***Заявка на участие в международном межвузовском конкурсе перевода «Lingua Franca – 2023»***

ФИО (полностью)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Возраст (полных лет) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Место учебы: университет (полностью)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Факультет/Школа\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Направление подготовки\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Курс, группа \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Контактный телефон \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Электронная почта \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

ФИО (полностью) вашего преподавателя перевода (заполняется по желанию)

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Название вуза/школы, где обучались переводу (заполняется по желанию) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

***Конкурсное задание***

*Номинация «Перевод художественного текста*

*с английского языка на русский»*

***Gus Lee***

**China Boy**

My mother’s father, Na-Gung-the Outside, In-Law Grandfather – was a big, shambling broad-shouldered scholar with a large estate. He was generous with books, kindly to his daughters, quick to laughter, and slow to work. He appreciated the outrageous – a wonderful trait while traditional, Imperial China went to hell in a handbasket. In America, his lawn mower would have been hidden in the corner of the backyard in weeds and rust while he played checkers with children. His wife was not amused.

My mother, as was the custom, left the home of her father to join the household of my father. But her father had likewise left the home of their ancestors, taking his great library and Wang the fish cook to the northern port of Tsingtao, where the Germans were training dockworkers to become brewmasters. Here the crushing condemnation of an angry wife could be nullified mug by mug, fish by fish, book by book, chuckle by chuckle.

Tsingtao, from whence China’s best beer would emerge with a Bavarian accent, is six hundred miles north of Shanghai, hard on the upper curve of massive Shantung peninsula on the Yellow Sea coast.

“Spirits,” my mother said, “are perfect because they never die and never leave you. Women, My Only Son, have the great spirits. It is our gift.”

Daughters, sisters, wives. In parts of society, a man and wife were merely a permutation of a boy and his dog. Women were expendable birthing organisms for the glory of the family. Mother resisted this status.

“Why must you always argue with me!” roared my father, shattering wine goblets on the other side of the city.

“Sweet honey,” she said. “I am the one who left my dear father and brought our children to the Pretty Country. I did not argue about leaving that night. We left, and here we are. Your yuing chi is to hear my argument now, and to agree with me later.”

She scrutinized naked male Rodin statues while thinking reproductive thoughts in an effort to make her fetus a son. Fearlessly, and in opposition to the embarrassed grumblings of her husband, she pinned pages from art books on the walls of their bedroom. The selected art was representative of the European masters, but the variations shared one trait: they all displayed the male organ. My sisters would enter our parents’ bedroom and cover their eyes, bumping into the furniture with their shins.

Mother would hum her favorite Christian hymns while looking at the pictures, praying in her wonderfully eclectic way to God Almighty, Michelangelo, and the Yin, the Goddess of Fertility. She lit joss sticks, with some difficulty, and closed her eyes, visualizing male babies. She shelled peanuts, crushed them, and threw them away with the announcement, “For you, Watching Gods!” Most Chinese, like the gods, enjoy peanuts, and Mother was banking on the gods not knowing that she personally hated them. She attended Episcopalian churches and overdonated, murmuring, “For my Son, whom You will give me, thank You.”

Hardly likely, of course, but here I am.

She did not hesitate to express herself fully to any person, be it the president of the Chinese bank where my father worked so arduously or a toddler, with equal force and elocution.

Men who made passes at her were not rude ruffians but agents of evil river spirits. She would shop at Old Petrini Market on Divisadero Street and wonder why men stared at her. In China, men of my parents’ social grouping developed peripheral vision and would not gaze openly at women.

“River-Spirit-Men!” she cried after returning from Petrini’s, throwing her tiny purse at her second undaughter with the flair of Sandy Kourfax. “Why do they stare at me so? Why do they lick their lips like Gobi nomads at a well?” She put her hands on her hips, frowning at their misbehavior.

Even at the age of five I knew why. She was beautiful and wore tight, side-slit, high-collared, short-sleeved Mandarin dresses. She carried a parasol to keep the sun from her face.

She was an expert in nonverbal communication. Her lips, eyes, nose – these were the instruments of discourse. Spoken words were not crucial because people should be able to divine the next move. For me, initially, it was like learning how to play patty-cake without a partner.

***Перевод***

*Номинация «Перевод художественного текста*

*с английского языка на русский»*