

**UNIVERSIDAD DE LA REPÚBLICA – CARRERA DE TRADUCTORADO PRUEBA
DE ADMISIÓN 2016 LENGUA INGLESA.**

Instructions to candidates

You will be allowed FIVE minutes to read through the following instructions.

The examination is divided into 3 sections: Section 1 Translation into English; Section 2 Translation into Spanish; Section 3 English Language.

No dictionaries or electronic devices of any kind may be used.

GENERAL

1. The examination is **THREE** hours in length. When asked to stop writing you must do so. Candidates will be reported to the examining board if they exceed the time limit and liable to penalties.
2. No borrowing is allowed.
3. Anyone attempting to communicate with a fellow examinee may have his/her examination annulled.
4. You may not ask interpretative questions. If you need to communicate with the invigilator raise your hand. Do not call out.
5. Sections may be answered in any order. Each section should be on a separate sheet of paper. When handing in your test to the invigilators, **SEPARATE THE SECTIONS.**
6. Do not begin writing until the invigilator says you may.
7. At the top of each sheet of paper you use, write: **CANDIDATE NUMBER** (your own personal number); **ROOM NUMBER; DO NOT WRITE YOUR NAME ANYWHERE.**
8. Write legibly using a dark pencil or ink. If your writing is illegible, your answers will not be considered.
9. Leave a margin on the left hand side of your sheet of paper. Leave spaces between the lines.
10. **THIS INSTRUCTIONS SHEET AND THE PRINTED EXAMINATION PAPERS MUST BE RETURNED TO THE INVIGILATOR BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE ROOM.**

SECTION 1: Translate the following text into English

Bajo las calles de Bucarest late una ciudad paralela

Drogadictos, sintechos, marginados y perros conviven en el subsuelo de Bucarest. Un fotógrafo italiano se ha atrevido a adentrarse en esos túneles de la capital rumana donde se mezclan el horror, la miseria y el compañerismo.

Durante la dictadura, Ceaucescu hizo construir en Bucarest un sistema de túneles para llevar la calefacción a toda la ciudad. Nada más caer el régimen en 1989, en esos túneles empezaron a instalarse los primeros sintechos que huían del frío y que no hicieron más que aumentar los siguientes años por la ruina económica. En este laberinto es difícil encontrar un lugar privado, pero es el único hogar que conocen.

Su líder es un hombre que se hace llamar Bruce Lee y que, a modo de gorro y adorno, suele cubrirse el pelo con Aurolac, un disolvente tóxico al que muchos están enganchados.

Bruce Lee se ocupa de que haya siempre una comida caliente al día. Él, que fue un bebé abandonado por sus padres, quiso crear un hogar para los miserables con quienes comparte los túneles. No le resultó difícil aglutinarlos y organizarlos. Tiene 'labia' y, según dicen, madera de predicador. Lo mismo que siempre lo siguen los perros, lo siguen algunos hombres. Tampoco le falta 'carácter'. Ahora está en prisión, condenado por tráfico de drogas. Civilizó una parte de los túneles. Puso a los chicos a trabajar, a pintar paredes, a construir baños... y les pagaba por ello. Bruce se encarga de que en el inframundo haya electricidad con generadores que ha ido 'consiguiendo'. Hasta llegaron a tener un televisor. Pero a veces se va la luz y vuelven las velas.

Massimo Branca, el fotógrafo, reparó en estos túneles, al ver a una persona entrando en uno de ellos, frente a la estación central, cuando visitaba Bucarest como turista. Y en lugar de mirar para otro lado decidió adentrarse en ellos. Durante los últimos años ha vuelto en numerosas ocasiones. Quiere reivindicarlos: "La miseria sigue, es cierto, pero Bruce Lee les ofreció algo de dignidad". Lo que no implica negar lo obvio: muchos de ellos delinquen para sobrevivir o para drogarse, y en los últimos meses la Policía ha llevado a cabo varias redadas por la alarma de los ciudadanos.

Adaptado de <http://www.xlsemanal.com/conocer/20170226/tuneles-bucarest-marginados.html>

SECTION 2: Translate the following text into Spanish

It's never a happy moment when you're shopping for a tombstone. When death comes, it's the loss that transcends everything else and most tombstones are purchased in a fog of grief. Death is a threshold for the relatives and friends who live on as well, changing lives in both intense and subtle ways. It's the most dramatic and yet the most mundane event of a life, something we all do, no exceptions.

Given the predictability of death it seems strange that Germany has a tombstone shortage. It's not because they don't know that people are going to die; it's more a product of the complete control the government exerts over death and funerals - the cremated can be buried only in approved cemeteries, never scattered in gardens or the sea. Rules abound about funerals and tombstones—even the size, quality, and form of coffins and crypts are officially regulated. All this leads to a darkly humorous yet common saying: "If you feel unwell, take a vacation—you can't afford to die in Germany."

Granite for German tombstones used to come from the beautiful Harz Mountains, but now no one is allowed to mine there and risk spoiling this protected national park and favorite tourist destination. So, like France and many other rich countries, including the United States, Germany imports its tombstones from the developing world.

The whole point of granite, that it is hard and durable, is also the reason it is difficult to mine and process. It has to be carefully removed from quarries in large thin slabs, so you can't just go in with dynamite and bulldozers. Careful handling means handwork, which requires people with drills and hammers and crowbars gently working the granite out of the ground. And in India, the most cost effective way to achieve that is slavery.

Slavery is a great way to keep your costs down, but there's another reason why that granite is so cheap—the quarries themselves are illegal, paying no mining permits or taxes. The protected state and national forest parks rest on top of granite deposits, and a bribe here and there means local police and forest rangers turn a blind eye.

German filmmakers researching the tombstone shortage were the first to follow the supply chain from European graveyards to quarries in India—and they were shocked by what they discovered. Expecting industrial operations, they found medieval working conditions and families in slavery. Suddenly, the peace and order of the graves surrounding ancient churches was suddenly marred by images of slave children shaping and polishing the stone that marked those graves.

Adapted from Longreads: Your Phone Was Made By Slaves

SECTION 3 – Read the following passage and then answer the questions below using your own words.

Amory, Son of Beatrice

Amory Blaine inherited from his mother every **trait**, except the stray inexpressible few, that made him worth while. His father, an ineffectual, inarticulate man with a taste for Byron and a habit of drowsing over the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, grew wealthy at thirty through the death of two elder brothers, successful Chicago brokers, and in the **first flush** of feeling that the world was his, went to Bar Harbor and met Beatrice O'Hara. In consequence, Stephen Blaine handed down to posterity his height of just under six feet and his tendency to waver at crucial moments, these two abstractions appearing in his son Amory. For many years he hovered in the background of his family's life, an unassertive figure with a face half-obliterated by lifeless, silky hair, continually occupied in "taking care" of his wife, continually harassed by the idea that he didn't and couldn't understand her.

But Beatrice Blaine! There was a woman! Early pictures taken on her father's estate at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, or in Rome at the Sacred Heart Convent—an educational extravagance that in her youth was only for the daughters of the exceptionally wealthy—showed the exquisite delicacy of her features, the consummate art and simplicity of her clothes. A brilliant education she had—her youth passed in renaissance glory, she was versed in the latest gossip of the Older Roman Families; known by name as a fabulously wealthy American girl to Cardinal Vitori and Queen Margherita and more subtle celebrities that one must have had some culture even to have heard of. She learned in England to prefer whiskey and soda to wine, and her small talk was broadened in two senses during a winter in Vienna. All in all Beatrice O'Hara absorbed the sort of education that will be quite impossible ever again; a tutelage measured by the number of things and people one could be contemptuous of and charming about; a culture rich in all arts and traditions, **barren** of all ideas, in the last of those days when the great gardener clipped the inferior roses to produce one perfect bud.

In her less important moments she returned to America, met Stephen Blaine and married him—this almost entirely because she was a little bit weary, a little bit sad. Her only child was carried through a tiresome season and brought into the world on a spring day in ninety-six.

When Amory was five he was already a delightful companion for her. He was an auburn-haired boy, with great, handsome eyes which he would grow up to in time, a facile imaginative mind and a taste for fancy dress. From his fourth to his tenth year he *did* the country with his mother in her father's private car, from Coronado, where his mother became so bored that she had a nervous breakdown in a fashionable hotel, down to Mexico City, where she took a mild, almost epidemic consumption. This trouble pleased her, and later she made use of it as an intrinsic part of her atmosphere—especially after several astounding bracers.

So, while more or less fortunate little rich boys were defying governesses on the beach at Newport, or being spanked or tutored or read to from "Do and Dare," or "Frank on the Mississippi," Amory was biting **acquiescent** bell-boys in the Waldorf, outgrowing a natural repugnance to chamber music and symphonies, and deriving a highly specialized education from his mother.

"Amory."

"Yes, Beatrice." (Such a quaint name for his mother; she encouraged it.)

"Dear, don't *think* of getting out of bed yet. I've always suspected that early rising in early life makes one nervous. Clothilde is having your breakfast brought up."

"All right."

"I am feeling very old to-day, Amory," she would sigh, her face a rare **cameo of pathos**, her voice exquisitely modulated, her hands as facile as Bernhardt's. "My nerves are on edge—on edge. We must leave this terrifying place to-morrow and go searching for sunshine."

Amory's penetrating green eyes would look out through tangled hair at his mother. Even at this age he had no illusions about her.

"Amory."

"Oh, yes."

"I want you to take a red-hot bath as hot as you can bear it, and just relax your nerves. You can read in the tub if you wish."

She fed him sections of the "Fêtes Galantes" before he was ten; at eleven he could talk glibly, if rather reminiscently, of Brahms and Mozart and Beethoven. One afternoon, when left alone in the hotel at Hot Springs, he sampled his mother's apricot cordial, and as the taste pleased him, he became quite tipsy. This was fun for a while, but he essayed a cigarette in his exaltation, and succumbed to a vulgar, plebeian reaction. Though this incident horrified Beatrice, it also secretly amused her and became part of what in a later generation would have been termed her "line."

"This son of mine," he heard her tell a room full of awestruck, admiring women one day, "is entirely sophisticated and quite charming—but delicate—we're all delicate; *here*, you know." Her hand was radiantly outlined against her beautiful bosom; then sinking her voice to a whisper, she told them of the apricot cordial. They rejoiced, for she was a brave raconteuse, but many were the keys turned in sideboard locks that night against the possible defection of little Bobby or Barbara....

These domestic pilgrimages were invariably in state; two maids, the private car, or Mr. Blaine when available, and very often a physician. When Amory had the whooping-cough four disgusted specialists glared at each other hunched around his bed; when he took scarlet fever the number of attendants, including physicians and nurses, totalled fourteen. However, blood being thicker than broth, he was pulled through.

From *This Side of Paradise* by F. Scott Fitzgerald, 1920.

- 1) Explain the meaning of the following words and phrases as they are used in the text: a) trait b) first flush c) barren d) acquiescent e) cameo of pathos (5 marks: 1 mark for each).
- 2) Comment on the importance of education in this passage. (5 marks)
- 3) Which are the main activities being described in this passage? (5 marks)
- 4) Discuss the social significance the activities described in previous question have. (10 marks)
- 5) Write a summary of the passage in no more than twenty words. (10 marks)
- 6) Write a short paragraph describing what you consider happened next. (10 marks)