

## 上海外国语大学 2002 年攻读硕士研究生入学考试

## 英语语言文学专业翻译试卷

(180 分钟)

得 分	
阅卷人	

**I. Translate the following into English (50%):**

发展社会主义文化的根本任务,是培养一代又一代有理想、有道德、有文化、有纪律的公民。要坚持以科学的理论武装人,以正确的舆论引导人,以高尚的精神塑造人,以优秀的作品鼓舞人。坚持和巩固马克思主义的指导地位,帮助人们树立正确的世界观、人生观和价值观,坚定对马克思主义的信仰、坚定对社会主义的信念、增强对改革开放和现代化建设的信心、增强对党和政府的信任,增强自立意识、竞争意识、效率意识、民主法制意识和开拓创新精神。坚持实施科教兴国战略,进一步普及教育,提高教育素质和全社会的教育水平;大力发展科学文化事业。加强科学知识、科学方法、科学思想、科学精神的宣传教育。唱响社会主义文化的主旋律,坚持为人民服务、为社会主义服务,实行百花齐放、百家争鸣,是发展先进文化必须贯彻的重要方针。要努力掌握和发展各种现代传播手段,积极推动先进文化的传播。

加强社会主义思想道德建设,是发展先进文化的重要内容和中心环节。必须认识到,如果只讲物质利益,只讲金钱,不讲理想,不讲道德,人们就会失去共同的奋斗目标,失去行为的正确规范。要把依法治国同以德治国结合起来,为社会保持良好的秩序和风尚营造高尚的思想道德基础。要在全社会倡导爱国主义、集体主义、社会主义思想,反对和抵制拜金主义、享乐主义、极端个人主义等腐朽思想,增强全国人民的民族自尊心、自信心、自豪感,激励他们为振兴中华而不懈奋斗。

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得 分	
阅卷人	

## II. Translate the following into Chinese (50%):

### **Journey into Old Age**

*By Pat Moore*

On a May morning in 1979, I opened the door of my New York City apartment and stepped nervously into the hall. As an 85-year-old woman, I was apprehensive. I extended my cane, feeling carefully for the first step of the stairs. My legs strained awkwardly. One step... two... three... breathe hard... four. After 12 steps, I reached the first landing and leaned against the wall to catch my breath.

So far, so good, I said to myself.

And then I stopped. Was I overdoing it? Would I really get away with this act? For I wasn't really 85. Underneath the trappings of my aged body was the real me, a 26-year-old woman.

I was pretending to be so much older because I wanted to find out what it is like to be elderly, and to discover firsthand the problems faced by the elderly.

As a start I learned how to "age" myself --- a complicated procedure requiring four hours. With latex foam giving my face its folds and wrinkles, a heavy fabric binding my body, and a gray wig on my head, I became 60 years older and ready to set forth on my grand adventure.

My destination that first day was a conference on ageing in Columbus, Ohio. Out on the street I tried to signal a cab for the airport. Taxi after taxi flashed past, all empty. Did they feel that old ladies don't tip well? Finally one stopped.

At the airline ticket counter, I found myself in a line of young businessmen. "Good morning, sir," the agent exclaimed brightly to each one. "Have a pleasant trip." When old-lady-me peered up at him through thick spectacles, however, all I got was a look at my ticket, a mutter of "Columbus" and an abrupt "Next."

The whole purpose of the conference, attended mostly by young professionals, was to study the problems of the elderly. Yet, incredibly, the participants seemed to ignore the only "old lady" in their midst. When one of the young males offered coffee to a group of women, I found myself thinking, *what about me? If I were young, he would offer me coffee too.*

By day's end, I was angry. I had been condescended to, ignored, counted out in a way I had never known before. People, I felt, really do judge a book by its cover.

The experience was repeated in my neighborhood drugstore when, as a meek and dowdy old woman, I asked for a stomach medicine. The owner merely jerked a thumb over his shoulder. "Back there, bottom shelf."

Peering around, I quavered, "Can you help me find it?"

He looked up in annoyance, walked to the shelf and pointed down. I stopped to pick up a bottle and tried to decipher the small type. "Could you please read the directions for me?" I pleaded.

In irritation, he rattled them off, and then dismissed me with, "Okey, that it?" I was afraid to ask him anything more.

