

北京师范大学
2002 年招收攻读硕士学位研究生入学考试试题

专业: 英语语言文学

科目代码: 459

研究方向: 英美文学

考试科目: 英美文学

All the answers must be written on the answer sheets.

I. Fill in the following blanks. 15%

1. It is _____ who presented to the world a comprehensive realistic picture of the English society of his time and created a whole gallery of vivid characters from all walks of life in his masterpiece *The Canterbury Tales*.
2. The Elizabethan drama is the real mainstream of the period of _____, in which the well-known dramatists are William Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, and _____.
3. The term "metaphysical poetry" is commonly used to name the work of the 17th-century writers who under the influence of _____.
4. The most important characters in *Paradise Lost* are _____.
5. According to the neoclassicists, all forms of literature were to be modeled after the classical works of the ancient _____ and those of the contemporary _____. The most popular poetic form of the period is _____.
6. English Romanticism is generally regarded to have begun in 1798 with the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* by _____.
7. Charles Dickens, William Thackeray, and Charlotte Bronte are famous novelists in the _____ period of English Literature, which also produced a host of great prose writers and poets such as _____, _____ and _____. (name two for each)
8. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is written by _____ whose masterpiece _____ has become a prime example of modernism in literature.
9. _____ was at once a philosophy, a religion and a literary movement in the period of American Renaissance. _____, the most vocal interpreter of this theory, delivered his famous address _____ at Harvard in 1837.
10. *An American Tragedy* by _____, a monumental naturalist document was published in 1925 the same year as _____ by Fitzgerald appeared, which becomes a symbolist tragedy.
11. _____ of the 1920s was the first intellectual and artistic movement that brought African-American to the attention of American public.
12. Ralph Ellison's _____ published in 1952 tells an existential story of a black man in modern America.
13. In 1976 the Nobel Prize for Literature was awarded to _____ who has fused the traditions of realism and _____ in his works, such as *Seize the Day* and *Herzog*.
14. The psychological drama of _____ is presented in a stream of consciousness technique by _____.

in *Death of a Salesman*.

15. _____ by Ernest Hemingway in 1925, _____ by Norman Mailer in 1948, _____ by Joseph Heller in 1961 are among the major American novels on wars of this century.
16. Stephen Greenblatt is the most influential practitioner of the _____ one of the most recent developments in contemporary critical theory.

II. Briefly explain the following literary terms. 10%

1. romance:
2. genre fiction:
3. anti-hero:
4. rising action:
5. prototype

III. Explain the underlined parts. 15%

1. True ease in writing comes from art, not chance.
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence.
the sound must seem an echo to the sense.

2. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless* is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

* fineless: infinite

IV. Read the poem and answer the questions. 15%

LOVELIEST OF TREES, THE CHERRY NOW

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Questions:

1. Is it a lyric or a narrative poem? (2%)
2. Is the speaker old or young? How do you know? (3%)
3. Briefly state the subject of the poem. (4%)
4. Discuss the theme of the poem. (6%)

V. Read the following story and answer the questions. 25%

You Were Perfectly Fine Dorothy Parker

The pale young man eased himself carefully into the low chair, and rolled his head to the side, so that the cool chintz comforted his cheek and temple.

"Oh, dear," he said. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh."

The clear-eyed girl, sitting light and erect on the couch, smiled brightly at him.

"Not feeling so well today?" she said.

"Oh, I'm great," he said. "Corking, I am. Know what time I got up? Four o'clock this afternoon, sharp. I kept trying to make it, and every time I took my head off the pillow, it would roll under the bed. This isn't my head I've got on now. I think this is something that used to belong to Walt Whitman. Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear."

"Do you think maybe a drink would make you feel better?" she said.

"The hair of the mastiff that bit me?" he said. "Oh, no, thank you. Please never speak of anything like that again. I'm through. I'm all, all through. Look at that hand; steady as a gumming-bird. Tell me was I very terrible last night?"

"Oh, goodness," she said, "everybody was feeling pretty high. You were all right."

"Yeah," he said. "I must have been dandy. Is everybody sore at me?"

"Good heavens, no," she said. "Everyone thought you were terribly funny. Of course, Jim Pierson was a little stuffy, there for a minute at dinner. But people sort of held him back in his chair, and got him calmed down. I don't think anybody at the other tables noticed it at all. Hardly anybody."

"He was going to sock me?" he said. "Oh, Lord. What did I do to him?"

"Why, you didn't do a thing," she said. "You were perfectly fine. But you know how silly Jim gets, when he thinks anybody is making too much fuss over Elinor."

"Was I making a pass at Elinor?" he said. "Did I do that?"

"Of course you didn't," she said. "You were only fooling, that's all. She thought you were awfully amusing. She was having a marvelous time. She only got a little tiny bit annoyed just once, when you poured the clam-juice down her back."

"My God," he said. "Clam-juice down that back. And every vertebra a little Cabot. Dear God. What'll I ever do?"

"Oh, she'll be all right," she said. "Just send her some flowers, or something. Don't worry about it. It isn't anything."

"No, I won't worry," he said. "I haven't got a care in the world. I'm sitting pretty. Oh, dear, oh, dear. Did I do any other fascinating tricks at dinner?"

"You were fine," she said. "Don't be so foolish about it. Everybody was crazy about you. The maitre d'hotel was a little worried because you wouldn't stop singing, but he really didn't mind. All he said was, he was afraid they'd close the place again, if there was so much noise. But he didn't care a bit, himself. I think he loved seeing you have such a good time. Oh, you were just singing away, there, for about an hour. It wasn't so terribly loud, at all."

"So I sang," he said. "That must have been a treat. I sang."

"Don't you remember?" she said. "You just sang one song after another. Everybody in the place was listening. They loved it. Only you kept insisting that you wanted to sing some song about some kind of fusiliers or other, and everybody kept shushing you, and you'd keep trying to start it again. You were wonderful. We were all trying to make you stop singing for a minute, and eat something, but you wouldn't hear of it. My, you were funny."

"Didn't I eat any dinner?" he said.

"Oh, not a thing," she said. "Every time the waiter would offer you something, you'd give it right back to him, because you said that he was your long-lost brother, changed in the cradle by a gypsy band, and that anything you had was his. You had him simply roaring at you."

"I bet I did," he said. "I bet I was comical. Society's Pet, I must have been. And what happened then, after my overwhelming success with the waiter?"

"Why, nothing much," she said. "You took a sort of dislike to some old man with white hair, sitting across the room, because you didn't like this necktie and you wanted to tell him about it. But got you out, before he really mad."

"Oh, we got out," he said. "Did I walk?"

"Walk? Of course you did," she said. "You were absolutely all right. There was that nasty stretch of ice on the sidewalk, and you did sit down awfully hard, you poor dear. But good heavens, that might have happened to anybody."

"Oh, surely," he said. "Mrs. Hoover or anybody. So I fell down on the sidewalk. That would explain what's the matter with my—Yes. I see. And then what, if you don't mind?"

"Ah, now, Peter!" she said. "You can't sit there and say you don't remember what happened after that! I did think that maybe you were just a little tight at dinner—oh, you were perfectly all right, and all that, but I did know you were feeling pretty gay. But you were so serious, from the time you fell down—I never knew you to be that way. Don't you know how you told me I had never seen your real self before? Oh, Peter, I just couldn't bear it, if you didn't remember that lovely long ride we took together in the taxi! Please, you do remember that, don't you? I think it would simply kill me, if you didn't."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Riding in the taxi. Oh, yes, sure. Pretty long ride, hmm?"

"Round and round and round the park," she said. "Oh, and the trees were shining so in the moonlight. And you said you never knew before that you really had a soul."

"Yes," he said. "I said that. That was me."

"You said such lovely, lovely things," she said. "And I'd never known, all this time, how you had been feeling about me, and I'd never dared to let you see how I felt about you. And then last night—oh, Peter dear, I think that taxi ride was the most important thing that ever happened to us in our lives."

"I think it would be," he said.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "Great."

"Lovely!" she said.

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"Look here," he said, "do you mind if I have a drink? I mean, just medicinally, you know. I'm off the stuff for life. So help me. But I think I feel a collapse coming on."

"Oh, I think it would do you good," she said. "You poor boy, it's a shame you feel so awful. I'll go make you a highball."

"Honestly," he said, "I don't see how you could ever want to speak to me again, after I made such a fool of myself, last night. I think I'd better go join a monastery in Tibet."

"You crazy idiot!" she said. "As if I could ever let you go away now! Stop talking like that. You were perfectly fine."

She jumped up from the couch, kissed him quickly on the forehead, and ran out of the room.

The pale young man looked after her and shook his head long and slowly, then dropped it in his damp and trembling hands.

"Oh, dear," he said. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh dear."

Questions: (Your opinions are expected to be supported with the evidences from the text.)

1. Do you think the girl truthfully recounted the events of the previous evening?
2. What had probably happened in the taxi and how it had affected the girl's attitude to the young man?
3. What do you think is going to happen between the girl and the young man?

VI. Write a short essay stating your view of the following statement. First, explain the meaning of the sentence. Then write about your opinion. 20%

"No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone." -T. S. Eliot