

*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 Sophocles' *Oedipus the King*. The scene of the king's self-blinding, as narrated by the second messenger, is the most vivid and shocking scene in the play. Please read the messenger's words carefully and give a close reading of it.

MESSENGER: The queen is dead.

LEADER: Poor lady—how?

MESSENGER: By her own hand. But you are spared the worst,
you never had to watch . . . I saw it all,
and with all the memory that's in me
you will learn what that poor woman suffered.

Once she'd broken in through the gates,
dashing past us, frantic, whipped to fury,
ripping her hair out with both hands—
straight to her rooms she rushed, flinging herself
across the bridal-bed, doors slamming behind her—
once inside, she wailed for Laius, dead so long,
remembering how she bore his child long ago,
the life that rose up to destroy him, leaving
its mother to mother living creatures
with the very son she'd borne.

Oh how she wept, mourning the marriage-bed
where she let loose that double brood—monsters—
husband by her husband, children by her child.

And then—

but how she died is more than I can say. Suddenly
Oedipus burst in, screaming, he stunned us so
we couldn't watch her agony to the end,
our eyes were fixed on him. Circling
like a maddened beast, stalking, here, there,
crying out to us—

Give him a sword! His wife,
no wife, his mother, where can he find the mother earth
that cropped two crops at once, himself and all his children?
He was raging—one of the dark powers pointing the way,
none of us mortals crowding around him, no,
with a great shattering cry—someone, something leading him on—
he hurled at the twin doors and bending the bolts back
out of their sockets, crashed through the chamber.
And there we saw the woman hanging by the neck,
cradled high in a woven noose, spinning,
swinging back and forth. And when he saw her,
giving a low, wrenching sob that broke our hearts,
slipping the halter from her throat, he eased her down,
in a slow embrace he laid her down, poor thing . . .
then, what came next, what horror we beheld!

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注意:背面有試題

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He rips off her brooches, the long gold pins
 holding her robes—and lifting them high,
 looking straight up into the points,
 he digs them down the sockets of his eyes, crying, “You,
 you’ll see no more the pain I suffered, all the pain I caused!
 Too long you looked on the ones you never should have seen,
 blind to the ones you longed to see, to know! Blind
 from this hour on! Blind in the darkness—blind!”
 His voice like a dirge, rising, over and over
 raising the pins, raking them down his eyes.
 And at each stroke blood spurts from the roots,
 splashing his beard, a swirl of it, nerves and clots—
 black hail of blood pulsing, gushing down.

These are the griefs that burst upon them both,
 coupling man and woman. The joy they had so lately,
 the fortune of their old ancestral house
 was deep joy indeed. Now, in this one day,
 wailing, madness and doom, death, disgrace,
 all the griefs in the world that you can name,
 all are theirs forever.

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Question 2 (50%)

A famous story, illustrating the hallowed purity of the goddess Artemis, concerns Actaeon, an ardent hunter who lost his way and by accident (or was it fate?) had the misfortune to see Artemis (Diana in Ovid’s version) naked (*Metamorphoses* 3.

138-255). Please read the story of Actaeon carefully and give a close reading of it.

Actaeon first tinged with grief the happiness of his grandfather, Cadmus. A stag’s horns grew on his head, and his hounds feasted on their master’s flesh. Yet, if you look closely, you will find that his guilt was misfortune, not a crime; what crime indeed lies in *an innocent mistake*.

There was a mountain on which had fallen the blood of beasts of many kinds. It was midday, when shadows are at their shortest and the Sun is midway in his course. Young Actaeon calmly called his fellow huntsmen as they tracked the game through the depths of the pathless forest: “My friends, our nets and spears are wet with the blood of our prey; we have had luck enough today! Dawn’s saffron-wheeled chariot will bring another day tomorrow and then we will renew the chase. The Sun now stands midway ‘twixt east and west and with his hot rays parches the earth. Stop now the hunt, and take in the knotted nets!” His men obeyed and halted from their labors.

A vale there was called Gargaphië, *sacred to the huntress* Diana; clothed with a dense growth of pine and pointed cypress, it had at its far end a woodland cave which no human hand had shaped. . . . on the right from a murmuring spring issued a stream of clearest water, and around the pool was a grassy bank. Here would the woodland goddess rest when weary from the hunt and bathe her virgin body in the *clear water*. That day she came there and to one of her nymphs handed her hunting spear, her quiver and bow, and the arrows that were left. Upon another’s waiting arms she cast her cloak, and two more took off her sandals. . . . Other nymphs fetched water and poured it from ample urns. And while Diana thus was being bathed, as she had been many times before, Actaeon, Cadmus’ grandson, his labors left unfinished, came to the grotto uncertain of his way and wandering through the unfamiliar wood; so fate carried him along. Into the dripping cave he went, and the nymphs, when they saw a man, beat their breasts and filled the forest with their screams.

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Surrounding Diana they shielded her with their bodies, but the goddess was taller than they and her head o'ertopped them all. Just as the clouds are tinged with color when struck by the rays of the setting sun, or like the reddening Dawn, Diana's face flushed when she was spied naked. Surrounded by her nymphs she turned and looked back; wishing that her arrows were at hand, she used what weapons she could and flung water over the young man's face and hair with these words, foretelling his coming doom: "Now you may tell how you saw me naked—if you can tell!" And with this threat she made the horns of a long-lived stag rise on his head where the water had struck him; his neck grew long and his ears pointed, his hands turned to hooves, his arms to legs, and his body she clothed with a spotted deerskin. And she made him timid; Autonoë's valiant son ran away in fear and as he ran wondered at his speed. He saw his horned head reflected in a pool and tried to say "Alas"—but no words would come. He sobbed; that at least was a sound he uttered, and tears flowed down his new-changed face.

Only his mind remained unchanged. What should he do? Go home to the royal palace? Or hide in the woods? Shame prevented him from the one action, fear from the other. While he stood undecided his hounds saw him. Blackfoot and clever Tracker first raised the hue and cry with their baying, the latter a Cretan hound, the former of Spartan pedigree. Then the rest of the pack rushed up, swifter than the wind, whose names it would take too long to give. Eager for the prey, they hunt him over rocks and cliffs, by rough tracks and trackless ways, through terrain rocky and inaccessible. He fled, by ways where he had often been the pursuer; he fled, pursued by his own hounds! He longed to cry out "Actaeon am I; obey your master!" He longed—but could utter no words; and the heavens echoed to the baying hounds. First Blackie gored his back; then Hunter followed, while Hill-hound gripped Actaeon's shoulder with his teeth. These three had been slower to join the chase but had outstripped the pack along mountain shortcuts; while they held back their master, the pack came up and all sank their teeth into his body. His whole body was torn by the hounds; he groaned, a sound which was not human nor yet such as a stag could make.

The hills he knew so well echoed with his screams; falling on his knees, like a man in prayer, he dumbly looked at them in entreaty, for he had no human arms to stretch out to them. But the huntsmen, ignorant of the truth, urge on the pack with their usual cries; they look round for Actaeon and loudly call his name as if he were not there. At the sound of his name he lifts his head; they think it a pity that he is not there, too slow to see the sight of the stag at bay. He could indeed wish he were not there! But he is; he could wish to be the spectator, not the victim, of his hounds' cruel jaws. Completely encircling him, with jaws biting deep, they tear in fact their master's flesh when he seems to be a stag. Only when his life has ebbed out through innumerable wounds, was it said that the vengeance was satisfied of the huntress Diana.

Opinions varied about the deed. Some thought the goddess had been more cruel than just; others approved, and said that her severity was worthy of her virgin chastity. Each view had good reasons to support it.

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