

英米短編作品の文体分析

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“Lamb to the Slaughter” (from *Lamb to the Slaughter and Other Stories* (Penguin 60s)) by Roald Dahl

“The Little Girl” (from *Collected Stories of Katherine Mansfield*)
by Katherine Mansfield

“Cat in the Rain” (from *The Essential Hemingway*) by Ernest Hemingway

“Indian Camp” (from *The Essential Hemingway*) by Ernest Hemingway

“Jealousy” (from *New Orleans Sketches*) by William Faulkner

はじめに

グローバル化に伴って実践的な英語の習得に重点がシフトしてきた結果、文学作品の講読は敬遠され、役に立たない英語であるとみなされる傾向がひときわ強くなってきている。なるほど文学作品で用いられている語や表現は、ビジネスの場面ですぐに使える類のものではないのかもしれない。また、作品分析など読むことに力点が置かれている状況では、実際に使うための訓練を伴わないため、特に口頭でのやり取りで求められるコミュニケーション力の養成には向いていないのかもしれない。

その一方で、登場人物の思考や心理を丹念に追って理解を深める作業は、私たちが日常生活で相手の考えを理解したり、相手の思いを推し図ったりすることによってコミュニケーションを円滑に行い、よりよい人間関係を築こうとする際に行っている作業とほとんど違いはないと思われる。文学作品では、登場人物の人間関係に深い洞察を加えることができ、更にさまざまな状況に接することができるだけに、人と人の豊かなやり取りを豊富に経験できる。このように、文学作品はコミュニケーションと密接な関係があるという意味において、取り組む価値が十分にあると言える。

文学は、実生活から遊離したものだと受け取られることもあるが、時代の潮流を的確に捉えたり社会問題などを抉り出して風刺したりするなど、作品を生み出す社会と深く関わっている。作品を鑑賞するのはもちろんのこと、文学を読む行為が日常生活の営みの中でどのような意味を持つのかという問いに対して、一人ひとりが考え、「解」を見つける機会になればと思う。

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Contents

1. **Roald Dahl**
Lamb to the Slaughter 5
2. **Katherine Mansfield**
The Little Girl 24
3. **Ernest Hemingway**
Cat in the Rain 34
4. **Ernest Hemingway**
Indian Camp 42
5. **William Faulkner**
Jealousy 49

1. Lamb to the Slaughter Roald Dahl (1916~1990)

ノルウェー人の両親を持つ Roald Dahl は、1916 年 Wales で生まれた。子供時代をイングランドで過ごした Dahl は、18 歳の時にアフリカに渡り石油会社で職を得た。第二次世界大戦時には英国空軍に所属し、戦闘機のパイロットを務めた。彼が 26 歳の時にアメリカのワシントン D. C.に移り、軍隊での経験を基にした短編が *The Saturday Evening Post* というアメリカの雑誌に掲載されたことが、彼の輝かしい作家活動の嚆矢となった。

作家としての名声を確立した Dahl は、1960 年以降、子供向けの物語を書き始めた。最もよく知られた物語の一つである *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* は、1964 年に出版されて以降、世界中で 2 千万部以上の売れ行きを誇り、今では 55 の言語に翻訳されている。

彼はまた、子供向けの物語だけでなく大人向けの作品も執筆し、さらに James Bond シリーズの *You Only Live Twice* の脚本を手掛けるなど、精力的に執筆活動に取り組んだ。彼の作品はテレビでも朗読され大成功を収めた。1990 年、彼は最も愛されたストーリーテラーとして 74 歳で生涯を閉じた。

1953 年に出版された 'Lamb to the Slaughter' は、若い夫婦に生じた別れ話に端を発する。Dahl の語りの妙が発揮される急展開は読者を否応なしに物語に引き込む。妻の Mary Maloney は短い時間のなかで決断を迫られるが、自由間接話法の使用によって彼女の心の動きを垣間見ることが可能となり、作品の面白さは格段に増す。

自由間接話法 (Free Indirect Discourse) とは、直接話法と間接話法の間的な話法で、直接話法の形を取らずに登場人物の内面を描く手法である。19 世紀以降の作品には頻用されるため、この話法の理解を欠かすことはできない。以下の例文のうち、(c)が自由間接話法である。自由間接話法の特徴のうち、時制は間接話法と同じであるが、語順及び人称は直接話法と同じである。この話法を通して読者は登場人物の声を聞くことができる。

I. 自由間接話法

(a) She said to me, 'Are you going to France?'

彼女は私に「あなたはフランスに行くの？」と言った。

(b) She asked me if I was going to France.

彼女は僕がフランスに行くのかどうかと尋ねた。

(c) She asked me was I going to France?

彼女は僕がフランスに行くのと訊いた。

II. 次の例文を見て、自由間接話法の特徴を指摘しなさい。

(a) He said, 'I'll come back here to see you again tomorrow.'

(b) He said he would come back there to see you again the next day.

(c) He would come back here to see you again tomorrow.

III. 次の文章を読んでソフィー・アムンセンの内面を描いている個所を指摘しなさい。

ソフィー・アムンセンは学校から帰るところだった。とちゅうまではヨールンといっしょだ。二人は道みちロボットの話をしていた。ヨールンは、人間の脳は複雑なコンピュータみたいなものだ、と言った。ソフィーはよくわからなかった。人間は機械なんかより上なんじゃないかなあ。

スーパーのところで、二人は別れた。ソフィーの家は一戸建ての並んだ町外れにあって、学校からはヨールンの家までのほとんど二倍も遠かった。ソフィーの家は、まるで世界の果てにあるみたいだった。庭のむこうにはもう家はなく、森が始まっていた。

ソフィーはクローバー通りを曲がった。通りのどんづまりは急なカーブになっていて、「船長カーブ」と呼ばれている。人はめったにとおらない。とおるとしても土曜日から日曜日だけだった。

五月になってまだ日も浅く、あちこちの庭ではラッパ水仙が果樹の根元にびっしりとよりそうように咲いていた。白樺はうっすらと芽吹いて、まるですきとおる緑のヴェールをかぶったようだった。

この季節、なにもかもが芽吹き、いっせいに伸び始める。どうして暖かくなって根雪が消えると、死に絶えたような大地から緑の葉っぱや草が湧き出すのだろうか？考えると不思議な気がする。

ヨースタイン・ゴルデル、『ソフィーの世界』

IV. 次の文章は、列車の中で座っている Dora という名の女の子が、自分の前に立っているお年寄りの女性に席を譲るべきかどうかと考えている場面である。彼女の心の中を描いている箇所を指摘しなさい。

Dora stopped listening because dreadful thought had struck her. She ought to give up her seat. She rejected the thought, but it came back. There was no doubt about it. The elderly lady who was standing looked very frail indeed, and it was only proper that Dora, who was young and healthy, should give her seat to the lady who could then sit next to her friend. Dora felt the blood rushing to her face. She sat still and considered the matter.

Iris Murdoch, *The Bell*

Lamb to the Slaughter

The room was warm and clean, the curtains drawn, the two table lamps alight—hers and the one by the empty chair opposite. On the sideboard behind her, two tall glasses, soda water, whisky. Fresh ice cubes in the Thermos bucket.

Mary Maloney was waiting for her husband to come home from work.

Now and again she would glance up at the clock, but without anxiety, merely to please herself with the thought that each minute gone by made it nearer the time when he would come. There was a slow smiling air about her, and about everything she did. The drop of the head as she bent over her sewing was curiously tranquil. Her skin—for this was her sixth month with child—had acquired a wonderful translucent quality, the mouth was soft, and the eyes, with their new placid look, seemed larger, darker than before.

When the clock said ten minutes to five, she began to listen, and a few minutes later, punctually as always, she heard the tires on the gravel outside, and the car door slamming, the footsteps passing the window, the key turning in the lock. She laid aside her sewing, stood up, and went forward to kiss him as he came in.

“Hello, darling,” she said.

“Hello,” he answered.

She took his coat and hung it in the closet. Then she walked over and made the drinks, a strongish one for him, a weak one for herself; and soon she was back again in her chair with the sewing, and he in the other, opposite, holding the tall glass with both his hands, rocking it so the ice cubes tinkled against the side.

For her, this was always a blissful time of day. She knew he didn't want to speak much until the first drink was finished, and she, on her side, was content to sit quietly, enjoying his company after the long hours alone in

the house. She loved to luxuriate in the presence of this man, and to feel—almost as a sunbather feels the sun—that warm male glow that came out of him to her when they were alone together. She loved him for the way he sat loosely in a chair, for the way he came in a door, or moved slowly across the room with long strides. She loved the intent, far look in his eyes when they rested on her, the funny shape of the mouth, and especially the way he remained silent about his tiredness, sitting still with himself until the whisky had taken some of it away.

“Tired, darling?”

“Yes,” he said. “I’m tired.” And as he spoke, he did an unusual thing. He lifted his glass and drained it in one swallow although there was still half of it, at least half of it, left. She wasn’t really watching him but she knew what he had done because she heard the ice cubes falling back against the bottom of the empty glass when he lowered his arm. He paused a moment, leaning forward in the chair, then he got up and went slowly over to fetch himself another.

“I’ll get it!” she cried, jumping up.

“Sit down,” he said.

When he came back, she noticed that the new drink was dark amber with the quantity of whisky in it.

“Darling, shall I get your slippers?”

“No.”

She watched him as he began to sip the dark yellow drink, and she could see little oily swirls in the liquid because it was so strong.

“I think it’s a shame,” she said, “that when a policeman gets to be as senior as you, they keep him walking about on his feet all day long.”

He didn’t answer, so she bent her head again and went on with her sewing; but each time he lifted the drink to his lips, she heard the ice cubes clinking against the side of the glass.

“Darling,” she said. “Would you like me to get you some cheese? I

haven't made any supper because it's Thursday."

"No," he said.

"If you're too tired to eat out," she went on, "it's still not too late. There's plenty of meat and stuff in the freezer, and you can have it right here and not even move out of the chair."

Her eyes waited on him for an answer, a smile, a little nod, but he made no sign.

"Anyway," she went on, "I'll get you some cheese and crackers first."

"I don't want it," he said.

She moved uneasily in her chair, the large eyes still watching his face. "But you *must* have supper. I can easily do it here. I'd like to do it. We can have lamb chops. Or pork. Anything you want. Everything's in the freezer."

"Forget it," he said.

"But darling, you *must* eat! I'll fix it anyway, and then you can have it or not, as you like."

She stood up and placed her sewing on the table by the lamp.

"Sit down," he said. "Just for a minute, sit down."

It wasn't till then that she began to get frightened.

"Go on," he said. "Sit down."

She lowered herself back slowly into the chair, watching him all the time with those large, bewildered eyes. He had finished the second drink and was staring down into the glass, frowning.

"Listen," he said. "I've got something to tell you."

"What is it, darling? What's the matter?"

He had become absolutely motionless, and he kept his head down so that the light from the lamp beside him fell across the upper part of his face, leaving the chin and mouth in shadow. She noticed there was a little muscle moving near the corner of his left eye.

"This is going to be a little bit of a shock to you, I'm afraid," he said.

"But I've thought about it a good deal and I've decided the only thing to

do is tell you right away. I hope you won't blame me too much."

And he told her. It didn't take long, four or five minutes at most, and she sat very still through it all, watching him with a kind of dazed horror as he went further and further away from her with each word.

"So there it is," he added. "And I know it's kind of a bad time to be telling you, but there simply wasn't any other way. Of course I'll give you money and see you're looked after. But there needn't really be any fuss. I hope not anyway. It wouldn't be very good for my job."

Her first instinct was not to believe any of it, to reject it all. It occurred to her that perhaps he hadn't even spoken, that she herself had imagined the whole thing. Maybe, if she went about her business and acted as though she hadn't been listening, then later, when she sort of woke up again, she might find none of it had ever happened.

"I'll get the supper," she managed to whisper, and this time he didn't stop her.

When she walked across the room she couldn't feel her feet touching the floor. She couldn't feel anything at all—except a slight nausea and a desire to vomit. Everything was automatic now—down the stairs to the cellar, the light switch, the deep freeze, the hand inside the cabinet taking hold of the first object it met. She lifted it out, and looked at it. It was wrapped in paper, so she took off the paper and looked at it again.

A leg of lamb.

All right then, they would have lamb for supper. She carried it upstairs, holding the thin bone-end of it with both her hands, and as she went through the living-room, she saw him standing over by the window with his back to her, and she stopped.

"For God's sake," he said, hearing her, but not turning round. "Don't make supper for me. I'm going out."

At that point, Mary Maloney simply walked up behind him and without any pause she swung the big frozen leg of lamb high in the air and brought

it down as hard as she could on the back of his head.

She might just as well have hit him with a steel club.

She stepped back a pace, waiting, and the funny thing was that he remained standing there for at least four or five seconds, gently swaying. Then he crashed to the carpet.

The violence of the crash, the noise, the small table overturning, helped bring her out of the shock. She came out slowly, feeling cold and surprised, and she stood for a while blinking at the body, still holding the ridiculous piece of meat tight with both hands.

All right, she told herself. So I've killed him.

It was extraordinary, now, how clear her mind became all of a sudden. She began thinking very fast. As the wife of the detective, she knew quite well what the penalty would be. That was fine. It made no difference to her. In fact, it would be a relief. On the other hand, what about the child? What were the laws about murderers with unborn children? Do they kill them both?—mother and child? Or did they wait until the tenth month? What did they do?

Mary Maloney didn't know. And she certainly wasn't prepared to take a chance.

She carried the meat into the kitchen, placed it in a pan, turned the oven on high, and shoved it inside. Then she washed her hands and ran upstairs to the bedroom. She sat down before the mirror, tidied her face, touched up her lips and face. She tried a smile. It came out rather peculiar. She tried again.

"Hello Sam," she said brightly, aloud.

The voice sounded peculiar too.

"I want some potatoes please, Sam. Yes, and I think a can of peas."

That was better. Both the smile and the voice were coming out better now. She rehearsed it several times more. Then she ran downstairs, took her coat, went out the back door, down the garden, into the street.

It wasn't six o'clock yet and the lights were still on in the grocery shop.

"Hello Sam," she said brightly, smiling at the man behind the counter.

"Why, good evening, Mrs Maloney. How're *you*?"

"I want some potatoes please, Sam. Yes, and I think a can of peas."

The man turned and reached up behind him on the shelf for the peas.

"Patrick's decided he's tired and doesn't want to eat out tonight," she told him. "We usually go out Thursdays, you know, and now he's caught me without any vegetables in the house."

"Then how about meat, Mrs Maloney?"

"No, I've got meat, thanks. I got a nice leg of lamb, from the freezer."

"Oh."

"I don't much like cooking it frozen, Sam, but I'm taking a chance on it this time. You think it'll be all right?"

"Personally," the grocer said, "I don't believe it makes any difference. You want these Idaho potatoes?"

"Oh yes, that'll be fine. Two of those."

"Anything else?" The grocer cocked his head on one side, looking at her pleasantly. "How about afterwards? What you going to give him for afterwards?"

"Well—what would you suggest, Sam?"

The man glanced around his shop. "How about a nice big slice of cheesecake? I know he likes that."

"Perfect," she said. "He loves it."

And when it was all wrapped and she had paid, she put on her brightest smile and said, "Thank you, Sam. Good night."

"Good night, Mrs Maloney. And thank *you*."

And now, she told herself as she hurried back, all she was doing now, she was returning home to her husband and he was waiting for his supper; and she must cook it good, and make it as tasty as possible because the poor man was tired; and if, when she entered the house, she happened to

find anything unusual, or tragic, or terrible, then naturally it would be a shock and she'd become frantic with grief and horror. Mind you, she wasn't *expecting* to find anything. She was just going home with the vegetables. Mrs Patrick Maloney going home with the vegetables on Thursday evening to cook supper for her husband.

That's the way, she told herself. Do everything right and natural. Keep things absolutely natural and there'll be no need for any acting at all.

Therefore, when she entered the kitchen by the back door, she was humming a little tune to herself and smiling.

"Patrick!" she called. "How are you, darling?"

She put the parcel down on the table and went through into the living room; and when she saw him lying there on the floor with his legs doubled up and one arm twisted back underneath his body, it really was rather a shock. All the old love and longing for him welled up inside her, and she ran over to him, knelt down beside him, and began to cry her heart out. It was easy. No acting was necessary.

A few minutes later she got up and she went to the phone. She knew the number of the police station, and when the man at the other end answered, she cried to him, "Quick! Come quick! Patrick's dead!"

"Who's speaking?"

"Mrs Maloney. Mrs Patrick Maloney."

"You mean Patrick Maloney's dead?"

"I think so," she sobbed. "He's lying on the floor and I think he's dead."

"Be right over," the man said.

The car came very quickly, and when she opened the front door, two policemen walked in. She knew them both—she knew nearly all the men at that precinct—and she fell right into Jack Noonan's arms, weeping hysterically. He put her gently into a chair, then went over to join the other one, who was called O'Malley, kneeling by the body.

"Is he dead?" she cried.

“I’m afraid he is. What happened?”

Briefly, she told her story about going out to the grocer and coming back to find him on the floor. While she was talking, crying and talking, Noonan discovered a small patch of congealed blood on the dead man’s head. He showed it to O’Malley who got up at once and hurried to the phone.

Soon, other men began to come into the house. First a doctor, then two detectives, one of whom she knew by name. Later, a police photographer arrived and took pictures, and a man who knew about fingerprints. There was a great deal of whispering and muttering beside the corpse, and the detectives kept asking her a lot of questions. But they always treated her kindly. She told her story again, this time right from the beginning, when Patrick had come in, and she was sewing, and he was tired, so tired he hadn’t wanted to go out for supper. She told how she’d put the meat in the oven—“it’s there now, cooking”—and how she’d slipped out to the grocer for vegetables, and come back to find him lying on the floor.

“Which grocer?” one of the detectives asked.

She told him, and he turned and whispered something to the other detective who immediately went outside into the street.

In fifteen minutes he was back with a page of notes, and there was more whispering, and through her sobbing she heard a few of the whispered phrases—“... acted quite normal ... very cheerful ... wanted to give him a good supper ... peas ... cheesecake ... impossible that she ...”

After a while, the photographer and the doctor departed and two other men came in and took the corpse away on the stretcher. Then the fingerprint man went away. The two detectives remained, and so did the two policemen. They were exceptionally nice to her, and Jack Noonan asked if she wouldn’t rather go somewhere else, to her sister’s house perhaps, or to his own wife who would take care of her and put her up for the night.

No, she said. She didn’t feel she could move even a yard at the moment.

Would they mind awfully if she stayed just where she was until she felt better? She didn't feel too good at the moment, she really didn't.

Then hadn't she better lie down on the bed? Jack Noonan asked.

No, she said, she'd like to stay right where she was, in this chair. A little later perhaps, when she felt better, she would move.

So they left her there while they went about their business, searching the house. Occasionally one of the detectives asked her another question. Sometimes Jack Noonan spoke to her gently as he passed by. Her husband, he told her, had been killed by a blow on the back of the head administered with a heavy blunt instrument, almost certainly a large piece of metal. They were looking for a weapon. The murderer may have taken it with him, but on the other hand he may've thrown it away or hidden it somewhere on the premises.

"It's the old story," he said, "Get the weapon, and you've got the man."

Later, one of the detectives came up and sat beside her. Did she know, he asked, of anything in the house that could've been used as the weapon? Would she mind having a look around to see if anything was missing—a very big spanner, for example, or a heavy metal vase.

They didn't have any heavy metal vases, she said.

"Or a big spanner?"

She didn't think they had a big spanner. But there might be some things like that in the garage.

The search went on. She knew that there were other policemen in the garden all around the house. She could hear footsteps on the gravel outside, and sometimes she saw the flash of a torch through a chink in the curtains. It began to get late, nearly nine she noticed by the clock on the mantel. The four men searching the rooms seemed to be growing weary, a trifle exasperated.

"Jack," she said, the next time Sergeant Noonan went by. "Would you mind giving me a drink?"

“Sure I’ll give you a drink. You mean this whisky?”

“Yes, please. But just a small one. It might make me feel better.”

He handed her the glass.

“Why don’t you have one yourself,” she said. “You must be awfully tired. Please do. You’ve been very good to me.”

“Well,” he answered. “It’s not strictly allowed, but I might have just a drop to keep me going.”

One by one the others came in and were persuaded to take a little nip of whisky. They stood around rather awkwardly with the drinks in their hands, uncomfortable in her presence, trying to say consoling things to her. Sergeant Noonan wandered into the kitchen, came out quickly and said, “Look, Mrs Maloney. You know that oven of yours is still on, and the meat still inside.”

“Oh *dear* me!” she cried. “So it is.”

“I better turn it off for you, hadn’t I?”

“Will you do that, Jack. Thank you so much.”

When the sergeant returned the second time, she looked at him with her large, dark, tearful eyes. “Jack Noonan,” she said.

“Yes?”

“Would you do me a small favor—you and these others?”

“We can try, Mrs Maloney.”

“Well,” she said. “Here you all are, and good friends of dear Patrick’s too, and helping to catch the man who killed him. You must be terrible hungry by now because it’s long past your supper time, and I know Patrick would never forgive me, God bless his soul, if I allowed you to remain in his house without offering you decent hospitality. Why don’t you eat up that lamb that’s in the oven? It’ll be cooked just right by now.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Sergeant Noonan said.

“Please,” she begged. “Please eat it. Personally I couldn’t touch a thing, certainly not what’s been in the house when he was here. But it’s all right

for you. It'd be a favor to me if you'd eat it up. Then you can go on with your work again afterwards."

There was a good deal of hesitating among the four policemen, but they were clearly hungry, and in the end they were persuaded to go into the kitchen and help themselves. The woman stayed where she was, listening to them through the open door, and she could hear them speaking among themselves, their voices thick and sloppy because their mouths were full of meat.

"Have some more, Charlie?"

"No. Better not finish it."

"She *wants* us to finish it. She said so. Be doing her a favor."

"Okay then. Give me some more."

"That's the hell of a big club the guy must've used to hit poor Patrick," one of them was saying. "The doc says his skull was smashed all to pieces just like from a sledge-hammer."

"That's why it ought to be easy to find."

"Exactly what I say."

"Whoever done it, they're not going to be carrying a thing like that around with them longer than they need."

One of them belched.

"Personally, I think it's right here on the premises."

"Probably right under our very noses. What you think, Jack?"

And in the other room, Mary Maloney began to giggle.

問 文学作品を鑑賞するうえで重要な点は、言葉や表現に細心の注意を払うことである。以下に挙げる言語現象に関する問いに答えなさい。

1. 冒頭の段落で、主部と述部を結ぶ連結詞が省略されている理由は何か。

2. Now and again she would glance up at the clock, but without anxiety, merely to please herself with the thought ...

問 下線部で受動態 (be pleased) ではなく能動態が用いられている理由は何か。

3. There was a slow smiling air about her, and about everything she did.

問 文中の 'slow' が修飾しているのは何か。

4. the car door slamming, the footsteps passing the window, the key turning in the lock.

問 句が接続詞なしで並置されている理由は何か。

5. For her, this was always a blissful time of day.

問 下線部の副詞句が文頭に置かれている理由は何か。

6. she, on her side, was content to sit quietly,

問 下線部の副詞句が挿入されている理由は何か。

7. She loved ... the funny shape of the mouth,

問 'funny' は何が 'funny' なのか。

8. 夫が帰宅した後の夫婦の会話の特徴は何か。

9. “But you *must* have supper. I can easily do it here. ...” “But darling, you *must* eat! I’ll fix it anyway, ...”

問 イタリアン体になっている ‘must’ にはどのような意味があるのか。

10. 反復されている slowly (slow を含む) の意味は同じなのか。

(1) There was a slow smiling air about her, and about everything she did.

(2) She loved him ... for the way he came in a door, or moved slowly across the room with long strides.

(3) He paused a moment, leaning forward in the chair, then he got up and went slowly over to fetch himself another.

(4) She lowered herself back slowly into the chair, watching him all the time with those large, bewildered eyes.

11. “This is going to be a little bit of a shock to you, I’m afraid,” he said.

問 ‘I’m afraid’ が文頭ではなく文末に置かれている理由は何か。

12. she sat very still through it all, watching him with a kind of dazed horror ...

問 下線部の ‘dazed’ は何が ‘dazed’ なのか。

13. “... Of course I’ll give you money and see you’re looked after.”

問 下線部が能動態ではなく受動態である理由は何か。

14. Everything was automatic now—down the stairs to the cellar, the light switch, the deep freeze, the hand inside the cabinet taking hold of the first object it met.

問 ハイフン以降に接続詞が使われていないのはなぜか。

15. She stepped back a pace, waiting ... he remained standing there for at least four or five seconds, gently swaying.

問 下線部の分詞構文は ‘and gently swayed.’ とどのように違うのか。

16. The violence of the crash, the noise, the small table overturning, helped bring her out of the shock.

問 主部が接続詞なしで並置されている理由は何か。

17. “Why, good evening, Mrs Maloney. How’re *you*?”

問 ‘*you*’がイタリック体になっているのはなぜか。

18. “I don’t much like cooking it frozen, Sam, but I’m taking a chance on it this time. ...”

問 下線部と既出の And she certainly wasn’t prepared to take a chance. の下線部の意味は同じなのか。

19. she put on her briestest smile ...

問 最上級の使用は何を表すのか。

20. Mind you, she wasn’t *expecting* to find anything.

問 イタリック体になっているのはなぜか。

21. Mrs Patrick Maloney going home with the vegetables on Thursday evening to cook supper for her husband.

問 Mrs Maloney がフルネームで記されている理由は何か。

22. There was a great deal of whispering and muttering beside the corpse,

問 Mrs Maloney が夫を殺害した後、夫には‘body’が使われていたが、

ここで初めて ‘corpse’ が使われているのはなぜか。このあとにも ‘corpse’ が使われている (two other men came in and took the corpse away on the stretcher.)。

Cf.

- (1) she stood for a while blinking at the body,
- (2) when she saw him lying there on the floor with his legs doubled up and one arm twisted back underneath his body,
- (3) He put her gently into a chair, then went over to join the other one, who was called O’Malley, kneeling by the body.

23. and he was tired, so tired he hadn’t wanted to go out for supper. She told how she’d put the meat in the over—“it’s there now, cooking”—and how she’d slipped out to the grocer for vegetables,
問 会話文以外で縮約形が用いられている理由は何か。

24. and through her sobbing she heard a few of the whispered phrases—“... acted quite normal ... very cheerful ... wanted to give him a good supper ... peas ... cheesecake ... impossible that she ...”
問 会話の中で省略記号が使われているのはなぜか。

25. Sometimes Jack Noonan spoke to her gently as he passed by.
問 Mrs Maloney に対する親切さや優しさを表す語が反復されている理由は何か。

- (1) he put her gently into a chair,
- (2) But they always treated her kindly.
- (3) They were exceptionally nice to her,

26. “Why don’t you have one yourself,” she said.
問 Mrs Maloney が Sergeant Noonan にウイスキーを勧めた時の表現は “Would you like to have one yourself” とどのように違うか。

Cf. (1) “Why don’t you eat up that lamb that’s in the oven?”

(2) “Please,” she begged. “Please eat it.”

27. “Oh *dear* me!” she cried. “So it is.”

問 Mrs Maloney の発言の一部がイタリック体になっているのはなぜか。

28. When the sergeant returned the second time, she looked at him with her large, dark, tearful eyes.

問 Mrs Maloney に使われている ‘large’ の反復は何を意味するのか。

(1) the eyes, with their new placid look, seemed larger, darker than before.

(2) She moved uneasily in her chair, the large eyes still watching his face.

(3) She lowered herself back slowly into the chair, watching him all the time with those large, bewildered eyes.

29. There was a good deal of hesitating among the four policemen,

問 hesitating と hesitation との違いは何か。

30. タイトルの ‘Lamb to the Slaughter’ にはどのような意味があるのか。

2. The Little Girl

Katherine Mansfield (1888-1923)

Katherine Mansfield は 1888 年、イギリスの植民地である New Zealand の Wellington で三女として生を受けた。娘たちに本国で教育を受けさせたいと考えていた父 Harold は、1903 年に家族を従えて England に渡り、彼女は姉二人とともに London の Queen's College に留学した。1906 年、Katherine は New Zealand に戻されるが、1908 年に再び London に向かう。Katherine は D. H. Lawrence や Virginia Woolf などの文人と交流を深めながら創作に意欲的に取り組んだ。一作目の *In a German Pension* (1911) はほとんど世に知られることはなかったが、二作目の *Bliss and Other Stories* (1920) で注目を集め、1922 年に出版された *The Garden Party and Other Stories* で作家としての名声を確立した。しかし病弱のため療養生活を余儀なくされ、長年患っていた結核によって 1923 年、34 歳の若さでこの世を去った。

彼女は作品の中で、日々の生活の中で捉えた彼女の感覚を彼女独特の繊細な感覚と鋭い感受性で表現している。人物描写や自然描写において、とりわけ心理描写において彼女の繊細さが存分に発揮されていると評価されている。彼女の作品を理解するには読者も同じような感受性を求められるため、五感を存分に働かせる必要がある。

'The Little Girl' の主人公である Kezia にとって父親は怖い存在であるため、父親と話すときは必ずどもってしまい、うまく話すことができない。

翌週が父親の誕生日だと聞かされた Kezia はプレゼントをしようと思い、母親の寝室にあった紙屑を使って針刺しを作る。ここから家中が大混乱に陥ることになる。ある日、母親が病気のため家を空けたとき、怖い夢を見て大きな声を上げた Kezia を心配してくれた父親の行動に接して、Kezia の気持ちに大きな変化が生じる。Kezia の心の動きを捉えることを軸として父親と娘の関係を探ってみよう。

The Little Girl

To the little girl he was a figure to be feared and avoided. Every morning before going to business he came into the nursery and gave her a perfunctory kiss, to which she responded with “Good-bye, father.” And oh, the glad sense of relief when she heard the noise of the buggy growing fainter and fainter down the long road!

In the evening, leaning over the banisters at his home-coming, she heard his loud voice in the hall. “Bring my tea into the smoking-room.... Hasn’t the paper come yet? Have they taken it into the kitchen again? Mother, go and see if my paper’s out there—and bring me my slippers.”

“Kezia,” mother would call to her, “if you’re a good girl you can come down and take off father’s boots.” Slowly the girl would slip down the stairs, holding tightly to the banisters with one hand—more slowly still, across the hall, and push open the smoking-room door.

By that time he had his spectacles on and looked at her over them in a way that was terrifying to the little girl.

“Well, Kezia, get a move on and pull off these boots and take them outside. Been a good girl today?”

“I d-d-don’t know, father.”

“You d-d-don’t know? If you stutter like that mother will have to take you to the doctor.”

She never stuttered with other people—had quite given it up—but only with father, because then she was trying so hard to say the words properly.

“What’s the matter? What are you looking so wretched about? Mother. I wish you would teach this child not to appear on the brink of suicide.... Here, Kezia, carry my teacup back to the table—carefully; your hands jog like an old lady’s. And try to keep your handkerchief in your pocket, *not* up your sleeve.”

“Y-y-yes, father.”

On Sundays she sat in the same pew with him in church, listening while he sang in a loud, clear voice, watching while he made little notes during the sermon with the stump of a blue pencil on the back of an envelope—his eyes narrowed to a slit—one hand beating a silent tattoo on the pew ledge. He said his prayers so loudly she was certain God heard him above the clergyman.

He was so big—his hands and his neck, especially his mouth when he yawned. Thinking about him alone in the nursery was like thinking about a giant.

On Sunday afternoons grandmother sent her down to the drawing-room, dressed in her brown velvet, to have a “nice talk with father and mother.” But the little girl always found mother reading *The Sketch* and father stretched out on the couch, his handkerchief on his face, his feet propped on one of the best sofa pillows, and so soundly sleeping that he snored.

She, perched on the piano-stool, gravely watched him until he woke and stretched, and asked the time—then looked at her.

“Don’t stare so, Kezia. You look like a little brown owl.”

One day, when she was kept indoors with a cold, the grandmother told her that father’s birthday was next week, and suggested she should make him a pin-cushion for a present out of a beautiful piece of yellow silk.

Laboriously, with a double cotton, the little girl stitched three sides. But what to fill it with? That was the question. The grandmother was out in the garden, and she wandered into mother’s bedroom to look for “scraps.” On the bed-table she discovered a great many sheets of fine paper, gathered them up, shredded them into tiny pieces, and stuffed her case, then sewed up the fourth side.

That night there was a hue and cry over the house. Father’s great speech for the Port Authority had been lost. Rooms were ransacked—servants questioned. Finally mother came into the nursery.

“Kezia, I suppose you didn’t see some papers on a table in our room?”

“Oh yes,” she said, “I tore them up for my s’prise.”

“*What!*” screamed mother. “Come straight down to the dinning-room this instant.”

And she was dragged down to where father was pacing to and fro, hands behind his back.

“Well?” he said sharply.

Mother explained.

He stopped and stared in a stupefied manner at the child.

“Did you do that?”

“N-n-no,” she whispered.

“Mother, go up to the nursery and fetch down the damned thing—see that the child’s put to bed this instant.”

Crying too much to explain, she lay in the shadowed room watching the evening light sift through the venetian blinds and trace a sad little pattern on the floor.

Then father came into the room with a ruler in his hands.

“I’m going to whip you for this,” he said.

“Oh, no, no!” she screamed, cowering down under the bedclothes.

He pulled them aside.

“Sit up,” he commanded, “and hold out your hands. You must be taught once and for all not to touch what does not belong to you.”

“But it was for your b-b-birthday.”

Down came the ruler on her little, pink palms.

Hours later, when the grandmother had wrapped her in a shawl and rocked her in the rocking-chair the child cuddled close to her soft body.

“What did Jesus make fathers for?” she sobbed.

“Here’s a clean hanky, darling, with some of my lavender water on it. Go to sleep, pet; you’ll forget all about it in the morning. I tried to explain to father, but he was too upset to listen to-night.”

But the child never forgot. Next time she saw him she whipped both

hands behind her back, and a red colour flew into her cheeks.

The Macdonalds lived in the next-door house. Five children there were. Looking through a hole in the vegetable garden fence the little girl saw them playing “tag” in the evening. The father with the baby Mac on his shoulders, two little girls hanging on to his coat tails, ran round and round the flower beds, shaking with laughter. Once she saw the boys turn the hose on him—*turn the hose on him*—and he made a great grab at them, tickling them until they got hiccoughs.

Then it was she decided there were different sorts of fathers.

Suddenly, one day, mother became ill, and she and grandmother drove into town in a closed carriage.

The little girl was left alone in the house with Alice, the “general.” That was all right in the daytime, but while Alice was putting her to bed she grew suddenly afraid.

“What’ll I do if I have nightmare?” she asked. “I *often* have nightmare, and then grannie takes me into her bed—I can’t stay in the dark—it all gets “whispery.”... What’ll I do if I do?”

“You just go to sleep, child,” said Alice, pulling off her socks and whacking them against the bedrail, “and don’t you holler out and wake your poor pa.”

But the same old nightmare came—the butcher with a knife and a rope who grew nearer and nearer, smiling that dreadful smile, while she could not move, could only stand still, crying out, “Grandma, grandma!” She woke shivering, to see father beside her bed, a candle in his hand.

“What’s the matter?” he said.

“Oh, a butcher—a knife—I want grannie.” He blew out the candle, bent down and caught up the child in his arms, carrying her along the passage to the big bedroom. A newspaper was on the bed—a half-smoked cigar balanced against his reading-lamp. He pitched the paper on the floor, threw the cigar into the fire-place, then carefully tucked up the child. He

lay down beside her. Half asleep still, still with the butcher's smile all about her, it seemed she crept close to him, snuggled her head under his arm, held tightly to his pyjama jacket.

Then the dark didn't matter; she lay still.

"Here rub your feet against my legs and get them warm," said father.

Tired out, he slept before the little girl. A funny feeling came over her. Poor father! Not so big, after all—and with no-one to look after him.... He was harder than the grandmother, but it was a nice hardness.... And every day he had to work and was too tired to be a Mr Macdonald.... She had torn up all his beautiful writing.... She stirred suddenly, and sighed.

"What's the matter?" asked father. "Another dream?"

"Oh," said the girl, "my head's on your heart; I can hear it going. What a big heart you've got, father dear."

問 以下に挙げる言語現象に関する問いに答えなさい。

1. To the little girl he was a figure to he feared and avoided.

問 下線部の副詞句が文頭に來ているのはなぜか。

2. "Bring my tea into the smoking-room.... Hasn't the paper come yet?"

問 父親の発言の中に省略記号があるのはなぜか。

3. Slowly the girl would slip down the stairs, holding tightly to the banisters with one hand—more slowly still, across the hall, and push open the smoking-room door.

問 副詞の 'Slowly' が文頭に置かれている理由は何か。また、'slowly' が反復されている理由は何か。

4. "... Here, Kezia, carry my teacup back to the table—carefully; ..."

問 ダッシュにはどのような意味があるのか。

5. He said his prayers so loudly she was certain God heard him above the clergyman.

問 父親の声の大きさが繰り返されているのはなぜか。

(1) In the evening, leaning over the banisters at his home-coming, she heard his loud voice in the hall.

(2) On Sundays she sat in the same pew with him in church, listening while he sang in a loud, clear voice,

6. On Sunday afternoons grandmother sent her down to the drawing-room, dressed in her brown velvet, to have a “nice talk with father and mother.”

問 地の文の中の引用符は何を示しているのか。

7. Laboriously, with a double cotton, the little girl stitched three sides.

問 副詞が文頭に置かれている理由は何か。

8. On the bed-table she discovered a great many sheets of fine paper,

問 副詞句が文頭に置かれている理由は何か。

9. That night there was a hue and cry over the house. Father’s great speech for the Port Authority had been lost. Rooms were ransacked—servants questioned.

問 上記の文章から読み取れる状況を説明しなさい。特に下線部に注意すること。

10. “*What!*” screamed mother. “Come straight down to the dinning-room this instant.”

問 イタリック体は何を示すのか。

11. He stopped and stared in a stupefied manner at the child.
 問 頭韻 (alliteration) は何を表しているのか。
12. she lay in the shadowed room watching the evening light sift through the venetian blinds and trace a sad little pattern on the floor.
 問 ‘sad’ が修飾しているのは何か。
13. Down came the ruler on her little, pink palms.
 問 語順転倒 (inversion) を起こしている理由は何か。
 Cf. The ruler came down on her little, pink palms.
14. Hours later, when the grandmother had wrapped her in a shawl and rocked her in the rocking-chair, the child cuddled close to her soft body.
 問 Kezia は、地の文ではほぼ一貫して ‘the little girl’ であったが、ここで初めて ‘the child’ が使われている理由は何か。直後にもう一度 ‘child’ が使われた (But the child never forgot.) 後は、‘the little girl’ に戻っている (Looking through a hole in the vegetable garden fence the little girl saw them playing “tag” in the evening.)。
15. Five children there were.
 問 主語が文頭に置かれている理由は何か。
 Cf. There were five children.
16. Once she saw the boys turn the hose on him—*turn the hose on him*—and he made a great grab at them,
 問 イタリック体になっている理由は何か。

17. Then it was she decided there were different sorts of fathers.

問 ‘Then’ が文頭に置かれている理由は何か。

18. “I *often* have nightmare, and then grannie takes me into her bed—I can’t stay in the dark—it all gets “whispery.”... What’ll I do if I do?”

問 ‘often’ がイタリック体になっている理由は何か。また、“whispery” に引用符が付されている理由は何か。

19. smiling that dreadful smile,

問 ‘that’ 何を指すのか。

20. 最後から二つ目の段落の省略記号は何を表しているのか。

21. ‘big’ の反復は何を表すのか。

(1) He was so big—his hands and his neck, especially his mouth when he yawned.

(2) He blew out the candle, bent down and caught up the child in his arms, carrying her along the passage to the big bedroom.

(3) Poor father! Not so big, after all—and with no-one to look after him.

(4) “Oh,” said the girl, “my head’s on your heart; I can hear it going. What a big heart you’ve got, father dear.”

22. この作品のテーマは何か。

資料

Hue-and-cry (叫喚追跡)

This was all done in a minute's space, and the very instant that Oliver began to run, the old gentleman, putting his hand to his pocket, and missing his handkerchief, turned sharp round. Seeing the boy scudding away at such a rapid pace, he very naturally concluded him to be the depredator; and, shouting 'Stop thief!' with all his might, made off after him, book in hand.

But the old gentleman was not the only person who raised the hue-and-cry. The Dodger and Master Bates, unwilling to attract public attention by running down the open street, had merely retired into the very first doorway round the corner. They no sooner heard the cry, and saw Oliver running, than, guessing exactly how the matter stood, they issued forth with great promptitude; and, shouting 'Stop thief!' too, joined in the pursuit like good citizens.

(*Oliver Twist*, Penguin Classics, 114-16.)

3. Cat in the Rain

Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961)

「失われた世代」に属する Hemingway は、青年時代に第一次世界大戦に参戦した。戦争の残酷さや悲惨さを直接体験することによって従来のアメリカの価値観や道徳が崩壊するなか、生きる目標を見失って現実世界に幻滅し、虚無感に苛まれた世代の作家の一人である。

彼は 1918 年に衛生隊の一員として従軍したが、イタリアの前線で敵の砲撃を受け重傷を負った。戦争における暴力や不毛な世界を経験した Hemingway は、虚飾を排し現実存在するものに目を向けることによって自分の世界を構築していった。このような彼の態度は文体にも反映されている。形容詞や副詞などの修飾語句を極力切り詰めた彼の文体は 'hard-boiled' と称されるが、戦争に従事する前に記者として働いていたことも、客観的かつ簡潔に書く訓練の場として重要な経験となったのではないかと指摘されている。

戦争に直接関わらなかったアメリカが戦後、経済的、政治的に大国となる一方、伝統的な価値観が崩壊するなど、文化的な危機に見舞われたことも事実である。景気上昇によるアメリカ社会の浮かれた状況に嫌気がさしてヨーロッパに渡った作家もいる。暴力や死にまつわる戦争の不条理を見せつけられた Hemingway の作品において、虚無と生きようとする生の衝動との相克が重要なテーマとなってゆく。

1925 年にアメリカで出版された短編集 *In Our Time* の一編である 'Cat in the Rain' は、アメリカ人の若い夫婦がイタリア旅行中に滞在しているホテルが舞台となっている。アメリカ人の妻が宿泊しているホテル部屋の窓から雨が降りしきる海や人通りが少ない広場を眺めている場面から始まる。彼女が窓の下に目をやると、テーブルの下に一匹の子猫が雨を避けようとして体を丸めている姿が目に入る。気の毒に思って下に降りてみると子猫は姿を消していた。彼女はホテルのオフィスを通りがかった際に接した支配人の慇懃な態度に好感をもちながら自分の部屋に戻ると、どうしてもその猫が欲しかったと夫の George に伝える。さらに妻は、髪形を変えたいとか、春になってほしいなどの願望を夫に伝えるが、夫は妻に関心を示さない。部屋のドアをノックする音

に夫が応えると、支配人の指示を受けたメイドが猫を抱えて立っている場面で作品は終わる。

この小品では大きな事件や目を引くような出来事が起きたわけでもなく、逆にホテル滞在中の何の変哲もない一幕が描かれているに過ぎないように思われる。しかし作品を子細に検討してみると、妻が抱えている内面の問題に迫ることができる。文体分析を通して、言葉の表層には表れていない部分、つまり氷山の隠れた部分を読み取ってみよう。

Cat in the Rain

THERE were only two Americans stopping at the hotel. They didn't know any of the people they passed on the stairs on their way to and from their room. Their room was on the second floor facing the sea. It also faced the public garden and the war monument. There were big palms and green benches in the public garden. In the good weather there was always an artist with his easel. Artists liked the way the palm trees grew and the bright colors of the hotels facing the gardens and the sea. Italians came from a long way off to look up at the war monument. It was made of bronze and glistened in the rain. It was raining. The rain dripped from the palm trees. Water stood in pools on the gravel paths. The sea broke in a long line in the rain and slipped back down the beach to come up and break again in a long line in the rain. The motor cars were gone from the square by the war monument. Across the square in the doorway of the café a waiter stood looking out at the empty square.

The American wife stood at the window looking out. Outside right under their window a cat was crouched under one of the dripping green tables. The cat was trying to make herself so compact that she wouldn't be dripped on.

"I'm going down and get that kitty," the American wife said.

"I'll do it," her husband offered from the bed.

“No, I’ll get it. The poor kitty out trying to keep dry under a table.”

The husband went on reading, lying propped up with the two pillows at the foot of the bed.

“Don’t get wet,” he said.

The wife went downstairs and the hotel owner stood up and bowed to her as she passed the office. His desk was at the far end of the office. He was an old man and very tall.

“Il piove,” the wife said. She liked the hotel-keeper.

“Si, si, Signora, brutto tempo. It’s very bad weather.”

He stood behind his desk in the far end of the dim room. The wife liked him. She liked the deadly serious way he received any complaints. She liked his dignity. She liked the way he wanted to serve her. She liked the way he felt about being a hotel-keeper. She liked his old, heavy face and big hands.

Liking him she opened the door and looked out. It was raining harder. A man in a rubber cape was crossing the empty square to the café. The cat would be around to the right. Perhaps she could go along under the eaves. As she stood in the doorway an umbrella opened behind her. It was the maid who looked after their room.

“You must not get wet,” she smiled, speaking Italian. Of course, the hotel-keeper had sent her.

With the maid holding the umbrella over her, she walked along the gravel path until she was under their window. The table was there, washed bright green in the rain, but the cat was gone. She was suddenly disappointed. The maid looked up at her.

“Ha perduto qualche cosa, Signora?”

“There was a cat,” said the American girl.

“A cat?”

“Si, il gatto.”

“A cat?” the maid laughed. “A cat in the rain?”

“Yes,” she said, “under the table.” Then, “Oh, I wanted it so much. I wanted a kitty.”

When she talked English the maid’s face tightened.

“Come, Signora,” she said. “We must get back inside. You will be wet.”

“I suppose so,” said the American girl.

They went back along the gravel path and passed in the door. The maid stayed outside to close the umbrella. As the American girl passed the office, the padrone bowed from the desk. Something felt very small and tight inside the girl. The padrone made her feel very small and at the same time really important. She had a momentary feeling of being of supreme importance. She went on up the stairs. She opened the door of the room. George was on the bed, reading.

“Did you get the cat?” he asked, putting the book down.

“It was gone.”

“Wonder where it went to,” he said, resting his eyes from reading.

She sat down on the bed.

“I wanted it so much,” she said. “I don’t know why I wanted it so much. I wanted that poor kitty. It isn’t any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain.”

George was reading again.

She went over and sat in front of the mirror of the dressing table looking at herself with the hand glass. She studied her profile, first one side and then the other. Then she studied the back of her head and her neck.

“Don’t you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?” she asked, looking at her profile again.

George looked up and saw the back of her neck, clipped close like a boy’s.

“I like it the way it is.”

“I get so tired of it,” she said. “I get so tired of looking like a boy.”

George shifted his position in the bed. He hadn’t looked away from her since she started to speak.

“You look pretty darn nice,” he said.

She laid the mirror down on the dresser and went over to the window and looked out. It was getting dark.

“I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a big knot at the back that I can feel,” she said. “I want to have a kitty to sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her.”

“Yeah?” George said from the bed.

“And I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes.”

“Oh, shut up and get something to read,” George said. He was reading again.

His wife was looking out of the window. It was quite dark now and still raining in the palm trees.

“Anyway, I want a cat,” she said. “I want a cat. I want a cat now. If I can’t have long hair or any fun, I can have a cat.”

George was not listening. He was reading his book. His wife looked out of the window where the light had come on in the square.

Someone knocked at the door.

“Avanti,” George said. He looked up from his book.

In the doorway stood the maid. She held a big tortoise-shell cat pressed tight against her and swung down against her body.

“Excuse me,” she said, “the padrone asked me to bring this for the Signora.”

I. References to Characters

問 登場人物や猫への言及は場面によって異なることがあるが、それは何を意味するのか。

- (1) the American wife→the wife→the America girl→the girl→his wife
- (2) her husband→George
- (3) a cat→that kitty→the cat

II. Repetition

問 語の反復はこの作品の特徴の一つであると考えられるが、非常に短い作品中の反復から何を読み取ることができるのか。

1. Big

- (1) There were **big** palms and green benches in the public garden.
- (2) She liked his old, heavy face and **big** hands.
- (3) 'I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a **big** knot at the back ...'
- (4) She held a **big** tortoise-shell cat pressed tight against her.

2. War monument

- (1) It also faced the public garden and **the war monument**.
- (2) Italians came from a long way off to look up at **the war monument**.
- (3) The motor cars were gone from the square by **the war monument**.

3. Green

- (1) There were big palms and **green** benches in the public garden.
- (2) a cat was crouched under one of the dripping **green** tables.
- (3) The table was there, washed bright **green** in the rain,

4. Empty

- (1) a waiter stood looking out at the **empty** square.
- (2) A man in a rubber cape was crossing the **empty** square to the café.

5. Raining

- (1) It was made of bronze and glistened in the rain. It was **raining**.
- (2) Liking him she opened the door and looked out. It was **raining** harder.
- (3) It was quite dark now and still **raining** in the palm trees.

6. Reading

- (1) The husband went on **reading**,
- (2) George was on the bed, **reading**.
Cf. George was reading on the bed.
- (3) 'I wonder where it went to,' he said, resting his eyes from **reading**.
- (4) '... It isn't any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain.' George was **reading** again.
- (5) 'Oh, shut up and get something to read,' George said. He was **reading** again.
- (6) George was not listening. He was **reading** his book.

7. Look(ing)

- (1) Across the square in the doorway of the café a waiter stood **looking** out at the empty square.
(The American wife)
- (2) The American wife stood at the window **looking** out.
- (3) Liking him she opened the door and **looked** out.
- (4) She went over and sat in front of the mirror of the dressing table **looking** at herself with the hand glass.
- (5) 'Don't you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?' she asked, **looking** at her profile again.
- (6) She laid the mirror down on the dresser and went over to the window and **looked** out.
- (7) His wife was **looking** out of the window. It was quite dark now and still raining in the palm trees.
- (8) His wife **looked** out of the window where the light had come on in the square.
(George)
- (9) George **looked** up and saw the back of her neck, clipped close like a boy's.

(10) George shifted his position in the bed. He hadn't **looked** away from her since she started to speak.

(11) 'Avanti,' George said. He **looked** up from his book.

III. Symbolism

問 作品中の猫は何を表しているのか。

IV. Description of scenes

問 冒頭の描写は作品のテーマとどのように関連しているのか。

4. Indian Camp

Ernest Hemingway

前節と同じように、‘Indian Camp’はHemingwayの*In Our Time*の中の一編である。少年Nickは医者である父と叔父のGeorgeに同行し、インディアン村に向かう。Nickはそこで出産の場面を経験するが、同時に死の場面にも遭遇する。生と死、苦しみ、忍耐、支配、人種、ジェンダーなど、複数のテーマを読み解くことにより作品理解を深めてみよう。

Indian Camp

AT the lake shore there was another rowboat drawn up. The two Indians stood waiting.

Nick and his father got in the stern of the boat and the Indians shoved it off and one of them got in to row. Uncle George sat in the stern of the camp rowboat. The young Indian shoved the camp boat off and got in to row Uncle George.

The two boats started off in the dark. Nick heard the oarlocks of the other boat quite a way ahead of them in the mist. The Indians rowed with quick choppy strokes. Nick lay back with his father's arm around him. It was cold on the water. The Indian who was rowing them was working very hard, but the other boat moved farther ahead in the mist all the time.

“Where are we going, Dad?” Nick asked.

“Over to the Indian camp. There is an Indian lady very sick.”

“Oh,” said Nick.

Across the bay they found the other boat beached. Uncle George was smoking a cigar in the dark. The young Indian pulled the boat way up on the beach. Uncle George gave both the Indians cigars.

They walked up from the beach through a meadow that was soaking wet with dew, following the young Indian who carried a lantern. Then they

went into the woods and followed a trail that led to the logging road that ran back into the hills. It was much lighter on the logging road as the timber was cut away on both sides. The young Indian stopped and blew out his lantern and they all walked on along the road.

They came around a bend and a dog came out barking. Ahead were the lights of the shanties where the Indian bark-peelers lived. More dogs rushed out at them. In the shanty nearest the road there was light in the window. An old woman stood in the doorway holding a lamp.

Inside on a wooden bunk lay a young Indian woman. She had been trying to have a baby for two days. All the old women in the camp had been helping her. The men had moved off up the road to sit in the dark and smoke out of range of the noise she made. She screamed just as Nick and the two Indians followed his father and Uncle George into the shanty. She lay in the lower bunk, very big under a quilt. Her head was turned to one side. In the upper bunk was her husband. He had cut his foot very badly with an ax three days before. He was smoking a pipe. The room smelled very bad.

Nick's father ordered some water to be put on the stove, and while it was heating he spoke to Nick.

"This lady is going to have a baby, Nick," he said.

"I know," said Nick.

"You don't know," said his father. "Listen to me. What she is going through is called being in labor. The baby wants to be born and she wants it to be born. All her muscles are trying to get the baby born. That is what is happening when she screams."

"I see," Nick said.

Just then the woman cried out.

"Oh, Daddy, can't you give her something to make her stop screaming?" asked Nick.

"No, I haven't any anaesthetic," his father said. "But her screams are

not important. I don't hear them because they are not important."

The husband in the upper bunk rolled over against the wall.

The woman in the kitchen motioned to the doctor that the water was hot. Nick's father went into the kitchen and poured about half of the water out of the big kettle into a basin. Into the water left in the kettle he put several things he unwrapped from a handkerchief.

"Those must boil," he said, and began to scrub his hands in the basin of hot water with a cake of soap he had brought from the camp. Nick watched his father's hands scrubbing each other with the soap. While his father washed his hands very carefully and thoroughly, he talked.

"You see, Nick, babies are supposed to be born head first but sometimes they're not. When they're not they make a lot of trouble for everybody. Maybe I'll have to operate on this lady. We'll know in a little while."

When he was satisfied with his hands he went in and went to work.

"Pull back that quilt, will you, George?" he said. "I'd rather not touch it."

Later when he started to operate Uncle George and three Indian men held the woman still. She bit Uncle George on the arm and Uncle George said, "Damn squaw bitch!" and the young Indian who had rowed Uncle George over laughed at him. Nick held the basin for his father. It all took a long time.

His father picked the baby up and slapped it to make it breathe and handed it to the old woman.

"See, it's a baby, Nick," he said. "How do you like being an interne?"

Nick said, "All right." He was looking away so as not to see what his father was doing.

"There. That gets it," said his father and put something into the basin.

Nick didn't look at it.

"Now," his father said, "there's some stitches to put in. You can watch this or not, Nick, just as you like. I'm going to sew up the incision I made."

Nick did not watch. His curiosity had been gone for a long time.

His father finished and stood up. Uncle George and the three Indian men stood up. Nick put the basin out in the kitchen.

Uncle George looked at his arm. The young Indian smiled reminiscently.

"I'll put some peroxide on that, George," the doctor said.

He bent over the Indian woman. She was quiet now and her eyes were closed. She looked very pale. She didn't know what had become of the baby or anything.

"I'll be back in the morning," the doctor said, standing up. "The nurse should be here from St Ignace by noon and she'll bring everything we need."

He was feeling exalted and talkative as football players are in the dressing room after a game.

"That's one for the medical journal, George," he said. "Doing a Caesarian with a jack-knife and sewing it up with nice-foot, tapered gut leaders."

Uncle George was standing against the wall, looking at his arm.

"Oh, you're a great man, all right," he said.

"Ought to have a look at the proud father. They're usually the worst sufferers in these little affairs," the doctor said. "I must say he took it all pretty quietly."

He pulled back the blanket from the Indian's head. His hand came away wet. He mounted on the edge of the lower bunk with the lamp in one hand and looked in. The Indian lay with his face toward the wall. His throat had been cut from ear to ear. The blood had flowed down into a pool where his body sagged the bunk. His head rested on his arm. The open razor lay, edge up, in the blankets.

"Take Nick out of the shanty, George," the doctor said.

There was no need of that. Nick, standing in the door of the kitchen, had a good view of the upper bunk when his father, lamp in one hand, tipped the Indian's head back.

It was just beginning to be daylight when they walked along the logging

road back toward the lake.

“I’m terribly sorry I brought you along, Nickie,” said his father, all his post-operative exhilaration gone. “It was an awful mess to put you through.”

“Do ladies always have such a hard time having babies?” Nick asked.

“No, that was very, very exceptional.”

“Why did he kill himself, Daddy?”

“I don’t know, Nick. He couldn’t stand things, I guess.”

“Do many men kill themselves, Daddy?”

“Not very many, Nick.”

“Do many women?”

“Hardly ever.”

“Don’t they ever?”

“Oh, yes. They do sometimes.”

“Daddy?”

“Yes.”

“Where did Uncle George go?”

“He’ll turn up all right.”

“Is dying hard, Daddy?”

“No, I think it’s pretty easy, Nick. It all depends.”

They were seated in the boat, Nick in the stern, his father rowing. The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass jumped, making a circle in the water. Nick trailed his hand in the water. It felt warm in the sharp chill of the morning.

In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die.

I. Word Order

問 作品中に語順転倒や副詞句が文頭に置かれた文が見られるが、この言語現象から読み取れることは何か。

- (1) At the lake shore there was another rowboat drawn up.
- (2) Across the bay they found the other boat beached.
- (3) Ahead were the lights of the shanties where the Indian bark-peelers lived.
- (4) In the shanty nearest the road there was light in the window.
- (5) Inside on a wooden bunk lay a young Indian woman.
- (6) In the upper bunk was her husband.
- (7) Into the water left in the kettle he put several things he unwrapped from a handkerchief.
- (8) In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die.

II. References to Characters

問 登場人物への言及は場面によって異なることがあるが、それは何を意味するのか。また、呼びかけ表現が変化する理由は何か。

- (1) his father (Nick's father)→the doctor→Nick's father→the doctor→his father
- (2) Uncle George

III. Modes of address

- (1) Dad→Daddy
- (2) Nick→Nickie

IV. Stylistic features

問 本作品には、語順だけでなくヘミングウェイに独特と思われる表現が使われている。その理由は何か。

(1) Nick watched his father's hands scrubbing each other with the soap.

Cf. Nick watched his father washing his hands with the soap.

(2) When he was satisfied with his hands he went in and went to work.

Cf. When he finished washing his hands ...

(3) His hand came away wet.

Cf. He pulled away his wet hand.

(4) Into the water left in the kettle he put several things he unwrapped from a handkerchief.

(5) 'There. That gets it,' said his father and put something into the basin.

(6) His father finished and stood up. Uncle George and the three Indian men stood up.

Cf. His father finished and stood up and so did Uncle George and the three Indian men.

V. 作品分析

テーマを一つ選んで作品を分析しなさい。

5. Jealousy

William Faulkner (1897-1962)

William Faulkner は言わずと知れたアメリカを代表する作家である。1987年、アメリカミシシッピ州のニューオールバニーの名家で生を受けた。奴隷制度にまつわる特殊な風土を持つ南部を拠点として、彼の故郷であるミシガン州ラファイエット郡のオクスフォードとその近郊をモデルにしたヨクナパトーフア郡という架空の土地を舞台に創作活動に取り組み、*The Sound and the Fury* (1929)、*Light in August* (1932)、*Absalom, Absalom!* (1936)など、文学史上に残る傑作を生み出した。1949年にはノーベル文学賞を受賞した。

Faulkner が生きたアメリカ南部は、白人優越主義、貴族性、好戦性や暴力性を特徴とする。南部の人間は、綿花栽培によって富と成功を獲得し貴族的な雰囲気を湛えていた一方で、南北戦争で喫した敗北という屈辱的な経験や人種差別の糾弾によって植えつけられた罪悪に苛まれていた。

Faulkner が南部の人間として受け継いだこのような遺産は彼の文学の特質を表しているが、それはアメリカ南部という狭い観点からではなく、世界に共通する問題という普遍的な観点からとらえるべき壮大さを持ち合わせている。

ここで扱う短編は Faulkner の習作時代に書かれた作品である。この短編は1925年3月1日にニューオリンズの日刊紙 *Time-Picayune* に掲載された。嫉妬は女性の特質の一部とみなされる傾向があるなか、男の嫉妬を扱っているという点で特異と言ってもよいだろう。主人公の Antonio は嫉妬の原因が解決したにもかかわらず、破滅の道を辿ってしまう。彼をして不合理な行為に駆り立てたものは何か。本作品のテーマは何かという点に注意を払いながら各自で作品を分析してみよう。

Jealousy

“KNITTING AGAIN, eh?”

His wife raised her smooth, oval face and her soft eyes for a moment met his, then dropped to her work again. “As you see, caro mio.”

“Knitting! Always knitting! Is it that there is nothing to be done here that you must knit at all times?”

She sighed, but made no reply.

“Well?” he repeated, “cannot you speak? Have you lost your tongue?” he finished roughly.

“But it was you, Tono mio,” she replied without raising her head, “who insist that I sit here instead of in my little red room, as I desired.”

“Bah! Someone is needed here; would you have me pay wages to one that you might sit all day like a great lady, knitting with your gossips?”

A waiter, a tall young Roman god in a soiled apron, came between them and placed upon the desk a ticket and a bill. The woman made the change and gave the waiter a brief glance. He looked into her husband’s face—a level stare in which his white satirical smile flashed, and withdrew. The other man’s hand knotted into a fist upon the desk and he stared at his whitening knuckles as at something new and strange, cursing in a whisper. His wife raised her head and regarded him coldly.

“Don’t be a fool, Antonio.”

He controlled his voice by an effort. “How much longer will this continue?”

“Ah, that is what I would ask you: how much longer are you to vent your ill humor upon me?”

“You, with your demure face,” he whispered fiercely, his hot little eyes blazing with bafflement and sudden rage.

She looked quickly about them. “Hush,” she said, “people are looking. What do you want? Shall I withdraw to my room?”

His face was dreadful. “No,” he shouted at last. He lowered his choking voice and continued: “I will not have it, do you hear?” he lowered his voice still more, “Listen. I will kill you, as I love God.”

She picked up her knitting once more. “Don’t be a fool,” she repeated.

“Return to our duties—see, patrons arrive. You are insane.”

“Insane or not, do not drive me too far.”

“You are insane: you think, you scream, you curse—what?”

“You know well what.”

“I? Have I ever given you cause or reason to go on so? Of what do you accuse me? Have I not been a good wife? You know well that I do not sit here night after night of my own wishes, of my own desires. This jealousy of yours is driving you mad.”

“Bah! Be warned. That is all I say.”

His gaze roamed from table to table as he sulked in his dirty apron, lurking among anaemic potted palms or serving his strange customers with servile insolence, and replying in snappish monosyllables to the greetings of old patrons. The tall, handsome waiter moved swiftly and deftly about, courteous and efficient. The husband compared the young man’s supple grace with his own bulky figure and a fire gnawed in him. Once more the waiter approached the desk, his glance sweeping down the room rested briefly upon the husband’s face, as he leaned intimately toward the wife.

The husband found himself walking in a red daze toward the two of them. He couldn’t hear his own footfalls nor feel the floor beneath his feet. The waiter moved away as he approached, and his wife again sat bent above her knitting. Upon the desk was a china receptacle containing toothpicks; as he leaned upon the desk his fingers closed about the toothpick holder. The thing burst in his clenched hand amid a spurt of wooden splinters and a thin line of crimson was suddenly between his fingers and across the back of his hand.

“What did he say to you?” he asked; his voice to him seemed dry and light, like a broken egg shell.

The woman raised her head and her gaze met his full. Her eyes grew suddenly large, as though they would take up her whole face. “Listen,” she said calmly, “you are insane. What would you have? Was it not you who put me here? I did not choose this.” Her voice gathered warmth. “Am I to have no peace whatever? For six months now this has continued; day and night you have fretted and nagged at me; but now it must end. Either you come to your senses, or I leave you and return to my people. Take your choice: it is for you to make. But remember, this is the end. I have been a good wife to you, and I will still be if you but become again as you once were. But one more scene like this tonight, and I leave you.”

He turned and walked away like a drunk man, or a somnambulist. He passed the waiter and the other’s white, meaningless smile brought him to himself. He beckoned abruptly to the other and passed on through the kitchen and into a dark passage giving on an alley, where he waited, trembling. The waiter followed; in the constricted, shadowy place the other loomed above him, standing easily like a swordsman, looming above him though he was the bulkier man. Starlight was about them, and a faint wind stirred in the dingy alley.

“See,” he said and his voice shook, “I know all; what is there between you?”

“Do you question me?” replied the other man.

“I will know: what is there between you?”

“There is nothing between us save the knowledge that you are crazy.”

“Do not lie to me!”

“Lie? This, to me? Do you give me the lie?” The younger man’s body sprang like a posed sword, his fire seemed to make light the walls. The other quailed before him despite himself, cursing himself for his cowardice.

“But I must know! I will go mad!”

“You are already mad. Had you not been I should have killed you ere this. Listen, tub of entrails, there is nothing between us: for her sake whom you persecute, I swear it. I have said no word to her that you have not seen, nor she to me. If she be attracted to someone, it is not I. This I tell you because I am sorry for her, sorry for any woman who must be daily plagued by such as you.”

“But what did you say to her but now, tonight?”

The young man slapped him, rocking his head upon his shoulders with two blows. The other staggered back. “I will kill you!” he screamed.

“You do not dare!” snapped the waiter, “you do not dare, save from behind. And what will the world say, if you do? Can you bear to have your wife call you coward? But I do not put this beyond you, hence I shall be on guard. And if you make the attempt, let it be successful, or God help you! Dog, and son of dogs!”

Alone again, the husband leaned against the cold alley wall panting, cursing in his rage and fear and hate. It was true: he did not dare. And he stared at the starred sky stretching like taut silk above the walled well of the alley, watching the same stars at which he had gazed in faraway Sicily, in his youth, when he had been a boy and life was clear and fine and simple; and that lads would stare wondering upon long after he and his dream and his problem were quiet underground.

He did not dare! The idea of assassination occurred to him, but he knew that he could not face himself afterward, his wife, that woman who had caused it all, whom he had taken but recently from her father’s house and who was dearer to him than the world, than life itself, would never forgive him. He was almost middle-aged, and ugly and fat, while she, she was still young, and pretty. Was it any wonder that men were attracted to her as he had been? Was it any wonder that men should pause at her dusky oval face, her red mouth and raven hair, her black, black hair? And she—had she ever encouraged them? No! She had been a good wife to him, as she had

said.

To go away, that was the answer—to take her to a new city; among new people they might yet live a second honeymoon. That was what he would do. He raised his face again to the heedless, flying stars among which his problem had got so interwoven and tangled; allowing the cool night air to play in his sweat-matted hair, and drew a long breath. That was the solution.

His wife agreed almost at once. They discussed the matter with her people and overcame their objections. She had informed her parents from time to time of his growing malady, so their decision didn't surprise them. He was industrious and, until his present obsession took him, kind—a good husband in their eyes; too good to lose.

Once the decision made, he became his normal self again. In fact, things went so smoothly that he would have reconsidered, but his wife was firm. So a purchaser for the restaurant was found in the person of the tall young waiter. Relations between the two men were still strained and the older man avoided the other. Whenever they were forced to meet the younger acted as though nothing had happened. His white, sinister smile was the same as ever, yet the flash of his teeth in his dark face had somehow the power to enrage the other, stirring again in him old angers and fears he had thought asleep. But the waiter was more pleasant and courteous than ever; he insisted upon presenting the signora with a parting gift, with such polite insistence that they could not refuse. And so at last, one day at noon, the two men set out to choose the gift.

A string of glass beads, or a medallion, the young man wanted. And they entered a curio shop where such things were sold—an orderless jumble of pictures, vases, bric-a-brac, jewelry, firearms and brass. While the waiter examined and haggled over his prospective purchase the older man stood idly near by. The purchaser stood near a window, a string of beads looping from his raised hand, oblivious and defenseless. And it occurred to the

other that, for the first time the two of them had been together in the same room, his enemy was completely at his mercy. And while his hand groped behind him among a litter of ancient weapons his caution rebuked him for the thought. This had all been settled; he was going away tomorrow, perhaps never to see the man again. But it would be so easy! was the reply. Just to pretend that this old pistol fitting snugly in my palm were a modern, deadly machine—like this: and he slowly raised the rusted weapon while his thumb broke loose the hammer, and the spring which had slept for thirty years gathered itself. Like this! he whispered, aiming at the unconscious man he had once wanted to kill; and pulled the trigger.

The tiny room roared with sound and a lance of red flame leaped out like a sword. The young waiter crashed forward into a table of glassware, then to the floor; and the other man stood screaming with the burst pistol in his hand until a policeman plunged through the door.

英米短編作品の文体分析

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