In Memoriam

Tennyson... developed a poetic form in *In Memoriam* and *The Idylls of the King*... relying... upon complex interweaving of juxtaposed climactic moments, visions, and dreams. In doing so, this supposedly conservative poet managed to create the kind of narrative mode for which Conrad, Faulkner, and Woolf generally receive credit in histories of the novel. *Praeterita*, which had such a major influence on Proust, relies upon a similar, if more diffuse,
narrative mode. (84)

コンラッド、フォークナー、ウルフをこの線で一続きにするとのはかなり乱暴な気がするが、『プラエテリト』がいわゆる伝統的プロットを欠いたモダニズム小説を連想させる、という気持ちはよく分かる。ところが、ここにも名前が出てくるプルーストと『プラエテリト』についての論考は結構あるものの（近年ではコイル、ミルバンクなど）、この自伝と英国モダニズム小説との関係について考察した論文は調べてもなかなか出てこない。ならば、その間隙を埋めようとするのは決して無駄な努力であるまい。以下はそのままにそのままに読み進めてである。

ジリアン・ピアは、ウルフとヴィクトリア朝文学の関連について考察した論文の中で、ウルフがラスキンに共感したであろう点として、時の権力に対する反抗精神や、自己矛盾が多いことなどを指摘した後、次のように述べている。

But another reason for her responsiveness to Ruskin is his countervailing immersion in the specific: his joyous zeal in particularizing gives life to his writing in the modernist era, particularly to Virginia Woolf in her search for the ‘moment’, both evanescent and fully known. (146)

つまり、瞬間の美学とでも呼べべきものをこの二人の作家が共有しているという主張である。これは本論で既に見てきたところからとの関連上、重要な一点である。ピアは『オーランドー』と『近代画家論』を比較検討しており、この他にも、『オーランドー』とラスキンについて考察した研究論文はいくつか存在する。だが、本論ではこれまで観みられることのなかった、『ダロウェイ夫人』と『プラエテリト』を結ぶ線について考えてみたい。

興味深いことに、ウルフは「ラスキン」と題されたエッセイの中で、『プラエテリト』の飾らない文体のよさを説き、殊に結末の美しさを強調している。

Compared with much of his writing, it is extremely simple in style; but the simplicity is the flower of perfect skill. The words lie like a transparent veil upon his meaning. And the passage with which the book ends, though it was written when he could hardly write, is surely more beautiful than those more elaborate and gilded ones which we are apt to cut out and admire. (462)

またウルフは「ラスキンが人生を振り返る」と題するエッセイにおいても『プラエテリト』の結末に触れ、次のように述べている。

... and serenely as the pages run, they resound with the echoes of thunder and are lit with the reflections of lightning. For the old man who sits now babbling of his past, was a prophet once and had suffered greatly. (505)

この自伝の末尾の美しい静謐の美しが葛いもので、雷鳴と穂が近づく狂気をほのめかしていることにウルフは気づいている。彼女が『プラエテリト』に魅かれるのは文学者としてのラスキンの感受性に共感するからであろうが、特にこの作品の結末に対して見せる興味に焦点を絞って考えると、それは『ダロウェイ
How things bind and blend themselves together! The last time I saw the Fountain of Trevi, it was from Arthur’s father’s room—Joseph Severn’s, where we both took Joanie to see him in 1872, and the old man made a sweet drawing of his pretty daughter-in-law, now in her schoolroom; he himself then eager in finishing his last picture of the Marriage in Cana, which he had caused to take place under a vine trellis, and delighted himself by painting the crystal and ruby glittering of the changing rivulet of water out of the Greek vase, glowing into wine. Fonte Branda I last saw with Charles Norton, under the same arches where Dante saw it. We drank of it together, and walked together that evening on the hills above, where the fireflies among the scented thickets shone fitfully in the still undarkened air. How they shone! moving like fine-broken starlight through the purple leaves. How they shone! through the sunset that faded into thunderous night as I entered Siena three days before, the white edges of the mountainous clouds still lighted from the west, and the openly golden sky calm behind the Gate of Siena’s heart, with its still golden words, “Cor magis tibi Sena pandit,” and the fireflies everywhere in sky and cloud rising and falling, mixed with the lightning, and more intense than the stars.

A marvellous discovery indeed— that the human voice in certain atmospheric conditions (for one must be scientific, above all scientific) can quicken trees into life! Happily Rezia put her hand with a tremendous weight on his knee so that he was weighted down transfixed or the excitement of the elm trees rising and falling, rising and falling with all their leaves alight and the colour thinning and thickening from blue to the green of a hollow wave, like plumes on horses’ heads, feathers on ladies’, so proudly they rose and fell, so superbly, would have sent him mad. But he would not go mad. He would shut his eyes; he would see no more. But they beckoned; leaves were alive; trees were alive. And the leaves being connected by millions of fibres with his own body, there on the seat, fanned it up and down; when the branch stretched he, too, made that statement. The sparrows fluttering, rising, and falling in jagged fountains were part of the pattern; the white and blue, barred with black branches. (32–33)

まず、全体の「意識の流れ」的な印象や繰返し効果的に用いた文のリズムに加えて、fountain と rising and falling が二つの引用に共通する要素として目を引く。これを念頭に置いて、もう一箇所、セプティマスの心理を描いた場面を見てみる。

Up in the sky swallows swooping, swerving, flinging themselves
in and out, round and round, yet always with perfect control as if elastics held them; and the flies rising and falling; and the sun spotting now this leaf, now that, in mockery, dazzling it with soft gold in pure good temper; and now and again some chime (it might be a motor horn) tinkling divinely on the grass stalks — all of this, calm and reasonable as it was, made out of ordinary things as it was, was the truth now; beauty, that was the truth now. Beauty was everywhere. (*MD*, 104–05)

Traffic accumulated. And there the motor car stood, with drawn blinds, and upon them a curious pattern like a tree, Septimus thought, and this gradual drawing together of everything to one centre before his eyes, as if some horror had come almost to the surface and was about to burst into flames, terrified him. (*MD*, 21)

The intricacy of binding here, whether these concinnities are deliberate or the work of ‘dream-gifted’ association in a mind nearing madness, is close to miraculous. Ruskin’s *things* (‘How things bind and blend . . .’) suggests that here *things* — active memories — *are* in control; that the narrator’s mind is merely a chain on which these memories thread themselves and collect, imposing their own apparently adventitious unity on the musing mind whose past they casually glean. (208)

人間の認識をコントロールするのが人間自身ではなく、まわりのものだという（もしかしたら近づく狂気を示唆するのかもしれない）感覚は、まさにセプティマスのそれによっ

なる。さらにここでアロウスマス（220）の指摘する、ダンテの『地獄篇』における、炎に包まれて燃える罪人を表す火を思い出そう。これを考慮に入れれば、「すべてが一点に寄り集ま

てて燃える」というセプティマスとの親近性はますます強くなる。きわめて興味深いことに、この人物はロンドンで『地
Septimus do put down your book,” said Rezia, gently shutting the Inferno; 133).

And then, opening her eyes, how fresh like frilled linen clean from a laundry laid in wicker trays the roses looked; and dark and prim the red carnations, holding their heads up; and all the sweet peas spreading in their bowls, tinged violet, snow white, pale — as if it were the evening and girls in muslin frocks came out to pick sweet peas and roses after the superb summer’s day, with its almost blue-black sky, its delphiniums, its carnations, its arum lilies was over; and it was the moment between six and seven when every flower — roses, carnations, irises, lilac — glows; white, violet, red, deep orange; every flower seems to burn by itself, softly, purely in the misty beds; and how she loved the grey-white moths spinning in and out, over the cherry pie, over the evening primroses! (18)

Inferno book said Rezia gently shutting the 133,, ;"
きいと告白している（242）。そういう彼が娘にラスキンを薦めなかったとは考えにくい。ウルフは相当早い時期からラスキンに親しんでいたにちがいない。

セブティマスという人物の創造にはウルフ自身のノイローゼが投影されているとよく言われるが、僕はそこに彼女のラスキンにまつわる読書の記憶があったと夢想したいのである。

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〈参考文献〉
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