1. Определите, какую роль в предлагаемом отрывке выполняют имена с обственные. Выполните п еревод , п омня о н еобходимости п ередать речевые характеристики героев .

From ***The School for Scandal***

*By Richard Brinsley Sheridan*

*Lady Sneerwell's house.*

*Lady Sneerwell at the dressing-table, Snake drinking chocolate*

LADY SNEERWELL The paragraphs, you say, Mr Snake, were all inserted?

SNAKE They were, madam; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

LADY SNEERWELL Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

SNAKE That is in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs Clackit's ears within four-and-twenty hours, and then you know the business is as good as done.

LADY SNEERWELL Why, truly, Mrs Clackit has a very pretty talent and a great deal of industry.

SNAKE True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge, she has been the cause of six matches being broken off and three sons being disinherited, of four forced elopements, as many close confinements, nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a *tete-а-tete* in the *Town and Country Magazine*, when the parties perhaps have never seen each other's faces before in the course of their lives.

LADY SNEERWELL She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

SNAKE 'Tis very true; she generally designs well, has a free tongue and a bold invention, but her colouring is too dark and her outline often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of hint and mellowness of sneer which distinguish your ladyship's scandal.

LADY SNEERWELL Ah, you are partial, Snake.

SNAKE Not in the least. Everybody allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look than many can with the most laboured detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

LADY SNEERWELL Yes, my dear Snake, and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. Wounded myself in the early part of my life by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own injured reputation.

2. Переведите текст, учитывая специфику драматического произведения.

From ***Oh***

*By Norman Frederick Simpson*

Characters:

Humphrey Savernake

Laura Savernake

Humphrey: No, Laura, I don't think it's the kind of thing we could expect Graham to

show much interest in.

Laura: Oh?

Humphrey: He's very orthodox in many ways. As far as his painting is concerned.

Laura: I must say he doesn't show much preference for orthodox methods in anything else.

Humphrey: All the same, Laura, I think that to fix the brush in a vice and move the canvas about on the end of it would create more problems than it would solve.

Laura: I should have thought it would have been the very thing for Graham.

Humphrey: I'll suggest it to him, of course-but you mustn't be surprised if he turns it down. Don't forget he's got all this fuss on his mind still about Colonel Padlock's portrait-that must be taking up practically every spare minute of his time.

Laura: What fuss about Colonel Padlock's portrait? He's finished it. He must have.

Humphrey: He's had a great deal to do, Laura.

Laura: You don't mean to say poor Colonel Padlock is still sitting there? Waiting?

Humphrey: It isn't just a matter of setting an easel up, Laura, and a canvas, and beginning to paint. Just like that.

Laura: I think that's absolutely disgraceful! What for heaven's sake has he been doing?

Humphrey: He hasn't been wasting his time, my dear.

Laura: Six weeks it must be since all this started. At least. I can't think what he can have been doing all that time.

Humphrey: So far as I know, Colonel Padlock hasn't complained.

Laura: Why on earth doesn't he get people to help him?

Humphrey: You won't persuade Graham to delegate responsibility, my dear.

Laura: Doing every single thing himself from scratch.

Humphrey: Yes, well, there it is. If he prefers to work that way...

Laura: I'd say nothing if it were simply a question of constructing his own easels. With home-made glue.

Humphrey: After all...

Laura: Or even weaving his canvases himself. But growing his own hemp or whatever it is to do it with! That's carrying it too far.

Humphrey: Yes, well-I'm afraid I side with Graham over this, Laura.

Laura: Felling the timber himself for his brush handles and planing it down till it's small enough.

Humphrey: What other way is there, Laura, if you're determined to keep control over the finished picture? And that's the whole crux of it as far as Graham is concerned. As you know.

Laura: And in the meantime, Colonel Padlock has to sit there.

Humphrey: As far as that goes, I should think Colonel Padlock would be the last person to want to see Graham compromise his professional integrity on his account.

3. Определите, какие особенности исходного текста должны быть в первую очередь переданы при переводе лимериков. Переведите стихотворения.

*Limerick 1*

There was a Young Lady of Niger

Who smiled as she rode on a tiger.

They returned from the ride

With the lady inside

And a smile on the face of the tiger.

*Limerick 2*

There was an old man with a beard,

Who said:”It is just as I feared!

Two owls and a hen,

Four larks and a wren,

Have all built their nests in my beard.”

*Limerick 3*

There was an Old Man of Peru

Who dreamt he was eating his shoe.

He awoke in the night

In a terrible fright

And found it was perfectly true.

4. Проведите сравнительно-сопоставительный анализ 66 сонета В.Шекспира и его переводов на русский язык, приведенных ниже. Выполните собственный перевод .

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,

As, to behold desert a beggar born,

And needy nothing trimm’d in jollity,

And purest faith unhappily forswon,

And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,

And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,

And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,

And folly doctor-like controlling skill,

And simple truth miscall’d simplicity,

And captive good attending captain ill:

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

***Переводы:***

Зову я смерть. Мне видеть невтерпеж

Достоинство, что просит подаянья,

Над простотой глумящуюся ложь,

Ничтожество в роскошном одеянье,

И совершенству ложный приговор,

И девственность, поруганную грубо,

И неуместной почести позор,

И мощь в плену у немощи беззубой.

И прямоту, что глупостью слывет,

И глупость в маске мудреца, пророка,

И вдохновения зажатый рот,

И праведность на службе у порока.

Все мерзостно, что вижу я вокруг …

Но как тебя покинуть, милый друг!

*Перевод С.Я. Маршака*

\*\*\*\*\*

Томимый этим, к смерти я взываю;

Раз что живут заслуги в нищете,

Ничтожество ж – в веселье утопая,

Раз верность изменяет правоте,

Раз почести бесстыдство награждают,

Раз девственность вгоняется в разврат,

Раз совершенство злобно унижают,

Раз мощь хромые силы тормозят,

Раз произвол глумится над искусством,

Раз глупость знанья принимает вид,

Раз здравый смысл считается безумством,

Раз что добро в плену, а зло царит –

Я, утомленный, жаждал бы уйти,

Когда б тебя с собой мог унести!

*Перевод М. Чайковского*

\*\*\*\*\*

Измучась всем, я умереть хочу.

Тоска смотреть, как мается бедняк,

И как шутя живется богачу,

И доверять, и попадать впросак,

И наблюдать, как наглость лезет в свет,

И честь девичья катится ко дну,

И знать, что ходу совершенствам нет,

И видеть мощь у немощи в плену,

И вспоминать, что мысли замкнут рот,

И разум сносит глупости хулу,

И прямодушье простотой слывет,

И доброта прислуживает злу.

Измучась всем, не стал бы жить и дня,

Да другу будет трудно без меня.

*Перевод Б. Пастернака*

\*\*\*\*\*

Я смерть зову, глядеть не в силах боле,

Как гибнет в нищете достойный муж,

А негодяй живет в красе и холе;

Как топчется доверье чистых душ,

Как целомудрию грозят позором,

Как почести мерзавцам воздают,

Как сила никнет перед наглым взором,

Как всюду в жизни торжествует плут,

Как над искусством произвол глумится,

Как правит недомыслие умом,

Как в лапах Зла мучительно томится

Все то, что называем мы Добром.

Когда б не ты, любовь моя, давно бы

Искал я отдыха под сенью гроба.

*Перевод О. Румера*

\*\*\*\*\*

Тебя, о смерть, тебя зову я, утомленный.

Устал я видеть честь поверженной во прах,

Заслугу – в рубище, невинность – оскверненной,

И верность – преданной, и истину – в цепях.

Глупцов, гордящихся лавровыми венками,

И обесславленных, опальных мудрецов,

И дивный дар небес, осмеянный слепцами,

И злое тожество пустых клеветников.

Искусство – робкое пред деспотизмом власти,

Безумья жалкого надменное чело,

И силу золота, и гибельные страсти,

И благо – пленником у властелина Зло.

Усталый, льнул бы я к блаженному покою,

Когда бы смертный час не разлучал с тобою.

*Перевод Ф. Червинского*

\*\*\*\*\*

Избыто все… Мне видится конец

Того, что – суть понятия невинность,

Где подлой безнаказанности чинность

Достоинства поруганный венец.

Все зрит душа – и девичий позор,

И мир глумлений безо всякой меры.

Познавший, как смешны порой химеры,

Вкус горькой боли впитывает взор.

Как странно знать: бессилье силу жрет,

Ничтожество опять балами правит,

Немотой изумленный скован рот

И вдохновенья всплеск боится яви.

Увечен мир… Пульс задохнуться вправе…

Мы втянуты в земной круговорот.

*Перевод А. Сагратяна*

**5. Образец текста для перевода:**

From ***The Turn of the Screw***

*By Henry James*

Both the children had a gentleness—it was their only fault, and it never made Miles a muff—that kept them (how shall I express it?) almost impersonal and certainly quite unpunishable. They were like those cherubs of the anecdote who had—morally at any rate—nothing to whack! I remember feeling with Miles in especial as if he had had, as it were, nothing to call even an infinitesimal history. We expect of a small child scant enough "antecedents," but there was in this beautiful little boy something extraordinarily sensitive, yet extraordinarily happy, that, more than in any creature of his age I have seen, struck me as beginning anew each day. He had never

for a second suffered. I took this as a direct disproof of his having really been chastised. If he had been wicked he would have "caught" it, and I should have caught it by the rebound—I should have found the trace, should have felt the wound and the dishonour. I could reconstitute nothing at all, and he was therefore an angel.

He never spoke of his school, never mentioned a comrade or a master; and I, for my part, was quite too much disgusted to allude to them. Of course I was under the spell, and the wonderful part is that, even at the time, I perfectly knew I was. But I gave myself up to it; it was an antidote to any pain, and I had more pains than one. I was in receipt in these days of disturbing letters from home, where things were not going well. But with this joy of my children what things in the world mattered? That was the question I used to put to my scrappy retirements. I was dazzled by their loveliness.

**6. Образец текста для перевода на зачет:**

From ***The Wash***

*By Allan Patrick Herbert*

I woke like a log, one eye at a time. Dimly I perceived beside my bed the night-nurse, a basin of water in one hand, a thermometer in the other.

"Do you feel like a little wash now?" she said brightly.

"No, Nurse, I do not," I said, and went to sleep again.

When I re-woke (as the films say) there was a thermometer in my mouth and the night-nurse had "captured" (as the poets say) one of my hands.

"You know very well," I said, taking out the thermometer, "that my pulse and my temperature are always the same. I am very well. All that I need is sleep, and this is the hour of all hours in the day when I sleep the best. And if I am not to sleep I will not be washed."

"You must be washed," she said, "before the doctor comes."

"I am quite clean enough for a doctor," I said. "I will be washed at noon, when I stop sleeping."

"You will be washed now," she said, and, untucking all my snug bed-clothes, she piled them in a disorderly and draughty heap on my legs.

"This is barbarous," I said.

"Shut the eyes," said the night-nurse, and scrubbed my face with a hard rubber sponge.

"It is extraordinary," I said. "Whenever the doctor comes he inquires if I have slept well; when Sister comes in she asks anxiously how I slept; last night you gave me, yourself, two different preparations of drugs to make me sleep. One would think that the whole establishment had no other aim than to make me sleep; all the resources of medicine have been mobilised to make me sleep. Yet when I do sleep, or rather when at last I drop into a fitful doze, I am immediately woken up. And for what purpose? To be washed!"

"Quite a martyr, aren't you?" she said. "Now the hands."

"The hands do not want washing," I said. "Wash the hands if you must; but you will have no assistance from me."

She dropped the hands into a basin of boiling water.

"I should have thought that you, at least, Nurse, would have seen the futility of these proceedings," I said. "That sleeping draught you gave me was wholly ineffective. All night I tossed upon my sleepless couch, counting the hours, and every quarter reviling the punctual clanging of your local clock. Before five, I know, I did not sleep a wink. About six I may have dropped off. And no sooner do I drop off than you wake me with thermometers and soap."

"You have been sleeping like a log since ten o'clock," she said. "Now the legs."

"I deny it," I said. "What time is it now?"

"It's half past seven," she said, "and I'm late."

"Do you realise," I said, "that when I am in full health I do not begin to think of washing till about nine, and even then it does not always happen? Yet now, when I am extraordinarily ill and cruelly deprived of my appendix, I am expected to endure this distasteful ordeal at daybreak."

"You're lucky," she said; "at some places they wash the bodies at six."

"No one shall wash this body at six," I said.

"Can you lift that leg?"

"I can not," I said; "I am very ill."

She went out of the room, and I went to sleep again. She came back with Nurse Andrews. They woke me up again and seized the right leg. They soaped the right leg and sponged it with a cruel sponge. They put the right foot in a basin, poured methylated spirit over heel and sprinkled powder over the whole. Then they unveiled the left leg and started on that. Meanwhile the maid came in and did the grate, leaving the door open.

"Do you have many deaths in this hospital?" I said.

"Not so many," said the night-nurse.

"Well, one of these days you will have an Abdominal dying of ablutions. Just because I have no appendix," I said, "you think you can humiliate and torment me how you like. And there's another extraordinary thing I've discovered. I have been lying in thisbed for a fortnight, Nurse, with no tobacco, no alcohol, no late nights, no night-clubs nor dances, nor the pernicious society of your sex, Nurse. I have not so much as eaten a sweet. I have lived, in fact, a life of abstinence and virtue, gazing at flowers, reading good books and eating little but vitamins. And if there is anything in what the reformers of this world tell us, I should wake each morning as fresh as a lark, Nurse. As soon as my eyes are open, I should have all my faculties alert and buoyant, ready

for anything. Well, they are not, Nurse, I am not fresh. I wake each morning feeling like an old piece of blotting-paper, as other men do. I wake fuddled and suicidal and quarrelsome and hog-like, as usual. I wake like chewed string. I wake as I might wake after a week's debauch."

"If you will turn him over, Nurse Andrews," she said, "I will do the back."

"You will kindly leave the back alone," I said. "And I will not be talked about as if I were something in a butcher's shop. I am a living soul, with aspirations and a future life, and you are not to keep speaking of the back and the leg - as if I were so many joints of beef."

Neither of the ministering angels took any notice of this protest, so I resumed the main argument.

"There is this further consideration," I said. "So far (touching wood ) I have made a most rapid recovery from the mutilations of the doctors. The wound is not septic, the tongue is clean, and, if all goes well, as you have told me, I shall escape from your clutches in record time. In fact, Nurse (making every allowance for the skill and attention of the medical and nursing professions) the conclusion is that, in order to be healthy and especially before an operation, a man should constantly absorb in enormous quantities all those poisons which modern civilisation has made available, for this it is my habit to do, and you see the result; but you will find that long after I leave you the teetotallers and vegetarians and non-smokers will be stretched upon their beds about this hospital, feebly complaining and constantly ringing the bell.

Which is the worst case here, Nurse?"

"The Abdominal in Number 9," she said.

"An archdeacon, I believe. A non-smoker?"

"Yes."

"And a teetotaller?"

"Yes."

"Well, there you are," I said.

"Now the teeth," she answered.

I washed the teeth under protest, for this is a thing I hate to do before ladies. I then shaved by numbers and lay back exhausted. They then began the painful and fatiguing process which is known as making the patient comfortable. This took a quarter-of-an-hour. I am condemned for some reason to sit upon an air-cushion, and while one is being washed one slides to the bottom of the bed. The two good women with heroic efforts hauled me up into a sitting position, but left the air-cushion behind. While the air-cushion was being placed in position, I slid down the bed again; it seemed to be a downhill bed. They heaved me on to the air-cushion, reviling me alternately for exerting myself too much and for making myself too heavy. When I was enthroned on the air-cushion at the right elevation the air-cushion was not central, and while the air-cushion was being centralised I slid down the bed again.

When both the body and the air-cushion were right the pillows were wrong, and while the pillows were being put right, I did an avalanche, air-cushion and all. And all the time, with little anecdotes about abdominal cases they had known, the thoughtless women made me laugh, which hurts more than anything.

"Are you comfortable now?" said the night-nurse at last.

"I am not," I said. "But I would rather live on in discomfort than perish of exhaustion in a position of ease. I do not feel nearly so well. For a whole hour, Nurse, I have had worry and hard work, and all this before breakfast. When a man is in health, Nurse, a man takes great care of himself before breakfast, husbands his strength, nurses his soul and does as little as possible. But here upon a bed of sickness he does the equivalent of about two hours' hard labour before breakfast. It's extraordinary. And speaking of breakfast, Nurse - well, what about breakfast?"

The night-nurse arranged upon the table a number of nasty-looking steel instruments.

"The doctor is coming before breakfast," she said, "to take your stitches out. And," she added wickedly, "I hope it hurts."