

VI Международный конкурс молодых переводчиков



Институт экономики, управления и природопользования СФУ приглашает студентов, магистрантов, аспирантов российских и зарубежных вузов в возрасте до 30 лет принять участие в VI Международном конкурсе молодых переводчиков. Конкурс пройдёт в дистанционном режиме с 20 апреля по 30 июня 2015 года.

Задачами конкурса являются привлечение внимания к вопросам практического перевода и теории перевода, поощрение и поддержка молодёжи, ведущей практическую и исследовательскую [работу](#) в области переводоведения.

Девиз конкурса: «Traduco ergo sum».

Конкурс проходит по следующим языкам:

- [английский язык](#) (перевод на русский язык); — решения отправлять на почту klimovich7979@mail.ru
- [китайский язык](#) (перевод на русский язык); — на почту sokol_rus@hotmail.com
- [турецкий язык](#) (перевод на русский язык); — на почту mutlulukcik@rambler.ru
- [японский язык](#) (перевод на русский язык); — на почту krasjcc@gmail.com
- [немецкий язык](#) (перевод на русский язык); — на почту inna.maier@mail.ru
- [французский язык](#) (перевод на русский язык); — на почту mutlulukcik@rambler.ru
- [русский язык](#) для иностранных студентов (перевод с русского языка на родной язык). — на почту tvt2004@mail.ru

Конкурс проходит по двум номинациям:

- «Перевод художественного текста» (прозаического, поэтического);
- «Перевод публицистического текста».

Выполненные переводы текстов вместе с заявкой участника (содержится в положении конкурса) необходимо отправить **до 17:00 30 июня**. Результаты конкурса будут опубликованы на сайте СФУ.

- [Положение о конкурсе](#)

[Институт экономики, управления и природопользования СФУ, 17 апреля 2015 г.](#)

Английская проза

David Lodge

Changing Places. A Tale of Two Campuses.

By taking the non-stop polar flight to London, in preference to the two-stage journey via New York, Zapp reckons that he has reduced his chances of being caught in such an Armageddon by fifty per cent. But weighing against this comforting thought is the fact that he is travelling on a charter flight, and chartered aircraft (he has also read) are several times more likely to crash than planes on scheduled nights, being, he infers, machines long past their prime, bought as scrap from the big airlines by cheapjack operators and sold again and again to even cheaper jacks (this plane, for instance, belonged to a company called Orbis; the phoney Latin name inspired no confidence and he wouldn't mind betting that an ultra-violet photograph would reveal a palimpsest of fourteen different airline insignia under its fresh paint) flown by pilots long gone over the hill, alcoholics and schizoids, shaky-fingered victims of emergency landings, ice-storms and hijackings by crazy Arabs and homesick Cubans wielding sticks of dynamite and dime-store pistols. Furthermore, this is his first flight over water (yes, Morris Zapp has never before left the protection of the North American landmass, a proud record unique among the faculty of his university) and he cannot swim. The unfamiliar ritual of instruction, at the commencement of the flight, in the use of inflatable lifejackets, unsettled him. That canvas and rubber contraption was a fetishist's dream, but he had as much chance of getting into it in an emergency as into the girdle of the hostess giving the demonstration. Furthermore, exploratory gropings failed to locate a lifejacket where it was supposed to be, under his seat. Only his reluctance to strike an undignified pose before a blonde with outsize spectacles in the next seat had dissuaded him from getting down on hands and knees to make a thorough check. He contented himself with allowing his long, gorillalike arms to hang loosely over the edge of his seat, fingers brushing the underside unobtrusively in the style used for parking gum or nosepickings. Once, at full stretch, he found something that felt promising, but it proved to be one of his neighbour's legs, and was indignantly withdrawn. He turned towards her, not to apologize (Morris Zapp never apologized) but to give her the famous Zapp Stare, guaranteed to stop any human creature, from University Presidents to Black Panthers, dead in his tracks at a range of twenty yards, only to be confronted with an impenetrable curtain of blonde hair.

Eventually he abandons the quest for the lifejacket, reflecting that the sea under his ass at the moment is frozen solid anyway, not that that is a reassuring thought. No, this is not the happiest of flights for Morris J. Zapp ('Jehovah', he would murmur out of the side of his mouth to girls who inquired about his middle name, it never failed; all women longed to be screwed by a god, it was the source of all religion - 'Just look at the myths, Leda and the Swan, Isis and Osiris, Mary and the Holy Ghost* - thus spake Zapp in his graduate seminar, pinning a brace of restive nuns to their seats with the Stare). There is something funny, he tells himself, about this plane - not just the implausible Latin name of the airline, the missing lifejacket, the billions of tons of ice underneath him and the minuscule cube melting in the bourbon before him - something else there is, something he hasn't figured out yet. While Morris Zapp is working on this problem, we shall take time out to explain something of the circumstances that have brought him and Philip Swallow into the polar skies at the same indeterminate (for everybody's watch is wrong by now) hour.

Between the State University of Euphoria (colloquially known as Euphoric State) and the University of Rummidge, there has long existed a scheme for the exchange of visiting teachers in the second half of each academic year. How two universities so different in character and so widely separated in space should be linked in this way is simply explained. It happened that the architects of both campuses independently hit upon the same idea for the chief feature of their designs, namely, a replica of the leaning Tower of Pisa, built of white stone and twice the original size at Euphoric State and of red brick and to scale at Rummidge, but restored to the perpendicular in both instances. The exchange scheme was set up to mark this coincidence.

Under the original agreement, each visitor drew the salary to which he was entitled by rank and seniority on the scale of the host institution, but as no American could survive for more than a few days

on the monthly stipend paid by Rummidge, Euphoric State made up the difference for its own faculty, while paying its British visitors a salary beyond their wildest dreams and bestowing upon them indiscriminately the title of Visiting Professor. It was not only in these terms that the arrangement tended to favour the British participants. Euphoria, that small but populous state on the Western seaboard of America, situated between Northern and Southern California, with its mountains, lakes and rivers, its redwood forests, its blond beaches and its incomparable Bay, across which the State University at Plotinus faces the glittering, glamorous city of Esseph - Euphoria is considered by many cosmopolitan experts to be one of the most agreeable environments in the world. Not even its City Fathers would claim as much for Rummidge, a large, graceless industrial city sprawled over the English Midlands at the intersection of three motorways, twenty-six railway lines and half-a-dozen stagnant canals.

Then again, Euphoric State had, by a ruthless exploitation of its wealth, built itself up into one of America's major universities, buying the most distinguished scholars it could find and retaining their loyalty by the lavish provision of laboratories, libraries, research grants and handsome, longlegged secretaries. By this year of 1969, Euphoric State had perhaps reached its peak as a centre of learning, and was already in the process of decline - due partly to the accelerating tempo of disruption by student militants, and partly to the counter-pressures exerted by the right-wing Governor of the State, Ronald Duck, a former movie-actor. But such was the quality of the university's senior staff, and the magnitude of its accumulated resources, that it would be many years before its standing was seriously undermined. Euphoric State, in short, was still a name to conjure with in Jie senior common rooms of the world. Rummidge, on the other hand, had never been an institution of more than middling size and reputation, and it had lately suffered the mortifying fate of most English universities of its type (civic redbrick): having competed strenuously for fifty years with two universities chiefly valued for being old, it was, at the moment of drawing level, rudely overtaken in popularity and prestige by a batch of universities chiefly valued for being new. Its mood was therefore disgruntled and discouraged, rather as would be the mood of the middle class in a society that had never had a bourgeois revolution, but had passed directly from aristocratic to proletarian control.

Английская поэзия

Facts about Things

Things are tired.

Things like to lie down.

Things are happiest when,

For no reason, they collapse.

That French plastic bottle, still half-full,

That soft-back book, just leaning on

Another book, drowsily:

Soon they will want to go outside,

Soon you will find them in the grass

With the empty bleaching cans and that part

Of an estate agent's sign

That's covered in a fine grime like mascara.

That plastic bag you've folded up

Feels constrained by you and wants

To hang from bushes, looking like

A spirit, sprawled and thumbing a lift.

Things are bums, tramps, transitories:

They prefer it when it's raining.

Lightbulbs like to lie in that same

Long, uncut, casual grass

And watch the funnel effect: the way

On looking up the rain all seems

To bend towards you,

The way the rain seems to like you.

Things which do not decay

Like it best in shrubbery, they like

To be partly buried.

They like the coolness of the grass.

Most of all, they like it

When it rains.

W. N. Herbert

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