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【表紙の見方】
P〜〜入学試験問題の掲載ページを示しています
×〜〜入学試験の実施がなかった等の理由で入学試験問題の作成がなかったもの、または、問題を公開しないもの
斜線〜〜学科試験（筆記試験）を実施しないもの
立命館大学大学院
2019年度実施 入学試験
博士課程後期課程
文学研究科
人文学科専攻・教育人間学専攻

※2020年9月入学 入学試験は、筆記試験の実施がないため掲載していません

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【表紙の見方】
P.●…入学試験問題の掲載ページを示しています。
×…入学試験の実施がなかった等の理由で入学試験問題の作成がなかったもの、または、問題を公開しないもの
斜線…学科試験（筆記試験）を実施しないもの
2020年度 立命館大学大学院文学研究科入学試験問題

2019年9月14日

博士課程前期課程 人文学専攻
教育人間学専修

「専門科目」

●受験上の注意

① 試験中、冊子をぱらしても構わないが、終了後再びぱらして提出すること
（ポッチキスを貸与します）
② 全ての用紙に受験番号、氏名等を記入し、提出すること

●試験中の持込許可物件について

① 筆記用具、受験票、時計以外の持込は認めない
文学研究科入学試験解答用紙

問Ⅰ・問Ⅱ・問Ⅲの中から2つを選択して解答しなさい。解答はすべて2頁以下に記入すること。

問Ⅰ. 【人間形成領域】次の2問の両方に解答しなさい。

1. 以下的人物あるいは事項について、教育人間学的視点から簡潔に説明しなさい。
   ① M. J. ランゲフルト
   ② 苦悩
   ③ 慘状
   ④ 生成
   ⑤ S. A. キェルケゴール

2. 「しつけ」と「休間」と「虐待」三者の共通性と差異性について、歴史的・社会的・文化的背景に言及しつつ、考えることを述べなさい。

問Ⅱ. 【臨床教育領域】次の2問の両方に解答しなさい。

1. 以下の事項について、教育人間学的視点から簡潔に説明しなさい。
   ① 被包感
   ② サービス・ラーニング
   ③ リメディアル教育
   ④ TA（ティーチング・アシスタント）
   ⑤ 潜在的（隠れた）カリキュラム

2. コンテンプラティヴ教育について概説した後、それを高等教育に導入する際の意義と留意点について、実践者の心身の発達の観点から論じなさい。

問Ⅲ. 【心理保健領域】次の2問の両方に解答しなさい。

1. 以下の事項について、教育人間学的視点から簡潔に説明しなさい。
   ① チャンス論理
   ② 仮面（ベルソナ）と影（シャドー）
   ③ 感情知能
   ④ t 検定
   ⑤ 理の可塑性

2. ガードナーの多重知能論について概説しなさい。その後、この理論が教育人間学研究にもたらす意味と意義について、あなたの考えを述べなさい。
2020年度 立命館大学大学院文学研究科入学試験問題

2020年2月15日

博士課程前期課程 人文学専攻
教育人間学専修

「専門科目」

●受験上の注意
① 試験中、冊子をばらしても構わないが、終了後再び綴じて提出すること
（ポチキスを貸与します）
② 全ての用紙に受験番号、氏名等を記入し、提出すること

●試験中の持込許可物件について
① 筆記用具、受験票、時計以外の持込は認めない
文学研究科入学試験解答用紙

専攻・専修名  課程  科目  コース  受験番号  氏名
人文学専攻  （教育人間学専修）  前期課程  専門科目  □研究一貫  □高度専門

問Ⅰ・問Ⅱ・問Ⅲの中から2つを選択して解答しなさい。解答はすべて2頁以下に記入すること。

問Ⅰ．【人間形成領域】次の2問の両方に解答しなさい。

1. 以下の事項あるは人物について、教育人間学的視点から簡潔に説明しなさい。
   ① 柳田國男
   ② 霞
   ③ アドルフ・ヒトラー
   ④ 新教育
   ⑤ マルティン・ルーベン

2. 人間学的視点としての「遊び」に関して、あなたが知っている主要な思想や理論を概説したのち、教育人間学にとって、「遊び
研究」がもつ意義と課題、および可能性について論じなさい。

問Ⅱ．【臨床教育領域】次の2問の両方に解答しなさい。

1. 以下の事項について、教育人間学的視点から簡潔に説明しなさい。
   ① 個人内評価
   ② MOOC
   ③ イエナプラン
   ④ プラサ
   ⑤ GPA

2. スケールハラスメントについて、①具体例を挙げて定義し、②被害を受けている生徒の相談窓口について説明し、③教師が生徒
に対してハラスメント（特にパワハラ）をするメカニズムについて、教師の人格特性と指導方針、および職場環境の観点から論じな
さい。

問Ⅲ．【心理学領域】次の2問の両方に解答しなさい。

1. 以下の5つの事項全てについて説明しなさい。
   ① 統計におけるサンプル集団と母集団
   ② 実行機能
   ③ 代理ヒューマンセンシング群
   ④ エピソディック・バッファ（Episodic Buffer）
   ⑤ サリーとアンの問題

2. 一次反抗期および二次反抗期とされる現象を心理的発達の観点から説明しなさい。
2020年度 立命館大学大学院文学研究科入学試験問題

2019年9月14日

博士課程前期課程 人文学専攻
教育人間学専修
「外国語」（英語）

●受験上の注意
① 試験中、冊子をぱらとしても構わないが、終了後再び締じて提出すること（ポッテキスを貸与します）
② 全ての用紙に受験番号、氏名等を記入し、提出すること

●試験中の持込許可物件について
① 筆記用具、受験票、時計以外の持込は認めない
Some few years ago I was looking about the school supply stores in the city, trying to find desks and chairs which seemed thoroughly suitable from all points of view—artistic, hygienic, and educational—to the needs of the children. We had a great deal of difficulty in finding what we needed, and finally one dealer, more intelligent than the rest, made this remark: “I am afraid we have not what you want. You want something at which the children may work; these are all for listening.” That tells the story of the traditional education. Just as the biologist can take a bone or two and reconstruct the whole animal, so, if we put before the mind’s eye the ordinary schoolroom, with its rows of ugly desks placed in geometrical order, crowded together so that there shall be as little moving room as possible, desks almost all of the same size, with just space enough to hold books, pencils, and paper, and add a table, some chairs, the bare walls, and possibly a few pictures, we can reconstruct the only educational activity that can possibly go on in such a place. It is all made “for listening”—because simply studying lessons out of a book is only another kind of listening; it marks the dependency of one mind upon another. The attitude of listening means, comparatively speaking, passivity, absorption; that there are certain ready-made materials which are there, which have been prepared by the school superintendent, the board, the teacher, and of which the child is to take in as much as possible in the least possible time.

There is very little place in the traditional schoolroom for the child to work. The workshop, the laboratory, the materials, the tools with which the child may construct, create, and actively inquire, and even the requisite space, have been for the most part lacking. The things that have to do with these processes have not even a definitely recognized place in education. They are what the educational authorities who write editorials in the daily papers generally term “fads” and “frills.” A lady told me yesterday that she had been visiting different schools trying to find one where activity on the part of the children preceded the giving of information on the part of the teacher, or where the children had some motive for demanding the information. She visited, she said, twenty-four different schools before she found her first instance. I may add that that was not in this city.

Another thing that is suggested by these schoolrooms, with their set desks, is that everything is arranged for handling as large numbers of children as possible; for dealing with children on masse, as an aggregate of units; involving, again, that they be
treated passively. The moment children act they individualize themselves; they cease to be a mass and become the intensely distinctive beings that we are acquainted with out of school, in the home, the family, on the playground, and in the neighborhood.

On the same basis is explicable the uniformity of method and curriculum. If everything is on a "listening" basis, you can have uniformity of material and method. The ear, and the book which reflects the ear, constitute the medium which is alike for all. There is next to no opportunity for adjustment to varying capacities and demands. There is a certain amount—a fixed quantity—of ready-made results and accomplishments to be acquired by all children alike in a given time. It is in response to this demand that the curriculum has been developed from the elementary school up through the college. There is just so much desirable knowledge, and there are just so many needed technical accomplishments in the world. Then comes the mathematical problem of dividing this by the six, twelve, or sixteen years of school life. Now give the children every year just the proportionate fraction of the total, and by the time they have finished they will have mastered the whole. By covering so much ground during this hour or day or week or year, everything comes out with perfect evenness at the end—provided the children have not forgotten what they have previously learned. The outcome of all this is Matthew Arnold's report of the statement, proudly made to him by an educational authority in France, that so many thousands of children were studying at a given hour, say eleven o'clock, just such a lesson in geography; and in one of our own western cities this proud boast used to be repeated to successive visitors by its superintendent.

I may have exaggerated somewhat in order to make plain the typical points of the old education: its passivity of attitude, its mechanical massing of children, its uniformity of curriculum and method. It may be summed up by stating that the center of gravity is outside the child. It is in the teacher, the textbook, anywhere and everywhere you please except in the immediate instincts and activities of the child himself. On that basis there is not much to be said about the life of the child. A good deal might be said about the studying of the child, but the school is not the place where the child lives. Now the change which is coming into our education is the shifting of the center of gravity. It is a change, a revolution, not unlike that introduced by Copernicus when the astronomical center shifted from the earth to the sun. In this case the child becomes the sun about which the appliances of education revolve; he is the center about which they are organized.

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1. 下線部① "the story of the traditional education" とは何か。具体的に説明しなさい。
2. （A）の枠内全文を和訳しなさい。
3. 下線部② "the uniformity of method and curriculum" の問題性を著者はどう考えているか。説明しなさい。
4. （B）の枠内全文を和訳しなさい。
2020年度 立命館大学大学院文学研究科入学試験問題

2020年2月15日

博士課程後期課程 人文学専攻
教育人間学専修

「外国語」（英語）

●受験上の注意

① 試験中、冊子をばらしても構わないと、終了後再び縫じて提出すること
（ホッチキスを貸与します）
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●試験中の持込許可物件について

① 筆記用具、受験票、時計以外の持込は認めない
Introduction
'Tell me where is fancy bred?'

To me, fantasy and the development of the imagination are an integral part of growing up. As teachers we are often heard to say, ‘capture their interest and you are away’, but for how long? I believe that I happened upon a way to harness this force to create a sustained imaginative environment in which deep learning flourished.

I have eighteen years teaching experience at primary level. I believe they were productive years for the children and myself. The last two years, however, teaching 6 year olds, were different from the rest. In those years my classroom was a place where fantasy became the main motivational element in the children’s learning. In the first year there was a large stuffed bear living in the corner of the classroom and during the second year, a small witch who came out of a storybook and caused havoc in the classroom for a full year.

The children became totally involved with these characters, as did I, as did everybody who came into contact with the children. The atmosphere in the classroom was noticeably different. There was an air of shared enjoyment, genuine happiness and pleasure in learning that I don’t think I had ever managed to make a permanent feature throughout a year before. Above all, the children worked consistently, totally absorbed in their learning. The heightened imagination seemed to permeate every aspect of the school day, in particular their literacy acquisition.

In order to contextualise what I am going to write, the reader should be aware of some of the formative influences in my background. ‘Fancy’ was bred in me in a rather isolated country childhood. I was happy and secure for the first five years and then, one morning I was put on a bus and travelled the ten miles to the nearest town to attend a small school for girls. I don’t think that I really knew what school was until it started. I didn’t know anyone and there was certainly no gentle transition with brief visits before the real thing began. The journey to and from school seemed interminable. When I was little I used to spend a lot of time imagining whom I would choose to be my parents if the world were to stop for everyone except the occupants of our bus. As I grew older I would wait in excruciating anticipation for the bus driver to negotiate a particular corner. If he hit the curb then I would fail the eleven plus examination and would not be able to go to the grammar school. If he didn’t hit it then I would pass.

I was ‘taught’ by kind, ageless, seemingly genderless nuns, whose qualifications to teach would, I am sure, be questioned today. I have wonderful memories of hot summer days when afternoon lessons were often abandoned and we would go for a ‘nature walk’. This title gave educational purpose to a stroll through the gardens, which usually culminated at the lily pond. There we would lie around the edge of the pond, trailing our fingers in the water as we observed the pond life. We then wandered back and poring over books in an attempt to identify what we had seen. I know a great deal about newts, frogs and assorted pond life, the learning of which was deeply absorbed in a relaxed environment, which allowed time to think and questions to form.

At the age of eleven, due no doubt to the bus driver’s improved skills at negotiating corners, I moved on to the local grammar school for girls. There I learned facts, which were regurgitated in tests and examinations, long before digestion had taken place. As a result, my self-esteem as a learner went down and down. I was learning in a way that had no foundation in previous knowledge or understanding and can say with certainty that I remember nothing of what I learned there in those seven years of privileged education, other than random facts about Greek and Roman pillars and the climatic conditions that affect wheat growing in the Prairies. I did
### Introduction

I learn how to pass examinations if that is the purpose of formal education.

I then went on to be ‘educated’ to become a teacher with a divergent learning background but a focused understanding of the sort of teacher I wanted to be. Somehow I had to bring ‘lily pond’ learning into my classrooms. In urban schools this was obviously impossible in the literal sense, so I started working on ways to create imaginative environments. I have memories of classrooms transformed into rain forests, deserts and arctic scenes. Of the time we made a huge spider’s web, which covered the classroom ceiling and hung paper spiders and flies from the string web. These ‘topic-related’ extravaganzas were great fun and very motivating, but they were short-lived as they only lasted for the duration of the topic. I remember vividly the ‘spider’ children begging me to leave the web because they loved to come into their very different classroom, but it was pulled down to make room for something else. In so doing I must have destroyed all of the magic I had created. I also probably slowed down the momentum of the learning of many of the children. At that time I just hadn’t realised the full potential of what I was doing. In retrospect I can see that the experiences were a natural progression towards the years with the Bear and the Little Witch that I am now about to recount.

I believe that any teacher, in any educational system, can build on young children’s innate enjoyment of make-believe and plan their teaching to utilise this powerful force. Nothing I am about to describe needs more than an ability to say, ‘Let’s pretend’ and the confidence to follow the children’s lead within a framework of professional knowledge.

### Chapter 1

‘Or in the heart or in the head’

It was the end of August and I was contemplating the needs of the class I was about to begin working with for a year. They were the youngest class in the year band and although they were to be in primary 2, most of them would not be six until this first term. There was a rather large group of immature boys who had made little visible literacy progress during their first year in school. However, they were bright, alert and articulate and hopefully ready for rapid progress! There was one little girl who was a cause for concern because she had chosen not to speak in the previous class for the two months that she had attended the school. Her only utterances were for essential needs like ‘toilet’. Her parents assured us that she spoke at home, but there had been many upheavals and changes during her short life. There was another child with a heart condition that meant she needed particular care and attention. Of the group, six children had English as an additional language.

I really wanted these children to feel the high priority that I give to reading, so I was keen to capture their interest in books straightaway. I found just the text I was looking for in *We’re Going on a Bear Hunt* by Michael Rosen and Helen Oxenbury. In this book were all the ingredients I needed. There was a gripping story, an easily remembered repetitive pattern, predictability, suspense, excellent illustrations and it was large enough for all the children to see when I held the book up.

I copied the text onto big sheets of card, using colour to highlight different aspects of the text, in particular the repetitive
'Or in the heart or in the head!' pattern. I then pinned them up around the room and stood back to admire my handiwork. It was at this point that Bear's conception occurred. My thirteen-year-old daughter had come to school with me because she was bored with the holidays and said that she would come to 'help' me. In retrospect I am pleased that my stress levels were so low that I said 'yes', for such help usually involved valuable time being spent finding things to occupy the helper. She looked at the story around the walls and said, 'You know what we should do, Mum, we should make a Bear, a big Bear and put him in a cave in the corner.' I agreed because it seemed a good way to keep her occupied while I got on with important tasks. Clare went off to the cupboards where all the costumes are kept for assemblies and plays. She came back about half an hour later with a brown woolly bear suit, that would fit an eleven-year-old child, paws, feet and head dress in the same fabric and yards and yards of black fabric which had been bought to be used as a backdrop. The only material that we had to hand to stuff the suit was newspaper. Bear was stuffed with screwed-up paper and so he took shape, albeit rather a lumpy shape. We had a problem with the head as obviously a child's angelic face was supposed to smile from the headpiece. This problem was solved by using a pair of brown tights, stuffed with newspaper. The legs went into the body and the 'bottom' made a chubby head. By this stage we were getting enthusiastic and so the eyes were cut out from felt and carefully stitched into place along with a nose and smiling mouth. The black fabric was draped in one corner and Bear was put inside his cave. To accompany him there was a jam jar, bearing a label decorated with bees which said 'honey', and some good books: *Are You There Bear?* by Ron Maris, *Can't You Sleep Little Bear?* by Martin Waddell and *Hairy Bear* by Joy Cowley. We stood back and admired our creation. This really was going to be a lot of fun. I went home excited, my imagination already 'working overtime'.

**Enter the children**

The next morning the children arrived, greeting old friends with enthusiasm and this new teacher with scepticism. I led them up to the classroom where they unpacked their school bags, chatted, had a nervous glance around the room and then gravitated towards the carpet where they, by force of habit, or training, sat down. No one mentioned, or investigated the black mass in the corner of the room. We started our Bear Hunt story straightaway and it was an immediate success. We read it through a number of times throughout the next few days, savouring the words and experiencing the illustrations which are so good that it almost seems possible to step inside the story. Soon everyone could join in reading the text. It gave the hesitant readers a tremendous morale boost with this new teacher, who might discover the 'truth' about their reading ability another day.

We set to work illustrating my displayed copy of the text and as they worked, gradually the children began to peep behind the black cloth. It was uncanny. Nobody shouted. The news went round like a Chinese whisper. First one went to look and then another, until at last one of the children came over to me and said, 'Did you know there's a bear in this classroom?' and I said, 'Yes.' They looked at me and grinned. The children seemed to glow with the pleasure of it all and that radiance stayed with them right through the year and beyond. A bright idea had gone right to the hearts of the children and the ever-riding emotion engendered was love.

**Joanna**

For about a week, Joanna, the child who would not speak, watched. I had decided not to force speech on her, but to wait for her confidence to develop. I talked to her but never invited a response. She began to relax, to smile, to touch. Then one day she crawled into the cave and began to speak to the Bear. This was repeated three or four times a day. She would stay with him for about five minutes and Bear would smile at her and hug her. It might sound as though I have launched into a complete flight of fancy, but that is in fact what she did; snuggling up to the newspaper-stuffed suit, putting the floppy arms around her, and telling him the things she would not tell anyone else. I used to watch and
listen, but from a distance. I am a good eavesdropper. It’s a very valuable accomplishment in a classroom. One day I noticed a difference in Joanna’s speech, a uniformity in her words, a rhythm . . . she was reading. There she was sitting on the Bear’s lap reading Harry Bear fluently, closely followed by Can’t You Sleep Little Bear? I looked into the cave. “Did he like the stories?” I asked. “Yes, he loved them” she replied. I crossed my fingers, took a deep breath, and asked, “Will you read me a story?” Joanna smiled, nodded, moved over and I crawled in with her and Bear. Fortunately peace was reigning in the rest of the room. From that day on her confidence grew, along with her ability to communicate verbally with me. She also began to talk a little with her classmates. They had become accustomed to ignoring her, not through any kind of malice, but with the matter-of-factness of six year olds. “Well, Joanna doesn’t speak” is what they used to say, but not any more.

It was, I think at this point that I realised that there was a powerful force at work in my classroom.

Out of the cave

One morning when the children came to school they were delighted to find that the Bear had come out of his cave and he was sitting in the large comfy reading chair. He had a book on his lap, but it was the wrong way up. They were amused and concerned, “He doesn’t even know which way up the book should be,” said one beginning reader. “We talked about it, as we talked often about this business called reading, and they decided that ‘it’ just hadn’t happened for him yet and perhaps we should help him. I watched with amusement as they took on my role as facilitator; selecting a big book, making sure that he was listening as well as looking. They would read him the story pointing to the words, and then go back to the beginning and play word games with the text. These sessions always attracted a group of helpers, usually the less able readers, who willingly joined in to help Bear read, thus helping themselves, by reinforcing their word knowledge and deepening their understanding and fluency. He made good progress, but

... and into literacy

When I was busy, Bear would ‘listen to the children read’. He never had to stop a story to deal with another child or to sort out a crisis. He was never in a hurry, he never suggested that a word was easy, or that the child should ‘sound it out’, he just kept right on smiling and enjoyed every book. Over the year he must have heard hundreds, some of them over and over again. I was able to stand back, to observe and to eavesdrop on these sessions. Sometimes two children would share a book with Bear. Often the partnership would be a strong reader and a weaker peer. They helped each other to become more fluent and more confident.

The level of phonemic awareness was an area that concerned me. We therefore collected and learned rhymes that we thought would amuse the Bear. One particular favourite was:
'Or in the heart or in the head?'

Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear,
Turn around,
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear,
Touch the ground.
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear,
Go upstairs,
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear,
Say your prayers.

As they chanted the words someone would help Bear to do the actions. It was a rhyme not only spoken, but also written clearly for all to see. We looked closely at the rhyming words. We noted the letter pattern in 'ground' and saw that 'round' is the same, but in 'stairs', 'prayers' and, for that matter, 'bears' it is different. What a silly language English is, so we have to look closely and try to remember. Whilst all this phonemic reinforcement, for those who needed it, and visual awareness training, for those who were ready for it, was going on, we spent a considerable amount of time each day, as a class and in small groups, sitting around the easel watching and listening whilst I modelled writing. Children need to be talked through how to cope with difficult spelling and to see how competent writers think about their writing. They need to hear those inner conversations we have with ourselves, 'one c, two s's in necessary, or is it two c's and one s?' If all they ever see are adults effortlessly dashing off letters, as they struggle to cope with the 'thank you!' variety, it is no wonder that they feel inadequate to the task.

Many of these children needed a lot of time to practise, and they needed meaningful topics to motivate them to write.

Bear provided the purpose

Exercise books, and sheets of lined paper can be very daunting to the early years writer, and often to writers of any age, so paper of various sizes, colours and shapes was on hand. We even had some Bear shapes. We started to quietly raid the art store for thin sheets of coloured painting paper, which we cut up and made into little books, again of different shapes and sizes. 'Bear bubbles', our version of speech bubbles, were particularly popular because they allowed the child who couldn't write very well to have a finished product that they were pleased with. I drew pictures of the Bear in different poses and venues and the children would select any one and write in the speech bubble. There was also another reason for their success, which I will return to in detail in the second part of the book. This is where I set you, the reader, a challenge to see if the 'penny drops' for you more quickly than it did for me.

A variety of speech bubble sheets were always available, some with just the Bear, others with the bear and a friend. Some the children were creating their own which they photocopied and added to the box. They also decided that they wanted some real books to write their stories in, so we made individual 'Bear Books' which were kept on the book stands next to the 'real books'. They all liked this arrangement and enjoyed reading each other's books, thus establishing an audience for their efforts. Having used the word 'effortless' I pause, because the lasting memory of that year was one of 'effortless' learning. I don't mean to belittle the children's work, but they wrote because they wanted to, with pleasure and enthusiasm. I don't remember having to cajole anyone.

Out of the classroom

In our school the class assembly was a feature that instilled fear in many teachers, probably because the parents were invited and it was seen by some as a testing ground where comparisons abounded and reputations were forged or crushed. In a school where consistency of approach was established, there seemed to be no rules, even time didn't seem to be of importance. Performances would frequently overrun into playtime, smart teachers opting for playground duty on Wednesdays.

With a sinking feeling I broached the subject of our impending trial to the children. Instantly one little voice piped up, 'It's no problem, we'll tell them the story of Edward Bear.' So that is what we did, we dramatised the original story and because we all knew that Edward Bear wouldn't be able to chase the children back
through the forest and the river and the swirling grass, one of the children acted his part. Nobody ever said 'he's not real', we all just covered for his inadequacies. On the day of the performance one little boy announced that his Mum had said that Edward Bear could sit with her to watch the 'sembly. So there we were, doing our show, with the Bear sitting on the lap of a mother who had not been known for her involvement before. The assembly was a success. Well, we all enjoyed it and the children spoke up beautifully because they wanted the Bear to hear every single word. At the end all the parents wanted to meet the Bear. It was all their children talked about when they got home from school. One mother said, 'They are having so much fun, and doing so well too.' The magic seemed to be stretching out from school and into the homes.

After that Edward started to get out and about more. He visited the playground, watched a PE lesson, he couldn’t join in because he didn’t have his kit . . . and thoroughly enjoyed being allowed to go to music lessons.

There was one memorable incident that I have to share. The phenomenon of separate toilets for boys and girls is something which young children entering school strange. After all, at home everyone uses the same toilet, and the actual toilet itself is pretty much the same whatever house you go to. Little boys aren’t allowed to pee against the tiles in the bathroom at home, so why should they be allowed to at school? As with all children there was a lot of giggling and sniggering outside the toilet doors. When the Bear started to go ‘walk about’ and before he adopted the name and gender of Edward, there was a discussion one day about which toilet Bear should use. The conversation progressed to a really quite sensible talk about the differences in the facilities. The girls, for example were intrigued with the concept of urinals, so, having first checked that there was no one relieving themselves, I suggested that maybe the girls would like to go and have a look at the boys’ toilets and the boys could visit the girl’s. This was all quite serious and orderly and would have gone off unnoticed had the Head not been showing round a party of important visitors at the time. My heart hit the floor . . . and what are you all doing?

I thought it would be a rather good idea to get Bear writing to the children, so one morning, after some kind soul had left him a small piece of chocolate cake for the night, there was a message on the blackboard;

Fkn U 4 the brn hny

The children thought this was great and stood around trying to make out what it said. ‘Thank you for the’ was easy ‘brown honey’, was a bit more difficult to figure out, but caused a lot of amusement when the children realised that it was chocolate. This simple idea was the beginning of a new era in the Bear’s education because the children decided he needed to be taught to spell. They gave him lessons during the day and he practised at night. His mis-spelled efforts each morning gave us a language focus for our easel sessions. They all got very good at analysing his errors and showing him the correct form . . . with the desired outcome that they became focused on spelling too.

The same thing happened with letter formation. Bear was obviously forming most of his letters incorrectly so I asked a child with whom I had spent many unfruitful hours to sit down with Bear and show him how to write Edward correctly. Lo and behold, the stuffed Bear suit succeeded where my patient attempts had consistently failed.

I kept going into the staff room at the end of the day and saying that I was having the most amazing year and it had got nothing to do with my skills as a teacher but more to do with this inanimate stuffed bear suit.
1. (A) の全文を和訳しなさい。
2. (B) の全文を和訳しなさい。
3. 著者が行った読書教育の実践の概要を 400 字程度で説明しなさい。
4. Joanna (p.3) はこの実践によってどう変わったか。200 字程度で説明しなさい。
5. 著者の考える "power of fantasy" とは何か。200 字程度で説明しなさい。
2020年度 立命館大学大学院文学研究科入学試験問題

2020年2月15日

博士課程後期課程 人文学専攻
教育人間学専修

「外国語」（独語）

●受験上の注意

① 試験中、冊子をぱらしても構わないが、終了後再び絞じて提出すること
（ホッチキスを貸与します）
② 全ての用紙に受験番号、氏名等を記入し、提出すること

●試験中の持込許可物件について

① 独語辞書の持込は認められる
（電子辞書、専門用語辞書は不可）
② 上記①の他には、筆記用具、受験票、時計以外の持込は認めない

Wir Deutsche begehen den Tag unter uns, und das ist notwendig. Wir müssen die Maßstäbe allein finden. Schonung unserer Gefühle durch uns selbst oder durch andere hilft nicht weiter. Wir brauchen und wir haben die Kraft, der Wahrheit so gut wir es können ins Auge zu sehen, ohne Beschönigung und ohne Einseitigkeit.

Der 8. Mai ist für uns vor allem ein Tag der Erinnerung an das, was Menschen erleiden mußten. Er ist zugleich ein Tag des Nachdenkens über den Gang unserer Geschichte. Je ehrlicher wir ihn begehen, desto freier sind wir, uns seinen Folgen verantwortlich zu stellen.


Es war schwer, sich alsbald klar zu orientieren. Ungewißheit erfüllte das Land. Die militärische Kapitulation war bedingungslos. Unser Schicksal lag in der Hand der Feinde. Die Vergangenheit war furchtbar gewesen, zumal auch für viele dieser Feinde. Würden sie uns nun nicht vielfach entgelten lassen, was wir ihnen angetan hatten?


Der Blick ging zurück in einen dunklen Abgrund der Vergangenheit und nach vorn in eine ungewisse dunkle Zukunft. Und dennoch wurde von Tag zu Tag klarer, was es heute für uns alle gemeinsam zu sagen gilt: Der 8. Mai war ein Tag der Befreiung. Er hat uns alle befreit von dem menschenverachtenden System der nationalsozialistischen Gewalttherrschaft.


II.

Der 8. Mai ist ein Tag der Erinnerung. \(\text{Erinnern heißt, eines Geschehens so ehrlich und rein zu gedenken, daß es zu einem Teil des eigenen Innern wird. Das stellt große Anforderungen an unsere Wahrhaftigkeit.}\)
Wir gedenken heute in Trauer aller Toten des Krieges und der Gewaltherrschaft.
Wir gedenken insbesondere der sechs Millionen Juden, die in deutschen Konzentrationslagern ermordet wurden.
Wir gedenken aller Völker, die im Krieg gelitten haben, vor allem der unsäglich vielen Bürger der Sowjetunion und der Polen, die ihr Leben verloren haben.
Als Deutsche gedenken wir in Trauer der eigenen Landsleute, die als Soldaten, bei den Fliegerangriffen in der Heimat, in Gefangenschaft und bei der Vertreibung ums Leben gekommen sind.
Wir gedenken der ermordeten Sinti und Roma, der getöteten Homosexuellen, der umgebrachten Geisteskranken, der Menschen, die um ihrer religiösen oder politischen Überzeugung willen sterben mußten.
Wir gedenken des erschossenen Geiseln.
Wir denken an die Opfer des Widerstandes in allen von uns besetzten Staaten.
Wir gedenken derjenigen, die nicht aktiv Widerstand leisteten, aber eher den Tod hinnehmen, als ihr Gewissen zu beugen.
Neben dem unübersehbar großen Heer der Toten erhebt sich ein Gebirge menschlichen Leids,
Leid um die Toten,
Leid durch Verwundung und Verkrüppelung,
Leid durch unmenschliche Zwangssterilisierung,
Leid in Bombennächten,
Leid durch Flucht und Vertreibung, durch Vergewaltigung und Plünderung, durch Zwangsarbeit, durch Unrecht und Folter, durch Hunger und Not,
Leid durch Angst vor Verhaftung und Tod,
Leid durch Verlust all dessen, woran man irrend geglaubt und wofür man gearbeitet hatte.
Heute erinnern wir uns dieses menschlichen Leids und gedenken seiner in Trauer.
\(\text{Den vielleicht größten Teil dessen, was den Menschen aufgeladen war, haben die Frauen der Völker getragen.}\)

Ihr Leiden, ihre Entsagung und ihre stille Kraft vergißt die Weltgeschichte nur allzu leicht. Sie haben gebannt und gearbeitet, menschliches Leben getragen und beschützt. Sie haben getraumt um gefallene Väter und Söhne, Männer, Brüder und Freunde.
Sie haben in den dunkelsten Jahren das Licht der Humanität vor dem Erlöschen bewahrt.
Am Ende des Krieges haben sie als erste und ohne Aussicht auf eine gesicherte Zukunft Hand angelegt, um wieder einen Stein auf den anderen zu setzen, die Trümmerfrauen in Berlin und überall.
Als die überlebenden Männer heimkehrten, mußten Frauen oft wieder zurückstehen. Viele Frauen blieben aufgrund des Krieges allein und verbrachten ihr Leben in Einsamkeit.
Wenn aber die Völker an den Zerstörungen, den Verwüstungen, den Grausamkeiten und Unmenschlichkeiten innerlich nicht zerbrachen, wenn sie nach dem Krieg langsam wieder zu sich selbst kamen, dann verdanken wir es zuerst unseren Frauen.


Wer konnte arglos bleiben nach den Bränden der Synagogen, den Plünderungen, der Stigmatisierung mit dem Judenstern, dem Rechtseutzug, der unaufhörlichen Schändung der menschlichen Würde?

Wer seine Ohren und Augen aufmachte, wer sich informieren wollte, dem konnte nicht entgehen, daß Deportationszüge rollten. Die Phantasie der Menschen mochte für Art und Ausmaß der Vernichtung nicht ausreichen. Aber in Wirklichkeit trat zu den Verbrechen selbst der Versuch allzu vieler, auch in meiner Generation, die wir jung und an der Planung und Ausführung der Ereignisse unbeteiligt waren, nicht zur Kenntnis zu nehmen, was geschah.

Es gab viele Formen, das Gewissen ablenken zu lassen, nicht zuständig zu sein, wegzuschauen, zu schweigen. Als dann am Ende des Krieges die ganze unsagbare Wahrheit des Holocaust herauskam, beriefen sich allzu viele von uns darauf, nichts gewußt oder auch nur geahnt zu haben.

Schuld oder Unschuld eines ganzen Volkes gibt es nicht. Schuld ist, wie Unschuld, nicht kollektiv, sondern persönlich.

Es gibt entdeckte und verborgene gebliebene Schuld von Menschen. Es gibt Schuld, die sich Menschen eingestanden oder abgelegen haben. Jeder, der die Zeit mit vollem Bewußtsein erlebt hat, fragt sich heute im Stille selbst nach seiner Verstrickung.

Der ganz überwiegende Teil unserer heutigen Bevölkerung war zur damaligen Zeit entweder im Kindesalter oder noch gar nicht geboren. Sie können nicht eine eigene Schuld bekennen für Taten, die sie gar nicht begehen haben.

Kein fühlender Mensch erwartet von ihnen, ein Büßerhemd zu tragen, nur weil sie Deutsche sind. Aber die Vorfahren haben ihnen eine schwere Erbschaft hinterlassen.

Wir alle, ob schuldig oder nicht, ob alt oder jung, müssen die Vergangenheit annehmen. Wir alle sind von ihren Folgen betroffen und für sie in Haftung genommen.

Jüngere und Ältere müssen und können sich gegenseitig helfen zu verstehen, warum es lebenswichtig ist, die Erinnerung wachzuhalten.

Es geht nicht darum, Vergangenheit zu bewältigen. Das kann man gar nicht. Sie läßt sich ja nicht nachträglich ändern oder ungeschehen machen. Wer aber vor der Vergangenheit die Augen verschließt, wird blind für die Gegenwart. Wer sich der Unmenschlichkeit nicht erinnern will, der wird wieder anfällig für neue Ansteckungsgefahren.

Das jüdische Volk erinnert sich und wird sich immer erinnern. Wir suchen als Menschen ❄️Versöhnung.


"Das Vergessenwollen verlängert das Exil, und das Geheimnis der Erlösung heißt Erinnerung."

Diese Erfahrung schafft Hoffnung, sie schafft Glauben an Erlösung, an Wiedervereinigung des Getrennten, an Versöhnung. Wer sie vergißt, verliert den Glauben.

Würden wir unsererseits vergessen wollen, was geschehen ist, anstatt uns zu erinnern, dann wäre dies nicht nur unmenschlich. Sondern wir würden damit dem Glauben der überlebenden Juden zu nahe treten, und wir würden den Ansatz zur Versöhnung zerstören.

Für uns kommt es auf ein Mahnmal des Denkens und Fühlens in unserem eigenen Inneren an.

【出典】
リヒャルト・フォン・ヴァイツゼッカーによる第二次世界大戦終結40周年記念ドイツ連邦議会総会での演説（1985年5月8日）
（アクセス日：2020年5月11日）

問題

1. 下線部welche schweren Leidenとして、演者が言及していることは何かを述べなさい。
2. 1）下線部①②③を和訳しなさい。
   2）下線部④⑤から示唆される教育人間学的意味について述べなさい。
3. 下線部Versöhnungのために求められることは何かを述べなさい。
4. 下線部Erinnerungに演者が込める意味を述べなさい。