

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON

University of London

EXAMINATION FOR INTERNAL STUDENTS

For The Following Qualification:-

B.A.

Spanish S323: Spanish Language III

COURSE CODE : SPANS323

UNIT VALUE : 1.00

DATE : 13-MAY-03

TIME : 10.00

TIME ALLOWED : 3 Hours

S323 Spanish Language III

Candidates should answer ALL questions.

Candidates are advised not to spend more than 90 minutes on PART ONE and 90 minutes on PART TWO.

Please begin each PIECE (i.e. questions 1a and 1b, and 2a and 2b) in a **SEPARATE** answer book.

PART ONE

Question 1a: Translation

Translate the following passage into English

La idea de una coexistencia diaria con la muerte suscita un sentimiento de angustia y rechazo en la moderna sociedad occidental. Nuestros ritos mortuorios se reducen a un simple simulacro: incapaz de colmar la brecha abierta entre la certeza objetiva de su mortalidad y el anhelo íntimo a alguna forma de supervivencia, nuestra conciencia atribulada no puede recurrir como antaño a las creencias y ceremonias asimiladoras de las colectividades "atrasadas". En lugar de una aceptación religiosa o cultural de la muerte como parte integrante de nuestra existencia, aquélla acaece de modo clandestino, a espaldas del difunto y su entorno social. En metrópolis como Nueva York o París uno puede vivir por espacio de años sin percatarse de su intrusión molesta. Una eficaz estrategia ocultativa la ha escamoteado de nuestra vista y evacuado de nuestra lengua. Peor aún: el ser humano ha sido privado de su derecho a vivirla como el desenlace natural de una mutación biológica.

Question 1b: Translation (BEGIN IN A SEPARATE ANSWER BOOK)

Translate the following passage into English

—¿A qué ha venido usted a mi casa? —lo encaró de pronto Doña Asunta, con brusquedad.

Se sintió en una posición falsa. ¿A qué había venido, pues? A nada, por pura curiosidad malsana.

—A saber si usted podía darme alguna pista —balbuceó.

Doña Asunta lo miraba disgustada y el guardia pensó: "Se ha dado cuenta que le miento."

—¿Ya no me tuvieron como tres horas allá, diciéndoles lo que sabía? —murmuró, adolorida—. Qué más quieren. Qué más, qué más. ¿Creen que yo sé acaso quien mató a mi hijo?

—No se moleste, señora —se excusó Lituma—. No quiero incomodarla, ya me voy. Muchas gracias por recibirme. Le avisaremos, cualquier cosa.

Se puso de pie, murmuró "Buenas noches" y salió, sin darle la mano, porque temió que Doña Asunta se la dejara extendida. Se puso el quepis de cualquier modo. A los pocos trancos que dio por la terrosa callecita de Castilla, bajo las estrellas nítidas e incontables, se serenó.

TURN OVER

S323 Spanish Language

PART TWO

Question 2a: Prose (BEGIN IN A SEPARATE ANSWER BOOK)

Translate the following passage into Spanish

I first read Freud as an avid teenager. I think the book was *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*. It was the same summer I gulped down a few novels by Dostoevsky and Henry James. All these books seemed to refer to one another and make life more mysterious than I imagined. They described conflicts and ambivalences, searing passions and failed aspirations, not to mention sex and death. They also seemed to say that none of us behaved as we hoped we might, or even thought we did. It seemed to make no difference that most of the books were fiction and Freud was not, perhaps because he seemed to have as many voices and characters as the novelists, and was digging the same turf. Or maybe it was just the rigour of his mind, which neither winced at anything, nor tried to dress it up in marshmallow morality. Like the novelists, too, Freud seemed to call neither for belief nor agreement.

Question 2b: Prose (BEGIN IN A SEPARATE ANSWER BOOK)

Translate the following passage into Spanish

Celia had begun to climb the stairs in the dark when Miss Carridge came out of her room and switched on the light. Celia stopped, her feet on different steps, her hand on the banister, her face in profile.

‘Mr Murphy came while you were out,’ said Miss Carridge. ‘You can’t have been gone five minutes.’

For a full second Celia mistook this to mean that Murphy had come back.

‘He took his bag and the chair,’ said Miss Carridge, ‘but couldn’t wait.’

‘Did Mr. Murphy leave any message?’ said Celia, turning away and taking another step upward.

‘Wait now till I see,’ said Miss Carridge. ‘Yes, now that you ask me, he did say to tell you he was all right and would be writing.’ A lie. Miss Carridge’s pity knew no bounds but alms.

Yet Celia doubted that this was the whole extent of the message. She went on slowly up the stairs. When she disappeared Miss Carridge switched off the light and stood in the dark, listening.

END OF PAPER