotive letting off steam. Mr. Bassum himself rounded off the little show. "Ding, dong, ding, dong," he said, hopefully. Bolenciewicz was staring at the floor now; trying to think, his great brow furrowed, his huge hands rubbing together, his face red.

"How did you come to college this year, Mr. Bolenciewicz," asked the professor. "Chuffa, chuffa, chuffa, chuffa."

“My father send me,” said the football player.

“What on?” asked Bassum.

“I git an ’lowance,” said the tackle, in a low, husky voice, obviously embarrassed.

“No, no,” said Bassum. “Name a means of transportation. What did you ride here on?”

“Train,” said Bolenciewicz.

“Quite right,” said the professor. “Now, Mr. Nugent, will you tell us—”

Ohio State was a land grant university and therefore two years of military drill was compulsory. We drilled with old Springfield rifles and studied the tactics of the Civil War even though the World War was going on at the time. At 11 o’clock each morning thousands of freshmen and sophomores used to deploy over the campus, moodily creeping up on the old chemistry building. It was good training for the kind of warfare that was waged at Shiloh but it had no connection with what was going on in Europe. Some people need to think there was German money behind it, but they didn’t dare say so or they would have been thrown in jail as German spies. It was a period of muddy thought and marked, I believe, the decline of higher education in the Middle West.

As a soldier, I was never any good at all. Most of the cadets were glumly indifferent soldiers, but I was no good at all. One General Littlefield, who was commandant of the cadet corps, popped up in front of me during regimental drill and snapped, “You are the main trouble with this university!” I think he meant that my type was the main trouble with the university but he may have meant me individually. I was mediocre at Western Conference, having failed at military at the end of each preceding year so that I had to do it all over again. I was the only senior still in uniform. The uniform which, when new, had made me look like an interurban railway conductor, now that it had become faded and too tight made me look like Bert Williams in his bellboy act. This had a definitely bad effect on my morale. Even so, I had become by sheer practice little short of wonderful at squad maneuvers.

15 One day General Littlefield picked our company out of the whole regiment and tried to get it mixed up by putting it through one movement after another as fast as we could execute them: squads right, squads left, squads on right into line, squads right about, squads left front into line, etc. In about three minutes one hundred and nine men were marching in one direction and I was marching away from them at an angle of forty degree, all alone. "Company, halt!" shouted General Littlefield. "That man is the only man who has it right!" I was made a corporal for my achievement.

16 The next day General Littlefield summoned me to his office. He was swatting flies when I went in. I was silent and he was silent, too, for a long time; I don't think he remembered me or why he had sent for me, but he didn't want to admit it. He swatted some more flies, keeping his eyes on them narrowly before he let go with the swatter. "Button up your coat!" he snapped. Looking back on it now I can see that he meant me although he was looking at a fly, but I just stood there. Another fly came to rest on a paper in front of the General and began rubbing its hind legs together. The General lifted the swatter cautiously. I moved restlessly and the fly flew away. I said I was sorry. "That won't help the situation!" snapped the General, with cold military logic. I didn't see what I could do except offer to chase some more flies toward his desk, but I didn't say anything. He stared out the window at the far away figures of co-eds crossing the campus toward the library. Finally, he told me I could go. So I went. He either didn't know which cadet I was or else he forgot what he wanted to see me about. It may have been that he wished to apologize for having called me the main trouble with the university; or maybe he had decided to compliment me on my brilliant drilling of the day before and then at the last minute decided not to. I don't know. I don't think about it much any more.

(1,748 words)
from *Fifty Great Essays*

New Words

nebulous /'nebjuləs/ *a.*

defer /di'fə:/ *v.*

stern /stɜ:n/ *a.*

haste /heist/ *n.*

lacteal /'læktiəl/ *a.*

variegate /'værigeit/ *v.*

tackle /'tækl/ *n.*

lenient /li:njənt/ *a.*

propel /prə'pel/ *v.*

abreast /ə'brest/ *ad.*

tactics /'tæktiks/ *n.*

deploy /di'plɔi/ *v.*

cadet /kə'det/ *n.*

morale /mərə:l/ *n.*

squad /skwəd/ *n.*

halt /hɔ:lt/ *v.*

corporal /kɔ:pərəl/ *n.*

swat /swɒt/ *v.*

mediocre /mi:'diəukə/ *a.*

lacking definite form or limits

to put off or hold back until a later

date, delay

very serious and strict

hurry, quickness of movement

乳状的

to make sth. more diverse and varied

the person who plays front position

on a football team

gentle, merciful in judgment

to cause to move forward with force

并肩地, 赶得上地

a plan for attaining a particular goal

to distribute systematically or strategically

a military trainee

士气, 斗志

a smallest army unit 班

to stop

[军] 下士

to slap 重拍, 猛击

ordinary 普通的

Phrases and Expressions

in a fury

cut off

creep up

pop up

生气, 愤怒

cease, stop

advance stealthily or unnoticed

appear suddenly or unexpectedly