

语思

本科生工作室

11 月刊



天鹅张开翅膀...

天鹅张开翅膀，
长长的颈
朝向夜空中唯一的光点，
缓缓的煽动着。
消瘦的羽翼又渐渐收起。

那一点，似一颗星
却闪烁着绿光。
仿佛近在咫尺—
—又遥不可及。

再次张开翅膀，
天鹅飞向了远方，
摇摇晃晃，
向着那仅有的方向。

夏夜

醒来时我正躺在山岗
月光滴落在桑叶砌成的台阶上
一跳一跃，晶莹闪亮
看不见的地方，有蝉语蛙鸣。
我想起来了
在一所老房子里
我也听过这样的欢唱
那里的窗框生了铜锈
窗外可以看见萦绕在草垛之上的
萤火之光。

我起身去寻找，月光为我照亮
山脚卖蚕的摊主和妇女争吵
旁道，瓜皮和果壳在昏暗的路灯下
枕着泥水，很快就会睡着
尽管有醉汉在说着大话”

“尽管有生锈的三轮车吱吱呀呀

蓦地
墙角的大黄狗朝我大叫
两只前爪向我猛扑
吓人一跳，
但他最终只是把手搭在我的膝上
吐着舌头，尾巴直摇
我就跟着他走到了路口
老人说着我听不懂的语言
背后是榕树
和隐约出现的荧光
在充满皂角和西瓜味的微风里
窝在月光织成的吊床里
轻轻地摇啊摇。

回答

是他让我忘了，
 丛林里蚂蚁如何排成一列
 彩色的秋千与天空亲吻
 灯影下的站牌守护溺爱的拥抱
 低沉的鼾声化为心底的温床

是他低沉地叙述
 炊烟和烛光焚毁了柔软的故土
 远方的来信阻隔了回家的路
 歌舞升平好似冷风呼啸
 车流和鸣笛像是浓雾下哭泣的囚徒

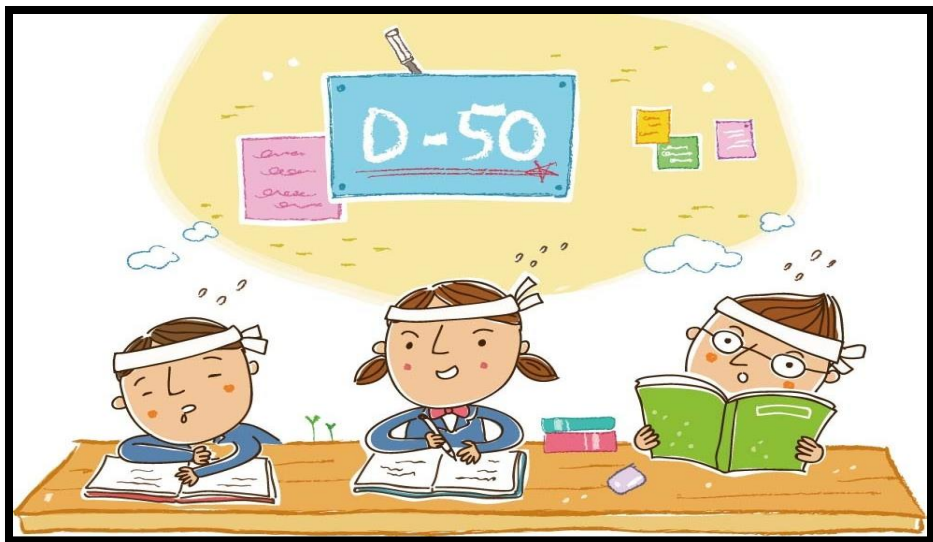
我问他,全身发抖
 游乐园里的烟花会不会烧焦小男孩的皮鞋
 高处落下的钱币,能否砸穿我们的头颅

他却反过来问我
 你是否见过太阳同时又有月亮
 你想要温暖的壁炉
 还是一朵看不见的茉莉花?

小说与诗歌文学工作室

Who do you want
 your child to be
BBC 地平线：
孩子的未来

影视翻译工作室



如何提高初中英语课堂教学的有效性

作者：张惠霞 刘美芝

英语写作是考试试卷中的最后一个题目，也最能清楚体现学生综合运用英语的能力。它要求学生根据所给的情景和要求写出一篇文理通顺、语言准确、连贯流畅、地道的英语短文。而这是很多学生做不到的，有的学生甚至在考试中对写作采取放弃的态度。针对此种情况，笔者经过多年的教学及研究总结出高中生写作方面普遍存在的问题及相对应的解决策略。

一、学生在写作中存在的问题

1. 语言不够地道，汉式英语普遍存在

由于母语先入为主，高中生经常在英语写作的过程中受到母语的干扰和影响，出现一些汉式英语。这是在二语习得中出现的负迁移。这就要求高中教师在教学教程中有意识的把这种负迁移降低到最低限度。提醒学生用英语写作时不要受汉语思维影响而把汉语中一些词汇或表达方式直接套用到英语中去。

2. 句子结构不合理，语法错误多

学生在英语作文中出现最多就是语法错误。学生在写作中经常近义词混淆、词性用错、词组、句型使用不当；各种人称混用、男、女不分、语法不规范、时态、语态混用；不能清楚的说明文章表达的意思等情况屡见不鲜。所以，语法问题是学生英语写作中所面临的又一个主要问题。

3. 高级词汇匮乏，拼写错误多

写作测试学生英语单词的再现能力，在考试中学生单词基础不扎实的问题很容易暴露出来。

有的学生反映说很多单词很熟悉，但不知为什么写作文时就是想不起来或者用错地方或者拼写不正确。“巧媳妇难为无米之炊”，好的构思，地道的英语表达离不开词汇。词、句对作文相当于造房子的材料，没有材料肯定造不出房子。如果词汇量不足或掌握得不好，肯定会给写作带来困难。

二、我在写作教学中的策略

1. 平时的教学中注重培养学生的英语思维方式

思维方式制约着语言的表达习惯。思维是写作活动的基础，写作不仅是语言活动，而且是思维活动。不同民族的社会环境和文化特征必然会形成不同的思维模式，思维模式的差异正是造成语言差异的重要原因。正如语言大师吕叔湘先生在《中国人学英语》（修订本）中谈道的：“我相信，对于中国学生最有用的帮助是让他认识英语和汉语的差别让他通过比较得到更深刻的领会。”由于学生在写作时所进行的输出大多是由母语承担的，由于受汉文化思维惯性的影响和干扰，容易在英语表达上产生负迁移现象。消除负迁移的关键在于掌握英语思维方式。因此，我们在教学中应有意识地结合教授内容引导学生发现、比较英汉思维模式的差异，培养学生洞察文化差异的自觉意识，帮助学生容忍、顺应这些新差异，使其逐步养成用英语思维的习惯，最终达到准确、规范、恰当地用英语传递语言信息的目的。

2. 注重培养学生的英语语法的运用能力

任何语言都有自己特有的表达方式，英语也不例外。我们学习英语，就是要学习其特有的表达方式。著名语言学家吕步湘先生说过：英语就英语，汉语就是汉语。他是告诫中国学生要分清英语和汉语的表达方式，不要把二者混同起来。近年来，虽然高考英语测试加大了主观题的比例，但是从测试结果来分析，写作仍然是学生最薄弱的一环。究其中原因，英语语法知识在写作表达中的运用是大部分学生的主要问题。传统的英语教学往往只注重理论条条框框的灌输，语言信息的输入主要靠讲解语法、教学组织围绕着应试而进行，学生为了学语法而学语法，为了考试而学语法。习得的语法信息大部分是领会式语法，其结果是，如果做纯粹的语法题，他们大部分能做对，但是在自己的实际写作中这种语法错误经常出现。

3. 注重扩大学生的表达词汇量

语言的最基本要素之一是词汇，要表达自己的思想必须要有足够的词汇量。众所周知，英语词汇分领会式词汇和表达式（复用式）词汇。领会式词汇是指认识但是在讲话和写作时不常用的词汇，表达式词汇是指人们在讲话和写作时实际运用的词汇。由于中学生的表达词汇量小，而

且其用法掌握的不牢，因而严重地制约了写作。所以，在教学过程中，教师应注重引导学生挖掘教材中的表达式词汇，使其尽可能多地扩大和掌握表达式词汇。

4. 另外，在具体的写作教学中还要注意以下几点

1) 范例引路

学生在进行短文写作训练时，教师应提供各种文体的范文，讲明各种文体的写作要求和注意事项，如日记，便条，书信，通知的格式等，并给予必要的提示，并掌握各种体裁文章的格式。在平时的教学中，教师应该指导学生应对高考中各种体裁文章。

2) 限时训练

教师当场发题，限时交卷。这样能促使学生瞬间接受信息，快速理解信息，迅速表达信息，提高实际应用和应试能力。这一步是关键，也是学生的难关。必须要求学生在写作过程中牢牢记以下口诀：“先读提示，要点与格式要弄清；时态语态要当心，前后呼应要一致；结构搭配，莫违背；文章写好细检查，点滴小错别忽视”。学生明确目的，并掌握要领后，要严格在规定时间内完成作业。

3) 多想精炼

在平时的教学中，教师要求学生多看、多听、多想，用心体验和感悟身边的人和事，然后将自己的体验和感受用英语写出来。教师可要求学生每周写两篇，有话则长，无话可短。对不同水平的学生作不同的要求。鼓励表达自己的看法和体会。

此外，有时根据所学单元知识布置一篇作文，或给学生提供一些与时事或与学生学习和生活有关材料。此类话题的现实性能诱发学生的写作兴趣，使其有话可写，有感而发；还能增强其信心，使其写作能力、技巧得到充分的锻炼和提高。对于有待进步的学生要及时奖励，激发其写作热情，增强其自信心。

总之，教师注意学生们在写作中存在的问题，不断改进教学方法，培养学生良好的学习方法和语言习惯，加强写作技巧指导，并配以行之有效的课堂训练模式，肯定能使学生们厚积薄发，写出行文通顺、流畅有文采的写作文章。

本科生教育工作室

Think it over

Today we have higher buildings

and wide highways

but shorter temperament

and narrower points of view

we spend more, but enjoy less

we have bigger houses

but smaller families

we have more knowledge

but less judgment

we have more medicines

but less health

we have multiplied out possessions

but reduced out values

we talk much, we love only a little

and we hate too much

we reached the moon and came back

but we find it troublesome to cross our own street and meet our neighbors

we have conquered outer space

but not our inner space

we have higher income

but less morals

these are times with more liberty

but less nutrition

these are the days of finer houses

but more broken homes

that is my propose, that as of today:

you do not keep anything for a special occasion

because everyday that you live is a special occasion

search for knowledge, read more

sit on your front porch and admire the view

without paying attention to your needs

spend more time with your family and friends

eat your favorite foods, visit the places you love

life is chain of moments of enjoyment

life is chain of moments of enjoyment
 not only about survival

use your crystal goblets
 do not save your best perfume
 and use it every time you feel you want it
 remove from your vocabulary phrases like
 "one of these day" or "someday"

let write that letter we thought of
 writing "one of these days"!
 let's tell our families and friends
 how much we love them

do not delay anything that adds laughter
 and joy to your lift

every day, every hour, and every minute is
 special

and you don't know if it will be your last

链接：

<http://www.tudou.com/programs/view/nN2YDOtgr8E/>

朗读与演讲工作室

树 (节选)

By: H.P.Lovecraft

译者：金康

“命运将找到自己的道路”

在阿卡蒂亚的米娜努斯山青翠的山坡上，有一片橄榄树林围绕着一座宅邸的废墟。那附近有座坟墓，它曾经拥有宏伟的雕塑作衬，但如今却与宅邸一样变成了废墟。在坟墓的一端有一棵形状奇怪的大橄榄树，它的根须以奇妙的方式推开了被岁月侵蚀的帕特里克山的石块。夜晚时分，当月光照耀在扭曲的树枝时，这树看起来像是一个怪异的人类，或是一具扭曲的尸体。米娜努斯山是 Pan 神选择的巢穴，它有着众多古怪的伙伴，质朴的青年相信这棵树一定与潘神有着丑恶的联系，但住在附近屋里的年老的养蜂人缺给我讲了一个截然不同的故事。

很久很久以前，当这座府邸还崭新而灿烂时，住着两位雕塑家卡洛斯和穆熙德斯。从莉迪亚到纳波利斯，无人不对他们的作品赞赏有加，无人不承认他们雕刻技术的精湛。卡洛斯雕刻的赫尔墨斯像被供奉在科林斯的神殿里，穆熙德斯雕刻的雅典娜像屹立在雅典帕特农神庙的顶端。所有人都敬仰这两位雕塑家，敬仰他们并没有因为艺术家之间的嫉妒而影响他们深厚的亲人般的友谊。

然而，虽然卡洛斯和穆熙德斯相处融洽，他们的性格却截然不同。穆熙德斯每晚都沉醉在忒格亚享受都市的欢乐，而卡洛斯则呆在家里，独自一个人待在阴凉的橄榄树下。他在那里唤起心中的愿景和构思，它们将之后出现在栩栩如生的大理石上，拥有不灭的永恒。实际上，那时一些游手好闲的家伙也说，卡洛斯在和森林之灵交流，他的雕塑就是以他在那里遇到的森林王法乌恩和女神戴亚为原型所创作的，这也是他从不活人作模特的缘由。

卡洛斯和穆熙德斯声名远扬，因此当希拉古的城主为了建造城市而向他们订购一批昂贵的提克像时，没有人感到惊讶。由于这座雕像将成为城市的奇迹和旅行者必去的目标，它的庞大的工程非比寻常。无论谁的作品被选中，都将获得艺术史上前所未有的至高荣耀！为了争夺这份荣誉，卡洛斯和穆熙德斯会互相竞争。狡猾的城主知道这两位雕塑家情同手足，他思忖着两人一定不会互相隐瞒，而是互相帮助，造出世间最美的雕像，连诗人都不曾梦想比之更美的一座。

两位雕塑家愉快地接下了城主的任务。因此，从那时起，奴隶的耳边充斥着不绝的敲击之声。卡洛斯和穆熙德斯都没有向对方隐藏自己的作品，但也仅仅是他们两人才能见到。就这样，这两尊没有被任何外人沾染过的神作就被两人用娴熟的技巧从大理石中解放出来，其中的过程从没有外人见过。

一天夜里，穆熙德斯像往常一样到忒格亚赴宴，卡洛斯则一个人在橄榄树林里徘徊。但是随着时间的推移，人们发现穆熙德斯变得忧郁起来。他们说对于那些抓住了难得机会有望获得艺术成就的人来说，忧郁和消沉是不可思议的。又有好几个月过去了，穆熙德斯苦涩的脸庞上一直没有浮现出与情况相符的热情。

终于有一天，穆熙德斯说卡洛斯得病了。大家都知道这两位雕塑家相互尊敬，所以他们对穆熙德斯的悲伤并不感到奇怪。许多人去探望卡洛斯，他面色苍白，但他的瞳孔中却洋溢着满足与安详，他的目光比穆熙德斯的目光更加迷人。穆熙德斯的焦虑是显而易见的，他赶走了所有的奴隶，亲自照料他的朋友，亲手喂他食物。厚重的帷幕遮挡住了两尊未完成的雕像，它们的创作者一个病倒在床上，一个守候在床边。

尽管有困惑的医生和亲切的朋友看护，卡洛斯还是莫名其妙地一天天衰落下来。他渴望人们经常把他送到那片他最爱的橄榄树林里，但送进去之后就不要再理会他，仿佛他想与那些看不到的事物说话。穆熙德斯总是将他送到那里，但他觉得比起自己，卡洛斯更专注于法乌恩和女神们，他的眼眶中总满溢了泪水。终于，最后的时日迫近了，卡洛斯开始谈到存在于彼方的事物。穆熙德斯一边嚼着，一边许诺为他建一座比摩索拉斯陵还要美的坟墓，但卡洛斯却说他不需任何大理石的荣耀。卡洛斯只有最后一个愿望，就是从橄榄树林的一棵他指定的树上折下枝条埋葬在他头部的旁边。一天晚上，卡洛斯单独坐在了橄榄树林沐浴在林间的黑暗之中，去世了。

文学翻译工作室



The Tree(abstract)

By H. P. Lovecraft



On a verdant slope of Mount Maenalus, in Arcadia, there stands an olive grove about the ruins of a villa. Close by is a tomb, once beautiful with the sublimest sculptures, but now fallen into as great decay as the house. At one end of that tomb, its curious roots displacing the time-stained blocks of Pentelic marble, grows an unnaturally large olive tree of oddly repellent shape; so like to some grotesque man, or death-distorted body of a man, that the country folk fear to pass it at night when the moon shines faintly through the crooked boughs. Mount Maenalus is a chosen haunt of dreaded Pan, whose queer companions are many, and simple swains believe that the tree must have some hideous kinship to these weird Panisci; but an old bee-keeper who lives in the neighbouring cottage told me a different story.

Many years ago, when the hillside villa was new and resplendent, there dwelt within it the two sculptors Kalos and Musides. From Lydia to Neapolis the beauty of their work was praised, and none dared say that the one excelled the other in skill. The Hermes of Kalos stood in a marble shrine in Corinth, and the Pallas of Musides surmounted a pillar in Athens, near the Parthenon. All men paid homage to Kalos and Musides, and marvelled that no shadow of artistic jealousy cooled the warmth of their brotherly friendship.

But though Kalos and Musides dwelt in unbroken harmony, their natures were not alike. Whilst Musides revelled

by night amidst the urban gaieties of Tegea, Kalos would remain at home; stealing away from the sight of his slaves into the cool recesses of the olive grove. There he would meditate upon the visions that filled his mind, and there devise the forms of beauty which later became immortal in breathing marble. Idle folk, indeed, said that Kalos conversed with the spirits of the grove, and that his statues were but images of the fauns and dryads he met there—for he patterned his work after no living model.

So famous were Kalos and Musides, that none wondered when the Tyrant of Syracuse sent to them deputies to speak of the costly statue of Tyché which he had planned for his city. Of great size and cunning workmanship must the statue be, for it was to form a wonder of nations and a goal of travellers. Exalted beyond thought would be he whose work should gain acceptance, and for this honour Kalos and Musides were invited to compete. Their brotherly love was well known, and the crafty Tyrant surmised that each, instead of concealing his work from the other, would offer aid and advice; this charity producing two images of unheard-of beauty, the lovelier of which would eclipse even the dreams of poets.

With joy the sculptors hailed the Tyrant's offer, so that in the days that followed their slaves heard the ceaseless blows of chisels. Not from each other did Kalos and Musides conceal their work, but the sight was for them alone. Saving theirs, no eyes beheld the two divine figures released by skilful blows from the rough blocks that had imprisoned them since the world began.

At night, as of yore, Musides sought the banquet halls of Tegea whilst Kalos wandered alone in the olive grove. But as time passed, men observed a want of gaiety in the once sparkling Musides. It

was strange, they said amongst themselves, that depression should thus seize one with so great a chance to win art's loftiest reward. Many months passed, yet in the sour face of Musides came nothing of the sharp expectancy which the situation should arouse.

Then one day Musides spoke of the illness of Kalos, after which none marvelled again at his sadness, since the sculptors' attachment was known to be deep and sacred. Subsequently many went to visit Kalos, and indeed noticed the pallor of his face; but there was about him a happy serenity which made his glance more magical than the glance of Musides—who was clearly distracted with anxiety, and who pushed aside all the slaves in his eagerness to feed and wait upon his friend with his own hands. Hidden behind heavy curtains stood the two unfinished figures of Tyché little touched of late by the sick man and his faithful attendant.

As Kalos grew inexplicably weaker and weaker despite the ministrations of puzzled physicians and of his assiduous friend, he desired to be carried often to the grove which he so loved. There he would ask to be left alone, as if wishing to speak with unseen things. Musides ever granted his requests, though his eyes filled with visible tears at the thought that Kalos should care more for the fauns and the dryads than for him. At last the end drew near, and Kalos discoursed of things beyond this life. Musides, weeping, promised him a sepulchre more lovely than the tomb of Mausolus; but Kalos bade him speak no more of marble glories. Only one wish now haunted the mind of the dying man; that twigs from certain olive trees in the grove be buried by his resting-place—close to his head. And one night, sitting alone in the darkness of the olive grove, Kalos died.

Beautiful beyond words was the marble sepulchre which stricken Musides carved for his beloved friend. None but Kalos himself could have fashioned such bas-reliefs, wherein were displayed all the splendours of Elysium. Nor did Musides fail to bury close to Kalos' head the olive twigs from the grove.

As the first violence of Musides' grief gave place to resignation, he laboured with diligence upon his figure of Tyché. All honour was now his, since the Tyrant of Syracuse would have the work of none save him or Kalos. His task proved a vent for his emotion, and he toiled more steadily each day, shunning the gaities he once had relished. Meanwhile his evenings were spent beside the tomb of his friend, where a young olive tree had sprung up near the sleeper's head. So swift was the growth of this tree, and so strange was its form, that all who beheld it exclaimed in surprise; and Musides seemed at once fascinated and repelled.

Three years after the death of Kalos, Musides despatched a messenger to the Tyrant, and it was whispered in the agora at Tegea that the mighty statue was finished. By this time the tree by the tomb had attained amazing proportions, exceeding all other trees of its kind, and sending out a singularly heavy branch above the apartment in which Musides laboured. As many visitors came to view the prodigious tree, as to admire the art of the sculptor, so that Musides was seldom alone. But he did not mind his multitude of guests; indeed, he seemed to dread being alone now that his absorbing work was done. The bleak mountain wind, sighing through the olive grove and the tomb-tree, had an uncanny way of forming vaguely articulate sounds.

The sky was dark on the evening that the Tyrant's emissaries came to Tegea. It was definitely known that they had come to bear away the great image of Tyché and bring eternal honour to Musides, so their reception by the proxenoi was of great warmth. As the night wore on, a violent storm of wind broke over the crest of Maenalus, and the men from far Syracuse were glad that they rested snugly in the town. They talked of their illustrious Tyrant, and of the splendour of his capital; and exulted in the glory of the statue which Musides had wrought for him. And then the men of Tegea spoke of the goodness of Musides, and of his heavy grief for his friend; and how not even the coming laurels of art could console him in the absence of Kalos, who might have worn those laurels instead. Of the tree which grew by the tomb, near the head of Kalos, they also spoke. The wind shrieked more horribly, and both the Syracusans and the Arcadians prayed to Aiolos.

In the sunshine of the morning the proxenoi led the Tyrant's messengers up the slope to the abode of the sculptor, but the night-wind had done strange things. Slaves' cries ascended from a scene of desolation, and no more amidst the olive grove rose the gleaming colonnades of that vast hall wherein Musides had dreamed and toiled. Lone and shaken mourned the humble courts and the lower walls, for upon the sumptuous greater peristyle had fallen squarely the heavy overhanging bough of the strange new tree, reducing the stately poem in marble with odd completeness to a mound of unsightly ruins. Strangers and Tegeans stood aghast, looking from the wreckage to the great, sinister tree whose aspect was so weirdly human and whose roots reached so queerly into the sculptured sepulchre of Kalos. And their fear and

dismay increased when they searched the fallen apartment; for of the gentle Musides, and of the marvellously fashioned image of Tyché no trace could be discovered. Amidst such stupendous ruin only chaos dwelt, and the representatives of two cities left disappointed; Syracusans that they had no statue to bear home, Tegeans that they had no artist to crown. However, the Syracusans obtained after a while a very splendid statue in Athens, and the Tegeans consoled themselves by erecting in the agora a marble temple commemorating the gifts, virtues, and brotherly piety of Musides.

But the olive grove still stands, as does the tree growing out of the tomb of Kalos, and the old bee-keeper told me that sometimes the boughs whisper to one another in the night-wind, saying over and over again, "Οἶδα! Οἶδα!—I know! I know!"

—The End—

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