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Literary Translation Portfolio
My Dearest

Trinity College Dublin
MPhil in Literary Translation
2018
Supervised by Lijing Peng
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<th>Description of Source Text (200 words max)</th>
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<tr>
<td>The source text is a love song written by James Blunt. It tells the familiar story of a man who has fallen in love with a woman, who he could never be with. But he fell in love and owned a beautiful, however brief, moment, which will be a part of his life. The song appears in the form of inner dialogues of the man. The tone is thrilling, sincere and urgent. There are five stanzas. Each stanza has six lines, except the first one has eight and the fourth one has five. Repetitions are used. The lyric ‘you’re beautiful’ repeats nine times and ‘I’ll never be with you’ repeats three times. There is an unsyncopated rhythm scheme in a 4/4 meter in each line, as a main feature of a rock song. Therefore, emotions are expressed intensively through the compact paces. It is a soft rock song, a type of pop music. Compared with hard rocks, the lyrics of soft rock songs tend to be upbeat and introspective, but less rebellious. The lyrics of rock songs often emphasize on the theme of love or other themes that are social and political. The song fits in the main features of the American popular music between 1960 and 2010, which is ‘easy listening’ and ‘love theme’. I have decided to translate the song to a concrete poem. Concrete poetry is also called shape poetry, the feature of which is to use words and space to create a visual effect as a part of the contents of the poetry. In this case, I have chosen to write down the poem in a block and leave out the words to illustrate a shape of an angel. Because the protagonist is described as an angel in the lyrics. The purpose is to make the appearance of the lyrics attract literature workers’ attention. When Bob Dylan, a singer and song writer, won the Nobel Prize in literature, a discussion of whether song lyrics are literature was aroused. I aim at showing the literary value of the lyrics by translating it into poetry, so as to demonstrate its poetic potential. Translation problems include controlling the length of the sentences, dealing with repeating words and putting the title inside of the image.</td>
<td></td>
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</table>

The target text is intended to fit the literary translation of Chinese concrete poetry. Traditional Chinese concrete poetry⁴ use sinographs, graphic shapes and typographic concreteness as the signifiers of the meanings.

Critical Reflection (200 words max)
what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?

I chose to make the pattern of the angel symmetrical, draw the image in square blocks and calculate the proportion in order to systemize the image and to avoid the situation that the image changes with my feelings. At the same time, it gives a basis on deciding the length of the sentences.

I created a reflection effect as a way of dealing with the repeated words. Parts of the contents, such as the woman being a beautiful angel and ‘he’ll never be with her’, are repeated in the song. Therefore, I put the same words on both sides of the image to create a similar effect. The poem reads from the middle and both sides are reflected like a mirror. However, the bottom part of the image is the legs, which left me with no choice but to write three columns and to cut out the shapes of the legs. Hence, the reflection couldn’t be carried out at this part.

I was able to put the title in the shape of a halo, which also complements the image. The problem is that the title has 5 characters, which means one is redundant for the symmetrical pattern. I put ni (你), you, in the middle of the halo, which is the central figure of the poem in order to reduce the discomfort.

I could have designed a sophisticated pattern for this poem, but I did not want the image to take over the content completely.

You're Beautiful

My life is brilliant

My love is pure
I saw an angel
Of that I’m sure
She smiled at me on the subway
She was with another man
But I won’t lose no sleep on that
Cause I’ve got a plan

You’re beautiful, you’re beautiful
You’re beautiful, it’s true
I saw your face
In a crowded place
And I don’t know what to do
Cause I’ll never be with you
Yes, she caught my eye
As we walked on by
She could see from my face that I was
Fucking high
And I don’t think that I’ll see her again
But we shared a moment that will last till the end

You’re beautiful, you’re beautiful
You’re beautiful, it’s true
I saw your face in a crowded place
And I don’t know what to do
Cause I’ll never be with you

You’re beautiful, you’re beautiful
You’re beautiful, it’s true
There must be an angel with a smile on her face
When she thought up that I should be with you
But it’s time to face the truth
I will never be with you
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<tr>
<th><strong>Source Text</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>《致橡树》 (zhi xiang shu)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1979</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>舒婷 (Shu Ting)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Mandarin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>303</td>
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<tr>
<th><strong>Description of Source Text (200 words max)</strong></th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</strong></td>
<td>The text chosen is a poem written by the contemporary poet Shu Ting. It expresses the warmth, sincerity and constancy of love. In the writing, the poet expresses her independent love view.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The whole poem is developed in the first-person perspective. The writer uses personification and compares herself to the kapok tree and expresses her love to her lover, the oak tree. The register is objective and the tone is serious, with the respect of her lover as an equal party. There are four stanzas. First stanza has 11 lines, second stanza has 7 lines and the rest two both have 8 lines. The poet uses a binary system(^5) in the first stanza to put herself at the antithesis of the trumpet vine, spoony birds, spring and peak. There are six pairs of sentences, with each pair having same numbers of characters for an inconsistent rhythm, namely line 2 and 3, line 10 and 11, line 13 and 14, line 15 and 16, line 27 and 28 and line 29 and 30.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>It is a free-verse lyric poem. There is no strict metre. The poem is structured in terms of the natural flow of the emotions. The basic structure starts with comparisons ‘If I love you, I will not learn from...’ and ends with ‘I will do these instead’. Free-verse poetry start to prevail in China after the May 4th Movement (1919). The main feature is that they are not constrained by rhythms or metres. They are arranged into lines and stanzas according to the needs of the contents.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>To the Oak Tree is the earliest poem after the Cultural Revolution in China (1966-1976). Only the literatures that praise socialist construction were not criticized or destroyed in that period. In that case, the appearance of the poem created a blueprint for future female consciousness.</td>
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<th><strong>Strategy (200 words max)</strong></th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</strong></td>
<td>My target audience is people in relationship. In the source text, the kapok tree stands by the oak tree, no matter how bad the environment is. This image can offer them a mutually devoting love view. Moreover, the poem itself is a type of promise to the partners. Therefore, it is suitable to delicate it to people in relationship.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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\(^5\) Binary system, opposition between a pair of concepts.
For this purpose, I intend to use explicitations\textsuperscript{6}, explicate the implicit information, to strengthen the affection between the Kapok tree and the oak tree and to let the idea of the equality of men and women be naturally expressed, instead of preaching the idea from a single party. But I will keep the genre as a free-verse lyric poem without giving it strict rhymes and metres. I plan to keep the inconsistent rhythm mentioned above. Free-verse poetry, in English tradition, use non-metrical and non-rhyming lines but follow the natural rhythms of speech.

Literary problems include translating the names of the plants and natural phenomenon, putting the same numbers of characters in sentence pairs and deciding the places to explicate.

Compared with Walt Whitman’s A Noiseless Patient Spider, this free-verse poem is two-stanza-longer. Walt Whitman creates a rhythm by using words that end with same letters, but I choose to use sentences that contain the same numbers of words to create a rhythm.

The literal translation of ‘木棉树’ is Bombax Ceiba\textsuperscript{7} or Red Silk-cotton, with which the third sentence of the second stanza should be ‘I have to be a bombax ceiba beside you’. In that way, there will be four syllables in one name, which will make the sentence four syllables longer than the next sentence and interrupt the structure. Therefore, I used a higher name ‘Kapok\textsuperscript{8}’. Other than this, I managed to find equivalents for the names of the natural phenomenon.

I added two sentences “I’m not like that” to the translation, which were not in the source text. My purpose was to create the atmosphere that the kapok whispered to her lover to strengthen the love bond. However, I could have not inserted these structural hints. But I insisted on this change to serve my strategy.

Besides the optional explicitations, I also used obligatory explicitations and pragmatic explicitations. For example, I added ‘you cast’ to line 7. If the translation stays loyal to the source text, then it should have been ‘repeat a monotonous song for the green shade’. In this way, readers may not be able to see the connection between the birds’ action and the oak tree. With ‘you cast’, the connection becomes clearer that the birds are singing to return the favour that the oak tree creates green shade for them, which contrasts with her profound love towards the oak tree that she loves him without asking for anything in return.

《致橡树》

我如果爱你，
绝不像攀援的凌霄花，
借你的高枝炫耀自己；
我如果爱你，
绝不学痴情的鸟儿，
为绿荫重复单调的歌曲；
也不止像泉源，
常年送来清凉的慰籍；
也不止像险峰，
增加你的高度，衬托你的威仪。
甚至日光。
甚至春雨。

不，这些都还不够！
我必须是你近旁的一株木棉，
做为树的形象和你站在一起。
根，紧握在地下，
叶，相触在云里。

To the Oak Tree

If I love you,
I will never learn from the trumpet vine,
Cling to your branches, show off my height with your boughs,
I’m not like that;
If I love you,
I will never learn from the spoony birds,
Repeat a monotonous song, for every green shade you cast,
I’m not like that;
Or mimic the spring,
Bring you the cool solace, and comfort your heart within every beating;
Or imitate the perilous peak,
Raise your stature, and reveal your magnificence;
Not even sunlight,
Nor spring rain.

No, darling, no,
All these are not enough!
I have to be a kapok beside you,
Stand with you, as a tree:
Our roots melt underneath,
Our leaves touch in the clouds.
每一阵风过，
我们都互相致意，
但没有人，
听懂我们的言语。
你有你的铜枝铁干，
像刀，像剑，
也像戟，
我有我的红硕花朵，
像沉重的叹息，
又像英勇的火炬。

我们分担寒潮、风雷、霹雳；
我们共享雾霭、流岚、虹霓，
仿佛永远分离，
却又终身相依。
这才是伟大的爱情，
坚贞就在这里：
不仅爱你伟岸的身躯，
也爱你坚持的位置，脚下的土地。

With every breath of wind,
we greet each other.
But no one,
No one perceives our words.
You have your copper branches and iron trunk,
Like knives, swords,
Halberds as well.
While I'll have my red and lush flowers,
Like a heavy sigh,
And gallant torches.

We share cold waves, tempest and thunder,
We share hazes, mists and rainbows.
Forever apart it seems,
Yet forever connected.
Now only this can be great love, darling,
Here I promise you a devoting faith.
Love,
Not only your towering shade,
But also, the earth beneath you,
Where you firmly stand.
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<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><strong>A Good Start, A Good Farewell</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>刘同 (Liu Tong)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Mandarin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>3,580</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Description of Source Text (200 words max)**

*what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?*

The source text is an autobiographical story written by Liu Tong and included in his book “你的孤独，虽败犹荣” (*Your Loneliness is Glorious*). The text chosen is the fourth section of the second chapter. It is based on the author’s experience as a young student when he met a girl who worked in the university’s video store. Their relationship blossomed and developed but eventually ended.

The register of the story is informal and the tone is casual. In the story, the author stands as a first-person narrator and describes how he met this girl, how they became closer and how they departed without saying goodbye. It is unwound with his memory, which includes dialogues with the girl, inner dialogues and introspections. He writes for young audiences by stressing the things that he could have done better. The section includes 56 short paragraphs. The longest paragraph contains 4 sentences and the shortest only has 1.

The source text is considered as an autobiographical story. It has the features of an autobiography—it is full of traceable and realistic details, and the story is developed as a first-person narrative. However, it is different from a traditional autobiography. The chronological order does not correspond with the pace that his life events occurred. Instead, the author uses 33 real stories and stages them in 6 chapters with different themes.

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**Strategy (200 words max)
what have you decided to do in your translation and why?**

I plan to change the first-person perspective to a third-person perspective while keeping the work an autobiography. In the source text, readers see this story happening in the male character’s eyes, which is referred as an “I”. However, I intend to use a third-person perspective in order to create a feeling that the story is told by a reliable outsider who has seen it happen so that readers can see both characters clearly, including their experiences, feelings and hear both of the voices.

I have decided to translate the text for young college students. The way the author writes the story shows his experiences of love to readers and invites them to feel a deeper connection. When I change the perspective, I intend not to give the characters names in order to leave space for readers’ imagination.

Traditionally, autobiographies are written in first-person perspective. However, third-person in autobiography is not rare. For example, *The Education of Henry Adams* is written by Henry Adams in third-person perspective, telling of his life struggle.

Because the language of the source text is colloquial and sentences are divided into small segments with comas, it creates a translation problem that sentences are frequently composed of the basic sentence structure in English, that is, ‘Subject + Verb + Object + Prepositional Phrase’. Besides, the fact that I chose not to give the characters names might make the target text tedious to read. That is to say, the target text may end up to be ‘He enters a room. He sits down. He reads newspapers’.

**Critical Reflection (200 words max)
what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?**

In order to solve the translation problems mentioned above, I tried to integrate the sentences and to avoid the use of personal pronouns. I adjusted word orders slightly and used present participles and gerunds in order to avoid loose, separated short sentences. However, I did not intend to change the contents of single sentences. Hence, there are still sentences successively starting with the same personal pronouns.

I could have given the characters names, which can avoid the frequent use of personal pronouns. However, names are unique to different cultures. Take Chinese and English as an example, family names come at first and given names come later in Chinese, whereas in English, given names precede surnames. I intended to translate this story for young college students, regardless of their mother languages. Therefore, I did not want to limit the setting of the story by giving them culture-specified names.

I intended to keep the language of the target text colloquial as well. However, the final product shows itself rather in standard English, which lacks of the ease as it is in the source text. For example, the sentence in paragraph 8 “亏大了啊”, I translated it into “I lost too much”, which are equal in meanings. Yet, the sentence in Chinese ends with a modal particle, which gives a sense of regret in Chinese. But ‘I lost too much’ was not able to express the same ease.

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12 Walden University. Definitions and Examples of Basic Sentence Elements. <https://academicguides.waldenu.edu/writingcenter/grammar/sentencestructure>

好好开始，好好告别

1 那是学校商业街入口的第一间音像店，她是店主从老家聘请过来的店员，好像和老板也有一些沾亲带故的关系。她长得不算好看，门牙特别大，微微地凸起来，很像莫文蔚在《食神》里的造型。

2 音像店上午 10 点开门，晚上 10 点关门。每天 12 个小时，上学放学乘车路过，总能看到她用手撑着下巴看着远方，一动不动，不知道在想些什么。

3 每天放学，我都会去音像店转一转，我不会在最新到货区挑选，而是永远在最里面的角落里翻弄那些落满了灰尘的专辑。

4 一天两天，我发现那个角落除了自己再无他人光顾，所以索性每次就挑上个把小时，拿餐巾纸擦擦封面、看看文案，把自己感兴趣的放在一边，完全当成是自己的地盘。很长一段时间，偌大的音像店里，只有她和我。她坐在店门口的柜台上，我坐在店最里面的角落里，店内放着刚到的音乐，时不时有学生跑进来尖叫着要买某某偶像的最新专辑，这时我和她就会相视一笑，各自忙碌。

5 刚开始，我们几乎没有交谈，我把选好的 CD 递给她，她认真地拿出抹布帮我擦拭干净，我说谢谢，她头也不抬说不谢。有时候，我会选三
四张专辑到柜台，然后发现钱不够，犹豫半天放下两张，带两张离开。一开始我挺尴尬的，后来我就习惯了，倒不是习惯了在她面前丢脸，而是习惯了不可能拥有所有自己感兴趣的东西的那种感受。

6 大二的一天，放学后我再次走进熟悉的音像店角落，发现所有落满灰尘的专辑都被码得整整齐齐，塑封套被擦得干干净净，箱子上挂了一个牌子，上面写着：处理 CD，均半价。

7 我站在那儿愣了半天，朝店门口望了望，她也正看着我，然后非常使劲一笑，门牙泛起的光几乎像暗器一样就要朝我飞过来。她说老板要处理掉这些没人买的专辑，所以就打上了半价处理的标志，然后我发现那些我曾经想买又没有买成的专辑都并排码在了一起。

8 我特别想问她，是不是因为只有我一个人买这些，所以她就跟老板申请了打折处理，然后帮我全擦干净？我越是这样想，越觉得自己是世界上最幸福的人。刚感动一会儿，我脑子里就在盘算，之前按原价买了那么多 CD，真是亏大了啊。然后心里立刻给自己一记耳光，告诫自己要知足，要学会感恩。
就跟所有的偶像剧情一样，唯一不同的是，我没那么帅，当然她也实在不是女主角的样子，于是剧情就被搁浅下来，一直到我大学毕业。

因为半价处理的原因，原本我只能买两张专辑的钱便能买四张了。

曾经因为钱不够，所以下手困难，每一张专辑都要精挑细选。后来由于资金充裕了，挑选专辑的时间也就越来越短，有时冲进音像店，随便挑四张就付款走人。

现在再想起，觉得挺惋惜的。因为少而去珍惜，因为多而不在意，那时的自己也许根本意识不到，再过五年，或者十年、二十年，再想起大学的时光，那间音像店最深处的角落里，一个少年背着双肩包，站在昏暗的灯光下，贪婪地阅读着每一张专辑的歌名、封面文字，还有小小的注解。

他一直在想，如果未来自己有了作品，会起什么样的名字，用什么样的色彩，封面上写哪几个字……只有梦想，又无光亮的时候，总是把别人的东西当成自己的，然后畅想好一会儿，有了满足感才依依不舍地放下。也许正是因为有过那样的阶段，所以之后真正能实现梦想的时候，便会格外珍惜。

她每天看我买那么多专辑，就问我：“你是音乐系的？我摇头，她继续猜：“搞艺术的？我想了想，搞文字的算是艺术吗？然后又摇了

nothing like a leading lady. Therefore, the drama was suspended there until his graduation.

Because of the half-price sale, he could afford four albums with the same money for two albums before.

Once, due to the lack of money, every album was selected carefully before buying. But later, it took him less and less time to pick without the money issue. Sometimes, he would rush into the video shop, pick four albums randomly, pay and leave.

Now he thinks of this, he feels deeply regretful—cherish for less and neglect for more. Back then, he didn’t realize that in five years, ten years or twenty years, when he thought of the college days again, he would see that in the deepest corner in that video shop, a boy in a backpack, stood in the dim light and read every single name of the songs covetously, the characters on the covers and the small annotations of each album.

He had been wondering, if someday he got his own work, what name would he give? What colour would he use? And which characters would he put on the cover?... One always pretends others’ stuff as their own and wonders in their imagination for quite a while when they only have dreams but can see no light. Only when they feel satisfied, they will let it go reluctantly. Maybe it was because that they had been through those moments, they would cherish it exceptionally, when dreams really come true.

She saw him buy so many albums every day, she asked him if he was a music major? He shook his head. She kept going: “Art?” He asked himself: is working
摇头。她没有继续猜，有点惋惜地自言自语起来：“如果你是搞艺术的就好了，你太适合了。”
15 我问为什么。
16 她说：“你总是一个人看着专辑，在心里自己和自己说话。”
17 “你怎么知道我喜欢在心里自己和自己说话？”
18 “你总盯着一张专辑的封面看，我一张报纸都看完了，你还没看完，如果不是在自己问自己，难不成是不识字？当然还有一种是犹豫不决，因为没钱。嗯，对，你要么是搞艺术的，要么就是没钱。之后她又补了一句，“其实搞艺术的，大都没什么钱……”
19 第一次听她说那么多话，真是句句有趣，忍不住多看了她两眼，可惜智慧也并没能让她立刻变得美丽。
20 我问：“那你呢？怎么来音像店了？”
21 她说：“在我们那儿，女孩 20 岁嫁不出去就会被人当累赘。”
22 “你都 20 了？看不出来啊。”
23 “没有，我才 19。”
24 “那你什么意思？”
25 “明知道自己属于很难嫁出去的类型，何必要等到所有人觉得你不行的时候再投降呢？有这工夫，还不如出来见见世面。”

with words art? And shook his head again. She didn’t continue and thought loud sadly, “If you do art, it would be great, it suits you.”
15 He asked why.
16 She said: “Because you always stare at those albums and talk to yourself in mind.”
17 “How did you know that I like talking to myself in mind?”
18 “You always stare at the cover of the album. Sometimes after I finished reading the newspapers and you were still looking at it. If you weren’t asking yourself, then maybe you can’t read. Of course, maybe you were hesitating, because you are poor. Hmm, yes, either you are doing art, or you are poor.” Then she added, “Actually, artists don’t have money, mostly…”
19 That was the first time he had heard so much talking from her, everything came out of her mouth was interesting. He couldn’t help laying his eyes on her more. It was such a shame that wisdom couldn’t make her beautiful at once, though.
20 He asked her, “What about you? What brought you here?”
21 She replied, “In my hometown, girls who are over 20 years old but are not married will be treated as burdens.”
22 “Are you 20? I can’t tell.”
23 “No, I am 19.”
24 “Then what did you mean?”
25 “I know myself, there are few men who want to marry me. So why do I have to wait till everybody tells me to give up? I might as well use that kind of time to see the world and learn something.”
26 “你怎么知道自己很难嫁出去?! 虽然我特意加强了质问的味道，但其
实只要说出这句话，就是一种变相的安慰。
27 她看了我一眼，说：“你愿意娶我啊?”
28 “我……当然不。”
29 “那不就对了，连你都不愿意，我怎么嫁得出去?”
30 我听出来了，她在骂我，我讪讪地干笑两声，心想反正你也没什么
朋友，就让你损两句得了。
31 她看我没有回答，就歪着脸看着我说：“生气啦? 别生气嘛，你又
没什么朋友，你算是我这两年来最熟悉的同龄人了，生气的话，以后我
就不开这种玩笑了。”
32 我说：“怎么可能生气，你也是我这两年里最熟悉的陌生人了。”
33 她接着说：“好多人买专辑只是为了听，但你还会看。后来我也会
看你看得很久的封面，也会觉得，有些音乐是需要搭配色彩的，有些人
的长相就需要搭配类似的文字，当封面色彩、文字、歌手神态很统一的
时候，那张专辑一定不会难听。”
34 音乐根本就没有好听和难听之分，只有有无意境的区别。至今我仍
是这么认为，只要各方面恰到好处，说唱也能替代情歌唱哭人。听音乐
的人，总是积极的，能保持清醒，也能看到别人。
35 大概是聊得来的原因，我结账的时候她说：“你回去把包装留好，
如果你觉得不好听，就原封不动地把它装回去给我，我拿到大批发商那
儿退掉就行。”

26 “How did you know that you couldn’t get married?” Though he specially
added some interrogatory taste to it, as long as that sentence was out, it was
equal to comfort.
27 She glanced at him, “Would you marry me?”
28 “Me... Of course not.”
29 “Right. Even you, are not willing to marry me, who can I get married to?”
30 He sensed that she was cursing him, but he just forced a smile lamely,
thinking “Since you don’t have many friends, I’ll let you have it once or twice.”
31 She saw that he didn’t answer her, then puckered her face and said: “Are you
angry? Don’t be angry. I don’t have many friends. You are basically the most
familiar peer I have in the past two years. If you are angry, then I won’t make this
kind of jokes next time.”
32 He replied: “How can I be angry? You are the most familiar stranger I have in
the past two years as well.”
33 She continued: “Most people buy albums just to listen, but you also read.
Now I also read the covers that you kept staring at. I also think that some music
needs to be matched with colours, and some people’s look needs to be matched
with similar style of words. When the colour of the cover, words, and the feature
of the singer’s face correspond, then the album mustn’t be too bad.”
34 There is no such thing as good music or bad music, only the difference
whether it’s imagery or not. So far, he still believes in this. As long as every aspect
is at the right point, rap can bring tears like love songs. People who listen to the
music are always positive. They can stay awake and see others’ merits.
35 Probably because they had same things to talk about, when he got his check,
she said: “Keep the case intact when you take it back home. If you don’t think the
music is good, put the CD back to the case as in the way that you open it and bring
it back to me. I’ll take it to the wholesaler and get a refund.”
36 “你……” 我情绪上头，一时找不到词来表达心情。
37 “不用客气。”
38 “你怎么不早点告诉我，我那儿有好多难听的专辑，包装全扔了，只能当收藏品进行展览了。”
39 年轻的时候，不熟悉的人说句你好，都是天堂。熟悉的人对你再好，你也觉得是天经地义。
40 这些道理都需要我们亲历人生，一步一步跌跌撞撞走出来，才能体会到。只要还在路上，就不怕懂得太晚。
41 自从大三我开始忙碌实习之后，去音像店的机会就少了。夏天的某个晚上，我把几张专辑还她的时候，她突然说：“我要回去结婚了。”
42 我整个人僵在 CD 货架边，右手悬浮在空中，半天没动弹。现在想起来，我多少是进步了，我第一反应并不是我将失去多少免费听 CD 的机会，而是她这么一回家嫁人，我也许再也见不到她了，之后说出来的话，呼出来的气都是潮湿的味道。
43 我硬着头皮装作若无其事地开玩笑：“你不是说你嫁不出去吗？怎么现在又要嫁人了？难不成对方是个瞎子吗？”
44 她哈哈哈地笑了起来，我也跟着笑了起来，笑着笑着她的眼泪就涌了出来，她说：“就是一个瞎子。”

36 “You…” Emotions came to him so suddenly. He couldn’t find a word to express his feelings.
37 “You are welcome.”
38 “Why didn’t you tell me earlier? I have so many unbearable albums at home, whose cases have been thrown away. Now they can only be displayed like collections.”
39 When you are young, strangers say a nice thing about you, you’ll feel like you are in heaven. But no matter how well close persons treat you, you always take it for granted.
40 We need to experience our lives personally to acquire these truths. Walk through everything step by step. Though stumblingly, as long as we are on the way, it’s never going to be too late.
41 Since Junior year, he became busy with the internships, so he seldom went to the video shop again. One night in summer, when he gave back to her several albums, she suddenly told him that she was going back to get married.
42 His whole body stiffed at the CD shelves, with the right hand hanging in the air. He couldn’t move for a bit. Now he looks back at it, he still made some progress himself. His first reaction to this was not that how many opportunities he would miss to listen to the albums for free, but that he might never have the chance to see her again. After that, all the words he said tasted thus humid.
43 He pretended that it was nothing to him and joked on her, “I thought nobody would love to marry you. Why are you getting married now? Is he blind or something?”
44 She laughed so hard, so that he started laughing with her. Then she cried and said, “Yes, he is blind.”
我就这么愣在那儿，很长很长时间，我脑子里只重复着一个念头，就是想把自己一个耳光抽死。说句对不起就像是秋后落满人行道的落叶，凋零又孤单。我甚至不敢抬起头看她，走出音像店的时候，我的脸仍在发烫。我不知道当晚我是如何回到宿舍的，一想起她笑着笑着就哭出来说的那句话，我就能看见一个自以为幽默聪明又面目可憎的自己。

一连几天，我不敢再路过音像店。我想道歉，也想祝福，想告别，也想随便说点什么，哪怕问问她的名字也好。终于，我鼓起勇气去了，音像店里的人却换成了一个中年大叔。

他看我站在门口，不停朝里面张望，不知所措，他问我是不是找之前的那个姑娘。我点点头，他说她已经走了。接着他问：“你是那个帮我们唱片写推荐的男孩吧？”我继续点头。他从柜台里拿出一封信，说这是那个女孩写给我的。

我把信放进书包，鞠躬道谢，钻进那条被外界戏称为“堕落街”的商业街中。天色一暗，人流一多，声音一杂，自己把自己扔进去了，很难被人辨认出来了。我脸上流着泪，一边走一边想，本以为最后的告别多少会温馨一些，谁知道竟是她哭着说自己要嫁给一个瞎子，这是我记得她说的最后一句话。

我把事情都处理完，冲完凉，放上音乐，靠在床头借着台灯的光，开始读信。
第一次认真看她写的字，字和她的人一样，第一眼第二眼和最后一眼都算不上好看，但看久了却也能记起那两颗大门牙来。她的字集体向右倾，我记得上高中的时候有人说过：写字右倾的人总是积极的，喜欢和人交朋友，却也容易受人影响；写字右倾的人比起物质来更重视精神层面的交流。我想至今我们都不知道彼此的名字，估计是这个原因吧。

和你认识快三年了，你也快毕业了。我在长沙的这三年，没有朋友。

我曾经以为在音像店打工就像读书那样，和同桌在一起，能永远读下去。

后来毕业了才发现读书的好，直到你开始实习了，我才意识到你要毕业了。我并没有要嫁给一个瞎子，但我知道如果再待在这样的音像店里，我就会像一个瞎子般生活一辈子。

谢谢你帮我推荐的近百张唱片，那些歌单我都记下来了，我会在未来的日子里反复播放，去体会你的心情。也许我会读书，也许我会继续打工，但是无论如何，我保证，我会一直去听音乐，就像你说的那样——听音乐的人，总是积极的，能保持清醒，也能看到别人。

谢谢你。也请你继续支持我们店的生意，你的折扣我跟老板说过了，他会继续给你优惠的。

看到这里，我哭着哭着就笑了。
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<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>《夏洛特夫人》 (xia luo te fu ren)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1842</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>971</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Description of Source Text (200 words max)**

*What is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?*

The source text is a ballad written by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. I have chosen to translate the second version of the ballad published in 1842. It describes the isolated life of the lady of Shalott, a woman who has a curse on her. She waves day and night without looking out at the world. Immediately, she falls in love, seeing Sir Lancelot in the mirror. Then she leaves the house and takes a boat. But she dies before she can see Sir Lancelot.

There are 19 stanzas, being divided into four sections. The first two sections both have 4 stanzas. Whereas, section 3 has 5 stanzas and section 4 has 6. Each stanza has 9 lines. Except stanza 12, every stanza ends with Shalott. Except stanza 9, every fifth line ends with Camelot. A rhyme scheme runs through the ballad, AAAABCCCB. Moreover, it is also written in ‘iambic tetrameter’. An iamb is a unit of rhyme, that has one weak beat followed by a strong beat. For example, in the first line, ‘eith’ ‘side’ ‘riv’ and ‘lie’ beat harder than the syllables before them. Tetrameter means a verse line having four metrical feet (8 syllables).

A ballad, in English tradition, means narrative folk songs. It is usually rhymed and strophic. It describes crucial details to convey the story. In this case, the rhymes of *The Lady of Shalott* make it melodic and song-like. Before the Middle Ages, ballad was passed down orally to keep history, until it was written down as poetry. The ballad was a popular poetic form used during the Victorian era by poets such as Alfred Lord Tennyson.

**Strategy (200 words max)**

*What have you decided to do in your translation and why?*

I have decided to translate this ballad into *hui wen shi* (回文诗), palindrome poems. *Hui wen shi* is a unique genre of ancient Chinese poetry. It has various forms, including *tong ti hui wen* (通体回文) (the poem can read from the very last word to the first) and *jiu ju hui wen* (就句回文) (palindrome within a sentence) etc. The form I intend to do is a palindrome within every stanza, 19 palindrome poems in total. It means that every next line starts with the last two or three words from the last line. And the last line of each stanza goes back to the first line of each stanza.

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The purpose is to create a rhyme scheme for the target text. As mentioned, the source text is rhymed. Therefore, I use hui wen shi to make the target text rhyme in the middle of each line, which also runs through all the stanzas. Because the source text is referring to medieval literature, it makes sense to translate it into older forms of Chinese.

I plan to translate this ballad for parents who have young children at home. They can tell of the story to their children in the form of song-like poems, which can be a fun but also effective way to help their children pick up the poetic inspiration.

Translation problems include fully translating the contents while half the characters of each line are repeated from the last line, putting the unique western names inside of the poems and every line going back to the first line.

| Critical Reflection (200 words max) | I did not sacrifice the contents for the structure. I managed to keep most of the contents. The problem is that I could not guarantee that two or three characters from the earlier lines are rendered into the next lines. 14 out of 152 lines start with the last character of the last line.

I transliterated the names of Shalott, Camelot and Lancelot. These western names are not in the same style with the rest of the poems. I could have chosen other Chinese style names, or simply kept the titles, lady, sir and castle, leaving out the actual names. However, I did not want to pull the story close to our everyday life. These middle-aged names give readers a sense of distance.

It was very difficult to make the last line of each stanza go back to the first line. I had to think of the last line in advance when I started translating the first line. But the outcome is satisfying. Only four of the last lines repeat one character of the first line, and the rest of them all repeat at least two characters.

The final product contains the contents of the source text and rhymes as well. I could have tried to use the same rhyme scheme as the one in the source text. However, that would risk losing some of the contents. |
The Lady of Shalott

Part I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
   To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
   The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
   Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
   The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
   Skimming down to Camelot:

夏洛特夫人

一、

两岸麦花遍山原，
花遍山原接长天。
长天一路间山野，
路间山野卡美洛。
卡美洛下往来人，
人来皆盹百合舞。
百合依依夏洛特，
夏洛特岛几岸花。

杨舞白柳春风摇，
春风绣水暗拂纹。
拂纹逐水卡美洛，
卡美洛下灰瓦阁。
灰阁灰瓦十里花，
十里花田岛中落。
中落夫人夏洛特，
夏洛特岛白杨舞。

河畔垂柳绿丝绦，
绿丝拂堤送轻帆。
轻帆系马慢慢行，
帆行水上逸如丝。
丝帆乘流卡美洛，
But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
Or at the casement seen her stand?  
Or is she known in all the land,  
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river winding clearly,  
Down to tower'd Camelot:  
And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy  
Lady of Shalott."

Part II

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colours gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

Part III
A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
    Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
    As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
    Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
    As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
    Moves over still Shalott.

白羽流星檐下落，
檐下忽落马上人。 马上叶重日光耀，
光耀金甲兰斯洛。 斯洛王侯言铮铮，
铮铮铁甲护夫人。 铁甲流辉夏洛特，
夏洛特岛落白羽。

翠翘金雀风沾星，
紫凤沾星驾银河。 银河深静马蹄响，
马蹄欢响卡美洛。 卡美洛下号角鸣，
号角鸣鸣震戈甲。 戈甲声声夏洛特，
夏洛特旁金翠翘。

晴空千尺云数点，
白云点点鞍马曜。 鞍马昌明照翎羽，
翎羽踏寻卡美洛。 卡美洛下夜色绛，
绛阙菲微散作萤。 萤火肃肃夏洛特，
夏洛特岛碧晴空。
His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
    As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
    Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
    She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
    The Lady of Shalott.

Part IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
    Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
   The Lady of Shalott.

   And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
   With a glassy countenance
   Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
   The Lady of Shalott.

   Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
   Thro' the noises of the night
   She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
   The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
   Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
   Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide

   书文船头濑东风。

   佳人恍惶入溟水，
   汲水深勇似鬿誉。
   鬕誉前路已先知，
   知难貯貯卡美洛。
   卡美洛下暮色迟，
   迟暮解絢卧凉船。
   凉船载影洛特远，
   洛特远影俏佳人。

   嬋嫓罗衣轻着身，
   宽衣着身任飘摇。
   飘摇苦叶穿夜鸣，
   夜鸣袅袅卡美洛。
   卡美洛下蜿蜒行，
   蜿蜒山柳青田间。
   田间骊骊洛特吟，
   洛特终吟面如嫓。

   闻歌一曲白玉愁，
   曲声高低美人吟。
   吟至血色凝黯眸，
   黯眸尤磷卡美洛。
   卡美洛下逐水流，
   逐水漂流至初舍。
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
   The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
   Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
   The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
   All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
   God in his mercy lend her grace,
   The Lady of Shalott."
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>The Brain in Love</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2008</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Helen Fisher</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
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**Description of Source Text (200 words max)**

*what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?*

The source text chosen is the transcript of a TED speech, *The Brain in Love*, given by Helen Fisher. In it, the speaker describes the deep effects that falling in love has on human neurological states. She further explores the question of how individual human brain patterns direct our interest and desires toward, and away, from specific types of people.

The register is formal, but the tone is humorous. The speech is shared between the speaker and her audiences. In the source text, the speaker uses large amounts of poetic language, as she quotes poems and quotes by famous writers. The rest of the passage, on the other hand, consists of technical terms, introducing her research data and findings. In the speech, the speaker uses exemplification to support her findings, ellipsis to omit the contents that have been advertised before, metaphors to make the contents more approachable and puns to attract audiences’ attentions.

There are three basic types of speeches, informative, persuasive and speeches for special occasions. This speech is informative. The main purpose of the speech is to tell the audiences the brains’ reactions when people fall in love. TED talks cover a wide range of topics, through storytelling. Speakers have 18 minutes at most to deliver their ideas in an innovative way.

Another TED speech of a similar topic, *The Mathematics of Love* by Hannah Fry, is comparing the process of doing math to that of finding love. Both speeches are humorous and both are about science and love. However, the second one is a persuasive speech to tell people that math is powerful. Moreover, compared with the chosen texts, the second speech tends to use the everyday life examples instead of her professional findings and her language is more agitating.

**Strategy (200 words max)**

*what have you decided to do in your translation and why?*

I have decided to translate the speech into a love letter for netizens. I cast the speaker as a narrator writing the letter to his or her lover. The profession of the speaker is still an anthropologist, and the scientific contents are undisturbed. The literary language and cited poems are treated as a way to demonstrate his or her affection and admiration for the lover.

My purpose is to make the ideas more approachable than a formal or specialized speech on the same subject for netizens to accept. I plan to keep the language half professional and half poetic, because it fits in well into the love letter tradition of target language literature. The love letter is a personal narrative told in first-person perspective, that describes a moment of the character’s life.
In 1988, Cai Zhiheng (蔡智恆) published his first love novel “第一次的亲密接触” (*The First Intimate Contact*) online. That started the wave of network literature in China. Being a science geek, he includes technical jokes in his love writings. Even to now, technical love letters still prevail in China. For example, ‘My longings for you are circulating decimals. They repeat again and again, refusing to stop’.

Translation problems include rendering the speech with the intimate tone of a personal letter, justifying why the character talks about science in a love letter, keeping the quotes concise without lengthy explicitations and starting and finishing the letter in a smooth way.

| Critical Reflection (200 words max) | I added private filler to both the beginning and the end of the letter to border the scientific content with a friendly, even intimate tone in order to justify or naturalize the technical content in a literary form typically reserved for private communication. He or she uses the findings to indicate the fact that they are truly in love with their lovers from the scientific perspective. This is for the needs of the content. However, in this way, I also set up a tone for the speaker. It is possible that she does not talk like that in her real life. It would have been an ideal situation that I found a way to make the speech smooth without adding the filler. I translated the poems as poems and kept the styles and structures as well. For example, ‘Fire runs through my body with the pain of loving you. Pain runs through my body with the fires of my love for you.’ When translating these lines, I kept the same metaphors and metres in order to make the translated poem as powerful as the source text. In the process of translating famous quotes, I kept these lines short and catchy and concise without lengthy explanations. Such as Emily Dickinson’s "Parting is all we need to know of hell." It shows to me that how to translate these quotes is very important, because they are well spread and readers have their own interpretations. I added a background picture of a letter paper to make it look realistic. Moreover, I didn’t choose the font SimSun,\(^\text{16}\) what we usually use in Chinese formal writing, as it is more of a printed font. Instead, I used Kaiti, which is similar to hand-writings. |

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I and my colleagues Art Aron and Lucy Brown and others, have put 37 people who are madly in love into a functional MRI brain scanner. 17 who were happily in love, 15 who had just been dumped, and we're just starting our third experiment: studying people who report that they're still in love after 10 to 25 years of marriage. So, this is the short story of that research.

In the jungles of Guatemala, in Tikal, stands a temple. It was built by the grandest Sun King, of the grandest city-state, of the grandest civilization of the Americas, the Mayas. His name was Jasaw Chan K'awiil. He stood over six feet tall. He lived into his 80s, and he was buried beneath this monument in 720 AD. And Mayan inscriptions proclaim that he was deeply in love with his wife. So, he built a temple in her honor, facing his. And every spring and autumn, exactly at the equinox, the sun rises behind his temple, and perfectly bathes her temple with his shadow. And as the sun sets behind her temple in the afternoon, it perfectly bathes his temple with her shadow. After 1,300 years, these two lovers still touch and kiss from their tomb.

Around the world, people love. They sing for love, they dance for love, they compose poems and stories about love. They tell myths and legends about love. They pine for love, they live for love, they kill for love, and they die for love. As Walt Whitman once said, "O I would stake all for you." Anthropologists have found evidence of romantic love in 170 societies. They've never found a society that did not have it.

But love isn't always a happy experience. In one study of college students, they asked a lot of questions about love, but the two that stood out to me the most were: "Have you ever been rejected by somebody who you really loved?" And the second question was: "Have you ever dumped somebody who really loved you?" And almost 95 percent of both men and women said yes to both.
亲爱阿媛，

2018年3月27日

这是我第一次这样叫你。从前，我总是故意气你，叫你“胖胖”。每次你都会嘟起嘴，说：“我不胖。”你总讽刺说，我是一个科学家，关注的都是大事，怪我不懂浪漫。我不但不安慰你，还总解释给你听，人类学家和科学家的区别。你说，我们相遇，是缘分使然。我说这没有道理。你问：“那你天天摆弄这些脑子，你知道我们为何相爱吗？”我不回答。今天我想说给你听。

我和我美国的同事阿特·阿伦、露西·布朗和其他几位同事，对 37 位正处于热恋中的人的大脑，进行了核磁共振测试。其中 17 位正沉陷于甜蜜的爱情之中，15 位则刚刚被甩。并且我们刚刚展开了第三项实验，研究那些声称他们婚后 10 到 25 年仍然相爱的人的大脑。下面是关于这项研究的简单介绍。

穿过危地马拉的丛林，在蒂卡尔古城，伫立着一座神庙。它由最伟大的太阳神所建造，坐落于最壮丽的城邦，承载着美洲最辉煌的文明——玛雅。他的名字叫雅舍·卡尔。他身长六英尺有余，活至八十有几，于公元 720 年埋葬于此神庙之下。玛雅人的碑文上还镌刻着他与妻子深深的爱。他为妻子修建了另一座神庙，正对着蒂卡尔神庙。每到春分和秋分，太阳从他的神庙后方升起，完美地将他妻子的神庙沐浴在他的长影子中。午后太阳落下，他的神庙便完全淹没在他妻子的神庙的影子中。

1300年后，这对恋人仍然抚摸和亲吻彼此的墓穴。

全世界的人都迷恋爱情。人们为爱而歌唱，人们为爱而起舞，人们通过诗词歌赋来表达爱。他们讲述关于爱情的神话和传奇。他们渴望爱情，为爱而生，为爱杀戮，也为爱而死。沃尔特·惠特曼曾说：“哦，我愿为你堵上我的一切！”人类学家在 170 个社会群体中发现了爱情的存在。他们从没见过一个没有爱情的社会。

但爱情并不总是愉快的经历。在一项关于大学生的社会调查中，他们提出了许多关于爱情的问题。其中让我印象最深刻的两个问题是：“你是否曾经被心爱的人拒绝过？”“你是否曾经拒绝过真心爱你的人？”几乎 95% 的男人和女人都曾经有过这样
Almost nobody gets out of love alive.

So, before I start telling you about the brain, I want to read for you what I think is the most powerful love poem on Earth. There's other love poems that are, of course, just as good, but I don't think this one can be surpassed. It was told by an anonymous Kwakiutl Indian of southern Alaska to a missionary in 1896. And here it is. I've never had the opportunity to say it before. "Fire runs through my body with the pain of loving you. Pain runs through my body with the fires of my love for you. Pain like a boil about to burst with my love for you, consumed by fire with my love for you. I remember what you said to me. I am thinking of your love for me. I am torn by your love for me. Pain and more pain -- where are you going with my love? I am told you will go from here. I am told you will leave me here. My body is numb with grief. Remember what I said, my love. Goodbye, my love, goodbye." Emily Dickinson once wrote, "Parting is all we need to know of hell." How many people have suffered in all the millions of years of human evolution? How many people around the world are dancing with elation at this very minute? Romantic love is one of the most powerful sensations on Earth.

So, several years ago, I decided to look into the brain and study this madness. Our first study of people who were happily in love has been widely publicized, so I'm only going to say very little about it. We found activity in a tiny, little factory near the base of the brain called the ventral tegmental area. We found activity in some cells called the A10 cells, cells that actually make dopamine, a natural stimulant, and spray it to many brain regions. Indeed, this part, the VTA, is part of the brain's reward system. It's way below your cognitive thinking process. It's below your emotions. It's part of what we call the reptilian core of the brain, associated with wanting, with motivation, with focus and with craving. In fact, the same brain region where we found activity becomes active also when you feel the rush of cocaine.

But romantic love is much more than a cocaine high -- at least you come down from cocaine. Romantic love is an obsession, it possesses you. You lose your sense of self. You can't stop thinking about another human being. Somebody is camping in your head. As an eighth-century Japanese poet said, "My longing had no time when it ceases." Wild is love. And the obsession can get worse when you've been rejected.
几乎没有能活着走出爱情。

在我告诉你关于大脑的事情之前，阿媛，我想念给你一首，我认为是世界最有力量的情诗。当然，其他的情诗也都好。但我认为这首是无法被超越的。这首诗在1896年的南阿拉斯加，由一位不知名的夸扣特尔印第安人讲述给了一名传教士。这是我第一次念给你听。听好了。“爱你的疼痛如同熊熊的烈火侵蚀着我的身体。爱你的烈火如同欢愉的疼痛燃烧着我的身体。疼痛如同沸水一般，冲出我的身体，燃烧着我对你的爱。我记得你对我说过的话，我想着你对我的爱，它正撕碎我的身体。疼痛，更多的疼痛，你要将我的爱带去哪里？我曾听说，你将从这里出发。我曾听说，你将留我一人在这里。我的身体因悲伤而变得麻木。带上我爱你的话语，我的爱人。再见，我的爱，再见了！”艾米莉·狄金森曾说过：“从离别的双眸中，我们认识地狱。”

在人类进化的几百万年中，有多少人曾经历这样的痛苦？而此时此刻，世界上又有多少人在欢欣雀跃地跳舞？爱情是这世上最强大的情感之一。

几年前，我决定深入大脑并研究这种疯狂的行为。我们第一项有关处于恋爱中的人们的研究得到了很好的宣传，所以这部分我只粗略地介绍一下。我们在大脑底层找到一块活跃的极小的区域，叫做腹侧被盖区，以及一些活跃的A10细胞。这些细胞能分泌多巴胺——一种天然的兴奋剂，并将它分散到大脑的其它的区域。当然，腹侧被盖区也属于大脑奖励机制的一部分。它不受意识思考过程的影响，独立于你的情感。准确地说，它是被我们称作爬虫类脑核的一部分。它与欲望，动力，专注和渴求有关。事实上，同样的大脑区域在渴求可卡因的时候也会活跃起来。

但爱情不止像可卡因上瘾那样简单——至少你还能从可卡因中冷静下来。爱情它让人着魔，它占据着你的心灵，让你失去自我意识。你不由自主地去想另一个人，就好像他在你的脑子里扎了根。正如8世纪的一位日本诗人所说，“我的欲望永不停歇。”爱情是狂热的，当你被拒绝以后，这种执念会变得更深
So, right now, Lucy Brown and I, the neuroscientists on our project, are looking at the data of the people who were put into the machine after they had just been dumped. It was very difficult actually, putting these people in the machine, because they were in such bad shape.

So anyway, we found activity in three brain regions. We found activity in the brain region, in exactly the same brain region associated with intense romantic love. What a bad deal. You know, when you've been dumped, the one thing you love to do is just forget about this human being, and then go on with your life -- but no, you just love them harder. As the poet Terence, the Roman poet once said, he said, "The less my hope, the hotter my love." And indeed, we now know why. Two thousand years later, we can explain this in the brain. That brain system -- the reward system for wanting, for motivation, for craving, for focus -- becomes more active when you can't get what you want. In this case, life's greatest prize: an appropriate mating partner.

We found activity in other brain regions also -- in a brain region associated with calculating gains and losses. You're lying there, you're looking at the picture, and you're in this machine, and you're calculating what went wrong. What have I lost? As a matter of fact, Lucy and I have a little joke about this. It comes from a David Mamet play, and there's two con artists in the play, and the woman is conning the man, and the man looks at the woman and says, "Oh, you're a bad pony, I'm not going to bet on you." And indeed, it's this part of the brain, the core of the nucleus accumbens, that is becoming active as you're measuring your gains and losses. It's also the brain region that becomes active when you're willing to take enormous risks for huge gains and huge losses.

Last but not least, we found activity in a brain region associated with deep attachment to another individual. No wonder people suffer around the world, and we have so many crimes of passion. When you've been rejected in love, not only are you engulfed with feelings of romantic love, but you're feeling deep attachment to this individual. Moreover, this brain circuit for reward is working, and you're feeling intense energy, intense focus, intense motivation and the willingness to risk it all, to win life's greatest prize.
如今，我与项目组的神经学专家露西·布朗正在研究那些刚刚被抛弃的人的大脑数据。我们将他们放进了核磁共振仪器中，过程十分艰难，因为他们的状态实在很糟糕。总之，我们找到了三个活跃的大脑区域。我们在与之前完全一致的大脑区域，也就是与热恋相联系的腹侧被盖区找到了大脑活动。多么糟糕的事情啊！当你被对方抛弃之后，你最想做的事情就是忘记他，然后继续你的生活。但是不行，你只会更加爱他。就像罗马诗人特伦斯曾说过的，“我的爱在微弱的希望中燃烧的更加炽烈。”当然，如今我们知道原因了。2000年后的今天，我们可以解释大脑中的这一现象。大脑中的奖励机制，与动力、渴望和专注有关，它在你得不到你想要的东西时，反而更加活跃。从这种意义上，生命中的最大的奖赏便是一个合适的另一半。

我们在大脑中计算得失的区域也找到了大脑活动。当你躺在机器里，看着过去的照片，你的大脑在计算，你在想哪里出了问题？事实上，露西和我关于这个有个小笑话。在大卫·梅米特的一部剧中，有两个骗子手，其中这个女人在试图勾引这个男人，于是这个男人看着这个女人说：“哦，你这匹小野马，我是不会把宝押在你身上的。”在你计算得失的时候，正是大脑的这一区域——伏隔核的核心变得活跃起来。当你愿意承担巨大的风险去获得高额的收益时，这个区域也会活跃起来。

最后，我们还在一块大脑区域中找到了与另一个个体产生深度联系的大脑活动。难怪全世界的人都遭受这种痛苦，难怪这么多人逃不过爱情的罪。当你失意于爱情，你不仅被爱的欲望所吞噬，还会对另一方产生深深地依恋。此时，你大脑奖励机制的回路开始工作，你感到强烈的精力、专注、动力和意愿，想要不顾一切地去赢得生命中的最高奖赏。
So, what have I learned from this experiment that I would like to tell the world? Foremost, I have come to think that romantic love is a drive, a basic mating drive. Not the sex drive -- the sex drive gets you looking for a whole range of partners. Romantic love enables you to focus your mating energy on just one at a time, conserve your mating energy, and start the mating process with this single individual. I think of all the poetry that I've read about romantic love, what sums it up best is something that is said by Plato over 2,000 years ago. He said, "The god of love lives in a state of need. It is a need, it is an urge, it is a homeostatic imbalance. Like hunger and thirst, it's almost impossible to stamp out." I've also come to believe that romantic love is an addiction: a perfectly wonderful addiction when it's going well, and a perfectly horrible addiction when it's going poorly.

And indeed, it has all of the characteristics of addiction. You focus on the person, you obsessively think about them, you crave them, you distort reality, your willingness to take enormous risks to win this person. And it's got the three main characteristics of addiction: tolerance, you need to see them more, and more, and more; withdrawals; and last: relapse.

I've got a girlfriend who's just getting over a terrible love affair. It's been about eight months, she's beginning to feel better. And she was driving along in her car the other day, and suddenly she heard a song on the car radio that reminded her of this man. Not only did the instant craving come back, but she had to pull over from the side of the road and cry. So, one thing I would like the medical community, and the legal community, and even the college community, to see if they can understand, that indeed, romantic love is one of the most addictive substances on Earth.

I would also like to tell the world that animals love. There's not an animal on this planet that will copulate with anything that comes along. Too old, too young, too scruffy, too stupid, and they won't do it. Unless you're stuck in a laboratory cage -- and you know, if you spend your entire life in a little box, you're not going to be as picky about who you have sex with, but I've looked in a hundred species, and everywhere in the wild, animals have favourites. As a matter of fact, ethologists know this. There are over eight words for what they call "animal favouritism;" selective proceptivity, mate choice, female choice, sexual choice. And indeed, there are now three academic articles in which they've looked at this attraction, which may only last for a second, but it's a definite attraction, and either this same brain region, this reward system, or the chemicals of that reward system are involved. In fact, I think animal
所以，通过这个实验，我想告诉你的是什么呢？首先，我的结论是爱情是一种冲动，是人类最基本的寻求配偶的冲动。与性冲动不同——性冲动驱使你去寻找不同的交配对象。爱情使你每次只对一个人产生交配的冲动，节制地使用这种冲动，并同这个个体开始交配过程。我回忆了我读过的所有关于爱情的诗歌，对于这些最好的总结是 2000 年前诗人柏拉图的一首诗，“爱神驾驾于欲望的神殿。爱是种需求。它是冲它是冲动，是内衡的失衡，是难以填补的饥饿和无法抑制的饥渴。”我同样相信，爱情让人上瘾：当爱和风细雨，便顺流而上。当爱狂风恶浪，则逆流直下。

显然，爱情符合所有癖嗜的特征。你所有的精力都在这个人身上，你着魔似的想着他，渴望得到他，即使扭曲现实也不顾一切地想要赢得他的青睐。并且爱情也有癖嗜的三个主要特征：持久性——你需要更多，更多还有更多的爱以维持感情；消退；最后，复发。我有一个女性朋友，她刚刚从一段痛苦的恋情中恢复过来。经过了八个月，她开始感觉好了些。一天她正开着车，广播里突然响起一首歌，让她又想起了那个男人。旧时的感觉像洪水一般冲了回来，她不得不把车停在路边，然后大哭一场。因此，我想告诉你的是，爱情确实是这世上最让人上瘾的东西之一。

我还想告诉你关于动物爱情的故事。世界上没有任何一种动物会毫无标准的跟他看到的无论是什么的活物进行交配。这个太老了，那个太小了，这个太脏了，又或是那个太蠢了，十分挑剔。除非它被困在实验室的笼子里——当然如果你的余生都要在一个小盒子里度过的话，你就不会如此挑剔与谁进行交配了。我研究过上百个物种，我发现自然环境中的所有动物都有他们的最爱。事实上，动物学家知道这些。用四组词可以形容动物的各自选择：直觉性选择，配偶选择，雌性选择和交配选择。时下有三篇学术性文章讨论了这种吸引力，它只持续一秒钟，但它的确是种吸引力。并且同样的大脑区域，奖励机制和其中的化学物质也参与其中。事实上，我认为动物间的这种吸引力是瞬间产生的——你可以看到一头大象瞬间奔向另一头。我想这大概就是所谓的“一见钟情”吧。
attraction can be instant -- you can see an elephant instantly go for another elephant. And I think that this is really the origin of what you and I call "love at first sight."

People have often asked me whether what I know about love has spoiled it for me. And I just simply say, "Hardly." You can know every single ingredient in a piece of chocolate cake, and then when you sit down and eat that cake, you can still feel that joy. And certainly, I make all the same mistakes that everybody else does too, but it's really deepened my understanding and compassion, really, for all human life. As a matter of fact, in New York, I often catch myself looking in baby carriages and feeling a little sorry for the tot. And in fact, sometimes I feel a little sorry for the chicken on my dinner plate, when I think of how intense this brain system is. Our newest experiment has been hatched by my colleague, Art Aron -- putting people who are reporting that they are still in love, in a long-term relationship, into the functional MRI. We've put five people in so far, and indeed, we found exactly the same thing. They're not lying. The brain areas associated with intense romantic love still become active, 25 years later.

There are still many questions to be answered and asked about romantic love. The question that I'm working on right this minute -- and I'm only going to say it for a second, and then end -- is, why do you fall in love with one person, rather than another? I never would have even thought to think of this, but Match.com, the Internet dating site, came to me three years ago and asked me that question. And I said, I don't know. I know what happens in the brain, when you do become in love, but I don't know why you fall in love with one person rather than another. And so, I've spent the last three years on this. And there are many reasons that you fall in love with one person rather than another, that psychologists can tell you. And we tend to fall in love with somebody from the same socioeconomic background, the same general level of intelligence, of good looks, the same religious values. Your childhood certainly plays a role, but nobody knows how. And that's about it, that's all they know. No, they've never found the way two personalities fit together to make a good relationship.

So, it began to occur to me that maybe your biology pulls you towards some people rather than another. And I have concocted a questionnaire to see to what degree you express dopamine, serotonin, estrogen and testosterone. I think we've evolved four very broad personality types associated with the ratios of these four chemicals in the brain. And on this dating site that I have created, called Chemistry.com, I ask you first a series of questions to
常有人问我，我关于爱情的知识是否让我对爱失去了兴致。每当这个时候，我总是骄傲地提起你与我，虽然你从不了解。其实这就像，你在知道了巧克力蛋糕里的所有成分后，你仍然能坐下来细细品味，体会那份快乐一样。而且毫无疑问地，我也会犯其他人都会犯的错误。这一点你最知道。但是，这些知识真的加深了我对爱的理解和对生命的热爱。事实上，我经常发现自己看着婴儿车里的小孩儿，然后对他感觉有一丝的抱歉。有时，当我想到大脑系统中的强烈的活动的时候，我也会对我餐盘上的鸡肉感到同情。我的同事阿特·阿伦负责我们最新的一项实验，对恋爱多年仍然相爱的情侣们进行核磁共振测试。目前，我们已经测试了五个人，而且我们得到了完全一致的结果。他们没有撒谎。在相爱 25 年后，他们的大脑中与热恋相联系的区域仍然活跃。

关于爱情，还有很多没有被解答和提出的问题。我目前正在研究的课题，也就是你最关心的问题就是“我们为什么会爱上这个人，而不是另一个人？”在你问我之前，我从没想过这个问题。所以从前，我只能跟你说我不知道。我知道的是当一个人恋爱的时候，大脑中会发生什么。因此我清楚我什么时候爱上了你，是你第一次温柔地看着我的时候。但我清楚为什么是你，为何不能是别人。这三年来，我一直在研究这个问题。心理学家会告诉你有许多原因可以解释为什么我们爱上这个人，而不是别人。我们倾向于选择来自同样的社会经济背景，拥有相同的智力水平，样貌和宗教信仰的另一半。我们的童年经历也会对此产生影响，但没人知道以何种方式。心理学家也只知道这些。他们不清楚两种人格是如何互相配合形成一段良好的恋爱关系的。

所以，我想到也许从生物学上可以解释为什么我们更愿意接触这一群人而不是别人。针对此，我已经展开了一份社会调查，去研究人们是如何表现多巴胺、血清素、雌激素和睾丸激素的性状的。我相信人类在演化过程中，根据这四种化学物质在大脑中的不同配比演化出了四种非常普遍的典型人格。我制作了一个交友网站，Chemistry.com。在上面我问了一系列的问题去了解这几种化学物质是如何在人们身上
see to what degree you express these chemicals, and I'm watching who chooses who to love. And 3.7 million people have taken the questionnaire in America. About 600,000 people have taken it in 33 other countries. I'm putting the data together now, and at some point -- there will always be magic to love, but I think I will come closer to understanding why it is you can walk into a room and everybody is from your background, your same general level of intelligence, good looks, and you don't feel pulled towards all of them. I think there's biology to that. I think we're going to end up, in the next few years, to understand all kinds of brain mechanisms that pull us to one person rather than another.
体现的，并观察他们不同的选择。370 万人在美国接受了这个调查问卷。还有来自其他 33 个国家的 60 万人也做了这个调查。我现在正在整理这些数据。在一定程度上，像你所说的，爱情是神奇的。但我相信我会一步步靠近这个问题的答案，为什么一个人走进一间屋子，里面所有的人都拥有同样的背景，相同的智力水平和样貌，但他不会被所有人所吸引。我认为其中一定有生物学上的原因。我相信几年内，我们就可以解释大脑系统促使我们爱上这一个人，而不是另一个人的原因。

到时，阿媛，我应该就可以回答你的问题，为什么是你，而不能是别人。虽然我现在还不清楚，但我能确定我爱你，并且只能是你。我不知道什么是浪漫，也不懂什么甜言蜜语。我能承诺的是，我愿意每一年，每一个月，每一周，每一天，甚至每个小时都做一次核磁共振，去证明我对你的爱。若我此生有幸的话，阿媛，你愿不愿意嫁给我，做我一辈子的胖胖？——赠给我此生最高的奖赏。

爱你的，

一天
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**Description of Source Text (200 words max)**

**what is the source text like**

*genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order,*

*and other poetic devices)*?

The source text is a love letter written by Steve Jobs as a 20th marriage anniversary gift to his wife, which is included in his biography written by Walter Isaacson. It describes Jobs’ experience with his wife from the first time they met, all the way to the 20th anniversary.

The register of the letter is personal and the tone is intimate. In the letter, Jobs expresses his enduring affection and admiration for his wife. The letter was originally private and was only shared with Walter Isaacson when it was published in 2011. There is no rhyme in the letter. However, five sentences start with the same word ‘we’, which creates a rhythm. In terms of the content, the beginning and at the end of the letter are linked thematically with the idea that she causes him to levitate.

As well as being a letter, this text can be categorised as a prose poem. Unlike poetic prose, prose poems are ‘short and compact’. In this case, the letter only contains 8 sentences. Compared with short prose, prose poems have more ‘pronounced rhythms, sonorous effects, imagery, and density of expression’. In the third sentence, Jobs intentionally uses four pairs of two-word-phrases to create a pronounced rhythm. Moreover, the letter produces the image of him and his wife being together and illustrates their intense love despite its short length.

Compared with the love letter written by Johnny Cash to his wife, it generates a similar style. They both develop in an honest and realistic tone.

**Strategy (200 words max)**

**what have you decided to do in your translation and why?**

I decided to translate this letter into a seven-character octet for literary translators. Seven-character octet is a type of poem that was invented during the Chinese Tang Dynasty (618-907). This type of poem contains 8 sentences and each sentence must have exactly 7 characters. Moreover, the rhyme scheme is strict—every second line ends with the 平韵 (Ping Yun), the first tone of the Chinese phonetic system.

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Translation problems include keeping the number of the sentences even without adding or deleting the contents and creating the end rhymes.

The official Chinese translation of this letter created issues for the translators. Readers of this version complained that it was ‘too plain and not touching at all’\textsuperscript{21}. From my perspective, the reason that readers did not enjoy it is because the first translator only focused on the semantics and ignored the structure and the rhythms of the letter, as well as the theme of being swept off his feet. Therefore, I am using the seven-character structure to increase the text’s strength and conciseness. I kept all other details mentioned in the source text, such as the number of years they were married, where they got married and how he fell for his wife. I intended to stress the importance of considering both linguistic features and contents to literary translators.

Furthermore, according to China Highlights, poetry has been a favourite literary genre in China\textsuperscript{22}, and Tang Dynasty poems have been the most appreciated type. I planned to appeal to Chinese readers’ fondness for this style by translating this letter as a Tang-style poem.

Critical Reflection (200 words max)

what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?

I referred to ancient Chinese poems to see how Tang Dynasty poets used specific words. Because of the different usages of simplified and traditional Chinese characters, the translation is slightly different from a real Tang Poem. For example, the word \textsuperscript{23} (Feng) means ‘gap’ in old Chinese. It is used when a plan is so perfect that no gap can be found. But the word means ‘to sew’ in modern Chinese. I used this word to indicate that their fates were sewn together at first sight.

At the beginning and end of the letter, Jobs uses the image of being swept off his feet by his wife. I made this more abstract, suggesting that he was dreaming when he met his wife and never woke up.

I found it extremely difficult to stick to the structural requirement of ending every second line ping yun without sacrificing the contents. However, I managed to rhyme sentences 2, 6 and 8 on the ‘ng’ sound. I also added a pronounced rhythm with character duplications, such as “轻轻，层层，生生，阴阴，晴晴，季季，两两”.

I successfully translated the letter into ten sentences, and each sentence contains 7 characters. However, traditionally, seven-character octets only contain 8 sentences. It was not possible for me to keep the contents with the 8-character structure.


We didn’t know much about each other twenty years ago.  
We were guided by our intuition; you swept me off my feet.  
It was snowing when we got married at the Ahwahnee.  
Years passed, kids came, good times, hard times, but never bad times.  
Our love and respect has endured and grown.  
We’ve been through so much together and here we are right back where we started 20 years ago—older, wiser—with wrinkles on our faces and hearts.  
We now know many of life’s joys, sufferings, secrets and wonders and we’re still here together.  
My feet have never returned to ground.

初见柔情两意缝，车辙轻轻余人梦。  
阿赫瓦尼层层雪，许卿生生两不移。  
风雨同舟二十载，阴阴晴晴子伴旁。  
春去秋来季季歌，白头黧皱意更明。  
如今再到相知处，莺莺两两梦不破。
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**Description of Source Text (200 words max)**

*what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?*

The source text is a TV performance that was first aired on Zhejiang Satellite TV on January 6th, 2018. It tells the story of a couple who, having been separated by war, were reunited after 40 years. By that time, the female character, Qiao Yu’e had remarried. The scene is in Qiao Yu’e’s home in Shanghai, where they ask the husband’s permission to have a life together again. The performance is 19min39s in length.

The tone is soft and natural. The story is delivered in their realist daily conversations. Among three main characters, only the husband has a Shanghai accent, a detail added to the spoken dialog but absent from the written text. The written text was transcribed by me according to the performance. It begins with a monologue of exposition. The main body begins with Qiao and Liu’s conversation. Apart from the monologue, there are 145 actor’s lines. They are exhibited row by row in terms of the order. Modal particles are used and repeated in the text.

Formally, the written text is a video transcript. Unlike subtitles, video transcripts come below the videos or hide in the bottom bars. They can be used separately. Users can choose whether to download them as texts. Transcripts are usually used in speeches, interviews, videos, lessons, interpreting, etc. In terms of the content, the show explores themes common in Chinese literature after World War II. It demonstrates an era of change through a family’s reality. It reflects the complicated and ineffable states of minds of the lost families, reuniting after the war. The entire action occurs during dinner as the characters are arrayed around the dining table, itself a strong symbol of Chinese appreciation of families.

**Strategy (200 words max)**

I have decided to translate this performance into a drama script. The intended readership is directors who are interested in bringing Chinese dramas to international audiences. My strategy is to not only translate the lines but also add actors’ gestures, emotions,

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24 YouTube link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2UWFA0z8yMA
**what have you decided to do in your translation and why?**

expressions and so on to restore what happened in the performance as faithfully as possible. The target text is not intended to be used for performing directly but to show the directors the original play to see whether it as commercial value or merit as a cultural offering for an international stage. I aim to promote Chinese literature by changing the form of the story to one that can be stored and exchanged.

The target text is a one-act play. It refers to the play that only has one act. It can have one or more scenes. A scene changes from one to another when the location of the action shifts or when a new character enters. In this case, the main scene is in the dining room. The kitchen and the doorway are on the side stages and are used when the characters move to the kitchen or enter the stage. There is no break of action in a one-act play and typically only one dominant situation is allowed to play out. The target text is a typical representative of Aristotle’s *Three Unitatilities Principle* in drama: the drama ends in 24 hours, happens in one play and focuses one plot.

Translation problems include translating the modal particles and repeating words and adding details of the performance.

**Critical Reflection (200 words max)**

**what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?**

I kept most of the modal particles by using mimetic words like ‘Hm’, ‘Aya’ and ‘Ah’ when there exists no perfect equivalence for them in English. Otherwise, I replaced those words with ‘Yes’ and ‘Alright’ when the meanings were similar. It is very important to restore these modal particles as they suggest the hesitations and feelings of helplessness experienced by these characters when confronted by the overwhelming background of history.

The three main characters tend to use shorter sentences and single words. They sometimes even break the sentences with modal particles, which added difficulties to my translation. Therefore, parenthesis was used frequently in the translation. When it comes to the repeating words, I used different expressions to say one sentence, so that the lines won’t become tedious without the aid of actors’ performance.

From a TV show to a theatrical play script, I added settings, a cast of characters and actors and stage instructions. Moreover, I put the lines into dialogues between the characters. All the added gestures and expressions are from my observations of the performance.

Since the setting of the story is with a small family in Shanghai, I could have also chosen a special place that is familiar to English audiences. However, as my strategy is to restore the original play, that would have defeated my purpose. Regrettably, the Shanghai accent could not be rendered in the written text but only mentioned in the introduction.
一场战争，使本是夫妻的乔玉娥和刘燕生失联四十年。刘燕生被迫去了台湾，但他心中一直念着玉娥，而此时的乔玉娥，已经和陆善民重新建立了家庭。四十年后，刘燕生终于打听到了玉娥的消息。他决定回到故乡，与玉娥见上一面。你是玉娥吧，我是刘燕生。

玉娥，你跟我回台湾的事，跟陆大哥说了吗？

---

我呀，跟他生活了四十年，张不开嘴啊。

我知道你心里面愧疚，如果你实在很为难的话，我去说。

算了，不光是这个，还有孩子那关呢。

孩子现在都已经大了，我想他们应该也能理解。我知道，这个事情对他们来说，的确很为难，所以我在想啊，要不如果他们同意的话，我就把我这么多年的积蓄都留给陆大哥。玉娥，你觉得可以吗？

再说吧。
那我想想怎么去跟陆大哥说，我先把行李收拾一下。

娥子，娥子。
啊。
回来了啊，回来了。

你干什么去了你啊？
我上了趟菜市场。

那么长时间。

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26 E’zi (娥子): It’s short for Qiao Yu’e, Qiao’s nickname that Lu gave to her.
哎呀。

老陆啊，我。
你看你看，你看看我买的这大蟹子，你看，活的，这个夹绝对有劲，这个夹，夹一下，我那个手直接就破了，厉害啊，一百块钱一只。

一百块钱一只？
嗯，怎么了？
你还买了三只？
嗯。
你疯了，神经病啊？啊，你不过日子啦？

行了，行了。
手，手，手。

没事，没事，行了，菜都准备好了？
啊。

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27 Lao (老): Originally it means old age. It is added here in front of the family name as a prefix to indicate the age difference and closeness. Xinhua Online Dictionary, line 113. http://xh.5156edu.com/html3/11339.html

你听我说，这个螃蟹放在锅里十五分钟，一分也别多，中间你把它翻个个儿，要不就干巴了。去吧，去吧，酒呢，酒呢？

cuó

柜子里。
我把酒拿出来，老刘，老刘。
哎。

吃饭了啊。
陆大哥，我刚收拾完行李。
来，来，来，我今天很高兴，弄了些饭，来，来。

酒盅呢？娥子，你把酒盅拿过来。
来了，来了。
吃菜哈。

来，我给你倒上。
陆大哥，我特别感谢你这么多天，对我这么热情的款待，我敬你一杯。
来，坐下来吃饭，吃菜，来，吃菜。
陆大哥。
嗯。
其实今天，我有一些话想跟你说。
来，吃菜，就吃。
这四十多年啊，我一直想见到玉娥，这一次终于有机会见到了，也算是我这辈子的运气。
这个是娥子最拿手的菜，你尝尝这个鸡，很好吃，来。
陆大哥，你听我说，我有个想法，我想要玉娥跟我回台湾，多些日子。
可以啊，你这上台湾旅游啊？好，那回头我跟她一块。
陆大哥，你误会了，我的意思是，我希望，我能和玉娥回台湾一起生活。
这件事是不是，还得问问娥子的意见，是不是，娥子？
玉娥，她其实也是愿意的。
啊，你们都商量好了，商量好了就可以了，我这里可以，没问题，来，吃饭。

陆大哥，我知道这个事情对你来说很为难，我实在也不知道，用什么方式能报答你。我把我这么多年的积蓄。
干什么你这是，你把钱拿回去，你干什么？
收起来。
我不缺钱，缺钱我不能要你的，你干什么？
回头再说，你呀。

娥子，我以前舍不得花钱，我知道，你跟了我那么长时间，从来没有出去玩玩，现在老刘来了，说带你上台湾，我觉得这是个好事，啊，好事。

要不这样吧，这个事就算了，我不走了。

走，那必须走，那走那么，哎呀，我是气我自己，我是生我自己的气，你说那么多年你跟着我，一直跟着吃苦，没享着什么福，老刘现在来了，说带你去台湾，你应该跟他走，为什么？你，等了他四十年，他，找了你四十年，是不是，我掺和在中间，我掺和了四十年，我是个什么东西我这是？是不是？我身体很好，我身体很好，孩子的事，你们不用担心，我去跟孩子说，我祝福你们。

陆大哥，陆大哥，我没想到你这么一口就答应了，我真的不知道该怎么谢谢你。

老陆，我也谢谢你，来，我敬你。
娥子，你这还是第一回敬我酒，不过没想到，第一回就是最后一回。哎，螃蟹熟了，我去拿螃蟹。你坐在这里。

妈，我回来了，刘叔叔，还在呢。爸，爸，回来了啊。
等着吃螃蟹啊。
刘叔，我听说，您明天就回台湾了，是吧。
是。
挺好的，那我们就不多留您了，以后有机会我带我爸我妈，我们一块到台湾去看你。哈，妈。

你看看，你来得多是时候。这个大的你吃，老刘你也来个大的，烫，来，闺女也吃一个。
爸，我刚才跟我刘叔说，我说啊，以后有机会，咱们一家三口，到台湾看我刘叔叔，是吧。
你想他，回头咱就去台湾看他。
咱，不是一家去看他吗？

29 Shu (叔): Uncle: It refers to fathers’ younger brothers. It can also indicate fathers’ slightly younger peers but they are still the same generation. *Xinhua Online Dictionary.*
你妈今天要跟你刘叔回台湾了。
回哪？妈，你要走啊。妈，你走了我爸怎么办？你想了吗？

孩子，妈想了。我跟你爸过了四十年，是恩情。跟这个男人一年，是感情。妈都这个岁数了，也想是为自己，为感情，再活一回。

妈，你不能这样，你跟我爸四十年，妈，那叫四十年，说走就走啊，你走了我爸怎么办，我怎么办，家怎么办？

别吵了。
我凭什么不吵，家都没了。
吵得都烦死了。你干什么？
妈，把话说清楚，你到底是要我们爷俩，还是要这个男人？

给我滚出去。
我帮你说话呢。
给我滚出去。
你别后悔。
别走。
不是我要走，是你。

Lu: Your mom is going back to Taiwan with your Liu Shu.
Xiao Mei: To where? Ma, are you leaving? Ma, what about my dad if you leave? Have you thought about it?
Qiao: My child, I thought about this. I’ve been with your dad for 40 years. What we have is companionship. But I was with this man for a year, and that was for love. I’m already this age. I want to live one more time for myself, and for love.
Xiao Mei: [stands up] Ma, you can’t do this. You’ve been with my dad for 40 years. Ma, that’s 40 years. You can’t just up and go. What about dad after you take off? What about me? What about this family?
Lu: Stop!
Xiao Mei: Why should I? This family is being teared apart.
Lu: What are you doing? I am sick of hearing you.
Xiao Mei: Ma, make it clear. Will you choose us or this man? [Qiao lowers her head and cries.]
Lu: Get the fuck out of here.
Xiao Mei: I am helping you!
Lu: Get out!
Xiao Mei: Don’t regret it.
Qiao: Don’t go.
Xiao Mei: It’s not me that is leaving. It’s you. [Daughter goes off stage.]
别喝了，别喝了。
我这个人这辈子，老刘，一没有钱、二没有本事。我更不懂什么是情啊，什么是爱啊。所以，娥子，你说咱们两个没有感情，我完全能接受。完全能接受。我也想不通，这四十年，咱两个人在一块我是个什么。

陆大哥，这么多年，一直照顾着玉娥，我再敬你一杯。都不容易啊。我跟你们说说我的事，当年撤退那会儿，我在想，应该很快就能够见到她。可谁想到啊，这一走就是四十年。但是我不甘心，我心里一直放不下。我每天都在想，我怎么才能够见到她。我脑子里面回回荡荡的，来来回回都是她的歌声，都是她唱歌的样子。

娥子还会唱歌？我都不知道。
她当年就是唱的那首，香槟酒，满场飞。把我给迷住了。

香槟酒，满场飞。我也会唱。
你也会唱。我怎么不知道？
你从来没跟我说会唱歌这事，这事就过去了嘛，你唱一个吧。
你再给我唱一次吧。
唱一个。
香槟酒，满场飞。
钗光鬓影美人回，爵士乐声响，对对在满场飞。嘿，你也徘徊，
爱也徘徊，你这样对我媚眼乱飞，让我今晚不能安睡。对对在满场
飞，嘿。

好，酒喝多了，上头了，我想进去躺会儿。
老陆。

四十多年了，这首歌我一直忘不了。但是这一次，我又听见你
唱，我很满足。这一次过来，值了。你留下来，我自己回去。

阿刘，这次分开，还不知道什么时候再见了。

Lu: You never mentioned that you can sing. So, this just slipped. Sing it now.
Liu: Sing one more time for me.
Lu: Sing!
Qiao: Champagnes, fly all over the field.
All three: Beauties come home with glistening hair. Jazz plays in the field.
Mix and match flying all over the place. Hey, you hover and love hovers. You
leer eyes at me like this. You let me not sleep tight tonight. Mix and match
flying all over the place, hey.
[All three laugh and become quiet slowly until the stage is silent.]
Lu: Good! I drank too much. I feel a little drunk now. I would like to lie down
for a bit [gets up wobbly and leave the stage slowly].
Qiao: Lao Lu.
[Lu turns around. Lu and Qiao look at each other. Lu tries to hold the tears
and nods. He waves his hand and goes off stage.]
Liu: It’s been 40 years, I couldn’t forget the song. But this time, I heard you
sing again. I am content. It was worth the trip. You stay. I go back myself.
[stands up, puts on the jacket and takes his suitcase.]
Qiao: [take Liu’s scarf from the hanger and wrap it around Liu’s neck] Liu,
this time we set apart, I am not sure when we can see each other again.
[Two foreheads press together.]
呵呵，会见的，我们还年轻。你记住啊，要多保重身体。多吃蔬菜，多喝水啊。
嗯。
天冷了，把我给你买的这样毛衣穿上。
嗯。
注意身体。

Liu: Hehehe, we will see each other again. We are still young. Remember, you need to take care. Eat more vegetables and drink more water. Ah?
Qiao: Hm.
Liu: Wear the sweater I bought for you when it's cold.
Qiao: Hm.
Liu: Take care. [Liu leaves the stage.]
[Qiao let go Liu’s hands unwillingly. She holds her hands together as if she were still holding Liu’s hands until she finally puts her hands down. Lights go off on stage.]

[The End]
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**Description of Source Text (200 words max)**

*what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?*

The source text chosen is a short story written by Samuel Beckett in 1946 and first published in French in 1970. These are the last two paragraphs of the English version which were translated by the author and published in 1973. It tells the story that a young man who, during a lost stretch of his life, met a prostitute, with whom he had a child but chose to later abandon.

The piece is mostly strongly characterized by its indeterminacy as neither of the two characters are given names and the action takes place during no clear time and place. The exposition is likewise sparse as background information is largely withheld, revealing itself only slowly in the faded memories of first-person male narrator. The reader travels where the memories lead but no further. There is no dialog. The conversations are written in narratives as well. The 2,712 words are only divided into two long paragraphs.

Indelicate topics are written into the story, such as the when the narrator relieves himself in the bed and a saucepan or ruminates on his genitalia. The prose is terse and avoids descriptive flourishes. In the period of 1945-1990³⁰, there is a discussion between traditionalism and realism in English literature. Writers were seeking for a new way to fit in the reality after war. A new writing style, experimentalism, was seen in Samuel Beckett and Nigel Dennis’s novels. Beckett breaks down the classical aesthetic orders in his writings, including syntax, metaphors and images.

Typical short stories range from 1,600 to 20,000 words. They focus on a single theme or situation and have limited numbers of characters.

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people in China who spend more time on the internet than in face-to-face communications with others. My purpose is to invite them to feel related to the story and encourage them to be related to the world.

The target text remains as a short story. Mao Dun (茅盾), prominent Chinese writer and literary critic, says that short story mainly captures a piece of life with typical significance to illustrate a problem or a social phenomenon that is much broader and more complex than it is. Shen Congwen (沈从文), who was nominated for Nobel Prize in Literature but missed it because of his decease, says that novels and short stories do not need to be beautiful or commercial, but to be accurate. Words and descriptions all need to be accurate.

Translation problems include translating the indelicte elements, juggling between narrator’s opinions and the objective facts, keeping the word and sentence orders, dealing with two characters’ conversations and not adding a single extra word.

Critical Reflection (200 words max)
what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?

I faithfully translated the sensitive elements into Chinese, such as ‘undress’, ‘naked’ ‘relieving myself’ or ‘his member’, with literal translations. I could have rendered the prose more euphemistically or metaphorically to replace these parts without changing their meanings. However, it is this unadorned language that bring this confused young man and the prostitute to life, without which the story falls apart.

Beckett seamlessly and naturally changes the narrator’s tone from what is the character’s opinions to what is the objective fact. For example, after she starts to undress, the man says ‘when at their wit’s end they undress, no doubt the wisest course’. He makes the narrator’s opinion sound like an objective fact that it is wisest for women to take off their clothes when they run out of ideas. My solution was to use a word that represents a class of vocabularies as the subjects of the sentences. In this case, I start the sentence with ‘women’ instead of they or their to make the statement sound firm. The conversations in the source text are made as very casual utterances, almost like mumbling. I found that taking out ‘I said’ and ‘she said’ make the conversations more like mumbling in Chinese.

An effective way I found to carry out this specific style is to avoid integrating sentences and explicating the connotations. Mostly, I kept the sentence and word order as they are in the source text. When they do not fit the syntax in Chinese, I moved around the sentence constituents in conventional Chinese order and keep them separated with comas. Therefore, the sentences are still short. For example, a person can say ‘I don’t see the point’, but I say ‘The point, I don’t see’.
There were in fact two rooms, separated by a kitchen, she had not lied to me. She said I should have fetched my things. I explained I had no things. It was at the top of an old house, with a view of the mountains for those who cared. She lit an oil lamp. You have no current? I said. No, she said, but I have running water and gas. Ha, I said, you have gas. She began to undress. When at their wit’s end they undress, no doubt the wisest course. She took off everything, with a slowness fit to enflame an elephant, except her stockings, calculated presumably to bring my concupiscence to the boil. It was then I noticed the squint. Fortunately she was not the first naked woman to have crossed my path, so I could stay, I knew she would not explode. I asked to see the other room which I had not yet seen. If I had seen it already I would have asked to see it again. Will you not undress? she said. Oh you know, I said, I seldom undress. It was the truth, I was never one to undress indiscriminately. I often took off my boots when I went to bed, I mean when I composed myself (composed!) to sleep, not to mention this or that outer garment according to the outer temperature. She was therefore obliged, out of common savoir faire, to throw on a wrap and light me the way. We went via the kitchen. We could just as well have gone via the corridor, as I realized later, but we went via the kitchen, I don’t know why, perhaps it was the shorter way. I surveyed the room with horror. Such density of furniture defeats imagination. Not a doubt, I must have seen that room somewhere. What’s this? I cried. The parlour, she said. The parlour! I began putting out the furniture through the door to the corridor. She watched, in sorrow I suppose, but not necessarily. She asked me what I was doing. She can’t have expected an answer. I put it out piece by piece, and even two at a time, and stacked it all up in the corridor, against the outer wall. They were hundreds of pieces, large and small, in the end they blocked the door, making egress impossible, and a fortiori ingress, to and from the corridor. The door could be opened and closed, since it opened inwards, but had become impassable. To put it wildly. At least take off your hat, she said. I’ll treat of my hat some other time perhaps. Finally the room was empty but for
a sofa and some shelves fixed to the wall. The former I dragged to the back of the room, near the door, and next day took down the latter and put them out, in the corridor, with the rest. As I was taking them down, strange memory, I heard the word fibrome, or brone, I don’t know which, never knew, never knew what it meant and never had the curiosity to find out. The things one recalls! And records! When all was in order at last I dropped on the sofa. She had not raised her little finger to help me. I’ll get sheets and blankets, she said. But I wouldn’t hear of sheets. You couldn’t draw the curtain? I said. The window was frosted over. The effect was not white, because of the night, but faintly luminous none the less. This faint cold sheen, though I lay with my feet towards the door, was more than I could bear. I suddenly rose and changed the position of the sofa, that is to say turned it round so that the back, hitherto against the wall, was now on the outside and consequently the front, or way in, on the inside. Then I climbed back, like a dog into its basket. I’ll leave you the lamp, she said, but I begged her to take it with her. And suppose you need something in the night, she said. She was going to start quibbling again, I could feel it. Do you know where the convenience is? she said. She was right, I was forgetting. To relieve oneself in bed is enjoyable at the time, but soon a source of discomfort. Give me a chamber-pot, I said. But she did not possess one. I have a close-stool of sorts, she said. I saw the grandmother on it, sitting up very stiff and grand, having just purchased it, pardon, picked it up, at a charity sale, or perhaps won it in a raffle, a period piece, and now trying it out, doing her best rather, almost wishing someone could see her. That’s the idea, procrastinate. Any old recipient, I said, I don’t have the flux. She came back with a kind of saucepan, not a true saucepan for it had no handle, it was oval in shape with two lugs and a lid. My stewpan, she said. I don’t need the lid, I said. You don’t need the lid? she said. If I had said I needed the lid she would have said, You need the lid? I drew this utensil down under the blanket, I like something in my hand when sleeping, it reassures me, and my hat was still wringing. I turned to the wall. She caught up the lamp off the mantelpiece.
where she [50] had set it down, that’s the idea every particular, it flung her waving shadow over me, I thought she was oK, but no, she came stooping down towards me over the sofa back. All family possessions, she said. I in her shoes would have tiptoed away, but not she, not a stir. Already my love was waning, that was all that mattered. Yes, already I felt better, soon I’d be up to the slow descents again, the long submersions, so long denied me through her fault. And I had only just moved in! Try and put me out now, I said. I seemed not to grasp the meaning of these words, nor even hear the brief sound they made, till some seconds after having uttered them. I was so unused to speech that my mouth would sometimes open, of its own accord, and vent some phrase [51] or phrases, grammatically unexceptionable but entirely devoid if not of meaning, for on close inspection they would reveal one, and even several, at least of foundation. But I heard each word no sooner spoken. Never had my voice taken so long to reach me as on this occasion. I turned over on my back to see what was going on. She was smiling. A little later she went away, taking the lamp with her. I heard her steps in the kitchen and then the door of her room close behind her. Why behind her? I was alone at last, in the dark at last. Enough about that. I thought I was all set for a good night, in spite of the strange surroundings, but no, my night was most agitated. I woke next morning quite worn out, my clothes in disorder, the blanket likewise, and Anna beside me, naked naturally. One shudders to think of her exertions. I still had the stewpan in my grasp. It had not served. I looked at my member. If only it could have spoken! Enough about that. It was my night of love.

Gradually I settled down, in this house. She brought my meals at the appointed hours, looked in now and then to see if all was well and make sure I needed nothing, emptied the stewpan once a day and did out the room once a month. She could not always resist the temptation to speak to me, but on the whole gave me no cause to complain. Sometimes I heard her singing in her room, the song traversed her door, then the kitchen, then my door, and in this way won
to me, faint but indisputable. Unless it travelled by the corridor. This did not greatly incommode me, this occasional sound of singing. One day I asked her to bring me a hyacinth, live, in a pot. She brought it and put it on the mantelpiece, now the only place in my room to put things, unless you put them on the floor. Not a day passed without my looking at it. At first all went well, it even put forth a bloom or two, then it gave up and was soon no more than a limp stem hung with limp leaves. The bulb, half clear of the clay as though in search of oxygen, smelt foul. She wanted to remove it, but I told her to leave it. She wanted to get me another, but I told her I didn’t want another. I was more seriously disturbed by other sounds, stifled giggles and groans, which filled the dwelling at certain hours of the night, and even of the day. I had given up thinking of her, quite given up, but still I needed silence, to live my life. In vain I tried to listen to such reasonings as that air is made to carry the clamours of the world, including inevitably much groan and giggle, I obtained no relief I couldn’t make out if it was always the same gent or more than one. Lovers’ groans are so alike, and lovers’ giggles. I had such horror then of these paltry perplexities that I always fell into the same error, that of seeking to clear them up. It took me a long time, my lifetime so to speak, to realize that the colour of an eye half seen, or the source of some distant sound, are closer to Giudecca in the hell of unknowing than the existence of God, or the origins of protoplasm, or the existence of self, and even less worthy than these to occupy the wise. It’s a bit much, a lifetime, to achieve this consoling conclusion, it doesn’t leave you much time to profit by it. So a fat lot of help it was when, having put the question to her, I was told they were clients she received in rotation. I could obviously have got up and gone to look through the keyhole. But what can you see, I ask you, through holes the likes of those? So you live by prostitution, I said. We live by prostitution, she said. You couldn’t ask them

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31 在但丁的神曲中，朱代卡（Giudecca or Judecca）是地狱第九圈的最低层，正位于撒旦之上。它容纳那些背叛他们的恩人的灵魂。
to make less noise? I said, as if I believed her. I added, Or a different kind of noise. They can’t help but yap and yelp, she said. I’ll have to leave, I said. She found some old hangings in the family junk and hung them before our doors, hers and mine. I asked her if it would not be possible, now and then, to have a parsnip. A parsnip! she cried, as if I had asked for a dish of sucking Jew. I reminded her that the parsnip season was fast drawing to a close and that if, before it finally got there, she could feed me nothing but parsnips I’d be grateful. I like parsnips because they taste like violets and violets because they smell like parsnips. Were there no parsnips on earth violets would leave me cold and if violets did not exist I would care as little for parsnips as I do for turnips, or radishes. And even in the present state of their flora, I mean on this planet where parsnips and violets contrive to coexist, I could do without both with the utmost ease, the uttermost ease. One day she had the impudence to announce she was with child, and four or five months gone into the bargain, by me of all people! She offered me a side view of her belly. She even undressed, no doubt to prove she wasn’t hiding a cushion under her skirt, and then of course for the pure pleasure of undressing. Perhaps it’s just wind, I said, by way of consolation. She gazed at me with her big eyes whose colour I forget, with one big eye rather, for the other seemed riveted on the remains of the hyacinth. The more naked she was the more cross-eyed. Look, she said, stooping over her breasts, the haloes are darkening already. I summoned up my remaining strength and said, Abort, abort, and they’ll blush like new. She had drawn back the curtain for a clear view of all her rotundities. I saw the mountain, impassible, cavernous, secret, where from morning to night I’d hear nothing but the wind, the curlews, the clink like distant silver of the stonecutters’ hammers. I’d come out in the daytime to the heather and gorse, all warmth and scent, and watch at night the distant city lights, if I chose, and the other lights, the lighthouses and lightships my father had named for me, when I was small, and whose names I could find again, in my memory, if I chose, that I knew. From that day forth things went from bad to worse, to worse and worse.
worse. Not that she neglected me, she could never have neglected me enough, but the way she kept plaguing me with our child, exhibiting her belly and breasts and saying it was due any moment, she could feel it lepping already. If it’s lepping, I said, it’s not mine. I might [59] have been worse off than I was, in that house, that was certain, it fell short of my ideal naturally, but I wasn’t blind to its advantages. I hesitated to leave, the leaves were falling already, I dreaded the winter. One should not dread the winter, it too has its bounties, the snow gives warmth and deadens the tumult and its pale days are soon over. But I did not yet know, at that time, how tender the earth can be for those who have only her and how many graves in her giving, for the living. What finished me was the birth. It woke me up. What that infant must have been going through! I fancy she had a woman with her, I seemed to hear steps in the kitchen, on and off. It went to my heart to leave a house without being put out. I crawled out [60] over the back of the sofa, put on my coat, greatcoat and hat, I can think of nothing else, laced up my boots and opened the door to the corridor. A mass of junk barred my way, but I scrabbled and barged my way through it in the end, regardless of the datter. I used the word marriage, it was a kind of union in spite of all. Precautions would have been superfluous, there was no competing with those cries. It must have been her first. They pursued me down the stairs and out into the street. I stopped before the house door and listened. I could still hear them. If I had not known there was crying in the house I might not have heard them. But knowing it I did. I was not sure where I was. I looked among the stars and constellations for the Wains, but could not find [61] them. And yet they must have been there. My father was the first to show them to me. He had shown me others, but alone, without him beside me, I could never find any but the Wains. I began playing with the cries, a little in the same way as I had played with the song, on, back, on, back, if that may be called playing. As long as I kept walking I didn’t hear them, because of the footsteps. But as soon as I halted I heard them again, a little fainter each time, admittedly, but what does it matter, faint or loud, cry is cry, all that...
matters is that it should cease. For years I thought they would cease. Now I
don’t think so any more. I could have done with other loves perhaps. But there
it is, either you love or you don’t.