

**I. Answer the following questions with reference to the ideas explicated in the prescribed chapters of *Translation: A Multidisciplinary Approach*.**

**Answers can be in Chinese or English. (60%)**

1. In the opening chapter of *Translation: A Multidisciplinary Approach*, Juliane House said, "Translation can be defined as the result of a linguistic-textual operation in which a text in one language is re-produced in another language. However, this linguistic-textual operation is subject to, and substantially influenced by, a variety of different extra-linguistic factors and conditions. It is this interaction between 'inner' linguistic-textual and 'outer' extra-linguistic contextual factors that makes translation such a complex phenomenon."
  - i. Name some of the factors, inner and outer, referred to in the above passage. (10%)
  - ii. Based on your experience in translation, discuss with relevant examples how you have been influenced by these factors. (20%)
2. Define "communities of practice," and explained how this concept is used in the section "Case study: 'that's is what he said'." (15%)
3. Briefly explain the translation of Euclid's *Elements* into Chinese as a case of "Translation as Intercultural Communication." (15%)

**II. Analyze and comment on the following excerpt from the Chinese translation of *The Turn of the Screw*, paying special attention to the translator's overall translation strategy and her efforts in re-producing the information structure of the source text. Credits will be given to candidates who can demonstrate their knowledge of the basic issues in translation/translating and their ability to engage themselves in sustained academic discussion. (40%)**

## 序

那個故事，使我們圍爐取暖的幾個人，足足聽得目瞪口呆，連大氣也不敢出。有人說故事令人毛骨悚然，其實在聖誕節的前夕，在一所古屋裏面講述的鬼故事，是應該引起這種反應的。此外，我記得任何批評都沒有，一直等到有人順口說起，這類小孩竟被鬼魂造訪的故事，他還是生平第一次聽說。我在這裏順便說一下這個故事吧。就在和我們現在聚會地點不相上下的所古屋裏，一個形狀恐怖已極的鬼魂竟在一個小男孩的面前出現。這個孩子在驚駭萬分之下，便把他同睡的母親推醒，結果母親還沒有打消他的恐懼撫慰他重新睡去，就自己也面對那個把他嚇得肝膽欲裂的鬼魂。

上面所說的那個感想，卻從陶格樂嘴裏引出一番話來——不在當時，而是當天晚上——言外之意非常耐人尋味，使我大為注意起來。另外有人講了一個不十分能攝人心神的故事，

我看出陶格樂並沒有傾耳細聽。我認為是他自己也有材料，要一吐為快，而我們只需耐心等待便了。事實上，我們一直等到兩天以後的一個夜晚，雖然在當晚教會以前，他已經略為道破他的心思了。

「桂力芬所說的鬼魂——暫且不管他是鬼還是別的東西——竟在一個孩子面前顯形，尤其是孩子的年齡又那麼小，所以使這個故事更加扣人心弦，這一點我是完全同意的。不過據我所知這類奇事牽涉到小孩子頭上的，這也不是唯一的一種。如果一個小孩子使故事更加扣人心弦的話，那麼現在如果有兩個小孩子，你們看怎樣？……」

「兩個孩子當然加倍的扣人心弦囉！」有人答覆他：「我們倒很想聽聽這個故事。」

陶格樂當時站在爐前的姿態我現在還歷歷在目，他早走到那裏，背火站着，兩手插在衣袋裏，居高臨下瞷着向他問話的人說：「到現在為止，除了我以外，沒有第二個人知道這件事，簡直太恐怖了！」這當然引起好幾個聲音說：「這樣才更有價值。」我們的朋友於是不動聲色，勝算在握的，用眼睛掃射了我們大家一遍，然後繼續說道：「這個故事蓋過了一切，我所知道的，沒有一個可以和它相提並論。」

「是在哪一方面不能和它相提並論？是恐怖的程度嗎？」

他似乎想說，並非我所說的那麼簡單，可是又搜索枯腸，實在找不到一個恰當的形容詞，於是他用手擦了擦眼睛，擱起了眉頭，瞥了瞥眼睛，愁眉苦臉的說道：「是為它恐怖的程度。」

「多麼勁啊！」一個女人叫道。

他沒有理會她，他只看着我，可是又彷彿他看見的不是我，而是他所說的那個東西。「裏面不可思議的邪惡，恐怖和痛苦，是別的故事萬萬比不上的。」

他轉過身去，面對着火，踢了一下裏面的一根柴，看了半晌，然後又回過身來，面對着我們。

「我不能現在就講，我得先寫信到城裏去，把它取來。」這使眾人異口同聲的發出失望的呼聲，還有許多埋怨的話。過後，他用若有所思的神態解釋道：「故事是寫出來的，放在一個上了鎖的抽屜裏，已經有幾年沒有拿出來了。我可以寫信給我的哥哥，把鑰匙給他寄去，他找到那些文件就會給我送來的。」這番解釋，似乎是專門對我而發的，彷彿在徵求外來的力量使自己不要猶豫不決。事實上，他已經打破了多少個冬天所積下的厚冰——他有他的理由，保持緘默如此之久。其他的人討厭拖延，可是使我着迷的也就是他這點遲疑。於是

### *The Turn of the Screw*

THE story had held us, round the fire, sufficiently breathless, but except the obvious remark that it was gruesome, as, on Christmas Eve in an old house, a strange tale should essentially be, I remember no comment uttered till somebody happened to say that it was the only case he had met in which such a visitation had fallen on a child. The case, I may mention, was that of an apparition in just such an old house as had gathered us for the occasion—an appearance, of a dreadful kind, to a little boy sleeping in the room with his mother and waking her up in the terror of it; waking her not to dissipate his dread and soothe him to sleep again, but to encounter also, herself, before she had succeeded in doing so, the same sight that had shaken him. It was this observation that drew from Douglas—not immediately, but later in the evening—a reply that had the interesting consequence to which I call attention. Someone else told a story not particularly effective, which I saw he was not following. This I took for a sign that he had himself something to produce and that we should only have to wait. We waited in fact till two nights later; but that same evening, before we scattered, he brought out what was in his mind.

“I quite agree—in regard to Griffin’s ghost, or whatever it was—that its appearing first to the little boy, at so tender an age, adds a particular touch. But it’s not the first occurrence of its charming kind that I know to have involved a child. If the child gives the effect another turn of the screw, what do you say to *two* children—?”

"We say, of course," somebody exclaimed, "that they give two turns! Also that we want to hear about them."

I can see Douglas there before the fire, to which he had got up to present his back, looking down at his interlocutor with his hands in his pockets. "Nobody but me, till now, has ever heard. It's quite too horrible." This, naturally, was declared by several voices to give the thing the utmost price, and our friend, with quiet art, prepared his triumph by turning his eyes over the rest of us and going on: "It's beyond everything. Nothing at all that I know touches it."

"For sheer terror?" I remember asking.

He seemed to say it was not so simple as that; to be really at a loss how to qualify it. He passed his hand over his eyes, made a little wincing grimace. "For dreadful—dreadfulness!"

"Oh, how delicious!" cried one of the women.

He took no notice of her; he looked at me, but as if, instead of me, he saw what he spoke of. "For general uncanny ugliness and horror and pain."

"Well then," I said, "just sit right down and begin."

He turned round to the fire, gave a kick to a log, watched it an instant. Then as he faced us again: "I can't begin. I shall have to send to town." There was a unanimous groan at this, and much reproach; after which, in his preoccupied way, he explained. "The story's written. It's in a locked drawer—it has not been out for years. I could write to my man and enclose the key; he could send down the packet as he finds it." It was to me in particular that he appeared to propound this—appeared almost to appeal for aid not to hesitate. He had broken a thickness of ice, the formation of many a winter; had had his reasons for a long silence. The others resented postponement, but it was just his scruples that charmed me. I adjured him to write by the first post and

試題隨卷繳回