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PART 1

Cambridge English

PROFICIENCY

CERTIFICATE OF PROFICIENCY IN ENGLISH

WITH ANSWERS

AUTHENTIC EXAMINATION PAPERS
FROM CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH
LANGUAGE ASSESSMENT

You are going to read an extract from a book about music. For questions 34–40, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

Folk Music & Blues Music

The most crucial, as well as the most frequently overlooked, point about 'folk music' is that the constituency whom it most truly represents doesn't consider it to be 'folk music', but simply their music. 'Folk music' is, invariably, a term applied from outside the cultures and communities to which it refers. In terms of theory, 'folk music' – the traditional set of forms, styles and songs indigenous to a people, a culture or a locale – is radically distinguishable from 'art' music, of both the classical and avant-garde varieties, and from 'popular' music, mass-produced for and mass-marketed to a mass audience. In practice, it's getting harder and harder to tell them apart.

Before the advent of recording, distinctions between categories of music were not so much based on the music itself as on who it was by and for. Such distinctions were a reflection of the class system, which is not surprising since these are essentially European definitions, and reflect prevailing European social structures. European classical music operates according to a strict hierarchical structure, with the composer (the monarch, so to speak) at the top. The composer's wishes are interpreted and enforced by the conductor (the general) and carried out by the orchestra (the troops). During their lifetimes, the great composers often also functioned as the featured soloists, but after their deaths their music became fixed and formalised; those who succeeded them rarely inherited their licence to improvise.

The classic model of 'folk' is the similarly formal tradition of the Anglo-American ballads, with their fixed musical structures and set narrative lines. To perform one of these ballads, a singer is by definition required to preserve intact both its storyline and its musical setting. The Anglo-American use of the term 'folk' music implies that such music exists, simply and solely, to fulfil the needs of a particular community. They develop it by and for themselves over a period of centuries as part of a single collective process, only slightly more personal to any given individual than the shaping of a rock by water. Through oral transmission, it filters down through the generations, serving both as a touchstone of the community's history and values, and as an index of how its communal life has changed. It is this latter attribute which many traditionalists find alarming or repugnant. For them, the key element is the preservation of a piece's pure and unsullied essence, and the imposition of an alien style onto a traditional piece is deemed an act of presumption

verging on outright heresy: at the very least, it effectively amputates the piece from its native roots.

In the blues world, the picture is far more complex. Blues obeys a different set of imperatives and simultaneously holds the following truths to be self-evident: yes, there is a strong and very clearly defined tradition, and, yes, its practitioners are expected to improvise freely within it, recreating it anew to meet the immediate needs of both performer and audience. There are set themes, and there are specified functions: dance songs, work songs, celebrations, laments, love songs, hate songs, and so forth. The tradition is unfixed; indeed, it demands to be freshly reinvented with each performance, recreated anew to reflect the changing needs and circumstances of its time and place. Blues artists both ancient and modern have worked from a 'common stock' of folk materials: instrumental motifs and vocal tics, melodies, lyrical tags, chord progressions and even complete songs are derived directly from the tradition, and some of them long predate the era of recording, let alone the conventional mechanics of publishing and copyright laws. What counts above all in the blues is individuality: the development of a unique and unmistakable voice, the ability to place an ineradicable personal stamp on those 'common stock' materials freely available to all. While instrumental dexterity, vocal facility and stylistic versatility are heartily respected within the blues community, what distinguishes the truly great from the merely professional is the fully realized man (or woman)'s communicated essence of self; the ability to serve as a conduit for the full gamut of human emotion, to feel those emotions with sufficient depth and intensity to reach out and touch listeners in places that those listeners might not even have known that they had. Without exception, every blues singer who has managed to pull ahead of the pack or haul himself (or herself) from the hordes of hopefuls chasing the blues-lovers' dollar has this quality. Any competent blues artist should have the ability to entertain – those who don't should simply find another line of work before they starve to death – but the measure of true mastery, from the 1920s pioneers to the contemporary brand leaders, is the scale on which performers are capable of being themselves in public. And, by extension, the depth and complexity of that self. To serve as a neutral transmitter simply doesn't cut it here.

- 34 What point does the writer make about the term 'folk music' in the first paragraph?
- A It is no longer possible to be clear about what it covers.
 - B It has become totally outdated.
 - C It is resented by certain people.
 - D It is sometimes wrongly applied to certain types of music.
- 35 Which of the following does the writer say about European classical music?
- A Criticism of its rigid structure is commonplace.
 - B Too much respect is paid to composers while they are alive.
 - C It could not function without the obedience of those involved.
 - D The system by which it operates affects its quality.
- 36 The writer uses the image of a rock to illustrate
- A the role that 'folk' music plays in people's lives.
 - B the strength of the tradition of 'folk' music.
 - C the process by which 'folk' music is created.
 - D the unchanging nature of 'folk' music.
- 37 The writer says that certain people disapprove of some kinds of 'folk' music on the grounds that
- A it fails to exploit the music's true spirit.
 - B it misrepresents the way their community lives.
 - C it combines styles which do not sound good together.
 - D it shows disrespect for the traditions of the music.
- 38 The writer repeats the word 'yes' near the beginning of the fourth paragraph to
- A underline that he really means what he is saying.
 - B emphasise that contrasting beliefs co-exist within blues music.
 - C anticipate the reader's questions about blues music.
 - D convey his personal enthusiasm for blues music.
- 39 What does the writer imply about the 'common stock' of materials in blues music?
- A Some artists are less keen to make use of it than others.
 - B Certain themes within it vary in popularity from time to time.
 - C It is difficult to prove who wrote songs contained in it.
 - D It is unlikely to maintain its popularity.
- 40 What does the writer imply about individuality in blues music?
- A It is more highly regarded than great musical ability.
 - B It involves drawing on experiences unique to the particular performer.
 - C It includes the expression of a surprising combination of emotions.
 - D It is more likely to be conveyed vocally than by the playing of an instrument.

You are going to read an extract from a novel. For questions 34–40, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

2

SAM AND HIS FATHER

Sam pushed open the front door. His father, Mike, was sitting in his chair, watching daytime TV. 'Do you want to watch this?' Sam asked pointedly. The yammering faces of the talk show filled the screen with stories of outrage, attended by resentment and rancour.

'I thought maybe we could talk,' Sam added.

He moved his father's stick from beside his chair so that he could pull his own seat closer, partly blocking out the TV screen. The result was that they sat almost knee to knee. Sam could have reached and taken Mike's hand between his own, but he didn't. They had never gone in for touching, not since Sam was a little boy.

Mike's response was to aim the remote and lower the volume by a couple of decibels. Then he turned to look his son in the face.

'I didn't qualify,' Sam said.

There were two, three beats of silence.

Mike rubbed the corner of his mouth with a horny thumb. 'Huh?'

'I ran in Pittsburgh last week. It was the Olympic Trials.'

Sam had been training for the City of Pittsburgh Marathon ever since the USA Track & Field international competition committee had announced that the Olympic men's marathon team would once again be decided, as it had been for more than thirty years, by a single race. And for Sam it had been one of those days when the running machine had kept stalling and finally quit. He didn't suffer many of them, but when the machinery did let him down it was usually to do with the weight of expectation binding and snagging. His father's expectations, specifically. Sam was fully aware of the dynamic between them, but awareness didn't change it or diminish the effects. Even now.

'I didn't know.'

The old man's face didn't give much away. He just went on looking at Sam, waiting for him to explain himself.

It was so characteristic, Sam thought, that he wouldn't have known or found out about the run even though his son was a contender for the US Olympic team. But it was equally characteristic, Sam acknowledged, that he hadn't told his father about Pittsburgh. He had qualified for the trials by running a time better than two hours twenty in a national championship race and he had called Mike immediately afterwards to tell him so.

'That's pretty good,' had been the entire response.

In adulthood, Sam had trained himself not to resent or rise

to his father's lack of enthusiasm. It's the way he is, he reasoned. He wanted me to do one thing and I did another. But even so, that time Mike had seemed particularly grudging. And so he had not told him anything more about the big race beforehand, or called him with the bad news once it was over. Instead, he had waited a week and then come down to visit the old man. He had played various versions of this scene in his head, giving Mike lines to express commiseration, or encouragement for next time, or plain sympathy – but the most cheerless scenario had been closest to reality.

Mike was neither surprised nor sympathetic, he was just disappointed. As he had been plenty of times before. The pattern was set now.

'So what happened?' Mike asked at last.

Sam caught himself shrugging and tried to stop it. 'I was fit enough and I felt good on the start. I don't know. I just couldn't make it work.'

Mike went on looking at him, saying nothing.

'There's always the next Olympics.' Sam smiled, thinking within himself: It should be the other way round. You should be saying that to me.

'I was looking forward to you bringing home that gold.' Mike nodded to the mantel, as if there were a space there, among the pictures of mountains and bearded men, that was bereaved of his son's Olympic medal.

'I'd have been happy enough just to go to the Olympics and represent my country. It never was just about winning, Dad,' Sam said patiently.

'No.'

The monosyllable was a taunt, expertly flicked, that dug into Sam like the barb of a fish-hook.

It's the way he is, Sam reminded himself. It's because he's bitter about his own life. And he's entitled to a grouse this time. He would have been proud of me if I'd made it, so it's understandable he should feel the opposite way now.

'I'm sorry I didn't make it this time. It was tough for me as well. But I won't stop running. It means a lot to me.'

'Keep at it while you still can,' Mike agreed. 'You're lucky.' Do you want me to say I'm sorry for that, as well? Sam wondered.

Mike had already turned his gaze over his son's shoulder, back towards the jeering audience on the television. The volume went up again.

4

- 34 When Sam sat down,
- A he made sure that he didn't sit too close to the TV screen.
 - B his father made it clear that he didn't want Sam to touch him.
 - C he did not feel that it would be natural for him to hold his father's hand.
 - D a feeling that he had had as a child came back to him.
- 35 Sam felt that his failure in the race in Pittsburgh
- A proved that his relationship with his father had not changed.
 - B was something that his father would have considered predictable.
 - C was probably more due to physical than psychological causes.
 - D highlighted the unfairness of the selection policy for the Olympics.
- 36 Before going to visit his father, Sam had
- A worried about some of the things he was going to say.
 - B been too hopeful when imagining what would happen.
 - C tried to forget how disappointed his father would be.
 - D rejected a number of ways of handling the situation.
- 37 When Sam told his father what had happened in the race in Pittsburgh, Sam
- A was aware of the absence of words of encouragement from his father.
 - B was determined to give the impression that he didn't feel very bad about it.
 - C found it hard to understand why his father had so little to say.
 - D made it clear that he did not feel it had been all his own fault.
- 38 When the subject of an Olympic medal was mentioned,
- A Sam was puzzled by his father's response.
 - B his father's mood seemed to change.
 - C his father made it clear to Sam that he disliked Sam's attitude to winning.
 - D Sam realised that his father was concealing his true feelings from him.
- 39 At the end of the conversation, Sam felt that his father
- A hadn't been listening to him properly.
 - B resented the fact that Sam could continue running.
 - C enjoyed complaining about things.
 - D should have been more consistent in his attitudes.
- 40 Which of the following best sums up the relationship between Sam and his father?
- A Sam's father actually liked him more than he was able to show.
 - B Sam was rather confused as to why his father took such little interest in him.
 - C Sam's father unintentionally caused him misery.
 - D Sam generally tried not to think too badly of his father.

You are going to read an extract from a book about the United States. For questions 34–40, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

3

Sound and Fury

If I had to instruct a stranger on the contrasts between the United States and Britain, I would start with some televised weather reports from the two countries.

In Britain, the weather is presented in a mild, diffident, terribly-sorry-for-the-inconvenience manner. There's not much variety or excitement. The typical British weatherman appears in front of the camera with his head lowered, shoulders hunched, hands clasped and jacket buttoned. He speaks softly, almost meekly, as if telling a child's bedtime story. He points to curvy isobars that bend into the country from the sea. They all seem to mean the same thing. He might talk positively about 'sun and showers' or 'sunny spells', but usually the day will be 'dull'. In Britain the weather is so lacking in spirit that it is reported apologetically.

In America, on the other hand, the weather is pitched with the verve customarily reserved for a used-car lot. American weathermen report the next day's outlook as if they were trying to sell it to you. There's always a lot to talk about and big things are happening out there. Most prognostications are delivered in a 'you're-not-going-to-believe-me tone of voice. There are heatwaves in one part of the country and blizzards in another. Hot fronts and cold fronts march across the map. A freeze oozes ominously down from the Canadian wastes, and a tropical storm builds up in the Caribbean. American weather is raucous, and so are American weathermen.

American weather is also intimidating in a manner you hardly ever see in the equable British climate. Americans know their weather and they watch it warily. In my wife's home town in South Carolina, for example, the heat comes early in the year, balmy and lulling at the start of spring. But by the summer high it spreads out across the land like a heavy duvet. You can almost cup the humidity in your hands, and it's impossible to take more than a few steps without breaking into a glistening sweat. There is no relief at night. And when it rains there, it rains apocalyptically. The heat gathers itself up in a darkening sky, and by the afternoon there is a still, humid anticipation that something epic is about to burst. The trees rustle and the land goes quiet until a sudden split of lightning streaks across the black heaven and a cracking slip of thunder makes the clouds rumble. The earth shakes and the rain comes down as if the bottom of the sky had collapsed under its weight. It beats against the land in fat, hammering drops, filling the streets with torrents.

As rainy as it is in Britain, it never rains this way. Here, the sky looks like a grey veil. It often seems about to rain but it takes for ever to get on with it. And when the rain finally comes, it sprays down as if the sky had sprung a couple of small leaks, and you think more of nourishment than calamity.

The American climate can be so quixotic and so destructive that the federal government and the National Weather Service have established a network of 450 radio transmitters across the nation to beam warnings of potential hazards to unwary communities, and commercial radio stations are required to test their civil emergency systems at regular intervals. An American cable television channel offers twenty-four-hour coverage of the weather. The Federal Emergency Management Agency is geared to respond to the natural disasters that regularly afflict the nation, and a president or state governor runs major political risks if he fails to react swiftly enough to a civil calamity.

The moderation of British weather and the volatility of American weather fit naturally with the character of the two countries. The climate in Britain is hardly ever out of sorts. A wind storm or drought are major aberrations. Except for the swings of daylight, it's sometimes difficult to tell one season from another, so subtle are the shifts in pattern.

American weather is the opposite. A meteorological study once concluded that there were two places on earth which could boast the world's worst weather; the Gobi Desert and Amarillo, Texas. For extremes of heat, cold, wind, rain and so forth, it's hard to beat Amarillo. But what is true of Texas is more or less true of the rest of the country as well. In 1995, a heatwave incinerated the Midwest and East Coast with temperatures as high as 43°C reported daily for a week. On average there are 106 complete days of fog in the appropriately named Cape Disappointment, Washington, and in nearby and inappropriately named Paradise 3, 109 cm of snow fell in the winter of 1972. And in the winter of 1993, the wind chill temperature in Devil's Lake, Wisconsin touched -33°C.

Drizzle and sunny spells in Britain. The climate is moderate and restrained, with no extremes of anything, and so the isle is green and providential. Fire and ice in America. The climate is fearsome and doesn't work by half-measures.

6

- 34 It is the writer's opinion that British weathermen
- A are not aware that they are being patronising to viewers.
 - B talk as if they are personally responsible for the weather.
 - C do not feel that weather reports ought to be entertaining.
 - D have little enthusiasm for presenting weather reports on TV.
- 35 The writer says that US weather reports
- A are intended to impress viewers.
 - B tend to exaggerate the real situation.
 - C are often rather confusing for viewers.
 - D tend to be entertaining rather than informative.
- 36 What does the writer seek to illustrate by mentioning the weather in his wife's home town?
- A the tendency of American people to complain about the weather
 - B how unpleasant he finds certain weather conditions
 - C the unpredictable nature of the weather in certain parts of America
 - D why Americans treat the climate with such respect
- 37 What does the writer say about rain in Britain?
- A He looks forward to it.
 - B There is less of it than people think.
 - C It gives no cause for anxiety.
 - D It depresses people living there.
- 38 The writer mentions the US federal government to illustrate
- A how important an issue the weather is in America.
 - B past failures to deal efficiently with problems caused by the weather.
 - C how complicated the situation is concerning the weather in America.
 - D the public's annoyance when terrible weather conditions suddenly affect them.
- 39 What does the writer mean when he says that the climate in Britain is 'hardly ever out of sorts' (lines 68-69)?
- A that it has a calming influence
 - B that it is virtually unique
 - C that it is mostly very predictable
 - D that people seldom remark on it
- 40 The writer includes Cape Disappointment in his list of places in the United States because
- A it is a place that got its name as a result of the weather conditions there.
 - B it has bad weather conditions a great deal of the time.
 - C it has extreme weather conditions that are not typical in America.
 - D it is a place with a bad reputation among Americans on account of its weather.

You are going to read a magazine article. For questions 34–40, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

4

Getting a life – the state of biography today

line 3 During a decade in which the British publishing industry was finally obliged to make watchful friends with business, biography has line-managed the cultural transition beautifully. The best biographies still brim with scholarship but they also sell in their thousands. Readers – ordinary ones with birthday presents to get, book vouchers to spend and rainy holidays to fill – love buying books about the life and times of their favourite people. Every year before Christmas, a lorry load of brick-thick biographies appears on the suggestion table in bookshops.

That biography has done so well is thanks to fiction's vacation of middle-ground, that place where authorial and readerly desire just about match. Novels in the last ten years, unable to claim the attention of the common reader, have dispersed across several registers, with the high ground still occupied by those literary novels which continue to play with post-modern concerns about the narrator's impotence, the narrator's fibs and the hero's failure to actually exist.

Biography, by contrast, has until recently shown no such unsettling humility. At its heart lies the biological plot, the birth-to-death arc with triumphs and children, perhaps a middle-aged slump or late-flowering dotted along the way. Pages of footnotes peg this central story, this actual life, into a solid, teeming context. Here was a man or woman who wrote letters, had friends, ate breakfast and smelt a certain way. The process of being written about rematerialises the subject on the page. Writing a life becomes a way of reaffirming that life itself endures.

Until now, that is. Recently biography has started to display all the quivering self-scrutiny which changed the face of fiction twenty years ago. Exhaustion now characterises the genre. All the great lives have been done. But there are ways of proceeding. Ian Hamilton was the pioneer who failed to find J.D. Salinger. Five years later, Janet Malcolm's study of Sylvia Plath, *The Silent Woman*, brilliantly exposed the way in which academics and biographers stalk and hunt one another around the globe in a bid to possess and devour their subject.

The latest in this tradition of books about writing – or not writing – biography is Geoff Dyer's *Out of Sheer Rage*, in which he plots his failure to get started on a study of D.H. Lawrence. Dyer describes every delaying trick familiar to

biographers: lugging heavy editions of letters on holiday and then not bothering to unpack; having a motorcycle accident (an extreme prevarication, but preferable to staring at a blank screen); and finally forcing himself to re-read the subject's novels without any pleasure. 'Footstepping' is the new word to describe this approach; 'lifewriting' has become the favoured term on university courses. In the wrong hands, it can become 'so-whatish'. Writers less accomplished than Dyer, Hamilton or Malcolm could be accused of annexing some of their subjects' clout to get mediocre work into print.

The second approach is to write a partial biography, to line 53 take a moment or a strand in the subject's life and follow it through without any claims for completeness. This year Ian Hamilton entered the biographical arena again with a slim, sharp examination of why Matthew Arnold stopped writing good poetry once he took up his job as a school inspector. Earlier, Lyndall Gordon's *A Private Life of Henry James* tracked the great man through his odd relationship with two of his female muses. Far from claiming to displace Leon Edel's 'definitive' biography of James, Gordon's book hovered over it, reconfiguring the material into a new and crisper pattern.

The final tack is to move away from a single life altogether, and look at the places where it encounters other events. Dava Sobel's best-selling *Longitude* puts a cultural puzzle at the heart of her story and reads human lives against it. Sebastian Jünger's *The Perfect Storm*, meanwhile, makes the weather its subject, placing the seamen who encounter it into second place. No longer able to demonstrate a human life shaping its destiny, biographers have been obliged to subordinate their subjects to an increasingly detailed context.

Biography will survive its jitters, but it will emerge looking and sounding different. Instead of the huge doorstops of the early 1990s, which claimed to be 'definitive' while actually being indiscriminating, we will see a series of pared-down, sharpened up 'studies'. Instead of speaking in a booming, pedagogic voice, the new biography will ask the reader to decide. Consuming this new biography may not be such a cosy experience, but it will bring us closer than ever to the real feeling of being alive.

3

- 34 What is the 'cultural transition' referred to in line 3?
- A the scholarship exemplified in the best biographies
 - B the change in taste among ordinary readers
 - C the rising importance of sales figures in publishing
 - D the range of books available for purchase
- 35 In the second paragraph, what explanation is given for the current interest in biography?
- A the range of subject matter in novels
 - B the failure of fiction to appeal to the average reader
 - C the choice of unsuitable main characters in novels
 - D the lack of skill of certain novelists
- 36 What contrast does the writer draw between literary novels and biography?
- A Biography has dealt with more straightforward issues.
 - B Literary novels have presented a different type of truth.
 - C Biography has described a longer period in a person's life.
 - D Literary novels have been written in a more universal style.
- 37 In describing the work of Dyer, the writer
- A underestimates his difficulties.
 - B makes fun of his efforts.
 - C acknowledges his expertise.
 - D is inspired by his achievements.
- 38 What is the writer's opinion of 'partial biography' (line 55)?
- A It can provide new insights.
 - B It tends to remain inconclusive.
 - C It works when the subject is sufficiently interesting.
 - D It can detract from fuller studies.
- 39 What trend is exemplified by *Longitude* and *The Perfect Storm*?
- A the fact that readers like complex puzzles
 - B the lack of interest generated by single lives
 - C the continuing sympathy towards human struggle
 - D the need to take account of the wider environment
- 40 Considering the future of biography, the writer anticipates
- A a decline in the standard of biographical investigation.
 - B a greater challenge to the reading public.
 - C an improvement in the tone adopted by biographers.
 - D the growth of a new readership for biography.

You are going to read an extract from a magazine article. For questions 34–40, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

5

Love them, fear them, worship them; human culture has always had a lot to say about birds. But what does that say about us? Paul Evans reports

There's a bump, bump, bump coming from the greenhouse as a little brown shuttlecock bounces against the glass. It turns out to be a wren: an ominous bird, a bird of portent, augury and divination. Is it spelling out some sort of message from a world at the very edges of my imagination? Or is it just a poor bird stuck in a greenhouse?

Depending on your point of view, both could be true. Wrens have been flitting through the undergrowth of British culture ever since it began. In medieval times, a complicated system of observing the directions in which wrens flew determined the sort of luck the observer would experience. In modern times, the image of the wren remains in pictures and ceramics in many British households. Even though the early beliefs may have been watered down or even forgotten, the wren still has a perch in our consciousness and a nest in our affections. A wood without wrens is a sad, impoverished place.

This is almost certainly because there is a rich vein of folklore running through our relationships with many birds which reaches back to a time when people read the world around them differently. Where people are, necessarily, hitched more directly to natural processes for their very survival, they develop an ecological and cultural language through which the significance of other creatures is communicated. This significance is, of course, prone to cultural shifts that cause major image changes for the creatures involved. A good example of this is the red kite. During the early sixteenth century, foreign visitors to London were amazed to see red kites swooping down to take bread from the hands of children. These birds were protected and valued urban scavengers. But it was not long before they began to be seen as vermin, and as a result were soon wiped out in most areas apart from Wales. Gradually red kites began to assume a romantic personality linked to this Celtic stronghold and they have now become totemic birds of British conservation, protected again and reintroduced with a view to helping them regain their original distribution.

Our relationship with other creatures is more than cultural and goes way back to the evolution of human nature. Though the first human birdwatchers may have been acutely observant of bird behaviour because it announced approaching predators, bad weather, and the availability of food, and also offered a supernatural link to the world of their dreams, there is more to it. When we ask why birds are so important to us, we are also asking what it is to be us. Flight, song, freedom – our fascination, envy and emulation of the avian world is surely a measure of our own identity against that of the wildness of nature. Some might dismiss these feelings as vestigial attachments, useful to us in an earlier phase of our evolution, irrelevant now. But, like the appendix and wisdom teeth, they're still very much part of us and losing them is traumatic.

line 22

line 25

That is probably why, in recent years, birds have become the barometers of environmental change, indicators of ecological quality: the warning bells of environmentalism. Conservationists in Britain cite the endangering of 30 species, a figure that is depressing not only because it spells out the loss of feathered curiosities, but because it is a massive cultural loss too. These birds carry a huge amount of cultural baggage. For example, the skylark, turtle dove and lapwing signify spiritual love, romantic love and magic. Anyone who has read Shelley's poems, Shakespeare's sonnets and Robert Graves's *The White Goddess* will feel more than a tug of remorse at the loss of these once commonplace birds.

line 30

Yet while the loss of these birds is lamented, the loss of others which don't figure in either literature or folklore is virtually ignored. Folklore is so important. The stories, legends and rhymes which persist through time, with their obscure origins, constant revisions and reinventions, somehow have a greater living bond with their subjects than cold, scientific terms – a bond that is strengthened by the everyday language in which they are understood and communicated. This gives them a power to summon up feelings and attitudes from a consciousness buried under all the stuff of modern life.

line 35

Whether we watch wildlife films on TV or birdtables in the backyard, what we're doing and the excitement we get from what we see cannot adequately be captured by scientific reason. Birds are engaging in ways we still find hard to fathom, let alone articulate, and so the stories we tell about them seem like ways of interpreting what birds are telling us.

The wren in the greenhouse weaves an intricate knot, tying an imaginary thread between the here and now and a deep, distant history, holding the free end in its song and escaping into the future – a riddle that keeps me guessing.

10

- 34 In paragraph 2, the writer affirms that the wren
- A has been given exaggerated importance.
 - B was once used as an aid to navigation.
 - C has lost its significance as society has become less superstitious.
 - D is still firmly established in collective memory.
- 35 What point is the writer illustrating with the example of the red kite?
- A Most birds have symbolic and poetic associations.
 - B Human and avian life are inseparably linked.
 - C A society's attitude to wildlife is not fixed.
 - D Wildlife can threaten human society with disease.
- 36 The writer uses the words 'there is more to it' (line 22) to introduce the idea that
- A birds enable us to analyse the nature of human existence.
 - B birds extend our knowledge of evolution.
 - C bird behaviour accurately predicts danger.
 - D bird behaviour is surprisingly similar to human behaviour.
- 37 With the reference to 'the appendix and wisdom teeth' (line 25), the writer is drawing attention to the fact that
- A humans and birds have some common anatomical details.
 - B being separated from deep-rooted emotions can be a painful experience.
 - C humans cannot explain their biological inheritance.
 - D bonding with the natural world is as vital as maintaining physical health.
- 38 In what sense do some birds carry 'a huge amount of cultural baggage'? (line 30)
- A They are weighed down with people's false assumptions.
 - B They are believed to symbolise environmental destruction.
 - C They figure prominently in literature through the ages.
 - D Their disappearance will herald the loss of cultural identity.
- 39 In paragraph 6, the writer draws a comparison between 'cold, scientific terms' (line 35) and
- A obscure origins.
 - B everyday language.
 - C feelings and attitudes.
 - D stories, legends and rhymes.
- 40 The writer feels that the appeal of birds is
- A difficult to express or explain.
 - B heightened by detailed study.
 - C understandable in a psychological context.
 - D enhanced by media presentation.

You are going to read an extract from a novel. For questions 34–40, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

6

Simon Costello knew that the purchase of the house in Pembroke Square had been a mistake within a year of his and Lois's moving in. A possession which can only be afforded by the exercise of stringent and calculated economy is best not afforded at all. But at the time it had seemed a sensible, as well as a desirable, move. He had had a run of successful cases and they were coming in with reassuring regularity. Lois had returned to her job at the advertising agency within two months of the birth of the twins, and had been given a rise which took her salary to thirty-five thousand. It was Lois who had argued the more strongly for a move, but he had put up little resistance to arguments which at the time had seemed compelling: the flat wasn't really suitable for a family; they needed more room, a garden, separate accommodation for an au pair. All these, of course, could have been achieved in a suburb or in a less fashionable part of London than Pembroke Square, but Lois was ambitious for more than additional space. Mornington Mansions had never been an acceptable address for an up-and-coming young barrister and a successful businesswoman. She never said it without a sense that even speaking the words subtly diminished her standing, socially and economically.

Lois had decided that a necessary economy was for one of them to travel by public transport. Her firm was on the other side of London; obviously Simon must be the one to economise. The overcrowded tube journey, started in a mood of envious resentment, had become an unproductive thirty minutes of brooding on present discontents. He would recall his grandfather's house in Hampstead where he had stayed as a boy, the smell of dinner from the kitchen, his grandmother's insistence that the returning breadwinner, tired from his exhausting day in court, should be given peace, a little gentle cosseting, and relief from every petty domestic anxiety. She had been a 'lawyer's wife', indefatigable in legal good causes, elegantly present at all lawyers' functions, apparently content with the sphere of life which she had made her own. Well, that world had passed for ever. Lois had made it plain before their marriage that her career was as important as his. It hardly needed saying; this was, after all, a modern marriage. The job was important to her and important to them both. The house, the au pair, their whole standard of living depended on two salaries. And now what they were precariously achieving could be destroyed by that self-righteous, interfering Venetia.

Venetia must have come straight from the court to their offices and she had been in a dangerous mood. Something or someone had upset her. But the word 'upset' was too weak, too bland for the intensity of furious disgust with which she had confronted him. Someone had driven her to the limit of her endurance. He cursed himself. If he hadn't been in his room, if he'd only left a minute earlier, the encounter wouldn't have taken place, she would have had the night to think it over, to consider what, if anything, she ought to do. Probably nothing. The morning might have brought sense. He remembered every word of her angry accusations.

'I defended Brian Cartwright today. Successfully. He told me that when you were his counsel four years ago you knew before trial that he had bribed three of the jury. You did nothing. You went on with the case. Is that true?'

'He's lying. It isn't true.'

'He also said that he passed over some shares in his company to your fiancée. Also before trial. Is that true?'

'I tell you, he's lying. None of it's true.'

The denial had been as instinctive as an arm raised to ward off a blow and had sounded unconvincing even to his own ears. His whole action had been one of guilt. The first cold horror draining his face was succeeded by a hot flush, bringing back shameful memories of his headmaster's study, of the terror of the inevitable punishment. He had made himself look into her eyes and had seen the look of contemptuous disbelief. If only he'd had some warning. He knew now what he should have said: 'Cartwright told me after the trial but I didn't believe him. I don't believe him now. That man will say anything to make himself important.'

But he had told a more direct, more dangerous lie, and she had known that it was a lie. Even so, why the anger, why the disgust? What was that old misdemeanour to do with her? Who had sent Venetia Aldridge to be guardian of the conscience of their legal practice? Or of his, come to that? Was her own conscience so clear, her behaviour in court always immaculate? Was she justified in destroying his career? And it would be destruction. He wasn't sure what exactly she could do, how far she was prepared to go, but if this got about, even as a rumour, he was done for.

- 34 One reason why Simon Costello had agreed to buy the house in Pembroke Square was that
- A Lois persuaded him that he had a tendency to be too cautious.
 - B the idea arose at a time when he was optimistic about his earning capacity.
 - C he had not dared to dispute the reasons Lois had given him for doing so.
 - D he had felt that neither he nor Lois would have difficulty economising later.
- 35 One reason why Lois had wanted to buy the house was that
- A she felt that Mornington Mansions reflected poorly on her status.
 - B Mornington Mansions was a place that other people had not heard of.
 - C she had never been happy living in Mornington Mansions.
 - D Mornington Mansions was in a particularly unpopular part of London.
- 36 Simon recalled that the atmosphere in his grandparents' house had been marked by
- A his grandfather's dislike of everyday household matters.
 - B a clear understanding that his grandmother was the dominant figure there.
 - C apprehension as to what mood his grandfather would be in.
 - D his grandmother's understanding attitude towards his grandfather.
- 37 When Simon compared his own marriage with that of his grandparents, he
- A was resentful that Lois did not have the same attitude as his grandmother.
 - B realised that his grandmother had been less content than she had seemed.
 - C wondered why he and Lois had not discussed her career plans more thoroughly.
 - D resigned himself to the fact that his own situation was inevitable.
- 38 Simon 'cursed himself' (line 51) when he thought about his confrontation with Venetia because
- A he had failed to anticipate how angry she would be on her return from court.
 - B he had not given her time to reflect on the situation in a more measured way.
 - C he felt that it had been the result of nothing other than his own bad luck.
 - D he realised that he had not appreciated how much pressure she was under.
- 39 During the conversation about Brian Cartwright, Simon had
- A looked like someone who was being dishonest.
 - B thought of responses but felt unable to give them.
 - C been puzzled as to why his responses had seemed dishonest.
 - D felt the need to control his own temper.
- 40 Which of the following did Simon wonder about Venetia?
- A why she had such a good reputation
 - B whether she had something to hide
 - C why she liked spreading rumours
 - D whether she was acting out of character

Part 4

7

You are going to read an extract from a novel. For questions 34–40, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

We are talking Big Boots here. Really BIGTIME Boots.

I stood in my 800-dollar-each designer-label cowboy boots on the rocks of an old formation in the Arizona desert sand. Money no object. I wore the whole truly cowboy outfit and if you had the outfit you might be a cowboy. But I was not. It wasn't working. I squinted into the morning sun looking out at the Arizona mountains and I had to admit, I was not at home on the range.

Flying in from Denver just after dawn, I had the feeling that I just might pass for an ol' cowhand coming in from the sky. The feeling didn't last past the first real cowboy in the luggage hall of Phoenix airport. He was wearing a sweat-stained T-shirt, needed a shave, and was hoisting a dirty canvas bag off the conveyer belt when he caught sight of my brand new cowboy boots. He slowly raised one eyebrow and moved off out of the door without looking back.

There ought to be, somewhere, hanging in a closet, a suit of clothes an ex-racing driver can put on without feeling like he is from another planet. Something he could wear so that wherever he goes he doesn't get the feeling that everybody is talking another language and doing whatever they do at half speed. I liked, no, not liked... I flatout loved being a racing driver, driving racing cars. I am addicted to it and it is all I know how to do. But I don't do it any more. I couldn't if I wanted to. Question is, I thought, looking into the mean, rust-coloured rock of the mountains in the distance, what do I do now?

A racing driver should have one or two fall-back identities lined up for when he climbs out of his car. I thought I did, but when I reached for them they just disappeared. How about: an ex-racing driver adds colour to the commentary direct from the trackside? 'We got fifteen guys, all of them former Indy and Formula One drivers, fifteen guys in front of you, Forrest, standing in line to be colour commentators. We'll call you.'

Well then, how about: an ex-racing driver joins a partnership to sell classic cars? That lasted nearly all winter with phone calls, lunches, lawyers and meetings with bankers. But it was the year nobody was buying old Ferraris and Honda was 'reviewing' its dealer list. So in the end I gracefully withdrew before there was nothing to withdraw from. Being an 'ex' anything is depressing work. I mean you tell me; how badly do you want to hear about how I was almost the World Champion? Nobody wants to hear a story that ends in 'almost'. And even if I had been world champion you could probably just about stand to listen to the story for five minutes before your ears turned to cement. Last year's champion was last year.

Not that I want sympathy. Which is just as well, since I don't get any. Well, why should I? I had a good run, made money and hung on to enough. But oh, man, I miss the heat of slipping into that graceful, elegant, shrink-wrapped super-tech machine with seven hundred horsepower behind my neck. Zero to a hundred and fifty miles an hour in 4.9 seconds. And yes, I miss coming within an eyelash of killing myself every race or so. I miss the bright and gorgeous people and the reporters who acted as if what I said mattered. Being famous, even in a minor way, isn't all bad. Businessmen and politicians bragged to their friends that they knew me. Little boys slid under fences to get my autograph. And now that I don't drive a racing car... Only last week the phone rang twice. I have time in the morning and I have time in the afternoon. And let me just check, but I think tomorrow is free. So much empty time.

I looked up into the soft blue morning sky. No buzzards overhead. Maybe Arizona doesn't have buzzards. But a couple of little brown birds in a saguaro cactus just in front of me were giving me advice; something like 'get away from our nest before we sing our hearts out'. It had never occurred to me that the desert had songbirds. It did occur to me that a bogus cowboy in designer boots had a lot to learn.

14

- 34 How did the cowboy at Phoenix airport react to the narrator's appearance?
- A He was shocked.
 - B He was unimpressed.
 - C He was angered.
 - D He was disturbed.
- 35 According to the narrator, ex-racing drivers in the company of others feel a sense of
- A superiority.
 - B pride.
 - C alienation.
 - D failure.
- 36 The narrator did not get the first new job he tried for because
- A he was not so well qualified as others.
 - B his contacts had misinformed him.
 - C he applied at short notice.
 - D his experience was not unique.
- 37 Why did the narrator give up selling cars?
- A He could see the future of the operation was bleak.
 - B He did not enjoy the constant entertaining involved.
 - C He felt unequal to the demands of the job.
 - D He did not feel comfortable as a salesman.
- 38 When the narrator was a racing driver, he
- A enjoyed having his opinions respected.
 - B was embarrassed by the attention he received.
 - C used his position to make influential contacts.
 - D had occasional fears for his personal safety.
- 39 What impression does the narrator try to create by using the phrase 'And let me just check' in the penultimate paragraph?
- A that he regrets finishing as a racing driver
 - B that he is not open to new opportunities
 - C that he has a busy schedule
 - D that he is not enjoying life
- 40 As he looked at the birds on the cactus, the narrator
- A came to terms with his new life.
 - B realised the extent of his ignorance.
 - C felt apprehensive about making a new start.
 - D decided this was not the place for him.

You are going to read an extract from a book about the mind. For questions 34–40, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

8

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

There are some activities that just will not be rushed. They take the time they take. If you are late for a meeting, you can hurry. But if you are impatient with the mayonnaise and add the oil too quickly, it curdles. If you start tugging with frustration on a tangled fishing line, the knot just becomes tighter.

The mind, too, works at different speeds. Some of its functions are performed at lightning speeds; others take seconds, minutes, hours, days or even years to complete their course. Some can be speeded up – we can become quicker at solving crossword puzzles or doing mental arithmetic. But others cannot be rushed, and if they are, then they will break down, like the mayonnaise, or get tangled up, like the fishing line. 'Think fast; we need the results' may sometimes be as absurd a notion, or at least as counterproductive, as the attempt to cram a night's rest into half the time. We learn, think and know in a variety of ways, and these modes of the mind operate at different speeds, and are good for different mental jobs. 'He who hesitates is lost,' says one proverb. 'Look before you leap,' says another. And both are true.

line 10

Roughly speaking, the mind possesses three different processing speeds. The first is faster than thought. Some situations demand an unselfconscious, instantaneous reaction. When my motorbike skidded on a wet road in London some years ago, my brain and my body immediately choreographed for me an intricate and effective set of movements that enabled me to keep my seat – and it was only after the action was all over that my conscious mind and my emotions started to catch up. Neither a concert pianist nor an Olympic fencer has time to figure out what to do next. There is a kind of 'intelligence' that works more rapidly than thinking. This mode of fast physical intelligence could be called our 'wits'. (The five senses were originally known as 'the five wits'.)

Then there is thought itself: the sort of intelligence which does involve figuring matters out, weighing up the pros and cons, constructing arguments and solving problems. A mechanic working out why an engine will not fire, a scientist trying to interpret an intriguing experimental result, a student wrestling with an assignment: all are employing a way of knowing that relies on reason and logic, on deliberate conscious thinking. We often call this kind of intelligence 'intellect'. Someone who is good at solving these sorts of problems we call 'bright' or 'clever'.

But below this, there is another mental register that proceeds more slowly still. It is often less purposeful and clear-cut, more playful, leisurely or dreamy. In this mode we are ruminating or mulling things over; being contemplative or meditative. Perched on a seaside rock, lost in the sound and the motion of the surf, or hovering just on the brink of sleep or waking, we are in a different mental mode from the one we find ourselves in as we plan a meal or dictate a letter. This leisurely, apparently aimless, way of knowing and experiencing is just as intelligent as the other, faster ones. Allowing the mind time to meander is not a luxury that can safely be cut back as life or work gets more demanding. On the contrary, thinking slowly is a vital part of the cognitive armoury. We need the tortoise mind just as much as we need the hare brain.

line 27

Some kinds of everyday predicament are better, more effectively approached with a slow mind. Some mysteries can *only* be penetrated with a relaxed, unquesting mental attitude. Recent scientific study shows convincingly that the more patient, less deliberate modes of mind are particularly suited to making sense of situations that are intricate, shadowy or ill defined. Deliberate thinking works well when the problem is easily conceptualised. When we are trying to decide where to spend our holidays, it may well be perfectly obvious what the parameters are. But when we are not sure what needs to be taken into account, or even which questions to pose – or when the issue is too subtle to be captured by the familiar categories of conscious thought – we need recourse to the tortoise mind. If the problem is how best to manage a difficult group of people at work, or whether to give up being a manager completely and retrain as a teacher, we may be better advised to sit and ponder than to search frantically for explanations and solutions. This type of intelligence is associated with what we call creativity, or even 'wisdom'.

Poets have always known the limitations of conscious, deliberate thinking, and have sought to cultivate these slower, mistier ways of knowing. Philosophers have written about the realms of the mind that lie beyond and beneath the conscious intellect. It is only recently, however, that scientists have started to explore directly the slower, less deliberate ways of knowing. The hybrid discipline of 'cognitive science' is revealing that the unconscious realms of the human mind will successfully accomplish a number of unusual, interesting and important tasks *if they are given the time*. They will learn patterns of a degree of subtlety which normal consciousness cannot even see; make sense out of situations that are too complex to analyse; and get to the bottom of certain difficult issues much more successfully than the questing intellect.

- 34 What point is the writer making when he says 'both are true' (line 10)?
- A At least two different approaches to a problem are normally essential.
 - B No one approach is appropriate for all problems.
 - C Even contradictory sayings can be equally true.
 - D Success in problem-solving is determined by speed.
- 35 The writer mentions the concert pianist and the Olympic fencer to demonstrate that
- A exceptional mental and practical skills are evident in different fields.
 - B there is a mental process which functions faster than conscious thought.
 - C emotions are not involved in complex physical activity.
 - D the body functions independently of the mind in stressful situations.
- 36 The writer believes 'cleverness' is rooted in
- A skills acquired through practice.
 - B the ability to explain the thinking process.
 - C the power of the subconscious mind.
 - D the power of rational thought.
- 37 The writer uses the phrase 'On the contrary' (line 27) to emphasise that a slower mode of thought is
- A an alternative approach to managing stress.
 - B indispensable to our mental apparatus.
 - C a relaxing way of avoiding problems.
 - D physically undemanding as a means of escape.
- 38 The writer implies that deliberate thought copes poorly with
- A complex situations.
 - B any situation involving people.
 - C trivial daily routines.
 - D tasks with a strictly imposed time limit.
- 39 The writer advises that it is better to 'sit and ponder' a career change because this decision
- A will have long-lasting implications.
 - B will have a major effect on other people.
 - C cannot be based solely on rational thought.
 - D cannot be made without reviewing one's abilities.
- 40 In the final paragraph it is clear the writer believes 'slow thinking' enables us to
- A gain valuable insight into the past.
 - B maintain our mental and emotional well-being.
 - C outperform faster-thinking rivals.
 - D acquire new insight in a range of disciplines.

You are going to read an extract from a novel. For questions 34–40, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

9

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

I chose this place to live, believing I would find anonymity among those who did not care if the plaster and glass and paintwork of rented houses splintered and decayed, who were not reproached by gardens gone to seed and rotting sofas. In that hope, as in most things, I was proved wrong. People in the shops, who are living their real lives, even if you aren't, soon start to recognise you. Next door's full-blown roses pouring over the fence are persistent reminders that the gardens were loved once.

Usually, I stay inside trying to forget that there is a summer going on out there, but tonight, I am watching the swifts flying in the transparent space between the treetops and roofs. I have cut back rosemary and lemon balm to make a space for a chair and my arms and hands are tingling with stings and scratches. It is a narrow London garden, where plants must grow tall or sprawling to survive.

'Been doing a spot of clearing, I see.'

It's my upstairs neighbour, Jaz, leaning out of the window, the author of several unpublished manuscripts I am sometimes called upon to dissemble about in my capacity as an English teacher. I have a copy of the latest in my possession now.

'How's the work going, Jaz?'

'For goodness sake. In no other profession is one called on to account for oneself a thousand times a day by every Tom, Dick or Harry.' Her voice tails off, then rallies. 'Tell you what, Ann, I've got something to drink in the fridge. I'll bring it down.'

I don't want Jaz in the garden, and I see now, dully, that it looks mangled and bereft. The only access to this garden is through my flat and Jaz is banging on my door. 'So, you're on holiday now, you jammy so-and-so.' She sprawls, in shorts and vest, on the chair while I drop a cushion onto what had once been a little lawn. 'Cheers,' she says in her delusion of youth, 'I should've gone into teaching – a writer doesn't have holidays. Still, you know what they say, those who can, do, those who can't, teach.'

And there are those who can neither write nor teach.

'So, what plans for the hols?'

All my postponed dread of the school year's ending engulfs me. Empty days. Hot pavements

blobbed with melting chewing gum. The walk down to the shops and back. The little park with its fountain, and loneliness sitting beside me on the bench.

'Actually, I'm going down to Stonebridge tomorrow. I've been meaning to ask you if you'd feed the cats.' My heart starts racing as I speak.

'Of course I will,' Jaz says. 'If I'm around,' knowing, as I did, that she would be. 'So where will you stay? Some bijou B and B?'

'No. I'll be staying with my oldest friend, Ruby, at the Rising Sun. We've known each other since we were eight.' It isn't true that I shall stay there, but then I spend my life dealing with fiction of one sort or another.

'Going back to your roots. So what do you think of it so far? My opus?'

My silence on the subject has forced Jaz to enquire about her manuscript, *The Cruelty of Red Vans*, which lies half-heartedly half-read on my desk.

I like the title and tell her so. I can see how red vans could be cruel, always bringing presents and mail-order goodies to other houses and delivering returned manuscripts in jiffy bags to hers. Something prompts me to speak honestly for once.

'Let me give you a little tip, dear,' I begin.

'What?' She is affronted.

'Try writing about nice people for a change, pretty people who at least *aspire* to being good: a touch less solipsism, a bit more *fiction* ...'

'Teachers!' Jaz is a mutinous schoolgirl about to snatch back a poorly marked essay.

'I myself keep a journal, I have for years, in which I write down something good, however small or trivial, about each day.' My words sound as prissy as my old-fashioned print dress.

'Keep a journal! Nice people! Get a life, Ann.'

Oh, I've got a life. I've got my work, and I go out sometimes and fly home again, sitting on the tube with my nose in a book.

When at last we go inside, my calm kitchen gives a moment's reassurance, then out of the blue comes the image of my school geography teacher Miss Tarrantine, who must have been about the age I am now, closing an ancient reptilian eyelid in a monstrous wink as she tells us, 'I've had my moments.' We nearly died.

18

- 34 The place the narrator chose to live has not met her expectations because
- A residents do not look after the area.
 - B she did not anticipate the difficulties of her lifestyle.
 - C usual patterns of interaction have not stopped.
 - D she has not found people who share her tastes.
- 35 What does Jaz's response to the question about her work indicate?
- A She resents being compared to a man.
 - B She resents being asked it continually.
 - C She understands the narrator means no harm by it.
 - D She knows what reply she is expected to give.
- 36 From the narrator's point of view, Jaz's ability as a writer
- A mirrors her own.
 - B demonstrates little potential.
 - C is likely to improve with help.
 - D reveals considerable talent.
- 37 What advice does Ann give Jaz?
- A She should be more inventive.
 - B She should analyse her own situation.
 - C She should read more literature.
 - D She should describe people she knows.
- 38 How does Jaz react to what she is told?
- A She secretly recognises the value of the advice.
 - B She is hostile to what she hears.
 - C She resents being treated like a schoolgirl.
 - D She criticises Ann's choice of profession.
- 39 How does Ann view her present life?
- A She appreciates its benefits.
 - B She enjoys the time available for reading.
 - C She knows she should go out more often.
 - D She is aware of its true nature.
- 40 Thinking of Miss Tarrantine makes Ann
- A see an amusing side to herself.
 - B realise how unattractive Miss Tarrantine was.
 - C appreciate how different her life is from Miss Tarrantine's.
 - D recognise how she appears to others.

You are going to read an extract from a novel. For questions 34–40, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

10 Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

Ralph unlocked the door to his flat and as he entered the dark, motionless hall experienced that momentary qualm of ownership which even after three years still lightly besieged him sometimes when he returned alone at the end of the day. When he had first bought the flat, he used to come home in an eager, questioning mood – often as early as he could – wondering what it had been doing during the hours he had been away. It had represented a form of welcome to him, a region in which his focus was undisputed and reliable. He supposed that he should have worried about intruders or burst drains in that moment of reunion, but his flat had always been sitting waiting for him with an expression of independence or of neglect, depending on whether he'd left it tidy or not. In the end he had begun to regard it merely as another cloistered annexe of himself, a space into which the stuffy chambers of his heart and head had gradually overspilled their contents.

He had grown impatient with its inability to be transformed. There was, of course, the small, angular puddle of letters which sometimes gathered by the door and the red eye of the answering machine which could occasionally be found resuscitated and blinking with life when he returned. And he was grateful that the glassy eyes of his windows hadn't been smashed nor the contents ravished with violence, mind you, he wondered what the flat would look like afterwards.

From the dreary distance of his shabby third-floor office on the Holloway Road, Ralph often looked forward to his three or four solitary evenings at home each week. Once he had fled the fabricated world of the office and felt the memory of himself begin patchily to return on his bus journey home, he no longer needed to be on his own, a fact which seemed continually to elude him in his social calculations. Sitting exposed at his desk he would crave isolation, unlimited time alone amongst his possessions, but the relief of escape drained him and he would vainly wait for some sense of selfhood to return. Instead, there was merely a resounding emptiness, which made him suspect during his long hours of loneliness that the alien exercise of doing work which did not suit him had forced him to change, moving him further and further from what he liked to think of as himself. He would often read or listen to music as the night deepened outside, familiar habits which now, however, he would find himself asking for whom or what he did them. His points of reference had grown dim, his signposts muddied: sensations and ideas would arrive and then get lost, circulating around the junctions of his mind, unable to find a connection.

There had been a time, he supposed, when he had not felt this powerless, when, had he but perceived his own worth, he might have escaped; but he had been so eager to fix himself up with something that he had been swept along by this great desire for something, and he had followed the first course which presented itself as if it had been ordained that he should do so.

He had tried, of course, after he left university, to formulate some plan for his own betterment, but it hadn't really surprised him to find, when he searched himself for ambition, merely the desire unobtrusively to survive. He had applied for the types of jobs which had become familiar to him through the talk of his peers, had latched himself wearily on to their futures and jogged behind as they rushed towards them, unable to imagine that he might be put to some use which would manufacture as its by-product his own happiness.

He had attended his only interview gratefully, and in the fever of examination did not think to test the position – an inexplicit editorial role on a free local newspaper – for its own merits. Relieved at having pulled off twenty minutes of pleasant conversation with Neil, his boss, he had not considered the future of lengthy encounters by which he was now daily assaulted. Neil had offered him the job there and then, telling him he was the only graduate who had applied; a revelation which at the time Ralph had obscurely taken as a compliment.

- 34 What do we learn in the first paragraph about Ralph's current attitude towards his flat?
- A He resents the responsibilities ownership of it involves.
 - B He regrets that he cannot put more effort into its upkeep.
 - C He is aware that he has imposed his personality on it.
 - D He sees it as an area over which he has supreme authority.
- 35 What do we learn from Ralph's thoughts about his answering machine?
- A He takes some comfort from its presence.
 - B He dislikes its intrusive nature.
 - C It increases his feelings of isolation.
 - D It contributes to his sense of security.
- 36 According to the author, Ralph's desire to be alone is
- A self-indulgent.
 - B conceited.
 - C self-destructive.
 - D misguided.
- 37 Ralph suspects that his work
- A has restricted his other interests.
 - B should be a more sociable experience.
 - C is too complex for his limited abilities.
 - D has had a negative effect on his personality.
- 38 Ralph's initial concern after university had been to
- A improve his future prospects.
 - B keep sight of his long-term goals.
 - C avoid any early mistakes.
 - D follow his own interests.
- 39 What approach did Ralph take in looking for a job?
- A He tried to apply faster than other applicants.
 - B He unthinkingly adopted the ideas of others.
 - C He rehearsed for interviews with his friends.
 - D He focused on areas in which he had some experience.
- 40 What do we learn about Ralph's interview with Neil?
- A Neil took pains to make Ralph feel relaxed.
 - B Ralph failed to find out about the job concerned.
 - C It was much shorter than Ralph had expected.
 - D The two men shared similar educational backgrounds.

You are going to read an extract from a book on art. For questions 34–40, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

11

AESTHETICS

line 1 By one of the ironic perversities that often attend the course of affairs, the existence of the works of art upon which formation of aesthetic theory depends has become an obstruction to theory about them. For one reason: these works are products that exist externally and physically. In common conception, the work of art is often identified with the building, book, painting, or statue in its existence apart from human experience. Since the actual work of art is what the product does with and in experience, the result is not favourable to understanding. In addition, the very perfection of some of these products, the prestige they possess because of a long history of unquestioned admiration, creates conventions that get in the way of fresh insight. When an art product once attains classic status, it somehow becomes isolated from the human conditions under which it was brought into being and from the human consequences it engenders in actual life experience.

When artistic objects are separated from both conditions of origin and operation in experience, a wall is built around them that renders almost opaque their general significance, with which aesthetic theory deals. Art is remitted to a separate realm, where it is cut off from that association with the materials and aims of every other form of human effort and achievement.

line 27 A primary task is thus imposed upon one who undertakes to write upon the philosophy of the fine arts. This task is to restore continuity between the refined and intensified forms of experience that are works of art and the everyday events, doings, and sufferings that are universally recognised to constitute experience. Mountain peaks do not float unsupported; they do not even just rest upon the earth. They are the earth in one of its manifest operations. It is the business of those who are concerned with the theory of the earth, geographers and geologists, to make this fact evident in its various implications. The theorist who would deal philosophically with fine art has a like task to accomplish.

If one is willing to grant this position, even if only by way of temporary experiment, one will see that

there follows a conclusion which is at first sight surprising. In order to understand the meaning of artistic products, we have to forget them for a time, to turn aside from them and have recourse to the ordinary forces and conditions of experience that we do not usually regard as aesthetic. We must arrive at the theory of art by means of a detour. For theory is concerned with understanding and insight. It is, of course, quite possible to enjoy flowers in their coloured form and delicate fragrance without knowing anything about plants theoretically. But if one sets out to understand the flowering of plants, one is committed to finding out something about the interactions of soil, air, water and sunlight that condition the growth of plants.

In order to understand the aesthetic in its ultimate and approved forms, one must begin with it in the raw; in the events and scenes that hold the attentive eye and ear, arousing one's interest and affording enjoyment as one looks and listens. Yet so extensive and subtly pervasive are the ideas that set art itself upon a remote pedestal that many people would be repelled rather than pleased if told that they enjoyed their casual recreations, in part at least, because of their aesthetic quality. The arts which today have most vitality for the average person are things he or she does not take to be arts: for instance, the movies, jazz, comic strips, and, too frequently, lurid newspaper accounts of the week's events. For, when what they know as art is relegated to the museum and gallery, the unconquerable impulse towards experiences enjoyable in themselves finds such outlet as the daily environment provides. Many people who protest against the museum conception of art still share the fallacy from which that conception springs. For the popular notion comes from a separation of art from the objects and scenes of ordinary experience that many theorists and critics pride themselves upon holding and even elaborating. The times when select and distinguished objects are closely connected with the products of usual vocations are the times when appreciation of the former is most rife and most keen.

22

- 34 What 'ironic perversity' is referred to in line 1?
- A The formation of aesthetic theory depends on the existence of works of art.
 - B The very existence of works of art interferes with thinking about them.
 - C Too wide a range of objects are considered to be works of art.
 - D Works of art have a tendency to generate misunderstandings.
- 35 According to the writer, what happens when an art product attains classic status?
- A The difficulties involved in its creation are underestimated.
 - B The prestige it enjoys begins to attract criticism.
 - C It loses its connection with common experience.
 - D It ceases to have a provocative effect on observers.
- 36 What is the 'primary task' referred to in line 27?
- A making sure that art does not surrender its role in society
 - B encouraging ordinary people to realise the significance of art
 - C shedding light on the aesthetic aims of artists
 - D explaining the link between art and ordinary life
- 37 The writer mentions mountain peaks to demonstrate that
- A works of art do not exist in isolation.
 - B writers on art face a difficult challenge.
 - C art has much in common with other disciplines.
 - D theorists have a responsibility to be accurate.
- 38 Why is the conclusion about understanding artistic products in paragraph 3 described as surprising?
- A It ignores certain types of art products.
 - B It involves the use of unexpected criteria.
 - C It undervalues the emotional response to art.
 - D It conflicts with the opinions of theorists on fine art.
- 39 What does the writer intend us to learn from the reference to flowers?
- A Art can be enjoyed without being explained.
 - B Only committed individuals can learn to appreciate art.
 - C True works of art are only created in suitable conditions.
 - D Failure to enjoy art makes a theoretical understanding difficult.
- 40 According to the writer, setting art on a remote pedestal has meant that
- A people enjoy works of art less than they would otherwise do.
 - B casual recreations are preferred to the study of art.
 - C aesthetic qualities in other areas of life go unnoticed.
 - D people are happy to consign art to museums and galleries.

You are going to read an extract from a newspaper article. For questions 34–40, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

12

HE WAS A PEOPLE PERSON

American executives are adopting the polar explorer Ernest Shackleton as a model of good management.

Eluned Price reports.

Most people in Britain know who Sir Ernest Shackleton was and have a rough idea of what he did. America, however, has only just discovered him – although the *Wall Street Journal's* description of Shackleton earlier this year as 'an Antarctic explorer whose feats went all but unnoticed for most of the 20th century' is taking things too far. But now the Americans are making up for lost time with powerful enthusiasm. Biographies and accounts of the voyage of the *Endurance* are in production and are expected to spring off the shelves as fast as they are stacked; the American Museum of Natural History is mounting a grand exhibition; and Columbia Tristar is preparing a film based on Shackleton's life.

Some American managers have also adopted Shackleton as icon and exemplar. His self-appointed apostles recount the details of his deeds with awe; they extract lessons in leadership and communications as parables for spin doctors; and insiders refer to each other as 'speaking Shackleton'. The determined, resourceful Shackleton, with his reindeer sleeping bag (fur inside) and blubber-stove has become a model for modern management consultants.

Jim MacGregor, the managing partner of Abernathy MacGregor Frank in New York, took Shackleton for a role model years ago. His firm specialises in 'communication aspects of mergers and acquisitions and corporate crises'. Such as? Such as 'this firm's plant blew up' or 'half the workforce has to go'. While not forgetting that Shackleton served time in public relations for a Glasgow steel works, it may be a trifle difficult to spot instantly the relevance of eking out the last bit of albatross in sub-zero temperatures to putting a spin on a derivatives trading disaster for the Internet.

'Even if a company manages its crises beautifully, it can still do a lot of harm by communicating badly about what it's doing,' says MacGregor. 'Shackleton is a model for management because of his qualities as a leader and communicator. He had his values in order. He was at his best when he and those dependent on him had a great deal to lose – such as their lives. In some ways the most fascinating decision Shackleton made was to turn back when only 97 miles from the South Pole. That trip explained his credibility for the next one: the lives of his men were paramount.' This refers to Shackleton's expedition to reach the South Pole in 1908 when, 97 miles short of their objective, with unforeseen delays draining their supplies and limited time to get back to

their ship, Shackleton made the courageous and difficult decision to turn back.

In a crisis, says MacGregor, people want to know someone is in charge. Whereas now the tendency is for managers to duck and squirm, Shackleton was prepared to stand up and accept responsibility. His 1914 expedition was the one that became the stuff of legend. His ship, the *Endurance*, drifted for nine months in the pack ice and was finally crushed by ice floes. When it finally went down, Shackleton told his men, 'we should all eventually reach safety provided that you continue to do your utmost and to trust me'. From all the accounts and diaries the men kept, it is clear that there was never a time that the Boss was not in charge. 'Shackleton thought everything through, planned for every eventuality, kept his men continually informed and sought their opinions,' says MacGregor. 'He was adaptable, willing to let go when something was lost and start afresh. We've built an effective set of principles here that Shackleton illustrates. Clients can relate to his story without feeling they're being criticised.'

Shackleton believed that an explorer needs optimism, physical endurance and patience. 'One of the hardest things to do in desperate straits is nothing, especially in America, a culture that is fanatically opposed to letting time sort things out,' says MacGregor. 'If you buy bonds and guess wrong on the interest rates, you hang in there and eventually you'll get your money back. To "fix it" and sell up would mean a huge loss. Equally, don't be afraid to change your plans if they're not working. If a new product's a stinker, don't keep selling it.'

Shackleton led by example. On the voyage back from the *Endurance*, he noticed Hurley, the expedition photographer, gloveless. He forced his own on Hurley, saying if he didn't put them on he would throw them overboard. Someone else remembered him doing the same thing with a biscuit when they were near starving on the 1905 expedition: 'He said he'd leave it in the snow. Millions of pounds couldn't have bought that biscuit.' As Caroline Alexander, author of *Endurance*, the human account of that expedition, says: 'The public appetite for heroic endeavour is increasing. Shackleton exposes the fact that there is nothing heroic going on now. Everything else falls away and he is left standing, the genuine embodiment of the ideals that we are so wistful for nowadays.'

24

- 34 The writer says in the first paragraph that American enthusiasm for Shackleton reveals
- A a certain amount of ignorance concerning his existing reputation.
 - B a tendency to exaggerate his achievements.
 - C the extent to which all explorers capture the public imagination.
 - D their strong desire to learn from the past.
- 35 In the second paragraph, the writer implies that some American managers
- A have based their view of Shackleton on inaccurate information.
 - B regard Shackleton as a man who was ahead of his time.
 - C are mocked for their enthusiasm for Shackleton.
 - D misunderstand what Shackleton actually did.
- 36 What does the writer say in the third paragraph about using Shackleton as a role model?
- A It is wise to take Shackleton's experiences outside the field of exploration into consideration.
 - B It is more appropriate in some business circumstances than in others.
 - C Connecting Shackleton's experiences with those of managers requires some imagination.
 - D People who do so often find it hard to explain why he is relevant.
- 37 According to Jim MacGregor, Shackleton's decision to end the 1908 expedition illustrates
- A his ability to foresee the effect his actions would have on his reputation.
 - B his willingness to accept responsibility for mistakes that were not his fault.
 - C his ability to put the interests of others above his personal ambitions.
 - D his willingness to make decisions that others might criticise him for.
- 38 MacGregor uses Shackleton's behaviour during the 1914 expedition
- A to teach managers the need to make decisions and then stick to them.
 - B to educate managers without implying that they themselves have shortcomings.
 - C to inspire managers by showing them how highly others think of them.
 - D to point out to managers the importance of letting others make decisions.
- 39 According to MacGregor, the culture in America is such that
- A failing to take action when it is necessary is commonplace.
 - B managers frequently lack confidence in the decisions they make.
 - C managers impulsively change decisions they have made.
 - D taking action when it is inadvisable to do so is commonplace.
- 40 In the final paragraph, we are told that Shackleton's actions were of a kind that
- A many people wish were more prevalent today.
 - B many people consider pleasantly eccentric these days.
 - C many people regard as no longer worthwhile these days.
 - D many people try to emulate these days.

READING PART 1

	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
1	A	C	C	D	B	C	A
2	C	A	B	A	C	B	D
3	B	A	D	C	A	C	B
4	C	B	A	C	A	D	B
5	D	C	A	B	C	D	A
6	B	A	D	D	C	A	B
7	B	C	D	A	A	C	B
8	B	B	D	B	A	C	D
9	C	B	B	A	B	D	D
10	C	A	D	D	A	B	B
11	B	C	D	A	B	A	C
12	A	B	C	C	B	D	A

TWO MARKS FOR EACH CORRECT ANSWER



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PART 2

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WITH ANSWERS

AUTHENTIC EXAMINATION PAPERS
FROM CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH
LANGUAGE ASSESSMENT

You are going to read an extract from a novel. Seven paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs **A–H** the one which fits each gap (27–33). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

Mark your answers **on the separate answer sheet**.

1

The Play

Briony Tallis was one of those children possessed by a desire to have the world just so. Whereas her big sister's room was a stew of unclosed books, unfolded clothes and unmade bed, Briony's was a shrine to her controlling demon: the model farm spread across a deep window ledge consisted of the usual animals, but all facing one way – towards their owner – as if about to break into song, and even the farmyard hens were neatly corralled. In fact, Briony's was the only tidy upstairs room in the house.

27

Another was a passion for secrets: in a prized varnished cabinet, a secret drawer was opened by pushing against the grain of a cleverly turned dovetail joint, and here she kept a locked diary, and a notebook written in a code of her own invention. An old tin box hidden under a removable floorboard beneath her bed contained treasures that dated back four years to her ninth birthday. But all this could not conceal from Briony the simple truth: she had no secrets.

28

The unfortunate truth was that nothing in her life was sufficiently interesting or shameful to merit hiding. None of this was particularly an affliction; or rather, it appeared so only in retrospect, once a solution had been found. At the age of eleven she wrote her first story – a foolish affair, imitative of half a dozen folk tales and lacking, she realised later, that vital knowingness about the ways of the world that compels a reader's respect.

29

Even writing out the *she saids*, the *and thens*, made her wince, and she felt foolish, appearing to know

about the emotions of an imaginary being. Self-exposure was inevitable the moment she described a character's weakness; the reader was bound to speculate that she was describing herself.

30

Her efforts received encouragement. In fact, the Tallises soon realised that the baby of the family possessed a strange mind and a facility with words. The long afternoons she spent browsing through dictionary and thesaurus made for constructions that were inept, but hauntingly so. Briony was encouraged to read her stories aloud in the library and it surprised her parents and older sister to hear their quiet girl perform so boldly, unapologetically demanding her family's total attention as she cast her narrative spell. Even without their praise and obvious pleasure, Briony could not have been held back from her writing.

31

If this was supposed to be a joke, Briony ignored it. She was on course now, and had found satisfaction on other levels; writing stories not only involved secrecy, it also gave her all the pleasures of miniaturisation.

32

Her passion for tidiness was also satisfied, for the unruly aspects of our existence could be made just so. A crisis in a heroine's life could be made to coincide with hailstones and thunder, whereas nuptials were generally blessed with good light and soft breezes. A love of order also shaped the principles of justice, with death and marriage the main engines of house-keeping, the former being set aside exclusively for the morally dubious, the latter a reward withheld until the final page.

2

The Trials of Arabella, the play Briony wrote for her brother's homecoming, was her first excursion into drama. She had found the transition quite effortless. It was a relief not to be writing out the *she saids*, or describing the weather or the onset of spring or her heroine's face – beauty, she had discovered, occupied a narrow band.

The play may have been a melodrama, but its author had yet to hear the term. The innocent intensity with which Briony set about the project made her particularly vulnerable to failure. She could easily have welcomed her brother with another of her stories, but it was the news that her cousins were coming to stay that had prompted this leap into a new form.

- A An entire world could be created in five pages, and one that was more pleasing than a model farm. The childhood of a spoiled prince could be framed within half a page, a moonlit dash through sleepy villages was one rhythmically emphatic sentence, falling in love could be achieved in a single word – a *glance*. The pages of a recently finished story seemed to vibrate in her hand with all the life they contained.
- B A room near Briony's had been dusted down, new curtains had been hung and furniture carried in from other rooms. Normally, she would have been involved in these preparations, but they coincided with her two-day writing bout.
- C Only when a story was finished, all fates resolved and the whole matter sealed off at both ends so it resembled, at least in this one respect, every other finished story in the world, could she feel immune, and ready to bind the chapters with string, paint or draw the cover, and take the finished work to show to her mother or her father.
- D In any case, she was discovering, as had many writers before her, that not all recognition is helpful. Cecilia's enthusiasm, for example, seemed a little overstated, tainted with condescension perhaps, and intrusive too; her big sister wanted each bound story catalogued and placed on the library shelves, between Rabindranath Tagore and Quintus Tertullian.
- E What was unpleasant and distasteful, on the other hand, had infinite variation. A universe reduced to what was said in it was tidiness indeed, almost to the point of nullity, and to compensate, every utterance was delivered at the extremity of some feeling or other, in the service of which the exclamation mark was indispensable.
- F But this early attempt showed her that the imagination itself was a source of secrets: while she was writing a story, no one could be told. Pretending in words was too tentative, too vulnerable, too embarrassing to let anyone know.
- G Her straight-backed dolls in their many-roomed mansion appeared to be under strict instructions not to touch the walls; the various thumb-sized figures to be found standing about her dressing table suggested by their even ranks and spacing a citizen's army awaiting orders. This taste for the miniature was just one aspect of an orderly spirit.
- H Her wish for a harmonious, organised world denied her the reckless possibilities of wrongdoing. Mayhem and destruction were too chaotic for her tastes, and she did not have it in her to be cruel. Her effective status as an only child, as well as the relative isolation of the Tallis house, kept her, at least during the long summer holidays, from girlish intrigues with friends.

You are going to read an extract from a newspaper article about a trip to Alaska. Seven paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs **A–H** the one which fits each gap (27–33). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

Mark your answers **on the separate answer sheet**.

2

How I Baked in Alaska

Something was missing when Nigel Worthington landed in mid-winter Alaska.

I'd come to Alaska to watch preparations for the Iditarod, the longest, most gruelling dog-sled race in the world. And when it comes to setting off on a trip through the sub-Arctic wilderness in mid-January, one doesn't like to take chances. Consequently, there wasn't much in the way of winter wear that I hadn't packed: long fleecy underwear, eiderdown jackets, and several layers of socks. I even had goggles, a facemask and a new beard grown specially for the occasion. I was wearing just about the lot when I waddled off Alaska Airlines Flight 93 from London to Anchorage.

27

'This is where we skate,' my driver said listlessly as, on the way into town, we drove past a melted pond, its surface dancing with falling rain. 'This is where we snowshoe,' she gloomily intoned a minute later, pointing at an open expanse in the forest. It was a brown, churned-up bog of mud. 'And this is where we cross-country ski,' she said, her voice close to cracking with emotion now, as she indicated what was once a trail running beside the road. Not only was the grass and moss there exposed – it was green and appeared to be growing.

28

With this in mind, I was headed for Winterlake Lodge, checkpoint number six on the 1,100 mile-long Iditarod Trail and home of wilderness guide Carl Dixon who, with his wife Kirsten, an award-winning chef, keeps 26 sled-dogs. With a little supervision, he allows city folk like me to test their mettle on the runners of a dog-sled.

29

But it wasn't to be. While my isolated, roadless, destination lay far inland and was a good deal colder than coastal Anchorage – there was snow on the ground up there – unsettled conditions and poor visibility ruled out any prospect of flying that day. For hours, I sat by a loaded De Haviland Beaver waiting for a break in the weather until finally, with the short Alaskan day closing in, we gave up the ghost.

30

After all, the sprawling, modern city of 260,000 can seem a little short on charm. Although almost half the state's population lives there, Alaskans do not see the malls, high-rises and multiplex cinemas as having much to do with the land they live in. Perched on the edge of a vast wilderness, Anchorage, they like to say, is 'just 20 minutes from Alaska'.

31

But there was not a flake of snow to be seen on the streets. Already the Klondike 300, a qualifying race for the Iditarod, had been cancelled for lack of snow. Now the city fathers, panicky, had ordered the stockpiling of up-country snow reserves that could be spread on the street on the day of the race. The situation was desperate.

32

Free at last to take in the sights, I zipped up my thermal jacket and ventured forth. Disconcertingly, the first person I passed was a window-washer working in a short-sleeved, hibiscus-red Hawaiian shirt. But by the time I'd strolled along the main drag three or four times, I was beginning to feel a little less conspicuous. In the relative chill of early evening, one or two locals even seemed to be wearing gloves.

4

It was not the little one that handled Beavers though, but the big one where I had arrived. Leaving aside for the moment the vast pack of unused winter clothes I

dragged back to London, what got me hottest under the collar about my trip to the Great White North was seeing the next day's weather report for Alaska. Under clear skies, temperatures were dropping; snow was on the way.

- A** In anticipation of just such a challenge, I had read the hairy-chested prose of Jack London and listened to the rough-and-ready goldrush doggerel of Robert Service. In my mind, I had mushed the snowy frozen trails of Alaska all the way from Skagway to the Yukon River. Like the keenest of huskies, I was straining at the leash.
- B** Alaskans, it seems, get pretty heated up about any subject you care to name, and this one was no exception. The opinions in the airport bar were extreme and unpredictable; I felt lucky to get out in one piece.
- C** I couldn't have been less prepared for the freakish conditions that greeted me. The skies were so filled with mist and rain that I was denied any glimpse of the great mountain chain that soars skyward just behind the city. The air was so balmy that I couldn't even see my own breath.
- D** How frustrating, then, to be a whole season away. It didn't help that, from my window, I could see the bronze-sculpted statue of Balto, the most famous lead dog in the Iditarod's 28-year history. It is here that the race begins each year, with more than 50 teams of sled-dogs straining in the traces before they fly round the corner and into the wild, only to reappear many days later in distant Nome.
- E** By noon the next day I had caught the mood. With Carl telephoning me regularly with weather updates, I couldn't even go out and explore. As the hours ticked slowly by, and visibility dropped even further, I got to wondering how Alaskan trappers and miners hold out for entire winters in the lonely wilderness. By four, when Dixon phoned to say he was again calling it a day, I was climbing the walls – and I had cable television!
- F** One consolation was that I got to check into the Anchorage Hotel. It is among the oldest buildings in the city and one of the few to have survived the powerful earthquake which rocked the region in 1964. There was a slight tilt to the floor in the corridor, but I liked the place all the more for it, it added character.
- G** I will not labour you with a dreary account of my mental deterioration the next day as the prospects of onward travel grew ever remoter. Suffice it to say that when Carl told me that afternoon that the flight was in doubt yet again, I headed for the airport.
- H** For in spite of their tendency to fly to Hawaii for winter breaks, Alaskans are really fond of winter. Never had they seen such unseasonal mildness and I shared their dismay. Although a rank beginner, I had set my heart on having a go at dog-sledding myself.

You are going to read an article about a jazz record. Seven paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs **A–H** the one which fits each gap (27–33). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

3

Kind of Blue

As two books celebrate Miles Davis's *Kind of Blue*, Martin Gayford salutes a towering achievement.

What is the greatest jazz album ever made? Perhaps it's an impossible question, but there is a strong candidate in *Kind of Blue*, recorded by the Miles Davis Sextet in the spring of 1959. It is the one jazz album owned by many people who don't really like jazz at all.

27

And for many who do love jazz, this is the one record that they would choose to take with them to a desert island. If he had to select one record to explain what jazz is, producer and arranger Quincy Jones has said, this would be it (he himself plays it every day – 'It's my orange juice').

28

What is so special about *Kind of Blue*? First, it was made by a magnificent band: Apart from Davis himself, *Kind of Blue* features John Coltrane on tenor saxophone, Cannonball Adderley on alto, and Bill Evans on piano – all among the finest performers of that era, and at the height of their powers. And, unlike many all-star recordings, the players were at ease in each other's musical company, as this was a working group (or almost).

29

Everybody was on the most inspired form. That does not happen every day, and is particularly unlikely to happen in the tense and clinical atmosphere of the recording studio. Other jazz performers, for example the saxophonist Sonny Rollins and the trumpeter Roy Eldridge, have spoken of rare days on which some external force seems to take over their instrument, and they can do no wrong.

30

Evans wrote about that spur-of-the-moment freshness in his original notes for the album. Each of the five pieces on the album, he claimed, was recorded in a single take, and the musicians had never seen the music before, as Miles was still working on it hours before the recording sessions. Davis was credited with all the compositions.

31

The key to *Kind of Blue* lies in the enigmatic personality of Davis, who died in 1991. He was an irascible, contrary, foul-mouthed, aggressive man who, it seems, sheltered within an extremely sensitive soul. 'Miles talks rough,' claimed trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, 'but his music reveals his true character ... Miles is shy. He is super-shy.' As a young man, playing with Charlie Parker, Davis was so paralysed with terror that he sometimes had to be pushed on stage. At that time he seriously considered forsaking music for dentistry.

32

'I think,' he said in 1958, 'that a movement in jazz is beginning, away from a conventional string of chords – a return to an emphasis on melodic rather than harmonic variations. There will be fewer chords, but infinite possibilities as to what to do with them.' 'Classical composers,' he went on, 'some of them have been working that way for years.' Indeed, Davis's feeling for European music – Ravel, Khachaturian, Rachmaninov – colours *Kind of Blue*. He disliked most attempts to blend classical and jazz – so-called 'third stream music'.

6

It is a completely integrated, freely improvised album of unhackneyed, moving music. Davis never sounded better – and in his heart, he knew it.

- A Over the years he developed a tough carapace. But in a music characterised by extroversion and ostentatious virtuosity, he developed a style that became ever more muted, subtle, melodic and melancholy.
- B Firstly, most of Davis's albums were largely recorded in one take per tune. He seems to have believed that first thoughts were the freshest (the alternative, adopted by Bill Evans and Coltrane on their own recordings, is to do takes by the dozen in a search for perfection). And the other point about *Kind of Blue* is its musical novelty. As revered pianist Chick Corea has put it, 'It's one thing to play a tune or a programme of music, but it's another to practically create a new language of music, which is what *Kind of Blue* did.'
- C Now comes another sign of renown. How many jazz recordings are the subject of even one book? This spring, not one but two are being published on the subject of *Kind of Blue*. There is *Kind of Blue: The Making of a Jazz Masterpiece* by Ashley Kahn and, published in the US, *The Making of Kind of Blue: Miles Davis and his Masterpiece*.
- D On closer examination, these celebrated facts, which make *Kind of Blue* seem almost supernatural, are only partially true. Two tracks, *So What* and *All Blues*, had been played previously by the band, on the road, which Evans, not having been with them, probably didn't realise. And Evans himself was largely responsible for the two mesmerisingly beautiful slow pieces, *Blue in Green* and *Flamenco Sketches* – a fact that he modestly suppressed at the time, and then seems to have been quietly resentful about.
- E But he did it himself on *Sketches of Spain*, and he loved the playing of Bill Evans, which uniquely combined the feeling of classical piano and the freshness of jazz. The partnership of Davis and Evans is at the heart of *Kind of Blue*, and gives it a wonderful unity of mood – romantic, delicate, hushed on the slow pieces, more exuberant elsewhere.
- F The contemporary guitarist John Scofield remembers knocking on strangers' doors when he was a student in the 1970s, and asking if he could borrow their copy. The point was, he knew they would have one.
- G On *Kind of Blue*, all the principals seem to feel like that. Davis and Evans, I would say, never played better. The result is something close to the philosopher's stone of jazz: formal perfection attained with perfect spontaneity.
- H In fact, Evans had actually resigned the previous November – *Kind of Blue* was made on March 2, and April 22, 1959 – and was invited back for the recording (his replacement, Wynton Kelly, appears on one track).

You are going to read an extract from a magazine article. Seven paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs A–H the one which fits each gap (27–33). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

4

Blind to change

How much of the world around you do you really see? You only take in tiny pieces of information at a time and that can have unnerving consequences, says Laura Spinney.

Imagine you're walking across a college campus when an unknown man asks you for directions. While you're talking, two men pass between you carrying a door. After an irritating minute of interruption you carry on describing the route. When you've finished you are informed that you've just taken part in a psychology experiment, and asked if you noticed any changes after the two men passed with the door. 'No,' you reply uneasily. The unknown man then explains that the man who approached you initially walked off behind the door, leaving this man in his place. You are stunned; the two men are dressed differently and have different voices and haircuts.

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Rather than logging every detail of the visual scene, we are actually highly selective about what we take in. Our impression of seeing everything is just that – an impression. In fact we extract a few details and rely on memory, or perhaps even our imagination, for the rest.

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Yet in 1991, the controversial claim was made that our brains hold only a few salient details about the world – and that this is the reason we are able to function at all. We don't store elaborate pictures in short-term memory, because it isn't necessary and would take up valuable computing power.

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Just a year later, at a conference on perception in Vancouver, it was reported that people shown computer-generated pictures of natural scenes were blind to changes that were made during an eye movement. In a typical laboratory demonstration of

this you might be shown a picture on a computer screen of, say, a couple dining on a terrace.

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It's an unnerving experience. But to some extent, such 'change blindness' is artificial because the change is masked in some way. In real life, there tends to be a visible movement that signals the change. But not always. For instance, we have all had the experience of not noticing a traffic signal change because we had briefly looked away.

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For instance, an experiment was done at Harvard in which people were shown a videotape of a basketball game and asked to count the passes made by one or other team. After about 45 seconds a man dressed in a gorilla suit walked slowly across the scene, passing between the players. Although he was visible for five seconds, an amazing 40 per cent of the viewers failed to notice him.

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Such lapses raise important questions about vision. For instance, how can we reconcile these gross lapses with our subjective experience of having continuous access to a rich visual scene? One researcher has actually shown that imagining a scene activates parts of the visual cortex in the same way as seeing it. He says that this supports the idea that we take in just what information we consider important at the time, and fill in the gaps where the details are less important. The illusion that we see 'everything' is partly a result of filling in the gaps using memory. Such memories can be created based on beliefs and expectations.

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This particular idea has not been generally accepted. Yet most researchers in the field do agree that of all the myriad visual details of any scene that we could

record, we take only what is relevant to us at the time. This leads us to the uncomfortable realisation that, for all our subjective experience of a rich visual world, it may, in fact, be impossible to tell what is real and what is imagined.

- A** Now imagine that the task absorbing their attention had been driving a car, and the distraction had been a pedestrian crossing their path. According to some estimates, nearly half of all motor-vehicle accidents in the US can be attributed to driver error, including momentary loss of attention. It is more than just academic interest that has made both forms of cognitive error hot research topics.
- B** The image would disappear, to be replaced for a fraction of a second by a blank screen, before reappearing significantly altered – by the raising of a railing in the background, perhaps. Many people search the screen for up to a minute before they see the change. A few never spot it.
- C** In contrast, other researchers argue that we can get the impression of visual richness without holding any of that richness in our heads. For instance, the 'grand illusion' theory argues that we hold no picture of the visual world in our brains at all. Instead, we refer back to the external visual world as different aspects become important. The illusion arises from the fact that as soon as you ask yourself 'am I seeing this or that?' you turn your attention to it and see it.
- D** It sounds impossible, but when this test was carried out, a full 50 per cent of those who took part failed to notice the substitution. The subjects had succumbed to what is called change blindness. Taken with a glut of recent experimental results, this phenomenon suggests we see far less than we think we do.
- E** The relationships between attention, awareness and vision have yet to be clarified. Because we have a less than complete picture of the world at any one time, there is the potential for distortion and error. How that complete picture could be objectively established is controversial, but there is one obvious way forward.
- F** This flies in the face of what vision researchers have long believed: that seeing really means making pictures in the brain. According to this theory, by building detailed internal representations of the world, and comparing them over time, we would be able to pick out anything that changed.
- G** And there's a related phenomenon called inattention blindness, that doesn't need any experimental visual trick at all: if you are not paying attention to some feature of a scene, you won't see it.
- H** Rather, we log what has changed and assume the rest has stayed the same. Of course, this is bound to mean that we miss a few details. Experimenters had already shown that we may ignore items in the visual field if they appear not to be significant – a repeated word or line on a page of text for instance. But nobody realised quite how little we really do 'see'.

You are going to read an extract from a book. Seven paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs A–H the one which fits each gap (27–33). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

5

The Vienna Assignment

I was in Vienna to take photographs. That was generally the reason I was anywhere then. Photographs were more than my livelihood. They were part of my life. The way light fell on a surface never failed to tug at my imagination. The way one picture, a single snapshot, could capture the essence of a time and place, a city, a human being, was embedded in my consciousness.

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I'd come close once, when some weird aptness in the knotted shape of a smoke plume from a burning oil well made my picture the one newspapers and magazines all over the world suddenly wanted. Brief glory from an even briefer moment. Just luck, really. But they say you make your own – the bad as well as the good.

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But, still, I was taking photographs. And I was being paid to do it. It didn't sound bad to me. The assignment was actually a piece of happenstance. I'd done the London shots for a glossy coffee-table picture book: *Four Cities in Four Seasons – London, Paris, Rome, Vienna*, a European co-publishing venture that netted me a juicy commission to hang round moody locations in my home city in spring, summer, autumn, and winter. I'd given my own particular slant to daffodils in Hyde Park and heat haze and traffic fumes in Piccadilly.

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It was just after an obliging cold snap over Christmas and New Year that I handed in my London-in-winter batch and got the message that the Austrian

photographer, Rudi Schüssner, had walked out on the job in Vienna for reasons nobody seemed to think I needed to know about. Rather than call in someone new, they offered me the substitute's role.

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They put me up at the Europa, on Neuer Markt, in the heart of the old city. I'd last been to Vienna for a long weekend with my wife: a midsummer tourist scramble round just about every palace and museum in the joint. It had been hot, hectic and none too memorable. I hadn't even taken many photographs. On my own, in a cold hard January, it was going to be different, though.

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The first day I didn't even try. I rode the trams round the Ringstrasse, getting on and off as I pleased to sample the moods of the place. The weather was set, frozen like the vast baroque remnants of the redundant empire that had laid the city out. I hadn't seen what Schüssner had done with spring, summer or autumn. I hadn't wanted to.

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Next morning, I was out at dawn. Snow flurries overnight meant Stephansplatz would be virginally white as well as virtually deserted. I hadn't figured out how to cope with the cathedral in one shot. Its spire stretched like a giraffe's neck into the silver-grey sky, but at ground level it was elephantine, squatting massively in the centre of the city. Probably there was no way to do it. I'd have to settle for something partial. In that weather, at that time, it could still be magical. But then, there's always been something magical about photography.

And even when you know why it happens you don't lose the sense of its mystery. That stays with you for

ever. Perhaps that's why what happened at Stephansplatz that morning failed in some strange way to surprise me.

- A The Austrian publishers had liked what they'd seen of my stuff, apparently. Besides, I was free, whereas the French and Italian photographers weren't. And I was glad to go. Things at home weren't great. They were a long way short of that. A week snapping snowy Vienna didn't have to be dressed up as a compliment to my artistry for me to go like a shot.
- B This was going to be my Vienna, not his. And it was going to give itself to me. I just had to let it come. A photograph is a moment. But you have to wait for the moment to arrive. So I bided my time and looked and looked until I could see clearly. And then I was ready.
- C I'd always shied clear of accessories, arguing that all you needed to do the job were a good pair of eyes and a decent camera. Plus spontaneity of course, which you don't get fiddling with tripod legs. I just prowled round the square, looking for the right angle, for some way to give scale as well as atmosphere to the scene.
- D It certainly seemed that way to the nineteenth-century pioneers, before the chemistry of it was properly understood. Pictures develop and strengthen and hold by an agency of their own. You can stand in a darkened room and watch a blank sheet of paper become a photograph.
- E I went freelance after that, which should have been a clever move and would probably have worked out that way, but for life beyond the lens taking a few wrong turnings. The mid-nineties weren't quite the string of triumphs I'd foreseen when my defining image made it to the cover of *Time* magazine. That's why I was in Vienna, rather than anywhere even faintly newsworthy.
- F I'd also reconciled myself to the best and truest of what I'd delivered being tossed aside. It was, after all, only a picture book. It wasn't meant to challenge anyone's preconceptions or make them see instead of look.
- G One day, one second, I might close the shutter on the perfect photograph. There was always the chance, so long as there was film in my camera. Finish one; load another; and keep looking, with eyes wide open. That was my code. Had been for a long time.
- H I knew that the moment I climbed off the shuttle bus from the airport and let my eyes and brain absorb the pinky-grey dome of light over the snow-sugared roofs of the city. I was going to enjoy myself here. I was going to take some great pictures.

You are going to read an extract from a newspaper article. Seven paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs **A–H** the one which fits each gap (27–33). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

Mark your answers **on the separate answer sheet**.

6

Joanna's Lessons

Joanna MacGregor has a hectic schedule as a concert pianist. So why has she added the task of writing books for young children learning the piano?

Even a member of that mythical species, the completely tone deaf, could not fail to be stirred by a Joanna MacGregor performance. Simply to see her zipping around a keyboard grabbing fistfuls of notes at the behest of some unfeasible contemporary score is to watch a pianist pushing the human frame to its limits.

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How many veterans of the concert hall platform would be floored by such a request? For Joanna MacGregor, though, it was simply a hoot. 'In his eyes, until I played that, I hadn't passed the test. I wasn't a proper pianist.' Needless to say, she sailed through and doubtless logged the experience for her next children's recital.

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There hardly seems to be a festival this summer she is not gracing. Tomorrow she is in the thick of an all-day collaboration between nine young composers and artists. She runs her own recording label, Sound Circus. And by her own admission, she cannot meet an artist of any sort without being tempted to suggest a joint project. So why on earth take on the extra burden of writing a book?

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In producing the first three books, MacGregor is drawing on vivid experience. Between the ages of 18 and 25, before she was getting concert engagements as a pianist, she taught a stream of beginners the piano. But most important in her make-up now as a musician who is unsurpassed in the breadth of her eclectic repertoire was the endless procession of small boys and girls traipsing into her childhood home, where her mother taught the piano.

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Just as everyone should be able to learn how to swim or to speak a smattering of French, so, in her view, should everybody be able to make a stab at learning the piano. Some kids have a flair and make rapid progress. She is fascinated by the others: those who chug along at varying rates of progress, enjoying it for a while, but all too often giving up. This falling off happens at any stage. Some kids find the beginning too frustrating. Others rebel further down the line when the stakes get higher and parental pressure is driving them 'to be like those children on the telly'.

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The production of her own training manual begs an obvious question. Does she have a poor opinion of the existing corpus of tutor books, or indeed of the general quality of piano teaching? 'I'm very reluctant to criticise other people's teaching or others' tutor books,' she says. What she does do is readily accept that her books, colourful and eye-catching though they are, are by no means the only books on the market designed to make the first steps enjoyable.

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'You have to allow them to improvise and give them a reason to play at either end of the keyboard and on the black notes and use the pedals.' As progress is made, bigger obstacles loom. Children need to be coaxed quite hard to read the music rather than rely on ear. Having relied for so much of her own childhood on her very keen ear, MacGregor has considerable sympathy on this score.

'I have enormous sympathy with people who find it difficult. I don't think people talk about it enough.' The

secret, whether you do it for twenty minutes or five hours, is to work out beforehand what it is you are aiming to do, she says. Other tips: treat yourself – play the whole piece through, however many wrong notes. And mix hard with easy.

- A** MacGregor is rare among top-flight concert pianists for the interest she takes in how young children learn the instrument. She has just published her own elementary piano tutor for children: *Joanna MacGregor's Piano World*. And she has managed it despite a crippling work schedule.
- B** But she believes the single most important factor is practice. How can children be persuaded to play a passage even once again, let alone many times over? She admits to not having practised rigorously until she went to the Royal Academy of Music, where she began building up a contemporary repertoire whose formidable difficulties demanded practice. Now she loves it. The eight hours a day that she gets through are the core of her musical life, she says, more important than performances.
- C** 'Not only was I fiddling around at the keyboard, but there were all these other children of all backgrounds wanting to play every sort of music – bits of classical, jazz, pop, improvisation. I wasn't part of that hothouse thing of forcing exceptional talent. I grew up with the idea of trying to make music available to people of all abilities.'
- D** Her own special wheeze for luring these neophytes, the fives, sixes and sevens, through those bewildering times is to weave a storyline into the books and their accompanying CDs. The challenge at this fragile stage is to make the work interesting. And so, from lesson one, there are accompaniments in a variety of styles for teacher – or parent – to play beneath a child's line. For kids whose parents aren't pianists the accompaniments are recorded on the CDs. Learning should be unadulterated fun, MacGregor insists.
- E** But even her dazzling virtuosity was not enough to wow one small boy at a recent concert she gave for kids. Like the rest of the audience, he had been cascaded with bits and bobs of pieces in every style from her vast repertoire of classical, jazz, ragtime, blues, techno, African, etc. He'd coolly watched her dive under the lid of the concert grand to pluck the wires – normally a surefire knockout for kids. Then as she drew breath and invited questions, he piped up: 'Can you play *Match of the Day*'?
- F** And so the odyssey begins. It's a long journey but the first task for the young enthusiasts is easy, find the Cs – they're always to the left of the two black keys. In Book 2, the characters fall inside the piano and open up opportunities for making a whole lot of weird noises. Something parents, unlike MacGregor and the youngsters, may find a strain on the eardrums.
- G** 'I worry that some people use music, like sport, as a way of making their children achieve things, rather than just saying: it's music, it's there to enjoy. The reason children fall by the wayside is because they feel they are not going to match up to their parents' expectations.'
- H** 'People who know me are clearly surprised. But I think the very first lessons are absolutely crucial. It says a lot about the music profession that we tend to concentrate on the top end, on this idea of the child as nascent virtuoso. Most people's interest in music is much more ordinary and everyday. I find that far more interesting.'

You are going to read an extract from a short story. Seven paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs **A–H** the one which fits each gap (27–33). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

Mark your answers **on the separate answer sheet**.

7

Family Business

'Look here, it's no good!' said my Dad. We were in the car on the way back to London. My father, with my brother Maurice in tow, had just collected me and my trunk from the posh girls' school I attended. He had also just sat through Parents' Day, in the course of which I was presented with the Latin prize and the prize for the girl who had done best in her end-of-school exams. He had had a long conversation with my headteacher, and now here we were bound for home and holidays.

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'So?' I said, brazening it out. 'Mightn't that be useful?'

'I am also given to understand,' he went on, and then I knew the confrontation was coming, 'that you have ambitions to be a barrister. A barrister of all things!' My father knew quite a lot about barristers and the law.

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'I don't know about that,' I said. 'All I know is what I see in television dramas.'

'Be that as it may,' he went on, pulling himself together, 'I feel your heart's never going to be in the business now. Obviously, you'll go to Oxford University, and after that I can't see you fancying it.'

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'It's too soon to know,' I said feebly.

'I tell you you're not going to want to join us,' said my father, who had an annoying way of usually being right in such prophecies, 'and it's a pity because you've got the gifts – the brains, the nerves, the vision.'

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It was not as if my mother was around to lend a hand – she had died early in my childhood and my father had brought me and Maurice up. Maurice was two years younger than I was, and because he was motherless, early in our lives I got into the habit of taking care of him. It was not a hardship. I loved Maurice. Because the business was so successful we lived in a good deal of luxury – in a big house in London, posh schools for both of us, nice clothes, parties, theatres, operas. My father knew all kinds of people – politicians, actors, businessmen – and our house buzzed with good talk and interesting encounters.

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'OK,' I said, relieved to be spared immediate choices and decisions, and especially the bout of depression and sulks my father would sink into if I opposed him. This was the way he controlled us. So it happened. In my last term at school, and then on vacations from university, I lent a hand, never more than about twice a year, and always on the safer assignments. I became one of the smarter undergraduates, with a little house of my own, a small but powerful white car, designer clothes, and a black dress with a Paris label that I intended to wear when I took my final exams.

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This was not to be. My father told me that, in about a week, he needed me to do one last assignment for him, that it was the most important piece of business the family firm had ever attempted, and that he would see that it was more than worth my while.

'But Dad,' I protested, 'I've got my final exams coming up, and I just need to concentrate on that. It's really important that I do well and I don't want to have to think about anything else just now.'

14

That was not all. As he described the procedures I saw more clearly than ever before the single-mindedness of my father – the clarity and

resourcefulness with which he set about his life's work, the dynamic energy, the perfect self-control of the man. In his way he was a sort of genius, and I bowed to that in him. It made my own plans and hopes seem less important.

'All right,' I said. 'I'll do it.'

- A** It was in my last term that my father came up to see me and drove me out to a village for a meal and a chat. There were only a few weeks to go. My tutor predicted I would get a First Class degree (in Law), and I knew that if I kept my head and spent these last precious days carefully arranging information in my mind, he might well be right. I felt poised, confident, concentrated.
- B** The trouble was that, like most children of hereditary trades, I did feel confined by the family expectations. I could see there were various professions open to me, and I wanted to explore the possibilities. At the same time, like a coward, I didn't want to upset my father. I wasn't as frightened of him as Maurice was – I was the favourite – but I found him formidable.
- C** 'What isn't?' I said, though I had guessed the trend of his thoughts from my father's unusual silence. He was a talkative man as a rule. 'You can't fool me. You'll do what you want now,' he said. 'What with all those certificates. I was told you will get a scholarship to Oxford.'
- D** I was studying hard one day when a letter arrived from Maurice. He mentioned that a friend had asked him to join him in setting up a business, that he was really attracted to the idea, but that Father was against it. He wrote that Father was a danger to us both and did not care about us as much as he pretended. He wondered whether now was the time for him to break free of Father.
- E** 'There's still Maurice,' I said, sullen. My father snorted. We both knew Maurice hated the business. 'Anyway,' I went on, 'you could always use me as a sort of consultant.'
- F** I could tell that such pressures were simply beyond my father's imagination (or was it that he was somehow jealous of my life away from him?) and that he would interpret a refusal from me as a heartless betrayal in his hour of need.
- G** 'I just said that,' I said. 'I couldn't think of anything else to say!'
'And apparently,' he went on, 'you have the right sort of personality – you can pick the bones out of a mass of material pretty quickly, you have the gift of the gab and you enjoy performing.'
- H** 'I tell you what,' my father continued our conversation. 'You can go on helping us out in holidays until you leave Oxford, and then if you decide to leave us you can. It will give you a bit of pocket money, and be a real help to me.'

You are going to read an extract from the autobiography of the lyricist Tim Rice. Seven paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs A–H the one which fits each gap (27–33). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

8

TIM RICE

I was ushered into the young man's drawing room, an oasis of cultured sanity surrounded by what appeared to be a quite shambolic cluster of rooms in which the less enterprising members of the family operated. Moving from the kitchen to his parlour was an upgrade from economy to business class.

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His name was Andrew Lloyd Webber. He had won a scholarship to Magdalen College, Oxford, to read history, and he had nine months to kill before going up, during which time he intended to become England's answer to the composer Richard Rodgers.

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Consequently, when Andrew suggested a completely new insane ambition for me, i.e. to become as famous a lyricist as Oscar Hammerstein, I had no qualms about giving it a go. This was partly because within ten minutes of our introduction, he was at the piano and had played me three tunes he had composed – I could tell that he was good. Very good.

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I had little to impress him with in return, other than instant praise for his music and a bona fide, actually released, seven-inch single of a song I had written (both words and music) with which an unknown pop group had dealt the final blow to their moribund career by recording three months previously. We parted, promising to meet again and to write something together. I was still more interested in the charts than in the West End theatre, but told myself on the bus back to my flat that I had just met somebody of rare ability and determination, and I would be mad to miss

out on being a sidekick to a chap who was clearly going to take the musical theatre by storm, probably by next week.

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The next day, back at my desk in the office where I was training to become a solicitor, the brief certainty I had enjoyed of a life in show business with Andrew Lloyd Webber had faded somewhat. I would of course continue to keep an eye on the small ads in *Melody Maker* for groups needing a vocalist, and would turn out a few more three-chord songs tailored not to expose the limitations of my voice, but it was still odds-on that eventually I would stagger through my exams and wind up a respectable lawyer by the time I was twenty-five.

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But in the meantime I felt I had nothing to lose by seeing Andrew again. It would be fun to go and see a musical with him, to write words that aped musical lyricists rather than pop stars. And Andrew was a fascinating individual who talked of *Good Food Guides* and Victorian architecture, besides supporting Leyton Orient football team.

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The idea was the life of Dr Thomas Barnardo, the nineteenth century philanthropist who founded the orphanages that bear his name. His story was a worthy one indeed, but not one that truly fired my imagination. The hero was too squeaky-clean, at least in Andrew's version of his life, and the enterprise was unoriginal in both conception and execution, owing far too much to Lionel Bart's hit show, *Oliver*.

I set to work with enormous enthusiasm, in particular for those songs that were intended to be funny. Andrew outlined the plot, played me the tunes and in

many instances gave me the title as well, most of which had presumably been thought up by his ex-wordsmith school pal who had already had a go. I skipped a day at the solicitors' office, faking illness, to write my first batch of theatrical lyrics. I did not know it that day but I had changed careers.

- A** And even if the two of us failed to challenge the top musical composers successfully, then we could try to knock the Beatles and Rolling Stones off their perches later, in the summer. The Everly Brothers had just made a comeback and would clearly be in need of some new material.
- B** By then I would have surely grown out of pop music as my father had confidently predicted I would by the time I was twenty-one. This was worrying – if he was right I only had a few more months of enjoying it.
- C** As he confidently continued to bash out selections from some of the many shows he had written and produced at school, I was reminded of many of the best show albums from my parents' LP collection. He needed a new lyricist for the outside world.
- D** But it seemed to me that plenty of other blokes around my age (twenty) and not overburdened with talent were making it and I wished to be of their number. There were even guys from my home town and from public school in the pop charts – surely I had the qualifications.
- E** I wasn't convinced by the idea for a musical that he had been working on for the past year, but in 1965 I was rarely convinced about anything. His talent was beyond question and he claimed to have all the contacts. I was soon back in his drawing room.
- F** My own ambitions were just as insane as his; I wanted to be a pop star, for all the healthy reasons – women, money and fame. The difference between Andrew and myself was that my dreams were never life or death to me, though it's easy to say that now. They might have become so had I failed.
- G** On the other hand, Andrew's conviction of his score's precocious brilliance was infectious and not totally unjustified. What did I know about musicals? As David Land, later to be my agent for over a quarter of a century, memorably (and repeatedly) said, if there's a demand for one hamburger bar on the block, there is room for two. We could be the second hamburger joint.
- H** Here was the largest collection of records I had ever seen, the first stereo record player and tuner I had come across and the astonishing evidence that a teenager existed who had spent money on Georgian wine glasses, pictures and furniture.

You are going to read an introduction to a book. Seven paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs A–H the one which fits each gap (27–33). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

9

Advertising on trial

If you work for an advertising agency, the early years of the 1990s may well have been the toughest of your professional life. The recession in business was bad enough. It was longer, deeper and more severe than anticipated by even the most pessimistic, hitting industrialised nations as hard as anything else for thirty years.

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Every single business in the country was affected, some – the vehicle and building trades – finding themselves 30 per cent down. A lot of people – a lot of companies – in a lot of countries suffered. Of course, advertising people are scarcely unique in losing their jobs in such difficult times, but of all those still in employment, they often feel particularly under pressure.

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And yet, alongside these psychological and financial imperatives lies an almost paradoxical rise in the perceived importance of the marketing process. The notion that companies should be making sure they are producing services and goods that their customers want, as opposed to merely what it is convenient for them to provide, is not a new one. Still, it's scarcely unfair to say that it has been only over the past ten or fifteen years that many companies seem to have put the idea intentionally, rather than fortuitously, into practice.

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All these things have pleasingly increased the status of marketing people, while simultaneously adding to their burden. Marketing is increasingly regarded as that which it is not: a universal panacea. With approximately half of most marketing budgets being

spent on advertising, there's some truth in saying that the buck then stops with the ad-people. It is certainly true that if the 80s was the decade in which advertising never had it so good, the start of the 90s saw the industry enduring its worst downturn for a generation. This was, of course, partly a direct consequence of the economic climate at the time.

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And, generally, in the absence of concrete, convincing and quantitative evidence to the contrary, they had to conclude that the benefits of advertising might be questionable. At a time when enthusiasm to account for every dollar spent was naturally high, it was simply not clear enough to many client companies exactly what they were getting for the large sums of money they were spending, exactly what return they were seeing on their investment. Advertising – ever a business to excite the suspicions of the sceptic – was, as a consequence, more than ever before on trial.

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Now, while none of this should elicit sympathy for a thoroughly tough business, it does mean that many of those advertising people still in work continue to face precisely the same problems as their clients: how to do more with less. If this is, in itself, sufficiently trying, a number of other factors have made the production of effective advertising particularly difficult.

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These include, for example, the dramatic demographic changes facing much of the West; the burgeoning power of the retailer; the changing needs and desires of consumers; the rise of sponsorship;

the increasingly onerous legal restrictions on advertising. And, of course, for some companies there is the new challenge of advertising abroad. Together with the economic situation, it is these matters which have forced many of those responsible for advertising to revisit Lord Lovelock's commonplace that: 'Only half my advertising works. The trouble is I don't know which half.' Because now more than ever before, the pressure is on to increase the proportion of advertising that works.

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This means that while conferences and seminars may provide some useful information, the books currently available on advertising, and how to do it, really don't. Those that are available tend to treat the process of producing advertising with too much respect. To give the impression that the work advertising agencies produce is invariably of the highest quality, deeply considered and remarkable value for money, is neither true nor likely to help those employees of the client company who are ultimately responsible.

- A Thus, client companies almost everywhere took the view of one of their leaders quoted in the British trade magazine *Campaign*: 'We want better strategies, better targeting, better creativity, better media placement, better thinking. We aim to ensure we get advertising agencies' best people on our business and then ensure they are motivated to work their fingers to the bone, producing outstanding work for us.'
- B The consequences have been that marketing activities have at last begun to be given the attention they deserve by management, that these people have acquired a little learning about the subject, and that a few brands have actually begun to be genuinely marketed.
- C Ultimately, the poverty of the current advertising scene is due to the nature of the relationship between agencies and their clients. The best way of getting better advertising lies partly in improving this, and partly in adopting a more empirical approach to the whole advertising process.
- D However, there was also evidence of more deep-seated change which would not simply be waved away as, and when, economic prospects brightened. The fact was that while this recession naturally caused potential clients to review, reconsider and often cut their budgets at the time, it also made them examine more closely than ever before the economics of advertising.

- E It is not terribly surprising that, at the moment, help for those who want or need to do just that is far from freely available. Generally, companies and the advertising agencies they use have been far too busy simply coping with these circumstances to wish to talk or write about them, while those that have succeeded in keeping their heads above water are often understandably anxious to keep the secrets of their success to themselves.
- F Seen, as they are, to spearhead efforts to support the bottom line, they suppose themselves to be under close enough scrutiny from their colleagues, let alone their bosses. Moreover, they are also faced with the very considerable problem of increasingly being asked to do their ever more difficult jobs with smaller and smaller budgets. They have been told that less must be more.
- G Some of these are a direct consequence of the recession discussed earlier: the controversy over production costs, and the disinclination to take the sort of risks that are ironically often the essence of good advertising. Other events would have happened irrespective of local or global economic conditions.
- H In Britain, it meant in 1991 alone that while gross domestic product (GDP) declined, interest rates remained punitively high, consumer spending on almost everything other than staples fell, more than half a million people lost their jobs, and some 75,000 homes were repossessed.

You are going to read an extract from a novel. Seven paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs **A–H** the one which fits each gap (27–33). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

10

THE WELL

I had read somewhere that from a sufficiently deep hole, one could see the stars, if the day were clear. I had persuaded you to help me with my scheme; you watched, eyes wide, fist to mouth, as I winched up the well bucket, steadied it on the wall and then climbed in. I told you to let me down. I had not thought to allow for the bucket's much increased weight, your lack of strength or inclination to just stand back and let what would happen, happen. You held the handle, taking some of the strain as I pushed the bucket off the side of the well's stone surround. Freed of the wall's support, I plunged immediately. You gave a little shriek and made one attempt to brake the handle, then you let it go. I fell into the well. I cracked my head.

27

At the time I was at first just dazed, then frightened, then relieved, then finally both angry at you for letting me fall and afraid of what Mother would say. You called down, asking if I was all right. I opened my mouth to shout, and then you called again, a note of rising panic in your voice, and with those words stopped mine in my throat. I lay still, eyelids cracked enough to watch you through the foliage of lashes. You disappeared, calling out for help. I waited a moment, then quickly hauled and pushed my way to the top, then pulled myself over the edge and landed on the courtyard cobbles.

28

Mother and Father both appeared along with you and old Arthur; Mother shrieked, flapping her hands. Father shouted and told Arthur to haul on the winch handle. You stood back, looking pale and shocked, watching. I was bowed in the shadows. A fire of fierce elation filled me. Then I saw the line of drops I'd left, from the well to where I now stood. I looked in horror

at the spots, dark coins of dirty well water fallen from my soaking clothes on to the dry, grey cobbles. At my feet, in the darkness, the water had formed a little pool.

29

This had quickly become more serious than I'd anticipated, escalating with dizzying rapidity from a great prank born of a brilliant brainwave to something that would not be put to rest without some serious, painful and lasting punishment being inflicted on somebody, almost certainly myself. I cursed myself for not thinking this through. From crafty plan, to downfall, to wheeze, to calamity; all in a few minutes.

30

Sitting up, comforted, my head in my weeping mother's bosom, I went 'Pheew' and said 'Oh dear' and smiled bravely and claimed that I had found a secret tunnel from the bottom of the well to the moat, and crawled and swum along it until I got out, climbed up the bridge and tottered, exhausted, through the passageway.

31

Thinking I was plugging a gap, in fact only adding another log to my pyre, I said that the secret passage had fallen in after me; there wouldn't be any point in, say, sending somebody down to look for it. In fact the whole well was dangerous. I'd barely escaped with my life. I looked into my father's eyes and it was like looking into a dark tunnel with no stars at the end.

32

20

My words died in my throat. 'Don't be ridiculous, boy,' he said, investing more contempt in those few words than I'd have thought a whole language capable of conveying. He rose smoothly to his feet and walked away.

33

In that pity was a rebuke as severe and wounding as that my father had administered, and in as much that it confirmed that this was the mature judgement of my actions and my father's, not some aberration I might be able to discount or ignore, it affected me even more profoundly.

- A** I looked back into the courtyard, to where Father was now shining a flashlight down into the well and peering into the gloom. The drops I had left shone in the sunlight. I could not believe that nobody had seen them. Mother was screaming hysterically now; a sharp, jarring noise that I had never heard before. It shook my soul, suffused my conscience. What was I to do? I had had my revenge on you, but where did I go from here?
- B** To this day I think I was almost getting away with it until Father appeared squatting in front of me. He had me repeat my story. I did so, hesitating. His eyes narrowed.
- C** It did not occur to me then that I had succeeded, in a sense, in my plan. What I saw were lights, strange, inchoate and bizarre. It was only later that I connected the visual symptoms of that fall and impact with the stylised stars and planets I was used to seeing drawn in a cartoon panel whenever a comic character suffered a similar whack.
- D** It was as though he was seeing me for the first time, and as though I was looking down a secret passage through time, to an adult perspective, to the way the world and cocky, lying children's stories would look to me when I was his age.
- E** That was what racked me, spread upon the castle's stones; that was what gripped me like a cold fist inside and squeezed those cold and bitter tears of grief from me and could not be comforted by Mother's soothing strokes and gentle pats and soft cooings.
- F** The plan came to me like a lifebelt to a drowning man. I gathered all my courage and left my hiding place, coming staggering out and blinking. I cried out faintly, one hand to my brow, then yelled out a little louder when my first cry went unheeded. I stumbled on a little further, then collapsed dramatically on the cobbles.
- G** I could hear raised, alarmed voices coming from the castle's main door. I ran the opposite way, down to the passage leading to the moat bridge, and hid in the shadows there.
- H** Arthur looked down at me, his expression regretful and troubled, shaking his head or looking like he wanted to, not because I had had a terrifying adventure and then been unjustly disbelieved by my own father, but because he too could see through my forlorn and hapless lie, and worried for the soul, the character, the future moral standing of any child so shameless – and so incompetent – in its too easily resorted-to lying.

You are going to read an extract from a novel. Seven paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs **A–H** the one which fits each gap (27–33). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

Mark your answers **on the separate answer sheet**.

11

The Wrong Country

Uncle chose for them a package holiday at a very reasonable price: a flight from Gatwick Airport, twelve nights in Venice, the fairyland city, in the Pensione Concordia. When Keith and Dawne went together to the travel agency to make the booking, the counter clerk explained that the other members of that particular package were a school group from the south coast, all of them learning Italian. But something went wrong.

27

At Gatwick they had handed their tickets to a girl in the yellow-and-red Your-Kind-of-Holiday uniform. She'd addressed them by name, had checked the details on their tickets and said that that was lovely. An hour later it had surprised them to hear elderly people on the plane talking in North of England accents. Keith said there must have been a cancellation, or possibly the Italian class was on a second plane.

28

But the next morning, when it became apparent that they were being offered them for the duration of their holiday, they became alarmed.

'We have the lake, and the water birds,' the receptionist smilingly explained. 'And we may take the steamer to Interlaken.'

'An error has been made,' Keith informed the man, keeping the register of his voice even, for it was essential to be calm. He was aware of his wife's agitated breathing close beside him.

29

'Your group is booked twelve nights in the Edelweiss Hotel. To make an alteration now, sir, if you have changed your minds –'

'We haven't changed our minds. There's been a mistake.'

The receptionist shook his head. He did not know about a mistake.

'The man who made the booking,' Dawne interrupted, 'was bald, with glasses and a moustache.' She gave the name of the travel agency in London.

30

Again she gave the name of the travel agency and described the bald-headed counter clerk, mentioning his spectacles and his moustache. Keith interrupted her. 'It seems we got into the wrong group. We reported to the Your-Kind-of-Holiday girl and left it all to her.'

'We should have known when they weren't from Dover,' Dawne contributed. 'We heard them talking about Darlington.'

Keith made an impatient sound. He wished she'd leave the talking to him.

31

'Now, what I am endeavouring to say to you good people is that all tickets and labels are naturally similar, the yellow with the two red bands.' Mrs Franks suddenly laughed. 'So if you simply followed other people with the yellow-and-red label you might imagine you could end up in a wildlife park! But of course,' she added soothingly, 'that couldn't happen in a million years.'

32

'She seems quite kind,' Dawne whispered, 'that woman.' Keith wasn't listening. He tried to go over in his mind every single thing that had occurred: handing the girl the tickets, sitting down to wait, and then the

22

girl leading the way to the plane, and then the pilot's voice welcoming them aboard, and the air hostess with the smooth black hair going round to see that everyone's seat belt was fastened.

33

Keith walked out of the reception area and Dawne followed him. On the forecourt of the hotel they didn't

say to one another that there was an irony in the catastrophe that had occurred. On their first holiday since their honeymoon they'd landed themselves in a package tour of elderly people when the whole point of the holiday was to escape the needs and demands of the elderly. In his bossy way Uncle had said so himself when they'd tried to persuade him to accompany them.

A 'We noticed you at Gatwick,' Keith said. 'We knew you were in charge of things.'

'And I noticed *you*. I counted you, although I daresay you didn't see me doing that. Now, let me explain to you. There are many places Your-Kind-of-Holiday sends its clients to, many different holidays at different prices. There are, for instance, villa holidays for the adventurous under-thirty-fives. There are treks to Turkey, and treks for singles to the Himalayas.'

B 'We were meant to be in Venice. In the Pensione Concordia.'

'I do not know the name, sir. This is Switzerland.'

'A coach is to take us on. An official said so on the plane. She was here last night, that woman.'

C 'Nice to have some young people along,' an elderly man's voice interrupted Keith's thoughts. 'Nottage the name is.' The old man's wife was with him, both of them looking as if they were in their eighties. They'd slept like logs, she said, best night's sleep they'd had for years, which of course would be due to the lakeside air.

'That's nice,' Dawne said.

D The last of the elderly people slowly made their way from the dining room, saying good night as they went. A day would come, Dawne thought, when they would go to Venice on their own initiative, with people like the class from Dover. She imagined them in the Pensione Concordia, not one of them a day older than themselves.

E Either in the travel agency or at the check-in desk, or in some anonymous computer, a small calamity was conceived. Dawne and Keith ended up in a hotel called the Edelweiss, in Room 212, somewhere in Switzerland.

F 'We're not meant to be in Switzerland,' Keith doggedly persisted.

'Well, let's just see, shall we?'

Unexpectedly, Mrs Franks turned and went away, leaving them standing. The receptionist was no longer behind the reception desk. The sound of typing could be heard.

G 'Some problem, have we?' a woman said, beaming at Keith. She was the stout woman he had referred to as an official. They'd seen her talking to the yellow-and-red girl at Gatwick. On the plane she'd walked up and down the aisle, smiling at people.

'My name is Franks,' she was saying now. 'I'm married to the man with the bad leg.'

'Are you in charge, Mrs Franks?' Dawne enquired. 'Only we're in the wrong hotel.'

H They ordered two drinks, and then two more. 'The coach'll take us on,' a stout woman with spectacles announced when they touched down. 'Keep all together now.' There'd been no mention of an overnight stop in the brochure, but when the coach drew in at its destination, Keith explained that that was clearly what this was. As they stepped out of the coach it was close on midnight: fatigued and travel-stained, they did not feel like questioning their right to the beds they were offered.

You are going to read a short story. Seven paragraphs have been removed from the story. Choose from the paragraphs A–H the one which fits each gap (27–33). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

REMOVAL DAY

With her children now grown, widowed Susan faces leaving the family home

The van said, Susan noticed, 'Removers of Distinction', and indeed, every distinguishing feature of the house was being removed. Everything which made it particular was being wrapped in newspaper and packed in boxes by Fred the removal man, his enormous fingers like sausages tenderly handling all the breakables; and his team of helpers, not so gentle.

27

When told that they had bought this house, Robert, then five, had asked thoughtfully, 'Mum, when you buy a house, how d'you get it home?' You could miss a little boy in the physical presence of the adult he had become; Robert was here, helping, and in particular making sure she didn't let on about the piano. Francesca was here too, also helping, in her bossy way, stubbornly certain that nobody but she, the family daughter, would be careful enough over a fine instrument like a Steinway piano.

28

She could easily imagine.

Left to herself, Susan would have warned the removers about the piano before accepting the estimate. Robert had said sternly that it was their business to see the problem, and their bad luck if they didn't. The piano now stood in solitary glory in the upstairs sitting room, the best room in the house. They would leave it till last, naturally. Sitting on the bottom stair, for all the chairs were gone now, she remembered the time they had arrived.

29

They brought it up to the turn of the stairs, and down again, and cut out banister rails, and got it jammed

anyway, while little Robert looked on enthralled, and young Francesca wailed, 'We can't live in a house without a piano! We can't! I'd rather die!' And of course they couldn't; not with a musical daughter destined to be a concert pianist. They had to find a way to get it in; and a way had been found.

30

Then, from the quay below the house, where fish were unloaded from the inshore boats, a little crane was borrowed, and dragged up the hill by means of the local farmer's tractor. Finally, the piano was wrapped in blankets, hooked to the crane and gently swung safely through the gaping window, while the entranced children danced with joy at the sight of it.

31

The children were increasingly too busy to come home at weekends, and Susan was no longer so mobile in the house, and puffing as she climbed the stairs. The thought of the stairs interrupted her daydream. The banister rails were still not quite parallel; they had not been put back perfectly all that time ago. She ought to have warned the removers, surely she ought. But now it was too late. Any moment now they would find it. She looked around, dazed and panic-stricken.

32

Truth to tell she was just on the edge of them. How odd that simply moving things made them matter. Chairs and cups and things, hundreds of things, that one never noticed or gave a moment's thought to while they stayed put, now they were displaced, were full of pathos, crying out to be cared about – and she would have cried, in a moment, surely she would.

It was Robert who laughed first, but then they couldn't stop laughing, relieved that it was all over. All three of them, helplessly, leaning against each other, gasping

for breath and laughing more. 'What's the joke, then?' asked Fred, but he merely started them off again. So that, as they went, the three of them, arm in arm down the path for the last time, the only tears she shed were tears of laughter.

- A Peter, her late husband, had come home to the crisis and had resolved it. The piano had been left in the garden while the other furniture was brought in – there was much less of it then; they had been relatively young and hard up. And next day, to everyone's surprise, a builder had been engaged to take out the first floor window.
- B To the children's undisguised pleasure, the piano was miraculously unharmed after its bumpy journey. As soon as the going was safe, Francesca celebrated with an impromptu recital so full of happy relief that it moved her mother to tears.
- C Only just then the piano appeared, lurching at the top of the stairs, with Fred backing down in front of it and one of the others behind. It tipped slightly. 'Easy does it!' cried Fred, and they carried it smoothly down the stairs and out of the front door, and put it down behind the removal van on the road.
- D 'Are you all right, love?' Fred was saying. 'Mind yourself, it's just the piano to come now, and then we'll be on our way.' She moved from the bottom stair, heart beating. Robert and Francesca had both appeared, standing in the back of the hallway to watch. 'No tears then?' Fred said, conversationally.
- E 'She doesn't look like she's going to cry on us,' observed Fred. 'That's something.' 'Do people cry?' Susan asked, intrigued. 'You'd be surprised,' said Fred. 'They go around merry as magpies helping out till it's all in the van, then you look round and there they are, crying in the middle of an empty room. They're fine when we get to the new place, mind. It's just seeing everything taken apart that upsets them.'
- F It was a lovely house that she was leaving, an elegant four-storeyed building overlooking a tiny harbour. The years she had spent there, the years of the children growing up and leaving, hung around in the air, faintly present like agitated dust.
- G However, the whole process had cost so much it was months before they could afford to have the piano professionally tuned. 'That's that,' Peter had said. 'That's there for ever.' But for ever is a long time.
- H The day she was living through now was like that day filmed and run backwards – the piano had been carried in first. And it had got stuck on the stairs. For nearly two hours the team of removal men struggled manfully with it, until it seemed they would simply have to give up.

READING PART 2

	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
1	G	H	F	C	D	A	E
2	C	H	A	F	D	E	G
3	F	C	H	G	D	A	E
4	D	F	H	B	G	A	C
5	G	E	F	A	H	B	D
6	E	A	H	C	G	D	B
7	C	G	B	E	H	A	F
8	H	F	C	A	B	E	G
9	H	F	B	D	A	G	E
10	C	G	A	F	B	D	H
11	E	H	B	G	A	F	C
12	F	E	H	A	G	D	C

TWO MARKS FOR EACH CORRECT ANSWER



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1

Parental Favouritism

A

The American science writer Jeffery Kluger has just published a book in which he argues that, whether we admit it or not, parental favouritism is hard-wired into the human psyche. 'It is my belief that 95% of the parents in the world have a favourite child, and the other 5% are lying,' he declares in *The Sibling Effect: What the Bonds Among Brothers and Sisters Reveal About Us*. That particular figure may be guesswork, but there is plenty of evidence that would seem to back him up. Kluger cites a Californian study of 384 families, who were visited three times a year and videotaped as they 'worked through conflicts'. The study found that 65% of mothers and 70% of fathers exhibited a preference for one child. And those numbers are almost certainly under-representative, since people behave less naturally when they are being watched.

B

Every couple of years, in fact, a new report comes out purporting to lift the lid on parental favouritism. Most often – though by no means always – older siblings seem to come out on top. In 2009 two British professors, David Lawson and Ruth Mace, published a study of 14,000 families in the Bristol area. They found that each successive sibling received 'markedly' less care and attention from their parents than their predecessors. Older siblings were even fed better, as a result of which they were likely to be up to three centimetres taller than their younger siblings. They also had higher IQs, probably because they had the benefit of their parents' undivided attention for the first part of their lives.

C

Anthropologists and evolutionary psychologists argue that there is a sound logic to this. A firstborn automatically absorbs a huge amount of parental time and energy; and once you've invested that much in one child, you might as well keep going – if only to protect the investment. However, a survey of 1,803 British parents with two children claimed to show that younger siblings were given preferential treatment 59% of the time. Parents were more likely to side with a younger child in an argument, lavish them with affection and let them have their own way.

D

It's at this point, I must admit, that I start to feel a bit impatient with the experts. A science that can absorb so many contradictory variables hardly seems like science at all. And if, as the experts all seem to agree, favouritism is so common as to be almost universal, doesn't that make it just – well, normal? Undoubtedly there are families where favouritism is blatant and sustained enough to be seriously destructive. But in most cases, surely, it does not merit such pathologising.

E

When I solicited confessions of favouritism from my fellow parents, I had no luck at all. Lots of people admitted to treating their children differently at different times, according to their needs (and how annoying they're being). But not one felt this reflected any fundamental preference. It is simply part of the warp and weft of family life. The truth is that favouritism is an awfully blunt word for such a complicated subject. How we treat our children is affected by any number of shifting, interlacing factors: birth order, gender, changes in circumstances, our own childhood experiences. Then, too, some characters just hit it off better than others.

F

'I think most of us have short-term favourites, depending on who's going through a "phase"; says Suzanne, a mother of four. 'You can feel immense affection for one child on a Tuesday who then drives you to distraction on Wednesday. But the underlying love is just as intense for all of them. I think long-term favouritism is bookselling nonsense in the majority of cases.' In an anonymous online survey for the website Mumsnet, 16% of mothers admitted to having a favourite child. That's quite a lot – it's a big deal to admit to such parental malpractice, if only to yourself – but it hardly amounts to the psychological pandemic of Kluger's imaginings. On the other hand, things do tend to look different from a child's perspective. Even in the happiest families, siblings instinctively compete for their parents' love. Scrupulous emotional accountants, they are constantly totting up incidents of perceived unfairness. So it makes sense for parents, too, to keep a watchful eye on their own behaviour.

PART 7

You are going to read an extract from an article about the attitudes of parents towards their children. For questions 44–53, choose from the sections (A–F). The sections may be chosen more than once. In the exam you will mark your answers on a separate answer sheet.

In which section are the following mentioned?

- | | |
|---|----------|
| a general pattern that emerges from the majority of investigations into favouritism | 44 |
| the need for parents to be conscious of the way they treat each of their children | 45 |
| a theory as to why a certain child may be the subject of favouritism | 46 |
| the extent to which children focus on their parents' attitude towards them | 47 |
| a feeling that the study of favouritism may not be worthwhile | 48 |
| evidence of parents' greater tolerance for a certain child | 49 |
| the large variety of reasons affecting parents' attitudes towards their children | 50 |
| a factor that could affect the reliability of research into favouritism | 51 |
| distrust of what some parents say about favouritism in research | 52 |
| how difficult it is for parents to acknowledge favouritism | 53 |

John McCarthy - Computer Pioneer

A

John McCarthy was often described as the father of 'artificial intelligence' (AI), a branch of computer science founded on the notion that human intelligence can be simulated by machines. McCarthy, who coined the term in 1956, defined it as 'the science and engineering of making intelligent machines' and created the Lisp computer language to help researchers in the AI field. He maintained that there were aspects of the human mind that could be described precisely enough to be replicated: 'The speeds and memory capacities of present computers may be insufficient to simulate many of the higher functions of the human brain,' he wrote in 1955, 'but the major obstacle is not lack of machine capacity but our inability to write programs taking full advantage of what we have.'

B

McCarthy went on to create AI laboratories at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and later at Stanford University where he became the laboratory's director in 1965. During the 1960s he developed the concept of computer time-sharing, which allows several people to use a single, central, computer at the same time. If this approach were adopted, he claimed in 1961, 'computing may some day be organised as a public utility'. The concept of time-sharing made possible the development of so-called 'cloud computing' (the delivery of computing as a service rather than a product). Meanwhile, his Lisp programming language, which he invented in 1958, underpinned the development of voice recognition technology.

C

McCarthy's laboratory at Stanford developed systems that mimic human skills - such as vision, hearing and the movement of limbs - as well as early versions of a self-driving car. He also worked on an early chess-playing program, but came to believe that computer chess was a distraction, observing in 1997 that it had developed 'much as genetics might have if the geneticists had concentrated their efforts starting in 1910 on breeding racing *Drosophila*. We would have some science, but mainly we would have very fast fruit flies.'

D

The concept of AI inspired numerous books and sci-fi films, notably Stanley Kubrick's dystopian *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968). In the real world,

however, the technology made slow progress, and McCarthy later admitted that there was some way to go before it would be possible to develop computer programs as intelligent as humans. Meanwhile he applied himself to addressing theoretical issues about the nature of human and robotic decision-making and the ethics of creating artificial beings. He also wrote a sci-fi story, *The Robot and the Baby*, to 'illustrate my opinions about what household robots should be like'. The robot in the story decides to simulate love for a human baby.

E

McCarthy taught himself mathematics as a teenager by studying textbooks at the California Institute of Technology. When he arrived at the institute to study the subject aged 16, he was assigned to a graduate course. In 1948 a symposium at Caltech on 'Cerebral Mechanisms in Behaviour', that included papers on automata and the brain and intelligence, sparked his interest in developing machines that can think like people. McCarthy received a doctorate in Mathematics from Princeton University in 1951 and was immediately appointed to a Chair in the subject. It was at Princeton that he proposed the programming language Lisp as a way to process more sophisticated mathematical concepts than Fortran, which had been the dominant programming medium until then. McCarthy joined the Stanford faculty in 1962, remaining there until his official retirement in 2000.

F

During the 1970s he presented a paper on buying and selling by computer. He also invited a local computer hobby group, the Homebrew Computer Club, to meet at the Stanford laboratory. Its members included Steve Jobs and Steven Wozniak, who would go on to found Apple. However, his own interest in developing time-sharing systems led him to underestimate the potential of personal computers. When the first PCs emerged in the 1970s he dismissed them as 'toys'. McCarthy continued to work as an emeritus professor at Stanford after his official retirement, and at the time of his death was working on a new computer language called Elephant. Despite his disappointment with AI, McCarthy remained confident of the power of mathematics: 'He who refuses to do arithmetic is doomed to talk nonsense,' he wrote in 1995.

PART 7

You are going to read an extract from an article about a man who was involved in the development of computing. For questions 44–53, choose from the sections (A–F). The sections may be chosen more than once.

In the exam you will mark your answers on a separate answer sheet.

In which section are the following mentioned?

- | | |
|--|----------|
| the speed at which McCarthy made progress in his career | 44 |
| an opinion McCarthy had which proved to be mistaken | 45 |
| McCarthy's belief that one of his ideas could have a widespread function | 46 |
| McCarthy's attention to the moral aspects of an area of research | 47 |
| what inspired McCarthy to go into a certain area of research | 48 |
| McCarthy's view of what was the cause of a certain problem | 49 |
| McCarthy's attempt to introduce a rival to something commonly used | 50 |
| McCarthy's continuing belief in the importance of a certain field | 51 |
| a common belief about McCarthy | 52 |
| McCarthy's criticism of an area of research he had been involved in | 53 |

A Wander through Britain's Woodlands

The President of the Woodland Trust, an organisation which encourages people to enjoy the woodlands of Britain, selects his favourite places for an autumn walk.

A Hampstead Heath

Where better for a country walk in autumn than north London? Hampstead Heath is just a few kilometres from the centre of town, but it is one of the capital's best-known beauty spots. And covering very nearly 325 hectares, certainly one of the largest. It is called a heath, although it is in fact a patchwork of not just heath but also parkland and hedgerow, laid out paths, open hillside and overgrown thickets, lakes and ponds – and plenty of woods and trees. The City of London Corporation is now responsible for its upkeep. They fuss about the swimming, designate cycle paths, regulate the fishing, and put up notices about all such dangerous activities. But despite their best efforts, the Heath still feels quite wild. From one popular vantage point there is a panoramic view of central London, where visitors stop to admire the crowded streets and skyscrapers they have come to the Heath to get away from. It's at its best later in the year. When it's warm and sunny it can feel too crowded with casual visitors. But frosts and mist, rain and snow deter the Heath's fair-weather friends.

B Hainault Forest

This remnant of what was once the vast Forest of Essex is now an attractive stretch of woodland easily reached by the London Underground. The woods around here were a royal forest, but an Act of Parliament of 1851 authorised the cutting down and removal of its trees. And removed they were, grubbed up by all too efficient men and machines – hectare upon hectare laid waste within weeks of the passing of the Act. The devastation stirred the beginnings of the modern conservation movement – local people led by a politician called Edward North Buxton saved and restored Hainault. It is now owned and managed by the Woodland Trust. Hainault is a unique site, which features open heathland, some of which has been recently planted up with native trees by the Woodland Trust, and the dense woodland of the ancient forest.

C Glen Finglas

Far away from London and the South East, the Trossachs is a strikingly beautiful corner of Scotland. Among the best of the Trossachs is Glen Finglas, the Woodland Trust's 4,000-hectare estate, which can truly take the breath away, particularly during the late autumn when the frosted peaks and still, cold lochs take on an ethereal splendour. For the enthusiastic hill walker, there is a challenging 25-kilometre trail around the hill called The Mell, which takes you on a meander through woodland, alongside a reservoir and into the upper part of the glen, where the remnants of an ancient royal hunting forest give way to the open hillsides of Meall Cala, reaching a height of 600m. It's certainly not a gentle stroll, but is worth the effort as the views are spectacular. For those after a slightly less arduous journey there are many shorter routes around the site too.

D Ardkinglas Woodland Gardens

For a slightly different woodland walk in the west of Scotland, head for the Ardkinglas. In addition to native species it features many specimens of firs and pines and other trees from overseas planted in the 19th century, when plant hunting was all the rage. There is plenty of scope for a good walk around its ten hectares. Ardkinglas's sheltered location, high rainfall and warm temperatures all encourage spectacular tree growth, and they claim to have the tallest tree in Britain – a Grand Fir, *Abies grandis* – standing at last time of measuring 64.5 metres high. If you are sceptical of such claims, bring a tape measure and a long ladder. There are many other mighty trees that are impressive all year round but on a clear November day the views towards the loch are fantastic. A couple of miles away on Loch Fyne itself, next to the famous oyster restaurant, Ardkinglas runs a tree shop. So if you want to create your own forest you can buy it and plant it, tree by tree.

PART 7

You are going to read some extracts from an article about places of natural beauty in Britain. For questions 44–53, choose from the places (A–D). The places may be chosen more than once.
In the exam you will mark your answers on a separate answer sheet.

Of which place are the following stated?

- | | |
|--|----------|
| It combines the old and the new. | 44 |
| A piece of information about it may be open to doubt. | 45 |
| A popular activity led to the introduction of new items. | 46 |
| Some people are unwilling to go there all year round. | 47 |
| Action taken there led to wider similar action. | 48 |
| Its name isn't strictly accurate. | 49 |
| It is a good place for energetic people. | 50 |
| Certain favourable conditions have enabled it to flourish. | 51 |
| Official actions have not changed its fundamental character. | 52 |
| It underwent rapid change over a short period. | 53 |

Kents Cavern: Inside the Cave of Stone-Age Secrets

A

The entrance to the cave was narrow and no more than 1.5 metres high. Only one person at a time could enter, head stooped, a flickering light held in one hand, pickaxe in the other. They were a group of 12 explorers on that summer's day in 1825, including local coastguards, a man determined to discover an ancient Roman temple, and a young Roman Catholic priest with an interest in fossils. Father John MacEnery had recently arrived from Limerick as private chaplain to the Cary family at nearby Torre Abbey. He was the last to enter this strange world of darkness – of vast chambers, narrow fissures and magical stalactites that formed crystalline chandeliers and pillars, glinting in the lantern light.

B

Breaking off from the rest of the party, who were vainly trying to break through the calcified floor, Father MacEnery investigated areas of the cave where the ground had already been disturbed. Beneath the stalagmites, in reddish brown earth, the priest saw something gleam. His candle reflected off the enamel of fossil teeth. He wrote later: 'As I laid my hand on these relics of distant races... I shrank back involuntarily... I am not ashamed to own that, in the presence of these remains, I felt more awe than joy.' The priest continued his search in silence, keeping 'my good fortune a secret, fearing that amidst the press and avidity of the party to possess some fossil memorial of the day, my discoveries would be damaged.'

C

If he had known what he had stumbled upon, he might have held his finds even closer. For the teeth and other remains found in the cave are rewriting human prehistory. It is now known that this cave, called Kents Cavern, outside Torquay in Devon, had been home to prehistoric hominids and animals extinct for half a million years. In 2011, Professor Chris Stringer of the Natural History Museum announced that a human jaw found in the cave in 1927 is 7,000 years older than was thought and, at 42,000 years, this makes it the oldest Homo sapiens in northwest Europe. This is yet more evidence that modern humans must have lived side-by-side with Neanderthals, an extinct cousin species, for tens of thousands of years.

D

But back in the 1820s, science knew nothing of humanity's origins – or of what Britain was like millennia ago. Between 1825 and 1829, Father MacEnery made more astonishing discoveries. He unearthed the bones of extinct and exotic creatures, among them elephants, rhinos, sabre-tooth tigers, cave lions, bears and hyenas, from beneath the stalagmite cave floor. For the early 19th century, this was momentous. It was just four years since the professor of the new science of geology at Oxford, William Buckland, had discovered similar fauna in a cave in Yorkshire. Science – and society as a whole – were barely coming to grips with the idea that animals which now existed only in tropical countries could once have tramped over the Dales in northern England. Now it seemed they had also lived in the south of the country.

E

But Father MacEnery found something even more astonishing. As he dug, he discovered, on a bed of dirty red colour, 'the singular phenomenon of flint instruments intermingled with fossil bones!' They were the unmistakable tools of Stone Age humans. 'This,' he wrote – his intellectual shock palpable – 'electrified me'. Father MacEnery was enthused by his momentous discovery and his realisation that it implied the co-existence of man and extinct beasts.

F

The 19th century was a frenzy of the new. Rapid developments in transport, industry and technology were paralleled by radical new philosophies and a révolution in the understanding of the age and nature of the Earth. The belief that our planet was just 6,000 years old was fatally undermined by the geologists who were revealing the great antiquity of our world. Now it is acknowledged that Kents Cavern is one of the most important archaeological and palaeontological sites in Britain. Furthermore, although now a splendid show cave, it is still producing wonders. With the advance of new dating techniques, this vast warren that has already revealed astonishing fossils and artefacts may again revolutionise our understanding of our origins.

PART 7

You are going to read an extract from an article about archaeological discoveries in a cave in the south of Britain. For questions 44–53, choose from the sections (A–F). The sections may be chosen more than once. In the exam you will mark your answers on a separate answer sheet.

In which section are the following mentioned?

surprise about the location of some findings	44
the present and possible future significance of the cave	45
the danger of drawing attention to certain contents of the cave	46
subjects that people previously had no information on	47
a reaction to what the presence of something in the cave indicated	48
a revised assessment of something found in the cave	49
the different aims of people investigating the cave	50
the disproving of a theory by a body of evidence	51
a sign of previous activity in the cave	52
the physical appearance of the cave	53

The Chocolate Factory

A The scent of chocolate hangs over the small French town of Tain-l'Hermitage. Wafting from savoury to toasted, fruity to oily, the aroma emanates from the 89-year-old factory of Valrhona, one of the most respected chocolate makers in the business. I was inhaling this heady perfume on a trip to find out about Valrhona's first book, the fabulous *Cooking with Chocolate*. A vast tome, it's a chocophile's dream, with pages of chocolate information alongside recipes, from the ultimate sachertorte to 'Bittersweet Chocolate Bars, Salted Butter Caramel and Crystallised Almonds'. Most are mesmerizingly complex creations strictly for trained chefs or time-rich amateurs; mouthwatering for the rest of us. Best of all are the pages on techniques such as the all-important tempering (a heating and cooling process that keeps the shine and texture of chocolate when it is remoulded), all minutely described and carefully illustrated.

B I'd expect nothing less from Valrhona, which we have to thank for the quiet revolution in chocolate of the past 25 years. Back in the early 1980s, plain chocolate meant a cocoa solids content of barely 40 per cent. Then, in the early 1990s, cookery writers began telling us to use chocolate with 'minimum 50 per cent cocoa solids'. The supermarkets started stocking real cooking chocolate with escalating levels of cocoa solids. It was Valrhona that first introduced a 70 per cent cocoa solids chocolate bar to the market in 1986. It caused a flurry

among chefs, who found that it gave a far more intense chocolate flavour to their dishes, and it was given star billing on menus. Since then an army of boutique chocolate makers has been born. They all produce chocolate in a 'bean-to-bar' process, transforming raw, fermented beans into chocolate themselves. It's an important distinction, as many other companies buy ready-made chocolate in bulk and re-melt it to form bars and chocolate sweets.

C Inside Valrhona's newest factory on the outskirts of town, Luce, our elegantly grey-haired guide, leads us past paintings of the chefs who are fans of Valrhona. The smell grows ever headier and sweeter as we enter a windowless, high-ceilinged room with a cream-tiled floor, on which neat rows of sacks are waiting for processing. Inside are fermented and dried beans, but the dull brown seeds have a long way to go before they can live up to their botanical name, *Theobroma*: 'food of the gods'. In the next room that process is beginning, as the beans are roasted in huge rotating drums, then cooled and crushed to peppercorn-sized pieces. Just across the room, a lone worker is supervising the grinding of the nibs through pairs of rollers. It's this powder, he explains, which constitutes the 'cocoa solids' in the chocolate bar, and is mixed with extra cocoa butter (the fatty component of the cocoa bean), sugar, vanilla and emulsifier, usually soya lecithin, to make plain chocolate. Milk chocolate has milk powder added as well.

They are ground together to make a paste refined to grains no bigger than 17 microns - the tongue can detect nothing below 20 microns. All the machines are thickly coated with cream-coloured paint and have a vintage air, like a ship's engine room. It turns out they date from the 1960s. 'We bought modern ones, which were much more efficient, but they just didn't produce such good chocolate, so we went back to these,' explains Luce, as we head to the conching machines. These huge mixers stir the chocolate ingredients for up to three days, combining them at 60-70°C and developing the flavours.

D But can a bar ever contain too much cocoa solids? I ask Pierre Costet, head taster for Valrhona, over a table of chocolate samples. 'Yes'. The blend of beans with cocoa butter and sugar should vary according to the subtleties of the flavour. Costet also believes the merits of the three varieties of cacao bean are exaggerated. It is widely accepted that Criollo (mostly from Venezuela) is the connoisseur's choice and Trinitario, grown in South and Central America, is the best mainstream variety. Forestero, grown in Africa, is considered coarse, mass-market stuff. This, Costet tells me, is too simplistic. First, because cacao trees are grown from seed by the farmers, they may have been cross-pollinated with the other varieties anyway. Second, how the beans are grown and fermented makes a huge difference, so a well-looked-after Forestero may well be better than a poorly treated Criollo.

PART 7

You are going to read an article about a company that makes chocolate. For questions 44–53, choose from the sections (A–D). The sections may be chosen more than once. Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

In which section are the following mentioned?

visible evidence of Valrhona's popularity

44

assumptions that are not necessarily correct

45

the influence of Valrhona on cooking with chocolate

46

the difficulty of doing what Valrhona suggests

47

a contrast between ways of making chocolate

48

a change that Valrhona regretted making

49

an explanation of the term used for a stage in a process

50

a calculation connected with one of the senses

51

the possibility of overdoing something

52

an influence on the quality of an ingredient

53

Keep Moving

A In 2006, James Levine, a scientist based at the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota, conducted a very strange experiment. He wanted to measure something which goes by the cumbersome title of Non-Exercise Activity Thermogenesis - or NEAT. Essentially, this examines how people move about during an average day - not when they're exercising, but when they're making no special effort to keep fit. The big question was just how to do the measuring - and here Levine hit upon a radical plan. He decided to put his volunteers into specially sensed underwear. This would measure their every waking and sleeping moment. Levine, incidentally, is no stranger to weird experiments. Aged 10, he'd placed 15 pond snails in a glass tank and tracked their movements every hour across a piece of wax paper. Twelve months and 200 wax paper trials later, he came to the same conclusion that he reached 23 years later in his sensed underwear experiment. All creatures have a biological imperative to move - and movement, perhaps more than anything else, is good for us.

B By the same token, lack of movement is very bad indeed. The NEAT experiment revealed that lean people burn around 350 more calories a day just by fidgeting, pacing about, or walking to the coffee machine. As for the non-lean ones, they just sat there, getting ever more bloated and unfit. Sitting down, Levine concluded, is not just bad for people - it's a killer. This may

seem a bit drastic, but Levine isn't the only scientist who reckons that being sedentary offers an accelerated route to an early grave. However, the vast majority of us move about less and less. As labour-intensive jobs disappear, we live in an increasingly sedentary world, spending our working lives stuck in a chair and ever larger amounts of our leisure time too. We know that exercise is good for us and that sitting down all day isn't - we just choose to ignore it.

C Soon after the end of the Second World War, a British health researcher called Jerry Morris set up a study to examine why record numbers of people were dying of heart attacks. The first results Morris got in were from London busmen. Immediately, he saw that there was a striking difference: drivers were twice as likely to suffer a heart attack as conductors. To begin with, this didn't make sense. After all, they were much the same age, ate much the same food and so on. There was only one key difference. Whereas the drivers spent their days behind the wheel, conductors spent theirs running up and down the stairs. Morris thought he might be on to something, but it was still too early to say: he had to wait for other data to arrive. Then came the figures for postal workers. These were strikingly similar to the bus drivers: the postmen who delivered the mail by bike and on foot had markedly fewer heart attacks than the ones who served behind counters. His paper, 'Coronary Heart-disease and Physical Activity of Work',

was published in 1953 - and greeted with hoots of derision by his peers. But Morris, as people slowly began to concede, was onto something.

D Two hundred years ago, people may have led much less sedentary lives, but they still had an inkling that sitting down wasn't doing them any good. No one seems to know exactly when the standing desk was invented, but by the mid 19th century, they were a regular fixture in the offices and homes of the rich. But if people could get used to working standing up, could they go one step further? One evening in 2007, Levine was in his office thinking about the relationship between exercise and fitness when he had an idea. Instead of people nipping off to the gym and then coming back to slump at their desks, maybe they could exercise at the same time as working. Sliding a hospital tray on top of a treadmill, Levine set it to a modest 2mph. To his surprise, he found he could work perfectly easily while he was walking along. He could type, make phone calls and do almost everything that he normally did sitting down. Yet after an hour, he'd burned off more than 100 calories. It was, as he admits, an eccentric invention. 'There was a notion floating about that I had completely flipped.' But television stations began doing news reports, and all at once people didn't think he was so nutty after all. Soon, the treadmill desk, or Walkstation as it was called, had gone into commercial production.

PART 7

You are going to read an extract from an article about the relationship between movement and health. For questions 44–53, choose from the sections (A–D). The sections may be chosen more than once. Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

In which section are the following mentioned?

- a cautious reaction to some information 44
- the reason for the decrease in the amount of movement made by people 45
- the solution to a problem in carrying out some research 46
- information from which it was initially hard to draw a conclusion 47
- a gradual acceptance of the connection between movement and health 48
- something widely acknowledged but not acted upon 49
- proof that not everyone regarded an idea as ridiculous 50
- a finding that pleased the person who made it 51
- a history of taking an unusual approach to research 52
- a view that could be regarded as too extreme 53

Shining lights: independent jewellery designers

Highly individual jewellery pieces are in demand, and independent designers are putting heart and soul into making them

A Emma Franklin

'It has always been about animals,' Emma Franklin says. 'My friend's grandmother had an amazing stag brooch with huge antlers and that's where it started. Everyone has a relationship with an animal in my collection. When people ask me about an animal I haven't done, I then introduce it to the collection.' Her favourite? 'The ram. It's so strong.' Franklin hand-makes each necklace, bangle, ring, cufflink and pin, featuring any of 14 animal heads, from a pig to a triceratops. All her pieces are made in solid silver, plated in 22ct yellow gold or black rhodium with black diamonds and freshwater pearls. Bespoke commissions, predominantly engagement rings, not all animal-related, are becoming more frequent. Her clients are all ages, women and men with a bold sense of style. Franklin's robust designs are instantly recognisable, as she has discovered. 'I see a surprising number of people wearing my designs in the street, mainly in east London,' she says. 'Recently in a pub this girl was wearing one of my rings at the bar so I introduced myself. She was completely star-struck and fetched over her dad, who had bought it for her. I had to explain that it was really me who was excited.'

B Alexandra Jefford

'My design style constantly evolves,' Alexandra Jefford says. 'It started out as a throwback to the 1940s, but even though I try new things I can't kick my art background. I'm really inspired by art, architecture, design, furniture design.' Jefford graduated with a degree in fine art, began designing jewellery and sold her first piece, a gold ring, on its first outing, at dinner with a friend. Her designs, produced on a project-by-project basis rather than as collections, include her signature Alphabet series for which she designed a slim font. Her recent O project interprets that letter in various typefaces. Jefford also makes one-off high-end pieces that are more sculptural. Fans range from her daughter's friends to her mother's friends, although she doesn't always want to sell. 'I become emotionally involved with all my pieces so I find it really hard to let go. There are some pieces that I hide "for the family museum". My husband says that I work as a shopper rather than a seller.'

C Hattie Rickards

Hattie Rickards' first collection of 12 rings, entitled Revealed, was an instant success. Her second, Geo, a collection of 15 tactile, geometric necklaces, bracelets, rings, earrings and a brooch, came out to even greater acclaim. 'The ethos behind Geo is connection and relationships, bringing tessellating or geometrical shapes together making one, for example the Kindred ring where two puzzle pieces fit neatly together.' Rickards graduated in jewellery design, then worked for Solange Azagury-Partridge, helping to launch her Madison Avenue store in New York, before setting up on her own. 'I wanted to create a high-end, luxury jewellery brand with an ethical backbone, which coincided with a gap in the market.' All Hattie Rickards Jewellery is made using Fairtrade precious stones from Thailand and India and 18ct Fairtrade, fair-mined gold from Colombia. HRJ is one of the first 20 companies to become a certified user of this type of gold, many of its pieces having the premium 'ecological' label, which ensures no cyanide is used during extraction, which is harmful to the environment. There are no plans for e-commerce, as Rickards believes this detracts from the meaning behind the piece. 'I am passionate that people understand the symbolism behind my work. I don't want it to just be a ring on a website. The story is so important.'

D Mawi Keivom

Mawi Keivom is known for her architectural statement jewellery: chunky box chains with coloured pearls, spiked gold rings and brightly coloured gems. Born in the north-east of India, 40 miles from the Burmese border, into the Mahr tribe, Keivom draws her influences from a peripatetic childhood with her diplomat parents that took them to Africa, the Middle East, south-east Asia and Europe. 'I come from a tribal background and having that heritage has influenced me greatly: the colours, the chunky jewels, the sparkle.' Keivom designs two collections a year. 'My style of jewellery is very individual and not for the faint-hearted. I have a very strong vision that translates into an industrial, graphic aesthetic offset with crystals and pearls that are a little bit feminine. I don't try to do something that is for the moment. My pieces are classics in their own right, not trend-specific.'

PART 7

You are going to read an extract from an article about jewellery designers. For questions 44–53, choose from the sections (A–D). The sections may be chosen more than once. Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

In which section are the following mentioned?

found that she was launching her jewellery at exactly the right time?

is keen for others to focus on what her jewellery represents?

mentions acting on comments made by others?

mentions being regarded as an important person?

does not profit from everything she makes?

regards her jewellery as having long-term appeal?

produces pieces that give information on the source of the material used?

suggests that her jewellery may be too unusual for some people?

sometimes varies from her usual theme in her jewellery?

has rejected a certain business method?

Seeking Socrates

It may be more than 2,400 years since his death, but the Greek philosopher can still teach us a thing or two about leading 'the good life'. Bettany Hughes digs deeper.

A Sharing breakfast with an award-winning author in an Edinburgh hotel a few years back, the conversation came round to what I was writing next. 'A book on Socrates,' I mumbled through my muesli. 'Socrates!' he exclaimed. 'What a brilliant doughnut subject. Really rich and succulent with a great hole in the middle where the central character should be.' I felt my smile fade because, of course, he was right. Socrates, the Greek philosopher, might be one of the most famous thinkers of all time, but, as far as we know, he wrote not a single word down. Born in Athens in 469BC, condemned to death by a democratic Athenian court in 399BC, Socrates philosophized freely for close on half a century. Then he was found guilty of corrupting the young and of disrespecting the city's traditional gods. His punishment? Lethal hemlock poison in a small prison cell. We don't have Socrates' personal archive, and we don't even know where he was buried. So, for many, he has come to seem aloof and nebulous – a daunting intellectual figure – always just out of reach.

B But that is a crying shame. Put simply, we think the way we do because Socrates thought the way he did. His famous aphorism, 'the unexamined life is not worth living', is a central tenet for modern times. His philosophies – 24 centuries old – are also remarkably relevant today. Socrates was acutely aware of the dangers of excess and overindulgence. He berated his peers for a selfish pursuit of material gain. He questioned the value of going to fight under an ideological banner of 'democracy'. What is the point of city walls, warships and glittering statues, he asked, if we are not happy? The pursuit of happiness is one of the political pillars of the West. We are entering what has been described as 'an age of empathy'. So Socrates' forensic, practical investigation of how to lead 'the good life' is more illuminating; more necessary than ever.

C Rather than being some kind of remote, tunic-clad bearded who wandered around classical columns, Socrates was a man of the streets. The philosopher tore through Athens like a tornado, drinking, partying, sweating in the gym as hard as, if not harder than the next man. For him, philosophy was

essential to human life. His mission: to find the best way to live on earth. As Cicero, the Roman author, perceptively put it: 'Socrates brought philosophy down from the skies.' And so to try to put him back on to the streets he loved and where his philosophy belonged. I have spent 10 years investigating the eastern Mediterranean landscape to find clues of his life and the 'Golden Age of Athens'. Using the latest archaeology, newly discovered historical sources, and the accounts of his key followers, Plato and Xenophon, I have endeavoured to create a Socrates-shaped space, in the glittering city of 500BC Athens – ready for the philosopher to inhabit.

D The street jargon used to describe the Athens of Socrates' day gives us a sense of its character. His hometown was known as 'sleek', 'oily', 'violet-crowned', 'busybody' Athens. Lead curse tablets left in drains, scribbled down by those in the world's first true democracy, show that however progressive fifth-century Athenians were, their radical political experiment – allowing the demos (the people) to have kratos (power) – did not do away with personal rivalries and grudges. Far from it. In fact, in the city where every full citizen was a potent politician, backbiting and cliquery came to take on epic proportions. By the time of his death, Socrates was caught up in this crossfire.

E His life story is a reminder that the word 'democracy' is not a magic wand. It does not automatically vaporize all ills. This was Socrates' beef, too – a society can only be good not because of the powerful words it bandies around, but thanks to the moral backbone of each and every individual within it. But Athenians became greedy, they overreached themselves, and lived to see their city walls torn down by their Spartan enemies, and their radical democracy democratically voted out of existence. The city state needed someone to blame. High-profile, maddening, eccentric, freethinking, free-speaking Socrates was a good target. Socrates seems to me to be democracy's scapegoat. He was condemned because, in fragile times, anxious political masses want certainties – not the eternal questions that Socrates asked of the world around him.

PART 7

You are going to read an extract from an article about the Greek philosopher Socrates. For questions 44–53, choose from the sections (A–D). The sections may be chosen more than once. Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

In which section are the following mentioned?

relationships between people in Socrates' time

44

the continuing importance of Socrates' beliefs

45

the writer's theory concerning what happened to Socrates

46

why little is known about Socrates as a man

47

how the writer set about getting information relevant to Socrates

48

the difference between common perceptions of Socrates and what he was really like

49

an aim that Socrates was critical of

50

the realization that finding out about Socrates was a difficult task

51

how well known Socrates was during his time

52

an issue that Socrates considered in great detail

53

You are going to read an extract from an article about paintings. For questions 1–10, choose from the sections (A–E). The sections may be chosen more than once.

In which section are the following mentioned?

- | | | |
|--|----|--------------------------|
| the inscrutable nature of the subjects | 44 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| the artist's ability to give an insight into temperament | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| the integrity of the image portrayed | 46 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| the view that the artist was an innovator | 47 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| delight in a painting's ability to endure | 48 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| the background to a painting being well documented | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| the view that a painting's impact depends on its surroundings | 50 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| a painting which gives an image of a lost world | 51 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| admiration for an artist who dared to challenge conventional ideas | 52 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| conflicting opinions about the subject of a painting | 53 | <input type="checkbox"/> |

9

Paintings which inspire

Art experts give their opinions

A Luisa Sutton

A Bar at the Folies-Bergère, by Edouard Manet

Manet was inviting some kind of response in the way in which he presented women in his work and he succeeded in bridging the gap between classical traditions and painting modern life. Above all, I have tremendous respect for the fact that he was a breakthrough artist: a champion of realist modernism who was censured for breaking the mould. Through the medium of painting, Manet constantly reassessed the prevailing attitudes of the world he was living in. Today we are used to multiple perspective – seeing the same image from different angles. This was not so in Manet's time, and in this painting we see him crossing boundaries as he switches reality by employing a mirror to reflect his subjects.

B Paul Harris

Henry VII, 29 October 1505, by unknown artist

Visually, this is a stunning portrait; Henry moves towards the viewer from the parapet wearing the red robes of Lancaster; his hands on the ledge. It is immediately exciting and emotive. Henry VII was on the lookout for a new bride and this was painted to be sent to the court of Maximilian, much as we would send a photo today. So the provenance is clear. Portraits of other English monarchs, Richard III in particular, are, in comparison, stiff and remote. Henry VII's portrait speaks in a very particular way. His eyes look at one. He is Renaissance Man but, at the same time one sees a shrewd, wise and wily man who, throughout his reign, managed to amass the fortune of the Tudor dynasty.

C Tom Newman

James VI and I, 1618, by Paul Van Somer

I used to work for an art handling company in New York, and I came to realise how wonderful paintings are as entities. Old paintings last for so long because of the materials used – the oil is so robust, it expands or contracts depending on the heat. They can be rolled up and taken around the world, they'll never die. This portrait, in particular, made a huge impression on me. Works of art often lose their power as soon as they're placed in a museum. This painting is where it belongs – in a palace. Subject to who you speak to, James is either a buffoon or a tactical genius, but in this work he looks so stately. The painting was clearly commissioned to convey regality – and it worked on me, 400 years later.

D Paula Smith

Mr and Mrs Andrews, by Gainsborough

I chose this painting as it has personal relevance for me. I grew up in my grandmother's house in London. She was an excellent copyist of Gainsborough. We had copies of all of his paintings, except for this one, which my grandmother didn't approve of. I've always found it incredibly beautiful though. The two figures in this wonderful painting have very enigmatic expressions. What are they up to? What are they thinking? And then what are we to make of the landscape? It's an agricultural scene, in the middle of the day, but there are no agricultural workers anywhere to be seen. Where on earth is everybody? What a strange atmosphere the place has, a long ago era that will never be recaptured.

E Lynn D'Anton

An Old Woman Cooking Eggs, 1618, by Velázquez

What is most striking about this painting is surely its veracity. One gets the feeling that one is looking into a room in which there are no obstacles to understanding. Nothing comes between the subject and the observer. The artist here is the perfect observer. When I saw it a few years ago in the National Gallery of Scotland, set alongside many other works from Velázquez's youth, there was no doubt in my mind that it was a masterpiece. I think that it is easy for many people to empathise with this painting in one way or another.

A

Over the past one and a half centuries, photography has been used to record all aspects of human life and activity. During this relatively short history, the medium has expanded its capabilities in the recording of time and space, thus allowing human vision to be able to view the fleeting moment or to visualise both the vast and the minuscule. It has brought us images from remote areas of the world, distant parts of the solar system, as well as the social complexities and crises of modern life. Indeed, the photographic medium has provided one of the most important and influential means of capturing the essence of our being alive. Nonetheless, the recording of events by means of the visual image has a much longer history. The earliest creations of pictorial recording go as far back as the Upper Palaeolithic period of about 35,000 years ago and, although we cannot be sure of the exact purposes of the early cave paintings, pictorial images seem to be inextricably linked to human culture as we understand it.

B

Throughout the history of visual representation, questions have been raised concerning the supposed accuracy (or otherwise) of visual images, as well as their status in society. Ideas and debates concerning how we see the world and the status of its pictorial representations have been central political, philosophical and psychological issues from the time of Ancient Greece to the present-day technical revolution of the new media communications. Vision and representation have pursued interdependent trajectories, counter-influencing each other throughout history. The popular notion that 'seeing is believing' had always afforded special status to the visual image. So when the technology was invented, in the form of photography, the social and cultural impact was immense. Not only did it hold out the promise of providing a record of vision, but it had the capacity to make such representation enduring.

C

In the mid-nineteenth century, the invention of photography appeared to offer the promise of 'automatically' providing an accurate visual record. It was seen not only as the culmination of visual representation but, quite simply, the camera was

regarded as a machine that could provide a fixed image. And this image was considered to be a very close approximation to that which we actually see. Because of the camera's perceived realism in its ability to replicate visual perception, it was assumed that all peoples would 'naturally' be able to understand photographs. This gave rise to the question of whether photography constituted a 'universal language'. For example, a photograph of the heavens, whether it showed the sun and moon or the constellations, would immediately be understood in any part of the world. In the face of the rapid increase in global communications, we do need at least to ask to what extent the photographic image can penetrate through cultural differences in understanding.

D

There are other questions that arise concerning the role of photography in society that have aimed to determine whether the camera operates as a mute, passive recorder of what is happening or whether it possesses the voice and power to instigate social change. We may further speculate whether the camera provides images that have a truly educational function or if it operates primarily as a source of amusement. In provoking such issues, the photographic debate reflects polarised arguments that traditionally have characterised much intellectual thought.

E

The last 170 years have witnessed an ever-increasing influence of the visual image, culminating in the global primacy of television. For photography, the new prospects and uncertainties posed by digital storage and manipulation, and the transmission of images via the internet present new challenges. It has even been suggested that we now inhabit the 'post-photographic era' – where technological and cultural change have devalued photography to such an extent that events have taken us beyond the photograph's use and value as a medium of communication. Furthermore, perhaps we should be asking if the advent of digital imagery means that photography, initially born from painting, has turned full circle and has now returned to emulating painting – its progenitor.

Part 7

You are going to read an extract from a book on photography. For questions 44 – 53, choose from the sections (A – E). The sections may be chosen more than once.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

In which section are the following mentioned?

- | | |
|--|----------|
| the possibility that photography can directly influence events in the world | 44 |
| the possibility that the photographic image has become redundant | 45 |
| images being interpreted in a similar way by different societies | 46 |
| a commonly held view about the relationship between what is visible and how it is interpreted | 47 |
| the contrasts of scale that can be represented in photography | 48 |
| the possibility that the techniques employed in photography today have taken the medium back to where it started | 49 |
| the ability of photography to provide images that will exist for a long time | 50 |
| uncertainty as to whether the main purpose of photography is to inform or to entertain | 51 |
| the potential of photography to epitomise the human condition | 52 |
| the view that photography was the greatest achievement in the history of visual images | 53 |

READING PART 3

	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53
1	B	F	C	F	D	C	E	A	A	F
2	E	F	B	D	E	A	E	F	A	C
3	B	D	D	A	B	A	C	D	A	B
4	D	F	B	D	E	C	A	F	B	A
5	C	D	B	A	B	C	A	C	D	D
6	C	B	A	C	C	B	D	D	A	B
7	C	C	A	A	B	D	C	D	A	C
8	D	B	E	A	C	C	B	A	E	B
9	D	B	E	A	C	B	C	D	A	C
10	D	E	C	B	A	E	B	D	A	C

ONE MARK FOR EACH CORRECT ANSWER