

Exam *Invisible Man* Advanced Placement

Part I Elements of Literature In the left column, **PRINT** the **CAPITAL LETTER(S)** of the best answer.

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|-----------|---------------------|---|
| 1. _____ | 1. act | A. Animal, object or nature given human characteristics |
| 2. _____ | 2. allusion | B. Beginning of a book that sets the stage for the exposition |
| 3. _____ | 3. antagonist | C. Contrast between the expected and what actually happens |
| 4. _____ | 4. character | D. Conversation between characters |
| 5. _____ | 5. climax | E. Exaggeration to express strong emotion or make a point |
| 6. _____ | 6. conflict | AB. Figure of speech that compares two seemingly unlike things |
| 7. _____ | 7. denouement | AC. Interruption in the flow to an event that happened earlier |
| 8. _____ | 8. dialogue | AD. Language that makes something seem less important |
| 9. _____ | 9. diction | AE. Main character in a work of literature |
| 10. _____ | 10. digression | BA. Main character that acts nobly in the story |
| 11. _____ | 11. flashback | BC. Major subdivision of a drama |
| 12. _____ | 12. flat character | BD. Major subdivision of an act |
| 13. _____ | 13. hero | BE. Momentary interruption in the flow of action |
| 14. _____ | 14. hyperbole | CA. Part of the plot where all loose ends are resolved |
| 15. _____ | 15. irony | CB. Person or animal that takes part in the action of the story |
| 16. _____ | 16. jargon | CD. Person who is telling the story |
| 17. _____ | 17. juxtaposition | CE. Person who opposes the main character |
| 18. _____ | 18. metaphor | DA. Person whose actions are lifelike and dynamic |
| 19. _____ | 19. monologue | DB. Person whose actions are static or predictable |
| 20. _____ | 20. narrator | DC. Placing two things side by side to contrast them |
| 21. _____ | 21. onomatopoeia | DE. Reference to a character, place or thing from history |
| 22. _____ | 22. personification | EA. Reflection of the author's attitude toward the subject matter |
| 23. _____ | 23. plot | EB. Sequence of actions and events in a work of literature |
| 24. _____ | 24. prologue | EC. Special vocabulary of a specific group |
| 25. _____ | 25. protagonist | ED. Speech in a drama addressed to a one's self |
| 26. _____ | 26. round character | AAB. Speech in a drama made to a group of people |
| 27. _____ | 27. scene | AAC. Struggle between opposing forces in the story |
| 28. _____ | 28. setting | AAD. Time or place in which the action occurs |
| 29. _____ | 29. simile | AAE. Turning point of the story; point where conflict is resolved |
| 30. _____ | 30. soliloquy | BAA. Use of a word or phrase that imitates the sound it describes |
| 31. _____ | 31. tone | BAB. Word or phrase using like or as to compare unlike things |
| 32. _____ | 32. understatement | BAC. Writer's choice of words to convey tone and meaning |

Part II. Multiple Choice from *Invisible Man*. Choose the most correct answer.

33. " 'A little child shall lead them,' the vet said with a smile." What literary technique is this?
 A. allusion B. metaphor C. onomatopoeia D. personification E. flashback
34. "THE WHEEL FELT LIKE AN ALIEN THING in my hands as I followed the white line of the highway. Heat waves from the late afternoon sun arose from the gray concrete, shimmering like the weary tones of a distant bugle blown upon still midnight air." What literary technique is this?
 A. allusion B. metaphor C. onomatopoeia D. personification E. flashback

Part III. Identification: Match the italicized person or speaker of the following passages with the best description and write in the LETTER(S) answer on the space provided. Use some answers more than once.

_____ 35. "... (**she**) came and went with the regularity of one who held a conventional job while I was often at home...."

_____ 36. "... a memorial that now stands on the Boston Common....images of black and white fraternity...(his) body had been thrown into a ditch with those of his men."

_____ 37. (**He**) said "Son, after I'm gone I want you to keep up the good fight. I have never told you, but our life is a war....Live with your head in the lion's mouth."

_____ 38. (**He**) said, "Bring up the shines, gentlemen! Bring up the little shines!"

_____ 39. "That night I dreamed that I was at a circus with him...Then later he told me to open my brief case and read what was inside...Read it (**he**) said...To whom It May Concern....Keep this Nigger-Boy Running."

_____ 40. (**He**) said, "I had a feeling that your people were somehow connected with my destiny. That what happened to you was connected with what would happen to me..."

_____ 41. (**He**) said, "but what I don't understand is how I done the worse thing a man can do in his family and 'stead of things getting' bad, they got better. The niggahs up at the school don't like me, but the white folks treats me fine."

_____ 42. "Ah, hah!" (**he**) laughed, "you're blushing, which means that you're better....(**he**) was acting toward the white man with a freedom which could only bring on trouble."

_____ 43. "I remembered the start of the train, how it seemed to groan as it started up the steep grade into the mountain...When the train reached the summit of the mountain, he was no longer with us," (**He**) said.

_____ 44. "Why, the dumbest black b.....d in the cotton patch knows the only way to please a white man is to tell him a lie. What kind of education...Who told you to take him out there?" **he** said.

_____ 45. "How could he have anything to do with you being on this bus?" **he** said.

_____ 46. "You'll never return. You can't return now," **he** said. "Don't you see? I'm terribly sorry and yet I'm glad that I gave in to the impulse to speak to you." even

- A. Colonel Robert Shaw
- B. Dr. Bledsoe
- C. Grandfather
- D. Homer A. Barbee
- E. Jim Trueblood
- AB. Mr. Emerson
- AC. Mr. Norton
- AD. Ralph Ellison's wife
- AE. School Superintendent
- BA. The Vet

Part IV. Advanced Placement Passages. This part consists of selections from *Invisible Man* and questions on the content, form, and style. After reading a passage, choose the best answer to each question. Note: Pay particular attention to the requirement of questions that contain the words NOT, LEAST, or EXCEPT.

Passage 1. Questions 47-52. Read the passage from Chapter 1 carefully before you choose your answers.

IT GOES A LONG WAY BACK, some twenty years. All my life I had been looking for something, and everywhere I turned someone tried to tell me what it was. I accepted their answers too, though they were often in contradiction and even self-contradictory. I was naive. I was looking for myself and asking everyone except myself questions which I, and only I, could answer. It took me a long time and much painful boomeranging of my expectations to achieve a realization everyone else appears to have been born with: That I am nobody but myself. But first I had to discover that I am an invisible man!

And yet I am no freak of nature, nor of history. I was in the cards, other things having been equal (or unequal) eighty-five years ago. I am not shamed of my grandparents for having been slaves. I am only ashamed of myself for having at one time been ashamed. About eighty-five years ago they were told that they were free, united with others of our country in everything pertaining to the common good, and, in everything social, separate like the fingers of the hand. And they believed it. They exulted in it. They stayed in their place, worked hard, and brought up my father to do the same. But my grandfather is the one. He was an odd old guy, my grandfather, and I am told I take after him. It was he who caused the trouble. On his deathbed he called my father to him and said, "Son, after I'm gone I want you to keep up the good fight. I never told you, but our life is a war and I have been a traitor all my born days, a spy in the enemy's country ever since I give up my gun back in the Reconstruction. Live with your head in the lion's mouth. I want you to overcome them with yeses, undermine 'em with grins, agree 'em to death and destruction, let 'em swoller you till they vomit or bust wide open." They thought the old man had gone out of his mind. He had been the meekest of men. The younger children were rushed out of the room, the shades drawn and the flame of the lamp turned so low that it sputtered on the wick like the old man's breathing. "Learn it to the younguns," he whispered fiercely; then he died.

But my folks were more alarmed over his last words than over his dying. It was as though he

had not died at all, his words caused so much anxiety. I was warned emphatically to forget what he had said and, indeed, this is the first time it has been mentioned outside the family circle. It had a tremendous effect upon me, however. I could never be sure of what he meant. Grandfather had been a quiet old man who never made any trouble, yet on his deathbed he had called himself a traitor and a spy, and he had spoken of his meekness as a dangerous activity. It became a constant puzzle which lay unanswered in the back of my mind. And whenever things went well for me I remembered my grandfather and felt guilty and uncomfortable. It was as though I was carrying out his advice in spite of myself. And to make it worse, everyone loved me for it. I was praised by the most lily-white men of the town. I was considered an example of desirable conduct—just as my grandfather had been. And what puzzled me was that the old man had defined it as *treachery*. When I was praised for my conduct I felt a guilt that in some way I was doing something that was really against the wishes of the white folks, that if they had understood they would have desired me to act just the opposite, that I should have been sulky and mean, and that that really would have been what they wanted, even though they were fooled and thought they wanted me to act as I did. It made me afraid that some day they would look upon me as a traitor and I would be lost. Still I was more afraid to act any other way because they didn't like that at all. The old man's words were like a curse. On my graduation day I delivered an oration in which I showed that humility was the secret, indeed, the very essence of progress. (Not that I believed this—how could I, remembering my grandfather?—I only believed that it worked.) It was a great success. Everyone praised me and I was invited to give the speech at a gathering of the town's leading white citizens. It was a triumph for our whole community.

47. According to the narrator, his search during his early years was characterized by
 (A) idealism
 (B) futility
 (C) denial
 (D) objectivity
 (E) rationalization
48. The narrator sees his “invisibility” as
 (A) the quality that makes him unique
 (B) the quality that others had tried to tell him about
 (C) an anomaly resulting from his descent from slaves
 (D) an inevitable result of events
 (E) a result of his long search
49. The tone of the parenthetical phrase in the second paragraph [“(or unequal)”] could best be described as
 (A) humorous
 (B) sarcastic
 (C) sardonic
 (D) equivocal
 (E) ambivalent
50. The narrator could most accurately be described as
 (A) bitter
 (B) humble
 (C) ironic
 (D) objective
 (E) introspective
51. The narrator conducts himself in a manner which is praised by the white community because of his
 (A) pragmatism
 (B) admiration for his grandfather
 (C) feelings of guilt
 (D) desire to be a traitor
 (E) feelings of inferiority
52. The narrator could most accurately be described as
 (A) bitter
 (B) humble
 (C) ironic
 (D) objective
 (E) introspective

Passage 2, Questions 53-59. Read the passage from Chapter 2 and carefully before you choose your answers.

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL COLLEGE. The buildings were old and covered with vines and the roads gracefully winding, lined with hedges and wild roses that dazzled the eyes in the summer sun. Honeysuckle and purple wisteria hung heavy from the trees and white magnolias mixed with their scents in the bee-humming air. I've recalled it often, here in my hole: How the grass turned green in the springtime and how the mocking birds fluttered their tails and sang, how the moon shone down on the buildings, how the bell in the chapel tower rang out the precious short-lived hours; how the girls in bright summer dresses promenaded the grassy lawn. Many times, here at night, I've closed my eyes and walked along the forbidden road that winds past the girls' dormitories, past the hall with the clock in the tower, its windows warmly aglow, on down past the small white Home Economics practice cottage, whiter still in the moonlight, and on down the road with its sloping and turning, paralleling the black powerhouse with its engines droning earth-shaking rhythms in the dark, its windows red from the glow of the furnace, on to where the road became a bridge over a dry riverbed, tangled

with brush and clinging vines; the bridge of rustic logs, made for trysting, but virginal and untested by lovers; on up the road, past the buildings, with the southern verandas half-a-city-block long, to the sudden forking, barren of buildings, birds, or grass, where the road turned off to the insane asylum.

I always come this far and open my eyes. The spell breaks and I try to re-see the rabbits, so tame through having never been hunted, that played in the hedges and along the road. And I see the purple and silver of thistle growing between the broken glass and sunheated stones, the ants moving nervously in single file, and I turn and retrace my steps and come back to the winding road past the hospital, where at night in certain wards the gay student nurses dispensed a far more precious thing than pills to lucky boys in the know; and I come to a stop at the chapel. And then it is suddenly winter, with the moon high above and the chimes in the steeple ringing and a sonorous choir of trombones rendering a Christmas carol; and over all is a quietness and an ache as though all the world were loneliness. And I stand and listen beneath the high-hung moon, hearing “A Mighty

Fortress Is Our God,” majestically mellow on four trombones, and then the organ. The sound floats over all, clear like the night, liquid, serene, and lonely. And I stand as for an answer and see in my mind's eye the cabins surrounded by empty fields beyond red clay roads, and beyond a certain road a river, sluggish and covered with algae more yellow than green in its stagnant stillness; past more empty fields, to the sun-shrunk shacks at the railroad crossing where the disabled veterans visited the whores, hobbling down the tracks on crutches and canes; sometimes pushing the legless, thighless one in a red wheelchair. And sometimes I listen to hear if music reaches that far, but recall only the drunken laughter of sad, sad whores. And I stand in the circle where three roads converge near the statue, where we drilled four-abreast down the smooth asphalt and pivoted and entered the chapel on Sundays, our uniforms pressed, shoes shined, minds laced up, eyes blind like those of rots to visitors and officials on the low, whitewashed reviewing stand.

It's so long ago and far away that here in my invisibility I wonder if it happened at all. Then in my mind's eye I see the bronze statue of the college under, the cold Father symbol, his hands outstretched in the breathtaking gesture of lifting a veil that flutters in hard, metallic folds above the face of a kneeling slave; and I am standing puzzled, unable to decide whether the veil is really being lifted, or lowered more firmly in place; whether I am witnessing a revelation or a more efficient blinding. And as I gaze, there is a rustle of irises and I see a flock of starlings fighting before me and, when I look again, the bronze face, whose empty

eyes look upon a world I have never seen, runs with liquid chalk—creating another ambiguity to puzzle my groping mind: Why is a bird-soiled statue more commanding than one that is clean?

Oh, long green stretch of campus, Oh, quiet songs at dusk, Oh, moon .that kissed the steeple and flooded the perfumed nights, Oh, bugle that cried in the morning, Oh, drum that marched us militarily at noon—what was real, what solid, what more than a pleasant, time-killing dream? For how could it have been real if now I am invisible? If real, why is it that I can recall in all that island of greenness no fountain but one that was broken, corroded and dry? And why does no rain fall through my recollections, sound through my memories, soak through the hard dry crust of the still so recent past? Why do I recall, instead of the odor of seed bursting in spring time, only the yellow contents of the cistern spread over the lawn's dead grass? Why? And how? How and why?

The grass did grow and the green leaves appeared on the trees and filled the avenues with shadow and shade as sure as the millionaires descended from the North on Founders' Day each spring. And how they arrived! Came railing, inspecting, encouraging, conversing in whispers, speechmaking into the wide-open ears of our black and yellow faces—and each leaving a sizeable check as he departed. I'm convinced it was the product of a subtle magic, the alchemy of moonlight; the school a flower-studded wasteland, the rocks sunken, the dry winds hidden, the lost crickets chirping to yellow butterflies. And oh, oh, oh, those multimillionaires!

53. The college, as described in the first half of the first paragraph, is

- (A) primitive
- (B) prosaic
- (C) ostentatious
- (D) idyllic
- (E) outmoded

54. Which of the following phrases contributes LEAST to the mood of the long final sentence of the first paragraph (beginning “Many times ...”)?

- (A) “droning earth-shaking rhythms in the dark”
- (B) “red from the glow of the furnace”
- (C) “tangled with brush and clinging vines”
- (D) “virginal and untested by lovers”
- (E) “barren of buildings, birds, or grass”

55. The narrator's comments about the rabbits imply that

- (A) hunting was not permitted at the college
- (B) wariness is a trait developed in self-defense
- (C) lameness usually leads to perilous behavior
- (D) humans are overly suspicious of others
- (E) animals are not as cautious as humans are

56. The second paragraph is related to the first paragraph in that the second paragraph

- (A) presents a progression that mirrors that of the first paragraph
- (B) elaborates on the ideas presented in the first paragraph
- (C) contradicts the picture presented in the first paragraph
- (D) moves from the general description of the first paragraph to a more particular discussion
- (E) presents an eyewitness account rather than a second-hand account

57. The shift in tone in the second paragraph is primarily dependent upon the connotations of its
- (A) nouns
 - (B) verbs
 - (C) adjectives
 - (D) adverbs
 - (E) verbals

58. Which of the following phrases in the third paragraph is LEAST suggestive of ambiguity?
- (A) “if it happened at all”
 - (B) “the cold Father symbol”
 - (C) “that flutters in hard, metallic folds”
 - (D) “whether the veil is really being lifted”
 - (E) “runs with liquid chalk”

59. The fourth paragraph (beginning “Oh, long green stretch . . .”) contains all of the following rhetorical devices EXCEPT
- (A) metaphor
 - (B) ellipsis
 - (C) personification
 - (D) apostrophe
 - (E) chiasmus

Passage 3. Questions 60 -- 64. Read the passage from Chapter 5 carefully before you choose your answers.

THE SOUND OF VESPERS I moved across the campus with groups of students, walking slowly, their voices soft in the mellow dusk. I remember the yellowed globes of frosted glass making lacy silhouettes on the gravel and the walk of the leaves and branches above us as we moved slow through the dusk so restless with scents of lilac, honeysuckle and verbena, and the feel of spring greenness; and I recall the sudden arpeggios of laughter lilting across the tender, springtime grass—gay-welling, far-floating, fluent, spontaneous, a bell-like feminine fluting, then suppressed; as though snuffed swiftly and irrevocably beneath the quiet solemnity of the vespere air now vibrant with somber chapel bells. Dong! Dong! Dong! Above the decorous walking around me, sounds of footsteps leaving the verandas of far-flung buildings and moving toward the walks and over the walks to the asphalt drives lined with whitewashed stones, those cryptic messages for men and women, boys and girls heading quietly toward where the visitors waited, and we moving not in the mood of worship but of judgment; as though even here in the filtering dusk, here beneath the deep indigo sky, here, alive with looping swifts and darting moths, here in the hereness of the night not yet lighted by the moon that looms blood-red behind the chapel like a fallen sun, its radiance shedding not upon the here-dusk of twittering bats, nor on the there-night of cricket and whippoorwill, but focused short-rayed upon our place of convergence; and we drifting forward with rigid motions, limbs stiff and voices now silent, as though on exhibit even in the dark, and the moon a white man's bloodshot eye.

And I move more rigid than all the others with a sense of judgment; the vibrations of the chapel bells stirring the depths of my turmoil, moving toward its nexus with a sense of doom. And I remember the chapel with its sweeping eaves, long and low as though risen bloody from the earth like the rising moon; vine-covered and earth-colored as though more earth-sprung than man-sprung. And my mind rushing for relief away from the spring dusk and flower scents, away from the time-scene of the crucifixion to the time-mood of the birth; from spring-dusk and vespers to the high, clear, lucid moon of winter and snow glinting upon the dwarfed pines where instead of the bells, the organ and the trombone choir speak carols to the distances drifted with snow, making of the night air a sea of crystal water lapping the slumbering land to the farthest reaches of sound, for endless miles, bringing the new dispensation even to the Golden Day, even unto the house of madness. But in the hereness of dusk I am moving toward the doomlike bells through the flowered air, beneath the rising moon.

Into the doors and into the soft lights I go, silently, past the rows of puritanical benches straight and torturous, finding that to which I am assigned and bending my body to its agony. There at the head of the platform with its pulpit and rail of polished brass are the banked and pyramided heads of the student choir, faces composed and stolid above uniforms of black and white; and above them, stretching to the ceiling, the organ pipes looming, a gothic hierarchy of dull gilded gold.

Around me the students move with faces frozen in solemn masks, and I seem to hear already the voices mechanically raised in the songs the visitors loved. (Loved? Demanded. Sung? An ultimatum accepted and

ritualized, an allegiance recited for the peace it imparted, and for that perhaps loved. Loved as the defeated come to love the symbols of their conquerors. A gesture of acceptance, of terms laid down and reluctantly approved.) And here, sitting rigid, I remember the evenings spent before the sweeping platform in awe and in pleasure, and in the pleasure of awe; remember the short formal sermons intoned from the pulpit there, rendered in smooth articulate tones, with calm assurance purged of that wild emotion of the crude preachers most of us knew in our home towns and of whom we were deeply ashamed, these logical appeals which reached us more like the thrust of a firm and formal design requiring nothing more than the lucidity of uncluttered periods, the lulling movement of multisyllabic words to thrill and console us. And I remember, too, the

talks of visiting speakers, all eager to inform us of how fortunate we were to be a part of the "vast" and formal ritual. How fortunate to belong to this family sheltered from those lost in ignorance and darkness.

Here upon this stage the black rite of Horatio Alger was performed to God's own acting script, with millionaires come down to portray themselves; not merely acting out the myth of their goodness, and wealth and success and power and benevolence and authority in cardboard masks, but themselves, these virtues concretely! Not the wafer and the wine, but the flesh and the blood, vibrant and alive, and vibrant even when stooped, ancient and withered. (And who, in face of this, would not believe? Could even doubt?)

60. The first paragraph contains all of the following

EXCEPT

- (A) alliteration
- (B) allusion
- (C) onomatopoeia
- (D) metaphor
- (E) cumulative sentences

61. The narrator develops the positive associations of winter by means of all of the following

EXCEPT

- (A) verbs
- (B) nouns
- (C) adjectives
- (D) participles
- (E) prepositions

62. The description of the students in the first sentence of the fourth paragraph ("Around me the students...") most likely reflects the students' feelings in light of which phrase in the parenthetical comments which follow it?

- (A) "Loved? Demanded"
- (B) "An ultimatum accepted and ritualized"
- (C) "for that perhaps loved"
- (D) "A gesture of acceptance"
- (E) "terms laid down"

63. The attitude of those who speak to the students could best be described as

- (A) humiliating
- (B) patronizing
- (C) contemptuous
- (D) encouraging
- (E) disinterested

64. The bitter tone of the last paragraph (beginning "Here upon this stage") is primarily achieved through the use of

- (A) hyperbole
- (B) rhetorical questions
- (C) allusion
- (D) simile
- (E) exclamation

Passage 4. Questions 65 -- 68. Read the passage from Chapter 5 carefully before you choose your answers.

The honored guests moved silently upon the platform, herded toward their high, carved chairs by Dr. Bledsoe with the decorum of a portly head waiter. Like some of the guests, he wore striped trousers and a swallow-tail coat with black-braided lapels topped by a rich ascot tie. It was his regular dress for such occa-

sions, yet for all its elegance, he managed to make himself look humble. Somehow, his trousers inevitably bagged at the knees and the coat slouched in the shoulders. I watched him smiling at first one and then another of the guests, of whom all but one were white; and as I saw him, placing his hand upon their arms,

touching their backs, whispering to a tall angular-faced trustee who in turn touched his arm familiarly, I felt a shudder. I too had touched a white man today and I felt that it had been disastrous, and I realized then that he was the only one of us whom I knew—except perhaps a barber or a nursemaid—who could touch a white man with impunity. And I remembered too that whenever white guests came upon the platform he placed his hand upon them as though exercising a powerful magic. I watched his teeth flash as he took a white hand; then, with all seated, he went to his place at the end of the row of chairs.

Several terraces of students' faces above them, the organist, his eyes glinting at the console, was waiting with his head turned over his shoulder, and I saw Dr. Bledsoe, his eyes roaming over the audience, suddenly nod without turning his head. It was as though he had given a downbeat with an invisible baton. The organist turned and hunched his shoulders. A high cascade of sound bubbled from the organ, spreading, thick and clinging, over the chapel, slowly surging. The organist twisted and turned on his bench, with his feet flying beneath him as though dancing to rhythms totally unrelated to the decorous thunder of his organ.

And Dr. Bledsoe sat with a benign smile of inward concentration. Yet his eyes were darting swiftly, first over the rows of students, then over the section reserved for teachers, his swift glance carrying a threat for all. For he demanded that everyone attend these sessions. It was here that policy was announced in broadest rhetoric. I seemed to feel his eyes resting upon my face as he swept the section in which I sat. I looked at the guests on the platform;

they sat with that alert relaxation with which they always met our upturned eyes. I wondered to which of them I might go to intercede for me with Dr. Bledsoe, but within myself I knew that there was no one.

In spite of the array of important men beside him, and despite the posture of humility and meekness which made him seem smaller than the others (although he was physically larger), Dr. Bledsoe made his presence felt by us with a far greater impact. I remembered the legend of how he had come to the college, a barefoot boy who in his fervor for education had trudged with his bundle of ragged clothing across two states. And how he was given a job feeding slop to the hogs but had made himself the best slop dispenser in the history of the school; and how the Founder had been impressed and made him his office boy. Each of us knew of his rise over years of hard work to the presidency, and each of us at some time wished that he had walked to the school or pushed a wheelbarrow or performed some other act of determination and sacrifice to attest his eagerness for knowledge. I remembered the admiration and fear he inspired in everyone on the campus; the pictures in the Negro press captioned "EDUCATOR," in type that exploded like a rifle shot, his face looking out at you with utmost confidence. To us he was more than just a president of a college. He was a leader, a "statesman" who carried our problems to those above us, even unto the White House; and in days past he had conducted the President himself about the campus. He was our leader and our magic, who kept the endowment high, the funds for scholarships plentiful and publicity moving through the channels of the press. He was our coal-black daddy of whom we were afraid.

65. Which of the narrator's observations in the first two paragraphs contributes LEAST to the reader's understanding of Dr. Bledsoe's true character?
- (A) "herded toward their... chairs by Dr. Bledsoe"
 - (B) "smiling at first one and then another of the guests"
 - (C) "exercising a powerful magic"
 - (D) "I watched his teeth flash as he took a white hand"
 - (E) "I saw Dr. Bledsoe ... nod without turning his head"

66. The "legend" of Dr. Bledsoe's rise to power was probably passed on to the students with the intent of its being
- (A) threatening
 - (B) remedial
 - (C) informative
 - (D) didactic
 - (E) humiliating
67. In this passage, Dr. Bledsoe is described as all of the following EXCEPT
- (A) barber
 - (B) magician
 - (C) politician
 - (D) parent
 - (E) conductor

68. All of the following rhetorical devices appear in the passage EXCEPT
- (A) simile
 - (B) allusion
 - (C) synesthesia
 - (D) parallel structure
 - (E) paradox

Passage 5. Questions Read the passage from Chapter 11 carefully before you choose your answers.

I heard them move away; a chair scraped. The machine droned, and I knew definitely that they were discussing me and steeled myself for the shocks, but was blasted nevertheless. The pulse came swift and staccato, increasing gradually until I fairly danced between the nodes. My teeth chattered. I closed my eyes and bit my lips to smother my screams. Warm blood filled my mouth. Between my lids I saw a circle of hands and faces, dazzling with light. Some were scribbling upon charts.

“Look, he's dancing,” someone called.

“No, really?”

An oily face looked in. “They really do have rhythm, don't they? Get hot, boy! Get hot!” it said with a laugh.

And suddenly my bewilderment suspended and I wanted to be angry, murderously angry. But somehow the pulse of current smashing through my body prevented me. Something had been disconnected. For though I had seldom used my capacities for anger and indignation, I had no doubt that I possessed them; and, like a man who knows that he must fight, whether angry or not, when called a son of a bitch, I tried to *imagine* myself angry— only to discover a deeper sense of remoteness. I was beyond anger. I was only bewildered. And those above seemed to sense it. There was no avoiding the shock and I rolled with the agitated tide, out into the blackness.

When I emerged, the lights were still there. I lay beneath the slab of glass, feeling deflated. All my limbs seemed amputated. It was very warm. A dim white ceiling stretched far above me. My eyes were swimming with tears. Why, I didn't know. It worried me. I wanted to knock on the glass to attract attention, but I couldn't move. The slightest effort, hardly more than desire, tired me. I lay experiencing the vague processes of my body. I seemed to have lost all sense of proportion. Where did my body end and the crystal and white world begin? Thoughts evaded me, hiding in the vast stretch of clinical whiteness to which I seemed connected only by a

scale of receding grays. No sounds beyond the sluggish inner roar of the blood. I couldn't open my eyes. I seemed to exist in some other dimension, utterly alone; until after a while a nurse bent down and forced a warm fluid between my lips. I gagged, swallowed, feeling the fluid course slowly to my vague middle. A huge iridescent bubble seemed to enfold me. Gentle hands moved over me, bringing vague impressions of memory. I was laved with warm liquids, felt gentle hands move through the indefinite limits of my flesh. The sterile and weightless texture of a sheet enfolded me. I felt myself bounce, sail off like a ball thrown over the roof into mist, striking a hidden wall beyond a pile of broken machinery and sailing back. How long it took, I didn't know. But now above the movement of the hands I heard a friendly voice, uttering familiar words to which I could assign no meaning. I listened intensely, » aware of the form and movement of sentences and grasping the now subtle rhythmical differences between progressions of sound that questioned and those that made a statement. But still their meanings were lost in the vast whiteness in which I myself was lost.

Other voices emerged. Faces hovered above me like inscrutable fish peering myopically through a glass aquarium wall. I saw them suspended motionless above me, then two floating off, first their heads, then the tips of their finlike fingers, moving dreamily from the top of the case. A thoroughly mysterious coming and going, like the surging of torpid tides. I watched the two make furious movements with their mouths. I didn't understand. They tried again, the meaning still escaping me. I felt uneasy. I saw a scribbled card, held over me. All a jumble of alphabets. They consulted heatedly. Somehow I felt responsible. A terrible sense of loneliness came over me; they seemed to enact a mysterious pantomime. And seeing them from this angle was disturbing. They appeared utterly stupid and I didn't like it. It wasn't right. I could see smut in one doctor's nose; a nurse had two flabby chins. Other faces came up, their mouths working with soundless fury. But we are all human, I thought, wondering what I meant.

A man dressed in black appeared, a long-haired fellow, whose piercing eyes looked down upon me out of an intense and friendly face. The others hovered about him, their eyes anxious as he alternately peered at me and consulted my chart. Then he scribbled something on a large card and thrust it before my eyes:

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

A tremor shook me; it was as though he had suddenly given a name to, had organized the vagueness that drifted through my head, and I was overcome with swift shame. I realized that I no longer knew my own name. I shut my eyes and shook my head with sorrow. Here was the first warm attempt to communicate with me and I was failing. I tried again, plunging into the blackness of my mind. It was no use; I found nothing but pain. I saw the card again and he pointed slowly to each word:

WHAT . . . IS . . . YOUR . . . NAME?

I tried desperately, diving below the blackness until I was limp with fatigue. It was as though a vein had been opened and my energy syphoned away; I could only stare back mutely. But with an irritating burst of activity he gestured for another card and wrote:

WHO . . . ARE . . . YOU?

Something inside me turned with a sluggish excitement. This phrasing of the question seemed to set off a series of weak and distant lights where the other had thrown a spark that failed. Who am I? I asked myself. But it was like trying to identify one

particular cell that coursed through the torpid veins of my body. Maybe I was just this blackness and bewilderment and pain, but that seemed less like a suitable answer than something I'd read somewhere.

The card was back again:

WHAT IS YOUR MOTHER'S NAME?

Mother, who was my mother? Mother, the one who screams when you suffer—but who? This was stupid, you always knew your mother's name. Who was it that screamed? Mother? But the scream came from the machine. A machine my mother?... Clearly, I was out of my head.

He shot questions at me: *Where were you born? Try to think of your name.*

I tried, thinking vainly of many names, but none seemed to fit, and yet it was as though I was somehow a part of all of them, had become submerged within them and lost.

You *must remember*, the placard read. But it was useless. Each time I found myself back in the clinging white mist and my name just beyond my fingertips. I shook my head and watched him disappear for a moment and return with a companion, a short, scholarly looking man who stared at me with a blank expression. I watched him produce a child's slate and a piece of chalk, writing upon it:

WHO WAS YOUR MOTHER?

I looked at him, feeling a quick dislike and thinking, half in amusement, I don't play the dozens. And how's *your* old lady today?

69. In the fourth paragraph, beginning "An oily face looked in," the clause "it said" is an example of
- (A) euphemism
 - (B) hyperbole
 - (C) synecdoche
 - (D) nonsequitur
 - (E) metaphor

70. The paragraph beginning "When I emerged" contains all of the following EXCEPT
- (A) ellipsis
 - (B) personification
 - (C) paradox
 - (D) simile
 - (E) allusion

71. In the paragraph beginning “Other voices emerged,” the narrator’s confusion and disorientation are conveyed primarily through the choice of
 (A) verbs
 (B) adjectives
 (C) nouns
 (D) adverbs
 (E) pronouns
72. The narrator’s inability to recall his name could most accurately be described as
 (A) ironic
 (B) symbolic
 (C) incongruous
 (D) satiric
 (E) allegorical
73. The black and white imagery in the passage serves to do all of the following EXCEPT
 (A) unify the passage
 (B) emphasize the narrator’s confusion
 (C) reinforce the novel’s racial motif
 (D) point out the narrator’s growing bitterness toward white people
 (E) present a paradox in which opposites function identically
74. The tone of the narrator’s final question is
 (A) sardonic
 (B) harsh
 (C) saturnine
 (D) inquisitive
 (E) bemused

Passage 6. Questions Read the passage from Chapter 12 carefully before you choose your answers.

I was to remember sooner than I had thought. The moment I entered the bright, buzzing lobby of Men’s House I was overcome by a sense of alienation and hostility. My overalls were causing stares and I knew that I could live there no longer, that that phase of my life was past. The lobby was the meeting place for various groups still caught up in the illusions that had just been boomeranged out of my head: college boys working to return to school down South; older advocates of racial progress with Utopian schemes for building black business empires; preachers ordained by no authority except their own, without church or congregation, without bread or wine, body or blood; the community “leaders” without followers; old men of sixty or more still caught up in post-Civil War dreams of freedom within segregation; the pathetic ones who possessed nothing beyond their dreams of being gentlemen, who held small jobs or drew small pensions, and all pretending to be engaged in some vast, though obscure, enterprise, who affected the pseudo-courtly manners of certain southern congressmen and bowed and nodded as they passed like senile old roosters in a barnyard; the younger crowd for whom I now felt a contempt such as only a disillusioned dreamer feels for those still unaware that they dream—the business students from southern colleges, for whom business was a vague, abstract game with rules as obsolete as Noah’s Ark but who yet were drunk on finance. Yes, and that older group with similar aspirations, the “fundamentalists,” the “actors” who sought to achieve the status of brokers through imagination alone, a group of janitors and messengers

who spent most of their wages on clothing such as was fashionable among Wall Street brokers, with their Brooks Brothers suits and bowler hats, English umbrellas, black calfskin shoes and yellow gloves; with their orthodox and passionate argument as to what was the correct tie to wear with what shirt, what shade of gray was correct for spats and what would the Prince of Wales wear at a certain seasonal event; should field glasses be slung from the right or from the left shoulder; who never read the financial pages though they purchased the *Wall Street Journal* religiously and carried it beneath the left elbow, pressed firm against the body and grasped in the left hand—always manicured and gloved, fair weather or foul—with an easy precision (Oh, they had style) while the other hand whipped a tightly rolled umbrella back and forth at a calculated angle; with their homburgs and Chesterfields, their polo coats and Tyrolean hats worn strictly as fashion demanded.

I could feel their eyes, saw them all and saw too the time when they would know that my prospects were ended and saw already the contempt they’d feel for me, a college man who had lost his prospects and pride. I could see it all and I knew that even the officials and the older men would despise me as though, somehow, in losing my place in Bledsoe’s world I had betrayed them . . . I saw it as they looked at my overalls.

I had started toward the elevator when I heard the voice raised in laughter and turned to see him holding forth to a group in the lobby chairs and saw the rolls of fat behind the wrinkled, high-domed, close-cut

head, and I was certain that it was he and stooped without thought and lifted it shining, full and foul, and moved forward two long steps, dumping its great brown, transparent splash upon the head warned too late by someone across the loom. And too late for me to see that it was not Bledsoe but a preacher, a prominent Baptist, who shot up wide-eyed with disbelief and outrage, and I shot around and out of the lobby before anyone could think to stop me.

No one followed me and I wandered the streets amazed at my own action. Later it began

to rain and I sneaked back near Men's House and persuaded an amused porter to slip my things out to me. I learned that I had been barred from the building for "ninety-nine years and a day."

"You might not can come back, man," the porter said, "but after what you did, I swear, they never will stop talking about you. You really baptized the ole Rev!"

75. The first paragraph is characterized by all of the following EXCEPT

- (A) allusion
- (B) simile
- (C) personification
- (D) parallelism
- (E) metaphor

76. In the first paragraph, the narrator expresses the strongest negative reaction toward

- (A) those with Utopian schemes
- (B) the business students
- (C) the "community leaders"
- (D) the "actors"
- (E) the self-ordained preachers

77. The concern about what the Prince of Wales would wear could best be described as

- (A) humorous
- (B) admirable
- (C) irrelevant
- (D) pathetic
- (E) justifiable

78. In the phrase "lifted it shining," (third paragraph), "it" is most likely

- (A) a cuspidor
- (B) an ashtray
- (C) a bowl of soup
- (D) a bottle of liquor
- (E) a pail of mop water

79. The phrase "the head warned too late" in the same paragraph is an example of

- (A) hyperbole
- (B) understatement
- (C) allusion
- (D) metaphor
- (E) synecdoche

80. The porter views the narrator's actions primarily as

- (A) unconscionable
- (B) entertaining
- (C) disrespectful
- (D) justifiable
- (E) unfortunate