

**УРАЛЬСКИЙ ФЕДЕРАЛЬНЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ ИМ. ПЕРВОГО ПРЕЗИДЕНТА РОССИИ
Б.Н. ЕЛЬЦИНА
ИНСТИТУТ ФУНДАМЕНТАЛЬНОГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ
КАФЕДРА ИНОСТРАННЫХ ЯЗЫКОВ И ПЕРЕВОДА**

при поддержке Свердловского регионального отделения Союза Переводчиков РФ, Генерального консульства Соединенных Штатов Америки в г. Екатеринбурге, Генерального консульства Германии в г. Екатеринбурге, Германской службы академических обменов DAAD, Комитета Общества им. Данте Алигьери (г. Екатеринбург), Свердловской областной универсальной научной библиотеки им. В.Г. Белинского, Библиотечного Центра "Екатеринбург", Библиотечного Информационного Центра "Урал"

приглашает школьников, студентов и молодых переводчиков принять участие в

XV Международном Молодежном конкурсе перевода Littera Scripta

Конкурс проводится по следующим номинациям:

- Художественная проза;
- Публицистика;
- Поэзия (только английский язык).

Рабочие языки конкурса: английский, немецкий, французский, итальянский, японский.

Материалы конкурса будут выложены на форуме сайта <http://lingvu.ru/forum/> (раздел "Littera Scripta – 2016") **1 февраля 2016 г.**

Работы представляются в оргкомитет **до 28 февраля 2016 г.** включительно.

Подведение итогов – **29 апреля 2016 г.**

Форма представления конкурсных переводов:

- межстрочный интервал – 1,0; шрифт 12 Times New Roman; текстовый редактор – Word 2003; выравнивание по ширине;
- в левом верхнем углу первой страницы: фамилия, имя автора, место учебы (работы) с указанием курса и кафедры, город, контактный телефон, e-mail;
- Просим называть файл с текстом конкурсной работы по фамилии автора с указанием номинации и языка перевода и расширением имени файла .doc (например, Иванова_публицистика_англ.doc)

Конкурсные работы принимаются по электронному адресу konkurs_perevod@mail.ru

Проблемы перевода конкурсных заданий приглашаем обсудить на форуме <http://lingvu.ru/forum/>, где также можно найти ответы на часто задаваемые вопросы – в разделе "FAQ-2016 ОБЯЗАТЕЛЬНО К ПРОЧТЕНИЮ!!!!!"

Будем рады ответить на Ваши вопросы по электронной почте e-m.bozhko@yandex.ru, Божко Екатерина Михайловна.

КОНКУРСНЫЕ РАБОТЫ НЕ РЕЦЕНЗИРУЮТСЯ И НЕ ВОЗВРАЩАЮТСЯ

ЖЮРИ ОСТАВЛЯЕТ ЗА СОБОЙ ПРАВО СНИМАТЬ С КОНКУРСА РАБОТЫ, НЕ ОТВЕЧАЮЩИЕ ТРЕБОВАНИЯМ К ОФОРМЛЕНИЮ, А ТАКЖЕ РАБОТЫ, ПОДАННЫЕ В НАРУШЕНИЕ ЗАКОНА ОБ ИНТЕЛЛЕКТУАЛЬНОЙ СОБСТВЕННОСТИ

**ВНИМАНИЕ! В ЗАВИСИМОСТИ ОТ КОЛИЧЕСТВА РАБОТ, ПОДАНЫХ НА КОНКУРС,
ЖЮРИ ОСТАВЛЯЕТ ЗА СОБОЙ ПРАВО ПЕРЕНОСИТЬ СРОКИ ПОДВЕДЕНИЯ
ИТОГОВ!**

Поэзия:

Breakfast at Tiffany's

*There are only diamonds in the whole world,
diamonds and perhaps the shabby gift of disillusion.*

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Holly Golightly haunts the streets of New York.
Look into the distance. The girl is gone,
and each diamond is simply a star in the dark

that she followed far from the well-worn track.
Now the stars are her jewels, the night, her gown.
Holly Golightly haunts the streets of New York.

Her reflection was elegant, slender and stark.
She toasted each dawn by strolling downtown
to the diamonds that spilled like tears from the dark.

Her moon river still leaps like a cat over rocks,
her small voice floating its singular tune.
Holly Golightly haunts the streets of New York

Slipping on shades to mimic the black
for she knew that the party would be over too soon
and that diamonds are lovely tricks of the dark

In each life, that solitary walk
into a distance that is ours alone.
Holly Golightly haunts the streets of New York,
And each diamond? Just a diamond, lost in the dark.

Tracey Herd

From ***Dead Redhead (Newcastle: Bloodaxe, 2001)***

Публицистика:

When the littlest things are really the biggest things

By Beverly Beckham

My husband insists I shouldn't have been kick-boxing with women 20, well, actually 30, years younger than I am. But it wasn't real kick-boxing, It was kick-boxing light, and I did it only once and only for a half-hour and it was fun and didn't hurt at all.

Until I was walking to my car. That's when age, old bones, maybe even the fates, caught up with me.

It's funny about body parts. We're made up of flesh and blood and muscles and cartilage and appendages that stick out of us like twigs on a stick figure. But mostly we go on our merry way unaware of our vulnerability, unimpressed that the knee bone's connected to the thigh bone and the toe bone's connected to the foot bone until we stub a toe or hurt a knee. And then it's like waking up a sleeping infant, all that sweet, lovely, predictable stillness gone in an instant, replaced by a shrieking, wailing, very needy alien.

I never in my life paid attention to the space behind my left knee — it was just there like the space behind my right knee — until I felt a hitch, a kink, something I thought would work itself out. But it didn't. In a matter of days, it went from annoying to painful and I went from running around, faster than a speeding bullet, to stopped dead in my tracks.

Kick-boxing apparently was my kryptonite.

Ten weeks later the baby's asleep again. The knee is back to what it was. But I am not. And I don't want to be.

I used to have a friend who had ALS. I used to visit him at New England Sinai Hospital where he lived attached to a ventilator. When he was alive, I didn't take walking or talking or breathing or eating for granted. I learned from Sal not to be annoyed by the long lines at Shaw's but to be grateful that I was physically able to wait in them. I constantly noticed the grace of the human body, all the things it can do and does: bend, skip, press a button, shake a hand. I savored every meal, every food choice, the bounty, because Sal said he missed eating most of all.

But time tempered these lessons. When you can drive yourself places, when you can run to catch a train, when you can hurry across a street, when you can walk from one end of Costco to the other, when all your body parts are working perfectly, when you can hear and see and breathe and feel and swallow, you forget the miracle that all these things are.

Before I tried kick-boxing, I was on a four-month gym spree, heading out every morning, working out, feeling better than I've ever felt. Feeling maybe even a little bit bulletproof.

And then I hurt my leg.

And it slowed me down. And in those weeks of limping and grimacing, I regained an appreciation for people who hurt every day, but who get dressed and go out anyway.

Sal went out. It took a village, plus a van driver and hours of preparation. I have a picture of him all bundled up in his reclining wheelchair caught in a downpour at St. Peter's Fiesta in Gloucester. He is cold and he is soaked to the skin. But he is beaming.

I watched an elderly man cross the street the other day. He was stooped and bent over his walker, and his steps were slow. But there he was. On his way to the post office.

Crossing a street. Breathing fresh air. Holding a cup of coffee. The littlest things are really the biggest things.

Проза:

From 'Aokigahara' by Jennifer Down

We pulled in to a carpark. We'd arrived suddenly. I hadn't been looking for signs. Mr. Ukai sat for a moment after he cut the ignition, looking at something I couldn't see in the rear-view mirror. I thought he was going to ask me if I was ready, but he just reached into the back seat for his plastic water canteen.

From the car boot he took out a smaller women's rain jacket and handed it to me. He retrieved a backpack, a torch, and a length of fluorescent-yellow nylon cord, neatly coiled. That nearly brought me to my knees. I had a bad feeling in the guts. It smelled like new earth out here, petrichor; like bright air. I tried to think about that instead of the nylon cord.

Mr. Ukai shut the boot gently. He slung the backpack over his shoulder, and his waterproof jacket gave out a rustle.

'Ja, ikōka?'

We started toward the entrance. The leaves were wet underfoot.

'People say it's a mystical place, they say, nanka, many kind of thing, but it's just a forest,' he said. 'The mystery is why are so many people sad.'

It struck me as a distinctly un-Japanese thing to say. The woods were darker than I'd imagined. It was all electric green moss and untamed tree roots crawling over the forest floor. It felt prehistoric. We came to a length of yellow rope stretched across the path. There was a sign that said No Entry. Mr. Ukai stepped right over it, then held it down so I could do the same.

'I think it is best, from here, if I walk first,' he said. He inclined his head. I nodded.

'Of course.'

'Cammy-san. If the experience becomes too heavy, nanka, tsurai – we will go back to my car. Please do not be troubled. Do – not – hesitate.'

He pronounced my name kami, like 'god'. I nodded again. I had my thumbs looped through the straps of my backpack. I felt like a child on an excursion.

We fell into step single file, me behind him. I wondered what he'd meant, exactly, with his polite, broken English. There was such a chasm between us. I thought about Eri saying 'I can't go with you'.

I kept my eyes fixed on Mr. Ukai's back, or on my own running shoes, caked with wet leaves. When he started humming to himself, I thought it must be safe to look up. There was tape everywhere, strung between trees. Some of the trunks had numbers spray-painted on them. Mr. Ukai stepped off the main trail onto a smaller one. He looked back at me. He said, daijōbu? and I said daijōbu. I could feel sweat cooling on my neck.

It had been weeks before the funeral took place. There were complications bringing Tommy's body back. For a while the Japanese seemed to think there should be an autopsy, and that they should be the ones to undertake it, but that faded. I took half a valium before the service and another after I'd read my eulogy.

There was no word for closure in Japanese. I'd looked it up online in my hotel room the other night.

Mr. Ukai had stopped humming. He was walking respectfully, if that were possible. Everything he did was gentle. He surveyed the forest calmly. His eyes went everywhere. I flinched at it.

There was human detritus everywhere. Plastic umbrellas, food wrappers, mittens, lengths of rope, a bicycle, a pair of scissors, a blue tarpaulin. The trees were so thick overhead, I wondered how they let any light through. I could see why Tommy would have loved it here.

Mr. Ukai paused. He waited until I was beside him, then he pointed at the base of a tree a little way off the path. There was a marker at its base. Someone had left a bouquet of flowers, pink cellophane, and a tiny banquet of food, laid out on a piece of cloth.

'It is recent,' Mr. Ukai said. 'Maybe someone else is making our same journey today.'