

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON**

University of London

**EXAMINATION FOR INTERNAL STUDENTS**

For The Following Qualification:—

*B.A.*

**Spanish S602B: Surrealist Writing in Spain**

**COURSE CODE : SPAN602B**

**UNIT VALUE : 0.50**

**DATE : 10-MAY-04**

**TIME : 14.30**

**TIME ALLOWED : 2 Hours**

**SPANISH S602B Surrealist Writing in Spain.**

Candidates should answer **TWO** questions

*Essays may be written in either Spanish or English, but no extra credit will be given for answers in Spanish.*

*Candidates should not base more than ONE answer on a particular work.*

*Candidates should not base their answers on any text or texts used extensively in their course-work essay.*

1. 'Surrealism aimed at freeing the mind.' Discuss.
  
2. 'Surrealism is not only a technique for writing but the waking of a critical consciousness.' Discuss.
  
3. EITHER (a) How effective do you think García Lorca's *Poeta en Nueva York* is as a protest poem?  
  
OR (b) Assess the ways Federico García Lorca used surrealism in *Poeta en Nueva York* to explore what it meant to be modern.
  
4. EITHER (a) '*Sobre los ángeles* can be read as a narrative of loss and recovery.' Discuss.  
  
OR (b) What do you think 'losing paradise' meant for Alberti in *Sobre los ángeles*?
  
5. EITHER (a) 'Abajo todo'(Luis Cernuda). What do you think Cernuda meant by 'everything'.  
  
OR (b) What does Cernuda want to do with his reader?
  
6. Comment on the following lines by Federico García Lorca AND relate them to the rest of his work studied:

Yo estaba en la terraza luchando con la luna.  
Enjambres de ventanas acribillaban un muslo de la noche.  
En mis ojos bebían las dulces vacas de los cielos  
y las brisas de largos remos  
golpeaban los cenicientos cristales del Broadway.

**TURN OVER**

**S602B**

7. Comment on the following poem by Rafael Alberti AND relate it to the rest of his work studied:

**'El mal minuto'**

Cuando para mí eran los trigos viviendas de astros y de Dioses  
y la escarcha los lloros helados de una gacela,  
alguien me enyesó el pecho y la sombra,  
traicionándome.

Ese minuto fue el de las balas perdidas,  
el del secuestro, por el mar, de los hombres que quisieron ser pájaros,  
el del telegrama a deshora y el hallazgo de sangre,  
el de la muerte del agua que siempre miró al cielo.

**END OF PAPER**