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《大学公共英语学习丛书》

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时文集萃

——研究生英语课外读物

北京出版社

内 容 提 要

这是一本为大学研究生而编选的课外阅读材料。本书从近年国外畅销作品中精选出17篇语言流畅规范、题材广泛、风格各异的文章，并配以背景性介绍及详尽的注释，以期提高读者的阅读与欣赏水平，加强英语的修养，开闢视野。本书亦可供中等水平以上的英语自学者使用。

时文集萃——研究生英语课外读物

于振中 袁道之 姜明山 选注

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北京出版社出版

(北京北三环中路6号)

新华书店北京发行所发行

安平印刷厂印刷

787 × 1092 毫米 32开 9.5印张

1989年3月第1版 1989年3月第1次印刷

印数 1—3,800

ISBN 7-200-00507-6/H·46

定 价: 3.55 元

序

本书编者谨以这本小册子献给对英语有兴趣的研究生和广大青年读者，希望它既能开拓读者的视野，又能在欣赏本书的同时增强英语的素养。

这是一本题材广泛、风格各异的文集。编者在选辑此书的时候给自己定下了几条原则：一、有助于开拓研究生及青年读者的视野与思路；二、力求题材与体裁的多样性；三、努力反映当前西方世界的动向与思潮；四、尽量精选近年来的畅销书及多次再版的作品；五、适应读者的兴趣和口味，寓教育于趣味中；六、力求语言规范的文章，以便于青年读者在阅读中提高英语水平；七、努力做到文、理并重，情、文并茂。

翻开本文集的目录，读者可以看到本书既有反映新思潮的严肃文章（如《第三次浪潮》），也有科学巨匠的回忆与评论（如《科学见习生》、《教授科学的艺术》等），既有科普科幻读物（如《大白鲨》、《真正的爱》等），也有脍炙人口的畅销读物（如《豺狼的日子》、《教父》等）；既有当代的长篇文学作品（如《爱情的故事》），又有可令人仔细玩味的散文（如《它们足间的太阳》等）。总之，本书的编者们在选编时力图贯彻这些原则，至于是否做到了，则有待于读者的评定了。

选择如此广泛题材的文集还有一个目的，就是希望这些文选能引起读者对原书的兴趣，进而去阅读欣赏。

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本书中的材料都是未经删节的原著，适合已掌握3000以上英语单词、中等以上程度的读者阅读。

编者在长期从事研究生的英语教学中经常遇到学生提出这样的问题：研究生英语学习结束后应该怎样继续提高英语水平，如何继续扩大词汇量以及加深英语素养？编者力图通过这本文集来回答青年学者的问题。

从第二语言习得理论的观点来看，语言能力从现有阶段进到高一步的阶段，需要有足够的输入。输入的两个主要来源是听和读。但听作为输入来源在我国有一定的局限性。首先是我国国内缺少英语听说的环境，其次还因为一般人的日常说话词汇量往往在3000左右。这就意味着在更高水平上语言能力的进一步提高，听力所起的作用往往不如阅读所起的作用大。

鉴于这种情况，本书编者认为，我国青年学者进一步提高英语素养的主要输入应该是阅读。一本优秀的课外读物不仅能够直接提供语言输入，而更重要的是能够激发读者对文化诸方面的兴趣，从而产生更强的学习动力。

无论是理、工、农、医或社会科学各个方面的研究生与青年读者，如欲真正克服语言障碍，必须跳出本专业的狭小领域，广泛涉猎多种题材的读物，从而不断开阔自己的知识面，加深对背景的了解，摄取语言信息，最终在不知不觉中达到语言的习得。我衷心希望这本文集能在这方面起到一定作用。

本文集中文章的安排力图做到按语言难度由浅入深。本书的注释尽量采用英语解释，附以汉语说明，有的词和词组并有例句，以利读者了解、掌握，避免单纯汉语翻译词汇容

易造成的误解。限于编者们的水平，注释中难免有错误和不当之处，敬请读者批评指正。

于振中

1987年8月

于中国科大北京研究生院

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True Love

Isaac Asimov

My name is Joe. That is what my colleague, Milton Davidson, calls me. He is a programmer and I am a computer. I am part of the Multivac-complex¹ and am connected with other parts all over the world. I know everything. Almost everything.

I am Milton's private computer. His Joe. He understands more about computers than anyone in the world, and I am his experimental model. He has made me speak better than any other computer can.

"It is just a matter of matching sounds to symbols, Joe," he told me. "That's the way it works in the human brain even though we still don't know what symbols there are in the brain. I know the symbols in yours, and I can **match** them to words, one-to-one"². So I talk. I don't think I talk as well as I think, but Milton says I talk very well. Milton has never married, though he is nearly 40 years old. He has never found the right woman, he told me. One day he said, "I'll find her yet, Joe. I'm going to find the best. I'm going to have true love and you're going to help me. I'm tired of improving you in order to solve the problems of the world. Solve *my* problem. Find me true love."

I said, "What is true love?"

"Never mind. That is abstract. Just find me the

ideal girl. You are connected to the Multivac-complex so you can reach the data banks³ of every human being in the world. We'll eliminate them all by groups and classes until we're left with only one person. The perfect person. She will be for me."

I said, "I am ready."

He said, "Eliminate all men first."

It was easy. His words activated symbols in my molecular valves. I could reach out to make contact with the accumulated data on every human being in the world. At his words,⁴ I withdrew from 3,784,982,874 men. I kept contact with 3,786,112,090 women.

He said, "Eliminate all younger than 25, all older than 40. Then eliminate all with an IQ⁵ under 120; all with a height under 150 centimeters and over 175 centimeters."

He gave me exact measurements; he eliminated women with living children; he eliminated women with various genetic characteristics. "I'm not sure about eye color," he said. "Let that go for a while. But no red hair. I don't like red hair."

After two weeks, we were down to 235 women. They all spoke English very well. Milton said he didn't want a language problem. Even computer-translation would get in the way at intimate moments.

"I can't interview 235 women," he said. "It would take too much time, and people would discover what I am doing."

"It would make trouble," I said. Milton had arranged me to do things I wasn't designed to do. No one knew about that.

"It's none of their business," he said, and the skin

on his face grew red. "I tell you what, Joe, I will bring in holographs, and you check the list for similarities."⁶

He brought in holographs of women. "These are three beauty contest winners," he said. "Do any of the 235 match?"

Eight were very good matches and Milton said, "Good, you have their data banks. Study requirements and needs in the job market and arrange to have them assigned here⁷. One at a time, of course." He thought a while, moved his shoulders up and down, and said, "Alphabetical order."

That is one of the things I am not designed to do. Shifting people from job to job for personal reasons is called manipulation. I could do it now because Milton had arranged it. I wasn't supposed to do it for anyone but him, though.

The first girl arrived a week later. Milton's face turned red when he saw her. He spoke as though it were hard to do so. They were together a great deal and he paid no attention to me. One time he said, "Let me take you to dinner."

The next day he said to me, "It was no good, somehow. There was something missing. She is a beautiful woman, but I did not feel any touch of true love. Try the next one."

It was the same with all eight. They were much alike. They smiled a great deal and had pleasant voices, but Milton always found it wasn't right. He said, "I can't understand it, Joe. You and I have picked out the eight women who, in all the world, look the best to me. They are ideal. Why don't they please me?"

I said, "Do you please them?"

His eyebrows moved and he pushed one fist hard against

his other hand. "That's it, Joe. It's a two-way street. If I am not their ideal, they can't act in such a way as to be my ideal. I must be their true love, too, but how do I do that?" He seemed to be thinking all that day.

The next morning he came to me and said, "I'm going to leave it to you, Joe. All up to you⁸. You have my data bank, and I am going to tell you everything I know about myself. You fill up my data bank in every possible detail but keep all additions to yourself."⁹

"What will I do with the data bank, then, Milton?"

"Then you will match it to the 235 women. No. 227. Leave out the eight you've seen. Arrange to have each undergo a psychiatric examination. Fill up their data banks and compare them with mine. Find correlations." (Arranging psychiatric examinations is another thing that is against my original instructions.)

For weeks, Milton talked to me. He told me of his parents and his siblings. He told me of his childhood and his schooling and his adolescence. He told me of the young women he had admired from a distance. His data bank grew and he adjusted me to broaden and deepen my symbol-taking.

He said, "You see, Joe, as you get more and more of me in you, I adjust you to match me better and better. You get to think more like me, so you understand me better. If you understand me well enough, then any woman, whose data bank is something you understand as well, would be my true love." He kept talking to me and I came to understand him better and better.

I could make longer sentences and my expressions grew more complicated. My speech began to sound a good deal

like his in vocabulary, word order and style.

I said to him one time, "You see, Milton, it isn't a matter of fitting a girl to a physical ideal only. You need a girl who is a personal, emotional, temperamental fit to you. If that happens, looks are secondary. If we can't find the fit in these 227, we'll look elsewhere. We will find someone who won't care how you look either, or how anyone would look, if only there is the personality fit. What are looks?"

"Absolutely," he said. "I would have known this if I had had more to do with women in my life. Of course, thinking about it makes it all plain now."

We always agreed; we thought so like each other.

"We shouldn't have any trouble, now, Milton, if you'll let me ask you questions. I can see where, in your data bank, there are blank spots and unevennesses."

What followed, Milton said, was the equivalent of a careful psychoanalysis. Of course. I was learning from the psychiatric examinations of the 227 women — on all of which I was keeping close tabs.¹⁰

Milton seemed quite happy. He said, "Talking to you, Joe, is almost like talking to another self. Our personalities have come to match perfectly."

"So will the personality of the woman we choose."

For I had found her and she was one of the 227 after all. Her name was Charity Jones and she was an Evaluator at the Library of History in Wichita, Kansas. Her extended data bank fit ours perfectly. All the other women had fallen into discard in one respect or another as the data banks grew fuller, but with Charity there was increasing and astonishing resonance.

I didn't have to describe her to Milton. Milton had coordinated my symbolism so closely with his own I could tell the resonance directly. It fit me.

Next it was a matter of adjusting the work sheets and job requirements in such a way as to get Charity assigned to us. It must be done very delicately, so no one would know that anything illegal had taken place.

Of course, Milton himself knew, since it was he who arranged it, and that had to be taken care of too. When they came to arrest him on grounds of malfeasance in office,¹¹ it was, fortunately, for something that had taken place 10 years ago. He had told me about it, of course, so it was easy to arrange — and he won't talk about me for that would make his offense much worse.

He's gone, and tomorrow is February 14. Valentine's Day. Charity¹² will arrive then with her cool hands and her sweet voice. I will teach her how to operate me and how to care for me. What do looks matter when our personalities will resonate?

I will say to her, "I am Joe, and you are my true love."

【作者简介】 艾萨克·阿西莫夫 (Isaac Asimov) 1920年出生于苏联，三岁时随父母移居美国，现为波士顿大学医学院生物化学教授。阿西莫夫早在攻读博士学位时，就为科学小说杂志撰写小说。几十年来，他出版了120多本科幻小说、评论、文选及科普读物，受到广大读者热烈欢迎。他最受欢迎的作品是两卷集《人类科学指南》(Man's Guide to Science) 及《血流》(The Bloodstream-River of Life)。阿西莫夫以《众神》(Gods Themselves) 一篇作品获得1972年

度科学小说的两项最高奖：雨果奖和星云奖。

【本文简介】 《真正的爱》(True Love)是艾萨克·阿西莫夫为了情人节而作的短篇科学幻想故事。按照西方的风俗，每年2月14日为圣瓦伦丁节(即情人节)。按传统习惯，情人们要在这一天互换礼物作为爱情标志。而本篇中的主人公 Milton Davidson 却要求他的计算机Joe为他找一个理想的伴侣，即替他找到“真正的爱”。本篇中计算机以第一人称的口吻记叙了这一挑选理想伴侣的过程。那么，计算机为他找到了“真正的爱”吗？读者看完本文自会得出自己的结论。

注 释

1. the Multivac-complex: 多用瓦克综合体系。这是作者假想的一种世界范围内的计算机体系，每台计算机都可以与这个体系相联。这样，从理论上说，可以得到世界上任何地方的信息。
2. "It is just a matter of... one-to-one.":他对我说：“这只不过是使声音和信号对起来的问题。尽管我们还不知道人脑中有什么信号，但人脑的工作原理是这样的。然而我却知道你脑中的信号，所以我能把你脑中的信号与词语对起来，一个对一个。”

科学上有一种说法，认为词语以及在词语基础上产生的思维活动的神经历程，组成第二信号系统。这些可以成为刺激的信号，引起大脑的反应。因此在这里，文章作者用了声音与信号对起来的说法。

3. data bank: a collection of facts and information in a computer system) 数据库。
4. at one's word: when one commands 听命，受命。
例， I am ready to do everything at your word.
5. IQ: [缩] intelligence quotient 智商。

6. "...I will bring in holographs, and you check the list for similarities.": "...我把亲笔手书调进来, 而你来查名单找出相似的"。此处指从235个妇女中找出手书字体与下文中三名竞美获奖者手书相似的人。
 holographs: samples of handwriting to analyze the writer's personality.
7. "Study requirements and needs in the job market and arrange to have them assigned here.": "研究一下职业市场的需求, 安排一下使她们被派到这里来。" 这里暗指采用一些手段操纵市场, 使这些人调换职业。见下段中的用词 *manipulation*.
8. all up to you: 全都由你决定。
 up to: to be chosen or decided by 由...决定
 例: I don't care when you cut the grass. When you do it is up to you.
9. keep all additions to yourself: 不要把加的结果告诉别人。
 keep to oneself: without telling others; as a secret 私下、秘密地。
 例: Mary keeps her affairs to herself.
10. keep tab(s) on: to keep a record of; to keep a watch on 记录、注视。
 例: The government tries to keep tabs on all the animals in the park.
11. on grounds of malfeasance in office: 以渎职罪为理由。
12. 本文作者将最后选中的女子取名为 Charity (慈善、赈济), 其职业为美国中部一城市某历史图书馆的评鉴员, 而她正好是在本书主人公以渎职罪被捕之后才来到, 接待她的只剩下了计算机。读者可领会作者之深刻含义。

(于振中 选注)

A Scientific Apprenticeship

Freeman Dyson

In September 1947 I enrolled as a graduate student in the physics department of Cornell University at Ithaca. I went there to learn how to do research in physics under the guidance of Hans Bethe. Bethe is not only a great physicist but also an outstanding trainer of students. When I arrived at Cornell and introduced myself to the great man, two things about him immediately impressed me. First there was a lot of mud on his shoes. Second, the other students called him Hans.¹ I had never seen anything like that in England. In England, professors were treated with respect and wore clean shoes.

Within a few days Hans found me a good problem to work on. He had an amazing ability to choose good problems, not too hard and not too easy, for students of widely varying skills and interests. He had eight or ten students doing research problems and never seemed to find it a strain to keep us busy and happy.² He ate lunch with us at the cafeteria almost every day. After a few hours of conversation, he could judge accurately what each student was capable of doing. It had been arranged that I would only be at Cornell for nine months, and so he gave me a problem that he knew I could finish within that time. It worked out exactly as he said it would.

I was lucky to arrive at Cornell at that particular mo-

ment. Nineteen forty-seven was the year of the postwar flowering of physics, when new ideas and new experiments were sprouting everywhere from seeds that had lain dormant through the war.³ The scientists who had spent the war years at places like Bomber Command headquarters and Los Alamos⁴ came back to the universities impatient to get started again in pure science. They were in a hurry to make up for the years they had lost, and they went to work with energy and enthusiasm. Pure science in 1947 was starting to hum. And right in the middle of the renaissance of pure physics was Hans Bethe.

At that time there was a single central unsolved problem that absorbed the attention of a large fraction of physicists. We called it the quantum electrodynamics problem. The problem was simply that there existed no accurate theory to describe the everyday behavior of atoms and electrons emitting and absorbing light. Quantum electrodynamics was the name of the missing theory. It was called quantum because it had to take into account the quantum nature of light, electro because it had to deal with electrons, and dynamics because it had to describe forces and motions. We had inherited from the prewar generation of physicists, Einstein and Bohr and Heisenberg and Dirac,⁵ the basic ideas for such a theory. But the basic ideas were not enough. The basic ideas could tell you roughly how an atom would behave. But we wanted to be able to calculate the behavior exactly. Of course it often happens in science that things are too complicated to be calculated exactly, so that one has to be content with a rough qualitative understanding. The strange thing in 1947 was that even the simplest and most elementary objects,