

淡江大學九十二學年度碩士班甄試入學招生考試試題

系別：英文學系 (A 組)

科目：英文(含英美文學議題)

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2. The following extract is taken from Christopher Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*. Describe and comment on how Marlowe reveals the dramatic conflict within Doctor Faustus here. 30%

Enter FAUSTUS with two or three SCHOLARS, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.
 FIRST SCHOL. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablist lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

FAUST. Gentlemen,
 For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
 And Faustus' custom is not to deny
 The just requests of those that wish him well,
 You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
 No otherways for pomp and majesty
 Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
 And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
 Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

(Music sounds, and Helen passeth over the stage.)

SEC. SCHOL. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
 Whom all the world admires for majesty.

THIRD SCHOL. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd
 With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
 Whose heavenly beauty passeth all comparc.

FIRST SCHOL. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
 And only paragon of excellence,
 Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
 Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you.

[Exeunt Scholars.]

Enter an Old Man.

OLD MAN. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
 To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
 By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal
 That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
 Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
 Tears falling from repentant heaviness
 Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
 The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
 With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin
 As no commiseration may expel,
 But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
 Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.
 FAUST. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
 Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
 Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
 Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;"
 And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[Mephistophilis gives him a dagger.]

OLD MAN. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
 I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
 And, with a vial full of precious grace,
 Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
 Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

FAUST. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
 Thy words to comfort my distressed soul!
 Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

OLD MAN. I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,
 Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.

[Exit.]

FAUST. Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?
 I do repent; and yet I do despair:
 Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
 What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

MEPH. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
 For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
 Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.
 FAUST. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord

FAUST. To pardon my unjust presumption,
 And with my blood again I will confirm
 My former vow I made to Lucifer.

MEPH. Do it, then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,
 Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

FAUST. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age,
 That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
 With greatest torments that our hell affords.

MEPH. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
 But what I may afflict his body with
 I will attempt, which is but little worth.

FAUST. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
 To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
 That I might have unto my paramour
 That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,

Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
 Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
 And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

MEPH. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
 Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

FAUST. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—

[Kisses h.]

Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!—
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
 Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
 And all is dross that is not Helena.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
 Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sack'd;
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
 And wear thy colours on my plumed crest;
 Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
 When he appear'd to hapless Semicle;
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky
 In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[Exit.]

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Part One: Textual Analysis

1. Analyze and comment on EITHER of the following two poems. 30%

(A) A narrow Fellow in the Grass

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

A narrow Fellow in the Grass
Occasionally rides—
You may have met him? Did you not
His notice instant is—

The Grass divides as with a Comb—
A spotted shaft is seen—
And then it closes at your Feet
And opens further on—

He likes a Boggy Acre
A Floor too cool for Corn—
Yet when a Boy and Barefoot
I more than once at Noon

Have passed I thought a Whip Lash
Unbraiding in the Sun
When stooping to secure it
It wrinkled and was gone—

Several of Nature's People
I know and they know me—
I feel for them a transport
Of Cordiality—

But never met this Fellow
Attended or alone
Without a tighter Breathing
And Zero at the Bone.

(B) The Second Coming

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

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Part Two: Essay

The following extract is from T. S. Eliot's Essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent" (1919). Discuss and comment on this extract in a full-length essay. 40%

Yet if the only form of tradition, of handing down, consisted in following the ways of the immediate generation before us in a blind or timid adherence to its successes, 'tradition' should positively be discouraged. We have seen many such simple currents soon lost in the sand; and novelty is better than repetition. Tradition is a matter of much wider significance. It cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labour. It involves, in the first place, the historical sense, which we may call nearly indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year; and the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence; the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order. This historical sense, which is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and of the temporal together, is what makes a writer traditional. And it is at the same time what makes a writer most acutely conscious of his place in time, of his own contemporaneity.

No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead. I mean this as a principle of aesthetic, not merely historical, criticism. The necessity that he shall conform, that he shall cohere, is not onesided; what happens when a new work of art is created is something that happens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it. The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the *whole* existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new. Whoever has approved this idea of order, of the form of European, of English literature will not find it preposterous that the past should be altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past. And the poet who is aware of this will be aware of great difficulties and responsibilities.