





may be related to differences in speech patterns. Much of the early work in this area \_\_\_\_\_(1) conducted by the English sociologist Basil Bernstein. He \_\_\_\_\_(2) two forms of speech pattern which he terms \_\_\_\_\_(3) elaborated code and the restricted code. In general, \_\_\_\_\_(4) of the working class are limited to the \_\_\_\_\_(5) of restricted codes whereas members of the middle class use \_\_\_\_\_(6) codes.

Restricted codes are a kind of shorthand \_\_\_\_\_(7). Those conversing in terms of the code \_\_\_\_\_(8) so much in common that there is no \_\_\_\_\_(9) to make meanings explicit in speech. Married couples \_\_\_\_\_(10) use restricted codes since their shared experience and understandings \_\_\_\_\_(11) it unnecessary to spell \_\_\_\_\_(12) their meanings and intentions in detail.

Bernstein states that \_\_\_\_\_(13) codes are characterized by "short, grammatically simple, often unfinished \_\_\_\_\_(14)." There is limited use of adjectives and adjectival clauses, \_\_\_\_\_(15) adverbs and adverbial clauses. Meaning and intention are \_\_\_\_\_(16) more by gesture, voice intonations and the \_\_\_\_\_(17) in which the communication takes place.

Restricted codes \_\_\_\_\_(18) to operate in terms of particularistic meanings and \_\_\_\_\_(19) such they are tied to specific contexts. \_\_\_\_\_(20) so much is taken for granted and relatively \_\_\_\_\_(21) is made explicit, restricted codes are largely limited to \_\_\_\_\_(22) with objects, events and relationships which are familiar to \_\_\_\_\_(23) communicating. Thus the meanings conveyed by the code are limited to a \_\_\_\_\_(24) social group: they are bound to a particular social context and are not readily available to \_\_\_\_\_(25).

## Part Three: Reading And Writing

### I. Read the following essay and response to the questions after the text. (30%)

She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odor of dusty cretonne. She was tired.

Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in it--not like their little brown houses but bright brick houses with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to ply together in that field--the Devines, the Waters, the Durns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick; but usually little Keogh used to keep *nix* and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead.

Tizzie Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to England. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home.

Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on the wall above the broken harmonium beside the colored print of the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. He had been a school friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word:

"He is in Melbourne now."

She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard, both in the house and at business. What would they say of her in the Stores when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad. She had always had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

"Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?"

"Look lively, Miss Hill, please."

She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores.

But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married---she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations. When they were growing up he had never gone for her, like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl; but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect her. Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakable. She always gave her entire wages---seven shillings---and Harry always sent up what he could but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander the money, that she had no head, that he wasn't going to give her his hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and much more, for he was usually fairly bad on Saturday night. In the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late under her load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the house together and to see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work---a hard life---but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

She was about to explore another life with Frank. Frank was very kind, manly, and openhearted. She was to go away with him by the night-boat to be his wife and to live with him in Buenos Ayres where he had a home waiting for her. How well she remembered the first time she had seen him; he was lodging in a house on the main road where she used to visit. It seemed a few

weeks ago. He was standing at the gate, his peaked cap pushed back on his head and his hair tumbled forward over a face of bronze. Then they had come to know each other. He used to meet her outside the Stores every evening and see her home. He took her to see *The Bohemian Girl* and she felt elated as she sat in an unaccustomed part of the theater with him. He was awfully fond of music and sang a little. People knew that they were courting and, when he sang about the lass that loves a sailor, she always felt pleasantly confused. He used to call her Poppens out of fun. First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to like him. He had tales of distant countries. He had started as a deck boy at a pound a month on a ship of the Allan Line going out to Canada. He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the names of the different services. He had sailed through the Straits of Magellan and he told her stories of the terrible Patagonians. He had fallen on his feet in Buenos Ayres, he said, and had come over to the old country just for a holiday. Of course, her father had found out the affair and had forbidden her to have anything to say to him.

"I know these sailor chaps," he said.

One day he had quarreled with Frank and after that she had to meet her lover secretly.

The evening deepened in the avenue. The white of two letters in her lap grew indistinct. One was to Harry; the other was to her father. Ernest had been her favorite but she liked Harry too. Her father was becoming old lately, she noticed; he would miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice. Not long before, when she had been laid up for a day, he had read her out a ghost story and made toast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was alive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of Howth. She remembered her father putting on her mother's bonnet to make the children laugh.

Her time was running out but she continued to sit by the window, leaning her head against the window curtain, inhaling the odor of dusty cretonne. Down far in the avenue she could hear a street organ playing. She knew the air. Strange that it should come that very night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her promise to keep the home together as long as she could. She remembered the last night of her mother's illness; she was again in the close dark room at the other side of the hall and outside she heard a melancholy air of Italy. The organ-player had been ordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered her father strutting back into the sickroom saying:

"Damned Italians! Damned Italians!"

As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on the very quick of her being—that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness. She trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence:

"Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun!"

She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would save her.

She stood among the swaying crowd in the station at the North Wall. He held her hand and she knew that he was speaking to her, saying something about the passage over and over again. The station was full of soldiers with brown baggages. Through the wide doors of the sheds she caught a glimpse of the black mass of the boat, lying in beside the quay wall, with illumined

portholes. She answered nothing. She felt her cheek pale and cold and, out of maze of distress, she prayed to God to direct her, to show her what was her duty. The boat blew a long mournful whistle into the mist. If she went, tomorrow she would be on the sea with Frank, steaming towards Buenos Ayres. This passage had been booked. Could she still draw back after all he had done for her? Her distress awoke nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent prayer.

A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him seize her hand:

“Come!”

All the seas of the world tumbled about her heart. He was drawing her into them: he would drown her. She gripped with both hands at the iron railing.

“Come!”

No! No! No! It was impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in frenzy. Amid the seas she sent a cry of anguish.

“Eveline! Evvy!”

He rushed beyond the barrier and called to her to follow. He was shouted at to go on but he still called to her. She set her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition.

**Briefly write out your responses to the following questions about the essay. Be brief and clear.**

1. What is Eveline's home life like? How does she expect her new life to be different?
2. Why is the word *dust* mentioned so often?
3. What sort of person was Eveline's mother? Does Eveline identify with her mother in any way?
4. What sort of person is Frank? In what ways is Eveline “like a helpless animal”? What is she afraid of?
5. Do you think Eveline made the right decision? Why or why not?

**II. Read the following message and write a summary in Chinese on your Answer Sheet.(25%)**

The tenth U.S. recession since World War II is starting to leave its mark. But despite some Horrendous-looking data of late, especially from the labor markets, there is still every reason to believe that the downturn will be mild by historical standards.

Certainly, timely and aggressive policy moves will cushion the downturn, but they are only part of the story. Businesses had made extensive adjustments to the slowdown in demand prior to the events of September 11. Much of the heavy lifting had already been done, helping to make the economy less vulnerable to the shock. The Commerce Dept. reported that third-quarter real gross domestic product declined at a mere 0.4% annual rate. Had the terrorist attacks not occurred, growth would have been well into positive territory, and analysts would now be focused on recovery, not recession.

Technology and globalization also have given the economy some potent shock absorbers. First, more efficient inventory-management systems have already drastically reduced excess

stockpiles. The \$50.4 billion rate of liquidation in the third quarter was even faster than it was in the second quarter, making the total liquidation of the past three quarters the largest in postwar history. In coming quarters, a slower pace of liquidation will add to economic growth. And because tighter security has slowed distribution this quarter, many businesses are laying in precautionary supplies in excess of what they would normally hold.

Moreover, imports are now so much larger than exports that a falloff in U.S. demand will actually narrow the trade deficit. Last quarter's GDP numbers show that exports dropped by a sharp 16.6%, but imports plunged 15.2% on a larger base, resulting in a narrower trade gap that added to the quarter's GDP growth. Tighter border security is sure to slow import growth even more in coming months, although lower imports will worsen downturns in economies around the world.

For now, the recession looks anything but mild, and fourth-quarter real GDP is set to fall at a faster rate than it did in the third. The economic data coming in are some of the first post-September 11 readings, and they reflect the initial shock effects on consumer and business activity. The numbers prove that households and companies did exactly as expected when a crisis hits: They froze. Retail buying and factory orders for new equipment fell off a cliff. Consequently, profits plummeted, and job losses soared. The flurry of bleak news is why economists expect the Federal Reserve to cut interest rates for the tenth time this year when policymakers meet on Nov. 6.

However, the true weakness in the economy is not as bad as these alarming September and October data suggest. Businesses are rattled right now, but as they get a better handle on current and future demand, their ordering and hiring rates will come out of the deep freeze.

Prior to September 11, companies had made enormous progress toward cutting their labor costs and maintaining productivity gains. Employment costs for the year ended in September were up 3.9%, lower than their 4.7% pace of a year earlier. Moreover, the GDP data suggest that productivity in the third quarter posted a solid advance, because businesses cut hours worked much more rapidly than output fell.

Businesses have been realigning their inventories and capital spending all year to match up with diminished prospects for demand. Then, in September, orders for new equipment plunged 11.4%. Shipments, which tumbled 3.2%, were far below their third-quarter average, meaning that capital spending in the fourth quarter is already in a deep hole. Business outlays for new equipment and construction fell 11.9% in the third quarter; and they will likely post another double-digit decline this quarter.

Consumers also are still shaken up. They are obviously concerned about the war, both at home and abroad, but their biggest worry on the economic front is jobs. Consumer confidence fell sharply in October for the second month in a row. Household expectations of future conditions worsened, but consumers also noted that present conditions are deteriorating rapidly. Importantly, the share of households who say jobs are hard to get jumped to 20.7% last month, the most in almost five years.

Keep in mind that consumers hold the key to the severity of this downturn. The September plunge in retail buying limited consumer spending to a gain of only 1.2% in the third quarter, the slowest pace in eight years, and fourth-quarter outlays will likely decline. However, not all household news is bad. Confidence is down, but it remains well above the lows plumbed in past recessions. Also, consumer buying, particularly for motor vehicles, rebounded somewhat in October—perhaps out of a sense of patriotism, perhaps as a result of 0% financing.

The problem is that recent reports are only fueling consumers' job jitters. In September, the Conference Board's index of help-wanted advertising in newspapers around the U.S. fell to the lowest level since the severe 1981-82 recession, although this index may have been pushed down in recent years by increased Internet job listings. Through October, the four-week average of new claims for unemployment benefits edged above 500,000 per week, matching the peak hit during the mild 1990-91 recession. Still, during the 1981-82 downturn, claims topped out at 674,000.

The claims numbers are a good example of how the data have deteriorated after the attacks. The next few weeks will bring equally disastrous news on more lay-offs, industrial production, and factory orders. However, as the initial impact of September 11 wanes, the data will not look as dire as they will in the days just ahead.

Until September 11, the weakness in the job markets and in the economy generally was not sufficiently severe or broad to qualify as a recession, and the building blocks of a recovery were falling into place. Now, the National Bureau of Economic Research, the official arbiter of business cycles, will most likely take into account that past weakness when it sits down to determine when this recession began. That means the start date of the downturn is likely to be set much earlier this year.

Recessions eventually do end. Already, the economy is benefiting from the aggressive policy in place prior to September 11. Lower interest rates and tax rebates are helping businesses and consumers shore up their finances, and that reliquefaction will pave the way for stronger demand later on. Add to that the structural advantages of better inventory management and open trade. These shock absorbers will smooth some of the bumps ahead, and they will play a significant role in ameliorating the pain of this downturn.