



逢甲大學學生報告 ePaper

報告題名

Some Feelings of Poetry,
“The Yellow Wall Paper” and “the Death
of Salesman”

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William Butler Yeats

“The Lake Isle of Innisfree”

I can imagine the picture which the life of the author wanted, and it is about a simple and solitary house in the woods and near the lake. The author could have some peace there and listen to the cricket sings. In the evening, he could go to the lake to see the beauty of the sky full of the linnet’s wings, and listen to the lake water lapping on the shore. I do not know what it is like living in the woods and near the lake now, but maybe I had the experience when I was five years old. When I was a little child, my family had a period of time which they didn’t have to work but simply lived in mountains for about one month in Hualien. I was hold by my mother beneath the waterfall, and there were still pictures of my father swam in the pool beneath the water fall with his friends. Six years later, I went bake again, I could feel the chilling weather in the mountains, and the plants were more than humanities so that I might have peace mind there. When I am fifty years old, I want to live in the small house, planting some roses, jasmine, and some green vegetables in the front yard. In fact, I am in that kind of house in Lukang, my hometown now, but it’s a town full of old generation. Also, I want a shelter full of thousands of books as well as the souvenirs from all over the world. Moreover, I will not have to worry about many business things, and just live alone, write notes of books, plant foods for some of my living. Why don’t we create the happiness by ourselves instead of those hateful politicians and scary news? I believe that I will have truly peace life in the future.

William Wordsworth

“I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud”

Go outdoors to look flowers, clouds, grasses, trees, and choose your own company from them. It is a kind of pleasure in solitude, and the partner to accompany author is the one of the nature. Did I find my own company from nature? Yes, it’s water. In my childhood, I played in the water, fought in the water with my younger brother, cried in the water, being angry in the water, and even shouted in the water. Also, the feeling of water flowing through my body is a kind of comfort when I was in bad mood. Moreover, I like the pool outdoors because there are thousands of stars in the sky in the night and the Milky Way appeared in front of me while I swam the bake stroke. Once upon a time, I saw two rainbows hanging on the side of the sky after raining on the way to pool on the motorcycle driven by my father with my brother. After leaving the pool, I could still feel the small wave pound to my breast, and float on the surface of it which makes me dizzy sometimes.

William Wordsworth

“My Heart Leaps UP When I Behold”

I am a twenty-one-year-old girl now, and I started to feel the burden on my own which are the payment on the house and the tuition of the college. I can see the innocent and happy time of past period clearly in my mind, but there is no time for me to in the fairy tale now. Reality bites indeed. So soon I am an adult now, and it is my turn to share the burden of my parents, but the problem is that I am so confused that if I should sacrificed the time of studying to work as a dull clerk or a waitress. I knew that many students said that through the experiences of doing part-time jobs they did learn a lot of the manners of treating customers. However, in my opinion, I really doubt that if I can show my confidence while applying for a job. Should I keep this kind of concept continually or believe that I could accomplish the whole stages of my life step by step? Everybody suffers individually in life time, so maybe I should not be so pessimistic but more optimistic and active to face everything. The employer of my mother once told me that I should be generous when I am a college student, and the meaning might be that I should face all kinds of problems bravely.

Robert Frost

“Fire and Ice”

The author must taste the sweetness as well as the bitters in his life, having seeing many wars, fighting, and hating between humanity. On the contrast, it seems that people care about each other, so they keep fighting for their own country. However, in the other side, they maybe only care about their own profits but neglect other people’s right of living. When those ridiculous situation happened, what can we do, maybe we can dedicate us to some charities to save those innocents or those patriotic soldiers. Everyone was born by his/her mother, and raised by parents or some kind people, and how we can murder other people just for defending our own country. In my opinion, fire and ice must be the two sides of one hand, and if those systems of neglecting other people disappear, the remains are only true love between humanity. However, that’s impossible.

William Blake

“To See a World in a Grain of Sand”

If we cannot see the planets beyond the sky, can we just try to care about those little creatures in the pond so that we can observe the changes of lights from air to the water? It may be the joyousness I got from things nearby, and it changes the atmosphere of the whole day. Somebody said that the more you grasp, the more you would lose; instead, if you hold nothing, the world is in your palm. Therefore, just be thankful and

respected to what you have at the every moment, and try to enjoy it, not just let the time pass by. Recently, I am wandering why photographers want to take the pictures of those little wild flowers, and now I start to figure out the reason. In the picture, one little flower full of one six by eight centimeters picture, so it looks very colorful and cute. However, while passing by the little garden in front of the building of the university, I found that it did not look as cute as it on the picture, so I did not noticed it anymore. Sometimes I think that I simply notice that what I want to notice but not the truly meaningful things so that I often miss the chances of finding the simple joyousness. I can decide the way I want to go of my life, but in some intersections I may be confused, wondering which way I should chose. Maybe I had to find the way myself and get some experiences to see a world in a grain of sand.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

“Richard Cory”

The higher position you have, the more unsteady mood you would have. I cannot realize the feeling actually, but from the news broadcasted on TV, I can see that the pressure of those people have suffered especially our dear president. He was just an ordinary person with some passions toward politics, and dedicated himself to the movements of his party. However, currently he had encountered the turning point of his life, and we should wait and see if he can overcome those difficulties with his wisdom. In Taiwan, the press is subtle and cruel to those public people who had made mistakes, so if you want to be a person like the president, you should stand on his shoes to see if you can survive from that kind of situation. In this poetry, the rich and wise gentleman killed himself as everyone was envying his wealth and cursing the poverty of him or herself. In order to ease similarly cases happened again, you can be yourself or just search for the matter you want to do most. There is no one can dominate you if you will not abandon your own privilege of living. In that way, there will not be so many miserable matters in the society.

A. E. Housman

“When I Was One-And-Twenty”

I am one-and-twenty now, and teachers sometimes ask me that what I want to be in the future. I shook my head to present that I don't know exactly what I will be in the future, but if I should start to think about it, yes I had started to think about it for a long time. But it is not easy for me to make the decision. The poetry said that we shall not give our heart away and keep our fancy free. But when the author was just one-and-twenty, he did not realize that they were golden and important words. People always did regretful things before they started to regret. I think that I should take

responsibilities for myself so that I will not regret, however, which is impossible. Sighing for the past is useless, but we had to learn a lesson from mistakes if we did not realize some words of the old generations.

Robert Frost

“The Road Not Taken”

At the beginning of this semester, my Chinese teacher said to the whole class that her teacher once told her that she should take the way that less people traveled by, and she can be successful. Because of the encouragement of her teacher, she chose modern Chinese Literature instead of classical literature, and she wanted us to get out of the stuck of reciting many footnotes under the prose or verse. She herself studied the classical Chinese Literature several years ago in Chinese department, but she thought that there had been too many people who had studied for several decades. Many ideas of classical works had been researched by thousands of people, and she decided to focus on the part of modern literature. Of course, she is very successful now, and also published a book about fifty Taiwanese Women writers. When I had been studied the piano for six years, many relatives keep asking me if I would go to study in the conservatory. Actually, I had given up for six years since then, and they can never figure out the reason. After graduating from elementary school, I went to Lukang Junior High School, and I can say that it is a frightening school. What we were going to do is preparing for the big exam for entering good high school, and then accepted by nice national university. Therefore, I got up at six thirty in the morning, and studied till nine forty in the night. I pretended to study hard so that I wouldn't hit by the teachers, and after I got from junior high school, I just felt that no one can control me again, so I felt lost and wanted to relax for three years. In fact, life is not as easy as I thought in senior high school, and there were still much homework to do. One thing which is different is that I did not afraid of teachers anymore because teachers are even nicer than the teachers in junior high school. Sometimes, I feel that the system of the educational system bad for me so that I could not continue my career of playing piano which is an excuse. That is not only me who was the victim, but for many other people, they could overcome that situation appropriately. One girl told me that she did stop playing for two years in the third year of junior high school and senior high school, but she did not give up entirely because of the encouragement of her piano teacher. Everyone had to survive from the society whether the government is good or not. To study in the conservatory school is the road not taken of mine. In other aspect, I am used to listening to classic music every day although I can't play one song well. One cold night about three years ago, I listened to Philharmonic Radio Taipei from my radio player, and I heard a seven-year-old boy who identified five different

classical music episodes by himself. From that experience I started to think about when I was playing those sonatas and etudes as a child, I never thought about there are still so many different kinds of music in the world. I am so glad that I am able to admire those repertoires such as church music, choir music, requiem, symphony, concerto, and opera. I will not be a cheerful pianist definitely, but I can appreciate the music in another way.

Emily Dickinson

“Success Is Counted Sweetest”

In the military class, the teacher let the class saw the movie about the leadership of a military, and in one episode it revealed that after landing on the enemy area, one soldier can live sixteen minutes long in the Vietnam War. Ironically, young men dedicated their energy life in the ridiculous war, and made their families heartbroken. The feeling of success is sweetest, but the cost is uncountable cheerful lives. The purple Host cannot really realize that what is the definition of victory, and when one heard the occupied sound of the distant strains of triumph, the one will know clearly. The joyousness was built on other people’s sores which the one would figure out painfully with tears.

“I’m Nobody! Who Are You?”

A person who is nobody doesn’t mean that the one is worthless. Instead, the one can choose his/ her society which the one like to be bosom friends. They may share their opinions or discuss some fabulous things happened nearby to each other, and the point is that they knew each other so well. However, if one is somebody, his/her life is almost others’ because they have no private and the friends around the one may just take some advantages of the one. Does the one have the chance to talk about some things which is inside the heart? I think the answer is negative. Just take those politicians for examples; I can see there are some popular ones who can make news themselves, but dose anyone knows their truly intention? The one may simply crazy for the lens men to cover the loneliness inside their minds. Is there any fun after leaving the lens men? I suppose that the answer is negative.

“The Soul Selects Her Own Society”

Do you know what bosom friend is? Take a look at the 1985 television move “Ann of Green Gables”, and you will know what truly friends are. They did some quarrels sometimes, but their relationship is not so tender so that they can bear hard time and share happy time with each other. It’s not easy to find your own society, but if some people can really get along with you through years and you will know that if the

structure of the relationship is strong because you will be tested by time. Therefore, you may have the treasure which is better than the jewelry which is truly friendship. In addition, the principles of making a friend should be rare rather than many because the more you make the more risk you should take. It takes time and kindness or sometimes critical thinking to be along one friend or more, so if you make the wrong friend at first, try to make the distance between you and he/her.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

“The Yellow Wallpaper”

This story is based on the author’s experience in the reality which includes having severe depression after the birth of her baby and the background of learning commercial art. In the story, the woman who had nervous prostration after having a baby, so her husband wanted her to rest in the mansion for three month in the summer time. She was arranged into a room which was a nursery first, and then the playroom and gymnasium with barred windows. Also, there were some strange situations of the room, the ugly yellow wall paper was stripped off, and rings and things in it. The floor was scratched and gouged, and the plaster is dug out every where. Her husband wanted her to take a long rest there, and not stirred by special directions so that he did not admit her to write. In addition, there were no one can visit her except the permission of her husband. And she had to stay in a horrible room and did nothing but simply rested for three months without a companion except her husband and the servant! However, she “worked” every day behind the servant and her husband. In the beginning, she knew that she had nervous depression, and wanted a fine room downstairs that open onto the piazza and had roses all over the window so that she could have a good mood everyday. In addition, she wanted some companions of her relatives, if her husband let those people come, she would have recovered already. However, her husband treated her as a psychopath, and dominated her in the conscious of his chauvinism. In the middle and final period, she developed her own fantasy very well on the disgusting yellow wall paper, and imagined that she was the one who wanted to get out of the pattern by shaking it. Therefore, she helped the ones peeled all the yellow wall paper so that they could get rid of the jail, and crept all around the room and the front piazza as they like.

The fantasy of the woman is a kind of defense mechanism in psychology. The theory is that if the one encounters a kind of pressure which the one doesn’t want to face it and overcome it and the method of escaping the difficulties is called “defense mechanism”. In fact, if her husband would like to find the help from the relatives whom she loved, and arranged time of visiting in the room which she liked, I believe

that in that way she would recover from her nervous depression quickly by those companions. Next, her husband did not agree her to write down her feelings every day, and thought it was a tiring work for her. On the contrast, in fact, the way of writing for the woman was a great relief in the dull short period which her husband would not know ever. Moreover, her husband, a physician, didn't go to the mansion every night, and he said that he was too busy to treat his patients, but he was just as a physician, not a surgeon. For a surgeon, there is no different between day and night, and the one has to work as if the one is a superman. But for a physician, there is no way that he could be busy as he had said, and the woman didn't believe that either. In the beginning, while doing her work, she described the frightening yellow wall paper very precisely because she did not like it very much with the view of esthetics. It seems to me that she had the clear mind in that time. However, as time went by, and the hallucination developed, as if the one in the pattern was like herself in this room. She wanted to save her out of that situation, and make the one or more free. The woman didn't want to be dominated by her husband anymore, and she wanted to make herself free but she couldn't. Therefore, she'd rather help the ones in the paper than just wait and see the ones suffering. That is the concept of feminism which means female does have their own conscious and the capability of independent notions.

I think it is a fabulous experience to read this story because I had never read the work of feminism before, and it make me notice that the author is the one who had huge courage to write this in the end of nineteen centuries. She was a feminist in the period, but her concept may not be accepted by the generation although she had so strong critical thinking about the right and position of women. Nevertheless, in decades recently the issue of woman privilege is aroused again, and the author already had the notions one hundred years ago. In my opinion, in the society, a woman should know clearly about what her longings are, and being an active role in most situations so that the woman would have her own right and the man can respect woman appropriately.

Arthur Miller

“Death of a Salesman”

The play is about a salesman, Willy, had being a salesman for thirty five years, and he was over sixty now. As a salesman, he was a pioneer of the firm, helping the company to extend the scale of the market in New England. However, in the age of sixty-one, he could not drive his car from one state to another for seven hundred miles for doing nothing anymore. In fact, he was too tired to concentrate on anything including drive his own car well, and this matter doesn't just happen once but at least twice. His thirty-four-years-old son, Biff, had come back from his work in the farm in

the west, and started to think about doing something different with his brother Happy. Happy was neglected by his father since he was a child, and now he is doing business for his manager who could not enjoy life of his own. In Happy’s mind, he hates the job, but other people took him as a successful businessman. Willy had great expectations on himself and his boys especially the elder one, Biff, and the perfectionism of Willy’s personality make him suffer a lot from illusion to disillusion. When Biff was seventeen years old, his teacher flunked his math, but if he went back to study in the summer break, he could get the diploma. However, Biff went to Boston to find him in the hotel, and there was one woman in the room. Obviously, his father had intimacy with the woman, and in the mean time, Biff broke down while he was crying. For seventeen years he had never come home since the crash he had met that night. The reason why he wanted to come back is that he wanted to run a sports store by the money borrowed from Bill Oliver, the employer of Biff when he was young. In the mean time, Willy wanted to ask his boss for a job in New York by the encouragement of his wife, Linda. After Biff borrowed the money and Biff got the job, they would have a nice party for celebrating the success. However, nothing happened, the boss of Biff cannot recognize him, and Willy was fired for nothing left for him in the company. They had a big quarrel in the restaurant. Biff told his father that he himself would not be the father nor does his father. His father was just a fine, troubled prince, and a hard-working, unappreciated prince. Also, he was a good companion always for his boys. After the boys went home, Linda condemned her boys why they left their father there alone, and told boys that they should respect their father more. Biff told her mother that why he had no address three months ago, the reason is that he was in jail for three months because he stole a suit in Kansas. Biff stole himself out of every good job since high school, and Willy blew him so full of hot air he could never stand taking orders from any body. Biff hoped that Willy take that phony dream and burn it before something happens. In the very night that day, a car began and moved away at full speed. In Willy funeral, the friends in his business did not come, and only Charley went to the funeral who knew the person so well. He said that Willy is out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine.

Willy, who has type A personality in the theory of psychology. The most important features are the perfectionism, anxious, and self-confident personality so that he was always busy at his work in order to reach an untouchable dream. He always thought about his older son, Biff, would get some where since he was a leader of his football team when he was a senior high school student. However, because of Willy doted on Billy too much, Billy could not make himself be honest while doing anything. For example, when Billy came home from high school football team, he took the ball in

the locker room of the school. At first, Willy told him to take it back, but later he thought that his son should play the registered ball. And another chance Biff's friend Bernard warned him that he should study with him, and Willy told Bernard that he should let him see the answers in the examination. Is there any father in the world who will tell his son to see other people's answers in the exam? What Willy told his son is that he was so great to be a leader of the team, and he would get some where in the future or to study in the Virginia University. The turning point in Biff's life may be that he went to see his father in Boston and a woman in the room when he was seventeen years old. Willy told him that that was nothing between he and the woman, but everything revealed that he betrayed his wife when he was out side did business. After Biff turned back when he was already thirty-four years old, Willy could not understand that how came the matter went to this way after Biff was seventeen years old. Willy didn't know that his behaviors impact Biff a lot at that night until Biff came back to tell the truth. Willy had repression in his minds which was that he wanted to get a nice job in New York, and both boys would run a sports store, but nothing came up. Finally, once the illusion became disillusion, the one may find the most desperate way.

Linda, the wife of Willy, did not like the behavior of Willy so much but got used to it. She admired him though he had anxious mood, bad tempers, and very big American dream. Once she found the rubber in the cellar, she didn't want to ask her husband that what's going on with him, and knowing there was much pressure on her husband, so she told her sons that not to provoke their father again. They should respect the hard-working sixty-one years old man. She was a kind woman, and most of the time she was waiting for her husband to come home. And again, she stared at the back of her husband's of leaving. She was so afraid that her husband would do something bad for himself since the first smash of the car happened. The car accident was a fake, and Willy himself wanted to get the payment of insurance. But she didn't speak out, and not wanted her husband to be embarrassed.

Happy, the younger son of Willy, was neglected by his father since his elder brother was the leader of the foot ball team. When Happy grew up, it seems to me that he was more cheerful and successful than Biff. However, he didn't like the business of the job and the manager actually, and not like to work for the man who didn't know how to enjoy his life. He was good at playing around girls, but I think he just wanted to cover his loneliness as his father.

Biff, the elder one of Willy's sons, was wandering from seventeen years old to

thirty-four years old. After leaving from High school, he had been doing over thirty kinds of jobs, but it seems to him that he liked none of them. He was disappointed to his father several years ago, wanted to do something himself. However, he had got used to steal something, and being admired by someone else. For me, I think his behavior was spoiled by his father although his father should correct his concept of his wrong behavior in the appropriate time. The most ridiculous matter is that he sought Bill Oliver for lending money for him, but Bill Oliver didn't even recognized him. He used to be the assistant of the assistant, and his father was the one who told him that he had ever done one job in his company. People can't just pretend that they had ever done something that had not even done before.

Reality bites again. A tragedy can arouse pity and fear, and I can feel them both. What a pity of the death of Willy. What a frightening matter if I encountered this horrible situation. It's an extremely condition of the capitalism society. If you want to prevent that from that situation, you should control you emotion appropriately.

