

アメリカ文学史へのアプローチ : 作品100選

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発行年	1995-03-28
URL	http://hdl.handle.net/10112/00020091

第10章 失われた世代の作家たちとモダニズム

第一次世界大戦（1914-18）後の10年間は、アメリカ合衆国にとって未曾有の豊かな繁栄にわいた、古きよき時代だった。それは「モダニズム文学」の時代であり、「失われた世代」の作家たちの時代でもあった。

モダニズムの隆盛に大いに貢献したのは、1903年からすでにパリに定住していたスタインで、『三人の女』（*Three Lives*, 1909）や『やさしいボタン』（*Tender Buttons*, 1914）の影響を強く受けたシャーウッド・アンダーソンは、シカゴ・ルネッサンス運動に参加して小品を書きつつ、『ワインズバーグ・オハイオ』を発表して一躍脚光を浴びた。彼はモダニストとして、その後に輩出した芸術派の作家の先駆者的存在となったのである。その単純素朴なマーク・トウェインの口語に磨きをかけた聖書文体とグロテスクな登場人物によって、のちの作家たち——とりわけ、フォークナー、ヘミングウェイ、さらにジョン・スタインベック（John Steinbeck, 1902-68）——にも多大の影響を与えたことはすでに述べた。

ヘミングウェイの『陽はまた昇る』（*The Sun Also Rises*, 1926）のエピグラフとなったスタインの「あなたたちみんな失われた世代ね」（“You are all lost generation.”）という言葉は、第一次世界大戦後、パリを中心にヨーロッパにおいて、虚無感に苦悩しつつ、それゆえにこそ、勝手気ままな歓楽の生を楽しんでいた当時の国籍離脱者たちを描いたこの小説に、もっともふさわしい言葉であった。それは1920年代のアメリカの作家たちの代名詞となったとともに、新しい世代の誕生を象徴的に告げ、このヘミングウェイの作品だけでなくスタイン自身をも不滅にしたのである。

ヘミングウェイとともにスタインの文学サロンに出入りし、ヨーロッパで執筆活動をした作家に、F・スコット・フィッツジェラルド（F. Scott Fitzgerald, 1896-1940）もいた。これらいわゆる「失われた世代」の若い作家たちは、直接あるいは間接的に戦争に参加して何かを経験したのであるが、そこに何か積極的な意義を見つけることができただろうか。その答えは明らかに「ノー」であった。そのことは20年代に書かれたフィッツジェラルドやヘミングウェイの、あるいはフォークナーの作品を少し読むだけで歴然とするであろう。『陽はまた昇る』には「われわれは根なし草の国籍喪失者だ」といった表現が繰り返されているが、そこに登場する人物たちには祖国アメリカに対する関心さえほとんどみられない。その点で社会をある意味で真剣に扱った自然主義の作家たちのほうがずっと幸せで対照的な相違を示しているといえるかもしれない。またフィッツジェラルドには『ジャズ・エイジの物語』（*Tales of the Jazz Age*, 1922）という短篇集があるが、それにちなんで、ジャズ時代を作ったのはフィッツジェラルドなのか、フィッツジェラルドを作ったのがジャズ時代なのかと、ばかげた論議が交わされたという。戦争に、あるいは戦後の世界に意義を見いだせない彼らは、一見したところあてもなく、ただお祭り騒ぎにその日その日を過ごしていたかに見うけられる。しかしすべてはただお祭り騒ぎに終始しているのでは決してない。その裏にはどの作品を取り上げても、T・S・エリオット

(T. S. Eliot, 1888-1965) の『荒地』 (*The Waste Land*, 1922) に勝るとも劣らぬ現代に対する深刻な認識と虚無感が流れているのである。フィッツジェラルドの『偉大なギャツビー』 (*The Great Gatsby*, 1925) において、すべてのきらびやかさが音を立てて崩壊していくのに圧倒されない読者はいないだろう。また『陽はまた昇る』のなかに「不能」(impotent) を自認する人物が描かれているが、その意味するものは肉体のそれに限らないだろう。あてもなく無為に日々を送るこれらの群像のなかに、透徹した哲学を発見することも稀ではないのである。アンダーソンの影響を受けた作家たちのうち、フォークナーは当時を代表するモダニズム小説『響きと怒り』 (*The Sound and the Fury*, 1929) や『アブサロム、アブサロム!』 (*Absalom, Absalom!*, 1936) を世に問い、1949年にノーベル文学賞を受賞した。

ジョン・ドス・パソス (John Dos Passos, 1896-1970) も作品中にモダニズムを意識的に取りこんだ作家として忘れてはならない人である。『北緯42度線』 (*The 42nd Parallel*, 1930)、『一九一九年』 (1919, 1932)、『ビッグ・マネー』 (*The Big Money*, 1936) から成る *U.S.A.* (1938) という大作のなかで、彼は芸術観、審美性、社会に対する批判などをすべて盛り込み、野心的にアメリカの全体像を捉えようと試みた。それは自然主義、さらには社会主義的傾向のきわめて濃厚な小説であると同時に、モダニズムへの作家の志向がよりいっそう顕著にみられる実験であったといえよう。

Gertrude Stein (1874-1946)

Though Stein was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, she lived in Vienna and Australia; Passy, France; Baltimore, Maryland; Oakland and San Francisco, California; Cambridge, Massachusetts; and London, England, before settling in Paris in 1903. A charismatic expatriate during the heady days surrounding World Wars I and II, Stein and lifelong companion Alice B. Toklas drove for the American Fund for French Wounded during World War I but retired to the quietude of the French countryside during the German occupation of France during World War II. A prodigious author — Stein produced some 571 works during a career spanning forty-three years — Stein was extraordinarily influential as an experimental writer. Among those who frequented her Paris flat for advice and company were such writers as Ernest Hemingway, Djuna Barnes, and Hilda Doolittle. In the mid-1930s, after achieving fame with *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (1932), Stein returned to the United States to much acclaim. Stein died in Paris, with Toklas at her side. Her works include *Tender Buttons* (1914), *The Geographical History of America* (1936), *The Mother of Us All* (1949), and *Patriarchal Poetry* (1953).

Three Lives

Anna Federer, this good Anna, was of solid lower middle-class south german stock.

When she was seventeen years old she went to service in a bourgeois family, in the large city near her native town, but she did not stay there long. One day her mistress offered her maid — that was Anna — to a friend, to see her home. Anna felt herself to be a servant, not a maid, and so she promptly left the place.

Anna had always a firm old world sense of what was the right way for a girl to do.

No argument could bring her to sit an evening in the empty parlour, although the smell of paint when they were fixing up the kitchen made her very sick, and tired as she always was, she never would sit down during the long talks she held with Miss Mathilda. A girl was a girl and should act always like a girl, both as to giving all respect and as to what she had to eat.

A little time after she left this service, Anna and her mother made the voyage to America. They came second-class, but it was for them a long and dreary journey. The mother was already ill with consumption.

They landed in a pleasant town in the far South and there the mother slowly died.

Anna was now alone and she made her way to Bridgepoint where an older half brother was already settled. This brother was a heavy, lumbering, good natured german man, full of the infirmity that comes of excess of body.

He was a baker and married and fairly well to do.

Anna liked her brother well enough but was never in any way dependent on him.

When she arrived in Bridgepoint, she took service with Miss Mary Wadsmith.

Miss Mary Wadsmith was a large, fair, helpless woman, burdened with the care of two young children. They had been left her by her brother and his wife who had died within a few months of each other.

Anna soon had the household altogether in her charge.

(Part II "The Life of the Good Anna")

of solid lower middle-class south german stock 「しっかりした中流の下に属する階層で南ドイツ系の血をひいている」／ **as to giving all respect** 「尊敬をもって扱うことについて」／ **Bridgepoint** コネチカット州の都市。／ **lumbering** 「重々しい」／ **infirmity** 「欠陥、弱点」

F. Scott Fitzgerald (1896-1940)

Francis Scott Fitzgerald was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, into a moderately wealthy family. He entered Princeton University in 1913, but left in his senior year and entered the United States Army. In 1920 he married Zelda Sayre, and his first novel, *This Side of Paradise* (set at Princeton), was published. It caught the restless spirit of the times, and for several years Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald were the darlings of the "Jazz Age" — the name that he gave to the 1920s. During the twenties, his stories appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Scribner's*, and were collected in *Flappers and Philosophers* (1920), *Tales of the Jazz Age* (1922), and *All the Sad Young Men* (1926). Fitzgerald's masterpiece, *The Great Gatsby*, was published in 1925, but from that point on his life and career became increasingly troubled. *Tender Is the Night* (1934) reflects the tragedy of Zelda's breakdown, but Fitzgerald also suffered from physical and emotional problems. His experiences as a Hollywood screenwriter were the source materials for *The Last Tycoon*, which, though unfinished at Fitzgerald's death, was published posthumously in 1941.

The Great Gatsby

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes — a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter — tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms further . . . And one fine morning —

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

the Sound = Long Island Sound. 「ロングアイランド海峡」／ **inessential** 本質的でない、消えてもかまわぬ(家)の意。／ **Dutch sailors' eyes** New York は最初、オランダの植民地であった。／ **made way for ...** 「...のために席を譲った」／ **pandered in whispers to ...** 「ささやき声で...に誘いの言葉をかけた」／ **for a transitory enchanted moment** 「束の間の恍惚とした一瞬」／ **compelled into ...** 「いやおうなく...に引きずり込まれて」／ **commensurate to ...** 「...と釣り合った、...にふさわしい」／ **orgastic** 「非常に興奮させる」／ **beat on** 「漕ぎ進んで行く」 'beat' = make one's way persistently and often arduously.／ **boats against the current** 「流れに逆らう船のように」／ **borne back ceaselessly into the past** 「絶えず過去へと運び去られながら」

Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961)

Born in Oak Park, Illinois, the son of a doctor with a fondness for fishing and camping, Hemingway worked briefly as a journalist and then volunteered as an ambulance driver for the Italian front in World War I. Hemingway was severely wounded, an experience that informed much of his subsequent fiction. Befriended by Gertrude Stein in postwar Paris, Hemingway became a part of the literary group that would later be characterized as the "Lost Generation." He gave voice to this generation in his first novel, *The Sun Also Rises* (1926). Structured around the masculine pursuits of bullfighting, hunting, fishing, boxing, and war, Hemingway's novels often project the sometimes ironic image of the warrior-writer. Hemingway's life resembled his fiction; sojourns in Paris, Spain,

Africa, Cuba, and finally Idaho are reflected in his books. Suffering from depression, alcoholism, and suspected mental illness, Hemingway shot himself through the head, using the same shotgun that his father had used to commit suicide years before. Hemingway's many works include *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940), *The Old Man and the Sea* (1953), and the posthumously published *Garden of Eden* (1985).

The Sun Also Rises

“You are all a lost generation.”

— Gertrude Stein *in conversation*

“One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever. . . The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose. . . The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. . . All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.”

— *Ecclesiastes*

Robert Cohn was once middleweight boxing champion of Princeton. Do not think that I am very much impressed by that as a boxing title, but it meant a lot to Cohn. He cared nothing for boxing, in fact he disliked it, but he learned it painfully and thoroughly to counteract the feeling of inferiority and shyness he had felt on being treated as a Jew at Princeton. There was a certain inner comfort in knowing he could knock down anybody who was snooty to him, although, being very shy and a thoroughly nice boy, he never fought except in the gym. He was Spider Kelly's star pupil. Spider Kelly taught all his young gentlemen to box like featherweights, no matter whether they weighed one hundred and five or two hundred and five pounds. But it seemed to fit Cohn. He was really very fast. He was so good that Spider promptly overmatched him and got his nose permanently flattened. This increased Cohn's distaste for boxing, but it gave him a certain satisfaction of some strange sort, and it certainly improved his nose. In his last year at Princeton he read too much and took to wearing spectacles. I never met any one of his class who remembered him. They did not even remember that he was middle weight boxing champion.

Princeton 「プリンストン大学」New Jersey 州にある名門大学。／ **snooty** 「横柄な」／ **Spider Kelly** ボクシングのコーチの名前。／ **overmatched** 「実力が上の相手と試合させた」／ **improved his nose** ユダヤ人特有の鉤鼻がつぶれて、むしろかっこうがよくなった。

John Dos Passos (1896-1970)

Dos Passos's life was politically focused from its beginning. The son of a prominent Wall Street lawyer, Dos Passos attended Choate School, explored Europe, and went on to Harvard University, where he became committed to leftist politics. In 1917 Dos Passos went to France and volunteered as an ambulance driver. Deeply affected by the brutality and violence that he witnessed during World War I, Dos Passos increased his devotion to left-wing politics and socially committed fiction. His works include *Three Soldiers* (1920), *Manhattan Transfer* (1925), *The 42nd Parallel* (1930), *1919* (1932), *The Big Money* (1936), *District of Columbia* (1952), and *Midcentury* (1961).

U.S.A.

Debs was a railroad man, born in a weatherboarded shack at Terre Haute.
He was one of ten children.

His father had come to America in a sailingship in '49,
an Alsatian from Colmar; not much of a money-maker, fond of music and
reading,

he gave his children a chance to finish public school and that was about all he
could do.

At fifteen Gene Debs was already working as a machinist on the Indianapolis
and Terre Haute Railway.

He worked as a locomotive fireman,
clerked in a store

joined the local of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was elected
secretary, traveled all over the country as organizer.

He was a tall shamblefooted man, had a sort of gusty rhetoric that set on fire
the railroad workers in their pineboarded halls

made them want the world he wanted,
a world brothers might own
where everybody would split even:

*I am not a labor leader. I don't want you to follow me or anyone else. If you are
looking for a Moses to lead you out of the capitalist wilderness you will stay right
where you are. I would not lead you into this promised land if I could, because if
I could lead you in, someone else would lead you out.*

That was how he talked to freighthandlers and gandywalkers, to firemen and
switchmen and engineers, telling them it wasn't enough to organize the
railroadmen, that all workers must be organized, that all workers must be organized
in the workers' cooperative commonwealth.

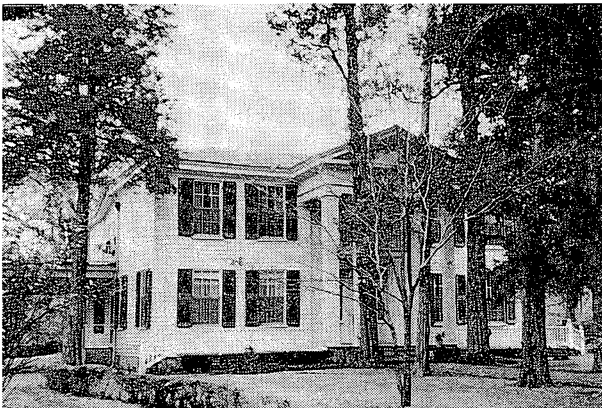
Locomotive fireman on many a long night's run,
under the smoke a fire burned him up, burned in gusty words that beat in
pineboarded halls; he wanted his brothers to be free men.

That was what he saw in the crowd that met him at the Old Wells Street Depot

when he came out of jail after the Pullman strike,

those were the men that chalked up nine hundred thousand votes for him in nineteen-twelve and scared the frockcoats and the tophats and diamonded hostesses at Saratoga Springs, Bar Harbor, Lake Geneva with the bogey of a Socialist president.

weatherboarded 「下見板をつけた」／ **Terre Haute** インディアナ州西部の工業都市。／ '49 = 1849 ／ **Alsatian from Colmar** 「コルマル生まれのアルザス人」 Colmar はフランス Haut-Rhin 県の首都。／ **not much of a ...** 「たいした ... ではない」 **the local of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen** 「機関車火夫労働組合の地方支部」／ **gusty rhetoric** 「嵐のように激しい雄弁術」／ **split even** 「均等に分ける」／ **freighthandlers** 「貨物係」／ **gandywalkers** = gandydancers. 「保線工夫」／ **cooperative commonwealth** 「共同団体」／ **the Pullman strike** 「プルマン工場のストライキ」／ **chalked up** 「かせいだ」／ **Saratoga Springs** ニューヨーク州東部にある鉱泉保養地。／ **Bar Harbor** メイン州にある保養地。／ **Lake Geneva** ジェネーバ湖(ウイスコンシン州にある保養地)。／ **bogy** = bogey. 「悪鬼」



Rowan Oak, William Faulkner's House



F. Scott Fitzgerald



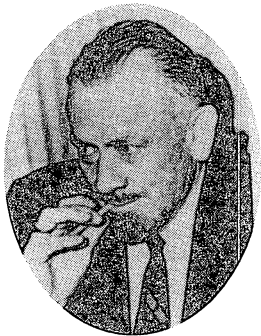
Ernest Hemingway



John Dos Passos



William Faulkner



John Steinbeck



William Saroyan

第11章 南部の作家たち

第一次世界大戦後、アメリカ南部の文学は目ざましい興隆をみた。植民地時代以来、南部の文学は一般に低調であったといえるが、特に南北戦争以後は、物質的にも、精神的にも荒廃して、文学のみならず芸術一般の不毛な状態が続いていたのである。そのような状況での南部文学興隆の要因としては、いろいろ考えられようが、まず南北戦争敗北そのものをあげることができよう。この敗北とそれがもたらした精神的挫折感は、南部にそれ自身の過去（歴史）を省みることを促したであろうし、以後押し寄せてくる近代化の波は、古い南部の伝統的精神と衝突して、さまざまの葛藤を生み出さずにはいなかったにちがいないのである。こういう時に（むろん多少の時間は必要とするであろうが）、南部の文学とでもいうべきものが書かれても不思議ではないであろう。こうして起こった南部の文学的興隆を「南部ルネッサンス」と呼ぶが、その最大の推進力となったのは、やはりウィリアム・フォークナーという世界的な作家の登場である。そして“Fugitive”と呼ばれるグループの活躍、女流作家たちの目ざましい進出も見逃すことはできない。

フォークナーは、彼自身の故郷ミシシッピ州オックスフォードあたりをモデルにしたとおぼしい、架空のヨクナパトーフア郡ジェファーソンを舞台とした作品を多く書いた。傑作といわれる『響きと怒り』もそのひとつであるが、この小説は、没落していく南部の名門コンプソン家の物語であり、一家の3人の兄弟たちの内的独白と、全知の視点による客観的描写からなる全4章によって構成されている。斬新な手法といい、普遍的な主題といい、この作品はフォークナーの初期におけるひとつの到達点を示しているといえることができる。

さらに、『アブサロム、アブサロム！』において、フォークナーは、強引な手段で一大プランテーションを築き上げながら、南北戦争による破壊と自らの人種偏見のために世継ぎを失って滅んでいくトマス・サトベンという男の悲劇を描くことによって、南部の歴史の意味をさぐった。また、フォークナーには、「エミリーへのバラ」（“A Rose for Emily”）など短篇小説にもすぐれたものが多い。

フージュティヴ・グループとは、雑誌 *Fugitive* に結集した南部の詩人たちのことで、その中心メンバーは、ジョン・クロウ・ランソム（John Crowe Ransom, 1888-1974）、アレン・テイト（Allen Tate, 1899-1979）、ロバート・ペン・ウォレン（Robert Penn Warren, 1905-89）などであり、伝統的、保守的な姿勢を保持し、革新的、都会的、独創的なイマジズムの詩人たちとは対照的なモダニズムの新しい流派を形成した。彼らの社会的、経済的立場は1930年に発表された『わたしの立場』（*I'll Take My Stand*）に明らかである。彼らはまた批評家としてもすぐれており、ニュー・クリティシズムと呼ばれる批評方法を提唱・実践した。フォークナーの作品もその格好の対象となり、その声価を高める一因となった。

William Faulkner (1897-1962)

Faulkner was born in New Albany, Mississippi, but moved to Oxford early in his youth. He would maintain a home there for most of his adult life. After serving in the Royal British Air Force during World War I, attending the University of Mississippi, and taking a tour of Europe, Faulkner turned his attention to literature. His early novels brought him critical recognition, but it was the self-consciously provocative *Sanctuary* (1931) that brought Faulkner fame. In 1950 Faulkner was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. Plagued by alcoholism and marital discord, Faulkner continued to be a highly prolific author. He also worked briefly — and unhappily — as a Hollywood screenwriter. Returning to the South, Faulkner taught at the University of Virginia. Acclaimed as one of the greatest of twentieth-century American writers, Faulkner explores the corrupt and sometimes sinister structure of familial and Southern life in his fiction, as well as the way race and social class operate within that structure. Much of his work details the intrigues and dramas of his fictional Yoknapatawpha County and the antics of the nearly mythical Snopes family. Faulkner's numerous works include *The Marble Faun* (1924), *Soldier's Pay* (1926), *Sartoris* (1929), *The Sound and the Fury* (1929), *As I Lay Dying* (1930), *Light in August* (1933), *Absalom, Absalom!* (1936), *The Hamlet* (1940), *Requiem for a Nun* (1951), and *The Reivers* (1962).

“A Rose for Emily”

When Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old manservant — a combined gardener and cook — had seen in at least ten years.

It was a big, squarish frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps — an eyesore among eyesores. And now Miss Emily had gone to join the representatives of those august names where they lay in the cedar-bemused cemetery among the ranked and anonymous graves of Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson.

Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel Sartoris, the mayor — he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron — remitted her taxes, the dispensation dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity. Not that Miss Emily would have accepted charity. Colonel Sartoris invented an involved tale to the effect that Miss Emily's father had loaned money to the town, which the town, as a matter of business, preferred this way of repaying. Only a man of Colonel Sartoris' generation and thought could have invented it, and only a woman could have believed it.

When the next generation, with its more modern ideas, became mayors and aldermen, this arrangement created some little dissatisfaction. On the first of the year they mailed her a tax notice. February came, and there was no reply. They wrote her a formal letter, asking her to call at the sheriff's office at her convenience. A week later the mayor wrote her himself, offering to call or to send his car for her, and received in reply a note on paper of an archaic shape, in a thin, flowery calligraphy in faded ink, to the effect that she no longer went out at all. The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment.

frame house 「木造家屋」／ **heavily lightsome style of the seventies** 「1870年代(いわゆる再建時代)のたいそう優美な建築様式」／ **cotton gins** 「綿繰り機」／ **its stubborn and coquettish decay** 「そのかたくなでなまめかしい腐朽した姿」／ **ceder-bemused** 「西洋杉がしげって呆然としているような」／ **Union and Confederate soldiers** 「(南北戦争時の)北部連邦軍と南部同盟軍の兵士」／ **alderman** 「市会議員」／ **in a flowery calligraphy** 「流麗な能筆で」

John Crowe Ransom (1888-1974)

Born in Tennessee, he was educated at Vanderbilt and Oxford universities and taught at Vanderbilt from 1914 until 1937. His first collections of verse were *Poems about God* (1919), *Chills and Fever* (1924), *Grace after Meat* (1924) and *Two Gentlemen in Bonds* (1927). While at Vanderbilt he became a member of the Fugitives, editing *I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition* (1930), a collection of essays by 12 'Fugitive' writers: the poets Donald Davidson, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, John Gould Fletcher and Ransom himself; the scholars Stark Young, John Donald Wade and Andrew Lytle; the historian Frank Owsley; the political scientist Herman Clarence Nixon; the psychologist Lyle Lanier; and the economist and journalist Henry Blue Kline. The 'Statement of Principles', written mainly by Ransom, maintained that the industrial way of life was causing unhappiness and unemployment among the work force and destroying the very roots of religion, culture and art. After leaving Vanderbilt, Ransom taught at Kenyon College, Ohio, where in 1939 he founded *The Kenyon Review*, which became one of the most influential academic journals in America. Two years later he gave currency to the principles of the New Criticism in a book of that title.

Blue Girls

Twirling your blue skirts, travelling the sward
Under the towers of your seminary,
Go listen to your teachers old and contrary
Without believing a word.

Tie the white fillets then about your hair
And think no more of what will come to pass
Than bluebirds that go walking on the grass
And chattering on the air.

Practise your beauty, blue girls, before it fail;
 And I will cry with my loud lips and publish
 Beauty which all our power shall never establish,
 It is so frail.

For I could tell you a story which is true;
 I know a woman with a terrible tongue,
 Blear eyes fallen from blue,
 All her perfections tarnished — yet it is not long
 Since she was lovelier than any of you.

若さと美しさはつかのまのものだから、その輝きが衰えないうちに青春を楽しみなさいという主旨の詩。 **travelling** 'travel' = go across. / **sward** 「芝生」 / **contrary** 「つむじ曲がりの」 / **Without believing a word** 美しく屈託のない娘たちに、老人の知恵は不要、の意。 / **fillets** 「(髪をくくったり、頭を縛ったりする) 細長いリボン」 / **no more** ... **Than** 「～と同様・・・でない」 / **come to pass** = happen. / **bluebirds** 「ブルーバード(米国产ツグミ亜科 *Sialia* 属の青い羽根の鳴き鳥の総称)」 / **Practise** 「(美を)実践せよ」 / **publish** 「(詩人として)世に広める」 / **establish** 「確立する、恒久的なものにする」 / **Blear eyes fallen from blue** 「青さを失ったかすんだ眼」

Allen Tate (1899-1979)

He was born in Winchester, Kentucky, and educated at Vanderbilt University. His first publication was the privately printed volume *The Golden Mean and Other Poems* (with Ridley Wills; 1923). A leading member of the Fugitives, he contributed one of his most famous pieces, 'Ode to the Confederate Dead', to *Fugitives: An Anthology of Verse* (1928), and an essay to John Crowe Ransom's *I'll Take My Stand* (1930). His volumes of poetry include *Mr Pope and Other Poems* (1928), *Poems: 1928-1931* (1932), *The Mediterranean and Other Poems* (1936), *Selected Poems* (1937), *Poems: 1922-1947* (1948), *Poems* (1960) and *Collected Poems* (1977). They frequently reflect his interest in the history of the South, which also prompted biographies of Stonewall Jackson (1928) and Jefferson Davis (1929). He received the Bollingen Prize for poetry in 1956.

His critical works include *Reactionary Essays on Poetry and Ideas* (1936), *Reason in Madness, Critical Essays* (1941), *On the Limits of Poetry, Select Essays 1928-1948* (1948), *The Forlorn Demon: Didactic and Critical Essays* (1953), *Collected Essays* (1959) and *Essays of Four Decades* (1968). A leading proponent of the New Criticism, Tate also served as the editor of *The Kenyon Review* (1938) and *The Sewanee Review* (1944-6). His only novel, *The Fathers* (1938), is a first-person narrative in which the 65-year-old Lacy Buchan recalls his past, which spans the demise of the Old South and the stability it represented.

Ode to the Confederate Dead

Row after row with strict impunity
 The headstones yield their names to the element,
 The wind whirrs without recollection;

In the riven troughs the splayed leaves
 Pile up, of nature the casual sacrament
 To the seasonal eternity of death;
 Then driven by the fierce scrutiny
 Of heaven to their election in the vast breath,
 They sough the rumour of mortality.

With a particular zeal for every slab,
 Staining the uncomfortable angels that rot
 On the slabs, a wing chipped here, an arm there:
 The brute curiosity of an angel's stare
 Turns you, like them, to stone,
 Transforms the heaving air
 Till plunged to a heavier world below
 You shift your sea-space blindly
 Heaving, turning like the blind crab.

with strict impunity「全く無事に、何ものにも犯されることなく」／ **the riven troughs**「引き裂けたくぼみ」／ **the splayed leaves**「まき散らされた枯葉」／ **of nature the casual sacrament**「自然による思いがけない sacrament」／ **the seasonal eternity**「季節をめぐるしながら永遠に」／ **election**「〔神学〕神の選抜」(cf. reprobation「〔神学〕永罰」)／ **They** 'the splayed leaves' を受ける。／ **sough**「ひゅーひゅーとささやく」／ **the rumours of mortality**「死者の噂」

Robert Penn Warren (1905-89)

Warren was born in Guthrie, Kentucky, and educated at Vanderbilt, the University of California at Berkeley, Yale and Oxford, where he was a Rhodes Scholar. A member of the Fugitives, he helped to found and edit the group's magazine, *The Fugitive* (1922-5), and in 1930 he contributed to the Southern Agrarian manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition*.

Both his poetry and fiction are marked by a brooding, philosophical intelligence, and he wrote perceptively on writers with a similar cast of mind, notably Conrad and Faulkner. Among his many volumes of verse are *Promises: Poems 1954-1956* (Pulitzer Prize, 1957), *Now and Then: Poems 1976-1978* (Pulitzer Prize, 1978). His fiction often deals with Southern history and generally has Southern settings. *Night Rider* (1939) and *At Heaven's Gate* (1943) were followed by his best-known novel, *All the King's Men* (Pulitzer Prize, 1946). It tells the story of Willie Stark (apparently based on Governor Huey Long of Louisiana), a corrupt politician who becomes governor of a Southern state and dies a tragic death.

With Cleanth Brooks he edited several volumes of criticism and creative writing, including *Understanding Poetry: An Anthology for College Students* (1938; revised editions 1950, 1960 and 1976) and *Understanding Fiction* (1943; revised editions 1959 and 1979). He became the first Poet Laureate of the USA in 1986.

All the King's Men

That night when the Boss and I called on Judge Irwin in the middle of the night and when, burning the road back to Mason City in the dark, the car hurtled between the black fields, he said to me, "There is always something."

And I said, "Maybe not on the Judge."

And he said, "Man is conceived in sin and born in corruption and he passeth from the stink of the didie to the stench of the shroud. There is always something."

And he told me to dig it out, dig it up, the dead cat with patches of fur still clinging to the tight, swollen, dove-gray hide. It was the proper job for me, for, as I have said, I was once a student of history. A student of history does not care what he digs out of the ash pile, the midden, the sublunary dung heap, which is the human past. He doesn't care whether it is the dead pussy or the Kohinoor diamond. So it was a proper assignment for me, an excursion into the past.

It was to be my second excursion into the past, more interesting and sensational than the first, and much more successful. In fact, this second excursion into the past was to be perfectly successful. But the first one had not been successful. It had not been successful because in the midst of the process I tried to discover the truth and not the facts. Then, when the truth was not to be discovered, or discovered could not be understood by me, I could not bear to live with the cold-eyed reproach of the facts. So I walked out of a room, the room where the facts lived in a big box of three-by-five-inch note cards, and kept on walking until I walked into my second job of historical research, the job which should be known as the "Case of the Upright Judge."

But I must tell about the first excursion into the enchantments of the past. Not that the first excursion has anything directly to do with the story of Willie Stark, but it has a great deal to do with the story of Jack Burden, and the story of Willie Stark and the story of Jack Burden are, in one sense, one story.

Mason City 架空の都市名。／ **There is always something** 潔癖と言われる Irwin 判事にも必ず弱点があるということ。／ **didie** = didy. 「(赤ん坊の)おむつ」／ **the dead cat . . . hide** 'it (= something)' と同格。／ **midden** 「貝塚」／ **sublunary** 「地上の」／ **The Kohinoor diamond** 「コイヌール(英国王室王冠を飾っている106カラットのインド産ダイヤモンド)」／ **discovered** この語の前に though being を補って読む。

第12章 1930年代の小説

第一次世界大戦後の物質的繁栄とあいまって、ジャズ時代ともいわれた華やかな20年代は、1929年の株価大暴落で一挙に崩壊し、つづく1930年代の大恐慌は社会主義的な文学を多く産むことになった。ドス・パソスやエドモンド・ウィルソン (Edmund Wilson, 1895-1973) のように、一時的であれ、共産党に入党した作家や批評家などの知識人も多かった。30年代にはシャーウッド・アンダーソンの後期の作品にみられるように、ストライキ小説など、社会主義的リアリズム、自然主義的なものが多い。

アンダーソンと同じく、アースキン・コールドウェル (Erskine Caldwell, 1903-87) は『タバコ・ロード』(Tobacco Road, 1933) において貧乏白人 (poor white) を描き、この作品は戯曲化され、結果的にはブロードウェイで商業的に大成功を収めたが、この時代のヒーローは貧しい人びとであった。

スタインベックもストライキ小説『疑わしき戦い』(In Dubious Battle, 1936) や『怒りのぶどう』(The Grapes of Wrath, 1939) において貧しい移住農民を描き、一時は社会派作家と目されていたが、彼はもともと民主主義信奉者であり、ヒューマンイズムの作家であった。『怒りのぶどう』は、ドス・パソスの U.S.A. と同様に、30年代の時代的特性をはるかに越えたもので、「約束の地」あるいは「楽園」としての新大陸アメリカそのものと、旧大陸から海をわたって定住したアメリカ人の生きる姿を、歴史的、社会的に捉えた作品である。

『わが名はアラム』(My Name Is Aram, 1940) など短篇小説で人気のあるウィリアム・サローヤン (William Saroyan, 1908-81) は、サンフランシスコをその作品舞台とした戯曲『人生の最良の時』(The Time of Your Life, 1939) がピューリッツァ賞受賞作品として発表されたが、受賞を拒絶して話題となった。

このようにみえてくると、いずれの作家も社会の底辺にうごめく人びとの苦悩に焦点をあてて描いているかに見受けられる。そしてそれは、暗い経済的不況の影だったかもしれない。今ではあまり読まれないジェイムズ・T・ファレル (James T. Farrell, 1904-79) のアイリッシュ・カトリック教徒の家族をもっぱら描いた作品など、その典型的な例といっていだらう。しかし、忘れてはならないことは、コールドウェルにしろ、スタインベックにしろ、彼らの作品にはそういった暗い影を払いのけるだけの何か温かいユーモアが漂っていることである。そういった人間味こそ、いつの時代にあっても読者の求める救いなのではないだろうか。そんなことをいえば、この時期にあくまでもロマンティックな長い長い自伝的小説を書き続けながら、若くして夭折したトマス・ウルフ (Thomas Wolfe, 1900-38) が思い出される。彼はまた、ホイットマンと同じく無類のアメリカ礼賛者でもあった。ヘンリー・ミラー (Henry Miller, 1891-1980) もまた、セックスを赤裸々に描写した自伝的小説を書き続けたが、トマス・ウルフとちがって、彼はアメリカを謳歌するはずがなかった。彼は失われた世代の作家たちがアメリカへ帰った後もパリに残らざるをえなかった。彼の作品が故国アメリカではわけつ文章として出版することができなかったからである。彼については、また後にふれる折があるだろう。

30年代の大恐慌はフランクリン・ローズヴェルト大統領のニューディール政策にもかかわらず、景気の回復は遅々として進まなかったが、1941年の第二次世界大戦勃発とともに、アメリカ合衆国は軍需景気に沸くことになった。大戦により、当然ながら文学的状况も大変動を余儀なくされ、戦後は新たなポストモダニズムの文学を迎えることになる。

John Steinbeck (1902-68)

John Ernst Steinbeck was born in Salinas, California, and intermittently attended Stanford University. His first book was a romantic depiction of the career of buccaneer Henry Morgan (*Cup of Gold* [1929]), but *Tortilla Flat* (1935), set in Monterey, California, was his first popular success. This was followed by *In Dubious Battle* (1936), about striking migrant workers, *Of Mice and Men* (1937), and a collection, *The Long Valley* (1938). The struggle of migrant workers for survival and dignity is again the theme of *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939), which won a Pulitzer Prize. *Cannery Row* (1945) and *Sweet Thursday* (1954), set on the Monterey waterfront, are more lighthearted, but Steinbeck's serious moral and social concerns are foremost in *East of Eden* (1952) and *The Winter of Our Discontent* (1961). *Travels with Charley* was published in 1962, the same year that Steinbeck won the Nobel Prize in literature.

The Grapes of Wrath

They drove through Tehachapi in the morning glow, and the sun came up behind them, and then — suddenly they saw the great valley below them. Al jammed on the brake and stopped in the middle of the road, and, "Jesus Christ! Look!" he said. The vineyards, the orchards, the great flat valley, green and beautiful, the trees set in rows, and the farm houses.

And Pa said, "God Almighty!" The distant cities, the little towns in the orchard land, and the morning sun, golden on the valley. A car honked behind them. Al pulled to the side of the road and parked.

"I want ta look at her." The grain fields golden in the morning, and the willow lines, the eucalyptus trees in rows.

Pa sighed, "I never knowed they was anything like her." The peach trees and the walnut groves, and the dark green patches of oranges. And red roofs among the trees, and barns — rich barns. Al got out and stretched his legs.

He called, "Ma — come look. We're there!"

Ruthie and Winfield scrambled down from the car, and then they stood, silent and awestruck, embarrassed before the great valley. The distance was thinned with haze, and the land grew softer and softer in the distance. A windmill flashed in the sun, and its turning blades were like a little heliograph, far away. Ruthie and Winfield looked at it, and Ruthie whispered, "It's California."

Winfield moved his lips silently over the syllables. "There's fruit," he said aloud.

Casy and Uncle John, Connie and Rose of Sharon climbed down. And they

stood silently. Rose of Sharon had started to brush her hair back, when she caught sight of the valley and her hand dropped slowly to her side.

Tom said, "Where's Ma? I want Ma to see it. Look, Ma! Come here, Ma." Ma was climbing slowly, stiffly, down the back board. Tom looked at her. "My God, Ma, you sick?" Her face was stiff and putty-like, and her eyes seemed to have sunk deep into her head, and the rims were red with weariness. Her feet touched the ground and she braced herself by holding the truckside.

Her voice was a croak. "Ya say we're acrost?"

Tom pointed to the great valley. "Look!"

She turned her head, and her mouth opened a little. Her fingers went to her throat and gathered a little pinch of skin and twisted gently. "Thank God!" she said. "The fambly's here." Her knees buckled and she sat down on the running board. (Chapter 18)

Tehachapi 「テハチャピ」カリフォルニア州のモハーヴィ砂漠の西端に位置する町、山、および峠の名。／ **Jesus Christ! Look!** 「すげえな、見ろ!」／ **Al** 「アル・ジョード」以下、ジョードの家族と元説教師のジム・ケイシーおよびローズ・オヴ・シャロンの夫コニーがトラックに同乗している。／ **want to look at her** = want to look at it. / **eucalyptus** 「ユーカリ」／ **I never knewed they was . . .** = I never knew there was . . . / **heliograph** 「日光反射信号機」／ **Ma was climbing slowly, stiffly, down the back board.** 「マー(母親)はゆっくりと、体をこわばらせてトラックの後ろの荷台から這い降りてきた」／ **My God** 「どうしたんだい」驚きを表す間投詞。／ **putty-like** 「パテのように」／ **braced herself** 「気持ちを引き締めた」／ **Ya say we're acrost?** = Did you say that we were across? / **fambly** = family. / **the running board** 「(自動車の運転席にあがるための)踏み台、ステップ」

Erskine Caldwell (1903-87)

Born in Georgia, he is best known for his portrayal of the experiences of poor whites and blacks in the rural deep South. *Tobacco Road* (1932), the novel which first brought him to prominence, is about a family of white sharecroppers driven to desperate and degenerate acts by the oppression of a changing economic system. It was successfully dramatized by Jack Kirkland in 1933 and ran for over 3000 consecutive Broadway performances. In the same year Caldwell published his second novel, *God's Little Acre*, which consolidated his reputation. *Journeyman* (1935), *Trouble in July* (1940), *A House in the Uplands* (1946), and *Jenny by Nature* (1961) are among his many other novels with Southern settings. He also wrote numerous short stories; collections include *American Earth* (1930), *Jackpot* (1940) and *The Courting of Susie Brown* (1952). Among his works of non-fiction is the documentary study of Southern sharecroppers, *You Have Seen Their Faces* (1937). *All Out On the Road to Smolensk* (1942) is Caldwell's personal account of his work as a war correspondent in Russia. *Call It Experience* (1951) is his literary autobiography. The essays collected in *Around About America* (1964) and *Afternoons in Mid-America* (1976) tell of his travels throughout the USA.

Tobacco Road

Lov Bensey trudged homeward through the deep white sand of the gully-washed tobacco road with a sack of winter turnips on his back. He had put himself to a lot of trouble to get the turnips; it was a long and tiresome walk all the way to Fuller and back again.

The day before, Lov had heard that a man over there was selling winter turnips for fifty cents a bushel, so he had started out with half a dollar early that morning to buy some. He had already walked seven and a half miles, and it was a mile and a half yet back to his house at the coal chute.

Four or five of the Lesters were standing in the yard looking at Lov when he put his sack down and stopped in front of the house. They had been watching Lov ever since he was first seen an hour before on the sand hill nearly two miles away, and now that he was actually within reach, they were prepared to stop him from carrying the turnips any farther.

Lov had his wife to feed and provide for, in addition to himself, and he was careful not to allow any of the Lesters to come too close to the sack of turnips. Usually when he came by the Lester place with turnips or sweet potatoes, or for that matter with any kind of food, he left the road half a mile from the house and made a wide circle through the fields, returning to the road a safe distance beyond. To-day, though, he had to speak to Jeeter about something of great importance, and he had ventured closer to the house than he had ever done before when carrying home turnips or sweet potatoes.

Lov Bensey 「ラヴ・ベンジー」人名。／ **the gully-washed tobacco road** 「流水で浸食されたタバコ・ロード」タバコ・ロードはタバコを集散地へ運搬するための農道。／ Fuller 架空の地名であろう。／ **a bushel** 約36リットル。／ **coal chute** 「石炭を高い所から下へ落とす樋(トイ)」／ **the Lesters** 「レスター家のものたち」／ **Jeeter** (Lester) 「ジーター」人名。

William Saroyan (1908-81)

Born in Fresno, California, of Armenian parents, he spent most of his youth in San Francisco. He left school at 15, worked for a telegraph company, and began writing short stories in the late 1920s. His first collection of short stories, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze* (1934), which attracted considerable critical and popular attention, typifies the rather genial vision which characterized his work as a whole. Other volumes of short fiction include *Inhale and Exhale* (1936), *Three Times Three* (1936), *The Trouble with Tigers* (1938), *My Name is Aram* (1940) and *Dear Baby* (1944). His first novel, *The Human Comedy*, appeared in 1943, and was followed by *The Adventures of Wesley Jackson* (1946), *Rock Wagram* (1951), *Mama, I Love You* (1956), *Papa, You're Crazy* (1957) and a story about an ageing author, *One Day in the Afternoon of the World* (1964).

He perhaps achieved his greatest fame as a playwright. The one-act play, *My Heart's in the Highlands*, was produced in 1939 and published in 1941. *The Time of Your Life* (1939), set in a San Francisco waterfront saloon, was awarded a Pulitzer Prize which he refused. His other plays include *Love's Old Sweet Song* (1941), *The Beautiful People* (1942), *Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning* (1942), *Hello Out There* (1943), *Don't Go Away Mad* (1949) and *The Cave Dwellers* (1957). He published three autobiographical works: *The Bicycle Rider in Beverly Hills* (1952), *Here Comes, There Goes, You Know Who* (1961) and *Obituaries* (1979).

My Name Is Aram

One day back there in the good old days when I was nine and the world was full of every imaginable kind of magnificence, and life was still a delightful and mysterious dream, my cousin Mourad, who was considered crazy by everybody who knew him except me, came to my house at four in the morning and woke me up by tapping on the window of my room.

Aram, he said.

I jumped out of bed and looked out the window.

I couldn't believe what I saw.

It wasn't morning yet, but it was summer and with daybreak not many minutes around the corner of the world it was light enough for me to know I wasn't dreaming.

My cousin Mourad was sitting on a beautiful white horse.

I stuck my head out of the window and rubbed my eyes.

Yes, he said in Armenian. It's a horse. You're not dreaming. Make it quick if you want to ride.

I knew my cousin Mourad enjoyed being alive more than anybody else who had ever fallen into the world by mistake, but this was more than even I could believe.

In the first place, my earliest memories had been memories of horses and my first longings had been longings to ride.

This was the wonderful part.

In the second place, we were poor.

This was the part that wouldn't permit me to believe what I saw.

looked out the window = looked out of the window. この作品は Aram がナレーターとなっている点(会話文に引用符がついていないなど)に注意。／ **in Armenian** 「アルメニア語で」



The Steinbeck House



Family Home of William Saroyan (1921-27)