

京大過去問 1981年 第2問

下線部 (1) ~ (3) を和訳せよ。

My mother, a Russian Jewish immigrant who never learned English, died the year I briefly visited Russia to perform cultural exchange. (1)All the while I was in Russia — eighteen days that weighed on me like centuries, and that reminded me of a Soviet poet’s admission that in “fifty years of the Revolution we have lived five hundred” — I kept thinking of the old woman dying in America as a young girl in Russia.

“I haven’t dreamed like this since I was a girl,” she said to me every day as the cancer widened. She had been almost proud of her old “inability to dream.” To dream was a luxury denied to my mother, who respected her own anxiety and constant labor as if they were the Jewish religion. She even slept with her fists clenched, her face set. DO NOT TAKE A MOMENT’S REST. RUN, DO, WORK, AND KEEP YOUR OWN GOOD IN MIND. My mother had made a point of not enjoying her sleep. (2)She had not “indulged” herself at night any more than she had ever “given in” during the day.

But now, as the disease struck, removed her from everything but the disease, she dreamed all the time. “I can’t stop dreaming,” she said with a certain pride as she made one last effort to get out of bed, muttering, “I must stop wasting time.” For months and months before the Saturday night I saw her die, she dreamed of Russia; talked brokenly of Russia; recalled a Russia she had never wanted to recall before. She pressed me to accept the invitation to Russia. “Perhaps they will let you visit my old village?” The dogged heavyset woman, who in her last years was bent, stooped, arthritic, hobbling about under mysterious ancestral chains, turned into a skeleton exuding some sweet flowery smell of decay. (3)But in sight of death she dreamed; then amazed me by gaspingly making some peace with herself.

*注 arthritic<arthritis 関節炎