

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

I. Essay Writing: (60%)

“Language is embedded in culture, linguistic acts take place in a context and texts are created in a continuum not in a vacuum. A writer is a product of a particular time and a particular context, just as a translator is a product of another time and another context. Translation is about language, but translation is also about culture, for the two are inseparable.”

This is a statement made by Susan Bassnett toward the end of “Culture and Translation,” a chapter she contributed to the assigned reading for this exam. Read the cited passage very carefully and then, with reference to, or examples inspired by, other assigned chapters, write an essay, **with certain magnitude**, related to the following issues:

1. The factors that might affect text production (translated or otherwise).
2. What does it mean when people say “Every act of writing and translating is ideological”?
3. The concept of equivalence in translation.
4. How to attempt at a definition of translation that may be compatible with the cited passage above?

II. Analyze and comment on the following excerpt of a novella translated into Chinese. Credits will be given to candidates who can problematize the translated text and engage themselves in sustained academic discussion of translation/translating. (40%)

見背面

Les Trois Couronnes

At the little town of Vevay, in Switzerland, there is a particularly comfortable hotel. There are, indeed, many hotels; for the entertainment of tourists is the business of the place, which, as many travellers will remember, is seated upon the edge of a remarkably blue lake — a lake that it behooves every tourist to visit. The shore of the lake presents an unbroken array of establishments of this order, of every category, from the “grand hotel” of the newest fashion, with a chalk-white front, a hundred balconies, and a dozen flags flying from its roof, to the little Swiss pension of an elder day, with its name inscribed in German-looking lettering upon a pink or yellow wall, and an awkward summer-house in the angle of the garden. One of the hotels at Vevay, however, is famous, even classical, being distinguished from any of its upstart neighbors by an air both of luxury and of maturity. In this region, in the month of June, American travellers are extremely numerous; it may be said, indeed, that Vevay assumes at this period some of the characteristics of an American watering-place. There are sights and sounds which evoke a vision, an echo, of Newport and Saratoga. There is a fitting hither and thither of “stylish” young girls, a rustling of muslin frounces, a rattle of dance-music in the morning hours, a sound of high-pitched voices at all times.

You receive an impression of these things at the excellent inn of the Trois Couronnes, and are transported in fancy to the Ocean House or to Congress Hall. But at the Trois Couronnes, it must be added, there are other features that are much at variance with these suggestions: neat German waiters, who look like secretaries of legation, Russian princesses sitting in the garden; little Polish boys walking about, held by the hand, with their governors; a view of the sunny crest of the Dent du Midi and the picturesque towers of the Castle of Chillon.

I hardly know whether it was the analogies or the differences that were uppermost in the mind of a young American, who, two or three years ago, sat in the garden of the Trois Couronnes, looking about him, rather idly, at some of the graceful objects I have mentioned. It was a beautiful summer morning, and in whatever fashion the young American looked at things they must have seemed to him charming. He had come from Geneva the day before by the little steamer to see his aunt, who was staying at the hotel — Geneva having been for a long time his place of residence. But his aunt had a headache — his aunt had almost always a headache — and now she was shut up in her room, smelling camphor, so that he was at liberty to wander about. He was some seven-and-twenty years of age. When his friends spoke of him, they usually said that he “was at Geneva studying”; when his enemies spoke of him, they said — but, after all, he had no enemies;

三冠大酒店

在瑞士的一個小城——費維，有一家特別舒適的旅館。事實上，費維根本就許多家旅館，因為這是一個專靠旅業以維持繁榮的名勝區。許多到過瑞士的遊客都會記得，費維位在一處藍得非常可愛的湖邊上——這湖是每個遊客總要一遊的地方。湖岸一帶有各式各樣的旅舍，櫛比鱗次，排列成行。從最新型的「大酒店」（屋前粉飾得雪白一片，凸出成百個小洋台，屋頂上飄揚着十幾面旗幟）到舊式的瑞士式小公寓（公寓的名字漆在粉紅或黃色的牆上，字體帶德國風味，花園的一角築着簡陋的涼亭）都應有盡有。但是費維的許多旅館中，有一家却特別出名，甚至可以說睥睨同業，因為和附近那些有暴發戶氣息的旅館相形之下，這一家既豪華舒適，又有悠久的歷史；它簡直洋溢着一種高貴和成熟的美。每年六月間，總有無數美國遊客從各處湧到這裏來消暑。這時費維就會呈現出某些美國避暑勝地的特色。那裏所見所聞的一切，時常給人一個印象，彷彿大家又回到了美國的紐坡特或薩拉托加。裝束入時的姑娘們脚步輕盈地在人叢中穿來穿去，細布製成的衣裙碎縷有聲；夜深還響着的興奮的舞曲；一天到晚都聽得見的高音嗓子……這些在三冠大酒店常有的景象，總使人想起海洋大廈或國會飯店來。可是我還要附帶聲明一下，除了上述的情形之外，三冠大酒店還有些迥然不同的特點：那裏有許多衣履整潔的侍者，看來活像公使館裏的秘書；俄羅斯皇室女眷，坐在園裏休憩；波蘭小男孩，攙着教師的手，在園中散步。從酒店眺望遠處，可以看得見丹特·杜·米地山上陽光絢爛的山頂，還有希龍古堡那些富於情趣的樓塔。

兩三年前，有一個美國青年獨自坐在三冠大酒店的花園裏，懶洋洋地看着上述的一些悅目的景色。我不知道他心裏認為這些景象究竟像還是不像他在祖國所見的。那是一個晴朗的夏日早晨。可是不管他怎樣想，我猜他一定覺得週圍的一切都非常迷人。他一向住在日內瓦，前天才乘了小汽船到費維來探望他的姑母。這姑母就住在三冠大酒店。但是這天她頭痛得很厲害——她似乎三朝兩日總在頭痛——所以自己關在房裏，嗅着樟腦以減少痛苦，而這姪子就隨意在外面閒蕩。他名叫溫德朋，年約二十七歲。當他的朋友提到他時，他們總是說他在日內瓦「讀書」；而他的仇人提到他時，他們却說——不過，事實上他並沒有什麼仇人。他人緣極好，大家都喜歡他。我意思說，有些人提到他時，總堅持他之所以長期滯留在日內瓦是

he was an extremely amiable fellow, and universally liked. What I should say is, simply, that when certain persons spoke of him they affirmed that the reason of his spending so much time at Geneva was that he was extremely devoted to a lady who lived there — a foreign lady — a person older than himself. Very few Americans — indeed, I think none — had ever seen this lady, about whom there were some singular stories. But Winterbourne had an old attachment for the little metropolis of Calvinism; he had been put to school there as a boy, and he had afterwards gone to college there — circumstances which had led to his forming a great many youthful friendships. Many of these he had kept, and they were a source of great satisfaction to him.

After knocking at his aunt's door, and learning that she was indisposed, he had taken a walk about the town, and then he had come in to his breakfast. He had now finished his breakfast; but he was drinking a small cup of coffee, which had been served to him on a little table in the garden by one of the waiters who looked like an attaché. At last he finished his coffee and lit a cigarette. Presently a small boy came walking along the path—an urchin of nine or ten. The child, who was diminutive for his years, had an aged expression of countenance: a pale complexion, and sharp little features. He was dressed in knickerbockers, with red stockings, which displayed his poor little spindle-shanks; he also wore a brilliant red cravat. He carried in his hand a long alpenstock, the sharp point of which he thrust into

因為捨不得那裏的一個外國女人——一位風韻猶存的半老徐娘。很少美國人——恐怕根本沒有一個美國人——看見過這女人，不過大家都聽見過各種關於她的流言蜚語。實際上，溫德朋的確對這個作為卡爾文教派(註)發祥地的城市懷着根深蒂固的好感。他從小在那裏讀書，一直讀到大學。在這情形之下，他自然結識了不少當地的人士。有許多他幼年時期的朋友到現在還同他保持着親密的友誼。這一點是他每一念及，總深為得意的。

溫德朋敲過他姑母的房門，知道她身體不適後，就獨自到外面的街道上去逛了一會，然後回來吃早餐。這時他已經吃完早餐，不過還坐在園中的一張小桌旁邊喝咖啡。這一小杯咖啡是一個參贊模樣的侍者替他送來的。他喝掉了最後一口咖啡，才開始悠閒地抽煙。過了一會，小徑上出現了一個十歲左右的小男孩。這孩子身材雖然甚矮小，面目却有點像個大人：臉色蒼白，輪廓細緻而清楚。他穿着膨起的燈籠褲，細瘦的腿上裹着紅襪子，胸前還垂着一條鮮艷奪目的大紅領帶。他手裏拿着一根很長的登山杖。他一路走着，一路把長杖的尖端擱到任何碰得着的東西上——包括園裏的花壇，椅子，和女人的長裙。他走到溫德朋面前時，忽然停下腳步，用一雙明亮而銳利

【註】卡爾文為十六世紀法國宗教改革家，曾在日內瓦居留多時。