

系所組別 外國語文學系甲組

考試科目 英文閱讀與評析

考試日期：0308 節次：1

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This exam is divided into two major sections. Read the instruction carefully before you write your answers.

Section A: (40%)

In Section A, you are required to read two passages, one by Richard Wright and the other by Bill Collins. There are altogether ten reading comprehension questions in Section A. Please put down the correct answer in the answer booklet.

Passage 1: "Part One: Southern Night," *Black Boy*, 1937 by Richard Wright

I entered the library as I had always done when on errands for whites, but I felt that I would somehow slip up and betray myself. I doffed my hat, stood a respectful distance from the desk, looked as unbookish as possible, and waited for the white patrons to be taken care of. When the desk was clear of people, I still waited. The white librarian looked at me.

"What do you want, boy?"

As though I did not possess the power of speech, I stepped forward and simply handed her the forged note, not parting my lips.

"What books by Mencken does he want?" she asked.

"I don't know, ma'am," I said, avoiding her eyes.

"Who gave you this card?"

"Mr. Falk," I said.

"Where is he?"

"He's at work, at the M-Optical Company," I said. "I've been in here for him before."

"I remember," the woman said. "But he never wrote notes like this."

Oh, God, she's suspicious. Perhaps she would not let me have the books? If she had turned her back at that moment, I would have ducked out the door and never gone back. Then I thought of a bold idea.

"You can call him up, ma'am," I said, my heart pounding.

"You're not using these books, are you?" she asked pointedly.

"Oh, no, ma'am. I can't read."

"I don't know what he wants by Mencken," she said under her breath.

I knew now that I had won; she was thinking of other things and the race question had gone out of her mind. She went to the shelves. Once or twice she looked over her shoulder at me, as though she was still doubtful. Finally she came forward with two books in her hand.

"I'm sending him two books," she said. "But tell Mr. Falk to come in next time, or send me the names of the books he wants. I don't know what he wants to read ...."

That night in my rented room, while letting the hot water run over my can of pork and beans in the sink, I opened *A Book of Prefaces* and began to read. I was jarred and shocked by the style, the clear, clean, sweeping sentences. Why did he write like that? And how did one write like that? ... I stood up, trying to realize what reality lay behind the meaning of the words. Yes this man was fighting, fighting with words. He was using words as a weapon, using them as one would use a club. Could words be weapons? Well, yes, for here they were. Then, maybe, perhaps, I could use them as a weapon? No. It frightened me. I read on and what amazed me was not what he said, but how on earth anybody had the

(背面仍有題目,請繼續作答)

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courage to say it.

Occasionally I glanced up to reassure myself that I was alone in the room. Who were these men about whom Mencken was talking so passionately? Who was Anatole France? Joseph Conrad? Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Dostoyevsky ... Nietzsche and scores of others? Were these men real? Did they exist or had they existed? And how did one pronounce their names? 19

I ran across many words whose meanings I did not know, and I either looked them up in a dictionary or, before I had a chance to do that, encountered the word in a context that made its meaning dear. But what strange world was this? I concluded the book with the conviction that I had somehow overlooked something terribly important in life. I had once tried to write, had once reveled in feeling, had let my crude imagination roam, but the impulse to dream had been slowly beaten out of me by experience. Now it surged up again and I hungered for books, new ways of looking and seeing. It was not a matter of believing or disbelieving what I read, but of feeling something new, of being affected by something that made the look of the world different.... 20

I forged more notes and my trips to the library became frequent. Reading grew into a passion.... 21  
Reading was like a drug, a dope. The novels created moods in which I lived for days. But I could not conquer my sense of guilt, my feeling that the white men around me knew that I was changing, that I had begun to regard them differently....

Steeped in new moods and ideas, I bought a ream of paper and tried to write; but nothing would come, or what did come was flat beyond telling. I discovered that more than desire and feeling were necessary to write and I dropped the idea. Yet I still wondered how it was possible to know people sufficiently to write about them? Could I ever learn about life and people? To me, with my vast ignorance, my Jim Crow station in life, it seemed a task impossible of achievement. I now knew what being a Negro meant. I could endure the hunger. I had learned to live with hate. But to feel that there were feelings denied me, that the very breath of life itself was beyond my reach, that more than anything else hurt, wounded me. I had a new hunger. 22

In buoying me up, reading also cast me down, made me see what was possible, what I had missed. My tension returned, new, terrible, bitter, surging, almost too great to be contained. I no longer *felt* that the world about me was hostile, killing; I *knew* it. A million times I asked myself what I could do to save myself, and there were no answers. I seemed forever condemned, ringed by walls.... 23

If I went north, would it be possible for me to build a new life then? But how could a man build a life upon vague, unformed yearnings? I wanted to write and I did not even know the English language. I bought English grammars and found them dull. I felt that I was getting a better sense of the language from novels than from grammars. 24

I knew of no Negroes who read the books I liked and I wondered if any Negroes ever thought of them. I knew that there were Negro doctors, lawyers, newspapermen, but I never saw any of them. When I read a Negro newspaper I never caught the faintest echo of my preoccupation in its pages. I felt trapped and occasionally, for a few days, I would stop reading. But a vague hunger would come over me for books, books that opened up new avenues of feeling and seeing, and again I would read and wonder as only the naive and unlettered can read and wonder, feeling that I carried a secret, criminal burden about with me each day .... My reading had created a vast sense of distance between me and the world in which I lived and tried to make a living, and that sense of distance was increasing each day. My days and nights were one long, quiet, 25

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continuously contained dream of terror, tension, and anxiety. I wondered how long I could bear it.

**1. Which of the following is the best statement of the main idea of this passage?**

- A) The author feared that he would never be a successful writer.
- B) The effect of Mencken's words on the author, his desire to be a writer and the many obstacles of discrimination in his path.
- C) Reading opened a world of ideas and opportunities that had deliberately been denied the author because of his race.
- D) People can overcome any obstacle if they put their mind to it.

**2. What is the librarian's attitude toward the possibility that Richard might read the books?**

- A) mildly encouraging
- B) suspiciously hostile
- C) completely indifferent
- D) highly supportive

**3. Paragraphs 1-17 form a unit that is organized by the pattern of**

- A) time sequence.
- B) cause/effect.
- C) opinion/reason.
- D) whole/part.

**4. What is young Richard's reaction to Mencken's writings (paragraph 18)?**

- A) He is repelled by his ideas and rejects them.
- B) He is awed by his ideas and his courage.
- C) He is amused and entertained by his viewpoints.
- D) He is angered and irritated by his opinions.

**5. Which of the following is the best statement of the divided main idea of paragraph 21?**

- A) I forged more notes and reading was like a drug, a dope.
- B) My trips to the library became frequent and reading grew into a passion.
- C) As my trips to the library became frequent, the white men around me knew that I was changing.
- D) Reading grew into a passion, but I could not conquer my sense of guilt.

**6. The main idea pattern of paragraph 21 is**

- A) opinion/reason.
- B) comparison/contrast.
- C) problem/solution.
- D) classification.

**7. What words best describe the tone of the author in this passage?**

- A) neutral and scientific
- B) anxious and confused
- C) angry and bitter
- D) passive and submissive

(背面仍有題目,請繼續作答)

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## Passage 2:

## "DAYS" by Billy Collins

Each one is a gift, no doubt,  
mysteriously placed in your waking hand  
or set upon your forehead  
moments before you open your eyes.  
Today begins cold and bright,  
the ground heavy with snow  
and the thick masonry of ice,  
the sun glinting off the turrets of clouds.  
Through the calm eye of the window  
everything is in its place  
but so precariously  
this day might be resting somehow  
on the one before it,  
all the days of the past stacked high  
like the impossible tower of dishes  
entertainers used to build on stage.  
No wonder you find yourself  
perched on the top of a tall ladder  
hoping to add one more.  
Just another Wednesday  
you whisper,  
then holding your breath,  
place this cup on yesterday's saucer  
without the slightest clink.

## 8. What is the setting of the poem?

- A) theatre stage
- B) the woods in winter
- C) Christmas
- D) a cold, snowy winter day

## 9. How is the "window" (line 9) treated in the poem?

- A) It is unimportant.
- B) It is personified.
- C) It represents the speaker's soul.
- D) It is used as a point of comparison for the clouds.

## 10. What is the tone of the poem?

- A) frustration
- B) sarcasm
- C) misery
- D) hope

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※ 考生請注意：本試題 可 不可 使用計算機**Section B: Analytical Writing (60%)**

Read, as carefully as you can, the poem by Suji Kwock Kim. Afterwards, in a well-organized essay, discuss first, the main ideas that Kim wants to communicate to her reader, and, then, the specific techniques she has deployed to communicate her thoughts.

Please be reminded that you need to develop your essay by making specific references to the poem itself. As you write, remember your essay will be graded based on whether you can offer perceptive analysis of the text, how well you organize and support your ideas, and, most importantly, your writing competency.

**“Monologue for an Onion” by Suji Kwock Kim**

I don't mean to make you cry. I mean nothing, but this has not kept you From peeling away my body, layer by layer,	1
The tears clouding your eyes as the table fills With husks, cut flesh, all the debris of pursuit. Poor deluded human: you seek my heart.	2
Hunt all you want. Beneath each skin of mine Lies another skin: I am pure onion--pure union Of outside and in, surface and secret core.	3
Look at you, chopping and weeping. Idiot. Is this the way you go through life, your mind A stopless knife, driven by your fantasy of truth,	4
Of lasting union--slashing away skin after skin From things, ruin and tears your only signs Of progress? Enough is enough.	5
You must not grieve that the world is glimpsed Through veils. How else can it be seen? How will you rip away the veil of the eye, the veil	6
That you are, you who want to grasp the heart Of things, hungry to know where meaning Lies. Taste what you hold in your hands: onion-juice,	7
Yellow peels, my stinging shreds. You are the one In pieces. Whatever you meant to love, in meaning to You changed yourself: you are not who you are,	8
Your soul cut moment to moment by a blade Of fresh desire, the ground sown with abandoned skins. And at your inmost circle, what? A core that is	9
Not one. Poor fool, you are divided at the heart, Lost in its maze of chambers, blood, and love, A heart that will one day beat you to death.	10