

Complete the following tasks by making use of, or referring to, the concepts explicated in Juliane House's *Translation*. Answers can be in Chinese or English.

1. Briefly explain interlingual translation, intralingual translation, and intersemiotic translation. Give at least one example for each type of translation. (20%)
2. Quoting Werner Koller, Juliane House identifies five most important types of equivalence. What are they? Give one example for each type and explain why the concept of "equivalence" is a controversial issue in translation and translation studies? (20%)
3. Name some "metaphors" we use when we describe translation, and show how a given metaphor is always related to a particular concept of translation. (20%)
4. The following is an excerpt from a short story 〈另一個太太〉 and its translation into English. Based on the ideas or concepts you might have grabbed in Juliane House's *Translation*, our prescribed reading, 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%)

另一個太太	Grandpa's Other Wife
<p>從小到大，我聽過許許多多關於「那個女人」的故事。</p> <p>最初的說法其實相當簡單：「那是你外公的『另一個太太』！」——說話的人是我娘，她一面細聲細氣地叮囑我們：「後擺不當輸給『那些嬰仔』知否？」一面瞟著那群陌生而沈默的男女——他們圍坐在遙遠的另一頭，和我們形成壁壘分明的兩個區塊：他們安靜挾菜、他們嚴肅、他們的眼神越過斑駁的牆面，彷彿要看穿在那之後的凌亂。</p> <p>凌亂的油煙跌落在我四舅的頭髮上——那一天，毫無預警地，我四舅突然返回古厝底，在場的大人們見狀，全鬧鬧地擁上前去，既要賴又孩子氣那樣地拼命拉住我外公轉身欲走的身影嚷：「多桑、多桑，啊</p>	<p>I heard quite a few stories concerning "that woman" when I was growing up.</p> <p>The first account I heard was simply this: "That woman's yer granpa's 'other wife'! Y'all must never let 'them brats' beat ya, hear?" So murmured my mama while glancing over at a brood of unfamiliar boys and girls sitting quietly around another festive board. Them brats ate quietly and solemnly, gazing at the mottled wall around the courtyard, as if they saw clear on through that wall to the mess that lay beyond.</p> <p>A mess of grease and smoke settled on Uncle Ah Hsiung's hair. That day, Mama's little brother, the fourth boy in line, showed up unannounced at the old family domicile. Seeing what was about to go down, all the grownups on hand up and swarmed around my grandpa, petulantly grabbing ahold of him and hollering, "Otosan! Your son's come home</p>

見背面

人回來就好了啦！」

「就是講欸！」我外公的大弟，也就是經常對我們講述日本時代如何如何神勇的三叔公趕緊勸道：「大兄，初一早、初二巧，你莫過年過節就氣撲撲——阿雄，啊攔不緊過來敬恁爸一杯？」

那是每年年初二，我外公照例宴請女兒回娘家的日子。窄窄的前院擠滿了大紅桌子，四處是震天價響的划酒拳、切菜剁肉、爐火烘烘，幾位身穿廚衣的歐巴桑在人群中高嚷：「出菜囉！出菜囉！佛跳牆燒喔細膩欸！」——我娘的睫毛刷得又黑又翹，幾位姨媽身上同樣穿著大紅牡丹開叉旗袍——我和弟弟奔跑著穿越甬道時，撞見我外婆正在房間裡更衣，衣服褪到手肘。米白色的胸衣顯得暗黃的皮膚更加暗黃，未嘗開燈的門洞口透出淡淡淡淡的玉蘭香。

「阿嬤……」我囁嚅著，手裡一具無敵鐵金剛掉到地上。

and that's what matters, right? Right!"

"You said it!" said my third granduncle, Grandpa's younger brother, who often told us tall tales about his exploits during the Japanese era. "How does the saying go? Early to rise—this year's new! Family ties—on day two. There ain't no excuse for anger during New Year's. Ah Hsiung, don't just stand there! Come on over here and drink a toast to yer old man!"

It was the second day of Chinese New Year, a day Taiwanese folks devoted to strengthening family ties between married daughters and their natal families. As always, Grandpa had invited all his daughters home. The narrow courtyard in front of the family abode was packed with big red tables, and the place was humming: the adults were playing fingers to an accompaniment of the cleaver on the chopping block and the roar of the caterer's gas stoves. Obasans in aprons brought out big steaming bowls and shouted: "Buddha Leaps the Wall Stew! Watch out, it's hot!" My mama's lashes were black and curly, and she and a few of her sisters were wearing a kind of vented scarlet cheongsam with a peony pattern. Running down the side corridor from the courtyard to the kitchen, me and my little brother caught sight of my grandma—Mama's mama—changing clothes in her bedroom. She was just standing there with her top hanging all the way down to her elbows. Her beige brassiere made her skin seem all the more sallow. A faint perfume of white jade orchid blossoms wafted through the unlit doorway.

Grandma . . . " I whispered and dropped my Mazing Z toy on the floor.