

令和 2 年 度

英 語

問 題 冊 子

I 次の文章の下線をほどこした部分(1)~(4)を和訳しなさい。*の付された語句については下に注がある。

When one stops to think about it, it is a miracle that anything written survives from antiquity. How is it that we can enjoy Homer's epic poems, Plato's and Aristotle's works? Manuscripts were laboriously copied by hand, on parchment or other mediums, were scarce and expensive commodities, and were then subjected to the ravages of time, the destruction of war, natural decay, or simple carelessness. The items that survive today are usually later copies, made centuries after the original text, prepared because someone wanted a version for himself. In general, the more prized a text was, the greater the chance of survival, simply because there were more versions of it made. But far more words written in antiquity have perished than have come down to us.

Thus, we are indebted to the anonymous scribes in great households, religious
(1) establishments, and royal courts for much of what we know of the thoughts of people who lived
two millennia and more ago. The writings of Hippocrates*, Galen*, and other doctors of antiquity provided the formal foundations of medical practice into the 18th century. Consequently, the period of appreciation, preservation, and commentaries upon their works that characterizes the millennium between the fall of Rome in 455 and the movement we call the Renaissance deserves its own place in the history of medicine. I shall make little distinction between the Latin West and the polyglot East, which includes Byzantium, the Islamic Empire, and Jewish and Christian contributions to medical life in the areas in which Islam came to dominate. Doctors in these widely separated geographical and cultural backgrounds all shared
(2) one characteristic: a veneration of the medical wisdom of the Greeks, and a desire to base their
own medical theories and practices on these ancient precepts. Of course, they added much along the way.

Along with this essential contribution of preserving and adding to the Greek medical heritage, this epoch, from the 5th century to the invention of the printing press, also fundamentally changed the nature of medical structures. It bequeathed to us three important things: the hospital, the hierarchical division of medical practitioners, and the university, where the elites of medicine were educated.

In late antiquity Europe, medical care was mostly in the hands of individuals without access to any of the writings of the classical period. Local traditions, including informal care, magico-religious remedies, and superstitions dominated, but the prevailing world view of the
(3) Christian era encouraged individuals to wait for the end of the world, and in any case, to see
disease as a part of a wider providence, and trivial compared to the potential joys of the world to
come.

The center of gravity had shifted east, however, to the Byzantine Empire, the capital of which was Constantinople. A lot of ancient manuscripts had already found their way east, and physicians in the Christian East preserved, translated, and commented on them. The rise of Islam saw Byzantium decline in influence and territory, but those same lands, now within Islamic dominion, were also significant for the transmission of the ancient corpus of medicine.

Islam was a wonderfully polyglot culture, and a number of Greek manuscripts survived only in the languages of the area of Islamic conquest. A major translation movement was underway by the late 8th century, and this continued for three centuries. The medieval Islamic medical tradition is often seen primarily as a conduit for the preservation and transmission of ancient Greek texts, which were translated into the Middle Eastern languages, then in turn rendered back into Latin, and finally into modern European languages.⁽⁴⁾

Medieval Islamic medicine was more than an interlude, however. There was also a vigorous learned medical culture which not only reformulated Greek medical ideas to its own context but also added new observations, medicaments, and procedures.

(William Bynum, *The History of Medicine* 適宜改变)

[注]

*Hippocrates : a Greek physician known as the Father of Medicine

Galen : a Greek physician and philosopher of the 2nd century AD

II 次の文章を読んで、問1～問4に答えなさい。

Love is often understood as being, most basically, a response to the perceived worth of the beloved. We are moved to love something, on this account, by an appreciation of what we take⁽¹⁾to be its exceptional inherent value. The appeal of that value is what captivates us and turns us into lovers. We begin loving the things that we love because we are struck by their value, and we continue to love them for the sake of their value. If we did not find the beloved valuable, we would not love it.

This may well fit certain cases of what would commonly be identified as love. However, the sort of phenomenon that I have in mind when referring here to love is essentially something else. As I am construing it, love is not necessarily a response grounded in awareness of the inherent value of its object. It may sometimes arise like that, but it need not do so. Love may be brought about—in ways that are poorly understood—by a variety of natural causes. It is entirely possible for a person to be caused to love something without noticing its value, or without being at all impressed by its value, or despite recognizing that there really is nothing especially valuable about it. It is even possible for a person to come to love something despite recognizing that its inherent nature is actually and utterly bad. That sort of love is doubtless a misfortune. Still, such things happen.

⁽²⁾ It is true that the beloved invariably is, indeed, valuable to the lover. However, perceiving that value is not at all an indispensable formative or grounding condition of the love. It need not be a perception of value in what he loves that moves the lover to love it. The truly essential relationship between love and the value of the beloved goes in the opposite direction.⁽³⁾ It is not necessarily as a result of recognizing their value and of being captivated by it that we love things. Rather, what we love necessarily acquires value for us because we love it. The lover does invariably and necessarily perceive the beloved as valuable, but the value he sees it to possess is a value that derives from and that depends upon his love.

Consider the love of parents for their children. I can declare with confidence that I do not love my children because I am aware of some value that inheres in them independent of my love for them. The fact is that I loved them even before they were born—before I had any especially relevant information about their personal characteristics or their particular merits and virtues. Furthermore, I do not believe that the valuable qualities they do happen to possess⁽⁴⁾would really provide me with a very compelling basis for regarding them as having greater worth than many other possible objects of love that in fact I love much less. It is quite clear to me that I do not love them more than other children because I believe they are better.

At times, we speak of people or of other things as “unworthy” of our love. Perhaps this means that the cost of loving them would be greater than the benefit of doing so; or perhaps it means that to love those things would be in some way shameful. In any case, if I ask myself whether my children are worthy of my love, my emphatic inclination is to reject the question as misguided. This is not because it goes so clearly without saying that my children are worthy. It is because my love for them is not at all a response to an evaluation either of them or of the consequences for me of loving them. If my children should turn out to be fiercely wicked, or if it should become apparent that loving them somehow threatened my hope of leading a decent life, I might perhaps recognize that my love for them was regrettable. But I suspect that after coming finally to acknowledge this, I would continue to love them anyhow.

It is not because I have noticed their value, then, that I love my children as I do. Of course, I do perceive them to have value; so far as I am concerned, indeed, their value is beyond measure. That, however, is not the basis of my love. It is really the other way around. The particular value that I attribute to my children is not inherent in them but depends upon my love for them. The reason they are so precious to me is simply that I love them so much. As for why it is that human beings do tend generally to love their children, the explanation presumably lies in the evolutionary pressures of natural selection. In any case, it is plainly on account of my love for them that they have acquired in my eyes a value that otherwise they would certainly not possess. This relationship between love and the value of the beloved holds not only for parental love but quite generally.

(Harry G. Frankfurt, *The Reasons of Love* 適宜改変)

問 1 下線をほどこした部分(1)を和訳しなさい。

問 2 下線をほどこした部分(2)の内容を例を挙げて述べた箇所がある。その例を和訳しなさい。

問 3 下線をほどこした部分(3)と同じ意味をもつ成句表現を本文中から抜き出しなさい。

問 4 下線をほどこした部分(4)を和訳しなさい。

Ⅲ 次の文章を読んで、問1～問4に答えなさい。*の付された語句については下に注がある。

"The Otters made things as jolly for me as ever they could, right up to the moment I left. But I felt a brute all the time, as it was clear to me they were very unhappy, though they tried to hide it. Mole, I'm afraid they're in trouble. Little Portly* is missing again, and you know what a lot his father thinks of him, though he never says much about it," said the Rat. "What, that child?" said the Mole lightly. "Well, suppose he is — why worry about it? He's always straying off and getting lost, and turning up again — he's so adventurous. But no harm ever happens to him." "But this time it's more serious," said the Rat gravely. "He's been missing for some days now, and the Otters have hunted everywhere without finding the slightest trace. I got out of Mr. Otter that young Portly hasn't learnt to swim very well yet, and I can see he's thinking of the weir*. The place always had a fascination for the child. Mr. Otter's not the fellow to be nervous about any son of his before it's time. And now he *is* nervous. He was going to spend the night watching by the ford, where he gave Portly his first swimming lesson. And it was there he used to teach him fishing, and there young Portly caught his first fish, of which he was ^(A)so very proud. So Mr. Otter goes there every night and watches."

They were silent for a time, both thinking of the same thing — the lonely animal, ^(B)crouched by the ford, watching and waiting, the long night through. "Rat," said the Mole, "I can't go to sleep and *do* nothing. We'll get the boat out, and paddle* upstream. The moon will be up in an hour or so, and then we will search as well as we can." "Just what I was thinking myself," said the Rat.

They got the boat out, paddling with caution. Dark and deserted as it was, the night was full of small noises, song and chatter and rustling, telling of the busy little population who were up and about. The water's own noises were more apparent than by day, and they started at what seemed a sudden clear call from an actual articulate voice.

Then a change began slowly to declare itself. A bird piped suddenly, and was still, and a light breeze sprang up and set the reeds rustling. Rat sat up suddenly and listened with a passionate intentness. Mole looked at him with curiosity. "It's gone!" sighed the Rat. "So beautiful and strange and new! Since it was to end so soon, I almost wish I had never heard it." ⁽¹⁾For it has roused a longing in me that is pain, and nothing seems worthwhile but just to hear that sound once more and go on listening to it for ever. No! There it is again!" he cried, alert once more. Entranced, he was silent for a long space, spellbound.

In silence Mole rowed steadily. "Clearer and nearer still," cried the Rat joyously. "Now you must surely hear it!" Breathless and transfixed, the Mole stopped rowing as the liquid run of ⁽²⁾that glad piping broke on him like a wave, caught him up, and possessed him utterly. And the light grew steadily stronger, but no birds sang as they were wont to do at the approach of dawn,

and but for the heavenly music all was marvellously still.

On either side of them, as they glided onwards, the rich meadow grass seemed that morning of a freshness and a greenness unsurpassable. Never had they noticed the roses so vivid. Then the murmur of the approaching weir began to hold the air, and they felt a consciousness that they were nearing the end, whatever it might be, that surely awaited their expedition.

A wide half-circle of foam and glinting lights and shining shoulders of green water, the great weir closed the backwater from bank to bank, troubled all the quiet surface with twirling eddies and floating foam streaks, and deadened all other sounds with its solemn and soothing rumble. In midmost of the stream, embraced in the weir's shimmering arm spread, a small island lay anchored. Reserved, shy, but full of significance, it hid whatever it might hold behind a veil, keeping it till the hour should come, and, with the hour, those who were called and chosen.

Slowly, the two animals passed through the water and moored* their boat at the flowery margin of the island. In silence they landed, and pushed through the blossom and undergrowth, till they stood on a little lawn of a marvellous green. "This is the place the music played to me," whispered the Rat, as if in a trance. "Here, in this holy place, here if anywhere, surely we shall find him!"

Then suddenly the Mole felt a great awe fall upon him. It was no panic terror — indeed, he felt wonderfully at peace and happy — but it was an awe that held him and, without seeing, he knew it could only mean that some awe-inspiring Presence was very, very near. With difficulty he turned to look for his friend, and saw him at his side cowed, stricken, and trembling violently. And still there was utter silence in the populous, bird-haunted branches around them, and still the light grew and grew.

Perhaps he would never have dared to raise his eyes, but that — though the piping was now hushed — the call and the summons seemed still dominant and imperious. He might not refuse, were Death himself waiting to strike him instantly, once he had looked with mortal eye on things rightly kept hidden. Trembling, he obeyed, and raised his humble head — and then, in that utter clearness of the imminent dawn, he looked in the very eyes of the friend and helper, saw the stern, hooked nose between the kindly eyes, while the bearded mouth broke into a half-smile at the corners, saw the rippling muscles on the arm that lay across the broad chest, saw, last of all, nestling between his hooves, sleeping soundly in entire peace and contentment, the little, round, podgy*, childish form of the baby otter. All this he saw, for one moment breathless and intense, vivid on the morning sky — and still, as he looked, he lived, and still, as he lived, he wondered.

(Kenneth Grahame, *The Wind in the Willows* 適宜改变)

[注]

*portly : rather fat

weir : a dam built across a river

paddle : to move through the water in a boat using a pole with a flat wide part

moor : to make fast a boat by attaching it by a rope to the shore

podgy : rather fat

問 1 下線部(A)~(J)は登場人物を指す。それぞれ誰を指すか、以下から記号で選び、その記号を記しなさい。

ア Rat

イ Mole

ウ Mr. Otter

エ Portly

オ Death

問 2 下線をほどこした部分(1)を、代名詞 'it' の内容が明らかになるように和訳しなさい。

問 3 下線をほどこした部分(2)を和訳しなさい。

問 4 下線をほどこした部分(3)を、代名詞 'it' の内容が明らかになるように和訳しなさい。

Ⅳ 次の文章を英語で表現しなさい。

子どもを取り巻く環境が人工化し、子どもはすっかり自然ばなれしてしまった。子どもに自然を取り戻してやること、これが今、われわれ大人が子どもたちのためにすべき一番大切なことではないだろうか。子どもが変わった、と嘆く大人が多い。しかし、変わったのは大人であり、子どもは変えられているのである。

(河合雅雄『森に還ろう』 適宜改変)

問題は、このページで終わりである。

