

**I. Elaborate on the following topics by making use of, or referring to, the concepts in the prescribed reading. Answers can be in Chinese or English. (60%)**

1. Name, and give examples of, different types of explicitation in translation.
2. Do you agree that the Nietzschean notion that all knowledge is perspectival (i.e. conditioned by one's point of view) a relevant argument for the "ideology of translation"? Give some examples to substantiate your answer.
3. Discuss the "bridge" metaphor in the discourse of translation. Why is the notion "les belles infidèles" is a case of the gendering of translation?
4. Translation studies is an academic discipline that adopts a "descriptive" approach to translation in the target culture, which may be product-oriented, process-oriented, or function-oriented. Briefly elaborate on the relevant activities involved in different orientations.

**II. Analyze and comment on the following text of a prose 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

*A Winter Walk*

We sleep, and at length awake to the still reality of a winter morning. The snow lies warm as cotton or down upon the window sill; the broadened sash and frosted panes admit a dim and private light, which enhances the snug cheer within. The stillness of the morning is impressive. The floor creaks under our feet as we move toward the window to look abroad through some clear space over the fields. We see the roofs stand under their snow burden. From the eaves and fences hang stalactites of snow, and in the yard stand stalagmites covering some concealed core. The trees and shrubs rear white arms to the sky on every side; and where were walls and fences, we see fantastic forms stretching in frolic gambols across the dusky landscape, as if Nature had strewn her fresh designs over the fields by night as models for man's art.

Silently we unlatch the door, letting the drift fall in, and step abroad to face the cutting air. Already the stars have lost some of their sparkle, and a dull, leaden mist skirts the horizon. A lurid brazen light in the east proclaims the approach of day, while the western landscape is dim and spectral still, and clothed in a somber Tartarean light, like the shadowy realms. They are Infernal sounds only that you hear — the crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, the chopping of wood, the lowing of kine, all seem to come from Pluto's barnyard and beyond the Styx — not for any melancholy they suggest, but their twilight bustle is too solemn and mysterious for earth. The recent tracks of the fox or otter, in the yard, remind us that each hour of the night is crowded with events, and the primeval nature is still working and making tracks in the snow.

冬日漫步

我們也睡着了，一覺醒來，正是冬天的早晨。萬籟無聲，雪厚厚的堆着，窗檻上像是鋪了溫暖的棉花；窗格子顯得加寬了，玻璃上結了冰紋，光線暗淡而靜，更加强了屋內的舒適愉快的感覺。早晨的安靜，似乎靜在骨子裏，我們走到窗口，挑了一處沒有冰霜封住的地方，眺望田野的景色；可是我們單是走這幾步路，腳下的地板已經在吱吱的響。窗外一幢幢的房子都是白雪蓋頂；屋簷下、籬笆上都累累的掛滿了雪條；院子裏像石笋似站了很多雪柱，雪裏藏的是什麼東西，我們却看不出來。大樹小樹四面八方的伸出白色的手臂，指向天空；本來是牆壁籬笆的地方，形狀更是奇怪，在昏暗的大地上面，它們向左右延伸，如跳如躍，似乎大自然一夜之間，把田野風景重新設計過，好讓人間的畫師來臨摹。

我們悄悄的拔去了門門，雪花飄飄，立刻落到屋子裏來；走出屋外，寒風迎面撲來，利如刀割。星光已經不這麼閃爍光亮，地平線上面籠罩了一層昏昏的鉛狀的薄霧。東方露出一種奇幻的古銅色的光彩，表示天快要亮了；可是四面的景物，還是模模糊糊，一片幽暗，鬼影幢幢，疑非人間。耳邊的聲音，也帶一種鬼氣——雞啼狗吠，木柴的砍劈聲，牛羣的低鳴聲——這一切都好像是陰陽河彼岸冥王的農場裏所發出的聲音；聲音本身並沒有特別淒涼之處，只是天色未明，這種活動顯得太莊嚴了，太神秘了，不像是人間所有的。院子裏雪地上，狐狸和水獺所留下的腳跡猶新，這使我們想起：即使在冬夜最靜寂的時候，自然界生物沒有一個鐘頭不在活動，它們還在雪上留下

Opening the gate, we tread briskly along the lone country road, crunching the dry and crisped snow under our feet, or aroused by the sharp, clear creak of the wood sled, just starting for the distant market, from the early farmer's door, where it has lain the summer long, dreaming amid the chips and stubble; while far through the drifts and powdered windows we see the farmer's early candle, like a paled star, emitting a lonely beam, as if some severe virtue were at its matins there. And one by one the smokes begin to ascend from the chimneys amid the trees and snows.

We hear the sound of woodchopping at the farmers' doors, far over the frozen earth, the baying of the house-dog, and the distant clarion of the cock — though the thin and frosty air conveys only the finer particles of sound to our ears, with short and sweet vibrations, as the waves subside soonest on the purest and lightest liquids, in which gross substances sink to the bottom. They come clear and bell-like, and from a greater distance in the horizons, as if there were fewer impediments than in summer to make them faint and ragged. The ground is sonorous, like seasoned wood, and even the ordinary rural sounds are melodious, and the jingling of the ice on the trees is sweet and liquid. There is the least possible moisture in the atmosphere, all being dried up or congealed, and it is of such extreme tenuity and elasticity that it becomes a source of delight. The withdrawn and tense sky seems groined like the aisles of a cathedral, and the polished air sparkles as if there were crystals of ice floating in it. As they who have resided in Greenland tell us that when it freezes "the sea smokes like burn-

冬日漫步

痕跡。把院子門打開，我們以輕快的腳步，跨上寂寞的鄉村公路，雪乾而脆，腳踏上去發出破碎的聲音；早起的農夫，駕了雪橇，到達處的市場去趕早市；這輛雪橇一夏天都在農夫的門口閑放着，與木屑稻梗為伍，現在可有了用武之地，它的尖銳清晰刺耳的聲音，對於早起趕路的人，也有提神醒腦的作用。農舍窗上雖然積雪很多，但是屋裏的農夫已經早把蠟燭點起，燭光孤寂的照射出來，像一顆暗淡的星。樹際和雪堆之間，炊烟也是一處一處的從煙囪裏往上飛昇。

大地冰凍，遠處雞啼狗吠；從各處農舍門口，也不時的傳來丁丁劈柴的聲音。空氣稀薄乾寒，只有比較美妙的聲音才能傳入我們的耳朵，這種聲音聽來都有一種簡短的可是悅耳的顫動；凡是至清至輕的流體，波動總是稍發即止，因為裏面粗粒硬塊，早就沉到底下去了。聲音從地平線的遠處傳來，都清越明亮，猶如鐘聲，冬天的空氣清明，不像夏天那樣的多雜質阻礙，因此聲音聽來也不像夏天那樣的毛糙模糊。腳下的土地，鏗鏘有聲，如叩堅硬的古木；一切鄉村間平凡的聲音，此刻聽來都美妙悅耳；樹上的冰條，互相撞擊，其聲琤琮，如流水，如妙樂。大氣裏面一點水份都沒有，水蒸氣不是乾化，就是凝結成冰霜的了；空氣十分稀薄而似有彈性，人呼吸其中，自覺心曠神怡。天似乎是綳緊了的，往後收縮，人從下上望，很像處身大教堂中，頂上是一塊連一塊弧狀的屋頂；空氣中閃光點點，好像有冰晶浮游其間。據在格陵蘭住過的人告訴我們說<sup>①</sup>，那邊結冰的時候，「海

① 格陵蘭——所引的書係 Sir John Boss's Narrative of a Second Voyage in Search of a North-West Passage, 一八三五年倫敦出版。