2024年度 早稲田大学文学部　学士入学試験問題

【　英文学コース　】　※解答は別紙（横書）

【科目名：　専門科目　】

【Ⅰ】以下の文章を読み、設問に答えよ。

I love political writing. Writing that engages the realities of its world—that thinks about human problems, including those in the social and political realm, that addresses the rights of persons and the wrongs of those in power—can be not only interesting but hugely compelling. In this category we get the grimy London of Charles Dickens's late work, the fabulous postmodern novels of Gabriel García Márquez and Toni Morrison, the plays of Henrik Ibsen and Geroge Bernard Shaw, Seamus Heaney's poetry of the Northern Irish Troubles, and the feminist struggles with the poetic tradition of Adrienne Rich and Audre Lord.

Neary all writing is political on some level. D. H. Lawrence's work is profoundly political even when it doesn't look like it, even when he is less overt than in *Women in Love*, where he has a character say of a robin that it looks like a "little Lloyd-George of the air." I'm not quite sure how a robin resembles the then prime minister, but it's clear Lawrence didn't approve, and the character clearly shares her creator's politics. I also know that's not the real political element in that novel. No, his real political contribution is in setting a radical individualism in conflict with established institutions. (1)Lawrence's people keep refusing to behave, to submit to convention, to act in a way that conforms to expectations, even expectations of other nonconformists. In *Women in Love* he pillories the bohemianism of the artsy sets of his day, whether the Bloomsbury circle or the group that Lady Ottoline Morrell, the self-consciously bohemian patroness of the arts, gathered around herself. Their avant-gardism merely constitutes another kind of conventionality for him, a way of being "chic" or "in," whereas his heroic ideal goes its solitary way even though it outrage friend as well as foe and confound lover as well as stranger. That radical individualism is politically charged in Lawrence, just as it is in Walt Whitman (whom he admired greatly) and Ralph Waldo Emerson in their very different ways. (2)Indeed, you could argue that the role of the individual is always politically charged, that matters of autonomy and free will and self-determination always drag in the larger society, if only tangentially. Someone like Thomas Pynchon, who seems on one level to be hiding from the body politic, is, profoundly political in his concern over the individual's relationship to "America."

Or here's someone whose stories you may not have thought of as inevitably political: Edgar Allan Poe. His tales "The Masque of the Red Death" (1842) and "The Fall of the House of Usher" (1839) both deal with a stratum of society most of us only get to read about: the nobility. (3)In the former, the prince, in the midst of a terrible plague, gathers his friends and associates for a party, at which he locks them away from the afflicted (and poor) society outside the walls of the palace. The titular scourge finds them anyway and by morning they're all dead. In the latter, the host, Roderick Usher, and his sister Madeline are the last survivors of an old aristocratic family. Living in a decaying mansion surrounded by a forbidding landscape, they are themselves decaying. She has a progressive-wasting disease, while he is prematurely aged and decrepit, his hair nearly gone and his nerves shot. He behaves, moreover, like a madman, and there is more than a slight hint at incestuous closeness between brother and sister. (4)In both of these tales Poe offers criticism of the European class system, which privileges the unworthy and the unhealthy, where the entire atmosphere is corrupt and decaying, where the results are madness and death.

(Adapted from Thomas C. Foster, *How to Read Literature Like a Professor*, HarperCollins Publishers, 2003, 110-111.)

※ページ下部に出典を追記しております。

問1. 下線部(1)を和訳せよ。
問2. 下線部(2)を和訳せよ。
問3. 下線部(3)を和訳せよ。
問4. 下線部(4)を和訳せよ。

【Ⅱ】以下の文章を読み、設問に答えよ。

When I worked in a second-hand bookshop — so easily pictured, if you don't work in one, as a kind of paradise where charming old gentlemen browse eternally among calf-bound folios — the thing that chiefly struck me was the rarity of really bookish people. Our shop had an exceptionally interesting stock, yet I doubt whether ten per cent of our customers knew a good book from a bad one. First edition snobs were much commoner than lovers of (1), but oriental students haggling over cheap textbooks were commoner still, and vague-minded women looking for birthday presents for their nephews were commonest of all.

Many of the people who came to us were of the kind who would be a nuisance anywhere but have special opportunities in a bookshop. For example, the dear old lady who 'wants a book for an invalid' (a very common demand, that), and the other dear old lady who read such a nice book in 1897 and wonders whether you can find her a copy. Unfortunately she doesn't remember the title or the author's name or what the book was about, but she does remember that it had a red cover. But apart from these there are two well-known types of (2) by whom every second-hand bookshop is haunted. One is the decayed person smelling of old breadcrusts who comes every day, sometimes several times a day, and tries to sell you worthless books. The other is the person who orders large quantities of books for which he has not the smallest intention of paying. In our shop we sold nothing on (3), but we would put books aside, or order them if necessary, for people who arranged to fetch them away later. Scarcely half the people who ordered books from us ever came back. It used to puzzle me at first. What made them do it? They would come in and demand some rare and expensive book, would make us promise over and over again to keep it for them, and then would vanish never to return. But many of them, of course, were unmistakable paranoiacs. (A)<u>They used to talk in a grandiose manner about themselves and tell the most ingenious stories to explain how they had happened to come out of doors without any money — stories which, in many cases, I am sure they themselves believed.</u> In a town like London there are always (4) of not quite certifiable lunatics walking the streets, and they tend to gravitate towards bookshops, because a bookshop is one of the few places where you can hang about for a long time without spending any money. In the end one gets to know these people almost at a (5). For all their big talk there is something moth-eaten and aimless about them. Very often, when we were dealing with an obvious paranoiac, we would put aside the books he asked for and then put them back on the shelves the (6) he had gone. (B)<u>None of them, I noticed, ever attempted to take books away without paying for them; merely to order them was enough — it gave them, I suppose, the illusion that they were spending real money.</u>

(Adapted from George Orwell, 'Bookshop Memories', *Essays*, Penguin Books, 2014, pp. 25-26.)

問１　空所 (1)〜(6) に入れるべき単語を以下から選び、記号で答えよ。

a. credit
b. glance
c. literature
d. moment
e. pest
f. plenty

問２　下線部 (A)、(B)をそれぞれ和訳せよ。

【Ⅲ】(1)〜(10) の作者による作品を A〜J から一つずつ選び、その記号を解答欄に記入せよ。

(1) Daniel Defoe
(2) Jane Austen
(3) Mark Twain
(4) Kazuo Ishiguro
(5) Raymond Carver
(6) Samuel Taylor Coleridge
(7) Sylvia Plath
(8) Tennessee Williams
(9) William Faulkner
(10) William Shakespeare

A. *A Streetcar Named Desire*
B. *Absalom, Absalom!*
C. *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*
D. *Ariel*
E. *Cathedral*
F. *Macbeth*
G. *Pride and Prejudice*
H. *Robinson Crusoe*
I. *The Remains of the Day*
J. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

【Ⅳ】次の英文を読み、（１）～（８）の空所に最もふさわしい文を下の a ～ h から１つずつ選び、その記号を解答欄に記入せよ。

I was camping in Aomori, the most northerly prefecture on Honshu, Japan's main island. Over the water is Hokkaido—the last prefecture before Russia—then a string of disputed islands and ice. During the summer vacation I'd thrown the camping gear in the back of the car, caught up in a surge of wild-man envy. （ 1 ） By the time I'd reached Aomori I'd already been stung thirty-six times by bees, developed a fever as a result, been chased by a biker gang and run away from a hotel before they discovered that when my fever broke I'd sweated so much I'd turned their comfortable mattress into a water bed. I'd been travelling for ten days, hadn't spoken to anyone for three, and was beginning to crack up. I woke about 4 a.m., packed up quickly, happy to have been undisturbed by bears, and pointed the car south.

I joined the highway a little before six, my intention to go as far as Sendai, refuel and take it from there. A night in the city or another campsite? Fresh sheets or the pleasure of a lakeside sunset? My phone, acting as a sat nav from the 100-yen holster I'd taped to the dashboard, started buzzing like thirty-six bees had got inside it, immediately followed by a screeching alarm, far louder than the ear-hurting stereo volume. It was the J-Alert.

J-Alert is a nationwide warning system designed with two functions: the first is to give people a few seconds' notice in advance of an earthquake or other disaster. (（ 2 ） It can be enough time to turn off the gas cooker, to get away from the windows, to get out the shower and avoid the indignity of running from the house in soapy humiliation.) The second is to scare the living shit out of people. With a volume and tone similar to the 'howler' letters in *Harry Potter*—think an air horn attached to a bull horn being held down by someone intent on giving you a heart attack—the J-Alert has caused me to leap from bed in the small hours, stub a toe, crack a shin, hit my head and fall to the floor in terror. （ 3 ） Luckily the highway was empty. Had it not been, I wondered, would my death count as an earthquake fatality? In Australia, most deaths caused by spiders have nothing to do with bites and industrial levels of venom. Rather, the majority of fatalities are caused by people pulling down the sun visor while cruising along innocently, having a dangerous spider fall into their lap, very naturally reacting with some surprise and crashing the car into a wall. Spiders don't kill people, I'm sure the NRA would say, walls do.

The alarm finished, I righted my direction and pulled back into the inside lane. （ 4 ） Literal highways on massive concrete legs with high sides to keep the noise in and presumably to stop any spider-surprised drivers from going over the edge. During the 1995 earthquake, the raised highway in Kobe flipped over. If there was a big earthquake, I wanted to be somewhere less . . . flippable.

After the alarm, an electronic female voice announced in Japanese,

'MISSILE LAUNCH! MISSILE LAUNCH!'

'What?'

'MISSILE LAUNCH! MISSILE LAUNCH!'

'I thought that's what you said.'

I pulled the phone from its slot and tried to read the alert. In Japanese. In a tiny font. Still doing about 100 km/h on the highway. （ 5 ）

Missile launch! Missile launch! Get to a safe place. Find somewhere underground or go inside a strong building.

High in the air, on a concrete strip. The next exit was 20km away.

No further information from the J-Alert. I went onto Twitter. The alert was already trending but every tweet was a variation of 'WTF?' I phoned Minori, my wife.

'What?'

'What's happening?'

'I'm asleep.'

'No, with the missile.'

'What missile?'

'The alert.'

'Are you drunk?'

'（ 6 ）'

As I waited I remembered that the day before, driving north, I'd been stuck behind a convoy of military vehicles. Trucks, jeeps, and something that looked so suspiciously like a rocket launcher that I took a photo. For about thirty minutes I'd trailed this convoy. I'd assumed there was a base nearby, though the surprised expressions and pointed fingers of villagers made me suspect not. They'd turned off a few kilometres before my junction and I'd thought no more about it. Now the presence of that rocket launcher seemed ominous. Did they know something?

'Hi. Where are you?'

'On the highway in Aomori. What's going on?'

'The TV says it's a test.'

'North Korea?'

'Of course. It flew over Hokkaido and landed in the sea.'

She had this tone like it was the most mundane thing in the world. （ 7 ）

'So we're not at war?'

'Not yet. What are your plans?'

'I was going to go to Sendai. Now I'm not so sure.'

'Okay. Drive safe.'

'Let me know if a war starts.'

'Okay.'

As I drove south I pondered my situation. If war did break out, what would I do? In many ways I was already in the best place. I was in the middle of nowhere, or at least very close to it, with enough provisions to last a week, maybe two if I was careful. I had a car full of camping gear, water, food fresh and dried. But I was a long way from home. What would I do? Should I make a dash for home or hole up in the forest and wait it out? （ 8 ） Soon I was imagining a zombie infestation and making plans.

By 10 a.m. I'd reached Sendai. I came off the highway and refuelled. I was exhausted, stiff, itchy and sore, and now Kim was lobbing missiles at me. The holiday was over. Time to go home. In twelve hours I drove more than 1,000 kilometres, stopping at service stations for lunch and dinner. When I swung into the driveway, I felt all the tension seep away.

(Adapted from Iain Maloney, *The Only Gaijin in the Village: A Year Living in Rural Japan*, Polygon, 2020, 12-15.)

※ページ下部に出典を追記しております。

a. A few seconds is all science can give us, but it can make a lot of difference.
b. Scenes from various post-apocalyptic films played out.
c. Japanese highways are raised affairs.
d. I needed masculine exploits and rugged scenery.
e. Like she was reciting the weather forecast or responding to me telling her about my day.
f. This time it caused me to swerve wildly into the outside lane.
g. Put on the news and call me back.
h. Not bright but, you know, special circumstances.

〔以 下 余 白〕

受験番号	
氏名	カナ
	漢字

この欄以外に受験番号、氏名を記入しないこと。

漢字氏名がない場合は、ひらがなで記入すること。

学士入学試験　解答用紙

【　　英文学コース　　】

【　　科目名：専門科目　　】

総　　点

【Ⅰ】

問1

問2

問3

問4

（裏へ続く）

【Ⅱ】

問1

（1）＿＿＿　（2）＿＿＿　（3）＿＿＿　（4）＿＿＿

（5）＿＿＿　（6）＿＿＿

問2

(A)

(B)

【Ⅲ】

（1）＿＿＿　（2）＿＿＿　（3）＿＿＿　（4）＿＿＿　（5）＿＿＿

（6）＿＿＿　（7）＿＿＿　（8）＿＿＿　（9）＿＿＿　(10)＿＿＿

【Ⅳ】

（1）＿＿＿　（2）＿＿＿　（3）＿＿＿　（4）＿＿＿

（5）＿＿＿　（6）＿＿＿　（7）＿＿＿　（8）＿＿＿