

Приложение 2

к Положению о Двадцать четвертом Санкт-Петербургском конкурсе
молодых переводчиков «Sensum de sensu»

Конкурсные задания
Двадцать четвертого Санкт-Петербургского конкурса молодых переводчиков
«SENSUM DE SENSU»
2024
Английский раздел

Работая с английским языком, береги русский язык.

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

ИСХОДНЫЕ ДАННЫЕ ДЕЛОВОЙ ИГРЫ

Некая российская производственная компания, реализуя программу импортозамещения, приобрела лицензию на право изготовления и продажи изделия. В соответствии с лицензионным договором приобретен пакет конструкторской, технологической и эксплуатационной документации. При организации серийного производства изделия предстоит переиздание всего пакета документации для отечественного пользователя. При этом предполагается замена материалов и комплектующих на отечественные аналоги, применение российских стандартов ГОСТ. Это относится и к Единой системе конструкторской документации (ЕСКД). В частности, применительно к текстовой конструкторской документации необходимо следовать ГОСТ Р 2.105-2019 «Общие требования к текстовым документам», имея в виду большой тираж издания.

ЗАДАНИЕ

1. Выполнить перевод фрагмента «**Instruction Manual & Parts List. FK-EN 2012**», стр. 23-24.
2. Отредактировать и оформить перевод в соответствии с требованиями ГОСТ Р 2.105-2019 «Общие требования к текстовым документам».

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

В 2024 году конкурсантам предлагается попробовать свои силы в переводе рассказа, входящего в межавторский цикл, посвященный вселенной Warhammer 40,000. Выбор комиссии обусловлен возрастающим запросом издательств (и читателей) на перевод литературы, создаваемой на основе компьютерных игр. Не получая желаемого, поклонники игр берутся за работу самостоятельно, создавая (до некоторой степени) конкуренцию профильным издательствам. Часто качество выполненных любителями переводов ничуть не уступает, а иногда превосходит перевод профессиональный.

Рассказ Криса Райта, хорошо известного поклонникам Warhammer 40,000, переводился на русский язык по крайней мере дважды. Предлагаем конкурсантам представить, что текст рассказа выбран издательством в качестве тестового задания, и побороться за рабочее место в издательстве. Потенциальный работодатель будет оценивать не только литературные достоинства текста, но и честность конкурсанта, ведь сравнить тестовое задание с существующими переводами очень просто, а нарушение авторского права грозит штрафами.

Chris Wright

ABERRANT

<...>Then the sanctioners were off, heading back to their own transport. The stimm-thugs clambered up into the hauler, and both vehicles swung out of the gates, back onto the road. The sanctioners turned left, heading towards their own district's inhabited zones. The hauler turned right, going back to Urgeyena. Zidarov watched the lumens disappear into the night, leaving nothing behind but the hot, dusty air.

The fat man, alone now, locked up the gates and trudged back across the compound towards one of the low buildings. Zidarov saw him open a door and go inside. A lumen came on a moment later, before shutters came down and blotted it out again.

Zidarov sat motionless. The presence of sanctioners made this even more tortuous. Meleta was probably paying them. Or maybe Meleta was paying the fat man, and the local enforcers were taking a cut. Either way, it complicated the situation.

He waited for a little longer, just enough to ensure that no one was coming back. Then he got out, drew his pistol and powered up the jawsnapper. He walked over to the perimeter fence, stumbling a little on the uneven ground before reaching the rockcrete plates. The lock was a crude mechanical brace – easy enough to shatter with the snapper's energy field. Then he was inside, stealing carefully up to the building. The place looked like it had once been a control tower, maybe when the compound had been a commercial set-down for transports, but it was now virtually -derelict. Only the ground level looked occupied, and cracks of light peeped around the edge of the shuttered windows.

Zidarov edged quietly towards the door, running a scan for noise and heat on the other side. Then he took a step back and kicked the handle heavily. The latch snapped, sending the door slamming inward, and he followed it inside.

The fat man jerked his head up, eyes wide. Zidarov shot him in the shoulder, sending his flabby body skidding along the floor. He squealed, wriggling away as Zidarov shut the door behind him and strode over, taking out a pair of immobiliser-cuffs as he did so. The fat man tried to wriggle towards a second closed door, but Zidarov got to him first, hauling his arms behind his back and snapping the cuffs on. The fat man spasmed, then lolled uselessly, blood spreading across his shirt, sweating in thick sheets. The immobilisers locked him down, clamping a weight-field over him, seizing up his jaw muscles to keep him quiet and pinning him like an insect to the floor.

Zidarov took a look around him. The chamber was filthy. Some cheap furniture leaned against stained walls and a few strip-lumens hung from wires in the ceiling. Bottles of jeneza stood on a sideboard along with freeze-dried ration packs. There was a vid-unit in the corner with a cracked lens, a couple of threadbare rugs on the rockcrete floor. It smelled foul, like mould spores.

Zidarov kept his autopistol drawn. The man had been trying to get to the other door. His eyes kept flickering towards it even as his jaw locked tight. Zidarov went silently, sidling up to the frame, nudging it open and letting it swing.

The smell on the other side was worse. It reminded him of the cell in the foundry, only masked with something else now, like caustic bleach. The lumens were off, so he switched to his iris' noctis-vision. The fat man tried to blurt something, and Zidarov turned the pistol on him, giving him a warning stare. That shut him up.

Then he moved inside. This chamber was even more filthy than the first. All the shutters were down, and the lumens were disconnected. More jeneza bottles, many empty, lined the walls. A few ration packs lay on the floor, one open. There was only one piece of furniture – a steel-frame bed with a stained mattress. A woman lay on the bed.

Only, it wasn't a woman – not a true woman. She was dressed in dirty workers overalls, but you couldn't mistake the signs – pearl-white skin, black-in-black eyes, white lips, over-long limbs, powerful muscles. She was shackled to the bed frame at the wrists and ankles with inch-thick manacles. Around her neck was an agony-collar, lashed up to a power unit clamped to the ceiling.

She looked at Zidarov with those unearthly eyes.

He looked back at her, keeping his pistol trained on her ribcage. He felt himself sweating. He felt his trigger finger twitch. He wanted so very much to pull it.

‘Are you going to shoot?’ she asked, eventually.

Her voice made his teeth grind. He’d never thought they could talk. He’d imagined they’d snarl, if they tried, like caged dogs. As it was, she spoke Gothic, heavily accented, unpleasant to listen to, but understandable enough.

‘I’d like to,’ he said.

She nodded. ‘Yes, you’d like to.’

<...>

Номинация III. «IN MEMORIA»

Номинация IN MEMORIA посвящена памяти Мартина Луиса Эмиса (1949-2023). Мартин Эмис, один из ключевых британских писателей второй половины двадцатого века наряду с Джулианом Барнсом и Джоном Фаулзом, в России известен лишь узкому кругу читателей. Эмис заслужил репутацию мастера гротеска, мизантропа, способного острыми, тонкими штрихами создать яркую картину современной жизни – отвратительной и притягательной одновременно. Прозу Эмиса отличает изобретательность сюжетной линии, беспощадность, честность и художественная выразительность. Конкурсантам предлагается перевести очерк *Expelled*, вошедший в сборник *Visiting Mrs. Nabokov and other Excursions* (1993). Впервые очерк появился на страницах *The Observer* в 1981 году. Предлагаемый текст отражает детский опыт писателя, сменившего по крайней мере тринадцать школ, и достаточно ярко иллюстрирует особенности авторского стиля Эмиса.

Martin Amis
(1949-1923)

EXPELLED

It wasn't easy to get expelled from the school I got expelled from. Boys had fist-fights with masters and did not get expelled. Boys played hookey for weeks, terms, entire academic years and did not get expelled. Boys robbed banks in the lunch hour and did not get expelled. But I got expelled. It wasn't easy.

The school was a rugged grammar in Battersea, South London. My family was in disarray: I was the child of a breaking home, thirteen years old, and a sudden 'resident of Knightsbridge, just across the river. From the first day of term, when I alighted from a taxi to join the boiling, grimacing mob at the school gates, my notoriety was ensured. (I had arranged for the taxi to stop round the corner; but it was the wrong corner, I was lost and late, and had to hail another.) Although my hair and my accent were dutifully tousled, there was no disguising the furtive glow of my middle-class origins.

As a result, and understandably enough, I was beaten up on a pretty regular basis. My only two defences against the playground bruisers were the many stolen cigarettes I dispensed and my growing reputation as a palmist. I would tiptoe into the playground, half hat-check girl, half Madame Sosostriis. When the first raised fist jerked towards me I would either thrust a few Marlboro into it or carefully unflex it into a palm. 'Very long life-line,' I would murmur. 'Whew, that's some love-life you've got coming. Now let's see ... Although you're big and tough and good at beating people up, deep down you're really a gentle, thoughtful, artistic kind of guy.' That's true what he says,' they would remark as I lit their cigarettes. 'Deep down, that's really true.'

If I'd known how to get kicked out of this dump, then I would have lost no time in doing the necessary. But the place was practically Broadmoor as it was. It seemed that you could burn the school to the ground or kill the headmaster without getting much more than a terrified caution. And although I was unaffectionately known as 'the Demagogue' (owing to my ability to define this word in an English class),

I was no firebrand or rabble-rouser. For two terms, along with everyone else, I just smoked cigarettes, cheated in exams, stole things, bunked off, stared out the masters, did no work at all, and generally kept my nose clean.

This was the third grammar school in my peripatetic school career. I had flirted far more successfully with expulsion at the other two, while always avoiding the final disgrace. On balance, I suppose the worst thing I ever did was to steal the diary of a fat, speechless classmate and fill it with a year's worth of bestial, obscene and quite imaginary antics. The only reprintable entries, I remember, were as follows: 'June 8: Got my new supply of Durex from the Chemist' and 'June 9: Stole £5 from Mum.' The father of this unhappy boy found the diary, brought it to school and confronted the headmaster with its contents. The headmaster, as he flexed his cane, told me that he would not permit 'the sewer vocabulary' to gain currency at his school. I got six of the best, and they hurt a lot; but I was allowed to stick around.

So how did I contrive my expulsion from the Battersea rough-house? Through good behaviour, or conspicuous achievement? In a loose sense, that is what happened. Quite fortuitously and out of the blue, I was offered a part in a film, which involved four months' work, two of them in the West Indies. There was some kind of semi-illegality involved in taking children abroad for work, and 20th Century Fox thought it prudent to wait until we were out of the country before notifying the school. Accordingly, my mother and I composed a letter and duly dispatched it from Runaway Bay.

The headmaster's reply never reached us. This was unfortunate. Four months later I returned to school, becomingly tanned, sporting a brand-new blazer, and readying myself for a fresh round of playground chastisements after my exotic long vac. The form master seemed surprised to see me. I was sent to the headmaster's study. He seemed surprised to see me, too. His letter to Runaway Bay had been a letter of expulsion. He summarised its drift, pointing out that in any case I had been an 'unusually unpromising' pupil. The head was an intelligent, scathing character; he enjoyed this interview, and I now suspect that he too might have been doing his bit in the class war.

'Sacked', 'sent down', 'slung out' - these are public-school phrases. There are no euphemisms for state-school expulsion: it is a disgrace, a disaster, the beginning of the end of everything. I walked towards the school gates, stunned, bitter, intensely embarrassed about my new blazer. I had been 'expelled', and felt all the heaviness of this rejection. My playmates formed their usual gauntlet; I expected to be helped on my way with a taunt and a kick, but now the boys looked my way with respectful sympathy. Halfway across Chelsea Bridge I cheered up dramatically. I took off my cap and skimmed it into the Thames, comforting myself with the obvious thought that I had far less to fear than those who remained.
