

UNIVERSIDAD DE LA REPÚBLICA CARRERA DE TRADUCTORADO

PRUEBA DE ADMISIÓN 2015 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 English Language; section 2 Translation from Spanish into English; section 3 Translation from English into Spanish.

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 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 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 sheets 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 (4 PRINTED SHEETS IN ALL)**

Translate into English

Últimas conversaciones con Mario Levrero

por Pablo Silva Olazábal

En setiembre de 2003, por los tiempos en que escribía la que sería su última obra –la novela corta *Burdeos, 1972*–, Mario Levrero se propuso la confección de un libro que recibió el nombre provisorio y humorístico “The Mario Levrero’s Writing Guide For Dummies”. Esta “guía de escritura para tontos” recogería los consejos empleados en su taller literario virtual, que orientaba junto a Gabriela Onetto, con quien había compartido y desarrollado esta idea. Con una redacción accesible para un público amplio, el libro comunicaría la poética de su enseñanza y creación literaria. Como su socia vivía en México, el escritor invitó a un alumno montevideano de sus talleres presenciales, Christian Arán, para que lo visitara y grabara sus primeras reflexiones, que serían el punto de partida de un proyecto que nunca cuajaría.

Ante tamaña responsabilidad el joven Arán dudó y durante algunos días permaneció en silencio, hasta que el 16 de setiembre de 2003 (el mismo día en que daba punto final a la escritura de *Burdeos, 1972*) Mario Levrero le envió un correo electrónico.

Arán aceptó, pero la tarea se complicó por las fiestas de fin de año. A medida que pasaban las semanas el escritor fue reclusándose más y más, acosado por la sensación de que su tiempo acababa (incluso llegó a soñar con su epitafio y pidió a la familia que no lo dejaran solo en esa fecha soñada).

Las grabaciones se realizaron en enero y febrero de 2004, pero nunca se transcribieron. “Sentía que era algo de mucha responsabilidad para lo que yo no estaba capacitado”, dice Arán. Mario Levrero falleció el 30 de agosto de 2004. Diez años y medio después, como si aún tuviera algo que decirnos, vuelve en esta entrevista.

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Brecha, 29 de enero de 2015

Translate the following text into Spanish

We Don't Need No Education

At least not of the traditional, compulsory, watch-the-clock-until-the-bell-rings kind. As a growing movement of parents believe, a steady diet of standardized testing and indoor inactivity is choking the creativity right out of our kids. The alternative: set 'em free.

By: BEN HEWITT

In early September, in a house situated on 43 acres just outside a small town in northern Vermont, two boys awaken. They are brothers; the older is 12, the younger 9, and they rise to a day that has barely emerged from the clutches of dark. School is back in session and has been for two weeks or more, but the boys are unhurried. They dress slowly, quietly.

By 6:30, with the first rays of sun burning through the ground-level fog, the boys are outside. At some point in the next hour, a yellow school bus will rumble past the end of the driveway that connects the farm to the town road.

The boys will pay the bus no heed. This could be because they will be seated at the kitchen table, eating breakfast with their parents. Or it might be because they are already deep in the woods fishing. Perhaps they won't notice the bus because they are already immersed in some other project: starting a fire over which to cook what they've caught. They heat a flat rock at the fire's edge, and the hot stone turns the fishes' flesh milky white and flaky.

Or maybe the boys will pay the bus no heed because its passing is meaningless to them. Maybe they have never ridden in a school bus, and maybe this is because they've never been to school. Perhaps they have not passed even a single day of their short childhoods inside the four walls of a classroom, their gazes shifting between window and clock, window and clock, counting the restless hours and interminable minutes until release.

Maybe the boys are actually my sons, and maybe their names are Fin and Rye, and maybe, if my wife, Penny, and I get our way, they will never go to school.

Hey, a father can dream, can't he?

ENGLISH LANGUAGE ENTRANCE TEST 2015

Read the following passage and then answer the questions below using your own words. As far as possible, do not lift from the text.

The Oceanic Steam Navigation Company's superintendent in Sulaco for the whole Costaguana section of the service was very proud of his Company's standing. He summed it up in a saying which was very often on his lips, "We never make mistakes." To the Company's officers it took the form of a severe injunction, "We must make no mistakes. I'll have no mistakes here, no matter what Smith may do at his end."

Smith, on whom he had never set eyes in his life, was the other superintendent of the service, quartered some fifteen hundred miles away from Sulaco. "Don't talk to me of your Smith."

Then, calming down suddenly, he would dismiss the subject with studied negligence.

"Smith knows no more of this continent than a baby."

"Our excellent Senor Mitchell" for the business and official world of Sulaco; "Fussy Joe" for the commanders of the Company's ships, Captain Joseph Mitchell prided himself on his profound knowledge of men and things in the country- *cosas de Costaguana*. Amongst these last he accounted as most unfavourable to the orderly working of his Company the frequent changes of government brought about by revolutions of the military type.

The political atmosphere of the Republic was generally stormy in these days. The fugitive patriots of the defeated party had the knack of turning up again on the coast with half a steamer's load of small arms and ammunition. Such resourcefulness Captain Mitchell considered as perfectly wonderful in view of their utter destitution at the time of flight. He had observed that "they never seemed to have enough change about them to pay for their passage ticket out of the country." And he could speak with knowledge; for on a memorable occasion he had been called upon to save the life of a dictator, together with the lives of a few Sulaco officials—the political chief, the director of the customs, and the head of police—belonging to an overturned government. Poor Senor Ribiera (such was the dictator's name) had come pelting eighty miles over mountain tracks after the lost battle of Socorro, in the hope of out-distancing the fatal news—which, of course, he could not manage to do on a lame mule. The animal, moreover, expired under him at the end of the Alameda, where the military band plays sometimes in the evenings between the revolutions. "Sir," Captain Mitchell would pursue with portentous gravity, "the ill-timed end of that mule attracted attention to the unfortunate rider. His features were recognized by several deserters from the Dictatorial army amongst the rascally mob already engaged in smashing the windows of the Intendencia."

From *Nostromo* by Joseph Conrad

- 1) Explain the meaning of the following words and phrases as they are used in the text:
a) injunction b) studied negligence c) half a steamer's load d) utter destitution e) pelting (5 marks: 1 mark for each)
- 2) What kind of person is the main character in this passage? (5 marks)
- 3) Explain the implications of each of the names that he goes by (5 marks)
- 4) Describe and define the geographical location of the text and the political situation of the action (5 marks)
- 5) Comment on, and explain the reasons for, the shifts in perspective the text presents (10 marks)
- 6) Write a summary of the passage in no more than ten words (5 marks)
- 7) Write a short paragraph explaining how Mitchell saved, or did not save, the life of a dictator (10 marks)

Total 45 marks