

所有答案均写在考点下发的答题纸上，写在试卷上无效。

上海外国语大学 2006 年硕士研究生入学考试

英语语言文学专业

英汉互译 试卷

(满分 150 分，考试时间 180 分钟，共 2 页)

I. Translate the following into English (75 分)

我们搭小火轮去广州。晚上十点钟船离开了香港。

开船的时候，朋友 A 在舱外唤我。我走出舱去，便听见 A 说：“香港的夜是很美丽的，你不可不看。”

我站在舱外，身子靠着栏杆，望着那渐渐退去的香港。

海是黑的，天也是黑的。天上有些星子，但大半都不明亮。只有对面的香港成了万颗星点的聚合。

山上有灯，街市上有灯，建筑物上有灯。每一盏灯就像一颗星，在我的肉眼里它比星子更明亮，更光辉。它们密密麻麻的排列着，像是一座星的山，放射着万丈光芒的星的山。

夜是静寂的，柔和的。从对面我听不见一点声音。香港似乎闭了它的大口。但是当我注意到那一座光芒万丈的星的山的时候，我又仿佛听见那许多灯光的私语了。因为船的移动，灯光也似乎移动起来。而且电车汽车上的灯也在飞跑。我看见它们时明时暗，就像人在眨眼，或者像它们在追逐，在说话。我的视觉和听觉混合起来。我仿佛在用眼睛听了。那一座星的山并不是沉默的，在那里正奏着伟大的交响乐。

我差不多到了忘我的境界……

船似乎在转弯。星的山愈过愈变得窄小了。但我的眼里还留着一片金光，还响着那美丽的交响乐。

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II. Translate the following into Chinese (75 分)

The fact is that, as a writer, Faulkner is no more interested in solving problems than he is tempted to indulge in sociological comments on the sudden changes in the economic position of the southern states. The defeat and the consequences of defeat are merely the soil out of which his epics grow. He is not fascinated by men as a community but by man in the community, the individual as a final unity in himself, curiously unmoved by external conditions. The tragedies of these individuals have nothing in common with Greek tragedy: they are led to their inexorable end by passions caused by inheritance, traditions, and environment, passions which are expressed either in a sudden outburst or in a slow liberation from perhaps generations-old restrictions. With almost every new work Faulkner penetrates deeper into the human psyche, into man's greatness and powers of self-sacrifice, lust for power, cupidity, spiritual poverty, narrow-mindedness, burlesque obstinacy, anguish, terror, and degenerate aberrations. As a probing psychologist he is the unrivalled master among all living British and American novelists. Neither do any of his colleagues possess his fantastic imaginative powers and his ability to create characters. His subhuman and superhuman figures, tragic or comic in a macabre way, emerge from his mind with a reality that few existing people – even those nearest to us – can give us, and they move in a milieu whose odours of subtropical plants, ladies' perfumes, Negro sweat, and the smell of horses and mules penetrate immediately even into a Scandinavian's warm and cosy den. As a painter of landscapes he has the hunter's intimate knowledge of his own hunting-ground, the topographer's accuracy, and the impressionist's sensitivity. Moreover – side by side with Joyce and perhaps even more so – Faulkner is the great experimentalist among twentieth-century novelists. Scarcely two of his novels are similar technically. It seems as if by this continuous renewal he wanted to achieve the increased breadth which his limited world, both in geography and in subject matter, cannot give him.