

学校编码: 10384

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厦 门 大 学

硕 士 学 位 论 文

《与马共舞的夏天》第五、六章汉译 及文化视角下的互文性翻译策略评析

The Chinese Translation of the Fifth and Sixth Chapters of
A Summer of Horses and an Analysis of the Intertextuality
Translation Strategy from the Cultural Perspective

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论文提交日期: 二〇一二年 九 月

论文答辩时间: 二〇一二年十一月

学位授予日期: 二〇一二年 月

答辩委员会主席: _____

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二〇一二年 月

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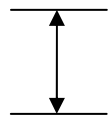
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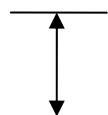
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Abstract

As a hot topic in both international and national translation circles, the cultural turn has become a tendency in translation studies, which is a breakthrough and extends the frontier of translation theory. Translation is not only a word-to-word process but also an activity involving cross-cultural communication. The purpose of translation is to promote international cultural communication. Literary translation contains rich cultural and rhetorical effects. The difference between the literary source text and the target text which arise from two different cultural contexts is significant. Therefore, the translator can adopt the intertextuality strategy in translation activities so as to avoid the cultural misreading. Intertextuality is one essential characteristic of all texts, and translation is a complex language conversion activity based on various kinds of inter-texts. The English novel *A Summer of Horses* was written by Carol Fenner, a famous American author for the children's literature. Since the novel has no Chinese version by now, the author of this thesis tried to translate the fifth and the sixth chapters of the novel into Chinese. This thesis, based on the Chinese translation of this novel, sets forth to place the translation activity in a network of intertextuality to analyze major differences between two cultures from the perspective of cultural intertextuality for the purpose of helping translators develop cultural awareness and effectively apply the strategy of cultural intertextuality to promote cross-cultural communication.

This thesis starts with an analysis on how the culture influences the translation activity from the perspective of the cultural turn in translation studies with the focus set on some cultural features in the English novel *A Summer of Horses*, probing into the application of the intertextuality theory in the intercultural translation from the lexical, phrasal/syntactic and discourse perspectives.

Key words: translation; cultural turn; intertextuality; intercultural

摘 要

作为国内外翻译学界当前的热门话题，翻译研究的文化转向是翻译理论研究发展的趋势，它突破并拓展了翻译理论研究领域，并揭示了翻译与文化之间的互动关系。翻译不仅是一项简单的文字转化过程，更是一项跨文化交际活动。翻译的目的是传播异域文化。文学翻译包含了丰富的文化信息和注重修辞效果，文学作品与文学译作生存于两个不同的文化语境，其差异性在文学翻译中尤显突出。为了避免文化误读，译者可以采用互文性的翻译策略。互文性是一切文本的本质特征，翻译实际上是各互文文本之间错综复杂的转化活动。英文小说《与马共舞的夏天》是美国著名儿童文学作家卡洛·芬纳的作品，目前在中国没有汉译本。本文作者尝试翻译其第五、第六章内容，并结合这一部分的汉译实践活动，从文化互文层面，将翻译这一跨文化交际行为置于互文网络织体中进行讨论，以提醒译者在翻译活动中培养文化差别意识，有效利用跨文化互文的翻译策略，促进文化的传播与交流。

本文从翻译的文化转向角度分析了文化对于翻译活动的影响，着重分析了英文小说《与马共舞的夏天》中的文化因素，并从词汇、短语/句子以及篇章层面进一步探讨互文性理论在跨文化翻译实践中的应用。

关键词：翻译 文化转向 互文 跨文化

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第一章 《与马共舞的夏天》英文原文

A Summer of Horses

Carol Fenner

5

In early evening, traffic on the dirt road past Holbein Farm virtually stopped. The quiet lengthened with the shadows. The sun eased down behind the woods. There was a comfortable munch from the feed troughs as most of the animals nudged noses to grain. It was the time Faith counted the days left of the summer.

Usually she sat on the back porch, scratching mosquito bites and listening to her sister splash in the tub inside. Gem's baths were as predictable each evening as the pizza. They were a kind of comfort to Faith. Wolfie always came and plopped down near her by the steps. That was also a comfort. Sometimes Beth came too, and sat quietly with them whilst the pizza baked. Then Faith felt as if she and Beth were connected somehow to the fields and hills, the animals, the softening sky. She forgot to count the remaining days.

Though Beth had finally gotten her television fixed, the girls had gotten out of the TV habit. The few times they did turn it on, the screen images were no longer compelling. The color seemed dimmer. 'It's her set,' said Gem. It's the horses, thought Faith. Beth herself never stayed awake in front of the TV very long.

Daytimes were a different story. Beth seemed to have endless energy. Activity was everywhere. Neighbors came to help build fences. Their voices and saws and poundings criss-crossed the air. Interesting strangers pulled up in cars to look over Beth's horses. People came with mares to breed with the beautiful, frenetic Apollo.

Faith observed the horse people with the detachment of an outsider. Serious young riders arrived with their fathers or mothers, wanting a well-bred horse to show at jumping events. Fox hunters from Midwest hunts and lean endurance-ride

competitors came looking for horse away, leaving Beth richer and sadder.

But Beth was too busy to be sad for long. She even taught classes on the Fourth of July. Faith and Gem didn't expect a celebration but Beth grilled hot dogs outside for supper. Afterward they lit sparklers and sat around watching them sizzle and die. Fireflies dare only briefly if her father had been fussing over his barbequed spareribs all afternoon.

Then Faith noticed Beth had fallen asleep, head on her arms, right where she sat. Beth's life doesn't pause for the Fourth of July, she thought. She was touched that this busy woman had made the extra effort to celebrate the holiday. Faith decided right then to find more ways to help at Holbein Farm.

There were plenty of things to choose from. Besides the grooming and helping Brady, Faith took over clearing dishes and cleaning up after each meal. She began to enjoy keeping the kitchen picked up. She organized the books and catalogs and magazines into several crates she had found in the unused chicken house. She kept Beth's mail piled neatly on her desk whether Beth opened it or not.

Gem caught the cleaning fever organize the old bathroom, removing the avocado plant and dirty laundry. She arranged the towels by color and put the toothbrushes in pretty glasses. She wasn't feverish enough to actually do the laundry, but she sorted it and put it in baskets in the pantry.

'Now I won't be able to find things,' said Beth, smiling.

'But you pick up the stables,' protested Gem. 'We can easily find bridles and lead lines because they're all put back in place.'

Beth gave her thoughtful look again, faintly tinged with embarrassment. 'Well,' she said finally, 'I'm only one person, Brady's only here a few hours a day. There is work here for at least three, maybe four. I have to choose the most important things as I see them. The horses can't clean up the stables or their bridles and saddles.'

'You need a housekeeper,' said Gem

'You need a cook,' said Faith, who was beginning to foresee the time when she would grow tired of pizza.

Beth sighed

‘You need a husband!’ exclaimed Gem.

‘Who can cook!’ added Faith.

Beth began to laugh. ‘I see you two have it all figured out,’ she said, wiping her eyes.

‘What kind of guy,’ Faith’s father had snorted, ‘wants to move way out to a farm and be put to work by Beth, ye gods!’

Or maybe to ride Harold, thought Faith, silently agreeing with her father.

One day a young couple who had come looking for a carriage-driving horse hauled the high-stepping Shinyface away. They left behind a check for twelve thousand dollars. Gem was impressed. ‘No wonder Beth wouldn’t let any us of ride him,’ she commented. Faith was sad when the couple drove off. They’d never hitch Shiny to the buggy now, she and Beth, and rattle along a dirt road. She watched the bright chestnut tail sway gracefully from the back of the couple’s horse trailer as it disappeared down the drive.

Beth didn’t see them leave. She had gone hastily into the house. When she came out later, her eyes were red and swollen. She didn’t say a word to Faith but strode out to the field with a lead line and brought back Thundercloud. Faith watched her from the porch. The black horse followed, light and eager, behind the walking woman. There was something relentless about Beth’s movement as she tacked up Cloud by the fence. She swung herself into the saddle from the ground.

Gem came out on the porch, waving fresh-painted fingernails. Together the sisters watched Beth ride through the field, up over the hill, and disappear. ‘What’s wrong with Beth?’ asked Gem. ‘I thought I heard her crying in the sheep’s bathroom.’

‘I don’t know why she sold Shinyface if it makes her feel so bad,’ said Faith.

‘She needs the money, dumb-o,’ grumbled her sister ‘Dad says she always falls in love with her best horse and won’t sell them and that she’s broke all the time. Once she almost lost the farm because she wouldn’t sell her favorite jumper to a famous rider for umpteen thousands of dollars.’

‘But she teaches,’ protested Faith, ‘and people pay her to board their horses here.’ And other things, thought Faith. Beth kept horses that were ready to foal and she helped in the birthing. Faith had never known anyone who worked so hard.

‘She sells wool - and lamb meat, mutton and stuff,’ she reminded Gem.

Gem snorted. ‘Peanuts,’ she said. ‘Big money comes from selling her best horses. Dad says she has to shell out for fencing and roofing and haying and haying and farm equipment. And taxes. And vet bills.’

Faith watched the spot on the hill where Beth had ridden from view. She saw the woman in her mind's eye ... legs grown into the sides of the horse, a centaur, waist supply, hands easy. Why didn't she sell that damn Cloud instead she thought.

Strangely enough, Faith began to get used to Harold and his big bumble of a trot. The huge bay nuzzled her for a carrot and sniffed her hair while she snapped on the lead line. Other horses now recognized her as the carrot kid and edged closer for a treat too. Faith learned to throw pebbles at their legs to keep them away from the gate as she brought Harold through.

Although Faith still did not put on his bridle, Beth now insisted she saddle Harold after grooming him. At first it made Faith uncomfortable. She was afraid of angering the horse in her clumsy effort to heft the heavy old saddle on to his back. But Harold quietly tolerated her struggle.

She began to notice, brushing his round sides, that her listening ear seemed more alert. Not quite the way it was with dogs and sheep. But she saw with new eyes Harold's smooth coat, his mane, the long muscles of his shoulder and thigh.

It was with surprise and a flash of fresh terror that she learned one morning, that she would not ride Harold.

‘He's sore in the foreleg,’ explained Beth. ‘You can ride Cloud.’

Faith's heart stopped. Thundercloud! Her knees went weak. ‘Go get him,’ instructed Beth. ‘Go on ... and *smile*,’ she added, seeing Faith's pale face.

Cloud wasn't standing near the gate. Holding a carrot stiffly in her fist, Faith walked slowly out into the field, a lead line over her shoulder. Her sensitive listening

ear was filled with a low roaring. Cloud grazed off by himself, but Faith kept a nervous eye on the other horses, too. The big black animal looked at her curiously as she approached him.

‘Cloud?’ she said, her voice trembling. She stopped a distance away.

‘Hi, Remember me? I don't need any welcome today.’ Cloud dropped his head and looked at Faith out of the side of his eye. She took a deep breath and walked slowly up to him. He didn't move. He eyed the carrot. She reached gingerly up to his halter and clipped on the lead line. He sniffed the carrot, then bit the end off daintily.

Surprisingly, the big black horse came in easily, almost eagerly. His eagerness itself was frightening. All her former discomfort around a horse returned as she was grooming him. His neck arched. His nostrils blew in and out. Warily she placed the saddle pad on his dark back, half expecting him to bolt. But he stood quietly as she hoisted the saddle on. After she had buckled it up, he stood staring out the door, ears alert.

When Beth came to put on the bridle, Faith was grateful. She still couldn't bring herself to put her fingers into a horse's mouth.

Once astride Cloud she immediately missed Harold's big, round sides. Cloud was leaner and there was a lightness about him - almost the opposite of Harold's solid steadiness.

‘Hold on. Hold a minute,’ Faith wanted to say. ‘Wait!’ But part of her grew alive and excited. She didn't have to click to Cloud to get him to walk out along the rail. His walk was firm and easy. No lumbering here. His body coiled beneath her. And his trot, when Faith asked for it, was high and smooth as butter.

‘I can still see a lot of daylight between your knees and the saddle,’ observed Beth loudly from the center of the ring.

‘Hug that leather! Knees in! Heels down! Grip with your *whole* leg.’

During the lesson Faith found, to her delight, that she was posting up and down, working Cloud, at Beth's command, into a figure-eight pattern. She could almost feel the diagonal on Cloud and she tried to post up with his outside foreleg. Sometimes it

reached the center of the figure eight and sent him around the other way on a new diagonal.

‘Good!’ shouted Beth. ‘You’ve got it!’

Cloud was doing what Faith was trying to tell him. He felt wonderful. Visions of surpassing her older sister, trotting easily and with perfect control, filled her head. Her hands would be light, her legs would be stronger. She ignored the flash of panic the vision stimulated.

‘Heels *down!*’ hollered Beth. ‘That’s better. Now, give with those hands a little. Make them light. Pretend Cloud has eggshells in his mouth. Don’t lose contact. Fell his mouth. And *relax*, Faith, relax. Loosen up that back. You’re sitting stiff as a soldier...’

Beth hollered the entire lesson. She spent more of her attention on Faith than the four other students, link kids with astonished eyes. But when Faith was through, it seemed like she had only been working ten minutes.

‘That was much better,’ said Beth with a little smile. Faith slid down Cloud’s side, enjoying for the first time the contact along the length of her body with the firm sides of the horse. The animal person in Faith blinked its eyes.

Later on, with no Beth around, Faith watched Thundercloud in his field. He flirted wildly with the other horses, plunging into their midst until they were all scattering and chasing each other, charging the air with an electric frenzy.

She was relieved when Beth put her back on Harold for the next lesson. Although she couldn’t feel diagonals on the big bay, she was surprised at how much easier it was to ride him after Cloud – not smooth, but strong and steady.

There were only three other students in the class that day. They were all younger than Faith, and she felt pleased and confident to be way ahead of them.

‘You’re getting there,’ Beth told her. ‘You’ve come a long way. Time you learned to canter.’ She ordered the others to the center of the ring and Faith to ready Harold. ‘You’ll go counterclockwise,’ Beth said.

Nervously Faith listened to Beth describe the leg and rein signals that would

make Harold surge into the strong, ground-covering pace. ‘Outside rein. Outside leg. That’ll be your right. *Don’t* yank the rein. Just a light pressure.’ But Faith’s right leg couldn’t work without her left leg. She couldn’t give strong signal with just one. Harold continued to plod around at a trot.

‘I see daylight!’ yelled Beth. ‘Hug that saddle ... Knees in! Knees in! Use your *whole* leg!’

Faith was mortified to be failing before the three younger students. They sat openmouthed astride their horses. There was so much to remember: knees in, outside rein, press with the outside leg. Which was outside?

Beth grew more irritated. She accused Faith of not wanting to canter and therefore not giving the signal in the right manner.

Finally Beth plucked a crop from the bin of hats. She cracked Harold across the rump with the little whip. He gave a huge lurch that almost unseated Faith, then shot around the ring at a canter. Fear flapped wildly in Faith’s stomach. She leaned forward and clutched Harold’s tough mane.

‘Sit up! Sit BACK!’ shouted Beth.

Harold’s speed increased, his power exploding beneath Faith. All her control left her. Fear choked the scream back down her throat.

‘Sit BACK! You’re telling him to go faster! DON’T lean forward!’

But Faith no longer heard. Harold thundered toward the fence, swerved, and Faith slid half way down his side.

‘Sit UP! SIT UP! DON’T FALL! SIT UP!’

But down she went into the dust of the ring. Harold’s great, plunging hooves narrowly missed her head.

She lay curled in a ball while the dust settled around her. Through a heavy numbness she heard Harold’s hoofbeats as he headed toward the other end of the ring.

‘Are you okay?’ Beth was crouching beside her, looking at her intently. Then she seemed satisfied and said, ‘Just stay there a minute. Don’t move. You didn’t land very hard.’

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