

绿色
英语

为英语而奋斗

Striving for Your English Success

总主编 吴树敬
本册主编 刘宁 邹岩

——娓娓道来卷

谁是艺术家，定是“拟把疏狂图一醉，对酒当歌”？
何为真情感，非要“执手相看泪眼，竟无语凝噎”？
花开花落，艺术归于平凡，却仍气贯云霄；
亭长亭短，情感淡回真实，依旧沁人肺腑。
58篇精选散文，颠覆你的审美极限！



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前言

你喜欢英语吗？你喜欢看英语书吗？你能坚持学英语吗？许多青年朋友被问及前两个问题时的回答都是“喜欢”，但是被问到第三个问题时，绝大多数青年朋友说“不能”。为什么？究其原因，与其说是由于“难”，不如说是由于“缺乏兴趣”而中途止步。

众所周知，要想坚持不懈干好一件事情，除了坚忍不拔的意志外，对大多数人来说，兴趣是最重要的因素，就外语学习而言更是如此。在外语课堂上，老师最重要的职责不是要讲多少语法规则、重点词汇、常用短语及符合习惯的表达方法，而是要充分地调动学生学习英语的积极性，激发他们对英语的兴趣。有了兴趣就会有激情，有了激情就会充分地投入！When you are totally involved, you will no longer feel English is difficult.

基于此，我们编写了你面前的这套书。本书选材广泛、内容丰富、知识新颖、可读性强。阅读本书会让你乐学英语而不疲。这时你会觉得你和我们编者之间是在进行情感的交流 and 信息的沟通，而不是在为了学英语而看这本书。我们这些编者都是从教多年、经验丰富、责任感强、勇于创新的大学教师。经验告诉我们你们需要什么样的英文学习书。这套书话题广泛，从天文、地理，到海洋、生物，从文

前言

学艺术到医学保健，从经济法律到热门话题。那么青年朋友们会问。“这么广的知识面，我看得懂吗？”我们的回答是“没问题！”为了帮助你保持兴趣，我们将每篇文章的译文放置英文前，并配有生词注释，供你们在需要时参考。

我们想藉此送给青年朋友们一句话，那就是：英语不是教出来的，而是练出来的，是听出来的，是说出来的，是看出来的，是写出来的。简而言之，“Practice makes perfect.”

现在你想看看自己是否能做到坚持不懈地学习英语？请从这本书开始吧！

你的朋友

2008年4月于北京海淀

C 目录 CONTENTS

前言

第一章 短篇小说

第 1 篇 凯琳 Caline	2
第 2 篇 童年细语 The Kid Whisperer	8
第 3 篇 她会温馨地谈起我吗? The One Fondly Mentioned	14
第 4 篇 埃米莉的玫瑰 A Rose for Emily	18
第 5 篇 被闪电击中的一刻 When Lightning Struck	24
第 6 篇 两个重要的男人 Two Great Men by Joyce Gabriel	30
第 7 篇 枕头下面 Under the Pillow	38
第 8 篇 父亲的衣服 Common Threads	44
第 9 篇 她为什么不理我? Why Was She Suddenly Pushing me Away?	50
第 10 篇 炮火下的决定 Decision Under Fire	56
第 11 篇 科学家的罗曼史 A Scientific Romance	63
第 12 篇 蒙大拿情绪 A Montana State of Mind	69
第 13 篇 靠近我 Stand by Me	74
第 14 篇 我为何喜爱乡村音乐 Why I Like Country Music	80
第 15 篇 我忧郁吗? Am I Blue?	86

目 录

CONTENTS

第 16 篇 逝去的爱 Love! Love!	91
-------------------------------	----

第二章 文 学

第 1 篇 穿运动鞋的武士 A Samurai in Sneakers	100
第 2 篇 一战至二战间的诗歌 Poetry Between the Two Wars	106
第 3 篇 艾米莉·狄金森生平简介 Emily Dickinson Biographical Introduction	111
第 4 篇 《太阳照常升起》:《永别了,武器》的创作源泉 The Sun Also Rises: The Source of "A Farewell" to Arms	117
第 5 篇 日报颂歌 In Praise of the "Daily Paper"	122
第 6 篇 巨额稿酬值不值? Is It a Long Good Buy?	128
第 7 篇 善意的恐怖 A Good Scare	134
第 8 篇 传奇文学 The Romance	140
第 9 篇 乔叟 Chaucer	145
第 10 篇 慧眼成金 My Eyes Mint Gold—A Life	151

第三章 音乐舞蹈

第 1 篇 重现“猫王”风采 Elvis Presley Lives on	158
第 2 篇 吹口哨的艺术 The Art of Whistling	163
第 3 篇 新斯科舍的黑人布鲁斯 Black and Blue in Nova Scotia	168
第 4 篇 格莱美音乐奖垂青印蒂亚·艾瑞 A Passage for India Grammy Comes Knocking	174

第 5 篇 真实的歌手 The Authentic Girls.....	180
第 6 篇 巨型乐队 Big Band.....	186
第 7 篇 埃塞俄比亚音乐的黄金时代 Ethiopian Groove: The Golden Age.....	191
第 8 篇 北方经历 Northern Exposure.....	196
第 9 篇 马纳乐队——环保主义摇滚歌手 Mana Band—Ecological Rockers.....	202
第 10 篇 经典的,也是畅销的 Classical and Hot.....	208
第 11 篇 创造性机遇 Creative Chances.....	212
第 12 篇 古巴老“歌手” Cuba's Senior 'Soneros'.....	217
第 13 篇 怀念拉尔夫·萨顿 Remembering Ralph Sutton.....	223
第 14 篇 “奥”剧开拓者 O Pioneers.....	229

第四章 电影和戏曲

第 1 篇 青春幽灵 A Ghost of a Chance.....	236
第 2 篇 优雅的恶梦 Elegant Nightmares.....	242
第 3 篇 好莱坞的教父 Don Hollywood.....	248
第 4 篇 灵车去向何方? Where the Hearse Is.....	254
第 5 篇 星战在即 Let the Battle Begin!.....	259
第 6 篇 印度电视王国的女王 Queen of Indian Television.....	264
第 7 篇 岌岌可危的宝莱坞 Bollywood on the Ropes.....	270

目录

CONTENTS

第 8 篇 姑娘们只是想有枪 Girls Just Wanna Have Guns	275
第 9 篇 关于电影暴力的皇室大战 A Battle Royal over Movie Violence	281
第 10 篇 亚洲的《李尔王》 Asia's "Lear"	286
第 11 篇 星光熠熠, 欣喜若狂 Dazzling Delight	292
第 12 篇 蜘蛛旋风 Spidey Swings	298

第五章 绘画和摄影

第 1 篇 涂鸦之王 Kings of Spray	306
第 2 篇 一个世纪的绘画艺术 A Century of Drawing	312
第 3 篇 大象泼墨画 Dabbling Dumbos	317
第 4 篇 纪念安赛尔·亚当斯诞生 100 周年 Ansel Adams at 100	323
第 5 篇 困扰 Beset by Problems	329
第 6 篇 灵魂的国度: 象征艺术在德国 Kingdom of the Soul: Symbolist Art in Germany	335

第一章 短篇小说



■ 第1篇 凯琳

■ 第2篇 童年细语

■ 第3篇 她会温馨地谈起我吗？

■ 第4篇 埃米莉的玫瑰

■ 第5篇 被闪电击中的一刻

■ 第6篇 两个重要的男人

■ 第7篇 枕头下面

■ 第8篇 父亲的衣服

■ 第9篇 她为什么不理我？

■ 第10篇 炮火下的决定

■ 第11篇 科学家的罗曼史

■ 第12篇 蒙大拿情结

■ 第13篇 靠近我

■ 第14篇 我为何喜爱乡村音乐

■ 第15篇 我忧郁吗？

■ 第16篇 逝去的爱



第1篇

凯琳



导言 她苦苦追寻的不是大城市喧嚣的生活和熙熙攘攘的人群，而是那个曾经为她画像的英俊潇洒的白马王子。



跟我读

夕阳西下，凉风习习。在一片田地的中央，一座草堆的阴影里，一个女孩正安然沉睡。她睡得又深又沉，突然仿佛像猛地挨了一击似地醒了过来。她睁开双眼，望着晴朗无云的天空，打了个哈欠，慵懒地伸了伸纤长的棕色四肢，然后她站起身来，毫不在意稻草粘上了自己的黑发、红色的紧身胸衣和长不及脚踝的蓝色短裙。

她和父母住的小木屋就在她刚睡觉的空地围栏外边，再远处则是一小块用来种棉花的空地。此外到处是树林，只有一条长长的在山脊间蜿蜒的道路以及其中闪闪发光的得克萨斯太平洋铁路。

当凯琳从荫凉里站起身来时，看见一列肯定是紧急刹车停下的一列长长的客运火车，正是这突然的急刹车声惊醒了她。因为在她的记忆中从未有过这种情形，所以一开始，由于惊讶，她看起来有点发呆。好象是发动机出了问题，一些乘客下了车去看怎么回事，其他人则朝着小木屋的方向踱来。凯琳则站在那儿的一棵弯曲的老桑葚树下目不转睛地盯着看，她父亲站在棉花垄沟的尽头，吆喝住了骡子，靠着他的犁车，也在驻足观看。

女士们穿着高根靴，笨拙地走在崎岖不平的土地上，故做斯文地提着裙子。她们转着肩上的阳伞，听着男伴儿们说的趣事，放肆地开怀大笑。



她们试图和凯琳说话，但是又听不懂她答话的法语方言腔。

其中一位男士——一个长相英俊的小伙子——从口袋里拿出素描本开始给她画像，她则木然地呆站在那儿，双手背在身后，瞪着大眼睛直直地盯着他。

他还没画完，火车就发出了一声召唤的笛声。所有的人都快步向回跑，发动机发出刺耳的声音，在静止的空气中打了几个懒洋洋的喷嚏，很快就载着乘客开得无影无踪了。

自此，凯琳有了异样的感觉。她怀着新鲜和好奇的心情每天看着一列列火车飞快地穿过视野，猜想着人们从哪里来，到哪里去。

她的父母除了对她说人们来自“远方”，去往“远方”之外，更多地什么也无法告诉她。

于是有一天，她沿着铁轨走了好几里路，去问住在大水箱旁的老旗工。是的，他知道，这些人从北部的大城市来，要去南方的城市。他对那座城市了如指掌。那是个大地方，他在那里住过，他姐姐现在就住在那里。他一定很高兴一个像凯琳这么好的女孩帮她做饭、擦地、照看孩子，他认为凯琳在那样的大城市，一个月至少能赚五块钱。

于是，她去了，穿了一条新裙子和过节才穿的鞋子，手里紧紧地抓着旗工送给他姐姐的披肩。

旗工的姐姐住在一幢小小的灰泥房子里，有绿色百叶窗和三级木台阶通往长椅。沿着街道有许多这样的长椅。船桅在屋顶上隐约可见，在宁静的早晨能听到法国市场的嘈杂声。

凯琳最初有些迷惑。她不得不再一次改变预先对城里的种种设想来适应现实生活。旗工的姐姐是一位善良和蔼的女主人。大约一两个星期后，她问凯琳是否喜欢这里的生活。凯琳非常喜欢这里的生活，因为有很多令人愉快的事情。星期天下午和孩子们在大棚屋下散步，或者坐在压缩的棉花包上，注视着庞大的蒸汽轮船，优雅的小舟和熙熙攘攘的拖船在密西西比河泛起层层浪花。而且去法国市场也是件令她愉快和激动的事儿。加斯科涅的屠夫们急于把溢美之词和一小束星期日之花奉献给这位漂亮的阿卡迪亚姑娘；并且向她的篮子里扔去一把一把的小礼物。



又一个星期过去了，当旗工的姐姐再次问她是否开心时，她有些犹豫了。她再次问凯琳时，这姑娘转过身去，跑到黄色大贮水箱后坐下，悄悄地哭了。因为她明白她渴望找寻的不是大城市的生活和熙熙攘攘的居民，而是那个长相英俊、在桑椹树下为她画像的小伙子。

生词登场

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. brow <i>n.</i> 斜坡的上部 | 5. immoderately <i>adv.</i> 毫不节制地 |
| 2. recollection <i>n.</i> 记忆 | 6. masculine <i>adj.</i> 男人的，男子气的 |
| 3. dismount <i>v.</i> 下车 | 7. bewilder <i>v.</i> 迷惑 |
| 4. mincingly <i>adv.</i> 扭捏地 | |



Caline



The sun was just far enough in the west to send inviting shadows. In the center of a small field, and in the shade of a haystack which was there, a girl lay sleeping. She had slept long and soundly, when something awoke her as suddenly as if it had been a blow. She opened her eyes and stared a moment up in the cloudless sky. She yawned and stretched her long brown legs and arms, lazily. Then she arose, never minding the bits of straw that clung to her black hair, to her red bodice, and the blue cotonade skirt that did not reach her naked ankles.

The log cabin in which she dwelt with her parents was just outside the enclosure in which she had been sleeping. Beyond was a small clearing that did duty as a cotton field. All else was dense wood, except the long stretch that curved round the brow¹ of the hill,



and in which glittered the steel rails of the Texas and Pacific road.

When Caline emerged from the shadow she saw a long train of passenger coaches standing in view, where they must have stopped abruptly. It was that sudden stopping which had awakened her; for such a thing had not happened before within her **recollection**², and she looked stupid, at first, with astonishment. There seemed to be something wrong with the engine; and some of the passengers who **dismounted**³ went forward to investigate the trouble. Others came strolling along in the direction of the cabin, where Caline stood under an old gnarled mulberry tree, staring. Her father had halted his mule at the end of the cotton row, and stood staring also, leaning upon his plow.

There were ladies in the party. They walked awkwardly in their high-heeled boots over the rough, uneven ground, and held up their skirts **mincingly**⁴. They twirled parasols over their shoulders, and laughed **immoderately**⁵ at the funny things which their **masculine**⁶ companions were saying.

They tried to talk to Caline, but could not understand the French patois with which she answered them.

One of the men—a pleasant-faced youngster—drew a sketch book from his pocket and began to make a picture of the girl. She stayed motionless, her hands behind her, and her wide eyes fixed earnestly upon him.

Before he had finished there was a summons from the train; and all went scampering hurriedly away. The engine screeched, it sent a few lazy puffs into the still air, and in another moment or two had vanished, bearing its human cargoes with it.

Caline could not feel the same after that. She looked with new and strange interest upon the trains of cars that passed so swiftly



back and forth across her vision, each day; and wondered whence these people came, and whither they were going.

Her mother and father could not tell her, except to say that they came from “loin la bas,” and were going “Djieu sait e ou.”

One day she walked miles down the track to talk with the old flagman, who stayed down there by the big water tank. Yes, he knew. Those people came from the great cities in the north, and were going to the city in the south. He knew all about the city; it was a grand place. He had lived there once. His sister lived there now; and she would be glad enough to have so fine a girl as Caline to help her cook and scrub, and tend the babies. And he thought Caline might earn as much as five dollars a month, in the city.

So she went; in a new cotonade, and her Sunday shoes; with a sacredly guarded scrawl that the flagman sent to his sister.

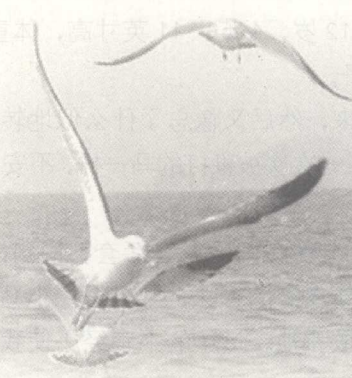
The woman lived in a tiny, stuccoed house, with green blinds, and three wooden steps leading down to the banquette. There seemed to be hundreds like it along the street. Over the house tops loomed the tall masts of ships, and the hum of the French market could be heard on a still morning.

Caline was at first **bewildered**⁷. She had to readjust all her preconceptions to fit the reality of it. The flagman's sister was a kind and gentle task-mistress. At the end of a week or two she wanted to know how the girl liked it. Caline liked it very well, for it was pleasant, on Sunday afternoons, to stroll with the children under the great, solemn sugar sheds; or to sit upon the compressed cotton bales, watching the stately steamers, the graceful boats, and noisy little tugs that plied the waters of the Mississippi. And it filled her with agreeable excitement to go to the French market, where the handsome Gsacon butchers were eager to present their compliments and



little Sunday bouquets to the pretty Acadian girl; and to throw fistfuls of lagniappe into her basket.

When the woman asked her again after another week if she were still pleased, she was not so sure. And again when she questioned Caline the girl turned away, and went to sit behind the gig, yellow cistern, to cry unobserved. For she knew that it was not the great city and its crowds of people she had so eagerly sought; but the pleasant-faced boy, who had made her picture that day under the mulberry tree.





第2篇 童年细语

导言 那个在牧场度过的下午在我的脑海中留下了深深的烙印。那么舒适的时光，空气中弥漫着鼠尾草、羽扇豆的清香，还有偶尔从弗来斯特那儿传来的阵阵烟草味。



跟我读

弗来斯特·舍利身高六英尺四英寸，有着一双和其他男人一样的大手。我们第一次见面的时候，我站在他牧场的房子外面，他停好卡车，走下来，说到：“你一定就是巴克吧。”我点了点头，心里怕极了，话都说不出来，腿在不住地发抖。那年我12岁，4英尺11英寸高，体重有87磅，刚刚落入这双大手中成为他的养子。

弗来斯特朝我走了过来，然后又像忘了什么似地转过身，回到卡车前排那儿，我感觉自己像一匹一次次被鞭打的马一样，不安又难受，心里嘀咕：他拿什么去了呢？

他迈着大步走了回来，扔给我一付鹿皮手套，说到：“你会用得着的。”那手套合适极了，散发着新皮革的香味，柔软得像小马驹的鼻子。这礼物让我有点不好意思，我不敢看他。童年的不幸经历使我无法承受他这朴实和藹的举动。

我的亲生父亲，艾斯·布兰尼曼是一个性情粗暴的男人，他年轻时，崇拜一位叫蒙蒂·蒙塔那的玩绳人。但他晓得自己永远不可能和他一样棒，于是他认定我哥哥斯漠奇和我肯定是这块材料。他让我们每天练几个小时，