

Complete the following tasks by making use of, or referring to, the concepts in the prescribed reading. Answers can be in Chinese or English.

1. Briefly describe the concept of “norms” used in our prescribed reading *Translation and Norms*. (5%)
2. In “The Concept of Norms in Translation Studies, Christina Schäffner says that “Translational norms prevail at a certain period and within a particular society, and they determine the selection, the production and the reception of translations.” Elaborate this statement by using the case of Adrianus de Buck’s 1653 translation of Boethius. (15%)
3. Theo Hermans says in his ‘Translation and Normativity’ that “[t]he ‘anterior text’ to which a translation refers is never simply the source text, even though that is the claim which translations commonly make. It is a particular image of it And because the image is always slanted, coloured, pre-formed, never innocent, we can say that translation constructs or produces or . . . ‘invents’ its original.” What implications can we make about translation/translating and the nature of a translated text? (20%)
4. “Translation is of interest precisely because it offers first-hand evidence of the prejudice of perception and of the pervasiveness of local concerns.” Prove or disprove this statement with the empirical cases mentioned in the prescribed reading or whatever knowledge you have in translation and/or translating. (20%)
5. Analyze and comment on the following excerpt translated from the short story 〈匿犬〉. Credits will be given to candidates who can problematize the translated text and engage him/herself in sustained academic discussion of translation/translating. (40%)

見背面

Dog Obscured

匿犬*

YEH Hsuan 葉璇

Looking down from the second storey window, he could see the van from Animal Control cruising down the approach to the factory—a notorious stretch of road that has seen its share of traffic mishap—heading straight for the empty lot not far away. Puffs of ashen smoke issue from the vehicle's exhaust, a sight so glaringly at odds with the peace and tranquility of the December air as to stick out like an obnoxious street character spitting in public with absolutely no sense of remorse. Suddenly there is a feeling of déjà vu, a certainty of having been there before. Like in a prophetic dream, the sense of familiarity is so strong as to be almost repulsive. It's clear he isn't too thrilled about the van being here, about the vehicle intruding with impunity upon a perfectly tranquil space as it chugs along making raspy, fart-like noises. For a moment he wishes even that the clunker would collide with one of the many weatherworn utility poles—how close they are in condition and temperament! But these violent fantasies remain just that—fantasies in the mind that, after continuous replay, are reduced to harmless little thoughts, much like how giants in

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接次頁

one's dreams turn out to be wimpy little cowards in the real world.

He zooms in on the vacant lot and the shrubbery next to the factory building and the area around the tightly-locked steel fence. He leans out the window and performs a thorough scan of the environs—but the dog is nowhere to be seen.

He lets out a sigh of relief. It is as if a tense cord in his heart had snapped—whether this is a good thing or a bad thing he is not sure. He does not know whether to expect a sense of joy or some deeper fear or anxiety. He lets out another sigh, this one much longer than the last. As he turns and steps away from the window, he sees his own sorry reflection in the glass—drooping eyelids and hair so disheveled he may as well have just gotten out of bed, despite the fact that it is well past noon. It dawns upon him how often he's been sighing lately.

But he is unaware that his fist has been tightly clenched throughout, and is only now beginning to loosen.

As he shuts the window, dust that had gathered on the aluminum frame rubs off on his fingers, which he duly wipes clean on his khaki trousers. Back at his desk, he makes a half-hearted effort to clear up the clutter on his desktop and clear out a space, at the same time pulling a plastic bag out from a drawer to hold what's left of the chicken thigh lunch combo, the canned soda and bits of orange peel from days ago. He ties the two ends of the bag into a knot, falls back on his swivel chair, and, as if shooting a basketball, tosses the garbage with flair into a corner of the office. Immediately after his fade-away shot, he hears a knock at the door followed by "Hey, boss" in a female voice It is Miss Wu from Accounting. He is caught unawares with his hand still up in the air from the basketball move. Embarrassed, he quickly withdraws from the gesture.

He is perplexed as to his own behavior, to the point that for the next ten minutes or so, from the time Miss Wu enters the office to report mundane matters to the moment she leaves, he is lost in his own train of thought, wondering why he had made such an adolescent gesture. But after mulling over it some, he concludes that at the time it simply felt right, and there is nothing affected whatsoever about it.

見背面

匿犬*

葉璇

他站在二樓窗口，看到捕狗隊的廂型車直直開過工廠前面那條出過好幾次事的馬路，到不遠的一處空地停下，排氣管撲撲冒著白煙，在十二月理當清冷寧靜的氛圍中顯得突兀；肆無忌憚地像個隨地亂吐痰的醜陋男子。他心裡頓時再度浮現一種感覺，那感覺他敢打賭自己確實經歷過，像預知夢那種東西一樣對他而言有相當程度的熟悉。熟悉得討厭。他知道自己有夠不爽那輛車，不爽那輛車那樣毫髮無傷地破壞那樣空曠得完美的空地，還發出那樣嘈雜的像放屁一樣的音色。有那麼一刻他甚至大膽地想，為什麼那輛車不去撞那根凹痕無數的電線桿，它們明明是如此氣味相近的同伴。然而這些暴力而張狂的情節也僅限於想像，在他腦海裡喃喃咀嚼後立即一一融化得不具稜角，像夢裡的巨人來到現實便變得膽小而怯弱。

他將視線拉近了些，看看工廠院子旁的草叢，院子入口緊閉的不銹鋼柵欄；而後他從窗口探出上身，於視野可及之處盡力環顧一周。沒看到那隻狗。

他吁了口氣，心中有條拉緊的線突然繃斷，但他無法分辨這種放鬆是多是壞，帶著欣喜抑或更深的憂懼悲傷。他又吐出一口氣，這次更像一聲長嘆。他轉身正要離開窗口，發現窗上隱約倒映的自己眼臉鬆弛，發現自己頭髮亂得像是剛睡醒，雖然現在剛過中午。他突然覺得自己最近似乎越來越常嘆氣了。

但他並未發現過程中他曾攢緊了拳頭，而後鬆開。

* 選自《聯合文學》第313期，2010年11月號，頁68-77。此為第24屆聯合文學小說新人獎短篇小說推薦獎得獎作品。

接次頁

題號：51

國立臺灣大學105學年度碩士班招生考試試題

科目：筆譯基本議題

節次：4

題號：51

共 5 頁之第 5 頁

他將窗戶關上，鋁製的窗框上沾了灰塵，他順手在卡其褲上抹一抹。然後他回到辦公桌前，把桌面凌亂的文件紙胡亂收拾後朝稍遠處推，一邊順手拉開抽屜抄起一個塑膠袋，將剛剛吃剩的雞腿便當殘渣、幾天前喝乾的飲料罐和剝下的橘子皮全部掃入袋子裡打了個死結，最後向旋轉椅上用力一坐，作個投籃的姿勢用力將那包東西往角落丟。「頭家，」敲門聲在他恰好做完這動作後響起，伴隨一個女人的聲音。是會計吳小姐。他的手還延續著投籃的動作停留在空中，連忙尷尬地放下。

他對自己方才的動作感到相當疑惑，甚至在爾後的十多分鐘，從吳小姐進來辦公室向他報告那些瑣事到她離開後，他都心不在焉地想著自己為何突然做了個過於年輕的舉動。但經過一陣思前想後，他覺得在那瞬間他就是想這麼做，且十分自然。

試題隨卷繳回