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Оценочные материалы для промежуточной аттестации по дисциплине

**Практика художественного перевода (английский язык)
Семестр 8**

Код, направление подготовки	45.03.02 Лингвистика
Направленность (профиль)	Перевод и переводоведение
Форма обучения	очная
Кафедра-разработчик	лингвистики и переводоведения
Выпускающая кафедра	лингвистики и переводоведения

ТИПОВЫЕ ЗАДАНИЯ ДЛЯ КОНТРОЛЬНЫХ РАБОТ

Выполните предпереводческий анализ отрывка художественного текста

1. Охарактеризуйте источник текста и определите: (потенциального реципиента; тип текста, его жанровую принадлежность; тему; проблемы, затронутые в тексте; композиционную структуру текста.)
2. Определите, есть ли в тексте: термины, реалии, клише, тематически ориентированная лексика, стилистически маркированная лексика.
3. Предложите варианты передачи реалий, клише, тематически ориентированной лексики и стилистически маркированной лексики из задания.

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

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

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

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

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

"He looks very young."

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

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

"He's a young man of tact."

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

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

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

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

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

But Michael rose from his chair.

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

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

"I should like to introduce you to Miss Lambert," said Michael. Then with the air of an ambassador presenting an attache to the sovereign of the court to which he is accredited: "This is the gentleman who is good enough to put some order into the mess we make of our accounts."

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

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

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

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

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

(Extract from "Theatre" by William Somerset Maugham)

Переведите фрагмент художественного текста на русский язык, обращая внимание на перевод реалий.

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

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

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

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

(Extract from "The Da Vinci Code" by Dan Brown)

Типовые задания для промежуточной аттестации

Задания на зачете содержат один теоретический вопрос и два практических задания.

Теоретические вопросы

1. Художественный перевод как специфический вид переводческой деятельности.
2. Задачи художественного перевода. Требования к переводчику художественного текста и функции переводчика.
3. Проблемы художественного перевода: передача образа, национально-культурной специфики и авторского стиля.
4. Роль лексической окраски слова и возможности ее передачи в переводе.
5. Средства выражения экспрессии при переводе: метафора, сравнение, метонимия, крылатые слова и выражения, аллюзии, цитаты. Инверсия, повторы на разных языковых уровнях.
6. Средства выражения эмфазы, аллитерация, рифма, синонимические пары, двойное отрицание, порядок слов, интонационное и графическое выделение.
7. Содержание понятия «национальная окраска оригинала».
8. Переводческие стратегии передачи национальной окраски в переводах художественных произведений. Доместикация и форенизация.
9. Проблема воссоздания исторической перспективы в переводе. Архаизация, модернизация, нейтрализация исторического колорита.
10. Языковое выражение индивидуальной манеры писателя. Виды соотношений между своеобразием подлинника и формой его передачи. Манера переводчика, как фактор, влияющий на конечный результат перевода.

Практическое задание 1. Определите использованные в тексте стилистические приемы. Предложите свой вариант перевода.

A slight clinking behind me made me turn my head. Six black men advanced in a file toiling up the path. They walked erect and slow, balancing small baskets full of earth on their heads, and the clink kept time with their footsteps. Black rags were wound round their loins and the short ends behind wagged to and fro like tails. I could see every rib, the joints of their limbs were like knots in a rope,

each had an iron collar on his neck and all were connected together with a chain whose bights swung between them, rhythmically clinking. Another report from the cliff made me think suddenly of that ship of war I had seen firing into a continent. It was the same kind of ominous voice; but these men could by no stretch of imagination be called enemies. They were called criminals and the outraged law like the bursting shells had come to them, an insoluble mystery from the sea. All their meagre breasts panted together, the violently dilated nostrils quivered, the eyes stared stonily uphill. They passed me within six inches, without a glance, with that complete, deathlike indifference of unhappy savages.

Практическое задание 2. Выполните письменный перевод текста, обращая внимание на особенности речи персонажа.

Extract from *Mary Barton: A Tale of Manchester Life* By Elizabeth Gaskell

...One evening, when the clear light at six o'clock contrasted strangely with the Christmas cold, and when the bitter wind piped down every entry, and through every cranny, Barton sat brooding over his stunted fire, and listening for Mary's step, in unacknowledged trust that her presence would cheer him. The door was opened, and Wilson came breathless in. 'You've not got a bit o' money by you, Barton?' asked he. 'Not I; who has now, I'd like to know. Whatten you want it for?' 'I donnot want it for mysel, tho' we've none to spare. But don ye know Ben Davenport as worked at Carsons'? He's down wi' the fever, and ne'er a stick o' fire, nor a cowl [cold] potato in the house.' 'I han got no money, I tell ye,' said Barton. Wilson looked disappointed. Barton tried not to be interested, but he could not help it in spite of his gruffness. He rose, and went to the cupboard (his wife's pride long ago). There lay the remains of his dinner, hastily put there ready for supper. Bread, and a slice of cold fat boiled bacon. He wrapped them in his handkerchief, put them in the crown of his hat, and said — 'Come, let's be going.' 'Going—art thou going to work this time o' day?' 'No, stupid, to be sure not. Going to see the fellow thou spoke on.' So they put on their hats and set out. On the way Wilson said Davenport was a good fellow, though too much of the Methodee [Methodist]; that his children were too young to work, but not too young to be cold and hungry; that they had sunk lower and lower, and pawned thing after thing, and that now they lived in a cellar in Berry Street, off Store Street. Barton growled inarticulate words of no benevolent import to a large class of mankind, and so they went along till they arrived in Berry Street. It was unpaved; and down the middle a gutter forced its way, every now and then forming pools in the holes with which the street abounded. Never was the Old Edinburgh cry of 'Gardez l'eau,' more necessary than in this street. As they passed, women from their doors tossed household slops of every description into the gutter; they ran into the next pool, which overflowed and stagnated. Heaps of ashes were the stepping-stones, on which the passer-by, who cared in the least for cleanliness, took care not to put his foot.