



Procedemento selectivo de ingreso e acceso ao corpo de  
profesores de escolas oficiais de idiomas

Código 592

Especialidade 011 inglés

APELIDOS E NOME: .....

**PRIMEIRA PROBA - PARTE A**  
**(PROBA PRÁCTICA)**

**ANÁLISE DE TEXTO: OPCIONS A e B**

Indicacións xerais

- Empregue bolígrafo de tinta azul ou negra, indeleble, de material transparente (tipo *Bic cristal* ou similar).
- Use lapis e goma unicamente como elemento auxiliar, pero só se corraxirá o que estea finalmente escrito con bolígrafo.
- Non empregue fitas ou fluídos correctores; de necesitar anular algunha parte do escrito bastará con un X ou con unha niña sobre o escrito.
- Ao finalizar, introduza a proba completada no sobre e indique no exterior “Opción A” ou “Opción B”. Peche o sobre e asine a lapela.

Choose text A or B.

1. Identify the type of text. Discuss its communicative functions, both primary and secondary, and stylistic resources.
2. Make a morphological, syntactic, phonological and semantic analysis of the text.
3. Explain how you would use this text in class. Describe the tasks you would use and specify which course they would be most appropriate for.

## OPTION A

### Excerpt from *A Man without a Country*

I am from a family of artists. But my father, who was a painter and an architect, was so hurt by the Depression, when he was unable to make a living, that he thought I should have nothing to do with the arts. He warned me away from the arts because he had found them so useless as a way of producing money. He told me I could go to college only if I studied something serious, something practical.

As an undergraduate at Cornell I was a chemistry major because my brother was a big-shot chemist. Critics feel that a person cannot be a serious artist and also have had a technical education, which I had. I know that customarily English departments in universities, without knowing what they're doing, teach dread of the engineering department, the physics department, and the chemistry department. And this fear, I think, is carried over into criticism. Most of our critics are products of English departments and are very suspicious of anyone who takes an interest in technology. So, anyway, I was a chemistry major, but I'm always winding up as a teacher in English departments, so I have brought scientific thinking to literature. There's been very little gratitude for this. I became a so-called science fiction writer when someone decreed that I was a science fiction writer. I did not want to be classified as one, so I wondered in what way I'd offended that I would not get credit for being a serious writer. I decided that it was because I wrote about technology, and most fine American writers know nothing about technology. I think that novels that leave out technology misrepresent life as badly as Victorians misrepresented life by leaving out sex.

I was a writer in 1968. I was a hack. I'd write anything to make money, you know. And what the hell, I'd seen this thing [the bombing of Dresden]. I'd been through it, and so I was going to write a hack book about Dresden. You know, the kind that would be made into a movie and where Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra and the others would play us. I tried to write, but I just couldn't get it right. I kept writing crap.



So I went to a friend's house – Bernie O'Hare, who'd been my pal. And we were trying to remember funny stuff about our time as prisoners of war in Dresden, tough talk and all that, stuff that would make a nifty war movie. And his wife, Mary O'Hare, blew her stack. She said, 'You were nothing but babies then.' And that is true of soldiers. They are in fact babies. They are not movie stars. They are not Duke Wayne. And realizing that was the key. I was finally free to tell the truth. We were children and the subtitle of *Slaughterhouse Five* became *The Children's Crusade*.

Why had it taken me twenty-three years to write about what I had experienced in Dresden? We all came home with stories, and we all wanted to cash in, one way or another. And what Mary O'Hare was saying, in effect, was, 'Why don't you tell the truth for a change?'

You know, the truth can be really powerful stuff. You're not expecting it. Of course, another reason not to talk about war is that it's unspeakable.

If you want to really hurt your parents, the least you can do is go into the arts. I'm not kidding. The arts are not a way to make a living. They are a very human way of making life more bearable. Practicing an art, no matter how well or badly, is a way to make your soul grow, for heaven's sake. Sing in the shower. Dance to the radio. Tell stories. Write a poem to a friend, even a lousy poem. Do it as well as you possibly can. You will get an enormous reward. You will have created something.

Vonnegut, Kurt. "A Man Without A Country", 2005

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## OPTION B

### ***Browbeating***

At the Book Bench, Macy Halford writes today about the tempest stirred up by a post yesterday in which she alludes to the "grand middlebrow tradition." At first, I, too, was bewildered, not by the derogatory nature of the term, but—on the contrary—by her apparent non-pejorative use of it. Yet, upon reflection, it seems fairly obvious that venue is one thing, intention another—or, rather, that brow level is independent of artistic quality. It's widely understood that some lowbrow work, made for widest and easiest consumption, is endowed with genius, and that some highbrow work, intended for audiences of connoisseurs or academicians, is, despite its creators' serious intentions, devoid of life. Thus "highbrow" and "lowbrow" are generally value-neutral terms.

Yet "middlebrow" endures as a sort of insult—likely due to its median position, one that suggests both the dumbing-down of weighty intentions to reach a wide audience and the gussying-up of the crude or the plain for the sake of respectability. And there are certainly forms of art that—historically, economically, and culturally—have been restricted to cognoscenti; attempts to



popularize them are indeed often artistic voids. On the other hand, I think that the real artistic middlebrow is ubiquitous and central—and that contempt for it is tantamount to (and as empty as) an adolescent repugnance for the “bourgeois.” Many of the greatest novels are middlebrow. Dickens, Dreiser, and Cather; Fitzgerald and Hemingway; Updike and Cheever; Bellow, Mailer, Heller, Roth, and Malamud (sounds like a law firm); even Tolstoy (though not Dostoyevsky, who, I think, was pulled both low and high); certainly not Henry James or James Joyce or Beckett or Faulkner or Pynchon (except at the start). O.K., just a handful of names; but it’s worth considering that in fact the main mode—and much of the best—of novelist creation is middlebrow, meant neither for the widest possible readership nor for a small coterie of cognoscenti, but for generally educated readers.

Of course, it’s interesting to consider brow-shifts—how novelists, here and elsewhere, have confronted the overt intellectualism of some of their great forebears and contemporaries as well as the adoption of modern literature by universities (and also changes in the marketplace and in reading habits). And it’s apparent that any audience, at any educational level, entails expectations (including ideological ones) that artists meet or defy in ways that merit study. But I think it’s time to stifle revulsion at the word “middlebrow” or else to retire the term, because, as we know now (perhaps better than at any earlier time), the work is all that matters.

The question is of particular interest regarding movies, where these distinctions take on added significance by the fact that movies themselves were long despised by many intellectuals as irredeemably lowbrow and where, to this day, the attempt to render the medium respectable results in stultifying literary adaptations and royal romances. But in the same way that good novels remain unharmed by genteel best-sellers without necessarily inhabiting a different genre, so Sofia Coppola’s “*Marie Antoinette*,” Jacques Rivette’s “*The Duchess of Langeais*,” and Catherine Breillat’s “*The Last Mistress*” aren’t different in kind from “*The King’s Speech*,” just better.

Brody, Richard. “*Browbeating*.” *The New Yorker*. February 10, 2011



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## LISTENING COMPREHENSION 1

You are going to listen to an audio documentary about the Bauhaus movement including interview extracts with various guests such as Professor Goad and Walter Gropius himself, among others.

As you listen do the two tasks:

### TASK 1

Read the notes below and listen carefully to the recording. Fill in the gaps with the exact words you hear. Then, in BLOCK CAPITALS, complete the missing information with a **maximum of FOUR WORDS**. Use the **exact words** which appear in the recording.

The Bauhaus movement was architect Walter Gropius's <sup>1</sup> _____.
Scott Wales sets out to discover why the Bauhaus remains a <sup>2</sup> _____ of Modernism.
The Bauhaus was a laboratory investigating the various ways to <sup>3</sup> _____ among disciplines.
It was a future-targeted movement, while at the same time not being a/an <sup>4</sup> _____ of the past.
At the Bauhaus, future architects should know something of <sup>5</sup> _____ as an instrument to achieve a final result.
According to Gropius, architects would only fully understand the products by marrying the technicalities to the <sup>6</sup> _____ of the human being.
The teachers were carefully chosen and <sup>7</sup> _____ from all over Europe.
The narrator is struck by the <sup>8</sup> _____ of the Dessau Campus.
The <sup>9</sup> _____ of the school is symbolized by simple geometric forms.
Hiring painters such as Kandinsky and Klee might <sup>10</sup> _____ with the teaching of architecture and design, but it helped Gropius' ultimate purpose.
Gropius thought painters of the modern time would be able to bring in a new <sup>11</sup> _____.
The campus architecture in Dessau signaled the <sup>12</sup> _____.
The members were able to resume their careers within their own <sup>13</sup> _____.
Prof Goad's retrospective focuses on Bauhauslers who were <sup>14</sup> _____ in the UK and took refuge in Australia.
Goad thinks the movement has been <sup>15</sup> _____ and somehow misinterpreted.

## LISTENING COMPREHENSION 2

How do our brains change as we get older? You are going to listen to a radio podcast where Noelle McCarthy explores this issue with the help of neuroscientist Dr Richard Faull and NZ Poet Laureate CK Stead.

As you listen do the two tasks:

### TASK 1

Read the notes below and listen carefully to the recording. Fill in the gaps with the exact words you hear. Then, in BLOCK CAPITALS, complete the missing information with a **maximum of FOUR WORDS**. Use the **exact words** which appear in the recording.

The plastinated brain has been infiltrated with a <sup>1</sup> _____.
In the frontal areas, there is a little bit of <sup>2</sup> _____ between the folds.
The Medical Science's Learning Center is considered <sup>3</sup> _____.
People often wonder about the location of your personality, mind and <sup>4</sup> _____.
Our brain is the center of all of our <sup>5</sup> _____.
Old age brings about the <sup>6</sup> _____.
It was thought that a natural consequence of growing older was <sup>7</sup> _____.
The older you get, the less ability you have to make new brain cells according to <sup>8</sup> _____.
CK Stead indicates he <sup>9</sup> _____ go on doing the same things.
CK Stead thought that 3 score years and 10 was the biblical <sup>10</sup> _____ for life.
Instead of the pleasure of being 70, CK Stead now feels the slight <sup>11</sup> _____ of being 83.
The Death of the Body had a/an <sup>12</sup> _____.
The intellectual challenge of a writer's life provides stimulation <sup>13</sup> _____.
Einstein and Stead's intellectual careers, born of long habit and constant practice, were <sup>14</sup> _____ in early age.
According to Dr Faull, the challenge in life is to find out what things really <sup>15</sup> _____.

**TASK 2.** WRITE A SUMMARY OF THE RECORDING IN 200 WORDS.

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## PRIMEIRA PROBA - PARTE A

### (PROBA PRÁCTICA)

#### AUDICIÓN

Indicacións xerais

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#### ESTRUTURA DA PROBA

**(5')**

Audición Proba A

**(30'')**

Audición Proba B

**(2')**

Audición Proba A

**(30'')**

Audición Proba B

**(15')**

Entrega da proba





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APELIDOS E NOME: .....

**PRIMEIRA PROBA - PARTE A**  
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**TRADUCIÓN: OPCIONS A e B**

Indicacións xerais

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### 3. TRANSLATE INTO ENGLISH

Choose a text (Option A or Option B) and then, translate it into English.

#### OPTION A

##### **Ébora, Xosé Carlos Caneiro (Galician original version)**

Pechou os ollos con forza, querendo que eles tragasen, como bocas, as bágoas que pelexaban por saír á superficie. Insistiu. Outra vez. Outra máis. Consequiu. As bágoas eran ríos de lama que por veces visitaban o seu rostro con teimosía, visitaban a súa alma, pensaba el, único lugar onde podían acudir os prantos e chorares pérfidos que rillan por veces o seu corazón mancado. Por iso anotara algunha vez no caderno: “As lágrimas só poden percorrer a alma, polo tanto, alma e pel son a mesma cousa, unha e outra van unidas, indisolubles. As grandes e perpetuas emocións do ser humano, as emocións que nos constrúen e destrúen, son parte da alma e parte da pel.”

Despois do pensamento escribía esas emocións que el consideraba fundamentais para o ser humano, as emocións que o constrúen e destrúen, as emocións salvadoras. E logo de escribilas, pensaba na primeira e primaria e primixenia, o amor. O amor, tan olvidado, gardábao intacto gracias a Margarita Vega, única muller que durante tantos e tantos anos de desgraciado matrimonio foi quen de manter acesa, fervente, a labarada da paixón no seu interior náufrago. Era preciso exercitarse na tarefa do amor a diario, non esquecerlo, regresar a el con pertinaz contumacia.

\* \* \*

##### **(Spanish translation)**

Cerró los ojos con fuerza, queriendo que ellos tragasen, como bocas, las lágrimas que peleaban por salir a la superficie. Insistió. Otra vez. Otra más. Lo consiguió. Las lágrimas eran ríos de barro que a veces visitaban su rostro con obstinación, visitaban su alma, pensaba él, único lugar al que podían acudir los lamentos y llorares pérfidos que roen a veces su corazón herido. Por eso había anotado alguna vez en su cuaderno: «Las lágrimas solo pueden recorrer el alma, por tanto, alma y piel son la misma cosa, una y otra van unidas, indisolubles. Las grandes y perpetuas emociones del ser humano, las emociones que nos construyen y destruyen, son parte del alma y de la piel.»

Después del pensamiento escribía esas emociones que él consideraba fundamentales para el ser humano, las emociones que lo construyen y destruyen, las emociones salvadoras. Y, después de escribirlas, pensaba en la primera y primaria y primigenia, el amor. El amor, tan olvidado, lo guardaba intacto gracias a Margarita Vega, única mujer que durante tantos y tantos años de desgraciado matrimonio fue capaz de mantener encendida, hirviente, la llamarada de la pasión en su interior náufrago. Era preciso ejercitarse en la tarea del amor a diario, no olvidarlo, regresar a él con pertinaz contumacia.

## OPTION B

### ***Patria*, Fernando Aramburu (Spanish original version)**

Golpeó la atención de Miren el destello de una llanta. Le bastó una reducida concentración de luz matinal en la bicicleta de Joxian para evocar el lejano episodio. ¿El escenario? Aquella misma cocina. La memoria le trajo lo primero de todo el temblor de sus manos mientras preparaba la cena. Sólo de recordarlo le vino un amago del sofoco que por aquel entonces ella atribuyó al calor y al humo que subían de la sartén. Ni con la ventana abierta lograba una toma de aire satisfactoria.

Las nueve y media, las diez, y por fin lo sintió llegar. El inconfundible ruido de las pisadas en la escalera del edificio. Qué manía de subir corriendo. Se va a enterar.

Entró, grande, diecinueve años, la melena hasta los hombros y el maldito pendiente. Joxe Mari, niño, sano, robusto, comilón, había crecido hasta convertirse en un mozo alto y ancho. Sacaba dos palmos de altura a todos los miembros de la familia menos al pequeño, que también venía alto, aunque era de otra naturaleza, no sé, Gorka era delgado, frágil; según Joxian, con más cerebro.

Cejas enfadadas, no lo dejó acercarse a darle un beso.

—¿De dónde vienes?

Como si no lo supiese.

\* \* \*

### **(Galician translation)**

Bateu na atención de Miren o escintileo dunha pina. Bastoulle unha reducida concentración da luz matinal na bicicleta de Joxian para evocar o distante episodio. O escenario? Aquela mesma cociña. A memoria tróuxolle o primeiro de todo o tremor das súas mans mentres preparaba a cea. Só con recordalo veulle o asomo do acoro que por aquel entón atribuíra á calor e ao fume que subían da tixola. Nin coa ventá aberta lograba unha toma de aire satisfactoria.

As nove e media, as dez, e, á fin, sentiuno chegar. O inconfundible ruído das pisaduras na escaleira do edificio. Que teima de subir a correr. Vaime oír.

Entrou, grande, dezanove anos, a melena até os ombreiros e o maldito pendiente. Joxe Mari, neno, san, varudo, lambón, crecera até se converter nun mozo alto e largo. Sacáballes dous palmos de altura a todos os membros da familia agás ao pequeno, que tamén viña alto, aínda que era doutra natureza, non sei, Gorka era magro, fráxil; segundo Joxian, con máis cerebro.

Cellas enfadadas, non o deixou achegarse para lle dar un bico.

—De onde vés?

Como se non o soubese.



A large rectangular area with a dotted border, intended for writing or drawing.