

〔非英语专业用〕

刘鸿章 主编



(泛读)

# 研究生英语教程

An English Course for Graduate Students  
(Extensive Reading)

上册

上海交通大学出版社

上海交通大学出版社“九五”重点教材(非英语专业)

# 研究生英语教程(泛读)

上册

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## 内 容 提 要

《研究生英语教程(泛读)》作为《研究生英语教程》的配套教材,供非英语专业研究生基础英语教学使用。本教材分上下两册,上册共有12课,供一个学期使用。每一课由课文、阅读理解、练习(含词汇、完形填空、讨论题等)和快速阅读部分组成。课文选自近年来美英出版的原版杂志和书籍;选材语言规范,内容新颖,题材广泛,体裁多样,富科学性、知识性、趣味性,对开拓研究生的思路有一定的裨益。

### 研究生英语教程(泛读)

#### 上册

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## 前 言

1992 年国家教委颁布了《非英语专业研究生英语教学大纲》(以下简称《教学大纲》),从此研究生英语教学进入了一个新的阶段。为了更好地贯彻执行《教学大纲》,落实《教学大纲》提出的指标和要求,我们编写了这套《研究生英语教程(泛读)》“An English Course for Graduate Students(Extensive Reading)”作为《研究生英语教程》的配套教材,供非英语专业研究生基础英语教学阶段使用。

《研究生英语教程(泛读)》严格按照《教学大纲》规定的教学目的编写,旨在提高研究生的英语阅读能力。《研究生英语教程(泛读)》分上下两册,上册共有 12 课,供一个学期使用。每一课由课文、阅读理解、练习(含词汇练习、完形填空、讨论题等)和快速阅读部分组成。课文部分除课文以外,还有生词(生词前有一个星号的为博士生词汇,无标记的为硕士生词汇,有两个星号的为超纲词汇)、短语和词组、注释等;阅读理解主要帮助学生理解课文;词汇练习旨在帮助学生学习和巩固课文中出现的词汇和词组;讨论题主要是帮助提高研究生连贯表达自己的思想和看法的能力。因为绝大多数的课文选材均具有较强的可思性,因此可以根据讨论题组织学生进行讨论或辩论;快速阅读主要是帮助学生提高阅读速度。

本教程的课文选自近年来英美出版的原版杂志和书籍,但对部分材料作了少量删节。选材语言规范,内容新颖,题材广泛,体裁多样,富科学性、知识性、趣味性、可思性和可读性,引人兴趣,发

人深思,对开拓研究生的思路有一定的裨益。

《研究生英语教程(泛读)》上册由刘鸿章主编,王同顺、金朝亮、王亚平和王为明编写,美籍教师 Bruce Branan 审阅了全书。

由于编写时间仓促,编写水平与经验有限,不妥之处,敬请广大读者批评指正。

编 者  
1997 年 3 月

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## Lesson 1

### Text

#### What Life Means to Me

Jack London

1 I was born in the working—class. Early I discovered enthusiasm, ambition, and ideals; and to satisfy these became the problem of my child—life. My environment was crude and rough and raw. I had no outlook, but an uplook rather. My place in society was at the bottom. Here life offered nothing but sordidness and wretchedness, both of the flesh and the spirit; for here flesh and spirit were alike starved and tormented.

2 Above me towered the colossal edifice of society, and to my mind the only way out was up. Into this edifice I early resolved to climb. Up above, men wore black clothes and boiled shirts, and women dressed in beautiful gowns. Also, there were good things to eat, and there was plenty to eat. This much for the flesh. Then there were the things of the spirit. Up above me, I knew, were unselfishness of the spirit, clean and noble thinking, keen intellectual living. I knew all this because I read “Seaside Library” novels, in which, with the exception of the villains, all men and women thought beautiful thoughts, spoke a beautiful tongue, and performed glorious deeds. In short, as I accepted the rising of the sun, I accepted that up above me was all that was fine and noble and gracious, all that gave decency and dignity to life, all that made life worth living and

that paid one for his travail and misery.

3 But it is not particularly easy for one to climb up out of the working-class—especially if he is handicapped by the possession of ideals and illusions. I lived on a ranch in California, and I was hard put to find the ladder whereby to climb. I early inquired the rate of interest on invested money, and worried my child's brain into an understanding of the virtues and excellencies of that remarkable invention of man, compound interest. Further, I ascertained the current rates of wages for workers of all ages, and the cost of living. From all this data I concluded that if I began immediately and worked and saved until I was fifty years of age, I could then stop working and enter into participation in a fair portion of the delights and goodnesses that would then be open to me higher up in society. Of course, I resolutely determined not to marry, while I quite forgot to consider at all that great rock of disaster in the working-class world—sickness.

4 But the life that was in me demanded more than a meager existence of scraping and scrimping. Also, at ten years of age, I became a newsboy on the streets of a city, and found myself with a changed uplook. All about me were still the same sordidness and wretchedness, and up above me was still the same paradise waiting to be gained; but the ladder whereby to climb was a different one. It was now the ladder of business. Why save my earnings and invest in government bonds, when, by buying two newspapers for five cents, with a turn of the wrist I could sell them for ten cents and double my capital? The business ladder was the ladder for me, and I had a vision of myself becoming a baldheaded and successful merchant prince.

5 When I was sixteen I had already earned the title of "prince."

But this title was given me by a gang of cut-throats and thieves, by whom I was called "The Prince of the Oyster Pirates." And at that time I had climbed the first rung of the business ladder. I was a capitalist. I owned a boat and a complete oyster-pirating outfit. I had begun to exploit my fellow-creatures. I had a crew of one man. As captain and owner I took two-thirds of the spoils, and gave the crew one-third, though the crew worked just as hard as I did and risked just as much his life and liberty.

6 This one rung was the height I climbed up the business ladder. One night I went on a raid amongst the Chinese fishermen. Ropes and nets were worth dollars and cents. It was robbery, I grant, but it was precisely the spirit of capitalism. The capitalist takes away the possessions of his fellow-creatures by means of a rebate, or of a betrayal of trust, or by the purchase of senators and supreme-court judges. I was merely crude. That was the only difference. I used a gun.

7 But my crew that night was one of those inefficients against whom the capitalist is inclined to fulminate, because such inefficients increase expenses and reduce dividends. My crew did both. What of his carelessness; he set fire to the big mainsail and totally destroyed it. There weren't any dividends that night, and the Chinese fishermen were richer by the nets and ropes we did not get. I was bankrupt, unable just then to pay sixty-five dollars for a new mainsail. I left my boat at anchor and went off on a bay-pirate boat on a raid up the Sacramento River. While away on this trip, another gang of bay pirates raided my boat. They stole everything, even the anchors; and later on, when I recovered the drifting hulk, I sold it for twenty dollars. I had slipped back the one rung I had climbed, and never again did I attempt the business ladder.

8 From then on I was mercilessly exploited by other capitalists. I had the muscle, and they made money out of while I made but a very indifferent living out of it. I was a sailor before the mast; I worked in canneries, and factories, and laundries; I mowed lawns, and cleaned carpets, and washed windows. And I never got the full product of my toil. I looked at the daughter of the cannery owner, in her carriage, and knew that it was my muscle, in part, that helped drag along that carriage on its rubber tires. I looked at the son of the factory owner, going to college, and knew that it was my muscle that helped, in part, to pay for the wine and good fellowship he enjoyed.

9 But I did not resent this. It was all in the game. They were the strong. Very well, I was strong. I would carve my way to a place amongst them and make money out of the muscles of other men. I was not afraid of work. I loved hard work. I would pitch in and work harder than ever and eventually become a pillar of society.

10 And just then, as luck would have it, I found an employer that was of the same mind. I was willing to work, and he was more than willing that I should work. I thought I was learning a trade. In reality, I had displaced two men. I thought he was making an electrician out of me; as a matter of fact, he was making fifty dollars per month out of me. The two men I had displaced had received forty dollars each per month; I was doing the work of both for thirty dollars per month.

11 This employer worked me nearly to death. A man may love oysters, but too many oysters will disincline him toward that particular diet. And so with me. Too much work sickened me. I did not wish ever to see work again. I fled from work. I became a tramp, begging my way from door to door, wandering over the United

States and sweating bloody sweats in slums and prisons.

12 I had been born in the working-class, and I was now, at the age of eighteen, beneath the point at which I had started. I was down in the cellar of society, down in the depths of misery about which it is neither nice nor proper to speak. I was in the pit, the abyss and charnel-house of our civilization. This is the part of the edifice of society that society chooses to ignore. Lack of space compels me here to ignore it, and I shall say only that the things I there saw give me a terrible scare.

13 I was scared into thinking. I saw the naked simplicities of the complicated civilization in which I lived. Life was a matter of food and shelter. In order to get food and shelter men sold things. The merchant sold shoes, the politician sold his manhood, and the representative of the people, with exceptions, of course, sold his trust; while nearly all sold their honor. Women, too, whether on the street or in the holy bond of wedlock, were prone to sell their flesh. All things were commodities, all people bought and sold. The one commodity that labor had to sell was muscle. The honor of labor had no price in the marketplace. Labor had muscle, and muscle alone, to sell.

14 But there was a difference, a vital difference. Shoes and trust and honor had a way of renewing themselves. They were imperishable stocks. Muscle, on the other hand, did not renew. As the shoe merchant sold shoes, he continued to replenish his stock. But there was no way of replenishing the laborer's stock of muscle. The more he sold of his muscle, the less of it remained to him. It was his one commodity, and each day his stock of it diminished. In the end, if he did not die before, he sold out and put up his shutters. He was a muscle bankrupt, and nothing remained to him but to go down into

the cellar of society and perish miserably.

15 I learned, further, that brain was likewise a commodity. It, too, was different from muscle. A brain seller was only at his prime when he was fifty or sixty years old, and his wares were fetching higher prices than ever. But a laborer was worked out or broken down at forty-five or fifty. I had been in the cellar of society, and I did not like the place as a habitation. The pipes and drains were unsanitary, and the air was bad to breathe. If I could not live on the parlor floor of society, I could, at any rate, have a try at the attic. It was true, the diet there was slim, but the air was at least pure. So I resolved to sell no more muscle, and to become a vendor of brains.

16 Then began a desperate pursuit of knowledge. I returned to California and opened the books. While thus equipping myself to become a brain merchant, it was inevitable that I should delve into sociology. There I found, in a certain class of books, scientifically formulated, the simple sociological concepts I had already worked out for myself. Other and greater minds, before I was born, had worked out all that I had thought and a vast deal more.

17 As a brain merchant I was a success. Society opened its door to me. I entered right in on the parlor floor, and my disillusionment proceeded rapidly. I sat down to dinner with the masters of society, and with the wives and daughters of the masters of society. The women were gowned beautifully, I admit; but to my naive surprise I discovered that they were of the same clay as all the rest of the women I had known down below in the cellar. "The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady were sisters under their skins"—and gowns.

18 It was not this, however, so much as their materialism, that shocked me. It is true, these beautifully gowned, beautiful women

prattled sweet little ideals and dear little moralities; but in spite of their prattle the dominant key of the life they lived was materialistic. And they were so sentimentally selfish! They assisted in all kinds of sweet little charities, and informed one of the fact, while all the time the food they ate and the beautiful clothes they wore were bought out of dividends stained with the blood of child labor, and sweated labor, and of prostitution itself. When I mentioned such facts, expecting in my innocence that these sisters of Judy O'Grady would at once strip off their blood-dyed silks and jewels, they became excited and angry, and read me preachments about the lack of thrift, the drink, and the innate depravity that caused all the misery in society's cellar. When I mentioned that I couldn't quite see that it was the lack of thrift and the depravity of a half-starved child of six that made it work twelve hours every night in a Southern cotton mill, these sisters of Judy O'Grady attacked my private life and called me an "agitator"—as though that settled the argument.

19 I met men who invoked the name of the Prince of Peace in their diatribes against war, and who put rifles in the hands of Pinkertons with which to shoot down strikers in their own factories. I met men incoherent with indignation at the brutality of prize-fighting, and who, at the same time, were parties to the adulteration of food that killed each year more babies than even red-handed Herod had killed.

20 I talked in hotels and clubs and homes and steamer-chairs with captains of industry, and marveled at how little traveled they were in the realm of intellect. On the other hand, I discovered that their intellect, in the business sense, was abnormally developed. Also, I discovered that their morality, where business was concerned, was nil.

21 I discovered that I did not like to live on the parlor floor of soci-

ety. Intellectually I was bored. Morally and spiritually I was sickened. So I went back to the working-class, in which I had been and where I belonged. I care no longer to climb. The imposing edifice of society above my head holds no delights for me. It is the foundation of the edifice that interests me. There I am content to labor, crow-bar in hand, shoulder to shoulder with intellectuals, idealists, and class-conscious workingmen, getting a solid pry now and again and setting the whole edifice rocking.

22 I look forward to a time when man shall progress upon something worthier and higher than his stomach, when there will be a finer incentive to compel men to action than the incentive of today, which is the incentive of the stomach. I retain my belief in the nobility and excellence of the human. I believe that spiritual sweetness and unselfishness will conquer the gross gluttony of today. And last of all my faith is in the working-class. As some Frenchman has said, "The stairway of time is ever echoing with the wooden shoe going up, the polished boot descending."

### New words

** sordidness/'sɔ:didnis/	<i>n.</i> the moral degradation
* torment/tɔ:'mənt/	<i>vt.</i> cause (sb.) to feel extreme physical and mental pain
* colossal/kə'lɒsəl/	<i>a.</i> very large
** edifice/'edifis/	<i>n.</i> C a system of beliefs or a traditional institution
intellectual/'intə'lektʃuəl/	<i>a.</i> of the power of the mind to reason
** villain/'vilən/	<i>n.</i> C someone who deliberately harms other people or breaks



	the law
** gracious/'greɪfəs/	a . polite and pleasant
dignity/'digniti/	n . U the quality of being worthy of respect
** travail/'træveil/	n . U 剧痛; 艰难
misery/'mizəri/	n . C great unhappiness
handicap/'hændikæp/	vt . make it difficult for people to act or to do something
* illusion/i'lu:ʒən/	n . C/U an idea or belief which one thinks is true but is in fact false
ascertain/ˌæsə'tein/	vt . find out
** meager/'mi:gə/	a . very small in quantity or amount
** scrimp/skrimp/	v . live cheaply and spend as little money as possible
* outfit/'autfit/	n . all the articles needed for a purpose
rebate/'ribeit/	n . C deduction from an amount charged on total price
** fulminate/'fʌlmineit/	v . criticize angrily
indifferent/in'difərənt/	a . not caring
lawn/lɔ:n/	n . C/U an area of grass that is kept carefully cut short
* toil/tɔil/	n . U labor
resent/ri'zent/	vt . feel bitter or indignant about
pitch/pitʃ/	v . work towards a common goal