



**Załącznik do Regulaminu XVI edycji  
Konkursu Literackiego o Nagrodę FanFila**

Fragment powieści do przełożenia z języka angielskiego na polski  
w ramach **kategorii translatorskiej**:

AMANDA CROSS  
*DEATH IN A TENURED POSITION* [excerpts]

Disillusionment in living is the finding out nobody agrees with you. [...] The amount they agree is important to you until the amount they do not agree with you is completely realized by you. Then you say you will write for yourself and strangers, you will be for yourself and strangers and this then makes an old man or an old woman of you.

Gertrude Stein, *Making of Americans*

KATE FANSLER gazed across the large conference table at the men on its other side, and the men on either side of her. [...] The male faces, long trained to hide irritation but not boredom. [...] She rose to her feet, determined to lie her way out of the room. [...] She would go home, have a drink and put her feet up. [...] Stopping for a moment in the women's room on the ground floor, Kate gazed amused at a small circular plaque pasted to the mirror: "Trust in God: She will provide". Kate smiled and set out for home.

There were those, Kate thought, sipping her martini and letting the day settle down in her mind, who would have said that God, of whatever sex or authenticity, had provided Kate with quite enough. No argument there. Born to wealth and position, Kate had had the rare benefits of her family's advantages while evading what she considered their overwhelming drawbacks. Which, freely translated, meant the privilege of wealth, but not

opinions or conventions. Determined to be a professional woman when such a determination was, in her milieu, more than mildly eccentric, she had become a Professor of Literature at one of New York's largest and most prestigious universities. Late in life – at least as these things go – she had married a man who offered companionship rather than dizzy rapture; they had neither of them chosen to view marriage as an unending alternation between lust and dinner in the best restaurants. [...]

Kate's languors, as she realized, were the price of an accomplished life. Or, to put it in a more high-flown way appropriate to Kate's profession, one sank into the ancient sin of anomie when challenges failed. [...] Kate, mixing herself another martini and putting off thoughts of dinner, admitted that she had, perhaps through some such sense of darkness where, as Ecclesiastes says, desire fails, been lured into the solving of crimes. [...] She had, however, been long unemployed as a detective. [...]

Kate [...] carried her glass into the kitchen and contemplated dinner. Not the sin of anomie, she decided, whipping eggs with a fork; it was rather what the French call *aboulie*: *l'absence morbide de volonté*. What nonsense, Kate said, reaching for the omelet pan. If you are not careful, she admonished herself, you will begin to sound like one of George Eliot's purposeless heroines on whom you lecture so unceasingly. I at last, Kate thought, am instructed to trust in God, waiting for Her to provide.

"OF COURSE," Mark Evergreen said, when the waiter had filled their water glasses and left them to their Faculty Club lunch. [...]

"Mark, if Harvard invited you to join their department, would you go?"

"Like a shot."

"Why?"

"I hate New York. Teaching at Harvard, I could live in the country and keep a boat."

"I love New York. I couldn't imagine spending one's life around Harvard Square, where everyone is so aggressively young."

"You might, however, consider paying it a visit. I hear they've moved that huge subway station in the middle of the square. You know, the one a Harvard newspaper said President Lowell was opposed to: 'President fights erection in Harvard Square' was, I believe, the disputed headline. It's no good trying not to smile, Kate; I know you think it's funny."

[1981]