

I. Translate the following sonnet into Chinese: 50%

Renewal by Stéphane Mallarmé

Lucid winter, season of art serene,
Is sadly driven out by sickly spring,
And where dull blood presides within my being
Impotence stretches itself in a drawn-out yawn.

White twilights glow lukewarm beneath my skull
Squeezed by an iron band like an ancient tomb,
As, following a vague, sweet dream, I sadly roam
Through fields whose sap is flaunted to the full

--Then fall, enfeebled by the trees' perfume,
And hollowing with my face a grave for my own dream,
Biting warm earth in which the lilacs push,

I wait, engulfed in rising ennui . . .
--Meanwhile the Azure laughs on every bush
And wakened birds bloom twittering in the sun.

II. Translate the following passage into Chinese: 50%

. . . [The] whole cognitive and normative apparatus which governs the selection, production and reception of translations, together with the way in which translation generally is circumscribed and regulated at a certain historical moment, presents us with a privileged index of cultural self-reference. In reflecting about itself, a cultural community defines its identity in terms of self and other, establishing the differential boundary in the process. Translation offers a window on cultural self-reference in that it involves not simply the importation of selected cultural goods from the outside world, or indeed their imposition on others, but at the same time, in the same breath as it were, their transformation on the basis of and into terms which are always loaded, never innocent. Translation is of interest precisely because it offers first-hand evidence of the prejudice of perception and of the pervasiveness of local concerns. If translations were neutral, transparent, unproblematical, they would be dull and uninformative, either in themselves or as documents of cultural history and the history of ideas. They would be about as interesting as xerox machines. But because they are opaque, complicitous and compromised, the history of translation supplies us with a highly charged, revealing series of cultural constructions of otherness, and therefore of self. Being non-transparent, translations perhaps tell us more about those who translate than about the source text underlying the translation. It is the bias built into the practice of translation, the uses made of translation and the way in which translation is conceptualised, that give insight into how culture perceive and place themselves.