

解答はすべて解答用紙の指定の箇所に書きなさい。

次の英文はJoseph Epsteinによる*Friendship: An Exposé* (Houghton Mifflin, 2006) からの抜粋に基づいている。これを読んで以下の設問に答えなさい。

Friend is one of those words on whose exact meaning not even dictionaries are very helpful. Friend: an attachment based on affection or esteem; a favored companion, one joined to another in mutual benevolence and intimacy; the antonym of an enemy. Having said that, one hasn't really said all that much.

Aristotle* sets out the kinds and categories of friendships as only he could do. Yet even Aristotle, great precisian though he was, could not come close to exhausting all cases on the endlessly subtle subject of friends and friendship.

Aristotle first refers to those friendships where the main element is pleasure, or simple delight in the company of another: "the friendships of young people seem to aim at pleasure," he writes, and it is true that, when young, one tends to bounce easily in and out of friendships, looking to friends for little more than shared delight. Aristotle next considers friendships based on utility, or usefulness of each friend to the other, which takes in commercial and professional and political friendships. But friendship based on utility, according to Aristotle, is often neither of great intensity nor of noble character, ⁽¹⁾ for "those who are friends for the sake of utility part when the advantage is at an end."

But what emerges above all from Aristotle's always trenchant lucubrations is that friendship, true friendship, requires good character—in its ideal state, it calls for a selflessness that for Aristotle requires no less than nobility of character. One has to be good in oneself to qualify as a true friend, which also means one must love oneself. Which at first sounds like psychobabble reinforcing vanity, but isn't, since at the heart of genuine friendship is the golden rule, but the golden rule practiced at the highest power, for what would be the point of treating one's friend as one does oneself if one doesn't love oneself to begin with?

To love oneself—not merely to be egotistical or to have a well-developed sense of *amour-propre*—one must, in Aristotelian terms, be genuinely worth loving. And to do that, one must have lived well: must be able to look back

with reasonable happiness upon one's past, enjoy the activity of one's present, and go fearlessly on into the future.

Reading Aristotle naturally makes one reflect on the state of one's own friendships and one's own qualities and propensities as a friend. I was especially struck by the passage that holds "it would seem actually impossible to be a great friend to many people . . . we must be content if we find even a few such excellent friends." This point in Aristotle captured my attention because it made me realize that I have long been highly promiscuous in my friendships.

My earliest memories are of living in a neighborhood with few children my age. I spent much time by myself. I can remember afternoons when I was seven or eight, tossing a pink rubber ball against the wall of our apartment, my mother having gone out on errands. I do not recall feeling especially lonely, though technically I suppose I was.

Only when our family moved, and I found myself in a neighborhood with lots of kids my age, did I discover in myself a skill for making friends. I soon learned that I was able to persuade other boys to think well of me. I did this through making plain to them that I was, in the crucial phrase of the day, "a good guy": modest, reasonably (though not offensively) bright, someone who listened carefully, who knew his place in the status hierarchy, who was in no way pushy or selfishly on the make. I found I could cultivate boys a couple of years older than me—a vast patch of time when one is in one's adolescence—and turn them into, if not friends, at least guys in my corner. I had become something of a salesman, on the road full-time with no product in my sample case other than myself.

An older boy in my geometry class named Harry Shadian is a case in point. Although I was otherwise an indifferent high-school student, I somehow had a taste and knack for geometry. Harry, who was two years older than me and a superior athlete and an amiable guy, had no aptitude whatsoever for the subject. I let him know that I was willing to help him, by lending him my homework before class, by letting him look over my shoulder during exams, and whatever else I could do to get him over this hurdle. He was very appreciative and made it clear to all that I was his friend and withal a very good guy. As a friend of Harry's, my status in our large high school jumped a number of points.

I did this over and over again: sometimes for the feeling of social

elevation it gave—I could get into any circle I wished—sometimes for the pleasure of exercising my essentially salesmanly gift for its own sake. I did it, moreover, ⁽²⁾ without making any snobbish distinctions. I just wanted everyone to consider me his friend. Without bothering to read the book, I was exercising, with aplomb, the lessons of Dale Carnegie's* then immensely successful *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, except that I had no interest in influencing anyone; I simply collected friends the way other children did stamps or seashells.

As part of my prowess at making lots of friends, I had at my command a small gift for implying an intimacy that often wasn't really there. I have it still, and it sometimes gets me into difficulty, making people think I have a stronger feeling for them than in fact I do. This also, naturally enough, makes them feel that I am prepared to put myself out for them—do them favors, use such power as I have to further their causes or careers, listen at some length to their troubles—more than I truly am. I have learned to curb this too easy intimacy, but not always, (ㄅ), sufficiently. Like other bad habits, it is not so easily shaken off.

Four or five years ago, at a gym where I used to work out, I met a serious and winning man—Charles was his name, then in his early eighties, though he seemed much younger—with whom I struck up a conversation. I told him a joke; he told me one in exchange. We were both Jewish. He was of the generation of my parents. While working rowing machines next to each other, we began to strike up regular conversations about sports, politics, whatever was in the news. He one day told me that, on the very day of his retirement from work as a cardboard-box salesman, he returned home to find his wife sitting in a chair, dead of coronary arrest. She had been in every way the center of his life. On the same day, he said, he had left his job and lost his best friend.

He would often lapse into talking about the past, though always prefacing doing so with an apology. (“I hate to go back into the past, but...”) A strong aura of loneliness clung to him. He was a decent man and an honorable one: when he talked politics, I always had the sense that he did so in the most admirably nonpartisan way, having the good of the country in mind.

I liked Charles a lot, and I believe he liked me. The time had come to push the relationship a bit further, changing it from pleasant

acquaintanceship to friendship. All that would have been required was for me to invite him to lunch. Somehow the ball was in my court; that is, it was up to me, not him, to do so. And with some forethought—and now some regret, too—I decided not to do anything about it. Not long after, I stopped going to this gym and lost all touch with Charles. A few years afterward I heard that, at eighty-four, he had died.

Why had I deliberately closed my heart to him, or at least to the prospect of deepening the possibilities of friendship with him? In part it was because I felt him a touch too needy; his loneliness was palpable. Would an occasional lunch really be enough? Would we soon regularize things and meet for lunch every few weeks and then, say, every Thursday? In larger part, I felt my roster of friends and acquaintances—owing to my own undiminished talent for acquiring friends—was altogether too large as it stood. I was already seeing more people—for lunches, coffees, dinners with them and their wives and husbands—than I really liked. But to my mild fraudulence was added a deep social cowardice—an inability to break things off with people who were of only peripheral interest to me. I sometimes felt I was the perfect customer for ⁽³⁾ a much-needed but never produced Hallmark* card that would read “We’ve been friends for a very long time,” followed on the inside by “What do you say we stop?”

I write this with genuine trepidation, lest I become like that man whom Oscar Wilde* described as having “no enemies, but he is intensely disliked by his friends.” I fear that many of the people who think themselves my friends will wonder if they are among those to whom I wish to send that card. Some few are, though most are not. The problem isn’t really with them but with me. ⁽⁴⁾ The best possible face could be put on this by saying that I am by nature a friendly person. I suppose I am, and have never seen any reason to be otherwise. Yet everywhere making friends on the one hand, I often find myself, on the other hand, grudgingly resentful of the obligations, which begin to feel more like burdens, of friendship.

Is the answer to be found in carefully delimiting the number of one’s friends? Is there a perfect number of friends beyond which one is, in effect, asking not for trouble but for unnecessary complications in one’s life? Aristotle does not specify a number. Plutarch* somewhere says that the correct number of friends is seven. But to be specific here is to ignore the differing calibrations of friend and friendship, the varying closeness and

distance of particular friendships.

An acquaintance is someone with whom one makes no future plans for meeting; one's relationships with acquaintances have no continuity. Less responsibility—actually no responsibility—is entailed. The element of permanence isn't a factor. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot? [=Should old acquaintance be forgotten?]" Robert Burns* famously asked. My answer is, why the hell not? ⁽⁵⁾ In fact, it frequently is; and it turns out to be not such a bad thing. Behind most acquaintanceships is the decision, on the part of one or both parties, not to draw closer.

(↗) Friendship speaks to a hunger to renew the pleasure of meeting. It suggests that two people haven't exhausted the delight they take in each other. Something about this person attracts me, one says upon meeting someone who is a candidate for friendship; I want to see more of him or her. We share interests, humor, background, chemistry of one kind or another. We have, one senses, things to give to each other that will enlarge and enrich both our lives.

I have come this far without attempting a definition of my own of a friend. The best I can provide at this point is rather a baggy-pants one for friendship generally: friendship is affection, variously based on common interests, a common past, common values, and, alas, sometimes common enemies, in each case leading to delight and contentment in one another's company. As for what constitutes the basis for friendship, this, too, can be wildly various.

Perhaps the best way to define a friend, at least for now, is not through formulating a precise definition but through attempting to understand the obligations inherent in the relationship between people who wish to think of themselves as friends. ⁽⁶⁾ Paradoxical as it may seem, without obligations—sometimes damn irritating ones—there may be no real basis for friendship.

* **Aristotle:** A Greek philosopher (384-322BC)

* **Dale Carnegie:** An American author and lecturer (1888-1955)

* **Hallmark:** A famous greeting card brand

* **Oscar Wilde:** An Anglo-Irish poet and dramatist (1854-1900)

* **Plutarch:** A Greek historian (?46-120AD)

* **Robert Burns:** A Scottish poet (1759-96)

(I) 下線部(1)を日本語に訳しなさい。

(II) 下線部(2)の内容を文脈に即して一語の形容詞で言い表した場合に、最もふさわしいものを以下の中から選び、その記号で答えなさい。

- (A) palpable (B) particular (C) partisan
(D) peripheral (E) promiscuous

(III) 空所(ア)に入れるのに最も適切と思われる語句を、以下の選択肢から選び、その番号で答えなさい。

- (1) I ask (2) I fear (3) I hope
(4) I pray (5) I wonder

(IV) 下線部(3)のカードが実在するとしたら、どのような時に使用するものなのか、15字以内で説明しなさい。

(V) 下線部(4)を日本語に訳しなさい。

(VI) 下線部(5)を、それぞれの“it”の意味が分かるように、日本語に訳しなさい。

(VII) 以下の文は(イ)の段落の内容をまとめたものである。欠落している母音字(a, e, i, o, u)を補い、文を完成させなさい。

The possibility of enjoying countless future conversations
is what determines our chance of close friends.

(VIII) 下線部(6)とあるが、友情に必要な条件とは何か、筆者の体験に触れつつ、「逆説的」な点を明らかにしながら、120字から150字までの日本語で説明しなさい。

(IX) 次の日本語を英語に訳しなさい。

たくさんの友人を作ったとしても、もし彼らと会って歓びを感じないなら、
いったい何の意味があるだろうか。