



研究生英语系列

ENGLISH EXTENSIVE READING FOR GRADUATE STUDENTS

研究生英语泛读

鲁人 王红娟

北京大学出版社

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English Extensive Reading
for
Graduate Students

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编写说明

《研究生英语》是研究生英语系列丛书之一,可供文理科研究生、大学高年级学生以及有较好英语基础的自学者使用。

本书旨在使学生和其他使用者通过英语泛读,广泛接触文体多样、内容各异的当代英语文章,熟悉各种语言现象和写作技巧,进一步扩大英语词汇,大力提高自己的英语水平。英语读物浩如烟海,编者只是筛选二十多篇文章,作为引玉之砖、试矢之的,希望读者能透过编者选题之意图,根据自己的英语水平的真情实况和个人爱好,顺藤摸瓜,追踪阅读大量的文献资料,快速提高自己的英语水平。

本书编写力争做到题材多样,内容新颖,趣味性大,实用性强。

本书所有文章均选自美国有广泛影响的当代报刊杂志和小说故事。由于这些小说故事和文章是为大众媒介而写,其读者是亿万大众,所使用的是当代规范英语,语言生动活泼,通俗易懂,文笔简练流畅。小说《克里斯的角色》生动地描绘了患低能症的残疾儿自强不息,奋发图强,在父母兄弟姐妹无限深情的爱心和社会众伯乐的扶助下,终于成长为颇有影响的电影小明星,成为残疾人的楷模和英雄,文章有很强的艺术感染力和很大的教育性。小说《被密封在保险柜内》,故事情节扣人心弦,众人团结协作,有关部门尽心尽力,终将濒临死亡边缘的小姑娘救出。文章逼真地歌颂了高尚的人道主义。《我们果真如此懒惰吗?》论说文,以大量的事实,有根有据地批驳了指责美国工人懒惰的不实之词,讴歌了美国人民的民族自尊心和爱国精神。有关科学与技术的文章,以通俗易懂的大众语言,深入浅出地介绍了科学技术应用的新进展和科学技术发展中的逆反现象,为广大读者了解科学技术,跟上社会发展的步伐提供了精神食粮。有关经济与发展的文章,简明扼要地介绍了投资、工业生

产率、出口和总的生活水平四者的有机联系和辩证关系,对今天开放中的中国经济腾飞不无参考价值。《辛普森裁决使美国人以截然不同的观点谈论种族问题》,作者以轰动美国全国上下、拖延长达九个月之久的辛普森案为实例,深刻地揭露了美国二百多年从未停息过的民族压迫和种族矛盾,这对每每挥舞人权大棒干涉他国内政的美国当权者是个有力的抨击。文章虽为报纸专栏而写却酷似一篇法庭上的辩护演说词。文章以排比的结构层层剖析两种对立的观点,语言铿锵有力,铮铮有声,逻辑严密,有雄辩的说服力。有关饮食与健康、生理与保健方面的文章,令人心服地介绍了物质文明给人类带来的所谓文明疾病及其预防办法,这是人们所普遍关心的问题。环境与危害以及被动抽烟已成为世界各国人们日益关注的问题,这方面的人选文章详尽地说明了解决办法,读此类文章给人莫大启迪和收获。

本书精选了小说与故事、论说文、科学与技术、经济与发展、法庭与审判、环境与危害等八类文章,共计二十三篇。每篇文章之后有必要的注释和课堂提问,以帮助和检查学生对文章的理解。每篇文章还附有参考译文,以提高自学者对文章的理解和翻译水平。教师可根据学生的英语基础,进行课时安排。

本书编写过程中,曾得到杜德涛博士的大力帮助,为编者提供了大量资料;北京大学出版社徐万丽女士对本书如何编写提出不少宝贵意见,谢婉娴女士在百忙之中翻译了几篇文章,在此一并表示诚挚的谢意。

由于编者水平所限和时间紧迫,书中定然有不少谬误之处,望广大师生和其他使用者教正。

鲁人
北京大学燕北园
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Condensed Novels and Short Stories

1. "He Has Not Left Me"

By Joyce Brothers

My husband was tall, trim and handsome^[1]. He played squash three times a week and rode his bike for miles. Weekends he gardened, cut brush, sanded floors, put up shelves. Milt was a supremely healthy man.

Then in his early 50s, he developed hypertension. His internist put him on medication and advised him to stop smoking. A few years later, he developed a heart flutter^[2]. His doctor prescribed more medication and again asked him to stop smoking.

Milt was a physician. He knew that tobacco causes cancer and death. Yet he smoked like a furnace. Now he told me he wasn't going to smoke anymore. But he didn't really stop — he just wouldn't smoke when I was around^[3].

On the morning of July 2, 1987, two days before our 38th wedding anniversary, Milt noticed blood in his urine. On July 9, he checked into New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, where he has been on staff almost all our married life. The surgeon found a malignant polyp^[4] inside his bladder. He cut it out and told us he thought he had gotten it all. Milt would need a checkup every three months, but the prognosis was good.

Though Milt was optimistic, I remained worried. I learned that bladder cancer kills some 9700 Americans a year, and half these cases are caused by smoking.

By late summer Milt resumed his practice. At times his clothes smelled of smoke when he came home at night. I think he tried, but even knowing he was putting his life at risk, he found it impossible to stop. Still, he was feeling stronger, and we picked up the threads of our life^[5]. It was a time of closeness for us, happier still because of our narrow escape from disaster^[6].

In October, Milt went into the hospital for his first checkup. "Everything appears fine," his surgeon told us. "But we won't know for sure^[7] until we get the biopsy results on Monday."

Monday dragged on and on^[8]. It was after 5 p.m. when the call came. Milt listened intently. At one point, a tear trickled down his cheek. I had never seen him cry before.

Finally, he said, "Well, thank you," and hung up. The cancer had reappeared. I threw my arms around him. "You're strong," I told him. "You can beat it."

He ran his finger around my face and summoned a half smile^[9]. "I'll do my darnedest," he promised. "I've got a lot to live for."

I'd had a dream that death was in bed with me. Death was a man, a strong, burly man. Curled up facing away from him, I could feel the hair on his chest, the stubble on his chin. I could smell his breath. I knew death had me in his grasp.

Milt underwent a risky but successful eight-hour operation to have his bladder removed^[10]. I learned that he would almost surely be impotent. But I assured him that life itself was all that mattered^[11] now.

Milt never smoked again after the surgery — it took a scare of this magnitude to make him stop. As soon as he quit, his heart flutter went away. I could not help thinking, if you had only stopped 20 years ago, none of this would have happened. How could he have been so stupid! I was angry. I am still angry

about this.

Milt's recovery seemed to go well, and he began seeing patients again. But in January, 1988 he got a pain in his abdomen, and another exam showed that the cancer had spread.

Milt's oncologist started him on chemotherapy. The side effects were horrendous: his hair began to fall out, he got exhausting hiccups^[12] and he was in constant pain. I was able to stop his hiccups with gentle massages. I would also brush his hair. He grumbled that I was babying him^[13], but he loved it. I loved doing it. These were peaceful hours, and I felt overwhelmed by my love for him.

By spring, Milt had to close his office. He got hundreds of letters and calls, which cheered him immensely. I don't think he had realized quite how much his patients liked him and how very important he was to them.

Milt's had been a very special practice. He took medicine seriously, but he liked to have fun. He told terrible jokes, and every Friday afternoon he held a "medical conference." That's what he called it, but it was really a party for nurses.

A saleswoman who examined Milt's accounts before we sold the practice told me, "I have never seen a doctor who carried so many people on the books." After final negotiations I took one last look around. The lawyer said, "There's nothing special about his office, except that the walls are filled with laughter."

Milt was now in and out of the hospital so often that my visits to him there seem like a blur. In our conversations we never talked about death. Instead we would say, "When I get back on my feet..." or "As soon as you regain your strength..." We always kept the future open.

For both of us, reminiscence, too, became a pleasure and

comfort. "Remember when...?" Milt would say, and we'd start talking about old times. We had a lifetime of memories. I held every one of them close.

He seemed to be feeling stronger one sunny October morning, so I drove him up to our farm in the country. We stopped to buy eggs from the woman down the road so we could have our ritual weekend breakfast. Milt made the coffee and eggs. Fried eggs were his culinary specialty. He had a frying pan dedicated to eggs. I was not allowed to use it for anything — he never even let me wash it. I made the toast and squeezed the orange juice. He ate everything. I was thrilled — he had not eaten that much for weeks.

After breakfast, he went upstairs alone and looked around. Each bedroom represented long weekends of hard work. Over the years we had scraped and painted until each room was fresh and welcoming.

Then he went outside. I watched him stand looking at the meadow where our daughter, Lisa, had been married 12 years before. I watched as he walked down to the brook where he and our grandson Micah used to fish.

He rested awhile, and then we got ready to leave. The last thing he said as he locked the door behind us was, "It's so beautiful here." There was a wistful note in his voice. We both knew he would probably never see the farm again.

That fall^[14] and winter, Milt's health went steadily downhill. The cancer spread to his bones.

He grew weaker, thinner — and angrier. I understood. After all, life is sweet; who wants it to end?

When Lisa's fourth child, a girl, was born January 6, 1989, I booked a flight to Iowa to see the baby. "Give her a kiss from me," Milt told me from his hospital bed.

The next day, I held little Ariel in my arms. I kissed her, and kissed her again for her grandfather. But I stayed only an hour. I felt uneasy being away from Milt.

Once home^[15], I was tired and thought I'd wait to see Milt in the morning. Something made me change my mind. I went to the hospital and up to his room. When I took his hand, he opened his eyes.

"Oh, Joyce," he said. "Sit down."

He closed his eyes again, and I sat beside him, holding his hand.

I talked for hours, telling him about Lisa's new baby and about our other grandchildren. I reminisced about our courtship, about the farm, about everything that had been important to me in our life together. Then I told him over and over how much I loved him and how happy he had always made me. I do not know if he heard me. Finally, well after midnight, the nurses told me I had to go. My telephone woke me before 6 a.m. Milt had just died.

When I walked into his hospital room, Milt was still lying in the bed. He looked peacefully; the cruel lines of pain had left his face. I kissed him good-bye.

There was no time for grief. There were only details: people to notify, flowers to order, the funeral to arrange. I was too busy and numb to feel anything, which was a blessing.

At the service, two of Milt's colleagues spoke about him, and their sweet words pleased and comforted me. I was hungry to hear people talk about him. The hardest moment came at the cemetery. There is nothing worse than watching the coffin of a loved one being lowered into the raw ground.

Still, it was not until a few days later that I really grasped that Milt was gone. Then it hit me: he would never walk

through the door. Never hold me again. I got up and made coffee and contemplated the rest of my life, with tears streaming down my face.

As a psychologist, I had lectured and written about grief and loneliness hundreds of times. But suddenly I was facing them myself, a new, unknown territory, and the pain was horrendous, unceasing and cruel. I'd cry when I reached out in the night and Milt was not there. I'd pass a restaurant he and I used to like, and tears would start anew.

The standard reaction to a widow's tears is to say, "There, there, You mustn't cry. Tears won't help." But tears do help. They are a kind of emotional first aid. A widow will stop when she no longer needs to cry. I went through months of obsessive remembering. And every memory triggered tears.

When someone asked me if I felt angry at Milt, I was shocked. Angry with my husband? Never!

But I was. Whenever I thought about his having smoked all those years, knowing fully well that cigarettes can kill, I was enraged. There were so many things we had looked forward to doing together. Our life was truly golden. Now all of it had been snatched away by those lousy cigarettes.

It was nearly a year before I was able to think of Milt without crying. The turning point came when I remembered how he used to call me the Cabinet Lady. I tend to leave cabinet doors open when I'm cooking. Milt would say, "I see the Cabinet Lady is here. You're going to hurt yourself one of these days." And I'd reply, "I'm too short to hit my head."

One day I ran head-on into an open cabinet door and raised a huge bump on my forehead. After the "ouch!" I thought about Milt's millions of warnings. Despite the pain, I smiled.

But my greatest weapon for recovery was something Milt had told me after my father passed away^[16]. "He has not left you," Milt said. "Children always carry with them a part of their parents' souls. Husbands and wives remain part of each other."

I knew he was right. Milt was part of me. From that time on, life gradually began to brighten again. I still said "our" and "we", and I still cried, but less and less. It had been a hard year, a terrible year. I had felt that loneliness would eat me alive. But I had survived.

Today I am more accepting of the changes I've faced. I've started looking beyond my own horizon. My grief has also, I think, made me more sympathetic and sensitive to people. I have learned how comforting a few understanding words — and shared tears — can be.

I will always have a pocket of sorrow in my heart^[17] , but that will not keep me from plunging into life again. It will make me value every living minute, because I know how precious each one is. And I will speak out against smoking whenever I can.

The second spring after Milt died, I had another dream, and it was like a gift. We were at the farm, just the two of us. It was snowing, but the house was warm, with a fire blazing on the hearth.

Then, suddenly, Milt and I were outdoors in bright sunlight. We were holding hands and laughing, slipping on the snow as we made our way down hill. But when we got to the brook, a miracle: daffodils were blooming on low, woody bushes. The trees blossomed with roses and daisies. And Milt was no longer bone-thin and drawn, no longer angry, no longer ravaged by cancer. We went back to the house together, our arms full of

flowers.

Notes to the text:

1. handsome: It is often used to limit a male person or thing while beautiful is used to describe a female person or thing.

Ex.

His wife is said to have been very beautiful in her youth.
Tibet is famous for its beautiful scenery.

When the handsome young actor appeared on the stage,
all eyes were fixed on him.

The word pretty is used to express the meaning of small and lovely, so it is often used to praise a little girl or young woman.

She looks very pretty in that blue sweater.

There is a pretty lake inside Peking University.

2. a heart flutter: an irregular movement of the heart. We have:

atrial flutter 心房扑动

diaphragmatic flutter 隔扑动

impure flutter 不整齐扑动

mediastinal flutter 纵隔扑动

3. I was around: I was in the area, in some place near. Ex.

Please stay around the house.

She is around somewhere.

4. a malignant polyp: a type of small diseased, unnatural growth in the body, which is serious enough to cause some kind of cancer and death if not properly treated. 恶性息肉。

5. the threads of our life: also the thread of life, meaning lifeline.

6. narrow escape from (disaster): with a small margin. Ex.

His father got a narrow escape from death last year.

The two boys skating on the river with thin ice had a

narrow escape from drowning.

7. for sure: for certain, certainly, undoubtedly. Ex.

Who could know for sure how the public respond to this new film?

Her mother won't live long, and that's for sure.

8. drag on and on: go on slowly in a dull manner, make or be too slow. Ex.

The events of the day dragged themselves on tediously in such a country house.

The meeting dragged on for more than three hours.

9. half smile: to pretend to smile, smile not heartedly, not very happy. The opposite is all smile.

10. to have his bladder removed: to have sth. done, to suffer or experience it. Ex.

When I went to town yesterday, I had my pocket picked.

You had better have that bad tooth pulled out.

She is going to have her hair cut.

11. all that mattered: Matter here means to be important, so all that mattered means to be the most important thing.

12. exhausting hiccups: the hiccups that make the sick exhausted.

13. I was babying him: to treat sb. like a baby, to show a great deal of care or attention to. Ex.

That boy gets very angry if he thinks he is being babied.

14. That fall: AmE autumn. Ex.

I am going to visit my Danish friends of Aarhus University in the fall.

In the fall of 1960 I graduated from this university and began to work as a translator in No 4 Ministry of Machinery.

15. Once home: Once she returned home or came back home.

16. passed away: also pass on, pass over, meaning to die. It is used politely to express the idea of death. Ex.

His father passed away peacefully at the age of 90.

She was grieved to learn that her mother passed away.

17. a pocket of sorrow in my heart: my heart was full of sorrow. Here a pocket of is used to express "an amount of" or a hollow place or enclosed place. Ex.

a pocket of silence

a pocket of air

Questions about the text:

1. At what age did Milt begin to suffer from hypertension?
And what advice did his doctor offer to him?
2. Is smoking as lethal as arsenic viewed in the final analysis?
Why do some smokers spend so much money to buy ills
and death?
3. Why did Milt check into New York's Mount Sinai Hospital?
4. How many Americans died of bladder cancer caused by
smoking every year according to the author?
5. How did Milt's wife know that he did not really stop
smoking?
6. What are the side effects caused by chemotherapy?
7. Why did Milt close his office?
8. Did Milt and his wife more often talk about death? What
did they talk about?
9. Where did Milt go and see when he went outside alone in
his farm?
10. Did he have the heart to leave his farm?
11. Milt said, "It's so beautiful here". Could you add
something more that Milt thought of and didn't want to say?
12. Why did the author stay in Iowa for only one hour?
13. What is the hardest moment for the dead person's family