

第7章 リアリズム

南北戦争といった苛烈な民族的経験のせいか、それとも文学の世界的傾向に影響されてのことか、南北戦争後に見られる文学の顕著な変化は、ロマンティシズムの文学からリアリズムのそれに移行したということである。アメリカン・ルネッサンスの文学は、いうなればロマンティシズムの文学であった。それは現実とは別個の文学独自の世界の約束の上に成立するものであったが、現実そのものの基盤に立つのがリアリズムの文学である。現実からの逃避よりも、現実そのものを直視するほうが人生にはより有益であるという考えである。

文学にそのような方向の転機を与えるのに指導的な役割を演じたのは、ウィリアム・ディーン・ハウエルズ (William Dean Howells, 1827-1920) であった。彼は彼自身のリアリズム理論に基づいて、自分でも小説を書いているが、それ以上に注目したいのは、雑誌の編集者として若い作家を世に送り出すのに尽力したばかりでなく、マーク・トゥェイン (Mark Twain, 1835-1910) やヘンリー・ジェイムズ (Henry James, 1843-1916) の強力な理解者でもあり、支持者でもあったということである。彼がこのように全く対照的に相反する両作家の友人でもあり支持者でもあったということは彼が優れた批評眼の持ち主であったことの証拠でもあり、全く驚異的な現象とっていいのではなからうか。

南北戦争後のアメリカ文学を概観すれば、ジェイムズのように東のほう、つまりヨーロッパへの志向が細々と認められはするものの、その大勢は西部への志向に大きく傾いていったといえるであろう。そしてその先陣を承ったのはローカル・カラーの作家として知られるブレット・ハート (Bret Harte, 1836-1902) であり、引き続いてマーク・トゥェインの登場となる。

「現代のアメリカ文学はマーク・トゥェインの一冊の本から始まった。そしてその一冊の本とは『ハックルベリー・フィンの冒険』である」と言ったのはヘミングウェイであったが、この言葉を字義どおりに解するならば、『ハックルベリー・フィンの冒険』という作品は大変な作品であり、それを書いたマーク・トゥェインはいやしくも現代のアメリカ文学を論じようとする者にとっては軽々しく無視できない作家となるであろう。

マーク・トゥェインの文学の特徴といえば、その笑いの要素に求められるとされる。つまり、「hoax」とか「tall tale」とか称せられるところの要素のことである。そしてその作品の多くが少年の冒険物語であるといった性格と相まって、彼の作品は概して非現実的な世界を描いたものと受け取られたりもする。だとすれば、一体どうして彼はリアリズムの作家といわれるのだろうか。

多くの批評家に高く評価される『ハックルベリー・フィンの冒険』は発刊されてすでに100年以上の歳月が経っている。それは今では誰もがアメリカ文学の古典として疑わない作品である。小・中学校や高校で、こぞって子供たちに読ませる「課題図書」になっている。あるいはまた、この作品のわが国における翻訳は何冊もあって多種多様を極めている。一体どの翻訳が原作に近いのか、このように多様な翻訳がなされる原作は一体何なのか、などと新たな疑問が湧きさえてくるのである。翻ってこの本が初めて世に出たときのことを思い返

してみよう。この書が初めて世にでたときはあらゆる図書館から締め出しを食らったそうだし、また良識ある世の親たちはこの書に絶対子供を近づけなかったという。つまり、この書は彼らすべてに対してこの上もない危険な代物だったのである。ここでさらにこの書に付された作者の「はしがき」の激越な言葉を思い出すのも無駄ではないだろう。それは単なる笑いごとでは済まされない生なまじさが漂う言葉である。そしてその生なまじさにリアリズムが感じられないだろうか。しかしそんな生なまじさも古典と祭りあげられると同時にやがて忘れ去られていったのだろうか。

ところで、マーク・トウェインの死後に出されたいくつかの短篇は、生前に出された作品が楽天的で明るいのにに対して、ペシミスティックな暗さばかりが目立っている。一体この明と暗とのいずれの面が彼の真の顔だったのだろうか。彼にはまだまだ謎が尽きることはないのである。

ヘンリー・ジェームズは彼の生前唯一のヒット作であった『デイジー・ミラー』(Daisy Miller)を出版した同じ1879年に、先輩作家ホーソーンの評伝(Hawthorne)を書いている。作家としてデビューして間もない頃である。そのなかで彼は、芸術的に貧弱な状況にあったアメリカで創作活動を強いられた先輩作家に同情を示しながらも、アレゴリーに頼り、ロマンスという形態を取らざるを得なかった先輩作家の作品を批判しているのである。しかしこの評伝はその対象であるホーソーンを正当に論じたというよりも、ジェームズ自身の立場ないしは意図を端的に表明したものと受け取れる場合が多い。つまり、ホーソーンがロマンスの形態を取らざるを得なかったアメリカと決別して、もっと成熟したヨーロッパに定着してリアリズムを志向する彼の姿勢がそこにかがわれるのである。彼の頭にはおそらくバルザックやツルゲーネフやドーデラの華やかなリアリズムが考えられていたのであろう。一方、ロマンティズムとリアリズムの相違として、「普通に考えて物事の起こり方に沿っているか否か」が問題であると、ジェームズはそのニューヨーク版に付した序文で述べている。そのような基準から眺めるならば、『評伝ホーソーン』以前に書かれた『アメリカ人』(The American, 1877)は、そこに描かれた没落貴族の現実離れた虚栄心の扱い方からしても、到底リアリズムの作品とは言い難いが、その後書かれた『ある婦人の肖像』(The Portrait of a Lady, 1881)には格段の相違が見られ、遥かにリアリズムに接近しているといえよう。しかしジェームズの場合、普通に予想されるリアリズムとは大いに趣を異にすることがよく指摘される。ほとんど行動という行動はみられず、心理描写が延々と続くからである。ドラマが行動というよりも心理のなかに展開するのであって、よく「意識のドラマ」という言葉が用いられる。にもかかわらず、それがジェームズ流のリアリズムだったのである。

ジェームズの作品の多くがアメリカ人であるのは当然であろう。彼らはすべて汚れなくおおらかで天真爛漫で、一口で言えば、「純真」そのものである。そのような主人公を設定するところまでは他のアメリカ人の作家と共通している。ところがホイットマンにしるマーク・トウェインにしる他の作家ではそのような性格が大いに美点として賛美されるのに、ジェームズにあっては必ずしもそのようなには扱われはしない。彼らの前途には必ずとっていいほどに困難な試練が待ち伏せているからである。時にはそれは底知れない裏切りや偽りであったり、要するに「悪」とっていい状況が控えているのである。それがヨーロッ

パの複雑な社会の仕組みであり、あるいは「マナーズ」の支配するヨーロッパの世界なのである。そしてジェイムズが好んで描くのは、そのような試練に直面する純真者の苦闘だけでなく、それ以上に彼らを待ち構えているヨーロッパの仕組みやマナーズが強調される。こういった純真者はアメリカ人ばかりでなく、時には子供であったり、また時には芸術家であったりするが、そこにいわゆる「意識のドラマ」が展開するのである。このように複雑なマナーズの世界に力点を置いて描いた作家はこれまでアメリカにはほとんどみられなかった。アメリカの社会にはそのような要素が稀薄だったかもしれない。そしてそれがジェイムズにアメリカかヨーロッパかといった選択を迫ったのであろう。

このようにマナーズを本格的に扱ったことは、ジェイムズの功績であり、アメリカ文学への貢献であった。そしてジェイムズの小説がアメリカでは珍しいとされる「本格小説」(novel)とされるのである。英文学にあてては、例えばジェーン・オースティンの作品にみられるように、それが小説の伝統を形成しているといっている。今オースティンに言及したが、マナーズの面からみれば彼女の作品とジェイムズの作品には多くの共通点がみられるであろう。しかし共通点も多いが、それ以上に相違点も目立たないわけではない。オースティンの世界は18世紀後半から19世紀初頭の英国の地方の土地所有の紳士階級に根差しているが、ジェイムズのそれは19世紀後半から20世紀初頭にかけての隆盛を極めたロンドンという大都会であった。ジェイムズに較べるならオースティンの世界はあくまでも健全にみえるが、逆にオースティンに較べるならばジェイムズの世界はあまりにも爛熟していて、目も覆いたくなるほどの腐敗と墮落を示しているといえるかもしれない。しかしそこに妙なことにジェイムズの現代的なあやしい魅力が潜んでいるといえるのではないだろうか。

William Dean Howells (1837-1920)

He was born in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, and as a boy worked in his father's printing office. What Howells lacked in formal education (he had very little) he made up in diligent self-application both in and out of the printing office. His campaign biography of Abraham Lincoln (1860) won him an appointment as United States consul at Venice (1861-65). In Paris in 1862 he married Elinor Meade; they returned to the United States in 1865, where Howells associated himself first with the *New York Times* and *The Nation*, then in 1866 with the *Atlantic Monthly*, where he was editor in chief from 1872 until 1881. During this time and afterward, in his long association with *Harper's Monthly*, Howells exerted a strong and beneficent influence on American letters, promoting the work of many promising young artists, including Stephen Crane, Hamlin Garland, Frank Norris, as well as Samuel Clemens and Henry James. A prolific essayist, reviewer, critic, and novelist, Howells best expressed his own realistic style in such works as *A Modern Instance* (1882), *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1885), *Indian Summer* (1886), and *A Hazard of New Fortunes* (1890). In his later years Howells received honorary degrees from Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Oxford universities, and he was the first president of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, a post he held until his death.

The Rise of Silas Lapham

“Walk right in!” he called out to the journalist, whom he caught sight of through the door of the counting-room.

He did not rise from the desk at which he was writing, but he gave Bartley his left hand for welcome, and he rolled his large head in the direction of a vacant chair. “Sit down! I’ll be with you in just half a minute.”

“Take your time,” said Bartley, with the ease he instantly felt. “I’m in no hurry.” He took a note-book from his pocket, laid it on his knee, and began to sharpen a pencil.

“There!” Lapham pounded with his great hairy fist on the envelope he had been addressing. “William!” he called out, and he handed the letter to a boy who came to get it. “I want that to go right away. Well, sir,” he continued, wheeling round in his leather-cushioned swivel-chair, and facing Bartley, seated so near that their knees almost touched, “so you want my life, death, and Christian sufferings, do you, young man?”

“That’s what I’m after,” said Bartley. “Your money or your life.”

“I guess you wouldn’t want my life without the money,” said Lapham, as if he were willing to prolong these moments of preparation.

“Take ‘em both,” Bartley suggested. “Don’t want your money without your life, if you come to that. But you’re just one million times more interesting to the public than if you hadn’t a dollar; and you know that as well as I do, Mr. Lapham. There’s no use beating about the bush.”

“No,” said Lapham, somewhat absently. He put out his huge foot and pushed the ground-glass door shut between his little den and the book-keepers, in their larger den outside.

“In personal appearance,” wrote Bartley in the sketch for which he now studied his subject, while he waited patiently for him to continue, “Silas Lapham is a fine type of the successful American. He has a square, bold chin, only partially concealed by the short, reddish-gray beard, growing to the edges of his firmly closing lips. His nose is short and straight; his forehead good, but broad rather than high; his eyes blue, and with a light in them that is kindly or sharp according to his mood. He is of medium height, and fills an average armchair with a solid bulk, which, on the day of our interview, was unpretentiously clad in a business suit of blue serge. His head droops somewhat from a short neck, which does not trouble itself to rise far from a pair of massive shoulders.”

swivel-chair 「回転椅子」／ **Take ‘em both** = Take them both. I would を補って読むこと。／ **Don’t want. . .** 文頭に I を補う。／ **if you come to that** 「そのこととなれば」／ **There’s no use beating about the bush** 「遠回しに言っても役に立たない」／ **ground-glass** 「すりガラスの」／ **while he waited patiently for him to continue** 「一方バトラーは相手のラバムが話し続けるのを辛抱強く待っていた」

Mark Twain (1835-1910)

Born in Missouri, and reared in the small town of Hannibal on the shores of the Mississippi River, Twain is often regarded as the quintessential American author. A complex figure, Twain combined social success and aspiration with a critical skepticism, and merged his humor with a sometimes bleak vision of the human condition. Twain's literature reflects his extensive and varied experience — he piloted a ship down the Mississippi, served briefly in a Confederate troop, and searched for gold in the Mother Lode district of California. Frustrated by his lack of financial remuneration in these fields, Twain turned to writing as a career. In 1870, following his marriage to the wealthy and well-connected Olivia Langdon, Twain established his household in Hartford, Connecticut. He also became a frequenter of European capitals. His numerous works include *The Innocents Abroad* (1869), *Roughing It* (1872), *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876), *A Tramp Abroad* (1880), *The Prince and the Pauper* (1882), *Life on the Mississippi* (1883), *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1885), *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889), *The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson* (1894), and "The Mysterious Stranger" (published posthumously).

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

You don't know about me, without you have read a book by the name of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," but that ain't no matter. That book was made by Mr. Mark Twain, and he told the truth, mainly. There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth. That is nothing. I never seen anybody but lied, one time or another, without it was Aunt Polly, or the widow, or maybe Mary. Aunt Polly — Tom's Aunt Polly, she is — and Mary, and the Widow Douglas, is all told about in that book — which is mostly a true book; with some stretchers, as I said before.

Now the way that the book winds up, is this: Tom and me found the money that the robbers hid in the cave, and it made us rich. We got six thousand dollars apiece — all gold. It was an awful sight of money when it was piled up. Well, Judge Thatcher, he took it and put it out at interest, and it fetched us a dollar a day apiece, all the year round — more than a body could tell what to do with. The Widow Douglas, she took me for her son, and allowed she would sivilize me; but it was rough living in the house all the time, considering how dismal regular and decent the widow was in all her ways; and so when I couldn't stand it no longer, I lit out. I got into my old rags, and my sugar-hogshead again, and was free and satisfied. But Tom Sawyer, he hunted me up and said he was going to start a band of robbers, and I might join if I would go back to the widow and be respectable. So I went back.

The widow she cried over me, and called me a poor lost lamb, and she called me a lot of other names, too, but she never meant no harm by it. She put me in them new clothes again, and I couldn't do nothing but sweat and sweat, and feel all cramped up. Well, then, the old thing commenced again. The widow

ring a bell for supper, and you had to come to time. When you got to the table you couldn't go right to eating, but you had to wait for the widow to tuck down her head and grumble a little over the victuals, though there warn't really anything the matter with them. That is, nothing only everything was cooked by itself. In a barrel of odds and ends it is different; things get mixed up, and the juice kind of swaps around, and the things go better.

After supper she got out her book and learned me about Moses and the Bulrushers; and I was in a sweat to find out all about him; but by-and-by she let it out that Moses had been dead a considerable long time; so then I didn't care no more about him; because I don't take no stock in dead people.

without = unless. / **that ain't no matter** = that is no matter. 二重否定。非標準語法である。 / **There was things which he stretched** 'was' = were. 'stretch' = exaggerate. / **I never seen anybody** = I have never seen anybody. / **but lied** = who did not lie. / **is all told** 'is' = are. / **stretchers** = exaggerations. / **winds up** = concludes. / **apiece** = each. / **an awful sight of money** 'sight' = a large quantity; a lot. / **Judge Thatcher he** 同じ主語を重ねたもので、俗語表現。 / **put it out at interest** = lent it out at interest; invested it. / **allowed** = calculated; reckoned; thought. / **sivilize** = civilize. / **rough living** = hard living. 「辛い生活」 / **dismal** = fearfully. 「やけに」 / **hogshhead** = a large barrel. / **called me a lot of other names** 'call one names' = abuse. / **in them new clothes** = in those new clothes. / **the old thing** = the old state of things. / **rung = rang** / **to time** = on time. / **tuck down** = hang down. / **warn't** = wasn't. / **nothing only everything . . .** 'only' = but; except. / **her book** i.e. her bible. / **learned me** = taught me. / **Moses and the Bulrushers** The daughter of Pharaoh found the infant Moses in a basket made of bulrushes. See Exodus 2: 1-10. 'bulrush' を 'bulrusher' (= bull + rusher) と言ったのは Mark Twain 一流の irreverence の例。 / **in a sweat** = in a fuming impatience. / **take no stock in** = do not concern oneself with.

Henry James (1843-1916)

Henry James, Jr., was born in New York City, the second son of Henry James, Sr., noted American religious philosopher, and younger brother of William James, pioneering psychological researcher. The James children received a various and dauntlessly experimental education on both sides of the Atlantic. Early immersion in European culture resulted in Henry's lifelong ambivalence toward his own American origins, and many of his best-known works — *The American* (1877), *The Europeans* (1878), *Daisy Miller* (1879), *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881) — deal with the conflicts between American and European values, customs, and character. A partial list of his novels includes such famous titles as *Washington Square* (1881), *The Bostonians* (1886), *The Spoils of Poynton* (1897), *What Maisie Knew* (1897), *The Awkward Age* (1899), *The Sacred Fount* (1901), *The Wings of the Dove* (1902), and *The Golden Bowl* (1904). He was a prolific writer of short stories ("The Beast in the Jungle"; "The Figure in the Carpet"), criticism ("The Art of Fiction"), biography (Nathaniel Hawthorne; W.W. Story), and cultural essays (*The American Scene* [1907]) as well. James lived in England from 1876 until his death; in sympathy with the British cause during World War I, he became a British citizen in 1915. During his lifetime his reputation prospered and declined, but today he is highly

respected as an early master of psychological realism, formal structure, and narrative ambiguity, as well as for his ability to convey the nuances of human emotion and human consciousness.

Daisy Miller

'He's an American man!' cried Randolph, in his little hard voice.

The young lady gave no heed to this announcement, but looked straight at her brother. 'Well, I guess you had better be quiet,' she simply observed.

It seemed to Winterbourne that he had been in a manner presented. He got up and stepped slowly towards the young girl, throwing away his cigarette. 'This little boy and I have made acquaintance,' he said, with great civility. In Geneva, as he had been perfectly aware, a young man was not at liberty to speak to a young unmarried lady except under certain rarely occurring conditions; but here, at Vevey, what conditions could be better than these? — a pretty American girl coming and standing in front of you in a garden. This pretty American girl, however, on hearing Winterbourne's observation, simply glanced at him; she then turned her head and looked over the parapet, at the lake and the opposite mountains. He wondered whether he had gone too far; but he decided that he must advance farther rather than retreat. While he was thinking of something else to say, the young lady turned to the little boy again.

'I should like to know where you got that pole,' she said.

'I bought it!' responded Randolph.

'You don't mean to say you're going to take it to Italy!'

'Yes, I am going to take it to Italy!' the child declared.

The young girl glanced over the front of her dress, and smoothed out a knot or two of ribbon. Then she rested her eyes upon the prospect again. 'Well, I guess you had better leave it somewhere,' she said, after a moment.

had been in a manner presented 「ある意味で紹介はすでにすんだ」 'present' = to introduce formally.

第8章 自然主義

社会的現実を赤裸々に描くという意味でリアリズムの文学と考えられもするが、ある共通した顕著な傾向がみられるために一括して自然主義と呼ばれる文学がある。フランスのエミール・ゾラの提唱した文学運動に始まるもので、当時における最新の科学的発見の成果を踏まえたものである。チャールズ・ダーウィン (Charles Darwin, 1809-82) の進化論や、カール・マルクス (Karl Marx, 1818-83) の唯物史観などが発表され、これまでの自由意思や責任感に基づいた人間観の基盤が覆されたのである。自然主義にあっては、それまで賛美されてきた人間の尊厳はかけらも認められず、人はただ環境と運命と偶然に翻弄され支配される、いわば将棋の駒といった存在に過ぎないのである。

スティーヴン・クレイン (Steven Crane, 1871-1900) の『マギー——街の女』 (*Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*, 1893) や彼の代表作『赤い武功章』 (*The Red Badge of Courage*, 1895)、ハムリン・ガーランド (Hamlin Garland, 1860-1940) の『本街道』 (*Main Travelled Roads*, 1892)、フランク・ノリス (Frank Norris, 1870-1902) の『マクティীগ』 (*McTeague*, 1899) や『オクトパス』 (*The Octopus*, 1901)、あるいはセオドア・ドライサー (Theodore Dreiser, 1871-1945) の、出版当時は黙殺されたが、現在では人気の高い『シスター・キャリー』 (*Sister Carrie*, 1900) や彼の代表作、『アメリカの悲劇』 (*An American Tragedy*, 1925) などのいずれを読んでも、その登場人物はすべて環境や偶然に支配され翻弄されるが、広い分野に徹底した写実のメスをふるい、その膨大な作品で、ドライサーはアメリカの自然主義を完成した巨人とみなされよう。

自然主義の作家として通常はジャック・ロンドン (Jack London, 1876-1916) の名もあげられるのだが、意図してその名を伏せておいたのは、彼の作風が他の作家とはやや趣を異にしていると思われるからである。わが国でも有名な『野性の呼び声』 (*The Call of the Wild*, 1903) には「適者生存」といった進化論の影響もみられるが、同時に彼にはさまざまな思想の影響がみられ、特にニーチェの超人思想に強くひかれていて、単に自然主義の作家というレッテルで片づけるのはどうかと思われるのである。

Steven Crane (1871-1900)

Crane, a native of Newark, New Jersey, attended Lafayette College and Syracuse University (a year each) before moving to New York City, where he earned a meager living as a free-lance reporter. His first novel, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* (1893), was published with money borrowed from his brother, and was a financial failure, but it did impress Hamlin Garland, who brought it to the attention of William Dean Howells. Crane's masterpiece, *The Red Badge of Courage*, was published in 1895. Because of its brilliant depiction of war, Crane found himself in demand as a war correspondent. Returning from an assignment in Cuba, Crane was shipwrecked, an experience that resulted in "The Open Boat" (1897), but his health was broken, and he died before his twenty-ninth birthday.

The Red Badge of Courage

The cold passed reluctantly from the earth, and the retiring fogs revealed an army stretched out on the hills, resting. As the landscape changed from brown to green, the army awakened, and began to tremble with eagerness at the noise of rumors. It cast its eyes upon the roads, which were growing from long troughs of liquid mud to proper thoroughfares. A river, amber-tinted in the shadow of its banks, purred at the army's feet; and at night, when the stream had become of a sorrowful blackness, one could see across it the red, eyelike gleam of hostile camp-fires set in the low brows of distant hills.

Once a certain tall soldier developed virtues and went resolutely to wash a shirt. He came flying back from a brook waving his garment bannerlike. He was swelled with a tale he had heard from a reliable friend, who had heard it from a truthful cavalryman, who had heard it from his trustworthy brother, one of the orderlies at division headquarters. He adopted the important air of a herald in red and gold.

"We're goin' t' move t' morrah — sure," he said pompously to a group in the company street. "We're goin' 'way up the river, cut across, an' come around in behint 'em."

To his attentive audience he drew a loud and elaborate plan of a very brilliant campaign. When he had finished, the blue-clothed men scattered into small arguing groups between the rows of squat brown huts. A negro teamster who had been dancing upon a cracker box with the hilarious encouragement of twoscore soldiers was deserted. He sat mournfully down. Smoke drifted lazily from a multitude of quaint chimneys.

of a sorrowful blackness 'of' 記述的な形容詞句をつくる。／ **brows** 「山の端」／ **developed virtues** 「美德を発揮して」／ **the orderlies at division headquarters** 「師団司令部の伝令」／ **a herald in red and gold** 「赤と金の制服を着た伝令官」／ **goin' t' move t' morrah** = going to move tomorrow. ／ **company street** 中隊のキャンプ地で小屋が列をなして並んでいるその間の通り。／ **goin' 'way** = going away. ／ **an' come ... behint 'em** = and come ... behind them. ／ **the blue clothed men** 'blue' は南北戦争における北部連邦軍の軍服の色。

Hamlin Garland (1860-1940)

Garland was born on a Wisconsin farm and grew up under the hardships of life on the prairies; his parents moved to Iowa and then the Dakota Territory trying to earn a living. He went to Boston in 1884, worked, and educated himself in the public library. In 1892 he published *Main-Travelled Roads*, bitter stories of life in the Middle West. This work and the many novels, stories, and autobiographies that followed brought financial success and critical acclaim.

“Among the Corn-Rows” from *Main-Travelled Roads*

Rob held up his hands, from which the dough depended in ragged strings.

“Biscuits,” he said, with an elaborate working of his jaws, intended to convey the idea that they were going to be specially delicious.

Seagraves laughed, but did not enter the shanty door. “How do you like baching it?”

“Oh, don’t mention it!” entreated Rob, mauling the dough again. “Come in an’ sit down. What in thunder y’ standin’ out there for?”

“Oh, I’d rather be where I can see the prairie. Great weather!”

“*Im-mense!*”

“How goes breaking?”

“Tip-top! A *leetle* dry now; but the bulls pull the plough through two acres a day. How’s things in Boomtown?”

“Oh, same old grind.”

“Judge still lyin’?”

“Still at it.”

“Major Mullens still swearin’ to it?”

“You hit it like a mallet. Railroad schemes are thicker ’n prairie-chickens. You’ve got grit, Rob. I don’t have anything but crackers and sardines over to my shanty, and here you are making soda-biscuit.”

“I have t’ do it. Couldn’t break if I didn’t. You editors c’n take things easy, lay around on the prairie, and watch the plovers and medderlarks; but we *settlers* have got to work.”

Leaving Rob to sputter over his cooking, Seagraves took his slow way off down toward the oxen grazing in a little hollow. The scene was characteristically, wonderfully beautiful. It was about five o’clock in a day in late June, and the level plain was green and yellow, and infinite in reach as a sea; the lowering sun was casting over its distant swells a faint impalpable mist, through which the breaking teams on the neighboring claims ploughed noiselessly, as figures in a dream.

baching 「独身生活をしている」／ **What in thunder y’ standin’ out there for ?** = What in the world are you standing out there for? ／ **Im-mense!** = Great! ／ **mallet** 「木づち」／ **thicker ’n prairie-chickens** = thicker than prairie-chickens. 「ライチョウよりもぎっしり密集して」／ **You’ve got grit** = You have grit. 「あなたには勇気がある」／ **c’n** = can. ／ **medderlarks** = meadowlarks.

Frank Norris (1870-1902)

He was born Benjamin Franklin Norris in Chicago. In 1884 the family moved to San Francisco, and when he was seventeen his father took him to Paris to study painting. From 1890 to 1894 he attended the University of California, then Harvard for one year, after which he worked as correspondent for *Collier's* and the *San Francisco Chronicle*, covering the Boer War. Upon his return from South Africa he worked for a San Francisco magazine, *The Wave*, which serialized his first novel, *Moran of the Lady Letty*, in 1898. That same year he went to Cuba to cover the Spanish-American War. When he returned the following year he took a position with Doubleday, which in 1899 published two of Norris's novels, *McTeague*, set in San Francisco, and *Blix*. *The Octopus* (1901) and *The Pit* (1903) were the first two volumes in a planned trilogy following the growing, selling, and distribution of California wheat. The final volume, *The Wolf*, was incomplete at Norris's death from a ruptured appendix in 1902.

McTeague

It was Sunday, and, according to his custom on that day, McTeague took his dinner at two in the afternoon at the car conductors' coffee-joint on Polk Street. He had a thick gray soup; heavy, underdone meat, very hot, on a cold plate; two kinds of vegetables; and a sort of suet pudding, full of strong butter and sugar. On his way back to his office, one block above, he stopped at Joe Frenna's saloon and bought a pitcher of steam beer. It was his habit to leave the pitcher there on his way to dinner.

Once in his office, or, as he called it on his signboard, "Dental Parlors," he took off his coat and shoes, unbuttoned his vest, and, having crammed his little stove full of coke, lay back in his operating chair at the bay window, reading the paper, drinking his beer, and smoking his huge porcelain pipe while his food digested; crop-full, stupid, and warm. By and by, gorged with steam beer, and overcome by the heat of the room, the cheap tobacco, and the effects of his heavy meal, he dropped off to sleep. Late in the afternoon his canary bird, in its gilt cage just over his head, began to sing. He woke slowly, finished the rest of his beer — very flat and stale by this time — and taking down his concertina from the bookcase, where in week days it kept the company of seven volumes of "Allen's Practical Dentist," played upon it some halfdozen very mournful airs.

McTeague looked forward to these Sunday afternoons as a period of relaxation and enjoyment. He invariably spent them in the same fashion. These were his only pleasures — to eat, to smoke, to sleep, and to play upon his concertina.

The six lugubrious airs that he knew, always carried him back to the time when he was a car-boy at the Big Dipper Mine in Placer County, ten years before. He remembered the years he had spent there trundling the heavy cars of ore in and out of the tunnel under the direction of his father. For thirteen days of each fortnight his father was a steady, hardworking shift-boss of the mine. Every other Sunday he became an irresponsible animal, a beast, a brute, crazy with alcohol.

took his dinner at two 日曜日にはたいてい昼食が dinner となる。／ **Polk Street** San Francisco にある通りの名。／ **strong** 「(臭いが)鼻をつくような」／ **steam beer** 「スチームビール(米国西部で醸造される沸騰性の強いビール)」／ **crop-full** 「腹一杯の」／ **concertina** 「コンチェルティーナ(六角ちょうちん形のアコーディオンに似た楽器)」／ **kept the company of...** 「...といっしょにならんでいた」／ **car-boy** 「(鉱石を積んだ)トロッコの押し手」／ **the Big Dipper Mine in Placer County** Sacramento と Reno の中間あたりにあるカリフォルニアの主要な鉱山のひとつ。

Theodore Dreiser (1871-1945)

He was born in Terre Haute, Indiana. He briefly attended Indiana University, and then obtained a job on the *Chicago Globe* as a reporter before moving to New York City in 1894.

His first novel, *Sister Carrie* (1900), was accepted by Frank Norris for Doubleday Page & Co., but Mrs Doubleday objected to its realistic style and subject matter, and interfered with its publication, with the result that it was not widely distributed. Ten years passed before the publication of his next novel, *Jennie Gerhardt* (1911). Like *Sister Carrie*, it was attacked for its candid and uncompromising naturalism. *The Financier* (1912) and *The Titan* (1914) were the first two volumes of Dreiser's *Cowperwood* trilogy, based on the life of the business magnate, Charles T. Yerkes; it was completed by *The Stoic*, posthumously published in 1947. *The Genius* (1915) is a partly autobiographical novel examining the artistic temperament. Dreiser at last earned popular acclaim with *An American Tragedy* (1925), based on the Chester Gillette-Grace Brown murder case of 1906. *The Bulwark* appeared posthumously in 1946.

Sister Carrie

When Caroline Meeber boarded the afternoon train for Chicago, her total outfit consisted of a small trunk, a cheap imitation alligator-skin satchel, a small lunch in a paper box, and a yellow leather snap purse, containing her ticket, a scrap of paper with her sister's address in Van Buren Street, and four dollars in money. It was in August, 1889. She was eighteen years of age, bright, timid, and full of the illusions of ignorance and youth. Whatever touch of regret at parting characterised her thoughts, it was certainly not for advantages now being given up. A gush of tears at her mother's farewell kiss, a touch in her throat when the cars clacked by the flour mill where her father worked by the day, a pathetic sigh as the familiar green environs of the village passed in review, and the threads which bound her so lightly to girlhood and home were irretrievably broken.

To be sure there was always the next station, where one might descend and return. There was the great city, bound more closely by these very trains which came up daily. Columbia City was not so very far away, even once she was in Chicago. What, pray, is a few hours — a few hundred miles? She looked at the little slip bearing her sister's address and wondered. She gazed at the green landscape, now passing in swift review, until her swifter thoughts replaced its

impression with vague conjectures of what Chicago might be.

When a girl leaves her home at eighteen, she does one of two things. Either she falls into saving hands and becomes better, or she rapidly assumes the cosmopolitan standard of virtue and becomes worse. Of an intermediate balance, under the circumstances, there is no possibility. The city has its cunning wiles, no less than the infinitely smaller and more human tempter. There are large forces which allure with all the soulfulness of expression possible in the most cultured human. The gleam of a thousand lights is often as effective as the persuasive light in a wooing and fascinating eye.

Van Buren Street シカゴの中心部を東西に走る通り。／ **touch** = a special or characteristic quality. ／ **the cars** 「貨車」／ **flour mill** 「製粉工場」／ **passed in review** 「閱兵をうけた」単に「視界を過ぎて行った」ことをこのように述べている。／ **Columbia City** インディアナ州北東部の町。／ **an intermediate balance** 「中間のバランスのとれた状態」前の 'of' は 'possibility' に続く。／ **soulfulness** 感情がこもっていること。

Jack London (1876-1916)

John Griffith (Jack) London was born in San Francisco, grew up on the Oakland waterfront, and quit school at the age of fourteen. After a youthful career as an oyster-poacher, he joined a sealing expedition, roamed throughout the United States and Canada, studied briefly at the University of California, and in 1897 joined the rush for Klondike gold. He did not strike it rich in the gold fields, but his collection of Yukon stories, *Son of the Wolf*, appeared in 1900, establishing his reputation as a skillful and energetic storyteller. His novels reflect his interest in both the individual's struggle against civilized society (*The Call of the Wild* [1903]; *The Sea Wolf* [1904]) and the struggle of the lower classes against oppression (*The Iron Heel* [1908]; *The Valley of the Moon* [1913]). These concerns are also echoed in his autobiographical novel, *Martin Eden* (1909).

The Call of the Wild

Buck did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not alone for himself, but for every tide-water dog, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost.

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by gravelled driveways which wound

about through wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants' cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

And over this great demesne Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the populous kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel, the Mexican hairless, — strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows at them and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops.

tide-water 「沿岸地方の」／ **Puget Sound** 太平洋からワシントン州に入りこんでいる海峡。／ **San Diego** カリフォルニア州南西海岸の港市。／ **booming the find** 「その発見をはでに宣伝する」／ **Santa Clara Valley** Santa Clara はカリフォルニア州 San Jose 付近の都市。その近郊の平地のこと。／ **held forth** 「自分の仕事をしていた」／ **outhouses** 「(母家の) 付属建築物」／ **the pumping plant . . . well** 「深掘井戸のためのポンプ設備」／ **demesne** [diméin] 「領地」



William Dean Howells



Henry James



Steven Crane



Theodore Dreiser



Sinclair Lewis



Sherwood Anderson

第9章 中西部の作家たち

活発な開拓者の世界でもなければ、また豊かな自然に恵まれた牧歌的な農村でもない、アメリカの中西部のスマール・タウンを扱った作品が20世紀の1910年代から20年代に多くみられる。それらは世界のどこにでも見られる田舎町ではなくて、アメリカの急激な資本主義のひずみから発生した閉鎖的で孤独を強い、その偏狭さに耐えられない中産階級の俗物根性を反映したものである。そういった傾向を代表する作品はシンクレア・ルイス (Sinclair Lewis, 1885-1951) の『本町通り』(*Main Street*, 1919) であり、あるいは同じく『バビット』(*Babbitt*, 1922) であろう。作者の狙いは、そこに描かれた俗物根性に代表される「アメリカ文化」を痛烈に風刺することにあった。彼の作品は他にもいくつかみられるが、何れもよく読まれ、「バビット」という表題は、やがて「典型的な中産階級の俗物根性」を意味する普通名詞としてさえ使われるようになった。またルイスは1930年アメリカ作家として初めてノーベル賞を受賞した作家でもある。

シャーウッド・アンダーソン (Sherwood Anderson, 1875-1941) も、その代表作『ワインズバーグ・オハイオ』(*Winesburg, Ohio*, 1919) がスマール・タウンの閉鎖的な社会に歪められて「グロテスク」な存在になった人間を扱っているという意味で、一般的に文学史では「スマール・タウンの作家」のなかに組み込まれている作家である。しかしルイスがもつぱらそういった人間を外から冷ややかに批判しているのに対して、アンダーソンは「グロテスク」という言葉を使いながらも、一般にみられるように、軽蔑的によそよしく使っているのではなく、逆に少なからざる親近感をもって使っているところに、両者の文学の大きな隔たりがみられる。だからこそアンダーソンはモダニストと称せられ、その後輩出した芸術派の作家の先駆的な存在とみられるのである。その単純素朴な文体はギデオンの協会の聖書に親しんだためとか、ガートルード・スタイン (Gertrude Stein, 1874-1946) にヒントを受けたとかいわれるが、マーク・トウェインの口語に磨きかけたものであり、後にアーネスト・ヘミングウェイ (Ernest Hemingway, 1899-1961) のハード・ボイルドと呼ばれる文体に影響していることはよく指摘される場所である。実際にヘミングウェイをスタイン女史に紹介したのもアンダーソンであったし、ウィリアム・フォークナー (William Faulkner, 1897-1962) は「私の世代の作家の父」と彼を称し、またトマス・ウルフは「私が何かを教わった唯一のアメリカの作家」といったほどに、後輩の作家に多大の影響を与えた作家なのである。そんなアンダーソンが文学で第一に直面した問題は、いかにしてドライサーの巨大な自然主義の山を乗り越えるか、であったというから、やはり文学の流れを無視するわけにはいかないのである。

Sinclair Lewis (1885-1951)

Born in Sauk Center, Minnesota, he entered Yale in 1903 but left in 1906 to join Upton Sinclair's socialist colony in Englewood, New Jersey. He then became a freelance writer and editor in New York before returning to Yale and graduating in 1908. Four years later he published his first novel, a boys' book entitled *Hike and the Aeroplane* (1912).

In 1914 he published *Our Mr Wrenn*, which was followed by *The Trail of the Hawk* (1915) and three more novels before the successful *Main Street* (1920). He continued his critique of provincial American life in *Babbitt* (1922). In 1926 he was awarded but declined a Pulitzer Prize for *Arrowsmith* (1925). His next novel, *Elmer Gantry* (1927), is the story of a sham revivalist minister. *Dodsworth* (1929), about a retired car manufacturer travelling in Europe, appeared a year before Lewis was awarded the Nobel Prize, the first American to be so honoured.

His commitment to social and political change is evident in his novels. *Ann Vickers* (1933) is about a discontented Midwestern girl who becomes involved in the women's movement and works for prison reform. *Work of Art* (1934) is about the American hotel industry. *It Can't Happen Here* (1935), a warning about the possibility of fascism in the USA, was dramatized and produced by the Federal Theatre Project in cities throughout the country with Lewis himself playing the lead. The revolt of children against their parents is the subject of *The Prodigal Parents* (1938). *Bethel Merriday* (1940) deals with the career of a young actress. *Gideon Planish* (1943) is about a speech professor who marries a student and then finds himself manipulated into the lucrative advertising profession by his wife. Lewis's next three novels return to the Minnesota setting of *Main Street*. His last novel, *World So Wide*, was published posthumously in 1951.

Babbitt

The towers of Zenith aspired above the morning mist; austere towers of steel and cement and limestone, sturdy as cliffs and delicate as silver rods. They were neither citadels nor churches, but frankly and beautifully office-buildings.

The mist took pity on the fretted structures of earlier generations: the Post Office with its shingle-tortured mansard, the red brick minarets of hulking old houses, factories with stinging and sooted windows, wooden tenements colored like mud. The city was full of such grotesqueries, but the clean towers were thrusting them from the business center, and on the farther hills were shining new houses, homes — they seemed — for laughter and tranquillity.

Over a concrete bridge fled a limousine of long sleek hood and noiseless engine. These people in evening clothes were returning from an all-night rehearsal of a Little Theater play, an artistic adventure considerably illuminated by champagne. Below the bridge curved a railroad, a maze of green and crimson lights. The New York Flyer boomed past, and twenty lines of polished steel leaped into the glare.

In one of the skyscrapers the wires of the Associated Press were closing down.

The telegraph operators wearily raised their celluloid eye-shades after a night of talking with Paris and Peking. Through the building crawled the scrubwomen, yawning, their old shoes slapping. The dawn mist spun away. Cues of men with lunch-boxes clumped toward the immensity of new factories, sheets of glass and hollow tile, glittering shops where five thousand men worked beneath one roof, pouring out the honest wares that would be sold up the Euphrates and across the veldt. The whistles rolled out in greeting a chorus cheerful as the April dawn; the song of labor in a city built — it seemed — for giants.

Zenith 架空の町名 / **austere** 「飾り気のない」 / **fretted** 「腐食した」 / **shingle-tortured mansard** 「屋根板がねじまがったマンサード屋根(通例四方が二重勾配になった屋根)」 / **minarets** 「ミナレット(イスラム寺院に付属する高い塔)」そのような高い塔がついてるのであろう。 / **stingy** 「小さな」 / **a Little Theater play** 「小劇場(大劇場のような営利を目的としない実験劇場)の劇」 / **The New York Flyer** 「ニューヨーク急行」 / **twenty lines of polished steel** 光に浮かび上がった線路のこと / **Associated Press** 「AP通信社(米国の二大通信社の一つ)」 / **up the Euphrates and across the veldt** 「ユーフラテス川の上流や(南アフリカの)草原地帯で」 / **rolled out** 「朗々と歌った」目的語は 'a chorus' である。

Sherwood Anderson (1875-1941)

Born in southern Ohio to a poor and vagabond family, Anderson is best known for his collection of short stories, *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919), and for the influence his unadorned but poetic prose style and his “grotesque” characters had on other writers of his generation, notably Ernest Hemingway, Nathanael West, and William Faulkner. In 1912, after abruptly abandoning the mental pressures of a successful business career in Ohio, he moved to Chicago, where he became acquainted with and received encouragement from Carl Sandburg, Theodore Dreiser, and Floyd Dell, to pursue the creative life that he yearned for. A writer of naturalistic stories and novels (*Windy McPherson's Son* [1916], *Marching Men* [1917], *Poor White* [1920], *Many Marriages* [1923], *Tar* [1926], *Beyond Desire* [1932], *Kit Brandon* [1936]) set usually in the Midwest, he depicted the demoralizing effect of an increasingly industrialized and corporate-minded America upon the imagination and spirit of the common people, a theme that extended to his nonfiction writing (*Perhaps Women* [1931]; *Puzzled America* [1935]).

“The Egg”

My Father was, I am sure, intended by nature to be a cheerful, kindly man. Until he was thirty-four years old he worked as a farm hand for a man named Thomas Butterworth whose place lay near the town of Bidwell, Ohio. He had then a horse of his own and on Saturday evenings drove into town to spend a few hours in social intercourse with other farm hands. In town he drank several glasses of beer and stood about in Ben Head's saloon — crowded on Saturday evenings with visiting farm hands. Songs were sung and glasses thumped on the

bar. At ten o'clock father drove home along a lonely country road, made his horse comfortable for the night and himself went to bed, quite happy in his position in life. He had at that time no notion of trying to rise in the world.

It was in the spring of his thirty-fifth year that father married my mother, then a country school teacher, and in the following spring I came wriggling and crying into the world. Something happened to the two people. They became ambitious. The American passion for getting up in the world took possession of them.

It may have been that mother was responsible. Being a school teacher she had no doubt read books and magazines. She had, I presume, read of how Garfield, Lincoln, and other Americans rose from poverty to fame and greatness and as I lay beside her — in the days of her lying-in — she may have dreamed that I would some day rule men and cities. At any rate she induced father to give up his place as a farm hand, sell his horse and embark on an independent enterprise of his own. She was a tall silent woman with a long nose and troubled gray eyes. For herself she wanted nothing. For father and myself she was incurably ambitious.

The first venture into which the two people went turned out badly. They rented ten acres of poor stony land on Griggs's Road, eight miles from Bidwell, and launched into chicken raising. I grew into boyhood on the place and got my first impressions of life there. From the beginning they were impressions of disaster and if, in my turn, I am a gloomy man inclined to see the darker side of life, I attribute it to the fact that what should have been for me the happy joyous days of childhood were spent on a chicken farm.

was intended by nature to ... 「生まれつき ... になるようにできていた」 / **Garfield** James Abram Garfield (1831-81) 米国第二十代大統領。 / **lying-in** 通例「お産の床につくこと」の意だが、ここでは「産後の養生で床についていること」

Thomas Wolfe (1900-38)

Born in Asheville, North Carolina, and educated at the University of North Carolina and at Harvard. His first works were plays: *Welcome to Our City* (1923), and *The Return of Buck Gavin* (1923). From 1924 to 1930 he taught English at New York University, where he wrote *Mannerhouse*, a play about the decay of a Southern family. He decided to become a full-time writer after the publication of *Look Homeward, Angel* (1929). Wolfe's next book, a short novel entitled *A Portrait of Bascom Hawke* (1932), was later incorporated into *Of Time and the River* (1935). *From Death to Morning* (1935) is a collection of stories; *The Story of a Novel* (1936), Wolfe's last book to be published during his lifetime, is a critical examination of his own work. Wolfe died at the age of 38 after two operations for a brain infection following pneumonia. He left a considerable amount of material, from which Edward C. Aswell edited the semi-autobiographical novel *The Web and the Rock* (1939) and its sequel, *You Can't Go Home Again* (1940). A volume of short stories, *The Lost Boy*, was published in 1965.

Look Homeward, Angel

An Englishman named Gilbert Gaunt, which he later changed to Gant (a concession probably to Yankee phonetics), having come to Baltimore from Bristol in 1837 on a sailing vessel, soon let the profits of a public house which he had purchased roll down his improvident gullet. He wandered westward into Pennsylvania, eking out a dangerous living by matching fighting cocks against the champions of country barnyards, and often escaping after a night spent in a village jail, with his champion dead on the field of battle, without the clink of a coin in his pocket, and sometimes with the print of a farmer's big knuckles on his reckless face. But he always escaped, and coming at length among the Dutch at harvest time he was so touched by the plenty of their land that he cast out his anchors there. Within a year he married a rugged young widow with a tidy farm who like all the other Dutch had been charmed by his air of travel, and his grandiose speech, particularly when he did Hamlet in the manner of the great Edmund Kean. Every one said he should have been an actor.

The Englishman begot children — a daughter and four sons — lived easily and carelessly, and bore patiently the weight of his wife's harsh but honest tongue. The years passed, his bright somewhat staring eyes grew dull and bagged, the tall Englishman walked with a gouty shuffle: one morning when she came to nag him out of sleep she found him dead of an apoplexy. He left five children, a mortgage and — in his strange dark eyes which now stared bright and open — something that had not died: a passionate and obscure hunger for voyages.

Bristol 英国南部の貿易港。Avon 州の州都。／ **improvident** 「先見の明のない」／ **eking out** 「(生計を)何とか立てながら」／ **the Dutch** オランダ移住民のこと。／ **the plenty** 「実りの豊かさ」／ **tidy** 「かなり大きな」／ **the great Edmund Kean** (1787-1833) 英国の悲劇俳優。／ **gouty shuffle** 痛風のために足を引きずって歩くこと。