

**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 : 09-MAY-06**

**TIME : 14.30**

**TIME ALLOWED : 3 Hours**

**SPANISH 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 PART TWO (i.e. questions 2a and 2b) in a **SEPARATE** answer book.

**PART ONE**

**Question 1a: Translation**

*Translate the following passage into English*

Mi madre, sentada frente a su tocador, se prepararía para salir. Su pelo aclarado estaría impecablemente peinado, las mechas recién retocadas, las ondas marcadas con rulos calientes y sujetas con laca. Esos preparativos diarios, dignos de una arrebolada jovencita que se dispusiera a ver a su primer amante, se teñían de una significación entre amarga y patética si una era sabedora de que las destinatarias de tanto acicalamiento eran sus compañeras del club de bridge, una serie de loros de La Moraleja. Yo le decía a veces, con una cruda sinceridad que intentaba malamente disfrazar de ironía, que, si hubiese dedicado todos los esfuerzos que había consagrado al bridge a sacarse una carrera universitaria, habría obtenido probablemente un doctorado *cum laude* y estaría disfrutando de su propio apartamento y de coche de empresa, en lugar de tener que compartir sus tardes con una serie de brujas chismosas que solo sabían comentar adulterios de maridos ajenos fingiendo con un descaro casi conmovedor que ignoraban los de los propios.

**Question 1b: Translation**

*Translate the following passage into English*

Estábamos en la playa. Yo le miraba nada más que la cara. Desgloso los placeres. Esa tarde – el cielo lila, el agua, borrascosa, se retiraba en tormentosa placidez, solos los tres dando vueltas por la orilla, yendo y viniendo, arrojando maderos al agua, piedras, arena y un ulular siniestro de pajaros sobre nuestras cabezas. Ella tenía una pequeña piedra en la mano, yo me había colocado al costado, de manera de apreciar especialmente el perfil, se reía, Mario daba vueltas alrededor de ella como un borracho, como un cachorro, ella lo toleraba, yo le toleraba aunque me molestara un poco, giraba, el viento le revolvió los cabellos, que danzas prefería, arrojó la piedra lejos, tuve un dolor de objeto destrozado, fui la piedra fugaz tragada por el agua, por qué me desprendiste, por qué de la mano por el aire al mar, no sabes el dolor que me has causado, tomó otra piedra, pero esta vez la retuvo entre las manos.

**TURN OVER**

S323

**PART TWO**

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

*Translate the following passage into Spanish*

Mexican food varies by region, because of local climate and geography and ethnic differences among the indigenous inhabitants and because these different populations were influenced by the Spaniards in varying degrees. The north of Mexico is known for its beef production and meat dishes; southeastern Mexico, on the other hand, is known for its spicy vegetable and chicken-based dishes. Veracruz-style is a common method of preparing seafood.

There are also more exotic dishes, cooked in the Aztec or Maya style, with ingredients ranging from iguana to rattlesnake, deer, spider monkey, and even some kinds of insects. This is usually known as *comida prehispanica* (or prehispanic food), and although not very common, is relatively well known.

Mexican cuisine has combined with the cuisine of the southwest United States to form Tex-Mex cuisine.

Another slight version of Mexican food is New Mexican Food, which can be found in, of course, New Mexico, USA.

**Question 2b: Prose**

*Translate the following passage into Spanish*

A friend who lives in New York once told me about a surreal Sunday morning he had spent wandering around the Park Slope area of Brooklyn a few years ago. While searching for a place to have brunch, he noticed that there were 'all these pieces of A4-sized paper pinned to the trees and signposts'. They read, 'Where is Paul Auster?' 'It was, 'my friend said, 'like wandering into the plot of a Paul Auster novel.'

This strange-but-true story comes back into my head as I walk through what is probably the same Brooklyn neighbourhood in search of Paul Auster's actual house. Since leaving a local coffee bar, the gridded streets have led me left, then right, then left again, like the meticulously plotted routes followed by so many of his meandering characters, like the advanced geometry of so many of his stories.

**END OF PAPER**