

注意：考試開始鈴響前，不得翻閱試題，  
並不得書寫、畫記、作答。


國立清華大學 109 學年度碩士班考試入學試題

系所班組別：外國語文學系  
甲組(外國文學組)

科目代碼：3803

考試科目：文本分析

### —作答注意事項—

1. 請核對答案卷(卡)上之准考證號、科目名稱是否正確。
2. 作答中如有發現試題印刷不清，得舉手請監試人員處理，但不得要求解釋題意。
3. 考生限在答案卷上標記「由此開始作答」區內作答，且不可書寫姓名、准考證號或與作答無關之其他文字或符號。
4. 答案卷用盡不得要求加頁。
5. 答案卷可用任何書寫工具作答，惟為方便閱卷辨識，請儘量使用藍色或黑色書寫；答案卡限用 2B 鉛筆畫記；如畫記不清(含未依範例畫記)致光學閱讀機無法辨識答案者，其後果一律由考生自行負責。
6. 其他應考規則、違規處理及扣分方式，請自行詳閱准考證明上「國立清華大學試場規則及違規處理辦法」，無法因本試題封面作答注意事項中未列明而稱未知悉。

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考試科目 (代碼)：文本分析 (3803)

共 2 頁，第 1 頁 \*請在【答案卷】作答

I. Read the following passage and write an essay in light of its criticism towards activist movements. Do you agree? Give examples, from any literature works or news stories, to support your position. (50%)

"Those who are most sensitive about 'politically incorrect' terminology are not the average black ghetto-dweller, Asian immigrant, abused woman or disabled person, but a minority of activists, many of whom do not even belong to any 'oppressed' group but come from privileged strata of society."

II. Read the following poem by Frank O'Hara. Write an essay to explain the idea of "creation" illuminated, considering the tone, diction and style of the poem. Did O'Hara emphasize the similarities or differences between painting and poetry? What is his attitude towards the fact that he is not a painter? Point out some key words, and discuss how the process of creation as delineated informs human thought? What role does language play in the process of thinking/ creation? (50%)

Why I Am Not A Painter

I am not a painter, I am a poet.

Why? I think I would rather be  
a painter, but I am not. Well,

for instance, Mike Goldberg

is starting a painting. I drop in.

"Sit down and have a drink" he

says. I drink; we drink. I look

up. "You have SARDINES in it."

"Yes, it needed something there."

"Oh." I go and the days go by

and I drop in again. The painting

is going on, and I go, and the days

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go by. I drop in. The painting is  
finished. "Where's SARDINES?"  
All that's left is just  
letters, "It was too much," Mike says.

But me? One day I am thinking of  
a color: orange. I write a line  
about orange. Pretty soon it is a  
whole page of words, not lines.  
Then another page. There should be  
so much more, not of orange, of  
words, of how terrible orange is  
and life. Days go by. It is even in  
prose, I am a real poet. My poem  
is finished and I haven't mentioned  
orange yet. It's twelve poems, I call  
it ORANGES. And one day in a gallery  
I see Mike's painting, called SARDINES.