

华南理工大学  
2018 年攻读硕士学位研究生入学考试试卷

(试卷上做答无效, 请在答题纸上做答, 试后本卷必须与答题纸一同交回)

科目名称: 英语翻译基础

适用专业: 英语笔译(专硕)

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**I. Translate each of the following statements into Chinese (50):**

1. John saw the writing on the wall for the British car industry two decades ago.
2. Without tools man is nothing, with tools, he is all.
3. There is a mixture of the tiger and the ape in the character of Trump.
4. Snow was treated very shabbily by the U.S. press and officialdom during this period, victimized for his views.
5. Our journey has brought us halfway across northern China.
6. I was, and remain, grateful for the part he played in my election.
7. Rainbows are formed when sunlight passes through small drops of water in the sky.
8. Greenland is not a continent, as people thought.
9. He was a bit of a dog in his younger days.
10. It was another one of those Catch-22 situations, you're damned if you do and you're damned if you don't.

**II. Translate each of the following statements into English (50):**

1. 我的脑海中为什么只有他的影子呢?
2. 她性格内向、脾气不好, 总是郁郁寡欢。
3. 我把玫瑰拿到家里来了, 我想找个花瓶来供养它。
4. 现代化建设的成功是离不开科学发展的。
5. 只要下了决心, 持之以恒, 习惯也还是可以改的。
6. 生活的经验固然会叫人忘记许多事情。
7. 直到今天, 我一想到它, 还会不自主地流下眼泪。
8. 我知道她是不到黄河心不死的。
9. 双方一致认为建立长期的友好关系符合两国人民的愿望。
10. 据了解这地方有丰富的自然资源。

### III. Translate each of the following underlined parts into English (30) :

我会见一些国家的领导人时，他们感慨说，中国这么大的国家怎么治理呢？的确，中国有 13 亿人口，治理不易，光是把情况了解清楚就不易。

[1]我常说，了解中国是要花一番功夫的，只看一两个地方是不够的。中国有 960 万平方公里，56 个民族，13 亿人口，了解中国要切忌“盲人摸象”。

[2]中国有句古话，“宰相必起于州部，猛将必发于卒伍”。我们现在的干部遴选机制也是一级一级的，比如，我在农村干过，担任过大队党支部书记，在县、市、省、中央都工作过。干部有了丰富的基层经历，就能更好树立群众观点，知道国情，知道人民需要什么，在实践中不断积累各方面经验和专业知识，增强工作能力和才干。这是做好工作的基本条件。

老百姓的衣食住行，社会的日常运行，国家机器的正常运转，执政党的建设管理，都有大量工作要做。[3]对我来讲，人民把我放在这样的工作岗位上，就要始终把人民放在心中最高的位置，牢记人民重托，牢记责任重于泰山。这样一个大国，这样多的人民，这么复杂的国情，领导者要深入了解国情，了解人民所思所盼，要有“如履薄冰，如临深渊”的自觉，要有“治大国如烹小鲜”的态度，丝毫不敢懈怠，丝毫不敢马虎，必须夙夜在公、勤勉工作。人民是我们力量的源泉。只要与人民同甘共苦，与人民团结奋斗，就没有克服不了的困难，就没有完成不了的任务。

至于工作量，你们可以想像。担任这样的职务，基本没有自己的时间。工作千头万绪。当然，我会区分轻重缓急。“众人拾柴火焰高。”我们有一个既有分工又有协作的中央领导集体，有一套比较有效的工作机制，大家各负其责，共同把工作做好。

尽管工作很忙，但“偷得浮生半日闲”，只要有时间，我就同家人在一起。[4]我爱好挺多，最大的爱好是读书，读书已成为我的一种生活方式。我也是体育爱好者，喜欢游泳、爬山等运动，年轻时喜欢足球和排球。巴西再度举办世界杯足球赛，我表示祝贺。体育竞赛特别是足球比赛的魅力就在于不可预测。上届世界杯有章鱼保罗，不知道明年还有没有可以预测未来的章鱼？[5]巴西足球队有主场之利，我祝巴西队好运。

#### **IV. Translate the following underlined parts into Chinese (20) :**

After damning politicians up hill and down dale for many years, as, rogues and vagabonds, frauds and scoundrels, I sometimes suspect that, like everyone else, I often expect too much of them. Though faith and confidence are surely more or less foreign to my nature, I not infrequently find myself looking to them to be able, diligent, candid, and even honest.

Plainly enough, that is too large an order, as anyone must realize who reflects upon the manner in which they reach public office. They seldom if ever get there by merit alone, at least in democratic states. Sometimes, to be sure, it happens, but only by a kind of miracle. They are chosen normally for quite different reasons, the chief of which is simply their power to impress and enchant the intellectually underprivileged. It is a talent like any other, and when it is exercised by a radio crooner, a movie actor or a bishop, it even takes on a certain austere and sorry respectability. But it is obviously not identical with a capacity of the intricate problems of statecraft.

Those problems demand for their solution — when they are soluble at all, which is not often — a high degree of technical proficiency, and with it there should go an adamant kind of integrity, for the temptations of a public official are almost as cruel as those of a glamour girl or a dipsomaniac. But we train a man for facing them, not by locking him up in a monastery and stuffing him with wisdom and virtue, but by turning him loose on the stump. If he is a smart and enterprising fellow, which he usually is, he quickly discovers there that hooley pleases the boobs a great deal more than sense. Indeed, he finds that sense really disquiets and alarms them — that it makes them, at best, intolerably uncomfortable, just as a tight collar makes them uncomfortable, or a speck of dust in the eye, or the thought of Hell. The truth, to the overwhelming majority of mankind, is indistinguishable from a headache. After trying a few shots of it on his customers, the larval statesman concludes sadly that it must hurt them, and after that he taps a more humane keg, and in a little while the whole audience is singing, “Glory, glory, hallelujah”, and when the returns come in the candidate is on his way to the White House.

I hope no one will mistake this brief account of the political process under democracy for exaggeration. It is almost literally true. I do not mean to argue, remember, that all politicians are villains in the sense that a burglar, a child-stealer, or a Darwinian are villains. Far from it. Many of them, in their private characters, are very charming persons, and I have known plenty that I'd trust with my diamonds, my daughter or my liberty, if I had any such things. I

happen to be acquainted to some extent with nearly all the gentlemen, both Democrats and Republicans, who are currently itching for the Presidency, including the present incumbent, and I testify freely that they are all pleasant fellows, with qualities above rather than below the common. The worst of them is a great deal better company than most generals in the army, or writers of murder mysteries, or astrophysicists, and the best is a really superior and wholly delightful man — full of sound knowledge, competent and prudent, frank and enterprising, and quite as honest as any American can be without being clapped into a madhouse. Don't ask me what his name is, for I am not in politics. I can only tell you that he has been in public life a long while, and has not been caught yet.

But will this prodigy, or any of his rivals, ever unload any appreciable amount of sagacity on the stump? Will any of them venture to tell the plain truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about the situation of the country, foreign or domestic? Will any of them refrain from promises that he knows he can't fulfill — that no human being *could* fulfill? Will any of them utter a word, however obvious, that will alarm and alienate any of the huge packs of morons who now cluster at the public trough, wallowing in the pap that grows thinner and thinner, hoping against hope? Answer: maybe for a few weeks at the start. Maybe before the campaign really begins. Maybe behind the door. But not after the issue is fairly joined, and the struggle is on in earnest. From that moment they will all resort to demagoguery, and by the middle of June of election year the only choice among them will be a choice between amateurs of that science and professionals.

They will all promise every man, woman and child in the country whatever he, she or it wants. They'll all be roving the land looking for chances to make the rich poor, to remedy the irremediable, to succor the unsuccorable, to unscramble the unscrambleable, to dephlogisticate the undephlogisticable. They will all be curing warts by saying words over them, and paying off the national debt with money that no one will have to earn. When one of them demonstrates that twice two is five, another will prove that it is six, six and a half, ten, twenty, *n*. In brief, they will divest themselves of their character as sensible, candid and truthful men, and become simply candidates for office, bent only on collaring votes. They will all know by then, even supposing that some of them don't know it now, that votes are collared under democracy, not by talking sense but by talking nonsense, and they will apply themselves to the job with a hearty yo-heave-ho. Most of them, before the uproar is over, will actually convince

themselves. The winner will be whoever promises the most with the least probability of delivering anything.

Some years ago I accompanied a candidate for the Presidency on his campaign-tour. He was, like all such rascals, an amusing fellow, and I came to like him very much. His speeches, at the start, were full of fire. He was going to save the country from all the stupendous frauds and false pretenses of his rival. Every time that rival offered to rescue another million of poor fish from the neglects and oversights of God he howled his derision from the back platform of his train. I noticed at once that these blasts of common sense got very little applause, and after a while the candidate began to notice it too. Worse, he began to get word from his spies on the train of his rival that the rival was wowing them, panicking them, laying them in the aisles. They threw flowers, hot dogs and five-cent cigars at him. In places where the times were especially hard they tried to unhook the locomotive from his train, so that he'd have to stay with them awhile longer, and promise them some more. There were no Gallup polls in those innocent days, but the local politicians had ways of their own for finding out how the cat was jumping, and they began to join my candidate's train in the middle of the night, and wake him up to tell him that all was lost, including honor. This had some effect upon him — in truth, an effect almost as powerful as that of sitting in the electric chair. He lost his intelligent manner, and became something you could hardly distinguish from an idealist. Instead of mocking he began to promise, and in a little while he was promising everything that his rival was promising, and a good deal more.

One night out in the Bible country, after the hullabaloo of the day was over, I went into his private car along with another newspaper reporter, and we sat down to gabble with him. This other reporter, a faithful member of the candidate's own party, began to upbraid him, at first very gently, for letting off so much hokum. What did he mean by making promises that no human being on this earth, and not many of the angels in Heaven, could ever hope to carry out? Did he honestly think that farmers, as a body, would ever see all their rosy dreams come true, or that the share-croppers in their lower ranks would ever be more than a hop, skip and jump from starvation? The candidate thought awhile, took a long swallow of the coffin-varnish he carried with him, and then replied that the answer in every case was no. He was well aware, he said, that the plight of the farmers was intrinsically hopeless, and would probably continue so, despite doles from the treasury, for centuries to come. He had no notion that anything could be done about it by merely human means, and certainly not by

political means: it would take a new Moses, and a whole series of miracles. “But you forget, Mr. Blank,” he concluded sadly, “that our agreement in the premises must remain purely personal. You are not a candidate for President of the United States. I am.” As we left him, his interlocutor, a gentleman grown gray in Washington and long ago lost to every decency, pointed the moral of the episode. “In politics,” he said, “man must learn to rise above principle.” Then he drove it in with another: “When water reaches the upper deck,” he said, “follow the rats.”