

令和3年度一般選抜前期日程

英語問題紙

注意事項

1. 試験開始の合図があるまで、この問題紙を開いてはいけません。
2. 英語の問題紙は、11ページあります。
3. 解答用紙は4枚あります。
4. 受験番号は、監督者の指示に従って、全ての解答用紙の指定された箇所に必ず記入しなさい。
5. 受験番号および解答以外のことを解答用紙に書いてはいけません。
6. 解答はすべて解答用紙の指定された欄に書くこと。裏面に書かないこと。
7. 解答用紙のみを提出しなさい。問題紙は持ち帰りなさい。

問題 1 次の英文を読み、問いに日本語で答えなさい。

What Causes Mental Disorders?

Like the six blind men each touching a different part of an elephant, each different approach to mental disorders emphasizes one kind of cause and a corresponding kind of treatment. Doctors who look for hereditary factors and brain disorders recommend drugs. Therapists who blame early experience and mental conflicts recommend psychotherapy. Clinicians who focus on learning suggest behavior therapy. Those who focus on distorted thinking recommend cognitive therapy. Therapists with a religious orientation suggest meditation and prayer. And therapists who believe most problems arise from family dynamics usually recommend, predictably, family therapy.

The psychiatrist George Engel recognized (1)the problem in 1977 and proposed an integrated "bio-psycho-social model." Every year since has brought renewed calls for such integration, for the unfortunate reason that psychiatry's fragmentation has, if anything, increased. The messy realities of mental disorders are ignored to fit them into the procrustean bed of one or another schema. Learned panels plead for integration, but committees that decide on grant funding and tenure only support projects that fit into narrow disciplines.

Plans for (2)a recent revision of the diagnostic system aroused hope for greater coherence, but the result was increased conflict and confusion. The distinguished psychiatrist Allen Frances chaired the committee that wrote the previous edition of the book that defines each mental disorder, *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM)*. The title of his recent book captures his dissatisfaction with the revised edition of the *DSM: Saving*

Normal: An Insider's Revolt Against Out-of-Control Psychiatric Diagnosis, DSM-5, Big Pharma, and the Medicalization of Ordinary Life. Debates about diagnosis are so rancorous that they spill onto newspaper editorial pages. The crowning blow was the US National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) abandoning the official *DSM* diagnoses for mental disorders. So much for a common diagnostic system creating consensus!

The search for brain abnormalities that cause mental disorders has offered another hope for reducing confusion. In a medical school admission interview in 1969, I revealed, perhaps unwisely, that I planned to become a psychiatrist. "Why would you want to do that?" the interviewer asked. "They're going to find the brain causes for mental disorders soon, and it will all become neurology." If only ⁽³⁾that prediction had come true! However, four decades of research by thousands of smart scientists, supported by billions of dollars, has still not found a specific brain cause for any of the major mental disorders, except for those such as *Alzheimer's disease and †Huntington's chorea in which brain abnormalities have long been obvious. For other mental disorders, we still have no lab test or scan that can make a ‡definitive diagnosis.

⁽⁴⁾This is as astounding as it is disappointing. The brains of people with §bipolar illness and autism must somehow be different from those of other people. But brain scans and **autopsy studies have identified only small differences. They are real, but small and inconsistent. It is hard to say which are causes and which are results of the disorders. None comes close to providing a definitive diagnosis of the sort radiologists provide for pneumonia or ††pathologists provide for cancer.

*Alzheimer's disease アルツハイマー病

†Huntington's chorea ハンチントン病

‡definitive diagnosis 確定診断

§bipolar illness 双極性障害・躁うつ病

**autopsy studies 検死解剖・剖検調査

††pathologists 病理学者

Hope for diagnosis based on genetics has also collapsed. Having ^{##}schizophrenia, bipolar disorder, or autism depends almost entirely on what genes a person has, so most of us engaged in psychiatric research at the turn of the millennium thought the specific genetic culprits would soon be found. However, subsequent studies have shown that there are no common genetic variations with large effects on these disorders. Almost all specific variations increase the risk by 1 percent or less. This is the most important — and most discouraging — discovery in the history of psychiatry. What it means, and what we should do next, are big questions.

Leading psychiatric researchers deserve credit for acknowledging the failure and the need for new approaches. In a recent article in the journal *Science*, several of them wrote, “There have been no major breakthroughs in the treatment of schizophrenia in the last 50 years and no major breakthroughs in the treatment of depression in the last 20 years... ^⑥This frustrating lack of progress requires us to confront the complexity of the brain... This calls for a new perspective.” A recent meeting of the Society of Biological Psychiatry solicited presentations on the topic “Paradigm Shifts in the Treatment of Psychiatric Disorders.” And in 2011 the director of the National Institute of Mental Health, Thomas Insel, said, “Whatever we’ve been doing for five decades, it ain’t working... When I look at the numbers — the number of suicides, the number of disabilities, the mortality data — it’s abysmal, and it’s not getting any better. Maybe we just need to rethink this whole approach.”

Psychiatrists recognize patients’ life crises as opportunities for them to make major changes. ^⑥Could the same be true for psychiatry?

(Adapted from *Good Reasons for Bad Feelings: Insights from the Frontier of Evolutionary Psychiatry*, by Randolph M. Nesse)

^{##}schizophrenia 統合失調症

問 1 下線部(1)の内容を本文に即して述べなさい。

問 2 下線部(2)の目標を本文に即して述べなさい。

問 3 下線部(3)の内容を本文に即して述べなさい。

問 4 下線部(4)が指示する内容を本文に即して述べなさい。

問 5 下線部(5)の内容を本文に即して述べなさい。

問 6 下線部(6)の内容を本文に即して述べなさい。

問題 2 Read the following text and answer the questions in English.

Breaking My Own Silence

Power is the confidence to speak for yourself.

It makes sense that I'm a writer, which allows me to draft, hesitate, then rewrite many times before I say anything that I can live with for good.

In 1976, my mother, father and two sisters and I immigrated to the United States. I was 7. We moved from Seoul to New York, and Dad enrolled my sisters and me at P.S. 102 in Elmhurst, Queens. None of us girls knew how to speak English.

Even back in Seoul, I was a quiet child who fidgeted and had attention issues. I found school and friendships difficult, and it got worse when I moved to a new country.

The first few weeks in America were tough. There was one other Korean girl in the class. Like me, she had small eyes. Unlike me, she knew English and had friends. She wanted me to stay away.

One day in class, I needed to go to the bathroom, and I didn't know what to do. The Korean girl grimaced when I approached her, but mercifully, she told me to raise my hand and say, "Bathroom."

I said this foreign word, and the kids laughed. The teacher handed me a well-worn, wooden block, which served as a hall pass. I rarely spoke in school

again except for when I needed permission to go to the bathroom.

The years that followed were not very different. I did my work and looked forward to being with my sisters, who protected me. I learned to read English and made my way through shelves of borrowed books from the Eimhurst Public Library.

In our first year in America, my father ran a newspaper stand in the lobby of a dingy office building. Then later, my parents had a tiny wholesale jewelry store in Manhattan that sold costume jewelry to peddlers and gift shops. They worked six days a week.

At Junior High School 73 in Maspeth, N.Y., I had a wonderful teacher named Mr. Sosis, who taught law, and he selected me as a classroom monitor. He allowed his monitors to eat lunch in his classroom, and I don't know if he knew this, but he rescued me from the terror of the middle school lunchroom and from the reality that I did not know how to act around children my age.

I had other fine teachers there, and I started to talk a little more. I did production work for the school play, and when an actor dropped out, I was given her role because I'd already memorized all the lines. For my law class, I did a mock trial, and I was not awful.

I got into the Bronx High School of Science, where my older sister went, and I made up my mind that I had to learn how to talk well.

As a child immigrant, I had read straight through Lois Lenski, Maud Hart

Lovelace, Beverly Cleary, Judy Blume then through Dickens, Hemingway, Austen, Sinclair Lewis and Dostoyevsky — books recommended by good-hearted librarians and teachers.

In Western books, heroes spoke well and could handle any social situation, not just through action, but also through argument. In Korea, a girl was virtuous if she sacrificed for her family or nation, but in the West, a girl was worthy if she had pluck and if she could speak up even when afraid. As a kid, I'd watched Koreans criticizing a man for being all talk and no work. In America, a man was considered stupid or weak if he couldn't stand up for himself.

Both things were true; I didn't want to talk, and I didn't want anyone to think I was stupid.

My freshman year, I joined the debate team. I could hardly manage group conversations with my peers, but I reasoned it was necessary to learn how to argue. Debate felt almost impossible. I was a terrible debater, but that was better than nothing. I did it for one year before quitting.

One day, I noticed a poster in the hall for summer classes at the Hotchkiss School, which offered electives that Bronx Science didn't have. I sent away for a catalog and found a class on public speaking. I asked my parents for the money so I could take this class, and they gave it to me even though it must have been a lot for them. At Hotchkiss, the teacher gave us assignments like tell a long joke, explain a piece of art, and persuade the listener to an unpopular position. I told a long joke and no one laughed. I was not very good, but I was starting to understand rhetoric. For the following summer, I

mailed away for another brochure, this time for Phillips Exeter Academy, and I took another public speaking course.

When I went to Yale for college, I felt outclassed by my peers who had attended the private schools I had visited during the summers. They spoke with ease about music, art, and faraway places and wrote beautiful papers about books I had not read. Some knew Latin and Greek. I stumbled through my classes and ill-advised romantic relationships. I majored in history, and without a clear plan, I went to law school at Georgetown.

Not once did I consider being a litigator because that seemed like professional debating. I thought I'd be better suited as a corporate lawyer. I figured I should try to be financially better off than my parents who worked throughout the year without breaks in an underheated store, scrimping to pay their greedy landlord, who refused to kill the enormous rats that roamed in the basement.

After my first year at Georgetown, I went to the career services office because I needed to learn how to do a job interview. The career counselor, an older white woman, said to me in the gentlest way, "You need to boast about how great you are. You're an Asian girl, and when you boast, you're playing against the stereotype of the meek Oriental. Your interviewer will never think you're bragging. I don't give this advice to pushy white men."

She was telling me how the world might see me. I had to talk, and I had to build myself up, because others might see less than there was. Though I couldn't really do what she said, I never forgot her words.

When I sold my first novel I was no longer a lawyer. I was 38 years old. In preparation for a small book tour, my publisher hired a media trainer to coach me for two hours. The trainer had written a book, so I read it. I learned that each event is about the audience. This idea helped because no matter how insecure I felt, I could forget myself and focus on everyone else.

I write novels, and now and then I give lectures. I come from many tribes — immigrant, introvert, working class, Korean, female, public school. Queens. Presbyterian. Growing up, I never knew that people like me could write books or talk in public. To this day, I worry that if I mess up, others like me might not be asked or allowed. This is how outsiders and newcomers feel. It is neither rational nor fair. I know.

I am 50 years old, and after more than four decades of living in the West, I realize that like writing, talking is painful because we expose our ideas for evaluation; however, like writing, talking is powerful because our ideas may, in fact, have value and require expression.

As a girl, I did not know this power, yet this is my power now.

(Adapted from “THE BIG IDEAS: WHAT IS POWER?” *New York Times*,

May 20, 2019, by Min Jin Lee)

- Question 1. Why did the author feel she was rescued when she was appointed as a classroom monitor?
- Question 2. What did the author learn in the public speech class at the Hotchkiss School, which affected her later life?
- Question 3. What did the author realize from the career counselor's advice?
- Question 4. What did the author learn from the media trainer who coached her?
- Question 5. State briefly the author's conclusion about talking.

問題 3 Imagine you are a teacher and you have to explain to your students that their school trip has been changed. Write a letter in English to your students. Explain why the trip has been changed and explain in detail what the new plans are.

