Cambridge IGCSE

Cambridge Assessment International Education
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH **0500/22**

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended) **February/March 2019**

2 hours

READING BOOKLET INSERT

5902336493-I

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

This Reading Booklet Insert contains the reading passages for use with **all** the questions on the Question Paper.

You may annotate this Reading Booklet Insert and use the blank spaces for planning.
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This document consists of **5** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

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Part 1

Read **Passage A** carefully and then answer **Questions 1** and **2** on the Question Paper.

Passage A: The Nightblooming Jazzmen

The narrator has successfully auditioned for the job of drummer in a small jazz band. He has been invited to play with the band at their next 'gig'. This concert will be the last of a series of open-air summer concerts in a local park. The existing members of this jazz band first played together in a bigger band after they had retired.

The dudes are severely elderly, these Nightblooming Jazzmen. They wear white belts and bow ties, trousers pulled up high.

'Our angle is we're old,' they say. 'You'll have to dress the part if you're going to be our pulse, drumbo.' A couple of them have serious moustaches. I paste one on for the gig, bleach my eyebrows and pop on a straw hat.

They have the coolest names: Clyde, Chet, Wally and Hal. When I say my name is Nathanial, they say, 'You can't use a name like that.'

After my audition, Clyde comes over as I'm packing up my drums. Grinning, he says I've got the job, but from now on they'll call me Old Stanley.

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The gig's in a park. The bandstand is covered with graffiti. A crowd of old people and a few of their grandkids look on from folding chairs.

Clyde puffs 'Good afternoon' into the microphone and we're off and running. We cook up a carousel of sound with our hands, with the wind in our chests. A gang of senior citizens – and me – just tearing up the place. Chet is coaxing sad wah-wahs out of his trombone. Clyde noodles out golden lassos on the clarinet. Wally burps wetly along on the tuba. We stir up a flock of audience jazz-hands, playing music no one plays any more, stuff I learned from my dad. The sun tilts through the trees, spot-lighting shafts of dust. We're just a speck in the grand whirling scheme, but at least we're making noise. We close the set like landing a plane, bouncing along a little then rolling to a stop.

Give these guys their due – that gig was pretty sweet.

Hal, breathing heavily, comes over. 'Great job,' he says. 'You can swing. How'd you learn?'

'My dad,' I explain.

'Did he play?'

'Yeah.' That's all I say.

Hal talks more at the after-show party. 'We were a big band. Guys gradually dropped off though …'

They tried rolling with it, calling themselves The Littlest Big-Band, but couldn't draw a crowd. So Clyde, who's basically the leader, said they'd play jazz – did anyone have a problem with that? One guy – the drummer – walked out.

'You're good kid,' Hal says patting me hard on the back, like he's burping a baby.

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The women organising the party have laid out a great spread: crackers, some kind of creamy dip, cheese, grapes and peanuts. I start attacking the snacks.

Hal says, 'Easy, Stanley.'

The women gather up and introduce themselves. They have candy-floss hair, neatly knitted cardigans and foggy eyes. There's more than one brooch and bracelets all around, so they jangle when they move. They deliver their names like they're performing a song. Ruth and Nancy are sisters. Betty is an old friend. Great names, I say. Crumbs fly from my mouth. Clyde gives me a look.

The women love our music. So many of the summer concerts are such disappointments, they say.

Ruth recalls a terrible rap act. They all shudder and look to me, expecting an opinion. 'Rap sucks,' I say reaching for more cheese.

'You have most unusual eyebrows,' Nancy says.

'Goes better with the moustache,' I say.

Everyone laughs because, at the moment, my silvery fringe moustache is curled up on the dashboard of my car.

'How's that for commitment?' Clyde smiles. 'The kid gets hired and goes the extra mile to fit in.'

I feel like I'm eight years old – a little kid with a whole army of grandparents.

The party chugs forward, with some of the guys playing their horns, Wally's stories of wars and Chet coming West to pick citrus.

They start dancing to records.

'Why don't you dance?' Wally asks, watching Chet dancing with Betty.

'I don't know how to dance to this music,' I say, making my excuses and leave.

Looking back from my car, I watch them, silhouettes jitterbugging, framed in the rosy window. The music's faint, but I tap along. They're laughing in waves, warbling harmonies. Why couldn't I have met them a long time ago? But they didn't exist then as they are now, I know. They look like a movie flashed on a wall, hanging in space with no connection to time. It seems impossible that I stepped out from it, or that I could get back in. It's like a soap bubble you try to put in your pocket.

The song ends. Everyone shouts, 'More!'

That's all I need to be called back. I press on the moustache.

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Part 2

Read **Passage B** carefully, and then answer **Question 3** on the Question Paper.

Passage B: Caveman Rock

This newspaper article was written ahead of an unusual concert in Paris.

Thousands of years after they resonated in caves, 24 stone chimes used by our prehistoric forefathers will make music once more in a unique series of concerts in Paris. Known as lithophones, the instruments have been dusted off from museum storage to be played in public for the first time to give modern Man an idea of his ancestral sounds. After just three shows – two on Saturday and a third on Monday – the precious stones will be packed away again, forever.

'That will be their last concert together,' music archaeologist Erik Gonthier of the Natural History Museum in Paris, announced ahead of the production. 'We will never repeat it, for ethical reasons – to avoid damaging our cultural heritage. We don't want to add to the wear of these instruments.'

Crucially, the instruments are short and slim enough to be carried easily in one hand – the earliest example of a portable sound system.

'These were the first MP3s,' said Gonthier.

Dubbed 'Paleomusique', the piece was written by classical composer Philippe Fenelon to showcase the mineral clang and echo of instruments from beyond recorded time.

They will be played like xylophones by four percussionists gently tapping the stones with mallets. The point is to highlight our ancestors' musical side, which Gonthier says is often overshadowed by their rock-painting and tool-making prowess. In fact, he believes, there might have been a strong link between music and visual art in prehistoric caves. 'These were the first theatres,' he speculated.

The instruments, carefully-crafted stone rods up to a metre in length, have been in the museum's collection since the early 20th century. They have been dated to between 2500 and 8000 BC, a period known as the New Stone Age, characterised by human use of stone tools, pottery-making, the rise of farming and animal domestication. For decades, their solid, oblong shape made experts believe they were pestles or grinders of grain.

That perception changed, thanks to a stroke of fortune.

Gonthier, a former jeweller and stone-cutter, discovered their true, musical potential when he tapped one with a mallet in the storeroom of the museum in 1994. Instead of a dull thud he heard musical potential, and decided to investigate further. 'I thought back to my grandmother's piano and the small supports which made the strings resonate. I found some packaging foam and made two rests that I placed under either end of the lithophone, then tapped it. It made a clear "tinnnnggg",' Gonthier recounted. 'My heart beat like crazy. I knew I'd found something great.'

Gonthier named his first lithophone 'Stradivarius', after the famous makers of string instruments. The instrument was the result of a 'grain-by-grain' chipping process that could have taken as much as two years to complete.

Five years after his discovery, 'Stradivarius' and dozens of other stones in the museum's collection were officially recognised as lithophones. The name derives from the Greek words for stone and sound.

Gonthier had a long battle to convince other experts the stones could be safely used, with great care, for the upcoming concert.

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The museum's lithophones are mainly from the Sahara: many were brought back by French troops stationed in Algeria and Sudan in the early 1900s. Gonthier says all lithophones, which can be made from types of sandstone, share certain characteristics. 'Every instrument has two sound 'planes' that can be found by tapping at 90-degree angles around its circumference. To play, the instruments would have been rested on brackets made of leather or plant fibres, or even on the musician's ankles, sitting cross-legged,' said Gonthier.

Music may not have been the only purpose of the instruments. They may also have been used to signal danger, 'or even to call people to dinner,' said Gonthier. 'They could be heard from kilometres away in the desert or forest.'

One thing is clear: 'They were made to last: the proof is that we still have them today.'

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