

BEC中级阅读：A READING CLUB IN XIAMEN _ 商务英语考试 _ PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式，建议阅读原文

https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/645/2021_2022_BEC_E4_B8_AD_E7_BA_A7_E9_c85_645446.htm Lai Lingyun, a friend of mine in Xiamen New Oriental, is erudite in both occidental and oriental cultures, especially in western literature, he used to be a doctoral candidate in Belgium's most famous university, he is also fluent in French, English and Italian. I also share some Latin and Greek knowledge with him sometimes, and he is now holding a reading club in Xiamen, here are some details: We shall read two pieces of Shakespeare's verses this Saturday. Both of them are about life in general, but in very different styles and perspectives. The first one, *All the World's a Stage*, might be well acquainted to most of you: witty, a bit cynical, and realistic. The second one, an extract from *Henry VI*, was one of my favorite lines back to early college years: idealistic, affective and less philosophical. Many believe we are all imprisoned in our own vocabularies. We discern and comprehend the world within the boundary of our vocabularies, established nevertheless by others. Shakespeare emancipates us in some degree by presenting us a world we wanted to see but have never seen with his mastery of words. Let's rediscover the greatness of Shakespeare together this Saturday night. If you wanna share something else with us, feel free to bring them. This reading club focuses on Western Canon, the works having stood the test of time. Practically speaking, it's less disputable: they were great for many people through generations. the chance of being great for you can be higher than

other random works, assuming the most inner parts of our hearts speak alike. We do so also because we wanna honor those great authors, whose names are fading in modern society. We don't read them any more, not only in China but also in Europe, a land where classic studies had been flourishing for centuries. I was in sorrow when spotting the dusty classic books at the Libraries of University of Leuven, pondering what's the point of becoming a great author like Chaucer if nobody reads him. William Shakespeare (from *As You Like It* 2/7) All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players: They have their exits and their entrances. And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages. At first the infant, Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms. And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel And shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school. And then the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier, Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard, Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel, Seeking the bubble reputation Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice, In fair round belly with good capon lined, With eyes severe and beard of formal cut, Full of wise saws and modern instances. And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon, With spectacles on nose and pouch on side, His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide For his shrunk shank. and his big manly voice, Turning again toward childish treble, pipes And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, That ends this strange eventful history, Is second childishness and mere oblivion, Sans

teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. 100Test 下载频道开通
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