

Complete the following tasks by making use of, or referring to, the concepts explicated in *Translation, Rewriting and the Manipulation of Literary Fame*. Answers can be in Chinese or English.

- Briefly explain the following issues: (10%)
 - Patronage
 - Translating dialect
- In the chapter that entitled "Translation: the Categories," André Lefevere states in relation to the question of "fidelity" that "If we accept that translations get published, whether they are "faithful" or not, and that there is little one can do to prevent an "unfaithful" translation from projecting its own image of the original, that ought to be an end to the matter." He is in fact referring to many issues related to translation/translating, such as the problem of equivalence, the functions of translation/translating in the target culture, and institutional factors that manipulate behind the scene. Please elaborate. (25%)
- André Lefevere discusses chapter by chapter, and in order of importance, ideology, poetics, universe of discourse and language, a set of categories that come to the fore in every translation project. What is his rationale? (25%)
- The following is an excerpt from Chapter 2 of *Six Chapters of a Floating Life* 《浮生六記》 and its translation by Lin Yu-tang (林語堂). This is a less-than-perfect translation and it raises many issues relevant to translation/translating, which might have been identified and discussed in *Translation, Rewriting and the Manipulation of Literary Fame*, the prescribed reading of this exam. Read, analyze and comment on the translation. Credits will be given to candidates who can problematize the translated text and engage him/herself in sustained academic discussion. (40%)

閑情記趣	The Little Pleasure of Life
<p>余憶童稚時，能張目對日，明察秋毫，見藐小微物，必須察其紋理，故時有物外之趣。夏蚊成雷，私擬作群鶴亂舞。心之所向，則或千或百，果然鶴也。昂著觀之，項為之強。又留蚊於素帳中，徐噴以烟，使其沖烟飛鳴，作青雲白鶴觀，果如鶴唳雲端，怡然稱快。於土牆凹凸處，花台小草叢雜處，常蹲其身，使與台齊；定神細視，以叢草為</p>	<p>I remember that when I was a child, I could stare at the sun with wide, open eyes. I could see the tiniest objects, and loved to observe the fine grains and patterns of small things, from which I derived a romantic, unworldly pleasure. When mosquitoes were humming round in summer, I transformed them in my imagination into a company of storks dancing in the air. And when I regarded them that way, they were real storks to me, flying by the hundreds and thousands, and I would look up at them until my neck was stiff. Again, I kept a few mosquitoes inside a white curtain and blew a puff of smoke round them, so that to me they became a company of white storks flying among the blue clouds, and their humming was to me the song of storks singing in high heaven, which delighted me intensely. Sometimes I would squat by a broken, earthen wall, or by a little bush on a raised flower-bed, with my eyes on the same level as the flower-bed itself, and there I would look and look, transforming in my mind the little plot of grass into a forest and the</p>

林，以蟲蟻爲獸，以土礫凸者爲丘，凹者爲壑，神游其中，怡然自得。

一日，見二蟲鬥草間，觀之正濃，忽有龐然大物拔山倒樹而來，該依癩蝦蟆也。舌一吐而二蟲盡爲所吞。余年幼方出神，不覺呀然驚恐。神定，捉蝦蟆，鞭數十，驅之別院。年長思之，二蟲之鬥，蓋圖奸不從也。古語云：「奸蟲殺」，蟲亦然耶？貪此生涯，卵爲蚯蚓所哈

（吳俗呼陽爲卵），腫不能便。捉鴨開口哈之，婢媼偶釋手，鴨顛其頸作吞噬狀；傳爲話柄。此皆幼時閑情也。

ants and insects into wild animals. The little elevations on the ground became my hills, and the depressed areas became my valleys, and my spirit wandered in that world at leisure.

One day I saw two little insects fighting among the grass, and while I was all absorbed watching the fight, there suddenly appeared a big monster, overturning my hills and tearing up my forest—it was a little toad. With one lick of his tongue, he swallowed up the two little insects. I was so lost in my young imaginary world that I was taken unaware and quite frightened. When I had recovered myself, I caught the toad, struck it several dozen times and chased it out of the courtyard. Thinking of this incident afterwards when I was grown up, I understood that these two little insects were committing adultery by rape. “The wages of sin is death,” so says an ancient proverb, and I wondered whether it was true of the insects also. I was a naughty boy, and once my ball (for we call the genital organ a “ball” in Soochow) was bitten by an earthworm and became swollen. [Believing that the duck’s saliva would act as an antidote for insect bites,] they held a duck over it, but the maid-servant, who was holding the duck, accidentally let her hand go, and the duck was going to swallow it. I got frightened and screamed. People used to tell this story to make fun of me. These were the little incidents of my childhood days.

試題隨卷繳回