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Н.М. Шутова

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Рецензент: доктор филологических наук, профессор *Т.С. Нифанова*

Автор: **Шутова Н.М.**, заведующая кафедрой перевода и стилистики английского языка Удмуртского госуниверситета, кандидат филологических наук, доцент

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Предлагаемое учебное пособие предназначено для студентов старших курсов и магистрантов факультетов (институтов) иностранных языков. Материал пособия направлен на формирование навыков переводческого анализа текстов различной функциональной принадлежности (публицистических, рекламных, научных, художественных).

Пособие может быть использовано для проведения семинаров и практических занятий по курсам теории и практики перевода, аналитическому чтению, а также для самостоятельной работы студентов. Оно может быть полезно для всех, кто изучает английский язык на продвинутом уровне, а также занимается переводческой деятельностью.

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Предисловие

Предлагаемое учебное пособие представляет собой приложение к монографии «Перевод и стилистика», в которой излагаются основные проблемы теории и практики перевода в их взаимосвязи с лингвостилистикой.

Современная лингвистика уже давно расширила сферы стилистики, позволила ей преодолеть привычную ориентированность на слово и предложение. Успешный перевод любого текста, его полное декодирование и воспроизведение всей полноты заложенной в нем информации на языке перевода невозможны без текстового анализа. *Переводческий анализ текста* распадается на два этапа – *предпереводческий анализ* (производимый до начала процесса перевода), ориентированный на изучение текста с целью выявления основных проблем его перевода, и *собственно переводческий анализ* текста (осуществляемый в ходе перевода), ориентированный на оптимальное решение конкретных переводческих задач.

В данном учебном пособии предлагается описание этапов осуществления анализа текста до начала перевода и при переводе; рассматриваются основные факторы, влияющие на выбор общих переводческих стратегий и отдельных способов достижения адекватности перевода. Пособие рассчитано на студентов старших курсов и магистрантов, которые уже получили необходимую подготовку по всем лингвистическим дисциплинам, и владеют английским языком на достаточно высоком уровне.

Автор видит свою задачу в том, чтобы предложить студентам и преподавателям возможную схему работы с текстом для перевода, а также предоставить им необходимый материал для анализа и перевода текстов различных функциональных стилей и жанров речи.

Пособие состоит из нескольких разделов. Первый раздел “Basic assumptions” («Основные положения») представляет собой описание базовых принципов и подходов к осуществлению анализа текста при переводе, в нем конкретизируются задачи и параметры предпереводческого и непосредственного переводческого анализа текстов. Для более глубокого понимания сути предлагаемых типов анализа текстов студентам рекомендуется раскрыть и развить (согласиться или опровергнуть) ряд высказываний относительно условий и возможностей осуществления успешного перевода. Учитывая тот факт, что при анализе текста используется свой метаязык, студентам предлагается перечень некоторых лексических единиц, которые могут быть полезны в речи.

В качестве примера для иллюстрации двух типов анализа текста взята статья Беверли Гейдж из журнала «Тайм» (за 17 ноября 2008 года), посвященная вновь избранному президенту США Бараку Обаме и сопоставлению его личности с президентами-предшественниками. Статья принадлежит к публицистическому стилю речи, но носит аналитический характер, в этой связи ей присущи и некоторые черты научной речи. Автор осуществляет два этапа переводческого анализа текста и приводит свой вариант его перевода, который, при работе с текстом, также может быть подвергнут анализу, дополнен и улучшен студентами и преподавателями.

Практическая часть пособия (Practice section) включает разделы, посвященные переводу публицистических, рекламных, научных и художественных текстов. В начале каждого раздела приводится характеристика соответствующего стиля речи и основных проблем перевода относящихся к нему речевых произведений. Далее предлагаются тексты, принадлежащие к различным жанрам исследуемого стиля. Так, например, раздел, посвященный публицистическим текстам, включает тексты публичных выступлений, кинорецензий, редакционной статьи, небольших газетно-информационных заметок. Раздел, посвященный проблемам перевода рекламы, предваряется публицистической статьей о переводческих ошибках в этой области.

В разделе научных текстов для перевода предлагаются научные статьи по проблемам психиатрии и диабетологии (из периодических научных изданий), а также отрывки из научных монографий. Последний научный текст из монографии Роберта де Богранда «Факторы теории поэтического перевода» посвящен особенностям перевода художественных текстов и готовит студентов к рассмотрению проблем перевода литературных текстов в следующем разделе.

Для лучшего осознания проблем художественного перевода студентам предлагаются, в основном, тексты и их опубликованные переводы, что позволяет сопоставить варианты переводческих решений, дать их оценку и выбрать оптимальный вариант (или предложить новый на основе проведенной дискуссии). В пособие включены, например, три перевода известного рассказа А.П. Чехова «Ванька». В качестве приложения для обсуждения предлагаются два английских перевода пьесы А.П. Чехова «Медведь».

В конце пособия предлагается список литературы на английском языке для дальнейшей самостоятельной работы по рассматриваемым в пособии проблемам теории и практики перевода, приводятся адреса Интернет сайтов, которые помогут студентам расширить список литературы, необходимой для написания курсовых и дипломных работ по переводу.

Автор

BASIC ASSUMPTIONS

Modern translation theory proceeds from the concept of any text's translatability. Translation is made possible because texts written in different languages, despite their surface difference, have a common semantic base.

When confronted with the text to be translated, the translator's first concern is to understand it by assessing the meaning of language units in the contextual situation and to reproduce the text's contents in another language in the closest approximation. No information should be added, no information should be omitted. To cope with this difficult task the translator should *decode the text in full*; properly *process it*, so to speak. In this respect, translation analysis of the text is a most important part of the translation procedure. It helps to comprehend the text completely and to interpret it correspondingly.

Though basic characteristics of translation can be observed in all translation events, different types of translation can be singled out depending on the predominant communicative function of the original text. Thus, we can distinguish between *literary* and *informative translation*. The primary task of a translator is to identify the type of the text he works with, define its main characteristics, including *the structure, lexical elements, grammatical elements* and *stylistic peculiarities* of language usage. The fact that *a text must be first read in full* before it can be translated is generally accepted.

Literary translation deals with literary texts, i.e. works of fiction or poetry whose main function is to make an emotional or aesthetic impression upon the reader. Their communicative value depends, first and foremost, on their artistic quality and the translator's primary task is to reproduce this quality in translation. Literary works are known to fall into a number of genres. Literary translation may be subdivided in the same way, as each genre calls for a specific arrangement and makes use of specific artistic means to impress the reader. Translators of prose, poetry or drama have their own problems. The great challenge to the translator is to

combine the maximum equivalence and the high literary merit. The translator of a belles-lettres text is expected to make a careful study of the literary trend the text belongs to, other works of the same author, the peculiarities of his individual style and manner and so on. This involves both linguistic considerations and skills in literary criticism. A good literary translator must be a versatile scholar and a talented writer or poet.

Informative translation is concerned with non-literary texts, the main purpose of which is to convey a certain amount of ideas, to inform the reader of some scientific discoveries, new events in politics, economics, commerce, etc. However, a literary text may include some parts of purely informative character and informative translation, in its turn, may comprise some elements aimed at achieving an aesthetic effect. A number of subdivisions can be also suggested for informative translations, though the principles of classification here are somewhat different. Here we may single out translations of scientific and technical texts, newspaper materials, official papers and some other types of texts such as public speeches, etc. In these texts we observe a certain balance between the expressive and referential functions, between reasoning and emotional appeal.

There are also some minor groups of texts that can be considered separately because of the specific problems their translation poses to the translator. They are film scripts, comic strips and commercials. Literary texts have been given extensive and detailed consideration by language professionals in the academic world. Informative texts are also being studied and described in their common essential and specific features.

When we analyse different translations of the same original they seldom turn out to be identical. Differences in translation depend on reading strategies, degree of objectivation, on the one hand, and individual way of thinking, on the other. Nevertheless, there are always some common semes, invariant structures in the original and in the translation. Some of the *Source Language* (SL) units have *permanent equivalents* in the *Target Language* (TL); that is to say,

there is one-to-one correspondence between such units and their equivalents. This type of correspondence is found between scientific terms, well-known proper names, and numerals, names of the days of the week, months and some other classes of words. But more often than not translators have to deal with *non-permanent (variable) equivalents* (which implies the necessity of selecting one of them in each particular case), *translators' false friends*, *equivalent-lacking words*, etc. We cannot overestimate the role of context. There are two types of context: linguistic and situational. In most cases we have to refer to the situational context and find *occasional equivalents*, *approximate substitutes*, use all kinds of *transformations (transpositions, replacements, additions and omissions)* to achieve *translation adequacy*. Phraseological units or idioms may also have permanent or variable equivalents.

The choice of grammatical units in the TL largely depends on combinability of its lexical elements, their fitness for some grammar patterns. Grammatical equivalents are seldom found, analogous structures are often used. The differences in sentence construction and syntactical arrangement of texts in the SL and the TL make it necessary to use several reconstructions, *grammar replacements* (using another part of speech, a different type of syntactic bond between sentences, etc). Many grammatical categories are different in different languages, and similar grammatical categories are expressed in other ways and require specific knowledge on the part of the translator.

Stylistic aspects of translation include the study of those linguistic features of the SL text which allow attributing it to a certain functional style or type of texts. The translator should be aware of the characteristic features of the corresponding style in the TL. Stylistically-marked language units, the implied and figurative sense, stylistic devices also require special attention. Full attention should be given to pragmatic aspects of translation including author – translator – reader interaction. The general intent of the message is to be preserved and the translation should evoke similar associations.

Careful consideration given to the above-mentioned aspects of the SL text provides for the right choice of translation strategies and priorities, coordination of the problems entailed and final effectiveness of communication. Though total equivalence between the SL text and the TL text is seldom achieved we usually speak of standards of equivalence. Such standards are used not only to guide the production of translations but their evaluation as well.

TRANSLATION STRATEGIES AND TYPES OF TEXT ANALYSIS

Language students learning to translate into their native or a foreign language should be first of all introduced into the basic concepts of the theory of translation, which helps to organize the translation procedure. They will apply translation theory to the creation, description and constructive criticism of translations. In this respect different studies on translation equivalence will be most helpful (Nida E., 1964; Catford J., 1965; Leonardi V., 2000). Translation theory helps to identify and define a translation problem. To acquire translation competence and translation skills, however, students should be trained in various strategies to solve translation problems and make translation decisions. This can be done only by *analysing and translating* a great number of texts, which belong to different language styles and authors. We find it possible to distinguish between *pre-translation analysis* of the text (problem-oriented) and *translation analysis* of the text (problem-solving activities). The complete comprehension and analysis of the source text are the only ways to a good translation. Pre-translation analysis of the text should define the translator's goals and problems involved in translating a particular text.

Possible outline of pre-translation analysis of the text

1. Define the type of translation (literary, informative). Speak of the textual characteristics, which help you to define the functional style the text belongs to.

2. Who actually produced the text and where? What event initiated it? Who is the text to be read by?
3. Speak on *the communicative value of the text* and the translator's primary task. What was the text written for? What is the principal function of the text (informative, expressive, persuasive). What conclusion can be drawn from the text?
4. Speak on pragmatic aspects of translation – author, translator, reader interaction (the author's intention and the effect expected from the receiver of the original). Try to foresee the reaction of the intended TL audience, the problems of the reader of the translation, think of the possibilities of providing effective communication.
5. Speak on the subject matter (theme). What is the text about?
6. Speak of the text's content. What does it say about the subject and how? What is the central idea of the text? How is the content organized in the text? Gather information from context, co-text, speak on the implied sense.
7. Dwell on the structure (structural hierarchy) of the text, the main textual categories (title, the initial paragraph, the final paragraph, point of view, modality, etc.).
8. Outline semantic (lexical) problems of translation.
9. Discuss the grammatical organization of the text; dwell on the most prominent grammar difficulties of translation.
10. Outline specific stylistic problems. Single out stylistically marked language units, stylistic devices, features of the author's individual style, which might present some translation difficulty.

**Unfold the meaning of the following statements
(agree or disagree with them):**

1. Translation problems are often reading problems as the SL text should be first properly read and understood. Most translation problems are comprehension problems.
2. It is arguable that the entire meaning of the source text can be exhaustively rendered into another language. Total equivalence between the text in the SL and the text in the TL is never manifested.
3. The translation will never evoke associations similar to those evoked by the original.
4. The translation should be an adequate piece of discourse in the target language, not a mere linguistic substitute.
5. Recent approaches to translation (the cultural turn) make adaptations more acceptable.

**TRANSLATION ANALYSIS OF THE TEXT AND EVALUATION
OF THE TRANSLATION PROCESS RESULT**

Translation analysis of the text implies the consideration of processes underlying translation performance and the description of translation decision paths. It is a close textual analysis on the main linguistic levels: lexical, grammatical, and stylistic. Students dwell on the linguistic factors involved in conveying the text's message, reconstruct the translation process and point out those aspects of translation theory which help them to organize the translation procedure. Interpretative approach is applied to the text undergoing translation, and thinking-aloud method (Lauffer, S., 2002) is often used as a tool for describing mental processes in the course of translation.

On the lexical level students suggest TL words and phrases for the SL units. On the one hand students are invited to consult various paper and electronic dictionaries, bilingual and monolingual websites; on the other hand, they should remember that linguistic

signs in any language have different meanings in different contexts. Inexperienced translators tend to identify words with their most potential (basic) meanings, but the meanings of words and expressions are not stable. Students pinpoint the intended meanings of words and expressions and look for their equivalents in the TL, remembering that translators transmit thoughts and ideas, not just the meanings of words. The same ideas are often arranged and expressed in another language differently. Texts should be regarded in a functional way; best equivalents for SL units are often occasional, context and situation-dependant.

On the level of grammar students analyse the grammatical arrangement of the text and grammatical problems of translation. They single out specifically SL grammatical forms and constructions; discuss the possibilities of rendering their meaning in the TL.

On the level of style students analyse individual and type-of text-determined peculiarities of using language means, study “the art of using words” in the SL and the TL. A fundamental feature of style has always been that it involves choice – the particular choice of words, the specific arrangement of sentences, the choice of a dominant mood and key of the narration, etc. Choice is always motivated; students should differentiate the text features dictated by the functional style the text belongs to and the author’s individual stylistic features. Students must be aware of the fact that if the style in the resulting translation is not appropriate some significant aspects of meaning may be lost.

Possible outline of translation analysis of the text

1. Present translation factors in the text under study in a systematic way, break up a complex translation task into smaller, more manageable units. Point out central linguistic features relevant for translation.
2. Analyse your translation performance on the level of lexis. Speak on the difficulties of extracting units of translation. Point out the lexemes typically held stable in translation and the

lexemes which require a specific approach. Speak on the type of equivalents offered by the dictionaries, consider options; discuss the possibility of using some words interchangeably, the difficulties of finding equivalent idioms, etc. Account for the choice of the most appropriate version. Describe lexical transformations to which you resort in case you fail to find the appropriate equivalent in the dictionary (*generalization* – using words with broader meaning for the words of narrow semantic volume; *semantic limitation (concretization)* – using words with concrete meaning for the words of wide semantic volume; *antonymic translation* – using words with the opposite meaning and changing the sentence structure; semantic development – using lexical transformations based upon logical connections between subjects, phenomena etc, *compensation* – compensation of primarily stylistic losses in the previous parts of translation). Speak on the techniques which dominate in the entire translation.

3. Analyse your translation performance on the level of grammar (perform a syntactic analysis of the text, dwell on some formal factors – length and type of sentences, prevailing voice and tense forms, peculiarities of expressing some grammar categories, account for the changes in the structure of sentences, word order, etc.).
4. Analyse your translation performance on the level of style. Speak on the personal way the writer operates with words, other lexical and syntactical units (speak on the clarity or obscurity of style, its typicality or originality, etc.). If the text contains instances of using stylistic devices speak on the function they perform in the text. Dwell on some other linguistic choices the writer made to achieve a particular stylistic goal. Speak on the modifications in the text you had to perform to maintain the same style in translation.
5. Dwell on the procedures for the evaluation of the translation product (the yielded result), think of the possibilities to optimize your translation. Linguistic interference is a common thing in

translation; try to get rid of some literal translations, which spoil the general impression. If possible, use several translations for comparative purposes. Speak on translational norms and general loyalty of the translation to the original. Give some attention to nonlinguistic factors (pragmatic factors) – situation, receiving culture, etc. Reconsider some variants of translation which may strike a false note. Remember that the description of the same situation in another language can be done by using quite different structural and stylistic means.

Unfold the meaning of the following statements (agree or disagree with them, provide examples):

1. It is inappropriate to expect that a theoretical model of translation should solve all the problems a translator encounters. Translatologists (translation scholars) sometimes make dogmatic statements but there are no recommendations for all cases. The translator has to apply a flexible and individual approach to each text.
2. A translator, however skilled, cannot focus upon all the aspects of translation at one time and produce a first version that fully represents the original text. A translator should think of priorities.
3. The options offered by the target language in specific contexts are so numerous that it is often impossible to make the right choice.
4. A commentary should often accompany the text in order to account for losses and shifts, for whatever was not preserved.
5. Translation criticism is always subjective. It is impossible to work out any objective criteria for evaluating the results of translation process.

Useful vocabulary

- 1) inherent aspects of translation
- 2) semantic factors (polysemy, synonymy, antonymy)
- 3) explicit information
- 4) implicit information
- 5) semantic similarity
- 6) meaningful elements of the text
- 7) approximate translation
- 8) analogous units
- 9) compressed structures
- 10) expanded structures
- 11) form-oriented translation
- 12) pragmatic adaptation
- 13) dynamic equivalence
- 14) stylistically marked (stylistically relevant) units
- 15) linguistic machinery of translation
- 16) translation engineering
- 17) refined wording
- 18) to look for a perfect (better) wording
- 19) This word suits the text perfectly.
- 20) This equivalent is not in keeping with...
- 21) This word cannot be used in collocation with the noun (adjective).
- 22) I'm usually at odds with ...
- 23) I couldn't think of a better word for...
- 24) Russian has no analogues for ...
- 25) To reformulate the meaning into an equivalent (suitable) grammatical arrangement we have to perform ...
- 26) The translator's first concern is to convey...
- 27) I took care not to add any information not contained in the text because...
- 28) The general key of the text and its mood do not allow me to use...
- 29) The author employs a striking metaphor which demands...
- 30) I'll have to change the imagery of the original because...

SAMPLE ANALYSIS OF THE TEXT

ELECTION 2008

Do Rookies Make Good Presidents?

Obama joins a long list of relative political newbies who have won the nation's highest office. Here's what he can learn from all of them

by Beverly Gage

For 10 exhausting months, Americans worried that Barack Obama might be too inexperienced to serve as President. On Nov. 4, a majority of voters decided that he is in fact “ready to lead” – or at least that he had better be. This suggests that Americans know their history. When it comes to presidential success, experience isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Given the recent Sturm und Drang over the experience question, one might imagine that American Presidents have mostly followed the Johnson / Nixon model, clawing their way from House to Senate to the vice presidency before landing in the Oval Office. In truth, American presidential politics has often been a rookie's game. Some presidential newcomers have hit the ball out of the park, delivering moments of true political greatness. (Think Abraham Lincoln.) Others have offered up inning after inning of rookie mistakes.

As a group, White House rookies tend to fall into three categories. First come the military heroes – Zachary Taylor, Ulysses Grant, Dwight Eisenhower – who ventured a leap into electoral politics only to produce lackluster administrations. (The great exception is George Washington, whose success in office remains uncontested but whose “rookie” status could hardly be helped.)

Next come the technocrats like William Howard Taft and Herbert Hoover, who both arrived with long résumés of appointed posts but virtually no electoral experience. This category might also include Jimmy Carter, who despite several years in the Georgia legislature and governor's office maintained an essentially bureaucratic

outlook toward White House affairs. All three proved wanting as popular leaders, unable to rally mass support for their programs. All three were limited to a single term.

In the last category are the charismatic youngsters: 42-year-old Teddy Roosevelt, 43-year-old John F. Kennedy, 46-year-old Bill Clinton. Of our many presidential rookies, they have been among the most ambitious, championing transformative programs for national change. They have also marked the presidency with their outsize personal traits: Roosevelt's masculine bluster, Kennedy's legendary charm, Clinton's much discussed indiscretions.

At 47 years old, devoid of military or appointed-office experience, Obama seems to fall most easily into the last of these categories. But it's not a perfect fit. For one thing, Obama seems to have far more self-control than Roosevelt, Kennedy and Clinton. He also has less high-level political experience. Kennedy had already served 14 years in Washington (six as a Congressman, eight as a Senator) before ascending to Camelot. Obama, as pre-Palin Republicans once enjoyed pointing out, has yet to complete his first Senate term.

Obama prefers the towering example of Lincoln, one of the least experienced men ever to assume the presidency. Before entering the White House, Lincoln had spent just a handful of years in the Illinois state legislature and a single term in Congress. Many commentators have noted the parallels between Lincoln and Obama: the Illinois roots, the penchant for inspiring oratory, the historic nature of both candidacies. (Lest the connection be overlooked, Obama launched his presidential campaign in Springfield, Ill., Lincoln's hometown.) We could do worse than to have Obama follow Lincoln's path, knitting together a fractured country, raising our sights from the mundane to the sublime. Still, it's hard to draw a direct comparison between the two. Pundits may like to say our country has "never" been as divided as it is in 2008. But Obama isn't confronting a Civil War.

A more exacting model for Obama may be the rookie Democrat Woodrow Wilson, who logged a scant two years as governor of New Jersey (his first go at elective office) before making his bid for

the White House in 1912. Like Obama, Wilson had spent his adult life immersed in university politics. Wilson's essays on American history feature the voice of a professor, not a machine candidate. Obama is himself something of a Wilsonian progressive, a man who puts his faith in transparency and voluntarism rather than New Deal-style interest-group wrangling. He also maintains some of Wilson's reserved and intellectual approach to managing the national welfare.

These traits served Wilson well. His first term saw the passage of groundbreaking measures (including the creation of the Federal Reserve) designed to stabilize and equalize a volatile national economy. Indeed, Wilson faced a country whose rage over Wall Street corruption and plutocratic greed makes current class-based grumbling look decidedly mild. Wilson managed to survive the political storm and win re-election by forging a judicious path between laissez-faire and socialism. What's more, he did it in an era when "socialism" was a genuine grass-roots movement rather than an empty political charge.

Ultimately, the First World War put an end to Wilson's progressive juggernaut; he won the war only to lose the peace. Fortunately, Obama seems unlikely to run aground in quite the same way. While Wilson proved too rigid to negotiate effectively with a postwar Republican Congress, Obama has already made a point of advertising his bipartisan intentions, and his skills at persuasion can hardly be overestimated.

Obama's greatest talent may lie precisely in his ability to be many things to many constituents: a bit of Lincoln, a dash of Wilson, a touch of Roosevelt and Kennedy and Clinton too. In that sense, no single example can tell us much about how he will ultimately lead. Like the many rookies before him, President Obama will write his own chapter of American history.

Gage is the author of *The Day Wall Street Exploded: A Story of America in Its First Age of Terror*, due in February. She teaches U. S. history at Yale University
TIME, November 17, 2008.

PRE-TRANSLATION ANALYSIS OF THE TEXT

Having read the text we can easily refer it to publicistic style, *TIME* is a well-known political magazine in the United States. The rhetorical question in the title of the article and colloquialisms ‘rookie’ and ‘newbie’ are reliable signs of publicistic style. Beverly Gage who teaches U.S. history at Yale University sums up the results of the recent campaign for presidency and weighs the chances of the newly elected president – Barack Obama – for success in his presidential service. The author is willing to help her readers to better understand the character and abilities of the newly elected president through comparing him to his predecessors. She wants the readers to realize the challenges he is going to meet.

On the one hand, she addresses her reader in a rather informal way; on the other hand she presents a profound analysis of some periods in the U.S. history which gives her narration a touch of scholarly paper. First of all she appeals to those Americans who voted for Barack Obama but worried about his being too inexperienced to serve as president. Gage tries to help them analyse the situation and compare Obama to former presidents with little experience in politics before presidency. She divided them into three categories: military heroes (Zachary Taylor, Ulysses Grant, Dwight Eisenhower), technocrats (William Howard Taft, Herbert Hoover, Jimmy Carter) and charismatic youngsters (Teddy Roosevelt, John. F. Kennedy, Bill Clinton). Gage is inclined to refer Obama to the third category though he seems to be “not a perfect fit.” Gage reminds the readers that Obama himself prefers the “towering example of Lincoln” but she thinks that “a more exacting model” for Obama may be Woodrow Wilson. Finally she comes to the conclusion that “his talent may lie precisely in his ability to be many things to many constituents... and President Obama will certainly write his own chapter of American history.”

The translator’s task is rather difficult because Russian readers are less acquainted with the history of the United States than the American *TIME* readers. They do not know as much about the contribution the presidents mentioned in the text made to their

country's success, though some of the names (Lincoln, Kennedy, and Roosevelt) are more known than the others. The structure of the text is very professionally organized. The title of the article is very catchy and the subtitle promises to give useful information not only for the readers but for the new president and his team as well. The initial paragraph serves as a short introduction into the subject of the article; its main bulk is subdivided into logically connected paragraphs, each with a clear message. The conclusion at the end is predictable and optimistic.

The structure of the text itself can be easily reproduced in translation but the general tone of the narration – the combination of a serious historical analysis with a light personal touch in the narration and explicit comparison of presidency to a baseball game – presents some difficulty. That 'baseball touch' is felt in the word 'rookie,' which may be considered the key word in the text (8 instances).

The main lexical problems lie in translating colloquialisms and some foreign expressions included into the text. What catches the eye from the grammar point of view is the usage of modal verbs 'might' and 'may' which introduce into the text the modal meaning of 'possibility without certainty'. The tense forms vary, depending on the actual time described; shifts from past to present are frequent enough. Besides the general tone of the narration, which has been already noted, we have to give due attention to the epithets and metaphors widely employed by the author, some lexical repetitions and stylistically marked idioms.

TRANSLATION ANALYSIS OF THE TEXT

General overview of the text makes it possible to conclude that central translation problems will be concentrated on the level of lexis. We can single out different layers of vocabulary employed by the author: political terms, foreignisms, colloquialisms and even slang words. We can point out the lexemes which have permanent equivalents in the TL:

1) well-known proper names: *Barack Obama* – Барак Обама, *Dwight Eisenhower* – Дуайт Эйзенхауэр, *Herbert Hoover* – Герберт Гувер, *George Washington* – Джордж Вашингтон;

2) realia: *the White House* – Белый дом, *the Oval Office* – Овальный кабинет, *Congress* – Конгресс США; *Wall Street* – Уолл стрит; *House* – Палата представителей (в Конгрессе США), *Senate* – Сенат США, верхняя палата Конгресса США;

3) international words: *socialism* – социализм, *corruption* – коррупция, *political* – политический, *progressive* – прогрессивный, *bureaucratic* – бюрократический;

4) some thematic political vocabulary (for instance, words and expressions connected with election campaigns): *a majority of voters* – большинство избирателей; *launched his presidential campaign* – начал кампанию по избранию на должность президента. However, lexical units belonging to the above mentioned groups may also present some translation problems. For example the expression ‘*machine candidate*’. The word ‘*machine*’ here means ‘a highly organized political group under the leadership of a boss or small clique’ and in translation the expression requires a lexical addition – *представитель государственной (политической) машины*.

Some allusions need commentary. For instance, few Russian readers know that the proper name *Camelot* – *Камелот* refers not only to the fashionable brand of shoe wear but first of all to the most famous castle and court associated with the legendary King Arthur. Camelot was a symbol of justice, kindness and beauty. At the time of John F. Kennedy’s presidency his administration was often called “American Camelot.” When translating the text we should make a note and explain the allusion to the Russian reader.

The expression “*New Deal-style*” also needs some explanation. *The New Deal* – *Новый курс* was the name which United States President Franklin D. Roosevelt gave to a sequence of central economic planning and economic stimulus programs he initiated between 1933 and 1938 with the goal of giving aid to the unem-

ployed, reform of business and financial practices, and recovery of the economy during The Great Depression.

The word *Juggernaut* refers to examples of unstoppable, crushing forces. The dictionary gives the following Russian equivalent: *безжалостная, неумолимая сила* (the Juggernaut of war – *колесница войны*). *Progressive juggernaut* in this connection may be translated as – *прогрессивный натиск*.

The word “*pundits*” may be misleading in finding a proper Russian equivalent. The English-Russian dictionary gives the following variants of translation: 1. *ученый индус*; 2. *шутл. ученый муж; большой знаток; дока*. According to Longman Dictionary of Contemporary English a *pundit* is ‘a person who knows a great deal about a particular subject and whose advice on it may be taken by others: *political pundits*.’ Thus we can use one of the Russian words «*политологи*» or «*аналитики*».

Associations with baseball are supported by the following words and word combinations: *rookies, newbies, inning after inning* and a baseball metaphor *to hit the ball out of the park*.

Rookie is a term for a person who is in their first year of play of their sport and has little or no professional experience. The term also has the more general meaning of anyone new to a profession, training or activity (e.g. *rookie cop, rookie pilot*, as a synonym for *recruit*), or occasionally to a freshman (especially in athletic teams). The only equivalent in Russian we can think of is «*новичок*».

Newbie is a slang term for a newcomer to a baseball team, the army subdivision, online gaming or an Internet activity. It can also be used for any other activity in whose context a somewhat clueless newcomer could exist. It can have derogatory connotations, but is also often used for descriptive purposes only, without a value judgment. In view of the general context we may use the Russian word «*новобранец*». The word *inning* means *a division of a baseball game consisting of a turn at bat for each team*, thus, the phrase “have offered up *inning after inning* of rookie mistakes” can be

translated – ‘как настоящие новобранцы проигрывали подачу за подачей.’

The translator is to study the context very carefully to find a suitable equivalent for the SL word in the TL. The word ‘office,’ for example, in several contexts has to be translated differently: *the nation’s highest office* – *самый высокий пост в государстве*; *success in office* – *успех в должности*; *governor’s office* – *пост губернатора*; *appointed office experience* – *опыт работы на государственной службе*, etc.

Two foreignisms in the text also call for special attention: *Sturm und Drang* (the conventional English translation is “*Storm and Stress*”; a more literal translation, however, might be “*storm and urge, storm and longing, storm and drive or storm and impulse*” – *буря и натиск*) is the name of a movement in German literature and music taking place from the late 1760s through the early 1780s in which individual subjectivity and, in particular, extremes of emotion were given free expression in response to the confines of rationalism imposed by the Enlightenment and associated aesthetic movements. The philosopher Johann Georg Hamann is considered to be the ideologue of *Sturm und Drang*, and Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was a notable proponent of the movement, though he and Friedrich Schiller ended their period of association with it, initiating what would become Weimar Classicism. The expression should be preserved in the text as a foreignism but in brackets we may give the possible contextual variant – *страсти*).

Laissez-fair Fr. /ləɪsɛɪ'fɛəɹ/ (literally means “let do” – *позвольте-делать*) is a term used to describe a policy of allowing events to take their own course. It is a doctrine that states that government generally should not intervene in the marketplace. The term is often used to refer to various economic philosophies and political philosophies which seek to minimize or eliminate government intervention in most or all aspects of society. In the text under study *Laissez-faire* may be translated as *принцип невмешательства*.

The colloquial phrase, “*It isn’t all it’s cracked up to be*” is said when we are disappointed because something is not as good as expected or as we were told it would be. The possible translation may be «Не такой как принято считать».

The phrase “*to be not a perfect fit*” is also a colloquial one and means “to be not quite suitable for” – *не подходит*, but the following context calls for some textual equivalent: “At 47 years old, devoid of military or appointed-office experience, Obama seems to fall most easily into the last of these categories. But *it’s not a perfect fit.*” One of the alternatives may be: «В свои 47 лет, не имея опыта военной и государственной службы, Обама, похоже, подпадает под третью категорию. Но он все-таки *не очень вписывается в нее*».

From the point of view of grammar the translator of the text has to make many transformations, grammatical adjustments, which include mostly changing the parts of speech and syntactical functions of words and phrases. We may provide an example:

“His first *term* saw the passage of groundbreaking measures.”

In the original the word ‘term’ performs the function of the subject, in translation it will be an adverbial modifier of time: «*В течение первого срока* на посту президента он принял решительные меры...». Grammar peculiarities of the TL often make the translator resort to lexical additions: “In that sense, no single example can tell us much about how he will ultimately *lead*.” In Russian the equivalent for the verb “to lead” – «управлять» requires an object «*управлять чем-то*»: «В этом смысле ни один пример не может помочь нам представить, как в конечном итоге он будет *управлять страной*».

Modal verbs will be translated mostly with the help of Russian modal words: “Pundits *may* like to say our country has ‘never’ been as divided as it is in 2008.” «*Может быть*, политологам и нравится говорить о том, что наша страна еще «никогда» не была так разобщена как в 2008 году».

In the following sentence (given in the text in brackets) we come across the form of the subjunctive mood used in the purpose clause introduced by the conjunction *lest*: “*Lest the connection be overlooked, Obama launched his presidential campaign in Springfield, Ill., Lincoln’s hometown.*” – «*Нельзя забывать еще об одной связи, Обама начал свою избирательную кампанию в Спрингфилде, штат Иллинойс, родном городе Линкольна.*»

Participle II from the verb “to give” used at the beginning of the sentence is usually translated as «учитывая, принимая во внимание»: “*Given the recent Sturm und Drang over the experience question, one might imagine...*” – «*Учитывая недавние Sturm und Drang (страсти) по поводу наличия у будущего президента политического опыта, можно подумать, что...*».

From stylistic point of view the translator has to preserve first of all the general analytical character of the narration, which gives the article some features of a scholarly paper, these include: the use of introductory adverbs and phrases like: *ultimately* – *в конечном итоге*; *precisely* – *именно*; *decidedly* – *явно*; *indeed* – *действительно*; *in fact* – *все-таки*; *for one thing* – *с одной стороны*; *what’s more* – *более того*; *when it comes to* – *когда речь заходит о*; *first come* – *в первую группу входят*; *next come* – *затем следуют*; *in that sense* – *в этом смысле*. The analytical character of the article is revealed in the expressions: *it’s hard to draw a direct comparison between ...* – *трудно сравнивать напрямую...*; *a more exacting model for... may be... – может быть, еще больше для... соответствует ...*; *this suggests that...* – *это означает, что...*; *they fall into three categories* – *они распадаются на три категории*; *in the last category are* – *к последней категории относятся...*; *This category might also include...* – *К этой категории можно также причислить...*; *seems to fall most easily into the last of these categories* – *подпадает, скорее, под третью категорию*, etc.

The text includes a great number of stylistically marked units and stylistic devices, for example, metaphors and epithets. The baseball metaphor *to hit the ball out of the park* in the context might be

translated as – *показать настоящую игру*, which is metaphorical in Russian too when applied to politics. There are some phraseological units based on metaphors: “*clawing their way from House to Senate to the vice presidency before landing in the Oval Office*” – «пробивая себе дорогу от Палаты представителей к Сенату и посту вице-президента перед тем, как осесть в Овальном кабинете»; “*Seems unlikely to run aground in quite the same way*” – «не похоже, что сядет на мель подобным же образом». In the cited examples the expressiveness of metaphors is preserved for the target text readers. Sometimes the metaphor is difficult to preserve, for instance, “*a handful of years*” – буквально «горсточку лет», the only possibility is to remove the image and convey the general meaning: «буквально несколько лет».

Some of the epithets do not present any difficulty in preserving their expressiveness: *exhausting* months – *изнурительные* месяцы; *inspiring* oratory – *впечатляющая* риторика; *judicious* path – *благоразумный* путь; *towering* example – *выдающийся* пример; *lackluster* administration – *никчемная* администрация. Others will have to lose some of their expressiveness: *groundbreaking* measures – *решительные* меры.

Comparing the source and target texts for accuracy of translation the translator has to verify lexical choices, the adjusted grammatical structures and revised syntax while thinking of the overall flow of the text. On the other hand, equivalence cannot be linked to formal, syntactic and lexical similarities alone. The translator must attempt to re-create an equivalent speech event. We are to produce the texts which are simultaneously meant for recipients in many different communities. The translation must also undergo ‘a cultural filter.’ Assessing the quality of the end-product the translator will have to apply the discourse-based approach and try to foresee how the characteristics of the text are perceived on the basis of the native culture and receiving culture. Functional, pragmatic equivalence is the type of equivalence which is most appropriate for describing relations between the original and translation. A translation text should fulfill the same function as the original. In many cases we

have to apply a ‘Skopos’ (purpose)-related approach, because different purposes require different approaches to the translation process and its result.

TRANSLATION OF THE TEXT

ВЫБОРЫ 2008

Становятся ли новички хорошими президентами?

Обама примкнет к длинному списку тех новобранцев в политике, которые добрались до высшей государственной должности. Вот чему он может у них поучиться.

Беверли Гейдж

В течение 10 изнурительных месяцев американцы были обеспокоены тем, что Барак Обама может оказаться слишком неопытным для поста президента. 4 ноября большинство избирателей решили, что он все-таки «готов стать лидером» – или, по крайней мере, ему придется им стать. Это означает, что американцы знают свою историю. Когда речь заходит об успехе в должности президента, опыт не так уж важен, как принято считать.

Учитывая недавние Sturm und Drang (страсти) по поводу наличия у будущего президента политического опыта, можно подумать, что американские президенты в большинстве своем следовали модели Джонсона / Никсона, пробивая себе дорогу от Палаты представителей к Сенату и посту вице-президента перед тем, как осесть в Овальном кабинете. На самом же деле, президентская политика в Америке часто была игрой новичков. Некоторые новички показывали настоящую игру, становясь при этом великими политиками. (Вспомните Авраама Линкольна.) Другие же, как настоящие новички, проигрывали одну подачу за другой.

В целом, все новички Белого дома распадаются на три категории. В первую группу входят герои войны – Захария Тэйлор, Улисс Грант, Дуайт Эйзенхауэр, которые совершили прорыв к выбор-

ной политике, но не смогли создать дееспособное правительство. (Большим исключением является Джордж Вашингтон, чей успех на посту президента до сих пор является непревзойденным, но «статус новичка» для него был неизбежен.)

Затем следует группа технократов, таких как Уильям Хауард Тафт и Герберт Гувер, которые пришли к власти, имея длинный послужной список, но без опыта участия в выборах такого ранга. К этой категории можно также причислить Джимми Картера, который, несмотря на несколько лет работы в законодательных органах штата Джорджия и на посту губернатора, продемонстрировал явно бюрократический подход к делам Белого дома. Все трое показали неспособность стать популярными лидерами и получить всенародную поддержку своих программ. Все трое смогли продержаться на посту президента только один срок.

К последней категории относятся харизматичные молодые президенты: 42-летний Тедди Рузвельт, 43-летний Джон Ф. Кеннеди, 46-летний Билл Клинтон. Из всех наших многочисленных президентов-новичков они обладали самыми большими амбициями и выдвигали программы государственных преобразований. Годы их президентства были отмечены выдающимися личностными чертами: Рузвельт обладал незаурядной мужской силой, Кеннеди – легендарным обаянием, а Клинтон совершил ряд много обсуждавшихся неблагоприятных поступков.

В свои 47 лет, не имея опыта военной и государственной службы, Обама, похоже, подпадает под третью категорию. Но он все-таки не очень вписывается в нее. С одной стороны, у Обамы, по всей видимости, больше самообладания, чем у Рузвельта, Кеннеди и Клинтона. Но у него и меньше опыта в высокой политике. Кеннеди проработал в Вашингтоне 14 лет (шесть как конгрессмен, восемь как сенатор), прежде чем возглавить президентскую администрацию. Обама, как однажды с удовольствием отметили республиканцы еще до выхода на политическую арену госпожи Палин, еще не завершил свой первый срок на посту сенатора.

Для Обамы предпочтителен выдающийся пример Линкольна, который был одним из самых неопытных в политике президентов. До того как войти в Белый дом, Линкольн буквально несколько лет проработал в законодательных органах штата Иллинойс и один срок в Конгрессе. Многие обозреватели отмечали сходство между Линкольном и Обамой: корни в штате Иллинойс, склонность к впечатляющей риторике, историческое предназначение. (Нельзя забывать еще об одной связи – Обама начал свою избирательную кампанию в Спрингфилде, штат Иллинойс, родном городе Линкольна). Мы можем пойти дальше и сказать, что Обаме придется, как и Линкольну, собрать воедино расколотую страну, научить нас отрываться от земных дел и задумываться о более возвышенных. И все-таки, трудно сравнивать этих двух политиков напрямую. Может быть, политологам и нравится говорить о том, что наша страна еще «никогда» не была так разобщена, как в 2008 году, но над Обамой не висит угроза гражданской войны.

Может быть, еще больше Обаме соответствует опыт новичка-демократа Вудро Вильсона, который проработал всего лишь два года в должности губернатора штата Нью-Джерси (его первая выборная должность) перед тем как сделал ставку на Белый дом в 1912 году. Подобно Обаме, Вильсон активно участвовал в университетской политике. В очерках Вильсона, посвященных истории Америки, слышится голос профессора, а не представителя государственной машины. Сам Обама является прогрессивным лидером вильсоновского типа, человеком, который ясно и свободно выражает свои убеждения, а не яростно отстаивает групповой интерес в виде Нового курса. Он также демонстрирует сходство с Вильсоном благодаря своему сдержанному и разумному подходу к вопросу о национальном благосостоянии.

Эти качества оказали Вильсону добрую услугу. В течение первого срока на посту президента он принял решительные меры (включая создание федерального резерва), нацеленные на стабилизацию и выравнивание неустойчивой государственной экономики. Действительно, Вильсону досталась страна, гнев

которой по поводу коррупции в финансовых кругах и жадности плутократов никак не сравним с современным явно мягким недовольством некоторых слоев общества. Вильсону удалось миновать политический шторм и снова победить на выборах, благоразумно маневрируя между *laissez-faire* (политикой государственного невмешательства) и социализмом. Более того, ему удалось сделать это в эпоху, когда «социализм» был настоящим массовым движением, а не пустым политиканством.

В конечном итоге, первая мировая война положила конец прогрессивному натиску Вильсона; он выиграл войну, но зато проиграл в мирное время. К счастью, не похоже, что Обама сядет на мель подобным же образом. Если Вильсон был слишком непреклонен для эффективных переговоров с послевоенным республиканским Конгрессом, то Обама с самого начала заявил о своем намерении учитывать мнения обеих сторон, а его умение убеждать трудно переоценить.

Возможно, самый большой талант Обамы состоит именно в его способности сочетать в себе многие качества: что-то от Линкольна, немного от Вильсона, чуточку от Рузвельта и Кеннеди и от Клинтона тоже. В этом смысле ни один из приведенных примеров не может помочь нам представить, как, в конечном итоге, он будет управлять страной. Как и многие предыдущие новички, которые приходили в Белый дом до него, президент Обама впишет свою собственную главу в историю Америки.

Гейдж является автором книги *«День, когда взорвалась Уолл-Стрит: История Америки в ее первый век террора»*.

Книга выйдет в свет в феврале.

Гейдж преподает историю США в Йельском университете.

PRACTICE SECTION

NON-LITERARY TEXTS

TRANSLATING PUBLICISTIC TEXTS

Introductory remarks

The *publicistic style* is used in public speeches and printed public works which are addressed to a broad audience and devoted to important social or political events, public problems of cultural or moral character. It falls into three varieties, each having its own distinctive features. The publicist style has spoken varieties, in particular, the *oratorical* sub-style. The development of radio and television has brought into being a new spoken variety – the radio and television commentary. The other two are the *essay* and *articles* in newspapers, journals and magazines.

The general aim of the publicist style is to exert influence on public opinion, to convince the reader or the listener that the interpretation given by the writer or the speaker is the only correct one and to cause him to accept the point of view expressed in the speech, essay or article not merely by logical argumentation, but by emotional appeal as well.

Due to its characteristic combination of logical argumentation and emotional appeal, the publicistic style has features in common with the style of scientific prose or official documents, on the one hand, and that of emotive prose, on the other. Coherent and logical syntactic structures, with an expanded system of connectives and careful paragraphing, make it similar to scientific prose. The emotional appeal is generally achieved by the use of words with emotive meaning, the use of imagery and other stylistic devices as in emotive prose. The individual element essential to the belles-lettres style is, as a rule, little in evidence here. Naturally, of course, essays and speeches have greater individuality than newspaper or magazine articles where the individual element is generally toned down and limited by the requirements of the style.

The publicistic style also has some elements of emotionally coloured colloquial style as the author has no need to make their speech impersonal (as in scientific or official style), but, on the contrary, he or she tries to approximate the text to lively communication, as though they were talking to people in direct contact.

The oratorical style is the oral subdivision of the publicistic style. The most obvious purpose of oratory is persuasion, and it requires eloquence. This style is evident in speeches on political and social problems of the day, in orations and addresses on solemn occasions as public weddings, funerals and jubilees, in sermons and debates and also in the speeches of counsel and judges in courts of law. The sphere of application of oratory is confined to appeal to an audience and therefore crucial issues in such spheres as science, art, or business relations are not touched upon.

News style (also *journalistic style* or *news writing*) is the prose style used for news reporting in media such as newspapers, radio and television. News style encompasses not only vocabulary and sentence structure, but also the way in which stories present the information in terms of relative importance, tone, and intended audience. News writing attempts to answer all the basic questions about any particular event in the first two or three paragraphs. In journalism, there is a concept of the *Five Ws* (also known as the *Five Ws and one H*); it is regarded as basics in information-gathering. It is a formula for getting the “full” story on something. The maxim of the Five Ws (and one H) is that in order for a report to be considered complete it must answer a checklist of six questions, each of which comprises an interrogative word.

- Who?
- What?
- Where?
- When?
- Why?
- How?

This form of structure is sometimes called the “inverted pyramid,” to refer to decreased importance of information as it progresses.

As has already been stated above, the problem of translation equivalence is closely connected with the stylistic aspect of translation. Full translation adequacy includes as an obligatory component the right choice of stylistic means and devices of the target language to substitute for those observed in the source text. First of all, a translator is to distinguish between neutral, bookish and colloquial words and word combinations, translating them by relevant units of the target language. Usually it is a routine task, but sometimes it is hard to determine the correct stylistic variety of a translation equivalent. In almost all instances of translation, the final decision is taken on the basis of context, situation and background information.

1. Study the following speech thoroughly and be ready to present its pre-translation and translation analyses in class.

Inaugural Address

John Kennedy

January 20, 1961

¹ Vice President Johnson, Mr. Speaker, Mr. Chief Justice, President Eisenhower, Vice President Nixon, President Truman, Reverend Clergy, Fellow Citizens:

² We observe today not a victory of party but a celebration of freedom – symbolizing an end as well as a beginning – signifying renewal as well as change. For I have sworn before you and Almighty God the same solemn oath our forebears prescribed nearly a century and three quarters ago.

³ The world is very different now. For man holds in his mortal hands the power to abolish all forms of human poverty and all forms of human life. And yet the same revolutionary beliefs for which our forebears fought are still at issue around the globe – the

belief that the rights of man come not from the generosity of the state but from the hand of God.

- ⁴ We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of that first revolution. Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans – born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage – and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world.
- ⁵ Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty.
- ⁶ This much we pledge – and more.
- ⁷ To those old allies whose cultural and spiritual origins we share, we pledge the loyalty of faithful friends. United, there is little we cannot do in a host of cooperative ventures. Divided, there is little we can do – for we dare not meet a powerful challenge at odds and split asunder.
- ⁸ To those new states whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of colonial control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny. We shall not always expect to find them supporting our view. But we shall always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom – and to remember that, in the past, those who foolishly sought power by riding the back of the tiger ended up inside.
- ⁹ To those peoples in the huts and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass misery, we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required – not because the communists may be doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right. If a free

society cannot help the many who are poor, it can not save the few who are rich.

¹⁰ To our sister republics south of our border, we offer a special pledge – to convert our good words into good deeds – in a new alliance for progress – to assist free men and free governments in casting off the chains of poverty. But this peaceful revolution of hope cannot become the prey of hostile powers. Let all our neighbors know that we shall join with them to oppose aggression or subversion anywhere in the Americas. And let every other power know that this Hemisphere intends to remain the master of its own house.

¹¹ To that world assembly of sovereign states, the United Nations, our last best hope in an age where the instruments of war have far outpaced the instruments of peace, we renew our pledge of support – to prevent it from becoming merely a forum for invective – to strengthen its shield of the new and the weak – and to enlarge the area in which its writ may run.

¹² Finally, to those nations who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge but a request: that both sides begin anew the quest for peace, before the dark powers of destruction unleashed by science engulf all humanity in planned or accidental self-destruction.

¹³ We dare not tempt them with weakness. For only when our arms are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed.

¹⁴ But neither can two great and powerful groups of nations take comfort from our present course – both sides overburdened by the cost of modern weapons, both rightly alarmed by the steady spread of the deadly atom, yet both racing to alter that uncertain balance of terror that stays the hand of mankind's final war.

¹⁵ So let us begin anew – remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.

- ¹⁶ Let both sides explore what problems unite us instead of belaboring those problems which divide us.
- ¹⁷ Let both sides, for the first time, formulate serious and precise proposals of the inspection and control of arms – and bring the absolute power to destroy other nations under the absolute control of all nations.
- ¹⁸ Let both sides seek to invoke the wonders of science instead of its terrors. Together let us explore the stars, conquer the deserts, eradicate disease, tap the ocean depths and encourage the arts and commerce.
- ¹⁹ Let both sides unite to heed in all corners of the earth the command of Isaiah – to “undo the heavy burdens ... (and) let the oppressed go free.”
- ²⁰ And if a beach-head of cooperation may push back the jungle of suspicion, let both sides join in creating a new endeavor, not a new balance of power, but a new world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved.
- ²¹ All this will not be finished in the first one hundred days. Nor will it be finished in the first one thousand days, nor in the life of this Administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin.
- ²² In your hands, my fellow citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course. Since this country was founded, each generation of Americans has been summoned to give testimony to its national loyalty. The graves of young Americans who answered the call to service surround the globe.
- ²³ Now the trumpet summons us again – not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need – not as a call to battle, though embattled we are – but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in and year out, “rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation” – a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself.

- ²⁴ Can we forge against these enemies a grand and global alliance, North and South, East and West, that can assure a more fruitful life for all mankind? Will you join in that historic effort?
- ²⁵ In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility – I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it – and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.
- ²⁶ And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you – ask what you can do for your country.
- ²⁷ My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.
- ²⁸ Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God’s work must truly be our own.

Some questions and key points not to be overlooked

1. Give due attention to the time, place and occasion on which the speech was made.
2. Consider translation difficulties connected with the organization of the speech.
3. Dwell on the speaker’s major goals. How would they influence the choice of Russian equivalents for the target text units?
4. Pinpoint the key words used throughout the speech and think of some Russian words which will perform the same function in the target text.

5. Single out most powerful parts in J. Kennedy's speech. What linguistic means provide for the strength of the speech? Search for identical expressive means in Russian.
2. **Compare the speech that follows to the previous one from the point of view of translation problems. Study the information about the speaker given after the speech.**

Address to the Ohio Women's Rights Convention

Sojourner Truth

Ohio, 1851

Well, children, where there is so much racket there must be something out of kilter. I think that 'twixt the Negroes of the South and the women at the North, all talking about rights, the white men will be in a fix pretty soon. But what's all this here talking about?

That man over there says that women need to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into carriages, or over mud-puddles, or gives me any best place! And ain't I a woman? Look at me! Look at my arm. I have ploughed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me! And ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man – when I could get it – and bear the lash as well! And ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children, and seen them most all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And ain't I a woman?

Then they talk about this thing in the head; what's this they call it? (Intellect, someone whispers.) That's it, honey. What's that got to do with women's rights or Negro's rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yours holds a quart, wouldn't you be mean not to let me have my little half-measure full?

Then that little man in black there, he says women can't have as much rights as men, 'cause Christ wasn't a woman! Where did your Christ come from? Where did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothing to do with Him.

If the first woman God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down all alone, these women together ought to be able to turn it back, and get it right side up again! And now they is asking to do it, the men better let them.

Obliged to you for hearing me, and now old Sojourner ain't got nothing more to say.

Sojourner Truth (originally named Isabella Baumfree), was born a slave in Ulster County, New York State, in about 1797. At the age of nine she was auctioned off to an Englishman named John Nealey. Over the next few years she was owned by a fisherman in Kingston and then by John Dumont, a plantation owner from New York County. Between 1810 and 1827 she had five children with a fellow slave. She was dismayed when one of her sons was sold to a plantation owner in Alabama.

After New York State abolished slavery in 1827, Quaker friends helped her win back her son through the courts. She moved to New York City and obtained work as a servant. She became friends with Elijah Pierson, a religious missionary, and eventually moved into his home.

In 1843 Isabella took the name Sojourner Truth. With the help of a white friend, Olive Gilbert, she published her book, *The Narrative of Sojourner Truth*. In an introduction to the book, William Lloyd Garrison wrote that he believed it would “stimulate renewed efforts to liberate all those still in slavery in America.”

Over the next few years Truth toured the country making speeches on slavery. After meeting Lucretia Mott she also spoke at meetings in favour of woman's suffrage. When a white man told her that her speeches were no more important than a fleabite, she replied, “Maybe not, but the Lord willing, I'll keep you scratching.”

In 1850, Sojourner Truth attended the first National Woman's Rights Convention in Worcester, Massachusetts, where she was the only black woman. The following year, Sojourner Truth attended the Ohio Women's Rights Convention in Akron; many participants objected to her presence, fearing that the feminist cause would get mixed up with the unpopular abolitionist cause. As Sojourner Truth rose to speak, there was a hiss of disapproval. But when she finished, there were “roars of applause” from the audience.

At the beginning of the American Civil War, she helped recruit black men to help the war effort. In 1864 she moved to Washington where she organised a campaign against the policy of not allowing blacks to sit with whites on trains. As a result of this, she was received in the White House by President Abraham Lincoln. Sojourner Truth died at Battle Creek, Michigan, on 26th November, 1883.

<http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/USAStruth.htm>

2. Study the following text and be ready to present its pre-translation and translation analyses in class.

EDITORIALS

Mother Teresa's Saintly Message

Saints can be difficult for humanity to accept. They often appear as lonely zealots locked in religious passion. Or they walk apart from the crowd, shouting a message that few can hear. Small wonder that such prophets seem lost in their own times and need history books to put them in their proper place.

Mother Teresa was different. Her message of unconditional love was plain to see in the orphanages and hospitals she ran. Her simple, brave work inspired thousands to join her religious order and set up schools, AIDS hospices and soup kitchens, including one in San Francisco.

World leaders flocked to her, partly to sanctify themselves, but also to study someone who lived with open arms. She was a tiny, stooped woman in a blue-edged white sari who founded a movement and a way of thinking that argued against a cynical and uncaring existence. It is a saint's task to fight against a mind set that ignores suffering or accepts it without a fight.

A comparison with Princess Diana is inevitable. The two even met several times at clinics run by Mother Teresa's order, and the princess appeared in awe of the nun. But while Diana struggled to find herself in good works during a short life, Mother Teresa spent decades working among the poor.

The nun on occasion traveled to world trouble spots such as famine-plagued Ethiopia or war zones in Lebanon and Cambodia, brining media attention much like Diana's last crusade to ban land mines. The shaming presence of the diminutive nun could only have speeded relief work or cooled warlike passions. Her surprisingly strong handshake and piercing gaze were weapons she used to win allies and convince strangers of her views.

Mother Teresa found a guiding mission in her life and poured her galvanizing energy into it. Rather than tend a small operation

she started a half century ago in the slums of Calcutta, she expanded her work anywhere it was needed. Her order now has 4,500 nuns working in 111 countries to provide food, clothing and medicine to anyone who asks. Her brand of Catholicism was conservative – her strong opposition to abortion is one example – but her powerful example made her welcome everywhere. During her long life, she collected many awards. The world bestowed some 80 national and international honors, including the Nobel Peace Prize. Her name became synonymous with charity, love and religious humility, a feat that few on this planet could approach.

But her devotion hardly flagged, even as her health faded in the past decade. In her final years, she remarked that hunger and sickness remained primary concerns. But she added loneliness to the list. “Loneliness is also a kind of hunger. Hunger for warmth and affection. And this hunger is much more difficult to quench than the hunger for a piece of bread.” This saint of muddy street saw deep into human nature.

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE. The Voice of the West

Some questions and key points not to be overlooked

1. Speak on the general linguistic peculiarities of the editorial article within newspaper style. Account for textual organization of the article presented above.
2. How is the idea that Mother Teresa was different from other saints brought home to the readers? What linguistic means are employed to characterize the woman? Which of them are most difficult to translate?
3. Do you also think that Princess Diana and Mother Teresa had much in common? Pay special attention to the part in the text in which the two women are compared. Think of different ways of translating the phrase “*the princess appeared in awe of the nun.*”
4. Mother Teresa used to say that feeding and clothing people was not enough, they needed to be told they were loved. In what way is this idea expressed in the text? Is it quite easy to convey it in translation?

5. Mother Teresa often described herself metaphorically as a “little pencil in the hand of God.” Discuss the problems of translating the metaphor which characterizes the woman’s devotion to her mission: “*Mother Teresa found a guiding mission in her life and poured her galvanizing energy into it.*”
4. **Study the following text thoroughly, be ready to present its pre-translation and translation analyses in class.**

Plane crash in Virginia kills 12

The Associated Press

Shacklefords, Va. – A plane carrying 11 members of a sky-diving school crashed into a house and exploded on Sunday, killing a man sitting on his back porch and everyone aboard the plane.

The house caught fire, but authorities said no one else living in the row of about 10 houses along a woodsy lane in rural Tidewater Virginia was injured.

Mattie Byrd was lying in bed when she heard the plane laboring overhead: “I... saw the plane in the air, and it turned like it wanted to go back the other way, then it made a nosedive.”

“I was assuming it was coming in the back door of my house. It sounded like it was going through something, and then it went boom. By the time we got outside, it had blown, and there was fire everywhere.”

A body count at the scene confirmed there were 11 persons on the plane, said Mary Evans, a state police spokeswoman. She said their names would not be released until today.

Byrd said her neighbor, Vincent Harris, owned a trucking company and moonlighted as a Baptist minister, was killed. His son, Vincent Jr., who is 8 or 9, was playing outside and wasn’t injured.

“Right after the crash, ... a couple of people tried to get in there to get him but they couldn’t. It was all in flames,” she said. The fire melted the vinyl siding on her house, about 50 feet from the Harris home.

The plane, a Beechcraft Queen Air BE-65, went down about 6:45 p.m. EDT just east of Shackelfords, which is about 40 miles east of Richmond.

The Beechcraft Queen Air BE-65 crashed about 15 minutes after takeoff from West Point Municipal Airport, said Arlene Salac, a spokeswoman for the Federal Aviation Administration.

The pilot and parachutists were from a skydiving school based at the airport, which is about 1^{1/2} miles from the crash site, Evans said.

There was no immediate indication what caused the crash. FAA and National Transportation Safety Board agents were investigating.

The Kansas City Star, September 11, 1995.

Some questions and key points not to be overlooked

1. What typical features of newspaper style can be observed in the text?
2. Single out the most important blocks of information. Speak on the linguistic means of their presentation.
3. What Russian variants would you suggest for: *authorities said, the plane laboring overhead, it made a nosedive, it went boom, a body count, a Baptist minister, the fire melted the vinyl siding, a spokeswoman for the Federal Aviation administration?*
4. Are there any problems in achieving pragmatic adequacy of translation?
5. **Study the following text, prepare for its pre-translation and translation analyses.**

Employer draws flak for turning in job applicant with counterfeit ID

by Anabelle Garay

Carrollton – Did a suburban Dallas employer go too far when he told police about a job applicant who presented what turned out to be a counterfeit Social Security card?

Relatives and advocates for Maria Martinez say that's what happened when she was arrested, jailed and deported as an illegal immigrant after applying for a hospital cafeteria job.

But a spokeswoman for Trinity Medical Center in Carrollton said the hospital was simply following policy and has a responsibility to report criminal activity, including possible identity theft, to the proper authorities.

In a year marked by several high profile immigration raids targeting both undocumented workers and the companies that hire them, the case raises questions about what employers can or should do if they discover an applicant is not authorized to work legally in the U.S.

Martinez, a single mother of a 3-year-old son and a teenage daughter, showed the hospital's cafeteria director a Social Security card when applying for a job in July and also included the card's number on her application, according to police reports. About a week later, however, a background check revealed the number had been issued to a person who had died.

The hospital's personnel director notified Carrollton police of the discrepancy. Detectives also were informed that Martinez had an appointment the next day at the hospital's human resources office, according to documents filed in the case.

Police were waiting at the hospital and arrested Martinez on a charge of tampering with a government record.

According to police, Martinez acknowledged buying the Social Security card for \$110 at a Wal-Mart.

She also had a second Social Security card and two counterfeit cards stating she was a legal permanent resident.

Martinez planned to fight the state charge but after being held in jail for nearly three weeks, she agreed to be deported to Mexico in August. Her son joined her there.

What makes Martinez's case stand out is that employers aren't required to report someone suspected of a crime, attorneys say. They also aren't mandated to report a worker or applicant suspected of being in the U.S. illegally, say immigration attorneys and enforcement officials.

Metro & State, September 1, 2008

Some questions and key points not to be overlooked

1. What elements of the text make the article different from the previous one? Point out linguistic differences in presenting information.
2. Single out newspaper clichés and find their clichéd equivalents in Russian.
3. Pay special attention to finding appropriate Russian equivalents for English proper names and abbreviations.

6. Study the following film review and be ready to present its pre-translation and translation analyses in class.

“The Interpreter” movie review

Lost in translation

by Rebecca Murray

Sydney Pollack returns to the land of thrillers with “The Interpreter,” a timely, thought-provoking drama with a superb cast and an interesting premise. A little long-winded and sometimes confusing, “The Interpreter” benefits from solid performances by Nicole Kidman, Sean Penn, and Catherine Keener.

Nicole Kidman stars as Silvia Broome, a United Nations translator who hails from the fictional nation of Matobo, Africa. An expert in the obscure language of Ku, Silvia overhears a plot to kill the hated dictator of Matobo just days prior to his appearance before members of the UN. After reporting what she hears, “The teacher

will never leave this room alive,” Silvia’s life is turned inside out and upside down by the conspirators and by the federal agents, Tobin Keller (Sean Penn) and Dot Woods (Catherine Keener), assigned to protect her. While on the surface it appears Silvia is simply an innocent bystander who just happened to overhear the would-be assassins, Keller has his doubts. Is Silvia a witness or is she somehow connected to the threat against the African head of state?

“The Interpreter” is a cat and mouse game with a few of the involved parties appearing to change sides throughout the process. The dialogue-heavy film forces you to pay close attention in order to keep up with the plot (go to the snack bar *before* the movie starts or you will miss a key detail). And while for the most part “The Interpreter” is engaging, it does have excruciatingly slow moments. The flow of the film is uneven and there are times when it seems information is either unnecessarily repeated, drawn out in too much detail, or what’s feed to the audience turns out to be just downright illogical. Yet Kidman and Penn are impressive, nailing their characters and making the annoying slow moments and convoluted plot mostly tolerable.

After tossing out acting compliments to Nicole Kidman and Sean Penn, I do have one major complaint about Kidman’s appearance in “The Interpreter” however it’s something the Oscar-winning actress didn’t have control over. I had a really difficult time paying attention to Kidman’s dialogue because of her mysteriously moving bangs. Once I started watching them, it was practically impossible to stop. In scenes with intense dialogue, the camera would focus first upon Kidman, then on whoever she was speaking to at the time, and back to Kidman. Almost half the time when the camera returned to Kidman’s face, her bangs were no longer covering one of her eyes. They’d been swept back further off of her face, a very obvious and distracting position change. It became so distracting that I had a hard time putting it out of my mind and focusing on the story. My eyes were continuously drawn to Kidman’s bangs. I know this is nit-picking but the lack of continuity took me out of the film. Bangs should be a no-no in such an intensely dialogue-driven film.

As for the look of the film, much has been made of the fact Sydney Pollack was given permission to shoot inside the actual United Nations building. “The Interpreter” was the first movie to be granted access (even Alfred Hitchcock was denied permission when he wanted to film “North by Northwest” inside the sacred halls of the UN) and the atmosphere and vibe the actual United Nations building contributes to the film can’t be denied. If you’ve ever wondered what it would be like to be at the center of power, “The Interpreter” makes you feel as though you are right there in the middle of the world’s decision makers.

While the film has all the makings of a solid story for adult audiences, there’s something too artificial about the set-up and about the main characters. The federal agents are inept, the movie tries to squeeze a lesson on forgiveness into the plot, and a lot of the supporting characters’ actions are telegraphed so far in advance that when the action takes off, the thrill is muted.

“The Interpreter” looks nice and the acting is terrific, but that’s just on the surface. Definitely not the absorbing thriller you can feel Pollack was aiming to produce, “The Interpreter” is good but ultimately forgettable.

Grade: B-

“The Interpreter” was directed by Sydney Pollack and is rated PG-13 for violence, some sexual content and brief strong language.

<http://movies.about.com/od/theinterpreter/a/interpret042105.htm>

Some questions and key points not to be overlooked

1. Study the existing types of film reviews:
<http://www.videojug.com/expertanswer/becoming-a-film-critic/what-are-the-various-types-of-film-reviews>
<http://library.cnu.edu/itg/Film.pdf>
2. To what type does the text presented above belong? What are the main difficulties of translating film reviews?
3. Discuss possible variants of translating the following word combinations: *returns to the land of thrillers, a little long-winded and sometimes confusing, hails from the fictional nation of*

Matobo, the obscure language of Ku, an innocent bystander, the would-be assassins, the dialogue-heavy film.

4. Edit your variant of translation and prepare it for “publication.” Will you have to make any notes for Russian readers?

7. Study the following film review and be ready to present its pre-translation and translation analyses in class.

Forrest Gump

by Roger Ebert

When you like a movie too much, it is not as if it helped you analyse it; personally, I find it real hard to be objective in such a case. Watching “Forrest Gump” even for the-teeth time, I could not concentrate on the analysis points and did get carried away once again, which, to my mind, alone accounts for the quality of the movie.

I had read some critique on “Forrest Gump” beforehand, and it all was full of praise and admiration, but, to tell the truth, the film went beyond all my expectations. The fact that it was going to contain newsreel shots didn’t excite me at all, and I was amazed by the quality editing work, which made the movie look as a whole. As a rule, documentary insertions look like implants in feature films; compared to those, “Forrest Gump” appears rather homogeneous, archival clips being very skillfully put together with the rest.

For the filmmakers, the main character’s job is to serve as a dead-pan witness to the U.S. history in the making: assassinations, Vietnam war, hippies, Watergate, drugs, AIDS... He keeps showing up on the scene of important events and meeting celebrities ranging from John Lennon to JFK.

An excellent computer (as well as cameraman’s) work allows Forrest Gump to make small talk with the U.S. President and peep from George Wallace’s shoulder. Sometimes Gump turns out to be the one to influence the history, as e.g. in the case with the “Watergate,” when he unconsciously informs on Nixon’s people, or

(not as bright an example, but still an amusing one) when we see Elvis Presley imitate Gump's peculiar movements while performing "Hound Dog" a few years later after their meeting. This way (returning to the issue of the film's continuity) Gump serves as a connecting-link between the "historical" and "life" shots.

In regard to the music, it is very organic to the plot. Each part of the movie, depicting some period of the American history, is accompanied by the contemporary (60s-80s) singers' and bands' hits, with lyrics always quite to the point, to take for instance the "Doors" medley in the succession of shots, showing Jenny drugged up to the eyeballs "as she's walking out the door..."* leaving behind the addict's life.

As for the costume designer's work, it is also remarkable, only to remember Jenny, who keeps in step with the times, by whose clothes and overall style we can judge, what was trendy at a particular moment. More examples: the series of shots of the shrimp business dynasty (Boba's family), or of Lt. Dan's military ancestors, appearing one by one, only the uniform changed.

I can't but say a couple of words about how I was impressed by Tom Hank's brilliant performance. If I had been asked to do the casting for the movie I wouldn't have even considered his candidacy, since I would've thought him to be (or to look, to be more exact, as I don't know him personally) too smart to play a part of a dimwit. Yet then I would've underestimated his acting talent, as he did just perfect to create a believable character on the screen.

Whenever I think of his character, I always catch myself humming the same old song by the "Beatles," which is "The Fool on the Hill." For some reason, that image resembles me of Forrest Gump: "... nobody wants to know him. They can see that he's just a fool..."*

Turning back to the movie,— nobody does, in fact, but his mother, who feels that he has as much right to the American Dream as anyone. To escape local bullies, he learns to run like the wind, which leads him to a football scholarship. Then "well on the way,

Head is a cloud...”** he goes on to become a Vietnam hero, a world ping-pong champion and a shrimp magnate. And the shocking thing about it is that he doesn't strive for all this. He just does what he feels like at the moment, e.g. runs across the country – for *no* women's rights or animals, but – *just* for the fun of it.

I've been told by some of my American friends, that they found insulting the idea that a dummy could make his way to the top (i.e. wealth) as easy as that, while they, being way too smart and hard-working, can get only ten times as less. In their opinion, it was unfair. Well, I think one shouldn't put down the movie for the American Dream manual, as it is merely a story about a lucky one, who was – not smart, but – fortunate enough to gain everything effortlessly.

This movie may touch and move you, make you laugh and cry; it makes you reflect on the essential issues; it can please and irritate you, but it won't leave you indifferent for a single moment, and therefore, I believe, can be called a true work of art.

Chicago Sun-Times Inc.

WORK CITED * The Doors. Love Her Madly.

** The Beatles. The Fool on the Hill.

Some key points not to be overlooked

1. Go through the text and point out the lexical units, which have permanent equivalents in the Russian language and the lexical units the meaning of which will require adjustments in the TL text.
 2. R. Ebert is a well-known film-reviewer, read some more articles written by him (<http://rogerebert.suntimes.com/apps/pbcs.dll/section?category=REVIEWS>) and speak on those peculiar features of his style which are reflected in the review under study and should be carefully preserved in translation.
- 8. Study the following text thoroughly, be ready to analyse and translate it in class.**

Lost in Translation: Language Blunders Can Sully Ad Efforts

*Even Small Mistakes Can Cost Marketers Sales and Confidence;
Want Fries With That Underwear?*

by Janet Whitman

Message to marketers: One man's pizza may be another man's pants.

That is a lesson at least one U.S. advertiser would have liked to have known before trying to market his folded-over pizza, called a calzone, to Spanish speakers: To them, calzone means underwear. The poor translation was one example of botched advertising and branding efforts cited in a recent U.S. survey of people who speak English as a second language.

Of the 513 people surveyed, 57% said they had spotted advertising that was incorrectly translated from English into other languages. Though the blunders often are humorous, they can cost the advertiser sales, suggested the survey, conducted by New York-based translation service TransPerfect Translations Inc. Close to 50% of respondents said they simply tune out the message if an ad is poorly translated, and about 65% interpret bad translations as evidence that the advertiser doesn't care about the consumer. Even small mistakes, such as advertising a store where everything costs a dollar as "Un Dollar," rather than the correct Spanish "Un Dolar," was enough to put off potential customers, the survey found.

"It makes a lot of people feel negatively about a product," says Liz Elting, co-founder of TransPerfect Translations. Respondents were actually offended by some advertising slip-ups, like the translation of "point" into Spanish as "puta," which means prostitute.

Coca-Cola Co. had what was probably among the earliest translation gaffes for a global brand, running into trouble back in the 1920s when shop-keepers in China tried to come up with characters that sounded like Coke. Depending on the dialect, the literal translations ranged from "bite the wax tadpole" to "female horse stuffed with wax."

The Atlanta-based parent company remedied the problem by launching a contest to come up with the best translation. Coke

settled on “happiness in the mouth,” a pitch by a professor from Shanghai. Coca-Cola, which registered the name as a Chinese trademark, says it generally has managed to avoid translation errors over the years by allowing local units of the company to do their own advertising, rather trying to translate campaigns globally.

The continuing globalization of corporate brands makes correct translations all the more important nowadays for U.S. companies, as does the fast-growing Hispanic market in the U.S. itself.

When U.S. milk processors decided to take their successful “Got Milk?” campaign to a Spanish-speaking audience, they managed to avoid the pitfalls that Coke had encountered decades earlier. Quickly realizing the catchy slogan wouldn’t go down so well in Spanish – the literal translation means something like “Are you lactating?” – the Milk Processor Education Program tapped Siboney USA, a Spanish-language advertising agency, to do an adaptation of the campaign.

“In order to succeed, translated ad copy must be crafted as if it were originally written in the target language,” says Ms. Elting of TransPerfect Translations. She recommends using native speakers, who know the culture, particularly idiomatic expressions, in order to get across the meaning of the message rather than just a literal rendering of it.

The message the milk processors and Siboney eventually settled on was “Mas Leche, Mas Logro.” The slogan, which means, “More Milk, More Achievement,” was specifically crafted to appeal to “Hispanic moms,” says Victor Zaborsky, spokesman for the Milk Processor Education Group in Washington, D.C.

But clearly the degree of precision shown by the milk processors isn’t yet the rule. “Companies still are not putting the money into foreign-language copy that they should be,” Ms. Elting says. “They might allocate a year and spend a couple hundred million on a campaign in the U.S. and maybe a week or two weeks and thousands of dollars on a foreign campaign.”

Of the respondents to the June survey, 35% thought advertisements for food products were the worst translation offenders, while 20% pointed to ads for pharmaceuticals, 13% ads for baby

products and 12% ads for soda and other beverages. About 35% of respondents said that newspaper advertisements were the most likely to have translation errors, while 31% pointed to television ads. Magazines were cited by 27%, billboards by 15% and radio by 12%.

The Wall Street Journal, September 19-21, 2003

Some questions and key points not to be overlooked

1. The article presented above gives useful information for translators of advertisements. What translation problems arise when translating the article itself as a sample of publicistic style?
2. What are the main problems in translating the title and the subtitle of the article? Account for your variant of translation.

TRANSLATING ADVERTISEMENTS

Introductory remarks

Advertising is a form of communication that typically attempts to persuade potential customers to purchase or to consume more of a particular brand of product or service. Advertising influences consumers partly by giving information but mostly by appealing to needs, motives and emotions. Advertising is one of the most prominent and powerful contemporary uses of language. Advertisers use language to gain and retain the attention of their audience, to this end they make particular emphasis on puns and metaphors, remodelled phraseology and epithets, etc. Advertising's creative use of language makes it a particularly rich site for language and discourse analysis, translation studies.

Translation services for advertisements play a key role in new product launches; they involve both linguistic as well as cultural adaptation to the target market. For example, the word "advertising" itself, when translated to its Spanish equivalent, reads as "propaganda," which has other connotations in English. To be really effective in the face of stiff competition, advertisers rely on high-quality translations. Unfortunately, instances of translation bloopers and cultural mismatch are high.

When Braniff International Airways claimed that they can fly "en cuero" they were talking about the comfy leather seats in the aircraft, but "en cuero" means "naked" in Spanish!

Ikea is a Swedish company and so some of their products sound strange in English, but kind of cool. However, calling a children's work bench 'FartFull' wasn't a good idea. In Swedish, "fartfull" simply means "speedy". In English it has a totally different connotation (full of farts).

The operating instructions for a German made refrigerator gave this instruction:

"WARNING – THIS APPLIANCE MUST BE EARTHED." While this makes perfect sense to anyone accustomed to the British style

of speaking English, an American would conjure up visions of a pot of soil to be placed by the side of the fridge. It is more appropriate to use the word “grounded” rather than “earthed” in American English.

An American company used the “OK” finger sign on its product catalogue, blissfully unaware that it was regarded as an obscene gesture in many parts of Latin America. The catalogues had to be reprinted six months down the line.

When Coca Cola was first introduced into China they named it Ke-Kou-Ke-La. Unfortunately, the Coke company did not discover until after thousands of signs had been printed that the phrase means “bite the wax tadpole” or “female horse stuffed with wax”, depending on the dialect. Coke then researched 40,000 Chinese characters and found a close phonetic equivalent: Ko-Kou-Ko-Le, which can be roughly translated as “happiness in the mouth.”

Not to be outdone by Coke when Pepsi started a marketing campaign in Taiwan, the translation of the Pepsi slogan “Come Alive with the Pepsi Generation” came out as “Pepsi will bring your ancestors back from the dead.”

When General Motors introduced the Chevy Nova in South America, it was apparently unaware that “nova” means “it won’t go.” After the company figured out why it wasn’t selling any cars, it renamed the car in its Spanish markets to the Caribe.

For more examples see:

<http://ezinearticles.com/?Advertising-and-Translation-Services-Errors&id=926549>

Advertising translation finds itself caught in a body of parameters, the stakes of which transcend the limits of the language. These parameters are of a pragmatic and immediate nature: the problems raised by advertising translation, both at the economic and linguistic level, originate from a concern for short-term commercial achievement and long-term staying power. The responsibility for achieving of these goals, both legitimate and paradoxical, is assigned to the

translator. Besides technical skills and semiotic training, the translator of the 21st century should be able to decode and encode the cultural signs within the advertising communication. The cultural elements can play a decisive role not only in the good understanding of the advertising message but also, and especially, in its success on the targeted market. The cultural signs can be a source of problems in the commercial communication but they may also optimize the beneficial effects by meeting the local consumer's wishes of identification and complicity. In any case, mastering these signs is a "technical know-how" that a translator ought to highlight and benefit from in a materialistic world where everything is negotiable.

- 1. Analyse the following advertisements, pay special attention to the linguistic tools which are employed to make them catchy and effective. Translate the advertisements. Comment on your translation decisions.**

CAR ADVERTISEMENTS

HONDA:

A rare find only happens every
Now and Then.
We'd like to emphasize the Now part.
U.S. News, April 7, 1997.

BUICK:

UPPER CHILD SEAT ANCHORS.
ANTI-LOCK BRAKERS.
TIRE INFLATION MONITOR.
DAY TIME RUNNING LAMPS.
CATCHER'S MITT SEATS.
REMOTE KEYLESS ENTRY.
TIME June 28, 1999.

Dear Mr. Responsible:

You never missed the 7:12. You got a haircut every other Tuesday. You never left a wet bathing suit on the bed. Guess what, friend. You're

done dottin' I's. This is *the Buick Riviera*. You can get a supercharged engine, a CD player with six speakers, and an ashtray big enough for two cigars. I don't recommend it for carpooling. But I don't recommend carpooling either.

The Buick Riviera –
You're due.
Definitely due.

U.S. News & WORLD REPORT, MAY 5, 1997.

FORD:

Finally there's a CAR PROTECTION
device whose bite is worse than its bark.
We believe your car should always be there for you.
Like a best friend.

NEWSWEEK, January 27, 1997

CHEVY:

Chevy. The most dependable, longest-lasting trucks on the road.
Like a Rock.

U.S. News, 1999, Oct.

COMPUTERS AND SOFTWARE

If your mind is on your
Computers,
Who's minding
Your
Business?

TIME, June 28, 1999.

UPS OnLine Tracking Software (thanks to this program your signature may be seen on the display):

Forget the pudding.
THE PROOF
Is in the signature
ON YOUR
Computer screen

TIME, Jan. 13, 1997.

SANYO Fax, Telephone and Xerox:

For the hard-nosed,

Do-it-yesterday, want-it-all, got-to-have-it businessman
And his hard-nosed, do-it-yesterday, want-it-all, got-to-have-it clients.

STUFF, 1997, May

COSMETICS

Extreme Conditioning Cream SPF 15

Dry stress, cold weather or not,
Your skin
Will love it.

Introducing Extreme Conditioning Cream SPF 15
Whatever your busy life leads you, your skin will feel
Weather-proof, stress-proof, glowing with confidence.

VANITY FAIR, March, 2000

Maybelline Revitalizing Alpha Hydroxy Make-up:

It's not just a make-up
It's a makeover!

COSMOPOLITAN, 1995, August

Have your cake and eat it too.
Your lipstick will still be on.
It won't even fade.

Colour that stays put.

WOMAN' DAY, March, 1990

GOODS FOR CHILDREN

Your dude will freak when you get him this awesome three-piece set. The set includes a tee with four surfboards printed on the front and a palm tree scene printed on the upper back. The button up shirt has a fun tiki inspired print and will look great layered over the tee shirt. To complete the set there is a pair of orange cargo pocket chinos that have an elastic waistband, tons of pockets and a Velcro and zipper fly.

<http://www.bestdressedkids.com>

Jefferies Socks
Toddler-Kids Pom Pom Socks

Your little girl will love these pom pom socks from Jefferies Socks! These white ankle socks are composed of a cotton/nylon/lycra blend, giving them a super soft and stretchy feel. Each sock also has one cute fuzzy pom pom on top. Available with white, purple, lemonade, light pink, magenta or lime colored pom poms, she's sure to get her favorite color!

<http://www.bestdressedkids.com>

- 2. Provide your own examples illustrating the difficulties of translating advertisements.**
- 3. Study two samples of teeth care advertising. What makes them different? Dwell on your translation problems.**

Do a quick check up on your mouthwash

SCOPE

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| ★ Powerful antiseptic germ killer. | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| ★ Contains germ-killing system T25 | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| ★ Tastes minty for tingly clean mouth refreshment. | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |
| ★ Leaves breath smelling minty-fresh - not mediciney. | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |

★ Used in more dentists' offices than all other brands combined.



Antiseptic Scope.
Leaves your breath minty, not mediciney.

New Life for stained or Injured Teeth

Americans are getting their smiles in shape with the help of new and exciting dental restorations.

“Anyone, at any age, can have as attractive a smile as he or she wants – no one is too old or too young to look better,” says Dr. Ronald E. Goldstein, author of the book ‘Change Your Smile.’ “Just look in the mirror, and if there is something you don’t like about your smile, a dentist today can fix it.”

Just a few years ago, if your teeth were stained, cracked, chipped, or uneven there wasn’t very much you could do to improve your smile cosmetically. All that time, even a seriously misaligned jaw or other facial or dental problem was often beyond the scope of dentistry. Today dentists have cosmetic solutions to virtually every type of dental problem. Although some treatments are less permanent than others, all are worth investigating. Correcting damaged or crooked teeth can both enhance appearance and improve overall oral health. This booklet is designed to acquaint you with some of the methods that can dramatically restore injured teeth or improve a less-than-perfect smile.

Removing Stains for a New Smile

One of the biggest culprits behind unsightly stains on teeth is the once-widespread use of the antibiotic tetracycline. Tetracycline-stained teeth are just as strong as white ones, but their less-than-white colour can cause embarrassment that leads to self-image problems.

Tetracycline isn’t the only substance that can stain teeth permanently. Over time, excessive amounts of certain foods, such as coffee and tea, can stain teeth severely. And if a tooth is damaged

in an accident, the result can be a blackened tooth caused by the dried blood in the root canal.

Bleaching. Through a painless technique, dentists can bleach stained teeth back to their original colour. Using a bleaching agent, the dentist paints each stained tooth. Then the painted tooth is dried under a heating element or high-intensity lamp that activates the whitening power of the bleach. The effects are cumulative, and usually after five or six treatments the stain will be removed. Because this is a nonpermanent method of restoration, the tooth may change colour again after a year or so; therefore your dentist may recommend another process.

Bonding. Called a revolution in dentistry, a bonding process known as “the one-stop transformation” not only covers stains completely but also rebuilds chipped or cracked teeth, closes front gaps, and builds up old, eroded teeth to make them look younger. Bonding is the process by which tooth-coloured plastic, called a composite resin, is painted onto the front surface of stained or damaged teeth. The plastic is hardened under a special “visible” light, and finally the coating is shaped and polished, explains Dr. Richard Simonsen, chairman of the Department of General Dentistry at the University of Tennessee at Memphis. The process is completely painless, fast, and fairly long-lasting. With proper care, bonding lasts from three to five years.

One of the drawbacks to bonding is the possibility of a chip or a nick, so you have to be more careful eating raw carrots or biting down hard on some foods. Also, in some cases, the color of the bonding material may yellow after a few years.

Painting. According to experts, painting is a “quick fix” designed to give patients a brighter smile fast. The dentist simply paints a thin layer of bonding material on stained teeth, giving them an instant look of whiteness. The cosmetic whitening lasts from a few months to several years (depending on the treatment) and then gradually wears off.

When teeth need Repair

At one time, damaged or worn teeth could be repaired only by replacing them altogether. With new techniques, however, dentists can now rebuild imperfect teeth or repair them in such a way that removable false teeth may not be necessary. Here is an overview of three methods of tooth repair.

Laminate veneers. Even the slight risk of discoloration and chipping associated with bonding is now being removed with one of bonding's newest cousins – porcelain laminate veneers. A specific type of bonding, laminate veneers have the extra colour stability and strength that conventional bonding does not. After the teeth are prepared, these “false fronts” are fitted onto existing teeth. The advantage of laminate veneers is that they offer a strong and colour-fast method of repairing teeth.

Crowns. A crown (also called a cap) is a long-lasting artificial cover for the tooth made of acryl, metal, porcelain, or a combination of metal and porcelain. Crowns require that the tooth underneath be filed down so that a “cap” of metal or porcelain can be fitted over the peglike post of the tooth and permanently cemented on. Temporary crowns are worn until the final crowns can be fitted and put in place.

New cast ceramic crowns are strong enough that they require no metal reinforcement. They have a much longer life-span than bonding, they hold color better, they don't attain as easily, and they resist cracking and chipping. On the downside, however, crowns take longer to apply, require several visits to the dentist to ensure proper impressions and fit, and are not reversible.

Implants. A cosmetic form of tooth replacement, implants allow a dentist to insert a metal post right into the jawbone. The post protrudes slightly, and on it a crown can be built up and mounted. Implants may be indicated for patients who can't wear conventional dentures, or for those who want to avoid removable partial dentures.

Dentists are now able to support a single replacement tooth with special screws and pins to give conventional dentures even more

support than before. Some dentists are using a new process called an endodontic implant, which may strengthen weak teeth.

Before rushing to take advantage of these latest surgical procedures, however, you need to keep in mind that they *are* surgical and that they aren't a magic answer to everyone's dental needs.

Many of these treatments involve combinations of procedures and materials. For instance, your dentist may recommend a combination of bleaching and bonding to repair a discoloured tooth, or he may restore a tooth using a crown made of porcelain fused to metal. Always discuss the options thoroughly with your dentist first, and make sure you understand the advantages and disadvantages of the recommended course of treatment.

- 4. Study the following text from the “AUTO” magazine, which presents a specific type of scientific and technical advertising (drawing on a very profound analysis of the presented product with the implication that it's worth buying).**

Lightweight Audi A8 Combines Advanced Technology with Sophisticated Aluminium Construction

Heinrich Timm, Head of Aluminium
and Lightweight Technologies, Audi AG, Neckarsulm.

The innovative aluminium body of the new Audi A8 is based on a further developed version of the Audi Space Frame ASF, providing the high-strength basis for excellent performance and handling. Compared with its predecessor, the new car features a significantly reduced number of body components, thanks to the use of more functional large castings and extruded sections. It is also constructed around a fully enclosed space frame, contributing to an increase in static torsional rigidity – a critical measure of both vibrational comfort and dynamic potential – of around 60 per cent.

As a result, the new A8 has the lightest bodyshell in the entire D segment – its weight is around 50 percent lower than that of an equivalent steel body. The new A8 3.7 quattro consequently weighs

only 1,770 kilograms – an advantage that is doubly valuable in the luxury segment, benefiting both dynamic behaviour and economy.

Audi space Frame ASF – minimum mass, maximum stability

Since the first generation Audi A8 made its debut in 1994, the principle of aluminium body construction has come to be regarded as the most desirable for the luxury car class. It called for a revolutionary new approach from Audi: the Audi Space Frame ASF. This is a high-strength alluminium frame structure into which the large aluminium panels are integrated, thus assuming a supporting function.

The space frame consists of a combination of aluminium extruded sections and castings that are positively connected to each other. This results in a combination of minimum mass and maximum stability. S far as the new A8 is concerned this adds up to high rigidity, despite a body structure weight of just 218 kilograms – the best figure in the luxury class.

The development goals for the new A8 were extremely ambitious: without neglecting the maxim of lightweight construction, the body had to contribute to increased occupant comfort and satisfy much higher safety requirements. For this reason new casting techniques and new alloys were used. Multifunctional large castings, long continuous profiles and a high proportion of straight extruded sections help to reduce the number of parts quite considerably. The proportion of large castings, for example, has increased from 22 to 34 percent of structural weight compared with the predecessor. Instead of 50 castings, there are now just 32 components in the new ASF structure.

Comfort is considerably improved because a lower number of connections between components make it possible to achieve higher body rigidity. At the same time the fact that there are fewer components has a positive effect on production processes and quality.

The connections are formed by riveting as well as various welding techniques including MIG and laser welding and, for the first time, the particularly efficient laser-hybrid welding process. Laser welding allows large-area panels to be connected to the body

structure particularly efficiently owing to the fact that the resulting linear joints achieve superior strength and rigidity values to punctual ones. The body of the new Audi A8 includes a total of 20 metres of laser connecting seams.

The body structure

The central component of the front end is the large cast radiator tank that connects the two A-posts. The radiator tank consisted of several individual parts on the previous A8. The advantage of this new construction technique is a weight reduction from 5.5 to just 3.7 kilograms.

The A-post itself also consists of two large cast shell halves that enclose the sill and the continuous roof frame, thus connecting them. These two extruded sections, together with the tunnel structure, also form the basis for the body's torsional rigidity. The front longitudinal members have a two-piece bolted design to facilitate repairs after a frontal crash.

The rear end of the A8 is a completely new development. This is due to the fact that the air suspension and stricter laws on safety in a rear-end crash call for a much more rigid construction. A large casting connects the longitudinal member with the sill and also supports the entire rear subframe. Its high rigidity also protects the fuel tank effectively in a rear-end collision.

The forward and rear structures are joined together by the roof frame, the sill, the seat cross-members, the B-post and the floor panels to form a continuous space frame. The B-post is another large multi functional casting that, as well as serving as the mount for the door hinges and strikers, has to satisfy certain requirements in its role as the central component in a side collision. This component is also elementary for the excellent vibrational comfort of the A8 body: the quality of its join to the roof frame and sill plays a major part in ensuring the rigidity of the entire frame.

The side panel of the new A8 consists of a single section that extends from the A-post to the rear end of the body. Like the roof, the side panel is also laser-welded to the supporting structure.

Exceptional dynamics and vibrational comfort

Apart from torsional rigidity, it is the natural frequency of torsion that determines the quality of body. This parameter determines the vibrational comfort and the dynamics of a vehicle: the higher the natural frequency, the lower the amplitude – in other words, noticeable vibrations. Once again the new Audi A8 has made a quantum leap compared with its already outstanding predecessor: its natural frequency of torsion is no less than 38 percent higher. This can be described quite literally as noticeable progress in all driving situations and speed ranges. Hardly any idle vibrations or oscillations produced by the wheels now penetrate through to the steering wheel, for example. This is made possible by the systematic matching of steering wheel, steering column, module cross-member and connections to the body. The result is a high steering-wheel natural frequency that sets standards in the luxury class and at the same time provides the basis for the low vibration amplitude.

Another example is that of the dashboard. A new development goal resulted in the integration of the MMI display into this area so that it is easy to read at all times. Vibrations with a high amplitude are consequently extremely undesirable. The display is integrated into the dashboard so rigidly that all high-frequently vibrations that might make the information difficult to read are prevented.

Rigid structures for improved safety

The new ASF meets all current safety standards as well as plenty that have not yet come into force. This means that its crash strength is considerably better than that of its already very safe predecessor. A progressive stiffness distribution in the front of the car ensures good structural behaviour in a front crash. This makes it possible to convert the maximum amount of energy along defined paths in the course of the impact. At the same time the integrity of the occupant cell is preserved as this is the only way – in conjunction with the restraint systems – to guarantee survival space.

The bumper cross-member of the new A8 is designed as an extruded section and can therefore absorb a large amount of energy. Together with the longitudinal member that is next in sequence, it can cope with the consequences of more minor accidents without causing damage to the remaining load-bearing structure. The two-piece A-posts also help to protect the occupants in a frontal crash. Because they enclose the sills and roof frame, they ensure, together with the longitudinal members, that forces are transmitted effectively into the structure. Ribbing further increases the rigidity of the component. The roof frame, sills and floor are hardly deformed at all. A particularly large survival area is guaranteed; the doors are also made easier to open. Large castings in the footwell and in the region of the dashboard also ensure effective protection against intrusions.

The ASF structure also provides extremely effective protection against the consequences of a side collision. The rigid die-cast B-post and the extruded sections integrated into the side of the roof frame, embedded in the one-piece side-panel frame, together form the basis for the structure's high stability. The door structures are also reinforced by impact members consisting of highly rigid aluminium extrusions. Transverse extrusions in the floor, which serve as mountings for the seats, and reinforced cross bracing for the seats themselves, ensure that survival space is preserved in the event of a pole impact.

The new Audi A8 already meets the requirements of the US directive FMVSS 301, which is expected to come into force in 2005. It thus guarantees protection against the consequences of a rear-end impact against a deformable barrier at 80 km/h. The fuel system and occupant cell are protected by a rigid structure of longitudinal and cross members which absorbs a large amount of energy by folding and buckling.

[www.sovereign-publications.com/images/Auto/Audi%20\(Heinrich%20Timm\).pdf](http://www.sovereign-publications.com/images/Auto/Audi%20(Heinrich%20Timm).pdf)

Some questions and key points not to be overlooked

1. The global automotive industry is the world's largest manufacturing industry. Advertising in AUTO has become a key component in many companies' promotional campaigns because of the extended reach and frequency the publication provides. AUTO helps designers, engineers and purchasers to keep abreast of the latest developments in automotive system. What linguistic peculiarities of the text make it close to a scientific text?
2. What text features allow referring it to advertisements?

TRANSLATING SCIENTIFIC TEXTS

Introductory remarks

With the development of technology and science in the past century, the language for science and technology has developed into an important style; it attracts much attention on the part of linguists and translators.

Scientific literature first of all comprises scientific publications that report original empirical and theoretical work in the natural and social sciences. Academic publishing is the process of placing the results of one's research into the literature. Scientific research on original work is initially published in scientific journals. Patents and technical reports, for minor research results and engineering and design work can also be considered primary literature. Secondary sources include articles in review journals and books for large projects, broad arguments, or compilations of articles. Scientific literature can include the following kinds of publications:

- scientific articles published in scientific journals;
- patents specialized for science and technology;
- books wholly written by one or a small number of co-authors;
- books, where each chapter is the responsibility of a different author or set of authors, though the editor may take some responsibility for ensuring consistency of style and content;
- presentations at academic conferences, especially those organized by learned societies;
- government reports;
- scientific publications on the World Wide Web;
- technical reports and working papers issued by individual researchers or research organisations on their own initiative.

The significance of these different components of the literature varies between disciplines and has changed over time. Journal articles remain the predominant publication type, and have the

highest prestige. However, journals vary enormously in their prestige and importance, and the value of a published article depends on the journal. The significance of books, also called *research monographs* depends on the subject. Generally books published by university presses are usually considered more prestigious than those published by commercial presses. The status of working papers and conference proceedings depends on the discipline; they are typically more important in the applied sciences. The value of publication as a preprint or scientific report on the web has in the past been low, but in some subjects, such as mathematics or high energy physics, it is now an accepted alternative.

The most outstanding features of language for science and technology mainly include wide use of scientific terms, frequently used sentences patterns and complex discourse structure. Technical and scientific documents are full of special terms, acronyms and symbols. Unlike literary texts which can be interpreted quite freely, any technical text as a set of special terms must be translated adequately. It means that the translator should not only know the technical terminology of the original language, but also know target language equivalents. For this reason, the most difficult thing in technical translation is finding the appropriate terms in the TL. If no equivalent can be found then technical translator is allowed to use analogues, synonyms or descriptions.

There is one more problem facing a technical translator – various acronyms and abbreviations used in certain countries. Russia, for instance, adheres to the State Standards (so called GOSTs); other countries have less strict requirements, so translation process is related to additional difficulties. Acronyms can be presented both in small and in capital letters, as a solid word, as separate letters or in a stroke, with or without full stops, in plural with the final -s, in the end of a word, etc. Some acronyms have tens of meanings.

According to London Institute of Linguistics, to be a scientific translator one should have:

- broad knowledge of the subject-matter of the text to be translated;
- a well-developed imagination that enables the translator to visualize the equipment or process being described;
- intelligence, to be able to fill in the missing links in the original text;
- a sense of discrimination, to be able to choose the most suitable equivalent term from the literature of the field or from dictionaries;
- the ability to use one's own language with clarity, conciseness and precision;
- practical experience in translating from related fields. In short, to be technical translator one must be a scientist, or engineer, a linguist and a writer (cf. Gasagrade, 1954: 335-40; Giles, 1995; Latfipour, 1996).

1. Study the following article from the *Journal of Social Psychiatry and Psychiatric Epidemiology*, give its pre-translation and translation analysis.

D. Gunnell, F. Rasul, S.A. Stansfeld, C.L. Hart, G. Davey Smith

Gender differences in self-reported minor mental disorder and its association with suicide

A 20-year follow-up of the Renfrew and Paisley cohort

Accepted: 30 May 2002

Abstract *Background* Suicide rates are around three times higher in men than women; in contrast women have a higher prevalence of community-diagnosed depression. To investigate this paradox we examined the association of General Health Questionnaire (GHQ) – caseness (score ≥ 4), a measure of possible minor mental disorder, with suicide risk in a general population cohort. *Methods* Data were derived from a cohort study based on the 8,466 men and women in the Renfrew and Paisley cohort who completed a 30-item GHQ in the period from 1972 to 1976 and who were followed up to 1995 for all-cause and suicide mortality. *Results* The

long-term suicide risk associated with possible minor mental disorder was higher in men [hazard ratio 6.78 (1.36-33.71)] than women [hazard ratio 1.66 (0.43-6.45)]; test for interaction between gender and GHQ with respect to suicide risk: $p=0.09$. *Conclusion* These findings indicate either that the long-term risk of suicide in the context of a past episode of minor mental disorder is higher in males than females or that there are sex differences in the validity of responses to mental health screening questionnaires. Further research is required to replicate our finding in larger studies and, if confirmed, clarify which explanation underlies it.

Key words minor mental disorder – depression – gender differences – suicide – cohort study – Renfrew and Paisley

Introduction

Suicide rates in Britain are around three times higher in men than women (Charlton et al. 1992). In contrast, depression, one of the principal antecedents of suicide, is more often reported by women than men in population health surveys (Jenkins et al. 1997). A female excess of minor psychiatric morbidity is also seen in population surveys using psychiatric screening instruments such as the General Health Questionnaire (GHQ). In the 1994 Health Survey for England, for example, 19% of women, compared to 12% of men, scored 4 or more on the 12-item GHQ (Colhoun and Prescott-Clarke 1996). The sex differences in self-reported minor mental disorder observed in population surveys such as this provide only a crude indication of differences in the prevalence of the more severe disorders which are likely to precede suicide. However, a female excess of more severe depression is consistently reported in population surveys (summarized in Jenkins et al. 1997).

Long-term follow-ups of community surveys demonstrating female excesses of minor mental disorder provide an opportunity to investigate the paradoxical sex differences in the prevalence of mental disorder and suicide. We have examined sex differences in suicide risk in men and women with possible minor mental disorder, assessed using the 30-item General Health Questionnaire (GHQ) and followed up for 20 years.

Subjects and methods

This analysis is based on the 3,783, men and 4,683 women, members of the Renfrew and Paisley (MIDSPAN) cohort, who completed the 30-item GHQ between 1972 and 1976 when they were aged 45-64 years (Rasul et al. 2001). Subjects have been flagged on the NHS Central Register and death details are available up until 1995. Using Cox's Proportional Hazards Regression we investigated the association of GHQ-caseness (scores of 4 or more) in the period from 1972 to 1976 with suicide (deaths coded ICD-9 E950-9 or E980-9) over up to 20 years of follow-up. We assessed the possible confounding effects of social class, marital status and smoking measured at baseline.

Results

At baseline 583 (15.4%) of the men and 949 (20.3%) of the women were classified as case positive. Over the follow-up period there were 3,685 deaths (1,988 male and 1,697 female). The hazard ratio for all-cause mortality in relation to GHQ-caseness was 1.27 (95% CI 1.00-1.27) in females. Sixteen of these deaths (6 male and 10 female) were suicides.

The mean time between GHQ-completion and suicide was 7.8 years in males and 9.9 years in females. In the fully adjusted analysis there was a sixfold increase in suicide risk in GHQ-positive men (hazard ratio 6.78, 95% CI 1.36-33.71) compared to a more modest increase in females (hazard ratio 1.66, 95% CI 0.43-6.45) (Table 1); test for interaction between gender and GHQ with respect to their effects on suicide: $p=0.09$. There was no clear evidence that these associations were strongly confounded by social class, marital status or smoking. Suicide risk in relation to GHQ-caseness did not change over the follow-up period.

Table 1 Association between General Health Questionnaire caseness in the period from 1972 to 1976 and subsequent suicide risk (up to 1995)

Variable	Hazard ratio (95% Confidence Interval) for suicide in those scoring ≥ 4 on the GHQ-30	
	Males (n=6 suicides)	Females (n=10 suicides)
Age-adjusted	5.96 (1.20-29.59)	1.75 (0.45-6.79)
Age and social class ^a	6.29 (1.26-31.36)	1.71 (0.44-6.63)
Age and marital status ^b	6.36 (1.28-31.59)	1.19 (0.67-2.11)
Age and smoking ^c	5.99 (1.21-29.71)	1.70 (0.44-6.62)
Age and all the above	6.78 (1.36-33.71)	1.66 (0.43-6.45)

^a coded manual/non manual

^b coded married, single, divorced, widowed

^c coded never/ex-smoker/1-14 per day/15-24 per day/25+ per day

Discussion

This analysis shows a strong association in males between possible minor mental disorder, detected using the GHQ-30 and suicide risk in the 20 years following questionnaire completion. There is some evidence of a more modest increased suicide risk in GHQ case-positive females.

There are two main limitations to this analysis. Firstly, due to the relative rarity of suicide, the statistical models were based on few events (n=16) and, surprisingly, there were more female than male suicides. Confidence intervals around our estimated effect sizes are, therefore, wide. Over the years studied, the rates of suicide in Scotland for males and females aged 45 + were approximately 20 per 100,000, and 10 per 100,000 respectively. We would, therefore, have expected around 9 female and 15 male suicides over the approximately 20 years of follow-up (Source World Health Statistics Annual 1993). Reasons for the paucity of male suicides are unclear, but may reflect selection biases to the cohort as a whole and to the sub-group of men who completed the GHQ. Our assessment of GHQ-suicide associations in males would have been over-estimated (biased) if some of the male suicides had been miscoded or lost to follow-up and such missing data occurred more

frequently for GHQ case-negative men. We think such an effect is unlikely.

Secondly, the General Health Questionnaire is a screening tool for diagnosable psychiatric disorder, rather than a direct measure of depression (Goldberg 1972). Around 40 % of subjects scoring above the 4/5 threshold on the GHQ have psychiatric disorder identifiable using the Clinical Interview Scale (CIS) (Stansfeld and Marmot 1992). In view of this limitation, it is surprising that a one-off measure of probable minor mental disorder was so strongly associated with subsequent suicide risk throughout a period spanning two decades. This suggests that as well as prevalent minor mental disorder the GHQ-30 may also be identifying more enduring aspects of an individual's mental health and, consequently, suicide risk.

We are aware of no previous studies of gender differences in suicide risk amongst people with minor mental disorder detected in this way. Our findings are, however, consistent with those in the first 9 years of follow-up of a Finnish cohort where the suicide risk associated with self-reported life dissatisfaction was two times greater in men than women, although gender differences diminished in subsequent years (Koivumaa-Honkanen et al. 2001).

Our analysis suggests that the contrasting sex differences in the prevalence of mental disorder and suicide may be explained in part by the greater suicide risk associated with minor mental disorder in males. There are four possible explanations for the excess risk in males. Firstly, these could be chance findings, reflecting the imprecision resulting from estimating hazard ratios based on a small number of suicides. Secondly, men with mental disorder may be more likely to successfully act on suicidal impulses than women. Thirdly, because men are less likely to receive or seek medical and social support when depressed, the lack of such support may increase their risk of suicide (Parslow and Jorm 2000). Fourthly, it is possible that the threshold for men reporting psychological symptoms on questionnaires is higher than that for women (Stansfeld and Marmot 1992). Thus, the men who do report symptoms may have more severe disorder – as suggested by their heightened suicide risk. Such an interpretation has parallels in

cardiovascular epidemiology where the specificity of questionnaire-reported angina is lower in women than men (Garber et al. 1992). Further research is required to confirm these findings and, if replicated, to determine which of the explanations underlies the observed gender differences. The findings of such research may have implications for the use of questionnaire surveys to determine the population prevalence of mental disorder and for understanding gender differences in suicide.

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Soc Psychiatry Psychiatr Epidemiol (2002) 37:457-459

Some key points not to be overlooked

1. When translating a scientific paper you should always pay special attention to text organization and logical arrangement of information. The main blocks of information are singled out by the authors themselves. Which part of the article do you find most difficult for translation? Comment on its linguistic peculiarities.
 2. Divide the terminology used in the article into several groups, address special dictionaries to find exact equivalents for the terms. Turn to specialists for help and analyse in class their criticism of your translation variants.
- 2. Study the following article from the *Journal of the European Association for the Study of Diabetes (EASD)* and be ready to present its pre-translation and translation analyses in class.**

Haptoglobin phenotype and diabetic nephropathy

F.M. Nakhoul¹, R. Zoabi⁴, Y. Kanter³, M. Zoabi⁵, K. Skorecki¹, I. Hochberg⁴, R. Leibu², B. Miller², A.P. Levy⁴

¹ Department of Nephrology, Rambam Medical Centre, Haifa, Israel

² Department of Ophthalmology, Rambam Medical Centre, Haifa, Israel

³ Department of Diabetes and Metabolism Units, Rambam Medical Center, Haifa, Israel

⁴ Technion Faculty of Medicine, Haifa, Israel

⁵ Diabetes and Endocrinology Unit, Holy Family Hospital, Nazereth, Israel

Abstract

Aims / hypothesis. To determine if the haptoglobin 2 allele is associated with an increased risk for the development of diabetic nephropathy.

Methods. This study included 110 consecutive normotensive subjects with Type I (insulin-dependent) diabetes mellitus and Type II (non-insulin-dependent) diabetes mellitus seen in two outpatient clinics in Israel. Diabetes duration was greater than 10 years for Type I diabetes and more than 5 years for Type II diabetic subjects. Microalbuminuria was defined as urinary protein excretion of 30 to 300 mg/24 h, and macroalbuminuria was defined as urinary protein excretion of greater than 300 mg/24 h. Serum was taken from subjects for haptoglobin typing by gel electrophoresis.

Results. Of the participating subjects 54 had Type I and 56 had Type II diabetes. None (0/18) of the subjects homozygous for the haptoglobin 1 allele (1-1) showed any sign of diabetic nephropathy, as compared with 34% (19/55) of subjects homozygous for the haptoglobin 2 allele (2-2) and 27 % (10/37) of heterozygous subjects (2-1) ($p < 0.04$). Of the subjects 29 showed macroalbuminuria. The risk of developing macroalbuminuria was found to be greater in subjects with two haptoglobin 2 alleles (22%) (12/55) as compared with one haptoglobin 2 allele (8 %) (3/37) or no haptoglobin 2 alleles (0%) (0/18) ($p < 0.03$).

Conclusion / interpretation. By showing a graded risk relation to the number of haptoglobin 2 alleles in Type I and Type II diabetic subjects, these studies further support our hypothesis that the haptoglobin phenotype is a major susceptibility gene for the development of diabetic nephropathy. [Diabetologia (2001) 44:602-604]

Keywords: Diabetic nephropathy, oxidative stress, macroalbuminuria, microalbuminuria, genetics.

Late or long-term microvascular and macrovascular complications are the leading cause of morbidity and mortality in patients with diabetes mellitus [1]. Hyperglycaemia has been shown to be

a necessary but not sufficient condition for the development of these complications. Genetic differences between diabetic patients might therefore play an important part in determining why some diabetic patients develop these complications while others do not [2].

Considerable evidence has shown the importance of the generation of reactive oxygen species in the development of diabetic vascular complications [3]. Genetically endowed differences in antioxidant protection could contribute to differential susceptibility to these complications. Haptoglobin is a haemoglobin binding serum protein which plays a major role in the protection against haeme-driven oxidative stress [4]. Transgenic mice with targeted disruption of the haptoglobin gene show a considerable increase in oxidative stress and oxidative tissue damage particularly in the kidney [5]. In humans, there are two common alleles for haptoglobin (1 and 2) manifesting as three major phenotypes 1-1, 2-1 and 2-2. Functional differences in the antioxidant capacity of the three types has been shown [4].

We recently reported in a series of patients with Type I (insulin-dependent) diabetes mellitus that the haptoglobin 1-1 phenotype is associated with protection against several important vascular complications in diabetes [6,7]. The aim of this study was to extend these findings to Type II diabetic patients and to assess if there was a gradient of protection provided by the dosage of haptoglobin 1 alleles.

Subjects and methods

All protocols were approved by the Human Research Ethics Committee of the Rambam Medical Center. Informed consent was obtained from all subjects.

Subjects were recruited from outpatient clinics at the Rambam Medical Center in Haifa, Israel and the Holy Family Hospital in Nazareth, Israel. Of the Type I subjects included in this study 49 were included in a previously reported study. Inclusion criteria were as follows: Type I diabetes without hypertension for at least 10 years or Type II diabetes without hypertension for at least 5 years. For all subjects a timed urine collection was obtained in the clinic

for the assessment of the urinary albumin excretion (UAE). Subjects with a UAE of less than 30 mg a day were classified as not having diabetic nephropathy (DN). Microalbuminuria was defined as an UAE of 30 to 300 mg a day and macroalbuminuria was defined as an UAE of greater than 300 mg a day. Seven field fundal examinations were carried out on all subjects to detect the presence of diabetic retinopathy. Subjects with no evidence of diabetic retinopathy but with evidence of microalbuminuria or macroalbuminuria were excluded from this study as we considered very likely that the albuminuria was not because of diabetic renal disease. Included in the study were 54 Type 1 and 56 Type II diabetic subjects who met these inclusion criteria.

Haptoglobin phenotyping was determined from 10 ul of haemoglobin enriched serum by gel electrophoresis [8]. Briefly, a mixture of 2 ul of a 10% haemoglobin solution and 10 ul of serum were electrophoresed on a 4.7% polyacrylamide gel. Haemoglobin haptoglobin complexes were visualized using 3, 3', 5, 5' tetramethylbenzidine. The haptoglobin phenotype of the sample was determined from the gel in a masked fashion without any knowledge of the urinary albumin excretion rate.

For statistical analysis we used a Chi squared test with Fisher exact p values to compare the incidence of no nephropathy, microalbuminuria and macroalbuminuria between patients with the three different haptoglobin phenotypes. We also determined if the groups were different in age, sex, age of onset of diabetes mellitus, duration of diabetes mellitus or HbA_{1c}. Categorical variables were compared by Chi squared with Fisher exact p values and continuous variables by the Wilcoxon independent sample test. All p values are based on a two-tailed comparison. A p value of less than 0.05 was considered to be statistically significant.

Results

We enrolled 54 patients with Type I and 56 patients with Type II diabetes in this study. There was no significant difference in the age, sex, age of onset or duration of diabetes between patients with the different haptoglobin phenotypes (p =NS). Allele frequencies for hap-

toglobin were consistent with those previously reported for populations of this region and were in Hardy-Weinberg equilibrium [9].

In the patients with Type I diabetes we found 13 patients who showed diabetic nephropathy as defined by albuminuria of greater than 30 mg a day. None of the 13 patients with Type 1 diabetes and the haptoglobin 1-1 phenotype had diabetic nephropathy, whereas 5 of 22 (23%) with haptoglobin 2-1 and 8 of 21 (38%) had evidence of diabetic nephropathy. In the patients with Type II diabetes we found 16 patients who showed diabetic nephropathy. None of the 5 patients with Type II diabetes and the haptoglobin 1-1 phenotype had diabetic nephropathy, whereas 5 of 15 (33%) with haptoglobin 2-1 and 11 of 34 patients (33 %) with haptoglobin 2-2 had evidence of diabetic nephropathy. The difference in the incidence of diabetic nephropathy between patients with the three haptoglobin phenotypes was statistically significant for Type I diabetic patients and for all diabetic patients combined (Table 1).

Table 1. Incidence of albuminuria greater than 30 mg a day segregated by haptoglobin type in Type I and Type II diabetic subjects and all subjects combined. DM, diabetes mellitus

	Haptoglobin Type			<i>p</i>
	1-1	2-1	2-2	
DM				
Type I	0/13	5/22	8/21	0.038
Type II	0/5	5/15	11/34	NS
All	0/18	10/37	19/55	0.015

There were 15 patients with macroalbuminuria in this study. None of the 18 diabetic patients with the haptoglobin 1-1 phenotype had macroalbuminuria whereas 3 of 37 patients with the haptoglobin 2-1 and 12 of 55 of the patients with haptoglobin 2-2 had macroalbuminuria. The difference in the incidence of macroalbuminuria between patients with the three haptoglobin phenotypes was statistically significant ($p < 0.03$) (Table 2).

Table 2. Incidence of macroalbuminuria segregated by haptoglobin type in Type I and Type II diabetic subjects and all subjects combined. DM, diabetes mellitus

	Haptoglobin Type			<i>p</i>
	1-1	2-1	2-2	
DM				
Type I	0/13	1/22	4/21	NS
Type II	0/5	2/15	8/34	NS
All	0/18	3/37	12/55	0.03

Discussion

We report an extension of our previous study showing that patients with haptoglobin 1-1 are considerably protected against the development of diabetic nephropathy. This protection appears to occur in Type I and Type II diabetic patients. Furthermore, a gradient or gene dosage effect is evident, in which the number of haptoglobin 2 alleles is correlated with the development of micro and macroalbuminuria.

Haptoglobin is likely to be exerting its protective effect by its role as an antioxidant. The importance of haptoglobin in protecting against oxidative stress particularly in the kidney has been shown in transgenic mice in which the haptoglobin gene has been disrupted [5]. The relative protection afforded by the different haptoglobin phenotypes can be the result of differences in the molecular shape and size between the protein products encoded by the two different haptoglobin alleles. Smaller haptoglobin complexes might be better able to penetrate into the extracellular space and to undergo glomerular sieving. Haptoglobin circulating in the plasma is a polymer made up of haptoglobin monomers with the stoichiometry dependent upon the type of haptoglobin monomer [4]. The protein product of the haptoglobin 1 allele can cross-link with only one other haptoglobin monomer whereas the haptoglobin 2 allele protein product can cross-link with two distinct haptoglobin monomers. The net result of this difference in potential interactions is that all haptoglobin found in the subject who is homozygous for the haptog-

globin 1 allele is dimeric, whereas in the subject who is a heterozygote dimers are seen (made of two haptoglobin 1 monomers) as well as linear trimers, quaterners and pentamers made up of mixtures of haptoglobin 1 and 2 products. Patients who are homozygous for the haptoglobin 2 allele can only form cyclic trimers, quaterners and pentamers.

The results of this study provide a rationale for future prospective trials to investigate the ability of vigorous antioxidant therapy to ameliorate diabetic complications in the subset of haptoglobin patients whose haptoglobin phenotype suggests that they are at greater risk. ACE inhibitor therapy has been shown to have a beneficial effect on the development and progression of diabetic nephropathy that cannot be attributed entirely to its effect on arterial blood pressure [10]. Although intraglomerular haemodynamic effects can explain in large measure the renoprotective effect of this class of agents, some studies have also suggested a role for the antioxidant effect of these agents. In particular, ACE inhibitors result in a reduction of haeme-driven oxidation products accumulating in the kidney and at least part of their beneficial action can be mediated by their role as antioxidants. Such beneficial effects could become more evident as study groups are stratified by haptoglobin phenotype according to the risk for oxidant mediated vascular injury.

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3. **Study the following passage from a research monograph by E. Goldsmith “The Way: An Ecological World-View” and be ready to present its pre-translation and translation analyses in class.**

Ecology is a unified organization of knowledge

Ecology EMERGED as an academic discipline towards the end of the last century, largely in response to the realization that biological organisms and populations were not arranged randomly but, on the contrary, were organized to form “communities” or “associations” whose structure and function could not be understood by examining their parts in isolation. Victor Shelford, one of the most distinguished of the early ecologists in the USA, defined ecology as the “science of communities.” “A study,” he wrote, “of the relations of a single species to the environment conceived without reference to communities and, in the end, unrelated to the natural phenomena of its habitat and community ... is not properly included in the field of study.”

In the 1930s, the Oxford ecologist Arthur Tansley coined the term “ecosystem” which he defined as a community taken together with its abiotic environment. It is probable that were Clements or Shelford living today, they would see ecology as the “science of ecosystems.” Eugene Odum, possibly the most distinguished of modern ecologists (and one of the few remaining holists), defines ecology as “the science of the structure and function nature”, or “the structure and function of Gaia,” as James Lovelock refers to the biosphere taken together with its atmospheric environment, or what I shall also refer to as the ecosphere, a term coined by the ecologist Lamont Cole. For Odum, ecology is thereby a superscience or unified science, as it was for Barrington Moore, the first president of the American Ecological Society. For him, ecology was not just another scientific discipline, but a science “superimposed on the other sciences,” a science of synthesis essential to our understanding of the structure and function of the biosphere. He asked his colleagues in his address to the St. Louis branch of the society in 1919: “Will we be content to remain zoologists, botanists, and foresters, with little understanding of one another’s problems, or will we endeavour to become ecologists in the broad sense of the term? The part we play in science depends upon our reply. Gentlemen, the future is in our hands.”

His words would sound singularly out of place at a meeting of the American Ecological Society today, still more so at a meeting of its British equivalent.

J.H. Woodger, the British theoretical biologist, also considered that there ought to be a most general science, not immersed in particular subject matter, but dealing with the relationship between various special sciences, and trying to synthesize their most general results.

Neither the ecosphere nor any of its constituent processes can be fully explained in terms of the separate impermeable disciplines into which modern knowledge has been divided. As Russell Ackoff, the founder of Operations Research notes.

Some of the questions that we ask of Nature – in contrast to the problems it presents to us – can be classified as physical, chemical,

biological and so on, but not the phenomena themselves... Automobile accidents can be viewed at least as physical, biological, psychological, and economic phenomena. To study them in any one of these ways is to exclude variables, which are relevant from other points of view.

J.W. Craik makes the same point: "Getting used to the dark," he asks, "is it physics, chemistry or physiology?" For him, it is at once quantum physics, photochemistry, chemistry, physiology and psychology. Even what appears to be a purely physical phenomenon, like the movement of planets, cannot be understood in purely physical terms. As Ackoff writes, experience of planetary motion is as much a biological, psychological, sociological and economic phenomenon as it is physical.

The ecosphere, in fact, cannot be understood in terms of the arbitrary divisions into which knowledge has been divided. Even the best established barriers turn out to be of relative value only. Thus when Wolfgang Wohler synthesized urea, the barrier between the organic and the inorganic was suddenly shattered, as was that between the animate and the inanimate once the virus was found to manifest certain conditions associated with life on being confronted with a source of protein and at other periods to display the normal behaviour pattern of a crystal. A.N. Whitehead even refused to accept that there was any fundamental barrier separating physics from biology. For him, physics was the study of small organisms, biology of big organisms. Ludwig von Bertalanffy, the father of General Systems theory, showed that at a certain level of generality, the behaviour of all living entities or natural systems is very similar and must, in fact, be governed by the same laws. This basic principle underlies his General Systems Theory (see Chapter 38).

The compartmentalization of knowledge into different disciplines makes possible the erection of artificial barriers between different life processes, permitting them to be viewed in isolation from all others so, that they can be made to appear subject to laws of their own which have nothing in common with those that govern other life processes.

In this way totally aberrant theories have been constructed and have, in some cases, remained to this day the official doctrine of science, theories whose absurdity would be apparent to all were we to accept the fundamental unity of life processes. An example is the mechanomorphic theory of life (see Chapter 23).

Rene Descartes divided the things of this world into two categories – *the res extensa* and *the res cogitans*. The former, Descartes maintained, was the domain of science, the latter the domain of theology. The object of this totally artificial division was to carve out a Sphere of influence for science so that it would be freed from the shackles of theological control, and at the same time, to reassure the Church that science was not threatening to take over its territory.

This expedient may have been politically expedient but it was undoubtedly a sort of intellectual Yalta – and the frontiers it established were as arbitrary and as those set up by that infamous treaty, for it is impossible to understand *the res extensa* without reference to *the res cogitans*, the soma without reference to the germ, the body without reference to the mind.

Some questions and key points not to be overlooked

1. What kind of equivalents will you use for the following terms in the Russian translation: *populations, species, ecosystem, holists, ecosphere, planetary motion, urea, virus, protein, the soma, the germ*? What fields of science do they belong to?
2. Pay due attention to the word “community” used in several contexts. Will you use only one Russian equivalent for the word?
3. Discuss possible translations of the following word combinations: *an academic discipline, coined the term, abiotic environment, impermeable disciplines*.
4. Speak on those peculiarities of the text which are usually not characteristic for scientific texts.

- 4. Study the following passage from R. De Beaugrande's research monograph "Factors in a Theory of Poetic Translating," be ready to present its pre-translation and translation analyses in class.**

Poetic Use of Language

Even fairly early attempts to found a theory of translating insisted that texts should be dealt with according to the way language is used in them (Reformatskij 1952; Casagrande 1954; Thieme 1955; Savory 1957; Fedorov 1958; Wirl 1958). Whatever statements about a theory of translation were made, they were not assumed to apply to all texts equally. However, there was no general agreement about the standards for classifying texts. It was clearly the way texts are used that underlay most of the suggestions. But how could the use of texts be differentiated at a time when linguistics was devoted to the study of formal features?

Only literary texts had been given extensive and detailed consideration by professionals in the academic world. Literary studies are themselves in a confused state, due to lack of agreement about the "object about which insights are formulated, the methods used therein, and the guiding epistemological interests" (Sinemus 1973:8, my translation). A series of works by literary scholars (Friedrich 1965; Kloepfer 1967; Wuthenow 1969) expressed the view that linguists should address themselves to the translating of everyday discourse and leave the study of literary translation to the literary scholars. Such a statement is typical of the hostility of much literary criticism toward attempts by linguists to provide a formal basis for what has long been a disorganized and subjective activity. But it is for that very reason bad advice, since it means that translation theory will simply be drawn into the general chaos of literary studies as soon as literary texts are involved.

At the same time, linguists interested in translation theory (see especially Kade 1968:50) explicitly excluded literary texts from the scope of their theories. Both this attitude and that of the literary scholars just cited now appear outdated in view of the substantial contributions made by linguists to literary studies, as attested by the essays collected by Jens Ihwe (1971) and Walter A. Koch (1972)

and the presentations in recently established journals such as *Poetics* (Amsterdam), *Lingua e Stile* (Bologna), *PTL – A Journal for Descriptive Poetics and Theory of Literature* (Tel Aviv), *Lili* (Frankfurt), and *Poetica* (Munich). These contributions widely agree that poetic use of language differs in several observable ways from ordinary use of language. It follows that a theory of poetic translating should start from this insight.

Recent contributions about translating have reaffirmed that the strategies involved must indeed be coordinated with the text type (Dressler 1975 and ensuing discussion; Holmes 1975; Reiss 1971, 1976). However, text type cannot be simply determined according to traditional classifications of texts. Even the most basic groupings, such as fact versus fiction or prose versus poetry, have been called into question. Most texts contain at least some admixture of both factual and fictional material, and of poetic and prose features. For instance, even factual reports often contain details that are reconstructed rather than derived from actual observation. Also, poetic use of language is a convenient means to heighten the effectiveness of prose texts (Todorov 1972; Kloepfer 1975). Owing to the factor of mixing, traditional categories cannot even be sustained by reference to internal constellations of formal features. The “fictionality” of a text is not determined by internal features alone (Schmidt 1975a). Whether a given usage will be determined as poetic is not necessarily a property or function of that usage taken in isolation.

Instead, the use of language in interaction of writer and reader is an informative aspect for classifying text types. For example, a fictional text may contain some surface signals of its fictionality (cf. Weinrich 1966), but the decisive factor is whether or not the reader accepts the text as fictional. And even if a text is accepted as fiction, that is no reason why there may not be factual details included, just as factual reports may have recourse to fictional additions. Indeed, it is the interaction of factual and fictional aspects that makes language something other than a mere reflection of the outer world as perceived by the senses and enables language users to go beyond these outer appearances. In literary texts, the relationship of a given

fictional aspect to fact is the most revealing factor concerning that aspect (Iser 1975c).

It follows that I cannot merely select a text such as Rilke's *Duineser Elegien* on the basis of its reputation as a poetic text and go on from there. Instead, I must isolate at least some observable major factors that allow me to describe the use of language in that text as poetic. These factors must in turn be accounted for in a theory of poetic translating.

2.7. A frequent concept in describing poetic use of language is that of "deviation" from ordinary discourse, going back at least as far as the twenty-second chapter of Aristotle's *Poetics*. Aristotle expected poetry to vary ordinary language by using exotic words, metaphors, and the lengthened word forms then typical of Greek metre. Texts which failed to conform to these expectations might be rejected as poetry, or considered inferior poetry. But it would be mistaking cause and effect to conclude that deviations are simply inserted into texts as a means of labeling the text as poetry. For one thing, the very presentation of poetry is conventionally preceded by oral announcements or written titles forming part of a special typographic arrangement, which instructs the hearer / reader that a poetic text is forthcoming (Weinrich 1976a:18). It would be superfluous and redundant if non-ordinary language use had no other function than to reinforce this announcement with a series of scattered reminders. Instead, it is reasonable to suppose that non-ordinary use of language as manifested in "deviation" activates not only reader expectations, but also a set of reader strategies which differ from those applied to ordinary texts in some significant ways.

2.8. This can be demonstrated by considering how ordinary texts are read and interpreted (or "decoded" in the terminology of some linguists). Language messages are composed of elements, that is, of single items and composite groups of items. There must be discernible interrelationships of elements as opposed to a random sequence of them in order to have a language at all (Osgood 1977). Potential interrelationships of elements can be termed *structures*. There are very numerous possible structures in any text, but many of these are not "activated" for purposes of understanding the text.

The structures which assist the reader in identifying the information to be communicated by the text are usually activated. For example, the grammar of a language is a set of signals that point to various kinds of information, such as the time and place of events and actions, or the number and relationships of the persons or objects involved. It follows that structures are not perceived by arbitrary or accidental selection. Readers are instead trained to watch for certain structures and pay less attention to others. Elements which are similar or different in a meaningful way are more likely to be perceived in structures than elements which do not seem to belong together by virtue of similarity or difference. Structures based on similarity and difference will hereafter be termed *equivalences* and *oppositions*, respectively, and their activation in interpreting or producing a text will be called *structuration*.

Some questions and key points not to be overlooked

1. Give and discuss possible equivalents for the following word combinations: *poetic use of language*, *a theory of poetic translating*, *the "fictionality" of a text*, *the most revealing factor*, *observable factor*.
2. Pick out linguistic terms which seem to be new for you. Account for possible translation decisions.
3. Speak on the text's syntax. How does it help the author to convey his ideas?
4. What points of translation theory developed by the author do you find most important? What are the main differences between translating everyday discourse and translating works of literature?
5. What linguistic peculiarities unite the four scientific texts? What language features make them different? Was it easier for you (in view of your linguistic education) to translate the last text? If you had specific problems in translating it dwell on them at length.

LITERARY TEXTS

Literary translation was for a very long time considered to be a literary workshop for writers of prose and poetry, an invaluable exercise in literary writing. This type of translation puts the emphasis not so much on linguistic equivalence but rather on experimentation with forms, structures and creative devices that the foreign work makes explicit.

The translator of fiction should have a keen sense for the “spirit” of the language of the original work and the language into which it is being translated. The translator has to be rooted in the historical setting, the actual manners, customs, the work’s time and place. The art of literary translation includes intuition, natural gifts, and talent for writing. On the other hand, the work of a literary translator has to do with the mechanics of how one goes about creating a translation – ways of reading and interpreting a text, revising techniques, editing. Sometimes the translator should use footnotes to explain certain puns and word plays, as well as to clarify allusions and references that might have been obscure for contemporary readers.

Like a musician, a literary translator takes someone else’s composition and performs it in his own special way. A translator embodies someone else’s thoughts and images by writing in another language. We tend to think of the literary translator as someone who’s good with languages. A translator has to be able to read as well as a critic and write as well as a writer. John Dryden said it best back in the seventeenth century: “the true reason why we have so few versions which are tolerable is that there are so few who have all the talents which are requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise and so small encouragement for so considerable a part of learning.” Not much has changed. An examination of literature in translation is vital to literary interpretation and, ultimately, essential to mutual understanding among peoples from different cultures.

Literature is divided into three basic classic genres: poetry, drama, and prose. Poetry may then be subdivided into epic, lyric, and dramatic. Subdivisions of drama include foremost comedy and

tragedy. Usually, the criteria used to divide up works into genres are not consistent, and may change constantly, and be subject of argument, change and challenge by both authors and critics. However, even very loose terms like fiction (“literature created from the imagination, not presented as fact, though it may be based on a true story or situation”) are not applied to any fictitious literature, which is almost restricted to the use for novel, short story, and novella, but not fables, and is also usually a prose text.

During the past two or three decades, developments in the fields of general and contrastive linguistics, semantics, information theory, semiotics, psychology, and discourse analysis have exerted great influence on general translation theory, enabling the discipline to broaden the areas of investigation and to offer fresh insights into the concept of correspondence or transference between linguistic and cultural systems. The traditionally much debated dichotomy between literal and free translation has been replaced by various linguistically informed modern distinctions, like Nida’s “formal” versus “dynamic” correspondence, Catford’s “formal correspondence” versus “textual equivalence,” or Newmark’s “semantic” as opposed to “communicative” translation (Y. Hu, 2000).

In general, more attention has been paid to the translation process and greater emphasis placed on “equal response” of the target language reader. Such new perspectives on theoretical front as well as the fairly extensive developments in specific interlingual contrastive studies have promoted considerably the understanding and mastery of the nature and skill of translation. However, translation of fiction has benefited very little from recent developments in linguistics. More and more scholars emphasize, for example, the necessity for applying literary stylistics to the translation of prose fiction, which is a significant contribution to the study of fiction translation, because some specific problems posed by translation of fiction such as “deceptive equivalence” can be rather effectively solved by the introduction of stylistic analysis (D. Shen, 1996). However, the nature of fiction translation cannot be restricted in the literary stylistic analysis that considers style only as artistically or

thematically motivated choices and focuses on the translation of foreground features of prose fiction. “Deceptive equivalence” is not the only problem that occurs in translation of fiction. It is generally accepted that translating fiction is a complex process subject to the influence of numerous variable factors, such as whether the translation should be source-language-oriented or target-language-oriented, or whether a given original should be adapted for certain pragmatic purposes (Y. Hu, 2000).

Translation of fiction is much more complicated than the translation of other genres, as it deals not only with bilingual, but also bi-cultural and bi-social transference, including the entire complex of emotions, associations, and ideas, which intricately relate different nations’ languages to their lifestyles and traditions. Translation of fiction involves the exchange of the social experience of individuals in the fictional world with readers in another culture or society. Both the social factor and the authorial factor (authorial individualism) are emphasized in the process of fiction translation. Therefore, the reproduction of style (both authorial style and text style) is considered the core in translation of fiction. It is also a difficult task for the translator of fiction to explore the style of a novel/short story and the message the author conveys about social life, human relationships, etc.

- 1. Study the following story thoroughly and be ready to present its pre-translation and translation analyses in class.**

Reginald’s Christmas Revel

by Hector Hugh Munro (Saki)

They say (said Reginald) that there’s nothing sadder than victory except defeat. If you’ve ever stayed with dull people during what is alleged to be the festive season, you can probably revise that saying. I shall never forget putting in a Christmas at the Babwoolds.’ Mrs. Babwold is some relation of m father’s – a sort of to-be-left-till-called-for cousin – and that was considered sufficient reason for my having to accept her invitation at about the sixth time of asking; though why the sins of the father should be visited by the

children – you won't find any notepaper in that drawer: that's where I keep old menus and first-night programmes.

Mrs. Babwold wears a rather solemn personality, and has never been known to smile, even when saying disagreeable things to her friends or making out the Stores list. She takes her pleasures sadly. A state elephant at a Durbar gives one a very similar impression. Her husband gardens in all weathers. When a man goes out in the pouring rain to brush caterpillars off rose trees, I generally imagine his life indoors leaves something to be desired; anyway, it must be very unsettling for the caterpillars.

Of course there were other people there. There was a Major Somebody who had shot things in Lapland, or somewhere of that sort; I forget what they were, but it wasn't for want of reminding. We had them cold with every meal almost, and he was continually giving us details of what they measured from tip to tip, as though he thought we were going to make them warm under-things for the winter. I used to listen to him with a rapt attention that I thought rather suited me, and then one day I quite modestly gave the dimensions of an okapi I had shot in the Lincolnshire fens. The Major turned a beautiful Tyrian scarlet (I remember thinking at the time that I should like my bathroom hung in that colour), and I think that at that moment he almost found it in his heart to dislike me. Mrs. Babwold put on a first-aid-to-the-injured expression, and asked him why he didn't publish a book of his sporting reminiscences; it would be *so* interesting. She didn't remember till afterwards that he had given her two fat volumes on the subject, with his portrait and autograph as a frontispiece and an appendix on the habits of the Arctic mussel.

It was in the evening that we cast aside the cares and distractions of the day and really lived. Cards were thought to be too frivolous and empty a way of passing the time, so most of them played what they called a book game. You went out into the hall--to get an inspiration, I suppose--then you came in again with a muffler tied round your neck and looked silly, and the others were supposed to guess that you were "Wee MacGregor." I held out against the inanity as long as I decently could, but at last, in a lapse of good-

nature, I consented to masquerade as a book, only I warned them that it would take some time to carry out. They waited for the best part of forty minutes, while I went and played wineglass skittles with the page-boy in the pantry; you play it with a champagne cork, you know, and the one who knocks down the most glasses without breaking them wins. I won, with four unbroken out of seven; I think William suffered from over-anxiousness. They were rather mad in the drawing-room at my not having come back, and they weren't a bit pacified when I told them afterwards that I was "At the end of the passage."

"I never did like Kipling," was Mrs. Babwold's comment, when the situation dawned upon her. "I couldn't see anything clever in Earthworms out of Tuscany – or is that by Darwin?"

Of course these games are very educational, but, personally, I prefer bridge.

On Christmas evening we were supposed to be specially festive in the Old English fashion. The hall was horribly draughty, but it seemed to be the proper place to revel in, and it was decorated with Japanese fans and Chinese lanterns, which gave it a very Old English effect. A young lady with a confidential voice favoured us with a long recitation about a little girl who died or did something equally hackneyed, and then the Major gave us a graphic account of a struggle he had with a wounded bear. I privately wished that the bears would win sometimes on these occasions; at least they wouldn't go vapouring about it afterwards. Before we had time to recover our spirits, we were indulged with some thought-reading by a young man whom one knew instinctively had a good mother and an indifferent tailor – the sort of young man who talks unflinchingly through the thickest soup, and smooths his hair dubiously as though he thought it might hit back. The thought-reading was rather a success; he announced that the hostess was thinking about poetry, and she admitted that her mind was dwelling on one of Austin's odes. Which was near enough. I fancy she had been really wondering whether a scrag-end of mutton and some cold plum-pudding would do for the kitchen dinner next day. As a crowning dissipation, they all sat down to play progressive halma, with milk-

chocolate for prizes. I've been carefully brought up, and I don't like to play games of skill for milk-chocolate, so I invented a headache and retired from the scene. I had been preceded a few minutes earlier by Miss Langshan-Smith, a rather formidable lady, who always got up at some uncomfortable hour in the morning, and gave you the impression that she had been in communication with most of the European Governments before breakfast. There was a paper pinned on her door with a signed request that she might be called particularly early on the morrow. Such an opportunity does not come twice in a lifetime. I covered up everything except the signature with another notice, to the effect that before these words should meet the eye she would have ended a misspent life, was sorry for the trouble she was giving, and would like a military funeral. A few minutes later I violently exploded an air- filled paper bag on the landing, and gave a stage moan that could have been heard in the cellars. Then I pursued my original intention and went to bed. The noise those people made in forcing open the good lady's door was positively indecorous; she resisted gallantly, but I believe they searched her for bullets for about a quarter of an hour, as if she had been an historic battlefield.

I hate travelling on Boxing Day, but one must occasionally do things that one dislikes.

- 2. Analyse the following translation of the story and compare it to the original on the main linguistic levels (lexical, grammatical, and stylistic). Improve the translation, if possible, account for your translation decisions.**

Рождественские радости Реджинальда

Гектор Хью Манро (Саки)

– Говорят – сказал Реджинальд, – что печальнее победы – только поражение. Кому приходилось провести так называемые «веселые святки» у скучных знакомых, тот вряд ли с этим согласится. Никогда не забуду одно Рождество, когда я гостил у Бабволдов. Миссис Бабволд кем-то там приходится моему отцу – из тех кузин, которых держат в кладовой на

всякий случай – и поэтому я был вынужден принять ее приглашение, когда она послала его в шестой, кажется, раз. Не понимаю, отчего дети должны терпеть за грехи отцов... – нет, в этом ящике нет бумаги. Там у меня только старые меню и программки с театральных премьер.

Миссис Бабволд – дама очень серьезная. Никто еще не видел, чтобы она улыбалась, даже когда говорит подругам гадости, или составляет список покупок. Радости жизни она вкушает печально. Похожее впечатление производит королевский слон в Индии. Ее муж увлекается садоводством, и садовничает в любую погоду. Если мужчина в проливной дождь выходит обирать гусениц с розовых кустов, это означает, что его домашняя жизнь оставляет желать много лучшего. В любом случае, гусеницам, должно быть, очень спокойно.

Там, конечно, были и другие люди. Был майор какой-то, который на кого-то охотился в Лапландии, или еще где-то. Я забыл, на кого, но это не его вина: он только о них и говорил, за каждой едой, и каждый раз упоминал, сколько в них было футов и дюймов, от кончика до кончика, как будто мы собирались шить им на зиму теплое белье. Я его слушал с видом напряженного внимания (оно мне, кажется, к лицу), а потом скромно описал размеры окапи, которого я подстрелил в болотах Линкольншира. Майор сделался очень красивого пурпурного цвета (я, помнится, сразу подумал, что такие занавески подошли бы мне для ванной). Думаю, в тот момент он почти решил меня возненавидеть. Миссис Бабволд подошла с видом сестры милосердия, готовой облегчить муки пострадавших, и спросила, отчего он не напишет книгу охотничьих воспоминаний: вышло бы так интересно! Только позже она вспомнила, что он подарил ей два толстенных тома на эту самую тему, со своим портретом и автографом на фронтисписе, и приложением о привычках арктических мидий.

Вечерами мы забывали о дневных заботах и тяготах, и жили полной жизнью. Все решили, что карты – это слишком пустой и легкомысленный способ убивать время, и поэтому большинство играло в так называемые «книжки». Выходите

в коридор – за вдохновением, надо полагать – а потом возвращаетесь с глупым видом и теплым шарфом вокруг шеи – и все должны догадаться, что вы «Малютка МакГрегор». Я сопротивлялся этому безумию настолько долго, насколько позволяли приличия, но, в конце концов, поддавшись своему доброму характеру, согласился переодеться «книгой», только предупредил, что мне понадобится время. Они ждали минут сорок, пока я на кухне играл с мальчишкой-рассыльным в фужерные кегли; нужно играть пробкой от шампанского, и выиграет тот, кто опрокинет, не разбивая, больше фужеров. Я победил – из семи я разбил только три. Вильям, думаю, просто слишком нервничал. В гостиной все здорово разозлились, что я не возвращаюсь: они не успокоились даже когда я сказал им, что был «в конце коридора».

– Мне Киплинг никогда не нравился – сказала миссис Бабволд, когда до нее дошел смысл происшедшего. – Ничего не вижу умного в «Тосканских землеройках» – или это Дарвин написал?

Такие игры, конечно, очень развивают – но лично я предпочитаю бридж.

В рождественский сочельник нам полагалось веселиться – на староанглийский лад. В холле был ужасный сквозняк, но все решили, что это самое подходящее место для веселья. Холл был украшен китайскими фонариками и японскими веерами, что придавало ему очень староанглийский вид. Юная леди с тихим, доверительным голосом побаловала нас протяжной декламацией про маленькую девочку, которая не то умерла, не то учинила что-то не менее банальное. Потом майор очень картинно описал, как боролся с раненым медведем. Я лично предпочел бы, чтобы в таких случаях побеждал медведь – хоть иногда. По крайней мере, медведь потом не будет об этом трезвонить. Не успели мы прийти в себя, как некий юноша пототчевал нас чтением мыслей. С первого взгляда было ясно, что у него хорошая мать и посредственный портной – он был из тех юношей, которые говорят, не смолкая, даже за самым

густым супом, а волосы приглаживают с опаской, словно волосы могут дать сдачи.

Чтение мыслей даже имело успех: он объявил, что хозяйка думала о поэзии, и та призналась, что мысли ее действительно были заняты одой Джейн Остин. Что было весьма близко к истине. Думаю, на самом деле она гадала, хватит ли остатков бараньего бока и холодного сливового пудинга завтра на обед прислуге. Наша разгульная оргия увенчалась партией в шашки, причем выигравший получал молочную шоколадку. Я получил в свое время хорошее воспитание, и не люблю играть в коммерческие игры на шоколадки, так что мне пришлось придумать себе головную боль и удалиться со сцены. За несколько минут передо мной ушла на покой мисс Лэнгшен-Смит, весьма внушительная дама, которая имела привычку вставать ни свет, ни заря, с таким видом, словно ей нужно до завтрака снести со всеми правительствами Европы. На своей двери она прилепила записку с просьбой разбудить ее завтра особенно рано. Такой шанс выпадает раз в жизни. Я приклеил поверх этой записки другую, оставив открытой только подпись. В новой записке говорилось, что прежде чем ее прочтут, мисс Лэнгшен-Смит покончит со своей несправедливо прожитой жизнью, а так же, что она сожалеет о неудобствах, которые причинит хозяйке, и хочет, чтобы ее похоронили с воинскими почестями. Через несколько минут я оглушительно хлопнул на лестнице бумажным мешком, и тут же издал театральный стон, который, наверное, было слышно и в погребке. Затем я вернулся к своему первоначальному плану, и отправился спать. Шум, который устроили гости, пытаясь вломиться к этой почтенной даме, был положительно неблагопристойным. Она мужественно сопротивлялась, но, боюсь, они еще около четверти часа обыскивали ее, пытаясь найти пули, словно она была полем исторического сражения.

Я терпеть не могу ездить на поезде в первый день Рождества, но человек время от времени вынужден делать то, что ему неприятно.

Перевод В. Ермолина (*vitaly_ermolin@yahoo.com*), 2002

3. Study another story by Hector Hugh Munro and be ready to analyse its translation problems in class.

A Holiday Task

by Hector Hugh Munro

Kenelm Jerton entered the dining-hall of the Golden Galleon Hotel in the full crush of the luncheon hour. Nearly every seat was occupied, and small additional tables had been brought in, where floor space permitted, to accommodate late-comers, with the result that many of the tables were almost touching each other. Jerton was beckoned by a waiter to the only vacant table that was discernible, and took his seat with the uncomfortable and wholly groundless idea that every one in the room was staring at him. He was a youngish man of ordinary appearance, quiet of dress and unobtrusive of manner, and he could never wholly rid himself of the idea that a fierce light of public scrutiny beat on him as though he had been a notability or a super-nut. After he had ordered his lunch there came the unavoidable interval of wiring, with nothing to do but to stare at the flower-vase on his table and to be stared at (in imagination) by several flappers, some maturer beings of the same sex, and a satirical-looking Jew. In order to carry off the situation with some appearance of unconcern he became spuriously interested in the contents of the flower-vase.

“What is the name of those roses, d’you know?” he asked the waiter. The waiter was ready at all times to conceal his ignorance concerning items of the wine-list or *menu*; he was frankly ignorant as to the specific name of the roses.

“*Amy Silvester Partington*,” said a voice at Jerton’s elbow.

The voice came from a pleasant-faced, well-dressed young woman who was sitting at a table that almost touched Jerton’s. He thanked her hurriedly and nervously for the information, and made some inconsequent remark about the flowers.

“It is a curious thing,” said the young woman, “that I should be able to tell you the name of those roses without an effort of

memory, because if you were to ask me my name I should be utterly unable to give it to you.”

Jerton had not harboured the least intention of extending his thirst for name-labels to his neighbour. After her rather remarkable announcement, however, he was obliged to say something in the way of polite inquiry.

“Yes,” answered the lady, “I suppose it is a case of partial loss of memory. I was in the train coming down here, my ticket told me that I had come from Victoria and was bound for this place. I had a couple of five-pound notes and a sovereign on me, no visiting cards or any other means of identification, and no idea as to who I am. I can only hazily recollect that I have a title, I am Lady Somebody – beyond that my mind is a blank.”

“Hadn’t you any luggage with you?” asked Jerton.

“That is what I didn’t know. I knew the name of this hotel and made up my mind to come here, and when the hotel porter who meets the trains asked if I had any luggage I had to invent a dressing-bag and dress-basket; I could always pretend that they had gone astray. I gave him the name of Smith, and presently he emerged from a confused pile of luggage and passengers with a dressing-bag and dress-basket labelled Kestrel-Smith. I had to take them; I don’t see what else I could have done.”

Jetton said nothing, but he rather wondered what the lawful owner of the baggage would do.

“Of course it was dreadful arriving at a strange hotel with the name of Kestrel-Smith, but it would have been worse to have arrived without luggage. Anyhow, I hate causing trouble.”

Jerton had visions of harassed railway officials and distraught Kestrel-Smiths, but he made no attempt to clothe his mental picture in words. The lady continued her story.

“Naturally, none of my keys would fit the things, but I told an intelligent page boy that I had lost my key-ring, and he had the lock forced in a twinkling. Rather too intelligent, that boy; he will probably end in Dartmoor. The Kestrel-Smith toilet tools aren’t up to much, but they are better than nothing.”

“If you feel sure that you have a title,” said Jerton, “why not get hold of a peerage and go right through it?”

“I tried that. I skimmed through the list of the House of Lords in “Whitaker,” but a mere printed string of names conveys awfully little to one, you know. If you were an army officer and had lost your identity you might pore over the Army List for months without finding out who you were. I’m going on another tack; I’m trying to find out by various little tests who I am not – that will narrow the range of uncertainty down a bit. You may have noticed, for instance, that I’m lurching principally off lobster Newburg.”

Jerton had not ventured to notice anything of the sort.

“It’s an extravagance, because it’s one of the most expensive dishes on the menu, but at any rate it proves that I’m not Lady Starping; she never touches shell-fish, and poor Lady Braddleshrub has no digestion at all; if I am her I shall certainly die in agony in the course of the afternoon, and the duty of finding out who I am will devolve on the press and the police and those sort of people; I shall be past caring. Lady Knewford doesn’t know one rose from another and she hates men, so she wouldn’t have spoken to you in any case; and Lady Mousehilton flirts with every man she meets – I haven’t flirted with you, have I?”

Jerton hastily gave the required assurance.

“Well, you see,” continued the lady, “that knocks four off the list at once.”

“It’ll be rather a lengthy process bringing the list down to one,” said Jerton.

“Oh, but, of course, there are heaps of them that I couldn’t possibly be – women who’ve got grandchildren or sons old enough to have celebrated their coming of age. I’ve only got to consider the ones about my own age. I tell you how you might help me this afternoon, if you don’t mind; go through any of the back numbers of *Country Life* and those sort of papers that you can find in the smoking-room, and see if you come across my portrait with infant son or anything of that sort. It won’t take you ten minutes. I’ll meet you in the lounge about tea-time. Thanks awfully.”

And the Fair Unknown, having graciously pressed Jerton into the search for her lost identity, rose and left the room. As she passed the young man's table she halted for a moment and whispered:

"Did you notice that I tipped the waiter a shilling? We can cross Lady Ulwight off the list; she would have died rather than do that."

At five o'clock Jerton made his way to the hotel lounge; he had spent a diligent but fruitless quarter of an hour among the illustrated weeklies in the smoking-room. His new acquaintance was seated at a small tea-table, with a waiter hovering in attendance.

"China tea or Indian?" she asked as Jerton came up.

"China, please, and nothing to eat. Have you discovered any thing?"

"Only negative information. I'm not Lady Befnal. She disapproves dreadfully at any form of gambling, so when I recognised a well-known book-maker in the hotel lobby I went and put a tenner on an unnamed filly by William the Third out of Mitrovitza for the three-fifteen race. I suppose the fact of the animal being nameless was what attracted me."

"Did it win?" asked Jerton.

"No, came in fourth, the most irritating thing a horse can do when you've hacked it win or place. Anyhow, I know now that I'm not Lady Befnal.

"It seems to me that the knowledge was rather dearly bought," commented Jerton.

"Well, yes, it has rather cleared me out," admitted the identity seeker; "a florin is about all I've got left on me. The lobster Newburg made my lunch rather an expensive one, and, of course, I had to tip that boy for what he did to the Kestrel-Smith locks. I've got rather a useful idea, though. I feel certain that I belong to the Pivot Club; I'll go back to town and ask the hall porter there if there are any letters for me. He knows all the members by sight, and if there are any letters or telephone messages waiting for me, of course that will solve the problem. If he says there aren't any, I shall say: "You know who I am, don't you?" so I'll find out anyway."

The plan seemed a sound one; a difficulty in its execution suggested itself to Jerton.

“Of course,” said the lady, when he hinted at the obstacle, “there’s my fare back to town, and my bill here and cabs and things. If you lend me three pounds that ought to see me through comfortably. Thanks ever so. Then there is the question of that luggage: I don’t want to be saddled with that for the rest of my life. I’ll have it brought down to the hall and you can pretend to mount guard over it while I’m writing a letter. Then I shall just slip away to the station, and you can wander off to the smoking-room, and they can do what they like with the things. They’ll advertise them after a bit and the owner can claim them.”

Jerton acquiesced in the manoeuvre, and duly mounted guard over the luggage while its temporary owner slipped unobtrusively out of the hotel. Her departure was not, however, altogether unnoticed. Two gentlemen were strolling past Jerton, and one of them remarked to the other:

“Did you see that tall young woman in grey who went out just now? She is the Lady – ”

His promenade carried him out of earshot at the critical moment when he was about to disclose the elusive identity. The Lady Who? Jerton could scarcely run after a total stranger, break into his conversation, and ask him for information concerning a chance passerby. Besides, it was desirable that he should keep up the appearance of looking after the luggage. In a minute or two, however, the important personage, the man who knew, came strolling back alone. Jerton summoned up all his courage and waylaid him.

“I think I heard you say you knew the lady who went out of the hotel a few minutes ago, a tall lady, dressed in grey. Excuse me for asking if you could tell me her name; I’ve been talking to her for half an hour; she – er – she knows all my people and seems to know me, so I suppose I’ve met her somewhere before, but I’m blest if I can put a name to her. Could you –?”

“Certainly. She’s a Mrs. Stroope.”

“Mrs.?” queried Jerton.

“Yes, she’s the Lady Champion at golf in my part of the world. An awful good sort, and goes about a good deal in Society, but she

has an awkward habit of losing her memory every now and then, and gets into all sorts of fixes. She's furious, too, if you make any allusion to it afterwards. Good day, sir."

The stranger passed on his way, and before Jerton had had time to assimilate his information he found his whole attention centred on an angry-looking lady who was making loud and fretful seeming inquiries of the hotel clerks.

"Has any luggage been brought here from the station by mistake, a dress-basket and dressing-case, with the name Kestrel-Smith? It can't be traced anywhere. I saw it put in at Victoria, that I'll swear. Why – there is my luggage! and the locks have been tampered with!"

Jerton heard no more. He fled down to the Turkish bath, and stayed there for hours.

Some questions and key points not to be overlooked

1. Sandie Byrne (<http://www.sandiebyrne.co.uk/saki.html>) considers Saki's stories to be funnier than P.G. Wodehouse's, his satire wickeder than Evelyn Waugh's and his epigrams more pointed than Wilde's. Do the stories presented above approve of this opinion?
 2. Speak on your personal opinion of the author's individual style. What common features do you find in both stories?
 3. What peculiarities of Hector Munro's style are most difficult for translation?
- 4. Study the following essay thoroughly and be ready to present its pre-translation and translation analyses in class.**

The Rewards of Living a Solitary Life

by May Sarton

The other day an acquaintance of mine, a gregarious and charming man, told me he had found himself unexpectedly alone in New York for an hour or two between appointments. He went to the Whitney and spent the "empty" time looking at things in solitary

bliss. For him it proved to be a shock nearly as great, as falling in love to discover that he could enjoy himself so much alone.

What had he been afraid of, I asked myself? That, suddenly alone, he would discover that he bored himself, or that there was, quite simply, no self there to meet? But having taken the plunge, he is now on the brink of adventure; he is about to be launched into his own inner space, space as immense, unexplored and sometimes frightening as outer space to the astronaut. His every perception will come to him with a new freshness and, for a time, seem startlingly original. For anyone who can see things for himself with a naked eye becomes, for a moment or two, something of a genius. With another human being present vision becomes double vision, inevitably. We are busy wondering, what does my companion see or think of this and what do I think of it? The original impact gets lost, or diffused.

“Music I heard with you was more than music.”* Exactly. And therefore music *itself* can only be heard alone. Solitude is the salt of personhood. It brings out the authentic flavour of every experience.

“Alone one is never lonely: the spirit adventures, walking. In a quiet garden, in a cool house, abiding single there.”

Loneliness is most acutely felt with other people, for with others, even with a lover sometimes, we suffer from our differences of taste, temperament, mood. Human intercourse often demands that we soften the edge of perception, or withdraw at the very instant of personal truth for fear of hurting, or of being inappropriately present, which is to say naked, in a social situation. Alone we can afford to be wholly whatever we are, and to feel whatever we feel absolutely. That is a great luxury!

For me the most interesting thing about a solitary life, and mine has been that for the last twenty years, is that it becomes increasingly rewarding. When I can wake up and watch the sun rise over the ocean, as I do most days, and know that I have an entire day ahead, uninterrupted, in which to write a few pages, take a walk with my dog, lie down in the afternoon for a long think (why does one think better in a horizontal position?), read and listen to music, I am flooded with happiness.

I am lonely only when I am overtired, when I have worked too long without a break, when for the time being I feel empty and need filling up. And I am lonely sometimes when I come back home after

a lecture trip, when I have seen a lot of people and talked a lot, and am full to the brim with experience that needs to be sorted out.

Then for a little while the house feels huge and empty, and I wonder where my self is hiding. It has to be recaptured slowly by watering the plants, perhaps, and looking again at each one as though it were a person, by feeding the two cats, by cooking a meal.

It takes a while, as I watch the surf blowing up in fountains at the end of the field, but the moment comes when the world falls away, and the self emerges again from the deep unconscious, bringing back all I have recently experienced to be explored and slowly understood, when I can converse again with my hidden powers, and so grow, and so be renewed, till death do us part.

1946

* “Music . . . music” – a line from Conrad Aiken’s *Bread and Music* (1914)

Some questions and key points not to be overlooked

1. Discuss possible translations of the following word combinations: *solitary bliss, on the brink of adventure, the authentic flavour, need filling up, a lecture trip.*
2. Will you preserve the same image when translating the metaphor “Solitude is the salt of personhood”?
3. May Sarton claims that loneliness is not in any way negative, but rather positively rewarding. Do you agree with her? Will you reveal your personal attitude to the problem in your translation?

5. Study the following text thoroughly and be ready to present its pre-translation and translation analysis in class.

Two Views of the Mississippi

by Mark Twain

Now when I had mastered the language of this water, and had come to know every trifling feature that bordered the great river as familiarly as I knew the letters of the alphabet, I had made a valuable acquisition. But I had lost something, too. I had lost something which could never be restored to me while I lived. All the

grace, the beauty, the poetry, had gone out of the majestic river! I still keep in mind a certain wonderful sunset which I witnessed when steamboating was new to me. A broad expanse of the river was turned to blood; in the middle distance the red hue brightened into gold, through which a solitary log came floating black and conspicuous; in one place a long, slanting mark lay sparkling upon the water; in another the surface was broken by boiling, tumbling rings, that were as many-tinted as an opal; where the ruddy flush was faintest, was a smooth spot that was covered with graceful circles and radiating lines, ever so delicately traced; the shore on our left was densely wooded, and the somber shadow that fell from this forest was broken in one place by a long, ruffled trail that shone like silver; and high above the forest wall a clean-stemmed dead tree waved a single leafy bough that glowed like a flame in the unobstructed splendor that was flowing from the sun. There were graceful curves, reflected images, woody heights, soft distances; and over the whole scene, far and near, the dissolving lights drifted steadily, enriching it every passing moment with new marvels of coloring.

I stood like one bewitched. I drank it in, in a speechless rapture. The world was new to me, and I had never seen anything like this at home. But as I have said, a day came when I began to cease from noting the glories and the charms which the moon and the sun and the twilight wrought upon the river's face; another day came when I ceased altogether to note them. Then, if that sunset scene had been repeated, I should have looked upon it without rapture, and should have commented upon it, inwardly, after this fashion: "This sun means that we are going to have wind to-morrow; that floating log means that the river is rising, small thanks to it; that slanting mark on the water refers to a bluff reef which is going to kill somebody's steamboat one of these nights, if it keeps on stretching out like that; those tumbling "boils" show a dissolving bar and a changing channel there; the lines and circles in the slick water over yonder are a warning that that troublesome place is shoaling up dangerously; that silver streak in the shadow of the forest is the "break" from a new snag, and he has located himself in the very best place

he could have found to fish for steamboats; that tall dead tree, with a single living branch, is not going to last long, and then how is a body ever going to get through this blind place at night without the friendly old landmark?"

No, the romance and beauty were all gone from the river. All the value any feature of it had for me now was the amount of usefulness it could furnish toward compassing the safe piloting of a steamboat. Since those days, I have pitied doctors from my heart. What does the lovely flush in a beauty's cheek mean to a doctor but a "break" that ripples above some deadly disease? Are not all her visible charms sown thick with what are to him the signs and symbols of hidden decay? Does he ever see her beauty at all, or doesn't he simply view her professionally, and comment upon her unwholesome condition all to himself? And doesn't he sometimes wonder whether he has gained most or lost most by learning his trade?

1883

Some questions and key points not to be overlooked

1. What stylistic devices help the author to describe the charms and magic of the Mississippi? Discuss them all from the point of view of translation.
2. What changes in the style of the story did you observe when Twain described his new attitude towards the river when he became an experienced riverboat pilot? Is the second part of the story easier to translate?

6. Analyse the following translation and compare it to the original on the main linguistic levels.

Жизнь на Миссисипи

перевод Р. Райт-Ковалевой

Теперь, когда я овладел языком воды и до мельчайшей черточки, как азбуку, усвоил каждую мелочь на берегах великой реки, я приобрел очень много ценного. Но в то же время я утратил что-то. То, чего уже никогда в жизни не вернешь. Вся

прелесть, вся красота и поэзия величавой реки исчезли! Мне до сих пор вспоминается изумительный закат, который я наблюдал, когда плавание на пароходе было для меня внове. Огромная пелена реки превратилась в кровь; в середине багрянец переходил в золото, и в этом золоте медленно плыло одинокое бревно, черное и отчетливо видимое. В одном месте длинная сверкающая полоса перерезывала реку; в другом – изломами дрожала и трепетала на поверхности рябь, переливаясь, как опалы; там, где ослабевал багрянец, – возникала зеркальная водная гладь, сплошь испещренная тончайшими спиралями и искусно наведенной штриховкой; густой лес темнел на левом берегу, и его черную тень прорезала серебряной лентой длинная волнистая черта, а высоко над лесной стеною сухой ствол дерева вздымал единственную зеленую ветвь, пламеневшую в неудержимых лучах заходящего солнца. Мимо меня скользили живописнейшие повороты, отражения, лесистые холмы, заманчивые дали, – и все это залито было угасающим огнем заката, ежеминутно являвшего новые чудеса оттенков и красок.

Я стоял как заколдованный. Я созерцал эту картину в безмолвном восхищении. Мир был для меня нов, и ничего похожего я дома не видел. Но, как я уже сказал, наступил день, когда я стал меньше замечать красоту и очарование, которые луна, солнце и сумерки придавали реке. Наконец и тот день пришел, когда я уже совершенно перестал замечать все это. Повторись тот закат – я смотрел бы на него без всякого восхищения и, вероятно, комментировал бы его про себя следующим образом: «По солнцу видно, что завтра будет ветер; плывущее бревно означает, что река поднимается, и это не очень приятно; та блестящая полоса указывает на скрытый под водой каменистый порог, о который чье-нибудь судно разобьется ночью, если он будет так сильно выступать; эти трепещущие «зайчики» показывают, что мель размыло и меняется фарватер, а черточки и круги там, на гладкой поверхности, – что этот неприятный участок реки опасно мелеет. Серебряная лента, перерезающая тень от прибрежного леса – просто след от

новой подводной коряги, которая нашла себе самое подходящее место, чтобы подлавливать пароходы; сухое дерево с единственной живой веткой простоит недолго, а как тогда человеку провести здесь судно без этой старой знакомой вежи?»

Нет, романтика и красота реки положительно исчезли. Каждую приметку я рассматривал только как средство благополучно провести судно. С тех пор я от всего сердца жалею докторов. Что для врача нежный румянец на щеках красавицы – как не «рябь», играющая над смертельным недугом? Разве он не видит за внешней прелестью признаков тайного разложения? Да и видит ли он вообще эту прелесть? Не разглядывает ли он красавицу с узко профессиональной точки зрения, мысленно комментируя болезненные симптомы?

И не раздумывает ли он иногда о том, выиграл ли он, или проиграл, изучив свою профессию?

7. Study the following story thoroughly and be ready to present its pre-translation and translation analysis in class.

Sun and Moon

by Katherine Mansfield

In the afternoon the chairs came, a whole big cart full of little gold ones with their legs in the air. And then the flowers came. When you stared down from the balcony at the people carrying them the flower pots looked like funny awfully nice hats nodding up the path.

Moon thought they were hats. She said: “Look. There’s a man wearing palm on his head.” But she never knew the difference between real things and not real ones.

There was nobody to look after Sun and Moon. Nurse was helping Annie alter Mother’s dress which was much-too-long-and-tight-under-the-arms and Mother was running all over the house and telephoning Father to be sure not to forget things. She only had time to say: “Out of my way, children!”

They kept out of her way – at any rate Sun did. He did so hate being sent stumping back to the nursery. It didn’t matter about

Moon. If she got tangled in people's legs they only threw her up and shook her till she squeaked. But Sun was too heavy for that. He was so heavy that the fat man who came to dinner on Sundays used to say: "Now, young man, let's try to lift you." And then he'd put his thumbs under Sun's arms and groan and try and give it up at last saying: "He's a perfect little ton of bricks!"

Nearly all the furniture was taken out of the dining-room. The big piano was put in a corner and then there came a row of flower pots and then there came the goldy chairs. That was for the concert. When Sun looked in a white-faced man sat at the piano – not playing, but banging at it and then looking inside. He had a bag of tools on the piano and he had stuck his hat on a statue against the wall. Sometimes he just started to play and then he jumped up again and looked inside. Sun hoped he wasn't the concert.

But of course the place to be in was the kitchen. There was a man helping in a cap like a blancmange, and their real cook. Minnie, was all red in the face and laughing. Not cross at all. She gave them each an almond finger and lifted them up on to the flour bin so that they could watch the wonderful things she and the man were making for supper. Cook brought in the things and he put them on dishes and trimmed them. Whole fishes with their heads and eyes and tails still on, he sprinkled with red and green and yellow bits; he made squiggles all over the jellies, he stuck a collar on a ham and put a very thin sort of a fork in it; he dotted almonds and tiny round biscuits on the creams. And more and more things kept coming.

"Ah, but you haven't seen the ice pudding," said Cook. "Come along." Why was she being so nice, thought Sun as she gave them each a hand. And they looked into the refrigerator.

Oh! Oh! Oh! It was a little house. It was a little pink house with white snow on the roof and green windows and a brown door and stuck in the door there was a nut for a handle.

When Sun saw the nut he felt quite tired and had to lean against Cook.

“Let me touch it. Just let me put my finger on the roof,” said Moon, dancing. She always wanted to touch all the food. Sun didn’t.

“Now, my girl, look sharp with the table,” said Cook as the housemaid came in.

“It’s a picture, Min,” said Nellie. “Come along and have a look.” So they all went into the dining-room. Sun and Moon were almost frightened. They wouldn’t go up to the table at first; they just stood at the door and made eyes at it.

It wasn’t real night yet but the blinds were down in the dining-room and the lights turned on – and all the lights were red-roses. Red ribbons and bunches of roses tied up the table at the corners. In the middle was a lake with rose petals floating on it.

“That’s where the ice pudding is to be,” said Cook.

Two silver lions with wings had fruit on their backs and the salt-cellar were tiny birds drinking out of basins.

And all the winking glasses and shining plates and sparkling knives and forks – and all the food. And the little red table napkins made into roses...

“Are people going to eat the food?” asked Sun.

“I should just think they are,” laughed Cook, laughing with Nellie. Moon laughed, too; she always did the same as other people. But Sun didn’t want to laugh. Round and round he walked with his hands behind the back. Perhaps he never would have stopped if Nurse hadn’t called suddenly: “Now then, children. It’s high time you were washed and dressed.” And they were marched off the nursery.

While they were being unbuttoned Mother looked in with a white thing over her shoulders; she was rubbing stuff on her face.

“I’ll ring for them when I want them, Nurse, and then they can just come down and be seen and go back again,” said she.

Sun was undressed, first nearly to his skin, and dressed again in a white shirt with red and white daisies speckled on it, breeches with strings at the sides and braces that came over, white socks and red shoes.

“Now you’re in your Russian costume,” said Nurse, flattening down his fringe.

“Am I?” said Sun.

“Yes. Sit quiet in that chair and watch your little sister.”

Moon took ages. When she had her socks put on she pretended to fall back on the bed and waved her legs at Nurse as she always did, and every time Nurse tried to make her curls with a finger and a wet brush she turned round and asked Nurse to show her the photo of her brooch or something like that. But at last she was finished too. Her dress stuck out, with fur on it, all white; there was even fluffy stuff on the legs of her drawers. Her shoes were white with big blobs of them.

“There you are, my lamb,” said Nurse. “And you look like a sweet little cherub of a picture of a powder-puff?” Nurse rushed to the door. “Ma’am, one moment.”

Mother came in again with half her air down.

“Oh,” she cried. “What a picture!”

“Isn’t she,” said Nurse.

And Moon held out her skirts by the tips and dragged one of her feet. Sun didn’t mind people not noticing him – much...

After that they played clean, tidy games up at the table while Nurse stood at the door, and when the carriages began to come and the sound of laughter and voices and soft rustlings came from down below she whispered: “Now then, children, stay where you are.” Moon kept jerking the table-cloth so that it all hung down her side and Sun hadn’t any – and then she pretended she didn’t do it on purpose.

At last the bell rang. Nurse pounced at them with the hair-brush, flattened his fringe, made her bow stand on end and joined their hands together.

“Down you go!” she whispered.

And down they went. Sun did feel silly holding Moon’s hand like that but Moon seemed to like it. She swung her arm and the bell of her coral bracelet jingled.

At the drawing-room door stood Mother fanning herself with a black fan. The drawing-room was full of sweet-smelling, silky,

rustling ladies and men in black with funny tails on their coats – like beetles. Father was among them, talking very loud, and rattling something in his pocket.

“What a picture!” cried the ladies. “Oh, the ducks! Oh, the lambs! Oh, the sweets! Oh, the pets!”

All the people who couldn’t get at Moon kissed Sun, and a skinny old lady with teeth that clicked said: “Such a serious little poppet,” and rapped him on the head with something hard.

Sun looked to see if the same concert was there, but he was gone. Instead, a fat man with a pink head leaned over the piano talking to a girl who held a violin at her ear.

There was only one man that Sun really liked. He was a little grey man with long grey whiskers, who walked about by himself. He came up to Sun and rolled his eyes in a very nice way and said: “Hullo, my lad.” Then he went away. But soon he came back again and said: “Fond of dogs?” Sun said: “Yes.” But then he went away again, and though Sun looked for him everywhere he couldn’t find him. He thought perhaps he’d gone outside to fetch in a puppy.

“Good night, my precious babies,” said Mother, folding them up in her bare arms. “Fly up to your little nest.”

Then Mood went and made a silly of herself again. She put up her arms in front of everybody and said: “My Daddy must carry me.”

But they seemed to like it, and Daddy swooped down and picked her up as he always did.

Nurse was in such a hurry to get them to bed that she even interrupted Sun over his prayers and said: “Get on with them, child, *do*.” And the moment after they were in bed and in the dark except for the night-light in its little saucer.

“Are you asleep?” asked Moon.

“No,” said Sun. “Are you?”

“No,” said Moon.

A long time after Sun woke up again. There was a loud, loud noise of clapping from downstairs, like when it rains. He heard Moon turn over.

“Moon, are you awake?”

“Yes, are you?”

“Yes. Well, let’s go and look over the stairs.”

They had just got settled on the top step when the drawing-room door opened and they heard the party cross over the hall into the dining-room. Then that door was shut; there was a noise of “pops” and laughing. Then that stopped and Sun saw them all walking round and round the lovely table with their hands behind their backs like he had done... Round they walked, looking and staring. The man with the grey whiskers liked the little house best. When he saw the nut for a handle he rolled his eyes like he did before and said to Sun: “Seen the nut?”

“Don’t nod your head like that, Moon.”

“I’m not nodding. It’s you.”

“It is not. I never nod my head.”

“O-oh, you do. You’re nodding it now.”

“I’m not. I’m only showing you how not to do it.”

When they woke up again they could only hear Father’s voice very loud, and Mother, laughing away. Father came out of the dining-room, bounded up the stairs, and nearly fell over them.

“Hullo!” he said. “By Jove, Kitty, come and look at this.”

Mother came out. “Oh, you naughty children,” said she from the hall.

“Let’s have ‘em down and give ‘em a bone,” said Father. Sun had never seen him so jolly.

“No, certainly not,” said Mother.

“Oh, my Daddy, do! Do have us down,” said Moon.

“I’m hanged if I won’t,” cried Father. “I won’t be bullied. Kitty – way there.” And he caught them up, one under each arm.

Sun thought Mother would have been dreadfully cross. But she wasn’t. She kept on laughing at Father.

“Oh, you dreadful boy!” said she. But she didn’t mean Sun.

“Come on, kiddies. Come and have some pickings,” said this jolly Father. But Moon stopped a minute.

“Mother – your dress is right off one side.”

“Is it?” said Mother. And Father said “Yes” and pretended to bite her white shoulder, but she pushed him away.

And so they went back to the beautiful dining-room.

But – oh! oh! what had happened. The ribbons and the roses were all pulled untied. The little red table-napkins lay on the floor, all the shining plates were dirty and all the winking glasses. The lovely food that the man had trimmed was all thrown about, and there were bones and bits and fruit peels and shells everywhere. There was even a bottle lying down with stuff coming out of it on to the cloth and nobody stood it up again.

And the little pink house with the snow roof and the green windows was broken – broken – half melted away in the centre of the table.

“Come on, Sun,” said Father, pretending not to notice.

Moon lifted up her pyjamas legs and shuffled up to the table and stood on a chair, squeaking away.

“Have a bit of this ice,” said Father, smashing in some more of the roof.

Mother took a little plate and held it for him; she put her other arm round his neck.

“Daddy! Daddy!” shrieked Moon. “The little handle’s left. The little nut. Kin I eat it?” And she reached across and picked it out of the door and scrunched it up, biting hard and blinking.

“Here, my lad,” said Father.

But Sun did not move from the door. Suddenly he put up his head and gave a loud wail.

“I think it’s horrid – horrid – horrid!” he sobbed.

“There, you see!” said Mother. “You see!”

“Off with you,” said Father, no longer jolly. “This moment. Off you go!”

And wailing loudly, Sun stumped off to the nursery.

8. Analyse the following translation and compare it to the original on the main linguistic levels (lexical, grammatical, and stylistic).

Солнце и Луна

перевод Р. Райт-Ковалевой

Днем привезли стулья – целый фургон позолоченных стульев, составленных ножками кверху. Потом привезли цветы. С балкона цветы в горшках казались странными, необыкновенно красивыми шляпами, которые все время кому-то кивали.

Луна решила, что это шляпы. Она сказала:

– Посмотри: человек надел пальму на голову!

Она всегда так: не умеет отличить настоящего от ненастоящего!

За Солнцем и Луной некому было присмотреть. Няня помогает Энни переделывать мамино платье, которое «слишком длинно и жмет под мышками», а мама все время бегает и звонит папе по телефону, – она боится, что он забудет что-нибудь купить. Она то и дело кричит:

– Дети, уйдите, не мешайте мне!

Они стараются не мешать – во всяком случае, Солнце старается. Он терпеть не может, когда его отсылают в детскую. Другое дело Луна. Когда она путается под ногами, ее хватают на руки, подбрасывают и трясут до тех пор, пока она не начинает визжать. Но Солнце слишком тяжел для этого. Он так тяжел, что толстяк, который обедает у них по воскресеньям, всегда говорит:

– А ну-ка, молодой человек, позвольте вас поднять! – Взяв его под мышки, он начинает кряхтеть, тужиться, потом разводит руками и жалуется: – Мешок с камнями, настоящий мешок с камнями!

Из столовой убрана почти вся мебель. Рояль задвинули в угол, потом начали вносить горшки с цветами, потом – позолоченные стулья. Все для концерта. Когда Солнце заглядывает в дверь, он видит бледнолицего человека, который сидит у рояля, но не играет, а постукивает по клавишам и потом заглядывает внутрь. На рояле лежит его сумка с инструментами, а шляпу он надел на статую, которая стоит у стены. Иногда он начинает играть, но вдруг вскакивает и опять

смотрит внутрь. Солнце от души надеется, что этот человек – не концерт.

Конечно, интереснее всего на кухне. Там суетится какой-то чужой человек в шапочке, похожей на бланманже, а их настоящая кухарка, Мини, красна, как свекла, и все время смеется. Сегодня она совсем не сердится, даже дала им по миндальному пирожному и поставила их на большой деревянный ящик с мукой, чтобы они могли видеть, какие чудесные вещи она и чужой человек готовят на ужин. Кухарка подавала ему разные разности, а он клал их на блюда и украшал. Целые рыбины – прямо с головами, с глазами и с хвостами – он окружил чем-то красным, зеленым, желтым; желе разукрасил узорами; воткнул в окорок тоненькую вилку, а потом надел на него воротник; крем усыпал миндалем и миленькими круглыми бисквитиками. А Мини все подавала и подавала.

– Дети, вы еще не видали торта из мороженого? – говорит кухарка. – Идемте, я вам покажу.

«Почему она такая добрая?» – думает Солнце, когда Мини берет их за руки и подводит к холодильнику.

Ой-ой-ой! Настоящий домик! Розовый домик с белым снегом на крыше, с зелеными окошечками и коричневой дверцей, на которой вместо ручки торчит орех.

Когда Солнце видит орех, он чувствует слабость во всем теле и прижимается к кухарке.

– Дай мне потрогать. Одним только пальчиком! – просит Луна, приплясывая. Все съедобное ей непременно хочется потрогать, а Солнцу – нет.

– Ты смотри, хорошенько следи теперь за столом, – говорит кухарка горничной, когда та входит в кухню.

– Мини, это не стол, а заглядение! – отвечает Нелли. – Идем посмотрим.

Все вместе они идут в столовую. Солнце и Луна сначала даже не хотят подойти к столу – так они испуганы. Они стоят на пороге и только таращат глаза.

На улице еще светло, но шторы в столовой спущены и электрические лампы – все до единой – горят розовым огнем.

Красные ленты и букеты роз украшают стол по углам, а на самой середине разлилось маленькое озеро, в котором тоже плавают лепестки роз.

– Тут будет стоять торт из мороженого, – говорит кухарка.

Фрукты лежат на спинах двух крылатых серебряных львов, а маленькие птички, пьющие воду из чашечек, служат солонками.

И стаканы подмигивают, и тарелки сверкают, и ножи и вилки искрятся, и на столе много-много разных кушаний, и маленькие красные салфеточки сложены в виде роз...

– И все это будут есть? – спрашивает Солнце.

– Да уж наверно! – смеется кухарка, а вместе с ней и Нелли. Луна тоже хохочет: она всегда подражает взрослым. Но Солнцу не смешно. Он все ходит и ходит вокруг стола, заложив руки за спину. Наверно, он никогда не перестал бы ходить, но вдруг раздается голос няни:

– А ну, дети! Пора уже вам мыться и одеваться.

Иона ведет их в детскую. Когда няня раздевает их, в комнату заглядывает мама. На плечах у нее какая-то белая штука, и она что-то втирает себе в лицо.

– Няня, вы приведете их, когда я позвоню. Они должны только показаться и сразу снова уйти в детскую, – говорит мама.

Сперва няня раздевает Солнце догола, потом натягивает на него белую рубашку, расшитую красными и белыми маргаритками, штанишки на лямках со шнурками сбоку, белые носки и красные ботинки.

– Вот теперь ты в русском костюме, – говорит няня, разглаживая складки.

– Да? – сомневается Солнце.

– Да! Сядь и сиди смирно на стуле и смотри, как я буду одевать сестричку.

Луну приходится одевать страшно долго. Когда няня надевает ей носки, она, словно нечаянно, валится навзничь и, как всегда, дрыгает ногами, а когда няня пробует пальцем и влажной щеткой завить ей волосы колечками, она начинает

вертеться, и просит няню показать ей фотографию, вделанную в ее брошку, и вообще балуется. Но наконец одета и она. Белое платье с меховой оторочкой топорщится, чем-то пушистым отделаны даже ее штанишки. Но на ногах у нее туфельки с большими помпонами.

– Вот ты и готова, ягненок мой, – говорит няня. – Настоящий херувимчик, прямо как рисуют на пудреницах.

Няня бросается к двери:

– Сударыня, на минуточку!

Входит мама. Волосы у нее наполовину распущены.

– Ну, просто картинка! – восклицает она.

– Красавица, правда? – говорит няня.

Луна приподнимает платье и выставляет ножку. Солнцу все равно, что на него не обращают внимания, – почти все равно.

Потом они сидят за столом и играют в тихие, смирные игры, а няня стоит у двери. Когда начинают подъезжать кареты и снизу доносятся голоса и смех, няня шепчет:

– Теперь, детки, не шумите!

Луна тут же начинает тащить к себе скатерть, так что у Солнца совсем ничего не остается, и еще заявляет, что она сделала это не нарочно!

Наконец раздается звонок. Няня бросается к ним со щеткой, разглаживает все складочки на рубашке Солнца, поправляет бант на голове у Луны и велит им взяться за руки.

– Идите вниз! – шепчет она.

И они спускаются вниз. Солнце считает, что держаться за руки глупо, но Луне это нравится. Она сгибает руку, и колокольчик на ее коралловом браслете звенит.

В дверях гостиной полно шелковых, шуршащих, приятно пахнущих женщин и мужчин в вечерних костюмах со смешными хвостами сзади – настоящие жуки! Папа громко разговаривает с мужчинами и чем-то позвякивает в кармане.

– Какая прелесть! – восклицают женщины. – Ах вы, душечки! Ах вы, кисоньки! Ах вы, миленькие! Ах вы, славненькие!

Те, что не могут добраться до Луны, целуют Солнце, а одна старая, очень худая леди со щелкающими зубами говорит: «Какой серьезный карапуз!» – и стучает его по голове чем-то твердым.

Солнце проверяет, нет ли у рояля того самого концерта, которого он видел днем, но концерт уже ушел. Вместо него у рояля сидит толстый мужчина с плешивой розовой головой и разговаривает с девушкой, которая держит скрипку, прижимая ее к уху.

Солнцу нравится только один гость – маленький седой старичок с длинными седыми бакенбардами, который бродит взад и вперед, отдельно от остальных, он подходит к Солнцу, как-то очень интересно закатывает глаза и говорит: «Здравствуй, сынок!» – и отправляется дальше. Но скоро он возвращается и спрашивает: «Ты любишь собак?» – «Да», – отвечает Солнце. Но старичок снова куда-то скрывается, и сколько Солнце ни ищет его глазами – старика нигде нет. Солнце даже решает, что он ушел за щенком.

– Спокойной ночи, мои драгоценные, – говорит мать, обнимая их обоих обнаженными руками. – Летите к себе в гнездышко.

Тогда Луна снова начинает глупо себя вести. Она при всех поднимает руки и говорит:

– Пусть папочка отнесет меня!

Но всем это почему-то нравится, и папа, нагнувшись, как всегда подхватывает ее на руки.

Няня так спешит уложить их в постель, что даже не дает Солнцу кончить молитву. «Скорей, детка, кончай уже!» – говорит она. Через минуту они уже лежат в постелях. Няня тушит свет – только ночник слабо мерцает в маленькой плошке.

– Ты спишь? – проснувшись, спрашивает Луна.

– Нет, – отвечает Солнце. – А ты?

– Я тоже нет.

Проходит много времени, и Солнце опять просыпается. Внизу очень шумно, что-то все время стучит, точно по окнам

барабанит дождь. Солнце слышит, что Луна тоже ворочается в постели.

– Луна, ты проснулась?

– Да, а ты?

– Я тоже... Идем, посмотрим с лестницы.

Только они усаживаются на верхней ступеньке, как дверь гостиной открывается, и они слышат, что гости идут по холлу в столовую.

Потом дверь закрывается. Слышно только какое-то хлопанье и смех. Потом все затихает, и Солнцу представляется, что все гости ходят вокруг красивого стола, заложив руки за спину, как ходил он... Они ходят и ходят, смотрят на стол и не могут налюбоваться. Старичку с седыми бакенбардами больше всего нравится маленький домик. Когда он видит дверную ручку – орех, он снова закатывает глаза и спрашивает у Солнца: «Ты видел орешек?»

– Не кивай головой, Луна.

– Я не киваю. Это ты.

– Неправда! Я никогда не киваю.

– Никогда? Ты киваешь сейчас.

– Нет. Я только показываю, как ты киваешь.

Когда они опять просыпаются, слышно только, как папа что-то громко говорит, а мама смеется. Папа выходит из столовой, взбирается по лестнице и чуть не наступает на них.

– Вот так так! – восклицает он. – Бог ты мой! Кити, Кити, ты только посмотри!

Появляется мама.

– Ах вы, поросята! – говорит она, глядя на них из холла.

– Возьмем их в столовую и дадим им что-нибудь поклевать.

Солнце никогда еще не видел отца таким веселым.

– Нет, не надо! – говорит мама.

– Ой, папочка, возьми! Отнеси нас, папочка! – кричит Луна.

– Конечно, возьму, чертенята вы этакие! – заявляет отец. – Не мешай мне, Кити. А ну, пропусти нас!

Он хватает их, зажимает под мышками и тащит вниз. Солнце решает, что мама страшно рассердится. Но она не сердится. Она только хохочет, глядя на отца.

– Ах ты, гадкий мальчишка! – говорит она. Но это относится не к Солнцу.

– Пошли, дети мои! Пошли сли-зы-вать остатки! – кричит веселый папа. Но Луна вдруг останавливается.

– Мама, твое платье съехало набок.

– Разве? – спрашивает мама.

– Да! – говорит отец и делает вид, что хочет укунить ее в белое плечо, но она его отталкивает.

Все вместе они снова входят в красную столовую.

Но что случилось? Ленты и розы порваны и смяты. Маленькие красные салфеточки валяются на полу, сверкающие тарелки грязны, мигающие стаканы – тоже. Чудесные кушанья, которые с таким усердием украшал чужой человек на кухне, наполовину съедены, и везде разбросаны кости, огрызки, шелуха от фруктов, скорлупа, раковины. На столе лежит бутылка, что-то течет из нее прямо на скатерть, и никто не ставит бутылку как надо.

Маленький розовый домик со снежной крышей и зелеными окошечками сломан – сломан и наполовину растаял посреди стола.

– Идем, Солнце, идем! – кричит отец, делая вид, что ничего этого не замечает.

Луна, подняв повыше пижамные штанишки, подбегает к столу, влезает на стул и начинает визжать.

– А ну-ка, съешь кусочек мороженого, – говорит отец, еще больше разрушая крышу.

Мать берет маленькую тарелку и протягивает отцу; другой рукой она обнимает его за шею.

– Папа, папа! – кричит Луна. – Маленькая ручка еще осталась, маленький орех! Можно его съесть?

Она тянется через стол, срывает орех с двери и, сверкая глазками, начинает грызть.

– Иди сюда, мальчуган, – говорит отец.

Но Солнце стоит на пороге как вкопанный. Внезапно он поднимает голову и начинает громко плакать.

– Это гадко! Гадко! Гадко! – кричит он, всхлипывая.

– Вот видишь! – говорит мама. – Вот видишь!

– Вон отсюда! – орет отец, совсем уже не веселый. – Сию минуту! Вон!

Продолжая громко плакать, Солнце бредет в детскую.

9. Study the following story thoroughly and be ready to present its pre-translation and translation analyses in class.

How We Kept Mother's Day

by S. Leacock

One year our family decided to have a special celebration of Mother's Day, as a token of appreciation for all the sacrifices that Mother had made for us. After breakfast we had arranged, as a surprise, to hire a car and take her for a beautiful drive in the country. Mother was rarely able to have a treat like that, because she was busy in the house nearly all the time.

But on the very morning of the day, we changed the plan a little, because it occurred to Father that it would be even better to take Mother fishing. As the car was hired and paid for, we might as well use it to drive up into the hills where the streams are. As Father said, if you just go driving you have a sense of aimlessness, but if you are going to fish there is a definite purpose that heightens the enjoyment.

So we all felt it would be nicer for Mother to have a definite purpose; and anyway, Father had just got a new fishing rod the day before, which he said Mother could use if she wanted to; only Mother said she would much rather watch him fish than try to fish herself.

So we got her to make up a sandwich lunch in case we got hungry, though of course we were to come home again to a big festive dinner.

Well, when the car came to the door, it turned out that there wasn't as much room in it as we had supposed, because we hadn't

reckoned on Father's fishing gear and the lunch, and it was plain that we couldn't all get in.

Father said not to mind him that he could just as well stay home and put in the time working in the garden. He said that we were not to let the fact that he had not had a real holiday for three years stand in our way. He wanted us to go right ahead and not to mind him.

But of course we all felt that it would never do to let Father stay home. The two girls, Anna and Mary, would have stayed and gotten dinner, only it seemed such a pity to, on a lovely day like this, having their new hats. But they said that Mother had only to say the word and they'd gladly stay home and work. Will and I would have dropped out, but we wouldn't have been any use in getting the dinner.

So in the end it was decided that Mother would stay home and just have a lovely restful day around the house, and get the dinner. Also it turned out to be just a bit raw out-of-doors, and Father said he would never forgive himself if he dragged Mother round the country and let her take a severe cold. He said it was our duty to let Mother get all the rest and quiet she could, after all she had done for all of us, and that young people seldom realize how much quiet means to people who are getting old. He could still stand the racket, but he was glad to shelter Mother from it.

Well, we had the loveliest day up among the hills, and Father caught such big fish that he felt sure that Mother couldn't have landed them anyway, if she had been fishing for them. Will and I fished too, and the two girls met some young men friends along the stream, and so we all had a splendid time.

We sat down to a roast turkey dinner when we got back. Mother had to get up a good bit during the meal fetching things, but at the end Father said she simply mustn't do it, that he wanted her to relax, and he got up and got the walnuts from the buffet himself.

The dinner was great fun, and when it was over all of us wanted to help clear the things up and wash the dishes, only Mother said that she would do it, and so we let her, because we wanted to humor her.

It was late when it was all over, and when we kissed Mother before going to bed, she said it had been the most wonderful day in her life. Funny that there were tears in her eyes.

<http://www.challies.com/archives/articles/how-we-kept-mothers-day.php>

10. Analyse the following translation and compare it to the original on the main linguistic levels (lexical, grammatical, and stylistic).

Как мы отмечали мамин день рождения

Перевод Е.А. Корнеевой

Мысль установить ежегодный праздник – День матери – кажется мне самой замечательной из всех, высказанных за последние годы. Не удивительно, что одиннадцатое мая становится любимым днем американцев. Я уверен даже, что идея отмечать День матери получит признание и в Европе.

Такой большой семье, как наша, она особенно понравилась, и мы тут же решили отпраздновать мамин день рождения. Какая прекрасная мысль! Ведь только теперь мы вдруг поняли, как много мама делала для нас все эти годы и как она, не щадя сил и здоровья, трудилась ради нашего блага.

Поэтому мы решили устроить в честь мамы настоящий семейный праздник и сделать так, чтобы она почувствовала себя счастливой. Чтобы все было, как следует, папа решил не идти на службу, мы с Энн не пошли в колледж, а Мэри и Уилл – в школу.

Нам хотелось, чтобы все было так же торжественно, как на рождество или в другой такой же знаменательный день. Поэтому мы решили украсить дом цветами, повесить над камином различные изречения и вообще сделать все как полагается. Разумеется, заняться этим пришлось маме, потому что она всегда украшает дом под рождество.

Сестры сказали, что по случаю такого события всем нам нужно одеться как можно красивее, и отправились в магазин купить новые шляпки. Мама сменила на них отделку, и шляпки стали просто прелестны. Папа же купил себе и нам, мальчикам,

сувениры в память об этом дне – шелковые галстуки. Маме мы тоже хотели купить шляпку, но оказалось, что она очень любит свой старый серый капор, да и девочки нашли, что он маме страшно идет.

После завтрака маму ждал сюрприз – мы заказали такси и решили устроить ей великолепную поездку за город. Ведь она редко когда выбирается из дому: нам не по средствам держать больше одной прислуги, и мама с утра до вечера занята по хозяйству. А за городом сейчас чудесно, и будет просто замечательно, если мама целое утро проведет на свежем воздухе, наслаждаясь быстрой ездой.

Однако утром знаменательного дня мы немножко изменили наши планы: папе вдруг пришло в голову, что будет куда лучше поехать с мамой на рыбалку. Папа сказал, что раз машина заказана и за нее уже заплачено, мы можем с таким же успехом отправиться на ней в горы, где есть богатые рыбой речки. Папа вообще считает, что стоит отправиться в путь без определенной цели, как у вас тотчас появится гнетущее ощущение собственной ненужности; а вот если вы едете ловить рыбу, перед вами стоит определенная задача, и это удваивает удовольствие.

Поэтому мы все согласились, что для мамы будет гораздо лучше, если перед нею встанет определенная задача. Кроме того, оказалось, что как раз накануне папа купил новую удочку. Словом, мысль о рыбалке явилась как нельзя более кстати. К тому же папа сказал, что, если мама захочет, она сможет ловить рыбу новой удочкой: он и купил-то ее главным образом для мамы. Однако мама ответила, что ей приятнее будет смотреть, как удит папа.

Итак, все было готово. Мы попросили маму приготовить в дорогу сэндвичей и еще что-нибудь закусить на случай, если мы проголодаемся, хотя дома нас, разумеется, будет ждать великолепный ранний обед – как на рождество или на Новый год. Мама уложила еду в корзину, и все было готово к поездке.

Ну, а потом, когда пришла машина, оказалось, что в ней гораздо меньше места, чем мы предполагали, так как мы не

приняли в расчет ни папину корзину с рыболовными принадлежностями, ни удочки, ни еду.

Когда стало ясно, что всем нам в автомобиль не влезть, папа сказал, чтобы мы ехали без него. Он сказал, что преспокойно может остаться дома и потрудиться в саду, где всегда по горло всякой грязной работы: например, уже давно пора вырыть помойку. Кстати, это даст нам прямую экономию – не придется никого нанимать. Словом, он твердо решил остаться дома и попросил нас не считаться с такой мелочью, как то, что за последние три года ему еще ни разу не пришлось по-настоящему отдохнуть. Он пожелал нам веселья и удачного лова и велел немедленно отправляться, не думая о нем: он весь день будет наилучшим образом надрываться в саду. С его стороны вообще было глупо надеяться, что ему когда-нибудь дадут отдохнуть.

Конечно, мы все почувствовали, что ни в коем случае нельзя допустить, чтобы отец остался дома, тем более что от этого потом не оберешься неприятностей. Девочки – Энн и Мэри – охотно бы остались дома и помогли прислуге с обедом, но как назло день был такой чудесный и новые шляпки им удивительно шли. Тем не менее, они заявили, что, стоит только маме слово сказать, и они без всяких разговоров останутся. Мы с Уиллом тоже готовы были отказаться от поездки, но, к сожалению, дома от нас все равно не было бы никакого проку.

В конце концов, было решено, что останется мама. Она чудесно отдохнет в пустом доме и заодно приготовит обед, тем более что рыбная ловля едва ли доставит ей такое уж большое удовольствие. Кроме того, папа высказал опасение, как бы мама не простудилась в горах: несмотря на солнечный день, воздух был, пожалуй, слишком прохладен и свеж.

Папа еще сказал, что никогда не простит себе, если вытащит маму в горы, а она там простудится, тогда как дома она могла бы прекрасно отдохнуть. После всего, что мама для нас делала и делает, сказал папа, наш долг – дать ей возможность насладиться тишиной и покоем. Он добавил еще, что придумал поездку на рыбалку главным образом для того,

чтобы дать маме хоть немного отдохнуть. Он сказал, что молодежи не понять, как нужны тишина и покой пожилым людям. Сам-то он пока еще в состоянии переносить шум и суету, но счастлив, что может избавить от них маму.

И вот, трижды прокричав в честь мамы «ура», мы отправились в путь, а она стояла на веранде и смотрела нам вслед, пока машина не скрылась из виду. Сначала папа махал ей рукой, но потом ушиб палец о задник машины и сказал, что мы уже далеко отехали и маме нас, наверное, больше не видно.

Мы провели в горах чудеснейший день. Папа поймал несколько таких огромных рыбин, что, по его словам, попадись они маме, она просто-напросто не смогла бы вытащить их из воды. Мы с Уиллом тоже поудили на славу, хотя до папы нам было, конечно, далеко. Не скучали и девочки: еще по дороге им повстречалось много знакомых, а потом на речке оказалось несколько молодых людей из их компании, и они проболтали с ними весь день. Словом, время пролетело незаметно.

Когда мы вернулись, было уже довольно поздно, почти семь часов, но мама догадалась, что мы запоздаем, и сготовила обед точно к нашему приезду; аппетитный и горячий, он очутился на столе, как раз когда мы вошли в дом. Правда, сначала ей пришлось подать папе мыло и полотенце и вычистить ему костюм, потому что папа на рыбалке всегда умудряется, бог знает как, перепацкаться. Это, да еще туалет девочек, немного задержало маму.

Но вот, наконец, все было готово, и мы сели за стол. Обед был великолепный – жареная индейка и всякие вкусные блюда, какие бывают только на рождество. Мама поминутно вскакивала, чтобы принести то одно, то другое; папа даже заметил, что ей не следует так суетиться и что пора, наконец, поберечь себя. Он даже сам встал из-за стола и достал из буфета грецкие орехи. Обед тянулся долго, и всем было очень весело. А после десерта мы решили помочь маме убрать со стола и вымыть посуду. Но мама сказала, что предпочитает все сделать сама, и мы не стали с ней спорить: ведь это был ее день, и нам хотелось хоть раз сделать маме приятное.

Когда мама управилась со всеми делами, было уже очень поздно. Мы подошли к ней, чтобы поцеловать ее перед сном, и она сказала, что это был самый замечательный день в ее жизни. Как мне показалось, на глазах у нее при этом навернулись слезы. Тут мы почувствовали, что полностью вознаграждены за все наши труды.

- 11. Analyse A. Chekhov's story «Ванька» on the main linguistic levels and speak of the problems the translator will have to solve. Comment on the three published English translations.**

Ванька

А. Чехов

Ванька Жуков, девятилетний мальчик, отданный три месяца тому назад в ученье к сапожнику Аляхину, в ночь под Рождество не ложился спать. Дождавшись, когда хозяева и подмастерья ушли к заутрене, он достал из хозяйского шкапа пузырек с чернилами, ручку с заржавленным пером и, разложив перед собой измятый лист бумаги, стал писать. Прежде чем вывести первую букву, он несколько раз пугливо оглянулся на двери и окна, покосился на темный образ, по обе стороны которого тянулись полки с колодками, и прерывисто вздохнул. Бумага лежала на скамье, а сам он стоял перед скамьей на коленях.

«Милый дедушка, Константин Макарыч! – писал он. – И пишу тебе письмо. Поздравляю вас с Рождеством и желаю тебе всего от господа бога. Нету у меня ни отца, ни маменьки, только ты у меня один остался».

Ванька перевел глаза на темное окно, в котором мелькало отражение его свечки, и живо вообразил себе своего деда Константина Макарыча, служащего ночным сторожем у господ Живаревых. Это маленький, тощенький, но необыкновенно юркий и подвижной старикашка лет 65-ти, с вечно смеющимся лицом и пьяными глазами. Днем он спит в людской кухне или балагурит с кухарками, ночью же, окутанный в просторный тулуп, ходит вокруг усадьбы и стучит в свою колотушку. За ним, опустив головы, шагают старая Каштанка и кобелек

Вьюн, прозванный так за свой черный цвет и тело, длинное, как у ласки. Этот Вьюн необыкновенно почтителен и ласков, одинаково умильно смотрит как на своих, так и на чужих, но кредитом не пользуется. Под его почтительностью и смирением скрывается самое иезуитское ехидство. Никто лучше его не умеет вовремя подкрасться и цапнуть за ногу, забраться в ледник или украсть у мужика курицу. Ему уж не раз отбивали задние ноги, раза два его вешали, каждую неделю пороли до полусмерти, но он всегда оживал.

Теперь, наверно, дед стоит у ворот, щурит глаза на ярко-красные окна деревенской церкви и, притопывая валенками, балагурит с дворней. Колотушка его подвязана к поясу. Он всплескивает руками, пожимается от холода и, старчески хихикая, щиплет то горничную, то кухарку.

– Табачку нешто нам понюхать? – говорит он, подставляя бабам свою табакерку.

Бабы нюхают и чихают. Дед приходит в неописанный восторг, заливается веселым смехом и кричит:

– Отдирай, примерзло!

Дают понюхать табаку и собакам. Каштанка чихает, крутит мордой и, обиженная, отходит в сторону. Вьюн же из почтительности не чихает и вертит хвостом. А погода великолепная. Воздух тих, прозрачен и свеж. Ночь темна, но видно всю деревню с ее белыми крышами и струйками дыма, идущими из труб, деревья, посребренные инеем, сугробы. Всё небо усыпано весело мигающими звездами, и Млечный Путь вырисовывается так ясно, как будто его перед праздником помыли и потеряли снегом...

Ванька вздохнул, умокнул перо и продолжал писать:

«А вчерась мне была выволочка. Хозяин выволок меня за волосья на двор и отчесал шпандырем за то, что я качал ихнего ребятенка в люльке и по нечаянности заснул. А на неделе хозяйка велела мне почистить селедку, а я начал с хвоста, а она взяла селедку и ейной мордой начала меня в харю тыкать. Подмастерья надо мной насмеваются, посылают в кабак за водкой и велят красть у хозяев огурцы, а хозяин бьет чем

попада. А еды нету никакой. Утром дают хлеба, в обед каши и к вечеру тоже хлеба, а чтоб чаю или щей, то хозяева сами трескают. А спать мне велят в сенях, а когда ребяенок ихний плачет, я вовсе не сплю, а качаю люльку. Милый дедушка, сделай божецкую милость, возьми меня отсюда домой, на деревню, нету никакой моей возможности... Кланяюсь тебе в ножки и буду вечно бога молить, увези меня отсюда, а то помру...».

Ванька покривил рот, потер своим черным кулаком глаза и всхлипнул.

«Я буду тебе табак тереть, – продолжал он, – богу молиться, а если что, то секи меня, как Сидорову козу. А ежели думаешь, должности мне нету, то я Христа ради попрошусь к приказчику сапоги чистить, али заместо Федьки в подпаски пойду. Дедушка милый, нету никакой возможности, просто смерть одна. Хотел было пешком на деревню бежать, да сапогов нету, морозу боюсь. А когда вырасту большой, то за это самое буду тебя кормить и в обиду никому не дам, а помрешь, стану за упокой души молить, всё равно как за мамку Пелагею.

А Москва город большой. Дома всё господские и лошадей много, а овец нету и собаки не злые. Со звездой тут ребята не ходят и на клирос петь никого не пушают, а раз я видал в одной лавке на окне крючки продаются прямо с леской и на всякую рыбу, очень стоящие, даже такой есть один крючок, что пудового сома удержит. И видал которые лавки, где ружья всякие на манер бариновых, так что небось рублей сто каждое... А в мясных лавках и тетерева, и рябцы, и зайцы, а в котором месте их стреляют, про то сидельцы не сказывают.

Милый дедушка, а когда у господ будет елка с гостинцами, возьми мне золоченный орех и в зеленый сундучок спрячь. Попроси у барышни Ольги Игнатьевны, скажи, для Ваньки».

Ванька судорожно вздохнул и опять уставился на окно. Он вспомнил, что за елкой для господ всегда ходил в лес дед и брал с собою внука. Веселое было время! И дед кричал, и мороз кричал, а глядя на них, и Ванька кричал. Бывало, прежде чем вырубить елку, дед выкуривает трубку, долго нюхает табак, посмеивается над озябшим Ванюшкой... Молодые елки,

окутанные инеем, стоят неподвижно и ждут, которой из них помирать? Откуда ни возьмись, по сугробам летит стрелой заяц... Дед не может чтоб не крикнуть:

– Держи, держи... держи! Ах, куцый дьявол!

Срубленную елку дед тащил в господский дом, а там принимались убирать ее... Больше всех хлопотала барышня Ольга Игнатьевна, любимица Ваньки. Когда еще была жива Ванькина мать Пелагея и служила у господ в горничных, Ольга Игнатьевна кормила Ваньку леденцами и от нечего делать выучила его читать, писать, считать до ста и даже танцевать кадрили. Когда же Пелагея умерла, сироту Ваньку спровадили в людскую кухню к деду, а из кухни в Москву к сапожнику Аляхину...

«Приезжай, милый дедушка, – продолжал Ванька, – Христом богом тебя молю, возьми меня отседа. Пожалей ты меня сироту несчастную, а то меня все колотят и кушать страсть хочется, а скука такая, что и сказать нельзя, всё плачу. А намедни хозяин колодкой по голове ударил, так что упал и насилу очухался. Пропавшая моя жизнь, хуже собаки всякой... А еще кланяюсь Алене, кривому Егорке и кучеру, а гармонию мою никому не отдавай. Остаюсь твой внук Иван Жуков, милый дедушка приезжай».

Ванька свернул вчетверо исписанный лист и вложил его в конверт, купленный накануне за копейку... Подумав немного, он умокнул перо и написал адрес:

На деревню дедушке.

Потом почесался, подумал и прибавил: «*Константину Макарычу*». Довольный тем, что ему не помешали писать, он надел шапку и, не набрасывая на себя шубейки, прямо в рубахе выбежал на улицу...

Сидельцы из мясной лавки, которых он расспрашивал накануне, сказали ему, что письма опускаются в почтовые ящики, а из ящиков развозятся по всей земле на почтовых тройках с пьяными ямщиками и звонкими колокольцами. Ванька добежал до первого почтового ящика и сунул драгоценное письмо в щель...

Убаюканный сладкими надеждами, он час спустя крепко спал... Ему снилась печка. На печи сидит дед, свесив босые ноги, и читает письмо кухаркам... Около печи ходит Вьюн и вертит хвостом...

1886 г.

Vanka

translated by Constance Garnett

VANKA ZHUKOV, a boy of nine, who had been for three months apprenticed to Alyahin the shoemaker, was sitting up on Christmas Eve. Waiting till his master and mistress and their workmen had gone to the midnight service, he took out of his master's cupboard a bottle of ink and a pen with a rusty nib, and, spreading out a crumpled sheet of paper in front of him, began writing. Before forming the first letter he several times looked round fearfully at the door and the windows, stole a glance at the dark ikon, on both sides of which stretched shelves full of lasts, and heaved a broken sigh. The paper lay on the bench while he knelt before it.

"Dear grandfather, Konstantin Makaritch," he wrote, "I am writing you a letter. I wish you a happy Christmas, and all blessings from God Almighty. I have neither father nor mother; you are the only one left me."

Vanka raised his eyes to the dark ikon on which the light of his candle was reflected, and vividly recalled his grandfather, Konstantin Makaritch, who was night watchman to a family called Zhivarev. He was a thin but extraordinarily nimble and lively little old man of sixty-five, with an everlastingly laughing face and drunken eyes. By day he slept in the servants' kitchen, or made jokes with the cooks; at night, wrapped in an ample sheepskin, he walked round the grounds and tapped with his little mallet. Old Kashtanka and Eel, so-called on account of his dark colour and his long body like a weasel's, followed him with hanging heads. This Eel was exceptionally polite and affectionate, and looked with equal kindness on strangers and his own masters, but had not a very good

reputation. Under his politeness and meekness was hidden the most Jesuitical cunning. No one knew better how to creep up on occasion and snap at one's legs, to slip into the store-room, or steal a hen from a peasant. His hind legs had been nearly pulled off more than once, twice he had been hanged, every week he was thrashed till he was half dead, but he always revived.

At this moment grandfather was, no doubt, standing at the gate, screwing up his eyes at the red windows of the church, stamping with his high felt boots, and joking with the servants. His little mallet was hanging on his belt. He was clasping his hands, shrugging with the cold, and, with an aged chuckle, pinching first the housemaid, then the cook.

"How about a pinch of snuff?" he was saying, offering the women his snuff-box.

The women would take a sniff and sneeze. Grandfather would be indescribably delighted, go off into a merry chuckle, and cry:

"Tear it off, it has frozen on!"

They give the dogs a sniff of snuff too. Kashtanka sneezes, wriggles her head, and walks away offended. Eel does not sneeze, from politeness, but wags his tail. And the weather is glorious. The air is still, fresh, and transparent. The night is dark, but one can see the whole village with its white roofs and coils of smoke coming from the chimneys, the trees silvered with hoar frost, the snowdrifts. The whole sky spangled with gay twinkling stars, and the Milky Way is as distinct as though it had been washed and rubbed with snow for a holiday. Vanka sighed, dipped his pen, and went on writing:

"And yesterday I had a wiggling. The master pulled me out into the yard by my hair, and whacked me with a boot-stretcher because I accidentally fell asleep while I was rocking their brat in the cradle. And a week ago the mistress told me to clean a herring, and I began from the tail end, and she took the herring and thrust its head in my face. The workmen laugh at me and send me to the tavern for vodka, and tell me to steal the master's cucumbers for them, and the master beats me with anything that comes to hand. And there is nothing to eat. In the morning they give me bread, for dinner,

porridge, and in the evening, bread again; but as for tea, or soup, the master and mistress gobble it all up themselves. And I am put to sleep in the passage, and when their wretched brat cries I get no sleep at all, but have to rock the cradle. Dear grandfather, show the divine mercy, take me away from here, home to the village. It's more than I can bear. I bow down to your feet, and will pray to God for you for ever, take me away from here or I shall die."

Vanka's mouth worked, he rubbed his eyes with his black fist, and gave a sob.

"I will powder your snuff for you," he went on. "I will pray for you, and if I do anything you can thrash me like Sidor's goat. And if you think I've no job, then I will beg the steward for Christ's sake to let me clean his boots, or I'll go for a shepherd-boy instead of Fedka. Dear grandfather, it is more than I can bear, it's simply no life at all. I wanted to run away to the village, but I have no boots, and I am afraid of the frost. When I grow up big I will take care of you for this, and not let anyone annoy you, and when you die I will pray for the rest of your soul, just as for my mammy's."

"Moscow is a big town. It's all gentlemen's houses, and there are lots of horses, but there are no sheep, and the dogs are not spiteful. The lads here don't go out with the star, and they don't let anyone go into the choir, and once I saw in a shop window fishing-hooks for sale, fitted ready with the line and for all sorts of fish, awfully good ones, there was even one hook that would hold a forty-pound sheat-fish. And I have seen shops where there are guns of all sorts, after the pattern of the master's guns at home, so that I shouldn't wonder if they are a hundred roubles each.... And in the butchers' shops there are grouse and woodcocks and fish and hares, but the shopmen don't say where they shoot them."

"Dear grandfather, when they have the Christmas tree at the big house, get me a gilt walnut, and put it away in the green trunk. Ask the young lady Olga Ignatyevna, say it's for Vanka."

Vanka gave a tremulous sigh, and again stared at the window. He remembered how his grandfather always went into the forest to get the Christmas tree for his master's family, and took his grandson with him. It was a merry time! Grandfather made a noise in his

throat, the forest crackled with the frost, and looking at them Vanka chortled too. Before chopping down the Christmas tree, grandfather would smoke a pipe, slowly take a pinch of snuff, and laugh at frozen Vanka.... The young fir trees, covered with hoar frost, stood motionless, waiting to see which of them was to die. Wherever one looked, a hare flew like an arrow over the snowdrifts.... Grandfather could not refrain from shouting: "Hold him, hold him... hold him! Ah, the bob-tailed devil!"

When he had cut down the Christmas tree, grandfather used to drag it to the big house, and there set to work to decorate it.... The young lady, who was Vanka's favourite, Olga Ignatyevna, was the busiest of all. When Vanka's mother Pelageya was alive, and a servant in the big house, Olga Ignatyevna used to give him goodies, and having nothing better to do, taught him to read and write, to count up to a hundred, and even to dance a quadrille. When Pelageya died, Vanka had been transferred to the servants' kitchen to be with his grandfather, and from the kitchen to the shoemaker's in Moscow.

"Do come, dear grandfather," Vanka went on with his letter. "For Christ's sake, I beg you, take me away. Have pity on an unhappy orphan like me; here everyone knocks me about, and I am fearfully hungry; I can't tell you what misery it is, I am always crying. And the other day the master hit me on the head with a last, so that I fell down. My life is wretched, worse than any dog's.... I send greetings to Alyona, one-eyed Yegorka, and the coachman, and don't give my concertina to anyone. I remain your grandson, Ivan Zhukov. Dear grandfather, do come."

Vanka folded the sheet of writing-paper twice, and put it into an envelope he had bought the day before for a kopeck.... After thinking a little, he dipped the pen and wrote the address:

To grandfather in the village.

Then he scratched his head, thought a little, and added: *Konstantin Makaritch*. Glad that he had not been prevented from writing, he put on his cap and, without putting on his little greatcoat, ran out into the street as he was in his shirt.

The shopmen at the butcher's, whom he had questioned the day before, told him that letters were put in post-boxes, and from the boxes were carried about all over the earth in mailcarts with drunken drivers and ringing bells. Vanka ran to the nearest post-box, and thrust the precious letter in the slit...

An hour later, lulled by sweet hopes, he was sound asleep... He dreamed of the stove. On the stove was sitting his grandfather, swinging his bare legs, and reading the letter to the cooks...

By the stove was Eel, wagging his tail.

Vanka

translated by Ivy Litvinov

NINE-YEAR-OLD Vanka Zhukov, who had been apprenticed three months ago to Alyakhin the shoemaker, did not go to bed on Christmas eve. He waited till his master and mistress and the senior apprentices had gone to church, and then took from the cupboard a bottle of ink and a pen with a rusty nib, spread out a crumpled sheet of paper, and was all ready to write. Before tracing the first letter he glanced several times anxiously at the door and window, peered at the dark icon, with shelves holding cobbler's lasts stretching on either side of it, and gave a quivering sigh. The paper lay on the bench, and Vanka knelt on the floor at the bench.

"Dear Grandad Konstantin Makarich," he wrote. "I am writing a letter to you. I send you Christmas greetings and hope God will send you his blessings. I have no Father and no Mummie and you are all I have left."

Vanka raised his eyes to the dark window-pane, in which the reflection of the candle flickered, and in his imagination distinctly saw his grandfather, Konstantin Makarich, who was night watchman on the estate of some gentlefolk called Zhivarev. He was a small, lean old man about sixty-five, but remarkably lively and agile, with a smiling face and eyes bleary with drink. In the daytime he either slept in the back kitchen, or sat joking with the cook and the kitchen-maids, and in the night, wrapped in a great sheepskin coat, he walked round and round the estate, sounding his rattle.

After him, with drooping heads, went old Kashtanka and another dog, called Eel, on account of his black coat and long, weasel-like body. Eel was wonderfully respectful and insinuating, and turned the same appealing glance on friends and strangers alike, but he inspired confidence in no one. His deferential manner and docility were a cloak for the most Jesuitical spite and malice. He was an adept at stealing up, to snap at a foot, creeping into the ice-house, or snatching a peasant's chicken. His hind-legs had been slashed again and again, twice he had been strung up, he was beaten within an inch of his life every week, but he survived it all.

Grandad was probably standing at the gate at this moment, screwing up his eyes to look at the bright red light coming from the church windows, or stumping about in his felt boots, fooling with the servants. His rattle would be fastened to his belt. He would be throwing out his arms and hugging himself against the cold, or, with his old man's titter, pinching a maid, or one of the cooks. "Have a nip," he would say, holding out his snuffbox to the women.

The women would take a pinch and sneeze. Grandfather would be overcome with delight, breaking out into jolly laughter, and shouting:

"Good for frozen noses!"

Even the dogs would be given snuff. Kashtanka would sneeze, shake her head and walk away, offended. But Eel, too polite to sneeze, would wag his tail. And the weather was glorious. The air still, transparent, fresh. It was a dark night, but the whole village with its white roofs, the smoke rising from the chimneys, the trees, silver with rime, the snow-drifts, could be seen distinctly. The sky was sprinkled with gaily twinkling stars, and the Milky Way stood out as clearly as if newly scrubbed for the holiday and polished with snow....

Vanka sighed, dipped his pen in the ink, and went on writing:

"And yesterday I had such a hiding. The master took me by the hair and dragged me out into the yard and beat me with the stirrup-strap because by mistake I went to sleep rocking their baby. And one day last week the mistress told me to gut a herring and I began from the tail and she picked up the herring and rubbed my face with

the head. The other apprentices make fun of me, they send me to the tavern for vodka and make me steal the master's cucumbers and the master beats me with the first thing he finds. And there is nothing to eat. They give me bread in the morning and gruel for dinner and in the evening bread again but I never get tea or cabbage soup, they gobble it all rip themselves. And they make me sleep in the passage and when their baby cries I don't get any sleep at all I have to rock it. Dear Grandad, for the dear Lord's sake take me away from here take me home to the village I can't bear it any longer. Oh, Grandad, I beg and implore you and I will always pray for you, do take me away from here or I'll die...."

Vanka's lips twitched, he rubbed his eyes with a black fist and gave a sob.

"I will grind your snuff for you," he went on. "I will pray for you and you can flog me as hard as you like if I am naughty. And if you think there is nothing for me to do I will ask the steward to take pity on me and let me clean the boots or I will go as a shepherd-boy instead of Fedya. Dear Grandad, I can't stand it, it is killing me. I thought I would run away on foot to the village but I have no boots and I was afraid of the frost. And when I grow up to be a man I will look after you and I will not let anyone hurt you and when you die I will pray for your soul like I do for my Mummie.

"Moscow is such a big town there are so many gentlemen's houses and such a lot of horses and no sheep and the dogs are not a bit fierce. The boys don't go about with the star at Christmas and they don't let you sing in church and once I saw them selling fish-hooks in the shop all together with the lines and for any fish you like very good ones and there was one would hold a sheat-fish weighing thirty pounds and I have seen shops where there are all sorts of guns just like the master has at home they must cost a hundred rubles each. And in the butchers shops there are grouse and wood-cock and hares but the people in the shop don't say where they were shot.

"Dear Grandad, when they have a Christmas tree at the big house take a gilded nut for me and put it away in the green chest. Ask Miss Olga Ignatyevna, tell her it's for Vanka."

Vanka gave a sharp sigh and once more gazed at the windowpane. He remembered his grandfather going to get a Christmas tree for the gentry, and taking his grandson with him. Oh, what happy times those had been! Grandfather would give a chuckle, and the frost-bound wood chuckled, and Vanka, following their example, chuckled, too. Before chopping down the fir-tree, Grandfather would smoke a pipe, take a long pinch of snuff, and laugh at the shivering Vanka.... The young fir-trees, coated with frost, stood motionless, waiting to see which one of them was to die. And suddenly a hare would come leaping over a snow-drift, swift as an arrow.... Grandfather could never help shouting:

‘Stop it, stop it ... stop it! Oh, you stub-tailed devil!’ for a kopek.... Then he paused to think, dipped his pen into the ink-pot, wrote: “*To Grandfather in the village,*” scratched his head, thought again, then added:

“TO KONSTANTIN MAKARICH”

Pleased that no one had prevented him from writing, he put on his cap and ran out into the street without putting his coat on over his shirt.

The men at the butcher’s told him, when he asked them the day before, that letters are put into letter-boxes, and from these boxes sent all over the world on mail coaches with three horses and drunken drivers and jingling bells. Vanka ran as far as the nearest letter-box and dropped his precious letter into the slit...

An hour later, lulled by rosy hopes, he was fast asleep.... He dreamed of a stove. On the stove-ledge sat his grandfather, his bare feet dangling, reading the letter to the cooks.... Eel was walking backwards and forwards in front of the stove, wagging his tail....

Vanka

translated by Robert Payne

A Christmas story from Anton Chekov

Nine-year-old Vanka Zhukov, who was apprenticed three months ago to the shoemaker Alyakhin, did not go to bed on Christmas Eve. He waited till the master and mistress and the more senior

apprentices had gone to the early service, and then he took a bottle of ink and a pen with a rusty nib from his master's cupboard, and began to write on a crumpled sheet of paper spread out in front of him. Before tracing the shape of the first letter, he looked several times fearfully in the direction of the doors and windows, and then he gazed up at the dark icon, flanked on either side by shelves filled with cobbler's lasts, and then he heaved a broken sigh. With the paper spread over the bench, Vanka knelt on the floor beside it.

"Dear Grandfather Konstantin Makarich," he wrote. "I am writing a letter to you. I wish you a Merry Christmas and all good things from the Lord God. I have no father and mother, and you are all I have left."

Vanka raised his eyes to the dark windowpane, on which there gleamed the reflection of a candle flame, and in his vivid imagination he saw his grandfather Konstantin Makarich standing there. His grandfather was a night watchman on the estate of some gentlefolk called Zhivaryov, a small, thin, unusually lively and nimble old man of about sixty-five, his face always crinkling with laughter, and his eyes bleary from drink. In the daytime the old man slept in the servants' kitchen or cracked jokes with the cooks. At night, wrapped in an ample sheepskin coat, he made the rounds of the estate, shaking his clapper. Two dogs followed him with drooping heads – one was the old bitch Brownie, the other was called Eel because of his black coat and long weaselly body. Eel always seemed to be extraordinarily respectful and endearing, gazing with the same fond eyes on friends and strangers alike; yet no one trusted him. His deference and humility concealed a most Jesuitical malice. No one knew better how to creep stealthily behind someone and take a nip at his leg, or how to crawl into the icehouse, or how to scamper off with a peasant's chicken. More than once they just about broke his hind legs, twice a noose was put round his neck, and every week he was beaten until he was only half alive, yet he always managed to survive.

At this very moment Grandfather was probably standing by the gates, screwing up his eyes at the bright red windows of the village church, stamping about in his felt boots and cracking jokes with the

servants. His clapper hung from his belt. He would be throwing out his arms and then hugging himself against the cold, and, hiccupping as old men do, he would be pinching one of the servant girls or one of the cooks.

“What about a pinch of snuff; eh?” he would say, holding out his snuffbox to the women. Then the women would take a pinch and sneeze, and the old man would be overcome with indescribable ecstasies, laughing joyously and exclaiming: “Fine for frozen noses, eh!”

The dogs, too, were given snuff. Brownie would sneeze, shake her head, and walk away looking offended, while Eel, too polite to sneeze, only wagged his tail. The weather was glorious. The air was still, transparently clear, and fresh. The night was very dark, but the whole white-roofed village with its snowdrifts and trees silvered with hoarfrost and smoke streaming from the chimneys could be seen clearly. The heavens were sprinkled with gay, glinting stars, and the Milky Way stood out as clearly as if it had been washed and scrubbed with snow for the holidays.

Vanka sighed, dipped his pen in the ink, and went on writing:

“Yesterday I was given a thrashing. The master dragged me by the hair into the yard and gave me a beating with a stirrup strap because when I was rocking the baby in the cradle, I unfortunately fell asleep. And then last week the mistress ordered me to gut a herring, and because I began with the tail, she took the head of the herring and rubbed it all over my face. The other apprentices made fun of me, sent me to the tavern for vodka, and made me steal the master’s cucumbers for them, and then the master beat me with the first thing that came to hand. And there’s nothing to eat. In the morning they give me bread, there is porridge for dinner and in the evening only bread again. They never give me tea or cabbage soup – they gobble it all up themselves. They make me sleep in the passageway, and when their baby cries, I don’t get any sleep at all because I have to rock the cradle. Dear Grandfather, please for God’s sake take me away from here, take me to the village, it’s more than I can bear... I kneel down before you. I’ll pray to God to keep you forever, but take me away from here, or I shall die.”

Vanka grimaced, rubbed his eyes with his black fists, and sobbed.

“I’ll grind your snuff for you,” he went on. “I will pray to God to keep you, and if I ever do anything wrong, you can flog me all you like. If you think there’s no place for me, then I’ll ask the manager for Christ’s sake to let me clean boots or take Fedya’s place as a shepherd boy. Dear Grandfather, it’s more than I can bear, it will be the death of me. I thought of running away to the village, but I haven’t any boots, and I am afraid of the ice. If you’ll do this for me, I’ll feed you when I grow up, and won’t let anyone harm you, and when you die, I’ll pray for the repose of your soul, just like I do for my mother, Pelageya.

“Moscow is such a big city. There are so many houses belonging to the gentry, so many horses, but no sheep anywhere, and the dogs aren’t vicious. The boys don’t go about with the Star of Christmas, and they don’t let you sing in the choir, and once I saw fishhooks in the shopwindow with the fishing lines for every kind of fish, very fine ones, even one hook which would hold a skate fish weighing forty pounds. I’ve seen shops selling guns which are just like the master’s at home, and each one must cost a hundred rubles. In the butcher shops they have woodcocks and partridges and hares, but the people in the shop won’t tell you where they were shot.

“Dear Grandfather, when they put up the Christmas tree at the big house, please take down a golden walnut for me and hide it in the green chest. Ask the young mistress, Olga Ignatyevna, and say it is for Vanka.”

Vanka heaved a convulsive sigh, and once more he gazed in the direction of the window. He remembered it was Grandfather who always went to the forest to cut down a Christmas tree for the gentry, taking his grandson with him. They had a wonderful time together. Grandfather chuckled, the frost crackled, and Vanka, not to be outdone, clucked away cheerfully. Before chopping down the fir tree, Grandfather would smoke a pipe, take a long pinch of snuff, and make fun of Vanka, who was shivering in the cold. The young fir trees, garlanded with hoarfrost, stood perfectly still, waiting to

see which of them would die... Suddenly out of nowhere a hare came springing across the snowdrifts, quick as an arrow, and Grandfather would be unable to prevent himself from shouting: "Hold him! Hold him! Hold that bobtailed devil, eh!"

When the tree had been chopped down, Grandfather would drag it to the big house and they would start decorating it. The young mistress, Olga Ignatyevna, Vanka's favorite, was the busiest of all. While Vanka's mother, Pelageya, was alive, serving as a chambermaid, Olga Ignatyevna used to stuff him with sugar candy, and it amused her to teach him to read and write, to count up to a hundred, and even to dance the quadrille. But when Pelageya died, they relegated the orphan Vanka to the servants' kitchen to be with his grandfather, and from there he went to Moscow to the shoemaker Alyakhin...

"Come to me, dear Grandfather," Vanka went on. "I beseech you for Christ's sake, take me away from here! Have pity on me, a poor orphan, they are always beating me, and I am terribly hungry, and so miserable I can't tell you, and I'm always crying. The other day the master hit me on the head with a last, and I fell down and thought I would never get up again. It's worse than a dog's life, and so miserable. I send greetings to Alyona, to one-eyed Yegor, and to the coachman, and don't give my harmonica away. I remain your grandson Ivan Zhukov, dear Grandfather, and come soon!"

Vanka twice folded the sheet of paper and then he put it in an envelope bought the previous day for a kopeck. He reflected for a while, dipped the pen in ink, and wrote the address: *To Grandfather in the Village*. Then he scratched his head and thought for a while, and added the words: *Konstantin Makarich*. Pleased because no one interrupted him when he was writing, he threw on his cap, and without troubling to put on a coat, he ran out into the street in his shirt sleeves.

When he talked to the clerks in the butcher shop the previous day, they told him that letters were dropped in boxes, and from these boxes they were carried all over the world on mail coaches drawn by three horses and driven by drunken drivers, while the bells jingled.

Vanka ran to the nearest mailbox and thrust his precious letter into the slot. An hour later, lulled by sweetest hopes, he was fast asleep. He dreamed of a stove. His grandfather was sitting on the stove, bare feet dangling down, while he read the letter aloud to the cooks.

Eel was walking round the stove, wagging his tail.

APPENDIX

1. Read A. Chekhov's play that follows. Discuss the main translation problems to be solved in translating the play into English. Comment on the solutions to the problems offered by the two translators – Kathleen Cook and Eric Bentley. Assess the results of their work.

Медведь

Шутка в одном действии

Посвящена Н.Н. Соловцову

Действующие лица:

Елена Ивановна Попова, вдовушка с ямочками на щеках, помещица.
Григорий Степанович Смирнов, нестарый помещик.
Лука, лакей Поповой, старик.

Гостиная в усадьбе Поповой.

I

Попова (в глубоком трауре, не отрывает глаз от фотографической карточки) и *Лука*.

ЛУКА. Нехорошо, барыня... Губите вы себя только... Горничная и кухарка пошли по ягоды, всякое дыхание радуется, даже кошка, и та свое удовольствие понимает и по двору гуляет, пташек ловит, а вы целый день сидите в комнате, словно в монастыре, и никакого удовольствия. Да, право! Почитай, уж год прошел, как вы из дому не выходите!..

ПОПОВА. И не выйду никогда... Зачем? Жизнь моя уже кончена. Он лежит в могиле, я погребла себя в четырех стенах... Мы оба умерли.

ЛУКА. Ну, вот! И не слушал бы, право. Николай Михайлович померли, так тому и быть, божья воля, царство им небесное... Погоревали – и будет, надо и честь знать. Не весь же век плакать и траур носить. У меня тоже в свое время старуха померла... Что ж? Погоревал, поплакал с месяц, и будет с нее, а ежели целый век Лазаря петь, то и старуха того не стоит. (*Вздыхает.*) Соседей всех забыли... И сами не ездите, и при-

нимать не велите. Живем, извините, как пауки, – света белого не видим. Ливрею мыши съели... Добро бы хороших людей не было, а то ведь полон уезд господ... В Рыбловке полк стоит, так офицеры – чистые конфеты, не наглядисься! А в лагерях, что ни пятница, то бал, и, почитай, каждый день военная оркестра музыку играет... Эх, барыня-матушка! Молодая, красивая, кровь с молоком, – только бы и жить в свое удовольствие... Красота-то ведь не навеки дадена! Пройдет годов десять, сами захотите павой пройтись да господам офицерам в глаза пыль пустить, ан поздно будет.

ПОПОВА (*решительно*). Я прошу тебя никогда не говорить мне об этом! Ты знаешь, с тех пор как умер Николай Михайлович, жизнь потеряла для меня всякую цену. Тебе кажется, что я жива, но это только кажется! Я дала себе клятву до самой могилы не снимать этого траура и не видеть света... Слышишь? Пусть тень его видит, как я люблю его... Да, я знаю, для тебя не тайна, он часто бывал несправедлив ко мне, жесток и... и даже неверен, но я буду верна до могилы и докажу ему, как я умею любить. Там, по ту сторону гроба, он увидит меня такую же, какою я была до его смерти...

ЛУКА. Чем эти самые слова, пошли бы лучше по саду погуляли, а то велели бы запрячь Тоби или Великана и к соседям в гости...

ПОПОВА. Ах!.. (*Плачет.*)

ЛУКА. Барыня!.. Матушка!.. Что вы? Христос с вами!

ПОПОВА. Он так любил Тоби! Он всегда ездил на нем к Корчагиным и Власовым. Как он чудно правил! Сколько грации было в его фигуре, когда он изо всей силы натягивал вожжи! Помнишь? Тоби, Тоби! Прикажи дать ему сегодня лишнюю осьмушку овса.

ЛУКА. Слушаю!

Резкий звонок.

ПОПОВА (*вздрагивает*). Кто это? Скажи, что я никого не принимаю!

ЛУКА. Слушаю-с! (*Уходит.*)

II

Попова (одна).

ПОПОВА (*глядя на фотографию*). Ты увидишь, Nicolas, как я умею любить и прощать... Любовь моя угаснет вместе со мною, когда перестанет биться мое бедное сердце. (*Смеется, сквозь слезы.*) И тебе не совестно? Я паинька, верная женка, заперла себя на замок и буду верна тебе до могилы, а ты... и тебе не совестно, бутуз? Изменял мне, делал сцены, по целым неделям оставлял меня одну...

III

Попова и Лука.

ЛУКА (*входит, встревоженно*). Сударыня, там кто-то спрашивает вас. Хочет видеть...

ПОПОВА. Но ведь ты сказал, что я со дня смерти мужа никого не принимаю?

ЛУКА. Сказал, но он и слушать не хочет, говорит, что очень нужное дело.

ПОПОВА. Я не при-ни-ма-ю!

ЛУКА. Я ему говорил, но... леший какой-то... ругается и прямо в комнату прет... уж в столовой стоит...

ПОПОВА (*раздраженно*). Хорошо, проси... Какие невежи!

Лука уходит.

Как тяжелы эти люди! Что им нужно от меня? К чему им нарушать мой покой? (*Вздыхает.*) Нет, видно, уж и вправду придется уйти в монастырь... (*Задумывается.*) Да, в монастырь...

IV

Попова, Лука, Смирнов.

СМИРНОВ (*входя, Луке*). Болван, любишь много разговаривать... Осел! (*Увидев Попову, с достоинством.*) Сударыня, честь имею представиться: отставной поручик артиллерии,

землевладелец Григорий Степанович Смирнов! Вынужден беспокоить вас по весьма важному делу...

ПОПОВА (*не подавая руки*). Что вам угодно?

СМИРНОВ. Ваш покойный супруг, с которым я имел честь быть знаком, остался мне должен по двум векселям тысячу двести рублей. Так как завтра мне предстоит платеж процентов в земельный банк, то я просил бы вас, сударыня, уплатить мне деньги сегодня же.

ПОПОВА. Тысяча двести... А за что мой муж остался вам должен?

СМИРНОВ. Он покупал у меня овес.

ПОПОВА (*вздыхая, Луке*). Так ты же, Лука, не забудь приказать, чтобы дали Тоби лишнюю осьмушку овса. (*Лука уходит. Смирнову.*) Если Николай Михайлович остался вам должен, то, само собою разумеется, я заплачу; но, извините, пожалуйста, у меня сегодня нет свободных денег. Послезавтра вернется из города мой приказчик, и я прикажу ему уплатить вам, что следует, а пока я не могу исполнить вашего желания... К тому же сегодня исполнилось ровно семь месяцев, как умер мой муж, и у меня теперь такое настроение, что я совершенно не расположена заниматься денежными делами.

СМИРНОВ. А у меня теперь такое настроение, что если я завтра не заплачу процентов, то должен буду вылететь в трубу вверх ногами. У меня опишут имение!

ПОПОВА. Послезавтра вы получите ваши деньги.

СМИРНОВ. Мне нужны деньги не послезавтра, а сегодня.

ПОПОВА. Простите, сегодня я не могу заплатить вам.

СМИРНОВ. А я не могу ждать до послезавтра.

ПОПОВА. Что же делать, если у меня сейчас нет!

СМИРНОВ. Стало быть, не можете заплатить?

ПОПОВА. Не могу...

СМИРНОВ. Гм!.. Это ваше последнее слово?

ПОПОВА. Да, последнее.

СМИРНОВ. Последнее? Положительно?

ПОПОВА. Положительно.

СМИРНОВ. Покорнейше благодарю. Так и запишем. *(Пожимает плечами.)* А еще хотят, чтобы я был хладнокровен! Встречается мне сейчас по дороге акцизный и спрашивает: «Отчего вы все сердитесь, Григорий Степанович?» Да поми-луйте, как же мне не сердиться? Нужны мне дозарезу деньги... Выехал я еще вчера утром чуть свет, объездил всех своих должников, и хоть бы один из них заплатил свой долг! Измучился как собака, ночевал черт знает где, – в жидовской корчме около водочного бочонка... Наконец, приезжаю сюда, за семьдесят верст от дому, надеюсь получить, а меня угощают «настроением»! Как же мне не сердиться?

ПОПОВА. Я, кажется, ясно сказала: приказчик вернется из города, тогда и получите.

СМИРНОВ. Я приехал не к приказчику, а к вам! На кой леший, извините за выражение, сдался мне ваш приказчик!

ПОПОВА. Простите, милостивый государь, я не привыкла к этим странным выражениям, к такому тону. Я вас больше не слушаю. *(Быстро уходит.)*

V

Смирнов (один).

СМИРНОВ. Скажите пожалуйста! Настроение... Семь месяцев тому назад муж умер! Да мне-то нужно платить проценты или нет? Я вас спрашиваю: нужно платить проценты или нет? Ну, у вас муж умер, настроение там и всякие фокусы... приказчик куда-то уехал, черт его возьми, а мне что прикажете делать? Улететь от своих кредиторов на воздушном шаре, что ли? Или разбежаться и трахнуть башкой о стену? Приезжаю к Груздеву – дома нет, Ярошевич спрятался, с Курицыным поругался насмерть и чуть было его в окно не вышвырнул, у Мазутова – холерина, у этой – настроение. Ни одна каналья не платит! А все оттого, что я слишком их избаловал, что я нюня, тряпка, баба! Слишком я с ними деликатен! Ну, погодите же! Узнаете вы меня! Я не позволю шутить с собою, черт возьми! Останусь и буду торчать здесь, пока она не заплатит! Брр!.. Как я зол сегодня, как я зол! От злости все поджилки трясутся и дух

захватило... Фуй, боже мой, даже дурно делается! *(Кричит.)*
Человек!

VI

Смирнов и Лука.

ЛУКА *(входит)*. Чего вам?

СМИРНОВ. Дай мне квасу или воды!

Лука уходит.

Нет, какова логика! Человеку нужны дозарезу деньги, в пору вешаться, а она не платит, потому что, видите ли, не расположена заниматься денежными делами!.. Настоящая женская, турнюрная логика! Потому-то вот я никогда не любил и не люблю говорить с женщинами. Для меня легче сидеть на бочке с порохом, чем говорить с женщиной. Брр!.. Даже мороз по коже дерет – до такой степени разозлил меня этот шлейф! Стоит мне хотя бы издали увидеть поэтическое создание, как у меня от злости в икрах начинаются судороги. Просто хоть караул кричи.

VII

Смирнов и Лука.

ЛУКА *(входит и подает воду)*. Барыня больны и не принимают.

СМИРНОВ. Пошел!

Лука уходит.

Больны и не принимают! Не нужно, не принимай... Я останусь и буду сидеть здесь, пока не отдашь денег. Неделю будешь больна, и я неделю просижу здесь... Год будешь больна – и я год... Я свое возьму, матушка! Меня не тронешь трауром да ямочками на щеках... Знаем мы эти ямочки! *(Кричит в окно.)* Семен, распрягай! Мы не скоро уедем! Я здесь остаюсь! Скажешь там на конюшне, чтобы овса дали лошадям! Опять у тебя, скотина, левая пристяжная запуталась в вожжу! *(Дразнит.)* Ничаво... Я тебе задам – ничаво! *(Отходит от окна.)*

Скверно... жара невыносимая, денег никто не платит, плохо ночь спал, а тут еще этот траурный шлейф с настроением... Голова болит... Водки выпить, что ли? Пожалуй, выпью. *(Кричит.)* Человек!

ЛУКА *(входит)*. Что вам?

СМИРНОВ. Дай рюмку водки!

Лука уходит.

Уф! *(Садится и оглядывает себя.)* Нечего сказать, хороша фигура! Весь в пыли, сапоги грязные, неумыт, нечесан, на жилетке солома... Барынька, чего доброго, меня за разбойника приняла. *(Зевает.)* Немножко невежливо являться в гостиную в таком виде, ну, да ничего... я тут не гость, а кредитор, для кредиторов же костюм не писан...

ЛУКА *(входит и подает водку)*. Много вы позволяете себе, сударь...

СМИРНОВ *(сердито)*. Что?

ЛУКА. Я... я ничего... я собственно...

СМИРНОВ. С кем ты разговариваешь?! Молчать!

ЛУКА *(в сторону)*. Навязался, леший, на нашу голову... Принесла нелегкая...

Лука уходит.

СМИРНОВ. Ах, как я зол! Так зол, что, кажется, весь свет стер бы в порошок... Даже дурно делается... *(Кричит.)* Человек!

VIII

Попова и Смирнов.

ПОПОВА *(входит, опустив глаза)*. Милостивый государь, в своем уединении я давно уже отвыкла от человеческого голоса и не выношу крика. Прошу вас убедительно, не нарушайте моего покоя!

СМИРНОВ. Заплатите мне деньги, и я уеду.

ПОПОВА. Я сказала вам русским языком: денег у меня свободных теперь нет, погодите до послезавтра.

СМИРНОВ. Я тоже имел честь сказать вам русским языком: деньги нужны мне не послезавтра, а сегодня. Если сегодня вы мне не заплатите, то завтра я должен буду повеситься.

ПОПОВА. Но что же мне делать, если у меня нет денег? Как странно!

СМИРНОВ. Так вы сейчас не заплатите? Нет?

ПОПОВА. Не могу...

СМИРНОВ. В таком случае я остаюсь здесь и буду сидеть, пока не получу... (*Садится.*) Послезавтра заплатите? Отлично! Я до послезавтра просижу таким образом. Вот так и буду сидеть... (*Вскакивает.*) Я вас спрашиваю: мне нужно заплатить завтра проценты или нет?.. Или вы думаете, что я шучу?

ПОПОВА. Милостивый государь, прошу вас не кричать! Здесь не конюшня!

СМИРНОВ. Я вас не о конюшне спрашиваю, а о том, — нужно мне платить завтра проценты или нет?

ПОПОВА. Вы не умеете держать себя в женском обществе!

СМИРНОВ. Нет-с, я умею держать себя в женском обществе!

ПОПОВА. Нет, не умеете! Вы невоспитанный, грубый человек! Порядочные люди не говорят так с женщинами!

СМИРНОВ. Ах, удивительное дело! Как же прикажете говорить с вами? По-французски, что ли? (*Злится и сюсюкает.*) Мадам, же ву при... как я счастлив, что вы не платите мне денег... Ах, пардон, что обеспокоил вас! Такая сегодня прелестная погода! И этот траур так к лицу вам! (*Расшаркивается.*)

ПОПОВА. Неумно и грубо.

СМИРНОВ (*дразнит*). Неумно и грубо! Я не умею держать себя в женском обществе! Сударыня, на своем веку я видел женщин гораздо больше, чем вы воробьев! Три раза я стрелялся на дуэли из-за женщин, двенадцать женщин я бросил, девять бросили меня! Да-с! Было время, когда я ломал дурака, миндальничал, медоточил, рассыпался бисером, шаркал ногами... Любил, страдал, вздыхал на луну, раскисал, таял, холодел... Любил страстно, бешено, на всякие манеры, черт меня возьми, трещал, как сорока, об эмансипации, прожил на

нежном чувстве половину состояния, но теперь – слуга покорный! Теперь меня не проведете! Довольно! Очи черные, очи страстные, алые губки, ямочки на щеках, луна, шепот, робкое дыханье – за все это, сударыня, я теперь и медного гроша не дам! Я не говорю о присутствующих, но все женщины, от мала до велика, ломаки, кривляки, сплетницы, ненавистницы, лгунишки до мозга костей, суетливы, мелочны, безжалостны, логика возмутительная, а что касается вот этой штуки, (*хлопает себя по лбу*), то, извините за откровенность, воробей любому философу в юбке может дать десять очков вперед! Посмотришь на иное поэтическое создание: кисея, эфир, полубогиня, миллион восторгов, а заглянешь в душу – обыкновеннейший крокодил! (*Хватается за спинку стула, стул трещит и ломается.*) Но возмутительнее всего, что этот крокодил почему-то воображает, что его шедевр, его привилегия и монополия – нежное чувство! Да черт побери совсем, повесьте меня вот на этом гвозде вверх ногами, – разве женщина умеет любить кого-нибудь, кроме болонок?.. В любви она умеет только хныкать и распускать нюни! Где мужчина страдает и жертвует, там вся ее любовь выражается только в том, что она вертит шлейфом и старается покрепче схватить за нос. Вы имеете несчастье быть женщиной, стало быть, по себе самой знаете женскую натуру. Скажите же мне по совести: видели ли вы на своем веку женщину, которая была бы искренна, верна и постоянна? Не видели! Верны и постоянны одни только старухи да уроды! Скорее вы встретите рогатую кошку или белого вальдшнепа, чем постоянную женщину!

ПОПОВА. Позвольте, так кто же, по-вашему, верен и постоянен в любви? Не мужчина ли?

СМИРНОВ. Да-с, мужчина!

ПОПОВА. Мужчина! (*Злой смех.*) Мужчина верен и постоянен в любви! Скажите, какая новость! (*Горючо.*) Да какое вы имеете право говорить это? Мужчины верны и постоянны! Коли на то пошло, так я вам скажу, что из всех мужчин, каких только я знала и знаю, самым лучшим был мой покойный муж... Я любила его страстно, всем своим существом, как

может любить только молодая, мыслящая женщина; я отдала ему свою молодость, счастье, жизнь, свое состояние, дышала им, молилась на него, как язычница, и... и – что же? Этот лучший из мужчин самым бессовестным образом обманывал меня на каждом шагу! После его смерти я нашла в его столе полный ящик любовных писем, а при жизни – ужасно вспомнить! – он оставлял меня одну по целым неделям, на моих глазах ухаживал за другими женщинами и изменял мне, сорил моими деньгами, шутил над моим чувством... И, несмотря на все это, я любила его и была ему верна... Мало того, он умер, а я все еще верна ему и постоянна. Я навеки погребла себя в четырех стенах и до самой могилы не сниму этого траура...

СМИРНОВ (*презрительный смех*). Траур!.. Не понимаю, за кого вы меня принимаете? Точно я не знаю, для чего вы носите это черное домино и погребли себя в четырех стенах! Еще бы! Это так таинственно, поэтично! Проедет мимо усадьбы какой-нибудь юнкер или куцый поэт, взглянет на окна и подумает: «Здесь живет таинственная Тамара, которая из любви к мужу погребла себя в четырех стенах». Знаем мы эти фокусы!

ПОПОВА (*вспыхнув*). Что? Как вы смеете говорить мне все это?

СМИРНОВ. Вы погребли себя заживо, однако вот не позабыли напудриться!

ПОПОВА. Как вы смеете говорить со мною таким образом?

СМИРНОВ. Не кричите, пожалуйста, я вам не приказчик! Позвольте мне называть вещи настоящими их именами. Я не женщина и привык высказывать свое мнение прямо! Не извольте же кричать!

ПОПОВА. Не я кричу, а вы кричите! Извольте оставить меня в покое!

СМИРНОВ. Заплатите мне деньги, и я уеду.

ПОПОВА. Не дам я вам денег!

СМИРНОВ. Нет-с, дадите!

ПОПОВА. Вот назло же вам ни копейки не получите! Можете оставить меня в покое!

СМИРНОВ. Я не имею удовольствия быть ни вашим супругом, ни женихом, а потому, пожалуйста, не делайте, мне сцен. *(Садится.)* Я этого не люблю.

ПОПОВА *(задыхаясь от гнева)*. Вы сели?

СМИРНОВ. Сел.

ПОПОВА. Прошу вас уйти!

СМИРНОВ. Отдайте деньги... *(В сторону.)* Ах, как я зол! Как я зол!

ПОПОВА. Я не желаю разговаривать с нахалами! Извольте убираться вон!

Пауза.

Вы не уйдете? Нет?

СМИРНОВ. Нет.

ПОПОВА. Нет?

СМИРНОВ. Нет!

ПОПОВА. Хорошо же! *(Звонит.)*

IX

Те же и Лука.

ПОПОВА. Лука, выведи этого господина!

ЛУКА *(подходит к Смирнову)*. Сударь, извольте уходить, когда велют! Нечего тут...

СМИРНОВ *(вскакивая)*. Молчать! С кем ты разговариваешь? Я из тебя салат сделаю!

ЛУКА *(хватается за сердце)*. Батюшки!.. Угодники!.. *(Падает в кресло.)* Ох, дурно, дурно! Дух захватило!

ПОПОВА. Где же Даша? Даша! *(Кричит.)* Даша! Пелагея! Даша! *(Звонит.)*

ЛУКА. Ох! Все по ягоды ушли... Никого дома нету... Дурно! Воды!

ПОПОВА. Извольте убираться вон!

СМИРНОВ. Не угодно ли вам быть повежливее?

ПОПОВА *(сжимая кулаки и топая ногами)*. Вы мужик! Грубый медведь! Бурбон! Монстр!

СМИРНОВ. Как? Что вы сказали?

ПОПОВА. Я сказала, что вы медведь, монстр!

СМИРНОВ (*наступая*). Позвольте, какое же вы имеете право оскорблять меня?

ПОПОВА. Да, оскорбляю... ну, так что же? Вы думаете, я вас боюсь?

СМИРНОВ. А вы думаете, что если вы поэтическое создание, то имеете право оскорблять безнаказанно? Да? К барьеру!

ЛУКА. Батюшки!.. Угодники!.. Воды!

СМИРНОВ. Стреляться!

ПОПОВА. Если у вас здоровые кулаки и бычье горло, то, думаете, я боюсь вас? А? Бурбон вы этакий!

СМИРНОВ. К барьеру! Я никому не позволю оскорблять себя и не посмотрю на то, что вы женщина, слабое создание!

ПОПОВА (*стараясь перекричать*). Медведь! Медведь! Медведь!

СМИРНОВ. Пора, наконец, отрешиться от предрассудка, что только одни мужчины обязаны платить за оскорбления! Равноправность, так равноправность, черт возьми! К барьеру!

ПОПОВА. Стреляться хотите? Извольте!

СМИРНОВ. Сию минуту!

ПОПОВА. Сию минуту! После мужа остались пистолеты... Я сейчас принесу их сюда... (*Торопливо идет и возвращается.*) С каким наслаждением я влеплю пулю в ваш медный лоб! Черт вас возьми! (*Уходит.*)

СМИРНОВ. Я подстрелю ее, как цыпленка! Я не мальчишка, не сентиментальный щенок, для меня не существует слабых созданий!

ЛУКА. Батюшка родимый!.. (*Становится на колени.*) Сделай такую милость, пожалей меня, старика, уйди ты отсюда! Напужал до смерти, да еще стреляться собираешься!

СМИРНОВ (*не слушая его*). Стреляться, вот это и есть равноправность, эмансипация! Тут оба пола равны! Подстрелю ее из принципа! Но какова женщина? (*Дразнит.*) «Черт вас возьми... влеплю пулю в медный лоб...» Какова? Раскраснелась, глаза блестят... Вызов приняла! Честное слово, первый раз в жизни такую вижу...

ЛУКА. Батюшка, уйди! Заставь вечно бога молить!

СМИРНОВ. Это – женщина! Вот это я понимаю! Настоящая женщина! Не кислятина, не размазня, а огонь, порох, ракета! Даже убивать жалко!

ЛУКА (*плачет*). Батюшка... родимый, уйди!

СМИРНОВ. Она мне положительно нравится! Положительно! Хоть и ямочки на щеках, а нравится! Готов даже долг ей простить... и злость прошла... Удивительная женщина!

Те же и Попова.

ПОПОВА (*входит с пистолетами*). Вот они, пистолеты... Но, прежде чем будем драться, вы извольте показать мне, как нужно стрелять... Я ни разу в жизни не держала в руках пистолета.

ЛУКА. Спаси, господи, и помилуй... Пойду садовника и кучера поищу.. Откуда эта напасть взялась на нашу голову... (*Уходит.*)

СМИРНОВ (*осматривая пистолеты*). Видите ли, существует несколько сортов пистолетов... Есть специально дуэльные пистолеты Мортимера, капсюльные. А это у вас револьверы системы Смит и Вессон, тройного действия с экстрактором, центрального боя... Прекрасные пистолеты!.. Цена таким минимум девяносто рублей за пару... Держать револьвер нужно так... (*В сторону.*) Глаза, глаза! Зажигательная женщина!

ПОПОВА. Так?

СМИРНОВ. Да, так... Засим вы поднимаете курок... вот так прицеливаетесь... Голову немножко назад! Вытяните руку как следует... Вот так... Потом вот этим пальцем надавливаете эту штучку – и больше ничего... Только главное правило: не горячиться и прицеливаться не спеша... Стараться, чтоб не дрогнула рука.

ПОПОВА. Хорошо... В комнатах стреляться неудобно, пойдемте в сад.

СМИРНОВ. Пойдемте. Только предупреждаю, что я выстрелю в воздух.

ПОПОВА. Этого еще не доставало! Почему?

СМИРНОВ. Потому что... потому что... Это мое дело, почему!

ПОПОВА. Вы трусили? Да? А-а-а-а! Нет, сударь, вы не виляйте! Извольте идти за мною! Я не успокоюсь, пока не пробью вашего лба... вот этого лба, который я так ненавижу! Трусили?

СМИРНОВ. Да, трусил.

ПОПОВА. Лжете! Почему вы не хотите драться?

СМИРНОВ. Потому что... потому что вы... мне нравится.

ПОПОВА (*злой смех*). Я ему нравлюсь! Он смеет говорить, что я ему нравлюсь! (*Указывает на дверь.*) Можете!

СМИРНОВ (*молча кладет револьвер, берет фуражку и идет; около двери останавливается, полминуты оба молча глядят друг на друга; затем он. говорит, нерешительно подходя к Поповой*). Послушайте... Вы все еще сердитесь?.. Я тоже чертовски взбешен, но, понимаете ли... как бы этак выразиться... Дело в том, что, видите ли, такого рода история, собственно говоря... (*Кричит.*) Ну, да, разве я виноват, что вы мне нравитесь? (*Хватается за спинку стула, стул трещит и ломается.*) Черт знает какая у вас ломкая мебель! Вы мне нравитесь! Понимаете? Я... я почти влюблен!

ПОПОВА. Отойдите от меня, – я вас ненавижу!

СМИРНОВ. Боже, какая женщина! Никогда в жизни не видал ничего подобного! Пропал! Погиб! Попал в мышеловку, как мышь!

ПОПОВА. Отойдите прочь, а то буду стрелять!

СМИРНОВ. Стреляйте! Вы не можете понять, какое счастье умереть под взглядами этих чудных глаз, умереть от револьвера, который держит эта маленькая бархатная ручка... Я с ума сошел! Думайте и решайте сейчас, потому что если я выйду отсюда, то уж больше никогда не увидимся! Решайте... Я дворянин, порядочный человек, имею десять тысяч годового дохода... попадаю пулей в подброшенную копейку... имею отличных лошадей... Хотите быть моею женой?

ПОПОВА (*возмущенная, потрясает револьвером*). Стреляться! К барьеру!

СМИРНОВ. Сошел с ума... Ничего не понимаю... *(Кричит.)*
Человек, воды!

ПОПОВА *(кричит)*. К барьеру!

СМИРНОВ. Сошел с ума, влюбился, как мальчишка, как дурак! *(Хватает ее за руку, она вскрикивает от боли.)* Я люблю вас! *(Становится на колени.)* Люблю, как никогда не любил! Двенадцать женщин я бросил, девять бросили меня, но ни одну из них я не любил так, как вас... Разлимонился, рассиропился, раскис... стою на коленях, как дурак, и предлагаю руку... Стыд, срам! Пять лет не влюблялся, дал себе зарок, и вдруг вторился, как оглобля в чужой кузов! Руку предлагаю: Да или нет? Не хотите? Не нужно! *(Встает и быстро идет к двери.)*

ПОПОВА. Пойдите...

СМИРНОВ *(останавливается)*. Ну?

ПОПОВА. Ничего, уходите... Впрочем, пойдите... Нет, уходите, уходите! Я вас ненавижу! Или нет... Не уходите! Ах, если бы вы знали, как я зла, как я зла! *(Бросает на стол револьвер.)* Отекли пальцы от этой мерзости... *(Рвет от злости платок.)* Что же вы стоите? Убирайтесь!

СМИРНОВ. Прощайте.

ПОПОВА. Да, да, уходите!.. *(Кричит.)* Куда же вы? Пойдите... Ступайте, впрочем. Ах, как я зла! Не подходите, не подходите!

СМИРНОВ *(подходя к ней)*. Как я на себя зол! Влюбился, как гимназист, стоял на коленях... Даже м-роз по коже дерет... *(Грубо.)* Я люблю вас! Очень мне нужно было влюбиться в вас! Завтра проценты платить, сенокос начался, а тут вы... *(Берет ее за талию.)* Никогда этого не прощу себе...

ПОПОВА. Отойдите прочь! Прочь руки! Я вас... ненавижу! К ба-барьеру!

Продолжительный поцелуй.

XI

Те же, Лука с топором, садовник с граблями, кучер с вилами
и рабочие с дрекольем.

ЛУКА (*увидев целующуюся парочку*). Батюшки!

Пауза.

ПОПОВА (*опустив глаза*). Лука, скажешь там, на конюшне, чтобы сегодня Тоби вовсе не давали овса.

Занавес.

The Bear

Anton Chekhov

translated by Kathleen Cook

A one-act farce

Dedicated to N.N. Solovtsov

CHARACTERS

ELENA POPOVA, a dimple-cheeked widow

GRIGORY SMIRNOV, a not-too-old country gentleman

LUKA, Popova's old manservant

The drawing-room in Mrs. Popova's country-house
Mrs. Popova dressed in deep mourning and gazing
at a photograph and Luka

ЛУКА. It's not right, Ma'am. You'll do yourself no end of harm. Cook and chambermaid are out berry-picking, every living creature's enjoying itself, even the cat's having a good time, prancing about in the yard and chasing the dicky birds, but you just keep yourself caged up indoors all day as if you were in a nunnery. It's almost a year since you last went out of the house!

ПОПОВА. I shall never go out again. Why should I? My life is over. He is in his grave and I have buried myself within these four walls. We are both dead.

ЛУКА. There you go again! That's a fine way to talk! The master's no more, God rest his soul. The good Lord has seen fit to take him away. But you can't go on weeping and wearing black forever. My old missus passed away as well, you know. So what did

I do? Mourned her for a month or two, then called it a day. The old girl wasn't worth any more moaning and groaning than that (*sighs*). You never see anything of the neighbours. Don't go to visit them and won't, have them here. Pardon me. Ma'am, but we live like spiders – never see the light of day. The mice have even nibbled holes in my uniform. It's not as if there weren't any nice folk around. The place is full of them. There's a regiment stationed at Ryblovo – strapping young officers, a real sight for sore eyes. Dances every Friday night at the barracks and a brass band playing every day... Fair breaks my heart, Ma'am! There you are – a fine, handsome young woman, all peaches and cream, – could be having the time of your life. Beauty don't last forever, you know. Ten years from now you'll be wanting to catch the officers' eyes and twist the men round your little finger, but it'll be too late.

POPOVA (*firmly*). Kindly never say such things to me again, Luka. You know perfectly well that life lost all meaning for me when the master died. You think I am still alive, but you're wrong. I have sworn never to discard this mourning and never again to see the light of day. Do you hear? May his spirit see how I love him. Yes, I know it's no secret to you that he was often unfair to me, cruel, even... unfaithful. But I shall be faithful to him to the grave. I'll show him how strongly I can love. Over there, on the other side, he will see me as I was before his death...

LUKA. Instead of talking like that you'd do better to go for a nice walk in the garden or get Toby or Giant harnessed and drive round to the neighbours. . . .

POPOVA. Oh, dear! (*Starts crying.*)

LUKA. Oh, don't do that, Ma'am! There, there. God bless you.

POPOVA. He was so fond of Toby. He always took him when he visited the Korchagins or the Vlassovs. How wonderfully he used to drive. What a fine figure he made when he drew in the reins with a flourish. Do you remember? Tell them to give Toby an extra hag of oats today.

LUKA. Yes, Ma'am.

A loud ring at the door

POPOVA (*starting up*). Who can that be? Tell them I'm not receiving anyone.

LUKA. Very well, Ma'am. (*Exit.*)

II

Mrs. Popova alone

POPOVA (*looking at the photograph*). You'll see how well I can love and forgive, mon cher Nicolas. My love shall not die until I do, until this poor heart stops heating. (*Laughing through her tears.*) Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Here am I, such a good girl, such a faithful little wife, who's locked herself up and will be true to you to the grave. But you... aren't you ashamed of yourself, tubby-kins? Deceiving me, making scenes, leaving me all alone for weeks on end....

III

Mrs. Popova and Luka

LUKA (*enters, worried*). It's someone asking for you, Madam. Wants to see...

POPOVA. Didn't you say that I haven't seen anyone since my husband died?

LUKA. Yes, but he wouldn't listen. Says it's very important.

POPOVA. I won't see *an-y-bo-dy!*

LUKA. I told him, but... he's a proper devil... swore and pushed past me into the dining room... that's where he is now...

POPOVA (*annoyed*). Alright, show him in. How rude people are!

Exit Luka

POPOVA. How difficult they are! What do they want from me? Why won't they leave me alone? (*Sighs.*) I see I really shall have to get me to a nunnery. (*thinks.*) Yes, a nunnery...

IV

Mrs. Popova, Luka and Grigory Smirnov

SMIRNOV (*enters and addresses Luka*). Blockhead! Just mind what you're saying! Silly ass! (*Sees Popova and assumes a dignified manner*) Allow me to introduce myself, Madam. Grigory Smirnov, retired artillery lieutenant. I am compelled to trouble you on an extremely important matter.

POPOVA (*not offering her hand*). What do you want?

SMIRNOV. Your late husband, with whom I had the honour of being acquainted, owed me twelve hundred roubles on two bills of exchange. As I have to pay interest to the Land Bank tomorrow. I should be grateful if you could return the money today.

POPOVA. Twelve hundred! What did my husband owe you for?

SMIRNOV. He used to buy oats from me.

POPOVA (*sighing*). Don't forget to tell them to give Toby that extra bag of oats today, Luka. (*Luka goes out.*) If my husband owed you money I shall pay it, of course, but I must ask you to excuse me, because I have no ready money today. My bailiff is due back from town the day after tomorrow and I shall ask him to pay you whatever is owing, but for the time being I cannot comply with your request. Moreover, it is exactly seven months today since my dear husband died, and in my present state of mind I do not feel at all disposed to deal with money matters.

SMIRNOV. And in my present state of mind if I don't pay the interest tomorrow I'll be ruined, thrown out by the scruff of my neck. They'll confiscate my estate.

POPOVA. You'll get the money the day after tomorrow.

SMIRNOV. I need it today.

POPOVA. I'm sorry, but I cannot pay you today.

SMIRNOV. And I'm sorry, but I can't wait until the day after tomorrow.

POPOVA. What can I do if I haven't the money now?

SMIRNOV. So you can't pay me?

POPOVA. No, I can't.

SMIRNOV. Hm... Is that your last word?

POPOVA. Yes, it is.

SMIRNOV. Positively your last word?

POPOVA. Positively my last word.

SMIRNOV. Most obliged to you. We'll make a note of that! (*Shrugs his shoulders.*) And they wonder why I'm not cool and collected. I meet the excise officer just now, on the way here, and he asks me why I'm always in such a bad temper. Heaven help me, how can I help being so bad-tempered? I'm desperately in need of money. I leave home yesterday morning at the crack of dawn, do the rounds of all my creditors, and not a single one of them coughs up! I get dog-tired and spend the night sleeping by a vodka barrel in some flea-bitten hole of a place. Then finally I arrive here, forty miles from home, hoping to get my money, and I'm treated to a "state of mind"! How can I help being so bad-tempered?

POPOVA. I thought I had made myself quite clear. You will get your money when my bailiff returns from town.

SMIRNOV. I came to see you, not your bailiff! What the devil, pardon my language, do I want with your bailiff?

POPOVA. Forgive me, sir, but I'm not used to such language or to such a tone. I can listen to you no longer. (*Exit quickly.*)

V

Smirnov alone

SMIRNOV. I like that! "State of mind"! Her husband died seven months ago today! Have I got to pay that interest or haven't I? I ask you: have I, or haven't I? Alright, so your husband's died and you're in a state and all that, and your bailiff's gone off somewhere, damn his eyes, but what am I supposed to do? Fly away from my creditors on a magic carpet? Or bang my head against a brick wall? I go to see Gruzdev and he's not at home. Yaroshevich has gone into hiding. I have the devil of a row with Kuritsin and nearly throw him out of the window. Mazutov has got a stomach upset and this one's "in a state". Not one of the bastards will pay up. And all because I'm too soft with them, like a sloppy old woman. I'm too considerate. Well, just you wait! I'll show you! I won't let you play around with me, damn you! Here I am and here I stay, until she

pays me. Phew! What a temper I'm in today. I'm shaking with rage, choking with it. It's made me feel quite ill! (*Calls out.*) Hey, there!

VI

Smirnov and Luka

LUKA (*enters*). What do you want?

SMIRNOV. Bring me some kvass or water.

Exit Luka

SMIRNOV. The logic of it! A man needs money so desperately he'd almost hang himself, and she won't pay because she doesn't feel like dealing with money matters, if you please. Typical female logic! Never did like talking to women and never will. Rather sit on a keg of gunpowder than talk to a woman. Brrr! That bunch of petticoats has got me in such a rage, I'm shaking all over. Only have to catch sight of one of those poetic creatures and it makes me so angry that I get all wobbly at the ankles. It's enough to make you shout for help.

VII

Smirnov and Luka

LUKA (*enters and serves him with the wafer.*) Madam is indisposed and is not seeing anyone.

SMIRNOV. Get out, blast you!

Exit

SMIRNOV. Indisposed and not seeing anyone! Alright, don't see me! I'll just stay here until you pay me the money. If you're indisposed for a week, I'll stay for a week. If it's a year, I'll stay a year. I'll show you, old girl. You won't get round me with your black dress and your dimples. We know all about those dimples! (*Shouts through the window.*) Unharness the horses, Semyon! We won't be leaving for a while. I'm staying here. Tell them in the stables to give the horses some oats. You stupid lout, that one's got caught up in the reins again. (*Mimics him*) "Doesn't matter!" I'll give you "doesn't matter"! (*Goes away from the window*) It's sickening... This unbearable heat, no one paying up, a sleepless

night, and now this bunch of petticoats in mourning with her “states”. I’ve got a headache. Perhaps I need a drop of vodka? Why not? (*Calls out*) Hey, there!

LUKA (*enters*). What do you want?

SMIRNOV. Bring me a glass of vodka.

Exit Luka

SMIRNOV. Ugh. (*Sits down and inspects himself.*) A pretty sight, I must say. Covered with dust, filthy hoots, unwashed, hair in an awful mess, and bits of straw all over my waistcoat. The little lady must have taken me for a real brigand. (*Yawns.*) Not very *comme il faut* to turn up in someone’s drawing room looking like this. Still never mind... I’m a creditor here, not a guest. There’s no special etiquette for creditors.

LUKA (*enters and serves him with vodka*). You’re faking a bit of a liberty, sir.

SMIRNOV (*angrily*). What’s that?

LUKA. Er... nothing, sir... I just...

SMIRNOV. Who do you think you’re talking to! Shut up!

LUKA (*aside*). We’re got landed with a nasty piece of work here. Straight from the devil himself.

Exit Luka

SMIRNOV. Oh, what a rage I’m in. I could smash the whole world to smithereens. I feel quite ill... (*Shouts out.*) Hey there!

VIII

Mrs. Popova and Smirnov

POPOVA (*enters with eyes downscast.*) Sir, in my solitude I have grown unaccustomed to people’s voices and cannot endure shouting. I beg you most earnestly not to disturb me.

SMIRNOV. Pay me the money and I’ll go.

POPOVA. I’ve told you in plain language: I haven’t got any ready money at the moment. Wait until the day after tomorrow.

SMIRNOV. I also had the honour of telling you in plain language: I need the money today, not the day after tomorrow. If you don't pay me today, I shall have to hang myself tomorrow.

POPOVA. But what can I do, if I haven't the money? How strange you are!

SMIRNOV. So you won't pay me now, eh?

POPOVA. I can't.

SMIRNOV. In that case I'll stay here until you can. (*Sits down*) You'll pay me the day after tomorrow, eh? That's fine. Then I'll stay here like this until the day after tomorrow. Just sitting here like this... (*Jumps up.*) I ask you: do I have to pay the interest tomorrow, or don't I? Perhaps you think I'm joking?

POPOVA. I beg you not to shout, sir. This isn't a stable.

SMIRNOV. I'm not asking you about a stable, I'm asking you whether I have to pay the interest tomorrow, or not?

POPOVA. You don't know how to behave in the company of a lady.

SMIRNOV. Oh yes, I do know how to behave in the company of a lady.

POPOVA. No, you don't. You're coarse and bad-mannered. Respectable people don't talk to a lady like that.

SMIRNOV. Well, this is a surprise! How would you like me to talk to you then? In French? (*Angrily and affectedly.*) *Madame, je vous prie...* how delighted I am that you won't pay me back my money... Oh, pardon me for bothering you. What exquisite weather it is today. And how that black dress becomes you. (*Bows extravagantly.*)

POPOVA. Silly and bad-mannered.

SMIRNOV (*mimicking her*). Silly and bad-mannered! I don't know how to behave in the company of a lady! Madam, I've seen more women in my time than you have sparrows. I've fought three duels over them, jilted twelve of them and been jilted by nine. Yes, my dear lady. Time was when I used to prance round them like a fool, idolise them, pamper them, flatter them, bow and scrape to them. I suffered, sighed, melted, simmered, boiled. I loved passionately, wildly, in all manner of ways, damn it! I chattered away like

a magpie about female emancipation and wasted half my fortune on the objects of my affection. But now, not for all the world! You won't fool me now. I have had enough! Passionate dark eyes, ruby lips, dimpled cheeks, moonlight, soft whispers, gentle sighs – I wouldn't give you tuppence for the whole lot, Madam. Present company excepted, of course, but all women, young or old alike, are affected, spiteful, vain, petty, heartless, infuriatingly illogical, gossip-mongers and born liars. And as for this (*tapping his forehead*) – excuse my being so frank – any sparrow is a genius compared with a philosopher in petticoats. The sight of one of these poetic beings – a demigoddess, muslin-clad and ethereal – sends you into a thousand raptures, yet gaze into her soul and what do you find – a regular hyena. (*Grabs hold of the back of the chair which splits and breaks.*) But the most exasperating thing is that for some reason this hyena imagines that loving is its special talent, privilege and monopoly! Damn it all, you can hang me upside down on that nail over there if a woman is capable of feeling the slightest affection for anything but a lapdog. All she does when she's in love is snivel and complain! While the man suffers and sacrifices, her love consists of rustling her skirts and trying to twist him round her little finger. You have the misfortune of being a woman, so you must know all about the female character from your own. Tell me quite honestly: have you ever met a woman who was sincere, faithful and constant? You haven't. Only old or ugly ones are faithful and constant. You're more likely to find a cat with horns than a constant woman!

POPOVA. Begging your pardon, but exactly who then, in your opinion, is faithful and constant in love? The man?

SMIRNOV. Yes, the man.

POPOVA. The man! (*Laughs bitterly.*) The man is faithful and constant in love! Well, that *is* news! (*Heatedly.*) What right have you to say that? Men are faithful and constant! Since we're about it, I would like you to know that of all the men I have ever known my late husband was the best. I loved him dearly, with all my soul, as only a young, intelligent woman can love. I gave him my youth, my happiness, my life and my fortune. He was my be all and end all. I

worshipped him like an idol and... and... then what? This best of all men deceived me at the drop of a hat in the most shameless way. After his death I found a whole drawer full of love letters in his desk, and when he was alive – I shudder to think of it – he used to leave me all alone for weeks on end, flirt with other women and deceive me before my very eyes. He frittered away my money and mocked my feelings. Yet in spite of all this I loved him and remained true to him. What is more, I am still faithful and constant to him even though he is dead. I have buried myself forever within these four walls and shall never discard this mourning to my dying day...

SMIRNOV (*laughing scornfully*). Mourning! What do you take me for? As if I didn't know why you are wearing that black hooded cloak and have buried yourself within these four walls! It's all so mysterious, so poetic. Some young army officer or idiot of a poet will drive past the house, look up at the window and think: "Ah, there lives the mysterious Tamara who has buried herself within those four walls for love of her dead husband." We know all those little tricks.

POPOVA (*flaring up*). How dare you say such things to me!

SMIRNOV. You've buried yourself alive but you didn't forget to powder your nose.

POPOVA. How dare you talk to me like that!

SMIRNOV. Don't shout please. I'm not your bailiff. And kindly allow me to speak plainly, I'm not a woman and I'm used to speaking my mind! Kindly don't shout.

POPOVA. You're the one who's shouting, not me. Kindly leave me alone!

SMIRNOV. Pay me the money and I'll go.

POPOVA. I won't pay you.

SMIRNOV. Oh yes, you will.

POPOVA. Just to spite you, I won't give you a farthing! Go away and leave me alone.

SMIRNOV. I haven't the pleasure of being either your husband or your fiancée, so please don't make a scene. (*Sits down.*) I don't like it.

POPOVA (*fanning with rage*). You dare to sit down?

SMIRNOV. Yes.

POPOVA. Kindly leave immediately.

SMIRNOV. Kindly give me my money... (*Aside.*) Oh, what a rage I'm in!

POPOVA. I do not propose to talk to impudent rascals! Kindly get out! (*Pause.*) So you're not going?

SMIRNOV. No.

POPOVA. Not going?

SMIRNOV. No!

POPOVA. Very well then. (*Rings.*)

IX

The others and Luka.

POPOVA. See this gentleman out, Luka.

LUKA. Please leave when you're told to, sir. It's not right...

SMIRNOV (*leaping up.*) Shut up! Who do you think you're talking to? I'll make mincemeat out of you!

LUKA (*clutching his chest*). Oh, my godfathers! (*Collapses into an armchair.*) I've come over all funny. Can't get my breath.

POPOVA. Where's Dasha? (*Shouts*) Dasha! Marfa! Dasha! (*Rings*)

LUKA. They're all out berry-picking. Ooh. I'm ill! Water!

POPOVA. Will you please get out of here!

SMIRNOV. Will you please be a little more polite.

POPOVA (*clenching her fists and stamping.*) You lout! You great bear! You bully! You monster!

SMIRNOV. What's that? What did you say?

POPOVA. I said you were a bear, a monster!

SMIRNOV (*advancing towards her.*) And what gives you the right to insult me, pray?

POPOVA. What if I am insulting you? Do you think I'm afraid of you?

SMIRNOV. And do you think you have the right to insult someone and get away with it just because you belong to the frail sex? Eh? I challenge you to a duel!

LUKA. Oh, my godfathers! Water!

SMIRNOV. Pistols!

POPOVA. And do you think I'm afraid of you just because you have big fists and bellow like an ox? You bully!

SMIRNOV. A duel! I won't be insulted by anyone, even if it is a member of the weaker sex.

POPOVA (*trying to shout him down*). You great bear! Bear! Bear!

SMIRNOV. It's high time we got rid of the idea that only men have to answer for their insults. Equal rights means equal rights, damn it! I challenge you!

POPOVA. So you want a duel, do you? Delighted to oblige.

SMIRNOV. This very minute.

POPOVA. This very minute it shall be. My husband had some pistols. I'll go and fetch them. (*Hurries out, then returns.*) How I shall enjoy sending a bullet into that thick skull of yours! Damn you! (*Exit.*)

SMIRNOV. I'll shoot her like a sitting duck. I'm no young lad, no sentimental pup! The weaker sex doesn't exist as far as I'm concerned.

LUKA. Dear, kind sir! (*Getting down on his knees.*) Take pity on an old man, I beseech you. Go away from here. You've frightened me to death, and now you're going to have a duel.

SMIRNOV (*ignoring him*). A duel. There's equal rights for you, there's emancipation for you. Both sexes quite equal. I'll shoot her as a matter of principle. But what a woman! (*Mimics her.*) "Damn you... I'll send a bullet into that thick skull of yours." What a woman! Her face flushed, her eyes sparkled and she accepted the challenge! I've never seen another like her in all my life...

LUKA. Go away, kind sir. And I'll pray for you for the rest of my days.

SMIRNOV. There's a woman for you! I should say so! A real woman! No moping and moaning – all fire, gunpowder and sparks. It seems a pity to knock her off.

LUKA (*weeping*). Dear, kind sir... please go away.

SMIRNOV. I like her. I really do. In spite of the dimples. Wouldn't even mind forgetting about the debt. And my bad temper's gone. A marvellous woman!

X

The others and Mrs. Popova

POPOVA (*enters with pistols*). Here are the pistols. Before we start perhaps you would oblige by showing me how to use them. I've never held a pistol in my life...

LUKA. Merciful Heavens. I'll go and fetch the gardener and the coachman. What's brought this disaster upon us? (*Exit.*)

SMIRNOV (*inspecting the pistols*). Well, there are several types of pistols, you see. There's the Mortimer, that's a special duelling pistol with capsules. These pistols of yours are Smith Wessons, triple action with ejector and central fire. Lovely things. Worth at least ninety roubles the pair. You hold it like this... (*Aside.*) What eyes! What eyes! She's enough to set a man on fire.

POPOVA. Like this?

SMIRNOV. That's right. Then you cock the hammer... and take aim like this. Head back a little. Stretch out your arm as far as you can... that's it. Then you press this with your finger – and that's all there is to it. The main thing is not to get flustered and not to hurry when you're faking aim. Try to keep your hand from shaking.

POPOVA. I see... It's not very convenient shooting indoors. Let's go into the garden.

SMIRNOV. Very well. But I warn you that I shall fire into the air.

POPOVA. That's the last straw! Why?

SMIRNOV. Because... because... That's my business.

POPOVA. Lost your nerve, have you? Eh? Ha, ha! No, sir. Don't start making excuses. Kindly follow me! I shan't rest until I've made a hole in your forehead... that forehead there, the one I hate so much! So you've lost your nerve, have you?

SMIRNOV. Yes.

POPOVA. You're lying. Why don't you want to duel?

SMIRNOV. Because... because... I find you too attractive.

POPOVA (*laughing angrily*). He finds me too attractive! He has the presumption to say he finds me attractive. (*Points to the door.*) Good day, sir.

SMIRNOV (*puts down the revolver in silence, picks up his cap and goes to the door; he stops and they look at each other for about thirty seconds without speaking; then he walks up to Popova hesitantly and says*). Listen... Are you still angry? I'm in a devilish rage, too, but you see... how can I put it? The fact is, you see, strictly speaking this sort of business... (*Shouts.*) Can I help it if I find you attractive? (*Grabs the back of a chair which splits and breaks.*) Damned fragile furniture you've got here! I find you attractive! Do you understand? I... I'm almost in love with you!

POPOVA. Keep away from me. I hate you!

SMIRNOV. By Jove, what a woman! I've never seen another like her in all my life! I'm finished! Done for! Caught like a mouse in a trap!

POPOVA. Keep your distance, or I'll shoot.

SMIRNOV. Shoot then! You can't imagine what joy it would be to die under the gaze of those wonderful eyes, to die from a revolver held in that tiny velvet hand. I've taken leave of my senses. You must decide now for if I leave this house we shall never meet again! Make your decision. I come from a good family, I'm an honest man, I have an income of ten thousand a year, I can hit a coin in the air. I've got some splendid horses. Will you be my wife?

POPOVA (*angrily brandishes her revolver*). A duel! I challenge you!

SMIRNOV. I've gone mad! I don't understand anything! (*Shouts.*) Hey, there! Bring some water!

POPOVA (*shouts*). I challenge you!

SMIRNOV. I've gone mad. I'm head over heels in love like a young stripling, like a fool! (*Seizes her hand and she squeals with pain.*) I love you! (*Gets down on his knees.*) I love you as I've never loved before. I've jilted twelve women and nine have jilted me, but I never loved any of them like I love you. I've gone all sugary and syrupy and soft... I'm on my bended knees like a fool, proposing like a fool. What a shocking disgrace! Haven't been in love for five

years. Promised I wouldn't. And now I've gone and put my neck in the noose! I offer you my hand. Yes or no? You don't have to, if you don't want to. (*Gets up and walks quickly to the door.*)

POPOVA. Stop...

SMIRNOV (*stops*). Well...

POPOVA. Nothing... you can go... But, stop... No, you can go! I hate you! Or do I? Don't go! Ah, if only you knew how angry I am! (*Throws the revolver on to the table.*) This wretched thing has made my fingers go numb. (*Tears her kerchief with rage.*) What are you standing there for? Get out!

SMIRNOV. Adieu.

POPOVA. Yes, yes, get out! (*Shouts*) Where are you going? Stop! Oh well, go! Ah, how angry I am! Keep your distance! Keep your distance!

SMIRNOV (*goes up to her*). How furious I am with myself! I've fallen in love like a schoolboy. Gone down on my bended knees. It's enough to give you goose pimples. (*Roughly.*) I love you! Of all the stupid things to do! Tomorrow I've got to pay the interest, haymaking has started, and now there's you... (*Puts his arms round her waist.*) I'll never forgive myself.

POPOVA. Keep your distance! Take your hands off I ... hate you! I ch-challenge you! (*A long kiss.*)

XI

The same, Luka with an axe, the gardener with a pitchfork
and some workmen with poles

LUKA (*seeing the kissing couple*). My godfathers! (*Pause.*)

POPOVA (*with downcast eyes*). Luka, tell them not to give Toby any oats today.

Curtain

1888

The Brute

Anton Chekhov

translated by Eric Bentley

A joke in one act

Characters

MRS. POPOV, *widow and landowner, small, with dimpled cheeks*

MR. GRIGORY S. SMIRNOV, *gentleman farmer, middle-aged*

LUKA, *Mrs. Popov's footman, an old man*

GARDENER, COACHMAN, HIRED MEN

The drawing room of a country house. MRS. POPOV, in deep mourning, is staring hard at a photograph. LUKA is with her.

LUKA: It's not right, ma'am, you're killing yourself. The cook has gone off with the maid to pick berries. The cat's having a high old time in the yard catching birds. Every living thing is happy. But you stay moping here in the house like it was a convent, taking no pleasure in nothing. I mean it, ma'am! It must be a full year since you set foot out of doors.

MRS. POPOV: I must never set foot out of doors again, Luka. Never! I have nothing to set foot out of doors *for*. My life is done. *He* is in his grave. I have buried myself alive in this house. We are *both* in our graves.

LUKA: You're off again, ma'am. I just won't listen to you no more. Mr. Popov is dead, but what can we do about that? It's God's doing. God's will be done. You've cried over him, you've done your share of mourning, haven't you? There's a limit to everything. You can't go on weeping and wailing forever. My old lady died, for that matter, and I wept and wailed over her a whole month long. Well, that was it. I couldn't weep and wail all my life, she just wasn't worth it. [*He sighs.*] As for the neighbours, you've forgotten all about them, ma'am. You don't visit them and you don't let them visit you. You and I are like a pair of spiders – excuse the expression, ma'am – here we are in this house like a pair of spiders, we never see the light of day. And it isn't like there was no nice

people around either. The whole country's swarming with 'em. There's a regiment quartered at Riblov, and the officers are so good-looking! The girls can't take their eyes off them – There's a ball at the camp every Friday – The military band plays almost every day of the week – What do you say, ma'am? You're young, you're pretty, you could enjoy yourself! Ten years from now you may want to strut and show your feathers to the officers, and it'll be too late.

MRS. POPOV: [*Firmly*] You must never bring this subject up again, Luka. Since Popov died, life has been an empty dream to me, you know that. *You* may think I am alive. Poor ignorant Luka! You are wrong. I am dead. I'm in my grave. Never more shall I see the light of day, never strip from my body this... raiment of death! Are you listening, Luka? Let his ghost learn how I love him! Yes, *I* know, and *you* know, he was often unfair to me, he was cruel to me, and he was unfaithful to me. What of it? *I* shall be faithful to *him*, that's all. I will show him how I can love. Hereafter, in a better world than this, he will welcome me back, the same loyal girl I always was—

LUKA: Instead of carrying on this way, ma'am, you should go out in the garden and take a bit of a walk, ma'am. Or why not harness Toby and take a drive? Call on a couple of the neighbours, ma'am?

MRS. POPOV: [*Breaking down.*] Oh, Luka!

LUKA: Yes, ma'am? What have I said, ma'am? Oh dear!

MRS. POPOV: Toby! You said Toby! He adored that horse. When he drove me out to the Korchagins and the Vlasovs, it was always with Toby! He was a wonderful driver, do you remember, Luka? So graceful! So strong! I can see him now, pulling at those reins with all his might and main! Toby! Luka, tell them to give Toby an extra portion of oats today.

LUKA: Yes, ma'am.

[*A bell rings.*]

MRS. POPOV: Who is that? Tell them I'm not at home.

LUKA: Very good, ma'am. [*Exit.*]

MRS. POPOV: [*Gazing again at the photograph.*] You shall see, my Popov, how a wife can love and forgive. Till death do us part. Longer than that. Till death re-unite us forever! [*Suddenly a titter breaks through her tears.*] Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Popov? Here's your little wife, being good, being faithful, so faithful she's locked up here waiting for her own funeral, while you – doesn't it make you ashamed, you naughty boy? You were terrible, you know. You were unfaithful, and you made those awful scenes about it, you stormed out and left me alone for weeks –

[*Enter Luka.*]

LUKA: [*Upset*] There's someone asking for you, ma'am. Says he must –

MRS. POPOV: I suppose you told him that since my husband's death I see no one?

LUKA: Yes, ma'am. I did, ma'am. But he wouldn't listen, ma'am. He says it's urgent.

MRS. POPOV: [*Shrilly.*] I see no one!!

LUKA: He won't take no for an answer, ma'am. He just curses and swears and comes in anyway. He's a perfect monster, ma'am. He's in the dining room right now.

MRS. POPOV: In the dining room, is he? I'll give him his come uppance. Bring him in here this minute. [*Exit LUKA. Suddenly sad again.*] Why do they do this to me? Why? Insulting my grief, intruding on my solitude? [*She sighs.*] I'm afraid I'll have to enter a convent. I will, I *must* enter a convent!

[*Enter MR. SMIRNOV and LUKA*]

SMIRNOV: [*To LUKA*] Dolt! Idiot! You talk too much! [*Seeing MRS. POPOV. With dignity.*] May I have the honour of introducing myself, madam? Grigory S. Smirnov, landowner and lieutenant of artillery, retired. Forgive me, madam, if I disturb your peace and quiet, but my business is both urgent and weighty.

MRS. POPOV: [*Declining to offer him her hand.*] What is it you wish, sir?

SMIRNOV: At the time of his death, your late husband – with whom I had the honour to be acquainted, ma'am – was in my debt

to the tune of twelve hundred rubles. I have two notes to prove it. Tomorrow, ma'am, I must pay the interest on a bank loan. I have therefore no alternative, ma'am, but to ask you to pay me the money today.

MRS. POPOV: Twelve hundred rubles? But what did my husband owe it to you for?

SMIRNOV: He used to buy his oats from me, madam.

MRS. POPOV: [*To LUKA, with a sigh.*] Remember what I said, Luka: tell them to give Toby an extra portion of oats today! [*Exit LUKA.*] My dear Mr. – what was the name again?

SMIRNOV: Smirnov, ma'am.

MRS. POPOV: My dear Mr. Smirnov, if Mr. Popov owed you money, you shall be paid – to the last ruble, to the last kopeck. But today – you must excuse me, Mr. – what was it?

SMIRNOV: Smirnov, ma'am.

MRS. POPOV: Today, Mr. Smirnov, I have no ready cash in the house. [*SMIRNOV starts to speak.*] Tomorrow, Mr. Smirnov, no, the day after tomorrow, all will be well. My steward will be back from town. I shall see that he pays what is owing. Today, no. In any case, today is exactly seven months from Mr. Popov's death. On such a day you will understand that I am in no mood to think of money.

SMIRNOV: Madam, if you don't pay up now, you can carry me out feet foremost. They'll seize my estate.

MRS. POPOV: You can have your money. [*He starts to thank her.*] Tomorrow. [*He again starts to speak.*] That is: the day after tomorrow.

SMIRNOV: I don't need the money the day after tomorrow. I need it today.

MRS. POPOV: I'm sorry. Mr. –

SMIRNOV: [*Shouting.*] Smirnov!

MRS. POPOV: [*Sweetly.*] Yes, of course. But you can't have it today.

SMIRNOV: But I can't wait for it any longer!

MRS. POPOV: Be sensible, Mr. Smirnov. How can I pay you if I don't have it?

SMIRNOV: You don't have it?

MRS. POPOV: I don't have it.

SMIRNOV: Sure?

MRS. POPOV: Positive.

SMIRNOV: Very well. I'll make a note to that effect. [*Shrugging.*] And then they want me to keep cool. I meet the tax commissioner on the street, and he says, "Why are you always in such a bad humour, Smirnov?" Bad humour! How can I help it, in God's name? I need money. I need it desperately. Take yesterday: I leave home at the crack of dawn, I call on all my debtors. Not a one of them pays up. Footsore and weary, I creep at midnight into some little dive, and try to snatch a few winks of sleep on the floor by the vodka barrel. Then today, I come here, fifty miles from home, saying to myself. "At last, at last, I can be sure of something," and you're not in the mood! You give me a mood! Christ, how can I help getting all worked up?

MRS. POPOV: I thought I'd made it clear, Mr. Smirnov, that you'll get your money the minute my steward is back from town?

SMIRNOV: What the hell do I care about your steward? Pardon the expression, ma'am. But it was you I came to see.

MRS. POPOV: What language! What a tone to take to a lady! I refuse to hear another word. [*Quickly, exit.*]

SMIRNOV: Not in the mood, huh? "Exactly seven months since Popov's death," huh? How about me? [*Shouting after her.*] Is there this interest to pay, or isn't there? I'm asking you a question: is there this interest to pay, or isn't there? So your husband died, and you're not in the mood, and your steward's gone off some place, and so forth and so on, but what I can do about all that, huh? What do you think I should do? Take a running jump and shove my head through the wall? Take off in a balloon? You don't know my *other* debtors. I call on Gruzdeff. Not at home. I look for Yaroshevitch. He's hiding out. I find Kooritsin. He kicks up a row, and I have to throw him through the window. I work my way right down the list. Not a kopeck. Then I come to you, and God damn it to hell, if you'll pardon the expression, you're not in the mood! [*Quietly, as he realizes he's talking to air.*] I've spoiled them all, that's what, I've

let them play me for a sucker. Well, I'll show them. I'll show this one. I'll stay right here till she pays up. Ugh! [*He shudders with rage.*] I'm in a rage! I'm in a positively towering rage! Every nerve in my body is trembling at forty to the dozen! I can't breathe, I feel ill, I think I'm going to faint, hey, you there!

[*Enter LUKA.*]

LUKA: Yes, sir? Is there anything you wish, sir?

SMIRNOV: Water! Water!! No, make it vodka. [*Exit LUKA.*] Consider the logic of it. A fellow creature is desperately in need of cash, so desperately in need that he has to seriously contemplate hanging himself, and this woman, this mere chit of a girl, won't pay up, and why not? Because, forsooth, she isn't in the mood! Oh, the logic of women! Come to that, I never have liked them, I could do without the whole sex. Talk to a woman? I'd rather sit on a barrel of dynamite, the very thought gives me gooseflesh. Women! Creatures of poetry and romance! Just to see one in the distance gets me mad. My legs start twitching with rage. I feel like yelling for help.

[*Enter LUKA, handing SMIRNOV a glass of water.*]

LUKA: Mrs. Popov is indisposed, sir. She is seeing no one.

SMIRNOV: Get out. [*Exit LUKA.*] Indisposed, is she? Seeing no one, hub? Well, she can see me or not, but I'll be here. I'll lie right here till she pays up. If you're sick for a week, I'll be here for a week. If you're sick for a year, I'll be here for a year. Yon won't get around me with your widow's weeds and your schoolgirl dimples. I know all about dimples. [*Shouting through the window.*] Semyon, let the horses out of those shafts, we're not leaving, we are staying, and tell them to give the horses some oats, yes, oats, you fool, what do you think? [*Walking away from the window.*] What a mess, what an unholy mess! I didn't sleep last night, the heat is terrific today, not a damn one of 'em has paid up, and here's this – this skirt in mourning that's not in the mood! My head aches, where's that – [*He drinks from the glass.*] Water, ugh! You there!

[*Enter LUKA.*]

LUKA: Yes, sir. You wish for something, sir?

SMIRNOV: Where's that confounded vodka I asked for? [*Exit LUKA*] [*SMIRNOV sits and looks himself over.*] Oof! A One figure of a man I am! Unwashed, uncombed, unshaven straw on my vest, dust all over me. The little woman must've taken me for a high-wayman. [*Yawns.*] I suppose it wouldn't be considered polite to barge into a drawing room in this state, but who cares? I'm not a visitor. I'm a creditor – most unwelcome of guests, second only to Death.

[Enter LUKA.]

LUKA: [*Handing him the vodka.*] If I may say so, sir, you take too many liberties, sir.

SMIRNOV: What?!

LUKA: Oh, nothing, sir, nothing.

SMIRNOV: Who in hell do you think you're talking to? Shut your mouth!

LUKA: [*Aside.*] There's an evil spirit abroad. The Devil must have sent him. Oh!

[Exit LUKA.]

SMIRNOV: What a rage I'm in! I'll grind the whole world to powder. Oh. I feel ill again. You there!

[Enter MRS. POPOV.]

MRS. POPOV: [*Looking at the floor.*] In the solitude of my rural retreat, Mr. Smirnov, I've long since grown unaccustomed to the sound of the human voice. Above all. I cannot bear shouting. I must beg you not to break the silence.

SMIRNOV: Very well. Pay me my money and I'll go.

MRS. POPOV: I told you before, and I tell you again. Mr. Smirnov: I have no cash, you'll have to wait till the day after tomorrow. Can I express myself more plainly?

SMIRNOV: And *I* told *you* before, and I tell *you* again, that I need the money today, that the day after tomorrow is too late, and that if you don't pay, and pay now. I'll have to hang myself in the morning!

MRS. POPOV. But I have no cash. This is quite a puzzle.

SMIRNOV: You won't pay, huh?

MRS. POPOV: *I can't* pay, Mr. Smirnov.

SMIRNOV: In that case. I'm going to sit here and wait. [*Sits down.*] You'll pay up the day after tomorrow? Very good. Till the day after tomorrow, here I sit. [*Pause. He jumps up*] Now look, do I have to pay that interest tomorrow, or don't I? Or do you think I'm joking?

MRS. POPOV: I must ask you not to raise your voice. Mr. Smirnov. This is not a stable.

SMIRNOV: Who said it was? Do I have to pay the interest tomorrow or not?

MRS. POPOV: Mr. Smirnov, do you know how to behave in the presence of a lady?

SMIRNOV: No, madam, I do not know how to behave in the presence of a lady.

MRS. POPOV: Just what I thought. I look at you, and I say: ugh! I hear you talk, and I say to myself: "That man doesn't know how to talk to a lady."

SMIRNOV: You'd like me to come simpering to you in French, I suppose. "*Enchanté, madame! Merci beaucoup* for not paying zee money, *madame! Pardonnezmoi* if I've disturbed you, *madame! How charmante* you look in mourning, *madame!*"

MRS. POPOV: Now you're being silly, Mr. Smirnov.

SMIRNOV: [*Mimicking.*] "Now you're being silly, Mr. Smirnov." "You don't know to talk to a lady, Mr. Smirnov." Look here, Mrs. Popov. I've known more women than you've known pussycats. I've fought three duels on their account. I've jilted twelve, and been jilted by nine others. Oh, yes, Mrs. Popov. I've played the fool in my time, whispered sweet nothings, bowed and scraped and endeavoured to please. Don't tell me I don't know what it is to love, to pine away with longing, to have the blues, to melt like butter, to be weak as water. I was full of tender emotion. I was carried away with passion. I squandered half my fortune on the sex. I chattered about women's emancipation. But there's an end to everything, dear madam. Burning eyes, dark eyelashes, ripe, red lips, dimpled cheeks, heaving bosoms, soft whisperings, the moon above, the lake

below – I don't give a rap for that sort of nonsense any more, Mrs. Popov. I've found out about women. Present company excepted, they're liars. Their behaviour is mere play acting; their conversation is sheer gossip. Yes, dear lady, women, young or old are false, petty, vain, cruel, malicious, unreasonable. As for intelligence, any sparrow could give them points. Appearances, I admit, can be deceptive. In appearance, a woman may be all poetry and romance, goddess and angel, muslin and fluff. To look at her exterior is to be transported to heaven. But I have looked at her interior, Mrs. Popov, and what did I find there – in her very soul? A crocodile. [*He has gripped the back of the chair so firmly that it snaps.*] And, what is more revolting, a crocodile with an illusion, a crocodile that imagines tender sentiments are its own special province, a crocodile that thinks itself queen of the realm of love! Whereas, in sober fact, dear madam, if a woman can love anything except a lapdog you can hang me by the feet on that nail. For a man, love is suffering, love is sacrifice. A woman just swishes her train around and tightens her grip on your nose. Now, you're a woman, aren't you, Mrs. Popov? You must be an expert on some of this. Tell me, quite frankly, did you ever know a woman to be – faithful, for instance? Or even sincere? Only old hags, huh? Though some women are old hags from birth. But as for the others? You're right: a faithful woman is a freak of nature – like a cat with horns.

MRS. POPOV: Who *is* faithful, then? Who *have* you cast for the faithful lover? Not man?

SMIRNOV: Right first time, Mrs. Popov: man.

MRS. POPOV: [*Going off into a peal of bitter laughter.*] Man! Man is faithful! That's a new one! [*Fiercely.*] What right do you have to say, Mr. Smirnov? Men faithful? Let me tell you something. Of all the men I have ever known my late husband Popov was the best. I loved him, and there are women who know how to love, Mr. Smirnov. I gave him my youth, my happiness, my life, my fortune. I worshipped the ground he trod on – and what happened? The best of men was unfaithful to me, Mr. Smirnov. Not once in a while. All the time. After he died, I found his desk drawer full of love letters. While he was alive, he was always going away for the week-end.

He squandered my money. He made love to other women before my very eyes. But, in spite of all, Mr. Smirnov, *I* was faithful. Unto death. And beyond. I am *still* faithful, Mr. Smirnov! Buried alive in this house, I shall wear mourning till the day I, too, am called to my eternal rest.

SMIRNOV: [*Laughing scornfully.*] Expect me to believe that? As if I couldn't see through all this hocus-pocus. Buried alive! Till you're called to your eternal rest! Till when? Till some little poet – or some little subaltern with his first moustache – comes riding by and asks: “Can that be the house of the mysterious Tamara who for love of her late husband has buried herself alive, vowing to see no man?” Ha!

MRS. POPOV: [*Flaring up.*] How dare you? How dare you insinuate – ?

SMIRNOV: You may have buried yourself alive, Mrs. Popov, but you haven't forgotten to powder your nose.

MRS. POPOV: [*Incoherent.*] How dare you? How – ?

SMIRNOV: Who's raising his voice now? Just because I call a spade a spade. Because I shoot straight from the shoulder. Well, don't shout at me, I'm not your steward.

MRS. POPOV: I'm not shouting, you're shouting! Oh, leave me alone!

SMIRNOV: Pay me the money, and I will.

MRS. POPOV: You'll get no money out of me!

SMIRNOV: Oh, so that's it!

MRS. POPOV: Not a ruble, not a kopeck. Get out! Leave me alone!

SMIRNOV: Not being your husband, I must ask you not to make scenes with me. [*He sits.*] I don't like scenes.

MRS. POPOV: [*Choking with rage.*] You're sitting down?

SMIRNOV: Correct, I'm sitting down.

MRS. POPOV: I asked you to leave!

SMIRNOV: Then give me the money. [*Aside.*] Oh, what a rage I'm in, what a rage!

MRS. POPOV: The impudence of the man! I won't talk to you a moment longer. Get out. [*Pause.*] Are you going?

SMIRNOV: No.

MRS. POPOV: No?!

SMIRNOV: No.

MRS. POPOV: On your head be it. Luka! [*Enter LUKA.*] Show the gentleman out, Luka.

LUKA: [*Approaching.*] I'm afraid, sir, I'll have to ask you, um, to leave, sir, now, um –

SMIRNOV: [*Jumping up.*] Shut your mouth, you old idiot! Who do you think you're talking to? I'll make mincemeat of you.

LUKA: [*Clutching his heart.*] Mercy on us! Holy saints above! [*He falls into an armchair.*] I'm taken sick! I can't breathe!!

MRS. POPOV: Then where's Dasha? Dasha! Dasha! Come here at once! [*She rings.*]

LUKA: They gone picking berries, ma'am, I'm alone here – Water, water, I'm taken sick!

MRS. POPOV: [*To SMIRNOV*] Get out, you!

SMIRNOV: Can't you even be polite with me, Mrs. Popov?

MRS. POPOV: [*Clenching her fists and stamping her feet.*] With you? You're a wild animal, you were never housebroken!

SMIRNOV: What? What did you say?

MRS. POPOV: I said you were a wild animal, you were never housebroken.

SMIRNOV: [*Advancing upon her.*] And what right do you have to talk to me like that?

MRS. POPOV: Like what?

SMIRNOV: You have insulted me, madam.

MRS. POPOV: What of it? Do you think I'm scared of you?

SMIRNOV: So you think you can get away with it because you're a woman. A creature of poetry and romance, huh? Well, it doesn't go down with me. I hereby challenge you to a duel.

LUKA: Mercy on us! Holy saints alive! Water!

SMIRNOV: I propose we shoot it out.

MRS. POPOV: Trying to scare me again? Just because you have big fists and a voice like a bull? You're a brute.

SMIRNOV: No one insults Grigory S. Smirnov with impunity! And I don't care if you *are* a female.

MRS. POPOV: [*Trying to outshout him.*] Brute, brute, brute!

SMIRNOV: The sexes are equal, are they? Fine: then it's just prejudice to expect men alone to pay for insults. I hereby challenge

MRS. POPOV: [*Screaming.*] All right! You want to shoot it out? All right! Let's shoot it out!

SMIRNOV: And let it be here and now!

MRS. POPOV: Here and now! All right! I'll have Popov's pistols here in one minute! [*Walks away, then turns.*] Putting one of Popov's bullets through your silly head will be a pleasure! *Au revoir.*

[*Exit.*]

SMIRNOV: I'll bring her down like a duck, a sitting cluck. I'm not one of your little weaker sex where I'm concerned!

LUKA: Sir! Master! [*He goes down on his knees.*] Take pity on a poor old man, and do me a favour: go away. It was bad enough before, you nearly scared me to death. But a duel –!

SMIRNOV: [*Ignoring him.*] A duel! That's equality of the sexes for you! That's women's emancipation! Just as a matter of principle I'll bring her down like a duck. But what a woman! "Putting one of Popov's bullets through your silly head ..." Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were gleaming! And, by God, she's accepted the challenge! I never knew a woman like this before!

LUKA: Sir! Master! Please go away! I'll always pray for you!

SMIRNOV: [*Again ignoring him.*] What a woman! Phew!! *She's* no sourpuss, *she's* no crybaby. She's fire and brimstone. She's a human cannon ball. What a shame I have to kill her!

LUKA: [*Weeping.*] Please, kind sir, please, go away!

SMIRNOV: [*As before.*] I like her, isn't that funny? With those dimples and all? I like her. I'm even prepared to consider letting her off that debt. And where's my rage? It's gone. I never knew a woman like this before.

[*Enter MRS. POPOV with pistols.*]

MRS. POPOV: [*Boldly.*] Pistols, Mr. Smirnov! [*Matter of fact.*] But before we start, you'd better show me how it's done, I'm not

too familiar with these things. In fact I never gave a pistol a second look.

LUKA: Lord, have mercy on us, I must go hunt up the gardener and the coachman. Why has this catastrophe fallen upon us, O Lord!

[Exit.]

SMIRNOV: [Examining the pistols.] Well, it's like this. There are several makes: one is the Mortimer, with capsules, especially constructed for duelling. What you have here are Smith and Wesson triple-action revolvers, with extractor, first-rate job, worth ninety rubles at the very least. You hold it this way. [Aside.] My God, what eyes she has! They're setting me on fire.

MRS. POPOV: This way?

SMIRNOV: Yes, that's right. You cock the trigger, take aim like this, head up, arm out like this. Then you just press with this finger here, and it's all over. The main thing is, keep cool, take slow aim, and don't let your arm jump.

MRS. POPOV: I see. And if it's inconvenient to do the job here, we can go out in the garden.

SMIRNOV: Very good. Of course, I should warn you: I'll be firing in the air.

MRS. POPOV: What? This is the end. Why?

SMIRNOV: Oh, well – because – for private reasons.

MRS. POPOV: Scared, huh? [She laughs heartily.] Now don't you try to get out of it, Mr. Smirnov. My blood is up. I won't be happy till I've drilled a hole through that skull of yours. Follow me. What's the matter? Scared?

SMIRNOV: That's right. I'm scared.

MRS. POPOV: Oh, come on, what's the matter with you?

SMIRNOV: Well, um, Mrs. Popov, I, um, I like you.

MRS. POPOV: [Laughing bitterly.] Good God! He likes me, does he! The gall of the man. [Showing him the door.] You may leave, Mr. Smirnov.

SMIRNOV: [Quietly puts the gun down, takes his hat, and walks to the door. Then he stops and the pair look at each other without a word. Then, approaching gingerly.] Listen, Mrs. Popov. Are you

still mad at me? I'm in the devil of a temper myself, of course. But then, you see – what I mean is – it's this way – the fact is – *[Roaring.]* Well, is it my fault, damn it, if I like you? *[Clutches the back of a chair. It breaks.]* Christ, what fragile furniture you have here. I like you. Know what I mean? I could fall in love with you.

MRS. POPOV: I hate you. Get out!

SMIRNOV: What a woman! I never saw anything like it. Oh, I'm lost, I'm done for, I'm a mouse in a trap.

MRS. POPOV: Leave this house, or I shoot!

SMIRNOV: Shoot away! What bliss to die of a shot that was fired by that little velvet hand! To die gazing into those enchanting eyes. I'm out of my mind. I know: you must decide at once. Think for one second, then decide. Because if I leave now, I'll never be back. Decide! I'm a pretty decent chap. Landed gentleman, I should say. Ten thousand a year. Good stable. Throw a kopeck up in the air, and I'll put a bullet through it. Will you marry me?

MRS. POPOV: *[Indignant, brandishing the gun.]* We'll shoot it out! Get going! Take your pistol!

SMIRNOV: I'm out of my mind. I don't understand any more. *[Shouting.]* You there! That vodka!

MRS. POPOV: No excuses! No delays! We'll shoot it out!

SMIRNOV: I'm out of my mind. I'm falling in love. I *have* fallen in love. *[He takes her hand vigorously; she squeals.]* I love you. *[He goes down on his knees.]* I love you as I've never loved before. I jilted twelve, and was jilted by nine others. But I didn't love a one of them as I love you. I'm full of tender emotion. I'm melting like butter. I'm weak as water. I'm on my knees like a fool, and I offer you my hand. It's a shame, it's a disgrace. I haven't been in love in five years. I took a vow against it. And now, all of a sudden, to be swept off my feet, it's a scandal. I offer you my hand, dear lady. Will you or won't you? You won't? Then don't! *[He rises and walks toward the door.]*

MRS. POPOV: I didn't say anything.

SMIRNOV: *[Stopping.]* What?

MRS. POPOV: Oh, nothing, you can go. Well, no, just a minute. No, you can go. Go! I detest you! But, just a moment. Oh, if you

knew how furious I feel! [*Throws the gun on the table.*] My fingers have gone to sleep holding that horrid thing. [*She is tearing her handkerchief to shreds.*] And what are you standing around for? Get out of here!

SMIRNOV: Goodbye.

MRS. POPOV: Go, go, go! [*Shouting.*] Where are you going? Wait a minute! No, no, it's all right, just go. I'm fighting mad. Don't come near me, don't come near me!

SMIRNOV: [*Who is coming near her.*] I'm pretty disgusted with myself – falling in love like a kid, going down on my knees like some moongazing whipper-snapper, the very thought gives me gooseflesh. [*Rudely.*] I love you. But it doesn't make sense. Tomorrow, I have to pay that interest, and we've already started mowing. [*He puts his arm about her waist.*] I shall never forgive myself for this.

MRS. POPOV: Take your hands off me, I hate you! Let's shoot it out!

[*A long kiss. Enter LUKA with an axe, the GARDENER with a rake, the COACHMAN with a pitchfork, HIRE MEN with sticks.*]

LUKA: [*Seeing the kiss.*] Mercy on us! Holy saints above!

MRS. POPOV: [*Dropping her eyes.*] Luka, tell them in the stable that Toby is *not* to have any oats today.

CURTAIN

1888

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ПЕРЕВОД И СТИЛИСТИКА
Часть 2
Переводческий анализ текста
[=TRANSLATION AND STYLISTICS
Part 2
Translation analysis of the text]

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