

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

**Конкурсные задания**  
**Девятнадцатого Санкт-Петербургского конкурса молодых переводчиков**  
**«SENSUM DE SENSU»**  
**2019**

**Английский раздел**

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*Работая с английским языком, береги русский язык.*

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

***Внимание.** В качестве конкурсного задания предлагается перевести фрагмент руководства по эксплуатации. Такие документы являются частью эксплуатационной конструкторской документации. В отличие от зарубежных государств, в Российской Федерации и странах ближнего зарубежья требования к тексту таких документов регламентированы ГОСТами Единой системы конструкторской документации (ЕСКД).*

***Задание 1 (простое):** выполнить перевод прилагаемого технического текста.*

***Задание 2 (сложное):** выполнить локализацию технического текста, то есть изложить/оформить его в соответствии с требованиями ГОСТ ЕСКД.*

**Адрес в Интернете:**

<https://www.manualslib.com/manual/762290/Brandt-Wtc96100.html?page=5#manual>

*Рекомендуется ознакомиться с полным текстом документа.*

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**CONNECTING TO THE ELECTRICITY SUPPLY**

**Important:**

For your safety, you must comply with the instructions below.

— Before connecting your machine, you must ensure that your installation's electrical characteristics match those of your machine (see the details provided on the information plate affixed to the back of the machine).

The electrical installation must comply with the prevailing standards and the Electricity Board's regulations in the country concerned, particularly as regards Earthing and installation in shower rooms. We cannot be held responsible for any incident caused by the machine being incorrectly earthed.

**Advice:**

Advice on the electrical installation of your machine

**•LOADING YOUR WASHING**

Perform these actions in the following order:

**•Open the machine**

— Check that the Programme selector is correctly positioned on "OFF".

— Depending on the model, lift the opening handle or press the push button on the front of the machine.

The lid will open.

— Open the drum by pressing the button on the front door.

**•Insert your washing**

For optimum washing performance, place your washing, preferably

sorted and loosely, in the drum, distributing it evenly without heaping

it up. Mix large and small items to obtain an optimum, well-balanced

spin.

**•Close the drum**

Ensure that the drum is correctly closed.

— Do not use an extension lead, adapter or multiple socket.

— Never cut out the Earth wire.

— The socket must be readily accessible but out of the reach of children.

If in any doubt, please contact your installer.

Important:

Your machine conforms to European Directives 2006/95/CE

(Low Voltage Directive) and 2004/108/CE

(Electromagnetic

Compatibility).

#### •INSTALLING YOUR MACHINE

Important:

If you are installing your machine next to another machine or a

unit, we recommend that you leave a gap between them to allow for

air circulation.

Advice:

We also strongly recommend that you do NOT:

— Install your machine in a damp, poorly ventilated room.

— Install your machine in an area where it could be subject to water

splashes or humidity.

— Install your machine on a carpeted floor.

If you cannot avoid doing this, please take every precaution to avoid

blocking air circulation at the bottom of the machine in order to ensure

that the internal components are well ventilated.

#### •Levelling the machine

Use a spirit level to check that the floor is horizontal: maximum slope

2°, i.e. a discrepancy of approximately 1cm over the width and of 1.5cm

over the depth of the machine.

#### •Adjustable feet

Some machines are fitted with two adjustable feet at the front to enable

you to compensate for any unevenness in the floor.

Proceed as follows

to adjust the feet to level and stabilize your machine:

— Set the machine on its castors (or tilt it slightly backwards if it does

not have retractable castors)

— Screw in or unscrew the feet to adjust the height to suit the shape of

the floor (Diagram D13)

— Set the machine back on its feet and check that it is stable.

#### •TEXTILE MAINTENANCE CODES

— Washing

: Never exceed the indicated temperatures

— Use of cold diluted bleach possible:

— Iron: Low

Medium

— Dry clean: mineral spirit

all solvents

— NB: A crossed-out code indicates that it is forbidden

Important:

Check that the three hooks and the border of the button are

fully visible.

#### •LOADING THE WASHING PRODUCTS

Important:

(Diagram D14)

— The "WASH" container may contain powder or liquid but liquid

detergent should not be used for programmes WITH Prewash and/or

WITH "Delayed Start" (depending on the model).

— Concentrated softener should be diluted with warm water.

— To fill the product containers correctly, place the lid fully open.

— Do not exceed the MAX level.

#### •Dispensing the detergent

The amount of detergent to be used depends on the hardness of the

water, the extent to which your washing is soiled and the amount of

washing to be washed.

Please refer to the dosing instructions on your pack of detergent.

Warning: in most cases, the detergent manufacturer's recommendations

apply to the drum filled to the maximum. Adjust the dosage correctly to

the weight of the washing you have placed in the machine.

These recommendations will help you to avoid using too much detergent,

which causes foam to be produced. Too much foam can reduce your

machine's performance and increase the length of the washing cycle

and the consumption of water.

Reminder : Use only low suds detergent when in doubt,

contact your

retailer or distributor.

#### •Detergents for woollens and delicate fabrics

You are recommended to use an appropriate detergent for washing

these fabrics (avoid placing such detergents directly on the drum because

they have an aggressive action on the metal).

#### •Before your first wash

Before making your first wash, we recommend that you carry out a

"COTTON 90 wash without pre-wash" and with no washing in the drum,

using a 1/2 measure of your usual detergent in order to eliminate any

residues from manufacturing that may remain in your machine.

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#### STANDARD COMPARISON TESTING PROGRAMME

Cotton

60°C - 6 kg - no options – max spin.

To comply with the statement on the label, the tests are conducted in accordance with

European Directive 95/12/EEC.

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

*В номинации «Художественный перевод с английского языка на русский язык» предлагается выполнить любой из двух вариантов: письмо классика английской литературы XX века Айрис Мёрдок или фрагмент из романа современной американской писательницы и журналистки Сьюзан Орлеан «The Library Book».*

*В 2019 году исполняется сто лет со дня рождения Мёрдок, писательницы, чьи романы хорошо известны отечественному читателю. Не меньший интерес представляет и ее эпистолярное наследие, ранее на русский язык не переводившееся. Айрис Мёрдок – лауреат Букеровской премии, дама-командор Ордена Британской империи; ее книги неоднократно входили в короткий список Букеровской премии и списки лучших английских романов XX века. Художественная проза, эссе и эпистолярное наследие Мёрдок отличаются глубиной мысли, богатством лексики и синтаксиса, насыщены реалиями и пропитаны аллюзиями, то есть представляют собой интересную задачу для молодых переводчиков. Предлагаемое конкурсантам письмо, адресованное Дэвиду Хиксу, с которым в то время Айрис связывали романтические отношения, было написано в 1944 году, еще до выхода ее дебютного романа «Под сетью», однако уже в нем присутствуют свойственные Мёрдок изящество стиля, остроумие и особый взгляд на современную ей действительность.*

*Сьюзан Орлеан – известная современная американская писательница и журналистка, штатный автор литературного журнала «Нью-Йоркер». Ее статьи и проза публиковались также в журналах «Вог», «Роллинг Стоун», «Эсквайр». Из-под ее пера вышло два сборника эссе и несколько романов, один из которых, «Похититель орхидей», был экранизирован. Роман «The Library Book», опубликованный в 2018 году, посвящен философским и социальным проблемам, противостоянию культуры и варварства. Пожар в библиотеке, который, как выясняется, был вовсе не случаен, становится отправной точкой долгого пути к истине. Детективный сюжет, интересная композиция, явные переключки с романом Брэдли, многоплановое повествование, переключка голосов держат в напряжении читателя и не могут не заинтересовать переводчика.*

### **Вариант I**

#### **Айрис Мёрдок**

5 Seaforth Place  
Buckingham Gate  
London SW1  
January 17th, 1944

Dear David – hello.

I'm sorry to hear you are marooned in Teheran with the black tragic Persian women; I can't imagine Teheran anymore than I can Cairo, so it's not much different from my end. I hope though that you're not getting to despise life too heartily. At any rate there were people in Cairo – more people, I sometimes think, than there are left here. London is a bit like Plataea after the young men had all gone to help the Athenians – only the adolescents & the middle-aged remain!

I am very glad to hear you may be coming on leave! It will be good, though of course alarming, to meet you again! As you say, our friendship (if that is the word) is a queer business. Disasters I've met with lately make me mistrust relationships which go on from writing to meeting; but, after all, you always were a casual cynical chap, & I'm getting that way, so we shan't expect anything particular or get any shocks (I hope). Your memory is accurate. We met remarkably little. I suppose I have a myth-making mind

– I certainly created a character for you; which was probably all wrong then, so God knows about it now. I should be happy to start again from scratch!

One thing I liked about you was your straight male humanness underneath your horridness (pardon this obscurity.) That I've missed among these Plataeans. Or maybe it's just that, being older, I now see through

All this while the Russians etc. My contact with the war seems limited to buying the evening paper, noting how many miles the Red Army has advanced, & offering up prayers of gratitude. I dislike this solipsistic isolation & the self pity it breeds. I observe the same distress in many civilians over here – that (ie a healthy guilt complex) or else, amazingly & more commonly, sheer apathy. We are at an extraordinary moment in time – any number of interesting & alarming things may happen in Europe in the next few years – but the folks here are so sheerly incurious; they will hardly speculate, let alone study the thing. Uneasy University chaps (like me) are hellish interested, but more than a little bewildered – so we read Aragon & try to dream some wholesome dream about Europe! Or else curse the government for being nasty to Beveridge – or oneself for being unable to rise to History's great occasions. Still, History (that blessed abstract) may give us some chances yet. The people of Europe will probably forgive us for not having suffered

– if we can forgive ourselves sufficiently to get down to the job. But this 'we' is a wretched little group. One has yet to see what the real British – the 8th Army I suppose it comes to – will be up to. I wonder how it all looks from your side? I suppose one goes on thinking in terms of Europe wherever one is.

My private post war plans are in a state of flux. I feel I am not at all built to be a civil servant. I am inefficient, & administration depresses me. I shall not really be sorry to part company with H.M. Treasury. I'd much like in a way to escape from this half-baked intellectualism into UNRRA's Europe & do some thoroughly menial & absorbing job, tying labels round necks of refugees & so on (chancing being knifed in the back by some intelligent patriot). Then come back to England at the age of 29 or so – to what? To drift – to play the experienced woman round what's left of Bloomsbury – to visit my old friends & bring teddy bears to their children – to become a literary camp follower, a rather less than demi-intellectual. This business of not being a specialist begins to worry me. It's all very well if one has (as you for instance obviously have) a gift for affaires, a grasp of practical life. I haven't that. My only guiding star is a commonplace liter-ary ambition – & that hasn't delivered any goods as yet. I suppose I'm feeling my age (24 by God!) and panicking! Also looking the matrimonial hippogriff<sup>46</sup> in the face recently has shaken me up. Sometimes I'm much tempted to make a bolt for the aca-demic feste Burg<sup>47</sup> but it mightn't be too easy to get back in. All this is pure funk, & an object lesson in how not to deal with the 20th century. You're probably dealing with it much better. One needs the casual approach, dash & so on; not this protective deliberation.

I hope you aren't still feeling sad about Alastine. What's got into one that sort of way takes some eradicating. I can understand Ali's gloom too – an absentee husband, probably in for a war with the Japs, isn't a perfect asset. Everyone's lives are being mucked up – any sort of venturing seems to end in that.

I was interested in your words about our friends in Cairo. Hal Lidderdale I hear from quite frequently; he manages to retain his charming & somewhat dilettante soul under conditions of the most frightful boredom & sandiness. Of Henry Fowler I have no news (indeed the only thing I ever knew about him is that you wept when he went away to the West Indies! Accurately re-remembered I hope.) If you run into a man called Frank Thompson (probably in your part of the world on & off) I hope you'll like him. One goes on believing in friendship.

This is a somewhat depressed & selfish letter. But one always survives – & though there may be bombs I give up expecting angels through the roof. I feel, even at the lowest moments, such endless vitality inside me.

Best wishes to you, David. Don't utterly hate & lose faith in the human race. I much look forward to seeing you. When are you coming?

love from Iris

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## **Вариант II**

**Susan Orlean**

### **The Library Book**

I grew up in libraries, or at least it feels that way. I was raised in the suburbs of Cleveland, just a few blocks from the brick-faced Bertram Woods branch of the Shaker Heights Public Library system. Throughout my childhood, starting when I was very young, I went there several times a week with my mother. On those visits, my mother and I walked in together but as soon as we passed through the door, we split up and each headed to our favorite section. The library might have been the first place I was ever given autonomy. Even when I was maybe four or five years old, I was allowed to head off on my own. Then, after a while, my mother and I reunited at the checkout counter with our finds. Together we waited as the librarian at the counter pulled out the date card and stamped it with the checkout machine—that giant fist thumping the card with a loud chunk-chunk, printing a crooked due date underneath a score of previous crooked due dates that belonged to other people, other times.

Our visits to the library were never long enough for me. The place was so bountiful. I loved wandering around the bookshelves, scanning the spines until something happened to catch my eye. Those visits were dreamy, frictionless interludes that promised I would leave richer than I arrived. It wasn't like going to a store with my mom, which guaranteed a tug-of-war between what I wanted and what my mother was willing to buy me; in the library I could have anything I wanted. After we checked out, I loved being in the car and having all the books we'd gotten stacked on my lap, pressing me under their solid, warm weight, their Mylar covers sticking a bit to my thighs. It was such a thrill leaving a place with things you hadn't paid for; such a thrill anticipating the new books we would read. On the ride home, my mom and I talked about the order in which we were going to read our books and how long until they had to be returned, a solemn conversation in which we decided how to pace ourselves through this charmed, evanescent period of grace until the books were due. We both thought all of the librarians at the Bertram Woods Branch Library were beautiful. For a few minutes we would discuss their beauty. My mother then always mentioned that if she could have chosen any profession at all, she would have chosen to be a librarian, and the car would grow silent for a moment as we both considered what an amazing thing that would have been.

When I was older, I usually walked to the library myself, lugging back as many books as I could carry. Occasionally, I did go with my mother, and the trip would be as enchanted as it was when I was small. Even when I was in my last year of high school and could drive myself to the library, my mother and I still went together now and then, and the trip unfolded exactly as it did when I was a child, with all the same beats and pauses and comments and reveries, the same perfect pensive rhythm we followed so many times before. When I miss my mother these days, now that she is gone, I like to picture us in the car together, going for one more magnificent trip to Bertram Woods.

My family was big on the library. We were very much a reading family, but we were a borrow-a-book-from-the-library family more than a bookshelves-full-of-books family. My parents valued books, but they grew up in the Depression, aware of the quicksilver nature of money, and they learned the hard way that you shouldn't buy what you could borrow. Because of that frugality, or perhaps independent of it, they also believed that you read a book for the experience of reading it. You didn't read it in order to have an object that had to be housed and looked after forever, a memento of the purpose for which it was obtained. The reading of the book was a journey. There was no need for souvenirs.

By the time I was born, my parents' financial circumstances were comfortable, and they learned how to splurge a little, but their Depression-era mentality adhered stubbornly to certain economies, which included not buying books that could be gotten very easily from the library. Our uncrowded bookshelves at home had several sets of encyclopedias (an example of something not convenient to borrow from the library, since you reached for it regularly and urgently) and a random assortment of other books which, for one reason or another, my parents had ended up buying. That included a few mild sex manuals (Ideal Marriage: Its Physiology and Technique is the one I remember best, because of course I read it whenever my parents were out of the house). I assume my parents bought the sex books because they would have been embarrassed to present them at the checkout desk

of the library. There were also some travel guides, some coffee table books, a few of my father's law books, and a dozen or so novels that were either gifts or for some reason managed to justify being owned outright.

When I headed to college, one of the many ways I differentiated myself from my parents was that I went wild for owning books. I think buying textbooks was what got me going. All I know is that I lost my appreciation for the slow pace of making your way through a library and for having books on borrowed time. I wanted to have my books around me, forming a totem pole of the narratives I'd visited. As soon as I got my own apartment, I lined it with bookcases and loaded them with hardcovers. I used the college library for research, but otherwise, I turned into a ravenous buyer of books. I couldn't walk into a bookstore without leaving with something, or several somethings. I loved the fresh alkaline tang of

new ink and paper, a smell that never emanated from a broken-in library book. I loved the crack of a newly flexed spine, and the way the brand-new pages almost felt damp, as if they were wet with creation. I sometimes wondered if I was catching up after spending my childhood amid sparsely settled bookcases. But the reason didn't matter to me. I actually became a little evangelical about book ownership. Sometimes I fantasized about starting a bookstore. If my mother ever mentioned to me that she was on the waiting list for some book at the library, I got annoyed and asked why she didn't just go buy it.

Once I was done with college, and done with researching term papers in the stacks of the Harold T. and Vivian B. Shapiro Undergraduate Library, I sloughed off the memory of those wondrous childhood trips to the Bertram Woods branch, and began, for the first time in my life, to wonder what libraries were for.

It might have remained that way, and I might have spent the rest of my life thinking about libraries only wistfully, the way I thought wistfully about, say, the amusement park I went to as a kid. Libraries might have become just a bookmark of memory more than an actual place, a way to call up an emotion of a moment that occurred long ago, something that was fused with "mother" and "the past" in my mind. But then libraries came roaring back into my life unexpectedly. In 2011, my husband accepted a job in Los Angeles, so we left New York and headed west. I didn't know Los Angeles well, but I'd spent time there over the years, visiting cousins who lived in and around the city. When I became a writer, I went to Los Angeles many times to work on magazine pieces and books. On those visits, I had been to and from the beach, and up and down the canyons, and in and out of the valley, and back and forth to the mountains, but I never gave downtown Los Angeles a second thought, assuming it was just a glassy landscape of office buildings that hollowed out by five o'clock every night. I pictured Los Angeles as a radiant doughnut, rimmed by milky ocean and bristling mountains, with a big hole in the middle. I never

went to the public library, never thought about the library, although I'm sure I assumed there was a public library, probably a main branch, probably downtown.

My son was in first grade when we moved to California. One of his first assignments in school was to interview someone who worked for the city. I suggested talking to a garbage collector or a police officer, but he said he wanted to interview a librarian. We were so new to town that we had to look up the address of the closest library, which was the Los Angeles Public Library's Studio City branch. The branch was about a mile away from our house, which happened to be about the same distance that the Bertram Woods branch was from my childhood home.

As my son and I drove to meet the librarian, I was flooded by a sense of absolute familiarity, a gut-level recollection of this journey, of parent and child on their way to the library. I had taken this trip so many times before, but now it was turned on its head, and I was the parent bringing my child on that special trip. We parked, and my son and I walked toward the library, taking it in for the first time. The building was white and modish, with a mint green mushroom cap of a roof. From the outside, it didn't look anything like the stout brick Bertram Woods branch, but when we stepped in, the thunderbolt of recognition struck me so hard that it made me gasp. Decades had passed and I was three thousand miles away, but I felt like I had been lifted up and whisked back to that time and place, back to the scenario of walking into the library with my mother. Nothing had changed—there was the same soft tsk-tsk-tsk of pencil on paper, and the muffled murmuring from patrons at the tables in the center of the room, and the creak and groan of book carts, and the occasional papery clunk of a book dropped on a desk. The scarred wooden checkout counters, and the librarians' desks, as big as boats, and the

bulletin board with its fluttering, raggedy notices were all the same. The sense of gentle, steady busyness, like water on a rolling boil, was just the same. The books on the shelves, with some subtractions and additions, were certainly the same.

It wasn't that time stopped in the library. It was as if it were captured here, collected here, and in all libraries—and not only my time, my life, but all human time as well. In the library, time is dammed up—not just stopped but saved. The library is a gathering pool of narratives and of the people who come to find them. It is where we can glimpse immortality; in the library, we can live forever.

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### **Номинация III. «IN MEMORIA»**

Конкурсное задание в память о замечательном ученом, лингвисте, преподавателе Ольге Игоревне Бродович (1939—2018), которая вырастила не одно поколение замечательных исследователей и переводчиков, известных не только в Петербурге, но и далеко за его пределами.

*В номинации IN MEMORIA предлагается выполнить перевод текста замечательного лексикографа, литератора и поэта, автора знаменитого «Словаря английского языка» Самюэля Джонсона. Опубликованный в 1755 году, «Словарь» не утратил своего значения по сегодняшний день и является ценнейшим памятником английской словесности. Сами же литературные труды Самюэля Джонсона долгое время оставались истинными образцами изысканности и чистоты стиля, под влиянием которых во многом сформировалась английская литература XIX века.*

### **PREFACE TO A DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**By Samuel Johnson**

It is the fate of those who toil at the lower employments of life, to be rather driven by the fear of evil, than attracted by the prospect of good; to be exposed to censure, without hope of praise; to be disgraced by miscarriage, or punished for neglect, where success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward.

Among these unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries; whom mankind have considered, not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pionier of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths through which Learning and Genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress. Every other authour may aspire to praise; the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative recompense has been yet granted to very few.

I have, notwithstanding this discouragement, attempted a dictionary of the English language, which, while it was employed in the cultivation of every species of literature, has itself been hitherto neglected; suffered to spread, under the direction of chance, into wild exuberance; resigned to the tyranny of time and fashion; and exposed to the corruptions of ignorance, and caprices of innovation.

When I took the first survey of my undertaking, I found our speech copious without order, and energetick without rules: wherever I turned my view, there was perplexity to be disentangled, and confusion to be regulated; choice was to be made out of boundless variety, without any established principle of selection; adulterations were to be detected, without a settled test of purity; and modes of

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expression to be rejected or received, without the suffrages of any writers of classical reputation or acknowledged authority.

Having therefore no assistance but from general grammar, I applied myself to the perusal of our writers; and noting whatever might be of use to ascertain or illustrate any word or phrase, accumulated in time the materials of a dictionary, which, by degrees, I reduced to method, establishing to myself, in the progress of the work, such rules as experience and analogy suggested to me; experience, which practice and observation were continually increasing; and analogy, which, though in some words obscure, was evident in others.