

※ 注意：請於試卷內之「非選擇題作答區」依序作答，並應註明作答之大題及小題題號。

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

I. Essay Questions: 60%

1. In his *Translation Changes Everything: Theory and Practice*, Lawrence Venuti declares his shift from the “instrumental model” to the “interpretive model” of translation studies. By way of defining the two concepts in question, clarify the rationales behind such a shift.
 2. Write a summary of one of the chapters (introductory chapter not included) in *Translation Changes Everything: Theory and Practice* prescribed for this exam. Note that the author’s major statement(s) and his supporting arguments must be included.
 3. From the chapters in *Translation Changes Everything: Theory and Practice* prescribed for this exam, cite any two examples on literary translation that Lawrence Venuti has used. And based on the examples you have cited, discuss their relevance to a translation studies that holds the social and cultural perspective, and show how translation changes the meaning, form and effects of the source text.
- II. Analyze and comment on the following excerpt of a 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 strategies) and engage themselves thereof in sustained academic discussion of translation/translating. (40%)

見背面

匿犬*

葉燮

匿犬

YEH Hsuan

Dog Obscured

匿犬*

YEH Hsuan 葉燮

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，排氣管噴噴冒著白煙，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。他知道自己已有夠不爽那輛車，不爽那輛車那樣毫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，為什麼那輛車不去撒那根凹痕無數的電線桿，它們明明是如此氣味相近的同伴。然而這些舉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——融化得不見縫角，像夢裡的巨人來到現實便變得渺小而怯弱。

他將視線拉近了些，看看工廠院子旁的草叢，院子入口緊閉的不鏽鋼柵欄；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好是壞，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瞠鬆弛，發現自己頭髮亂得像剛醒，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獲件獲作品。

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 rassy, 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

* From *Lianhe wenxue* (聯合文學) (UNITAS—A Literary Monthly), No. 313, November, 2010/68-77. The present piece was awarded Best Recommended Work in the category of short stories at the 24th Unhas New Novelist Award.

素英

他將窗戶關上，製型的窗框上沾了灰塵，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椅邊推，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、幾天前嚼乾的飲料罐和剩下的襪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。「頭疼，」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，連忙應她放下。

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。

之後一整個下午都在接客戶的電話，有好幾通令他沸然不悅。電話裡許多聲音年紀都很輕，二十幾歲的男生女生，聽起來是大學畢業不久就被雇用當公關，只不過如此就能順理成章地代替那些大公司和他們站在對等的地位向他討價還價囉嗦批評。大部份時候他都維持著禮貌，並沒有對那些傢伙做任何反擊，只是在掛上電話的一剎那恨恨地罵幾句粗話。他看不起這一代年輕人，看不慣他們夾著行為言語上的浮誇，看不慣他們普通尖酸刻薄愛批評卻無法忍受一點點壓力的個性。最令他不爽的是他某種程度上竟然還得受這些傢伙的氣，對他們好言好語。

如果要他形容，他會說那些人是一堆奶油，隨便不用太高溫度就融化得油膩膩惹人厭到飽流。女的無論美醜都畫著濃妝、大學剛畢業就費盡心思弄來一身名牌行頭，男的頭髮抹的油亮、噴味道不男不女的香水，有些還愛穿粉紅襯衫，滿是脂粉氣。他不適這群油膩圓滑氣賀陰晦的人，但整個世代即將由這些人主宰；這些糟糕的傢伙就要成為這世界人口分子的最大多宗。每每想到這裡他就慶幸自己快要可以從這世界抽身。算算自己也差不多可退休了；好不容易兒了上了大學，很快地他就可以結束公司營業——事實上到那時候他能做的生意大概也自然而然地到了盡頭，現在早已不是中小企業輝煌發達的那年代。就算現在開始到可以收攤的時候頂多剩個不超過五年，這點時間對年過半百的他根本隨隨便便就能不怎麼感到漫長地度過。

Dog Obscured

one's dreams turn out to be winny 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 fair 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.

他經營這家小工廠已經十四年，目前的公司職員包括他一共只有十人，當中最年輕的楊小姐大概也有三十六七歲，大家都不是什麼少年人了。這樣很好，他覺得；他們的生命和語言在他所能理解的範圍內，即便在人際關係上不擅長的他長久以來也習慣如何和他們每個人相處，儘管偶有小小的爭執。

他工作、交代事情之餘還是比較喜歡回他位於樓上的私人辦公室，雖說是辦公室但看起來較像普通民宅裡任一處凌亂的起居室。他向來就不太在意環境整潔與否，辦公室因此和他家裡電腦桌一樣經常堆滿文件或垃圾，兩具電話輪流等著等待他接聽，傳真機躺在一旁時而發出機械擊吐著紙。有時處理太多鳥事後他會到窗口抽一根菸，靜靜看著下方的庭院，那是廠房蓋起後餘留的一塊四方形水泥地，周邊雜草叢生，工廠有些比較不值錢的機具會丟在那裏。有時他看著看著就會想到小時候看的小叮嚀卡通中，大雄技安阿福他們經常集會的那塊有水泥管堆疊的空地。此刻他正站在窗口看著那裏，像大雄的爸爸一樣吞雲吐霧。

那隻狗好不容易又出現在水泥空地中央，他的視線瞬間隨之聚焦。他吁了口氣，很放鬆很放鬆近乎放棄。

那是一隻黃色土狗，脖子沒套項圈，牠有著三角形的耳朵和良辰的鳴吻，當中露出粉紅色的舌頭；黑色的圓眼睛看起來挺聰明，精壯的弓狀身體看起來比一般的土狗稍大，土黃色的毛皮以一隻流浪狗來說難得地完整油亮。他在兩個多月前突然出現在那塊地，而他馬上就注意到了；他滿喜歡狗，孩提時代自己家裡也有養狗，平時在路上偶而看到野狗他通常不覺得討厭反而有親近之感，有時他甚至覺得平常偏內向的自己擅長與狗親近勝過與人的。但自他成家之後由於太太極端討厭動物，兒子又對狗毛過敏，外加家住的是一小公寓，他不曾有機會養狗。兩個月前那隻狗出現在空地時，他剛好手邊有沒吃完的便當，就放了點肉和飯在地上，那隻狗遲疑了一下還是被吸引過來，將他提供的食物吃得精光。之後他便常常照自己三餐將多餘的飯菜拿來餵食，狗也經常出現，在空地上走動或著睡午覺。丁廠其他人見他不會吠叫，看起來還算乾淨健康，因此也不會加以驅趕。就這樣持續餵食了兩個月，那隻狗變得和他相當親近，會主動地舔他的手。偶而他會撫摸狗的頭，或編一些口令叫牠站起坐下。他做這些事的時後通常隨袋放空著，幾乎不怎麼思考，就和他方才做的那個投籃動作時一樣。

塵火

YEH Hsuan

For the remainder of the afternoon he is on the phone with clients, engaged in conversations which at times infuriate him. The voices on the other end have a ring of youth to them, coming most likely from men and women in their twenties, recent graduates who are immediately hired to work in public relations, and as such are naturally granted the power to represent large firms and negotiate with him on an equal footing, haggling over prices and criticizing his products. For the most part he chooses to remain civil, never lashing out at these imbeciles—until he hangs up that is, at which point he would hurl abuse in foul language. He has only despise for the younger generation: their flamboyant language and outrageous sense of dress, their critical attitudes and cynical nature, and their penchant to unravel under stress. But most of all, it is the fact that, up to a point, he is forced to put up with these people and pretend to befriend them that has him fuming.

Were he asked to describe the younger generation, he would compare them to a block of butter: just turn up the heat a little and they will melt down into an irritatingly gooey substance that drips all over the place. The women, whether they be attractive or hideous-looking, are always coated in a thick layer of makeup, and make a point of decking themselves out in brand name fashions, despite having only just graduated from college. The men apply gel to their hair and spray unisex fragrances; some would even dress in pink to cultivate that androgynous look. What contempt he has for this generation of pretentious-looking, slick-talking, cynical-minded individuals! And yet it is these people who are taking over the world—they will soon become Earth's majority population. The mere thought makes him thankful he doesn't have much longer to live: He figures he's about to retire, and his son is already in college. What business there is left for his firm to transact will have slowly dried up by then. This is no longer the age of the small and medium-sized enterprise; another five years, and he will have to close up shop for good. For someone well-

葉峻

狗走到水泥和草地的交界處躺下。他抽完一支菸，把菸屁股按在窗台，關上窗走回辦公桌前，收拾今天的垃圾報紙。

公司和家分別位於兩個不同的縣市。待他開著他那輛十一年的國產車經由高速公路回到家，已經快八點了。他聽到太太在房間看新聞，餐桌上擺著冷掉的便當。他獨自坐下吃了起來。他中午吃的也是便當，早餐則吃便利商店的大字堡。以前太太幾乎天天煮飯，去年兒子上大學後就很少再煮。他邊吃邊懷念太太的飯菜，尤其是茄子和花椰菜。他討厭便當店總是過油的茄子和太硬的花椰菜。他想起有時候他在工廠把不想吃的花椰菜給那條狗吃，連狗都吃得不甘不願。想到這裡他笑了起來。

太太走過來和他一起坐在餐桌，問他在笑什麼。他回答他心中的想法。關於花椰菜，關於狗。

「妳煮的比買的好吃太多了。那些連狗都不吃的。」

「那畜牲，」太太也笑了起來，「還真挑嘴。」

「那狗崽其實還滿乖的。雖然是畜牲。」他順著太太加了一句，「最近捕狗隊好像常來，好幾次牠都快被抓走。我看把牠帶回來好了。」

他故意說得若無其事，可惜徒勞。太太馬上提高了她一貫尖銳，和他一張圓臉不搭調的聲音問他剛剛說什麼，接著馬上大聲反對。他趕緊提出狗很乖不會吵，兒子已經不住家裡了等等理由，但太太說她討厭狗，甚至說出他要是膽敢把狗帶回來就要和他離婚的話。雖然她邊說邊笑著，他聽著卻在一瞬間懷疑那不只是玩笑而已。

或許是他寡言的個性，以及他話中時常夾帶的嘲諷，從學生時代便常有人說他性格黑暗，在他工作後依然如是。有時連他的家人都會這樣認為，起初他聽了感到不服與刺耳，久了卻挺習慣，甚至樂於接受這樣的說法。為何不說你們都太樂觀？他總會在聽完那些針對他負面思考的責難後在心裡默默加上一句。他認為自己還不到負面的程度，只是不受一味的積極，他覺得那樣的行為是加諸在罪惡上的另一層罪惡；他討厭只看得見光明的眼睛。

討厭也許意味了羨慕。他不清楚。

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past life's midpoint, five years is a mere drop in the bucket. He has been running this factory for fourteen years, employing a total of ten staff, himself included. Miss Young, the youngest member of the team, is thirty-six or thirty-seven at the last count—not young by a long shot. But he likes it that way—that way they speak the same language and share the same values—everybody understands each other. Despite his social ineptness, he has grown accustomed to working with everyone on the staff, notwithstanding the occasional minor spat.

When not transacting business or delegating tasks, he prefers to retreat to his upstairs office. Office though he calls it, it resembles more a family room in a private home, what with mess and clutter everywhere. Not that it bothers him—he's never been big on tidiness, as you can tell from the heaps of trash and paper on his computer desk, just like it is at home. His two office phones are constantly ringing as the fax machine chimes in every now and then with robotic beeps and spits out sheet after sheet of paper. When he has had enough of this tedium he would stroll to the window for a smoke, quietly surveying the courtyard below. It is a vacant square lot left over from the construction of the factory, covered in cement, with thick brush on all sides. Unwanted machinery from the factory would often be left there. As he fixates on this empty lot, his thoughts would drift to the Doraemon animation he used to watch as a child, to the open space stacked with concrete pipes that Doraemon, Nobita, Gian and Suneo used as a playground. Just like Nobita's father, he would smoke away from an upstairs window staring down at the playground.

Finally, the dog appears in the middle of the lot, instantly drawing his attention. He lets out a sigh of relief—a relief so thorough as to make him feel exhausted.

The dog is an uncollared yellow mutt with pointed ears, a long snout and a pinkish tongue, sporting a toned torso larger than that of the typical canine and a shiny yellow coat better-groomed than that of the average stray. His round black eyes exude an air of intelligence. The dog started appearing on this lot a little over two months ago and immediately caught his attention. He has always been a fan of dogs.

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he was raised in a home with dogs, and every now and then when he crosses paths with strays he is never put off by them but instead feels a certain affinity. Being the introvert that he is, he often finds associating with dogs much easier than getting along with people. But as luck would have it, he got married to a wife with an aversion to animals and gave birth to a son allergic to pet dander, the three of them all coupled up in a tiny apartment that would not have allowed them to keep pets anyway. Two months ago, when the dog first showed up on the lot, he took some leftover meat and rice from his takeout lunch and laid it on the ground. The dog was cautious at first, but eventually succumbed to the temptation of food, and lapped it all up. From then on, come mealtime he would always bring his leftovers to the cement quad, and the dog would regularly show up, sometimes to prowl and sometimes to nap. Workers from the factory were kind enough not to shoo him away, as he looked clean and healthy and was never one to bark. So it went on for a good two months, over which time the dog had become accustomed to human contact. The mutt would lick the boss's hand and allow him to rub him on the head; the boss in turn would teach him to stand or sit on command. When interacting with the dog, he is able to clear his mind and feel a sense of release, much like when he was making that fade away shot not too long ago.

The dog saunters over to the brushy edge of the cement lot to nap. He finishes his cigarette and puts it out on the window ledge, then shuts the window and walks over to his desk to clean up the day's trash and newspapers.

He lives and works in two different countries. By the time he makes it home via the highway in his eleven-year-old domestic clunker, it is approaching eight. He could hear his wife in the living room watching the evening news. His dinner—a takeout box—sits cold on the kitchen table. He sits down to eat it all by himself. He had takeout for lunch too, whereas for breakfast he bought a microwave burger from a convenience store. She used to cook almost every day, but stopped doing so last year after the son went to college. How he misses his wife's cooking, especially the eggplant and cauliflower. He hates the greasy eggplant and the rock-hard cauliflower from

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the neighborhood takeout. —Even the dog at the factory sometimes hesitates to touch the cauliflower that he passes on. The thought brings a smile to his face.

The wife waltzes over and sits at the table with him. She asks what he is smiling about. He shares with her his thoughts on cauliflower, and on the dog.

"Your cauliflower is miles better—why, even the dog won't touch their cauliflower!"

"That picky bastard," she replies with a smile. "Bastard he may be, but I challenge you to find a nicer dog." he expands on the wife's last comment. "You know, seeing the people from the dog pound come over every other day to take him away, and a few times they almost got him, I'm thinking, maybe I should bring him home with me."

He feigns nonchalance as he makes his plea, but alas to no avail. In a cacophonous shriek so glaringly at odds with the mild contours of her face, the wife asks him to repeat what he just said, then roars out her disapproval. He is quick to explain that the dog is docile and seldom barks, and that now the son has moved out there is room for a pet. . . . But the wife replies emphatically that she hates dogs, and that were he ever to dare bring the dog home she would divorce him—so she says with a smile on her face, but he is all too aware in a flash that she is anything but joking.

There is a dark side to his personality, so they say, a rumor that goes back to his school days. Perhaps it is the way he keeps to himself, or perhaps it is because how his comments are always laced with sarcasm. As time went by, even his family members were inclined to agree. This rankled him at first, but over time, he became oblivious to the comments, and even grew to take pride in the designation. "It's not me, it's them," he would tell himself each time he hears such a comment, reminding himself that it is other people who are overly cheerful. He wouldn't admit to being negative—the just has an

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aversion to blind optimism, that's all. He is disgusted by people who choose only to see the bright side of things, which to him is adding insult to injury.

Then again, maybe all the vitriol stems from envy—he can never be sure.

The following day is a Saturday—no need to go to work, but he tells the wife he has a thing or two to take care of at the office. As is to be expected, the office is empty. He checks on the factory equipment—a couple of kilns that keep on burning quietly even when there is no one around. He then walks down to the lot to check on the dog, who lies basking in the sun. As he approaches, the dog, nimble as ever, flips over to stand on all fours, and starts wagging his tail. He read online that when a dog wags its tail it is either in a friendly mood or in a state of high alert—it has to be the former, he convinces himself. He kneels down so that he is on an even level with the pooch, and allows the creature to put his beautiful paws on his knees. The air is cold and dry, as is typical of winter, but the skies are mildly sunny—a combination he relishes. The dog's shiny yellow coat reminds him of the rice harvest back in his home village. He nudges closer to take a whiff of the creature's golden fur, and finds that it is not all that smelly. The crier knows how to take good care of himself, he mutters. When the team from Animal Control came for him the other day, he was aware of the danger and made himself scarce. Perhaps somewhere in the brush behind the factory is his secret hiding place. How intelligent, he thought, clearly siding not with his fellow man from the dog pound, but with the creature they had come to capture, and relishing in its ability to outwit its catcher. He has never been a fan of urban sprawl, which has led to large-scale efforts to round up strays. Dogs carry diseases, so they say, and compete with us for living space. But didn't humans also come up with similarly self-righteous justifications when they chopped down entire swaths of the Amazonian rain forest? What greedy hypocrites we are as a species! Are we really more deserving