

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。

I. Quotation explications: 60%

In this section, please explain the literary significance of each of the following four quotations. To illustrate the significance of each quotation, you may want to consider and explain if it is typical of a particular writer and if it involves a particular technique and, as such, representative of a literary movement or influencing later \ other writers.

I.1 (15%)

Let us go then, you and I,

When the evening is spread out against the sky

Like a patient etherised upon a table;

Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,

The muttering retreats

Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels

And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:

Streets that follow like a tedious argument

Of insidious intent

To lead you to an overwhelming question ...

Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"

Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go

Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,

The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes

Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,

Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,

Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,

Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,

And seeing that it was a soft October night,

Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

(背面仍有題目,請繼續作答)

編號：G 21

系所：外國語文學系甲組

科目：美國文學

I. 2 (15%)

Why, there's John at the door?

It is no use, young man, you can't open it!

How he does call and pound!

Now he's crying for an axe.

It would be a shame to break down that beautiful door!

"John, dear! Said I in the gentlest voice, "the key is down by the front steps, under a plantain leaf!"

That silenced him for a few moments.

Then he said—very quietly indeed—"Open the door, my darling!"

"I can't," said I. "The key is down by the front door under a plantain leaf!"

And then I said it again, several times, very gently and slowly, and said it so often that he had to go and see, and he got it of course, and came it. He stopped short by the door.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "For God's sake, what are you doing!"

I kept on creeping just the same, but I looked at him over my shoulder.

"I've got out at last," said I, "in spite of you and Jane!" And I've pulled off most of the paper, so you can't put me back!"

Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!

I. 3 (15%)

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,

The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are with me,

The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate into new tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,

And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,

And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,

We have had ducking and deprecating about enough,

I show that size is only development.

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?

It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every one, and still pass on.

I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,

I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night.

Press close bare-bosom'd night - press close magnetic nourishing
night!

Night of south winds - night of the large few stars!

Still nodding night - mad naked summer night.

Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!

Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!

Earth of departed sunset - earth of the mountains misty-topt!

Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!

Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!

Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my
sake!

Far-swooping elbow'd earth - rich apple-blossom'd earth!

Smile, for your lover comes.

Prodigal, you have given me love - therefore I to you give love!

O unspeakable passionate love.

I. 4 (15%)

Dear God,

I am fourteen years old. ~~I am~~ I have always been a good girl. Maybe you can give me a sign letting me know what is happening to me.

Last spring after little Lucious come I heard them fussing. He was pulling on her arm. She say It too soon, Fonso, I ain't well. Finally he leave her alone. A week go by, he pulling on her arm again. She say Naw, I ain't gonna. Can't you see I'm already half dead, an all of these children.

She went to visit her sister doctor over Macon. Left me to see after the others. He never had a kine word to say to me. Just say You gonna do what your mammy wouldn't. First he put his thing up gainst my hip and sort of wiggle it around. Then he grab hold my titties. Then he push his thing inside my pussy. When that hurt, I cry. He start to choke me, saying You better shut up and git used to it.

But I don't never git used to it. And now I feels sick every time I be the one to cook. My mama she fuss at me an look at me. She happy, cause he good to her now. But too sick to last long.

II. Essay questions: When you answer these two questions, DO NOT repeat any literary works that you use to illustrate your points. 40%

1. Please compare / contrast the representation of the ethnic character (the Native-American, the Afro-American, the Chinese-American, etc.) in works by at least two different ethnic writers. For example, you want to compare the representation

(背面仍有題目,請繼續作答)

of the Native-American in a work by a Native-American writer with that in a work by a Caucasian writer. 20%

2. Self-reliance is an important theme in American literature. But, does it bear the same meanings to men as to women? Please answer this question by analyzing EITHER a male and a female characters in the same work OR those in different works. 20%