试卷代号:1062

中央广播电视大学 2001—2002 学年度第二学期"开放本科"期末考试

英语专业文学阅读与欣赏试题

2002 年 7 月

注 意 事 项

一、将你的准考证号、学生证号、姓名及分校(工作站)名称填写在答题纸的规定栏内。考试结束后,把试卷和答题纸放在桌上。试卷和答题纸均不得带出考场。

二、仔细阅读题目的说明,并按题目要求答题。答案一定要写在答题纸指定的位置上,写在试卷上的答案无效。

三、用蓝、黑圆珠笔或钢笔答题,使用铅笔答题无效。

Instructions:

- **You are required to answer ALL questions of BOTH Paper One Reading and Paper Two Writing.**
- **You should write ALL your answers in clear and coherent English.**
- **You should write ALL your answers in the appropriate spaces provided in the answer sheet.**

PAPER ONE Reading (110 minutes) (70 points)

Text 1 (Questions 1—3) (15 points)

The Golden Sunset

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds
Dissolved in glory float,
And midway of the radiant flood,
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well,
And which is earth and which is heaven,
The eye can scarcely tell.

Questions on text 1

1. What's the rhyme scheme of the poem? (3 points)
2. Find two examples of figures of speech used in the poem. (6 points)
3. Did the poet describe the golden sunset explicitly? If not, what words and expressions does the poet use to achieve the desired effect? (6 points)

Text 2 (Questions 4—11) (25 points)

Oscar Wilde (1854—1900). **The Importance of Being Earnest.** 1895

ACT 1

LADY BRACKNELL. In the carriage, Gwendolen! [*GWENDOLEN goes to the door. She and JACK blow kisses to each other behind LADY BRACKNELL'S back. LADY BRACKNELL looks vaguely about as if she could not understand what the noise was. Finally turns round.*] Gwendolen, the carriage!

GWENDOLEN. Yes, mamma. [*Goes out, looking back at JACK.*]

LADY BRACKNELL. [*Sitting down.*] You can take a seat, Mr. Worthing.

[*Looks in her pocket for note-book and pencil.*]

JACK. Thank you, Lady Bracknell, I prefer standing.

LADY BRACKNELL. [*Pencil and note-book in hand.*] I feel bound to tell you that you are not down on my list of eligible young men, although I have the same list as the dear Duchess of Bolton has. We work together, in fact. However, I am quite ready to enter your name, should your answers be what a really affectionate mother requires. Do you smoke?

JACK. Well, yes, I must admit I smoke.

LADY BRACKNELL. I am glad to hear it. A man should always have an occupation of some kind. There are far too many idle men in London as it is. How old are you?

JACK. Twenty-nine.

LADY BRACKNELL. A very good age to be married at. I have always been of opinion that a man who desires to get married should know either everything or nothing. Which do you know?

JACK. [*After some hesitation.*] I know nothing, Lady Bracknell.

LADY BRACKNELL. I am pleased to hear it. I do not approve of anything that tampers with natural ignorance. Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone. The whole theory of modern education is radically unsound. Fortunately in England, at any rate, education produces no effect whatsoever. If it did, it would prove a serious danger to the upper classes, and probably lead to acts of violence in Grosvenor Square. What is your income?

JACK. Between seven and eight thousand a year.

LADY BRACKNELL. [*Makes a note in her book.*] In land, or in investments?

JACK. In investments, chiefly.

LADY BRACKNELL. That is satisfactory. What between the duties expected of one during

one's lifetime, and the duties exacted from one after one's death, land has ceased to be either a profit or a pleasure. It gives one position, and prevents one from keeping it up. That's all that can be said about land.

JACK. I have a country house with some land, of course, attached to it, about fifteen hundred acres, I believe; but I don't depend on that for my real income. In fact, as far as I can make out, the poachers (偷猎者) are the only people who make anything out of it.

LADY BRACKNELL. A country house! How many bedrooms? Well, that point can be cleared up afterwards. You have a town house, I hope? A girl with a simple, unspoiled nature, like Gwendolen, could hardly be expected to reside in the country.

JACK. Well, I own a house in Belgrave Square, but it is let by the year to Lady Bloxham. Of course, I can get it back whenever I like, at six months' notice.

LADY BRACKNELL. Lady Bloxham? I don't know her.

JACK. Oh, she goes about very little. She is a lady considerably advanced in years.

LADY BRACKNELL. Ah, nowadays that is no guarantee of respectability of character. What number in Belgrave Square?

JACK. 149.

LADY BRACKNELL. [*Shaking her head.*] The unfashionable side. I thought there was something. However, that could easily be altered.

JACK. Do you mean the fashion, or the side?

LADY BRACKNELL. [*Sternly.*] Both, if necessary, I presume. What are your politics?

JACK. Well, I am afraid I really have none. I am a Liberal Unionist.

LADY BRACKNELL. Oh, they count as Tories. They dine with us. Or come in the evening, at any rate. Now to minor matters. Are your parents living?

JACK. I have lost both my parents.

LADY BRACKNELL. To lose one parent, Mr. Worthing, may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose both looks like carelessness. Who was your father? He was evidently a man of some wealth. Was he born in what the Radical papers call the purple of commerce, or did he rise from the ranks of the aristocracy?

JACK. I am afraid I really don't know. The fact is, Lady Bracknell, I said I had lost my parents. It would be nearer the truth to say that my parents seem to have lost me… I don't actually know who I am by birth. I was… well, I was found.

LADY BRACKNELL. Found!

JACK. The late Mr. Thomas Cardew, an old gentleman of a very charitable and kindly disposition, found me, and gave me the name of Worthing, because he happened to have a first-class ticket for Worthing in his pocket at the time. Worthing is a place in Sussex. It is a seaside resort.

LADY BRACKNELL. Where did the charitable gentleman who had a first-class ticket for this seaside resort find you?

JACK. [*Gravely.*] In a hand-bag.

LADY BRACKNELL. A hand-bag?

JACK. [*Very seriously.*] Yes, Lady Bracknell. I was in a hand-bag—a somewhat large, black leather hand-bag, with handles to it—an ordinary hand-bag in fact.

LADY BRACKNELL. In what locality did this Mr. James, or Thomas, Cardew come across this ordinary hand-bag?

JACK. In the cloak-room at Victoria Station. It was given to him in mistake for his own.

LADY BRACKNELL. The cloak-room at Victoria Station?

JACK. Yes. The Brighton line.

LADY BRACKNELL. The line is immaterial. Mr. Worthing, I confess I feel somewhat bewildered by what you have just told me. To be born, or at any rate bred, in a hand-bag, whether it had handles or not, seems to me to display a contempt for the ordinary decencies of family life that reminds one of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. And I presume you know what that unfortunate movement led to? As for the particular locality in which the hand-bag was found, a cloak-room at a railway station might serve to conceal a social indiscretion—has probably, indeed, been used for that purpose before now—but it could hardly be regarded as an assured basis for a recognised position in good society.

JACK. May I ask you then what you would advise me to do? I need hardly say I would do anything in the world to ensure Gwendolen's happiness.

LADY BRACKNELL. I would strongly advise you, Mr. Worthing, to try and acquire some relations as soon as possible, and to make a definite effort to produce at any rate one parent, of either sex, before the season is quite over.

JACK. Well, I don't see how I could possibly manage to do that. I can produce the hand-bag at any moment. It is in my dressing-room at home. I really think that should satisfy

you, Lady Bracknell.

LADY BRACKNELL. Me, sir! What has it to do with me? You can hardly imagine that I and Lord Bracknell would dream of allowing our only daughter—a girl brought up with the utmost care—to marry into a cloak-room, and form an alliance with a parcel? Good morning, Mr. Worthing!

[*LADY BRACKNELL sweeps out in majestic indignation.*]

4. What is the function of the first paragraph (the underlined parts on page 1)? (2 points)
5. How many people are involved in this part of the play? Who are they? And what is their relationship? (2 points)
6. Which piece of information about Jack does Lady Bracknell write down in her notebook? (3 points)
7. Who found Jack? Is the person still alive? And where did he find Jack? (3 points)
8. What is Jack's family name? Where does it come from? (3 points)
9. How does Lady Bracknell respond to Jack's origin? Find evidence from the play to support your view. (6 points)
10. Write one sentence to describe Lady Bracknell. (3 points)
11. What do you think is going to happen as far as the story goes? (3 points)

Text 3 (**Questions** 12—19) (30 points)

Here is a complete short story, *A Man Who Had No Eyes*, written by Mackinlay Kantor. Read it and answer Questions 12—19.

Please note: This reading task will be relevant to the writing task in Paper Two.

A Man Who Had No Eyes

A beggar was coming from the avenue just as Mr. Parsons emerged from his hotel. He was a blind beggar, carrying the traditional battered cane, and thumping his way before him with the cautious, half-furtive effort of the sightless. He was a shaggy, thick-necked fellow; his coat was greasy about the lapels and pockets. He wore a black pouch slung over his shoulder. Apparently he had something to sell.

The air was rich with spring. Mr. Parsons, standing there in front of his hotel and noting the clack-clack approach of the sightless man, felt a sudden and foolish sort of pity for all blind creatures.

And, thought Mr. Parsons, he was very glad to be alive. A few years ago he had been little

more than a skilled laborer; now he was successful, respected, admired. Insurance. And he had done it alone, unaided, struggling beneath handicaps. And he was still young. The blue air of spring, fresh from its memories of windy pools and lush shrubbery, could thrill him with eagerness.

He took a step forward just as the tap-tapping blind man passed him by. Quickly the shabby fellow turned.

"Listen, guv'nor. ? Just a minute of your time."

Mr. Parsons said, "It's late. I have an appointment. Do you want me to give you something?"

"I ain't no beggar, guv'nor. You bet I ain't. I got a handy little article here"—he fumbled until he could press a small object into Mr. Parsons' hand—"that I sell. One buck. Best cigarette lighter made."

Mr. Parsons stood there, somewhat annoyed and embarrassed. He was a handsome figure with his immaculate gray suit and gray hat and Malacca stick. Of course the man with the cigarette lighters could not see him··· "But I don't smoke," he said.

"Listen. I bet you know plenty people who smoke. Nice little present," pleaded the man. "And, mister, you wouldn't mind helping a poor guy out?" He clung to Mr. Parsons' sleeve.

Mr. Parsons sighed and felt in his vest pocket. He brought out two half-dollars and pressed them into the man's hand. "Certainly. I'll help you out. As you say, I can give it to someone. Maybe the elevator boy would ··· " He hesitated, not wishing to be boorish and inquisitive. "Have you lost your sight entirely?"

The shabby man pocketed the two half-dollars. "Fourteen years, guv'nor." Then he added with an insane sort of pride: "Westbury, sir. I was one of'em."

"Westbury," repeated Mr. Parsons. "Ah, yes. The chemical explosion. The papers haven't mentioned it for years. But at the time it was supposed to be one of the greatest disasters in ... "

"They've all forgot about it." The fellow shifted his feet wearily. "I tell you, guv'nor, a man who was in it don't forget about it. Last thing I ever saw as C shop going up in one grand smudge, and that damn gas pouring in at all the busted windows."

Mr. Parsons coughed. But the blind peddler was caught up with the train of his one dramatic

reminiscence. And, also, he was thinking that there might be more half-dollars in Mr. Parsons' pocket.

"Just think about it, guv'nor. There was a hundred and eight people killed, about two hundred injured, and over fifty of them lost their eyes. Blind as bats ···" He groped forward until his dirty hand rested against Mr. Parsons' coat. "I tell you, sir, there wasn't nothing worse than that in the war. If I had lost my eyes in the war, okay. I would have been well took care of. But I was just a workman. working for what was in it. And I got it. You're damn right I got it, while the capitalists were making their dough! They was insured. don't worry about that. They ···"

"Insured, " repeated his listener. "Yes. That's what I sell ···"

"You want to know how I lost my eyes?" cried the man. "Well, here it is!" His words fell with the bitter and studied drama of a story often told. and told for money. "I was there in C shop, last of all the folks rushing out. Out in the air there was a chance, even with buildings exploding right and left. A lot of guys made it safe out the door and got away. And just when I was about there, crawling alone between those big vats, a guy behind me grabs my legs. He says, 'Let me past, you ··· !' Maybe he was nuts. I dunno. I try to forgive him in my heart, guv'nor. But he was bigger than me. He hauls me back and climbs right over me! Tramples me into the dirt. And he gets out, and I lie there with all that poison gas pouring down on all sides of me and flame and stuff ···" He swallowed ··· a studied sob ··· and stood dumbly expectant. He could imagine the next words: Tough luck, my man. Damned tough. Now, I want to ··· "That's the story, guv'vor."

The spring wind shrilled past them, damp and quivering.

"Not quite," said Mr. Parsons.

The blind peddler shivered crazily. "Not quite? What do you mean. you ···?"

"The story is true," Mr. Parsons said, "except that it was the other way around."

"Other way around?" He croaked unamiably. "Say, guv'vor ··· "

"I was in C shop." said Mr. Parsons. "It was the other way around. You were the fellow who hauled back on me and climbed over me. You were bigger than I was, Markwardt."

The blind man stood for a long time swallowing hoarsely. He gulped. "Parsons. By God. By God! I thought you ···" And then he screamed fiendishly. "Yes. Maybe so. Maybe so. But I'm blind! I'm blind. and you've been standing here letting me spout to you, and laughing

at me every minute! I'm blind!"

People in the street turned to stare at him.

"You got away, but I'm blind! Do you hear? I'm ..."

"Well," said Mr. Parsons, "don't make such a row about it Markwardt. So am I."

[End]

Questions on text 3:

12. At what time of the year does the story happen? (3 points)
13. What does Mr. Parsons do for a living now? (3 points)
14. Where does Mr. Parsons meet the beggar? (2 points)
15. What does the beggar try to sell to Mr. Parsons? (2 points)
16. Read the underlined parts on P6 again. What does "Westbury" refer to? (5 points)
17. How does Mr. Parsons react when he hears the beggar's escape story? (5 points)
18. Read the underlined parts on P8 again. What happened to Mr. Parson in the explosion? How do you know? (5 points)
19. What do you think of the ending of the text? Why do you think so? (5 points)

PAPER TWO Writing (40 minutes) (30 points)

Title: An Old Workmate I Met

Instructions:

- Imagine that you are Mr. Parsons and retell the story from his point of view.
- You should stick to the original story-line and keep the basic content of the story.
- Use specific words to express your feelings and experiences as you imagine could be true of Mr. Parsons.

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英语专业文学阅读与欣赏试题答题纸

2002 年 7 月

题　号	Paper One			Paper Two	总　分
	1—3	4—11	12—19		
分　数					

Paper One Reading (70 **points**)

得　分	评卷人

1—3 on Text 1 (15 points)

1.	
2.	

3.	

得　分	评卷人

Questions 4—11 on Text 2 (25 points)

4.	
5.	
6.	
7.	
8.	

9.	
10.	

11.	

得　分	评卷人

Question 12—19 on Text 3 (30 points)

12.	
13.	
14.	
15.	
16.	

17.	
18.	
19.	

得　分	评卷人

Paper Two Writing (30 points)

An old workman I met