

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

Конкурсные задания
Двадцатого Санкт-Петербургского конкурса молодых переводчиков
«SENSUM DE SENSU»
2020

Английский раздел

Работая с английским языком, береги русский язык.

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

В качестве конкурсного задания предлагается:

- *перевести формулу изобретения US2017354278 (A1) — 2017-12-14 «Percolator with removable grip», изобретатели SILSBY JACOB D [US]; CHOLTCO-DEVLIN EVAN MICHAEL [US];*
- *отредактировать текст перевода, изложив его в соответствии с требованиями российского патентного законодательства к формуле изобретения.*

Рекомендуется ознакомиться с полным текстом описания изобретения и сопроводительными рисунками.

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

Вариант I

Предлагается перевести фрагмент «Обращения к действительным и будущим сестрам милосердия» знаменитой английской общественной деятельницы Флоренс Найтингейл. В 2020 году исполняется 200 лет со дня ее рождения.

Имя Флоренс Найтингейл, знаменитой сестры милосердия, реформировавшей подход к сестринскому делу, одной из основательниц медицинской статистики, известно не только специалистам. Уже давно оно служит символом самоотверженного служения обществу. Однако её литературное наследие известно куда меньше. Тексты Флоренс Найтингейл отличаются ясностью и простотой, они не лишены некоторой дидактичности, однако выполняют четкую прагматическую задачу. Предлагаемый в конкурсном задании отрывок, ранее никогда

не переводившийся, посвящен важным вопросам морально-этического свойства, которые всегда остаются актуальными. Переводческие задачи, поставленные в тексте, его живая интонация, сама яркая фигура автора могут быть интересны тем молодым переводчикам, которые хотели бы попробовать себя в популярном в наши дни жанре нон-фикшн.

Florence Nightingale to her Nurses

III

July 23rd, 1874.

Another year has passed over us, my dear friends. There have been many changes among us. We have each of us tasted somewhat more of the discipline of life. To some of us it may have been very bitter; to others, let us hope, not so. By all, let us trust, it has been put to heroic uses.

“Heroic?” I think I hear you say; “can there be much of ‘heroic’ in washing porringers and making beds?”

I once heard a man (he is dead now) giving a lesson to some poor orphan girls in an Orphan Asylum. Few things, I think, ever struck me so much, or them. It was on the “heroic virtues.” It went into the smallest particulars of thrift, of duty, of love and kindness; and he ended by asking them how they thought such small people as themselves could manage to practise those great virtues. A child of seven put up its little nib and chirped out: “Please, my lord, we might pick up pins when we don’t like to.” That showed she understood his lesson.

His lesson was not exactly fitted to us, but we may all fit it to ourselves.

This night, if we are inclined to make a noise on the stairs, or to linger in each other’s rooms, shall we go quietly to bed, alone with God? Some of you yourselves have told me that you could get better day sleep in the Night Nurses’ Dormitory than in your own “Home.” Is there such loud laughing and boisterous talking in the daytime, going upstairs to your rooms, that it disturbs any one who is ill, or prevents those who have been on night duty from getting any sleep?

Is that doing what you would be done by—loving your neighbour as yourselves, as our Master told us?

Do you think it is we who invent the duty “Quiet and orderly,” or is it He?

If our uniform dress is not what we like, shall we think of our Lord, whose very garments were divided by the soldiers? (But I always think how much more becoming is our uniform than any other dress I see.)

If there is anything at table that we don’t like, shall we take it thankfully, remembering Who had to ask a poor woman for a drink of water?

Shall we take the utmost pains to be perfectly regular and punctual to all our hours—going into the wards, coming out of the wards, at meals, etc.? And if we are unavoidably prevented, making an apology to the Home Sister, remembering what has been written about those who are in authority over us? Or do we think a few minutes of no consequence in coming from or going to the wards?

Do we carefully observe our Rules?

If we are what is printed at the top of our Duties, viz.:

Trustworthy,

Punctual,

Quiet and orderly,

Cleanly and neat,

Patient, cheerful, and kindly,

we scarcely need any other lesson but what explains these to us.

Trustworthy: that is, faithful.

Trustworthy when we have no one by to urge or to order us. “Her lips were never opened but to speak the truth.” Can that be said of us?

Trustworthy, in keeping our soul in our hands, never excited, but always ready to lift it up to God; unstained by the smallest flirtation, innocent of the smallest offence, even in thought.

Trustworthy, in doing our work as faithfully as if our superiors were always near us.

Trustworthy, in never prying into one another’s concerns, but ever acting behind another’s back as one would to her face.

Trustworthy, in avoiding every word that could injure, in the smallest degree, our patients, or our companions, who are our neighbours, remembering how St. Peter says that God made us all “stewards of grace one to another.”

How can we be “stewards of grace” to one another? By giving the “grace” of our good example to all around us. And how can we become “untrustworthy stewards” to one another? By showing ourselves lax in our habits, irregular in our ways, not doing as we should do if our superiors were by. “Cripple leads the way.” Shall the better follow the worse?

It has happened to me to hear some of you say—perhaps it has happened to us all—“Indeed, I only did what I saw done.”

How glorious it would be if “only doing what we saw done” always led us right!

A master of a great public school once said that he could trust his whole school, because he could trust every single boy in it. Oh, could God but say that He can trust this Home and Hospital because He can trust every woman in it! Let us try this—every woman to work as though success depended on herself. Do you know that, in this great Indian Famine, every Englishman has worked as if success depended on himself? And in saving a population as large as that of England from death by starvation, do you not think that we have achieved the greatest victory we ever won in India? Suppose we work thus for this Home and Hospital.

Oh, my dear friends, how terrible it will be to any one of us, some day, to hear another say, that she only did what she saw us do, if that was on the “road that leadeth to destruction”!

Or taking it another way, how delightful—how delightful to have set another on her journey to heaven by our good example; how terrible to have delayed another on her journey to heaven by our bad example!

There is an old story—nearly six hundred years old—when a ploughboy said to a truly great man, whose name is known in history, that he “advised” him “always to live in such a way that those who had a good opinion of him might never be disappointed.”

The great man thanked him for his advice, and—kept it.

If our School has a good name, do we live so that people “may never be disappointed” in its Nurses?

Obedient: not wilful: not having such a sturdy will of our own. Common sense tells us that no training can do us any good, if we are always seeking our own way. I know that some have really sought in dedication to God to give up their own wills to His. For if you enter this Training School, is that not in effect a promise to Him to give up your own way for that way which you are taught?

Let us not question so much. You must know that things have been thought over and arranged for your benefit. You are not bound to think us always right: perhaps you can't. But are you more likely to be right? And, at all events, you know you are right, if you choose to enter our ways, to submit yours to them.

In a foreign Training School, I once heard a most excellent pastor, who was visiting there, say to a nurse: “Are you discouraged?—say rather, you are disobedient: they always mean the same thing.” And I thought how right he was. And, what is more, the Nurse thought so too; and she was not “discouraged” ever after, because she gave up being “disobedient.”

“Every one for herself” ought to have no footing here: and these strong wills of ours God will teach. If we do not let Him teach us here, He will teach us by some sterner discipline hereafter—teach our wills to bend first to the will of God, and then to the reasonable and lawful wills of those among whom our lot is cast.

I often say for myself, and I have no doubt you do, that line of the hymn:

Tell me, Thou yet wilt chide, Thou canst not spare,

O Lord, Thy chastening rod.

Let Him reduce us to His discipline before it is too late. If we “kick against the pricks,” we can only pray that He will give us more “pricks,” till we cease to “kick.” And it is a proof of His fatherly love, and that He has not given us up, if He does.

For myself, I can say that I have never known what it was, since I can remember anything, not to have “prickly” discipline, more than any one knew of; and I hope I have not “kicked.”

Вариант II

Предлагается перевести фрагмент статьи 1947 года классика английской литературы XX века Джорджа Оруэлла. В 2020 году исполняется 70 лет со дня его смерти.

Джордж Оруэлл, широко известный автор антиутопий «1984» и «Скотный двор», в конкурсном задании представлен как блестящий журналист. На фоне так и не состоявшегося до сих пор выхода Великобритании из Евросоюза фрагмент статьи 1947 года «К европейскому единству» приобретает новое остроактуальное звучание и заставляет пристальнее вслушаться в слова, сказанные более семидесяти лет назад. Задание дает молодым переводчикам возможность передать острый язык Оруэлла, показать умение работать с публицистическим стилем, проявить эрудицию; при этом текст не перегружен сложностями.

George Orwell

Toward European Unit

A Socialist today is in the position of a doctor treating an all but hopeless case. As a doctor, it is his duty to keep the patient alive, and therefore to assume that the patient has at least a chance of recovery. As a scientist, it is his duty to face the facts, and therefore to admit that the patient will probably die. Our activities as Socialists only have meaning if we assume that Socialism can be established, but if we stop to consider what probably will happen, then we must admit, I think, that the chances are against us. If I were a bookmaker, simply calculating the probabilities and leaving my own wishes out of account, I would give odds against the survival of civilization within the next few hundred years. As far as I can see, there are three possibilities ahead of us:

1. That the Americans will decide to use the atomic bomb while they have it and the Russians haven't. This would solve nothing. It would do away with the particular danger that is now presented by the U.S.S.R., but would lead to the rise of new empires, fresh rivalries, more wars, more atomic bombs, etc. In any case this is, I think, the least likely outcome of the three, because a preventive war is a crime not easily committed by a country that retains any traces of democracy.
2. That the present 'cold war' will continue until the U.S.S.R., and several other countries, have atomic bombs as well. Then there will only be a short breathing-space before whizz! go the rockets, wallop! go the bombs, and the industrial centres of the world are wiped out, probably beyond repair. Even if any one state, or group of states, emerges from such a war as technical victor, it will probably be unable to build up the machine civilization anew. The world, therefore, will once again be inhabited by a few million, or a few hundred million human beings living by subsistence agriculture, and probably, after a couple of generations, retaining no more of the culture of the past than a knowledge of how to smelt metals. Conceivably this is a desirable outcome, but obviously it has nothing to do with Socialism.
3. That the fear inspired by the atomic bomb and other weapons yet to come will be so great that everyone will refrain from using them. This seems to me the worst possibility of all. It would mean the division of the world among two or three vast super-states, unable to conquer one another and unable to be overthrown by any internal rebellion. In all probability their structure would be hierarchic, with a semi-divine caste at the top and outright slavery at the bottom, and the crushing out of liberty would exceed anything that the world has yet seen. Within each state the necessary psychological atmosphere would be kept up by complete severance from the outer world, and by a continuous phony war against rival states. Civilizations of this type might remain static for thousands of years.

Most of the dangers that I have outlined existed and were foreseeable long before the atomic bomb was invented. The only way of avoiding them that I can imagine is to present somewhere or other, on a large scale, the spectacle of a community where people are relatively free and happy and where the main motive in life is not the pursuit of money or power. In other words, democratic Socialism must be made to work throughout some large area. But the only area in which it could conceivably be made to work, in any near future, is Western Europe. Apart from Australia and New Zealand, the tradition of democratic Socialism can only be said to exist — even there it only exists precariously — in Scandinavia, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, the Low Countries, France, Britain, Spain, and Italy. Only in those countries are there still large numbers of people to whom the word 'Socialism' has some appeal, and for whom it is bound up with liberty, equality, and internationalism. Elsewhere it either has no foot-hold or it means something different. In North America the masses are contented with capitalism, and one cannot tell what turn they will take when capitalism begins to

collapse. In the U.S.S.R. there prevails a sort of oligarchical collectivism which could only develop into democratic Socialism against the will of the ruling minority. Into Asia even the word 'Socialism' has barely penetrated. The Asiatic nationalist movements are either Fascist in character, or look towards Moscow, or manage to combine both attitudes: and at present all movements among the coloured peoples are tinged by racial mysticism. In most of South America the position is essentially similar, so is it in Africa and the Middle East. Socialism does not exist anywhere, but even as an idea it is at present valid only in Europe. Of course, Socialism cannot properly be said to be established until it is world-wide, but the process must begin somewhere, and I cannot imagine it beginning except through the federation of the western European states, transformed into Socialist republics without colonial dependencies. Therefore a Socialist United States of Europe seems to me the only worthwhile political objective today. Such a federation would contain about 250 million people, including perhaps half the skilled industrial workers of the world. I do not need to be told that the difficulties of bringing any such thing into being are enormous and terrifying, and I will list some of them in a moment. But we ought not to feel that it is of its nature impossible, or that countries so different from one another would not voluntarily unite. A western European union is in itself a less improbable concatenation than the Soviet Union or the British Empire.

Now as to the difficulties. The greatest difficulty of all is the apathy and conservatism of people everywhere, their unawareness of danger, their inability to imagine anything new — in general, as Bertrand Russell put it recently, the unwillingness of the human race to acquiesce in its own survival. But there are also active malignant forces working against European unity, and there are existing economic relationships on which the European peoples depend for their standard of life and which are not compatible with true Socialism. I list what seem to me to be the four main obstacles, explaining each of them as shortly as I can manage:

1. Russian hostility. The Russians cannot but be hostile to any European union not under their own control. The reasons, both the pretended and the real ones, are obvious. One has to count, therefore, with the danger of a preventive war, with the systematic terrorizing of the smaller nations, and with the sabotage of the Communist Parties everywhere. Above all there is the danger that the European masses will continue to believe in the Russian myth. As long as they believe it, the idea of a Socialist Europe will not be sufficiently magnetic to call forth the necessary effort.

2. American hostility. If the United States remains capitalist, and especially if it needs markets for exports, it cannot regard a Socialist Europe with a friendly eye. No doubt it is less likely than the U.S.S.R. to intervene with brute force, but American pressure is an important factor because it can be exerted most easily on Britain, the one country in Europe which is outside the Russian orbit. Since 1940 Britain has kept its feet against the European dictators at the expense of becoming almost a dependency of the U.S.A. Indeed, Britain can only get free of America by dropping the attempt to be an extra-European power. The English-speaking Dominions, the colonial dependencies, except perhaps in Africa, and even Britain's supplies of oil, are all hostages in American hands. Therefore there is always the danger that the United States will break up any European coalition by drawing Britain out of it.

Номинация III. «IN MEMORIA»

Конкурсное задание в память о замечательном переводчике и блестящем литераторе Норе Галь (1912 — 1991).

В номинации IN MEMORIA предлагается перевести отрывок из романа классика американской литературы Теодора Драйзера «Американская трагедия», начатого автором ровно сто лет назад.

Работа над этой книгой стала важной вехой в судьбе Норы Галь, которая, хотя традиционно и считается соавтором перевода умершей в 1942 году Зинаиды Вершининой (в выходных данных указаны два имени), фактически заново перевела роман целиком. Таким образом, конкурсное задание посвящается не только замечательной книге, но и выдающейся переводчице Норе Галь, а также духу профессиональной кооперации, доброжелательного, уважительного и ответственного отношения к общей работе над переводимой книгой.

Фрагмент романа «Американская трагедия» Теодора Драйзера, классика американской литературы XX века и общественного деятеля, выбранный в качестве конкурсного задания, отличается ярким психологизмом, ритмическим и интонационным своеобразием. Это сцена, в которой главный герой ожидает смертной казни; от переводчика требуется передать эмоциональную напряженность и особенности авторского стиля. Существует несколько переводов романа на русский язык, выполненных в первой половине прошлого века, самый известный принадлежит Норе Галь. Конкурсантам предлагается по-новому взглянуть на хорошо известный текст и посоревноваться со своими предшественниками, не забывая, что соревнование должно быть честным, а перевод самостоятельным.

Theodore Dreiser

An American Tragedy

Having written this — a statement so unlike all the previous rebellious moods that had characterized him that even now he was, not a little impressed by the difference, handing it to McMillan, who, heartened by this triumph, exclaimed: “And the victory IS won, Clyde. ‘This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.’ You have His word. Your soul and your body belong to Him. Praised, everlastingly, be His name.”

And then so wrought up was he by this triumph, taking both Clyde’s hands in his and kissing them and then folding him in his arms: “My son, my son, in whom I am well pleased. In you God has truly manifested His truth. His power to save. I see it. I feel it. Your address to the world is really His own voice to the world.” And then pocketing the note with the understanding that it was to be issued after Clyde’s death — not before. And yet Clyde having written this, still dubious at moments. Was he truly saved? The time was so short? Could he rely on God with that absolute security which he had just announced now characterized him? Could he? Life was so strange. The future so obscure. Was there really a life after death — a God by whom he would be welcomed as the Reverend McMillan and his own mother insisted? Was there?

In the midst of this, two days before his death and in a final burst of panic, Mrs. Griffiths wiring the Hon. David Waltham: “Can you say before your God that you have no doubt of Clyde’s guilt? Please wire. If you cannot, then his blood will be upon your head. His mother.” And Robert Fessler, the secretary to the Governor replying by wire: “Governor Waltham does not think himself justified in interfering with the decision of the Court of Appeals.”

At last the final day — the final hour — Clyde’s transfer to a cell in the old death house, where, after a shave and a bath, he was furnished with black trousers, a white shirt without a collar, to be opened at the neck afterwards, new felt slippers and gray socks. So accoutered, he was allowed once more to meet his mother and McMillan, who, from six o’clock in the evening preceding the morning of his death until four of the final morning, were permitted to remain near him to counsel with him as to the love and mercy of God. And then at four the warden appearing to say that it was time, he feared, that Mrs. Griffiths depart leaving Clyde in the care of Mr. McMillan. (The sad compulsion of the law, as he explained.) And then Clyde’s final farewell to his mother, before which, and in between the silences and painful twistings of heart strings, he had managed to say:

“Mama, you must believe that I die resigned and content. It won’t be hard. God has heard my prayers. He has given me strength and peace.” But to himself adding: “Had he?”

And Mrs. Griffiths exclaiming: “My son! My son, I know, I know. I have faith too. I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He is yours. Though we die — yet shall we live!” She was looking heavenward, and seemed transfixed. Yet as suddenly turning to Clyde and gathering him in her arms and holding him long and firmly to her, whispering: “My son — my baby —” And her voice broke and trailed off into breathlessness — and her strength seemed to be going all to him, until she felt she must leave or fall — And so she turned quickly and unsteadily to the warden, who was waiting for her to lead her to Auburn friends of McMillan’s.

And then in the dark of this midwinter morning — the final moment — with the guards coming, first to slit his right trouser leg for the metal plate and then going to draw the curtains before the cells: “It is time, I fear. Courage, my son.” It was the Reverend McMillan — now accompanied by the Reverend Gibson, who, seeing the prison guards approaching, was then addressing Clyde.

And Clyde now getting up from his cot, on which, beside the Reverend McMillan, he had been listening to the reading of John, 14, 15, 16: “Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God — believe also in me.” And then the final walk with the Reverend McMillan on his right hand and the Reverend Gibson on his left — the guards front and rear. But with, instead of the customary prayers, the Reverend McMillan announcing: “Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God that He may exalt you in due time. Cast all your care upon Him for He careth for you. Be at peace. Wise and righteous are His ways, who hath called us into His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that we have suffered a little. I am the way, the truth and the life — no man cometh unto the Father but by me.”

But various voices — as Clyde entered the first door to cross to the chair room, calling: “Good-by, Clyde.” And Clyde, with enough earthly thought and strength to reply: “Good-by, all.” But his voice sounding so strange and weak, even to himself, so far distant as though it emanated from another being walking alongside of him, and not from himself. And his feet were walking, but automatically, it seemed. And he was conscious of that familiar shuffle — shuffle — as they pushed him on and on toward that door. Now it was here; now it was being opened. There it was — at last — the chair he had so often seen in his dreams — that he so dreaded — to which he was now compelled to go. He was being pushed toward that — into that — on — on — through the door which was now open — to receive him — but which was as quickly closed again on all the earthly life he had ever known.

It was the Reverend McMillan, who, gray and weary — a quarter of an hour later, walked desolately — and even a little uncertainly — as one who is physically very weak — through the cold doors of the prison. It was so faint — so weak — so gray as yet — this late winter day — and so like himself now. Dead! He, Clyde, had walked so nervously and yet somehow trustingly beside him but a few minutes before — and now he was dead. The law! Prisons such as this. Strong, evil men who scoffed betimes where Clyde had prayed. That confession! Had he decided truly — with the wisdom of God, as God gave him to see wisdom? Had he? Clyde's eyes! He, himself — the Reverend McMillan had all but fainted beside him as that cap was adjusted to his head — that current turned on — and he had had to be assisted, sick and trembling, from the room — he upon whom Clyde had relied. And he had asked God for strength — was asking it.

He walked along the silent street — only to be compelled to pause and lean against a tree — leafless in the winter — so bare and bleak. Clyde's eyes! That look as he sank limply into that terrible chair, his eyes fixed nervously and, as he thought, appealingly and dazedly upon him and the group surrounding him.

Had he done right? Had his decision before Governor Waltham been truly sound, fair or merciful? Should he have said to him — that perhaps — perhaps — there had been those other influences playing upon him? . . . Was he never to have mental peace again, perhaps?

“I know my Redeemer liveth and that He will keep him against that day.”

And then he walked and walked hours before he could present himself to Clyde's mother, who, on her knees in the home of the Rev. and Mrs. Francis Gault, Salvationists of Auburn, had been, since forty-three, praying for the soul of her son whom she still tried to visualize as in the arms of his Maker.

“I know in whom I have believed,” was a part of her prayer.
