

评论类文章包括书评 (book review)、影评 (movie review) 和产品评论 (technology review)，分为描述性评论 (descriptive reviews) 和批判性评论 (critical reviews)。描述性评论是对所评论事物包括书籍、电影或产品的基本介绍，很少掺杂个人的喜好，重点描述或说明 (description and exposition) 其主题及引人关注的特点及主要细节。批判性评论则以普遍接受的标准对书籍、电影或产品进行评判，包括对所评论事物的概括介绍和作者的此事物的喜好以及喜好原因。

与其他类文章一样，评论类文章在 Introduction 部分 (通常是文章第 1、2 或 3 段) 会给出文章主题 (thesis statement)，同时读者据此通常可以判断评论的目的：描述或评判。描述性评论以所评论事物的主要细节为主线，每个或每两、三个段落描述一个细节，不同于摘要 (Summary)，它会给出更多重要的细节以帮助读者更好地了解所评论事物。而批判性评论则以评论者对所评论事物的观点为主线，以所评论事物的细节为依据，加以评论者的论述。

无论哪种评论，在文章的开始部分必须首先说明的是所评论的事物 (书名、影名、产品名)、作者及评论的主题 (thesis statement)，所以阅读同样要首先搞清楚的也是这三项内容，否则读起来会一头雾水。

Read the following reviews and learn what is a descriptive review and what is a critical review.

Task B7 is to do a critical review.

What's Mine Is Yours--The Rise of Collaborative Consumption

By Ruth Suehle, Sept. 21, 2010, opensource.com

We live in a consumer culture in the most literal sense of that word. We aren't just making purchases. We are *consuming*. And more than just consuming, we are obliterating our world's resources at an alarming rate. We've become accustomed--and hungry for--changing styles with the change of seasons. But what we must do now is change not clothing, nor electronics, nor cars. We must change our culture. The hardest change of all. ***And that's what Rachel Bostman and Roo Rogers' What's Mine Is Yours is about. (Then what do you want to know after reading this sentence?)***

The book is like a GPS mapping to a culture of the future, with a reassuring glow showing how far you've already driven. They call this culture "collaborative consumption." Put simply, it's a vision of a world in which rather than value owning the latest model of car, we value ZipCar membership. Instead of collecting dust on a Blockbuster-sized

collection of DVDs (and VHS--you still have some, don't you?), we join Netflix. And we don't feel deprived. We feel rewarded and proud.

If you're well-versed in current environmental issues, a lot of the early material, like an introduction to the Great Pacific Garbage Patch, won't be as shocking as it would be to someone else. (A someone else who probably very much needs to be reading this book.)

But what might still be new to you is the panoramic view of the myriad ways that we're already embracing the collaborative consumption culture. As a mom who shops consignment sales, and Freecycle everything that doesn't move, I thought I had a pretty good handle on this world I didn't have a name for--the collaborative consumption community. But *What's Mine Is Yours* introduced me to several I didn't know, including AirBnB and CouchSurfing. (I've already booked my first AirBnB stay!)

Further, the authors envision the possibility that society as a whole--not just the niches that have already embraced collaborative consumption--will take to it not out of guilt, a sense of kindness, or with feelings of sacrifice, but that it will become the new consumer's culture. That the same pride you had showing off your new TV after waiting in line all night after Thanksgiving dinner will transfer away from consumption and ownership to pride in sharing products, services, and systems.

The good news is that it's already started. [Zopa](#) helps users go around banks for a peer-to-peer lending system. [WeCommune.com](#) puts a modern spin on a word that got a bad rep in the 60s and updates the basic idea that we don't have to live next door to strangers. [SolarCity](#) helps answer the problem of "green" being synonymous with "expensive" by designing a product service system around solar panels.

And those are just a handful of examples of collaborative consumption disrupting the economies or business models they're replacing. They're redefining how we look at products and services. They're changing the world.

One last thing--before you think you're clever to point out that by publishing a book, the authors are only contributing to the old consumption culture, the first words when you open the cover are "BARTER, SWAP, OR PASS ON THIS BOOK." That's the title over a log comfortably reminiscent of your school textbooks where your teacher scrawled your name under a long list of previous temporary owners. But unlike Harry Potter musing on who the half-blood prince could possibly be, you're given the option to see where your book goes by creating a code name for it and tracking its journey on [oncollaborativeconsumption.com](#).

After reading this review, you will see that the whole article didn't mention how the reviewer thought about the book. It introduced the book only. So this is the descriptive review.

Why I'm NOT Taking My 8-Year Old to the Hunger Games

Kids shouldn't go unless they're mature enough and have the skills to read the books first.

Then did you find any difference of this title from that of the last one?

After reading this title, what do you expect to know?

What do you think will the article explain in this article?

By MARY POLS, March 22, 2012, The New York Times

The Hunger Games hits theaters tonight. It could well be the biggest box office hit of the year, at least until The Twilight Saga: Breaking Dawn – Part 2 comes along in November. It is rated PG-13. Nearly two dozen kids aged 12 to 18 die by machete, sword, blows with a brick, a spear to the chest, arrows, having their necks snapped. All damage inflicted by each other.

As a movie critic and reader who sucked down the entirety of Suzanne Collins's trilogy for young adults in one weekend, I can find plenty of positive things to say about director Gary Ross's moving and provocative adaptation. The big screen Katniss, Jennifer Lawrence (*Winter's Bone*) won me over completely. On the page, she tends to petulance. In the movie, Lawrence highlights instead Katniss's unease with being in the limelight, turning it into a kind of humility that only makes her more likeable. She's a bold, brave heroine.

But there's absolutely no compelling reason your elementary school aged child – or mine – should see The Hunger Games. None. (Then why? So you read to find the reasons.) Not one. It's not necessary or appropriate to take your eight year-old to see a movie where teenagers kill each other as part of a punishing sporting event sponsored by a cruel, morally corrupt futuristic society. Panem, a nation that seems a lot like North America, forces 24 kids to fight to the televised death every year. The Capital chooses these "tributes" (a boy and girl from each of the 12 far flung districts) by lottery. They're made over and feted like contestants on today's reality shows, then dropped into a carefully cultivated wilderness arena to battle as penance for a failed rebellion long ago. Twenty-three of them must die for a victor to emerge.

Collins wrote the book as a response to our violence-crazy, reality show-watching society. She has said the trilogy is about war, for adolescents. I bet she'd tell you to leave the little ones at home. But there seems to be some debate about this. Even in my sedate New England town, parents are anguishing over whether or not to let their preteens see the movie at the first available, late night screening. This week, TIME Ideas contributor and psychology professor Christopher Ferguson wrote about his intention to take his

eight year-old to see the movie, and the research he believes supports that validity of that choice. In this case, I'll take common sense over "some" research that could well be disproved tomorrow. Even if you're sitting right next to little Theo or Emma telling them it's just a movie, which Ferguson plans to do, why is he or she there? Entertainment? You wouldn't let your second-grader watch *Game of Thrones* with you. Edification? Surely there is no rush to get your child up to speed on dystopia. The recession and war seem bad enough.

The movie doesn't feel suitable for anyone under 12, because Ross, who co-wrote the screenplay with Collins, gets the tone of his adaptation just right: somber; disorienting; and permeated with an underlying sense of mourning that doesn't fade with victory. Your young adult can probably handle this, but where do you draw the line?

Start with Collins's standards. Your kid shouldn't be there if they aren't old enough to be chosen by lottery for the annual Hunger Games (12). Better yet, take the advice of the MPAA, which restricts anyone under 13 from attending without an adult. As a parent, make the call they shouldn't go if they haven't read the books. Just hearing about them isn't preparation enough for what's on screen. If they aren't advanced as readers enough to read them on their own, there's no debate, just skip it altogether. Wait until they come to the novels with the skill set to tackle them. I'm certainly not reading *The Hunger Games* aloud to my eight year-old son. There we'd be at bedtime, dog at his feet, the boy cuddling his stuffed cheetah while I read a passage say, about Katniss listening to the agonies of a dying opponent. A pack of genetically mutated dogs has been chewing on him for hours.

Then the raw hunk of meat that used to be my enemy makes a sound, and I know where his mouth is. And I think the word he's trying to say is please. Pity, not vengeance, sends my arrow flying into his skull.

Sweet dreams kiddo! I'll just take the dog with me after this chapter, shall I? In Star Wars, battles are fought, but with souped-up flashlights and a Zen-influenced instructional manual delivered by a hairless green muppet. Harry Potter begins with a double murder and ends with a killing, but by magical means, not machete. In Narnia, there are hard fought battles, but they too are about good vs. evil. Even after killing a deadly wolf leaping for his jugular, the future High King of Narnia is shaken by the blood on his sword. Nothing happens for sport. In *The Hunger Games*, violence as sport is dictated by the government.

In terms of detail, although not of body count, the movie is less gory than the book. That opponent who spends a whole night – and four pages – being chewed by angry dogs in the book has just a few minutes under the fangs in the movie before Katniss puts him out of his misery. The worst detail about the dogs, that they have the eyes and features of the fallen tributes, is not discussed in Ross's version. *The Hunger Games* Book may be more R rated than the movie.

But even though the movie is milder, reading and watching a screen are very different ways of obtaining information, one active, one passive. Reading is perhaps the most intimate act of intellectual self-exploration. We make choices as we read; do we linger and imagine those dogs, gnawing at a human now a "raw hunk of meat" or do we race on to the next adventure? We can put the book aside and return to it when we feel

ready, like my precocious nine year-old niece, a voracious reader who self-regulated by consuming Harry Potter only during daylight (and who won't be allowed to read *The Hunger Games* for a few more years, even though her mother loved the books and can't wait to see the movie).

While reading is an act of self-determination, being taken to a movie the ratings board says you aren't allowed into on your own is ultimately someone else's choice, *no matter how hard you have begged to go*. A movie, which comes at you through the one-two punch of sight and sound, leaves less room for escape. There are the hands to hide behind, the bathroom to visit, but because the film will end in a finite time not of your choosing, it is also more likely to pressure you into staying within its embrace.

I keep thinking about the bloody brick we see in a teenager's hand in *The Hunger Games*, the lethality of a machete slicing through young bodies and of the 12 year-old tribute named Rue, the heartbreak of both book and movie. Played by Amandla Stenberg, who will turn 14 this fall, she is now much more than the visage conjured by words on a page. While open to the imagination, a character made only of words remains flexible, uncertain. This Rue has a specific face. She and the spear you see land in her chest goes home with you, now vivid and tucked in your head. Yes it's a movie, not real. But by introducing such images to a very young child within a setting devised for entertainment, you give credence to something disturbing. It's not that the images are normal. It's that your child thinks it's normal to witness and observe this. I saw it with Mom or Dad. It must be okay. Unless of course, they made a mistake.

So this review focuses on explaining the reasons why school kids cannot watch the movie, by using the plots or story of the movie as evidences. So this is a critical review.