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Оценочные материалы для промежуточной аттестации по дисциплине

Практика художественного перевода (английский язык) Семестр 8

Код, направление подготовки	45.03.02 Лингвистика
Направленность (профиль)	Перевод и переводоведение
Форма обучения	очная
Кафедра-разработчик	лингвистики и переводоведения
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ТИПОВЫЕ ЗАДАНИЯ для контрольных работ

Тема 1. Предпереводческий анализ художественного текста

Образец алгоритма предпереводческого анализа:

1. Сбор внешних сведений о тексте.

Это автор текста, время создания и публикации произведения. Все эти внешние сведения сразу много скажут нам о том, что можно и чего нельзя допускать в переводе. Например, если текст — прошлого века, при переводе необходимо отдавать предпочтение устаревающим словам и структурам.

2. Кто — кому?

Очень важно определить, кем текст порожден и для кого предназначен. Например, если текст предназначен детям, в нем необходимо сохранить простой синтаксис, доступный детям подбор слов, яркую образность.

3. Состав информации

В художественных текстах доминирует эстетическая информация, и переводить их необходимо на уровне текста, учитывая индивидуальный стиль автора и его чувство прекрасного.

4. Коммуникативное задание текста

Может звучать по-разному: сообщить важные новые сведения; убедить в своей правоте; наладить контакт и т. д.

5. Речевой жанр (функциональный стиль)

Зная стилевые особенности текста, переводчик может легко выбрать те моменты, на которые следует обратить активное внимание (например, повторы, клише, эмоционально окрашенную лексику).

Последовательность действий:

1. Охарактеризуйте источник текста и определите: (потенциального реципиента; тип текста, его жанровую принадлежность; тему; проблемы, затронутые в тексте; композиционную структуру текста.)

2. Определите, есть ли в тексте: термины, реалии, клише, тематически ориентированная лексика, стилистически маркированная лексика.
3. Предложите варианты передачи реалий, клише, тематически ориентированной лексики и стилистически маркированной лексики из задания.
4. Сделайте черновой текст перевода для дальнейшей работы.

Практическое задание

Выполните предпереводческий анализ фрагмента из художественного текста

THE door opened and Michael Gosselyn looked up. Julia came in.

"Hulloa! I won't keep you a minute. I was just signing some letters."

"No hurry. I only came to see what seats had been sent to the Dennorants. What's that young man doing here?"

With the experienced actress's instinct to fit the gesture to the word, by a movement of her neat head she indicated the room through which she had just passed.

"He's the accountant. He comes from Lawrence and Hamphreys. He's been here three days."

"He looks very young."

"He's an artiled clerk*. He seems to know his job. He can't get over the way our accounts are kept. He told me he never expected a theatre to be run on such businesslike lines. He says the way some of those firms in the city keep their accounts is enough to turn your hair grey."

Julia smiled at the complacency* on her husband's handsome face.

"He's a young man of tact."

"He finishes today. I thought we might take him back with us and give him a spot of lunch. He's quite a gentleman."

"Is that a sufficient reason to ask him to lunch?" Michael did not notice the faint irony of her tone. "I won't ask him if you don't want him. I merely thought it would be a treat for him. He admires you tremendously. He's been to see the play three times. He's crazy to be introduced to you."

Michael touched a button and in a moment his secretary came in.

"Here are the letters, Margery. What appointments have I got for this afternoon?"

Julia with half an ear listened to the list Margery read out and, though she knew the room so well, idly looked about her. It was a very proper room for the manager of a first-class theatre. The walls had been panelled (at cost price) by a good decorator and on them hung engravings of theatrical pictures by Zoffany and de Wilde. The armchairs were large and comfortable. Michael sat in a heavily carved Chippendale* chair, a reproduction but made by a well-known firm, and his Chippendale table, with heavy ball and claw feet, was immensely solid. On it stood in a massive silver frame a photograph of herself and to balance it a photograph of Roger, their son. Between these was a magnificent silver ink-stand that she had herself given him on one of his birthdays and behind it a rack in red morocco, heavily gilt, in which he kept his private paper in case he wanted to write a letter in his own hand. The paper bore the address, Siddons Theatre, and the envelope his crest, a boar's head with the motto underneath: *Nemo me impune lacessit*. A bunch of yellow tulips in a silver bowl, which he had got through winning the theatrical golf tournament three times running, showed Margery's care. Julia gave her a reflective glance. Notwithstanding* her cropped peroxide hair and her heavily-painted lips she had the neutral look that marks the perfect secretary. She had been with Michael for five years. In that time she must have got to know him inside and out. Julia wondered if she could be such a fool as to be in love with him.

But Michael rose from his chair.

"Now, darling, I'm ready for you."

Margery gave him his black Homburg hat and opened the door for Julia and Michael to go out. As they entered the office the young man Julia had noticed turned round and stood up.

"I should like to introduce you to Miss Lambert," said Michael. Then with the air of an ambassador presenting an attache to the sovereign of the court to which he is accredited: "This is the gentleman who is

good enough to put some order into the mess we make of our accounts."

The young man went scarlet. He smiled stiffly in answer to Julia's warm, ready smile and she felt the palm of his hand wet with sweat when she cordially* grasped it. His confusion was touching. That was how people had felt when they were presented to Sarah Siddons. She thought that she had not been very gracious to Michael when he had proposed asking the boy to luncheon. She looked straight into his eyes. Her own were large, of a very dark brown, and starry. It was no effort to her, it was as instinctive as brushing away a fly that was buzzing round her, to suggest now a faintly amused, friendly tenderness.

"I wonder if we could persuade you to come and eat a chop with us. Michael will drive you back after lunch."

The young man blushed again and his adam's apple moved in his thin neck.

"It's awfully kind of you." He gave his clothes a troubled look. "I'm absolutely filthy."

"You can have a wash and brush up when we get home."

(Extract from "Theatre" by William Somerset Maugham)

Тема 2. Анализ художественных переводных текстов.

Практическое задание

Проанализируйте, с какими трудностями столкнулся переводчик Р.Райт Ковалёва при переводе произведения Джерома Сэлинджера «Над пропастью во ржи» (*The Catcher in the Rye*). Определите степень и уровень эквивалентности перевода. Какие приёмы перевода при этом используются?

<p>Some things are hard to remember. I'm thinking now of when Stradlater got back from his date with Jane. I mean I can't remember exactly what I was doing when I heard his goddam stupid footsteps coming down the corridor. I probably was still looking out the window, but I swear I can't remember. I was so damn worried, that's why.</p>	<p>Бывает, что нипочем не можешь вспомнить, как это было. Я все думаю - когда же Стрэдлейтер вернулся со свидания с Джейн? Понимаете, я никак не вспомню, что я делал, когда вдруг услышал его шаги в коридоре, наглые, громкие. Наверно, я все еще смотрел в окно, но вспомнить точно не могу, хоть убей. Ужасно я волновался, потому и не могу вспомнить, как было.</p>
<p>When I really worry about something, I don't just fool around. I even have to go to the bathroom when I worry about something. Only, I don't go. I'm too worried to go. I don't want to interrupt my worrying to go. If you knew Stradlater, you'd have been worried, too. I'd double-dated with that bastard a couple of times, and I know what I'm talking about. He was unscrupulous. He really was.</p>	<p>А уж если я волнуюсь, так это не притворство. Мне даже хочется в уборную, когда я волнуюсь. Но я не иду. Волнуюсь, оттого и не иду. Если бы вы знали Стрэдлейтера, вы бы тоже волновались. Я раза два ходил вместе с этим подлецом на свидания. Я знаю, про что говорю. У него совести нет ни капли, ей-богу, нет.</p>
<p>Anyway, the corridor was all linoleum and all, and you could hear his goddam footsteps coming right towards the room. I don't even remember where I was sitting when he came in—at the window, or in my chair or his. I swear I can't remember. He came in griping about how cold it was out. Then he said, "Where the hell is everybody? It's like a goddam</p>	<p>А в коридоре у нас - сплошной линолеум, так что издали было слышно, как он, мерзавец, подходит к нашей комнате. Я даже не помню, где я сидел, когда он вошел, - в своем кресле, или у окна, или в его кресле. Честное слово, не могу вспомнить. Он вошел и сразу стал жаловаться, какой холод. Потом спрашивает: - Куда к черту все пропали? Ни живой души -</p>

<p>morgue around here.”</p>	<p>форменный морг.</p>
<p>I didn't even bother to answer him. If he was so goddam stupid not to realize it was Saturday night and everybody was out or asleep or home for the week end, I wasn't going to break my neck telling him. He started getting undressed. He didn't say one goddam word about Jane. Not one. Neither did I. I just watched him. All he did was thank me for letting him wear my hound's-tooth. He hung it up on a hanger and put it in the closet.</p> <p>Then when he was taking off his tie, he asked me if I'd written his goddam composition for him. I told him it was over on his goddam bed. He walked over and read it while he was unbuttoning his shirt. He stood there, reading it, and sort of stroking his bare chest and stomach, with this very stupid expression on his face.</p>	<p>Я ему и не подумал отвечать. Если он, болван, не понимает, что в субботу вечером все ушли, или спят, или уехали к родным, чего ради мне лезть вон из кожи объяснять ему. Он стал раздеваться. А про Джейн - ни слова. Ни единого словечка. И я молчу. Только смотрю на него. Правда, он меня поблагодарил за куртку. Надел ее на плечики и повесил в шкаф.</p> <p>А когда он развязывал галстук, спросил меня, написал ли я за него это дурацкое сочинение. Я сказал, что вон оно, на его собственной кровати. Он подошел и стал читать, пока расстегивал рубаху. Стоит читает, а сам гладит себя по голой груди с самым идиотским выражением лица.</p>
<p>He was always stroking his stomach or his chest. He was mad about himself.</p> <p>All of a sudden, he said, “For Chrissake, Holden. This is about a goddam baseball glove.” “So what?” I said. Cold as hell.</p>	<p>Вечно он гладил себя то по груди, то по животу. Он себя просто обожал.</p> <p>И вдруг говорит: - Что за чертовщина, Холден? Тут про какую-то дурацкую рукавицу! - Ну так что же? - спрашиваю я. Ледяным голосом.</p>
<p>“Wuddaya mean so what? I told ya it had to be about a goddam room or a house or something.” “You said it had to be descriptive. What the hell's the difference if it's about a baseball glove?”</p>	<p>- То есть как это - что же? Я же тебе говорил, надо описать комнату или дом, балда! - Ты сказал, нужно какое-нибудь описание. Не все ли равно, что описывать - рукавицу или еще что?</p>
<p>“God damn it.” He was sore as hell. He was really furious. “You always do everything backasswards.” He looked at me. “No wonder you're flunking the hell out of here,” he said. “You don't do one damn thing the way you're supposed to. I mean it. Not one damn thing.”</p>	<p>- Эх, черт бы тебя подрал! - Он разозлился не на шутку. Просто рассвирепел. - Все ты делаешь через ж... кувырком. - Тут он посмотрел на меня. - Ничего удивительного, что тебя отсюда выкинули, - говорит. - Никогда ты ничего не сделаешь по-человечески. Никогда! Понял?</p>
<p>“All right, give it back to me, then,” I said. I went over and pulled it right out of his goddam hand. Then I tore it up. “What the hellja do that for?” he said. I didn't even answer him. I just threw the pieces in the wastebasket.</p>	<p>- Ладно, ладно, отдай листок! - говорю. Подошел, выхватил у него этот треклятый листок, взял и разорвал. - Что за черт? - говорит. - Зачем ты разорвал? Я ему даже не ответил. Бросил клочки в корзинку, и все.</p>
<p>Then I lay down on my bed, and we both didn't say</p>	<p>Потом лег на кровать, и мы оба долго молчали. Он</p>

<p>anything for a long time. He got all undressed, down to his shorts, and I lay on my bed and lit a cigarette. You weren't allowed to smoke in the dorm, but you could do it late at night when everybody was asleep or out and nobody could smell the smoke. Besides, I did it to annoy Stradlater. It drove him crazy when you broke any rules. He never smoked in the dorm. It was only me. He still didn't say one single solitary word about Jane. So finally I said,</p>	<p>разделся, остался в трусах, а я закурил, лежа на кровати. Курить в спальнях не полагается, но поздно вечером, когда одни спят, а другие ушли, никто не заметит, что пахнет дымом. И потом мне хотелось позлить Стрэдлейтера. Он из себя выходил, когда нарушали правила. Сам он никогда в спальне не курил. А я курил. Так он и не сказал ни единого словечка про Джейн, ничего. Тогда я сам заговорил:</p>
<p>“You're back pretty goddam late if she only signed out for nine-thirty. Did you make her be late signing in?” He was sitting on the edge of his bed, cutting his goddam toenails, when I asked him that. “Coupla minutes,” he said. “Who the hell signs out for nine-thirty on a Saturday night?”</p>	<p>- Поздно же ты явился, черт побери, если ее отпустили только до девяти тридцати. Она из-за тебя не опоздала, вернулась вовремя? Он сидел на краю своей койки и стриг ногти на ногах, когда я с ним заговорил. - Самую малость опоздала, - говорит. - А какого черта ей было отпрашиваться только до половины десятого, да еще в субботу?</p>
<p>God, how I hated him. “Did you go to New York?” I said. “Ya crazy? How the hell could we go to New York if she only signed out for nine-thirty?” “That's tough.”</p>	<p>О господи, как я его ненавидел в эту минуту! - В Нью-Йорк ездили? - спрашиваю. - Ты спятил? Как мы могли попасть в Нью-Йорк, если она отпросилась только до половины десятого? - Жаль, жаль! - сказал я.</p>
<p>He looked up at me. “Listen,” he said, “if you're gonna smoke in the room, how 'bout going down to the can and do it? You may be getting the hell out of here, but I have to stick around long enough to graduate.” I ignored him. I really did. I went right on smoking like a madman. All I did was sort of turn over on my side and watched him cut his damn toenails. What a school. You were always watching somebody cut their damn toenails or squeeze their pimples or something.</p>	<p>Он посмотрел на меня. - Слушай, если тебе хочется курить, шел бы ты в уборную. Ты-то отсюда выметаешься, а мне торчать в школе, пока не окончу. Я на него даже внимания не обратил, будто его и нет. Курю как сумасшедший, и все. Только повернулся на бок и смотрю, как он стрижет свои подлые ногти. Да, ничего себе школа! Вечно при тебе то прыщи давят, то ногти на ногах стригут.</p>

Тема 3. Сопоставительный анализ переводов текстов художественной литературы.

Практическое задание

Сравните переводы отрывка из рассказа Р.Брэдбери, выполненные разными переводчиками. Какой перевод вам представляется более **адекватным** и почему?

DARK THEY WERE, AND GOLDEN-EYED

By Ray Bradbury

The rocket metal cooled in the meadow winds. Its lid gave a bulging pop. From its clock interior stepped a man, a woman, and three children. The other passengers whispered away across the Martian meadow, leaving the man alone among his family.

The man felt his hair flutter and the tissues of his body draw tight as if he were standing at the center of a vacuum. His wife, before him, seemed almost to whirl away in smoke. The children, small seeds, might at any instant be sown to all the Martian climes. The children looked up at him, as people look to the sun to tell time of their life it is. His face was cold.

«What's wrong?» asked his wife.

«Let's get back on the rocket.»

«Go back to Earth?»

«Yes! Listen!»

The wind blew as if to flake away their identities. At any moment the Martian air might draw his soul from him, as marrow comes from a white bone. He felt submerged in a chemical that could dissolve his intellect and bum away his past.

They looked at Martian hills that time had worn with a pressure of years. They saw the old cities, lost in their meadows, lying like children's delicate bones among the blowing lakes of dress.

«Chin up, Harry,» said his wife. «It's too late. We've come **over** million miles.»

The children with their yellow hair hollered at the deep dome of Martian sky. There was no answer but the racing hiss of wind through the stiff grass.

He picked up the luggage in his cold hands. «Here we go,» hi said — a man standing on the edge of a sea, ready to wade in and be drowned.

They walked into town.

1. БЫЛИ ОНИ СМУГЛЫЕ И ЗОЛОТОГЛАЗЫЕ

Перевод Н. Галь

Ракета остывала, обдуваемая ветром с лугов. Щелкнула и распахнулась дверца. Из люка выступили мужчина, женщина и трое детей. Другие пассажиры уже уходили, перешептываясь, по марсианскому лугу, и этот человек остался один со своей семьей.

Волосы его трепетали на ветру, каждая клеточка в теле напряглась, чувство было такое, словно он очутился под колпаком, откуда выкачивают воздух. Жена стояла на шаг впереди, и ему казалось — сейчас она улетит, рассеется как дым. И детей — пушинки одуванчика — вот-вот разнесет ветрами во все Марса.

ли головы и посмотрели на него — так смотрят люди на солнце, чтоб определить, что за пора настала в их ни. Лицо его застыло.

не так? — спросила жена.

— Ты хочешь вернуться на Землю?

— Да. Слушай!

Дул ветер, будто хотел развеять их в пыль. Кажется, миг — и воздух Марса высосет его душу, как высасывают мозг из кости. Он словно погрузился в какой-то химический состав. в котором растворяется разум и сгорает прошлое.

Они смотрели на невысокие марсианские горы, придавленными тяжестью тысячелетий. Смотрели на древние города, затерянные в лугах, будто хрупкие детские косточки, в зыбких озерах трав.

— Выше голову, Гарри,- сказала жена.- Отступить шестьдесят с лишком миллионов миль.

дети громко закричали, словно бросая марсианскому небу. Но отклика не было, только быстрый ветер свистел в жесткой траве.

Похолодевшими руками человек подхватил чемоданы.

- Пошли.

Он сказал это так, как будто стоял на берегу — и надо было в море и утонуть. Они вступили в город.

2. ОНИ БЫЛИ СМУГЛЫЕ И ЗОЛОТОГЛАЗЫЕ

Перевод З.Бобырь

Ветер с полей обдувал дымящийся металл ракеты. Глухо 5, открылась дверь. Первым вышел мужчина, потом 1а с тремя детьми, за ними остальные. Все пошли через марсианские луга к недавно построенному поселку, но мужчина с семьей остался один.

Ветер шевелил ему волосы, тело напрягалось, словно еще погруженное в безмерность пустоты. Жена стояла рядом; ее била дрожь. Дети, как маленькие семена, должны были вращаться отныне в почву Марса.

Дети смотрели снизу вверх в лицо отца, как смотрят на солнце, чтобы узнать, какая пора жизни пришла. Лицо было холодным, суровым.

— Что с тобой? — спросила жена.

— Вернемся в ракету.

— И на Землю?

— Да. Ты слышишь?

ветер дул, не переставая. Что, если марсианский высосет у них душу, как мозг из костей? Мужчина чувствовал себя погруженным в какую-то жидкость, могущую растворить его разум и выжечь воспоминания. Он взглянул на сглаженные неумолимой рукой времени, на развалины затерявшиеся в море травы.

— Смелее Гарри,—отозвалась его жена. — Уже слишком поздно. За нами лежит шестьдесят пять миллионов миль, если не больше.

Светловолосые дети разногласно щебетали под сводом марсианского неба. Им отвечали свист и шипение ветра в жесткой траве. Мужчина схватился за чемоданы.

— Идем, — произнес он, как человек, стоящий на берегу моря и готовый плыть и утонуть.

Они двинулись к поселку.

Тема 4. Практика перевода художественного текста с английского на русский язык.

Практическое задание

Переведите фрагмент художественного текста на русский язык, соблюдая нормы лексической эквивалентности, грамматические, синтаксические и стилистические нормы русского языка..

Robert Langdon awoke slowly. A telephone was ringing in the darkness—a tinny, unfamiliar ring. He fumbled for the bedside lamp and turned it on. Squinting at his surroundings he saw a plush Renaissance bedroom with Louis XVI furniture, hand-frescoed walls, and a colossal mahogany four-poster bed. Where the hell am I? The jacquard bathrobe hanging on his bedpost bore the monogram: Hotel Ritz Paris Slowly, the fog began to lift. Langdon picked up the receiver. “Hello?” “Monsieur Langdon?” a man’s voice said. “I hope I have not awoken you?” Dazed, Langdon looked at the bedside clock. It was 12:32 A.M. He had been asleep only an hour, but he felt like the dead.

“This is the concierge, monsieur. I apologize for this intrusion, but you have a visitor. He insists it is urgent.” Langdon still felt fuzzy. A visitor? His eyes focused now on a crumpled flyer on his bedside table. The American University of Paris proudly presents An Evening with Robert Langdon Professor of Religious Symbology, Harvard University Langdon groaned. Tonight’s lecture—a slide show about pagan symbolism hidden in the stones of Chartres Cathedral—had probably ruffled some conservative feathers in the audience. Most likely, some religious scholar had trailed him home to pick a fight. “I’m sorry,” Langdon said, “but I’m very tired and—”

“Mais, monsieur,” the concierge pressed, lowering his voice to an urgent whisper. “Your guest is an important man.” Langdon had little doubt. His books on religious paintings and cult symbology had made him a reluctant celebrity in the art world, and last year Langdon’s visibility had increased a hundredfold after his involvement in a widely publicized incident at the Vatican. Since then, the stream of self-important historians and art buffs arriving at his door had seemed never-ending. “If you would be so kind,” Langdon said, doing his best to remain polite, “could you take the man’s name and number, and tell him I’ll try to call him before I leave Paris on Tuesday? Thank you.” He hung up before the concierge could protest. Sitting up now, Langdon frowned at his bedside Guest Relations Handbook, whose cover boasted: Sleep Like a Baby in the City of Lights. Slumber at the Paris Ritz . He turned and gazed tiredly into the full-length mirror across the room. The man staring back at him was a stranger—tousled and weary. You need a vacation, Robert. The past year had taken a heavy toll on him, but he didn’t appreciate seeing proof in the mirror. His usually sharp blue eyes looked hazy and drawn tonight. A dark stubble was shrouding his strong jaw and dimpled chin. Around his temples, the gray highlights were advancing, making their way deeper into his thicket of coarse black hair.

Although his female colleagues insisted the gray only accentuated his bookish appeal, Langdon knew better. If Boston Magazine could see me now. Last month, much to Langdon's embarrassment, Boston Magazine had listed him as one of that city's top ten most intriguing people—a dubious honor that made him the brunt of endless ribbing by his Harvard colleagues. Tonight, three thousand miles from home, the accolade had resurfaced to haunt him at the lecture he had given. “Ladies and gentlemen . . .” the hostess had announced to a full house at the American University of Paris's Pavilion Dauphine, “Our guest tonight needs no introduction. He is the author of numerous books: *The Symbology of Secret Sects*, *The Art of the Illuminati*, *The Lost Language of Ideograms*, and when I say he wrote the book on Religious Iconology, I mean that quite literally. Many of you use his textbooks in class.” The students in the crowd nodded enthusiastically. “I had planned to introduce him tonight by sharing his impressive curriculum vitae. However . . .” She glanced playfully at Langdon, who was seated onstage. “An audience member has just handed me a far more, shall we say . . . intriguing introduction.” She held up a copy of Boston Magazine. Langdon cringed. Where the hell did she get that?

(Extract from “*The Da Vinci Code*” by Dan Brown)

Вопросы для устного опроса:

Специфика художественного текста. Механизмы художественного перевода

- Назовите специфические особенности художественных текстов и механизмы художественного перевода.
- Проиллюстрируйте на примерах особенности перевода художественных текстов.

Грамматические, лексические и стилистические особенности художественного перевода

- Назовите лексические, грамматические, стилистические особенности художественных текстов.
- Проиллюстрируйте на примерах особенности перевода художественных текстов.

Контрольная работа, 8 семестр

Выполните предпереводческий анализ фрагмента художественного текста из произведения **Pride and Prejudice** by Jane Austen. Укажите на стилистические аспекты, требующие особого внимания. Назовите приемы перевода текста для достижения эквивалентности в переводе.

Mr. Bennet's property consisted almost entirely in an estate of two thousand a year, which, unfortunately for his daughters, was entailed, in default of heirs male, on a distant relation; and their mother's fortune, though ample for her situation in life, could but ill supply the deficiency of his. Her father had been an attorney in Meryton, and had left her four thousand pounds.

She had a sister married to a Mr. Phillips, who had been a clerk to their father and succeeded him in the business, and a brother settled in London in a respectable line of trade.

The village of Longbourn was only one mile from Meryton; a most convenient distance for the young ladies, who were usually tempted thither three or four times a week, to pay their duty to their aunt and to a milliner's shop just over the way. The two youngest of the family, Catherine and Lydia, were particularly frequent in these attentions; their minds were more vacant than their sisters', and when nothing better offered, a walk to Meryton was necessary to amuse their morning hours and furnish conversation for the evening; and however bare of news the country in general might be, they always contrived to learn some from their aunt. At present, indeed, they were well supplied both with news and happiness by the recent arrival of a militia regiment in the neighbourhood; it was to remain the whole winter, and Meryton was the headquarters.

Their visits to Mrs. Phillips were now productive of the most interesting intelligence. Every day added something to their knowledge of the officers' names and connections. Their lodgings were not long a secret, and at length they began to know the officers themselves. Mr. Phillips visited them all, and this opened to his nieces a store of felicity unknown before. They could talk of nothing but officers; and Mr. Bingley's large fortune, the mention of which gave animation to their mother, was worthless in their eyes when opposed to the regimentals of an ensign.

After listening one morning to their effusions on this subject, Mr. Bennet coolly observed: “From all that I can collect by your manner of talking, you must be two of the silliest girls in the country. I have suspected it some time, but I am now convinced.”

Catherine was disconcerted, and made no answer; but Lydia, with perfect indifference, continued to express her admiration of Captain Carter, and her hope of seeing him in the course of the day, as he was going the next morning to London.

"I am astonished, my dear," said Mrs. Bennet, "that you should be so ready to think your own children silly. If I wished to think slightly of anybody's children, it should not be of my own, however."

<https://prideandprejudice.bib.bz/chapter-7>

Семестр 8

Проведение промежуточной аттестации проходит в виде зачета. Задания на зачете содержат один теоретический вопрос и два практических задания.

Задание 1. Назовите лексические, грамматические, стилистические особенности художественных текстов, проиллюстрируйте на примерах особенности перевода художественных текстов.

Задание 2. Выполните предпереводческий анализ текста. Назовите приемы перевода текста для достижения эквивалентности в переводе, обращая внимание на систему лингвистических знаний. Переведите текст письменно с учетом своеобразия иноязычных культур.

They had moved into that house two years before, and he knew, and Julia knew, that they had put it into the hands of an expensive decorator when they were going on tour, and he had agreed to have it completely ready for them, at cost price in return for the work they promised him in the theatre, by the time they came back. But it was unnecessary to impart* such tedious details to a young man whose name even they did not know. The house was furnished in extremely good taste, with a judicious* mixture of the antique and the modern, and Michael was right when he said that it was quite obviously a gentleman's house. Julia, however, had insisted that she must have her bedroom as she liked, and having had exactly the bedroom that pleased her in the old house in Regent's Park which they had occupied since the end of the war she brought it over bodily. The bed and the dressing-table were upholstered in pink silk, the chaise-longue and the armchair in Nattier blue; over the bed there were fat little gilt cherubs* who dangled a lamp with a pink shade, and fat little gilt cherubs swarmed all round the mirror on the dressing-table. On satinwood tables were signed photographs, richly framed, of actors and actresses and members of the royal family. The decorator had raised his supercilious eyebrows, but it was the only room in the house in which Julia felt completely at home. She wrote her letters at a satinwood desk, seated on a gilt Hamlet stool.

Luncheon was announced and they went downstairs.

"I hope you'll have enough to eat," said Julia. "Michael and I have very small appetites."

In point of fact there was grilled sole, grilled cutlets and spinach, and stewed fruit. It was a meal designed to satisfy legitimate hunger, but not to produce fat. The cook, warned by Margery that there was a guest to luncheon had hurriedly made some fried potatoes. They looked crisp and smelt appetizing. Only the young man took them. Julia gave them a wistful look before she shook her head in refusal. Michael stared at them gravely for a moment as though he could not quite tell what they were, and then with a little start, breaking out of a brown study, said No thank you. They sat at a refectory table*, Julia and Michael at either end in very grand Italian chairs, and the young man in the middle on a chair that was not at all comfortable, but perfectly in character. Julia noticed that he seemed to be looking at the sideboard and with her engaging smile, leaned forward.

(Extract from "Theatre" by William Somerset Maugham)

Задание 3.

Переведите предложения, соблюдая грамматические, синтаксические и стилистические нормы русского языка и помня о том, что при переводе перестановка второстепенных членов предложения исходного текста позволяет добиваться впечатления живости и естественности речи.

1. Mrs Einsford Hill: ...Don't you think so, Colonel Pickering? Pickering: Don't ask me. I've been away in India for several years; and manners have changed so much... (Shaw)

2. Mrs Einsford Hill: ...But the boy is nice. Don't you think so? Mrs Higgins: Oh, quite nice. I shall always be delighted to see him. (Shaw)

3. Let me say in advance that in over ten thousand miles, in thirty-four states, I was not recognized even once. (Stein.)

4. I took my old hunting hat out of my pocket while I walked, and put it on. (Sal.)