

跨世纪大学英语阅读文选

Selected Readings of English
for University Students

BOOK FOUR

主编

张本慎

世界图书出版公司



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广州·上海·西安·北京



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跨世纪大学英语阅读文选

Book Four

主编 张本慎

广东 世界图书出版公司出版

广东韶关新华印刷厂印刷

广东世界图书出版公司发行

（广州市新港西路大江冲25号）

1998年8月第1版 开本 787×1092 1/16

1998年8月第1次印刷 印张 12.5

印数 0 001~8 000

ISBN 7-5062-3868-3/H·0111

出版社注册号：粤 014

全套定价：68.00 元

分册定价：17.00 元

前 言

《跨世纪大学英语阅读文选》是为大学专科生至博士生各级英语学习者编写的一套自学读本（共四册），旨在全面培养和提高大学生的英语阅读能力和综合运用英语的能力。其主要特色如下：

1. 各册选材均具有时代感，尽量从本世纪 90 年代的语料中选材，以体现其跨世纪的基调。第一册可供专科生使用；第二册供具有大学英语四级水平的学生阅读；第三册是为具有大学英语六级水平的学生编写的；而第四册则适合非英语专业的硕士生和博士生学习使用。

2. 内容涵盖面广，涉及社会科学、自学科学、当代技术和西方社会文化习俗等多种领域。每篇字数控制在 2000—3000 字之内（逐册递增）；文选的内容健康，语言规范，生动活泼，难易程序循序渐进，具有较强的可读性。

3. 各册文选均逐篇配备注释和练习。为了使学习者能较系统地掌握英语常用词语，各册均设有 Word Study 一项；为了使学习者能掌握必要的阅读和写作技巧，各册也配备了相关的练习。配套练习形式多样，有的放矢，份量适中，讲求实效，书后还配有答案。

总之，《跨世纪大学英语阅读文选》是大学英语课堂教学的补充和扩展。它比较系统地为大学生提供了第二课堂的学习内容，不仅有助于大学生的英语水平的提高，而且能扩大学生的知识面，有利于大学生综合素质的培养。

《跨世纪大学英语阅读文选》是华南理工大学大学英语教学改革产物。校教务处及外语系领导对这套丛书的编写工作给予了大力的支持，并专门成立了编写委员会，由秦秀白教授任编委会主任并担任主审；张本慎、赵伟礼、黄运亭、韩江等同志任编委，并分别担任各册的主编。广东世界图书出版公司为丛书的出版做了大量细致的工作。在此，我们谨向他们表示衷心的感谢。

由于时间仓促，兼以经验不足，丛书中的问题在所难免。希望广大读者批评指正。

《跨世纪大学英语阅读文选》编委会

1998 年 7 月 18 日

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Unit One

Text

THE SECRET TO FAME AND FORTUNE¹

Growing up in Dallas, I often begged my father to take me to "The Shop". To my young imagination, it was a magical factory where big men forged marvelous things. Finally one summer when I was seven or eight, Mom drove me to The Shop just before the last whistle sounded. Dad greeted us outside and encircled my hand with his as he led me in.

I managed a low, elongated "wow."² The gigantic room was filled with thundering noise and the oily incense of milled metal.

"What are they making, Daddy?" I asked over the din.³

"Dies," he answered, taking an empty coffee cup from his workbench. "That's a fancy word for molds used to manufacture plastic dishes like this cup. Make 'em right, and they last a lifetime." He held the cup out at shoulder height. "What do you think would happen if I dropped it?"

"It'd smash."

"Let's see," he said, and let the cup go. It hit the concrete floor with a neat *plink*, then bounced two or three times before coming to rest by his foot.

"Not a chip on it," he said, examining it. "Just think, one good man can make a die that can make tens of thousands of cups." I felt I had been given the secret to fame and fortune.

Later, as an adolescent, I withdrew from my father, a little scornful of his attitudes about life⁴ and maybe a little ashamed of his blue-collar craft. Then came college and the armed forces. By that time, I'd set ambitious goals for myself. I wanted to make real money.

My father continued to encourage me, though usually from a distance because I didn't often seek his advice. I doubted there was much he could teach me about advertising, my chosen profession. Besides, I'd found another role model.⁵

A tall, athletic man with thick, blond hair and a handsome face, he was not much older than I. But he had more symbols of success than a lot of people twice his age: a firm that bore his name, a glamorous, diamond-bedecked wife, a big, fancy car and a beautiful home with a pool.

In the advertising business he convinced me that the first thing you need to promote is yourself. Supremely confident, he focused entirely on landing new accounts. As for me and the copy department, his marching orders⁶ were clear: "I don't want it perfect. I want it *now*!"

In three quick years I went from a novice copywriter to vice president. I worked nights and weekends, but I never missed a deadline or client meeting.

Then one Sunday evening he called me at home. He wanted to see me early the next morning at the office. I figured something big was brewing.⁷ "Was there a hot new account to discuss? Was he finally going to give me that new raise he'd promised?"

As I entered his plush corner office the following morning, he acknowledged my presence with a quick glance, then went back to his scribbling. I waited expectantly.

Looking up at last, he folded his smooth, uncalled hands on the desk in front of him. "I don't know how to say this other than to come right out with it," he began, his eyes avoiding mine. "I don't think your work is up to par anymore⁸, so I think it's time we parted company. I want you to clear out your office and be gone before the others arrive this morning."

Fired! For the longest time I sat there, devastated. Coming from my background, I felt no greater shame. Over the next several days my emotions ran the gamut from panic to anger and resentment to self-pity. I had to talk to someone I could trust. So laying my pride aside, I went to my parents' home and told my father. When I finished, there was a long pause.

"I know you're hurt," he said finally. "But level with me.⁹ Any truth to what he said? Your work up to par?"

"Are you kidding? I chummed out copy by the ream.¹⁰ Nobody in the shop worked faster!"

"But was it *good* copy?" Dad asked.

"Sure. Good enough. It was what he asked for."

That night I lay awake pondering Dad's question. The next morning I still needed to talk, so I dropped in at Dad's machine shop during his break. He was shop foreman now, but everything else was just as I remembered it.

"Funny," he said, leading me to his workbench. "I thought you might turn up here today." As we each straddled a tall stool, I spotted one of those old plastic tan-colored coffee cups, clunky and heavy, like the kind you see in neighborhood diners¹¹. "You still make this same old cup?" I asked. "Don't you get tired of doing the same thing over and over?"

"Well, we haven't got it perfect yet," he said, laughing, "so we're still trying." "That's our job. Not many people can do it better," he said with obvious pride.

"But it's just a cup," I answered testily.

"Is that what you see?" Dad asked. "I see all the work that went into it." Then he told me about the diemaker squinting to read a micrometer, the journeyman¹² transforming a piece of rough-cut steel into a finished mold, and the pressman stamping out the finished product. He added, "Know what else I see? I see that it's not good enough."

Dad switched on a powerful magnifying lamp. "Take a closer look. The mold has tiny pits in it, and those pits compromise the cup's integrity. They also compromise the integrity of this shop, and I won't tolerate that. It may be good enough for the boss, but it's not good enough for me!"

I heard my words from the night before coming back to embarrass me, and I felt my cheeks redden. At last I asked, "What would happen if I dropped it?"

Dad smiled broadly, pleased that I had remembered his old demonstration. "Go ahead. Try it."

When I released the cup, it hit the floor with the familiar *plink*, then bounced with a dull *plunk* before setting down. I picked it up. A hairline crack ran up one side and ended with a tiny chip in the rim. "What happened?" I asked.

"Those hidden flaws," he explained matter-of-factly.¹³ "If we'd used that die for a week, we'd have multiplied our errors a thousandfold."

"But I thought this was not your business. How can you afford to remill all the time?"

"We want the customer to buy from us again. Production's only half the job. The satisfaction comes from the other half — getting it right, doing the best you can." He paused and looked me in the eye.¹⁴ "Seems to me your boss and you weren't doing that other half."

A wry grin settled over his weathered face. "Quality is what satisfies the customer *and* the producer. If I heard you right, your boss wasn't satisfying his customers. In the end that meant he couldn't afford you."

The light went on. Dad was right. At my old shop we were more concerned with appearance than excellence.

"That's a pretty sharp observation," I told him.

Dad stared into the distance, as if trying to decide whether to say something or not. "If I was really sharp, I'd own this place — or one like it. The only reason I didn't start my own shop was that I didn't want to take the risk while raising a family. But you don't have a family yet."

The thought of going into business for myself had never occurred to me. Now suddenly the idea seemed appealing. A spark of optimism began to glow within me, along with a growing awareness of just how much good advice Dad had poured into me over the years and how many sacrifices he had made to give his children opportunities he never had.

"Dad," I said, struggling with my emotions¹⁵, "may I keep the cup?"

He glanced at the cracked mug and then at me. "Sure," he said softly. With a wink he whispered, "Just don't tell anyone who made it."

Soon after, I leased a one-room office in the heart of the advertising district and hung out my shingle as a writer/creative consultant. I vowed to serve my clients with excellence and to deliver quality. Over the next 15 years that business grew into a respectable little advertising company providing a decent livelihood for me and for an increasing number of employees.

Dad is retired now, but his old plastic cup still sits in a place of honor amid the mementos on my desk, a reminder of his powerful lesson: little things matter. In his own characteristic way he taught me that everything you do is important because small nicks and flaws multiply. So take the time. Add some extra care. And see the difference.

(William M. Hendryx)

Notes

1. This article was published in *Reader's Digest*, Vol. 147, No. 883, November, 1995.
2. **I managed a low, elongated "wow":** "Wow" is an informal interjection, used as an expression of surprise and admiration. Here it is used to express the boy's excitement and joy when he saw the gigantic "Shop".
3. **I asked over the din:** I asked with a loud voice in order to overwhelm the great noise in the

shop.

4. **I withdrew from my father, a little scornful of his attitudes about life...**: I didn't make much contact with my father, perhaps because I somewhat looked down upon his attitudes about life.
5. **role model**: an example for one to follow in his lifetime
6. **marching orders**: orders given to soldiers to move from one place to another. Here it refers to the command given by the boss, which must be obeyed completely.
7. **I figured something big was brewing**: I believed that something big was going to happen.
8. **I don't think your work is up to par anymore**: I think that your work is no longer in the usual or average condition.
par — the original value, written on a share of ownership in a business stock
9. **But level with me**: But speak freely and truthfully to me. Don't hide any facts from me.
10. **by the ream**: *Ream* is a measure for sheets of paper, referring to 480 sheets in Britain and 500 in USA. *By the ream* is used to show the great quantity of writing.
11. **diner**: a small restaurant beside the road, often in the shape of a railway carriage
12. **journeyman**: an experienced person whose work is good, but not of the very best; a trained workman
13. **matter-of-factly**: practically, not fancifully
14. **looked me in the eye**: to look someone in the eye/face — to look directly and boldly at someone
15. **struggling with my emotion**: trying hard to control my strong feeling

Word Study

forge vt. & vi.

1. to shape by heating and hammering

To my imagination, it was a magical factory where big men forged marvelous things.

2. (*fig.*) to form

Their friendship was forged by shared adversity.

3. to make a copy of sth., such as a signature, a banknote, a will, in order to deceive

He got the money dishonestly, by forging his brother's signature on a cheque.

4. to move with a sudden increase speed and power

He forged into the lead as they came round the last bend before the end of the race.

forge ahead to move steadily and purposefully forward

He didn't do very well when he first went to school, but he forged ahead in the last 2 years.

figure vt. & vi.

1. (*informal*) to consider; believe

I figured that you'd want your tea.

2. to take part

Roger figured as chief guest at the party.

3. to do sums

She learnt to read and write and figure.

figure *n.*

1. symbol for a number, esp. 0 to 9

John has an income of six figures, \$100,000 or more.

2. diagram; drawing to illustrate sth.

The blackboard was covered with geometrical figures, i.e. squares, triangles, etc.

3. human form, esp. the appearance and what it suggests

I'm dieting to keep my figure.

He has a handsome figure.

4. drawing, painting, image of a person, a bird or an animal

There are a group of figures on the left of the picture.

5. person, esp. his character or influence, an important person

He was a key figure in the struggle against racial discrimination.

6. arithmetic

Are you good at figures?

7. (used before the number of a map, drawing, etc. in a book)

Figure 10 shows the place where the incident took place.

turn up

1. to arrive; make one's appearance

I thought you might turn up here in the bookstore.

She always turns up late for committee meetings.

2. to find; to be found esp. by chance

The police have turned up a lot of new information about the wanted man.

The missing bag turned up, completely empty, in the lake.

3. to happen esp. unexpectedly

He's still waiting for a piece of good luck to turn up.

afford *v. & vi.*

1. to be able to do, spend, give, bear, etc., without serious loss or damage

How can you afford so much money for a new car?

2. to provide with; supply with; give

The tree afforded us shelter from the sun.

3. to be able to buy

At last we can afford a house!

4. to run a risk by doing something

She couldn't afford to displease her boss.

Study & Practice

Reading Comprehension

I. Choose the best answer for each of the following:

1. "Dies," he answered, taking an empty coffee cup from his workbench. Here the word "dies" means _____.
A. death B. being dead C. metal blocks D. giving color by dyeing
2. The *pressman* stamping out the finished product. Here the "pressman" is _____.
A. a reporter B. a worker who prints C. an ads agent D. owner of newspaper
3. A *journeyman* is a _____.
A. vendor B. superstar C. traveler D. reliable worker
4. A *copywriter* is a _____.
A. a photocopy machine B. a person who makes written copies
C. a person who writes the words for ads D. a newspaper editor
5. Supremely confident, he focused entirely on *landing* new accounts. Here "landing" means _____.
A. falling B. putting on land C. striking D. obtaining
6. Why didn't Father own his own workshop?
A. Because he had a family to raise. B. Because he didn't want to.
C. Because the boss didn't allow him. D. Because he was too old.
7. Why did Father ask him not to tell others who had made the cracked cup?
A. He was afraid of being fired by the boss.
B. He thought it was a shame.
C. He didn't want to be blamed.
D. He thought others would laugh at him.
8. What did the author do later, encouraged by his father?
A. He started a big factory. B. He became a writer.
C. He ran an advertising company. D. He worked with his father.

II. Answer the following questions according to the text:

1. What was the author's attitude toward his father when he was a little boy? Why did he change that attitude when he grew up?
2. What do you think of the author's idea about his new "role model"?
3. How did he work in the company?
4. Why did the boss fire him? What is the real reason? Give your comment.
5. In what way did the father give advice to his children?
6. How do you understand the father's saying: "The satisfaction comes from the other half — getting it right, doing the best you can"?
7. What did the author decide to do after the talk with his father? Was he successful in the end?
8. What can you learn from this text?

III. Topics for oral discussion:

1. The author said what he had done was "good enough". But is "good enough" really good enough?
2. What is the secret to fame and fortune, according to your own understanding?
3. Comment on the father's and son's different attitudes about life.
4. What are *your* symbols of success?

Vocabulary and Structure

IV. Choose the best answer for each of the following:

1. The nurse _____ all the equipment after the operation.
A. lay aside B. put away C. gave away D. set aside
2. I shall not bring with me any money till you have _____ the sum which I require.
A. figured for B. figured out C. figured in D. figured up
3. Let's wait here for her. I'm sure she'll _____ before long.
A. turn down B. turn up C. turn off D. turn out
4. After practicing for several weeks, Peter decided he was to _____ in the race.
A. compete B. conflict C. compromise D. confront
5. The lady who had invited us heard me telling my wife that the dinner was terrible, so I was _____.
A. confused B. shameful C. negligible D. embarrassed
6. *I felt no greater shame.* The sentence show that the author _____.
A. didn't feel ashamed at all B. felt greatest shame
C. felt a little bit ashamed D. felt less ashamed
7. Make them right, _____ they last a lifetime.
A. but B. or C. for D. and
8. He stopped and _____.
A. looked me in the face B. looked at me in the face
C. looked me in my face D. looked at me in my face

Cloze

V. Fill in the missing words:

When I was a child, both my parents worked. Yet our family always dinner together — meals full of spirited conversation about politics and what was _____ in the world. We all participated, but my father made _____ times special.

Once when I was about eight, we discussed President Roosevelt's _____ to overrule the "nine old men" of the Supreme Court who had declared _____ of his New Deal agencies unconstitutional. The President sought to "pack" the Court _____ justices of his own choosing.

My parents wanted to see Roosevelt's programs succeed, _____ the questionable legality of his Court actions. But I argued that _____ Roosevelt was successful, he would totally control the Supreme Court. My father listened to _____ word, nodding his head seriously.

A few weeks later Roosevelt's plan failed. At dinner that night my father _____ a bottle of apple juice and passed out champagne glasses. "_____ to Joyce," he said. "You stuck to your guns, _____ you were right." I felt like a million dollars. And the fact that I remember this incident many years later illustrates the _____ of a father's encouraging word. My dad gave me a sense of self-confidence that had never left me.

Translation

VI. Translate the following into Chinese:

1. A tall, athletic man with thick, blond hair and a handsome face, he was not much older than I. But he had more symbols of success than a lot of people twice his age: a firm that bore his name, a glamorous, diamond-bedecked wife, a big, fancy car and a beautiful home with a pool.
2. Dad is retired now, but his old plastic cup still sits in a place of honor amid the mementos on my desk, a reminder of his powerful lesson: little things matter. In his own characteristic way he taught me that everything you do is important because small nicks and flaws multiply. So take the time. Add some extra care. And see the difference.

VII. Translate the following into English:

1. 我以为你会在星期天以前到达广州的。
2. 今年夏天我可腾出一星期的时间去度假。
3. 模具上要是有一个疵点，我们就会生产出成千上万个次品。
4. 他因伪造护照而被关进监狱。
5. 你拿得出二十万元来买一套住房吗？

Writing

Writing Technique: Development by Definition

Sometimes, to avoid confusion or misunderstanding, we have to define a word, term, or concept which is unfamiliar to most readers or open to various interpretations.

There are three basic ways to define a word or term: to give a synonym, to use a sentence (often with an attributive clause), and to write a paragraph or even an essay. We are using the first method when we say, for instance, "To mend means to repair," or "A fellow is a man or a boy." *Ink* may be defined in a sentence: "Ink is coloured water which we use for writing." But a synonym or a sentence cannot give a satisfactory definition of an abstract term whose meaning is complex. We have to write a paragraph or an essay with examples or negative examples (what the term does not mean). In the following practice you have to pay great attention to this point when you try to define the three terms of "diligence, devotion and constancy".

VIII. Write a composition of no less than 400 words on the following topic, by imitating the way of writing of the text.

No doubt everyone wishes to be successful in life. In discussing this, three fundamental principles: diligence, devotion, and constancy, should be borne in mind all the time. Give your reasons and examples to support the idea.

Unit Two

Text

LITTLE LAMB, WHO MADE THREE¹

Dolly's was the birth heard round the world. The first mammal ever cloned² from a single adult cell, she was living proof that scientists had solved one of the most challenging problems of cell biology. Her creation raised a troubling question: can humans, too, be cloned?

Keith Campbell wasn't thinking, really, about rooms full of human clones, silently growing spare parts for the person from whom they had been copied. Nor was he thinking about giving lesbians a way to bear a biological descendant without visiting the sperm bank. And he certainly wasn't aiming to give pro-team owners a tool to copy their greatest players, hospitals their best doctors or parents their dying child. Campbell, a cell biologist at the Roslin Institute in Scotland, was thinking ... sheep. Lots of sheep, hillock upon hillock of sheep, enough sheep (given enough fences) to put all the insomniacs in Scotland to sleep.³ And all produced from a single cell of a single ewe.

Cloned.

Campbell knew that cloning from an adult mammal was, according to every textbook, impossible. He knew that once a cell has decided what it's going to be when it grows up—part of bone, nerve, skin or any other organ—it is like a CD album that will play only a single track.⁴ Although every cell in every body, from liver cells in a person to udder cells in a sheep, contains the complete genetic blueprint for making the entire person or the entire sheep, only the genetic melody for the liver cell or the udder cell is actually played. The other tracks—instructions for the complete organism—have been silenced. But Campbell would have none of that. He and his Roslin colleagues were going to clone a lamb from an adult cell. Even though everyone said it couldn't be done.

At Roslin they stopped saying that in February 1995, after Campbell strode down the hall to the professorially messy office of his colleague Ian Wilmut. He had figured out, he told Wilmut, how to get adult cells to sound each and every one of the genetic notes required to make a complete animal. The key was to make the cell "quiescent," or inactive. In that state, all of its genes have the *potential* of being played, Campbell realized. All that was needed was the player. And Campbell had just the thing: a sheep oocyte—egg cell—contains special proteins that turn on genes, playing all the tracks, one after another, like the laser beam in a CD player. "We have to be very quiet about it," Campbell told Wilmut. "We can't tell anybody." And he didn't, until last week, when the world learned of the arrival of Dolly, born last July, the first mammal cloned from an adult cell.

Cloning—manipulating a cell from an animal so that it grows into an exact duplicate of

that animal—is the forbidden fruit of biotechnology. Some scientists were so sure it could not be done that, in the 1970s, they dissuaded bioethicists from pondering its moral implications. Yet at the same time other scientists, in out-of-the-way labs and under the cloak of secrecy,⁵ were getting ever closer to making clones. What cloning is not, despite all the professions of surprise in the wake of Dolly's birth announcement⁶ last week, is unexpected. For 10 years scientists have been cloning sheep and cows from embryo, though not adult, cells. And the research hasn't stopped with the beasts of the field. In 1993, embryologists at George Washington University cloned human embryos: they took cells from 17 human embryos (defective ones that an infertility clinic was going to discard), all two to eight cells in size. They teased apart the cells, grew each one in a lab dish and got a few 32-cell embryos—a size that could be implanted in a woman (though they weren't). So scientists' professed surprise over Dolly rings somewhat hollow.

The real question, of course, was, wherever the lamb went, was Mary sure to follow?⁷ In other words, how soon will scientists clone humans? *Nature*, the scientific journal that published the Dolly paper, editorialized, "Cloning humans from adults' tissues is likely to be achievable any time from one to ten years from now." Cornell University biologist W. Bruce Currie estimates that only 10 labs in the world (his not among them) can manipulate sheep cells the way Dolly's makers did, getting them to become quiescent and producing clones from them. But in principle "there is no difficulty at all in driving human cells [in a lab dish] into [quiescence]," says Currie. "All that's needed is to take a culture of proliferating cells and deprive them of [nutrients]." Last week, as scientists cast about, almost desperately, for an obstacle to human cloning, embryologist Colin Stewart of the National Cancer Institute came up with one. In sheep embryos, the genes from the donor cell do not turn on until the egg has divided three or four times, he pointed out. In humans, those genes turn on after two divisions. That difference might be an insurmountable obstacle to human cloning—or it might not. But on the more profound question of what, exactly, a human clone would be, doubters and believers are unanimous. A human clone might resemble, superficially, the individual from whom it was made. But it would differ dramatically in the traits that define an individual—personality and character, intelligence and talents. "Here's the rule," says psychologist Jerome Kagan of Harvard. "You will never get 100 percent identity—never—because of chance factors and because environments are never exactly the same."

That was small comfort to politicians, ethicists and pundits. President Clinton, citing "serious ethical questions," ordered a federal bioethics panel to report in 90 days on whether the United States should regulate human cloning or ban it. (Britain, Denmark, Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands and Spain already do.) Ethicists dusted off arguments they had mothballed in the 1970s, and thousands of trees gave their lives so-dueling scholars could publish articles arguing that cloning was a humane way for infertile couples to have a child, joking that cloning made males superfluous or conjuring hideous images of cloned humans raised for spare parts.

That prospect seems awfully remote from the Roslin Institute's mundane goal: building a