

Answer any two of the following four questions (each answer is worth 50%):

Question 1:

(a) What terms are central to the following passage (from a modernist writer) and how does the writer seem to be defining them?

(b) Using the terms that you have discussed in (a), comment on the author's concept of modernity.

There are so many things to say. If there was no identity no one could be governed, but everybody is governed by everybody and that is why they make no master-pieces, and also why governing has nothing to do with master-pieces it has completely to do with identity but it has nothing to do with master-pieces. And that is why governing is occupying but not interesting, governments are occupying but not interesting because master-pieces are exactly what they are not.

There is another thing to say. When you are writing before there is an audience anything written is as important as any other thing and you cherish anything and everything that you have written. After the audience begins, naturally they create something that is they create you, and so not everything is so important, something is more important than another thing, which was not true when you were you that is when you were not you as your little dog knows you.

Question 2:

What connection do you see between the terms *wildish* and *heavenly* in the following poem from the early 19th century? How might these terms comment on or redefine each other?

STEPPING WESTWARD

"What, you are stepping westward?" — "Yea."

— 'T would be a *wildish* destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange Land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of Chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of *heavenly* destiny:
I liked the greeting; 't was a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake:
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy:
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

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Question 3:

In the passage below (dated 1613-1614), Ferdinand speaks to his sister, the Duchess. (a) How does Ferdinand define Reputation and what implications or possible contradictions does his definition suggest? (b) Comment on Ferdinand's definition and the Duchess's response in reference to the era (shortly after the death of Queen Elizabeth I) and/or gender relations in early modern Britain.

Duchess: You are in this
Too strict; and, were you not my princely brother,
I would say too willful. My reputation
Is safe.

Ferdinand: Dost thou know what reputation is?
I'll tell thee--to small purpose since th' instruction
Comes now too late:
Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death
Would travel o'er the world; and it was concluded
That they should part and take three several ways.
Death told them they should find him in great battles
Or cities plagued with plagues. Love gives them counsel
To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talked of, and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left
By their dead parents. "Stay," quoth Reputation,
"Do not forsake me; for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again." And so, for you.
You have shook hands with Reputation
And made him invisible. So, fare you well.
I will never see you more.

Duchess: Why should only I,
Of all the other princes of the world,
Be cased up, like a holy relic? I have youth
And a little beauty.

Ferdinand: So you have some virgins
That are witches. I will never see thee more.

Question 4:

The following passage is from the late 1940s. Comment on the imagery in connection with the setting (the New York harbor) and the era (the mid-20th century).

Surely the sun was no hotter in any Singapore or Surabaya, on the chains, plates, and rails of ships anchored there. . . . The towers on the shore rose up in huge blocks, scorched, smoky, gray, and bare white where the sun was direct upon them. The notion brushed Leventhal's mind that the light over them and over the water was akin to the yellow revealed in the slit of the eye of a wild animal, say a lion, something inhuman that didn't care about anything human and yet was implanted in every human being too, one speck of it, and formed a part of him that responded to the heat and the glare, exhausting as these were, or even to freezing, salty things, harsh things, all things difficult to stand. The Jersey shore, yellow, tawny, and flat, appeared on the right. The Statue of Liberty rose and traveled backwards again; in the trembling air, it was black, a twist of black that stood up like smoke.