

國立臺灣師範大學 114 學年度碩士班招生考試試題

科目：文學作品分析

適用系所：英語學系

注意：1.本試題共 2 頁，請依序在答案卷上作答，並標明題號，不必抄題。2.答案必須寫在指定作答區內，否則依規定扣分。
3.請以英文作答，否則不予計分。

1. Pick one of the following plays to discuss the nature of comedy in a well-organized essay, highlighting the value and meaning of the play and in what ways tragedy and comedy, although opposites, are close relatives. (25 points)

- (1) *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by William Shakespeare
- (2) *Twelfth Night* by William Shakespeare
- (3) *Measure for Measure* by William Shakespeare
- (4) *Waiting for Godot* by Samuel Beckett
- (5) *The Dumb Waiter* by Harold Pinter
- (6) *Sure Thing* by David Ives

2. Pick one of the following texts and write a coherent essay to demonstrate your analysis of the text, highlighting particularly the value and meaning of the text, the relevance of the text to the present-day setting, and the meaning of the text discussed from theoretical perspectives. (25 points)

- (1) "Young Goodman Brown" by Nathaniel Hawthorne
- (2) "Araby" by James Joyce
- (3) "Everything that Rises Must Converge" by Flannery O'Connor
- (4) "A & P" by John Updike
- (5) "One out of Many" by V. S. Naipaul
- (6) "Everyday Use" by Alice Walker
- (7) "The Man to Send Rain Clouds" by Leslie Marmon Silko
- (8) "A Family Supper" by Kazuo Ishiguro
- (9) "Interpreter of Maladies" by Jhumpa Lahiri

3. Compare the following two poems and write a well-organized essay to demonstrate your analysis of the theme(s) of the two poems and how the poets employ the elements of poetry to express their thoughts and feelings. (50 points)

- (1) "Metaphors" by Sylvia Plath

I'm a riddle in nine syllables,
An elephant, a ponderous house,
A melon strolling on two tendrils.
O red fruit, ivory, fine timbers!
This loaf's big with its yeasty rising.
Money's new-minted in this fat purse.

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I'm a means, a stage, a cow in calf.
I've eaten a bag of green apples,
Boarded the train there's no getting off.

(2) "The Mother" by Gwendolyn Brooks

Abortions will not let you forget.
You remember the children you got that you did not get,
The damp small pulps with a little or with no hair,
The singers and workers that never handled the air.
You will never neglect or beat
Them, or silence or buy with a sweet.
You will never wind up the sucking-thumb
Or scuttle off ghosts that come.
You will never leave them, controlling your luscious sigh,
Return for a snack of them, with gobbling mother-eye.
I have heard in the voices of the wind the voices of my dim killed
 children.
I have contracted. I have eased
My dim dears at the breasts they could never suck.
I have said, Sweets, if I sinned, if I seized
Your luck
And your lives from your unfinished reach,
If I stole your births and your names,
Your straight baby tears and your games,
Your stilted or lovely loves, your tumults, your marriages, aches, and
 your deaths,
If I poisoned the beginnings of your breaths,
Believe that even in my deliberateness I was not deliberate.
Though why should I whine,
Whine that the crime was other than mine?—
Since anyhow you are dead.
Or rather, or instead,
You were never made.
But that too, I am afraid,
Is faulty: oh, what shall I say, how is the truth to be said?
You were born, you had body, you died.
It is just that you never giggled or planned or cried.

Believe me, I loved you all.
Believe me, I knew you, though faintly, and I loved, I loved you all.