

**I**

次の文の下線をほどこした部分(1), (2)を和訳しなさい。

(50点)

There are historians and others who would like to make a neat division between “historical facts” and “values.” The trouble is that values even enter into deciding what count as facts <sup>(1)</sup> — there is a big leap involved in moving from “raw data” to a judgement of fact. More important, one finds that the more complex and multi-levelled the history is, and the more important the issues it raises for today, the less it is possible to sustain a fact-value division. But this by no means implies that there has simply to be a conflict of prejudices and biases, as the data are manipulated to suit one worldview or another. What it does mean is that the self of the historian is an important factor. The historian is shaped by experiences, contexts, norms, values, and beliefs. When dealing with history, especially the sort of history that is of most significance in philosophy, that shaping is bound to be relevant. As far as possible it needs to be articulated and open to discussion.

The best historians are well aware of this. They are alert to many dimensions of bias and to the endless (and therefore endlessly discussable) significance of their own horizons and presuppositions. A great deal can of course be learned from those who do not share our presuppositions. Our capacity to make wise, well-supported judgements in matters of historical fact and significance can only be formed over years of discussion with others, many of whom have very different horizons from our own. It is possible to have a 12-year-old chess champion or mathematical or musical genius, <sup>(2)</sup> but it is unimaginable that the world’s greatest expert on Socrates could be that age. The difficulty is not just one of the time to assimilate information; it is also the time to mature judgement and come to decisions which only ring true after complex studies and discussions with others and with oneself.

II 次の文の下線をほどこした部分(1), (2), (3)を和訳しなさい。

(50点)

On my second day, I drove along Route 5, which follows closely along Lake Erie, and which, mile after mile, is absolutely gorgeous. Even a fruit stand I stopped at overwhelmed me with its earthy grandeur: dark purple Concord grapes set out in brown baskets, blushing peaches crowding each other on wooden tables, green apples in bushel baskets, all smelling of fall.

I drove through the morning, before taking a break at a boat-launch site where I brought out a piece of my cinnamon bread to feed a lone seagull I saw. But within seconds, there were a good 20, squawking loudly, hanging<sup>(1)</sup>suspended in the air like live mobiles. I took several photographs that failed miserably at capturing the beauty of my time at the edge of that vast body of water. You had to be there, as they say. You had to smell the air so clean it seemed bleached, feel the perfect warmth of the day against your bare arms, hear the shrill cries of those greedy, greedy birds, see the sun sparkle in the glassy curls of the waves. You had to stand still with your eyes closed, and feel with your feet on the face of the earth.

When you drive so many miles, you get in a lot of good thinking time. I experienced the rich kind of meditation that occurs only when you reach a<sup>(2)</sup>nearly selfless state of relaxation. I felt as though my life spread out on either side of me, airing itself out so that it could come back into me, refreshed.

When I saw the red sun hanging low in the sky, I knew I had to get back on the highway and make better time. I gulped more coffee, got more gas, turned the radio up loud. And the next time I got out of the car, I was home in Boston.

“How was your trip?” my daughters asked.

“I got a quilt,” I said as though it were an answer.

Here's the real answer:

It can be incredibly time-consuming and uncomfortable to drive a long

distance. But it's worth it, for the way your imagination gets off the leash. You drive past a house in a small town, and you wonder : Who lives there? What do they do for a living? Who's in their family, and what do they call their dog? You see a stranger walking down a random sidewalk, and you wonder what he dreams at night. You drive past a farmhouse and think, What is it like to eat breakfast in that kitchen? To walk in those fields? To fall asleep in that bedroom so close to that maple?

In the beginning, we humans did not settle away from each other. We did  
<sup>(3)</sup>not keep to ourselves or to lonely, outer borders. We were curious, drawn to  
one another, comforted by our similarities and inspired by our differences.  
We are still that way, I think. This trip showed me that. It also showed me that the America I remembered still exists. I drove for more than a thousand miles in a car smelling of cinnamon, my heart filled to the stretching point by the beauty of the land and the people who live here. That is why this is a love story. And that is why I believe everyone should, at least once, forget about airports and enjoy a close-up look at what is still here in this country, and free for the taking, if only we will slow down and look.

**III** 次の文を英訳しなさい。

(50点)

- (1) あるとき私は幼児期を過ごした町を通る機会に恵まれた。記憶のなかの光景をたぐりよせながら、なんとかそれらしい場所まで来たが、自信がない。周囲の町並は完全に変わってしまっていた。そこに建っていた家はいかにも新しく、30年前からそこにあったものとはとても思えなかった。
- (2) 「コンピュータは間違えません」という決まり文句があるが、それは要するに扱う人間の側が間違えることが多いということだ。相手が人間の場合、「あ、ここはこうするつもりが間違えたんだな」と推察してくれるかもしれないが、コンピュータはなかなかそうはいかない。コンピュータを疑う前にまず自分を疑え、特に初心者はこれを肝に銘じておいたほうがいだろう。

**問題は、このページで終わりである。**