

第4章 アメリカン・ルネッサンス

19世紀の中頃になると「花開くニューイングランド」とも「アメリカン・ルネッサンス」とも呼ばれる、活発な文学活動が一举に爆発的に開花する一時期が訪れる。ラルフ・ウォルド・エマソン (Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-82) やヘンリー・デイヴィッド・ソロー (Henry David Thoreau, 1817-62) といった超越主義者の作品や、象徴的なナサニエル・ホーソンやハーマン・メルヴィル (Herman Melville, 1819-91) の作品、そして暗い音楽的な詩や、暗い心理面をえぐるような短篇を書いたポウや、あるいは無定型な自由な詩形に大胆にアメリカそのものを歌ったウォルト・ホイットマン (Walt Whitman, 1819-92) の詩が、ことごとく1850年代の前後に現れるのである。国家が建設されて間もない時期に、そして大方の目がまだ新しい社会の建設に向けられている時代に、いわば内面的な精神の知的活動に集中する人びとが続々と輩出してアメリカ文化の一つの黄金時代を築いたということは、まさに驚嘆に値することであった。当時ニューイングランドではさまざまな講演会を聴きにいくことが一つの流行であったというが、そのような雰囲気背後の支えとして存在したことも忘れてはならない。エマソンやソローは丹念な日記を記していたが、それがやがて講演の原稿となり、そしてさらに著作に発展したのであった。

興味深いことは、ここに「アメリカン・ルネッサンス」の名の下に一括して何人かの作家や詩人の名を掲げたが、彼らの作品を通じてうかがわれる印象ないしは思想が極端に対照的で、一方は徹底的に明るく楽天的だとすれば、他方は悲劇的に暗いということである。超越主義者をもって任ずるエマソンやソローが自然を凝視するとき、英国のロマンティシズムの詩人らと同じように、そこにいってみれば「新鮮な発見の驚嘆の目」が感じられる。しかし、例えば“over-soul” といったエマソンの自然観は、エマソン独自のものであったのか、それともアメリカ人に元来そのような性向が具わっていてそれにエマソンが表現を与えただけなのか。ともかくそのような「純真な子供の目」を最大に尊重する傾向が、やがてアメリカ文学の中にあって一つの大きな伝統に発展していくのである。ちなみに、エマソンの“The American Scholar” はアメリカの知的「独立宣言」といわれる。

ソローの『ウォールデン』(Walden, 1854) は物質文明の豊かさを誇るアメリカ社会に対する辛辣な皮肉と受け取ってもいい作品である。しかしそのような作品がアメリカの内部から現れるということはアメリカの良心といってもいいだろう。この作品がアメリカのさまざまな社会市民運動の一つのきっかけを与えていることは否定できない。そんなことをいえば、ソローの *On the Duty of the Civil Disobedience* (1849) の不服従の抵抗主義の思想は、黒人の公民権運動の指導者であったマーティン・ルーサー・キング牧師 (Martin Luther King, Jr., 1929-68) のみならず世界的にトルストイやインドのガンジーらに多大の影響を与えた書物として注目される。

ホーソンやメルヴィルやポウの作品に目を転ずると、風景は全く一変する。ホーソンも自然を描きはするが、それは罪を背負った人間を象徴するものと

して描かれるだけで、彼の関心はあくまでも人間に向けられる。しかもよく孤独な人間が描かれるが、その裏には複数の人間から成り立っている社会から離れた人間の孤独そのものが罪ではないかといった考えがみられ、ともかく人間存在にあつての「罪」への追及が激しい。代表作『緋文字』(*The Scarlet Letter*, 1850) や『七破風の家』(*The House of the Seven Gables*, 1851) は、過去のピューリタンの社会を描いたものだが、「悪」や「罪」はどのようにピューリタニズムとかかわっているのだろうか。またそのピューリタニズムは作者自身とどのようににかかわっているのだろうか。「悪」とか「暗さ」といえば、メルヴィルはホーソンに劣らない。彼が船乗りの生活を描いても南洋の島々の生活を描いてもそこにはいつも「悪」を匂わすもの、あるいは悪か善といった謎がつきまとうし、その謎を解く鍵は決してあたえられない。

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-82)

He was the son of William Emerson, the minister of the First Unitarian Church of his native Boston. After completing his education at Harvard, Emerson himself became a minister in 1829. The orthodoxy of Unitarianism, however, was something he could not accept. In 1832, shortly after the death of his first wife, he resigned his ministry and sailed to Europe, his mind disturbed by personal grief and religious confusion. During the year he spent in Europe, he met Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth, and commenced a lifelong friendship with Thomas Carlyle.

Contact with European thought stimulated his interest in religion and philosophy, and back in Boston he drifted away from preaching into the broader field of lecturing. He drew much of his lecture material from his personal journals, which he had begun in 1820 and continued throughout his life. In 1835 he married Lydia Jackson and moved to Concord, Massachusetts, where his ancestors had first settled in the New World and where Transcendentalism took form. He became part of the circle which included Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bronson Alcott, Henry David Thoreau and Margaret Fuller. His main works are *Nature* (1836), *The American Scholar* (1837), *Poems* (1847), *Representative Men* (1850) and *English Traits* (1856).

Nature

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because though always present, they are inaccessible; but all natural objects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

When we speak of nature in this manner, we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects. It is this which distinguishes the stick of timber of the woodcutter from the tree of the poet. The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their warranty-deeds give no title.

warranty-deeds 「権利保証書」

Henry David Thoreau (1817-62)

Born in Concord, Massachusetts, he spent most of his life in the area as a writer, teacher, essayist and orator, earning extra income by working as a gardener, pencil-maker and surveyor.

While attending Concord Academy and Harvard, he became known as an individualist who was often scornful of authority. Nevertheless, he was much influenced by many of the men he encountered during those years: Edward Channing, Orestes Brownson, and especially Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Thoreau contributed several pieces to the Transcendentalist journal, *The Dial*, and he was also an occasional speaker at the Concord Lyceum, which he had started in 1838. His mature writing, however, dates from the two-year period (1845-7) when he lived at Walden Pond. There he put into final form *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* (1849), based on a trip he took with his brother John in 1839. The experience at Walden itself, and the journal he kept there, became the source of *Walden* (1854), a lengthy autobiographical essay, which set forth many of his ideas on how the individual should live life to the best advantage of his nature and principles. Another of his best-known works, *On the Duty of Civil Disobedience* (1849), reflects similar values: Thoreau was arrested in the summer of 1846 for refusing to pay his poll tax, and the night he spent in jail prompted his reflections on a man's moral right passively to resist an unjust law.

Walden

When I wrote the following pages, or rather the bulk of them, I lived alone, in the woods, a mile from any neighbor, in a house which I had built myself, on

the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labor of my hands only. I lived there two years and two months. At present I am a sojourner in civilized life again.

I should not obtrude my affairs so much on the notice of my readers if very particular inquiries had not been made by my townsmen concerning my mode of life, which some would call impertinent, though they do not appear to me at all impertinent, but, considering the circumstances, very natural and pertinent. Some have asked what I got to eat; if I did not feel lonesome; if I was not afraid; and the like. Others have been curious to learn what portion of my income I devoted to charitable purposes; and some, who have large families, how many poor children I maintained. I will therefore ask those of my readers who feel no particular interest in me to pardon me if I undertake to answer some of these questions in this book. In most books, the *I*, or first person, is omitted; in this it will be retained; that, in respect to egotism, is the main difference. We commonly do not remember that it is, after all, always the first person that is speaking. I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew as well. Unfortunately, I am confined to this theme by the narrowness of my experience. Moreover, I, on my side, require of every writer, first or last, a simple and sincere account of his own life, and not merely what he has heard of other men's lives; some such account as he would send to his kindred from a distant land; for if he has lived sincerely, it must have been in a distant land to me. Perhaps these pages are more particularly addressed to poor students. As for the rest of my readers, they will accept such portions as apply to them. I trust that none will stretch the seams in putting on the coat, for it may do good service to him whom it fits.

I would fain say something, not so much concerning the Chinese and Sandwich Islanders as you who read these pages, who are said to live in New England; something about your condition, especially your outward condition or circumstances in this world, in this town, what it is, whether it is necessary that it be as bad as it is, whether it cannot be improved as well as not. I have travelled a good deal in Concord; and everywhere, in shops, and offices, and fields, the inhabitants have appeared to me to be doing penance in a thousand remarkable ways.

Sandwich Islanders = Hawaiians. Hawaii を the Sandwich Islands と命名したのは Captain Cookである。

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-64)

Born in Salem, Massachusetts, where another of his ancestors, Major Hathorne's son John, had been one of the judges during the Salem witchcraft trials. In 1841 he

participated briefly in an experimental utopian community, Brook Farm, which provided material for *The Blithedale Romance* (1852). In 1842 he married Sophia Peabody, with whom he had three children, and in 1846 he was appointed surveyor at the Salem Custom House, which figures in his introductory essay to *The Scarlet Letter*. He lost this position in 1849 owing to a change of administrations. However, with the publication of *The Scarlet Letter* in 1850, his literary reputation was firmly established. Hawthorne was a reclusive man, but his work and his character drew many admirers, among them Herman Melville, who was a regular visitor while Hawthorne was working on *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851), and who dedicated *Moby-Dick* to him. His campaign biography of Pierce (1852) won him the consulship at Liverpool. He resigned in 1857, and traveled through France to Rome. *The Marble Faun* (1860) was the last novel completed before his death on May 19, 1864.

The Scarlet Letter

“O Arthur,” cried she, “forgive me! In all things else, I have striven to be true! Truth was the one virtue which I might have held fast, and did hold fast through all extremity; save when thy good, — thy life, — thy fame, — were put in question! Then I consented to a deception. But a lie is never good, even though death threaten on the other side! Dost thou not see what I would say? That old man! — the physician! — he whom they call Roger Chillingworth! — he was my husband!”

The minister looked at her, for an instant, with all that violence of passion, which — intermixed, in more shapes than one, with his higher, purer, softer qualities — was, in fact, the portion of him which the Devil claimed, and through which he sought to win the rest. Never was there a blacker or a fiercer frown, than Hester now encountered. For the brief space that it lasted, it was a dark transfiguration. But his character had been so much enfeebled by suffering, that even its lower energies were incapable of more than a temporary struggle. He sank down on the ground, and buried his face in his hands.

“I might have known it!” murmured he. “I did know it! Was not the secret told me in the natural recoil of my heart, at the first sight of him, and as often as I have seen him since? Why did I not understand? O Hester Prynne, thou little, little knowest all the horror of this thing! And the shame! — the indelicacy! — the horrible ugliness of this exposure of a sick and guilty heart to the very eye that would gloat over it! Woman, woman, thou art accountable for this! I cannot forgive thee!”

“Thou shalt forgive me!” cried Hester, flinging herself on the fallen leaves beside him. “Let God punish! Thou shalt forgive!”

With sudden and desperate tenderness, she threw her arms around him, and pressed his head against her bosom; little caring though his cheek rested on the scarlet letter. He would have released himself, but strove in vain to do so. Hester would not set him free, lest he should look her sternly in the face. All the world

had frowned on her, — for seven long years had it frowned upon this lonely woman, — and still she bore it all, nor ever once turned away her firm, sad eyes. Heaven, likewise, had frowned upon her, and she had not died. But the frown of this pale, weak, sinful, and sorrow-stricken man was what Hester could not bear, and live!

“Wilt thou yet forgive me?” she repeated, over and over again. “Wilt thou not frown? Wilt thou forgive?”

“I do forgive you, Hester,” replied the minister, at length, with a deep utterance out of an abyss of sadness, but no anger. “I freely forgive you now. May God forgive us both! We are not, Hester, the worst sinners in the world. There is one worse than even the polluted priest! That old man’s revenge has been blacker than my sin. He has violated, in cold blood, the sanctity of a human heart. Thou and I, Hester, never did so!”

were put in question = at stake, in peril. / **on the other side** 「他方において、嘘をつかなかつたら」 / **gloat over it** 「(いい気味だと思って)眺める」 / **accountable** = responsible. / **its lower energies** ‘its’ = of his character.

Herman Melville (1819-91)

Born in New York City, where his father was a successful merchant. However, the business had failed and the family was heavily in debt when the father died in 1832. Melville, left school to help support the family, and in 1837 he went to sea. His first novels, *Typee* (1846) and *Omoo* (1847), were based upon his sea adventures. His next book, *Mardi* (1849), was more philosophical. Next came *Redburn* (1849) and *White-Jacket* (1850). Melville’s masterpiece, *Moby-Dick* (1851), proved too challenging for most readers; he followed it with the highly complex *Pierre; or, The Ambiguities* (1852) and *The Confidence-Man* (1857), both financial failures. To earn money, he published more accessible short fiction in *Harper’s Monthly* and *Putnam’s Monthly Magazine*. He published no further novels after 1857, and worked for the rest of his life as an officer in the New York Custom House. He did publish poetry, most notably *Battle-Pieces* (1866) and *Clarel* (1876), and in his last years returned to fiction with *Billy Budd, Sailor*, which was left unfinished at his death in 1891 and first published in 1924.

Moby-Dick

Call Me Ishmael. Some years ago — never mind how long precisely — having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen, and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong

moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off — then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs — commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme down-town is the Battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see? — Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these are all landsmen; of week days pent up in lath and plaster — tied to counters, nailed to benches, clinched to desks. How then is this? Are the green fields gone? What do they here?

Ishmael· The biblical Ishmael was the son of Abraham by the bondservant Hagar, an Egyptian. Ishmael was disinherited and cast out in favor of his younger half-brother Isaac, Abraham's son by his wife Sarah. An angel prophesies to Hagar: "And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against him; and every man's hand against him." Genesis 16:12. / **hypos** short for hypochondria, a state of depression somewhat more chronic and morbid than "blues." / **Cato**, Marcus Porcius, surnamed "Uticensis" (from Utica, the place of his death). Born at Rome, 95 B.C.: committed suicide at Utica, North Africa 46 B.C. A Roman patriot and Stoic philosopher, great-grandson of Cato the Censor.



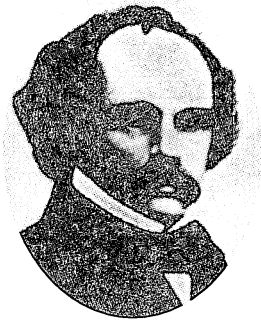
The House of the Seven Gables



Ralph W. Emerson



Henry David Thoreau



Nathaniel Hawthorne



Herman Melville



Edgar Allan Poe



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

第5章 4人の代表的詩人たち

健全どころか、むしろ病的と言っていいのはポウの作品である。したがって当時の読者は、ロングフェローのような詩人の作品は好んで読んだが、ポウの作品などは好みも理解もしなかった。ところが海の向こうのフランスではボードレール、ヴァレリー、マラルメなど特に象徴派の詩人によく読まれ、彼らの靈感の源泉になったという。マラルメなどはポウの詩を読むためにわざわざ英語を学んだといわれている。ともかくこれらの象徴派の詩人たちにポウが大きくかかわっていることは比較文学的にも興味深い現象といえよう。しかし音楽的響きを特徴とした詩もさることながら、ホーソーンやメルヴィルに負けず劣らず人間心理の暗部をえぐり出す短篇をみれば、彼も「暗黒の力」を秘めた作家であることが分かる。また、探偵デュパンが活躍する「モルグ街の殺人」(“The Murders in the Rue Morgue,” 1841) など、ポウは英国のコナン・ドイルよりも先に探偵小説を手がけたのではないだろうか。彼はニューイングランド生まれで南部育ちであるが、しばしば人の意表を突く鋭い逆説的な文芸評論と相まって、異色のアメリカ作家といえよう。

19世紀の中葉に、ボストンの近辺に在住して自らが名付けた「土曜クラブ」に月1回土曜日に会合した知識人のグループがあった。彼らはアメリカの知識人をもって自認し、ボストンの「ブラーミン」(Brahmins)と呼ばれるとともに、彼らの著作はよく読まれ、新しい共和国の思想面で指導的役割を果たした。彼らはその機関誌 *The Atlantic Monthly* を1857年に創刊してその役割を果たしたのだが、その機関誌は途中で編集方針が何度か調整されたようではあるが、今日にまで伝統を受け継いだ由緒ある刊行物に発展したことは、一つには彼らの功績であったことを認めねばならない。そのメンバーは、ヘンリー・ワズワース・ロングフェロー (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-82)、ホーソーン、O・W・ホームズ (O. W. Holmes, 1809-94)、J・G・ホイットィアー (J. G. Whittier, 1807-92)、ジェイムズ・ラッセル・ロウエル (James Russel Lowell, 1819-91) といった面々だが、その指導的な立場はその後も20～30年間は維持されたという。ロングフェローは彼らの代表と見なしてもよいであろうが、その詩を読んでもみれば、彼の学識はしのばれるものの(彼はハーバードの教授でもあった)、ポウやホイットマンの詩に比較して、あまりにも健全でありにも見事に韻律が整っているのがみられるであろう。彼は当時の平均的なアメリカ人の感情をそのまま代表して歌ったといわれる。今でもその長い叙事詩や翻訳詩には見るべきものが少なくないとされるが、しかしかつてのようによく読まれているのだろうか。要するに人の taste が変わって、「お上品な伝統」がもはや顧みられなくなったのである。ここではよく読まれたという“A Psalm of Life”をあげておこう。

われわれは現代のアメリカ詩人が詩神としてホイットマンに呼びかけているのをよく見かける。そういった例からみてもホイットマンが彼ら現代詩人に与えている影響の大きいことを見逃すわけにはいかない。ところが1855年に彼が最初の『草の葉』を出したとき、ほとんど何の反響も見られなかった。ただ例

外はエマソンであって、彼はいち早くホイットマンに激賞の手紙を書き送ったのであった。そしてホイットマンは翌1856年にその第二版を出したときに、新たな数篇の詩とともにその手紙を収録したのであった。おそらくエマソンはホイットマンのなかに思想的な親近感を覚えながら、その斬新な表現に感心したのであろう。しかし常識的な詩の概念しか持ち合わせていない一般の人びとにとって、それはもちろん理解の枠外だったにちがいない。何の韻律の作法によるのでもなく、普段の言葉を使いながら日常の出来事を歌うのである。しかしだからこそ、アメリカの詩の歴史を変えたのであった。つまり、アメリカ独自の言葉でアメリカ独自の経験を伝える新たな詩形が誕生したのである。

『草の葉』は完結した作品ではなく、版を重ねるごとに新たな詩を加えて成長していくといった作品で、その最終の“Death-bed Edition”は1891-92年に準備されたのであった。その間南北戦争に彼は陸軍病院付きの看護兵として志願し、あるいはまた『ニューヨーク・タイムズ』の従軍記者として参加し、戦争の恐怖を身をもって体験したが、それでもアメリカ合衆国に寄せた理想を失うことはなかった。彼のもっとも優れた詩のいくつかはそのような経験から生まれたのであった。凶弾の犠牲となったリンカーン大統領を悼んだ“When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd”や“O Captain! My Captain!”などがそのうちに数えられるのは勿論である。

余談ながら、『草の葉』の“A Broadway Pageant”という詩の箇所にも、咸臨丸で海を渡った日本使節の一行のことが取り上げられているが、それはおそらく文学で扱われた日米交渉史の初例であろう。

生前マサチューセッツ州アマーストの古い屋敷で、何事もなく隠者のように静かに暮らしていた女性が、膨大な詩作を残していることが死後に発見され、にわかに注目を浴び、今ではホイットマンにも劣らぬほどに研究されているのがエミリー・ディキンソン (Emily Dickinson, 1830-86) である。未曾有の民族的試練であった南北戦争はいうに及ばず、何の社会的事件にも彼女は全く没交渉だったが、彼女の書き残した詩が不思議なことに現代的なのである。たいてい4行の聯で構成されたその短い詩には、一見したところ何の変哲もない伝統的な愛とか自然とか宗教といった題材が彼女特有の鋭い感覚で捉えられ、そこには彼女の深い観照の目が感じられるとともに、驚くべきメタファーや、アフォリズム的な機知が溢れ、しばしば文法的にも破格な表現が多い。また彼女の詩には死の世界がよく描かれ、宗教的な面が感じられるが、彼女は家に伝わる宗教あるいは教会の教えは信じていなかった。しかも実際に見てきたかのように天国、あるいはあの世のことを語るその語り口が現代的で新鮮なのである。彼女の詩は時には日本の俳句にもたとえられたりもするが、後になって、20世紀初頭を賑わせたエイミー・ロウエル (Amy Lowell, 1814-1925) らのイマジストたちに多大の影響を与えたという。といった意味で、彼女もまたホイットマンと同様に、アメリカ詩にあって忘れてはならない存在である。

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-49)

American poet, short-story writer, writer of detective fiction and critic. Born in Boston, Poe was raised by the Richmond merchant, John Allan, after the early death of his parents. Later, by choice, he took Allan as his middle name. The Allans moved to

England, and Poe attended school in Stoke Newington from 1815 to 1820. He completed his schooling in the USA and entered the University of Virginia in 1826, but left soon after in order to pursue a literary career.

After a brief stay in New York he published *Poems* (1831) and then went to Baltimore, where he began to write short stories for magazines. 'MS Found in a Bottle' (1833) won first prize in a contest judged by John Pendleton Kennedy, who found him an editorial position on *The Southern Literary Messenger* in 1835. The next year he married his 13-year-old cousin, Virginia Clemm, and moved to Richmond, Virginia.

In the course of this makeshift and itinerant career, increasingly complicated by poverty, nervous disorder and alcoholism, Poe nevertheless managed to produce a steady stream of reviews, critical essays, poems and short stories. The title work of *The Raven and Other Poems* (1845), his chief popular success as a poet, prompted him to write an explanatory essay, 'The Philosophy of Composition' (1846), which – together with his lecture, 'The Poetic Principle' (posthumously published, 1850) – constitutes his chief aesthetic statement. The emphasis on calculated craftsmanship and intensity of effect is reflected in the short stories partly collected in *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque* (1840) and *Tales* (1845). Three stories about Dupin, 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue,' 'The Purloined Letter' and 'The Mystery of Marie Roget,' had a decisive influence on the development of the detective story. *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* (1838), belongs to the same world as the stories, while *Eureka* (1848), an ambitious treatise which is among his least-read work, attempts to explore its philosophical implications.

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece,
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand!
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
 Are Holy-Land!

Nicéan No wholly convincing identification has been made. Perhaps Poe used this word merely because it is musical and suggestive. / **hyacinth** ポウはある箇所では 'hyacinth hair' を 'raven-black . . . and naturally-curling tresses' と言っているが、また別の箇所では 'a girl's hair resembles the clustered curls of the young hyacinth' ともいっている。ギリ

シャ神話では、ヒヤシンスの花は死んだ若きヒヤシンスへのアポロの思い出を持続させる、とある。

“The Fall of the House of Usher”

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was — but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me — upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain — upon the bleak walls — upon the vacant eye-like windows — upon a few rank sedges — and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees — with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium — the bitter lapse into everyday life — the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart — an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it — I paused to think — what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down — but with a shudder even more thrilling than before — upon the remodelled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

the heavens = sky. / **that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment** 「詩的なるが故になかば快い感情」 / **landscape features** 風景を構成する個々の事物。 / **after dream** 「(阿片の陶酔が) 醒めた白けた気分」 / **the bitter lapse into . . .** 「. . . への悲しい逆戻り」 / **no goading of the imagination** 「どう想像力に鞭打ってみても」 / **contemplation** = gazing upon. / **tarn** = a small mountain lake or pool.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-82)

One of America's literary Brahmins, a title derived from the highest, priestly caste of the Hindus and humorously applied to aristocratic New Englanders of the nineteenth century. Like his fellow Brahmins Lowell and Holmes, Longfellow was a professor at Harvard, and his life was rooted in Cambridge and Boston. His great fame began with the publication of his first volume of poems, *Voices of the Night* (1839), which contained "A Psalm of Life," one of the nineteenth-century's best loved poems. His reputation continued to grow with the appearance of *Ballads* (1841), which included "The Village Blacksmith." Then came *Evangeline* (1847); *Hiawatha* (1855); *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (1858); and *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863).

A PSALM OF LIFE

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream! —
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

1838

numbers poetic meters, rhythms. / **Dust thou art, to dust returnest** See Genesis 3: 19. 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' / **Art is long, and Time is fleeting**
Adapted from the *Aphorisms* of Hippocrates (460?-377? B.C.). Greek physician.

Walt Whitman (1819-92)

Born in West Hills on Long Island. He left school in 1830 to become a printer's apprentice and then an itinerant teacher, returning in 1838 to Long Island, where he started *The Long Islander*, a newspaper. In 1842 he went back to Brooklyn and became editor of the New York *Aurora*. While working for these various newspapers he also began to write poetry and short stories.

In 1848 he travelled south to work on the New Orleans *Crescent*. The experience of the vastness of the American landscape and the variety of its people made a deep impression on him. He returned to New York later that year and turned his attention increasingly towards poetry. In 1855 he borrowed a press from some friends and set up the 12 poems, including an early version of 'Song of Myself,' which made up the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*. The book received little attention. It did, however, elicit a letter of praise from Ralph Waldo Emerson, which Whitman printed in the second edition (1856). This edition also included 20 new poems, among them 'Crossing Brooklyn Ferry.' In 1857 he became editor of the Brooklyn *Times*, his contributions to which were subsequently published in *I Sit and Look Out* (1932).

Some of his finest poems grew out of his personal experience of the horrors of the Civil War (during which he served as a volunteer nurse in army hospitals and as a correspondent for *The New York Times*), and out of his attempt to reconcile the

destruction of the war with his visionary idea of America. *Drum Taps* was published in 1865, and with its companion volume, *Sequel*, appeared in the 1867 edition of *Leaves of Grass*. *Sequel* was written in the aftermath of Abraham Lincoln's assassination and includes Whitman's elegies for the dead president: 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd' and 'O Captain! My Captain!'.

His prose work *Democratic Vistas* (1871) is a passionate reaffirmation of democratic principles in the face of the widespread corruption of the Reconstruction era. In 1881 a newly augmented edition of *Leaves of Grass* appeared, then comprising 293 poems in all. The following year he published another volume of prose, *Specimen Days and Collect*. A collection of his newspaper pieces, *November Boughs*, appeared in 1888. His final volume was the 'Deathbed' edition of *Leaves of Grass*, which he prepared in 1891-2. It concludes with the prose piece 'A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads,' in which he attempts to explain his life and work.

From *Leaves of Grass*

It is not the earth, it is not America who is so great;
It is I who am great or to be great; it is You up there, or any one;
It is to walk rapidly through civilizations, governments, theories,
Through poems, pageants, shows, to form individuals.

Underneath all, individuals,
I swear nothing is good to me now that ignores individuals;
The American compact is altogether with individuals;
The only government is that which makes minute of individuals;
The whole theory of the universe is directed unerringly to one single individual
— namely to You.

• • •

O I see flashing that this America is only you and me,
Its power, weapons, testimony, are you and me,
Its crimes, lies, thefts, defections, are you and me,
Its Congress is you and me, the officers, capitols, armies, ships, are you and me,
Its endless gestations of new States are you and me,
The war (that war so bloody and grim, the war I will henceforth forget), was
you and me,
Natural and artificial are you and me,
Freedom, language, poems, employments, are you and me,
Past, present, future, are you and me.

I am for those that have never been master'd,
For men and women whose tempers have never been master'd
For those whom laws, theories, conventions, can never master.

I am for those who walk abreast with the whole earth,
Who inaugurate one to inaugurate all.

I will not be outfaced by irrational things,
 I will penetrate what it is in them that is sarcastic upon me,
 I will make cities and civilizations defer to me.
 This is what I have learnt from America — it is the amount, and it I teach again.

これは *Leaves of Grass* の “By Blue Ontario’s Shore” の15および17節から引いたものである。Lake Ontarioはニューヨーク州とカナダとの間にある五大湖の一つ。／ **You up there** God the Creator. ／ **The American . . . with individuals** 「国家としてのアメリカは個人から成っているのだ」／ **The only (true) Government** と補って読む。／ **makes minute of individuals** 「個人に細心の注意を払う」 ‘minute’ = paying attention to small things or details. (W2)／ **namely to You** ‘you’ が大文字で書かれているのは ‘God’ の意味。次の行では ‘you’ は小文字になっていて普通のアメリカ人を指す。／ **The war** = The Civil War (1861-65).

Emily Dickinson (1830-86)

American poet. She was born and lived all her life in Amherst, Massachusetts. By the age of 30 she had become an almost total recluse, never leaving her father’s house and garden, dressing completely in white, receiving very few visitors, and carrying on most of her many friendships through a regular correspondence. At the age of 32, at the end of what seems to have been the most intense and prolific period of her creative life, Dickinson sent some of her poems to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a minister, author and critic. This marked the beginning of a long and sustained correspondence between the two that only twice (in 1870 and 1873) actually resulted in meetings. Although he encouraged her writing and assumed the role of her mentor, Higginson did not attempt to get her work published.

After her death, her sister Lavinia found over a thousand poems in her room, all bound neatly in home-made booklets. The first volumes of Dickinson’s poetry to be published were edited by Higginson and Mabel L. Todd, an Amherst friend, in 1890 and 1891. In 1955 Thomas H. Johnson prepared a three-volume variorum edition, *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*, containing all 1775 known poems, and this text is now accepted as the authoritative edition. Johnson and Theodora Ward edited her massive correspondence, *The Letters of Emily Dickinson*, which appeared in 1958.

The subjects of Dickinson’s poetry are the traditional ones of love, nature, religion and mortality, seen through Puritan eyes, or, as she described it, ‘New Englandly’. Much of the dramatic tension stems from her religious doubt: she was unable to accept the orthodox religious faith of her friends and schoolmates yet longed for the comfort and emotional stability that such faith could bring. Many lyrics mix rebellious and reverent sentiments. The eccentricities and technical irregularities which alarmed her early editors and reviewers include: frequent use of dashes; sporadic capitalization of nouns; convoluted and ungrammatical phrasing; off-rhymes; broken metres; bold, unconventional and often startling metaphors; and aphoristic wit. These have greatly influenced 20th-century poets and contributed to Dickinson’s reputation as one of the most innovative 19th-century American poets.

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A Wounded deer — leaps highest —
 I've heard the Hunter tell —
 'Tis but the Ecstasy of death —
 And then the Brake is still!

The Smitten Rock that gushes!
 The trampled steel that springs!
 A Cheek is always redder
 Just where the Hectic stings!

Mirth is the Mail of Anguish —
 In which it Cautious Arm,
 Lest anybody spy the blood
 And “you're hurt” exclaim!

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Have you got a Brook in your little heart,
 Where bashful flowers blow,
 And blushing birds go down to drink,
 And shadows tremble so —

And nobody knows, so still it flows,
 That any brook is there,
 And yet your little draught of life
 Is daily drunken there —

Why, look out for the little brook in March,
 When the rivers overflow,
 And the snows come hurrying from the hills,
 And the bridges often go —

And *later*, in *August* it may be —
 When the meadows parching lie,
 Beware, lest this little brook of life,
 Some burning noon go dry!

A wounded deer . . . この詩の意味するところは「ものごとが悲劇的な瞬間に遭遇する時始めてもっとも美しい光彩を放つ」といったところである。／ **brake** 「藪」／ **The smitten rock** . . . この行および次の行の前に “it is” を補うと意味がはっきりする。この行の意味は「井戸掘りが岩を砕くとき水が溢れ出る」といったところ。／ **trampled steel** = animal trap. この行の意味は「踏み付けると罠が飛び上がる」といったところ。／ **the hectic stings** 「消耗性の熱が進行する」／ **mail** 「鎖かたびら」／ **“You're hurt” exclaim!** “You're hurt” は ‘exclaim’ の目的語。／ **brook** 魂、直観、創造力、想像力などのメタファー

として用いられている。／ **Men ... often go** 青春の溢れるような情熱に気を付けなさい、度が過ぎるとよく情熱のあまり橋が流されたりするんだから、といった意味がこめられている。／ **And ... go dry** 一方では、その想像力に従わないと、人生の夏にさしかかって干上がって枯れてしまうかもしれないから気を付けなさい、といった意味がこめられている。



Walt Whitman



Dickinson Homestead



Emily Dickinson

第6章 南北戦争と文学

1863年にエイブラハム・リンカーン (Abraham Lincoln, 1809-65) がハリエット・ビーチャー・ストウ (Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1811-96) にワシントンで会ったとき、「ああ、貴女だったんですか、大戦の原因になったあの本を書いたのは」と言ったという。その言葉は必ずしも誇張ではなかった。トマス・ペインの *Common Sense* が独立革命においてアメリカ人の感情を結束したように、ストウ夫人の *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852) は奴隷制度廃止に向けて北部人の感情を結束したのであった。その本は出版と同時に飛ぶように売れたのであった。

リンカーン大統領を偲んだ “O Captain! My Captain!” そして “When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd” という2篇の詩がホイットマンの『草の葉』に収められていることは先に述べた。そしてその他多くの人が彼の功績を称えた詩や伝記を書いている。リンカーンは「丸太小屋からホワイト・ハウスへ」というアメリカ人の夢を象徴する言葉を地でいった代表的なアメリカ人であったし、南北戦争の幾多の難局を乗り切った偉大な指導者で、その有名な演説や言行録や書簡などから大部な全集が編まれている。その民主主義に訴えた独特のレトリックは今日でも人に愛読されるどころである。そしてわれわれにとってもアメリカを知る鍵を秘めているといえるだろう。その意味で、南北戦争の激戦の最中に行われた “Gettysburg Address” を暗唱しておきたいものである。

南北戦争は1861年から1865年まで続いた長い内戦であった。しかし内戦であったがゆえに余計に悲惨であって、戦争による被害や死傷者の数はいかなる他国との戦争のそれよりも劣らないものであった。それは奴隷制度廃止のための戦いであったというが、そのよってきたところは、おそらくもっと複雑なものがあつたはずである。南部と北部は建国以来全く異なった社会的地盤に立ってきたからである。しかしそのような事情は本来の歴史の研究にゆだね、ここではそれが文学に与えた影響そして変化に話を限らねばならない。

まず言えることは、戦後のアメリカには古き良き時代はすでに終わりを告げ、その理想をかかげた道徳ももはや失われたということである。つまり、ポストンを中心としたかつての Brahmins と呼ばれた人達の影も薄れ、それに取って代わって大都会に一握りの大金持ちが現われ、アメリカの社会を牛耳るようになり、いわゆる「金メッキ時代」の到来に拍車がかけられたのである。

ヘンリー・アダムズ (Henry Brooks Adams, 1838-1918) の遍歴はそのような時代の現象を端的に反映しているといえよう。彼の曾祖父ジョン・アダムズ (John Adams, 1735-1826) は合衆国第二代大統領であり、また祖父ジョン・クウィンシー・アダムズ (John Quincy Adams, 1767-1848) は同じく第六代大統領であった。このように彼はアメリカ屈指の名門の出で、おそらく彼が望みさえすれば彼もまた政治の中枢に参加して活躍できたはずである。ところが彼はそうすることを断念するのである。現代文明の力を結集した電気と中世の寺院建築を比較して、現代のダイナモはついに聖母マリアを生み出すことはできなかった、とは有名な彼の言葉である。彼は一時期小説を書いたが、それからアメリカ建国当初の歴史研究に取りかかり、膨大な *History of the United States of*

America during the Administration of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison (1889-91) を著した。また半ば自伝的ともいえる『ヘンリー・アダムズの教育』(*The Education of Henry Adams*, 1907) で自分の受けた教育を分析しているが、彼が生きた時代そして彼自身の人生を考える上で興味深い著作といえるであろう。

Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811-96)

Born in Litchfield, Connecticut. Educated in the local dame school, and at Hartford, Connecticut Female Seminary, 1824. Married Reverend Calvin Ellis Stowe in 1836 (died. 1886); seven children. Moved with her family to Cincinnati, 1832; contributed sketches to the *Western Monthly Magazine* and *The Mayflower*; moved to Brunswick, Maine, 1850; became ardent abolitionist; full-time writer from 1850; famous and controversial as a writer from publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 1852; lived in Andover, Massachusetts, then Hartford, Connecticut, and Mandarin, Florida, from 1852; visited England three times, and toured the Continent; a friend of Lady Byron, George Eliot, and Ruskin; contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *New York Independent*, and the *Christian Union*.

Uncle Tom's Cabin

At this moment, the door was pushed gently open, and a young quadroon woman, apparently about twenty-five, entered the room.

There needed only a glance from the child to her, to identify her as its mother...

"Well, Eliza?" said her master, as she stopped and looked hesitatingly at him.

"I was looking for Harry, please, sir;" and the boy bounded toward her, showing his spoils, which he had gathered in the skirt of his robe.

"Well, take him away, then," said Mr. Shelby; and hastily she withdrew, carrying the child on her arm.

"By Jupiter," said the trader, turning to him in admiration, "there's an article, now! You might make your fortune on that ar gal in Orleans, any day. I've seen over a thousand, in my day, paid down for gals not a bit handsomer."

"I don't want to make my fortune on her," said Mr. Shelby, dryly; and, seeking to turn the conversation, he uncorked a bottle of fresh wine, and asked his companion's opinion of it.

"Capital, sir, — first chop!" said the trader; then turning, and slapping his hand familiarly on Shelby's shoulder, he added —

"Come, how will you trade about the gal? — what shall I say for her — what'll you take?"

"Mr. Haley, she is not to be sold," said Shelby. "My wife would not part with her for her weight in gold."

"Ay, ay! women always say such things, cause they ha'n't no sort of calculation. Just show 'em how many watches, feathers, and trinkets, one's weight in gold would buy, and that alters the case, I reckon."

"I tell you, Haley, this must not be spoken of; I say no, and I mean no," said

Shelby, decidedly.

“Well, you’ll let me have the boy, though,” said the trader; “you must own I’ve come down pretty handsomely for him.”

quadroon 「白人と mulatto (白人と黒人の第一代混血児)との混血児。黒人の血を4分の1受けている人」／ **bounded** 「びよんびよん飛んで行った」／ **spoils** 「戦利品、掘り出し物」／ **By Jupiter** = By God. ／ **make your fortune on that ar gal** 「あの娘で一財産をつくる」／ **Ay** = Aye = Yes. ／ **cause** = because. ／ **ha’nt** = have not. ／ **’em** = them. ／ **trinkets** 「(通例安価な)小さな装身具、小間物(宝石・指輪など)」

Abraham Lincoln (1809-65)

16th President of the U.S. (1861-65), was born in a log cabin in Kentucky, of a typically illiterate and shiftless frontier family. They soon migrated to another place in Kentucky, then to the Indiana woods, where the boy labored on the homestead, garnered a little learning in frontier schools, avoided church membership, and pursued his bent for reading in what books he could obtain.

The most famous of his executive acts was the Emancipation Proclamation (1862), which freed slaves in rebellious territory, while those in loyal or conquered states were to be freed by later legislation. As it was naturally ineffective in Confederate-controlled areas, the Proclamation was largely an announcement of Lincoln’s aims and policies, and had a great moral effect. He made few public addresses, except for his inaugurals, the Gettysburg Address (1863), and the speech on Reconstruction (April 1865).

He was shot by John Wilkes Booth (April 14, 1865) and died the following morning.

“Gettysburg Address”

Address Delivered at the Dedication of the Cemetery at Gettysburg

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate — we can not consecrate — we can not hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which

they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

November 19, 1863

Henry Brooks Adams (1838-1918)

American historian and man of letters. He was born in Boston, the grandson of John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States, and the great-grandson of John Adams, the second President. He wrote numerous histories and political essays, but his two most important works are *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* (privately printed 1904, published 1913), a study of 13th-century culture, and *The Education of Henry Adams* (privately printed 1907, published 1918), an autobiographical exploration of his heritage and a critical examination of the age in which he lived.

In 1884 he published the novel *Esther* under the pseudonym of Frances Snow Compton. The heroine was modelled on his wife, Marian, whose subsequent suicide in 1885 apparently brought to a head the discontent that he had been feeling for some time with life in America. He began to travel, first in the Orient and then in the Sierras.

He returned to Washington to complete his largest-scale historical study, the nine-volume *History of the United States of America during the Administrations of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison* (1889-91). Further travels in the Pacific and in Europe led to *Memoirs of Marau Taaroa, Last Queen of Tahiti* (1893) and *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* (1904). In 1910 he published *A Letter to American Teachers of History*, which was later reprinted in *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma* (1919) by his brother Brooks Adams.

The Education of Henry Adams

Yet in mind and person Saint-Gaudens was a survival of the 1500; he bore the stamp of the Renaissance, and should have carried an image of the Virgin round his neck, or stuck in his hat, like Louis XI. In mere time he was a lost soul that had strayed by chance into the twentieth century, and forgotten where it came from. He writhed and cursed at his ignorance, much as Adams did at his own, but in the opposite sense. Saint-Gaudens was a child of Benvenuto Cellini, smothered in an American cradle. Adams was a quintessence of Boston, devoured by curiosity to think like Benvenuto. Saint-Gauden's art was starved from birth, and Adams's instinct was blighted from babyhood. Each had but half of a nature, and when they came together before the Virgin of Amiens they ought both to have felt in her the force that made them one; but it was not so. To Adams she became more than ever a channel of force; to Saint-Gaudens she remained as before a channel of taste.

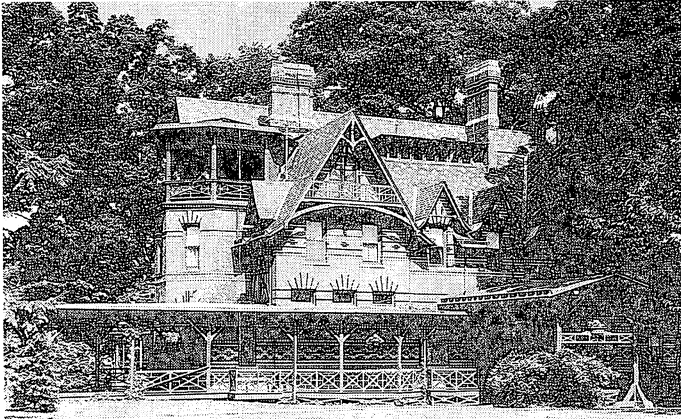
For a symbol of power, Saint-Gaudens instinctively preferred the horse, as was plain in his horse and Victory of the Sherman monument. Doubtless Sherman

also felt it so. The attitude was so American that, for at least forty years, Adams had never realized that any other could be in sound taste. How many years had he taken to admit a notion of what Michaelangelo and Rubens were driving at? He could not say; but he knew that only since 1895 had he begun to feel the Virgin or Venus as force, and not everywhere even so. At Chartres — perhaps at Lourdes — possibly at Cnidos if one could still find there the divinely naked Aphrodite of Praxiteles — but otherwise one must look for force to the goddesses of Indian mythology. The idea died out long ago in the German and English stock. Saint-Gaudens at Amiens was hardly less sensitive to the force of the female energy than Matthew Arnold at the Grand Chartreuse. Neither of them felt goddesses as power — only as reflected emotion, human expression, beauty, purity, taste, scarcely even as sympathy. They felt a railway train as power; yet they, and all other artists, constantly complained that the power embodied in a railway train could never be embodied in art. All the steam in the world could not, like the Virgin, build Chartres.

Saint-Gaudens (1848-1907) Irish-born American sculptor. / **Louis XI** King of France (1423-1483) / **In mere time** = 「単に時間的には」 / **Benvenuto Cellini** Florentine goldsmith and sculptor (1500-1571), his autobiography celebrates a sexual dynamism. / **Amiens** フランス北部の Somme 河にのぞむ都市。 / **Sherman monument** i.e. The Sherman statue on the Fifth Avenue Plaza in New York which commemorates General William T. Sherman of Civil War fame. / **Michelangelo** (1475-1564) Italian artist. / **Rubens**, Peter Paul (1577-1640), Flemish painter. / **Chartres** フランス北部の都市、有名な寺院がある。 / **Lourdes** フランス南西部のピレネ山脈の麓にある町、農夫の娘 Bernadette Soubirous が聖母マリアの姿を見たという泉のために多くの巡礼者があつまる。 / **Cnidos** ancient Greek city in Asia Minor (present-day Turkey). / **Praxiteles** Greek sculptor (fourth century B.C.), whose statue of Aphrodite was placed in the temple at Cnidos in Asia Minor. / **Matthew Arnold at the Grande Chartreuse** In “Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse” (1855), Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) laments the loss of the faith that inspired earlier Christians.



Mark Twain



The Mark Twain House in Hartford



The Harriet Beecher Stowe House