

## 國立臺北科技大學九十九學年度碩士班招生考試

系所組別：6220 應用英文系碩士班乙組

## 第二節 西方文化經典詮釋 試題

第一頁 共五頁

**注意事項：**

1. 本試題共 5 題，Part I, 1 題配分 40 分，Part II, 4 題，請選 2 題作答，配分 60 分。合計配分共 100 分。
2. 請標明大題、子題編號作答，不必抄題。
3. 全部答案均須在答案卷之答案欄內作答，否則不予計分。

**Part I. Essay question 40 points**

Respond to the question below. Be sure to provide specific examples either from the works on the reading list or from any other works of English literature with which you are familiar.

Is it not monstrous that this player here, / But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, /  
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit / That from her working all his visage  
 wann'd/ Tears in his eyes . . . / And all for nothing! / For Hecuba! / What's Hecuba to  
 him, or he to her, / That he should weep for her . . . ?

-- Hamlet II.ii

Discuss western attitudes toward art; its function, its power, its limitations, its dangers.

Possible topics include: beauty; narrative and the creation of self; self-referential literature; truth and fiction; deception; problems of interpretation; art and social criticism

**Part II. Explication 60 points (30 points for each passage)**

Choose **two (2)** of the passages below and provide a close reading of each passage you choose: discuss the thematic content and significance of the passage by paying particular attention to the linguistic and formal elements (word choice, tone, meter, rhyme, alliteration, use of figurative language)

(a) from Walter Pater, The Conclusion to *The Renaissance*

To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. In a sense it might even be said that our failure is to form habits: for, after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world, and meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations, seem alike. While all melts under our feet, we may well grasp at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours, and curious odours, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the very brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening. With this sense of the splendour of our experience and of its awful brevity, gathering all we are into one desperate effort to see and touch, we shall hardly have time to make theories about the things we see and touch. What we have to do is to be for ever curiously testing new opinions and courting new impressions, never acquiescing in a facile orthodoxy, of Comte, or of Hegel, or of our own. Philosophical theories or ideas, as points of view, instruments of criticism, may help us to gather up what might otherwise pass unregarded by us. "Philosophy is the microscope of thought." The theory or idea or system which requires of us the sacrifice of any part of this experience, in consideration of some interest into which we cannot enter, or some abstract theory we have not identified with ourselves, or of what is only conventional, has no real claim upon us.

One of the most beautiful passages of Rousseau is that in the sixth book of *Confessions*, where he describes the awakening in him of the literary sense. An undefinable taint of death had clung always about him, and now in early manhood he believed himself smitten by mortal disease. He asked himself how he might make as much as possible of the interval that remained; and he was not biased by anything in his previous life when he decided that it must be by intellectual excitement, which he found just then in the clear, fresh writings of Voltaire. Well! we are all *condamnés*, as Victor Hugo says: we are all under sentence of death but with a sort of indefinite reprieve -- *les hommes sont tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis*: we have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passion, the wisest, at least among "the children of the world", in art and song. For our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. Great passions may give us a quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which comes naturally to many of us. Only be sure it is passion -- that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of such wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for its own sake, has most. For art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.

注意：背面尚有試題

(b) from John Keats, "Ode on Grecian Urn"

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,  
Thou foster child of silence and slow time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal---yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss  
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
Forever piping songs forever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,  
Forever panting, and forever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?  
What little town by river or sea shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"---that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

(c) from Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol* (Stave I)

Marley was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnised it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot -- say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance -- literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names: it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grind-stone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dogdays; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas . . . .

(d) from Samuel Beckett, *Waiting for Godot* (Act 1)

*A country road. A tree.*

*Evening.*

*Estragon, sitting on a low mound, is trying to take off his boot. He pulls at it with both hands, panting.*

*He gives up, exhausted, rests, tries again. As before. Enter Vladimir.*

**ESTRAGON:**

*(giving up again).* Nothing to be done.

**VLADIMIR:**

*(advancing with short, stiff strides, legs wide apart).* I'm beginning to come round to that opinion. All my life I've tried to put it from me, saying Vladimir, be reasonable, you haven't yet tried everything. And I resumed the struggle. *(He broods, musing on the struggle. Turning to Estragon.)* So there you are again.

**ESTRAGON:**

Am I?

**VLADIMIR:**

I'm glad to see you back. I thought you were gone forever.

**ESTRAGON:**

Me too.

**VLADIMIR:**

Together again at last! We'll have to celebrate this. But how? *(He reflects.)* Get up till I embrace you.

**ESTRAGON:**

*(irritably).* Not now, not now.

. . . .

**VLADIMIR:**

There's man all over for you, blaming on his boots the faults of his feet. *(He takes off his hat again, peers inside it, feels about inside it, knocks on the crown, blows into it, puts it on again.)* This is getting alarming. *(Silence. Vladimir deep in thought, Estragon pulling at his toes.)* One of the thieves was saved. *(Pause.)* It's a reasonable percentage. *(Pause.)* Gogo.

**ESTRAGON:**

What?

**VLADIMIR:**

Suppose we repented.

**ESTRAGON:**

Repented what?

**VLADIMIR:**

Oh . . . *(He reflects.)* We wouldn't have to go into the details.

**ESTRAGON:**

Our being born?

*Vladimir breaks into a hearty laugh which he immediately stifles, his hand pressed to his pubis, his face contorted.*

**VLADIMIR:**

One daren't even laugh any more.

**ESTRAGON:**

Dreadful privation.

**VLADIMIR:**

Merely smile. *(He smiles suddenly from ear to ear, keeps smiling, ceases as suddenly.)* It's not the same thing. Nothing to be done. *(Pause.)* Gogo.

**ESTRAGON:**

*(irritably.)* What is it?

**VLADIMIR:**

Did you ever read the Bible?

**ESTRAGON:**

The Bible . . . *(He reflects.)* I must have taken a look at it.

**VLADIMIR:**

Do you remember the Gospels?

**ESTRAGON:**

I remember the maps of the Holy Land. Coloured they were. Very pretty. The Dead Sea was pale blue. The very look of it made me thirsty. That's where we'll go, I used to say, that's where we'll go for our honeymoon. We'll swim. We'll be happy.

**VLADIMIR:**

You should have been a poet.

**ESTRAGON:**

I was. *(Gesture towards his rags.)* Isn't that obvious?

*Silence.*

**VLADIMIR:**

Where was I . . . How's your foot?

**ESTRAGON:**

Swelling visibly.

**VLADIMIR:**

Ah yes, the two thieves. Do you remember the story?

**ESTRAGON:**

No.

**VLADIMIR:**

Shall I tell it to you?

**ESTRAGON:**

No.

**VLADIMIR:**

It'll pass the time. *(Pause.)* Two thieves, crucified at the same time as our Saviour. One—

**ESTRAGON:**

Our what?

**VLADIMIR:**

Our Saviour. Two thieves. One is supposed to have been saved and the other . . . *(he searches for the contrary of saved)* . . . damned.

**ESTRAGON:**

Saved from what?

**VLADIMIR:**

Hell.

**ESTRAGON:**

I'm going.  
*He does not move.*

**VLADIMIR:**

And yet . . . *(pause)* . . . how is it —this is not boring you I hope— how is it that of the four Evangelists only one speaks of a thief being saved. The four of them were there —or thereabouts— and only one speaks of a thief being saved. *(Pause.)* Come on, Gogo, return the ball, can't you, once in a way?

**ESTRAGON:**

*(with exaggerated enthusiasm)*. I find this really most extraordinarily interesting.

**VLADIMIR:**

One out of four. Of the other three, two don't mention any thieves at all and the third says that both of them abused him.

**ESTRAGON:**

Who?

**VLADIMIR:**

What?

**ESTRAGON:**

What's all this about? Abused who?

**VLADIMIR:**

The Saviour.

**ESTRAGON:**

Why?

**VLADIMIR:**

Because he wouldn't save them.

**ESTRAGON:**

From hell?

**VLADIMIR:**

Imbecile! From death.

**ESTRAGON:**

I thought you said hell.

**VLADIMIR:**

From death, from death.

**ESTRAGON:**

Well what of it?

**VLADIMIR:**

Then the two of them must have been damned.

**ESTRAGON:**

And why not?

**VLADIMIR:**

But one of the four says that one of the two was saved.

**ESTRAGON:**

Well? They don't agree and that's all there is to it.

**VLADIMIR:**

But all four were there. And only one speaks of a thief being saved. Why believe him rather than the others?

**ESTRAGON:**

Who believes him?

**VLADIMIR:**

Everybody. It's the only version they know.

**ESTRAGON:**

People are bloody ignorant apes.