

※ 考生請注意：本試題不可使用計算機。請於答案卷(卡)作答，於本試題紙上作答者，不予計分。

1. This text is an excerpt from "The Past as Legacy and Project: Postcolonial Criticism in the Perspective of Indigenous Criticism" by Arif Dirlik. Pls translate and interpret. Use examples from Taiwan to illustrate his points if you can. (25%)

"The historicity of identity does not make it any the less whole, nor does the constructedness of the past make it any the less significant in shaping history. Each generation may rewrite history, but it does so under conditions where it receives as its historical endowment previous generations' constructions of the past. For the marginalized and oppressed in particular, whose histories have been erased by power, it becomes all the more important to recapture or remake the past in their efforts to render themselves visible historically, as the very struggle to become visible presupposes a historical identity. In the face of a "historiographic colonialism" that denies them their historicity, capturing the truth of history, of oppression and the resistance to it, is a fundamental task that for its accomplishment requires constant reference to the precolonial past. But it is also the case that those who are engaged in a struggle for identity can least afford to dehistoricize or reify the past, for the struggle is always the struggle for the present and must address not just the legacy of the past but also problems of the present."

2. Please translate and interpret. From Orientalism by Said. (25%)

"I have spent a great deal of my life during the past thirty-five years advocating the rights of the Palestinian people to national self-determination, but I have always tried to do that with full attention paid to the reality of the Jewish people and what they suffered by the way of persecution and genocide. The paramount thing is that the struggle for equality in Palestine/Israel should be directed toward a humane goal, that is, coexistence, and not further suppression and denial. Not accidentally, I indicate that Orientalism and modern anti-Semitism have common roots. Therefore, it would seem to be a vital necessity for independent intellectuals always to provide alternative models to the reductively simplifying and confining ones, based on mutual hostility, that have prevailed in the Middle East and elsewhere for so long....

The secular world is the world of history as made by human beings. Human agency is subject to investigation and analysis, which it is the mission of understanding to apprehend, criticize, influence, and judge. Above all, critical thought does not submit to state power or to commands to join in the ranks marching against one or another approved enemy. Rather than the manufactured clash of civilizations, we need to concentrate on the slow working together of cultures that overlap, borrow from each other, and live together in far more interesting ways than any abridged or inauthentic mode of understanding can allow. But for that kind of wider perception we need time and patient and skeptical inquiry, supported by faith in communities of interpretation

that are difficult to sustain in a world demanding instant action and reaction.”

3. 中翻英：請把以下中文文字翻譯成英文。(25%)

小雪空手返鄉，文凱捧一束包著玻璃紙的玫瑰，和孩子們在機場等了一上午接她回家。那花，她捨不得丟，晾乾後倒掛在前廊，不過秋涼多雨，枯黃的花束看來委靡可憐，風華已逝。

去年，文凱和小雪的弟弟也曾共赴越南開礦，又累又危險，一個月的收入六千元，爆破入坑都是提著脖子不要命的工作，苦撐三個月還是打包回家了。媽媽說，男人有家有小孩，還是別賣命。她問過文凱要不要去台灣，他不要，覺得人生地不熟，風險更勝礦坑。

「他被寵壞了，不會想，不知道我在馬來西亞在台灣有多苦，捨不得花錢，捨不得休息，錢全存給家裡。只看到我拿錢回家，不知道我要賺這些錢多麼不容易。」

每個海外打工的人，都有這一層辛酸。渴望一種貼近的理解，那種不可言喻的、相濡以沫的、有淚卻不曾真正留下的，人在異地的徬徨與掙扎。這個認識的落差，無以言傳，難以交流，唯有親身經歷。

顧玉玲，《回家》第五章〈浮木〉，新北市：INK 印刻文學，2014，頁 382。

4. 請閱讀完以下關於 Leonard Cohen（加拿大）詩人的評論這篇文章後，用中文寫下這篇文章的重點。(25%)

When a poet dies, his publishers often hurry into print whatever scraps lie stuffed in his desk drawers or overflow his wastebasket. This is the book business at its darkest and most human, but many balance sheets have been balanced by a posthumous work or two. Death is the moment when all eyes are upon the poet for the last time; beyond, for most harmless drudges, lies the abyss. Leonard Cohen, who died two years ago, wore many a fedora — poet, novelist, songwriter, a singer of sorts — but only the last trade, which he took up reluctantly, made him a star.

Cohen was never taken very seriously as a poet. He wasn't much of a singer, either; but the gravelly renderings of his lyrics gradually attracted a mass audience that seemed more like a cult. Many found him a bit much, his heart-on-his-sleeve misery no more appealing than plunging your hands into boiling tar. Still, songs like "Suzanne," "Bird on the Wire" and the rather preposterous hymn of praise "Hallelujah" have been so widely covered as to be nearly inescapable. At any moment of the day, "Suzanne" is probably playing in an elevator somewhere.

Such songs now form the hoarse, moaning soundtrack to countless movies and television episodes. When a Cohen song rises from some awkward silence it's a good bet the director has run out of ideas. The religiose sentimentality and painful growl, like a halibut with strep

throat, have patched a lot of plot holes. He'll give an emulsified version of everything the scriptwriter left unsaid.

THE FLAME

POEMS NOTEBOOKS LYRICS DRAWINGS



LEONARD COHEN

“The Flame” has a little of everything for Cohen fans and nothing for anyone else. The publicity matter claims the stray work has been “carefully selected”; but if this is the best of

his barrel scrapings, there's not much barrel to scrape. With a plan laid down by the singer himself, the editors have included his own choice of some 60 poems, the lyrics from his last four albums and a long dreary selection of notebook jottings. The pages have been decorated with 70 or so rumpled self-portraits (the singer's *amour propre* came streaked in self-loathing), with a dozen amateurish doodles of young women thrown in. That perhaps represents the internal proportions of Cohen's famous vanity and his equally famous lechery — I mean, of course, his search for a muse variously named Marianne, Sahara, Vanessa, Charmaine, Anjani, Mara, Sheila, Heather, Carolina and Olivia. How awful had any of his passing fancies passed unnoticed.

The poems are monotonous scribbles of the moody-undergraduate school, what young Werther would have sung had he been Canadian:

*O apple of the world
we weren't married on the surface
we were married at the core
I can't take it anymore.*

The long miseries and brief graces of love are Cohen's obsessive subject. Some famous love poems by Bernart de Ventadorn and Dante sound almost as bad when translated, but Cohen doesn't have that excuse. The poems might seem that much better in Provençal or Tuscan.

Cohen favors an Audenesque quatrain with none of the puckish genius Auden used to refashion the form. What we get instead is:

*And from the wall a grazing wind
weightless and serene
wounds Me as I part Her lips
and wounds Us in between*

*And fastened here, surrendered to
My Lover and My Lover,
We spread and drown as lilies do—
forever and forever.*

Cohen loves "poetic" lines that are nearly excruciating ("And now that I kneel / At the edge of my years / Let me fall through the mirror of love"), rhymes that would cripple a musk ox (plug/enough, sword/2005, art/Marx), and passages the C.I.A. should use only during enhanced interrogation (a couple "waving at desire / as it rests in the foreground /

foothill-shaped, peaceful, / devoted as a dog made of tears”).

The lyrics follow in cornucopian abundance, as if Cohen were possessed by a Dionysian mania forever unassuaged. Genial, sloppy, full of conventional lines, they sometimes have little twists that save them from disaster. Heavy on parallels and antitheses, they're even heavier on abstractions, the words just a syllable or two, on rare occasions three, almost never four:

The parking lot is empty

They killed the neon sign

It's dark from here to St. Jovite

It's dark all down the line.

Cohen could turn this stuff out all day, and it's not half bad; but lyrics without music, even decent lyrics, look like dried lungfish in someone's den, mounted on varnished plaques. The difference between his lyrics and poems is tissue-paper thin except when he was writing some wretched approximation of free verse:

His cry his perfect word pitched against

The baffled contradictions of the heart

Wrestling them embracing them

Strangling them with a jealous conjugal desperation.

Cohen was not a poet who accidentally became a lyricist; he was a lyricist who for years fooled himself into thinking he was a poet. As poems these squibs are worthless; as lyrics, even sung in that lizardy groan, they often moved millions. His voice, that broken, battered thing, could make almost any song — even “God Save the Queen,” perhaps — sound lonesome, miserable, profound. If singing badly is no bar to stardom, everyone who stands caterwauling in the shower should take hope. You might not even need a whiskey-and-battery-acid cocktail to get there.

The final section consists of disordered entries from the hundreds of notebooks Cohen picked up and pitched down over the years (one was discovered in his refrigerator freezer). Fans who have pined for wisdom like “I think, therefore I am / right up there with / Mary had a Little Lamb” or “I was thinking / of a room in Westminster / room / with a woman from Hell / who thought she was hot” may at last be gratified. (The book reproduces the manuscript of the latter. That extra “room” is a bad editorial decision — Cohen was probably just trying to clarify his handwriting.) In the notebooks, the singer writes, “Whatever happened to my place / in the Anthology of English Literature?” The better question is, Why should he be there in the

first place?

It's hard to understand the cult of Leonard Cohen, the thousands who flocked to concert after concert, leaving with a feeling of illumination or exaltation, the sort of things for which people usually receive get-well cards. There are artists we don't understand whom we are happy for others to love, and artists who attract an adoration that seems such a colossal mistake we can only shake our heads in bewilderment. Those who love Cohen may find in this gallimaufry the answer to their prayers. For everyone else, the only proper reaction is to shutter the windows and wait for the fever to pass.

William Logan is the author, most recently, of "Dickinson's Nerves, Frost's Woods: Poetry in the Shadow of the Past."

On book:

THE FLAME

Poems, Notebooks, Lyrics, Drawings

By Leonard Cohen

Edited by Robert Faggen and Alexandra Pleshoyano

277 pp. Farrar, Straus & Giroux..