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学院新闻

对话李洱—中澳文化交流缩影



左起: 李洱主任、欧阳博士

作为 2012 澳洲“中国文化年”后续活动之一，3月17日北京首都图书馆就“不同文化下的文学创作：相似与不同”一题邀请了

我院资深教师，知名作家欧阳昱博士做客首图讲坛对话中国现代文学馆研究部副主任李洱。

双方深入浅出地剖析了中西文化差异产生的根源，细致缜密地归纳了近些年来中西文化差异在全球一体化趋势下所发生的微妙变化，并推己及人地讨论了文化上的差异和变化如何对文学创作产生影响。欧阳老师凭借深厚的创作功底、广博的专业学识、风趣机智的口才获得了与会者的一致认可和好评。

生活园地

墨村生活—游红叶谷随笔

编者按：秋天是收获的季节，在努力拼搏了整整二十六周后，澳大利亚翻译学院 2011 年暑期笔译班的同学们取得了令人满意的成绩，在移民和就业的道路上稳步向前。下文选自暑期班学生的投稿，我们由衷地希望那些即将毕业的 and 准备入读的莘莘学子们，都能在 AITI 收获你们所付出的辛劳，同时也能用心去看去享受沿途的美丽风景。

AITI News

Dialogue with Li Er – a snapshot of Sino-Chinese cultural exchange

As one of the activities following the close of Year of Chinese Culture in Australia 2012, on 17 March, Beijing's Capital Library invited AITI's senior teacher Dr Yu OUYANG – a famous writer, in a dialogue with Li Er, deputy director of the Research Division of Modern Chinese Literature Department. The dialogue was themed *Literary Creations in Different Cultural Contexts: Similarities and Differences*.

Ouyang and Li analysed in simple terms the originating sources of the cultural differences between the West and East, outlining the subtle changes over the years arising from such differences in the broad context of globalization. They also shared their own perspectives on cultural differences as well as their impact on literary creation. Ouyang's profound background in literary creation and his witty humor earned him wide recognition and acclamation from the audience.

Campus Life

Life in Melbourne – Touring “Red Leaf Valley”

Editor's Note: Autumn is the season for harvest. 26 weeks of hard study have now yielded satisfying results for students undertaking the 2011 summer translating program at AITI – a solid step forward towards their goals in migration and career. The following reflections are selected from the many contributions by our summer program students. We sincerely hope the graduates and prospective students reap wonderful fruits through their hard efforts at AITI, while taking a moment to appreciate the beautiful snapshots of the panoramic landscape on their way.

游红叶谷随笔



四月的墨尔本，秋风拂面，柳絮纷飞，不冷亦不热的天气，最适合呼朋唤友结伴出游。趁着 AITI 笔译课程结课和申请办理 PR 的间隙，一听说近郊有赏红叶的花园，忙里偷闲的我们就开始四下联系，招朋引伴的竟也约得数十位同期学员包车共游红叶谷。

所说的红叶谷坐落于 Mt.Macedon，自墨尔本出发一路驱车向北，大约六十公里便可到达。红叶谷的前生是座巨大的山顶私家花园，名叫 Forest Glade Garden，有着百年的历史。

园内布局错落有致，漂亮而不失高雅，精致而不失气派，就连时间似乎也被禁锢于此，尘世的沧桑仿佛化为满地的红叶，落英缤纷。

进到谷中已是午后时分，原来初秋的空气可以如此的怡人。丛林中，有的已经一树金黄，有的仍葱翠茂绿，而最著名的红叶栎树，终于是红叶满枝了。花园内，散落着的人像雕刻和欧式凉亭总能在不经意间让你惊叹当年建造者的别具匠心。

她说：

游伴中总有那些个活跃分子，唧唧喳喳吵嚷着远去了。剩下我们三五成群，或席地而坐，望着半空中翩翩红叶坠落地上，或轻步逶迤，探寻着通幽曲径的尽头，颇有迷失于五柳先生笔下世外桃源的错觉。我在哪？在停泊休憩的港湾？在探寻求知的路上！

他说：

本来安静晴朗的天气，这时候，起了风。一阵大风旋过，路两边的树叶如秋雨般纷纷撒落。大家似乎被这情景感染，不禁停下来，四散而开，我更是高兴的喊起来，一路狂奔，尽情的宣泄和释放，享受着梦想成真的兴奋与满足。

Touring “Red Leaf Valley”

It was April in Melbourne. Willow catkins danced lively in a gentle autumn breeze. The weather was pleasant and agreeable, perfect for an outing with a bunch of close friends. Hearing about a suburban garden of beautiful red leaves, we seized a free moment between course finish at AITI and PR application for a tour. A few contacts with our network of acquaintances and friends landed us in the company of dozens of students on the same course. We set off for the “Red Leaf Valley” in a chartered bus.

The so-called “Red Leaf Valley” is located in Mt. Macedon, about 60 kilometers north of Melbourne. Simply heading straight north from Melbourne you will not miss it. Previously known as Forest Glade Garden, it used to be a private garden on the top of a mountain, dating back over a hundred years.

Intricately designed, the garden features a well-proportioned disorderliness, picturesque and elegant, exquisite yet not without loftiness. Time seemed to have been trapped still in this garden, and worldly evolutions and metamorphoses all turned into fallen red leaves scattered all over the garden, displaying a brilliance of dazzling red.

Shortly after midday we found ourselves deep in the valley, greeted by a refreshing air of early autumn, so enlivening and so rejuvenating. Amidst the forest were seen trees covered all in golden colour, interspersed with some still in luxuriant lush green; and the most noted smoke trees were red all over. Dotted the garden were a few statues and European pavilions, whence you couldn't help marvelling at the unique craftsmanship of the architects of the time.

She said: A few super active guys were already well ahead of others, scampering and gambolling boisterously in the far distance. The rest of the pack were left behind. Some simply sat there in threes and fives watching the red leaves drifting and falling from the trees; others roamed the woods aimlessly exploring whence the trails and paths started. We were as if wandering in Shangrila – the Garden of Peach Blossoms depicted by the so-called Mr Five-Willow Trees. Where were we? Mooring at a harbour? Or on a path pursuing knowledge?

He said: A sudden gust of wind broke the serenity of a quiet day. Shaken trees started pouring down leaves on both sides of the path, creating an autumn shower of fallen leaves. Caught and drenched in this rain of leaves the touring group came to an exhilarated halt, and then in great ecstasy scattered wildly in all directions, cheering and running around. The long suppressed and inhibited “selves” found their release and catharsis. We all enjoyed the gratification and excitement brought by a realised dream.