The following text is an online newspaper article about classical music, written by Chitra Swaminathan.

(a) Imagine that the owners of a new music venue near to where you live have asked you to advise them on whether or not classical music concerts would be popular. Write your advice in an email of 120–150 words. [10]

(b) Compare the language and style of your advice with the language and style of Swaminathan’s article. [15]

The Triumph of Classicism

In the Twitter age of instant gratification and selfie moments, classical music has held its own and strides gracefully yet robustly into the New Year, says Chitra Swaminathan

When we asked the classical musician with rock-star appeal, Ustad Zakir Hussain, how he makes his music so provocative and thrilling, he laughed as he ran his fingers through his thinning but famous mop of curls. Picking up the tabla¹, he said, “This looks small but it has enough space to hold rhythm ideas that can last another century.”

He was in Chennai² recently for a concert, and was trying to make himself heard over the buzz of selfie-obsessed fans and autograph-hunters forming an impenetrable ring around him. In his characteristic nonchalant manner he said, “Call me what you want to, showman, global collaborator, modernist, cross-genre musician. But I know for sure I am a hard-core classicist. This ancient genre is so adaptable and flexible that composers and musicians are constantly inspired to either rework their music along its rules or simply walk down its well-trodden path.”

If you had even remotely begun to believe the doomsday prophets about the death of the classical, you should have been at The Music Academy last Sunday to dust off your clapometer and prove them wrong.

The hall seemed to struggle for breath as extra chairs were laid out in every available nook and cranny for the huge turn-out that evening. Listeners queued up more than an hour before the concert. Whether eight or 80, everyone sat in rapt attention till the last note was rendered.

Classical music now thrives in an eclectic and pluralist culture. It has taken its place gracefully in these times and is a significant part of the current choice. It has drawn liberally from varied reservoirs that reach far beyond snippy cultural snobs.

The strength of the classical has ensured that progressive bands such as Agam and Filter Coffee work their repertoires around traditional compositions. In its October show in the city, Agam had the audience of appreciative elders and swinging youngsters literally eating out of its hand.

“Classical music is no longer the pompous art of the past,” says flautist Shriram Sampath of Filter Coffee, whose speciality is a thick brew of notes from Northern and Southern India. “Actually, classical is more progressive because rock and pop remain with their templated sound,” says Shriram, who left the listeners asking for more at his gig last August.
The demise of classical music has been predicted for many years now, but if last year was any indication, we can confidently say that 2016 will continue to see classical musicians firmly cement their place in audience hearts.

1 *tabla*: a small drum or pair of drums, played with the hands
2 *Chennai*: a large city in Southern India
Texts A and B are about the Marathon des Sables (MdS), an annual footrace which takes place over several days in the Sahara desert.

Text A is an extract from an online diary account written by Alastair Humphreys, a participant in the Marathon des Sables.

Text B is a transcription of part of a radio show. The presenter, Anne Diamond, is interviewing Greg Whyte, another participant in the Marathon des Sables.

Compare the language and style of Text A and Text B.

Text A

Day 2
The heat rose, above 40°C, and I got my first blister. Water was becoming more precious. I knocked back loads of salt tablets and gritted my teeth across a never-ending shimmering gravel plain that pulsed heat all the way to the end of the day. Whilst huffing and labouring, slathered in suncream, yearning for my next issue of mineral water, I shuffled past a lady herding her goats. She was barefoot, relaxed and entirely comfortable with her environment. She was tough and her life was tough. She was smiling, I was not.

Day 3
Today was more like running on the beach, with stretches of flat, soft sand that wore me down as dehydration pounded at my head. “Running” is putting it a bit strong: all of us developed our own pace of the “Sahara Shuffle” and your position on any day was determined by whether you were able to keep shuffling when all about you had been reduced by the heat or sand to a mere walk or march. The best way to imagine the speed of the “Sahara Shuffle” is to think of the pace that footballers trot up and down the sideline of the pitch before they come on as substitutes. It is the slowest possible jog that you can do once you break out of a walk. It is very, very slow. It is all that you can achieve in the Sahara desert.

The MdS is entirely about body management. If your feet hurt, stop and tape them up. If you are tired, deal with it. Drink more. Eat salt. Eat food. If you do not you will slow down and lose places.

Day 4
I ran, faster than I would have liked, to the foot of the large jebel (mountain). My strategy was to push hard until it was too hot, march fast but steady through the heat of the day, then leg it until sunset and just grit out the darkness until I finished.

Up and over the jebel. Through the sand dunes. Across a gravel plain. Keep up with the blokes ahead, but don’t get caught up in a race too early. Pace yourself, take it steady. And all the time I managed to keep on shuffling.

Sunset and I was racing well. I was running now, faster than I had done all race, faster than I had done for months. I still felt great.

With 5 miles to go a fellow runner caught up with me. Settling into a rhythm we began to push each other harder and harder. The sun was gone, the glowsticks bounced on our packs, our weak head torches picked a vague route through the gravel and soft sand. And we ran. We were racing for the finish and bed. I felt absolutely glorious.
Greg: its not just the racing itself because you camp (.) and camp is a very loose term (.) its just an awning over the top of you at night (.) and the weird thing about the desert is everyone has this sort of (.) you know (.) image of the desert being these sweeping sand dunes and this

Anne: um

Greg: beautiful heat (.) lots of that (1) but theres also these incredibly strong winds which pick up dust storms (.) massive dust storms (2) er and that happened at day and at night so at night time i distinctly remember lying in bed with this (.) this sheet lying on top of me because of the the force of the wind and then this dust coming down and when you woke up in the morning (.) you had this this layer of sand covering you (1)

Anne: oh no

Greg: and the final marathon (.) the final forty two kilometres was across the dunes

Anne: oh

Greg: soft sand (1) in the pitch black (.) so in front of you every time you put your foot down all you could see was soft sand (.) soft sand

Anne: how do you know where youre going then (.) how do you know that youre going in the right direction

Greg: you have to navigate as well (.) so there are markers (.) but of course in the day you can see the markers (2) in the night (1) you can’t see the markers

Anne: can’t see anything

Greg: so with the heat it was up to the mid forty degrees centigrade er during the day (1) at night it was down to about five six degrees centigrade (.) and er having to cook your own food which is this freeze dried (1) because you have to carry everything (.) you try and make it as light as possible

Anne: when things are really so appalling (.) what keeps you going

Greg: its an interesting one (1) and i think much of life can seem sometimes like that (1) that actually when you put one foot in front of the other youre a foot closer to the finish and if you can just keep doing that (.) even in the darkest hours (1) when youve finished (1) its much like childbirth you think i can get through this (1) naturally a week or three days on from finishing ive kind of forgotten (1) the real misery

Anne: yeah (.) isnt that amazing

Greg: and what i remember is the great moments and thats probably why we keep going back and doing these things