

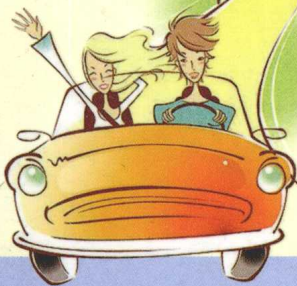
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# City 城市让生活更美好 Life



杨佳◎主编



你很怀念曾经美好的幸福生活，  
但是，如果你选择，你又会发现  
自己更愿意在都市里。

从不同角度来体现都市  
生活的美丽与魅力。

漫步在都市中的大街小巷，从中寻找尚未被发掘的美味  
餐厅、商店或书店，对你来说简直是一种享受。你随时  
认识新的朋友，拥有更多的选择……



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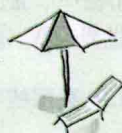
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SPARE TIME ENGLISH READING

## — 前言 —

你是否也和我一样,穿梭于熙熙攘攘的人潮中,陡然产生一种铭心刻骨的孤独感?在 KTV 一夜狂欢之后,一股沉重的失落感莫名袭来?

都市快节奏的生活与高压力的工作,逼迫着我们忙碌奔波。在某次应酬后回到自己的安乐窝中,你或许会突然怀念以前在小镇或乡村的生活——那时的天很蓝,那儿的空气清新,那里的气氛平静祥和,与某些城市里的灰暗污浊、喧嚣紧迫的生存空间形成强烈的对比。

你很怀念曾经的生活,但是,如果让你选择,你又会发现自己更愿意生活在都市里。是的,就像 2010 年上海世博会所宣扬的主题——城市,让生活更美好。你喜欢都市的方便、浪漫、时尚、性感;漫步在都市的大街小巷,寻找尚未被发掘的美味餐厅、逛商店或书店……对你来说都是一种享受;你随时认识新的朋友、拥有更多的选择……都市的活力深深吸引着你。对此,古希腊哲学家亚里士多德曾这样说:“人们来到城市是为了生活,人们居住在城市是为了生活得更好。”

先哲有云:大隐隐于市。一个人只要内心丰盈,在都市的喧嚣中也可以找到宁静,在都市的紧张中也可以找到放松,在都市的规则里





也可以找到自在。只要一个人内心丰盈,在都市里“放牛”,做一个悠游的“牧童”又有什么不可以呢?

编者编译的这本《城市让生活更美好》,从不同角度来体现都市生活的美丽与魅力。全书分为八个部分:“大隐隐于市”“像春光,像火焰……”“寻美而去,唯美而行”“时尚是一只没有脚的小鸟”“人生得闲须尽欢”“霓虹灯下的轻喜剧”“善待自己,奖赏自己”“把幸福当成一种习惯”,每一篇为一个主题,代表着一种生活方式与态度。

开卷有益。相信读者在阅读本书时,不仅释放了情感,还能收获到知识。

编者

2010年6月







# 有空就读点英文

## Spare Time English Reading

### —— 一杯茶，一本书 ——

这里有成长路上的忧伤与快乐，

有生活中的悲欢离合，

有写满乡愁的枫叶，

有夕阳拖得好长的影子，

有夹在书本里的秘密，

有藏在抽屉里的情书，

有没来得及写完的日记，

还有……

### —— One cup of tea, one book ——

Here is the sorrow and joy of growth,

The tears and laughter of life,

The maple leaves carved with nostalgia,

The long shadows lengthened by the setting sun,

The secrets folded in the books,

The love letters hidden in the drawer,

The diary unfinished,

And...



## **The Real Hermit Lives Downtown**

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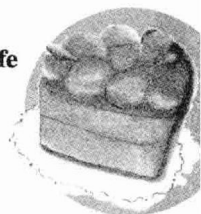


## **Traveling for Beauty**

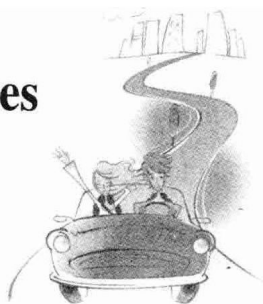
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## The Real Hermit Lives Downtown 大隐隐于市



并非只有整天和山水相伴才能修身养性。东晋诗人陶渊明有诗云：“问君何能尔，心远地自偏。”意思是在喧嚣的闹市中为何能够清幽自得，是因为心境离闹市很远，所以，就能获得清静，再闹的地方也就偏僻了。可见，能在最世俗的都市中排除嘈杂的干扰，自得其乐，才是“大隐”。

真的“隐士”，敢于直面喧嚣的都市，敢于正视熙攘的人潮。这是怎样的超凡者和幸福者？



## The Lure of the Big Cities 大都市的诱惑

Why are so many people so anxious to get away from the small town or village where they were brought up, and to make for the big cities? They usually describe their hometown as “boring” or “dead”, or the harshest **criticism** of all as “**provincial**.”

If we examine the question from a distance, as if we were viewing the whole





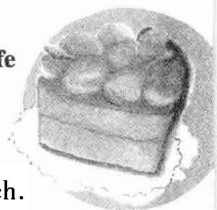
country from a long way off, we start to get a clue about what it is that **lures** us into the big cities. The main point to notice about big cities is that they are big; there are a lot of people, and there are a lot of things going on. If you look down on a city, literally from a great distance, from an airplane at night, you will be struck by the incredible brightness of a city; there are so many lights that you cannot help feeling that all the bright things of life are down there waiting for you. But a feeling of disappointment will set in shortly after you land, because you will discover as you drive into the city center from the airport that the lights are just that: lights, miles and miles of street lights and neon signs. They are not in themselves sources of joy and happiness: city lights are not friendly, they are merely lights. In fact, the effect will probably be to make you feel lonely and isolated.

And yet the city lures us, because it is not provincial like the dead little town we have left behind us. "Provincial" is in fact our way of describing not the town but the attitude of the people. In our little town, we know (or think we know) everybody. And what we know about them is that they do not want to go anywhere, or to do anything outside the normal routine of their everyday lives. Unlike us, they have no sense of adventure, no long for new experiences or new **horizons**. So we look down on them, pity or despise them, pack our bags, and make for the big world which we know is out there, where the bright lights are.

Then a curious thing happens. We find a job, make a small circle of friends and **acquaintances**, and move into some cramped accommodation. Gradually we get to know our section of the city, its shops and its people, and for a while, we begin to feel at home. It is small enough, our part of the city, for us not to feel lost or anonymous. We, in effect, create another little village for ourselves within the big city.

The ultimate irony comes when we rent a television set so that we can stay in at





night and watch exactly the same programs that our despised country cousins watch. Soon we too become “provincial”, and others who live round us will be glad to get up and leave us behind.

为什么那么多人那么急切地想离开自己从小长大的小城镇或村庄,而奔向大都市呢?他们常称自己的家乡“枯燥乏味”,或者“死气沉沉”,甚或最为刺耳地评判为“褊狭”。

假如我们从更高的层面来审视这个问题,就像我们远距离地一览整个国家一样,我们就会对到底是什么诱使我们到大城市来这个问题有一点线索了。大城市值得注意的主要一点就是“大”:人口众多,发生的事情也多。假如你确实从一个很远的距离——如夜晚航行的飞机上——俯视一座城市,你就会被这座城市难以置信的明亮所打动:那么多的灯光,以至于你会情不自禁地觉得五彩缤纷的生活正在那里等着你。然而,一旦你乘坐的飞机着陆,一股失望之情便油然而生,因为当你驱车从机场驶向市中心的时候,你会发现那种光亮不过是绵延几英里的路灯和霓虹灯招牌。它们本身并非快乐与幸福的源泉:城市之光并不友善,它们仅仅是灯光而已。事实上,其灯光效果很可能还会让你感觉到孤独与落寞。

然而,大城市依旧诱惑着我们,因为它们不像我们背弃的那个死气沉沉的小城镇那样褊狭。实际上,“褊狭”一词是我们用来描述人们态度的方式而非城镇本身。在我们的小城镇,我们认识(或者我们以为认识)那里的每个人。我们对他们的了解就是:他们不想到任何地方去,或者不想做任何与他们的日常生活相距甚远的事情。不像我们,他们没有冒险意识,没有寻求新体验或者新视野的渴望。所以我们瞧不起他们,可怜或者鄙视他们,于是我们打点好自己的行囊,来到这个我们确确实实存在着的、灯火通明的大千世界。

随后却发生了令人感到不解的事情。我们找到了工作,结识了一小群朋友与熟人,又搬进了拥挤的住房。渐渐地。我们了解了城市的这一区域,它的商店



和它的居民。有一段时间,我们开始有了一种家的感觉。这块地方很小,我们并不感到失落或被人遗忘。实际上,我们正是在一座大都市中营造了一个小村庄。

当我们租来一台电视机,我们就能够在晚上待在家里,与曾被我们藐视的乡下亲戚收看同一套节目,而这真是一个绝大的讽刺。不久,我们也变得“褊狭”了,居住在我们周围的人也会兴冲冲地准备行装而远走他乡。



单词注解

criticism ['kritɪsɪzəm] *n.* 批评,苛求,考证

provincial [prəʊ'veɪnʃəl] *n.* 乡下人,粗野的人

Whenever I go to London I feel like a provincial.

我一去伦敦,就总是觉得自己像个乡巴佬。

lure [ljʊə] *v.* 引诱,诱惑

Cheese is really a good lure for mice.

奶酪是很好的引诱老鼠的诱饵。

horizon [hə'reɪzən] *n.* 地平线,眼界,范围

acquaintance [ə'kweɪntəns] *n.* 熟人,了解,知道,相识



精华语句

If you look down on a city, literally from a great distance, from an airplane at night, you will be struck by the incredible brightness of a city: there are so many lights that you cannot help feeling that all the bright things of life are down there waiting for you.

假如你确实从一个很远的距离——如夜晚航行的飞机上——俯视一座城





市,你就会被这座城市难以置信的明亮所打动:那么多的灯光,以至于你会情不自禁地觉得五彩缤纷的生活正在那里等着你。

They are not in themselves sources of joy and happiness: city lights are not friendly, they are merely lights. In fact, the effect will probably be to make you feel lonely and isolated.

它们本身并非快乐与幸福的源泉:城市之光并不友善,它们仅仅是灯光而已。事实上,其灯光效果很可能还会让你感觉到孤独与落寞。





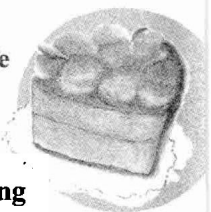
## Cities Are Alive

### 城市是有生命的

To Mrs. Jacobs cities were a living being, functioning much like a body in which the streets were **arteries** and **veins**. They grew organically, as one sort of work **differentiated** into others, and the constant flow of innovation kept them alive and expanding. Bluntly (for she had a tart tongue, lubricated with cigarettes and beer), she **dismissed** “the primacy of agriculture” in human history. Cities had come first, as the natural ecosystem of human beings.

For some years her own ecosystem was centered on 555 Hudson Street, in the West Village, where she and her family lived above a sweetshop. From there she surveyed a proper urban scene: the shop keeper opposite hanging out his **coils** of wire, high school children dropping wrappers on the street, the tailor retiring at midday to water his plants, Irish **longshoremen** swaying home from the White Horse Tavern. In this urban “ballet” she played her own part by leaving her keys with Joe Cornacchia at the **delicatessen**, taking her rubbish out to the curb (“my little clang”) or simply watching, from the window, as everyone else went past.

The picture formed her distinctive philosophy of cities, and her clarion-call against the 20th century wreckers. Cities should be densely populated, since density meant safety; old and new buildings, rich and poor regions should be the neighbours. Don't care the district system. So people can live near the work places. Cars should not be banned, but walking encouraged, on pavements made wide enough for children to play. Streets should be short, so that people were obliged to experiment and



explore and have the fun of turning new corners, just as she had done when **hunting for** jobs and apartments in her first months in New York.

对雅各布斯女士来说,城市是有生命的,它们的功能和人体相似,街道就是动脉和静脉。它们以有机的方式成长,各个部位工种各不相同,源源不断的创新让它们保持活力,并发展壮大。她毫不客气地断然否定人类历史中“农业优先”的理论(她伶牙俐齿,更有香烟和啤酒相助)。她认为,作为人类天然的生态系统,城市是首先出现的。

很多年以来,她自己的生态系统一直以西村哈德逊大街 555 号为核心,她和她的家人居住在一家糖果店的楼上。从那儿,她俯瞰实实在在的城市风景;对面的店主把线匝挂在外面,中学生们把包装纸丢在地上,裁缝中午休息的时候给自家的植物浇水,爱尔兰码头工人从白马酒馆里摇摇晃晃地走回家。在这场城市的“芭蕾”中,她也扮演着自己的角色:把钥匙留给熟食店的乔·科尔纳基亚,把垃圾放在路边(“我的小奏鸣曲”),或者只是注视着窗外,看路人经过。

这幅画面形成了她与众不同的城市哲学以及她对 20 世纪拆楼派吹起的响亮的反对号角。城市应该人口稠密,因为稠密意味着安全;老建筑与新建筑、富人区与穷人区都应当比邻而立;而不应该理会区制,这样人们就可以居住在工作单位的附近;汽车不应当被禁止,但应当鼓励人们步行,人行道应当被拓宽,以便让孩子们玩耍。街道要短,这样人们就不得不试着探索新的街角,并享受转弯的快乐,正如她初到纽约那几个月里寻找工作和住处时所经历的一样。



artery ['ɑ:təri] *n.* 动脉,干道,主流 [复数 arteries]

vein [vein] *n.* 血管,岩脉,纹理

differentiate [ˌdɪfə'renʃieɪt] *v.* 区分,区别

It is wrong to differentiate between pupils according to their family background.







按家庭出身区别对待学生的做法是错误的。

dismiss [dis'mis] *v.* 让……离开,开除,解散,解雇

Either you improve your work or I shall dismiss you.

要么你改进你的工作,否则我就解雇你。

coil [kɔil] *n.* 卷,线圈

longshoreman ['lɒŋʃɔ:mən] *n.* 码头工人

delicatessen [ˌdelikətəsən] *n.* 熟食,现成的食品

hunt for 搜寻,寻找

I hunt for a house to let.

我在寻找一所出租房屋。



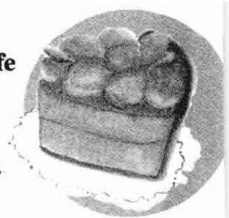
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在这场城市的“芭蕾”中,她也扮演着自己的角色:把钥匙留给熟食店的乔·科尔纳基亚,把垃圾放在路边(“我的小奏鸣曲”),或者只是注视着窗外,看路人经过。





## City Night Scene

## 都市夜色迷人

How different it is in the city! It is late and the crowd is gone. You step out upon the balcony, and lie in very bosom of the cool, **dewy** night as if you folded her **garments** about you. Beneath lies the public walk with trees, like a **fathomless**, black gulf, into whose silent darkness the spirit plunges, and floats away with some beloved spirit clasped in its embrace. The lamps are still burning up and down the long street. People go by with **grotesque** shadows, now **foreshortened**, and now lengthening away into the darkness and vanishing, while a new one springs up behind the walker, and seems to pass him revolving like the sail of a **windmill**. The iron gates of the park shut with a jangling clang. There are footsteps and loud voices; — a **tumult**; — a drunken **brawl**; — an alarm of fire; — then silence again.

And now at length the city is asleep, and we can see the night. The belated moon looks over the rooftops and finds no one to welcome her. The moonlight is broken, it lies here and there in the squares, and the opening of the streets — angular like blocks of white **marble**.

城市的夜晚是那样的不同啊！夜深了，人群已经散去。你走到阳台上，躺在凉爽和露水弥漫的夜幕中，仿佛你用它作为外衣裹住了你的身子。阳台下面是栽着树木的人行道，像一条深不可测的黑色海湾，漂浮的精灵就投入了这漆黑沉静的海湾，拥抱着某个所爱的精灵随波荡漾而去。长长的街道上，街灯依然到处亮着。人们从灯下走过，托拽着各种各样奇形怪状的影子，影子时而缩短，时而伸长，最后消失在黑暗之中；同时，一个新的影子又突然出现在那个行路人的身





后,这影子好似风车上的翼板一样,转到他身体的前方去了。公园的铁门当啷一声关上,耳边可以听到脚步声和响亮的说话声;一阵喧闹;一阵酒醉后的吵嚷声;一阵失火的报警声;接着,寂静如初。

于是,城市终于沉睡,我们终于能够看到夜的景色。姗姗来迟的月亮从屋顶后面探出脸来,发觉没有人在欢迎她。月光破碎,东一块,西一块,撒落在各个广场上和各条大街的开阔处——像一块块白色的大理石一样棱角分明。



dewy ['dju:ɪ] *adj.* 带露水的,露湿的

a dewy eve

降露之夕

garment ['gɑ:mənt] *n.* (一件)衣服,衣着

This shop sells garments of all kinds.

这家商店销售各式各样的衣服。

fathomless ['fæðəmlɪs] *adj.* 深不可测的,不可了解的

a man of fathomless energy

精力无穷的人

grotesque [grəu'tesk] *adj.* 奇形怪状的,古怪的

Grotesque faces are carved over the doorway of the old building.

那栋古老建筑的门廊上雕刻了奇形怪状的脸。

foreshortened [fɔ:'ʃɔ:tnd] *adj.* 按透视法缩小的

a foreshortened education

缩短了的教育

windmill ['windmɪl] *n.* 风车,风车房,旋转玩具

tumult ['tju:mʌlt] *n.* 吵闹,喧哗,(思想、情绪等的)波动