

國立成功大學外文研究所九十二學年度碩士班入學考  
美國文學試題

注意事項：

1. 答案一律寫在答案紙上，不必抄題，但需標明題號。
2. 試題與答案紙一併繳回。

1. Which two of the following three passages share a similar theme? Explain. 20%
  - a. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs?
  - b. I loafe and invite my soul,  
I lean and loafe at my ease of observing a spear of summer grass.  
.....  
Creeds and schools in abeyance,  
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,  
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,  
Nature without check with original energy.
  - c. The authority of government, . . . is still an impure one: to be strictly just, it must have the sanction and consent of the governed. It can have no pure right over my person and property but what I concede to it. The progress from an absolute to a limited monarchy, from a limited monarchy to a democracy, is a progress toward a true respect for the individual.
2. Which two of the following three passages come from literary works of the same literary period of American literature? Identify the period and explain what makes you think that the two passages of your choice are works of the same period. 20%
  - a. At Aquiday also Mrs. Hutchinson exercised publicly, and she and her party . . . would have no magistracy. She sent also an admonition to the church of Boston; but the elders would not read it publicly because she was excommunicated. By these examples we may see how dangerous it is to slight the censures of the church; for it was apparent that God had given them up to strange delusions. . . . Mrs. Hutchinson and some of her adherents happened to be at prayer when the earthquake was at Aquiday, etc., and the house being shaken thereby, they were persuaded . . . that the Holy Ghost did shake it in coming down upon them, as He did upon the apostles.
  - b. Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Drawn by its severe harmony, ravished with its beauty,

he lived in it, and had his being there. Alone in all history, he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me. He saw that God incarnates himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of his world.

- c. Before I knew what affliction meant, I was ready sometimes to wish for it. When I lived in prosperity, having the comforts of the world about me, and yet seeing many, whom I preferred before myself, under many trials and afflictions, in sickness, weakness, poverty, losses, crosses, and cares of the world, I should be sometimes jealous lest I should have my portion in this life, and that Scripture would come to my mind, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every Son whom he receiveth."

3. Explain how the narrative techniques of the following three passages differ from one another. 20%

- a. "The marvelous thing is that it's painless," he said. "That's how you know when it starts."

"Is it really?"

"Absolutely. I'm awfully sorry about the odor though. That must bother you."

"Don't! Please don't."

"Look at them," he said. "Now is it sight or is it scent that brings them like that?"

The cot the man lay on was in the wide shade of a mimosa tree and as he looked out past the shade onto the glare of the plain there were three of the big birds squatted obscenely, while in the sky a dozen more sailed, making quick-moving shadows as they passed.

- b. The sermon which he now delivered, was marked by the same characteristics of style and manner, as the general series of his pulpit oratory. But there was something, either in the sentiment of the discourse itself, or in the imagination of the auditors, which made it greatly the most powerful effort that they had ever heard from their pastor's lips. It was tinged, rather more darkly than usual, with the gentle gloom of Mr. Hooper's temperament. A subtle power was breathed into his words. Each member of the congregation, the most innocent girl, and the man of hardened breast, felt as if the preacher had crept upon them, behind his awful veil, and discovered their hoarded iniquity of deed or thought.

- c. The preceding Tale is given, almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at the corporation meeting of the ancient city of the Manhattoes, at

which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow, in pepper and salt clothes, with a sadly humourous face, and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor, he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded, there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen, who had been asleep the greater part of the time.

4. Compare the following two poems in terms of the speaker. 40%

Heaven by Cathy Song

He thinks when we die we'll go to China.

Think of it—a Chinese heaven

where, except for his blond hair,

the part that belongs to his father,

everyone will look like him.

China, that blue flower on the map,

bluer than the sea

his hand must span like a bridge

to reach it.

An octave away.

I've never seen it.

It's as if I can't sing that far.

But look—

on the map, this black dot.

Here is where we live,

on the pancake plains

just east of the Rockies,

on the other side of the clouds.

A mile above the sea,

the air is so thin, you can starve on it.

No bamboo trees

but the alpine equivalent,

reedy aspen with light, fluttering leaves.

Did a boy in Guanzhou dream of this

as his last stop?

I've heard the trains at night

whistling past our yards,

what we've come to own,  
the broken fences, the whiny dog, the rattletrap cars.  
It's still the wild west,  
mean and grubby,  
the shootouts and fistfights in the back alley.  
With my son the dreamer  
and my daughter, who is too young to walk,  
I've sat in this spot  
and wondered why here?  
Why in this short life,  
this town, this creek they call a river?

He had never planned to stay,  
the boy who helped to build  
the railroads for a dollar a day.  
He had always meant to go back.  
When did he finally know  
that each mile of track led him further away,  
that he would die in his sleep,  
dispossessed,  
having seen Gold Mountain,  
the icy wind tunneling through it,  
these landlocked, makeshift ghost towns?

It must be in the blood,  
this notion of returning.  
It skipped two generations, lay fallow,  
the garden an unmarked grave.  
On a spring sweater day  
it's as if we remember him.  
I call to the children.  
We can see the mountains  
shimmering blue above the air.  
If you look really hard  
says my son the dreamer,  
leaning out from the laundry's rigging,  
the work shirts fluttering like sails,  
you can see all the way to heaven.

Mnemonic<sup>\*</sup> by Li-Young Lee

I was tired. So I lay down.  
My lids grew heavy. So I slept.  
Slender memory, stay with me.

I was cold once. So my father took off his blue sweater.  
It is the sweater he wore to America,  
this one, which I've grown into, whose sleeves are too long,  
whose elbows have thinned, who outlives its rightful owner.  
Flamboyant blue in daylight, poor blue by daylight,  
it is black in the folds.

A serious man who devised complex systems of numbers and rhymes  
to aid him in remembering, a man who forgot nothing, my father  
would be ashamed of me.

Not because I'm forgetful,  
but because there is no order  
to my memory, a heap  
of details, uncatalogued, illogical.

For instance:

God was lonely. So he made me.  
My father loved me. So he spanked me.  
It hurt him to do so. He did it daily.

The earth is flat. Those who fall off don't return.  
The earth is round. All things reveal themselves to men only gradually.

I won't last. Memory is sweet.  
Even when it's painful, memory is sweet.

Once, I was cold. So my father took off his blue sweater.

\*1. the art of improving or developing the memory; 2. a word, short poem, or sentence that is intended to help one remember things.