

Licenciatura: Filología Inglesa. **Análisis Contrastivo de Textos (Inglés-Español)**  
Febrero 2007. Duración: dos horas. Material auxiliar: diccionario. Código: 46308-

Nombre.....Apellidos..... Centro Asociado .....  
Domicilio: Ciudad ..... Calle ..... D.P. .... Teléfono ... - .....

### **PREGUNTA TEÓRICA:**

Diferencias entre traducción *comunicativa* y traducción *semántica*.

#### **TRADUCCIÓN DEL INGLÉS AL ESPAÑOL:**

Upon the half decayed veranda of a small frame house that stood near the edge of a ravine near the town of Winesburg, Ohio, a fat little old man walked nervously up and down. Across a long field that had been seeded for clover but that had produced only a dense crop of yellow mustard weeds, he could see the public highway along which went a wagon filled with berry pickers returning from the fields. The berry pickers, youths and maidens, laughed and shouted boisterously. A boy clad in a blue shirt leaped from the wagon and attempted to drag after him one of the maidens, who screamed and protested shrilly. The feet of the boy in the road kicked up a cloud of dust that floated across the face of the departing sun. Over the long field came a thin girlish voice, "Oh you Wing, comb your hair, it's falling into your eyes," commanded the voice to the man, who was bald and whose nervous little hands fiddled about the bare white forehead as though arranging a mass of tangled locks.

Biddlebaum, forever frightened and beset by a ghostly band of doubts, did not think of himself as in any way a part of the life of the town where he had lived for twenty years. Among all the people of Winesburg but one had come close to him. With George Willard, son of Tom Willard, the proprietor of the New Willard House, he had formed something like a friendship. George was the reporter on the *Winesburg Eagle* and sometimes in the evenings he walked out along the highway to Biddlebaum's house. Now as the old man walked up and down on the veranda, his hands moving nervously about, he was hoping that George would come and spend the evening with him. After the wagon containing the berry pickers had passed, he went across the field through the tall mustard weeds and climbing a rail fence peered anxiously along the road to the town. For a moment he stood thus, rubbing his hands together and looking up and down the road, and then, fear overcoming him, ran back to walk again upon the porch on his own house.

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### **PREGUNTA TEÓRICA:**

¿Qué tiene en cuenta principalmente la teoría interpretativa de la traducción?

### **TRADUCCIÓN DEL INGLÉS AL ESPAÑOL:**

Wing Biddlebam talked much with his hands. The slender expressive fingers, forever active, forever striving to conceal themselves in his pockets or behind his back, came forth and became the piston rods of his machinery of expression.

The story of Biddlebaum is a story of hands. Their restless activity, like unto the beating of the wings of an imprisoned bird, had given him his name. Some obscure poet of the town had thought of it. The hands alarmed their owner. He wanted to keep them hidden away and looked with amazement at the quiet inexpressive hands of other men who worked beside him in the fields, or passed, riving sleepy teams on country roads.

When he talked to George Willard, Wing closed his fists and beat with them upon the table or on the walls of his house. The action made him more comfortable. If the desire to talk came to him when the two were walking in the fields, he sought out a sump or the top board of a fence and with his hands pounding busily talked with renewed ease.

The story of Bidlebaum's hands is worth a book in itself. Sympathetically set forth it would tap many strange, beautiful qualities in obscure men. It is a job for a poet. In Winesburg the hands had attracted attention merely because of their activity. With them Wing had picked as high s a hundred and forty quarts of strawberries in a day. They became his distinguishing feature, the source of his fame. Also they made more grotesque an already grotesque and elusive individuality. Winesburg was proud of the hands of Biddlebaum in the same spirit in which it was proud of Banker White's new stone house and Wesley Moyer's bay stallion, Tony Tip, that had won the two-fifteen trot at the fall races in Cleveland.

As for George, he had many times wanted to ask about the hands. At times an almost overwhelming curiosity had taken hold of him. He felt that there must be a reason for their strange activity and their inclination to keep hidden away and only a growing respect for Wing kept him from blurting out the questions that were often in his mind.

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Junio 2007. Duración: dos horas. Material auxiliar: diccionario. Código: 46308-

Nombre.....Apellidos..... Centro Asociado .....  
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### PREGUNTA TEÓRICA:

La teoría de polisistemas aplicada a la traducción.

### TRADUCCIÓN DEL INGLÉS AL ESPAÑOL:

Paris, January 31, 1783

My dearest Sir,

When I had read over your sheets of minutes of the principal incidents of your life, recovered for you by your Quaker acquaintance; I told you I would send you a letter expressing my reasons why I thought it would be useful to complete and publish it as he desired. Various concerns have for some time past prevented this letter being written, and I do not know whether it was worth any expectation: happening to be at leisure however at present, I shall by writing at least interest and instruct myself; but as the terms I am inclined to use may tend to offend a person of your manners, I shall only tell you how I would address any other person, who was as good and as great as yourself, but less diffident. I would say to him, Sir, I *solicit* the history of your life from the following motives.

Your history is so remarkable, that if you do not give it, somebody else will certainly give it; and perhaps so as nearly to do as much harm, as your own management of the thing might do good.

It will moreover present a table of the internal circumstances of your country, which will very much tend to invite to it settlers of virtuous and manly minds. And considering the eagerness with which such information is sought by them, and the extent of your reputation, I do not know of a more efficacious advertisement than your Biography would give.

All that has happened to you is also connected with the detail of the manners and situation of a *rising* people; and in this respect I do not think that the writings of Caesar and Tacitus can be more interesting to a true judge of human nature and society.

But these, Sir, are small reasons in my opinion, compared with the chance which your life will give for the forming of future great men; and in conjunction with your *Art of Virtue* (which you design to publish), of improving the features of private character, and consequently of aiding all happiness both public and domestic.

In the hope therefore that you will listen to the prayer addressed to you in this letter, I beg to subscribe myself, my dearest Sir.

Signed Benj. VAUGHAN  
(From Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*)

Reserva especial

Licenciatura: Filología Inglesa. **Análisis Contrastivo de Textos (Inglés-Español)**

Junio 2007. Duración: dos horas. Material auxiliar: diccionario. Código: 46308-

Apellidos y nombre .....

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### **PREGUNTA TEÓRICA:**

Posibilidad de la traducción: tesis universalista.

### **TRADUCCIÓN DEL INGLÉS AL ESPAÑOL:**

There are people who have loved the novel, but who actually find themselves drowned in its verbiage, and for whom, even in Borne of its approved manifestations, it has become a terror they exert every ingenuity, every hypocrisy, to evade. The indifferent and the alienated testify, at any rate, almost as much as the omnivorous, to the reign of the great ambiguity, the enjoyment of which rests, evidently, on a primary need of the mind.

The novelist can only fall back on that –on his recognition that man's constant demand for what he has to offer is simply man's general appetite for a *picture*. The novel is of all pictures the most comprehensive and the most elastic. It will stretch anywhere –it will take in absolutely anything. And it needs is a subject and a painter. But for its subject, magnificently, it has the whole human consciousness. And if we are pushed a step farther backward, and asked why the representation should be required when the object represented is itself mostly so accessible, the answer to that appears to be that man combines with his eternal desire for more experience an infinite cunning as to getting his experience as cheaply as possible. He will steal it whenever he can. He likes to live the life of others, yet is well aware of the points at which it may too intolerably resemble his own. The vivid fable, more than anything else, gives him this satisfaction on easy terms, gives him knowledge abundant yet vicarious. It enables him to select, to take and to leave; so that to feel he can afford to neglect it he must have a rare faculty, or great opportunities, for the extension of experience –by thought, by emotion, by energy– at first hand.

Yet it is doubtless not this cause alone that contributes to the contemporary deluge; other circumstances operate, and one of them is probably, in truth, if looked into, something of an abatement of the great fortune we have been called upon to admire. [“The Future of the Novel”, by Henry James]

Sept. - 2007  
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Desarrollo

Nacional y U.E.

MATERIAL: Diccionario

1 Prueba Presencial

Hoja: 1 de 1

**PREGUNTA TEÓRICA:**

La traducción ¿ciencia o arte?

**TRADUCCIÓN DEL INGLÉS AL ESPAÑOL:**

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little –a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it– you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily –until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and full upon the vulture eye.

It was open –wide, wide open– and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness– all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now –have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the senses?– now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well too. It was the beating of the old man' heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet. I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! –do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror.

Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me –the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once –once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

“The Tell-Tale Heart”, Edgard Allan Poe



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### PREGUNTA TEÓRICA:

La teoría de polisistemas aplicada a la traducción.

### TRADUCCIÓN DEL INGLÉS AL ESPAÑOL:

Paris, January 31, 1783.

My dearest Sir:

For the furtherance of human happiness, I have always maintained that it is necessary to prove that man is not even at present a vicious and detestable animal; and still more to prove that good management may greatly amend him; and it is for much the same reason, that I am anxious to see the opinion established, that there are fair characters existing among the individuals of the race; for the moment that all men, without exception, shall be conceived abandoned, good people will cease efforts deemed to be hopeless, and perhaps think of taking their share in the scramble of life, or at least of making it comfortable principally for themselves.

Take then, my dear Sir, this work most speedily into hand: show yourself good as you are good, temperate as you are temperate; and above all things, prove yourself as one who from your infancy have loved justice, liberty, and concord, in a way that has made it natural and consistent for you to have acted, as we have seen you act in the last seventeen years of your life. Let Englishmen be made not only to respect, but even to love you. When they think well of individuals in your native country, they will go nearer to thinking well of your country; and when your countrymen see themselves well thought of by Englishmen, they will go nearer to thinking well of England. Extend your views even further; do not stop at those who speak the English tongue, but after having settled so many points in nature and politics, think of bettering the whole race of men.

As I have not read any part of the life in question, but know only the character that lived it, I write somewhat at hazard. I am sure however, that the life, and the treatise I allude to (on the *Art Of Virtue*), will necessarily fulfill the chief of my expectations; and still more so if you take up the measure of suiting these performances to the several views above stated. Should they even prove unsuccessful in all that a sanguine admirer of yours hopes from them, you will at least have framed pieces to interest the human mind; and whoever gives a feeling of pleasure that is innocent to man, has added so much to the fair side of a life otherwise too much darkened by anxiety, and too much injured by pain.

In the hope therefore that you will listen to the prayer addressed to you in this letter, I beg to subscribe myself, my dearest Sir.

Signed Benj. VAUGHAN

(From Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*)

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Desarrollo

Nacional y U.E.

MATERIAL: Diccionario

1 Prueba Presencial

Hoja: 1 de 1

**PREGUNTA TEÓRICA:**

¿Qué tiene en cuenta principalmente la teoría interpretativa de la traducción?

**TRADUCCIÓN DEL INGLÉS AL ESPAÑOL:**

Adolf Myers was driven from the Pennsylvania town in the night. With lanterns in their hands a dozen men came to the door of the house where he lived alone and commanded that he dress and come forth. It was raining and one of the men had a rope in his hands. They had intended to hang the schoolmaster, but something in his figure, so small, white, and pitiful, touched their hearts and they let him escape. As he ran away into the darkness they repented of their weakness and ran after him, swearing and throwing sticks and great balls of soft mud at the figure that screamed and ran faster and faster into the darkness.

For twenty years Adolf Myers had lived alone in Winesburg. He was but forty but looked sixty-five. The name of Biddlebaum he got from the box of goods seen at the freight station as he hurried through an eastern Ohio town. He had an aunt in Winesburg, a black-toothed old woman who raised chickens, and with her he lived until she died. He had been ill for a year after the experience in Pennsylvania, and after his recovery worked as a day laborer in the fields, going timidly about and striving to conceal his hands. Although he did not understand what had happened he felt that the hands must be to blame. Again and again the fathers of the boys had talked of the hands. "Keep your hands to yourself," the saloon keeper had roared, dancing with fury in the schoolhouse yard.

Upon the veranda of his house by the ravine, Wing Biddlebaum continued to walk up and down until the sun had disappeared and the road beyond the field was lost in the grey shadows. Going into his house he cut slices of bread and spread honey upon them. When the rumble of the evening train that took away the express cars loaded with the day's harvest of berries had passed and restored the silence of the summer night, he went again to walk upon the veranda. In the darkness he could not see the hands and they became quiet.

Although he still hungered for the presence of the boy, who was the medium through which he expressed his love of man, the hunger became again a part of his loneliness and his waiting. Lighting a lamp, wing Bidlebaum washed the few dishes soiled by his simple meal and, setting up a folding cot by the screen door that led to the porch, prepared to undress for the night. A few stray white bread crumbs lay on the cleanly washed floor by the table.

"Hands" *Winesburg, Ohio* by Sherwood Anderson

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2 Prueba Presencial

Hoja: 1 de 1

**PREGUNTA TEÓRICA:**

Posibilidad de la traducción: tesis universalista.

**TRADUCCIÓN DEL INGLÉS AL ESPAÑOL:**

Paris, January 31, 1783

My dear and honored friend,

I have often been desirous of writing to thee, but could not be reconciled to the thought that the letter might fall into the hands of the British, lest some printer or busy body should publish some part of the contents, and give our friend pain, and myself censure.

Some time since they fell into my hands, to my great joy, about twenty-three sheets in thy own handwriting, containing an account of the parentage and life of thyself, directed to thy son, ending in the year 1730, with which there were notes, likewise in thy writing; a copy of which I enclose, in hopes it may be a means, if thou continued it up to a later period, that the first and latter part may be put together; and if it is not yet continued, I hope thee will not delay it. Life is uncertain, as the preacher tells us; and what will the world say if kind, humane and benevolent Ben Franklin, should leave his friends and the world deprived of so pleasing and profitable a work; a work which would be useful and entertaining not only to a few, but to millions. The influence writings under that class have on the minds of youth is very great, and has nowhere appeared to me so plain, as in our public friends' journals. It almost insensible leads the youth into the resolution of endeavoring to become as good and eminent as the journalist. Should thine, for instance, when published, (and I think it could not fail of it,) lead the youth to equal the industry and temperance of thy early youth, what a blessing with that class would such a work be! I know of no character living, nor many of them put together, who has so much in his power as thyself to promote a greater spirit of industry and early attention to business, frugality, and temperance with the American youth. Not that I think the work would have no other merit and use in the world; far from it; but the first is of such vast importance, that I know nothing that can equal it.

In the hope therefore that you will listen to the prayer addressed to you in this letter, I beg to subscribe myself, my dearest Sir.

Signed Benj. VAUGHAN

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