國立中央大學100學年度碩士班考試入學試題卷

所別:<u>英美語文學系碩士班 不分組(一般生)</u> 科目:<u>英美文學與理論</u> 共<u>2</u>頁 第<u>1</u>頁 本科考試禁用計算器 <u>*請在試卷答案卷(卡)內作答</u>

Please write essays answering BOTH questions.

Question One

This is a recent American poem. Discuss. (50%)

To Wars

We gathered in the streets before our homes After the meetings ended and plans were made. We gathered with our fathers, who, arms bare, Would see us off. Women prepared food, but None came out. Only our fathers and us.

It was early, and light angled sharply across the shadows. There was a breeze as birds cooed in the trees below. Our fathers smoked and looked out across the harbor. We breathed the air and stood, our backs against the wall. We breathed, waiting for them to turn and we would go.

Carrying our sacks, we walked, each one by his father.
Our sandals clattered softly on the stones. The cooing
Neared and passed us as we descended from street to street,
Lower, lower lower until we reached the shore and saw our
Arms, which had been stacked in heaps by the ships waiting.

參考用

注:背面有試題

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Question Two

Following is page one of a story written by an American female factory worker in 1841. It appeared in a magazine published by and for such workers, who, along with factories, were new to the United States. With specific references to the text, what are the author's concerns, why would she have such concerns as a female factory worker at this time, and how does she tell the Joan of Arc story to make it particularly appealing to her readers. (50%)

Joan of Arc

When, in the perusal of history, I meet with the names of females whom circumstances, or their own inclinations, have brought thus openly before the public eye, I can seldom repress the desire to know more of them. Was it choice, or necessity, which led them to the battle-field, or council hall? Had the woman's heart been crushed within their breasts? or did it struggle with the sterner feelings which had then found entrance there? Were they recreant to their own sex? or were the deeds which claim the historian's notice but the necessary results of the situations in which they had been placed?

These are questions which I often ask, and yet I love not in old and musty records to meet with names which long ere this should have perished with the hearts upon which love had written them; for happier, surely, is woman, when in one manly heart she has been "shrined a queen," than when upon some powerful throne she sits with an untrembling form, and an unquailing eye, to receive the homage, and command the services of loyal thousands. I love not to read of woman transformed in all, save outward form, into one of the sterner sex; and when I see, in the memorials of the past, that this has apparently been done, I would fain overleap the barriers of by-gone time, and know how it has been effected. Imagination goes back to the scenes which must have been witnessed then, and perhaps unaided portrays the minuter features of the sketch, of which history has preserved merely the outlines.

But I sometimes read of woman, when I would not know more of the places where she has rendered herself conspicuous; when there is something so noble and so bright in the character I have given her, that I fear a better knowledge of trivial incidents might break the spell which leads me to love and admire her; where, perhaps, the picture which my fancy has painted, glows in colors so brilliant, that a sketch by Truth would seem beside it but a sombre shadow.

Joan of Arc is one of those heroines of history, who can not fail to excite an interest in all who love to contemplate the female character. From the gloom of that dark age, when woman was but 2 play-thing and a slave, she stands in bold relief, its most conspicuous personage. Not, indeed, as a queen, but as more than 2 queen, even the preserver of her nation's king; not as a conqueror, but as the saviour of her country; not as a man, urged in his proud career by mad ambition's stirring energies, but as a woman, guided in her brilliant course by woman's noblest impulses,—so does she appear in that lofty station which for herself she won.



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