

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE ESOL EXAMINATIONS

English for Speakers of Other Languages

CERTIFICATE OF PROFICIENCY IN ENGLISH

0301/1

PAPER 1 Reading

DECEMBER 2008

Morning

1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials:

Answer sheet



**Time** 1 hour 30 minutes

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Do not open this question paper until you are told to do so.

**Write your name, Centre number and candidate number on your answer sheet if they are not already there.**

Read the instructions for each part of the paper carefully.

Answer all the questions.

Read the instructions on the answer sheet.

Mark your answers on the answer sheet. Use a pencil.

You **must** complete the answer sheet within the time limit.

At the end of the test, hand in both this question paper and your answer sheet.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

There are 40 questions on this paper.

Questions **1 – 18** carry one mark.

Questions **19 – 40** carry two marks.

## Part 1

For questions 1-18, read the three texts below and decide which answer (A, B, C or D) best fits each gap. Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

### Sax supremo: Courtney Pine

Courtney Pine is a restless man. Having arrived home only a few hours earlier from a concert in Milan, he's spending the morning with numerous music journalists intent on discovering just what to (1) .... when his much-anticipated live show comes to town.

The saxophonist responsible for placing British jazz on the (2) .... has a list of achievements that would be the (3) .... of lesser musicians. After forming the seminal Jazz Warriors in the early 1980s, Pine (4) .... the first in a string of critically and commercially successful albums before founding the Abibi Arts Foundation, which guides inner-city youngsters into the world of jazz. Mr Pine has always been very busy, and shows no sign of relenting.

Fortunately for the lazier amongst us, we've always had the luxury of sitting back and enjoying the (5) .... of these efforts. Never one to be pigeon-holed, Pine has constantly challenged the critics' (and the public's) (6) .... of who he is. 'I've always taken my own route and had my own ideas about where I wanted to go musically.'

- |   |   |            |   |             |   |             |   |           |
|---|---|------------|---|-------------|---|-------------|---|-----------|
| 1 | A | expect     | B | imagine     | C | presume     | D | predict   |
| 2 | A | table      | B | globe       | C | map         | D | record    |
| 3 | A | jealousy   | B | envy        | C | longing     | D | yearning  |
| 4 | A | released   | B | published   | C | issued      | D | presented |
| 5 | A | gains      | B | fruits      | C | harvest     | D | yield     |
| 6 | A | perception | B | recognition | C | realisation | D | insight   |

### Jamie

I'd been visiting the shipyard for several months now and Jamie was always my first (7) .... of contact. I never knew a man to talk as much or as quickly. Before you'd even finished greeting him, Jamie would launch into a detailed account of the latest negotiations. He was tireless and tiring. You could meet him first thing in the morning, feeling full of bounce, and in an hour he would have you against the ropes through (8) .... force of personality. When Jamie started to speak, enough energy radiated from him to (9) .... a thousand men spellbound. As we walked around the yard, I hurried to (10) .... with him. 'I'm (11) .... late now. You'll have to talk to me on the way,' he would say, racing from one office to another, or heading down to the welding shed.

'Will you slow down?' I once pleaded.

'I can't, son. If I slow down, the whole thing slows down. We'll only survive by being one step (12) ....'

- |    |   |        |   |         |   |         |   |         |
|----|---|--------|---|---------|---|---------|---|---------|
| 7  | A | place  | B | spot    | C | point   | D | site    |
| 8  | A | sheer  | B | simple  | C | plain   | D | clear   |
| 9  | A | catch  | B | hold    | C | pull    | D | send    |
| 10 | A | tag on | B | step up | C | hang on | D | keep up |
| 11 | A | going  | B | running | C | falling | D | moving  |
| 12 | A | ahead  | B | forward | C | apace   | D | further |

### Complete knowledge in science

The idea of complete knowledge is a tempting pie in the (13) .... . Although it appears in some commentators' minds as the obvious goal of science, it is a concept completely absent from contemporary scientific writing. It is, however, the hallmark of many varieties of pseudo-science, (14) .... it pervaded countless ancient myths and legends about the origin and nature of the world. These stories left nothing out; they had an answer for everything. They aimed to (15) .... the insecurity of ignorance and provided a complete interlinked picture of the world in which human beings played a meaningful role. They removed the worrying idea of the unknown. If you were at the (16) .... of the wind and rain, it helped to personify those unpredictable (17) .... as the character (18) .... of a storm god.

- |    |   |          |   |         |   |              |   |         |
|----|---|----------|---|---------|---|--------------|---|---------|
| 13 | A | air      | B | clouds  | C | moon         | D | sky     |
| 14 | A | just as  | B | just so | C | even if      | D | even so |
| 15 | A | rid      | B | outlaw  | C | disassociate | D | banish  |
| 16 | A | power    | B | mercy   | C | force        | D | chance  |
| 17 | A | elements | B | aspects | C | features     | D | factors |
| 18 | A | forms    | B | traits  | C | ways         | D | types   |

## Part 2

You are going to read four extracts which are all concerned in some way with photography. For questions 19-26, 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.

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**Black-and-white Photography**

In my opinion, the existence of black-and-white photography is due to nothing more than an accident of chemistry; to the time it took to develop a system for producing colour images. Had colour reproduction been possible from the middle of the nineteenth century without difficulty, it is hard to imagine that any significant number of photographers would have willingly restricted their palette to a colourless medium.

The accident was a happy one, however, since we now have a distinct photographic

medium that has an established legacy and offers some unique design opportunities. Black-and-white film and paper offer outstanding advantages to people who have a special interest in the aesthetics and the craft of photography. By restricting the means of recording images to a range of white, greys and black, they elevate modulation of tone to a position of great importance. This in turn allows considerable refinement, and the non-colour elements of a picture, such as shape and line, acquire more meaning.

- 19 What point is made about black-and-white photography in the first paragraph?
- A It was an essential forerunner of colour photography.
  - B It has always been regarded as a limited medium.
  - C It no longer has much appeal to the general public.
  - D It would not have become popular under different circumstances.
- 20 According to the writer, one of the advantages of black-and-white photography over colour is that
- A it places more emphasis on structural elements of composition.
  - B it focuses the attention of the viewer better.
  - C it is artistically more pleasing because of its limited colour range.
  - D it offers more opportunity to make a personal statement.

## Portraiture

In his *Lectures on Aesthetics*, the philosopher Wittgenstein (1889–1951) suggested that although the great artists of the past painted portraits, none of his contemporaries could do the same. I have often wondered what he meant. Perhaps he was referring to photographs. Manet's painting *Bar at the Folies-Bergere*, for example, shows us a girl – not just her face and body but her life, her character and the hope beneath her weariness. A photograph would show little of that. The face, yes, and the body, but at a given moment – frozen, mute, detached from the spirit that lives within. Painters show people; photographs show time-slices of people. And if our eyes become so conditioned to photographs that time-slices are all they look for, then yes, the art of portraiture will die.

The early photographers, however, tried to reproduce the style of the painters. Their pictures were carefully composed and their sitters were told not to be themselves but to represent themselves. Through posture, dress and expression, they tried to symbolise a life, a role or an office. They looked through the camera to the unseen world of public judgment, hoping to appear as full human beings, vindicated, valued and victorious in the sphere they had made their own. They did not smile, nor did they show by so much as a gesture that they were in private communication with the eyes that looked at them. They were consciously on display, aloof, buttoned up and – let's face it – not a little ridiculous.

- 21 The writer mentions the portrait by Manet in order to
- A counter Wittgenstein's assertion about portraits.
  - B illustrate the shortcomings of photographic images.
  - C suggest a possible future for photographic portraits.
  - D demonstrate how portraits can mislead us about their subjects.
- 22 In the second paragraph, the writer implies that early photographers
- A didn't know how to get their subjects to relax sufficiently.
  - B failed to realise how photography would change portraiture.
  - C paid too little attention to the symbolic nature of their work.
  - D were unsuccessful in their attempts to emulate portrait painters.

## Press Photography

As a photographer, I have found that the best newspaper writers in the business don't need to be reminded about the significance of good pictures – they know without being told how often a story can revolve around one key picture, and they will go out of their way to ensure that a photographer gets into a position to take it. There are still some journalists who regard pictures as secondary to words, but these people are few and far between, most now acknowledging the power of a good picture. The days when a reporter referred condescendingly to 'my

photographer' are long gone, the phrase now only used among colleagues enjoying a joke.

Like any professional partnership, when a photographer and a writer work together regularly it is not unusual for the two of them to get to know each other's methods so well that even the most difficult assignment can become a smooth operation. There is no rule that says press photography should not be fun – and working in the company of a top-flight writer is often exactly that.

- 23 What do we learn about writers and photographers in the first paragraph?
- A Some writers are reluctant to cooperate with photographers.
  - B Writers used to regard themselves as superior to photographers.
  - C Writers and photographers used to compete for recognition.
  - D Writers and photographers have always had an uneasy relationship.
- 24 According to the writer, the chances of a difficult operation going smoothly are improved by
- A teamwork.
  - B a sense of humour.
  - C spontaneity.
  - D a common approach.

## Technology in Photography

Photographers as a whole have something of an ambiguous relationship with their technology, a relationship that oscillates between admiration and disdain. On the one hand, camera technology is seductive because it allows opportunities for avoiding some of the more difficult creative issues. On the other, cameras, like audio equipment, can function as adult toys, a role for which they are increasingly being designed and produced in the mass market.

Recognising the trivial appeal of gadgets, flashing information displays and high-tech design, many photographers react to this technology in a rather odd way – in public, at least, it has become customary to play down the technical side of taking photographs. The motive is usually to defend what a photographer assumes to be his or her artistic integrity, as if to say that only a special inner vision is at work, not a mass-produced camera as well. This kind of denial may be understandable, but it should not be allowed to cloud the real issue, which is that technological influences on photography are complex and variable, and are part of the context in which any photograph is seen.

Clearly a photograph is not a painting or a sketch, nor does it necessarily hang on a gallery wall. The standards for judging it must allow for its different uses – photojournalism, for example, has a different aesthetic from that of, say, fine art photography. They must also allow for images that owe more to accident than design. And photography's ability to be reproduced means that images are rarely precious objects in the sense that an old painting is.

- 25 The attitude of photographers to their equipment tends to
- A change as technology develops.
  - B move from one extreme to another.
  - C improve as creative problems are solved.
  - D contrast with public attitudes to technology.
- 26 Why do photographers play down the technical side of their work?
- A It might detract from their own individual contribution.
  - B It might begin to dictate the content of their photographs.
  - C They prefer to develop their own artistic talent.
  - D They think the public may not approve of it.

## Part 3

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**.

### Freddy's flight

It was a Sunday afternoon in June of 1936, the day after her graduation from high school, and Freddy was off alone on a cross-country flight, the longest she had ever made, from Dry Springs to San Luis Obispo and back. The most direct route lay north, over Big Pine Mountain in the San Rafael Range, across the valley to the east of Santa Maria, past the Twitchell Reservoir, and over the Arroyo Grande, directly into the airport at San Luis.

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Pinpoint accuracy and precision in this department was, once you could fly, the next essential key to becoming a true pilot. It wasn't as mysterious, Freddy thought, as she'd first expected it would be. Basically, it meant flying with a knowledge of where she was at all times, knowledge gained by constantly reading the earth and its landmarks, instantly comparing that knowledge with the chart on her knee and resolutely staying on the magnetic compass headings she decided on before she set out.

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As she passed over the little town of Ojai, which was exactly where it should be, Freddy allowed her mind to turn to the future. Starting tomorrow, she would begin her summer job, working six days a week at the Van de Kamp bakery at Beverly and Western. The chain of bakeries owned a hundred windmill-shaped shops all over Los Angeles. Her job began at six in the morning, when the bakery opened, and ended at two in the afternoon, when the next shift took over.

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Freddy groaned. Her destiny was obviously bound to selling cookies and cakes, which she loathed, but these sweet things were one of the few businesses that seemed to be doing well in these hard times. Still, daily suffocation in the smell of warm sugar became a minor matter when it meant money for her summer flying time and enough left over to begin, only to begin, worse luck, to save for a down-payment on a plane.

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She was determined to own her own plane. Even the cheapest of the leading low-priced planes, the Taylor, the Porterfield Zephyr, and the Aeronanca Highwing,

each cost a fortune. Her sister, Delphine, had received a new car for her eighteenth birthday, and all her friends had said how lucky she was. In car terms, wanting to buy an inexpensive aeroplane was like wanting to own a Packard, the most expensive car in the country. Obviously, she had to find a second-hand machine that she could put into shape, on terms that would let her pay for it over a long time.

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She knew that she didn't stand a chance in any of the speed dashes that covered a short distance, with the planes going full out. Only planes of far greater horsepower than one she could dream of owning stood a chance in the various speed competitions, and then, only when they were flown by pilots with greater experience. During the past few years, interest in speed flying had grown so rapidly that some records only stood for a few days before another pilot managed to surpass them.

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Now that was more like real flying, Freddy brooded. Sometimes she felt that she'd been born too late, and everything worthwhile in flying terms had already been done. Amy Johnson had flown a smaller and far less powerful plane than this Ryan more than halfway round the world eight years earlier, and where was she, Freddy, but right on course over the Twitchell Reservoir, a lousy man-made body of water, not an ocean or a sea or even a big river? At this rate she'd never get out of California!

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She couldn't help the way she felt about flying, but all this made it such an expensive passion. Wasn't there someone somewhere who would like to advance the cause of American aviation by paying her bills? No, there was not, Freddy answered herself, the great days of the pioneers were past. Well, she might be too late for fame, but there had to be something left to do, and she was going to find it!



- A** Her father had given her a string of real pearls for graduation, but her mother, bless her, had come through with hard cash. The pearls were the first valuable jewellery Freddy had ever owned. Maybe, she speculated, she could pawn them.
- B** Freddy cautiously put the plane into a dive, and as soon as she'd reached a proper speed, she began to pull the nose of the plane upward. Gradually, she pushed the throttle until it was fully advanced. What bliss, after hours of meticulous navigation, to make this final rushing, heart-pounding leap into the sky.
- C** A far easier idea would have been to simply follow the coast north and turn east at Pismo Beach. But that wouldn't have given her any practice in navigation, and during the months she'd been working with Mac toward her private pilot's licence, which she obtained just over a month ago, Freddy had been studying navigation as hard as she could.
- D** Because of the inconvenient hours, she would be well-paid – twenty-five dollars a week, as much as a trained secretary could hope to make. To Freddy, it meant that she would be able to fly several afternoons a week as well as on weekends.
- E** At the small airport, Freddy ate the sandwich lunch she'd brought along, and had the plane refilled, anxiously noting the price of aviation fuel. Her mother paid for the insurance, without which she wouldn't have been able to continue to fly, but Freddy had to pay for fuel herself.
- F** However, there were cross-country races held around the Los Angeles area, in which planes flew from one refuelling stop to another, toward a goal that might be hundreds of kilometres away. Each plane carried a handicap, based on its own best possible performance, so that the winner was the pilot who flew the smartest race, the most precise pilot, the most resourceful pilot – and sometimes the luckiest.
- G** This was crucial as winds aloft could push a plane off course in a few minutes of inattention, so Freddy watched with vigilance for checkpoints on the ground that should be coming up on the right, to the left or directly underneath her wings. If there was the slightest deviation, she immediately made a correction for the wind.
- H** If she didn't own a plane of her own, Freddy asked herself, spying the peak of Big Pine Mountain right on course, and beginning to gain altitude, what future was there for her in flying? Or, more precisely, in *racing*.

## Part 4

You are going to read a newspaper article written by a novelist. 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.

## Writing fiction

Because I am a novelist myself, I am always faintly fussed by the idea of creative writing courses. I completely accept that you can teach the *craft*, that you can give instruction on how to structure a book, how to vary pace and tension, how to write dialogue. But what you can't teach, it seems to me, is the right kind of observation or the right kind of interpretation of what has been observed. It worries me to think of all those earnest pupils who have diligently mastered the mechanics, wondering with varying degrees of misery and rage why the finished recipe just hasn't somehow worked.

The great writer Samuel Coleridge explained it. He said that there are two kinds of imagination, the primary and the secondary. We all, he said, possess the primary imagination, we all have the capacity to perceive, to notice. But what only poets (loosely translated as all truly creative people, I suppose) have – the secondary imagination – is the capacity to select, and then translate and illuminate, everything that has been observed so that it seems to the audience something entirely new, something entirely true, something exciting, wonderful or terrible.

There is, after all, nothing new to say about the human condition. There is nothing to say that Shakespeare or Sophocles hasn't already, inimitably, brilliantly, said. Codes of conduct, fashions in morality and ethics, all may come and go. But what the human heart has desired – and feared – down the ages goes on being very much

the same. The novelist's task is to follow the well-trodden, time-worn path of human hopes and terrors. Never forget: betrayal may be as old as time, it may happen every nanosecond of every minute that's ever been, but the first time it happens to *you* feels like the first time in the history of the world. A cliché is a cliché only if it is comfortably taking place in someone *else's* life.

This empathy is vital in the writing of fiction. Coleridge's view of the poet as prophet to the hungry hordes is, in truth, a bit grand for me. I admire it, but I am not, personally, quite up to it. I am happier seeing the novelist, sleeves rolled up, in the thick of it alongside the reader, bleeding when pricked, in just the same way that the reader does. The only capacity I would claim is that I have an instinct to select, from everything I have noticed in half a century's beady-eyed people-watching, the telling detail, the apt phrase. I seem to be quite good at the rhythms of dialogue. I seem to know how not to overwrite. But that is *it* really. Except that the older I get, the more prepared I am to surrender and trust to the power of the unconscious mind. Maybe this is a modest form of the secondary imagination, maybe not. Whatever it is, it produces a level and intensity of communication that causes people to buy my books and write to me about them in numbers that I still can't get over.

What I do believe, fervently, is that we are all in this boat together – writer, reader, critic. I have a tattered little quotation that lies on my desk and becomes more

valuable to me as time goes on. It comes from the autobiography of the celebrated nineteenth-century writer Anthony Trollope. He said many remarkable things in this book, but my own personal favourite is on the subject of the novelist's central preoccupation. Trollope is not so much concerned with the landscape of the grand passions as with something else, something less glamorous perhaps, but just as intense and certainly more universal: 'My task,' he wrote, 'is to chronicle those little daily lacerations upon the spirit.'

I feel a thrill of recognition every time I read that, or even think about it. That is what the writer's life is all about for me. The point of it is to emphasise that we are none of us immune to longing, or disappointment (much under-rated, in my view, as a source for distress), or frustration, or idiotic hope, or bad behaviour. What fiction does, in this difficult world, is to reassure us that we are not alone, nor are we (most of us) lost causes. There is a theory that suffering strengthens and elevates us in a way that joy can never somehow do. I'm not so sure about that. Isn't it just that we have, on the whole, so much more suffering than joy that we have resolved, out of our great surviving instinct, to insist that something worthwhile must be made of it? And isn't fiction a handrail, of a kind, which we can all grasp while we blunder about in the dark? Isn't fiction written by people for people about people? And is there a subject more fascinating or more important?

- 34 What view does the novelist express about creative writing courses?
- A A few good books emerge from them.
  - B It would be inappropriate for her to teach on them.
  - C Students are frustrated by the poor teaching on them.
  - D Some aspects of writing skills can be successfully taught on them.
- 35 The novelist implies that a writer's most valuable asset is
- A an instinct for the unusual.
  - B a gift for meticulous observation.
  - C the ability to put a fresh interpretation on the everyday world.
  - D the ability to highlight sensational aspects of our existence.
- 36 What is stated about writers in the third paragraph?
- A They should not exploit their readers' fears.
  - B They should revisit well-established themes.
  - C They should be prepared to exaggerate their personal experience.
  - D They should not try to keep pace with changes in literary taste.
- 37 The novelist states that one of her own strengths as a writer lies in
- A her depiction of character.
  - B her construction of plot.
  - C her command of language.
  - D her knowledge of psychology.
- 38 Why does the novelist admire Anthony Trollope?
- A He portrays the fact that everyone suffers in some way.
  - B He realises that all writers need a strong sense of place.
  - C He understands that everyone craves deep emotion.
  - D He is aware that all writers have a particular obsession.
- 39 The novelist describes fiction as 'a handrail, of a kind' (lines 138-139) because it
- A reflects the negative aspects of emotion.
  - B enables us to deal with failure.
  - C helps us make sense of complex events.
  - D offers reassurance in an uncertain world.
- 40 Which theme recurs in this text?
- A The need for novelists to avoid complex philosophical questions.
  - B The need for novelists to develop their writing techniques.
  - C The need for novelists to give an accurate reflection of the spirit of the time.
  - D The need for novelists to identify closely with readers' preoccupations.

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