

OLLSCOIL NA hÉIREANN, GAILLIMH
SUMMER EXAMINATIONS, 1998

THIRD ARTS SPANISH
THIRD B. CORPORATE LAW WITH SPANISH
SH301 : SPANISH LANGUAGE: PAPER II
Unit Value: 8

Dr. D. J. George
Ms. Eva Núñez

Time allowed: three hours.

Translate the following two passages into Spanish:

1. I came upon him, and, if he had not heard me coming, I would have fallen over him too, but he got up in time. He rose, unsteady, long, pale, indistinct, like a vapour exhaled by the earth, and swayed slightly, misty and silent before me; while at my back the fires loomed between the trees, and the murmur of many voices issued from the forest. I had cut him off cleverly; but when actually confronting him I seemed to come to my senses, I saw the danger in its right proportion. It was by no means over yet.

Suppose he began to shout? Though he could hardly stand, there was still plenty of vigour in his voice. "Go away - hide yourself," he said, in that profound tone. It was very awful. I glanced back. We were within thirty yards from the nearest fire. A black figure stood up, strode on long black legs, waving long black arms, across the glow. It had horns - antelope horns, I think - on its head. Some sorcerer, some witch-man, no doubt: it looked fiend-like enough.

"Do you know what you are doing?" I whispered. "Perfectly," he answered, raising his voice for that single word: it sounded to me far off and yet loud, like a hail through a speaking-trumpet. If he makes a row we are lost, I thought to myself. This clearly was not a case for fisticuffs, even apart from the very natural aversion I had to beat that Shadow - this wandering and tormented thing. "You will be lost," I said - "utterly lost." One gets sometimes such a flash of inspiration, you know. I did say the right thing, though indeed he could not have been more irretrievably lost than he was at this very moment, when the foundations of our intimacy were being laid - to endure - to endure - even to the end - even beyond.

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

over...

2. There is what might be called the perspectivist interpretation. Here the critics refuse to see Cervantes or the novel as endorsing either the real or the ideal (however those maddening terms are defined), but find that the novel shows an inevitable tension between these two perspectives, each of which appears in some way to have its claim to being an ultimate reality, and each of which is interpreted as part of the inherent human condition. Perspectivism ultimately assumes that life is the interplay of a number of equally real levels of reality. It is a view of life the reader of modern Quixote criticism will immediately recognize, although its prevalence is somewhat deceptive. There has been much discussion of Cervantes' baroque style, his doubleness, his *equivoco* and his perspectivism, but few of the critics who use these terms prove upon examination to be sticking to them as a final basis for judgement. Usually, but not always, critical practice indicates a choice of either the first two readings.

Many readings from the idealist position, for instance, decide with Turgenev that regardless of Don Quixote's comic mishaps, "the ideal itself remains in its untarnished purity." Others repeat that no matter what happens to Don Quixote his "inner dignity remains unassailable," or that his ideals are simply "basically attractive," or that the material world is to be regarded as both Don Quixote's and our own nemesis. Thus, by means of some prior commitment on the part of the critic, Don Quixote's struggle becomes unalterably identified with all that is worthwhile.

Benedetto Croce spelled out the philosophical and psychological assumptions behind these views when he wrote that all of us are in a state of unshakable sympathy with Don Quixote simply because life is itself a process of necessary illusions. "Every man," Croce argued, "no matter how wise he may be or think himself to be, is always wholly enveloped in illusions," and the most we can do is to become "philosophically aware of the logical process whereby all this is proved necessary."

Arthur Efron, *Don Quixote and the Dulcineated World* (1971)