


Graduate
Reading
Writing
Translation & English

研究生英语
读写译教程

总主编：张隆胜

主 编：梁遂清 主 审：杨 虹

上

 华中师范大学出版社

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前 言

研究生英语课程是帮助实现高等教育国际化,培养高级专业人才的重要途径之一。教材编写人员以“加快研究生教育结构调整,培养应用型人才”的方针为指导,在广泛调查研究生英语学习需求和目标的基础上,完成了《研究生英语读写译教程》的撰写工作。《研究生英语读写译教程》的设计理念与现代的外语教育理念相吻合,强调以人为本,体现以学生为中心的教学原则。本套教程旨在帮助研究生提高英语综合应用能力,增强跨文化意识,锻炼思辨能力,培养批判性思维,提升自主学习能力和交流能力。《研究生英语读写译教程》题材广泛,体裁多样,选材经典;注重语言的典范性、实用性和时代感,注重语言与文化的融通;学练结合,语言的输入与输出并举。教程中的活动设计注重学生的多层次发展和学习方法的多样性,符合语言学习的规律,有助于研究生读、写、译和口语能力的提高。练习安排难易适度,题型多样,强调实用性、新颖性、趣味性和可操作性。

《研究生英语读写译教程》分上、下两册,《研究生英语读写译指南》为配套教师用书。本教程每册包括8个单元、2套自测题、附录一及附录二。每个单元由课前导入(Lead-in)、课文(Text A)、补充阅读(Text B)、写作(Writing)四部分组成;两套自测题置于第四单元和第八单元之后;附录一和附录二分别介绍基本的语音语调、翻译技巧等知识。该套教材具有以下特点:

1. 课文所选的阅读材料涉及多种文体(小说、诗歌、散文、记叙文、议论文、说明文等),题材丰富(政治、经济、科技、社会、文化、生活等),注重选材的人文性。

2. 每个单元的Text A和Text B均属同一主题,以Text A为主

题设计的课前导入(Lead-in)和课后讨论(Topics for Discussion)有助于培养学生的批判性思维,调动学生的主动性,帮助提高学生的口语表达能力;围绕Text A、Text B设计的课后练习(阅读理解、词汇、改错、完形填空、翻译等)帮助学生检测对课文的理解,掌握、巩固并扩大词汇量,培养学生的书面运用能力。其中翻译练习中的汉译英是与Text A内容相近的一段短文翻译,旨在帮助学生学以致用;英译汉是有关Text B的句子翻译,学生通过练习逐步学习将翻译技巧运用到翻译实践中。

3. 写作部分依照由浅及深、由段落到篇章的顺序讲解相关的写作常识,并编排写作任务。针对研究生的学习特点,本教程下册突出英语实用写作的训练(书信、论文摘要、总结、研究报告等),加强实用性训练。

4. 两套自测题在设计上贴近每个单元的练习形式,方便学生进一步操练并及时发现英语学习上的问题,制订下一步学习计划。

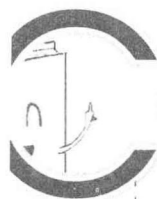
5. 附录一介绍的基本语音语调知识能够帮助学生规范语音语调;附录二归纳的翻译技巧配合各单元的翻译练习(汉译英、英译汉)使用,可以达到学练结合的目的。

本套教程为华中师范大学985创新平台研究项目“免费师范生教育硕士英语课程教学模式与方法研究”(985ZX05)阶段性成果。在编写过程中,华中师范大学公共外语系研究生教研室全体教师付出了辛勤的劳动,得到了华中师范大学研究生院、外国语学院、公共外语系的支持,谨此一并致谢。

编写《研究生英语读写译教程》是一项富有挑战性的工作,由于编者水平与经验有限,难免存在不足或谬误,我们衷心恳请广大师生在使用本教材的过程中,提出宝贵的意见和建议,以便再版时予以纠正。

编者

2012年4月



CONTENTS

Unit 1 Short Stories

Lead-in	002
Text A: A Pair of Silk Stockings	002
Text B: Cat in the Rain	015
Writing: Sentence Unity	020

Unit 2 Great Athletes

Lead-in	023
Text A: Michael Jordan	023
Text B: Yao Ming	034
Writing: Coherence	040

Unit 3 Language Development

Lead-in	044
Text A: Your Speech Is Changing	044
Text B: NEEDED: An International Language	057
Writing: Effective Sentence — Conciseness	064

Unit 4 Faith

Lead-in	068
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Text A: Shattered Faith	068
Text B: The Power to Uplift	081
Writing: Effective Sentence — Transitional Expressions	088

Test 1 090

Unit 5 Advertising

Lead-in	099
Text A: The Advertising of Nike	099
Text B: Body Image and Advertising	110
Writing: Classification	115

Unit 6 Public Speaking

Lead-in	122
Text A: John F. Kennedy's Inaugural Address	123
Text B: Clinton's Farewell Address	136
Writing: Comparison and Contrast	142

Unit 7 Academic Success

Lead-in	145
Text A: What's Your Emotional IQ?	146
Text B: What Happens to Child Prodigies?	157
Writing: Cause-and-effect	164

Unit 8 Poems and Poets

Lead-in	167
Text A: Three Poems	168
Text B: “Writ in Water” — Shelley, Byron, Keats and the Italian Sea	178
Writing: Definition	185

Test 2

187

Appendix1 Phonetics (I)

196

Appedndix2 Translation Skills (I)

203

Unit 1

Short Stories



Lead-in

1. Compare the life of a wife living in the late 19th century with that of a wife living in modern society. Who do you think is happier? Why?
2. In recent years, some Chinese mothers have quit their jobs to stay at home with their children, while fathers remain the breadwinners of the family. What do you think of this phenomenon?

Text A

A Pair of Silk Stockings

Kate Chopin

① Little Mrs. Sommers one day found herself the unexpected possessor of fifteen dollars. It seemed to her a very large amount of money, and the way in which it stuffed and bulged her worn old porte-monnaie gave her a feeling of importance such as she had not enjoyed for years.

② The question of investment was one that occupied her greatly. For a day or two she walked about apparently in a dreamy state, but really absorbed in speculation and calculation. She did not wish to act hastily, to do anything she might afterward regret. But it was during the still hours of the night when she lay awake revolving plans in her mind that she seemed to see her way clearly toward a proper and judicious use of the money.

③ A dollar or two should be added to the price usually paid for Janie's shoes, which would insure their lasting an appreciable time longer than they usually did. She would buy so and so many yards of percale for new shirt waists for the boys and Janie and Mag. She had intended to make the old ones do by skilful patching. Mag should have another gown. She had seen some beautiful patterns, veritable bargains in the shop windows. And still there would be left enough for new stockings — two pairs apiece — and what darning that would save for a while! She would get caps for the boys and

sailor-hats for the girls. The vision of her little brood looking fresh and dainty and new for once in their lives excited her and made her restless and wakeful with anticipation.

④ The neighbors sometimes talked of certain “better days” that little Mrs. Sommers had known before she had ever thought of being Mrs. Sommers. She herself indulged in no such morbid retrospection. She had no time — no second of time to devote to the past. The needs of the present absorbed her every faculty. A vision of the future like some dim, gaunt monster sometimes appalled her, but luckily tomorrow never comes.

⑤ Mrs. Sommers was one who knew the value of bargains; who could stand for hours making her way inch by inch toward the desired object that was selling below cost. She could elbow her way if need be; she had learned to clutch a piece of goods and hold it and stick to it with persistence and determination till her turn came to be served, no matter when it came.

⑥ But that day she was a little faint and tired. She had swallowed a light luncheon — no! When she came to think of it, between getting the children fed and the place righted, and preparing herself for the shopping bout, she had actually forgotten to eat any luncheon at all!

⑦ She sat herself upon a revolving stool before a counter that was comparatively deserted, trying to gather strength and courage to charge through an eager multitude that was besieging breastworks of shirting and figured lawn. An all-gone limp feeling had come over her and she rested her hand aimlessly upon the counter. She wore no gloves. By degrees she grew aware that her hand had encountered something very soothing, very pleasant to touch. She looked down to see that her hand lay upon a pile of silk stockings. A placard near by announced that they had been reduced in price from two dollars and fifty cents to one dollar and ninety-eight cents; and a young girl who stood behind the counter asked her if she wished to examine their line of silk hosiery. She smiled, just as if she had been asked to inspect a tiara of diamonds with the ultimate view of purchasing it. But she went on feeling the soft, sheeny luxurious things — with both hands now, holding them up to see them glisten, and to feel them glide serpent-like through her fingers.

⑧ Two hectic blotches came suddenly into her pale cheeks. She looked up at the girl.

⑨ “Do you think there are any eights-and-a-half among these?”

⑩ There were any number of eights-and-a-half. In fact, there were more of that size than any other. Here was a light-blue pair; there were some lavender, some all black and various shades of tan and gray. Mrs. Sommers selected a black pair and looked at them very long and closely. She pretended to be examining their texture, which the clerk assured her was excellent.

⑪ “A dollar and ninety-eight cents,” she mused aloud. “Well, I’ll take this pair.” She handed the girl a five-dollar bill and waited for her change and for her parcel. What a very small parcel it was! It seemed lost in the depths of her shabby old shopping-bag.

⑫ Mrs. Sommers after that did not move in the direction of the bargain counter. She took the elevator, which carried her to an upper floor into the region of the ladies’ waiting-rooms. Here, in a retired corner, she exchanged her cotton stockings for the new silk ones which she had just bought. She was not going through any acute mental process or reasoning with herself, nor was she striving to explain to her satisfaction the motive of her action. She was not thinking at all. She seemed for the time to be taking a rest from that laborious and fatiguing function and to have abandoned herself to some mechanical impulse that directed her actions and freed her of responsibility.

⑬ How good was the touch of the raw silk to her flesh! She felt like lying back in the cushioned chair and reveling for a while in the luxury of it. She did for a little while. Then she replaced her shoes, rolled the cotton stockings together and thrust them into her bag. After doing this she crossed straight over to the shoe department and took her seat to be fitted.

⑭ She was fastidious. The clerk could not make her out; he could not reconcile her shoes with her stockings, and she was not too easily pleased. She held back her skirts and turned her feet one way and her head another way as she glanced down at the polished, pointed-tipped boots. Her foot and ankle looked very pretty. She could not realize that they belonged to her and were a part of herself. She wanted an excellent and stylish fit, she told the young fellow who served her, and she did not mind the difference of a dollar or two more in the price so long as she got what she desired.

⑮ It was a long time since Mrs. Sommers had been fitted with gloves. On rare occasions when she had bought a pair they were always “bargains,” so cheap that it would have been preposterous and unreasonable to have expected them to be fitted to the hand.

16 Now she rested her elbow on the cushion of the glove counter, and a pretty, pleasant young creature, delicate and deft of touch, drew a long-wristed “kid” over Mrs. Sommers’s hand. She smoothed it down over the wrist and buttoned it neatly, and both lost themselves for a second or two in admiring contemplation of the little symmetrical gloved hand. But there were other places where money might be spent.

17 There were books and magazines piled up in the window of a stall a few paces down the street. Mrs. Sommers bought two high-priced magazines such as she had been accustomed to read in the days when she had been accustomed to other pleasant things. She carried them without wrapping. As well as she could she lifted her skirts at the crossings. Her stockings and boots and well fitting gloves had worked marvels in her bearing — had given her a feeling of assurance, a sense of belonging to the well-dressed multitude.

18 She was very hungry. Another time she would have stilled the cravings for food until reaching her own home, where she would have brewed herself a cup of tea and taken a snack of anything that was available. But the impulse that was guiding her would not suffer her to entertain any such thought.

19 There was a restaurant at the corner. She had never entered its doors; from the outside she had sometimes caught glimpses of spotless damask and shining crystal, and soft-stepping waiters serving people of fashion.

20 When she entered her appearance created no surprise, no consternation, as she had half feared it might. She seated herself at a small table alone, and an attentive waiter at once approached to take her order. She did not want a profusion; she craved a nice and tasty bite — a half dozen blue-points, a plump chop with cress, a something sweet — a *crème-frappée*, for instance; a glass of Rhine wine, and after all a small cup of black coffee.

21 While waiting to be served she removed her gloves very leisurely and laid them beside her. Then she picked up a magazine and glanced through it, cutting the pages with a blunt edge of her knife. It was all very agreeable. The damask was even more spotless than it had seemed through the window, and the crystal more sparkling. There were quiet ladies and gentlemen, who did not notice her, lunching at the small tables like her own. A soft, pleasing strain of music could be heard, and a gentle breeze, was blowing through the window. She tasted a bite, and she read a word or two, and she sipped the amber wine and wiggled her toes in the silk stockings. The price of it made no difference. She counted the money out to the waiter and left an extra coin on

his tray, whereupon he bowed before her as before a princess of royal blood.

22 There was still money in her purse, and her next temptation presented itself in the shape of a *matinée* poster.

23 It was a little later when she entered the theatre, the play had begun and the house seemed to her to be packed. But there were vacant seats here and there, and into one of them she was ushered, between brilliantly dressed women who had gone there to kill time and eat candy and display their gaudy attire. There were many others who were there solely for the play and acting. It is safe to say there was no one present who bore quite the attitude which Mrs. Sommers did to her surroundings. She gathered in the whole — stage and players and people in one wide impression, and absorbed it and enjoyed it. She laughed at the comedy and wept — she and the gaudy woman next to her wept over the tragedy. And they talked a little together over it. And the gaudy woman wiped her eyes and sniffled on a tiny square of filmy, perfumed lace and passed little Mrs. Sommers her box of candy.

24 The play was over, the music ceased, the crowd filed out. It was like a dream ended. People scattered in all directions. Mrs. Sommers went to the corner and waited for the cable car.

25 A man with keen eyes, who sat opposite to her, seemed to like the study of her small, pale face. It puzzled him to decipher what he saw there. In truth, he saw nothing — unless he were wizard enough to detect a poignant wish, a powerful longing that the cable car would never stop anywhere, but go on and on with her forever.

New Words

amber /'æmbər/ *adj.*

琥珀的, 琥珀色的

attire /ə'taɪr/ *n.*

(*formal*) clothes, esp. of a particular type (正式)服装, 装束

besiege /br'si:dʒ/ *v.*

press all around in a crowd 包围, 拥挤在……周围

blotch /blɒtʃ/ *n.*

a large irregular spot or mark on the skin, one's clothes, etc. (皮肤上的) 疤, 疙瘩; (衣服上的) 斑点

bout /baʊt/ *n.*

a short period of great activity 一回, 一轮

brew /bru:/ *v.*

make beer; make a drink of tea or coffee 酿造(啤酒等); 调(饮料), 泡(茶、咖啡)

brood /bru:d/ <i>n.</i>	(<i>informal</i>) the children of a family (非正式)(一家的)孩子们
bulge /bʌldʒ/ <i>v.</i>	stick out from a surface; be full of 鼓起,凸出;装满
consternation /,kɔ:nstər'neɪʃn/ <i>n.</i>	a shocked or worried feeling, typically at sth. unexpected 惊恐,焦虑(尤指对出乎意料的事物)
contemplation /,kɔ:n'tem'pleɪʃn/ <i>n.</i>	the process of thinking about sth. or looking at sth. for a long time 仔细考虑;沉思,冥想
crave /kreɪv/ <i>v.</i>	have a very strong, almost uncontrollable desire for sth., esp. sth. bad; ask for sth. 渴望;恳求,乞求
cress /kres/ <i>n.</i>	水芹
dainty /'deɪnti/ <i>adj.</i>	small and attractive in a delicate way 好看的,讲究的
damask /'dæməsk/ <i>n.</i>	缎子,锦缎;花布
darning /'dɑ:rnɪŋ/ <i>n.</i>	the activity of mending by interweaving; articles being darned or needing to be darned 织补;织补物
decipher /dɪ'saɪfər/ <i>v.</i>	figure out sth. mysterious or confusing 辨认,解读,解释
deft /deft/ <i>adj.</i>	effortlessly skillful 灵巧的,巧妙的,熟练的
faculty /'fækltɪ/ <i>n.</i>	a natural physical or mental ability 能力,才能
fastidious /fə'stɪdɪəs/ <i>adj.</i>	caring a lot about small details and wanting everything to be correct and neat 爱挑剔的,过分讲究的
gaudy /'gɔ:di/ <i>adj.</i>	too bright and with too much decoration, showy, esp. in a vulgar way (衣服,装饰等)炫丽的,俗气的
gaunt /gɔ:nt/ <i>adj.</i>	very thin, usually because of sickness, tiredness or worry 瘦削的,憔悴的
hectic /'hektɪk/ <i>adj.</i>	(face) unnaturally red; feverish (脸)发红的;发烧的
hosiery /'hɔ:zɪəri/ <i>n.</i>	(<i>old-fashioned or technical</i>) tights, stockings, and socks in general (过时或术语)袜类
judicious /dʒʊ'dɪʃəs/ <i>adj.</i>	marked by the exercise of good judgment or common sense in practical matters 明智的,判断正确的

laborious /lə'bo:riəs/ <i>adj.</i>	long, difficult and often boring 费力的, 艰难的
lavender /'lævəndər/ <i>n. adj.</i>	淡紫色(的); 薰衣草(的)
matinée /,mæt'n'eɪ/ <i>n.</i>	午后的演出
morbid /'mɔ:rbɪd/ <i>adj.</i>	suggesting the horror of death and decay; relating to or caused by disease 可怕的, 令人毛骨 悚然的; 病态的
multitude /'mʌltɪtju:d/ <i>n.</i>	a large crowd of people 一大群人, 群众
muse /mju:z/ <i>v.</i>	think about sth. in a careful way; say (sth.) to oneself in a thoughtful way 沉思, 默想; 沉思自语 地说
percale /pər'keɪl/ <i>n.</i>	高级密织棉布
placard /'plækɑ:rd/ <i>n.</i>	招牌; 宣传广告画
poignant /'pɔɪnjənt/ <i>adj.</i>	producing a keen sense of sadness or regret 令人 心酸的, 尖锐的, 深刻的
porte-monnaie /'pɔ:rtmə'neɪ/ <i>n.</i>	〈法语〉皮夹子, 小钱包
preposterous /prɪ'pɔ:stərəs/ <i>adj.</i>	extremely unreasonable or silly 十分荒谬的, 不合 理的; 愚蠢的
profusion /prə'fju:ʒn/ <i>n.</i>	a large quantity of sth. 大量, 充沛, 丰富
reconcile /'rekən,səɪl/ <i>v.</i>	使一致, 使调和
retired /rɪ'taɪərd/ <i>adj.</i>	far from crowds and large towns 秘密的, 僻静的
retrospection /,retroʊ'spekʃn/ <i>n.</i>	remembering or thinking about things that happened in the past 回顾, 回想
revel /'revl/ <i>v.</i>	celebrate or enjoy oneself in a lively and noisy way 狂喜, 享受, 沉迷
sniffle /'snɪfl/ <i>v.</i>	keep breathing in noisily through nose, because of a cold or crying 抽鼻涕
soothing /'su:ðɪŋ/ <i>adj.</i>	comforting and relaxing 令人舒服的, 安慰的
symmetrical /sɪ'metrɪkl/ <i>adj.</i>	having both sides exactly alike 对称
tiara /tɪ'ɑ:rə/ <i>n.</i>	宝冠, 王冠
usher /'ʌʃər/ <i>v.</i>	lead someone politely somewhere 引导, 领引
veritable /'verɪtəbl/ <i>adj.</i>	real, genuine 真正的, 名副其实的
wiggle /'wɪgl/ <i>v.</i>	make short, quick movements from side to side 摇摆, 扭动
wizard /'wɪzəd/ <i>adj.</i>	having the magic power 巫术的
<i>n.</i>	a person believed to have magical or wonder- working powers 巫师, 奇才

Phrases & Collocations

abandon oneself	give oneself up completely 放纵, 放肆, 沉迷
by degrees	gradually 渐渐, 逐渐
file out	(a group of people) walk one behind another, typically in an orderly manner 鱼贯而出, 陆续退出
indulge in	become involved in; allow oneself to enjoy the pleasure of 沉溺于, 沉迷于; 恣意
make out	understand someone or sth. with difficulty 理解, 领悟, 发现, 看出
stick to	hold, keep to, cling to 坚持, 坚守, 忠于

Notes to the Text

Kate Chopin (1851 — 1904)

Katherine O'Flaherty Chopin was thirty-five years old and the mother of six children when the deaths of her husband and her mother left her to support her family alone. Drawing both on her experiences of growing up in a St. Louis family of strong-willed women and on her experiences living among the Creole populations of the New Orleans region, Chopin fashioned herself into a writer in the tradition of Guy de Maupassant. Her stories of rural life in Louisiana, collected in *Bayou Folk* (1894) and *A Night in Acadie* (1897), brought her national acclaim as a local-color writer. Her novel *The Awakening* (1899) received hostile reviews on its publication because of the sexual freedom of the female protagonist, but today is regarded as Chopin's most significant contribution to American literature.

Reading Aloud

She sat herself upon a revolving stool before a counter that was comparatively deserted, trying to gather strength and courage to charge through an eager multitude that was besieging breastworks of shirting and figured lawn. An all-gone limp feeling had come over her and she rested her hand aimlessly upon the counter. She wore no gloves. By degrees she grew aware that her hand had encountered something very soothing, very pleasant to touch. She looked down to see that her hand lay upon a pile of silk stockings. A placard near by announced that they had been reduced in price from