

2025 年度 早稲田大学文学部 学士入学試験問題

【 英文学コース 】
 【科目名： 専門科目 】

※解答は別紙（横書）

【 I 】以下の文章を読み、設問に答えよ。

Walt Whitman is not well known for having recited his poetry out loud to others and is on record as saying that he was “nothing of a reader,” that, in fact, he preferred not to read his own work and couldn’t recite it in any event, since he didn’t have it memorized. Despite such claims, he did perform on numerous occasions, both in private and in public, and attached great significance to those exercises. From his memoranda we know that he was in the habit of reading poetry aloud to himself from his youth, riding omnibuses up and down Broadway “declaiming some stormy passage from Julius Cæsar or Richard, (you could roar as loudly as you chose in that heavy, dense, uninterrupted street-bass.)” To his friend Horace Traubel in 1889 he recalled, “I did my best reading when I was alone that way—off in the woods or on the shore. Long ago, when I was a young man, Coney Island was a favorite spot. At that time Coney Island had not the reputation it has now—it was then a desert island—nobody went there. Oh yes! (1)When I read, it was in solitude, never in frequented places, except perhaps, Broadway, on the stage-coaches, where a little noise more or less made no difference.” Earlier that year, again to Traubel, he recounted of his lyric “A Voice Out of the Sea,” “I always enjoyed saying it—saying it to the winds, the waters, the noisy streets—on stagecoaches. And one has love for the sound of his own voice—somehow it’s always magnetic.”

In discussion with Traubel about the practice of reading aloud, Whitman cites Ernest Legouv  ’s *The Art of Reading* (translated into English in 1879), a copy of which he owned, explaining that in one of the chapters an actress named Rachel is described as being “aroused when going to her room and reading aloud her plays, whatnot,” in part under the spell of her own voice; he concludes that “(2)there are some who contend that no one can get a full or adequate idea of a poem till it is heard rendered aloud—the human voice to give it its free scope, ring!” and adds, “I don’t know but there’s a vast deal to be said to that effect.” Although Whitman does not say so, in this remark he picks up another thread in Legouv  ’s book, from the chapter “How Reading Reveals,” where that author contends that “even reading aloud is not without its disillusion. If it discovers beauties, it detects faults as well. How many writers and writings that I used to admire passionately, that possibly you admire passionately now, I have found totally unable to stand this terrible test!” Whitman tells Traubel that he always had tried his own poems-in-progress out by reading them aloud to himself “in a palpable voice” and by doing so was able “to get a new angle on them—see things I could not see in any other way.” In another conversation with his friend he notes that “the great French writer Legouv   says this is the final, the supreme, test, after all else is tried—how will a poem read, recite, deliver: with what effect? How will it hold its own when repeated? That is the court in which it must justify itself.” (3)While he says he would not give such a theory his “radical endorsement,” Whitman regards it as one “not to be rejected scornfully.”

In his early years, Whitman shaped by hand his texts for ultimate portability, creating reading copies that he could take with him on site to declaim. On the cover of a reading copy of Shakespeare’s *Richard the Second* that he made by tearing the leaves of the play out of a complete volume and binding them in wrapping paper, he wrote: “Had it put this shape to take in my pocket to Coney Island on my seashore walks—read it and ‘spouted’ it there.” Whitman also bundled together late in life a set of poems that he deemed “favorite” pieces for “spouting,” and, pointing to the package of poems sitting on a chair, told Traubel, “I was a great spouter in my early days—even later on—had my favorite pieces—these among them.” He imagined the same fate for *Leaves of Grass*, saying on August 21, 1888, “I have long teased my brain with visions of a handsome little book at last . . . for the pocket. (4)That would tend to induce people to take me along with them and read me in the open air: I am nearly always successful with the reader in the open air.” This imagined pocket edition anticipates *Gems from Walt Whitman* (1889), in whose compilation Whitman assisted, Haldeman-Julius’s Little Blue Books, and the beat poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti’s populist City Lights “Pocket Books” series—a series that includes Allen Ginsberg’s *Howl*.

(Adapted from Tyler Hoffman, *American Poetry in Performance*, The University of Michigan Press, 2011, pp. 16-17.)

※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)が指示する内容を本文に即して日本語で具体的に説明せよ。

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【Ⅱ】以下の文章を読み、設問に答えよ。

The Hound of the Baskervilles by A. Conan Doyle is not just a thriller. It is one of the formative myths of the twentieth century. That may seem a pretentious claim, and Sherlock Holmes would have cackled with ironic laughter at the very (1). But it is true all the same. It has achieved the status of (2) because it has permeated the culture at all levels, as myths do. Translated into every major language, adapted for film, television and cartoon, it is known to millions who have never heard of Conan Doyle.

It is no coincidence that as the nineteenth century ended, writers started creating myths. Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* and H. G. Wells's *Time Machine* are other examples. (A) Universal elementary education, introduced in the 1870s, had produced a huge new reading public, uncultured, but eager to be entertained. Authors who rose to the challenge, Doyle among them, needed a compelling (3). But they also had to identify and give fictional form to fears and desires deep in the popular (4). That is how myths are born, and it is what *The Hound of the Baskervilles* does.

The dog of death, as John Fowles has pointed out, has the longest pedigree of any canine species, recorded as far back as Anubis, the jackal-headed undertaker god of ancient Egypt. Folklore teems with black dogs that turn out to be the devil's minions. Dartmoor has its own version in the shape of the Wisht Hounds that hunt in the air as well as on (5) and are led by Satan.

But Doyle's story of the Dartmoor hound is emphatically a twentieth-century myth because it rejects (6). Holmes stands for reason and progress. (B) He refuses to credit the legend of the spectral hound, and he is right. The hound does exist, and men run screaming to their deaths at the sight of it. But it is just a large dog daubed with phosphorus. Six rounds from Holmes's revolver put an end to it forever. So much for the progeny of Anubis.

(Adapted from John Carey, *Pure Pleasure: A Guide to the Twentieth Century's Most Enjoyable Books*, 2000, pp. 1-2.)

※ページ下部に出典を追記しております。

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. earth
- b. idea
- c. imagination
- d. myth
- e. style
- f. superstition

問2 下線部 (A)、(B)をそれぞれ和訳せよ。

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【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) Emily Brontë
- (2) Geoffrey Chaucer
- (3) Ralph Waldo Emerson
- (4) Ernest Hemingway
- (5) Arthur Miller
- (6) Ezra Pound
- (7) Edmund Spenser
- (8) Jonathan Swift
- (9) Alice Walker
- (10) Virginia Woolf

- A. *The Canterbury Tales*
- B. *The Cantos*
- C. *The Color Purple*
- D. *Death of a Salesman*
- E. *The Faerie Queene*
- F. *Gulliver's Travels*
- G. *Mrs. Dalloway*
- H. *The Old Man and the Sea*
- I. "Self-Reliance"
- J. *Wuthering Heights*

【IV】次の英文を読み、(1)～(6)の空所に最もふさわしい文を下のa～fから1つずつ選び、その記号を解答欄に記入せよ。

After Ma left, over the next few weeks, Kya's oldest brother and two sisters drifted away too, as if by example. They had endured Pa's red-faced rages, which started as shouts, then escalated into fist-slugs, or backhanded punches, until one by one, they disappeared. They were nearly grown anyway. And later, just as she forgot their ages, she couldn't remember their real names, only that they were called Missy, Murph, and Mandy. On her porch mattress, Kya found a small pile of socks left by her sisters.

(1) She dashed into the kitchen, thinking Ma was home frying corn fritters or hoecakes. But it was Jodie, standing at the woodstove, stirring grits. She smiled to hide the letdown, and he patted the top of her head, gently shushing her to be quiet: if they didn't wake Pa, they could eat alone. Jodie didn't know how to make biscuits, and there wasn't any bacon, so he cooked grits and scrambled eggs in lard, and they sat down together, silently exchanging glances and smiles.

They washed their dishes fast, then ran out the door toward the marsh, he in the lead. (2) Impossibly lean, his frame seemed to flop about from poor gravity. His molars yellow as an old dog's teeth.

Kya look up at Jodie. "We can run. Hide in the mossy place."

"It's okay. It'll be okay," he said.

Later, near sunset, Jodie found Kya on the beach staring at the sea. As he stepped up beside her, she didn't look at him but kept her eyes on the roiling waves. Still, she knew by the way he spoke that Pa had slugged his face.

"I hafta go, Kya. Can't live here no longer."

She almost turned to him, but didn't. Wanted to beg him not to leave her alone with Pa, but the words jammed up.

"When you're old enough you'll understand," he said. Kya wanted to holler out that she may be young, but she wasn't stupid. She knew Pa was the reason they all left. (3) She'd thought of leaving too, but had nowhere to go and no bus money.

"Kya, ya be careful, hear. If anybody comes, don't go in the house. They can get ya there. Run deep in the marsh, hide in the bushes. Always cover yo' tracks; I learned ya how. And ya can hide from Pa, too." When she still didn't speak, he said good-bye and strode across the beach to the woods. Just before he stepped into the trees, she finally turned and watched him walk away.

"This little piggy stayed home," she said to the waves.

Breaking her freeze, she ran to the shack. Shouted his name down the hall, but Jodie's things were already gone, his floor bed stripped bare.

She sank onto his mattress, watching the last of that day slide down the wall. Light lingered after the sun, as it does, some of it pooling in the room, so that for a brief moment the lumpy beds and piles of old clothes took on more shape and color than the trees outside.

A gnawing hunger—such a mundane thing—surprised her. She walked to the kitchen and stood at the door. All her life the room had been warmed from baking bread, boiling butter beans, or bubbling fish stew. Now, it was stale, quiet, and dark. "Who's gonna cook?" she asked out loud. (4)

She lit a candle and poked at hot ashes in the woodstove, added kindling. Pumped the bellows till a flame caught, then more wood. The Frigidaire served as a cupboard because no electricity came near the shack. (5) Still, greenish-black veins of mildew grew in every crevice.

Getting out leftovers, she said "I'll tump the grits in lard, warm'em up," which she did and ate from the pot, looking through the window for Pa. But he didn't come.

When light from the quarter moon finally touched the shack, she crawled into her porch bed—a lumpy mattress on the floor with real sheets covered in little blue roses that Ma had got at a yard sale—alone at night for the first time in her life.

At first, every few minutes, she sat up and peered through the screen. Listening for footsteps in the woods. She knew the shapes of all the trees; still some seemed to dart here and there, moving with the moon. For a while she was so stiff she couldn't swallow, but on cue, the familiar songs of tree frogs and katydids filled the night. More comforting than three blind mice with a carving knife.

(6) The marsh snuggled in closer with a low fog, and she slept.

(Adapted from Delia Owens, *Where the Crawdads Sing*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2020, pp. 12-14.)

※出典は下記に記載しております。

- a. But just then Pa shouted and hobbled toward them.
- b. Could have asked, *Who's gonna dance?*
- c. On the morning when Jodie was the only sibling left, Kya awakened to the *clatter-clank* and hot grease of breakfast.
- d. The darkness held an odor of sweetness, the earthy breath of frogs and salamanders who'd made it through one more stinky-hot day.
- e. To keep the mold at bay, the door was propped open with the flyswatter.
- f. What she wondered was why no one took her with them.

〔以下余白〕

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受験番号	
氏名	カナ
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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

【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) _____