

* 請在答案卷內作答

Please answer TWO of the following questions in English. (100%)

Question 1 (50%)

The following excerpt is taken from Homer's *Odyssey*. In Book V, Odysseus is the only mortal in Calypso's island. Please read the passage carefully and give a critical analysis of it.

And the guide and giant-killer reinforced her words:
"Release him at once, just so. Steer clear of the rage of Zeus!
Or down the years he'll fume and make your life a hell."

With that the powerful giant-killer sped away.
The queenly nymph sought out the great Odysseus—
the commands of Zeus still ringing in her ears—
and found him there on the headland, sitting, still,
weeping, his eyes never dry, his sweet life flowing away
with the tears he wept for his foiled journey home,
since the nymph no longer pleased. In the nights, true,
he'd sleep with her in the arching cave—he had no choice—
unwilling lover alongside lover all too willing . . .

But all his days he'd sit on the rocks and beaches,
wrenching his heart with sobs and groans and anguish,
gazing out over the barren sea through blinding tears.
So coming up to him now, the lustrous goddess ventured,
"No need, my unlucky one, to grieve here any longer,
no, don't waste your life away. Now I am willing,
heart and soul, to send you off at last. Come,
take bronze tools, cut your lengthy timbers,
make them into a broad-beamed raft
and top it off with a half-deck high enough
to sweep you free and clear on the misty seas.

And I myself will stock her with food and water,
ruddy wine to your taste—all to stave off hunger—
give you clothing, send you a stiff following wind
so you can reach your native country all unharmed.
If only the gods are willing. They rule the vaulting skies.
They're stronger than I to plan and drive things home."

Long-enduring Odysseus shuddered at that
and broke out in a sharp flight of protest.
"Passage home? Never. Surely you're plotting
something else, goddess, urging me—in a raft—
to cross the ocean's mighty gulfs. So vast, so full
of danger not even deep-sea ships can make it through,
swift as they are and buoyed up by the winds of Zeus himself.
I won't set foot on a raft until you show good faith,
until you consent to swear, goddess, a binding oath
you'll never plot some new intrigue to harm me!"

He was so intense the lustrous goddess smiled,
stroked him with her hand, savored his name and chided,
"Ah what a wicked man you are, and never at a loss.
What a thing to imagine, what a thing to say!
Earth be my witness now, the vaulting Sky above
and the dark cascading waters of the Styx—I swear
by the greatest, grimmest oath that binds the happy gods:
I will never plot some new intrigue to harm you.
Never. All I have in mind and devise for you
are the very plans I'd fashion for myself

if I were in your straits. My every impulse
bends to what is right. Not iron, trust me,
the heart within *my* breast. I am all compassion."

And lustrous Calypso quickly led the way
as he followed in the footsteps of the goddess.
They reached the arching cavern, man and god as one,
and Odysseus took the seat that Hermes just left,
while the nymph set out before him every kind
of food and drink that mortal men will take.
Calypso sat down face-to-face with the king
and the women served her nectar and ambrosia.
They reached out for the good things that lay at hand
and when they'd had their fill of food and drink
the lustrous one took up a new approach. "So then,
royal son of Laertes, Odysseus, man of exploits,
still eager to leave at once and hurry back
to your own home, your beloved native land?
Good luck to you, even so. Farewell!
But if you only knew, down deep, what pains
are fated to fill your cup before you reach that shore,
you'd stay right here, preside in our house with me
and be immortal. Much as you long to see your wife,
the one you pine for all your days . . . and yet
I just might claim to be nothing less than she,
neither in face nor figure. Hardly right, is it,
for mortal woman to rival immortal goddess?
How, in build? in beauty?"

"Ah great goddess,"
worldly Odysseus answered, "don't be angry with me,
please. All that you say is true, how well I know.
Look at my wise Penelope. She falls far short of you,
your beauty, stature. She is mortal after all
and you, you never age or die . . .
Nevertheless I long—I pine, all my days—
to travel home and see the dawn of my return.
And if a god will wreck me yet again on the wine-dark sea,
I can bear that too, with a spirit tempered to endure.
Much have I suffered, labored long and hard by now
in the waves and wars. Add this to the total—
bring the trial on!"

Even as he spoke
the sun set and the darkness swept the earth.
And now, withdrawing into the cavern's deep recesses,
long in each other's arms they lost themselves in love.

注意：背面有試題

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參考用

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Question 2 (50%)

The following excerpt is taken from the book of *Job* in the Hebrew Bible. Please read Job's words in chapters 9 and 10 carefully and discuss Job's emotional and intellectual reactions to his underserved suffering.

Job answered:

True, I know that this is so;
but can a mortal beat a god at law?
If someone chose to challenge Him,
He would not answer even the thousandth part!
Shrewd or powerful one may be,
but who has faced Him hard and come out whole?
He moves the mountains and they are unaware,
overturns them in His rage.
He shakes the earth from its place;
its pillars totter.

He orders the sun not to rise,
seals up the stars.
He stretches out the heavens all alone,
and treads Yamm's back.
He makes the Pleiades, Orion, and the Bear,
the South Wind's chambers.
He makes things great beyond man's grasp,
and wonders beyond any numbering.
Yet when He comes my way, I do not notice;
He passes on, and I am unaware.

If He should seize a thing, who could restore it?
Who could say to Him, "What are You doing?"
A god could not avert His anger—
Rahab's cohorts bent beneath Him—
how then could I raise my voice at Him,
or choose to match my words with His?
Even if I were right, I could not answer,
could only plead with my opponent;
and if I summoned Him, and if He answered me,
I doubt that He would listen to my voice,
since He crushes me for just a hair,
and bruises me for nothing,
will not let me catch my breath,
feeds me full of poison.
Is it power? He is mighty!
Is it judgment? Who can summon Him?
I may be righteous, but my mouth convicts me;
innocent, yet it makes me seem corrupt.
I am good.

I do not know myself.
I hate my life.
It is all one; and so I say,
"The good and the guilty He destroys alike."
If some scourge brings sudden death,
He mocks the guiltless for their melting hearts;
some land falls under a tyrant's sway—
He veils its judges' faces;
if not He, then who?

But I—
my days are lighter than a courier's feet;
they flee and never see a moment's joy;
they dart away as if on skiffs of reed,
swift as a vulture swooping to his food.

I tell myself to give up my complaining,
put aside my sullenness and breathe a while;
but still I fear my suffering,
knowing You will never count me innocent.
I am always the one in the wrong—
why should I struggle in vain?
Even if I bathed in liquid snow
and purified my palms with lye,
You would just dip me in a ditch—
my very clothes would find me sickening.

For a man like me cannot just challenge Him,
"Let's go to court together!"
Now if there were an arbiter between us
to lay his hand on both of us,
to make Him take His rod away,
so that His terror would not cow me,
then I could speak without this fear of Him;
for now I am not steady in His presence.

參考用

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10. I am fed up with my life;
 I might as well complain with all abandon,
 and put my bitter spirit into words.
 So to the god I say, "Do not condemn me!
 Just tell me what the accusation is!
 Do You get pleasure from harassing,
 spurning what You wore Yourself out making,
 shining on the councils of the wicked?
 Do You have eyes of flesh?
 Do You see as mortals do?
 Is Your life span the same as any human's,
 Your years like those of ordinary men,
 that You come seeking out my every sin
 and leave no fault of mine unpunished—
 knowing I've done nothing truly wicked,
 that nothing can be rescued from Your hands?"

Your hands shaped me, kneaded me
 together, round about—
 and now would You devour me?
 Remember, You kneaded me like clay;
 will You turn me back to dirt?
 Just look:
 You poured me out like milk,
 You curdled me like cheese;
 You covered me with flesh and skin,
 wove me a tangle of sinews and bones,
 gave me life, a gift,
 sustained my breath with Your command.
 Yet all these things You stored up in Your heart—
 I know how Your mind works!
 When I do sin, You keep Your eye on me,
 and You would never clear me of my guilt.
 If I do wrong, too bad for me!
 But even when I'm good I cannot raise my head,
 so filled with shame,
 so drenched with my own misery.
 Proud as a lion You stalk me
 and then withdraw,
 pleased with Yourself for what You've done to me.
 You keep Your enmity toward me fresh,
 work up Your anger at me;
 so my travail is constantly renewed.

Why did You ever take me from the womb?
 I could have died, and no eye had to see.
 I could have been as if I never were,
 hauled from belly to grave.
 But as it is, my days are few, so stop!
 Let me alone so I can catch my breath
 before I go my way, not to return,
 into a land of dark and deathgloom,
 land obscure as any darkness,
 land of deathgloom, land of chaos,
 where You blaze forth in rays of black!"

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