

「舞台の上で〈ふみ〉を〈よむ〉——シェイクスピア劇の場合——」



図1 窓辺で手紙を読む女

1658-59年、油彩・キャンヴァス、83×64.5cm、ドレスデン、絵画館

(小林 27)



図2 ×線を手がかりにして復元した『窓辺で手紙を読む女』の最初の構図 (小林 26)



図3 ヴァージナルの前に立つ女

1669-71年、油彩・キャンヴァス、51.8×45.2cm、ロンドン、ナショナル・ギャラリー

(小林 73)



図4 The 'Moses' of Michelangelo. (San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome) (Freud, Plate 4)

①

Enter [LADY MACBETH,] with a letter
LADY MACBETH [reading] "They met me in the day of success,
and I have learned by the perfect'st report they have more in
them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question
them further, they made themselves air, into which they
vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it came missives
from the King, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor", by
which title before these weird sisters saluted me, and referred
me to the coming on of time with "Hail, King that shalt be!"
This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner
of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing by
being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy
heart, and farewell.
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature.
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries "Thus thou must do" if thou have it,
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

Enter [a SERVANT]

What is your tidings?

SERVANT The King comes here tonight. (Mac. 1.5.1-29)

②

LADY MACBETH

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood,
Stop up th'access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th'effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry "Hold, hold!"

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,
Greater than both by the all-hail hereafter,
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant. (Mac. 1.5.36-56)

③

MALVOLIO [seeing the letter] What employment have we here?
FABIAN Now is the woodcock near the gin.
SIR TOBY O peace, and the spirit of humours intimate reading
aloud to him.
MALVOLIO [taking up the letter] By my life, this is my lady's
hand. These be her very c's, her u's, and her t's, and thus
makes she her great P's. It is in contempt of question her
hand.
SIR ANDREW Her c's, her u's, and her t's? Why that?
MALVOLIO [reads] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good
wishes." Her very phrases! [Opening the letter] By your leave,
wax — soft, and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she
uses to seal — 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?
FABIAN This wins him, liver and all.

*

*

MALVOLIO "Jove knows I love,
But who?
Lips do not move,
No man must know."
"No man must know." What follows? The numbers altered.
"No man must know." If this should be thee, Malvolio?
SIR TOBY Marry, hang thee, brock.
MALVOLIO "I may command where I adore,
But silence like a Lucrece knife
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore.
M.O.A.I. doth sway my life."
FABIAN A fustian riddle.
SIR TOBY Excellent wench, say I.
MALVOLIO "M.O.A.I. doth sway my life." Nay, but first let me
see, let me see, let me see.
FABIAN What dish o' poison has she dressed him!
SIR TOBY And with what wing the staniel checks at it!
MALVOLIO "I may command where I adore." Why, she may com-
mand me. I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to
any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this. And the
end—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I
could make that resemble something in me. Softly—"M.O.A.I."
SIR TOBY O ay, make up that, he is now at a cold scent.
FABIAN Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank
as a fox.
MALVOLIO "M." Malvolio—"M"—why, that begins my name.
FABIAN Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent
at faults.
MALVOLIO "M." But then there is no consonancy in the sequel.
That suffers under probation. "A" should follow, but "O" does.
FABIAN And "O" shall end, I hope.
SIR TOBY Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry "O!"
MALVOLIO And then "I" comes behind.
FABIAN Ay, an you had any eye behind you you might see more
detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.
MALVOLIO "M.O.A.I." This simulation is not as the former; and
yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of
these letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose: "If this
fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but
be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates
open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and
to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble
slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly
with servants. Let thy tongue tang arguments of state, put thy-
self into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs
for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,
and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say remember, go
to, thou art made if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see
thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to
touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter ser-
vices with thee,
The Fortunate-Unhappy."
Daylight and champaign discovers not more. This is open. I
will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir
Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device
the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination
jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me.
She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise
my leg, being cross-gartered, and in this she manifests herself
to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these
habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be
strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even
with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised.
Here is yet a postscript. "Thou canst not choose but know who
I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling,
thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still
smile, dear my sweet, I prithee." Jove, I thank thee. I will smile,
I will do everything that thou wilt have me. Exit

(TN 2.5.73-155)

6 DON PEDRO Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?
LEONATO No, and swears she never will. That's her torment.
CLAUDIO 'Tis true, indeed, so your daughter says. 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'
LEONATO This says she now when she is beginning to write to him, for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper. My daughter tells us all.
CLAUDIO Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.
LEONATO O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet. (Ade 2.3.114-26)

7 JULIA This bauble shall not henceforth trouble me. Here is a coil with protestation. [She tears the letter and drops the pieces] Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie. You would be fing'ring them to anger me.
LUCETTA [aside] She makes it strange, but she would be best pleased To be so angered with another letter. [Exit]
JULIA Nay, would I were so angered with the same. O hateful hands, to tear such loving words; Injurious-wasps, to feed on such sweet honey And kill the bees that yield it with your stings. I'll kiss each several paper for amends. [She picks up some of the pieces of paper]
Look, here is writ 'Kind Julia'—unkind Julia, As in revenge of thy ingratitude I throw thy name against the bruising stones, Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain. And here is writ 'Love-wounded Proteus'. Poor wounded name, my bosom as a bed Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly healed; And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss. But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down. Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away Till I have found each letter in the letter Except mine own name. That, some whirlwind bear Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock And throw it thence into the raging sea. Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ: 'Poor forlorn Proteus', 'passionate Proteus', 'To the sweet Julia'—that I'll tear away. And yet I will not, sith so prettily He couples it to his complaining names. Thus will I fold them, one upon another. Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will. (TGV 1.2.99-130)

8 THESEUS What say you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid. To you your father should be as a god, One that composed your beauties, yea, and one To whom you are but as a form in wax, By him imprinted, and within his power To leave the figure or disfigure it. Demetrius is a worthy gentleman. (MND 1.1.46-52)

9 Enter a DOCTOR of Physic and a Waiting-GENTLEWOMAN
DOCTOR I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?
GENTLEWOMAN Since his majesty went into the field I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed, yet all this while in a most fast sleep. (Mac. 5.1.1-7)

10 BANQUO Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair? [To the WITCHES] I th' name of truth, Are ye fantastical or that indeed

* Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner You greet with present grace and great prediction Of noble having and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not. If you can look into the seeds of time And say which grain will grow and which will not, Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear Your favours nor your hate. (Mac 1.3.49-59)

11 Enter LADY [MACBETH]
LADY MACBETH My hands are of your colour, but I shame To wear a heart so white. Knock [within]
I hear a knocking At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber. A little water clears us of this deed. How easy is it then! Your constancy Hath left you unattended. Knock [within]
Hark, more knocking. Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us And show us to be watchers. Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.
MACBETH To know my deed 'twere best not know myself. Knock [within]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou couldst. Exeunt (Mac. 2.2.62-72)

12 2.3. Enter a PORTER. Knocking within
PORTER Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate he should have old turning the key. Knock [within]
Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time! I have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. Knock [within] (Mac. 2.3.1-6)

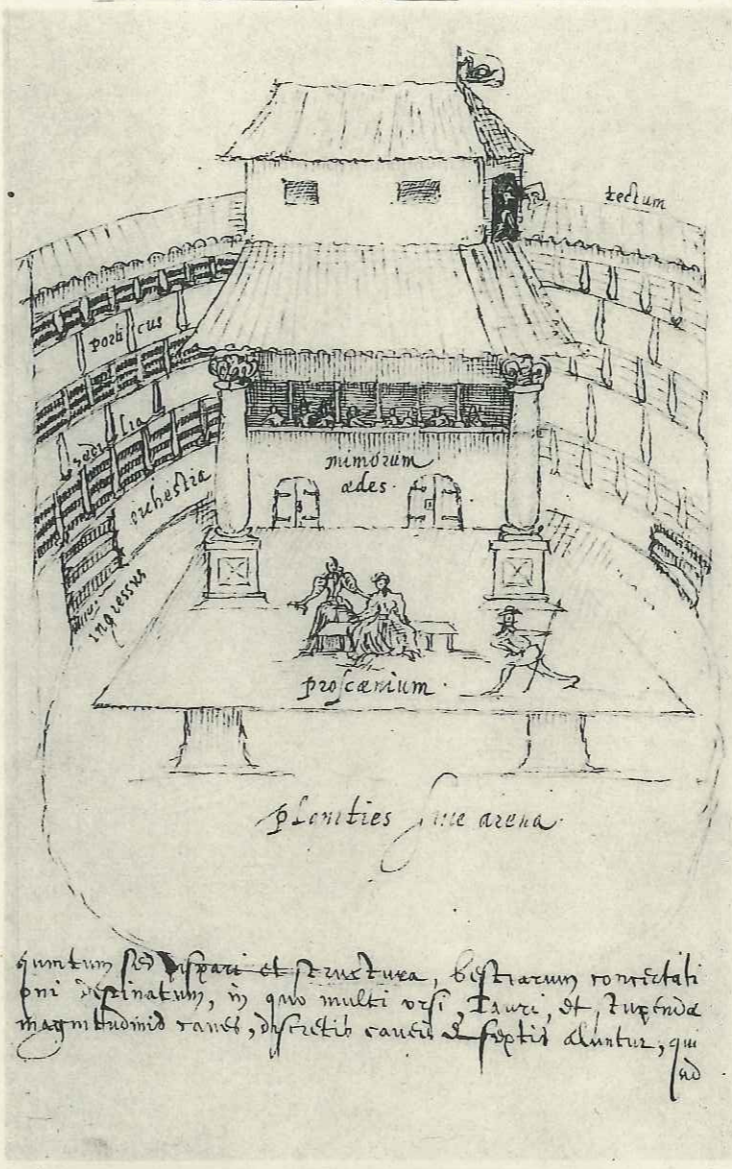
13 SECOND WITCH By the pricking of my thumbs, Something wicked this way comes. [Knock within]
Open, locks, whoever knocks. Enter MACBETH
MACBETH How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags, What is't you do?
ALL THE WITCHES A deed without a name. (Mac. 4.1.61-65)

14 MARIA Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half-hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! (TN 2.5.13-17)



図9 テイツィアー『ディアナとアクワイオン』1556-59年 エライバウ スコットランド(国立美術館)

15 CURIO Will you go hunt, my lord?
ORSINO What, Curio?
CURIO The hart.
ORSINO Why so I do, the noblest that I have. O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first Methought she purged the air of pestilence; That instant was I turned into a hart, And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, E'er since pursue me. (TN 1.1.16-22)



De Witt's drawing of the Swan, c. 1596 (University Library, Utrecht) (Thomson Fig.4)



図11 マス《立ち聞き》(1657年、92.5×122cm、ドルトレヒト美術館)(オランダ文化財研究所から貸し出し)。(小林23)

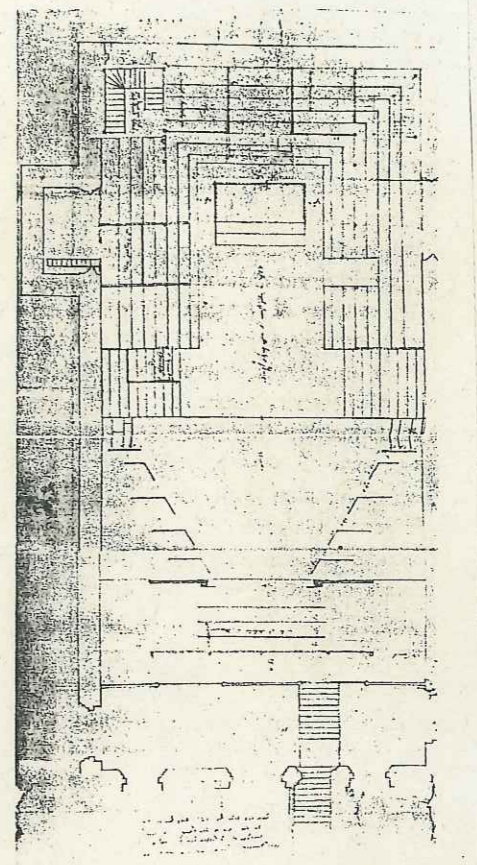


図12 Florimène: plan of the stage and hall (British Museum) (Orgel 28)

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