

## TRANSKRYPCJA NAGRAŃ

### TASK 1.

#### Speaker A

Fallingwater is an American architectural and artistic landmark, a house built partly over a waterfall, which houses Edgar J. Kaufmann's impressive art collection. In 1956, a flood washed away some of the sculptures that were exhibited outdoors. Most of them were recovered, but despite lengthy and strenuous efforts, all that could be found of Marino Marini's *Horseman* was a small portion of the right hindquarter. In 2009, a Fallingwater tour guide, Seth Wible, while taking a leisurely stroll in the surrounding countryside, spotted an odd shape sticking out of a stream nearly a mile away from the estate. With permission from the Pennsylvania Conservation Organization, Wible excavated the site and found the rest of the *Horseman's* right hindquarter. These two pieces are all that remains of the original sculpture. Casts of the complete *Horseman* are currently on display in two other galleries.

#### Speaker B

The story of Guillermo Del Toro's notebook is perhaps one of the most famous cases of lost and found. Among the filmmaker's most prized possessions is a leather-bound journal that he carries with him at all times. It is where he sketches his ideas for future films. This treasured notebook contained four years' worth of ruminations that would eventually become *Pan's Labyrinth*. The movie, which proved to be a great success, almost never came to fruition because one night Del Toro left the notebook behind on the backseat of a London cab. Fortunately, the cabbie spotted it shortly after, with a piece of hotel notepaper protruding from its pages, so he was able to return the precious item to its owner. Del Toro was so overjoyed at his notebook's reappearance that he gave the cabbie £900 as a token of his gratitude.

#### Speaker C

One day, Franklin Puentes, a doorman at 995 Fifth Avenue, New York, found a painting abandoned in some bushes near the building. Puentes put the painting in his locker for safekeeping and hoped that the rightful owner would turn up and claim it. Nobody came forward, however, and then Puentes went on his annual holiday. When he returned, he learned from the news that a painting by Camille Corot entitled *Portrait of a Girl* had gone missing and a lawsuit had been filed against the art dealer who had last been in possession of it. That's when Puentes realised that in his locker he had a work of art worth \$1.3 million. He immediately took the painting to the local police station. It was subsequently seized by the FBI because one of the painting's previous owners was being investigated for fraud.

#### Speaker D

William Kingsland was a well-respected member of Manhattan's artistic community. He was well-liked by all who knew him personally, however, no one knew much about his private life. When Kingsland passed away in 2006, he left no heirs and everything he owned was left to the city of New York. Soon arrangements were made to auction off his art collection. It was then that Kingsland's secret life came to light. When officials entered his apartment to catalogue the paintings, they found many priceless artworks by renowned artists such as Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec and Copley. It turned out that many of those pieces had been illegally obtained, although it is unclear if Kingsland had been involved in actually stealing the works of art or had unknowingly purchased them from disreputable sellers. The FBI is still in the process of tracing the original owners.

## TASK 2.

### Text 1.

While most of the world relishes a cup of tea in the afternoon, and perhaps a biscuit or even a slice of Strudel, few have gone to the lengths of the British, who have managed to turn a cup of tea and a sliver of cake into a national trademark. And the quintessence of the traditional British devotion to this drink is the ritual of afternoon tea – a light meal served between 3.30 p.m. and 5 p.m. consisting of finger sandwiches, scones, cakes and a pot of good quality tea.

It is Anna Russell, seventh Duchess of Bedford and reputedly a bit of a glutton, who is generally credited with having introduced afternoon tea in the early nineteenth century. At her home in Woburn Abbey, she would have her maid bring tea to her boudoir in the middle of the afternoon, to combat the 'sinking feeling' she experienced between lunch and dinner. As the new meal became something of a habit, she took to inviting friends to join her, and soon her afternoon tea became a social event held on a regular basis. You can always trust the rich to turn greed into a fashion statement.

The wealthy British have long been fascinated by China and Japan. Making a fuss over serving a pot of tea, to which the inhabitants of both countries knew no bounds, was probably seen as our way of buying into their culture. However, Brits never quite understood the 'less is more' message, so the original elegance and grace of the tea ceremony was somewhat diminished by the addition of buns and sandwiches, albeit served in dainty proportions.

Nowadays in Britain it is afternoon tea, rather than lunch or dinner, to which we inevitably take visitors from abroad as much for the cultural experience as for sustenance. Though when we do, it is only fair to point out to them that this is a rare treat, an undeniable luxury we allow ourselves from time to time and not a way of life like grabbing a sandwich at lunchtime.

Afternoon tea remains popular not just with tourists looking for the English experience, but with ladies who gossip, aunts who treat their nieces and nephews, and those who wish to celebrate a birthday or anniversary. In fact, afternoon tea exists purely to make us feel good about life. On recently arriving for a meeting only to find it had been cancelled, one of my colleagues saved the day by suggesting we all decamp for tea and cakes. Our mood was lifted instantly.

Anyone who doubts that such decadence still has a place in a twenty-first-century world of food trucks and take-away meals should attempt to get a table at Betty's in Harrogate at the stroke of four. Or perhaps they might like to step into The Wolseley in London's Piccadilly at about half-past three in the afternoon. Both will be awash with silver pots of Darjeeling and three-tier cake stands piled with all manner of tarts and fancies. The clatter of cake forks amid the gentle buzz of gossip can be seen as a cry for sanity in a world obsessed by calorie-counting and Pilates.

Adapted from *Eating for England* by Nigel Slater

### Text 2.

**Today I'm talking to the well-known travel writer Sara Wheeler. Could you tell me how you started writing and whether writing or travelling came first?**

Definitely writing. For me travelling is a vehicle for writing. I can weave my ideas, my preoccupations and my concerns within the form of a travel narrative. I'm not really very interested in places but rather in ideas, or more specifically, what it is to be human so I was looking for a form that would allow me to bring all those elements together. In this

respect, travel narrative works best for me. I've always thought that if I'd been a better writer, I would have become a novelist. I somehow feel that to write fiction you need much more creativity and imagination, but that might be just a personal preference.

**You're best known for your books on Chile and the Antarctic. Where did you first travel to when you were starting out?**

My first published article was about Prague. I sent it off to *The Times* and when I opened a copy of the paper two weeks later, there it was staring me in the face. It had just appeared out of the blue. They hadn't written to me or anything, just printed what I had sent them. And I duly received a cheque some time later, which was even more satisfying. But it wasn't so easy after that. My first book, which is no longer in print, was about a journey around a Greek island; it was called *An Island Apart*. I feel, as many other writers feel about their first books, that it should be kept hidden in a drawer and quickly forgotten.

**What intrigues me about the South Pole is that the coordinates by which we locate ourselves collapse there. The lines of longitude converge and everywhere you turn is north. There's also no time zone. How does that affect the psyche when you're down there?**

Well, at the beginning you tend to feel totally confused. That's certainly tough. When you set up an Antarctica science camp, the leader says, "O.K., what time will it be now?" You actually need to agree on a certain time and then you synchronize your watches. It's completely arbitrary, but there's no other option. What is most significant from a writer's point of view is that you are cut adrift not just from your own culture but from any cultural points of reference whatsoever. And to me, that was always the most appealing thing about the Antarctic, because it is the ultimate blank canvas. Strangely enough, I can sincerely say that I felt at home there.

**What was it about Antarctica that felt like home to you?**

Well, I think it's almost the opposite of how you put it. The civilized world doesn't feel very friendly and safe to me, so it was the absence of the things I find alienating which brought me a real feeling of comfort there.

A lot of the things that we all have to go through in our daily lives are very mundane, whether it's traffic jams, paying electricity bills or writing boring features for money. But you get none of that in the Antarctic, which is a part of its appeal. No ringing phones, no schedules to keep, no meetings to attend. And just being surrounded all the time by sheer beauty and having a sense of great closeness to the elements and nature in their most austere form is very uplifting to the human spirit.

**The Antarctic is a place which really had no human history until about a century ago. Do you feel humans are a threat to its pristine character?**

I feel that the human footprint, and the damage caused by tourism, or indeed by science, is insignificant compared to what is being done elsewhere. Less pollution has been caused by people in the Antarctic in all of recorded history than on one single day in New York City. When you think of all the major causes for concern over the Antarctic, the presence of humans would be pretty low down on the list. Having travelled there myself, I'm not going to say it's not OK for anyone else to go. That would be selfish.

### **TASK 3.**

On Saturday, I witnessed the Henley Veterans' Regatta, a famous rowing competition. The River Thames at Henley was a picture of grey. Contented, fulfilled, cheery, but undeniably grey. And occasionally bald. Rowers in their forties, fifties and sixties, and in several cases seventies, wheezed and sweated their way down the very same course that elite athletes take regularly. Everywhere you looked, the joys of competition were in evidence. The clutch of nerves gripping the stomach at the starting line, the adrenaline rush of the first few strokes, the long haul up the most picturesque sporting course in the world: it made them feel alive. For these people, sporting competition has been a vital part of their life for as long as they can remember, something indispensable to their lives.

I couldn't help comparing the energy and the vibrancy at Henley with another event I had attended: a non-competitive team morning at a primary school. This was, emphatically, not a sports day: sport, for the head teacher, represented competition at its worst and needed to be eradicated in all its forms. To this head teacher, trying to beat someone else at games was morally indefensible. And so the children were obliged to stand in line, hanging around waiting to do things like tip water into a bucket or sort plastic bricks into colour-coded lines. As the head teacher walked between the rows, every child she passed wanted to know one thing: who was winning. "Nobody wins here," she'd answer, apparently oblivious to the groans her every remark prompted.

This memory was stirred yesterday when I was watching the Prime Minister announce his wholehearted support for competitive sport in schools. Of all the things he said, this was the most important. Yet there is a huge gap between the proposal and reality. The authorities need to ensure that competition is given enough space on the curriculum, that those teachers who appreciate its value are supported. It is also important that the facilities are developed. We have allowed almost a whole generation to be schooled without sport, marooning them on the sofa, weighed down by their ever-expanding waistbands.

The next generation must rediscover the spirit of their grandparents competing at Henley; and that requires actions and not words.

Adapted from [www.telegraph.co.uk](http://www.telegraph.co.uk)