



ADVANCED COLLEGE ENGLISH

(For Graduates)

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黄昆海 主编

泛读

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前 言

《研究生英语教程》是根据教育部颁发的《非英语专业研究生英语(第一外语)教学大纲》编写的一套研究生英语教材,包括《研究生英语教程(精读)》和《研究生英语教程(泛读)》上、下各两册,供非英语专业研究生使用。

本书为泛读教程下册,共十课。每课由三篇文章组成,均围绕同一题材。正课文A和副课文B长度约2000个单词,供学生阅读和讨论,课文C长度约900个单词,为快速阅读。本书词汇量大,常用词重现率高。为此,每课C篇后面还配有20道词汇练习题,以便学生更好地掌握该课三篇文章的词汇,以及提高学生的基本语言技能与应用能力。

《研究生英语教程(泛读)》主要选用当代英语的常见语体和文体作为素材,大部分文章来自英美新近“原汁原味”的出版物。阅读内容不仅涉及若干当代焦点话题,还注意到体裁的多样性和广泛性。全套教程语言材料新颖,时代气息浓厚,有一定的趣味性。

本书由厦门大学外文学院外语教学部组织编写,全书由黄昆海副教授主编和审定,编者为(以姓氏首字母为序):常鹏(LESSON FOUR)、范小玫(LESSON TEN)、黄惠晖(LESSON NINE)、李丽婵(LESSON EIGHT)、林晓英(LESSON THREE AND LESSON SEVEN)、王善平(LESSON SIX)、文心(LESSON TWO)、席克林(LESSON ONE)、杨晓清(LESSON FIVE)。

本书的编写得到厦门大学研究生院和厦门大学出版社的全力支持,我们在此表示衷心的感谢。

因本书编写时间仓促,编写水平与经验有限,疏漏之处在所难免。编者诚恳希望使用本书的教师、学生和读者不吝赐教,指正谬误。

编 者

2003年1月

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LESSON ONE

TEXT A

Discovery of a Father

Sherwood Anderson

1 One of the strangest relationships in the world is that between father and son. I know it now from having sons of my own.

2 A boy wants something very special from his father. You hear it said that fathers want their sons to be what they feel they cannot themselves be, but I tell you it also works the other way. I know that as a small boy I wanted my father to be a certain thing he was not. I wanted him to be a proud, silent, dignified father. When I was with other boys and he passed along the street, I wanted to feel a glow of pride: "There he is. That is my father." 5 10

3 But he wasn't such a one. He couldn't be. It seemed to me then that he was always showing off. Let's say someone in our town had got up a show. They were always doing it. The druggist would be in it, the shoe-store clerk, the horse doctor, and a lot of women and girls. My father would manage to get the chief comedy part. It was, let's say, a Civil War play and he was a comic Irish soldier. He had to do the most absurd things. They thought he was funny, but I didn't. 15

4 I thought he was terrible. I didn't see how Mother could stand it. She even laughed with the others. Maybe I would have laughed if it hadn't been my father. 20

5 Or there was a parade, the Fourth of July or Decoration

Day. He'd be in that, too, right at the front of it, as Grand Marshal or something, on a white horse hired from a livery stable. 25

6 He couldn't ride for shucks. He fell off the horse and everyone hooted with laughter, but he didn't care. He even seemed to like it. I remember once when he had done something ridiculous and right out on Main Street, too. I was with some 30 other boys and they were laughing and shouting at him and he was shouting back and having as good a time as they were. I ran down an alley back of some stores and there in the Presbyterian Church sheds I had a good long cry.

7 Or I would be in bed at night and Father would come 35 home a little lit up and bring some men with him. He was a man who was never alone. Before he went broke, running a harness shop, there were always a lot of men loafing in the shop. He went broke, of course, because he gave too much credit. He couldn't refuse it and I thought he was a fool. I had got to hat- 40 ing him.

8 There'd be men I didn't think would want to be fooling around with him. There might even be the superintendent of our schools and a quiet man who ran the hardware store. Once, I remember, there was a white-haired man who was a cashier of the 45 bank. It was a wonder to me they'd want to be seen with such a windbag. That's what I thought he was. I know now what it was that attracted them. It was because life in our town, as in all small towns, was at times pretty dull and he livened it up. He made them laugh. He could tell stories. He'd even get them 50 to singing.

9 If they didn't come to our house they'd go off, say at night, to where there was a grassy place by a creek. They'd cook food there and drink beer and sit about listening to his stories. 55

10 He was always telling stories about himself. He'd say this or that wonderful thing happened to him. It might be something that made him look like a fool. He didn't care.

11 If an Irishman came to our house, right away father would say he was Irish. He'd tell what county in Ireland he was born in. He'd tell things that happened there when he was a boy. He'd make it seem so real that, if I hadn't known he was born in southern Ohio, I'd have believed him myself. 60

12 If it was a Scotchman, the same thing happened. He'd get a burr into his speech. Or he was a German or a Swede. He'd be anything the other man was. I think they all knew he was lying, but they seemed to like him just the same. As a boy that was what I couldn't understand. 65

13 And there was Mother. How could she stand it? I wanted to ask but never did. She was not the kind you asked such questions. 70

14 I'd be upstairs in my bed, in my room above the porch, and Father would be telling some of his tales. A lot of Father's stories were about the Civil War. To hear him tell it he'd been in about every battle. He'd known Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and I don't know how many others. He'd been particularly intimate with General Grant so that when Grant went East, to take charge of all the armies, he took Father along. 75

15 "I was an orderly at headquarters and Sam Grant said to me. 'Irve,' he said. 'I'm going to take you along with me.'" 80

16 It seems he and Grant used to slip off sometimes and have a quiet drink together. That's what my father said. He'd tell about the day Lee surrendered and how, when the great moment came, they couldn't find Grant.

17 "You know," my father said, "about General Grant's book, his memoirs. You've read of how he said he had a headache and how, when he got word that Lee was ready to call 85

it quits, he was suddenly and miraculously cured.

18 "Huh," said Father, "He was in the woods with me."

19 "I was in there with my back against a tree. I was pretty 90
well corned. I had got hold of a bottle of pretty good stuff."

20 "They were looking for Grant. He had got off his horse
and come into the woods. He found me. He was covered with
mud."

21 "I had the bottle in my hand. What'd I care? The war 95
was over. I knew we had them licked."

22 My father said that he was the one who told Grant about
Lee. An orderly riding by had told him, because the orderly
knew how thick he was with Grant. Grant was embarrassed.

23 "But, Irve, look at me. I'm all covered with mud," he 100
said to Father.

24 And then, my father said, he and Grant decided to have
a drink together. They took a couple of shots and then, because
he didn't want Grant to show up potted before the immaculate
Lee, he smashed the bottle against the tree. 105

25 "Sam Grant's dead now and I wouldn't want it to get out
on him," my father said.

26 That's just one of the kind of things he'd tell. Of
course, the men knew he was lying, but they seemed to like it
just the same. 110

27 When we got broke, down and out, do you think he ever
brought anything home? Not he. If there wasn't anything to eat
in the house, he'd go off visiting around at farm houses. They
all wanted him. Sometimes he'd stay away for weeks. Mother
working to keep us fed, and then home he'd come bringing let's 115
say, a ham. He'd got it from some farmer friend. He'd slap it on
the table in the kitchen. "You bet I'm going to see that my kids
have something to eat," he'd say, and Mother would just stand
smiling at him. She'd never say a word about all the weeks and

months he'd been away, not leaving us a cent for food. Once I 120
heard her speaking to a woman in our street. Maybe the woman
had dared to sympathize with her. "Oh," she said, "it's all
right. He isn't ever dull like most of the men in this street. Life
is never dull when my man is about."

28 But often I was filled with bitterness, and sometimes I 125
wished he wasn't my father. I'd even invent another man as my
father. To protect my mother I'd make up stories of a secret
marriage that for some strange reason never got known. As
though some man, say the president of a railroad company or
maybe a Congressman, had married my mother, thinking his 130
wife was dead and then it turned out she wasn't.

29 So they had to hush it up but I got born just the same. I
wasn't really the son of my father. Somewhere in the world
there was a very dignified, quite wonderful man who was really
my father. I even made myself half believe these fancies. 135

30 And then there came a certain night. Mother was away
from home. Maybe there was church that night. Father came
in. He'd been off somewhere for two or three weeks. He found
me alone in the house, reading by the kitchen table.

31 It had been raining and he was very wet. He sat and 140
looked at me for a long time, not saying a word. I was startled,
for there was on his face the saddest look I had ever seen. He sat
for a time, his clothes dripping. Then he got up.

32 "Come on with me," he said.

33 I got up and went with him out of the house. I was filled 145
with wonder but I wasn't afraid. We went along a dirty road
that led down into a valley, about a mile out of town, where
there was a pond. We walked in silence. The man who was al-
ways talking had stopped his talking.

34 I didn't know what was up and had the queer feeling that 150
I was with a stranger. I didn't know whether my father intended

it so. I don't think he did.

35 The pond was quite large. It was still raining hard and there were flashes of lightning followed by thunder. We were on a grassy bank at the pond's edge when my father spoke, and in 155 the darkness and rain his voice sounded strange.

36 "Take off your clothes," he said. Still filled with wonder, I began to undress. There was a flash of lightning and I saw that he was already naked.

37 Naked, we went into the pond. Taking my hand, he 160 pulled me in. It may be that I was too frightened, too full of a feeling of strangeness, to speak. Before that night my father had never seemed to pay any attention to me.

38 "And what is he up to now?" I kept asking myself. I did not swim very well, but he put my hand on his shoulder and 165 struck out into the darkness.

39 He was a man with big shoulders, a powerful swimmer. In the darkness I could feel the movements of his muscles. We swam to the far edge of the pond and then back to where we had left our clothes. The rain continued and the wind blew. Some- 170 times my father swam on his back, and when he did he took my hand in his large powerful one and moved it over so that it rested always on his shoulder. Sometimes there would be a flash of lightning and I could see his face quite clearly.

40 It was as it was earlier, in the kitchen, a face filled with 175 sadness. There would be the momentary glimpse of his face, and then again the darkness, the wind and the rain. In me there was a feeling I had never known before.

41 It was a feeling of closeness. It was something strange. It was as though there were only we two in the world. It was as 180 though I had been jerked suddenly out of myself, out of my world of the schoolboy, out of a world in which I was ashamed of my father.

42 He had become blood of my blood; he the strong swimmer and I the boy clinging to him in the darkness. We swam in silence, and in silence we dressed in our wet clothes and went home. 185

43 There was a lamp lighted in the kitchen, and when we came in, the water dripping from us, there was my mother. She smiled at us. I remember that she called us "boys." "What have you boys been up to?" she asked, but my father did not answer. 190
As he had begun the evening's experience with me in silence, so he ended it. He turned and looked at me. Then he went, I thought, with a new and strange dignity, out of the room.

44 I climbed the stairs to my room, undressed in darkness and got into bed. I couldn't sleep and did not want to sleep. For the first time I knew that I was the son of my father. He was a storyteller as I was to be. It may be that I even laughed a little softly there in the darkness. If I did, I laughed knowing that I would never again be wanting another father. 200

NEW WORDS & EXPRESSIONS

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| 1. shuck /ʃʌk/ | <i>n.</i> a husk or pod, such as the outer covering of corn |
| 2. hoot /hu:t / | <i>vi.</i> cry out or shout |
| 3. alley /'æli/ | <i>n.</i> a narrow back street |
| 4. superintendent /sju:pərɪntendənt/ | <i>n.</i> a person in charge of maintenance and repairs of an apartment |
| 5. windbag /'windbæg / | <i>n.</i> a tiresomely wordy talker or speaker |
| 6. burr /bə:/ | <i>n.</i> a special pronunciation of (r) in some Northern English dialects or as in Scottish English |
| 7. corn /kɔ:n/ | <i>vt.</i> preserve, season, or cook food |

		with salty water
8. lick /lik/	<i>vt.</i>	defeat
9. immaculate /i'mækju:lət/	<i>adj.</i>	free from stain; clean
10. jerk /dʒə:k/	<i>vi.</i>	move with a quick, sharp motion, as if uncontrolled

NOTES TO THE TEXT

1. **About the author:** Sherwood Anderson was born in Camden, Ohio, the third child of an itinerant harness-maker. Although the family moved frequently, most of Anderson's childhood was spent in the town of Clyde (the Winesburg of his fiction). He spent a year in the army during the Spanish-American War and afterwards went into business. In 1912 while operating his own paint manufacturing firm in Elyria, Ohio, he suffered a breakdown from trying to be a businessman by day and a writer by night. He left his wife and children and went to Chicago and for the rest of his life was a writer. Although his work is uneven in quality, he is one of the more influential figures in contemporary American letters. In Chicago before World War I he was part of the group that included Sandburg, Dell, and others; he knew both Hemingway and Faulkner in their formative years; he met and developed a friendship with Gertrude Stein in Paris in the twenties. Many of his works are about small towns and people in the small towns, especially *Winesburg*, Ohio, which was published in 1919 and attracted wide attention. These stories of small-town people voice the philosophy of life expressed in all his later works.
2. **the Fourth of July:** (in the U. S.) a national holiday celebrating the anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence in 1776. Also called Independence Day.
3. **Decoration Day:** another name for Memorial Day, a day on which those who died on active service are remembered, usually the last Monday in May.
4. **Presbyterian Church:** *Presbyterian* means of relating to, or denoting a Christian Church or denomination governed by elders according to the principle of Presbyterianism, a form of Protestant Church government in which the Church is administered locally by the minister with a group of elected elders of equal rank, and regionally and nationally by representa-

tive courts of ministers and elders.

5. **Grant; Ulysses S.** (1822—1885), American General and 18th President of the U.S. 1869—1877; born Hiram Ulysses Grant; full name Ulysses Simpson Grant. As supreme commander of the Unionist armies, he defeated the Confederate army in 1865 with a policy of attrition.
6. **Sherman; William Tecumseh** (1820—1891), American General. In the American Civil War he became chief Union commander in the west. He set out with 60,000 men in a march through Georgia during which he crushed Confederate forces and broke civilian morale by his policy of deliberate destruction of the territory he passed through.
7. **Sheridan; Philip Henry** (1831—1888), American general. In the American Civil War, he was the commander of the Unionist Cavalry and made great contributions to the victory over the Confederate army.

COMPREHENSION QUESTIONS

1. In the author's eyes, was his father a proud father? Why or why not? Was he close to his father?
2. What kind of person did the author think his father was?
3. How did the writer feel when people laughed at his father?
4. What did the author think that people in their town liked to be around his father?
5. When his father told stories about the Civil War, did the author think that he was telling lies?
6. How did the father keep the family?
7. Could the author's mother stand her husband? What did she think of her husband?
8. Why did the author wish that he wasn't really the son of his father? What were his fancies about a father?
9. What happened on a rainy day night?
10. After that night, what did the author think about his father and the relationship between his father and him?

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Do you agree with the author when he says that "One of the strangest re-

relationships in the world is that between father and son"? Give your reasons.

2. What do you think of the father and the son in the text?
3. How can fathers and sons understand each other? Give examples to show your ideas.

TEXT B

Quintana

John Gregory Dunne

1 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 Russel play basketball. There is the same casual arrogance, the implicit sense that no one has ever
5 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
10 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 fierce, black-haired baby with a bow in her hair. She was just seventeen
15 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.

2 It has never been an effort to say those three words, even when they occasion the well-meaning but insensitive compli-
20 ment. "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. 25

3 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 30 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 acci- 35 dent 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 her- 40 self to tell her daughter the reason behind the bequest and entrusted the task to an agent from the William Morris office.

4 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 45 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 50 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 55
that through one bureaucratic slipup we would learn her
mother's name and that through another she would learn ours,
and Quintana's.

5 From the day we brought Quintana home from the hospi-
tal, we tried never to equivocate. When she was little, we al- 60
ways 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 hap-
pened 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 65
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 70
she grew her questions would become more searching and com-
plicated. In terms I hoped she would understand, I tried to ex-
plain 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 mo- 75
ments 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.

6 In time Quintana began to intuit that our simple parable of
free choice in the hospital nursery was somewhat more complex 80
than we had indicated. She now knew that being adopted meant
being born of another mother, and that person she began refer-
ring 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 85
each birthday her other mommy became twenty-three, then