

Universidad de la República- Facultad de Derecho
Prueba de Admisión 2014 – Lengua Inglesa

Instructions to Candidates

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

The examination is divided into three sections:

SECTION 1: English Language

SECTION 2: Translation from Spanish into English (No dictionaries may be used.)

SECTION 3 Translation from English into Spanish (No dictionaries 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 are 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 any interpretative questions. Questions are permitted when the printing is not clear or if there is an error in the printing. If you wish to communicate with the invigilator, raise your hand, DO NOT CALL OUT.
- 5 Sections may be answered in any order. When handing in your answers to the invigilator at the end of the examination, **SEPARATE THE SECTIONS.**
- 6 Do not begin writing until the invigilator says you may.
- 7 At the top of each answer sheet write:
Candidate Number (your personal number)
Room Number (number of your examination room)
DO NOT WRITE YOUR NAME
- 8 Write legibly using either pen or dark pencil. If your writing is illegible your answer will not be considered.
- 9 Your answers to each Section must be written on separate sheets.
10. Make a margin folding the left-hand side of your answer sheets. The margin should be no more than about 4 cms. Write on alternate lines – this will help correction.

READ THE PASSAGE CAREFULLY AND THEN ANSWER THE QUESTIONS BELOW. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, USE YOUR OWN WORDS; DO NOT LIFT FROM THE TEXT.

They enter the kitchen together, though Mrs Armstid is in front. She goes straight to the stove. Lena stands within the door. Her head is uncovered now, her hair combed smooth. Even the blue garment looks freshened and rested. She looks on while Mrs Armstid at the stove clashes the metal lids and handles the sticks of wood with the abrupt savageness of a man.

"I would like to help," Lena says. Mrs Armstid does not look around. She clashes the stove savagely. "You stay where you are. You keep off your feet now, and you'll keep off your back a while longer maybe."

"It would be a beholden kindness to let me help."

"You stay where you are. I been doing this three times a day for thirty years now. The time when I needed help with it is done passed." She is busy at the stove, not backlooking. "Armstid says your name is Burch."

"Yes," the other says. Her voice is grave now, quite quiet. She sits quite still, her hands motionless on her lap. And Mrs Armstid does not look round either. She is still busy at the stove. It appears to require an amount of attention out of all proportion to the savage finality with which she built the fire.

"Is your name Burch yet?" Mrs Armstid says.

The young woman does not answer at once. Mrs Armstid does not rattle the stove though her back is still toward the younger woman. Then she turns. They look at one another, suddenly naked, watching one another: the young woman with her neat hair, the older one with a savage screw of grey hair at the base of her skull.

"I told you false. My name is not Burch yet. It's Lena Grove."

They look at one another.

"And you want to catch up with him so your name will be Burch in time. Is that it?"

Lena's voice is serene. "I don't reckon I need any promise from Lucas. It just happened unfortunate, that he had to go away. When he found out that night that he would have to go, he--"

"Found out what night? The night you told him about that chap?"

The other does not answer for a moment. Her face is calm as stone, but not hard.

"He said he would stay if I said so. He never wanted to go. But I said for him to go. To just send me word when he was ready for me to come. And then his plans never worked out. But I wanted him to have his last enjoyment, because marriage is different with a young fellow, a lively young fellow. Don't you think so?"

Mrs Armstid does not answer. She looks at the other with her smooth hair and her still hands lying on her lap and her soft musing face.

"After a while I reckon I just got too busy getting this chap up to his proper time to worry about my name or what people thought. But me and Lucas don't need no words or promises between us. So one day I just decided to get up and not wait any longer."

"How did you know which way to go when you got started?" Mrs Armstid watches the lowered face. Her hands are on her hips and she watches the younger woman with an expression of cold contempt. "You believe he will be there when you get there."

Lena's face is grave, quiet. Her voice is quiet, tranquil stubborn. "I reckon a family ought to be together when the chap comes. Specially the first one. I reckon the Lord will see to that."

(Slightly adapted from *Light in August* by William Faulkner)

- 1) Explain the following words or phrases as they are used in the passage: a) beholden; b) suddenly naked; c) savage screw; d) chap; e) reckon (5 marks, one for each)
- 2) What are the implications of Mrs Armstid's words, "...you'll keep off your back a while longer maybe"? (5 marks)
- 3) Describe the characters in the passage, and refer to the way they use language. (10 marks)
- 4) Comment on the issue on names raised in the passage. (5 marks)
- 5) How does the language used by Faulkner convey the confrontation between the characters? Give examples. (5 marks)
- 6) Write a summary of the passage in no more than 10 words (5 marks)
- 7) Extend the passage by writing an additional paragraph that will resolve the situation set out in this extract. (10 marks)

Total: 40 marks

PART II
TRANSLATE INTO SPANISH

For Argument's Sake; Why Do We Feel Compelled to Fight About Everything?

I was waiting to go on a television talk show a few years ago for a discussion about how men and women communicate, when a man walked in wearing a shirt and tie and a floor-length skirt, the top of which was brushed by his waist-length red hair. He politely introduced himself and told me that he'd read and liked my book "You Just Don't Understand," which had just been published. Then he added, "When I get out there, I'm going to attack you. But don't take it personally. That's why they invite me on, so that's what I'm going to do."

We went on the set and the show began. I had hardly managed to finish a sentence or two before the man threw his arms out in gestures of anger, and began shrieking -- briefly hurling accusations at me, and then railing at length against women. The strangest thing about his hysterical outburst was how the studio audience reacted: They turned vicious -- not attacking me (I hadn't said anything substantive yet) or him (who wants to tangle with someone who screams at you?) but the other guests: women who had come to talk about problems they had communicating with their spouses.

My antagonist was nothing more than a dependable provocateur, brought on to ensure a lively show. The incident has stayed with me not because it was typical of the talk shows I have appeared on -- it wasn't, I'm happy to say -- but because it exemplifies the ritual nature of much of the opposition that pervades our public dialogue.

Everywhere we turn, there is evidence that, in public discourse, we prize contentiousness and aggression more than cooperation and conciliation.

by Deborah Tannen

The Washington Post, March 15, 1998

PART III
TRANSLATE INTO ENGLISH

Recuerdos de Montevideo

Conocí a Onetti en 1939, cuando ambos éramos correctamente ignorados por el mundo. A esas alturas yo era un adolescente aprendiz de periodismo y él era un bohemio que sabía vivir con su pobreza y habitaba una pequeña pieza al fondo de la casa que ocupaba el semanario *Marcha*, donde ya había llegado a ser redactor jefe. Pero fue entonces cuando él publicó su magistral novela *El pozo*, que trasladaba a un tiempo la amargura y el idealismo de un hombre solitario en una ciudad y un país por los que se sentía aplastado. Después se supo que ésa era la primera "novela urbana" de la literatura uruguaya. Para muchos de nosotros, incluyendo por cierto a todos los escritores y periodistas que integraron la luego llamada "generación del 45", Onetti y *El pozo* fueron una revelación. Me cuento entre quienes salieron a venderlo a los amigos, apenas por monedas, sin otro interés que el de divulgar esa revelación. Aquella edición primitiva terminó por mejorar su cotización y ya hay quien pide 300 dólares por ella. Nuestra amistad prosiguió en los años inmediatos, tanto en los cafés y en las peñas literarias de Montevideo como en la singular coincidencia de que mi estadía en Buenos Aires, durante un par de años, ocurriera al mismo tiempo que su designación como redactor jefe de la agencia Reuters en Argentina. En esos años aprendí a saborear su laconismo, su humor amargo, su manera singular y arisca de tratar a las muchas mujeres que atravesaron su vida. También tuve el honor de que me dedicara un cuento (*Bienvenido, Bob*, 1944), de lo cual me enteré, por cierto, cuando lo vi publicado, porque no pronunció una sola palabra de advertencia. En esa segunda etapa, Onetti comenzaba ya su mejor producción, con algunos cuentos magistrales (*Un sueño realizado* es el mejor) y una serie de novelas que sería excesivo describir aquí. La consagración demoraría décadas, atravesando un feo incidente político en 1974, donde fue víctima de una insensata represión. A ese incidente, sin embargo, se deberían después su reclusión voluntaria en España, el Premio Cervantes de Literatura, las nuevas novelas, la reedición de su obra anterior.

HOMERO ALSINA THEVENET

31 de mayo de 1994