

NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND, GALWAY
OLLSCOIL NA hÉIREANN, GAILLIMH
SEMESTER II EXAMINATIONS, 1999-2000

THIRD ARTS SPANISH
THIRD B.CORPORATE LAW WITH SPANISH

SH301 SPANISH LANGUAGE: PAPER II

Unit Value: 8

Dr. D. J. George
Ms. B. de los Arcos

Time allowed: three hours.

Answer both questions.

Translate the following passages into Spanish.

1. I drove out to see her every week or so. I would ring beforehand, my stomach cramping. I often put the phone down, half-way through dialling. But then I would work up my courage again, knowing that if I was lucky I'd get her in the interval between her being too sick to talk and too drunk to talk. If she seemed lucid enough on the phone, I would hurry out to the flat. Sometimes she was ready for me, sitting on her chair in her crumpled coat, her handbag clutched to her chest with pallid, shaky fingers.

If you fed her the cause for one of her little reminiscences going along in the car, and if you helped her up the steps into the library, and the librarian quickly got her four or five books she would like, and if you sat her then at a sunny window in some hotel lounge with a double gin, she would radiate happiness.

One Sunday I phoned before going out to her. She seemed all right. But she didn't pick her way to the door to unlock it when I rang the bell. I stood on the doorstep, afraid she was dead. I went around to the window and peered through the slats of the blind. She was sprawled on the floor. Her legs were wide. She was snoring. She wasn't dead. She was dead drunk. She had her coat on, so she had been ready for me, but she had overdone whatever drink it was she had glugged down or whatever pills she had gobbled from her palm. I stood outside and banged and banged on the window and shouted at her to get up, get up, raging with grief and anger, and furious with a lifetime's fury at her doing this to me.

Nuala O'Faolain, Are You Somebody?

p.t.o.

2. Art, especially literature, is a great hall of reflection where we can all meet and where everything under the sun can be examined and considered. For this reason, it is feared and attacked by dictators, and by authoritarian moralists such as the one under discussion. The artist is a great informant, at least a gossip, at best a sage, and much loved in both roles. He lends to the elusive particular a local habitation and a name. He sets the works in order and gives us hypothetical hierarchies and intermediate images: like the dialectician he mediates between the one and the many; and though he may artfully confuse us, on the whole he instructs us.

Arts is far and away the most educational thing we have, far more so than its rivals, philosophy and theology and science. The open nature of the work of art, its limitless connections with ordinary life, even its defencelessness against its public are part of its characteristic availability and freedom. The demands of science and philosophy and ultimately of religion are extremely rigorous. It is just as well that there is a high substitute for the spiritual and the speculative life: that few get to the top morally or intellectually is no less than the truth. Art is a great international human language, it is for all. Of course art has no formal 'social role' and artists ought not to feel that they must 'serve their society'. They will automatically serve it if they attend to truth and try to produce the best art (make the most beautiful things) of which they are capable. The connection of truth with beauty means that arts which succeeds in being for itself also succeeds in being for everybody.

Irish Murdoch, *Existentialists and Mystics*