

ウィリアム・サマセット・モームの短編小説研究

A Study of William Somerset Maugham's Short Stories

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(一)

William Somerset Maugham (1874~1965) は長編小説、劇、短編小説、個人的随筆という四つの異った表現手段を駆使して文学界で活躍したわけであるが筆者は今まで長編小説を取り上げてきたが今回はモームの短編小説を取り上げてみたい。

まず、短編小説作家としてのモームをどう見ているのか Brophy の *The Somerset Maugham* から紹介しよう。

Maugham has given to many English and American readers not perhaps by temperament or education disposed to pursue such an inquiry direct, some knowledge and appreciation of French manners and ways of thought. The French in turn honoured Maugham and in much the same way as they honour their own successful writers. He held an honorary Doctorate of Laws from the University of Toulouse and was a Commander of the Legion of Honour. Englishmen who count themselves intellectuals often tend to be obsequious towards France, and Maugham's francophile professions may have been a decisive element in inducing Mr Cyril Connolly to describe him, in the columns of the intellectual *New Statesman*, as 'the greatest living short-story writer' and without reserve or qualification 'a great writer'. Such praise from such a quarter is probably sufficient in itself to secure for Maugham an important place in those histories of literature in which the historian, having no substantial judgements of his own to offer, plays safe by chronicling the assessments of writers made by the most influential among their contemporary critics —and so forestalls and perhaps prejudices the 'verdict of posterity'. (1)

イギリスのジャーナリストであり、批評家の Cyril Connolly はモームを『現存している最大の短編小説家』と評している。

モームがテーマとして関心を寄せたのは何であったかと考えることは簡単である。モームは何よりも人間そのものに関心があり、興味をそそがれ、まさに短編小説一つを書くのに誰かと一時間も居れば書く材料を得ることができたと *The Summing Up* の中で得意に言及していることは注目に値するであろう。

A Writer's Notebook にモームは自分の著作に対する考えや方法論を述べ、実在の人物を実際以上に楽しい人物にしたことを言及していることは興味深い。

モームは短編小説におけるモデルとして取りあげた人物は無名な人であったことも特色の一つにあげられる。

有名人や偉大な人物は模範的で一貫性があり興味をそそる材料に乏しいが無名な人材は矛盾にみち面白い話を展開する格好の素材となることからモームが作中人物像に選んだことは多くの読者を魅了した因をなすことは否定できない。

モームは聖職者になるようにとの伯父の忠告に反して聖トマス医学校に入学、医者として多くの患者、特に貧しい患者として接した人たち、旅行好きで南海の島々で出会った原住民や白人等を短編小説の素材にしているのは特に目をひく。

島々の原住民は教養はないが自分を飾ることなく人間性をありのままに示し、病院でみる患者は命が絶たれるという死への不安、苦悩をこれまた、ありのままに表現する。

(二)

John Brophy はモームの創作について「臨床的な創作態度」(Clinical attitude)と呼んでいるがモーム自身は次のように言及している。

For to write good prose is an affair of good manners. It is, unlike verse, a civil art. Poetry is baroque. Baroque is tragic, massive and mystical. It is elemental. It demands depth and insight. I cannot but feel that the prose writers of the baroque period, the authors of King James's Bible, Sir Thomas Browne, Glanville, were poets who

had lost their way. Prose is a rococo art. It needs taste rather than power, decorum rather than inspiration and vigour rather than grandeur. Form for the poet is the bit and the bridle without which (unless you are an acrobat) you cannot ride your horse; but for the writer of prose it is the chassis without which your car does not. Humour, tolerance and horse-sense made the great tragic issues that had preoccupied the first half of the seventeenth century seem excessive. The world was a more comfortable place to live in, and perhaps for the first time in centuries the cultivated classes could sit back and enjoy their leisure. It has been said that good prose should resemble the conversation of a well-bred man. Conversation is only possible when men's minds are free from pressing anxieties. Their lives must be reasonably secure and they must have no grave concern about their souls. They must attach importance to the refinements of civilisation. They must value courtesy, they must pay attention to their persons (and have we not also been told that good prose should be like the clothes of a well-dressed man, appropriate but unobtrusive?), they must fear to bore, they must be neither flippanant nor solemn, but always apt; and they must look upon 'enthusiasm' with a critical glance. This is a soil very suitable for prose. It is not to be wondered at that it gave a fitting opportunity for the appearance of the best writer of prose that our modern world has seen, Voltaire. The writers of English, perhaps owing to the poetic nature of the language, have seldom reached the excellence that seems to have come so naturally to him. It is in so far as they have approached the ease, sobriety and precision of the great French masters that they are admirable. (2)

モームの主張ではいい文章を書くことは、いい行儀作法の問題である。詩はバクロ風である。バクロ風は悲劇的で重々しく神秘であり深さと洞察を求める。ところが散文はロココ的な芸術である。従って散文が要求するものは強さより味わい、感激よりも作法正しさ、壮麗さよりも力である。また、いい文章というのは育ちのいい人の座談に似ているべきだと云われている。座談というのは、人間の心がさししまった心労から解放されて、はじめて可能で生活は適度に安定され魂に関する重大な心がかかりがなくてはならない。礼儀を尊重し自分の容姿に注意をはらい、いい文章というものは適当で、しかも控えめに着こなした

人の衣服に似ているべきだとも云われているが退屈させることを恐れ軽薄でもなければ、生真面目すぎもせず、つねに適度であり、「熱狂」を非難の眼で見なければならない。

以上がモームのいい文章についてのふさわしい土壤である。故に、モームの諸々の作品には深刻すぎることや熱狂的なところがないためにモームが医者であったことから上記の John Brophy はモームの創作態度を「臨床的な創作態度」と呼ぶことは当を得たものであろう。

モーム研究者の中には厳密にはこの「臨床的な創作態度」は正しくないと主張する人も存在することと取りあけるに値すると思う。

その主張はモーム自身、作家というものは「感情移入」を行うものだと言及している。「作中人物の境遇に共感してしまいはしないが、臨床的と呼んでしまえるほど客観的でもない。作中人物のなかへ作家が情感を通して自分を移入される。その結果、作者の情感はあたかも作中人物の中で生じたもののように読者に感じとられる。モームは作者というのは共感してしまうと感傷に陥ってしまうので、「感情移入」の状態を保つのだと述べている。これは医者が患者に対してとる態度とはかなりちがうもののように思える。モームのこのような感情移入の態度は、たとえば「雨」の宣教師 Davidson を思い起こしてみるとよく理解できる。作中人物が情熱的であったり熱狂的であったりしても、それを描く作者は終始冷静な観察者の姿勢を崩さない。しかし、同時にそれと矛盾する姿勢で、作者はこの宣教師のなかに入り込んで、彼と一緒に苦しんでいる。作者はこの姿勢がなかったら「雨」は名作にはならなかっただろう。」⁽³⁾

研究者の見方のウェイトの置き方によって見解の差が出て当然であろう。

(三)

モームは1897年 *Liza of Lambeth* と云う小説の処女作を発表し、その2年後1899年から1946年までに百数十編を越える短編小説を発表した。

モームは短編小説を書きはじめる前に書く材料を頭の中で長い間醗酵させてから筆をとるのが好きで、それをノートに書きとめてから四年後に筆を走らせ

たと、*The Summing Up* に次のように述べている。

I have always liked to let things simmer in my mind for a long time before setting them down on paper, and it was not till four years after I had made my notes for it that I wrote the first of the stories I had conceived in the South Seas. I had not written short stories for many years. I began my literary career by writing them and my third book was a collection of six. Ther were not good. After that I tried now and then to write stories for the magazines; my agents pressed me to write humorously, but for this I had no appetite; I was grim, indignant or satirical. My efforts to satisfy editors and thus earn a little money rarely succeeded. The first story I wrote now was called Rain, and it looked for a while as though I should have no bertter luck with it than with those I had written in my youth, for editor after editor refused it; but I no longer minded, and I went on. When I had written six, all of which eventually found their way into magazines, I published them in a book. The success they had was pleasant and unexpected. I liked the form. It was very agreeable to live with the personages of my fancy for two or three weeks and then be done with them. One had no time to grow sick of them as one easily may during the months one has to spend in their company when writing a novel. This sort of story, one of about twelve thousand words, gave me ample room to develop my theme, but forced upon me a concision that my practice as a dramatist had made grateful to me. (4)

モームは雑誌の編集者からユーモアものをという注文を受けたが自分には不向きだったことを正直に告白している。モームの特色である正面切ったもの、義憤めいたものか、諷刺的なものしか書けなかったことも述べていることは注目に値するところでもある。

次に短編集を年代順に列記してみよう。

1. *ORIENTATIONS*, T. Fisher Unwin, 1899.
Contents.—*Bad Example; Choice of Amyntas; Daisy; De Amicitia; Faith; Punctiliousness of Don Sebastian.*
2. *THE TREMBLING OF A LEAF*, Heinemann, 1921.
アメリカ版: George H. Doran, 1921.
スウェーデン版: *Ett Darrande Blad*, Stockholm, 1925.
フランス版: *L'Archipel aux Sirènes*, Paris (Édition de France), 1925.

- ドイツ版: *Menschend. Suedsee*, Vienna, 1932.
 スペイン版: *En Los Mares del Sur*, Barcelona, 1945.
 Contents. — *The Pacific; Mackintosh; The Fall of Edward Barnard, Red; The Pool; Honolulu; Rain; Envoi.*
3. *ON A CHINESE SCREEN*, Heinemann, 1922.
 アメリカ版: George H. Doran, 1922.
 スウェーデン版: *Kinesiska Miniaturer*, Stockholm, 1935.
 フランス版: *La Paravent Chinois*, Paris (Édition de France), 1935.
4. *THE CASUARINA TREE*, Heinemann, 1926.
 アメリカ版: George H. Doran, 1926.
 フランス版: *Le Sortilège Malais*, Paris (Édition de France), 1928.
 スペイン版: *Extremo Orients*, Barcelona, 1945.
 Contents. — *Before the Party; 'P. & O'; The Outstation; The Force of Circumstances; The Yellow Streak; The Latter.*
5. *ASHENDEN*, Heinemann, 1928.
 アメリカ版: Doubleday, Doran, 1928.
 フランス版: *Mr. Ashenden, agent secret*, Paris, 1930.
 スペイン版: *El Agente Secreto*, Barcelona, 1944.
 なお作品中 '*Hairless Mexican*' は1929年モスコウでも発売された。
 Contents. — *A Domiciliary Visit; Miss King; The Hairless Mexican; The Dark Woman; The Greek; A Trip to Paris; Guilia Laxzari; Gustav; The Traitor; Behind the Scenes; His Excellency; The Flip of a Coin; A chance Acquaintance; Love and Russian Literature; Mr. Harrington's Washing.*
6. *FIRST PERSON SINGULAR*, Heinemann, 1931.
 アメリカ版: Doubleday, Doran, 1931.
 フランス版: *Amour Singulières*, Paris, 1933.
 ドイツ版: *Einzahl-Erste Person*, Vienna, 1935.
 スペイン版: *A Orillas del Tâmesis*, Barcelona, 1945.
 Tauchnitz 版: 1932.
 Contents. — *Virtue; The Round Dozen; The Human Element; Jane; The Alien Corn; The Creative Impulse.*
7. *THE BOOK BAG*, Florence (Orioli), 1932. 700部限定。この短篇はのちに *AH KING* に収録された。
8. *AH KING*, Heinemann, 1933.
 アメリカ版: Doubleday, Doran, 1933.
 フランス版: *La Femme dans la Jungle*, Paris, 1935.
 スペイン版: *Ah King, mi criado chino*, Barcelona, 1935.
 Tauchnitz 版: 1934.

Contents.—*Footprints in the Jungle; The Door of Opportunity; The Vessel of Wrath; The Book Bag; The Back of Beyond; Neil Mac Adam.*

9. *ALTOGETHER*, Heinemann, 1934.

Contents.—Stories reprinted from *The Trembling of a Leaf; The Casuarina Tree; Ashenden; First Person Singular; and Ah King.*

10. *THE JUDGEMENT SEAT*, Centaur Press, 1934.

この短篇は *Cosmopolitans* に再録。

11. *COSMOPOLITANS—Very Short Stories*, Heinemann, 1936.

アメリカ版: Doubleday, Doran, 1936.

スペイン版: *Cosmopolitas*, Barcelona, 1946.

Contents.—*Raw Material; Mayhew; German Harry; The Happy Man; The Dream; In a Strange Land; The Luncheon; Salvatore; Home; Mr. Know-all; The Escape; A Friend in Need; The Portrait of a Gentleman; The End of the Flight; The Judgement Seat; The Ant and the Grasshopper; French Joe; The Mar, With the Scar; The Poet; Louise; The Closed Shop; The Promise; A String of Beads; The Bum; Straight Flush; The Verger; The Wash-Tub; The Social Sense; The Four Dutchmen.*

12. *THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE*, Heinemann, 1940.

アメリカ版: Doubleday, Doran, 1940.

Contents.—*The Three Fat Women of Antibes; A Man With a Conscience; The Treasure; The Lotus Eater; Lion's Skin; Lord Mountdrago; Gigolo and Gigolette; The Voice of the Turtle; An Official Position; The Facts of Life.*

13. *THE UNCONQUERED*, House of Books, New York, 1944.

のちに *Creatures of Circumstance* に再録。

14. *CREATURES OF CIRCUMSTANCE*, Heinemann, 1947.

アメリカ版: Doubleday, Doran, 1947.

スペイン版: *La Joven Romantica*, Barcelona, 1949.

Contents.—*The Colonel's Lady; Flotsam and Jetsam; Appearance and Reality; The Mother; Sanatorium; A Woman of Fifty; The Romantic Young Lady; A Casual Affair; The point of Honour; Winter Cruise; The Happy Couple; A Man from Glasgow; The Unconquered; Episode; The Kite.*

15. *HERE AND THERE*, Reprint Society, 1948.

Heinemann 版: 1948.

Cosmopolitans; The Mixture As Before; Creatures of Circumstance より抜粋集録したもの。

モームの習作期の作品群で1899年に出版されたが文体技巧の幼稚さ、全体のまとまりのなさでモーム自身が再版を拒否し、その後再版されていない。

短編作家としては *The Trembling of a Leaf* ではじまったと言える。旅行好きのモームが太平洋や極東を旅し見聞したことをもとにして書かれた。短編小説の素材はモームは現実の話をとりあげ、それに倫理的、心理的な意味を注入して、善悪、幸福と絶望、充足と幻滅のような境界をさまよう葛藤の展開である。

1951年に Heinemann 社から *The Complete Short Stories*. 3 vols (短編全集 三巻) が出版され、モームの短編の完結がなされている。

モームは各巻にそれぞれ序文をつけて自分の意図することを述べている。これはモームの短編を理解する上で極めて重要であるので是非紹介しておきたい。

THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
VOL. I

Preface

This is the first volume of my collected short stories. In my early youth I wrote a number, but they are so immature that I have preferred not to reprint them. A few are in a book that has long remained out of print, a few others are scattered in various magazines. They are best forgotten. The first of the stories in this collection, *Rain*, was written in 1920 in Hong Kong, but I had hit upon the idea for it during a journey I took in the South Seas during the winter of 1916. The last of my stories was written in New York in 1945 from a brief note that I found by chance among my papers and which I made as far back as 1901. I do not expect ever to write another.

One of the most difficult things that an author has to deal with when he wants to gather together a quantity of stories into a volume is to decide in what order to place them. It is fairly simple when the stories are of about the same length or are placed in the same loca. (I should have liked to use the word *locale*, but the Oxford Dictionary says that this, though commonly used, is erroneous); then the pattern is easy to form. And it is a satisfaction to an author if he can so arrange his material that the book he finally offers to his readers has a pattern, even though they do not notice

it. The pattern of a novel is of course plain; it has a beginning, a middle and an end; and so, for the matter of that, has a well-constructed story.

But my stories are of very different lengths. Some are as short as sixteen hundred words, some are ten times as long, and one is just over twenty thousand. I have sojourned in most parts of the world, and while I was writing stories I could seldom stay anywhere for any length of time without getting the material for one or more tales. I have written tragic stories and I have written humorous ones. It has been an arduous task to get some kind of symmetry and at least the semblance of a pattern into a collection of a large number of stories of such different lengths, placed in so many different countries and of such different character; and at the same time to make it as easy as possible for the reader to read them. For thought to be read is not the motive which impels the author to write, his motive is other, once he has written his desire is to be read, and in order to achieve that he must do his best to make what he writes readable.

With this intention, where I could I have followed a group or long stories with a group of short ones, sometimes very short, sometimes of five or six thousand words, and so that the reader should not be required to leap suddenly from China to Peru and back again, I have grouped, as well as I conveniently could, stories of which the local (or locale) was in one particular country. In that way I hoped to give the reader a chance to take his bearings in whatever distant land I chose to lead him to. (5)

THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

VOL. II

Preface

In this, the second volume of my collected stories, I have made a somewhat different arrangement from that which I have made in the other two. In those I put the stories I wrote in which the scene was laid in Malaya. These are so long that I thought it would give the reader a rest if I interspersed them with short ones set in other parts of the world, so I divided them in each volume into four groups. But I wrote a batch of stories dealing with the adventures of an agent in the Intelligence Department during the First World War. I gave him the name of Ashenden. Since they are connected by

this character of my invention I have thought it well, notwithstanding their great length, to put them all together. They are founded on experiences of my own during that war, but I should like to impress upon the reader that they are not what the French call *reportage*, but works of fiction. Fact, as I said in the preface to the volume in which these stories appeared, is a poor story-teller. It starts a story at haphazard, generally long before the beginning, rambles on inconsequently and tails off, leaving loose ends hanging about, without a conclusion. The work of an agent in the Intelligence Department is on the whole monotonous. A lot of it is uncommonly useless. The material it offers for stories is scrappy and pointless; the author has himself to make it coherent, dramatic and probable. That is what I have tried to do in this particular series.

There is one more point I want to make. The reader will notice that many of my stories are written in the first person singular. That is a literary convention which is as old as the hills. It was used by Petronius Arbiter in the *Satyricon* and by many of the story-tellers in *The Thousand and One Nights*. Its object is of course to achieve credibility, for when someone tells you what he states happened to himself you are more likely to believe that he is telling the truth than when he tells you what happened to somebody else. It has besides the merit from the story-teller's point of view that he need only tell you what he knows for a fact and can leave to your imagination what he doesn't or couldn't know. Some of the older novelists who wrote in the first person were in this respect very careless. They would narrate long conversations that they couldn't possibly have heard and incidents which in the nature of things they couldn't possibly have witnessed. Thus they lost the great advantage of verisimilitude which writing in the first person singular offers. But the I who writes is just as much a character in the story as the other persons with whom it is concerned. He may be the hero or he may be an onlooker or a confidant. But he is a character. The writer who uses this device is writing fiction and if he makes the I of his story a little quicker on the uptake, a little more level-headed, a little shrewder, a little braver, a little more ingenious, a little wittier, a little wiser than he, the writer, really is, the reader must show indulgence. He must remember that the author is not drawing a faithful portrait of himself, but creating a character for the particular

purposes of his story. (6)

THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

VOL. III

Preface

In this final volume I have placed the rest of my stories the scene of which is set in Malaya. They were written long before the Second World War and I should tell the reader that sort of life with which they deal no longer exists. When I first visited those countries the lives the white men and their wives led there differed but little from what they had been twenty-five years before. They got home leave once in five years. They had besides a few weeks leave every year. If they lived where the climate was exhausting they sought the fresh air of some hill-station not too far away; if, like some of the government servants, they lived where they might not see another white man for weeks on end, they went to Singapore so that they might consort for a time with their kind. *The Times* when it arrived at a station up-country, in Borneo for instance, was six weeks old and they were lucky if they received the Singapore paper in a fortnight.

Aviation has changed all that. Even before the war people who could afford it were able to spend even their short leave at home. Papers, illustrated weeklies, magazines reached them fresh from the press. In the old days Sarawak, say, or Selangor were where they expected to spend their lives till it was time for them to retire on a pension; England was very far away and when at long intervals they went back was increasingly strange to them; their real home, their intimate friends, were in the land in which the better part of their lives was spent. But with the rapidity of communication it remained an alien land, a temporary rather than a permanent habitation which circumstances obliged them for a spell to occupy; it was a longish halt in a life that had its roots in the Sussex downs or on the moors of Yorkshire. Their ties with the homeland, which before had insensibly loosened and sometimes broke asunder, remained fast. England, so to speak, was round the corner. They no longer felt cut off. It changed their whole outlook.

The countries of which I wrote were then at peace. It may be that some of those peoples, Malays, Dyaks, Chinese, were restive under the British rule, but there was no outward sign of it. The British

gave them justice, provided them with hospitals and schools, and encouraged their industries. There was no more crime than any where else. An unarmed man could wander through the length of the Federated Malay States in perfect safety. The only real trouble was the low price of rubber.

There is one more point I want to make. Most of these stories are on the tragic side. But the reader must not suppose that the incidents I have narrated were of common occurrence. The vast majority of these people, government servants, planters and traders, who spent their working lives in Malaya were ordinary people ordinarily satisfied with their station in life. They did the jobs they were paid to do more or less competently. They were as happy with their wives as are most married couples. They led humdrum lives and did very much the same things every day. Sometimes by way of a change they got a little shooting; but as a rule, after they had done their day's work, they played tennis if there were people to play with, went to the club at sundown if there was a club in the vicinity, drank in moderation and played bridge. They had their little tiffs, their little jealousies, their little flirtations, their little celebrations. They were good, decent, normal people.

I respect, and even admire, such people, but they are not the sort of people I can write stories about. I write stories about people who have some singularity of character which suggests to me that they may be capable of behaving in such a way as to give me an idea that I can make use of, or about people who by some accident or another, accident of temperament, accident of environment, have been involved in unusual contingencies. But, I repeat, they are the exception. (7)

(四)

モームの短編小説は100編を越えるほど多くあり、いずれもモーム自身が *The Summing Up* 第56章で述べているように、劇作家としての経験のおかげで短編小説に必要な簡潔さを十分に発揮している。

主要な作品を考察してみよう。

1. Rain (雨)

モームの作品に接する人にとって、まずほとんどの人がこの *Rain* であると言っても過言ではない。筆者も学生時代にこの作品を読み簡潔の文体であった印象を思い出すことができる。今一つ思い出すことは当時、宣教師に日本語を教える家庭教師をしていたが授業を終えて宣教師夫人が tea のサービスをしてくれ雑談の時にモームの *Rain* を読んでいることを告げるとその夫人は不愉快な顔をしてその場を離れたことを印象的に思い出す。

サモア諸島の Pago-Pago の港に着くという夜のサモア島に行く船の甲板から話がはじまる。宣教師 Davidson 夫妻と医師 Macphail 夫妻が乗り合わせている。

パゴパゴに着き、乗りかえて行くべき船に悪疫が発生し、当分船は欠航、四人は他の船客ともども足どめをくうはめになる。彼らは宿を探しある家の二階に泊まることになる。

この作品の *Rain* のように、ちょうど雨季で外はどしゃぶりの雨だった。ところが、同じ船に乗っていた売春婦の Thompson という白人女が階下に泊っていた。その売春婦は騒々しく蓄音機をかけて売春の商売をはじめている。

彼女を改心させ正道に戻すのが神の思召しと主張する宣教師は総督を説得して彼女をサンフランシスコに送還する書類にサインをさせ、一方で彼女を改心させるために毎晩彼女の部屋を訪れ、神を説き、人の道を説く、そして彼女は悔い改めの一步手前までになり、もう一押しと宣教師は最後の日もおそくまで説教を続け、夜おそくまで Thomson の部屋にとどまっていた。いよいよ、Thomson をサンフランシスコに送りかえすことになっていた朝、Davidson は剃刀でのどを切り自殺し、宿屋の主人 Horn がみつける。一方、Thomson は陽気にレコードをかけ、再び厚化粧で船員相手に彼女の商売をつづける。Macphail は Davidson の死の直後に不謹慎ではないかととがめると

“You men! You filthy, dirty pigs! You are all the same, all of you. Pigs! Pigs” と医師 Macphail を罵倒す。Macphail はこの言葉で Davidson と Thomson との間で何が起こったのかをはっきりと悟る。

The Trembling of A Lesf の中のこの作品 *Rain* は最初のタイトルは Miss Thompson だったことは案外知られていない。

この作品が構成された発端となることが *A Writer's Notebook* の1916年のところに詳細に述べられている。

The missionary. He was a tall thin man, with long limbs loosely jointed, hollow cheeks and high cheek-bones; his fine, large dark eyes were deep in their sockets, and he had full sensual lips; he wore his hair rather long. He had a cadaverous look, and a look of suppressed fire. His hands were large, rather finely shaped, with long fingers, and his naturally pale skin was deeply burned by the Pacific sun.

Mrs. W., his wife, was a little woman with her hair very elaborately done, with prominent blue eyes behind gold-rimmed *pince-nez*; her face was long, like a sheep's, but she gave no impression of foolishness, rather of extreme alertness. She had the quick movements of a bird. The most noticeable thing about her was her voice, high, metallic and without inflection; it fell on the ear with a hard monotony, irritating the nerves like the clamour of a pneumatic drill. She was dressed in black, and wore round her neck a thin gold chain from which hung a small cross. She was a New Englander.

Mrs. W. told me that her husband was a medical missionary, and as his district (the Gilberts) consisted of widely separated islands, he frequently had to go long distances by canoe. The sea was often rough and his journeys were not without danger. During his absence she remained at their headquarters and managed the mission. She spoke of the depravity of the natives in a voice nothing could hush, but with a vehement, unctuous horror; she described their marriage customs as obscene beyond description. She said that when first they went to the Gilberts it was impossible to find a single 'good' girl in any of the villages. She was very bitter about the dancing.

Miss Thompson. Plump, pretty in a coarse fashion, perhaps not more than twenty-seven: she wore a white dress and a large white hat, and long white boots from which her calves, in white cotton stockings, bulged. She had left I welei after the raid and was on her way to Apia, where she hoped to get a job in the bar of a hotel. She was brought to the house by the quartermaster, a little, very wrinkled man, indescribably dirty.

The lodging house. It is a two-storey frame house with verandas on both floors, and it is about five minutes' walk from the dock, on the Broad Road, and faces the sea. Below is a store in which are sold canned goods, pork and beans, beef, hamburger steak, canned asparagus, peaches and apricots; and cotton goods, lava-lavas, hats, rain-coats and such like. The owner is a half-caste with a native wife surrounded by little brown children. The rooms are almost bare of furniture, a poor iron bed with a ragged mosquito-curtain, a rickety chair and a washstand. The rain rattles down on the corrugated iron roof. No meals are provided.

On these three notes I constructed a story called 'Rain'. (8)

モームは旅行中に書きとめていたノートからこの作品 *Rain* を誕生させたことになるが実際に見た人物や事柄に少々色づけているがよくわかる。

上記の *A Writer's Notebook* はモームがホノルルからパゴパゴに旅行中、自分の注意をひいた乗客たちをかきとめたものである。

宣教師については背の高い、やせた男で長い手足が不格好で頬がこけて、黒い大きな眼で深くくぼんでいた。髪は長過ぎる程で生気のない顔、情慾を押し殺している顔。

宣教師の妻の W 夫人は小柄な女で髪は丹念に結び、金縁の鼻眼鏡の奥の眼は青い出目で顔は羊のように長い。特に気になるのは、高い一本調子な金属的な声。彼女は黒い服で首にかけた細い金鎖に小さい十字架を下げている。彼女はニューイングランド人であった。

Miss Thomson は年令は 27 才位でむっちりとした粗野ながら美しさのある女。白い大きな帽子、長い白靴、その中からふくらはぎが木綿の靴下につつまれてはみ出していた。彼女はアビアへ行く途中で、そこでホテルの酒場に仕事を見つけない望みをもっていた。彼女は汚らしい男に宿へ連れられていく。

実際モームはその夫婦と一度だけ話す機会があったが Miss Thomson とは全く話す機会をもっていない。しかし上記のノート書きがこの作品 *Rain* という短編に構成したことを確言しているのである。

モームは両親の死後、叔父の牧師夫妻と生活した経験からこの作品の宣教師

Davidson を自分の叔父とダブラセながら宣教師の欺瞞性を暴露していることは十分察知することができる。

モーム研究者によって、この作品について論説をかいているある研究者のこの作品の結末についての推測を紹介する。

わたしはこの作品の結末から、宣教師と改心した売笑婦とが純粋な恋愛感情をお互いに対してもつようになり、それで宣教師が肉体関係を求めたのだが、これまで性の行為を罪悪だと訓えてきた宣教師が突然に性関係に及ぼうとしたので、女は驚きのあまり宣教師の恋愛感情が理解できなくなって、男が情欲だけに駆りたてられ行為におよぼうとしたのだと誤解してしまったのだ、という推測を引き出したい気持ちになる。けれども、残念なことにそういう説明をしている批評家は一人もいないようである。ただ、プファイファーは、デヴィッドソンが情欲に負けたのではなく売春婦と恋に落ち、妻帯者であるのに恋をした罪の償いのため自らの命を絶ったのだという見方をしている（『サマセット・モームあるがままの肖像』p.71）ように思え、これがわたしの大胆な推測にわりあい近いように思える。(9)

一般には神に奉仕する宣教師が肉欲の敗北者となったが故に自殺したと考えるのが常道だと思うが上記の推測には度肝をぬかれたがモームの説明不足の表現法、いや、簡潔な表現法では読者をして様々な想像を可能にするをも意図されているのかもしれない。従って、上記の推測もモームの意に叶うものではないかと賛同したい気持ちである。

2. Red

モームはこの作品 *Red* で「愛」とは永続的なものではなく一時的なものだということを自分の追体験を基にして表現したかったのではないだろうか。

愛の悲劇は「無関心」という La Rochefoucauld の言葉を *The Summing Up* に紹介している。

love. For love passes. Love dies. The great tragedy of life is not that men perish, but that they cease to love. Not the least of the

evils of life, and one for which there is small help, is that someone whom you love no longer loves you; when La Rochefoucauld discovered that between two lovers there is one who loves and one who lets himself be loved he put in an epigram the discord that must ever prevent men from achieving in love perfect happiness. However much people may resent the fact and however angrily deny it, there can surely be no doubt that love depends on certain secretions of the sexual glands. In the immense majority these do not continue indefinitely to be excited by the same object, and with advancing years they atrophy. People are very hypocritical in this matter and will not face the truth. They so deceive themselves that they can accept it with complacency when their love dwindles into what they describe as a solid and enduring affection. As if affection had anything to do with love! Affection is created by habit, community of interests, convenience and the desire of companionship. It is a comfort rather than an exhilaration. We are creatures of change, change is the atmosphere we breathe, and is it likely that the strongest but one of all our instincts should be free from the law? We are not the same persons this year as last; nor are those we love. It is a happy chance if we, changing, continue to love a changed person. Mostly, different ourselves, we make a desperate, pathetic effort to love in a different person the person we once loved. It is only because the power of love when it seizes us seems so mighty that we persuade ourselves that it will last for ever. (10)

愛はうつろうなもので、亡びるものである。人生の大いなる悲劇は人間が死ぬことではなく、人間が愛しなくなることである。自分が愛している相手がいなくなるとは、人生の悪のうちでも小さからぬもので、それに対して手のほどこしようがない。

この作品 *Red* の舞台はサモア諸島の一つである。この島に住みついている Neilson というスウェーデン人と港に入ってくる船の船長と出会いからこの物語ははじまる。

船長はかなりいい年で肥満で頭は禿げて野卑となっている。25年間、この島に住みついたという Neilson の身の上話となる。

Neilson は25才の時、肺を患って、余生一年の命と言われ、この島でわずか

の人生を楽しむため移り住む。Neilson は赤い毛の頭をした、通称 Red という男の話を船長に語る。

赤髪のため Red というニックネームで呼ばれ、20才の水兵で軍艦が Apia に碇泊中に逃亡し、この島に住み、この白人の美男子が16才の土人の娘と恋をし、幸せな毎日を送っていたが、ある日、イギリスの捕鯨船がこの島に碇泊した。Red は物々交換のために果物やタバコを持って行き、船中で酒を飲まされ、船員不足のその船にそのまま誘拐されてしまう。土人の娘は悲嘆の涙にくれながら Red の帰りを信じて待つ。その娘の美しさにひかれ、その土人の娘 Salley を根気強く説得して Neilson は結婚を承諾させる。Salley は Red と生活を共にした家を焼いてしまった。Neilson は新築した家での Salley との生活をはじめめる。

結婚後も Salley は愛情を Neilson にもたず、依然として Red のことを想っていることが分かったので Salley の愛を諦め、ピアノや読書に熱中していることを船長に語る。

時の流れも早い島の女性は早くふける。Salley もいつの間にか老いていた。Neilson は Red と Salley との短い恋について次のように言及している。

For many years now they had lived together bound by the ties of habit and convenience, and it was with a smile that he looked back on his old passion. She was an old woman, for the women on the islands age quickly, and if he had no love for her any more he had tolerance. She left him alone. He was contented with his piano and his books.

His thought led him to a desire for words.

“When I look back now and reflect on that brief passionate love of Red and Sally, I think that perhaps they should thank the ruthless fate that separated them when their love seemed still to be at its height. They suffered, but they suffered in beauty. They were spared the real tragedy of love.”

“I don’t know exactly as I get you,” said the skipper.

“The tragedy of love is not death or separation. How long do you think it would have been before one or other of them ceased to care? Oh, it is dreadfully bitter to look at a woman whom you have loved

with all your heart and soul, so that you felt you could not bear to let her out of your sight, and realise that you would not mind if you never saw her again. The tragedy of love is indifference.” (11)

「いま振り返ってみて、あの Red と Salley とのはかない、だがはげしい恋を考えると、おれは思うのだ、まだ恋の日盛りに二人を永久に押しへだててしまった残酷な運命に対して、彼らはむしろ感謝すべきじゃあるまいかと。彼らは悩んだ、だが美しく悩んだのだ。恋の真の悲劇だけは見ないですんだからなあ」「私にはおっしゃる意味がよくわからないところもありますがね」船長はいった。

「恋の悲劇は死でも別離でもないのだ。あの二人のどちらかが、もはや相手を愛しなくなる日がいつくるだろうと、あんたは思うかね」

かつては一日会わずにいてさえも、堪えられないほど心を捧げつくして愛した女が、もう今ではこれっきり会わなくても平気だという、およそこれほど恐ろしい悲劇はないのだ。愛の悲劇は無関心なのだ」 (12)

Neilson は脂肪ぶとりの老人船長の顔に別の顔が思い出され、“What is your name?” と彼は突然にたずねる。「島の連中はいつも私のことを Red と呼んでいましたよ」とその時 Salley が入って来る。がっしりした体格で、色の黒い、まっ白な髪的女で Red と恋をしていた頃とは想像もつかない容姿である。窓ぎわの椅子に座っている Red (もちろん、かつての白人の美男子であるが今では脂肪ぶとりの老人) に気づかなかった。

モームは 100 編を超える短編小説の中で Red が最も秀でたものであると言及している。

モームの技法は短編小説家として最高のもので、特に会話をうまく組み立てて読者を話の中にすいこんでしまう。船長の脂肪ぶとりのみにくさを強調してから、若い頃の純愛の恋物語を語りつつ、突然、船長と恋物語の美青年を重ね合わせ、その時、かつての美少女がモームの言う「愛の悲劇は無関心」の見本のように船長に対して無関心な態度をとる。皮肉のサンプルのような物語である。

かつての純愛物語はハッピーエンド的なものか、愛情につつまれて美しさの中で死んでいく、ロミオとジュリエットの的なものであると Richard Cordell が言っているが、さらに次のように結んでいる。

According to his own criteria of the good story, Maugham is justified in considering 'Red' the best of his hundred stories. Its technique is flawless. Every detail serves to make the final irony shattering; a plausible unity of time is secured through a natural and clever revelation in dialogue of antecedent events. The story begins with a rapturous idyll, an account of the great and beautiful love of a white sailor and a native girl. Both are of extraordinary beauty. One day Red, the sailor, disappears and the girl is inconsolable. After some years she is persuaded to marry another white man, but her worship of Red does not abate. When she is old and fat, Red accidentally meets her and her husband. Red is obese, bald, and vulgar. She does not recognise him but her husband does. 'Was that the man who had prevented him from being happy? Was that the man whom Sally had loved all these years and for whom she had waited so desperately? It was grotesque... He had been cheated. They had seen each other at last and had not known it... The gods had played him a trick and he was old now. He wondered what she would say if he told her now that the fat old man sitting in the chair was the lover whom she remembered still with the passionate abandonment of youth.' No crueller love story has ever been written. Paolo and Francesca, Romeo and Juliet die in love and beauty, but Red and Sally live to be obscene in appearance and shabby of soul. Maugham makes the beginning lovely and idyllic to intensify the bitterness at the end; the result is that 'Red' is haunting and tragic. If the style were more austere, a little less rich and elegant, it might well pass as an ironic and savage story by Maupassant.

(13)

Red と Salley は老いてゆき、姿はみにくく、魂はうちおれる。モームは美しく、牧歌的にこの作品をはじめにかいている。これは結末の苛烈さを強めるためである。その結果としてこの作品 *Red* は悲劇的な物語になっている。この *Red* は La Rochefoucauld の人間の愛情に関する説に日頃から共感していたモームがサモア、ハワイ等に旅をしてスケッチした男性や女性をうまく組合わ

せた、ある意味においてモーム独特の人生の皮肉を絵にかいたような作品と言えるだろう。

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<Note>

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| (1) Somerset Maugham by John Brophy | p.5 |
| (2) The Summing Up | pp.36-8 |
| (3) 「サマセット・モームの短編小説群」 | p.6 |
| (4) The Summing Up | pp.203-204 |
| (5) The Complete Short Stories vol. I | |
| (6) The Complete Short Stories vol. II | |
| (7) The Complete Short Stories vol. III | |
| (8) A Writer's Notebook (The Partial View) | pp.85-86 |
| (9) 「サマセット・モーム短編小説群」 | p.102 |
| (10) The Summing Up | pp.300-301 |
| (11) The Complete Short Stories vol.three | p.1531 |
| (12) 「世界文学大系」(モーム) | p.159 |
| (13) Somerset Maugham by Richard Cordell | pp.147-148 |