

Приложение 2
к Положению о Семнадцатом Санкт-Петербургском конкурсе
молодых переводчиков «Sensum de sensu»

Конкурсные задания
Семнадцатого Санкт-Петербургского конкурса молодых переводчиков
«SENSUM DE SENSU»
2017

Английский раздел

Работая с английским языком, береги русский язык.

Номинация I. «Перевод специального текста с английского языка на русский язык».

Задание. Перевести с английского языка на русский язык формулу изобретения по патентному описанию устройства «SHUNT BEARING WITH INSULATING COATING», патент US2016312834(A1), авторы M.White, E.Ovendorf.

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Английский раздел

Номинация II. «Художественный перевод прозы с английского языка на русский язык».

В 2017 году конкурсантам «Sensum de Sensu» в номинации «Художественный перевод с английского языка на русский язык» предлагаются на выбор два варианта конкурсного задания: для участия в конкурсе можно выполнить любой из вариантов.

Вариант 1 – фрагмент из культового романа «*The Catcher in the Rye*» американского классика Джерома Д. Сэлинджера (Jerome David Salinger). Роман известен как «Над пропастью во ржи». До недавнего времени широкому читателю был известен только один перевод романа, выполненный Ритой Райт-Ковалевой. Однако в 1998 году был выпущен перевод Сергея Махова под названием «Обрыв на краю ржаного поля детства», а сравнительно недавно появился новый перевод Максима Немцова «Ловец на хлебном поле», полемический по отношению к предшественникам. Он вызвал бурные споры в переводческом сообществе, связанные с традициями отечественной школы перевода, и спровоцировал широкие обсуждения вопросов, связанных с качеством перевода, среди литературных критиков и читателей.

Jerome David Salinger
The catcher in the rye

I sat there on D. B's desk and read the whole notebook. It didn't take me long, and I can read that kind of stuff, some kid's notebook, Phoebe's or anybody's, all day and all night long. Kid's notebooks kill me. Then I lit another cigarette—it was my last one. I must've smoked about three cartons that day.

Then, finally, I woke her up. I mean I couldn't sit there on that desk for the rest of my life, and besides, I was afraid my parents might barge in on me all of a sudden and I wanted to at least say hello to her before they did. So I woke her up.

She wakes up very easily. I mean you don't have to yell at her or anything. All you have to do, practically, is sit down on the bed and say, "Wake up, Phoebe," and bingo, she's awake.

"Holden!" she said right away. She put her arms around my neck and all. She's very affectionate. I mean she's quite affectionate, for a child. Sometimes she's even too affectionate. I sort of gave her a kiss, and she said, "Whenja get home?" She was glad as hell to see me. You could tell.

"Not so loud. Just now. How are ya anyway?"

"I'm fine. Did you get my letter? I wrote you a five-page—"

"Yeah—not so loud. Thanks."

She wrote me this letter. I didn't get a chance to answer it, though. It was all about this play she was in in school. She told me not to make any dates or anything for Friday so that I could come see it.

"How's the play?" I asked her. "What'd you say the name of it was?"

" 'A Christmas Pageant for Americans.' It stinks, but I'm Benedict Arnold. I have practically the biggest part," she said. Boy, was she wide-awake. She gets very excited when she tells you that stuff.

"It starts out when I'm dying. This ghost comes in on Christmas Eve and asks me if I'm ashamed and everything. You know. For betraying my country and everything. Are you coming to it?" She was sitting way the hell up in the bed and all. "That's what I wrote you about. Are you?"

"Sure I'm coming. Certainly I'm coming."

"Daddy can't come. He has to fly to California," she said. Boy, was she wide-awake. It only takes her about two seconds to get wide-awake. She was sitting—sort of kneeling—way up in bed, and she was holding my goddam hand. "Listen. Mother said you'd be home Wednesday," she said. "She said Wednesday."

"I got out early. Not so loud. You'll wake everybody up."

"What time is it? They won't be home till very late, Mother said. They went to a party in Norwalk, Connecticut," old Phoebe said. "Guess what I did this afternoon! What movie I saw. Guess!"

"I don't know—Listen. Didn't they say what time they'd—"

"The Doctor," old Phoebe said. "It's a special movie they had at the Lister Foundation. Just this one day they had it—today was the only day. It was all about this doctor in Kentucky and everything that sticks a blanket over this child's face that's a cripple and can't walk. Then they send him to jail and everything. It was excellent."

"Listen a second. Didn't they say what time they'd—"

"He feels sorry for it, the doctor. That's why he sticks this blanket over her face and everything and

makes her suffocate. Then they make him go to jail for life imprisonment, but this child that he stuck the blanket over its head comes to visit him all the time and thanks him for what he did. He was a mercy killer. Only, he knows he deserves to go to jail because a doctor isn't supposed to take things away from God. This girl in my class's mother took us. Alice Holmborg, She's my best friend. She's the only girl in the whole—"

"Wait a second, willya?" I said. "I'm asking you a question. Did they say what time they'd be back, or didn't they?"

"No, but not till very late. Daddy took the car and everything so they wouldn't have to worry about trains. We have a radio in it now! Except that Mother said nobody can play it when the car's in traffic." I began to relax, sort of. I mean I finally quit worrying about whether they'd catch me home or not. I figured the hell with it. If they did, they did.

You should've seen old Phoebe. She had on these blue pajamas with red elephants on the collars. Elephants knock her out.

"So it was a good picture, huh?" I said.

"Swell, except Alice had a cold, and her mother kept asking her all the time if she felt grippy. Right in the middle of the picture. Always in the middle of something important, her mother'd lean all over me and everything and ask Alice if she felt grippy. It got on my nerves."

Then I told her about the record. "Listen, I bought you a record," I told her. "Only I broke it on the way home." I took the pieces out of my coat pocket and showed her. "I was plastered," I said.

"Gimme the pieces," she said. "I'm saving them."

She took them right out of my hand and then she put them in the drawer of the night table. She kills me.

"D. B. coming home for Christmas?" I asked her.

"He may and he may not, Mother said. It all depends. He may have to stay in Hollywood and write a picture about Annapolis."

"Annapolis, for God's sake!"

"It's a love story and everything. Guess who's going to be in it! What movie star. Guess!" "I'm not interested. Annapolis, for God's sake. What's D. B. know about Annapolis, for God's sake? What's that got to do with the kind of stories he writes?" I said. Boy, that stuff drives me crazy. That goddam Hollywood. "What'd you do to your arm?" I asked her. I noticed she had this big hunk of adhesive tape on her elbow. The reason I noticed it, her pajamas didn't have any sleeves.

"This boy, Curtis Weintraub, that's in my class, pushed me while I was going down the stairs in the park," she said. "Wanna see?" She started taking the crazy adhesive tape off her arm.

"Leave it alone. Why'd he push you down the stairs?"

"I don't know. I think he hates me," old Phoebe said. "This other girl and me, Selma Atterbury, put ink and stuff all over his windbreaker."

"That isn't nice. What are you—a child, for God's sake?"

"No, but every time I'm in the park, he follows me everywhere. He's always following me. He gets on my nerves."

"He probably likes you. That's no reason to put ink all—"

"I don't want him to like me," she said. Then she started looking at me funny. "Holden," she said, "how come you're not home Wednesday?"

"What?"

Boy, you have to watch her every minute. If you don't think she's smart, you're mad.

"How come you're not home Wednesday?" she asked me. "You didn't get kicked out or anything, did you?"

"I told you. They let us out early. They let the whole—"

"You did get kicked out! You did!" old Phoebe said. Then she hit me on the leg with her fist. She gets very fisty when she feels like it. "You did! Oh, Holden!" She had her hand on her mouth and all. She gets very emotional, I swear to God.

"Who said I got kicked out? Nobody said I—"

"You did. You did," she said. Then she smacked me again with her fist. If you don't think that hurts, you're crazy. "Daddy'll kill you!" she said. Then she flopped on her stomach on the bed and put the goddam pillow over her head. She does that quite frequently. She's a true madman sometimes.

"Cut it out, now," I said. "Nobody's gonna kill me. Nobody's gonna even—C'mon, Phoeb, take that goddam thing off your head. Nobody's gonna kill me."

She wouldn't take it off, though. You can't make her do something if she doesn't want to. All she kept saying was, "Daddy's gonna kill you." You could hardly understand her with that goddam pillow over her head.

"Nobody's gonna kill me. Use your head. In the first place, I'm going away. What I may do, I may get a job on a ranch or something for a while. I know this guy whose grandfather's got a ranch in Colorado. I may get a job out there," I said. "I'll keep in touch with you and all when I'm gone, if I go. C'mon. Take that off your head. C'mon, hey, Phoeb. Please. Please, willya?"

She wouldn't take it off, though I tried pulling it off, but she's strong as hell. You get tired fighting with her. Boy, if she wants to keep a pillow over her head, she keeps it. "Phoebe, please. C'mon outa there," I kept saying. "C'mon, hey... Hey, Weatherfield. C'mon out."

She wouldn't come out, though. You can't even reason with her sometimes. Finally, I got up and went out in the living room and got some cigarettes out of the box on the table and stuck some in my pocket.

I was all out.

Вариант 2 – фрагмент из книги современной английской писательницы Дианы Уинн Джонс (Diana Wynne Jones), со дня смерти которой исполнилось 5 лет. Д. У. Джонс – лауреат множества премий, признанный мастер литературной сказки, адресованной детям и взрослым, блистательный стилист, а самая известная ее книга – «*Howl's Moving Castle*», известная в переводе как «Ходячий замок». Отрывок из книги, предлагаемый конкурсантам, насыщен аллюзиями на классику английской литературы. На сегодняшний день существует лишь один официально изданный перевод, выполненный А. Бродоцкой, но поклонники автора постоянно выкладывают в Интернет альтернативные и зачастую достойные варианты. Популярный жанр и безусловное мастерство писательницы заставляют предположить, что этот фрагмент привлечёт участников конкурса не только жанровыми рамками, но и сложностью задачи.

Diana Wynne Jones

Howl's Moving Castle

In the middle of the night Sophie was woken by someone snoring. She jumped upright, rather irritated to discover that she was the one who had been snoring. It seemed to her that she had only dropped off for a second or so, but Michael seemed to have vanished in those seconds, taking the light with him. No doubt a wizard's apprentice learned to do that kind of thing in his first week. And he had left the fire very low. It was giving out irritating hissings and poppings. A cold draft blew on Sophie's back. Sophie recalled that she was in a wizard's castle, and also, with unpleasant distinctness, that there was a human skull on a workbench somewhere behind her.

She shivered and cranked her stiff old neck around, but there was only darkness behind her. "Let's have a bit more light, shall we?" she said. Her cracked voice seemed to make no more noise than the crackling of the fire. Sophie was surprised. She had expected it to echo through the vaults of the castle. Still, there was a basket of logs beside her. She stretched out a creaking arm and heaved a log on the fire, which sent a spray of green and blue sparks flying through the chimney. She heaved on a second log and sat back, not without a nervous look or so behind her, where the blue-purple light from the fire was dancing over the polished brown bone of the skull. The room was quite small. There was no one in it but Sophie and the skull.

"He's got both feet in the grave and I've only got one," she consoled herself. She turned back to the fire, which was now flaring up into blue and green flames. "Must be salt in that wood," Sophie murmured. She settled herself more comfortably, putting her knobby feet on the fender and her head into a corner of the chair, where she could stare into the colored flames, and began dreamily considering what she ought to do in the morning. But she was sidetracked a little by imagining a face in the flames. "It would be a thin blue face," she murmured, "very long and thin, with a thin blue nose. But those curly green flames on top are most definitely your hair. Suppose I didn't go until Howl gets back? Wizards can lift spells, I suppose. And those purple flames near the bottom make the mouth - you have savage teeth, my friend. You have two green tufts of flame for eyebrows..." Curiously enough, the only orange flames in the fire were under the green eyebrow flames, just like eyes, and they each had a little purple glint in the middle that Sophie could almost imagine was looking at her, like the pupil of an eye. "On the other hand," Sophie continued, looking into the orange flames, "if the spell was off, I'd have my heart eaten before I could turn around."

"Don't you want your heart eaten?" asked the fire.

It was definitely the fire that spoke. Sophie saw its purple mouth move as the words came. Its voice was nearly as cracked as her own, full of the spitting and whining of burning wood. "Naturally I don't," Sophie answered. "What are you?"

"A fire demon," answered the purple mouth. There was more whine than spit to its voice as it said, "I'm bound to this hearth by contract. I can't move from this spot." Then its voice became brisk and crackling. "And what are you?" it asked. "I can see you're under a spell."

This roused Sophie from her dreamlike state. "You see!" she exclaimed. "Can you take the spell off?"

There was a popping, blazing silence while the orange eyes in the demon's wavering blue face traveled up and down Sophie. "It's a strong spell," it said at length. "It feels like one of the Witch of the Waste's to me."

"It is," said Sophie.

"But it seems more than that," crackled the demon. "I detect two layers. And of course you won't be able to tell anyone about it unless they know already." It gazed at Sophie a moment longer. "I shall have to study it," it said.

"How long will that take?" Sophie asked.

"It may take a while," said the demon. And it added in a soft persuasive flicker, "How about making a bargain with me? I'll break your spell if you agree to break this contract I'm under."

Sophie looked warily at the demon's thin blue face. It had a distinctly cunning look as it made this proposal. Everything she had read showed the extreme danger of making a bargain with a demon. And there was no doubt that this one did look extraordinarily evil. Those long purple teeth. "Are you sure you're being quite honest?" she said.

"Not completely," admitted the demon. "But do you want to stay like that till you die? That spell had shortened your life by about sixty years, if I am any judge of such things."

This was a nasty thought, and one which Sophie had tried not to think about up to now. It made quite a difference. "This contract you're under," she said. "It's with Wizard Howl, is it?"

"Of course," said the demon. Its voice took on a bit of a whine again. "I'm fastened to this hearth and I can't stir so much as a foot away. I'm forced to do most of the magic around here. I have to maintain the castle and keep it moving and do all the special effects that scare people off, as well as anything else Howl wants. Howl's quite heartless, you know."

Sophie did not need telling that Howl was heartless. On the other hand, the demon was probably quite as wicked. "Don't you get anything out of this contract at all?" she said.

"I wouldn't have entered into it if I didn't," said the demon, flickering sadly. "But I wouldn't have done if I'd known what it would be like. I'm being exploited."

In spite of her caution, Sophie felt a good deal of sympathy for the demon. She thought of herself making hats for Fanny while Fanny went gadding. "All right," she said. "What are the terms of the contract? How do I break it?"

An eager purple grin spread across the demon's blue face. "You agree to a bargain?"

"If you agree to break the spell on me," Sophie said, with a brave sense of saying something fatal.

"Done!" cried the demon, his long face leaping gleefully up the chimney. "I'll break your spell the very instant you break my contract!"

"Then tell me how I break your contract," Sophie said.

The orange eyes glinted at her and looked away. "I can't. Part of the contract is that neither the Wizard nor I can say what the main clause is."

Sophie saw that she had been tricked. She opened her mouth to tell the demon that it could sit in the fireplace until Doomsday in that case.

The demon realized she was going to. "Don't be hasty!" it crackled. "You can find out what it is if you watch and listen carefully. I implore you to try. The contract isn't doing either of us any good in the long run. And I do keep my word. The fact that I'm stuck here shows that I keep it!"

It was in earnest, leaping about on its logs in an agitated way. Sophie again felt a great deal of sympathy. "But if I'm to watch and listen, that means I have to stay here in Howl's castle," she objected.

"Only about a month. Remember, I have to study your spell too," the demon pleaded.

"But what possible excuse can I give for doing that?" Sophie asked.

"We'll think of one. Howl's pretty useless at most things. In fact," the demon said, venomously hissing, "he's too wrapped up in himself to see beyond his nose half the time. We can deceive him as long as you'll agree to stay."

"Very well," Sophie said. "I'll stay. Now find an excuse."

She settled herself comfortably in the chair while the demon thought. It thought aloud, in a little crackling, flickering murmur, which reminded Sophie rather of the way she had talked to her stick when she walked here, and it blazed while it thought with such a glad powerful roaring that she dozed again. She thought the demon did make a few suggestions. She remembered shaking her head to the notion that she should pretend to be Howl's long-lost great-aunt, and to two other ones even more far-fetched, but she did not remember very clearly. The demon at length fell to singing a gentle, flickering little song. It was not in any language Sophie knew - or she thought not, until she distinctly heard the word "saucepan" in it several times - and it was very sleepy-sounding. Sophie fell into a deep sleep, with a slight suspicion that she was being bewitched now, as well as beguiled, but it did not bother her particularly. She would be free of the spell soon...