

## English Novelists in Oblivion(VI) —Hubert Crackanthorpe : *Vignettes*(2)

清水 隆

SEPTEMBER 26 ON THE COAST OF CALVADOS 四月二拾参日に、佛蘭西南西部の Villneuve-les-Avignon から始まった紀行文は、六月末から約参月弱の London 滞在を経て、再び、佛蘭西から西班牙へと向うことになる。此の章は、Dover 海峡を渡って、Caen 県 Normandy の海岸に立っての一文である。

鉛色の海が徐々に荒れ始める處から、遂には雷鳴を伴って、暴風雨へと刻々と變化して行く様子が、簡潔な描寫乍ら、迫力すら感じさせる壓倒的な効果を産み出して居て、實に美事である。

*The leaden sea* plashed her indolent rhythm: all along the lonely shore the orchards stood motionless, sombre, metallic looking in the lifeless, thunder-charged air; and amid a rugged flare of smoky flame, the sun went down in the West.

(*Ibid.*, p.26 Italics は筆者)

驪て、日が没するにつれて、‘A baby breeze rustled past, fleeing before the distant storm: then all grew still again, while, across the horizon, a quiet rift broke, revealing a long, lurid line of fantastic coast-mysterious, desolate valleys, and ragged towering cliffs.’ (*Ibid.*, p.26) と、所謂、嵐の前の静けさとなり、‘*The leaden sea plashed her indolent rhythm*; and the bleak bulk of a steamer, pitching in the offing, moved like a beast in distress.’ (*Ibid.*, p.26 Italics は筆者) と、直前の静寂を強調する効果を狙って、‘*The leaden sea plashed her indolent rhythm*,’ と同じ文章を反復させる

事に依って、現在は 'indolent' 即ち inactive な海が、臆て荒海へと變化する前兆を予感させた上で、'And once again, fresh and cool, carrying the scent of storm, the breeze came fleeing, trailing an inky stain over the sea; and across the West there defiled a vague squadron of gigantic pillars of rain.' (*Ibid.*, p.26) と、軍隊の大軍の來襲を想わせる豪雨の接近を伝えるのである。

The parched trees swayed their boughs, uneasily whispering; and of sudden, wrapping all things in a dense shroud of dark-grey mist, clattered the ponderous rain.

And overhead, on, through the growing night, the white, jagged flashes of lightning, and the frenzied flight of screaming wind, and the dull booming of thunder told of great, distant battle of the clouds.

(*Ibid.*, p. p.26~27)

'a baby breeze' が 'the fleeing breeze' になり、更に、'The parched trees swayed their boughs.' という状態に變化し、遂には、'the screaming wind' となって吹き荒れる様を、克明に寫し出す技法は、此の作家の高い能力を感じさせるに充分である。

SEPTEMBER 30 IN NORMANDY 前章に引き續き、佛蘭西 Normandy 地方の寸描であるが、'In all the landscape no trace of the slovenly profusion of the picturesque; but rather *a distinguished reticence* of detail, fresh, coquettish, almost dapper.' (*Ibid.*, p.28 Italics は筆者) と、此の地の reticence を高く評價して居る。入水自殺の約一年前の九月に於ける作家の深層に徐々に蟠り出した諸々の騒音や雑音に對する反動の一部として、沈黙の美を享受する心境に在ったと推測したい。

A mauve sky, all suble; a discreet rusticity, daintily modern, femininely delicate; a whole finikin arrangement of trim trees, of

reclangular orchards, of tiny, spruce houses, tall-roofed and pink-faced, with white shutters demurely closed. Here and there a prim farmyard; a squat church-spire; and bloused peasants jogging behind rotund white horses, along a straight and gleaming road.

(*Ibid.*, p. p.27~28)

OCTOBER 4 PARIS IN OCTOBER 作家の愛する拾月の Paris は、既に秋景色が濃厚で、‘garish, Petulant’ な佇いは相變らずである。

PARIS in October — all white and a-glitter under a cold, sparkling sky, and the trees of the boulevards trembling their frail, russet leaves; garish, petulant Paris; complacently content with her sauntering crows, her monotonous arrangements in pink and white and blue; ever busied with her own publicity, her tiresome, obvious vice, and her parochial modernity coquetting with cosmopolitanism.

(*Ibid.*, p.28)

多数の cosmopolitan を惹きつけて止まぬ國際都市の活寫である。

OCTOBER 6 LA CÔTE D'OR 佛蘭西東部を北から南へ流れる Saône 川 が 貫 通 す る Bourgogne 地 方 の Côte D'or 県 を、‘untiring, rhythmically throbbing’ に疾驅する列車の窓から瞥見した章である。

Strips of *ruddy* earth: poplars flecked with *gold*, and vineyards with autumn *red*; the *dark*, sleek Saône; and beyond, the *pale green* plain, spacious and smooth, stretching away and away towards the *blue* haze that wraps the Côte D'or, hesitating and soft as the lines of a woman's body.

The sun sets, trailing a wash of *pale*, watery *gold*; torn, inky clouds spatter the sky; sombre shadows fill the acacia-groves; and on,

on, pounds the train, untiring, rhythmically throbbing.

(*Ibid*; p.29 Italics は筆者)

‘hesitating and soft as the lines of a woman’s body’ という表現は、如何にも此の作家らしい譬喩として貴重だが、この章の更なる特徴は、色彩の形容詞の多出である。風景や景色等自然の描寫に、色彩を表わす語句を頻繁に使用する例は多数在るものの、‘*ruddy*’ から ‘*inky*’ に至る拾語の形容詞の羅列は、此の作家の獨壇場と言って差支え無かろう。色彩語の多用に就いては、本論の後段で綿密に検討する予定である。

OCTOBER 7 LAUSANNE 佛蘭西東部に隣接する Lac Léman (別稱 Lac de Genève) を一望する保養地 Lausanne に滞在した時の、この湖の印象の克明な描寫である。

Deep-blue, she lies plunged in silent meditation; wrapped in the opal-tinted mists of evening, she dreams the vague, glad dreams of fancy; now she smiles, she laughs, even as little ripples, all gilded by the sun-rays, trip across her surface; she has her grey days of despair: she has also her *jours de fête*, and her *jours de grande toilette*, under a sky heavy loaded with blue: often, in the moonlight, *she lies white, tranquil, statuesque, like a beautiful, sleeping woman: at times her humour is bewilderingly capricious*; the fleeting, furious rages of a spoilt child sweep across her, or ink-coloured, she sulks during long hours, sullenly wrathful.

(*Ibid.*, p. p.29~30 Italics は筆者)

『蒲團着て寝たる姿や東山』という與謝蕪村の名句を想起させるかの様な ‘*she lies white, tranquil, statuesque, like a beautiful sleeping woman.*’ という描寫を初め、擬人化して ‘*at times her, humour is bewilderingly capricious.*’ と宛も現實の女性像を髣髴とさせるかの如き realistic な形

容等々、其の自然寫生の才能を存分に發揮して居る章である。

#### OCTOBER 10 OLD MARSEILLES AT MIDDAY

Alpe-de-Haute-Provence 県、Hautes-Alpes 県、Alpes-Maritimes 県等々の六県を含む佛蘭西南東部の Provence-Apres-Côte d'Azur 地方の Cannes 及び Nice と並んで世界に名高い、Mer Méditerranée に面した保養地 Marseilles を訪れた際の印象記である。

眞昼の Marseilles は、'When all the smooth stone pavement lies bathed in lust sunshine, you may feel the pulse of old Marseilles quicken to fever-neat in turbulent throbbing.... (*Ibid.*, p.31) と、Paris 等の北部に較べて、拾月とは言え、夏の氣配が依然として濃厚で、その中に Negroes, Chinamen, Arabs, Lascars, Italians, Greeks 等の多人種が混在して、如何にも繁榮する港都の印象を與えて居る。

Oh! for the crude crowd of blatant hues and the flood of fierce vitality that belong to Old Marseilles at midday!

(*Ibid.*, p.31)

#### OCTOBER 15 MONTECARLO

High, beneath the lofty dome of sullen sky, like a great white globe of electric light, the full moon hangs; *beyond the bay, the twinkling lights of Monaco are dropping long golden tears into the sea;* no breath of breeze to sway the black drooping palms; only the full solemn phrase of Gounod's "Ave Maria" slowly recurring to linger in the still, grave air of the night.

(*Ibid.*, p.32 Italics は筆者)

'the twinkling lights of Monaco are dropping long golden tears into the sea.' という表現の中に、此の作家の詩的感性が讀み取れよう。'the twin

minarets of the temple of Chance' は 'Within, through the great marble vestibule, where the shuffle of feet rings hollow, they hurry to huddle around the bright green shrines of the goddess, to await, with tense, yellow faces, the unflagging tide of her relentless caprices. (*Ibid.*, p.32) と言う描寫も、極めて暗示的である。

OCTOBER 20 AT THE CERTOSA DI VALD'EMA

'Florence, all ruddled and sullen, lay chauntering her ponderous notes of bronze.' (*Ibid.*, p.33) 見下す古城の terrace で、驪て降り出すであろう重苦しい空の下、渙師の網打ちの様子を見るとも無く眺めて居た時、突然に、昨年九月に訪れた、Certosa Di Vald'Ema の 'half-darkened chapel' を再訪したくなって、降り出した雨の中を、'By the roadside, the grey olives matched the sky; all around, the vines hung delicately dying, drooping in tired curves their fragile garlands of pallid-gold leaves; and here and there peeped speaks of scarlet, like lingering traces of some by gone fête. (*Ibid.*, p.34) の道を通り抜け、豪雨と化した悪天候を衝いて、目指す寺院に到着する。出迎えて呉れた Brother Agostino は 'a quick smile of recognition' を見せて、院内を案内して呉れるが、'the groups of noisy village youths and raffish, Florentine cabmen' の騒音の故もあってか、'the patient vacancy of habitual fatigue' の様子を隠そうとせず、'the great well, over-grown with rank grass, wore a forlorn, decrepit air; and a musty scent, as of approaching decay, floated over the vast garden.' (*Ibid.*, p.35) と、前回訪れた時の印象とは非道く懸け離れた様子に見え僅か一年餘りの年月の間のこの變化に、深い失望感に襲われたのであった。

And the place seemed all changed: its fine distinction was gone: the old Certosa exposed to the hurried gaze of every passing tourist; and stern-faced Brother Agostino, footsore and weary, degraded to the rôle of a common, obsequious guide.

(*Ibid.*, p. p.35~36)

知らぬ間に観光化して了った舊蹟と、多数の無作法な旅行客への対応で、徐々に然し深刻に *mannerism* に墮して行く関係者の不誠實な態度は、一世紀も前に、既に存在して居た様である。

#### OCTOBER 30 MORNING AT CASTELLO

次の早朝の描寫は、美事に、*real* である。

The morning's breath tastes cool and clean. The distant hills seem yet asleep, tranquil and dark — a long, low, wavering wall. Above the plain floats a lingering, pearly film, and the air grows busy with a vague rumour of awaking life — the rumble of wheels, the cracking of whips, the plaintive whistling of far-off trains....

(*Ibid.*, p.36)

Florence へ向う車窓から、街中を飛び回る 'brown-skinned, bare footed children' や、立ち話に現を抜かす男達の姿、更に、開け離れた戸口の前で、各自椅子に座って、日がな一日麦わら編みに餘年の無い主婦達等を眺め乍ら、'Beyond, across the dusty-green of countless olives, you can see the glittering roofs of Florence, the *Duomo's* burly dome, and the pale outline of Giotto's tower.' (*Ibid.*, p.37) と、漸く姿を現わした憧憬の地 Florence への想いに驅られる章である。

#### NOVEMBER 1 IN THE CAMPO SANTO AT PERUGIA 作家の

描寫の冴えが眼につく章である。先ず Perugia の夜の情景が、簡潔に描かれる。'The young moon hangs amid a *steely sky*; *the land, empty and darkening, rolls like a billowing sea towards the Western orange glow*; and high behind us the tall hills lifts Perugia's ragged silhouette. (*Ibid.*, p.37 *Italics* は筆者) 'steely sky' には、作家の斷固たる印象が窺えるし、'the land~glow' の一文は、伊太利ならではの olive 畑の様子を、漣に譬えて活寫して居て、讀む者に明確な *image* を與えて呉れる。

Down the steep road they came — grave *bourgeois*; bands of brown-faced youths, chewing thin cigars; aged peasant-woman, with faded, wrinkled eyes; chattering country-girls, gaudy handkerchiefs around their hair; toddling children; uncouth men from the mountains, sullenly wrapped in fur-trimmed cloaks, while, posted in rows on either side, the crippled beggars offer their dusty hats, and whine for charity in the Virgin's name.

(*Ibid.*, p.37~38)

‘the day of the dead’に、墓地へ向う人々の\_\_若者や老農婦や田舎娘や樵夫等々\_\_の、其れ其れ独特な *character* を、極めて短い形容語を用いて、適確に描出して居る。特に、其等の人々を目当てにした ‘crippled beggars’の描寫は、一際優れた出来栄と言わなければなるまい。そして、‘the glad scent of freshly-scattered flowers’ の墓所に佇んでの次の様な感慨は、無意識乍らも死期を目前に控えた人間の、胸中深くから湧き出づるものとして、出色と言えよう。

‘Death loses its squalor; and becomes something demure, sociable, almost gay....

(*Ibid.*, p.39)

NOVEMBER 9~12 NAPLES IN NOVEMBER *Late afternoon in the strada del chiaja, From Posilipo* 絶景 Naples Bay の描寫に注目しよう。

Heaped beneath us all Naples, white and motionless in the silent blaze of the midday sun; circling the bay, still and smooth and blue as the sky above, a misty line of white villages; dark, velvety shadows draping the hills; on the horizon, rising abruptly, Capri's notched silhouette — *tout semble sur la beauté — la bonne et franche beauté criarde de pays chauds européens.*



(*Ibid.*, p. p.39~40)

the Strada del Chiaja で見掛けた、如何にも Napolitans らしい女性の、  
'the morose sallow-faced ladies of the Napolitan nobility' (*Ibid.*, p.39) と言  
う描寫は、言い得て妙であり、獨特である。

NOVEMBER 17 *In the Strada del Porto porto* の様子、跳ねる銀鱗、  
物賣りの聲、道行く水夫等々の活き活きとした情景が、引き締った文體  
で活寫される様を、少々長いが引いて置こう。

A strip of treacherous pavement slimy with garbage; the wan  
flicker of foul lanterns, vaguely revealing the black shapes of sail-like  
awnings above a network of mysterious masts; and the sodden,  
continuous uproar of a reeking crowd — hawkers of fruit, of fish, of  
assorted cigar-ends — fiercely clamouring together in the darkness....

By the bye, through the obscurity, peers the glossy vermillion of  
piled capsicums, the scarlet sparkle of bleeding pomegranates, and  
the hard flashing of scattered, silverly sardines. Here and there,  
behind a chestnut-brazier that shoots long, licking tongues of ruddy  
flames, the vacant, battered countenance of some aged crone; or amid  
a frenzied cracking of whips the clattering passage of a team  
trembling mules, straining at a lean-shafted, high-wheeled cart,  
passing across the street, to disappear, engulfed in cavernous  
blackness, beneath a noisome archway. Bands of sailors jostle their  
way down the alley, rudely rebuffing the obscene advances of  
slatternly women.

(*Ibid.*, p. p.40~41)

そして、'the night glows airless and stifling, under the dingy stars that  
speckle the black strip of sky overhead; and the street comes to possess a

satanic fascination, almost epic in its intensity....' (*Ibid.*, p.41) と、象徴的な感慨を込めて締め括られる。

NOVEMBER 29 *Moonlight* 前章と同様に、Naples の晝の喧騒振りとは打って變った 'quiet night' の静かな情景で描出される。此の作家の realistic な自然描寫を確認する意味で、少々長いが、以下に引用する。

The long line of lamps casts countless, trembling pillars of dusky gold into the sea: the night is full of stifled light — a pale, quivering suffusion of mysterious blue. The Castello d'Oro floats, black as ink, like a shapeless hulk; *across the empty sky a solitary, ghostly cloud lies sleeping*; somewhere, beyond the bay, the moonlight is dancing; and the rhythm of *the sleek, rolling waves drowsily, lazily rises and falls*.

A boy and girl lean together, watching the waves: some mandolines start a faint twanging; the distant rattle of a cab — then *all is quite*; and the glow above Vesuvius, sullenly pulsing, alone breaks in upon *the delicate serenity of the night*.

(*Ibid.*, p. p.41~42 Italics は筆者)

'*a solitary, ghostly cloud lies sleeping*.'、'*the sleek, rolling waves drowsily, lazily rises and falls*.' と詩的な表現が續き、聴て、一體は '*all is quiet*' と静謐に包まれて、'*the delicate serenity of the night*' と、更けて行くのである。

NOVEMBER 26 *At the Theatre Manzoni* Hubert Crackanthorpe は、marionettes を観賞する爲に、*Theatre Manzoni* へ、屢々通い、

I have found a certain childish charm in the small, shabby, blue-and-white theatre, the tiers of minute boxes, close-packed with faces, the noisy Neapolitan pit, and the inevitable row of callow critics,

sucking their pencil-stumps, each with his hat tight-jammed behind his head.

(*Ibid.*, p. p.42~43)

と言う雰囲気是非道く気に入って居たのだが、数多く観た出し物の中で、特に 'a little flaxen-haired lady' が、'wooden gaze' を投げ掛ける 'curly-pated little knight' の冷酷な扱いに、身も世も無く歎き悲しむ様を描いた *mediaeval drama* に心惹かれたのである。

But especially there lingers in my mind the memory of a certain brief, *mediaeval drama*, where a little flaxen-haired lady, wearing a low-cut dress of arsenic-green satin, passionately implored mercy of a curly-pated knight in a shirt of maroon-coloured velvet, for a great wrong she had done him. She wept piteously, poor little creature, tearing tremulously at her flutty locks, and on her knees appealing to us all to help her. But the little knight kept his wooden gaze obdurately averted from her, till, exhausted, she sunk dying on to a gilt-legged couch.

(*Ibid.*, p.43)

如何にも *realist* らしい観察力と記憶力とに驚かされる精密な描寫である。此の愁嘆場に、場内總てが惹き付けられて、'breathless silence' が満ち溢れるのである。然し、'For in some curious, inexplicable way the thing was quite moving — he was so brutal, the little curly-pated knight in his shirt of maroon-coloured velvet; and she, poor, sobbing, little flaxen-haired lady, pleaded so desperately' (*Ibid.*, p.44) と、更に續く *melodramatic* な大芝居を見續ける内に、作家脳裡に、或る幼時の記憶が突然甦って來るのである。

Once before, in my childhood, through a half closed door, I saw

*a girl plead with that same tense fragility. She, too, had flaxen hair, and wore a low-necked dress of green satin; and he, the man, stood stiffly, turning his gaze away from her, obdurately.*

(*Ibid.*, p.44 Italics は筆者)

劇中の ‘a little flaxen lady’ の芝居と同じく、‘a girl plead with that same tense fragility’ と哀願する女性に対する ‘the man’ (= ‘a little, curly-pated knight’) の ‘turning his gaze away from her, obdurately’ という冷酷な態度を垣間見た幼児の印象が、成人して作家を目指した Hubert Crackanthorpe の ‘And each scene, as I now compose them, seems to contain a kindred underlying element of grotesque unreality’ (*Ibid.*, p.44) という理解に繋がり、その一例として、處女作 *Wreckage* の中の *Profile* に於ける ‘obdurate’ な Adrian Safford に向っての Lilly の哀訴の様子 — ‘Tell me that you love me. Then I’ll come.’ (*Ibid.*, p.30) — を産み出したのではあるまいか。

NOVEMBER 28 POMPEI 朽ち果てた mill の内部の精緻な描寫。

It was an old mill. There were white columns of peeling plaster flanking the granary, and stacks of frowsy brushwood blocking the door. Part of it had fallen away; tall, rank grass grew between the rotting rafters of the roof; and remnants of battered frescoes, that had once adorned the walls of the upper rooms, were now spread bare to sun and wind and rain.

And the meal-troughs were full of blossoming wild-flowers.

(*Ibid.*, p.45)

Rome 帝國華かなりし昔日の面影を偲ばせる縁として、嘗て壁面を飾って居たであろう fresco 画が、無残にも碎け散って、太陽と風と雨

とに依って風化して了った様子に、盛者必衰の理を見る想いであつたろう。millの傍には、‘a small, square Moorish house, roofed with lava, scowling with dirt’が在り、更に、庭の public well の近くには、木製の a gaunt crane が寂し氣に佇み、その彼方には、‘a ragged peasant family — the father, the mother, two sons, four daughters — が見え、‘and beyond them stretched the great dead-grey expanse of roofless walls — the sun-dried corpse of the ruined Roman town’ (*Ibid.*, p. p.45~46)が望見されて、寂寥感をそそるのである。

In the twilight the sea lay towards Capri the colour of yellow mud; and Vesvius, turning a vague, velvety black, was trickling his smoky breath towards the bay.

(*Ibid.*, p.46 Italics は筆者)

此の Vesvius 火山の描寫を、Hubert Crackanthorpe の先驅者 George Gissing (1857~1903) のそれと較べて見よう。

They (factory chimneys) reminded me of the same abomination on a shore more sacred; from the harbour of Piræus one looks to Athens through trails of coal-smoke. By a contrast pleasant enough, Vesvius today sent forth vapours of a delicate rose-tint, floating far and breaking seaward into soft little fleeces of cirrus. The cone, covered with sulphur, gleamed bright yellow against cloudless blue.

(*By the Ionian Sea*, p. p.21 ~ 22, THE RICHARDS Press, LONDON, Italics は筆者)

前者の ‘tricking his smoky breath towards the bay’ という火山の活動の簡略な表現に對し、後者の ‘sent forth vapours of a delicate rose-tint, floating far and breaking seaward into soft soft little fleeces of cirrus.’ という描寫は、Vesvius 火山の吐き出す ‘breath’ と ‘vapours’ の流れ漂う先の

相違\_\_前者は簡単に 'towards the bay' としたのに較べ、Gissing は、  
'vapours of a delicat rose-tint' が遠く彼方へと流れて行き紺碧の空に浮ぶ  
羊毛の様な圈雲に変化すると、極めて realistic であり、紀行文として、  
一日の長の在る處を顯示して居る。この二人の realist に就いては、紀  
行文のみならず、その小説に關しても、孰れ精査する予定である。

There was a great immobility in the air \_\_ an immobility that  
seemed born of long ages: and, somehow, more than the ruined town  
itself \_\_ defaced by German tourists and uniformed guides \_\_ this  
corner of the country supplied *a bitter sense of shortness of life, the  
impassive sloth of time....*

(*Vignettes*, p.46 Italics は筆者)

作家が「時は悠久に流れ、人の世は短く儚い」と言う非情な迄に不變  
の理に改めて達した POMPEI の旅であつたのである。

#### NOVEMBER 30 IN THE BAY OF SALERNO

To gaze across the black sweep of sea, out into *the mystery of the  
night*; to hear the restless waves slowly sighing through the darkness,  
as they beat the rocks a thousand feet beneath; to love a little so, with  
quite pressure of hands, and *listlessly to ponder on strange meanings of  
life and love and death.*

(*Ibid.*, p. p.46~47 Italics は筆者)

Salerno の暗い海邊に立つて、*'the mystery of the night'* に包まれて、前  
章の *'the shortness of life'* と言う感慨が更に強まり、*'strange meanings of  
life and love and death'* と、文字通り、切羽詰った危檢な心境が、作家  
の深層に根付いた事を暗示する章で、實際に入水する略一年前の時期で  
ある事を勘案すると、悲劇の予感が確實に感じられる處である。更に、

And so, amid a still serenity of *dreamy sadness*, to forget *the mad turmoil of passion*, to grow indifferent to all desire, and to wait, while the heart fills full of grave gratitude towards an unknown God.

(*Ibid.*, p.47 Italics は筆者)

と、「漠然とした寂寥感」(*dreamy sadness*)の眞只中で、「狂氣染みた感情的困亂」(*the mad turmoil of passion*)に責まれて、想わず「未知の神」に救済を求める心境に至ったのである。妻と愛人との間の葛藤に巻き込まれ、種々の精神的苦痛に悩み乍ら、然し、生きて行かねばならぬ運命を、眞摯に受け止めるには、餘りにも脆弱な自らの精神構造に氣付き怖れて、「神」の御手に縋る心境に到ったと理解出来よう。そして、

And then, once more, to understand how life is but a little thing, and love but a passionate illusion, and to envy the sea her sighing in the days when the end shall have come.

と、「人生の儚さ」と「愛の幻影」に氣付き、聽て來たるべき終焉の時を、極めて *real* に感じ取ったのである。

DECEMBER 10 SEVILLE DANCING GIRLS Seville の街で夜明け近く迄續く祝祭に於ける美しい *dancer* の印象の描寫である。

And then, for the last time, the frenzy passes. The guitars start their sudden, bitter twanging, and the women their wild, rhythmical beating of hands.

Amid volleys of harsh, frenzied plaudits la Manolita dances, swaying her soft, girlish frame with a tense, exasperated restraint; supple as a serpent; *coily, subtly lascivious*; languidly curling and uncurling her bare white arms.

(*Ibid.*, p.48 Italics は筆者)

大群衆と樂器の織り成す騒音の中で、la Manolita の young girl ならではの 'coyly, subtly lascivious' に踊る姿が印象的で、特に、此の作家の 'white' という色彩に對する異常な執着から、夜目にも白く浮き出した少女の腕の白さが、強く眼の裏に灼き付いて 'as I hasten home through the narrow, sleeping streets, her soft, girlish frame still sways before my eyes, to the bitter twanging of guitars.' (*Ibid.*, p.48) と、腦裡に強烈な印象を残したのである。

### SUNRISE

*To ride alone beneath the stars, through the long indefinite hours of night; to climb the slumbering mountain-hulks; to hear the dull roar of the river, toiling unwearied through the darkness below; to break; with a sudden clattering of hoofs, the gloomy stillness of distant village-streets, and on through the twilight that precedes the dawn, to journey, without flagging, high up against the sky, across a desolate, limitless plain.*

(*Ibid.*, p.49 Italics は筆者)

下線を施した四箇所處の不定法の連續に依って、日本語文法の體言止めにも似た、此の作家獨特の簡素で乾いた効果を擧げて居る文章である。夜明け直前の 'a desolate, limitless plain' の中で、'To scout the future; to unlearn the past; and to brood vaguely, as the night broods....' と、續け様に不定法を驅使し乍ら、

To elude desire; to disdain the thrill of hate; to forget the long aching of love, and to commune, in tender serenity, with the grave-eyed Spirit of Rest.'

(*Ibid.*, p.49)



と、厳しい現実から逃避して、深遠なる休息に向いたいと願う心情は、來たるべき未來に對して、肯定的或いは否定的の孰れにせよ、兎に角、前進せざるを得ない、同情を禁じ得ない究極の場面に迄追い詰められつつ在る此の作家の偽わらざる現状の吐露と看做得るであろう。漸く夜が明けて、‘at last to meet the Great God’s dazzling glory, bursting in splendour across the empty land.’ (*Ibid.*, p. p.49~50) と輝く旭光に、無理にでも束の間の安息を見つけ出そうとする作家の努力は、將に、哀れとしか言い様が無い。

この論考は平成拾九年度札幌大學研究助成（個人研究）による研究成果の一部である。