

曾道明 主编

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研究生
英语泛读
(下册)

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研究生英语

泛 读

下 册

主 编 曾道明

副主编 孙 颖 汪洪章

内 容 提 要

本书根据国家教委 1992 年颁布的《非英语专业研究生英语(第一外语)教学大纲》,并结合复旦大学历年来的教学经验编写而成。全书共有十个单元,25 篇课文,取材于当代英美文学作品及报刊杂志。每篇课文后面附有注释、词汇及练习。注释以介绍有关背景知识为主,对课文中个别疑难易错的词句作了重点注释。词汇以英语解释为主,少数难点还加注了汉语。练习包括选择题、词汇运用与翻译。本书体裁新颖、内容生动、词言规范,集知识性、趣味性和实用性为一体,不仅适合于非英语专业研究生,而且还适用于各类中高级水平的英语培训及广大英语爱好者与自学者。

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文科研究生丛书编委会

主编：庄锡昌

编委：王水照 刘放桐 洪远朋

刘星汉 高若海

编辑说明

自恢复研究生招生以来,我校广大的研究生指导教师及担任研究生教学工作的同志,结合教学任务,编写讲稿,编印讲义,在研究生的教材建设方面进行了大量的工作,但由于种种条件的限制,目前正式出版的研究生教材为数很少。为了进一步提高研究生的教学质量,方便广大研究生和有志深造的同志学习或自学,并有利于学术交流,都有必要迅速改变这一状况,大力加强研究生的教材建设。

这套研究生丛书,正是适应为国家培养高层次人材这一需要而编辑出版的。本丛书分文科及理科两大类,目前将主要出版硕士研究生专业基础课的教材,同时也酌情出版一些适应面较广、并具有较高质量的硕士研究生选修课教材及博士研究生专业基础课教材。我们的目标,是逐步地建设起一套比较完整的研究生教材,使它们不仅可用作研究生专业基础课或选修课的教材或参考书,部分内容也可用作大学高年级学生的选修课教材或补充读物,同时也可用作有关的自学和课外阅读教材。

收入本丛书的教材大都是在编成讲义后经过教学实践,再修改定稿。但由于我们对编辑工作缺乏经验,仍可能存在某些不妥和不足的地方,热忱欢迎广大读者提出宝贵意见,以便将来再版时改正。

复旦大学研究生院

1996年3月

前 言

《研究生英语泛读》是复旦大学非英语专业硕士研究生英语系列教材之一,根据国家教育委员会 1992 年 11 月颁布的《非英语专业研究生英语(第一外语)教学大纲》编写而成,旨在为学生提供内容广泛的学习材料,使他们通过大量阅读,逐步掌握阅读技巧,不断提高阅读水平,从而达到教学大纲中提出的要求,具有比较熟练地阅读英文书刊和专业文献的能力。

本书编写者除主编曾道明和副主编孙靖、汪洪章外,还有陆效用、薛福清、陈进、宋梅、陈洁倩和何伟文。杨永荃教授担任了本册主审。除主审外,还承美籍教师 Dolores Ray 博士审阅了其中的部分课文。

此外,研究生院的刘碧英、叶绍梁、廖文武以及本系邱匡林等同志也为本书的编写做了很多工作,罗家礼、姚元坤提供了部分素材,外文系资料室的同志亦为本书的编写工作提供了很多方便,在此一并表示感谢。

由于时间仓促,加之编者水平与经验有限,教材中难免有不妥之处,欢迎读者批评、指正。

编者

1996. 3. 10

使用说明

本书为《研究生英语泛读》下册,供非英语专业硕士研究生第二学期使用。

本册共有十个单元,前五个单元每单元各有两篇课文,后五个单元每单元各有三篇课文。所有课文均选自当代英美文学作品以及一些报刊、杂志,个别课文略有删改。选材注重文章的知识性和趣味性,因而具有较强的可读性和实用性。每篇课文后附有注释、词汇表和练习。注释基本上以介绍有关背景知识为主,对课文中个别比较难以理解的词句作了重点解释。词汇表中的生词以英语解释为主,个别还加注了汉语。

练习包括选择题、词汇运用和对句子中重点部分的翻译,旨在检查学生对课文的理解程度,加强语言基本功训练和提高翻译能力。

本教材可在教师的指导下,由学生在课前预习,然后在课堂上进行检查。教师也可根据学生的具体情况和课文的难易程度有选择地加以指导和使用。

CONTENTS

UNIT ONE

1. The Snob 1
2. My Antonia 14

UNIT TWO

3. How Emotions Rule Our Health 27
4. The Trying Twenties 41

UNIT THREE

5. The Electronic Revolution 58
6. Your Electronic Future 76

UNIT FOUR

7. Eugene O'Neill's Life at Princeton 92
8. Émile Durkheim 110

UNIT FIVE

9. What Can We Do About Jet Lag 130
10. The Warming of the World 148

UNIT SIX

- 11. Let Your Fingers Do the Talking 166
- 12. Private Space 180
- 13. Privacy and the Press: Is Nothing Sacred? 195

UNIT SEVEN

- 14. How "Average" People Excel 211
- 15. Relying on Yourself 226
- 16. The Anatomy of Wishing and Willing 239

UNIT EIGHT

- 17. From Popping the Question to Popping the Pill
..... 253
- 18. States of Life: Marriage 270
- 19. Understanding the Difference 285

UNIT NINE

- 20. A Valentine to One Who Cared Too Much 305
- 21. The Gift of Gift-Giving 316
- 22. Fashion and Status 334

UNIT TEN

- 23. University Days 351
- 24. College Pressures 368
- 25. Career Education at the College Level 385

UNIT ONE

1

The Snob

Morley Callaghan¹

It was at the book counter in the department store that John Harcourt, the student, caught a glimpse of his father. At first he could not be sure in the crowd that pushed along the aisle, but there was something about the color of the back of the elderly man's neck, something about the faded felt hat, that he knew very well. Harcourt was standing with the girl he loved, buying a book for her. All afternoon he had been talking to her, eagerly, but with an anxious diffidence, as if there still remained in him an innocent wonder that she should be delighted to be with him. From underneath her wide-brimmed straw hat, her face, so fair and beautifully strong with its expression of cool independence, kept turning up to him and sometimes smiled at what he said. That was the way they always talked, never daring to show much full, strong feeling. Harcourt had just bought the book, and had reached into his pocket for the money with a free, ready gesture to make it appear that he was accustomed to buying books for young ladies, when the white-haired man in the faded felt hat, at the other end of the counter, turned half-to-

ward him, and Harcourt knew he was standing only a few feet away from his father.

The young man's easy words trailed away and his voice became little more than a whisper, as if he were afraid that everyone in the store might recognize it. There was rising in him a dreadful uneasiness; something very precious that he wanted to hold seemed close to destruction. His father, standing at the end of the bargain counter², was planted squarely on his two feet, turning a book over thoughtfully in his hands. Then he took out his glasses from an old, worn leather case and adjusted them on the end of his nose, looking down over them at the book. His coat was thrown open, two buttons on his vest were undone, his hair was too long, and in his rather shabby clothes he looked very much like a workingman, a carpenter perhaps. Such a resentment rose in young Harcourt that he wanted to cry out bitterly, "Why does he dress as if he never owned a decent suit in his life? He doesn't care what the whole world thinks of him. He never did. I've told him a hundred times he ought to wear his good clothes when he goes out. Mother's told him the same thing. He just laughs. And now Grace may see him. Grace will meet him."

So young Harcourt stood still, with his head down, feeling that something very painful was impending. Once he looked anxiously at Grace, who had turned to the bargain counter. Among those people drifting aimlessly by with hot red faces, getting in each other's way, using their elbows but keeping their faces detached and wooden, she looked tall and splendidly alone. She was so sure of herself³, her relation to the people in the aisles,

the clerks behind the counters, the books on the shelves, and everything around her. Still keeping his head down and moving close, he whispered uneasily, "Let's go and have tea somewhere, Grace."

"In a minute, dear," she said.

"Let's go now."

"In just a minute, dear," she repeated absently.

"There's not a breath of air in here. Let's go now."

"What makes you so impatient?"

"There's nothing but old books on that counter."

"There may be something here I've wanted all my life," she said, smiling at him brightly and not noticing the uneasiness in his face.

So Harcourt had to move slowly behind her, getting closer to his father all the time. He could feel the space that separated them narrowing. Once he looked up with a vague, sidelong glance. But his father, red-faced and happy, was still reading the book, only now there was a meditative expression on his face, as if something in the book had stirred him and he intended to stay there reading for some time.

Old Harcourt had lots of time to amuse himself, because he was on a pension after working hard all his life. He had sent John to the university and he was eager to have him distinguish himself. Every night when John came home, whether it was early or late, he used to go into his father and mother's bedroom and turn on the light and talk to them about the interesting things that had happened to him during the day. They listened and shared this new world with him. They both sat up in their

night clothes, and, while his mother asked all the questions, his father listened attentively with his head cocked on one side and a smile or a frown on his face. The memory of all this was in John now, and there was also a desperate longing and a pain within him growing harder to bear as he glanced fearfully at his father, but he thought stubbornly, "I can't introduce him. It'll be easier for everybody if he doesn't see us. I'm not ashamed. But it will be easier. It'll be more sensible. It'll only embarrass him to see Grace." By this time he knew he was ashamed, but he felt that his shame was justified, for Grace's father had the smooth, confident manner of a man who had lived all his life among people who were rich and sure of themselves. Often when he had been in Grace's home talking politely to her mother, John had kept on thinking of the plainness of his own home and of his parents' laughing, good-natured untidiness, and he resolved desperately that he must make Grace's people admire him.

He looked up cautiously, for they were about eight feet away from his father, but at that moment his father, too, looked up and John's glance shifted swiftly far over the aisle, over the counters, seeing nothing. As his father's blue, calm eyes stared steadily over the glasses, there was an instant when their glances might have met. Neither one could have been certain, yet John, as he turned away and began to talk hurriedly to Grace, knew surely that his father had seen him. He knew it by the steady calmness in his father's blue eyes. John's shame grew, and then humiliation sickened him as he waited and did nothing.

His father turned away, going down the aisle, walking erectly in his shabby clothes; his shoulders very straight, never

once looking back. His father would walk slowly down the street, he knew, with that meditative expression deepening and becoming grave.

Young Harcourt stood beside Grace, brushing against her soft shoulder, and was made faintly aware again of the delicate scent she used. There, so close beside him, she was holding within her everything he wanted to reach out for, only now he felt a sharp hostility that made him sullen and silent.

"You were right, John," she was drawling in her soft voice. "It does get unbearable in here on a hot day. Do let's go now. Have you ever noticed that department stores after a time can make you really hate people?" But she smiled when she spoke, so he might see that she really hated no one.

"You don't like people, do you?" he said sharply.

"People? What people? What do you mean?"

"I mean," He went on irritably, "you don't like the kind of people you bump into here, for example. "

"Not especially. Who does? What are you talking about?"

"Anybody could see you don't," he said recklessly, full of a savage eagerness to hurt her. "I say you don't like simple, honest people, the kind of people you meet all over the city." He blurted the words out as if he wanted to shake her, but he was longing to say, "You wouldn't like my family. Why couldn't I take you home to have dinner with them? You'd turn up your nose at them, because they've no pretensions⁴. As soon as my father saw you, he knew you wouldn't want to meet him. I could tell by the way he turned. "

His father was on his way home now, he knew, and that

evening at dinner they would meet. His mother and sister would talk rapidly, but his father would say nothing to him, or to anyone. There would only be Harcourt's memory of the level look in the blue eyes, and the knowledge of his father's pain as he walked away.

Grace watched John's gloomy face as they walked through the store, and she knew he was nursing some private rage, and so her own resentment and exasperation kept growing, and she said crisply, "You're entitled to your moods on a hot afternoon, I suppose, but if I feel I don't like it here, then I don't like it. You wanted to go yourself. Who likes to spend very much time in a department store on a hot afternoon? I begin to hate every stupid person that bangs into me, everybody near me. What does that make me?"

"It makes you a snob. "

"So I'm a snob now?" she asked angrily.

"Certainly you're a snob," he said. They were at the door going out to the street. As they walked in the sunlight, in the crowd moving slowly down the street, he was groping for words to describe the secret he had always had about her. "I've always known how you'd feel about people I like who didn't fit into your private world," he said.

"You're a very stupid person," she said. Her face was flushed now, and it was hard for her to express her indignation, so she stared straight ahead as she walked along.

They had never talked in this way, and now they were both quickly eager to hurt each other. With a flow of words, she started to argue with him, then she checked herself and said

calmly, "Listen, John, I imagine you're tired of my company. There's no sense in having tea together. I think I'd better leave you right here."

"That's fine," he said. "Good afternoon."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

She started to go, she had gone two paces, but he reached out desperately and held her arm, and he was frightened, and pleading, "Please don't go, Grace."

All the anger and irritation had left him; there was just a desperate anxiety in his voice as he pleaded, "Please forgive me. I've no right to talk to you like that. I don't know why I'm so rude or what's the matter. I'm ridiculous. I'm very, very ridiculous. Please, you must forgive me. Don't leave me."

He had never talked to her so brokenly, and his sincerity, the depth of his feeling, began to stir her. While she listened, feeling all the yearning in him, they seemed to have been brought closer together, by opposing each other, than ever before, and she began to feel almost shy. "I don't know what's the matter. I suppose we're both irritable. It must be the weather," she said. "But I'm not angry, John."

He nodded his head miserably. He longed to tell her that he was sure she would have been charming to his father, but he had never felt so wretched in his life. He held her arm tight, as if he must hold it or what he wanted most in the world would slip away from him, yet he kept thinking, as he would ever think, of his father walking away quietly with his head never

turning.

From *Morley Callaghan's Stories*

NOTES

1. Morley Callaghan (1903 —): Canadian novelist and short story writer. Among his best novels are *Strange Fugitive* (1928), *It's Never Over* (1930), *Such Is My Beloved* (1934), *They Shall Inherit the Earth* (1935), *The Loved and the Lost* (1951), *The Many Colored Boat* (1960) and *Close to the Sun Again* (1977).
2. the bargain counter: the counter where books are sold at reduced prices
3. She was so sure of herself: She was so self-confident.
4. You'd turn up your nose at them, because they've no pretensions: You'd treat them with contempt, because they are simple, honest, and lack self-importance.

NEW WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS

felt	adj. of a type of cloth made by rolling and pressing wool, hair or fur together instead of by weaving
wide-brimmed	adj. having a wide rim
meditative	adj. thoughtful
blurt(out)	vt. say (something) suddenly or without thinking of the effect or result