

所別：英美語文學系碩士班 科目：英美文學與理論

Graduate Exam: Two questions, each worth 50%. Answer **BOTH** questions.

Question 1: "Present Waking Life" Becoming John Ashbery. Worth 50%

The Hudson house, on the other hand, is like a strong poetic form: its architecture dictates within narrow parameters the style and arrangement of appropriate furnishings, and Ashbery takes pleasure in that restriction, as he does in the constraints of a sestina or a pantoum. It's not a matter of historical accuracy: he mixes furniture from different periods, and indeed the house itself is a blend of styles – the library with a beamed ceiling, the massive, gloomy front hall with a dark-wood coffered ceiling, the three-panelled stained-glass window at the landing of the grand front staircase, the wood paneling and the built-in china cabinets and buffet in the dining room. But only certain objects in certain combinations will fit harmoniously in those spaces, and he has spent many hours looking for them in antique stores (waiting for something to arrest him by chance rather than searching with a particular thing in mind) and, once he has found them, he spends many more hours arranging and rearranging them. Even now that the house is furnished, he fiddles and fusses, taking objects out and putting them away again, inserting new ones. He revises endlessly. But he rarely spends time in the house's formal rooms – he works or reads upstairs in what Kermani calls "the living quarters." The downstairs, Kermani has concluded, is less a place to live in than a visual poem.

Question: Describe the poet who makes his house a poem. How can a poem be compared to a house?

注意：背面有試題

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Question #2: Poem by Wallace Stevens. Worth 50 %

Mrs. Alfred Uruguay

So what said the others and the sun went down
And, in the brown blues of evening, the lady said,
In the donkey's ear, "I fear that elegance
Must struggle like the rest." She climbed until
The moonlight in her lap, mewing her velvet,
And her dress were one and she said, "I have said no
To everything, in order to get at myself.
I have wiped away moonlight like mud. Your innocent ear
And I, if I rode naked, are what remain."

The moonlight crumbled to degenerate forms,
While she approached the real, upon her mountain,
With lofty darkness. The donkey was there to ride,
To hold by the ear, even though it wished for a bell,
Wished faithfully for a falsifying bell.
Neither the moonlight could change it. And for her,
To be, regardless of velvet, could never be more
Than to be, she could never differently be,
Her no and no made yes impossible.

Who was it passed her there on a horse all will,
What figure of capable imagination?
Whose horse clattered on the road on which she rose,
As it descended, blind to her velvet and
The moonlight? Was it a rider intent on the sun,
A youth, a lover with phosphorescent hair,
Dressed poorly, arrogant of his streaming forces,
Lost in an integration of the martyrs' bones,
Rushing from what was real; and capable?

The villages slept as the capable man went down,
Time swished on the village clocks and dreams were alive,
The enormous gongs gave edges to their sounds,
As the rider, no chevalere and poorly dressed,
Impatient of the bells and midnight forms,
Rode over the picket rocks, rode down the road,
And, capable, created in his mind,
Eventual victor, out of the martyrs' bones,
The ultimate elegance: the imagined land.

Analyze this poem. Pay special attention to the concept of "capable" and "imagined" and "elegance." Use the New Critical concept of Close Reading.