中文心得：

巴黎天主教大學（Insitut Catholique de Paris，簡稱 ICP）是一所在文學、藝術和人文科學領域非常有名的私立大學。其位於左岸第六區的優越地理位置（鄰近盧森堡公園以及拉丁區）提供國際學生一個能好好體驗巴黎人悠閒的生活步調的機會。同時，學校也設有知名的語言中心（ILCF），是巴黎歷史最悠久、也是受許多來法國學習法文的學生喜愛的語言學校之一。與中山的校園相比，ICP 的主校區大約相當於工學院和商學院的範圍，但一共分為三個不同校區。由於每週上課的教室都會有所更動，因此建議同學上課前先上學校 app 確認當周上課校區。在 ICP 兩個學期中，我最喜歡的課程是電影文化課程以及法文課。電影文化課除了介紹電影拍攝方式之外，也從電影在英美最早的發展說起，並且探討在不同歷史背景底下，拍攝題材或敘事的變化，這讓我受益良多。法文課方面，老師每一週都會規劃不同的主題讓同學之間討論，也非常鼓勵同學利用法文分享自己國家的文化。因為是依照程度分班，所以也不用擔心和同學程度落差太大，無法跟上進度。在課外活動方面，為了增加自己練習法文口說的機會，我也參加了學校的大眾傳播社 ICP TV。由於社團只有我一位交換生（其他都是法國人），因此在剛開始參與社團集會時有一點吃力。但很幸運的是，社長和社員們人都非常友善，所以最後有慢慢融入他們的感覺。我們甚至在聖誕假期時還一起到社長家玩交換禮物！

整體來說，我認為在這一年交換對我帶來的效益有以下幾點：

1. **語言的進步**：本來我的法文口說僅能簡單打招呼、點餐。但在巴黎的這段時間，我開始慢慢能用簡單的句子表達自己的想法，甚至通過法檢 B1 的考試。
2. **培養獨立處理事務的能力：** 過去在台灣，生活與行政上的大小事務大多由家長代為處理；來到法國後，從辦理文件到生活雜事都必須靠自己摸索。面對問題時，即使語言不通，也必須自己勇敢突破障礙。到最後會慢慢發現，原來自己完全有能力獨當一面，搞定許多過去不敢自己完成的事。
3. **眼界的拓展：**歐洲交換其中一項優勢便是能趁假期到歐洲各國遊歷。一路上親眼所見的異國文化、親身體驗的風土民情，以及途中偶遇的每個人事物，都讓我大開眼界。也讓我有種「人外有人、天外有天」的全新體悟。

用一句話來說，我認為自己的交換之旅和其他人相較之下是順遂的。從一開始申請學校和簽證，到後續的找房子、申請租補等，我並沒有遇到太大的阻礙。在以行政效率差聞名的法國，我很幸運地沒有經歷需要打電話或親自到現場與行政人員爭執催促的過程（雖然至今我仍未收到我的健保卡）。不過，在法國生活的這段期間，我認為自己也觀察到許多不一樣的文化差異。首先，亞洲社會所推崇的「溫良恭儉讓」或隱忍的品德價值，在法國不見得能換來對方的重視。你若不主動爭取、維護自己的權益，別人很難主動察覺你的訴求。舉例來說，在宿舍的公共廚房常有人將廚餘倒進排水孔導致洗手台堵塞。如果是我，比起在群組內直接要求大家遵守公共空間的規則，我可能會選擇默默清理善後，就怕引起紛爭。相反地，法國人會主動提出問題與解決方式，並且嚴格要求大家遵守，否則大家都要共同承擔後果。或許是看到大家直言的態度，我也慢慢地嘗試主動表達自己的想法。再者，法國人不會隨意評價他人的外貌與穿著。相較於在亞洲，人們總是輕易地對旁人的穿搭或身材指指點點；在這裡，與眾不同反而是一種獨特的魅力，甚至有時還會獲得對方的讚美。大概也是因為置身於這樣包容的氛圍中，我覺得自己的身材焦慮似乎減輕了不少。最後，我想是說的是法國人對生活的態度。在法國，我能感受到人們對於「生活」的重視。在休息時刻，常常看到法國人嘴裡叼著一根煙，手拿一杯酒，聊著各式各樣的話題，包含旅遊、哲學、藝術等。假日也經常可以看到法國人相約在公園或河岸邊野餐。在台灣，即便是休息，大家討論的話題仍離不開股票、薪水、工作和家庭。因此即便是休息，我也常感到滿滿罪惡感，好像不利用休息時間衝刺，人生就要失敗一樣。而這些文化上的不同之處，在我這一年的生活與觀察之下，不僅讓我學習要放慢腳步生活；對於未來想追求的人生藍圖，我也似乎有了截然不同的憧憬與期待。在這一年的交換生活裡，巴黎對我來說是一座讓我又愛又恨的城市。這裡繁瑣的行政程序、生活中的碰撞與摩擦、在陌生環境中被迫成長，有時候真的會讓我懷疑當初來交換的決定。但神奇的是，每當我走在塞納河畔或街頭，看著那些精心雕琢的奧斯曼建築，又或是看著河畔上坐著的法國人那份怡然自得的悠哉，我似乎又能原諒它的缺點。或許真如同海明威說：「如果你年輕時有幸留在巴黎，那它將永遠跟隨著你，因為巴黎是一場流動的盛宴。」對一些人來說，交換或許沒有直接讀研究所來得有目標或有效益。但無論如何，這趟旅程上的所見所聞都將成為我人生中一段值得回憶與珍藏的時光。最後，我想感謝我的父母以及獎學金的提供者。我想，如果沒有他們的支持與協助，我大概無法順利成行並好好享受這一年的交換生活。

英文心得

Institute Catholique de Paris (ICP) is a private university with a reputation for their teaching in literature, arts, and humanities. Located in the 6th arrondissement near the Luxembourg Garden and the Latin Quarter, it puts the students right in the middle of everything people imagine when they think of Parisian life. In addition, ICP also houses the ILCF, which offers outstanding language learning programs for students looking to improve their language skills. Because ICP is spread across three different campuses, it is necessary to check the school app every week to make sure one showed up to the right building.

Of all the courses I took over the two semesters, English Cinema and French are my favorites. Beyond introducing the techniques used in filmmaking, the English Cinema professor also walked us through the early history of cinema in the UK and US and how storytelling evolved alongside the changing of historical backgrounds, which gave me a much richer way of watching and analyzing films afterward. In the meantime, French class was built around weekly discussions where we not only learned grammar but were also encouraged to talk about our own cultures in French. Since the language classes were grouped by level, I never felt like I was struggling to keep up with my classmates. Outside of academic life, I joined the school's student media club so as to create more opportunities for improving my French speaking. Since I was the only exchange student in a club, the first few group meetings felt a little nerve-wracking to me — but everyone turned out to be genuinely welcoming. I was even invited to the president's house for a holiday gift exchange. What an extraordinary experience I have ever had!

Looking back, this exchange year has given me far more than I ever expected. My French has progressed from basic day-to-day dialogue to the point where I can now have genuine conversations. What's more, I even passed the DELF B1 exam during my second semester. In addition, I also became much more independent. Back home, my parents handled most administrative tasks for me, but in France, I was entirely on my own. Figuring things out independently taught me that I am capable of handling much more than I used to give myself credit for. On top of that, traveling during breaks opened my eyes to just how vast and diverse the world really is.

None of this came without friction, though. France isn't exactly famous for efficient bureaucracy, and while I got off easier than most — even if I still haven't received my health insurance card — I definitely experienced some culture shock. One thing that really stuck with me is how people handle conflicts. Back home, staying quiet and avoiding confrontation is seen as polite, but it doesn't really get you anywhere here. For instance, when food kept clogging our dorm's kitchen sink, my first instinct was to just clean it up myself to avoid making things awkward. However, my French dormmates, called it out directly, and made it clear that everyone needed to fix their behavior and followed the rules. Watching that happen taught me that speak up for myself isn't actually a bad thing. Instead of always defaulting to silence, I can speak up for my own right, and there's nothing to be ashamed of. I also noticed how rarely French people comment on each other's bodies or outfits. There is less judgment in the air, which I genuinely believe to have helped ease the body-image anxiety I had carried with me from home. But perhaps the biggest shift for me was seeing how comfortable French people are about taking a break. Back in Taiwan, even our downtime conversations somehow circle back to work or money, and resting often feels like falling behind. Living here for a year has quietly allowed me to reset how I think about that, and for that, I am incredibly grateful.

Honestly, this whole year was a bit of a love-hate relationship with Paris. The endless paperwork, the small daily frustrations, and the discomfort of constantly being slightly out of my comfort zone — there were definitely moments I questioned my decision to move here. But each time I find myself walking along the Seine River at sunset, looking up at the beautifully decorated Haussmann buildings, or watching people just sit by the water doing nothing in particular, somehow, all that friction felt worth it. People sometimes comment that an exchange year is less "useful" or purposeful than going straight to grad school, and maybe on paper, that's true. Nevertheless, the resilience and perspective I gained here are things I will carry with me for the rest of my life. Perhaps Hemingway put it best:

> "If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast."

Whatever others might think of this path, everything I saw, heard, and experienced on this journey will forever remain a deeply

cherished and beautiful chapter of my life.