

英语专业考研名校真题系列丛书
Testpapers of Postgraduate Admission Examinations For English Majors

*British Literature And
American Literature*

英语专业考研

名校全真试卷

【全新精华版】

英美文学

主 编 / 张光明
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- ◎ 名校真题 ◎ 精心研读
- ◎ 题型特点 ◎ 权威分析
- ◎ 把握走向 ◎ 准确预测

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*Mastering Advanced English
Proficiency*

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英美文学

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序

对跨入大学攻读英语专业的学子们，随着学习逐步进入正常轨道，考研这个大学期间最为热门的话题，日益凸显其重要性，对学生本人，对学生的父母甚至对其亲朋好友产生着巨大的吸引力。考研为何长期魅力不减，可能除了寄托着家中父母的无限希望和迫于就业市场的无情压力外，更多的是考生本人有着更高的人生追求，希望能圆更美的梦，鲲鹏展翅，搏击长空，他们要在这辽阔的天地间一展自己的身手，难得的历练，天赐的良机，人生能遇上几次惠顾？为辉煌的事业，为人生的远大目标，应该不断追求，不断奋进，在搏击中享受其无穷的乐趣。

我们中国人学习英语，除了必要的语言天赋外，更主要的是要靠本人的长期刻苦努力。为求佐证，我们不妨回顾一下享誉海内外的前辈语言大师和翻译大师们成长的道路。从披露于书籍、报端的零星资料，我们深刻认识到：学习地道的英语，只有多下功夫，多读、多记、多背英语句子和篇章，才能出语感，多读、多记、多背、多练才能出口成章，多读、多记、多背、多练才能下笔如有神助。当然要成为合格的高级外语人才，除了外语功底深厚之外，还要有深厚的语言学、文学知识，对中外文化有透彻的理解。张培基、许国璋、范存忠、葛传槱等无不是靠多读、多记、多背、多练才成为学贯中西、汉英两种语言造诣很深的大家。

谈到大学本科的外语学习，人们总会提起听、说、读、写、译五项技能。在大学高年级阶段，我们不能把上述五项技能的学习和提高单一起来看。譬如口语，你能读懂口语教材，并不等于你会说，更不等于你说得流利、地道。口语、阅读与写作有着密切的联系，彼此可以相互促进、提高。但是，口语好并不一定写作很好，不等于你能用高质量的书面语准确地把你的思想表达出来。知识不等于技能，不等于学习者拥有了熟练运用的能力。再譬如，“译”是五项技能中的重要一项，是综合能力的体现。我们说，学好外语是做好翻译的一个必备的条件，但还不是一个充分的条件。要使自己成为一个称职的翻译，必须根据翻译职业的理念和翻译操作中固有的特点，长期严格、刻苦地实践，对各种技巧能够娴熟运用，能够发现问题、独立解决问题。唯有如此，才有可能成为一个合格的翻译工作者。翻译与写作都是一项非常辛苦、集多种能

力和技艺于一身的综合性技能，来不得半点的马虎和虚假。

谈到英语专业学生的考研准备，因为研究生阶段的培养目标和本科阶段相去甚远，研究生阶段的研究型学习的特点要求我们不但要系统、深入地钻研本科阶段所学过的专业课，还要根据自己所报考院校的研究重点有针对性地去涉猎相关领域最新的研究成果。鉴于此，我们认为，英语专业考研的准备宜早不宜迟，从二年级就要着手考虑并认真进行相应的准备，尽早确定所要报考的学校和专业，然后制定详细可行的读书计划。考研的方向确定至关重要，兴趣和学科的潜在前景是下决心的依据，有了方向，努力的目标便非常明确，进而取得事半功倍的效果。这是“知知者不如好知者，好知者不如乐知者”使然。同学们既然选定一个方向，就要坚定地走下去，并决心为之不懈奋斗，直至取得斐然成就。英语专业考基础英语（如语法、词汇、阅读、汉英互译、写作等）、英语语言学（如语言学家、流派、术语、概念、选段分析等）和英美文学（如作家、作品、文学术语、概念、作品分析等）等三门专业课，此外还有第二外语、政治等。专业课的准备是一个相对长期的过程，阅读伊始，同学们就应认真做好每一门专业的笔记，以备后期复习、记背，谁的基础打得牢，谁准备得充分，谁就肯定胜券在握。

从这个思路出发，我们组织一批有着多年英语专业考研辅导经验的博士生和硕士生导师编写了本套系列丛书。本丛书具有如下特色：一、**精选真题**。所用范题全部都是各大院校的最新真题，紧跟国内外和本单位基础科研的最新成果，具有时代特色。二、**凸显特色**。各院校在真题中都体现了其科研和教学特色，突显了自己的优势专业。读者一套书在手，若能认真读透，灵活运用，就很有希望拿到你所向往大学研究生的入场券。三、**涵盖面广**。本套丛书涵盖了全国所有主要大学专业英语的最新真题，其对考研者的巨大价值不言自明。四、**讲解精透**。编者在精心研究、透彻理解真题的基础上，研析、参考了其他学者、老师的评析成果，吸收了其精妙部分，补充或更正了其讲解模糊甚至错误部分，竭力使本丛书能够站得稳，立得久，经得住时间的检验。如果同学们能够读懂、读透，并认真做丛书提供的各种考题，对好句、好段能大量积累，熟读成诵，你们头脑中储存的上述几门专业的词汇、信息、知识就会与日俱增，运用起来就有可能游刃有余，到了考场，自然就会“胸藏万汇凭吞吐，笔有千钧任歛张”。以上是本人阅读丛书后所产生的想法和体会，虽不成系统，却是肺腑之言。

解放军国际关系学院博士生导师 张光明

前

言

Preface

作为一门历史悠久的人文学科——文学，无论是早期的口述文学，还是当代的网络文学，在人类的发展史上占有了重要的一席之地。我们甚至可以说，一路走来，文学记录了人类乃至人类社会发展的历史。另一方面，尽管相比较文学或文学作品本身而言，文学评论只有短短的几百年发展历程，但是正是文学评论成就了文学现在的地位。文学作品、文学评论，便构成了英美文学的主体。由于这门课程的内容驳杂，文学理论与哲学、心理学、历史学、社会学等人文科学的思潮息息相关，又加之文学课程主要开设于我国高校外语专业高年级阶段，与其他的课程混杂在一起，高年级学生总有些有心无力之感，直接导致了后期考研复习对文学甚至文学方向产生了望而却步之感。

目前我国英语语言文学专业硕士研究生入学考试并没有全国设定统一的考试大纲，且不同院校在考试要求、命题特点方面不尽相同，特别是各大院校在题型设置、内容难易程度等都有着较大的区别。再者，不同的院校，由于其研究方向的不同，对文学知识的考查又会有不同的侧重。因此，研究这些学校的考研真题非常有必要。为此，我们系统地研究了一些名校近几年的英语专业硕士研究生入学考试大纲和要求，认真分析了多所高校英语专业“文学”考研真题，精心挑选了具有代表性的部分真题进行详尽解析，编写了英语语言文学专业“英美文学”考研复习资料，希冀能够帮助考生们抓住试题背后的基础知识并找寻到命题规律，从而顺利地通过研究生入学考试。

本书是一本解答国内众多名校英语专业硕士研究生入学考试“英美文学”历年真题的复习参考资料。它根据众多院校“英美文学”试题的内容架构和难易程度，从全国英语专业实力较强的10所院校挑选出近几年的文学真题试

卷，并提供了详细的参考答案及思路解析。每份试卷开始部分还附有相关院校的简介和命题特点。可以毫不夸张的说，通过参考本书，读者可以全面解英语专业硕士研究生入学考试的最高水平和各个院校“英美文学”考研试题的出题思路和解题技巧。对于有意报考英语专业方向的考生来说，本书亦是一本不可多得的文学课程学习的辅导资料。

由于种种原因，英语专业硕士研究生入学考试真题的收集和参考答案的整理是非常困难的。幸运的是，我们在编著过程中得到了许多院校师生的协助。安徽财经大学外国语学院为我们提供了便利的条件，给予了我们诸多支持和鼓励。同时，我们也参考了众多院校英语专业英美文学教科书和讲义及相关资料和文献，在此一并致以诚挚的谢意。

参加本书编写工作的有安徽财经大学外国语学院的闫正坤、尤晓刚、黄秋畅、辛媛媛、梁良等教师。由于编者水平有限，且时间仓促，错误和疏漏之处在所难免，不当之处，恳切期望国内外专家同行和读者惠予批评指正，不甚感激。

编者

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总论

一、复习准备

英美文学博大精深,涉及到众多大家名作。虽然许多学校都为英语专业本科高年级学生开设了一年的英美文学课程,但是受到教学水平以及文化差异的影响,学生学习起来不易把握重心,许多学生在课程结束之后对文学依然一知半解。对于备考英语专业研究生的学生来说,英美文学的书本似乎高不可攀,而有些大学的研究生考试又要求必须考查英美文学的知识,于是他们便止住了脚步,放弃了进一步深造的梦想。那么,应该如何进行英美文学的复习,从而逾越这一难关呢?编者提出以下建议供考生们参考:

第一,认真研究考研试卷以及复习用书。每个大学院校的英美文学的重心与重点也不尽相同,有些注重经典文学的研究,有些擅长现当代文学的作家作品,而各个院校指定的复习参考用书也有很大的差别。一般而言,英国文学方面常见的参考书目包括陈嘉教授编写的*A History of English Literature*(四卷本)、刘秉善教授的《英国文学简史》、罗经国教授的《新编英国文学选读》;美国文学方面则包括常耀信教授的《美国文学简史》以及陶洁教授的《美国文学选读》。在备考时,建议考生一定要认真研读所报考院校的考研试卷,把握该学校对文学的要求。对现当代文学要求较高的学校,可以参考王守仁编撰的《英国文学选读》与陶洁教授的《美国文学选读》。

第二,培养阅读分析的把握。许多学校的文学卷都有诗歌和小说的分析。这一部分对考生文本分析的要求比较高。而在平时复习的时候,很多考生总是以看为主,很少有人能够就小说或诗歌的节选进行文本分析。在看书的时候总会有些遗漏,考试所选用的文本也千变万化,因此平时学习中不进行文本分析的话,考试很难拿到高分。而且考试中,有些考生对细节归纳不够,另外一些考生语言表述能力不行。前一种考生,选择题做得不够理想,而后面的文章节选,就更不好办。后一种考生记得住细节,但是拼写语法错误多,知道作家的姓名,但是拼写不对,那样丢分就十分遗憾了。因此,在准备文学考试的时候,考生在看书的基础上,一定要多写多练,这样才能获得一个不错的分数。

第三,文学的复习要抓住主线。英美文学的考生在文学复习过程中一定要理清主线,这样,慢慢地就会理解文学并掌握作家和作品的特点。比如,英国文学的复习可以从各种不同的文学运动和流派入手进行整体把握,而美国文学的复习可以从美国梦的兴起——破灭——重构的角度进行整理文学作品。

二、题型分析

综观各院校的英美文学试卷真题,我们可以发现大部分高校的题型趋同,一般有选择题、填空题、名词解释和问答题。考查的内容却不尽相同,有的以基础知识为主,如南开大学;有的则专门考查文学知识的综合运用能力,如北京外国语大学。当然,大部分的院校对这两方面知识都有所考查,所以考生在准备考试的过程中要多进行思考,或横向或纵向比较文学作品,从而提高个人的文学修养和文论水平。

另外,大多数的院校都会在试卷中出现诗歌分析或小说的片段分析,考查考生的语篇分析能力。遇到此类题目,考生一定要回顾熟记的知识点,可以通过节选诗歌或小说的流派或作家的特点对作品进行分析。而针对不同的院校,又会有不同的侧重点。比如一些院校多会考查现当代文学的知识,比如南京大学和上海交通大学近年来的试题对后现代主义作家作品多有涉及。这些知识经常被忽略,因此考生在备考时要多加留意,从而做到考试时有备无患。

总的来说,无论题型多么千变万化,只要考生能够灵活把握英美文学的理论知识,并辅以扎实的英语基本功,在考研中稳夺高分还是唾手可得的事情。

北京外国语大学

一、学校简介

北京外国语大学坐落在北京市海淀区西三环北路，在三环路两侧分设东西两院，是教育部直属、国家首批“211工程”建设的全国重点大学之一，是目前我国高等院校中历史悠久、教授语种最多、办学层次齐全的外国语大学。学校目前已基本形成了以外国语言文学学科为主体，文、法、经、管多学科协调发展的专业格局。其中外国语言文学是北京外国语大学具有传统优势的特色学科。北京外国语大学作为培养外交、翻译、经贸、新闻、法律、金融等涉外高素质人才的重要基地，取得了突出的成绩，为国家培养了7万余名高质量的涉外人才。

二、命题特点

北京外国语大学硕士研究生入学考试英美文学方向的试题所考查的内容主要以英美经典和现代文学为主，难度中等。从试卷上看，虽然看似对文学史的要求较低，只有三十分的内容，但是北外的考试侧重于考查考生文学素养，对考生的综合能力及语言能力提出了要求，尤其在2008、2009年的小说分析中出现的文章《很久很久以前》和《熟路》，文章均逾两千字。因此，如何在三个小时中将文章压缩成二百字的短文并完成人物形象与小说主题的分析将成为考生备考时应该注意的问题。

三、题型解析

考试试题主要有三种题型：

Section I Matching

Match each of the following ten passages with its author. There are more authors than passages here, and one author may be matched with more than one passage. Write the passage number (1-10) and the corresponding author letter (A-L) for each answer.

第一大项匹配题。作者的姓名与作品的节选已经给出，考生须将作品与作者的姓名匹配在一起。每小题3分，共30分。

【解析】这一部分是考查考生对文学史以及文学作品的了解。所考查的作者与作品都是些名家名作，因此难度一般。由于作者的姓名已经给出，即使对其作品不熟悉，也可以利用作者的写作风格对答案进行排除。但是需要注意的是，本题不是十二选十的单选题，有时也会出现同一个作家的两篇文章供选择的情况，如2008年试卷中的弗罗斯特、2007年试卷中的爱默生就曾出现了两次。

Section II Short Story

1. Summarize the plot of the following story in your own words. (around 200 words) (30 points)
2. Make a brief comment on the characterization of Phoenix Jackson. (30 points)
3. Define the major theme of the following short story. (40 points)

第二大项故事分析。本项共三道题：第一题为描述故事概要，主要考查考生的综合概括能力，本题30分，第二题为评述小说人物形象，主要考查考生的分析能力，本题30分，第三项为分析小说主题，主要考查考生的文论基础，本题40分。

【解析】这一部分整体考查了考生的语言能力、文本分析能力以及文论的基础，分值占到了总分的三分之二。题文所给出的小说长短不一，均在2000字以上，这就对考生综合能力提出了要求。而且这一部分的题目比较灵活，可供考查的文本选择面较广，有些文章和作家考生甚至从未接触过，因此准备起来比较困难。考生可在备考阶段有意识地精读一些短篇小说，做些概括练习并对文

章的主题和人物性格进行分析,力求能够有所突破。

Section III Critical Thinking

Identify errors in logic or reasoning, if any, in the following arguments. Briefly explain the cause of error.

第三大项为逻辑分析题。考生须指出语句中的逻辑错误,并加以说明。每题5分,共20分。

【解析】这一部分的难度相对而言比较小,考试主要考查的是语言中的逻辑错误,并不涉及像GMAT或GRE中常出的逻辑理解题。虽然,这一部分主要是考查逻辑分析以及三段论的基础知识,但让考生头痛的却是语言表述的严谨性,如“三段论”,“大前提”,“小前提”以及“结论”等术语的使用。编者在此列出一些常用的术语供大家参考:

major premise (大前提)、minor premise (小前提)、conclusion (结论)、syllogism (三段论)、logical error (逻辑错误)、rule of thumb (经验法则)、substantial condition (充分条件)、necessary condition (必要条件)、antecedent (前件)、consequent (后件)

四、真题解析

北京外国语大学2009年英语语言文学专业 英美文学试题

Section I Matching

(30 points)

Match each of the following ten passages with its author. There are more authors than passages here, and one author may be matched with more than one passage.

Write the passage number (1-10) and the corresponding author letter (A-L) for each answer. For example, the following is Passage 2:

Only one same reason is shared by all of us: we wish to create worlds as real as, but other than the world that is. Or was. This is why we cannot plan. We know a world is an organism, not a machine. We also know that a genuinely created world must be independent of its creator; a planned world (a world that fully reveals its planning) is a dead world. It is only when our characters and events begin to disobey us that they begin to live.

And its author is [M] Fowles. Then your answer should be: 2M.

● Passage 1 ●

1. Fourthly, the constant breeders, besides the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

● Passage 2 ●

2. How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.

● Passage 3 ●

3. It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way.

● Passage 4 ●

4. April is the cruelest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.

● Passage 5 ●

5. They cussed Jim considerable, though, and give him a cuff or two, side the head, once in a while, but Jim never said nothing, and he never let on to know me, and they took him to the same cabin, and put his own clothes on him, and chained him again, and not to no bed-leg, this time, but to a big staple drove into the bottom log, and chained his hands, too, and both legs, and said he wasn't to have nothing but bread and water to eat, after this, till his owner come or he was sold at auction.

● Passage 6 ●

6. Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

● Passage 7 ●

7. Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world.

● Passage 8 ●

8. The Soul selects her own Society—
Then—shuts the Door—
To her divine Majority—
Presents no more—

● Passage 9 ●

9. "It is a part of Miss Havisham's plans for me, Pip," said Estella, with a sigh, as if she were tired; "I am to write to her constantly and see her regularly, and report how I go on—I and

the jewels—for they are nearly all mine now."

● Passage 10 ●

10. Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

● Authors ●

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------|
| A. T. S. Eliot | H. Robert Frost |
| B. William Wordsworth | I. Mark Twain |
| C. Charles Dickens | J. William Shakespeare |
| D. Jonathan Swift | K. Emily Dickinson |
| E. John Milton | L. Ralph W. Emerson |
| F. Francis Bacon | M. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow |
| G. Percy Bysshe Shelley | |

Section II Short Story

(100 points)

1. Summarize the plot of the following story in your own words (around 200 words). (30 points)
2. Make a brief comment on the characterization of the man and his wife. (30 points)
3. Define the major theme of the following short story. (40 points)

Once Upon a Time

Nadine Gordimer

Someone has written to ask me to contribute to an anthology of stories for children. I reply that I don't write children's stories; and he writes back that at a recent congress/book fair/seminar a certain novelist said every writer ought to write at least one story for children. I think of sending a postcard saying I don't accept that I "ought" to write anything.

And then last night I woke up—or rather was awakened without knowing what had roused me.

A voice in the echo-chamber of the subconscious?

A sound.

A creaking of the kind made by the weight carried by one foot after another along a wooden floor. I listened. I felt the apertures of my ears distend with concentration. Again: the creaking. I was waiting for it; waiting to hear if it indicated that feet were moving from room to room, coming up the passage—to my door. I have no burglar bars, no gun under the pillow, but I have the same fears as people who do take these precautions, and my windowpanes are thin as rime, could shatter like a wineglass. A woman was murdered (how do they put it) in broad daylight in a house two blocks away, last year, and the fierce dogs who guarded an old widower and his collection of antique clocks were strangled before he was knifed by a casual laborer he had dismissed without pay.

I was staring at the door, making it out in my mind rather than seeing it, in the dark. I lay

quite still—a victim already—the arrhythmia of heart was fleeing, knocking this way and that against its body-cage. How finely tuned the senses are, just out of rest, sleep! I could never listen intently as that in the distractions of the day, I was reading every faintest sound, identifying and classifying its possible threat.

But I learned that I was to be neither threatened nor spared. There was no human weight pressing on the boards, the creaking was a buckling, an epicenter of stress. I was in it. The house that surrounds me while I sleep is built on undermined ground; far beneath my bed, the floor, the house's foundations, the stopes and passages of gold mines have hollowed the rock, and when some face trembles, detaches and falls, three thousand feet below, the whole house shifts slightly, bringing uneasy strain to the balance and counterbalance of brick, cement, wood and glass the hold it as a structure around me. The misbeats of my heart tailed off like the last muffled flourishes on one of the wooden xylophones made by the Chopi and Tsonga migrant miners who might have been down there, under me in the earth at that moment. The stope where the fall was could have been disused, dripping water from its ruptured veins; or men might now be interred there in the most profound of tombs.

I couldn't find a position in which my mind would let go of my body—release me to sleep again. So I began to tell myself a story, a bedtime story.

In a house, in a suburb, in a city, there were a man and his wife who loved each other very much and were living happily ever after. They had a little boy, they loved him very much. They had a cat and a dog that the little boy loved very much. They had a car and a caravan trailer for holidays, and a swimming-pool which was fenced so that the little boy and his playmates would not fall in and drown. They had a housemaid who was absolutely trustworthy and an itinerant gardener who was highly recommended by the neighbors. For when they began to live happily ever after they were warned, by that wise old witch, the husband's mother, not to take on anyone off the street. They were inscribed in a medical benefit society, their pet dog was licensed, they were insured against fire, flood damage and theft, and subscribed to the local Neighborhood Watch, which supplied them with a plaque for their gates lettered YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED over the silhouette of a would-be intruder. He was masked; it could not be said if he was black or white, and therefore proved the property owner was no racist.

It was not possible to insure the house, the swimming pool or the car against riot damage. There were riots, but these were outside the city, where people of another color were quartered. These people were not allowed into the suburb except as reliable housemaids and gardeners, so there was nothing to fear, the husband told the wife. Yet she was afraid that some day such people might come up the street and tear off the plaque YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED and open the gates and stream in...Nonsense, my dear, said the husband, there are police and soldiers and tear-gas and guns to keep them away. But to please her—for he loved her very much and buses were being burned, cars stoned, and schoolchildren shot by the police in those quarters out of sight and hearing of the suburb—he had electronically controlled gates fitted. Anyone who pulled off the sign YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED and tried to open the gates would have to announce his intentions by pressing a button and speaking into a receiver relayed to the house. The little boy was fascinated by the device and used it as a walkie-talkie in cops and robbers play with his small friends.

The riots were suppressed, but there were many burglaries in the suburb and somebody's

trusted housemaid was tied up and shut in a cupboard by thieves while she was in charge of her employers' house. The trusted housemaid of the man and wife and little boy was so upset by this misfortune befalling a friend left, as she herself often was, with responsibility for the possessions of the man and his wife and the little boy that she implored her employers to have burglar bars attached to the doors and windows of the house, and an alarm system installed. The wife said, She is right, let us take heed of her advice. So from every window and door in the house where they were living happily ever after they now saw the trees and sky through bars, and when the little boy's pet cat tried to climb in by the fanlight to keep him company in his little bed at night, as it customarily had done, it set off the alarm keening through the house.

The alarm was often answered—it seemed—by other burglar alarms, in other houses, that had been triggered by pet cats or nibbling mice. The alarms called to one another across the gardens in shrills and bleats and wails that everyone soon became accustomed to, so that the din roused the inhabitants of the suburb no more than the croak of frogs and musical grating of cicadas' legs. Under cover of the electronic harpies' discourse intruders sawed the iron bars and broke into homes, taking away hi-fi equipment, television sets, cassette players, cameras and radios, jewelry and clothing, and sometimes were hungry enough to devour everything in the refrigerator or paused audaciously to drink the whisky in the cabinets or patio bars. Insurance companies paid no compensation for single malt, a loss made keener by the property owner's knowledge that the thieves wouldn't even have been able to appreciate what it was they were drinking.

Then the time came when many of the people who were not trusted housemaids and gardeners hung about the suburb because they were unemployed. Some importuned for a job: weeding or painting a roof; anything, baas (boss), madam. But the man and his wife remembered the warning about taking on anyone off the street. Some drank liquor and fouled the street with discarded bottles. Some begged, waiting for the man or his wife to drive the car out of the electronically operated gates. They sat about with their feet in the gutters, under the jacaranda trees that made a green tunnel of the street—for it was a beautiful suburb, spoilt only by their presence—and sometimes they fell asleep lying right before the gates in the midday sun. The wife could never see anyone go hungry. She sent the trusted housemaid out with bread and tea but the trusted housemaid said these were loafers and tsotsis (criminals), who would come and tie her and shut her in a cupboard. The husband said, She's right. Take heed of her advice. You only encourage them with your bread and tea. They are looking for their chance... And he brought the little boy's tricycle from the garden into the house every night, because if the house was surely secure, once locked and with the alarm set, someone might still be able to climb over the wall or the electronically closed gates into the garden.

You are right, said the wife, then the wall should be higher. And the wise old witch, the husband's mother, paid for the extra bricks as her Christmas present to her son and his wife—the little boy got a Space Man outfit and a book of fairy tales.

But every week there were more reports of intrusion: in broad daylight and the dead of night in the early hours of the morning, and even in the lovely summer twilight—a certain family was at dinner while the bedrooms were being ransacked upstairs. The man and his wife, talking of the latest armed robbery in the suburb, were distracted by the sight of the little boy's pet effortlessly arriving over the seven-foot wall, descending first with a rapid bracing of extended forepaws down on the sheer vertical surface, and then a graceful launch, landing with swishing tail within

the property. The whitewashed wall was marked with the cat's comings and goings and on the street side of the wall there were larger red-earth smudges that could have been made by the kind of broken running shoes, seen on the feet of unemployed loiterers, that had no innocent destination.

When the man and wife and little boy took the pet dog for its walk round the neighborhood streets they no longer paused to admire this show of roses or that perfect lawn; these were hidden behind an array of different varieties of security fences, walls and devices. The man, wife, little boy and dog passed a remarkable choice: there was the low-cost option of pieces of broken glass embedded in cement along the top of walls, there were iron grilles ending in lance-points, there were attempts at reconciling the aesthetics of prison architecture with the Spanish Villa (spikes painted pink) and with the plaster urns of neoclassical facades (twelve-inch pikes finned like zigzags of lightning and painted pure white). Some walls had a small board affixed, giving the name and telephone number of the firm responsible for the installation of the devices. While the little boy and the pet dog raced ahead, the husband and wife found themselves comparing the possible effectiveness of each style against its appearance; and after several weeks when they paused before this barricade or that without needing to speak, both came out with the conclusion that only one was worth considering. It was the ugliest but the most honest in its suggestion of the pure concentration-camp style, no frills, all evident efficacy. Placed the length of walls, it consisted of a continuous coil of stiff and shining metal serrated into jagged blades, so that there would be no way of climbing over it and no way through its tunnel without getting entangled in its fangs. There would be no way out, only a struggle getting bloodier and bloodier, a deeper and sharper hooking and tearing of flesh. The wife shuddered to look at it. You're right, said the husband, anyone would think twice... And they took heed of the advice on a small board fixed the wall: Consult DRAGON'S TEETH The People For Total Security.

Next day a gang of workmen came and stretched the razor-bladed coils all round the walls of the house where the husband and wife and little boy and pet dog and cat were living happily ever after. The sunlight flashed and slashed, off the serrations, the cornice of razor thorns encircled the home, shining. The husband said, Never mind. It will weather. The wife said, You're wrong. They guarantee it's rust-proof. And she waited until the little boy had run off to play before she said, I hope the cat will take heed... The husband said, Don't worry, my dear, cats always look before they leap. And it was true that from that day on the cat slept in the little boy's bed and kept to the garden, never risking a try at breaching security.

One evening, the mother read the little boy to sleep with a fairy story from the book the wise old witch had given him at Christmas. Next day he pretended to be the Prince who braves the terrible thicket of thorns to enter the palace and kiss the Sleeping Beauty back to life: he dragged a ladder to the wall, the shining coiled tunnel was just wide enough for his little body to creep in, and with the first fixing of its razor-teeth in his knees and hands and head he screamed and struggled deeper into its tangle. The trusted housemaid and the itinerant gardener, whose "day" it was, came running, the first to see and to scream with him, and the itinerant gardener tore this hands trying to get at the little boy. Then the man and his wife burst wildly into the garden and for some reason (the cat, probably) the alarm set up wailing against the screams while the bleeding mass of the little boy was hacked out of the security coil with saws, wire-cutters, choppers, and they carried it-the man, the wife, the hysterical trusted housemaid and the weeping gardener-into