

第二册  
Book Two

*Experiencing Diverse Cultures*  
*A British in America and China*

西北工业大学明德学院英语系 主编

体验多彩文化

——一个英国人在美国和中国的经历

主笔: Robert Jackson

总主编: 辛 柯

审校: 刘新民 王艾芬 田鹏森



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## 向中国学生推荐这套丛书

本书的作者 Robert G. Jackson (罗伯特·杰克逊) 先生出生在英国, 毕业于英国著名的利物浦大学, 后为英国壳牌公司高级技术专家和副总裁, 在美国工作和生活了 20 多年, 又在中国生活和工作了十几年。Jackson 先生曾因工作关系遍访世界 24 个国家, 阅历极其丰富。2000 ~ 2005 年, 罗伯特应邀为西北工业大学明德学院客座教授, 为学生讲授英美文化、高级写作、毕业论文写作等课程。在此期间, 罗伯特以其近半个世纪在多个国家的工作和生活阅历、渊博的知识与丰富的经验教授学生、指导青年教师。他虽 80 多岁的高龄, 却精力充沛、睿智机敏、逻辑思维清晰; 他具有惊人的记忆力, 做事有科学的态度, 有严谨、认真的工作作风; 他对同事谦和友善, 对学生和蔼可亲、循循善诱; 对事业认真、执著、吃苦耐劳。这一切, 深得我院学生和教师的热爱与敬仰, 也给我们留下了深刻的印象。

本套丛书是 Jackson 先生应邀为我院学生编写的阅读丛书。其内容丰富, 题材广泛, 涉及知识面非常广, 从人文历史、自然风貌, 到科技发展, 小到家庭宠物趣事, 大到世界和平和世界经济发展, 现实生活中的方方面面, 几乎无所不包。其中有作者的生平故事, 有几十年从事科技工作与研究的非凡历程, 有遍访几十个国家、进行跨文化交流的轶闻趣事。作为一名高级科技人员, 他对城市交通、环境污染、煤的气化、液体火箭推进剂的研究和发展以及野生动物保护, 都阐述了自己的体验和看法。他现在的妻子是中国人, 在中国工作和生活期间, 他目睹了中国的改革开放历程, 以一个友善的外国人的眼光看中国, 对中国在发展中存在的各种弊病提出了善意的建议, 对中国的进步与发展感到由衷的高兴, 对中国的光明前途充满了期待与信心。

本书的内容实际上是东西方文化碰撞的结果, 是作者丰富的人生阅历和渊博知识的反映, 也是他思想境界和人生价值观的反映。它首先表现了作者对故人、对故土、对祖国的热爱, 其一往情深, 缕缕思念, 溢于言表。其次表现了对异域文化, 特别是对中国文化的理解与宽容; 对生命的关爱, 对环境的关注, 对大自然的热爱; 对文



明、教养、人类进步、科技发展、创造发明的欣喜与推崇；同时也反映了作者乐观向上的生活态度、精神与实践。阅读本书，无论是对做人、处世、从业都会有所帮助，也有利于学习外国文化，反省与弘扬中国文化。可以说，本套丛书读起来不仅有趣味性、知识性、可思性，而且有利于扩大知识面，提高整体素质。

从语言角度上讲，本书语言地道，词汇丰富，句式多样。在语言风格上，既有英国人特有的典雅、严肃与矜持，更不乏其通俗、幽默与诙谐。很多文章，由于作者自然、流利、得体的语言表达，读起来朗朗上口，不仅增长知识、学习语言，而且还是一种美的享受。

从理论上讲，外语学习涉及知识学习和技能训练。这是一个缓慢的累积和内化过程，其中包括语言学习和对目标与文化的体验过程，与其他学科的知识 and 技能学习一样，必须经过大量的、艰苦的实践。外语学习和母语学习一样，不能违背听、说、读、写这样一个自然学习顺序。听说永远是第一位的，所需实践量远远大于读写的实践量。但是，外语学习者在信息输入量方面，由于不能在一个真实的环境中依靠听地道的、真实的语言材料来获取大量的信息，只有通过大量阅读来弥补，特别是词汇量。虽然每一个词汇就是一个信息源，但是记单个的词汇没有实际作用，只有记句型和词的搭配，特别是动词的搭配，学习者才能从词的层面很快进入句子层面，从而进入篇章层面。英语专业和其他学科的大学生，在一定的学习阶段，有限的词汇量和对词语的运用能力成为进一步提高语言实用能力的主要障碍，特别是如何把被动词汇（认识的词汇）转为主动词汇（在说和写的过程中能够操作的词汇），如何在不同情境下，在不同文化环境中正确、得体地使用所学词语。

作为语言教师，我们一直寻求如何为学生提供比较理想的、可理解的语言输入，以培养学生有效的语言输入能力（听、读能力），并使其转化为较强的输出能力（说、写能力），最终获得正确、得体地使用所学语言的能力。要确保输出能力，首先要确



保大量的语言输入；其次，语言作为一种文化载体和交际工具，所输入的语言必须含有大量的文化信息，必须贴近现实生活并有一定的实用性，这样，学习者才感兴趣，才易于掌握。

大量实践是提高阅读能力和语言综合运用能力的唯一途径，只有大量实践才能把学到的词汇和语言知识转换成技能。在教材编写过程中，我们充分尊重语言学习这一规律并考虑到中国学生外语学习的特点，不仅编写了阅读理解问题，还为这套教材编写了翻译练习、讨论和写作练习，以便在大量阅读基础上把听、说、读、写、译有机地结合起来，从整体上提高学生的语言实用能力。

这套教材无论是语言输入量，知识涉及面，词汇覆盖面，语言的使用，或者是以读为主，结合听、说、写、译的练习，都基本满足了以上语言学习规律和中国学生学习英语的特点的要求。作为英语学习的阅读教材，除了内容新颖，语言地道，文笔流畅外，主要让学生通过一个外国人自身丰富的经历叙述，对许多异域文化，其中包括中国文化进行思考，扩大学生的知识面，词汇量。让学生通过阅读对西方文化有一个感性体验，从而能达到跨文化交际的目的。

这套教材作为泛读教材在两届学生中试用之后，根据教师和广大学生的要求，把原来每一册中的每个小故事根据非英语专业和英语专业学生的语言层次由作者本人写成简写本和原版本，我们再根据语言和内容难易程度编成六册。一至四册主要包括了作者的生平与经历；五、六册主要包括一些较复杂的科技文章。每册有 16 篇文章，每篇文章都是独立的故事，便于学生选择阅读；若用于教学，则利于教学安排。

我们希望学习者在阅读后能增长见识，对异域文化有较多的了解；能扩大词汇量，学会正确灵活使用词汇；能学到地道、恰当、得体的语言表达；能实实在在地提高英语语言的综合能力。同时也希望同一教材的不同难易程度的版本能够适合不同程度的学习者，使其语言能力特别是阅读能力得到提高。



西北大学出版社的编辑对本书的出版从编稿到反复校对，付出了巨大的心血，我们在此表示衷心的感谢。曾经在我院工作的樊恒夫老师也对本书的出版，特别是部分课文标题的翻译反复推敲，下了很大的功夫，在此我们也表示衷心的感谢。

西北工业大学外国语言文学系 辛柯

2010.12

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## Unit 1

## Reflection

## 内容简介

本文描绘了德威吉菲尔奇小镇的古朴、恬静。其乡村风情，山山水水，轶事趣谈都蕴涵着作者的思念之情以及对前妻的绵绵哀思。

## Version 1

There is a small town in North Wales of which I have many happy memories and one last sad one.<sup>1</sup> There, my family spent many happy holidays when our children and grandchildren were small, and there, Olive, my wife, found her last resting-place.<sup>2</sup>

While there, we stayed at a roadside restaurant and guesthouse, which rented out a small **bungalow** on its grounds. A short distance away a **footbridge**, over the road and railway, **provided easy access to** the shore and the sea and the children had no hesitation in playing in the water, although the temperature would be no more than 15 degrees.

The characteristic we most liked about the situation was the hills behind the guesthouse. The hill immediately behind was called Blueberry Hill, not surprising considering it was covered with **Blueberry bushes**, which, always at the time we were there would be thick with ripe fruit<sup>3</sup>. Not far away was a narrow road, at the end of which were a small church and an abandoned inn.<sup>4</sup> On another farm track behind the guesthouse, there was a genuine Druids Circle<sup>5</sup>. Fifteen large stones, there must have been many more originally, stood or lay in a circle as they had done for many centuries.

When we moved to Hornchurch, Dwygyfylchi, for that was the name of the town, became a memory and remained so until our children were grown and our family split between England and Ponca City, USA. In 1984 it was decided that, together with our youngest son and his family, we should go back to Wales for a family holiday.

We had to seek a large house and after our daughter-in-law found one our son telephoned to tell us about it. After he finished we asked where it was and he said “It is in North Wales at a place with a funny name” which he spelled for us. D-w-y-g-y-f-y-l-c-h-i. “Dwygyfylchi”, my wife **exclaimed**. “How delightful, but it is the village where we spent our holidays when you were children”. We enjoyed our vacation but the house was rather small.

The next time we went to Wales it was to the village of Ddualt and a house sitting well up a hill, accessed by a steep and winding road. It had been built in the 1500s by a family of sheep **rustlers** and would, at that time, have been **virtually** impossible to reach unless invited.

For many years the house lay **in ruins** until a retired army officer, Major Campbell who **specialised** in explosives, bought it and **renovated** it. Beside, but slightly above the house, a narrow **gauge** railway built over 100 years earlier, provided an alternative access. Major Campbell received permission to use the line to haul the materials he needed to renovate the house, the right any occupants of the house to use the railway for free. As a result we made many trips on that train.

The name of Major Campbell’s magnificent house was Plas Ddualt. The fireplace was a huge **recess** in the wall, with more than enough room to either stand upright or lie down in any direction<sup>6</sup>. The house walls were made of stone and were more than half a metre thick. The tiny windows had obviously been built so that the original rustler inhabitants<sup>7</sup> could easily defend themselves.”

Our next visit was in October 1992, when my sons and my daughter joined me to scatter my wife’s ashes in her native Wales and a small **promontory** alongside the road over the Sychnant Pass was chosen. There, with Dwygyfylchi lying below us we scattered her ashes **in the presence of** her British relatives and many good friends. They had gathered with us, to pay their respects to one who they had known, and whose qualities they had appreciated.<sup>8</sup>

That was the last time I visited Wales. Indeed I have not been to Britain since that October and I know that many changes have taken place there, but that is a different story.

*For those who want to know the whole story, and those who are advanced English learners, the complete version can be read below.*

## Version 2

There is a small town in North Wales of which I have many happy memories and one last sad one. There, my family spent many happy holidays when our children and grandchildren were small,

and where Olive, my wife, found her last resting-place.

While there, we stayed at a roadside restaurant and guesthouse, which rented out a small bungalow on its grounds. It was well off the road<sup>9</sup> and had all its own **facilities**, so the children could play safely outside while we prepared the meals or they **became bored with the inside**.

A short distance away a footbridge, over the road and railway, provided easy access to the shore and the sea. Britons and Welshmen are hardy folks (my wife was half Welsh) and the children **had no hesitation in** playing in the water, although the temperature would be no more than 15 degrees. We had a dog as well, Pluto, who delighted all as he rushed into the water to recover anything the children threw there.

The characteristic we most liked about the situation was the hills behind the guesthouse. They rose **majestically** towards the sky and were covered by small tracks along which we could walk with care, as did the sheep that originally created most of them<sup>10</sup>. It was **fascinating** to turn a corner on these tracks, and see a sheep and her lamb **nestled** in a small hole beside the track.

The hill immediately behind was called Blueberry Hill, which was not surprising considering it was covered with Blueberry bushes and, always at the time we were there, would be thick with ripe fruit. One can go a long way in life to find anything tastier than freshly picked blueberries and fresh cream<sup>11</sup>.

Not far away was a narrow road, it was a little more than a track, which could be used by the Morris Mini<sup>12</sup> we had at that time. At the end of the road, **set back on the hill**, were a small church and an abandoned inn. The church could hold no more than ten people but it was said that on Sundays, the whole village population from the valley below came to this place to worship in the morning and to drink the local beer in the afternoon, an activity that was then illegal in Wales.

On another farm track behind the guesthouse, which **wound its way up** and over the Blueberry Hill, there was a genuine Druids Circle. Fifteen large stones, there must have been many more originally, stood or lay in a circle as they had done for many centuries. Wales was a land of mystery and even today the Druids meet to celebrate the beginning of spring and other seasons in this and other circles around the land. Perhaps the most famous is Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain<sup>13</sup> in the South of England.

From the top of any of these hills, not so far in the distance, one could see the Isle of Anglesey across the Menai Strait, which separates it from the mainland.

When we moved to Hornchurch, Dwygyfylchi, for that was the name of the town, became a

memory and remained so until our children were grown and our family split between England and Ponca City, USA. In 1984 it was decided that, together with our youngest son and his family, we should go back to Wales for a family holiday. But we did not choose Dwygyfylchi rather it was chosen for us.<sup>14</sup>

We had to seek a large house, which could be rented, from the information in a catalogue sent to us by our daughter-in-law. We made a choice and sent off the information. Some time later, when we were preparing to buy our air tickets, arrange our rental car and arrange our **itinerary**, we found that our son in England had procrastinated and the house we had chosen was gone.

At short notice, our daughter-in-law found another one and our son telephoned to tell us and describe the house to make sure that we were to be satisfied. When he had finished the description we asked where it was and he said “Oh it is on the North Wales coast at a place with a funny name” which he said he could not pronounce but would spell it for us. D-w-y-g-y-f-y-l-c-h-i. “Dwygyfylchi”, my wife exclaimed. “How delightful, but you should have remembered it as the village where we used to spend our holidays every year when you were children”. We enjoyed our vacation but the house was rather too small for two children, two daughters-in-law and four small grandchildren and we never went again until a sadder occasion years later.

We did not desert Wales, however, and the next time we found ourselves in the most interesting of houses. It was near the village of Dduallt and sat well up a hill, accessed by a steep and winding road. It took a lot of practice to drive a car up it without many stops and **manoeuvres**. It had been built in the 1500s by a family of sheep rustlers and would, at that time, have been virtually impossible to reach unless invited.

For many years the house lay in ruins until a retired army officer, Major Campbell who specialised in explosives, bought it and renovated it. Beside, but slightly above the house, a narrow gauge railway built over 100 years earlier provided an alternative access. The railway was originally built to carry **slate** from Blaenau Ffestiniog to Porthmadog but **fell into disuse** when other methods of transportation developed.

Like others of its kind, it had been purchased by a group of enthusiasts who, with the sweat of their own brows, much of their own money and some in the form of gifts and grants, had converted it, stage by stage, into a tourist attraction.<sup>15</sup> Initially, the railway carried passengers from Porthmadog to Dduallt. Later it was extended to Blaenau Ffestiniog and Major Campbell, in return for providing some expert assistance, received permission to use the line to haul the materials needed to renovate

the house. He also received the right for him and any occupants of the house to use the railway for free. As a result we made many trips on that train.

Strangely enough some years earlier my wife, accompanied by our eldest son and Debbie, a young lady from Oklahoma, had chanced upon the station<sup>16</sup> at Dduallt. They found it because they were lost and stopped to ask a policeman the way. “You are here to see the Princess,” he said, much to their surprise, as their only purpose in stopping was to get on their way.

They had, in fact, **stumbled on** the very place where Princess Margaret, the Queen of England’s younger sister, was that day declaring the rebuilt station open. They took lots of photographs to show the folks in Oklahoma, including one of Debbie standing by the bareheaded policeman, while his **helmet** rested on her young head.

The name of Major Campbell’s magnificent house was Plas Dduallt. The fireplace was a huge recess in the wall, with more than enough room to either stand upright or lie down in any direction. The house walls were made of stone and were more than half a metre thick. The tiny windows had obviously been built so that the original rustler inhabitants could easily defend themselves.

It was **reputed** that Oliver Cromwell, the leader during Britain’s civil war, slept in one of the rooms, on his way to a battle. In addition it was rumoured that two of his soldiers were buried in the wall beside the fireplace. No one ever heard any ghostly sounds when we stayed there, but it is a good story to tell.

We spent a family vacation in Plas Dduallt two years **in succession**, the first time with our son and his family, the second with our daughter and her family, and both times with our eldest son and his family. We all grew to love it, and Mr. and Mrs. Evans who owned it by then. They were potters, and I think every family household has a mug, or a pot, crafted by them. Sadly, we were never all together again in Wales.

## Notes

1. There is a small town in North Wales of which I have many happy memories and one last sad one. 在北威尔士有一个小镇，它留给我许多美好的回忆，然而，最后一个却是痛苦的。句中，of which 引导的是定语从句，of 为 have memories 的搭配所要求，即 have memories of something。

2. ...and there, Olive, my wife, found her last resting-place. find one’s last resting-place 为 die 的委婉语 (euphemism)，相当于汉语中的“长眠之处”。

3. be thick with ripe fruit: (果树上) 结满了果实, 果实累累

4. Not far away was a narrow road, at the end of which were a small church and an abandoned inn. 这是一个倒装句, a narrow road 是主语, at the end of which 引导的是非限定性定语从句。

5. Druids Circle: 德鲁伊特教祭祀石条阵; Druids, (基督教存在之前, 古代不列颠、爱尔兰、威尔士和法兰西等境内凯尔特人信仰的) 德鲁伊特教之祭司; Circle, (此处) 凯尔特人为祭祀而立的一圈石条。

6. with more than enough room to either stand upright or lie down in any direction. 里面很宽敞, 可容一个人站着, 也可以横躺或竖躺着。

7. original rustler inhabitants: (此处) 原来住在里面的盗窃羊群的贼

8. They had gathered with us, to pay their respects to one who they had known, and whose qualities they had appreciated. 他们和我们聚在一起, 来向他们曾经认识的而且敬仰的人告别。to pay one's respects to 对某人表示敬意, (此处) 向某人(最后)告别。

9. It was well off the road: 远离道路

10. as did the sheep that originally created most of them: 正如最初踩出大多数这些羊肠小道的羊群那样。

11. One can go a long way in life to find anything tastier than freshly picked blueberries and fresh cream. 把新摘的蓝莓泡在新鲜奶油里一块儿吃, 真是难得的美味。

12. the Morris Mini: Morris 公司制造的微型汽车

13. Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain: 巨石阵, 又译圆形石林, 为祭祀或纪念而竖立的巨石圈。建于史前时代, 坐落在英国威尔特郡索尔兹伯里北约 13 公里处。Salisbury Plain, 索尔兹伯里平原, 英国最著名的开阔的地区之一, 在英格兰威特郡, 存有许多史前遗迹, 其中最著名的是巨石阵。

14. But we did not choose Dwygyfylchi, rather it was chosen for us. 然而, 我们并未刻意地选择 Dwygyfylchi, 确切地说, 是别人为我们选择了它。

15. Like others of its kind, it had been purchased by a group of enthusiasts who, with the sweat of their own brows, much of their own money and some in the form of gifts and grants, had converted it, stage by stage, into a tourist attraction. 和其他同类建筑物一样, 这所房子也是由热心人购买的, 然后依靠自己的辛劳, 用自己的钱, 加上别人的一点捐赠, 逐渐把它变成了旅游点。with the sweat of their own brows: 用自己的汗水, 辛勤劳动。

16. chanced upon the station: 偶然走到车站上; chance on/upon: 碰巧遇到, 偶然找到

**Exercises****I. Comprehension Questions**

1. Of all the places mentioned, what are the places the author and his family have stayed in?
  - A. Salisbury and Anglesey.
  - B. Porthmadog and Ffestiniog.
  - C. Dwygyfylchi and Dduallt.
  - D. Hornchurch and Ponca City.
2. What are the characteristics the author's family most liked about the situation of the roadside guesthouse?
  - A. It was a safe place.
  - B. It was easy to get to the sea.
  - C. The hills behind the guesthouse.
  - D. Blueberries and fresh cream.
3. What was going on when the author's wife and her son chanced upon the station at Dduallt?
  - A. The policemen were standing for a show.
  - B. Debbie was standing by a bareheaded policeman.
  - C. The train was starting for Oklahoma.
  - D. Princess Margaret was declaring the rebuilt station open.
4. Why does the author introduce so much about the house near the village of Dduallt?
  - A. It had a very special history.
  - B. It was built by thieves.
  - C. Oliver Cromwell stayed there.
  - D. It provided free rides on the train.
5. What was the main aim when the author came back to Wales in October 1992?
  - A. To visit the Sychnant Pass.
  - B. To photograph the Druids Circle.
  - C. To scatter his wife's ashes.
  - D. To buy mugs from Mr. and Mrs. Evans.



6. What was the original use of the railway and what is it used for now?

- A. To carry slate to Portmadog and tourists today.
- B. To carry miners to work and now housewives to shop.
- C. To carry materials to Major Campbell's house but now return Mr. and Mrs. Evans' visitors to Portmadog.
- D. To take Princess Margaret to Dduallt, now to carry policemen to Blaenau.

## II. Translation from English into Chinese

1. The hill immediately behind was called Blueberry Hill, not surprising considering it was covered with Blueberry bushes, which, always at the time we were there would be thick with ripe fruit.

2. Britons and Welshmen are hardy folks (my wife was half Welsh) and the children had no hesitation in playing in the water, although the temperature would be no more than 15 degrees.

3. They rose majestically towards the sky and were covered by small tracks along which we could walk with care, as did the sheep that originally created most of them.

4. Like others of its kind, it had been purchased by a group of enthusiasts who, with the sweat of their own brows, much of their own money and some in the form of gifts and grants, had converted it, stage by stage, into a tourist attraction.

5. The fireplace was a huge recess in the wall, with more than enough room to either stand upright or lie down in any direction.

## III. Topics for Discussion and Writing

- 1. Why does the author say "...we did not choose Dwygyfylchi rather it was chosen for us"?
- 2. What have you learned about the house Plas Dduallt from the introduction of the author?