

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

I. Essay Questions: 60%

1. In the opening pages of *Contra Instrumentalism*, Lawrence Venuti argues for a "hermeneutic model" as against the "instrumentalist model" of translation. Briefly define the two models in question and then paraphrase his argument by paying special attention to the key idea of "invariant" he uses throughout. (25%)

2. What is "*interpretant*" as used in Lawrence Venuti's critique of the "instrumentalist model" of translation. Give examples that he mentions. (15%)

3. Lawrence Venuti cites many examples of translation theorists/scholars who are immersed in, or unwittingly fall victim to, the "instrumentalist model" of translation. Choose one example that you understand best and recall Venuti's rationale. (20%)

II. What follows is the opening paragraphs of Ralph Waldo Emerson's

"American Scholars" translated into Chinese. Describe the translation by paying special attention to its "information structure" and "coherence." Credits will be given to candidates who can cite specific and relevant instances to support their observations and engage themselves in sustained academic discussion of translation/translating. (40%)

見背面

• 新 詩 •

會長，諸位，我們今年的文藝工作又開始了，我向你們致敬。這是一個擁有希望的週年紀念日，但有待努力的地方也許仍舊很多。我們聚集在一起，並非為了較力或較技，也不是來朗誦歷史、悲劇和詩賦，像古代的希臘人一樣；也不是為了感嘆與詩歌而集會，像中世紀的浪漫詩人一樣；也不是為了科學的進展，像英國與歐洲各國都會的現代人一樣。到現在為止，我們這個假日是一種友善的表示，說明我們這民族雖然過份忙碌，沒有餘閒欣賞文學，對於文藝的愛好依然存在。就連這樣，這一天也是寶貴的，因為它表示文藝的愛好是一種無法毀滅的本能。但是它應當更進一步，它將要更進一步——也許現在已經到了時候了；美洲懶散的智力將要由它的鐵眼鏡下面望開去，使這世界對於它久未兌現的期望得到滿足，比機械技巧方面的成就得到更好的東西。我們倚賴別人的日子，對於其他國土的憂慮悠長的學習時期，將近結束了。我們四週有億萬青年正回人生裏面衝進來，不能永遠用與那殘剩的乾枯的教條來餵他們。某些事件，行動發生了，這些事件，行動是必須被飄散的；它們本身飄散自己。誰會懷疑詩歌將要復興，導入一個新時代；像那天琴星座中，現在在天頂上發光的那一顆星，天文學家宣佈說，它有一天將要成為海行者標誌的北極星，遠一千

(一八三七年八月卅一日在麻省劍橋美國大學生聯誼會 Phi Beta Kappa Society 發表的演說。)

### 一 美國的哲人

## The American Scholar

AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHI  
BETA KAPPA SOCIETY, AT CAMBRIDGE,  
AUGUST 31, 1837.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

I greet you on the recommencement of our literary year. Our anniversary is one of hope, and, perhaps, not enough of labor. We do not meet for games of strength or skill, for the recitation of histories, tragedies, and odes, like the ancient Greeks; for parliaments of love and poesy, like the Troubadours; nor for the advancement of science, like our contemporaries in the British and European capitals. Thus far, our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time is already come when it ought to be, and will be, something else; when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing them-

我抱著這樣的希望，接受了這題目——今天這一天的演講，不但由於慣例，而且由於我們這協會的性質，似乎限定要用這題目——「美國的哲人」。一年又一年，我們到這裏來讀他的傳記中的一章。讓我們來探究，新時代與新的事件怎樣幫助說明他的性格，他的希望。

有一個寓言——是遠古不知道什麼年代產生的這種寓言，傳下了一種意想不到的智慧——說在最初，諸神把「人」分為人們，使他比較便於幫助他自己；就像把一隻手分成五隻手指，可以更有用處。

這古老的寓言隱藏著一條永遠新鮮而崇高的教義，那就是：有一個「人」——只是部份地存在於所有的各個人裏面，或是存在於某一種感覺裏；你必須觀察整個的社會，才能夠得到整個的人。人不是一個農民，或是教授，或是工程師，但是他是一切。人是祭司、學者、政治家、生產者、軍人。在分裂的狀態中——也就是說：在社會的狀態中——這些職務是分給了各個人，每人指望做那共同工作中派給他的一部份，各人站在自己的位置上。那寓言暗示著，每個人如果果實操他自己，就必須時時由他自己的崗位回來，擁抱一切其他的勞動者。但是很不幸，這原來的單位，這力的泉源，已經分散給羣衆，這樣精細地分了又分，零售銷光了；使它離開來成爲水滴，不能再聚攏了。社會是這樣一種狀態，每一個人都像是從身上墜下來的一段肢體，昂然地走來走去，許多怪物——一個好手指，一個頸項，一個胃，一個肘臂，但是從來不是一個人。

於是人成爲一樣東西，許多種東西，栽種植物的人，其實就是「人」被派到田野中收集食物；他很少感覺到他的任務的真正的莊嚴，從中得到安慰。他只有看見他農穀子的蘊蘊，與他的貨車，此外什麼都不看見，於是就降爲一個農長，而不是「人」在塵埃上。商人幾乎從來不認爲他的工作也有一種理想的價值，他只被這一行手藝的存規所操縱；靈魂爲金錢所奴役。牧師成了一個

· 選文與譯文 ·

SELECTED ESSAYS OF EMERSON

selves. Who can doubt that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the pole-star for a thousand years?

In this hope I accept the topic which not only usage but the nature of our association seem to prescribe to this day,—the AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Year by year we come up hither to read one more chapter of his biography. Let us inquire what light new days and events have thrown on his character and his hopes.

It is one of those fables which out of an unknown antiquity convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning, divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end.

The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime; that there is One Man,—present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. Man is not a farmer, or a professor, or an engineer, but he is all. Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the *divided* or social state these functions are parcelled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other laborers. But, unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters,—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true

見背面

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大自然對於精神上的影響，以時間來說是最先，以地方來說是最重要。每一天，太陽；在日落之後，夜，與她的星辰。風永遠吹著；草永遠生長著。每一天，男人與女人，談著話，觀看著，被觀看著。在一切人之間，這種現象最能吸引的就是哲人。他必須在自己心裏決定它的價值。在他看來，大自然是什麼？這上帝的網，它那不可理解的連貫性，從來沒有開始，也從來沒有結束，永遠是圓形的力，回到它的自身。這一點它正和他自己的心靈相像，他永遠不能找到它的開始與結束——這樣完全，這樣無限。大自然的光彩也照得那樣遠，宇宙上面還有宇宙，像光纖一樣地放射出

形式；律師成了一本法律書；機師成了一架機器；水手成了船上的一根繩子。在這職務的分配中，哲人是被指定了代表理智的。在正確的狀態裏，他是「思想著的人」。在腐化的狀態裏，當他成為社會的犧牲品的時候，他就有一種傾向，成爲一個單純的思想者，或是——比這更壞——別人的思想的隱聲虫。

從作爲一個「思想著的人」的觀點來看他，哲人這職位的原理就在裏面包含着。大自然用她所有的平靜的或是有著象徵意味的靈圖來誘導他；人類的過去教誨他；人類的未來邀請他。實在每一個哲人豈不都是一個學生？一切事物豈不都是爲了學生的通途而存在的？而且，真正的哲人豈不終究是唯一的真正導師？但是那古代的預言說：「一切事物都有兩隻柄，當心不要握錯一隻。」在人生裏，學者往往也和人類一同犯錯誤，放棄了他的特權。讓我們來看他在他的學校裏的情形，同時參照他所受到的主要影響來估量他。

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship.

In this distribution of functions the scholar is the degenerated intellect. In the right state he is *Man Thinking*. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

In this view of him, as *Man Thinking*, the theory of his office is contained. Him Nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitor pictures; him the past instructs; him the future invites. Is not indeed every man a student, and do not all things exist for the student's behoof? And, finally, is not the true scholar the only true master? But the old oracle said, "All things have two handles: beware of the wrong one." In life, too often, the scholar errs with mankind and forfeits his privilege. Let us see him in his school, and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives.

I. The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, Night and her stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every day, men and women, conversing—beholding and beholden. The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find,—so entire, so boundless. Far too as her splendors shine, system on system shooting

試題隨卷繳回