The following is an extract from an article by John Mullan in The Guardian, 18 October 2003. Please read it, then answer the two questions below. You should spend an equal amount of time on each question. Your answer to Question 1 should be written in ENGLISH and your answer to Question 2 in ONE OF THE FOREIGN LANGUAGES YOU ARE PROPOSING TO STUDY AT CAMBRIDGE.

1. What precise examples does the writer give of authors whose work has been packaged in significant ways? For each author, summarize the description given here of the presentation of their work through its cover design.

2. Think of a favourite piece of writing (a novel, a play, a volume of poetry or journalism). In the light of the arguments in this text, what kind of cover would you design for it? And why?

We like to think that the inside of a book is what we care about, but most of us do judge a book by its cover. “There is nothing more fit to be looked at than the outside of a book”, declared the great 19th-century satirist Thomas Love Peacock. The external appearance of a “goodly volume” was, he thought, in itself “a resource against ennui”. There it is, a promise of pleasures to come. Illustrated covers can make important declarations about the nature of a book. When Ernest Hemingway’s first collection of short stories, In Our Time, appeared in Paris in 1924, the jacket was a collage of newspaper articles. The reader was being told something about the radically new, spare prose of a kind of fiction honed on journalism. Even when J.D. Salinger forbade pictorial covers for his fiction, the resultant plain silver-grey cover for the Penguin Catcher in the Rye (shared by his other works) became a kind of advertisement for the author’s demanding integrity. There is no getting away from appearances.

Novels have provided an especially rich field for book cover design. This is partly because fiction so dominates the marketplace. Novels press forward, seeking to allure the passing browser. They also challenge and liberate the designer to suggest through the cover not merely what the contents of the book might be, but also what might be its special qualities, its singular imaginative space. Here the packaging of a given novelist in a consistent way, so that all of his or her works have a distinctive type of cover, can be
especially effective. The author is given an oeuvre and made the creator of his or her own world.

[...]

Rival editions of a classic sometimes seem to be making different claims via their different cover illustrations. The World's Classics Middlemarch has a portrait of a Victorian lady by Lord Leighton; the new Penguin has a view from Leckhampton Hill of Cheltenham and its surroundings, by an unknown 19th-century painter. The former presents itself as a novel about female character; the latter declares George Eliot's novel to be a panorama of provincial life. The formula of the old painting is so established that when, occasionally, non-period photographs have been used for 19th-century fiction it is with a jolting effect. A new Penguin edition of Flaubert's Madame Bovary uses a modern photo of a woman's head, though her tied-up hairstyle is difficult to date. The edition declares (too emphatically?) that the novel is no period piece, but is about a woman of any time.

[...]

As books are republished, designers feel the need to revamp cover designs. This might seem mere novelty packaging, but it can also say something about how the status and reception of a novel changes. Take Martin Amis's Money. The first paperback edition had the title in glitzy reflective script, as if parodying the hedonistic world-view of its narrator. Its successor had the title and author's name in embossed silver capitals over a glimpse of an enticing woman reclining on black satin sheets. It suggested tawdriness but risked being tawdry. By the end of the 1990s, the novel's cover was a collage of images: skyscrapers at night, a designer suit, part of a dollar bill. Now it was fiction as cultural criticism. In 2003 the novel became a Penguin Modern Classic, acquiring the distinctive silver-grey livery and a simple photographic cover. The illustration is a colour snap over the wing of an airliner somewhere (we presume) above the Atlantic. The satire of 1980s excess had become a timeless classic of Anglo-American relations. It has, as academics say, entered the canon.