College of Foreign Languages and Literatures, FJCU

Transition and Transformation:

Explorations in Language, Literature, Culture, and Translation

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Paper Abstract (English)

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Title: Repression and Repetition: on Eileen Chang's Writing and Re-writing about Herself

Fields of specialization: Comparative Literature, Literary Theories, Writers on Diaspora

摘要:英文 250 或中文 500 字以内

Abstract: fewer than 250 words in English or 500 words in Chinese

With Sigmund Freud, we have learned that what was forgotten would be temporarily gone from human consciousness but stay with the unconscious until it was recalled. Inspired and reminded by Gilles Deleuze, repetition and difference are not necessarily the opposites. Eileen Chang's (1920~1995) writing career started with her own story-- "What a life! What a Girl's Life (1938)," in which she wrote, almost like accusing, how she was abused and imprisoned by her father and stepmother. Writing at the early stage of Chang's life could suit as a proper "escape" from her unhappy family and a beginning of a career. With her legendary success at relatively young age, Chang's later writings were not as quite successful. Furthermore, among her auto-biographical stories, almost none of them were published during her lifetime. As a matter of fact, Chang had not written a formal or complete autobiography. Her later writings include Little Reunion (2009), The Fall of the Pagoda (2010), The Book of Change (2010) and the unfinished A Note during Traveling to the Countryside (2010), all published posthumously, in which she repeatedly wrote about her life in China and her short marriage with Hu Langchang(胡蘭成). Chang's writing for over half a century was her own and unique way of home coming. Moreover, writing stories implying and reflecting her own life was even more so. This paper is going to examine and uncover why and how Chang chose to write and re-write repeatedly on her life stories. I would argue that for Eileen Chang, as a diasporic writer who had never come back to her original homeland, writing is both a way of escaping and, to a certain stance, a way of home coming.