

Note: Answers may be given either in Chinese or in English

I. Essay Questions: 60%

1. Michaela Wolf once mentioned that "Ethnography and translation are on the same boat," meaning that the two activities in question are engaged in more or less the same basic issue, namely the "textualization of culture," a term also used by Talal Asad in his essay on "cultural translation" prescribed for this exam. **Justify** Wolf's observation by referring to Asad's essay on the one hand and your own understanding of translation/translating on the other.
2. "Reduction" and "Exclusion" are two terms that inform Lawrence Venuti's "Translation as Cultural Politics: Regimes of Domestication." How do these two terms explain the "violence" of "domestication" as a translation strategy?
3. "Narrative," "Discourse," and "Voice" are used by Mona Baker, Ian Mason, and Theo Hermans respectively to offer a rather different vision of translation/translating as against the one informed by the idea of "faithfulness." Elaborate on this observation.

II.

Analyze and comment on the following short story translated into English. Credits will be given to candidates who can cite specific and relevant instances to problematize the translated text (e.g. the gain and loss in adopting certain translation strategy) and engage themselves thereof in sustained academic discussion of translation/translating. (40%)

見背面

大年夜*

劉大任

New Year's Eve

大年夜*

D. J. LIU 劉大任

「這當年，一定要熱熱鬧鬧！把他們都集合起來，好酒好菜，大家樂樂。」

他說話的口氣，雖然不像命令，但至少有點兒「想當然耳」的味道。

想的可美！我才懶得管理，心想，你們熱鬧，還不是要我累死。動不動七、八上十個人，就算簡簡單單包包餃子吧，從買菜到洗菜、切肉，從拌餡到採麵、擀皮，再加上事前事後滿屋子上下清掃，至少忙兩天！坐享其成的總以為，我哪件事不出力、幫忙？不都隨時聽從指揮調度，那你主廚的，又有什麼好抱怨的呢？

老實說，現在不是從前，任勞任怨，誰還願意當革命煮飯婆？

回心轉意是因為幾十年不見的婷婷突然來了電話，而且，居然與師問罪。

「你死到哪兒去了？怎麼連同學會都不來！」

這也難怪，我因為嫁了這樣一個人，有意無意的，跟老同學斷了聯繫，確實好幾十年了。

當年的校園裡，婷婷是個風頭人物，郊遊吧，大家拱她出頭號召，舞會呢，沒她就覺冷冷清清。還有那麼一幫人，成天簇擁著，像是跟班，又像經理人，有人哄她選美，有的千方百計拉攏影劇界，非把她捧成明星不可，結果倒是出人意料，千挑萬選，卻嫁了個窮藝術家。

我跟婷婷同系又同寢室，自然而然，成了她的社交參謀兼戀愛顧問。想當年，為了她，我這個婚姻志工，堅守兩項原則：文法科的，只要

* 原載於《聯合文學》第316期，2011年2月號，頁104-107。

"This New Year's Eve, we've really got to live it up! Let's gather everyone together for good food, good wine, and good times."

Though he didn't seem to be using the imperative mood, he did at least sound like he was taking something, or someone, for granted.

Yes, let's! I couldn't be bothered to reply. I was thinking: You guys'd have all the fun and I'd exhaust myself doing all the work. Every time it's seven or eight, even ten people. Just to make the dumplings I'd have to go to the market, wash the greens, mince the meat, blend the filling and knead the dough and roll it out into dumpling skin. Add the time I'd spend on clean-up before and after the blast and I'd be busy for at least two whole days! Every time it's the same: you sit there and enjoy the fruits of my labor, pretending you're doing your share: 'Don't I always pitch in and help out? Here I am, at your disposal. So what do you, Chef, with your kitchen to command, have to complain about?'

But honestly, the past is past. There was a time when a girl would resign herself to toil as a rice maid for the sake of the Revolution, but

* From *Lianhe wenxue* (《聯合文學》) (UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY), Vol. 316, February, 2011: 104-107. The title recalls the xiehouyu "New Year's Eve, Eat Dumplings--No Strangers" (大年夜吃餃子—沒外人).

是油頭粉臉、伶牙俐齒，首先淘汰；理工科的，若是呆頭呆腦、手腳不靈，也請他站一邊。這樣一來，孤芳自賞的校花，身邊的人，竟慢慢減少了，正應了校園流行的那句老話：一年驕二年傲，三年拉警報，四年沒人耍。她倒從不埋怨，直到畢業前夕，那幫人全散了，我也出國走了，她卻落了單。

她終於結婚的消息，是我第一個孩子誕生那年，才從台灣輾轉傳來的。

那以後，我們還是沒有恢復聯繫，這卻不能怪她，我這個呆頭呆腦的理工科老公，忽然心血來潮，竟然放棄自己的學術專業，搞革命搞得上了黑名單，成了台灣親友眼中難經叛道的恐怖分子。

接到她的電話，距離大年夜，不到三天。問她人在哪裡，才告訴我說：丈夫走了，她來美國兩年，一直住在女兒家，要不是聖誕節往芝加哥參加同學會，根本不知道原來跟我住同一個城市。

如此一來，過年就不完全是為了他跟他那批朋友，我也要婷婷來熱鬧熱鬧。

好在臨時改變主意，也沒什麼，那批人，反正一叫就來。

婷婷第一個到會，究竟是老相好，一來就下廚幫忙。當然，幾十年不見，開門那會兒，彼此都幾乎認不出來，擁抱的時候，摸到她粗大的腰身，我的眼睜不覺濕潤了。

傳單一家第二個到，接下來，糾察、採買、鋼板三家人，陸續到齊。加上被他們叫成「聯絡」的我們倆，今晚，一如往常，還是這五家十個低頭幹活很少拋頭露面的實務派。當年因為分配工作成了習慣，不久就變成代號，就這樣沿用至今。

這幾年，老同志聚會，小孩漸漸不見了，越發感覺冷清。孩子們各自建立屬於他們那一代的生活圈子，有的更天南地北搬開去了，就是住在附近，叫也不一定聽，連感恩節、聖誕節都難得回來一趟，何況是農曆年，他們腦子裡面從來就沒有的東西。

餃子餡有鮮蝦，有豬肉，想到婷婷來美不久，難免不懷念家鄉，我特別從華人超市挑選了新進口的台灣特產高山高麗菜來配，口感應該不賴。本來準備喝紅酒的，想到婷婷，決定還是金門高粱。沒想到，這個決定，最後闖了禍。

紅酒跟高粱，目的無非一個：讓人進入微醺狀態。這些古板老革命，

that time has passed.

The only reason I changed my mind was because my old friend Tina called me out of the blue, decades after we had lost touch. And she immediately had me on the defensive.

"Where the hell have you been all these years? How come you didn't even come to our class reunion!"

Well, it's no wonder. Having married a man like this, I'd cut contact with old friends more or less intentionally. It really had been decades.

Tina was a scene-stealer in college. Whenever there was some excursion, everyone pressed her to come out and help promote the event. School dances were simply dreary without her there. And there was always a gang of people surrounding her all day long like an entourage, acting like assistants but also like managers. Someone coaxed her to enter a beauty pageant. Someone else yanked strings in the entertainment industry to try to make her a star. Who would have imagined that with plenty of marriage prospects to choose from, she would end up marrying some poor artist?

Tina and I were in the same major together. We were even roommates. It was only natural that I would become her social attaché-cum-romance counselor.

During the time I volunteered to serve as her matchmaker, I stuck to two ironclad principles: First, Arts or Law students were out of the picture immediately if they were suave and glib. Second, Science or Engineering students were asked to stand aside if they were gawky or geeky. But as a result, there were fewer and fewer bees buzzing around the campus queen, who grew into the proverbial solitary flower in love with her own fragrance. It was proof of that old campus saw:

Freshman girls are proud

Sophomores live on a cloud

Junior girls sound the alarm

Senior girls lose all their charm

But Tina never bemoaned her fate. On the eve of graduation her

難得放肆，人不放肆，怎麼熱鬧起來？可是，高粱的速度太快太多，究竟已非當年，酒精吸收能力退化，還不過九點，已有人東倒西歪了。

傅單最差，乾不到十杯，臉色發白，必須上廁所吐乾淨，才能勉強拚下去。

看著他被老婆扶持的樣子，我覺得不能讓他們再像以前那樣藉酒來發瘋了，遂悄悄將卡拉OK機器打開。

想不到，婷娜的興趣比誰都高，而她的歌聲，還是那麼甜美。她真夠爽快，根本不用人催，也不徵求別人意見，很快便挑定了一大批老歌。音樂一響，她馬上跟上節拍，就是沒有其他人跟，一個人照樣投入。看來，金門高粱還是正確的選擇。

閉上眼睛，不看她的臉，彷彿又回到學生宿舍。準備出 date 的她，一面哼著流行歌曲，一面對鏡化妝。

第一首是王人美的〈漁光曲〉。這首歌，小時聽大人唱過，不太熟，只能輕聲伴唱。採買公母倆，歪在沙發上，我看見他們手心合著手心，輕輕打著節拍。鋼板夫婦，連聲叫好，還說：想不到靡靡之音裡面，居然有社會意識呢！

接下來是吳鶯鶯，我更不熟，跟不了。採買那裡，手不太動了。鋼板偶爾點頭，不時拍一下巴掌湊興。

然後是周璇。屋子裡的人，完全沒了反應，只剩下婷娜的聲音。

到了白光的〈禿子尿炕〉，飯桌邊，頭始終枕在臂彎裡休息的糾察，突然跳了起來。

「夠了，夠了！」他大概不好意思面對歌者，翻臉向上，對著天花板，吼吼：「再唱這些調調，骨頭都要酥掉啦！」

屋子裡的氣氛，一百八十度轉變。

開始還只有三兩個人加入，先唱〈小河水水〉，再唱〈松花江上〉，唱到陝北民謠，有點熱鬧了，到了〈畢業歌〉和〈解放軍進行曲〉響起，東歪西倒的漢子和婦人，有的坐正，有的索性站直，全部拉開喉嚨，放情高歌。

這時候，輪到婷娜坐立不安，望著一屋子原來完全陌生的人，突然發現自己的孤獨，終於歪倒在沙發上，手足無措，目瞪口呆。

我悄悄拉住她的手。

革命歌曲合唱繼續進行。

pack of admirers had all dispersed, and then even I went abroad. She was left all alone.

The news that she'd finally gotten married only twisted and turned its way from Taiwan the year my eldest was born.

But we never resumed contact. You couldn't blame her. That geeky science student I'd married suddenly took it into his head to drop out of academia and make revolution, making it all the way onto the government blacklist. In the eyes of friends and family from Taiwan, he's guilty of treason, and seen as a terrorist.

Tina called with less than three days to go until New Year's Eve. It was only when I asked her where she was calling from that she told me her husband had passed away. She'd been stateside for two years, living with her daughter. If she hadn't gone to the Christmas class reunion in Chicago she would never have known that we were living in the same city.

Now New Year's wasn't all about him and his lot of aging comrades. I wanted to invite Tina over to help bring in the New Year with a bang.

And fortunately it didn't matter that I changed my mind at the last minute. The old gang would come if called at a moment's notice.

Tina was the first to arrive. After all, we were old friends. As soon as she stepped in the door she came right into the kitchen to help. Of course, we hadn't seen each other in decades, and I could hardly recognize her when I opened the door. When I gave her a hug, and felt the girth of her waist, my eyes just moistened up.

Leaflet and his wife were the next to arrive, followed by Picketer, Purchaser, and Mimeograph and their wives, pair by pair, until everyone was there. With my husband and me—they called us Mr. and Mrs. Liaison—there were the usual five couples, ten no-nonsense individuals who kept their noses to the grindstone and seldom put in a public appearance. Back in the day we'd gotten so accustomed to our revolutionary division of labor that our tasks eventually became the monikers that we still use today.

These past few years, children have been disappearing from the gatherings of the old comrades, leaving them more and more subdued.

現在，連卡拉OK都關了機，但見屋子裡面，一群白髮蒼蒼的老頭子老婆婆，個個表情嚴肅，眼睛發亮，抬頭挺胸，好像腰裡插刀，肩膀上扛著衝鋒槍，義無反顧地奔赴硝煙滿天的戰場。

抗日愛國系列一曲曲唱完，接下去，便是〈我的祖國〉、〈社會主義好〉……。直到每個人的聲音不免有些啞啞，才由當年擔任過指揮的糾察，搬出這齣壓軸戲。

每一次，至今維持著寬肩膀厚胸脯的糾察，總要用他有點生硬的廣東國語，儀式一樣，當眾嚴肅宣布：現在，讓我們為那些英勇犧牲的，唱一首歌！

（「犧牲」聽起來像「黑生」）。

婷婷聽清楚了開頭的兩個短句：起來，飢寒交迫的奴隸。起來，全世界受苦的人。後面的歌詞，她卻無法辨認了。

送婷婷出門，已經是正月初一了。她問我：

「你這批朋友，都是大陸來的嗎？」

我說：不是。

她又問：你們唱的歌，我怎麼從來都沒聽過呢？

我的回答，恐怕她也永遠無法理解。我說：這些歌，台灣本就不唱，大陸過去只唱這些，唱了幾十年，如今也沒人唱了。現在還在唱的，全世界，就剩我老公這批糊塗蛋了。

The children had circles of friends of their own. Some had moved away, and even if they lived close by they might not come home for a visit if you invited them, not even for Thanksgiving or Christmas, let alone for Chinese New Year, which they'd never had any concept of.

There was shrimp filling and pork filling for the dumplings. Knowing that Tina hadn't been in the United States for very long and was probably a bit homesick, I had made a trip to local Chinese supermarket, to buy some specialty hill-grown cabbage freshly imported from Taiwan to go with the filling. It would give the dumplings a good texture. I'd also planned to get a few bottles of red wine, but then I thought of Tina and bought 'Kinmen Kaoliang'—sorghum liquor—instead. I never imagined what a disastrous decision this would prove to be.

The purpose of red wine or kaoliang was just to get people tipsy. These staid old revolutionaries rarely got the chance to relax, and if people don't relax how can they have any fun? But the kaoliang hit them hard. They no longer had a youngster's alcohol tolerance. It wasn't nine o'clock yet and already some of them were staggeringly drunk.

Leaflet was in the worst state. After fewer than ten toasts, his face had gone pale and he had to go to the bathroom to throw everything up before he could manage to keep going.

At the sight of Leaflet needing his wife to help him along like that, I decided I couldn't let the craziness of the drinking spree continue like in the good old days. So I quietly turned on the karaoke machine.

Who would have thought that Tina would be more enthused than anyone else, or that she would still sing so sweetly? She sure was keen on it. Nobody made a request, nor did she ask for anyone's suggestion. Before you knew it she'd entered a long list of golden oldies. As soon as the music started up she picked up the rhythm, and it didn't matter that nobody was singing along with her: she just soloed on. Now it seemed that Kinmen Kaoliang had been the right choice after all.

Closing my eyes, I was seemingly transported back to our college dorm. Getting ready to go out on a date, Tina would be humming the

tune to a pop song as she put on make up in front of the mirror.

The first song she sang was "Lights of the Trawlers" by Wang Renmei. I'd heard grown-ups singing this song when I was a girl, but it was none too familiar and I could only hum along. Purchaser and his old lady were sprawled on the sofa. I watched them lightly clapping the rhythm, palm to palm. Mimeograph and his wife complimented Tina and said, "I never knew such decadent melodies could conceal a social conscience!"

Next she sang something by Wu Yingying, a popular songstress in the 1940s. This song was even less familiar and I couldn't even hum the tune. The Picketers weren't moving their hands much anymore. Mimeograph looked up from time to time, occasionally slapping a beat in the rhythm just to liven things up a bit.

Then came Zhou Xuan, the wandering songstress of old Shanghai in the 1930s. There was absolutely no reaction from the others in the room. All that remained was the sound of Tina's voice.

When she started to sing Bai Guang's "Baldy Wets the Bed," about a bald bed-wetter's wife's despair, Picketer, who had been leaning on the dinner table with his head in the crook of his arm, suddenly leapt to his feet.

"Enough! Enough I say!" He was probably too embarrassed to look the singer in the eye, so he looked up at the ceiling instead and roared, "If I have to keep listening to these popular melodies my bones will turn to mush!"

There was a diametrical turn in the atmosphere in the room.

Initially only two or three people sang along. First came "The Creek Trickles," then "On the Sungari River." The place was humming by the time they got to the northern Shaanxi folk songs, and when they reached "The Graduation Song" and "March of the People's Liberation Army," men and women who had been slumped on the couch or the floor had sat up straight or even stood up to belt out the revolutionary refrains.

Now it was Tina's turn to feel out of place. She looked around at a roomful of complete strangers and suddenly realized how alone she was. She ended up crumpling onto the sofa, discomfited and

dumbfounded.

I quietly took her hand in mine.

The old revolutionary chorus kept right on going.

By this point the karaoke machine had been turned off, but on they sang, a group of gray-haired men and women with solemn expressions and glowing eyes, heads and chests proudly upraised, as if they had daggers at their waists and assault rifles on their shoulders as they charged out onto a burning battlefield!

After the last of a series of patriotic resistance numbers came anthems like "My Ancestral Land" and "Socialism is Good." Their voices were by now more than a little hoarse. Picketer, who'd been a drum major back in the day, announced the grand finale.

Each time the comrades sang, Picketer, who had retained his broad-shouldered and barrel-chested physique, would proclaim, as if ceremonially: Now, a song to honor the martyrs! (With his somewhat stiff Cantonese accent, 'martyrs' sounded like 'murders'.)

Tina could make out the words of the opening couplet: *Arise, ye Prisoners of Hunger! Arise, ye Damned of the Earth!* But after that she was lost.

When I saw Tina out, it was already the morning of the first day of Lunar New Year. "Are these friends of yours from mainland China?" she asked.

"Nope," I said.

"Then why haven't I ever heard the songs they were singing?"

My answer, I was afraid, she could never understand. "Nobody in Taiwan sings those songs, and on the mainland they were the only songs people sang for decades, but nobody sings them anymore. Now the only people who sing them, in the whole wide world, are my husband and his crew of muddle-headed comrades."

Translated by Darryl STERK 石岱瀚