

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

Question 1 (50%)

The following passage is taken from Sophocles' *Antigone*. After a scene of confrontation Creon condemns Antigone to death. Antigone is to be sealed up and left to die in an underground cell. Here she speaks to the Chorus before she is led away to her entombment. Please read the excerpt carefully and give a close reading of your understanding of it.

ANTIGONE: O tomb, my bridal-bed—my house, my prison
cut in the hollow rock, my everlasting watch!
I'll soon be there, soon embrace my own,
the great growing family of our dead
Persephone has received among her ghosts.

I,
the last of them all, the most reviled by far,
go down before my destined time's run out.
But still I go, cherishing one good hope:
my arrival may be dear to father,
dear to you, my mother,
dear to you, my loving brother, Eteocles—
When you died I washed you with my hands,
I dressed you all, I poured the cups
across your tombs. But now, Polynices,
because I laid your body out as well,
this, this is my reward. Nevertheless
I honored you—the decent will admit it—
well and wisely too.

Never, I tell you.
if I had been the mother of children
or if my husband died, exposed and rotting—
I'd never have taken this ordeal upon myself,
never defied our people's will. What law,
you ask, do I satisfy with what I say?
A husband dead, there might have been another.
A child by another too, if I had lost the first.
But mother and father both lost in the halls of Death,
no brother could ever spring to light again.
For this law alone I held you first in honor.
For this, Creon, the king, judges me a criminal
guilty of dreadful outrage, my dear brother!
And now he leads me off, a captive in his hands,
with no part in the bridal-song, the bridal-bed,
denied all joy of marriage, raising children—
deserted so by loved ones, struck by fate,
I descend alive to the caverns of the dead.

What law of the mighty gods have I transgressed?
Why look to the heavens any more, tormented as I am?
Whom to call, what comrades now? Just think,
my reverence only brands me for irreverence!
Very well: if this is the pleasure of the gods,
once I suffer I will know that I was wrong.
But if these men are wrong, let them suffer nothing worse than they
mete out to me—
these masters of injustice!

(continued on next page)

注：背面有試題

Question 2 (50%)

The following story of Echo and Narcissus is taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Please read this story carefully and give a close reading of your understanding of it.

Now Narcissus

Was sixteen years of age, and could be taken
 Either for boy or man; and boys and girls
 Both sought his love, but in that slender stripling
 Was pride so fierce no boy, no girl, could touch him.
 He was out hunting one day, driving deer
 Into the nets, when a nymph named Echo saw him,
 A nymph whose way of talking was peculiar
 In that she could not start a conversation
 Nor fail to answer other people talking.
 Up to this time Echo still had a body,
 She was not merely voice. She liked to chatter,
 But had no power of speech except the power
 To answer in the words she last had heard.
 Juno had done this: when she went out looking
 For Jove on top of some nymph among the mountains,
 Echo would stall the goddess off by talking
 Until the nymphs had fled. Sooner or later
 Juno discovered this and said to Echo:
 "The tongue that made a fool of me will shortly
 Have shorter use, the voice be brief hereafter."
 Those were not idle words; now Echo always
 Says the last thing she hears, and nothing further.
 She saw Narcissus roaming through the country,
 Saw him, and burned, and followed him in secret,
 Burning the more she followed, as when sulphur
 Smeared on the rim of torches, catches fire
 When other fire comes near it. Oh, how often
 She wanted to come near with coaxing speeches,
 Make soft entreaties to him! But her nature
 Sternly forbids; the one thing not forbidden
 Is to make answers. She is more than ready
 For words she can give back. By chance Narcissus
 Lost track of his companions, started calling
 "Is anybody here?" and "Here!" said Echo.
 He looked around in wonderment, called louder
 "Come to me!" "Come to me!" came back the answer.
 He looked behind him, and saw no one coming;
 "Why do you run from me?" and heard his question
 Repeated in the woods. "Let us get together!"
 There was nothing Echo would ever say more gladly,
 "Let us get together!" And, to help her words,
 Out of the woods she came, with arms all ready
 To fling around his neck. But he retreated:
 "Keep your hands off," he cried, "and do not touch me!
 I would die before I give you a chance at me."
 "I give you a chance at me," and that was all
 She ever said thereafter, spurned and hiding,
 Ashamed, in the leafy forests, in lonely caverns.
 But still her love clings to her and increases
 And grows on suffering; she cannot sleep,
 She frets and pines, becomes all gaunt and haggard,
 Her body dries and shrivels till voice only
 And bones remain, and then she is voice only
 For the bones are turned to stone. She hides in woods
 And no one sees her now along the mountains,
 But all may hear her, for her voice is living.