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# 目 次

## 論文

1. *The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩—— George Herbert の詩論再考—— …………… 畠山 悦郎 ( 1)
2. 世界の手触り—— D.H. ロレンスの旅行記と触覚の思想 …………… 井出 達郎 ( 25)
3. Introduction to the Folklore of Scotland …………… M. Heather Kotake ( 47)

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1. 英語の音声——リズムとイントネーション—— …………… 遠藤 裕一 (111)
2. 英語運用能力を伸ばすシャドーイング …………… 中西 弘 (117)
3. Improving your English Pronunciation …………… Phillip Backley (125)
4. 共生のための英語学習 …………… 村野井 仁 (139)
5. CAN-DO リストと自律した学習者 …………… 尾関 直子 (147)

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# *The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

—— George Herbert の詩論再考 ——

畠山悦郎

## I

What trophée then shall I most fit devise,  
in which I may record the memory  
of my love's conquest, peerlesse beautie's prise,  
adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity ?  
Even this verse vovd to eternity  
shall be thereof immortall moniment ;  
and tell her prayse to all posterity,  
that may admire such world's rare wonderment :

.... (Edmund Spenser, *Amoretti*, 69, 5-12)<sup>1</sup>

ヨーロッパ文学の長い伝統の中に水脈のように流れる幾つかの主題を掘り起こし、その姿を明らかにしてくれたのが、E. R. Curtius であった。彼が明らかにした水脈の一つに「詩による（名声の）永遠化のトポス（“the immortality-topos” [477]）」（以下「永遠化のトポス」と略）がある。上に引用したのがその典型例で、文字通り、詩を捧げる相手の栄誉や美貌を書き記すことで、その者の名声の永続を図った詩のことである。大切な

### *The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

は、この場合、当該の詩が（可能な限り）永遠に残存することが条件となる。そこで、詩は（名声を刻印した）「記念碑」の類に擬されることが多い（cf. “moniment [= monument]” [10]）。このことと併せ、もう一点、この比喩を成立させるべく、当の詩自体に対する「自己言及」が生じることを確認しておく必要がある（cf. “this verse” [9]）。このトポスにとってこの自己言及の構造は必然であり、また極めて重要でもある。なぜなら、このトポスの、たぶん最も大切な意義は、名声の永遠化を可能にする詩（という芸術）の価値、さらに言えば、その詩をものする詩人の力量（＝創造性）への自負心を（暗に）代弁している点にあるからである（Curtius 477）。

こうした「永遠化のトポス」は、Curtius が指摘するように（476-77）、その水源を辿れば古代ギリシャにまで行き着くのだが、とりわけルネサンス期に太い流れを形成しているように思える。イギリスについて言えば、最初の大きな湧出は 16 世紀後半から 17 世紀にかけて見られたと言ってよいであろう。とりわけ、1590 年代から爆発的に溢れ出したソネット連作の中に、このトポスが数多く発見される。<sup>2</sup> その背景には、「印刷・出版業組合」（“the Stationers’ Company”）の設立をはじめとした幾つかの社会・文化的要因があったと考えられるが、<sup>3</sup> 今回の小論の目的は、そうした要因（との関係）を探ることではなく、このトポスと一人の詩人の抒情詩集との関係を考えてみることにある。詩人は George Herbert。そして彼がその短い生涯で唯一残した文学的テキストとってよい *The Temple*、が具体的な分析対象である。この詩集の中には数多くの自己言及的な詩が残されている。おそらく、それは、この詩人が「詩のありよう」に対し、いかに真摯に向き合ったかということを物語ってもいるはずである。今回は、そうしたテキストの中で、特に当該のトポスと関係が深いと考えられるもの

## *The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

を取り上げ、このトポスに対する彼のスタンスを検討してみたい。

具体的には、次章において、「永遠化のトポス」との関係が色濃いと思われる自己言及の構造をもつテキスト数編が取り上げられ、特に、当該トポスとのアナロジーを中心とした分析がなされる。第 III 章では、宗教詩である Herbert のテキストと、世俗詩で用いられることが圧倒的に多いこのトポスとの、むしろ、差異に注意が向けられ、Herbert のスタンスが検討される。そうしたプロセスの中で、彼の詩論（ひいては信仰観）が援用され、再考されることになる。<sup>4</sup> この詩人の「詩作」に対する考え方は独特であり、それが当該トポスに対する彼のスタンスにも深く関わっていると考えられるからである。

## II

三部構成から成る *The Temple* のうち、有名な抒情詩群を収める中心部に当たるのが *The Church* である。そして、その *The Church* の冒頭を飾るのが “The Altar” である。



*The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

A broken ALTAR, Lord, thy servant rears,  
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears :  
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame ;  
No workman's tool hath touched the same.  
A HEART alone  
Is such a stone,  
As nothing but  
Thy pow'r doth cut.  
Wherefore each part  
Of my hard heart  
Meets in this frame,  
To praise thy name.  
That if I chance to hold my peace,  
These stones to praise thee may not cease.  
O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,  
And sanctifie this ALTAR to be thine.

標題の「祭壇」をこの詩（の物理的かたち）自体が具現する、いわゆる「形象詩」の部類に入る。この祭壇は語り手の「こころ（“heart”）」を表象している（2）。そして、それは、神が語り手をして神自らを讃美することができるよう造りたもうたものだという（5-12）。<sup>5</sup> とりわけ注意したいのが、最終部の語り手の祈りである。「たとえ（自分が）黙したとしても、これらの石（＝祭壇）が神を称えることを止めないように」、と彼は逆説的に語る（13-14）。つまり、キリスト（という犠牲 [“Sacrifice”]）が語り手に与えられることにより、この祭壇（＝語り手のこころ）が浄められ、（よ

り一層) 神のものとなる (15-16), ということなのだが,<sup>6</sup> ここでの逆説をよりよく理解するためには、「人間のこころ=神の宮」という聖書中の譬え (1 Cor. 3: 16; II Cor. 6: 16) を思い起こす必要がある。この祭壇は、繰り返すが、語り手のこころを表す。その「こころ」が発する (神への) 讚美は、神自身がそこに宿ることによって正しく讚美たらしめられる (あるいはその讚美自体を「語らせられる」), ということであろう。

ところで、上述のように、この詩は自ら「祭壇」のかたちを採ることによって、この詩の中で語られる「祭壇」の理想的なありようを体現したものと言える。すなわち、この詩はこの詩自らに言及することで (cf. “this Altar” [16]), まさに神への永遠の讚歌たり得ているのである。捧げる相手こそ「神」に代わっているとはいえ、自らの詩への自己言及と詩自体の (ある種の記念碑の類の) 建造物への類比, そしてそれによる讚歌の永続への祈り, これらは、あの「永遠化のトポス」を想起させはしないだろうか。なるほど、このトポスは世俗詩に一般的なものではあったが、Herbert と同時代の多くの作家が愛用し、流行したのは事実である。宗教詩人であったとはいえ、Herbert がその影響を受けただろうことは十分に想像できる。後に検討することになるが、少なくともこの詩人が当時の職業詩人を中心とした世俗作家を意識し、(自らの意に反することだったにせよ) なにがしかその感化を受けた痕跡は彼の幾つかの詩に残されている。

こうした観点に立って、もう一つ、別のテキストを参照したい。“Sion” という詩である。この詩では、まず、神の住処として、きらびやかなソロモンの神殿と罪にまみれた人間 (語り手) の「こころ」が対比される。神はわざわざ後者を選ぶのだが、まず最初に、そこに巢食い、敵対する罪と戦い、それを浄化する必要があった。そのプロセスの中で「こころ」は (戦いの激しさのため) 苦悶の声をあげることになるが、その声こそ実は神へ

*The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

の真の讃歌たりうるのだ、と結ばれる。

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,  
Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it :  
    The fight is hard on either part.  
    Great God doth fight, he doth submit.  
All Solomons sea of brasse and world of stone  
Is not so deare to thee as one good grone.

And truly brasse and stones are heavie things,  
Tombes for the dead, not temples fit for thee :  
    But grones are quick, and full of wings,  
    And all their motions upward be ;  
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing ;  
The note is sad, yet musick for a King. (13-24)

最後の二連は、「苦悶の声 (“grone (s)” [18, 21])こそ真の讃歌」のパラドクスが、巧みな比喩で、はっきりと表明されている。問題は、“The Altar”と同じように、この詩でもまた人間のところが神の神殿に譬えられていること、そして、そのところの発する悲しげな声、はからずも「神への讃歌 (“musick for a King”) [24]」へと転ずるその声こそ、この詩それ自体に相違ない、ということである。Mark Taylor は、この詩の最終行が Herbert の詩論を暗示している可能性を指摘しているが (48)、まさにこの箇所 “musick for a King” はあるべき姿の「詩」の謂であろうし、言わずもがな、この詩自体を指してもいるはずである。音楽と詩の類比は説明

*The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

するまでもないが、Herbert も多用している。<sup>7</sup> とりわけ、“Sion” と同じように、こころの発する「苦悶の声」が神への真実の讃歌だとする逆説をテーマとし、かつその讃歌として当該の詩に自己言及しているテキストとして、“Deniall” を援用したい。

When my devotions could not pierce  
    Thy silent eares ;  
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse ;  
    My breast was full of fears  
    And disorder : (1-5)

冒頭5行で、語り手のこころの発する声が詩（および音楽）に類比され、神と疎遠な苦しみの状況が綴られているのが分かる。

O that thou shouldst give dust a tongue  
    To crie to thee,  
And then not heare it crying ! all day long  
    My heart was in my knee,  
    But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,  
    Untun'd, unstrung :  
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,  
    Like a nipt blossome, hung  
    Discontented.

*The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

O cheer and tune my heartlesse breast,  
Deferre no time ;  
That so thy favours granting my request,  
They and my minde may chime,  
And mend my ryme. (16-30)

この類比は、もちろん、詩の後半部でも継続されるのだが、<sup>8</sup> 注意したいのは、最終連で神の恵みによってこころの活力と音楽（讃歌）の回復を祈るとき、こころの平安を暗示するかのように、韻律上の工夫が施されている点である。すなわち、第5連目まで、どの連も最終行の脚韻が上4行のそれと異なっているのに、最終連だけは（記号化すると ababb と）見事に韻を踏んで終わっている。つまり、この詩で語られている「こころの発する不調和な声＝音楽」<sup>9</sup> を、まさにこの詩自体が体现していたと言える。テーマの上でも、比喩表現の上でも、実は“Sion”とよく似た詩である。“Sion”の“musick …” (24) がその詩自体、少なくとも詩一般に言及しているだろうことを改めて確認したい。

“Sion”と先に検討した“The Altar”には比喩表現において一つの共通項がある。すなわち、人間（語り手）のこころを神殿あるいは祭壇という、ある種の（キリスト教に関係した）建造物に擬する点である。Stanley Fish は、カテキズムによる読者教化の方途として Herbert が用いた比喩用法の一つに「教会堂建立の比喩表現 (“temple building metaphor”）」(以下「教会堂の比喩」と略)があることを指摘した (*The Living Temple* 54-89)。この比喩群は、また、Fish に先立ち、Rosemond Tuve が指摘した「タバナクルの象徴表現 (“symbolism of tabernacle”）」(141)<sup>10</sup> (以下「タバナクルの象徴」と略)とも部分的に逢着する。「タバナクル」は「教会堂」の

*The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

タイポロジカルな相似形にほかならない。いずれにせよ、私たちがここで検討した二つの詩は、ともに、Fish あるいは Tuve が論及した、これらの比喩体系の範疇に入ると考えることもできる。重要なのは、「教会堂の比喩」も「タバナクルの象徴」も、先に触れた、「人間のこころ＝神の宮」という聖書的アナロジーを基本に据える点で一つに括れるということである。私たちがとりあげた二つの詩でも、語り手のこころを表象する比喩は、いずれも「神を宿す（何らかの）場所」に還元される。その点においてこれらの比喩体系に包摂されると考えてよい。ただ、一点、私たちの議論に引きつけて言うならば、その「神を宿す場所」として、当の詩それ自体に自己言及していること、それがこれらの詩の最大の特徴であることを併せて（再）確認せねばならない。

これらと同質の特徴を持つテキストがさらに幾編か存在すると思われる。<sup>11</sup> これらの詩群に通底する自己言及の構造とテーマ（＝神への讃歌）の背景に、当時流行した「永遠化のトポス」の影響を看取したとしても、決して行き過ぎではないであろう。Herbert のこうした詩は、「永遠化のトポス」の、ある意味で、変種形と言ってよいかもしれない。

最後にもう一編、「詩＝（宗教的）建造物」という類比こそ見られないものの、自己言及の構造を備え、このトポスを明らかに意識していると考えられるテキストに触れ、傍証としたい。“A Wreath”という短詩である。

A wreathed garland of deserved praise,  
Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,  
I give to thee, who knowest all my wayes,  
My crooked winding wayes, wherein I live,  
Wherein I die, not live : for life is straight,

*The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,  
To thee, who art more farre above deceit,  
Then deceit seems above simplicitie.  
Give me simplicitie, that I may live,  
So live and like, that I may know, thy wayes,  
Know them and practise them : then shall I give  
For this poore wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

神に対する讃美を「花輪」として捧げたい、という語り手の思いが綴られた詩である。メタ的な詩論になっており、その内容に関しては後に改めて触れることになるが、ここでは、詩の各行の出だしが前行の結語（句）をリピートするかたちを採ることによって、そして、最終行の自己言及によって（“this poore weath” [12]）、この詩自体がまごうかたなき「讃美の花輪」そのものを体現していることに注意したい。この作家は、確かに、「永遠化のトポス」を知悉していたに相違ない。

### III

ここまで検討してきた *The Temple* における自己言及的な詩（の幾つか）と「永遠化のトポス」とのつながりは、前章の最後に触れた“A Wreath”を含め、“Jordan” (I) および (II) など、詩人自身の詩作の述懐というかたちによって直接「詩」のありようを問うたテキスト群を調べることで、さらに明らかになると思われる。ただ、章を改めるに当って、まず確認しておきたい点がある。それは、前章で扱った詩群が、「永遠化のトポス」と同じように、「詩＝（一種の）記念碑」の定式を充たすのは、語る主体が、詩人自身というよりも、いわば（詩人に内在する）神である時（少なくとも

*The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

もその助力を得た時)だ、ということである。“The Altar”にあって、詩人(のころ)が「黙したとしても讚美を止めない」(14)のは、そこに「いけにえ(“Sacrifice”)」として捧げられた神が「語らせてくれる」からにはほかならない(15-16)。また、“Sion”にあって、苦悶の果ての呻き声が「神への讚歌(“musick for a King”)」に変わるのは、神自らが語り手のころを己が神殿と定め、やはり「歌わしめる」からである(10-18)。これらの詩は、「詩=(詩を捧げる相手の名声を永遠化する)記念碑」という点では、「永遠化のトポス」と何ら変わらない。しかし、語り手が発するのはせいぜい苦吟の言葉であり、場合によっては黙さざるを得ない。いわば、これらの詩はパラドクスによって「永遠化のトポス」たり得ているのである。場合によっては、こうしたパラドクスの中に、従来のこのトポスに対する批判または諷刺を読み取ることもすら可能かもしれない。本章では、宗教詩人としての Herbert が、「永遠化のトポス」を意識しながら、それに対しどのようなスタンスをとることになったのかを、主に彼の詩論を映す幾つかのテキストに言及しながら考えてみることにする。このトポスは、繰り返しになるが、当の詩自らに言及する。場合によって、(仮に詩人自身は無意識であったにせよ)それは詩そのもののありようへの問いかけにもなる。Herbert の詩作について述懐したテキストを検証してみると、このトポスに立脚した(前章でみたような)幾つかの詩に込められた彼なりの問題意識を直接示唆してくれる可能性が高いと推測される。また、それは「永遠化のトポス」の流行の背後で生じている社会・文化的現象の中での宗教(文学)のありように対する(この詩人の)スタンスを暗示してくれるようにも思える。

*The Temple* の中に“Jordan”と題された二つの詩がある。ともに自己言及的なテキストで、詩のありようを意識的に論じる内容になっている。まず



*The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

は、これらの詩を中心に Herbert の詩作に対するスタンスを検討しておきたい。はじめに、“Jordan” (I) である。<sup>12</sup> この詩では、明らかに同時代の世俗詩が批判されていることが分かる。恋愛詩や牧歌を暗示する語句が多用され、<sup>13</sup> それらがどれも否定的な文脈で用いられている。語り手の結論は明快で、それは以下のように、この詩の最終連に凝縮されている。

Shepherds are honest people ; let them sing ;  
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for Prime :  
I envie no mans nightingale or spring ;  
Nor let them punish me with losse of rime,  
Who plainly say, My God, My King. (11-15)

問題は、世俗詩が批判される理由である。批判の対象になっているのは、一口に言うと、世俗詩に特徴的な華美な技巧 (e.g. “false hair” [1], “painted chair” [5], “enchanted groves” [6], etc.) なのだが、真に問題とされているのは、そうした技巧自体よりも、どうやらその背後に隠れる詩作に際する詩人自身の何らかのスタンスのようである。<sup>14</sup>

この点を少し掘り下げて考えてみるために、同じタイトルが付せられたもう一つの詩、“Jordan” (II) を検証したい。

...

That I sought out quaint words and trim invention ;  
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,  
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,  
Decking the sense, as if it were to sell. (3-6)

*The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

この詩でもまた、当時の世俗詩のありようが批判的に仄めかされていることが分かる。語り手は神へ捧げる詩をものするという誉れのゆえに肩に力が入り過ぎ、結果、平明な意図 (“plain intention” [5]) で書かれるべきものを、過剰な比喩で潤色してしまった、と回顧する。“Curling with metaphor …” (5) が、おそらく、当時の恋愛詩を振っているだろうことにも注意したい。この後に続く第2連も内容はほぼ同じである。問題は最終第3連。

As flames do work and winde, when they ascend,  
So did I weave my self into the sense.  
But while I bustled, I might heare a friend  
Whisper, *How wide is all this long pretence!*  
*There is in love a sweetnesse readie penn' d;*  
*Copie out onely that, and save expense.* (13-18)

ここで、語り手の迷いの本質が、おそらく浮き彫りにされている。彼が問題にしているのは、単に過度の技巧なのではない。そうではなく、「詩の中に織り込んでしまった〈自我〉」(16)なのである。遡って、第1連における(彼の描く宗教詩が)「まるで売り物のように (“as if it were to sell” [6])」華美な代物になってしまった、という述懐にも注意したい。これは、つまり、当時、抒情詩の本格的出版とともに台頭し始めた職業詩人たち(の作品)の謂であらう。先の“Jordan” (I) の、とりわけ以下の箇所にも D.M. Hill が看取した「職業詩人たちへの批判」(350)も重要である。

Shepherds are honest people ; let them sing :  
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for Prime :

I envie no mans nightingale or spring ;<sup>15</sup>

…

(11-13)

これらを踏まえ、“Jordan” (II) で摘発された「(詩に織り込まれた) 自我」を再考すると、ここで示唆されている事態の本質は、つまり、(Hill が“Jordan” (I) で指摘した [350]) 職業詩人特有の、「詩作における“ambition” 介入」の問題 (と同じ) ではなかったか、と思われる。それは、世俗詩人にとっては当たり前のことであっても、神を相手とする宗教詩人にとってはデリケートな (場合によっては致命的ともいえる) 「罪」に通じる可能性がある。<sup>16</sup>

これらのテキストにおいて断罪されていると考えられる (職業詩人の) “ambition”，つまり「名声欲」は、とりわけ彼らの愛用した「永遠化のトポス」にのみ固有のものではない。従って、Herbert が当時の世俗詩を批判しているとしても、その矛先が「永遠化のトポス」のみに向けられているとは言えない。ただし、標的は、とりわけ「出版」という新しいメディアを利用した職業詩人たちであったことは確かなように思える。そして、その職業詩人たちが頻用したのが、ほかならぬ「永遠化のトポス」であり、このトポスが名声願望 (の永遠化) の記号であることを忘れるべきではない。

Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,

While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes :

…

(William Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, 107, 11-12) (下線は筆者)

冒頭の章で既に指摘した通り、このトポスは詩を捧げる相手の名声の永続

をテーマとしたものだが、それは、同時に、それを可能にする「詩」という芸術の価値への自負であり、何より、それを制作する「作者」（あるいはその創造力）への自負でもあったのである。上に引いた Shakespeare からの例は、それが（はからずも？）前景化してしまったケースである。こうしたトポスをあえて模したと思われる Herbert の“The Altar”や“Sion”はじめ幾つかの自己言及的な詩は、こうした（職業詩人たちの手になる）世俗的その、あるいはアンチ・テーゼのような意味あいがあったのかもしれない。

ここまでの検討で、少なくとも Herbert が、当時の、特に職業詩人に顕著な「名声欲」に、ある種の問題を感じていることが理解された。しかし、この「名声欲」は、先に触れたように、かなりデリケートで深い、ある意味でキリスト教信仰の本質にも関わるような問題をはらんでいるように思える。先に検討した“The Altar”や“Sion”などに特徴的なパラドクスの根拠を考える上で、この点についても少し触れておかねばならないであろう。問題は、再び「詩の中に織り込んでしまった〈自我〉」（“Jordan” (II) [13]）である。二つの“Jordan”という詩を読んでみて分かることだが、語り手は決して信仰の道から逸れたことを企てている訳ではない。むしろ、全霊をかけて神讚美という務めを果たそうとしている。しかし、彼が問題としたのは、そうした一見真摯な行為の中に、おそらくは無意識のうちに入り込んでしまう「自己愛」のようなものだったと考えられる。Herbert に見られるこうした鋭敏な罪意識をつとに指摘していたのが Rosemond Tuve である。「自己献身を装った自己愛（“self-love masquerading as self-dedication”）」、彼女は Herbert の看取した罪をそう表現している（188）。<sup>17</sup> その性質の理解の一助として、“The Holdfast”という詩を引いてみたい。

*The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.

Nay, ev'n to trust in him, was also his :

We must confesse that nothing is our own.

Then I confesse that he my succour is :

But to have nought is ours, not to confesse

That we have nought. … (5-10)

信仰のありようをめぐる対話形式をとった詩である。語り手は、対話の中で、本来、神への信仰すら人間自らの力によるものではないこと、また、人間自らが内に持ち得るものなど何もないのであって、「〈何ももたない〉と告白すること」すら、本来、人間のできることではない、と教えられる。ここで扱われている内容は、おそらくは（少なくとも聖アウグスティヌスまで遡って考えねばならない）「信仰」にまつわる極めてデリケートで重要な問題と思われる。<sup>18</sup> この問題が Herbert に深い苦悩を与えたのは間違いない。“The Holdfast” と併せ、もう一つ、“Frailtie” と題された詩に触れておきたい。この世の「名誉」や「富」の追求の虚しさを知りつつ、なおそれを捨てきれない語り手が、神の救いを求めるのだが、その最後の祈りの部分に注意したい。

O brook not this, lest if what even now

My foot did tread,

Affront those joyes, wherewith thou didst endow

And long since wed

My poore soul, ev'n sick of love :

*The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

It may a Babel prove

Commodious to conquer heav'n and thee

Planted in me. (17-24)

語り手は、この世の虚栄に固執するおのれのこころのありようを「バベルの塔」に擬している。これは、地上的な喜びに墮すおのれの弱さ自体を指したのではない。この譬えは、そうした弱さが、いつか天や神を自らの手で掴み取れる (23-24), という「傲慢」に通底することの謂ではないか。まさにこれは、Tuve が指摘した、あの変形した「自己愛」なのに違いない。「信仰さえ与えられたもの」という “The Holdfast” に見られた思想は、とりもなおさず、この種の「驕り」あるいは「自己愛」への警鐘にほかならない。その「驕り」や「自己愛」は（パウロが指摘するような）篤い信仰心の裏側に隠れた陥穽のようなものかもしれない。それがゆえに気づきにくく、対処の仕方が厄介なのだとと言える。

“Jordan” (I) や (II) など、特に Herbert の詩論とも言えるテキストで問題視されている（職業詩人たちに特徴的な）「名声欲」は、宗教作家としての彼にとっては、このような内実を伴うものであったと思われる。翻って、前章で扱った「永遠化のトポス」を模しているように思えるテキスト群が、基本的に、語り手自らがむしろ「語らせられる」時、あるいは「黙した」時、真に（神の）名声への讃歌となる、というパラドクスによって成り立っているのは、語り手自ら（の言葉）に潜む、この厄介な「名声願望」ゆえのことだったに違いない。

#### IV

Herbert は、確かに「永遠化のトポス」を利用した。「詩」という芸術

*The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

のもつ（永遠化という）力に、彼もまた魅せられた者の一人だったに違いない。しかし、彼は、その「永遠化」の主体性（あるいは詩の制作自体に関わる主体性）を、ある意味で、おのれ自身から剥ぎ取ってしまったのである。彼の詩は、彼のものであって、ある意味で彼のものではない。そのようなパラドクスによって、彼の詩は成り立っている。かつて、（先に引用した）Fish が 17 世紀の主に宗教芸術の中に “self-consuming artifacts” を看取した。私たちが扱ったテキストは、観点は異なるが、そうした範疇に入ると考えることもできる。そのような芸術がありうるのか、という問いかけに対しては、答えるすべはない。芸術と「自己表出」が不可分である以上、論理的な不整合は消えない。根源的には「信仰」の問題、としか言いようがないであろう。おそらく、こうした詩論において、詩人はある種の「代弁者」あるいは「模倣者」のようなかたちで、かろうじてその存在が認知されるのだろう、と推察するほかない。

But while I bustled, I might heare a friend

Whisper, *How wide is all this long pretence!*

*There is in love a sweetnesse readie penn'd;*

*Copie out onely that, and save expense.*

（“Jordan” (II), 15-18）（下線は筆者）

しかし、そのようなかたちであれ、詩という芸術のもつ（永遠化という）意義を信じ得たからこそ、ここで取り扱ったような詩が生まれたのである。この詩人は「永遠化のトポス」にはらむ「驕り」という罪を充分知っていた。彼の詩が同じ時代に流行したこのトポスに対するパロディだと評することには躊躇いがあるが、そこに潜む危険性には、間違いなく鋭敏に反応

していた。

彼のその反応は、大きく言えば、また、時代の急激な「世俗化」や「近代化」に対するものでもあった、と言える。「永遠化のトポス」の流行と、上で触れた“self-consuming artifacts”（の流行）は、実は、この「世俗化」や「近代化」を同根として、文学というジャンルに現れた表裏の記号とみることでもできる。このトポスや詩論を反映する詩群の中で Herbert が感知している危惧は、直接的には、なるほど同時代の世俗詩（人）に対して向けられたものではあるが、それは、ほんやりと、しかし確かに、やがて訪れる宗教芸術の衰退を予表するものでもあったに違いない。これらのテキストは、この詩人が生きた時代の前後に生じた新旧文化の「せめぎあい」の、まさに表象なのであろう。

私たちが最初に扱った“*The Altar*”は、*The Church* の冒頭に配されていた。教会堂の物理的構造との関係（Walker 289-95）などは別にして、「神への永遠の讃歌」という願いを込めたこの詩がまず最初に置かれていることの意味は深いであろう。それは、むろん、詩集全体におよぶ理念を表すに違いない。この詩人にとって、神によって「語らせられる」というありようが、少なくとも理論上は、何よりもかけがえのない姿勢だったのである。

## 註

- 1 テキストは、Maurice Evans の版による。以下、Daniel, Drayton について引用されるテキストもすべて同版による。Evans の扱った各作家のテキストの原版は、Daniel が 1594 年、Spenser が 1595 年の各版で、Drayton のものは数種の版を Evans が独自に再編したものである。よって、Drayton のテキストを引用する場合に限り、原版の出版年を併記することとする（ソネット番号は Evans に準拠）。

また、Shakespeare のテキストに関しては、Stephen Booth, Herbert のテキストは、F. F. Hutchinson の版による。



- 2 例えば, Samuel Daniel (*Delia*), Michael Drayton (*Ideas Mirrour*), Edmund Spenser (*Amoretti*) など, 主に職業詩人に多く見られる。(e.g. *Delia*, nos. 1, 2, 4, 37, 38, 39, 40, 50, 53, 54, etc.; *Ideas Mirrour*, 3 [1594], 6 [1619], 35 [1594], 42 [1594], 44 [1594], 45 [1599], 47 [1605], 49 [1599], 54 [1594], etc.; *Amoretti*, 27, 29, 69, 75, 80, 82, 85, etc.)
- 3 このトボスの背景にある「名声願望」の醸成と活字印刷(の出現)との親和性は言うまでもないが, 例えば, Marshall McLuhan は, 印刷文化によって「(刻印された)文字の不滅性」(201-06)あるいは「知的財産や名声の囲い込み」(130-33)の感覚が, また, Walter J. Ong は「言葉の所有」(131-33)感覚が産み出されたと指摘している。この点に関しては, かつて多少論じたことがあり(畠山, 「初期近代」5-9), 小論では論及を避けるが, 以下に主な参考文献を挙げる。

活字印刷と作者(概念)の醸成については Mark Rose (esp. 1-48), Martha Woodmansee (35-56), John Brewer (241-49) など。また, その中でも, 「作者という形象」の出自を出版業者の商業的利権や国家の検閲などとの関係から文化象徴的に捉える立場として, Michel Foucault (141-60), Roger Chartier (*The Order* 25-59) など。また, イギリスに特化し, とりわけ 1590 年代の抒情詩出版と作者概念の問題について論じたものとしては, A. F. Marotti (209-90), Wendy Wall (23-109) など。

こうした問題は, もちろん, 出版物の受容のありかたとも関係する。出版とマーケットの関係は, H.S. Bennett (esp. II-III), Graham Pollard (102-53) など。活字印刷と読書(のハビトゥス)との関係は, Chartier (“The Practical Impact” 124-27), Karin Littau (13-22) など。また, 書物に関するプリント(技術)前史については Andrew Pettegree (1-20)などを参照。
- 4 Herbert の詩論についてはかつて別の視点から考察を加えたことがある(畠山「技巧の不要性」)。また, 本論で扱う Herbert の一部のテキストと「永遠化のトボス」の関係, およびこの詩人の信仰観との関係についても別の論考で若干触れている(畠山「初期近代」)。本論は, このトボス(との関係)の問題を Herbert に特化し, より掘り下げて検証したものである。
- 5 このテキストの根底には, 旧約律法と新約の教えの対比があると考えられる。前者は石に刻まれ(Exod. 31:18), 後者は(キリストの愛として)人間のところに刻まれた(II Cor. 3:3)とされる。
- 6 ここで言及される祭壇には, (J.D. Walker が指摘する [289-95]) かつての“Hebraic ritual”における「生贖の儀式が執り行われた場所」の暗示があると考えられるが, 同時に, 受肉したキリストを宿す場所という新約的イメージが重層していると考えねばならない。
- 7 “Vertue” (11-12), “The Temper” (I) (23-24), “Deniall” (後述), etc. また, 詩の視覚的かたちがヒバリの姿を具現した“Easter-wings”も, この詩自体がひばりの(キリスト讃美の)鳴き声をも表象している [7-9]。言うまでもないが, これらの詩はすべて自己言及的であることにも注意したい。

*The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

- 8 語り手のところはさらに音楽を奏でる「楽器」に譬えられていることにも注意したい (e.g. “bow” [6], “untun’d” [22], “tune” [26]).
- 9 “Untun’d, unstrung” (22), etc.
- 10 この範疇に入る比喩は、「キリストを宿すもの」という観点からマリアなども含んでいる。とりわけ「人間のところ」が(タバナクルとして)表象されるテキスト例は, “Sepulchre”, “The Temper” (I), “The Temper” (II), “The Altar”などで, 必ずしも多くはない (142-42, 182-83)。  
また, C. A. Patrides が指摘する “architectural imagery” (14-15) もこれらの比喩体系と部分的に合流すると考えられる。
- 11 これら二つのテキストと同じカテゴリーに入るものとして, ほかに “The Familie”, “The Windows”, “The Church-floore” などが挙げられるかもしれない。
- 12 先述の通り (註4), この詩に反映される Herbert の詩論については以前論じたことがある (畠山, 「技巧の不要性」 esp. 18-24)。ここでは概要のみ簡単に触れる。  
“Jordan” (I) (II) を中心とした詩論に関し, 結論自体においては本論も変わるところはない。本論では, 「永遠化のトポス」と Herbert の関連を掘り下げて考察した結果, 必然的にこの詩人の詩論に論及せざるを得ず, ある意味で (前回とは) 別のアングルから (彼の詩論を) 傍証するかたちになったものである。
- 13 e.g. “false hair” (1), “winding stair” (3), “painted chair” (5), “enchanted groves” (6), “sudden arbour” (7), “purling streams” (8), etc.
- 14 この詩で批判されている対象を世俗詩における「過度の技巧」とみる伝統的立場 (e.g. H. J. C. Grierson, Joan Bennett, J. H. Summers, etc.) に対し, Rosemond Tuve (185-87), L. L. Martz (260) などがそれぞれの立場で反論している (詳しくは, 畠山, 「技巧の不要性」20-24)。
- 15 この箇所 “pull for Prime” (12) は, 「(当時流行した) “primero” というカード・ゲームで勝とうとすること」の意である。直前の “Riddle who list …” (という表現) と併せ, 表面的には「技巧を凝らし, 真実を率直に歌わぬ者」を指していると考えられる。
- 16 畠山, 「技巧の不要性」 esp. 24-34. (“Jordan” (I) および (II) で共通に用いられる “winding” [あるいは “wind”] に関する分析を中心として, この問題を考察したことがある。ちなみに, この言葉は先に触れた “A Wreath” でも用いられており [4], Herbert の「罪」観を表象していると考えられる [cf. Hill 350].)
- 17 この (自我の) 問題に関しては, Frances Cruickshank もこれと類似した見解を述べている (82)。
- 18 こうした「信仰観」の問題については, 以下に (本論で) 扱う “Fraitie” の解釈も含め, かつて別のテーマとの関わりから, その一端に論じたことがある (畠山, 「技巧の不要性」24-28; 「“Stone Imagery”」51-57)。この点については, また, Tuve の “Jordan” poems に関する分析 (182-203) が極めて参考になる。

また, Herbert の宗教上の「愛」の捉え方については, Helen Vendler が “A

## *The Temple* における自己言及的抒情詩

True Hymne”をモデルに、上記 Tuve 論に近い考え方を示唆している (15)。この詩もそのタイトルが暗示する通り、やはりメタ的な詩論になっており、詩自体の(神への讃歌としての)不備を神が補充するという祈りあるいは信仰(告白)を内容とする。“Sion”や(特に)”Denial”と内容、構成がよく似たテキストである。

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# 世界の手触り

## —— D. H. ロレンスの旅行記と触覚の思想<sup>1</sup>

井出達郎

### はじめに —— 博物館の経験から「直接」の経験へ

D. H. ロレンスの最後の旅行記となった『エトルリアの故地』（1932年）は、冒頭において、エトルリアの跡地へ行こうと思いついた動機として、まず博物館で見たエトルリアの遺物に心を奪われたものの、それに飽き足らず、現地に赴き、そこで「直接の知識（first-hand knowledge）」を得たと思った、と語るるところから始まる。一見すると、これはごく普通の動機に見える。しかしここで、ロレンスが言う「直接」という言葉が英語で“first-hand”と表現されていることを考慮に入れるとき、博物館の経験から「直接」の経験へという転換は、きわめて示唆的なものになる。そもそも博物館とは、展示品をガラスケースなどに入れ、訪問者に「見る」という行為のみを強要する場所である。そこには、この旅行記の後半でロレンスが使う言葉を先取りして言えば、「直接の触れ合い（first-hand contact）」が欠けている。それに対して“first-hand”という言葉は、博物館に欠けているその「触る」という行為を、あらかさまに喚起させるものになっている。言い換えれば、この一見ごく普通にみえる旅の動機には、「視覚」の経験に対する不満と、「触覚」の経験に向かおうとする意識とが、暗に示

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唆されているのである。

本稿は、ロレンスが生涯に残した4つの旅行記である『イタリアの薄明』（1916年）、『海とサルデーニャ』（1921年）、『メキシコの朝』（1927年）、『エトルリアの故地』を取り上げ、この視覚と触覚の問題が、さまざまなかたちに変奏されながら、一貫して描かれていくことを明らかにする。そして、旅行記というジャンルの中で描かれるその触覚の思想が、なによりも視覚に優位を置いてきた近代の科学的認識のあり方、とりわけ、「世界を見る主体／見られる客体」という二項対立的な認識の構図への反発としてあると同時に、そのような主体と客体という明確な線引きを揺るがし、個々の生命が絶え間ない生成変化の流れの中にあるという、ロレンス独自のコスモス観に結びついていることを論じたい。

### 1. ロレンスのコスモス論と触覚

ロレンス作品における触覚というテーマは、小説、詩、書簡を通して頻繁に登場し、これまでの先行研究でも盛んに取り上げられ、特に、性、ジェンダー、身体といった問題との関連で論じられてきた。そうした中で近年、このテーマをロレンスの旅行記および絵画に関するエッセイに見出し、新たな視点から考察したものが、高村峰生の *Tactility and Modernity: The Sense of Touch in D.H. Lawrence, Alfred Stieglitz, Walter Benjamin, and Maurice Merleau-Ponty* である。その中の第一章で高村は、ロレンスの『エトルリアの故地』を取り上げ、近代が何よりも視覚という感覚に重きを置いてきたという時代背景を前提にしつつ、ロレンスの旅行記と絵画についてのエッセイが強調する触覚の感覚が、視覚によって規定されてきた近代の世界認識に対する批判になっていることを明晰に分析している。高村はその結論として、ロレンスの旅行記の触覚が最終的に見出すのは、近代の視覚

による世界像が喪失してしまった「生の非人称的な根源 (impersonal ‘origin’ of life)」であると指摘する。本稿はそこに、高村が強調するその時代的な意味合いに加えて、ロレンス個人に特有のコスモス観を結びつけることで、触覚のテーマのさらなる可能性を探っていこうとするものである。

では、ロレンス特有のコスモス観とは何か。そもそもロレンスは、晩年の作品『アポカリプス』の中での壮大なコスモス論などにみられるように、一般的な「猥褻作家」という印象とは違い、われわれにとってこの世界とは何であるか、われわれはこの世界とどのような関係に立てねばならないか、といった宇宙論的な問題へ向かっていった作家だった。ロレンスの問題意識は、われわれが科学的な思考を発展させるあまり、この世界を単なる材料や分析の対象としてのみ扱うようになってしまった近代の世界観に向けられている。たとえば、近代人と太陽の関係を、ロレンスは次のように述べる。

われわれが古代文明の人間と同じように太陽を見ていると想像してはならない。われわれが見ているものは、燃焼しているガスの玉に矮小化されてしまった、科学的な浅ましい発行体にすぎない。エゼキエルやヨハネ以前の世紀では、太陽は依然として崇高な現実であり、人間はそこから力と光を汲み出し、そしてまたそこに向かって、敬意、輝き、感謝の念を送り返したのである。しかし、われわれにおいて、この結びつき (connection) は破壊されてしまった。照応の核 (responsive centres) は死んでしまったのである。(Apocalypse 76)

ロレンスの憤っている近代人と太陽の関係は、近代の科学的認識が依拠する主体と客体の構図であると言ってよい。特に、失われてしまったと嘆い

ている「結びつき (connection)」と「照応の核 (responsive centres)」という言葉から、ロレンスの問題意識のあり方が浮き彫りになってくる。世界はただ分析させられる客体としてあり、主体はそこから絶対的に離れており、その離れ方が完璧であればあるほど、その認識が理想とすべき、「客観的」という状態に近づくことができる。そして、客体は主体から一方的に意味を見出されるだけであり、客体の方から主体に働きかけることはない。ロレンスが反発しているのは、このような主体と客体の分離、そして、両者の一方向的な関係である。ロレンスはそこに、かつて人間がもっていた「コスモスとの根源的な生との直接的な触れ合い (direct contact with the elemental life of the cosmos)」(“New Mexico” 180-81) が欠けていると考えた。人間が失ってしまったコスモスとの直接的な関係を回復させること、それはロレンスの生涯の課題のひとつだったのである。

では、人間と世界が直接に結びついたコスモスとは、具体的にどのような状態を言うのか。この点について、エッセイや論文調の作品に散見されるロレンスの説明は、一見すると矛盾しているように見える。一方でロレンスは、コスモスとは、「過去に死んだ諸々の個体の身体とエネルギーの総体にほかならない」(*Fantasia* 168) という考えから、「一体性」, 「真の関係性」, 「生き生きとした有機的なつながり」といった表現を使い、人間と世界がひとつであるという状態を目指しているように見える。しかし他方では、「ひとつの魂、ひとつの個体は、死によって物質的成分へと変わってしまうことはない」, 死後もなお「その個体としての性質を保ち続ける」(*Fantasia* 169) という考えを述べ、存在の絶対的な個性を重んじている。すなわち、ロレンスの理想とすべきコスモスとは、ひとつの存在が世界と一体化することと、それが個であり続けることを、同時に満たすものとして構想されている。



ひとつであることと個であるということは、ふつう互いに相反するものに思えるため、それが同時に満たされる状態とは、矛盾以外の何物でもないように感じられる。しかしここで、ロレンスが自らの理想を表すために用いた「触れ合い (contact)」という表現を、改めて考える必要がある。なぜなら、触れ合いという状態とは、まさにその相反するようにみえるふたつの状態を、同時に満たすものにほかならないからだ。ある存在とある存在が触れるということは、一方ではそれらがひとつになることを意味する。しかし、もしもそこでそれぞれの個性が失われ、お互いの輪郭が溶け合うようなことが起これば、触れ合っている感触そのものが消えてしまう。ふたつのものが個体としてあること、そして同時にひとつになること、その意味で触れ合いという表現は、一見すると矛盾に思えるロレンスのコスモス観の本質を、単なる比喩のレベルを超えて、直接的に伝えるものになっている。

より重要なのは、その身体的・物理的状态が、ロレンスが嫌悪していた主体と客体の関係を揺るがす契機をそなえていることだ。いうまでもなく、触れるという行為は、ふたつの存在の距離がゼロになるという点で、主体と客体の関係が前提としていた分離という状態に鋭く対立するものである。その意味で、両者の間に失われてしまった「結びつき」を回復する手立てになりうる、という点はわかりやすいだろう。だが、さらに見逃せないのは、そこにはロレンスが憤っていたもう一つの側面、すなわち、主体と客体における一方向的な関係をも揺るがす要素が潜んでいることである。社会学者の大澤真幸は、触れるという行為について、次のように言っている。「われわれは指で対象に触れているとき、この指こそが、まさに触れられているのだということに気づく。触れられているということは、『触れている』と感じた指の方がむしろ対象なのであって、触れることの

能動性はむしろあちら側にある，ということである」(大澤 74)。触れるという行為は、「触れるもの」が「触れられるもの」に容易に反転することによって，主体と客体という関係になりえない，と大澤は指摘している。一方的に働きかけられる側だった客体が，主体に対して働き返す存在になること，それは，ロレンスが失われてしまったと嘆いていた「照応の核」を回復させることに等しい。

## 2. 視覚における「見る／見られる」の権力関係

ロレンスの旅行記は，この独特の触覚の感覚を備えたコスモス像と共鳴しつつ，特に，視覚という感覚との対照の中で意味を持ってくる。そもそもロレンスがここで記す観光という旅のかたちは，英語の“sightseeing”という語や，日本語の「観光」という語がそのまま端的に示しているように，何よりも「光」や「見ること」に結びついているものにほかならない。ロレンスの旅行記は，観光と切り離せないこの視覚という感覚を，彼がこだわる触覚と鋭く対照させながら，批判的に描き出していく。

ロレンスにとって視覚がなぜ批判すべき対象となるのか。この答えを，『エトルリアの故地』の中における，博物館に対する批判にみることができる。エトルリアの故地のひとつであるタルキニアを訪れたロレンスは，同行していた友人に誘われて，ヴィテルレスキ博物館を訪ねる。ここでロレンスは，貴重な展示品を見る楽しさを感じつつも，そうした遺物がもともあった場所から取り除かれているということ，そして，それらが展示する側の人間たちによって，秩序づけられて配列されてしまっていることを嘆く。「元の場所からすべてを奪い去り，「大いなる中心」に寄せ集めるのは大きな間違いだ。… ああ，『全体として物事をみる (see the things as a whole)』 ことへ人間の欲望の，あきれた，ばかばかしい愚かさ。全体な

どないのだ。赤道が存在しないように、全体など存在しない」(354)。ここでロレンスは、視覚における見る側と見られる側の関係において、見る側が見られる側を一方的に好き勝手な秩序のもとに配列させてしまう、という権力関係を暴き出している。

ロレンスの批判する「全体として物事をみる」という視覚のあり方は、フランスの思想家ミシェル・フーコーが鋭く抉り出した、17世紀・18世紀以降のヨーロッパに端を発する近代世界の認識の問題に、深く共鳴している。よく知られているように、『監獄の誕生』の中でフーコーは、ジェレミ・ベンサムが考案した「パノプティコン（一望監視施設）」という主に刑務所に利用されるべく設計された施設の分析を通して、見るという行為と密接に結びついた権力のあり方を浮き彫りにしている。パノプティコンは、「すべてを一みる」という意味のその名の通り、中央に監視者用の塔を据え、その周りを収容者の建物が塔を囲むように円環状に設置されていることで、監視者が収容者全体を一望することができるという施設である。さらにそこには、監視者からのみ収容者の様子を見ることができ、収容者からは監視者を見ることができないという工夫がされていることで、見る主体と見られる客体という一方向的な関係が、圧倒的な純度をもって実現されている。ひとつにそれは、「見る」という行為そのものが孕む力を鮮やかに浮き彫りにしているだろう。だがさらに重要なのは、フーコーはここで、パノプティコンの収容者がそれぞれ個室を与えられており、監視者がその無数の個室をそれぞれに観察できることに言及しつつ、それが「個別化を行う観察、特徴表示と分類、種の分析的な計画配置などと類似の配慮が見てとれる」ことから、その視覚に特化した施設が「博物学者の所産である」(フーコー 205)と指摘している点である。客体を一方的に見ること、そしてそれらを博物館的な分類によって認識すること、それは、

ロレンスが博物館で感じた「全体として物事をみる」という視線そのものである。

フーコーは、自らが分析した一望監視の図式が、そのまま社会全体のなかへ広がり、一般化される傾向をもつ、と述べている。ロレンスの旅行記が描き出すのは、まさにそのような意味で、見ることが世界を認識することと当然のごとく同一視されている事態である。端的な例を、『イタリアの薄明』の中の、イル・ドゥーロという青年とのエピソードにみることができる。イル・ドゥーロは裕福な青年のイタリア人で、アメリカに滞在していた。どこか厭世的な雰囲気をもたせており、結婚はしないというスタンスをとっている彼に、ロレンスはなぜかと尋ねる。それに対する青年は、「私は見過ぎてしまったのです (I've seen too much)」(90) と答える。もちろんこの「見る」は、直後の会話で「私は知りすぎてしまったのです (I have known too much)」とすぐに言い直されているように、「知る」という意味で使われている。この場面中のロレンスも、そしてそれを読んでいる読者も、この「見る」と「知る」の並列を、何の違和感もなくやりすごす。その違和感のなさに、「見る」ことがそのまま「知る」ことに直結してしまうという構図の根深さがあらわれている。

この力としての視覚は、特に西欧世界からその「外」へ行こうとする旅行者にとって、現在もなおその意味を失っていない。文化人類学者の今福龍太は、映像作家のデニス・オニールの映像作品『カンニバル・ツアーズ』(1987)の中から、パプア・ニューギニアを訪れる「食人族ツアー」の観光客が先住民の男にカメラを構えるワン・ショットを抜き出し、こうした「未開」の地を観光するものの接触が、「彼ら自身の肉眼や身体によってではなく、つねに写真機のファインダー越しに行われてゆく」(今福 76) 構図を指摘している。そこには、視覚に特化されたかたちで行われがちな

観光のあり方が、分かりやすく示されている。さらに今福は、こうした行動をとる観光客が、やはり博物館学な分類による認識に取られていることを指摘する。

観光客の行動が示しているように、彼らはジャングルの奥地でなにか得体の知れない未知のものに出逢うことを期待してやってきたのではけっしてない。その土地の地勢も、風土も、人間たちの暮らしも、あらゆるメディアの情報とともに、すでに彼らの想像力のなかに書き込まれてしまっている。彼らは、出発する前にすでにつくりあげられている安定した「差異」の感覚を現地での観察や体験のための指標としながら、その「差異」を証明するさまざまな記録や証拠を発見・収集しようとする。(今福 81-82)

「発見・収集」という表現にみるように、見られるものをすでにある分類の中に取り込むという観光客の認識は、博物館学的な視線のそれとまったく同じものである。見る主体と見られる客体に分離され、前者が一方的に後者を認識する構図は、こうした観光という行為の中に、際立って深く刻み込まれている。

旅行記が旅行記である以上、人にせよ風景にせよ、見たものを描写するという行為なしには成り立たないのは確かである。ロレンスの旅行記もまた、彼が見た人や風景の描写に満ちあふれている。だが、ロレンスの旅行記に特徴的なのは、その視覚がはらむ一方向的な構図を浮かび上がらせ、さらには、その固定された一方向性を転覆する契機が潜んでいる点である。

『イタリアの薄明』の中で、ガルタ湖畔にて糸を紡ぐ女性と出会う場面は、

その最たる例である。ガルダ湖畔の寺院を訪れたロレンスは、そこで糸を紡いでいた女性に目を留める。女性が糸を紡いでいく姿を細かく描写するロレンスは、観光に特有の見るという行為に特化しており、見る主体の側に立っていることは間違いない。しかしここで、「見る主体／見られる客体」という構図を揺るがす描写が差し込まれることになる。糸を紡ぐ作業に没頭する女性を見るロレンスは、自分がその場に存在していないのではないかという思いに駆られる。おもわず声をかけるロレンスに、女性はようやくのこと目を向ける。その視線を見たロレンスは、彼女の視界の中では、自分が単なる風景の一部でしかないという感慨を抱く。それは、単にこの女性が外国からの旅行者を見慣れている、という意味では決してない。ロレンスが直感するのは、その女性が自分と違う宇宙を持っており、自分はその中で異郷人として存在している、という感覚である。「彼女は、すばらしい、変わらない眼で、私を再び見た。その目は、目に見える天国のようでもあり、無心でもあり、あるいは純粹な無意識に咲くふたつの花のようでもあった。彼女にとって私は風景の一片でしかなかった。ただそれだけだった」(21)。ここでは、ロレンスが批判する視覚の力が、二重の意味で揺さぶられている。まず、見られる客体が視線を投げ返すことによって、ふたりの間には、見る主体と見られる客体という関係が互いに反転しうるものになっており、少なくとも、固定された関係は崩れ去っている。そしてさらに、一旦は見る主体へと反転する女性の視線の中に、見られる客体を意味づけるという作用がまったく認められず、客体を一方的に分類する博物学的な認識が欠落している。この二重の意味で、ここにはロレンスが批判する視覚のあり方とは別の事態が現出している。見る行為の只中にありながら、それを内側から問い崩していくというロレンスの旅行記の特徴を、この場面は分かりやすく提示している。

視覚への揺さぶりは、二作目の旅行記である『海とサルデーニャ』にも描かれている。サルデーニャへ向かう船の中、ずうずうしく話しかけてくるイタリア人に遭遇したロレンスは、彼がイギリスに関連した「石炭」や「為替レート」という話題ばかりを出しながら、ロレンスを「イギリス人」という抽象概念に分類して認識している、という事実を感じとっていく。

イギリス人なら誰でも、リングルテッラ、イル・カルポーネ、イル・カンピオだ。イギリス、石炭、為替レートという扱われ方だ。人間らしくしようとしたところで無駄なのだ。国立高利貸し、石炭悪魔、為替泥棒。イタリア人の眼には (in the eyes of the Italian)、とりわけプロレタリアートの眼には、イギリス人はみなこの3つの抽象概念の中に消えてしまう。(184)

浅井雅志がすでにこの場面を取り上げて指摘しているように、ここでロレンスが苛立っているのは、自分が見られるものになっているという事態であり、さらには、自分が博物館学的な視線の認識に晒されているという事態である。ここでもやはり、見る主体と見られる客体の反転と、視線が孕む一方的な認識のあり方への反発をみることができるだろう<sup>2</sup>。

視線に伴う方向性への問題意識は、4つの旅行記の中の2つで取り上げ

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2 ただし、浅井が先行研究を紹介しつつ注意深く論じているように、このロレンスの怒りは、博物館学的な視覚への批判からくるものではなく、イギリス人としてのロレンスが持っていたイタリア人への優越心からくるものではないか、という解釈もできる。すなわち、「無意識のうちに現地人を低劣者と見、彼らが優越者(英国人!)を見返す眼差しを越権であるかのように拒否する姿勢」(浅井 41) からくるものである、という解釈である。浅井の解釈は十分に説得力を持っている。ただ、それを考慮してもなお、この場面に観光が孕む視覚の構図を揺さぶる契機が含まれているということは、少なくとも潜在的なレベルにおいては、確かだと思われる。

られている、「劇場」という題材にもみることができる。『イタリアの薄明』では、第3章をそのものずばり「劇場」と題し、小さな古びた一般大衆用の劇場で、ヨーロッパの伝統的な劇が現地人にどのように演じられるのかという様子と考察を、まるまる一章を割いて描いている。ここで注目すべきは、そうした舞台上の事柄への関心とともに、その舞台を見つめる存在、すなわち、観客という存在への意識が際立っている点である。「私は、階下の農民を見降ろし、彼らが夢中になっているのを見るのが好きだった」(64)。観客という存在は、特に近代以降、舞台上のみに照明が当てられ、観客席は真っ暗になるという仕組みになったことで、見るものが見られるものを一方的に見るという特権的なあり方が、あからさまに実践される場所であるといつてよい。ロレンスの観客へ着目は、そうした見るものの特権的な位置を、それ自体見えるものにするによって、浮かび上がらせていく。

劇場における見るものへの問題意識は、三作目の旅行記である『メキシコの朝』において、より明確で、自覚的なものになっている。「先住民と娯楽」という章において、劇場や映画館といった場所を、ヨーロッパ人である「わたしたち」の娯楽の場としたうえで、ロレンスは、観客という存在を、現実世界から離れた抽象的で観念的な意識の集まりであると述べる。「せわしなく絶えず変化する抽象の領域に彼らは生きている。暗い舞台を見つめるものには神の座があり、抽象観念の饗宴の中で、喜びの中で舞台を注意深く見詰める魂と融合していく」(44)。「神」という表現に、見るものの特権的な位置に対するアイロニカルな洞察を読み取ることができるだろう。一方的に見るという位置にたち、自分自身は見えない存在となりながら、現実という世界から切り離されていくという視覚の在り方が、観客という存在を通して浮かび上がってくる。ロレンスの旅行記における劇



場というモチーフの独自性は、このような見る主体それ自体を見えるものにする視点を現出させる点にある。

### 3. 交響する視覚と触覚

ロレンスの旅行記に見られる視覚への揺さぶりに対して、「それはあくまでもロレンスの視覚の内部で起きている出来事であり、たとえば、見返しているように描かれる現地人の視線もまた、ロレンスの視線の意味づけから生まれる産物にすぎないのではないか」といった批判は、十分に有効である。しかしそれは、ロレンスの限界であるよりは、視覚という感覚そのものがかかえる限界であるといえるだろう<sup>3</sup>。その点を考慮しつつ、ロレンスの視覚への意識を論じるうえで気をつけなくてはいけないのは、彼が視覚という感覚そのものを否定しているわけではない、という点である。前述したように、彼の旅行記もまた、目で見たものの描写であふれかえっており、見ることなしには決して成立しない。あくまでも否定的な目を向けられているのは、一方向の関係しか生み出さないような視覚である。

実際にロレンスは、主体と客体の一方的な関係しか生みださない視覚とは別の視覚の在り方をほのめかしている。その視覚のあり方は、『イタリアの薄明』において、ブレイクの詩に描かれる「虎」の視線として説明されていく。

虎のヴィジョンにとって、私が私だと認識しているものは、空虚な空間でしかなく、その視線に何の抵抗も示すことはない。私の中から、それ（虎）が私だと認識しているものだけを見る（It can only see of

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3 この点については、本研究を口頭発表した際に司会を務めてくださった霜鳥慶邦氏の指摘によって気づかされた。

me that which it knows I am)。それは匂いであり、抵抗であり、肉体的な固体であり、それが打ち勝つ暖かくもがく暴力であり、両顎の間を流れる熱い血潮であり、口に入れた新鮮な肉の甘美な苦痛である。

「私の中から、それ（虎）が私だと認識しているものだけを見る」という点は、視覚の限界をあからさまに示すものだろう。重要なのは、ここで理想化されている虎の視線が、匂い、質感、暖かさ、痛みなど、対象に近づかなければ感じられないはずのものを知覚している点である。対象から距離をとるという行為ではなく、まったく逆に、さまざまな感覚が響きあうほどまでに対象との距離をなくすという、いわば触れ合いに近い行為としての視覚が考えられている。

実際にロレンスに旅行記は、風景や人の描写とともに、匂い、音、味といった感覚が際立って強い印象を与える箇所が多い。『メキシコの朝』は、コーヒー、木、そして排泄物の匂いが混ざった匂いを、メキシコの匂いとして記述する冒頭から始まる。この匂いの印象は、「市場の日」と題された章で、先住民たちが人間の排泄物で革をなめしたサンダルをめぐって、ふたたび強く印象づけられるように描かれる。匂いという感覚を強く印象づけるこの章の終わりに、ロレンスが「接触の火花 (the spark of contact)」という言葉を出しながらこのエピソードを締めくくるのは、彼にとってこうした感覚が、一種の触れ合いとして感じられているからだろう。「ただ触れるということ、接触の火花。ただ、それだけのこと。それは、もともと捉えがたく、しかし素晴らしいことだ。やってきて、去ってしまう。しかしそれでも残る、その痕跡」(42)。

異国の地における見るという行為が、見るものと対象との別離を生むのではなく、他の感覚と絡み合い、触れ合いの感覚へと導かれること、それを

最も鮮やかに伝えるのが、同じ『メキシコの朝』における、メキシコの先住民の踊りの詳細な描写である。ロレンスは、西欧人が芝居や映画を娯楽とするのに対し、先住民が踊りを何よりの楽しみの糧にしている、と述べる。その踊りは、単なる娯楽としての意味をこえ、踊り手の中からその魂が波動となって飛び立ち、その振動やリズムが空中や地中にある生命の胚芽へと伝わり、大きな創造のエネルギーとして共鳴し合うという、壮大なヴィジョンでもって語られる。その物理的な距離を越えて共鳴しあうという考えに、一種の触れ合いの思想を読み込むのは、そう難しいことではない。ロレンスが理論として述べたコスモスとの直接的な関係、コスモスとの触れ合いが、ここでは具体的なかたちで実践されている<sup>4</sup>。

特に興味深いのは、視覚の構造と対比しながら描かれるこの踊りを、旅行作家としてのロレンスは、他のどの場面よりも詳細に「見て」いることである。彼ははっきりと、この踊りには「俳優と観客との区別はない。すべてはひとつである。見つめている神は存在しない」(52)と断言する。その一方で、ロレンス自身がこの踊りに参加し、ともに踊ったという記述はどこにもない。それどころか、踊り手たちの服装、表情、体系、微妙な動きなど、強い集中力でもって見ていなければ描きようのない細かな描写が、濃密に続いていく。だがそれは、彼が「見つめている神」の位置にいるというわけでは決してない。ここでの見るという行為は、何よりもその踊りの振動が世界へと伝わっていくこと、踊り手たちが世界と触れ合っていくことを、見るものに知覚させていく。

突然、彼らが歌い手から言葉をつかみとるとき、すなわち、星の名前

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4 『メキシコの朝』の先住民の踊りから感じる接触の感覚については、田部井世志子が「深みの想像力」という視点から論じている。

を、風の名前を、太陽を意味する名前を、雲を意味する名前をつかみとるとき、手は宙にあげられてひとつになり、ゆっくりとした動きで下げられる。そしてもう一度、彼らが言葉をつかみとるとき、すなわち、大地、深い大地、大地の中の水、赤き大地の胎動を意味する言葉をつかみとるとき、手はやわらかに舞い下ろされる。その水を引き上げ、その大地の胎動を引き上げ、大地を空へ、空を大地へ、上の力を下の力へといざなう。穀物の胚の中枢、そこに生命が存在する場所で、ひとつとなるために。(60)

先住民が伸ばした手の先の感触に思いを馳せることによって、見るという行為が他の感覚と交響し、触れ合いの感覚へと導かれていくこと、ロレンスの旅行記における視覚は、そうした触覚の感覚と交響している。

#### 4. 世界の手ざわり、世界の生地

触れ合いの思想は、4部作の最後を飾る『エトルリアの故地』にて、最も顕著なものとなる。そのハイライトが、全7章の中ただひとつだけ二章分を占める、「タルキニアの壁画」だといえる。もともとエトルリアは、支配力を握ったローマによって「邪悪な」人間とみなされ、地上の遺跡の大部分を破壊されてしまった。そのため、ロレンスが訪れる遺跡は、ほとんど地下ともいべき場所にある、暗い墓ばかりである。そしてこの旅行記は、その墓に描かれている壁画について、特に多くの分量を割いている。この墓の中の壁画について、知覚の問題からみたときに重要なのは、一般的に視覚という感覚に最も訴えかけるものと考えられる絵という芸術が、視覚がまったく働かない暗闇にあるという点である。ロレンスは、エトルリアとローマの芸術を比較し、前者には押し付けがましいところがあるが、

後者にはそうしたところがないと述べているが、そうした感慨は、この見えないところにある絵画の性格と結びついているだろう。それは見るという行為を促すのではなく、見せるためではなくただ在るというそのことによって、逆に視覚とは何かという問題を投げかけている。

前出の高村の論文が詳細に論じているように、この存在自体が特異な絵からロレンスが受け取るものが、やはり触れ合いの感覚である。「タルクィニアの壁画のある墓」を訪ねる場面、まず「饗宴の墓」と呼ばれる墓において、部屋のまわりに描かれた踊る人々の絵をみたロレンスは、次のような古い言葉を思い出す。「身体と靈魂のすべての部分は信仰を知っており、神々と触れ合っている」(368)。そしてロレンスは、この触れ合いの感覚を、他の墓の壁画からも感じていく。「男が女の顎をさわっている様子は、むしろ穏やかで心地よく、繊細な愛撫の感覚が伴っている。それはやはり、エトルリアの絵の魅力の一つなのだ。そこには本当の触れ合いの感覚がある」(372)。もともとエトルリアに関する「直接 (first-hand)」の知識を求めてやってきたロレンスは、この墓の中で、まさに文字通りの意味で、その「直接」の知識、すなわち、触覚による知識を経験することになるのである。

しかし、この触覚を感じさせる絵とは、果たしてどのようなものなのか。たとえば、何か人物や動物が触れ合っているという題材としての意味だけであるならば、特に暗闇の中に置かれている絵である必要はない。その種のものならば、ごく一般的な絵においても、いくらでも見出すことができるだろう。ロレンスが感じる触れ合いの感覚は、そうした単なる題材の問題では決してない。ロレンスが注意を向けるのは、そこに描かれている人物や動物たちの、その輪郭を縁取る線である。

ロレンスの輪郭を縁取る線へのこだわりについては、すでに高村の論

文が詳細に解きあかしている<sup>5</sup>。高村は、「エトルリアの絵の機微は、中国やヒンズーの絵と同じく、描かれる存在の輪郭の、示唆に富んだ素晴らしい縁にある。それは外形をはっきりさせる線ではない。われわれが線描と呼ぶものとは違うのである」(391) というロレンスの言葉を引きながら、エトルリアの「エッジ」が、近代の「アウトライン」や「ドローイング」と対照されている点に注目する。「アウトライン」や「ドローイング」は、単純になにかを切り離すものでしかないのに対して、エトルリアの「エッジ」には、生命が内側からほとばしるような動きが感じられる、とロレンスは言う。その線は、あたかも身体を縁取るのをやめ、今にもその背景と一体化するような緊張の中にある。「それは流れるような輪郭で、体が今にも宙へと離れていくかのようであった」(391-392)。それぞれの存在を世界と分離するのではなく、むしろ世界と密着させるもの、ロレンスが壁画に感じるのは、そうした触れ合いを予感させる線の感触である。

『エトルリアの故地』において、この世界の手触り (texture) の感覚は、そのまま世界はどのようなもので成り立っているのかという問題、すなわち、世界の生地 (texture) とは何かという問題と、密接に絡み合っている。タルキニアのほかの墓地で、ロレンスは死者が手にパテラ (神酒を注ぐのに用いた浅い大皿) をかけていているのを見て、それが世界の存在の原形であり、個別の存在はそこから細胞分裂のようなかたちで派生していくというヴィジョンを抱く。

またそれは、細胞の原形質を、その核とともに表す。それは目には見

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5 Takamura Mineo, *Tactility and Modernity: The Sense of Touch in D. H. Lawrence, Alfred Stieglitz, Walter Benjamin, and Maurice Merleau-Ponty* の 31 頁から 32 頁を参照。

えない始まりの神であり、連綿と生き続け、破壊されることはない。すべての存在の中樞。しかしそれはまた分裂し、細別していくことで、天空の太陽となり、地下の水に浮かぶ蓮となり、地上のすべての存在の薔薇になる。(356-57)

こうしたヴィジョンを自分のものとするロレンスにとって、世界にあるそれぞれの存在とは、同じ生地からできているものになる。だからこそ、両者を切り離す線ではなく、同じ生地から派生した証のようなものとして、常に触れ合いを感じさせる線によってのみ、それぞれは区別されている。

世界と自己が同じ生地できている、その世界に手触りを感じるというのは、いいかえれば、自分で自分の身体を触る行為と同じことになる。フランスの思想家ミシェル・セールは、指で唇にふれるとき、指が唇に触れているのか、それとも唇の方が指に触れているのか、その感覚の不思議さについて、次のように語っている。「この場合、『私』は接触面の両側へ交互に移動して、突然一方の接触面を世界の側へと追いやってゆく」(22)。この接触面の両側への交互の移動は、生地が同じだというロレンスの世界観全体に当てはめた場合、個々の存在が互いに反転すること、すなわち、絶え間ない生成変化の中にあることを意味するだろう。

接触面の両側へ「私」が移動するように、存在が絶え間ない生成変化の中にあるという思想は、グリフィンやキメラといった、複数の生き物が混在する動物へのロレンスの偏愛にみることができるといえる。たとえば、壁画の一つに奇妙な動物、すなわち、ライオンの頭を持ちながら、山羊のしっぽを持つという「キメラ」的な動物を発見したロレンスは、次のように述べる。

素晴らしい世界だったに違いない。その古代の世界では、存在同士が

触れ合う黄昏の中で、すべては生き生きと輝いてみえた。各存在は、昼の明るい光に照らされていた孤独な個ではなかったのだ。その古代の世界では、個々のものが外見的に明確な輪郭を持っていた。しかし、その明確な輪郭を持ちつつ、感情的に、あるいは生命的には、他のものと結びついていたのだ。あるものは別のものから生じ、心情に対立するものが感情的にはひとつとなった。ゆえに、ライオンは同時に山羊でありえ、かつ山羊でないこともありえたのだ。(392)

この特異な形象の動物に、ロレンスは、触れ合っているという状態の中で、ある存在が別の存在へと変わるといふ、生成変化の可能性を見出している。複数の動物が混在する動物は、そのひとつひとつは個という状態を保ちつつ、お互いが接触しあう状態の中で、常に別のものになりうるという潜在性を秘めている。それはまさに、ロレンスの触覚の思想を、具体的な形象でもって示すものだろう。

世界が同じ生地としてあり、そこに触れ合いを感じるとき、どちらがどちらに触れているのかという感覚が曖昧になり、ある生命のかたちが他の生命でありえたのではないかという思いが生まれる。この触れ合いの感覚は、ロレンスが目指していたコスモスのあり方にそのまま重なっている。そこには、ロレンスがコスモス論で批判していた「世界を見る主体／見られる客体」という固定的な関係が解体され、互いの存在が照応しあう関係が生み出される。旅行記という「見る」ことに特化されがちなジャンルにおいて、視覚への反発から出発してたどり着く触覚の思想は、生涯を通じて追求し続けたコスモスという場所そのものだといいよう。



## お わ り に

1932年に発表された最後の旅行記である『エトルリアの故地』は、1992年になって書きかけであった一章が付け加えられる。皮肉にも、「フロレンスの博物館」と題されたその最後の章において、ロレンスの旅行記は、博物館という場所で終わりをつげる。改めて、そこに本当のエトルリア的なものはないことを承知しつつ、様々な思索にふけるなかで、ロレンスはコスモスについて言及する。「コスモスに気づくようになる方法には、まだ夢みられていないものが何百万もあるのだ。すなわち、未だに生まれていない、何百万もの多様な世界、多様なコスモスがあるのだ」(438)。その言葉は、自身の旅は博物館で終わる一方で、コスモスへの信念がより深まったことを示している。ロレンスもまた、『イタリアの薄明』の青年イル・ドゥーロのような旅行者と同じように、世界のあちこちを「見て」まわった。しかし、ロレンスにとってその見るという行為は、世界との触れ合いを感じるという行為にほかならなかった。ロレンスの旅行記のもつ特異性は、その世界の手触りを通して、ロレンスのコスモスへと導かれていくことにこそある。

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# Introduction to the Folklore of Scotland

M. Heather Kotake

## Introduction

Man is a story-telling animal. Before the introduction of radio and television, people provided their own entertainment, by singing and by telling stories, many of which were concerned with local traditions : a subject of great interest to the hearers. In 1812, the Brothers Grimm published the first collection of European folktales ; and in the early twentieth century the Aarne-Thomson classification system showed that the same tale types and motifs appear all over the world, but with distinct local variations. However, the categories used here are entirely my own, to group the stories that I want to tell, and to show some of the underlying themes of folktales, in particular those that are told in Scotland.

Most folktales have some basis in fact, no matter how embroidered the story has become. The basis may be an observed facet of human nature, such as we see in the widespread tales of a wicked stepmother : a woman will always, consciously or unconsciously, favour her own child over that of a previous wife, and the stepchild will be aware of that and perhaps exaggerate the degree of neglect that he or she feels. Other tales may explain some aspect of nature, or celebrate a famous person of the past. Still others carry a moral lesson, or a warning. Many embody a profound truth that might be difficult to explain otherwise. Some tales are merely short anecdotes, perhaps joking ; while others are lengthy, designed to fill the long dark evenings of winter. Folktales, in fact, are limited in scope only by the talents of the teller.

From the thousands of tales told in Scotland, I have here selected only a few, to represent the some of the wealth of Scottish folklore. I hope that they

will inspire you to find out more.

## I. The Same, but Different

### 1. *The Seal Maiden*

Many countries have tales of human beings turned into animals or birds by enchantment, who may regain their human form at certain intervals by throwing off the skin which covers them. The first Japanese folktale that I heard was *Hagoromo*, the story of the crane who shed her feather robe to dance as a beautiful girl. In Scotland, this type of tale is told of the swans, but much more commonly of the seals, which can be found chiefly along the west and north coasts of the country.

If you ever have the good fortune to find yourself face to face with a seal, you will know why the legends say that they are human beings under enchantment. They gaze out of their large soft brown eyes with an air of infinite sadness, remembering the time when they were people like us, and longing for the time when they will all be released from the spell, and gain souls. When that day comes, they will at last be able to enter Heaven.

The reason why they were punished by being transformed into seals is not clear : several explanations are offered. Some say that they offended the fairies, the Little People ; others that they were cursed by a jealous witch. One theory is that they were people to whom the Gospel was preached, but who refused to be converted to Christianity : if they repent and become Christian they will become human once more. Still another theory is that they were the soldiers of Pharaoh's army, who drowned in the Red Sea, but this seems unlikely, since the seals when in human form speak Gaelic, the language of Heaven, and how would ancient Egyptians come to speak Gaelic ?

On one thing, however, everyone agrees. At certain fixed intervals the seals are permitted to come ashore at night, discard their skins, and resume human form. When dawn approaches, they must resume their skins and return to the sea. Thus they are reminded perpetually of what they have lost.

From time to time these seals, temporarily freed from enchantment, are seen on the shore by mortals. If the seals see such a person, they will

immediately seize their skins and flee back to the sea. Occasionally, however, one of them is too late, and the human intruder has found and kept a skin. Its owner cannot then return to the sea, but is the prisoner of the possessor of the skin.

Many are the stories of what happened then. Here is one of them.

A young man named Donald lived in a small house by the shore with his elderly widowed mother. Their tiny farm, called a croft, was small, but it had provided a good living for them. They grew vegetables in the garden, enough to feed themselves and to provide for the winter, fertilising the ground with the seaweed thrown up on the beach by the sea. The sea also provided a harvest of shellfish, mussels and cockles, to augment their diet. A few hens scratched for food along the shore, and provided them with eggs, albeit somewhat fishy-tasting eggs. When they were too old to lay any more, they ended up in the pot. A cow provided milk and butter, and a few sheep gave wool which Donald's mother spun and wove into clothing for them. It was not a luxurious life, but it kept them healthy and well fed.

Finally, however, the old lady had become too frail to work the ground. Now he had to do everything himself, and he was becoming increasingly tired. Worrying about his mother's health did not improve matters.

One evening, almost totally exhausted, he wandered onto the beach before going home to supper and to bed. The sight and sound of the sea, he thought, would give him the courage to continue the struggle. The sun had just set beyond the western horizon, and the crimson and gold of the sunset sky had faded to pink and grey. Gentle ripples splashed gently on the shingle. He felt at peace.

Suddenly, his attention was caught by a movement in the water further out. As he watched, incredulous, a large group of seals came swimming toward the shore. Hastily concealing himself behind a rock, he watched in fascination as they came ashore, took off their skins, and assumed their human form. Among them was one particularly beautiful girl, and Donald fell in love with her at first sight. He noted carefully where she hid her skin, in a gap

between two rocks, and while she was dancing with her sisters on the sand he crept cautiously toward the hiding place. Stealthily, he took the skin, and then retreated silently to his refuge.

As the short summer night drew to a close and dawn approached, the seals began to prepare for their return to the sea. But one of them could not find her skin, and was obliged to watch, weeping, as the others sadly parted from her. Before dawn broke they must be gone.

As the last seal slipped below the surface of the water, Donald emerged and approached the seal maiden.

“Don’t be frightened”, he begged. “Marry me, and I will love you and take care of you for the rest of our lives.”

As you can imagine, the girl required a good deal of persuading, but at last she consented, for Donald was a very attractive young man, and she could feel the warmth and kindness of his nature. They went back to the little house, where she was introduced to Donald’s mother, who at once took a great liking to her, and welcomed her warmly.

“I shall call you Ishbel”, said the old lady, “for it was the name of my own mother, and you have a great look of her. I hope you will be as happy as she was.”

Soon the young couple were married, and settled down together in the house by the shore. The seal maiden was a very good wife, caring for her husband and mother-in-law, and sharing in all the work of the croft.

The years passed happily, and in time the couple had three children. Their mother loved them dearly, but every so often she went down to the shore at dusk, looked sadly out over the sea, and sighed deeply.

One day, when Donald was out working on the croft, the youngest child came running to his mother, bringing a strange object that he had found hidden away in a corner of the byre.

“Look, Mother !” he called. “See what I found ! Whatever is it ?”

The seal wife looked at it, and gave a great cry. It was her own lost sealskin.

Now that her skin had been returned to her, her human family no longer

had the power to hold her : the sea must reclaim its own. The whole family was broken-hearted when they realised what had happened. Even the seal wife, though she longed to rejoin her kinsfolk, was grief-stricken at having to leave her husband and children. However, there was no help for it.

That evening, the whole family went down to the shore, and there they wept bitterly as she bade them farewell, put on her skin and slid into the sea. As she swam out, the seals gathered to greet her, barking their welcome to their long-lost relative. Never again did they take human form in that place.

To this day there are families who boast of being descended from the seals.

## 2. *Greyfriars Bobby (1858-72)*

Another tale that is “similar but different” is the story of Greyfriars Bobby, whose statue is on the regular tourist circuit in Edinburgh.

We tend to have a proprietary feeling about our own country’s favourite stories, and to think that they are unique. In truth, of course, it is extremely likely that something similar will have happened somewhere else at some time. The details may vary, but the outline of the story will be recognizable. In this case, the point of the tale is the value of fidelity.

In the year 1872 a small dog died in the city of Edinburgh. Many dogs died in the same year, but this one was rather special.

Our little Scottish dog, a Skye terrier whose name was Bobby, was two years old when his master died, and Bobby was inconsolable. He followed the funeral procession to the graveyard of the Greyfriars Church, and there he remained after all the people had left. For the rest of his life he stayed by the grave. A sheltered corner nearby gave him some protection from the wind and the rain, but of course he became hungry. Close to the graveyard was a restaurant where his master had often eaten together with his dog, and every day at one o’clock exactly Bobby now went there by himself to be fed. How did he know the right time ? Was it instinct, or the gun which is still fired from Edinburgh Castle as a time signal ?

Bobby lived for another fourteen years, never going far from his master's grave, and always sleeping on it at night. Although the authorities tried to chase him out of the graveyard, where animals are not allowed, the local people supported him, and finally he was left in peace to his vigil. He became the most famous dog in the city, and came under the personal protection of the Lord Provost, who paid his dog licence fee, and gave him an inscribed collar to prove it. When at last he died he was buried near his master, though just outside the consecrated ground, and a statue of him was put up nearby.

All Japanese tourists visiting Edinburgh now stop to photograph the statue of the faithful dog called Greyfriars Bobby. But I wonder how many of them had always assumed that the only such dog was Tokyo's own Chuken Hachiko, and subconsciously felt that foreign dogs could never behave like him.

In 2011 a Swedish professor announced that the story was not quite true : that there were actually two dogs, which accounted for the dog's long life, and that the legend was concocted by the owner of the restaurant to increase the number of customers. But we Edinburgh people know better.

## II. The Importance of Names

### 3. *Whuppity Stoorie*

Names are a vital part of a person's identity. At some time we have all probably felt more in control of a situation when we first learned the name of a person whom, for example, we saw every day at the bus stop without knowing who he or she was.

A common theme in folktales around the world is that of the superhuman creature which loses its power for good or, more generally, for evil when its name is known. The name itself is usually mere nonsense syllables in the language of the country where the tale takes place, impossible to guess. This version of the story is from the Lowlands of Scotland.

Once upon a time, there lived a young widow in the village of Kittlerumpit, but where exactly that village was is not related. The young woman was good-looking and hard-working, but since she was also poor she had not had one offer of marriage after her husband died. All she had was her



baby son, and the pig that provided milk for them both. That animal also regularly produced many piglets, which could be sold for money, with the aid of which the girl could contrive to support herself and her child.

One day, however, the pig fell ill, and seemed likely to die. Nothing that the girl tried in the way of treatment, with herbs and other medicines, made any difference. She was in despair. Without the pig, how could she and her child manage to survive? She was at her wits' end, when suddenly she saw walking up the garden path a strange little old lady. The lady was dressed in a gown and cloak of green, the colour of the fairies, and had an old-fashioned tall-crowned hat on her head and a long staff in her hand.

As she approached, the young woman, still weeping bitterly, got up from the stone on which she had been sitting and curtsied politely.

"Madam," she cried, "you see here before you the most unfortunate woman alive!"

The old lady had no patience with such self-pity.

"I've no desire to hear piper's news and fiddler's gossip," she snapped. "I know that you are in trouble, but plenty of other people are in worse case than you are! What I want to know is, if I cure your pig, what are you prepared to give me?"

"Oh, your ladyship, if you can but cure my pig, I'll give you anything you ask," replied the sobbing girl, little guessing with whom she was dealing.

"That's a bargain, then," said the green-clad lady, "and I'll keep you to it, remember!"

She strode straight in to the sty, and examined the sick pig. After giving it a long, long look, she began to murmur something under her breath, that sounded like:

"Pitter, patter;

Holy water."

Then she took out of her pocket a small bottle with some oily liquid in it, and rubbed the sow with the oil - between the ears, on the snout, and at the tip of the tail. Then she gave it a smart slap on the rump, and said, "Get up, beast!"

And with that the pig got up, gave itself a shake, and went over to the trough for its breakfast, which it was soon eating with a good appetite.

You can imagine how happy the young woman was. She wanted to kiss the hem of the lady's green gown, but the other was having nothing of that.

"I don't like these foreign habits," she said. "We made a bargain, and it's time for you to keep your end of it. You promised to give me anything I asked. Well, I'm not a greedy or unreasonable person, so I'll just ask you for that boy, your son."

Then the young woman gave a great cry of despair, realising too late that the green stranger was a fairy woman, for these are always trying to steal baby boys. She dropped down on her knees, and begged and pleaded for mercy, that the fairy lady would leave her her son, but to no effect.

"You can spare me all that noise," said the old lady, tartly. "I'm not deaf. We made a bargain, and you must keep it. It's as simple as that. But I'll grant you this one thing. By the law of the fairies, I can't take him from you till the third day from today, and not even then, if you can tell me what my name is."

Away she went down the path with a swish of her green skirt, leaving the young mother half-fainting.

That night she could not sleep, and the next day too she could do nothing but hug and kiss the boy, in desperation, sure that she was going to lose him for ever. But then on the second day, still carrying the child, she wandered out of the house and through the woods, not caring where she was going. On and on she went, till she reached an old quarry where there was a spring of fresh water. Meaning to get a drink for herself and her child, she approached it, but stopped dead as she heard an unexpected sound from within the quarry, the hum of a spinning wheel and a voice singing. Quietly she crept closer, and there she saw with astonishment her fairy visitor, who was spinning and singing to herself :

"Little knows that silly dame

That Whuppity Stoorie is my name !"

You may well believe that the girl could hardly contain herself for

joy. Cautiously she eased her way back from the place, till she was far enough away to run for home as fast as she could. Now her problem was solved, and all she had to do was to await the return of the fairy.

On the third day, therefore, she sat on the same stone as before, pulled her cap over her face, and, as the fairy woman came up the path, pretended to be weeping. But the fairy paid no attention, merely striking her staff sharply on the ground, as she called out,

“Here, goodwife, I’ve come for the boy. Quick, hand him over, and fulfil your part of our bargain.”

The young mother, secretly enjoying herself, threw herself on the ground.

“Sweet madam,” she begged, “take the pig, but leave me my son !”

“The fiend take your pig !” said the angry fairy. “What use is a pig to me ? A bargain’s a bargain, and I want the boy !”

“Then, I pray you, my lady, take me, and spare the boy !”

“The woman’s demented !” exclaimed the fairy. “Who in their senses would want a stupid ugly woman like you ?”

Sorely affronted at this, the goodwife rose to her feet and gave a deep, mocking curtsy.

“Indeed, your ladyship,” she said slowly and spitefully, “I should have known that I am not worthy even to tie the shoelaces of the high and mighty princess - *Whuppity Stoorie* !”

If a bomb had exploded under the green fairy woman, she could not have jumped higher than she did at the surprise she got ! She stamped and stamped her feet in a fury, then with a great shriek of rage and frustration whirled around, and went away to wherever she had come from.

But the goodwife of Kittlerumpit, laughing fit to burst, picked up her son and went inside, singing as she went,

“I’ve given Old Nick a bone to pick,  
With his tricks and his *Whuppity Stoorie* !”

#### 4. *Short Hoggers of Whittinghame*

Names are important in other ways as well, as part of our identity.

Without a name, we have only a half-existence.

Baptism is a sacred rite of the Christian church, in which a child is given a name and accepted as a member of the Church. It used to be believed that a child who had not been baptised could not go to Heaven. For this reason, if a newborn child seemed unlikely to live for many days, or hours, it was necessary to perform the ceremony with great urgency. The following tale relates what happened in one case where this was not done.

The little village of Whittinghame in East Lothian used to have a ghost. It was no ordinary fearsome ghost, with clanking chains about its ankles. Indeed, it was a very small one, very small and harmless. In fact, it was a baby ghost.

It was the ghost of a baby that had died unbaptised, and so had not been given a name. Its mother had been an unmarried girl, who abandoned her illegitimate child under a bush, leaving it there to die.

The little soul duly arrived at the gates of Heaven, and joined the queue of those awaiting their turn to be let in. Saint Peter was in charge here, with a large book in which were written the names of all those entitled to pass through the Pearly Gates and take their place in Paradise. As each soul presented itself, he asked its name, and checked to make sure the name was entered in the book he held. Without this authorisation, no-one could go in.

Finally the child reached the head of the queue. The previous soul had given her name, and, after consulting his register, Saint Peter smiled at her.

“You have led a good and virtuous life,” he told her. “Welcome to Heaven !”

Next he turned to the soul of the baby.

“And who are you ?” he asked. “What are you called ? What is *your* name ?”

“I don’t know,” replied the infant. “I’m just me. Nobody called me anything. I don’t think I do have a name.”

Saint Peter looked grave.

“That won’t do,” he said. “If you don’t have a name, it won’t be in my book, and if it isn’t written in my book you can’t enter Heaven. That is the

rule. I am very sorry, my child, but there is no way I can let you in. Oh, dear, this is very difficult ! You are not a sinner, because you did not live long enough to commit any sins, and therefore you cannot go to Hell. And yet I cannot allow you into Heaven. Rules are rules. I'm afraid you will just have to go back to Earth, and try to find out what your name is. Come back here when you know. Next, please."

The disconsolate little soul, rejected by both Heaven and Hell, had no choice but to return to Earth. He chose to go to the only place he had known in his short life, the village of Whittinghame.

A soul rejected by the afterlife can only become an uneasy ghost, homeless and unhappy. In time, the villagers began to tell of seeing an apparition, the ghost of a small child, wearing the baby clothes in which it had died. It haunted the churchyard, and the areas round about, and appeared to be weeping sadly. Some people told of it seemingly trying to ask them something, but none had the courage to confront it and speak to it. It is dangerous to have contact with the spirit world : the spirits may drag you into their own world. The superstitious villagers had a dread of dying themselves if they approached the ghost.

So the years passed, and then the decades, and then the centuries. Still the lonely little ghost wandered sadly around, hoping vainly to discover its name.

One night, a man in the village had been out celebrating the birth of his own first child. He and his friends had spent the evening in the inn, and drunk the health of the newborn infant not once, but many times. When finally he began unsteadily to wend his homeward way, he had definitely reached the stage where he could be called "happy". Singing a drinking song, woefully out of tune but blissfully unaware of it, he staggered past the churchyard.

A movement caught his eye, and with an effort he came to a stop, supporting himself on the churchyard wall. A small figure, dressed in rather tattered garments, sat on a flat tombstone, its feet dangling over the edge, and looked pathetically at him. The new father was full of goodwill to all, and,

after a convivial evening, oblivious to the possibility of the supernatural. The child's little woollen bootees, known in this area as "hoggers", presented themselves to his bleary gaze. Full of his new paternal responsibilities, he reacted. Such a small child, he instinctively felt, should not be out at night.

"Hey, there, Short Hoggers !" he called cheerfully. "What are you doing out here ? Off home with you !" And he staggered on to his own home, and to his son, and out of this story.

He left behind him, however, the little ghost, delirious now with happiness.

"At last, at last, I have a name :

They call me Short Hoggers of Whittinghame !"

he sang to himself, loudly and somewhat out of tune. But who was going to complain about his being a little off-key, when there was so much to rejoice about !

Triumphantly, the little soul sped as fast as he could to the Pearly Gates, and presented himself once more to Saint Peter. The latter smiled benevolently at him.

"I remember you, my child," he said. "You were the child with no name, whom I told to come back when you had one. Well, have you found one ? What is your name ?"

The little soul swelled with pride and joy.

"I am *Short Hoggers of Whittinghame* !" he announced.

"Welcome !" said Saint Peter. "Welcome to Heaven !" And the newest member of the blessed passed into Paradise.

From that day to this, no ghost has ever again been seen in the village of Whittinghame.

### III. The Fairies

#### 5. *The Origin of the Fairies*

Folk tales often seem to be pure products of a fantastic imagination, unrelated to real life. However, behind every traditional tale there is usually a germ of historical truth, no matter how distorted by repetition and

embellishment over the years, or the centuries.

The fairies, or Little Folk, as they appear in the Gaelic-speaking Highlands and Islands of Scotland, have certain distinct characteristics. They live in mounds or hillocks, they love music and dancing, and they fear cold iron. They may be smaller than the average modern person, but they are very far from being the tiny, gauze-winged, delicate creatures popular with romantic Victorian illustrators. Sometimes they are benign and helpful to people, teaching their art to pipers, or helping with the housework or harvest. More often, however, contact with them is dangerous, as is all contact with the spirit world. They may steal away a beautiful human baby, leaving in its place an ugly and bad-tempered changeling ; or lure into their hillocks a particularly gifted piper, to play for them for seven, or for a hundred, years. When the piper returns to this world, he thinks that only a single night has passed, as time is different in the realm of the fairies. For protection against the fairies, people planted at their gate a rowan tree. As a side benefit, the berries make delicious jelly, making the tree doubly useful.

What is the origin of this belief ?

Scholars offer two theories. One is that the fairies are a folk memory of an ancient race that once inhabited the land, before being driven out by a more powerful invader armed with iron tools and weapons. The defeated people took refuge in the hills and in caves, or even perhaps in ancient burial mounds, where they continued to live a more primitive life, segregated from the newly dominant race. I remember as a child entering one such mound. Many other hillocks, perfectly ordinary, are also associated with the fairies, and are said to be where they live.

The second theory is that they are best understood as a survival of the ancient pre-Christian Celtic religion, a folk memory of old gods who had much to do with fertility, and of all the attendant minor spirits of nature. Probably the truth is a mixture of both theories.

But a different, and more romantic, explanation is offered in the Highlands.

Long, long ago, before ever the world took shape or form, God lived with his angels in the place called Heaven. There the angels lived in perfect

harmony, because they took pleasure in doing the will of God who had created them. But at about the time that God was occupied with creating the world that was to be called Earth, a new spirit entered Heaven, the Spirit of Discontent, who poisoned the minds of certain angels so that they no longer wished to do the will of God.

Black thoughts filled the minds of these rebellious ones, and blackened their hearts too, so that in time their outward appearance became black as well. For a long time God was patient with them, perhaps hoping that they would forget their discontent, but at last he began to fear that the good angels too would be corrupted. Parting the thick cloud of mist that screens Heaven from the rest of the universe, he looked out over space. Below him was the newly-created Earth, and far beyond it, beyond all the stars, he saw a pool of blackness, so vast that it could not be fathomed, with at its heart a red light that gleamed like an eye of fire. So evil did it seem that the good angels all covered their faces with their wings to avoid the fearful sight.

God pointed to the black pool and spoke to the leader of the rebels.

“That is where I am going to put you and your fellows, to be damned for all eternity. Never think that you can come back to Heaven !”

The wrath of God was so great that the black angels were almost blown off the edge of Heaven. But their leader turned defiantly to his followers, saying,

“Come then with me, those of you that are on my side. We are well rid of this place. But if God thinks that all the angels that are left are on his side, then he’ll soon find out that there are those who are Neutrals. They are not on my side, but neither are they on his !”

And with that parting shot he and his followers were thrown out of Heaven, to sink down for ever into the black abyss.

For a time it seemed as if peace had returned to Heaven. But then it was found that what the Evil One had said was true, that there were some angels who were indeed neutral. While they did no wickedness, they seemed unwilling to do good either. God was not pleased with them, fearing that they might affect the good angels.



So at last he called the Neutrals together, and said to them,

“There is something that I must tell you. I cannot keep you in Heaven any longer, because you are not with me – and those who are not with me are against me. That is why I cannot leave you here among the good angels. But I am sending you down beyond the mists of Heaven to the place called Earth. There you are to live in the hills and under the ground as a Little People, and those who live on the Earth will call you *the fairies*. I am not going to take away your wings, and at night when the moon is full you may come out from your fairy hills and exercise them, in case the time comes when I think you are fit to be recalled to Heaven, where you would need your wings again.”

And that is how the Neutrals were banished from Heaven and put to live on the Earth as the Little People. For ages and ages they lived in their fairy hillocks, only coming out at night to dance in the dark circles of grass called fairy rings, where mortal people sometimes saw them. But as time went on, fewer and fewer fairies were seen, even when the moon was brightest, and then only in ones and twos where once there had been scores. Finally, now at last the fairy hills are silent, and no longer is their bewitching music heard in the glens.

There are people who would tell you that this is due to the inventions of Man, and that the lighting of darkness at the touch of a switch, the vehicles that run by themselves without horses to pull them, and the machines that fly on man-made wings have frightened away the fairies from the Earth. Those who would tell you this are people who have neither poetry nor romance in their souls.

In the Highlands, people know better. They know that, starting perhaps a hundred years ago, maybe more, maybe less, God began to feel sorry for the poor fairies in their underground dwellings, and decided that they had been banished from Heaven for long enough. So he pardoned them, and took them back to Heaven to give them a second chance !

6. *The Fairy Flag of Dunvegan Castle*

What about particular tales of fairies ? Here is one among many, an especially famous one.

Dunvegan Castle, a stronghold on the rocky north-western coast of the Isle of Skye, is the seat of the Clan Macleod. The same family has lived in the castle for nearly eight hundred years, a record which not many families can equal.

Of the treasures which have accumulated there over the centuries, three are particularly famous : the Fairy Flag, Rory Mor's Horn, and the Dunvegan Cup. The Cup is a wooden bowl rimmed with silver and mounted on silver feet ; the date on the mounting is 1493, but the bowl itself is believed to date from the tenth century. The Horn, an ox horn rimmed with silver, holds half a gallon, and is supposed to be filled with wine and drunk completely in a single draught by each successive chief of the clan when he (or she) comes of age. Both the Cup and the Horn have legends attached to their origins, which tell how they came to be among the treasures of the clan.

But the Fairy Flag is undoubtedly by far the most famous, and the most precious, of the three. It now hangs framed in a place of honour on the wall of what was once the castle banqueting hall.

It is a squarish piece of heavy silk, yellowish brown with age, and embroidered with patches of red which have come to be known as "elf-spots". The chief of the clan on one occasion took it to the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, to a specialist on ancient textiles, for an expert opinion on its origin. The considered reply was that it was of Eastern origin, possibly a saint's shirt, which had probably been brought back as a trophy from the Crusades, and that the "elf-spots" were beautiful Eastern darns.

"You may *believe* it to be a relic of the Crusades," said the chief, "but I *know* that it was given to my ancestor by the fairies."

To which the expert responded, with perfect courtesy, "I bow to your superior knowledge !"

After all, what could a mere Englishman know about Highland fairies ?

The ancestor in question was one of the early chiefs of the Clan

Macleod. As appears to have been fairly common in those days, he married a fairy, and took her to live with him in the castle. They were devoted to each other, and lived together at peace with all the world. This happy state of affairs lasted until a son was born to them. Then disaster struck the couple. A summons came from the fairy world for the wife to return to her own people. Against this call there was never any appeal possible: it was a command that could only be obeyed without delay. Broken-hearted, the pair walked down the path, going together as far as mortal man might, to the Fairy Bridge. There they said their last farewell, and the chief returned, a lonely man, to the castle where he and his wife had known such happiness.

In accordance with the custom of the clan, a great feast was held to celebrate the birth of the heir, and on the appointed day all the clansmen gathered at Dunvegan to take part in the rejoicing. Food and drink were provided in abundance, and the singing and dancing grew merrier as the evening wore on. Even the baby's nurse, sure that her charge was asleep, went downstairs to join the festivities.

But the baby, left alone in its cradle, was completely forgotten. He wriggled and squirmed in his sleep, as babies will, and soon his coverings had been kicked off. He awoke cold and shivering, and began to cry miserably. No mortal ears were at hand to heed him, but his mother heard his cries. Gentle, unseen hands covered him with a soft, silken coverlet, and gentle voices began to sing a lullaby, soothing him back to warm and comfortable rest.

The forgetful nurse heard the voices, and rushed, terrified, to see what had happened. Before her was the baby, smiling at what she could not see, and in the air all around her were the fairy voices.

She gathered up the child, wrapped him in the fairy coverlet, and took him down to the banqueting hall, where she told her story. Then, as they listened, the chief and all the clan heard the fairy voices, singing. The voices promised that the silken cloth, the Fairy Flag, if waved when the clan were in dire peril, would bring them help not of this world, and save them from defeat. Three times, and three times only, could the Flag's aid be summoned. After the

third time the Flag would be taken back by its fairy owners, and never seen in this world again.

Then the voices faded away.

Ever after, the baby's nurse sang him to sleep with the fairy lullaby that she had heard that night. Tradition says that she told her descendants that she had been so impressed by the tune that she remembered it at once, and never forgot a note. The words, on the other hand, she found difficult to remember, but whenever she hesitated or stopped voices around her took up the song. She also said that the child never suffered from any of the ailments or accidents common to children, and she believed that the boy was guarded and protected by his fairy kin.

The Dunvegan Cradle Song is undoubtedly very old, being in an ancient and almost forgotten form of Gaelic, which may well have been the language of the fairies (and indeed, as all Highlanders know, it was the language of the original paradise, the Garden of Eden). For generations it was sung to the Macleod heirs, and no woman who was unable to sing it was chosen as a nurse for the young chief.

After the dramatic events at the castle, the Flag was put carefully away in a special case, and a Standard Bearer was appointed, whose duty it was to carry the Flag. This office has been hereditary in one family since the beginning. Usually, when the clan went into battle, the Flag would be carried in its case, with a guard of twelve men sworn to die in its defence. Often the mere sight of the cased Flag caused the tide of battle to turn. Many men swore that as it passed eyes could be seen shining from every hillock, and that shadowy armies marched after it.

To date, the Flag has been waved twice. Only one more wave is permitted before the fairies reclaim it. But it still has power, even at a distance.

As recently as the Second World War, men of the Clan Macleod, soldiers, sailors and airmen, carried with them a photograph of the Fairy Flag. No longer with a guard of twelve, but still a talisman, it went wherever the clansmen did. And for those who returned safely to Skye, who is to say that it

was not because of the protection of the Flag ?

### 7. *The Gizzen Brigs*

The fairies appear frequently in the folktales of Scotland. They are of many kinds. Some of them are helpful, some are malicious. This is a tale of fairies who only wanted to be given work, whatever it was : helpful fairies, but whose helpfulness was taken to extremes.

A sandbar near the mouth of the Firth of Dornoch is known as “the Gizzen Brigs”, “the noisy bridge”, because of the noise made by the sand in storm tides. The tale, an explanation of a natural phenomenon, tells us how the sandbar came by the name. It also includes a warning about the possibly dire consequences of failing to follow instructions.

There was once a Laird of Reay, in the north of Sutherland, whose land was cut in two by a long finger of the sea, called the Kyle of Tongue. This was a great nuisance, because whenever he wanted to go from one side of the Kyle to the other he had to make a long journey round its southern tip, as the rocky slopes were too steep for there to be a landing place for a boat. A bridge was needed, but it would not be an easy task to build one. So the Laird, who had a certain reputation for magic, called together all the fairies of Reay, and asked them for their advice and help.

“No,” they said, “we are not bridge-building fairies. We can do nothing for you. But we have heard that the Wise Woman of Tarbat, in Ross, has working fairies whom she can command. You should send to her for help.”

So the Laird sent for one of his clansmen, and ordered him to go to Ross to consult with the Wise Woman. Angus, as his name was, dutifully set off on the long walk south. He was able to shorten his journey somewhat by taking a boat to cross the Firth of Dornoch, and at last he arrived at the headland called Tarbat Ness.

There he found the Wise Woman, who was sitting outside her little hut and gazing over the sea. She turned round as he approached.

“Ah, Angus Mackay,” she said. “And what will you be wanting with me ?”

Startled that she knew his name, Angus tried to explain his errand. The Wise Woman looked at him thoughtfully.

“Why,” she asked, “should I be helping the Laird of Reay? A hard man he is, and not one to do me a favour.” Then her eyes softened. “But his wife, now, she is a good and kind woman. For her sake I will do as he asks.”

After a moment’s consideration, she went into her hut, and emerged again a few minutes later with a large box wrapped in heather and tied around with stout cords. This she handed over to Angus.

“Now remember,” she instructed him, “under no circumstances whatever may you open the box. You must give it, wrapped and tied as it is, only to the Laird himself. If you open it, you will wish that you had never been born. Is that quite clear?”

Angus was impressed despite himself.

“I understand,” he agreed. “I will do as you say.”

Taking the box, he left the Wise Woman, and turned back on the road that would take him to Reay. But he knew that he had many, many miles to travel, and he was already tired from the long journey to Tarbat. By the time that he had reached the foot of the hill of Tain, he was too weary to go any farther, and sat down for a rest.

As he sat there, he suddenly became aware of strange sounds of life from the box by his side. It was not exactly like the buzzing of bees, nor yet like the humming of insects. In addition, something seemed to be moving and shifting the weight of the box from side to side. Angus felt more and more curious about the contents of the box, until at last he could bear it no longer.

“That old witch in Tarbat,” he boasted to himself with bravado, “she was just talking. Why should I not have a wee look inside? After all, if I am to carry it all the way back to Reay, I ought to know what it is I am carrying. It might need very special handling, and if I do not know what it is, I cannot do that. I can easily tie it up again so that no-one will ever know that I looked.”

Thus the young man justified the breaking of his word, and the breaking of his trust.

Taking out his dirk, he cut the cords that bound the package, and poked a

small hole in the heather covering. All of a sudden, the buzzing from within grew louder, and from the hole burst out an agitated swarm of small brown fairies

“Give us work, master, give us work !” they cried.

Angus, appalled, hardly knew what to do, but the fairies were insistent.

“Give us work, master, give us work ! We are working fairies, we must work !”

Frantically looking around for inspiration, Angus saw behind him the hill of Tain, covered at this season of the year by the purplish-pink of the little flowers of the heather. He had a sudden idea.

“Go, then,” he ordered. “Strip the hill of Tain of every single leaf of the heather, and of every single flower of the heather, and do not come back to me until every single one has been taken.”

“That should keep them for long enough !” he thought, and hurried off as fast as he could on his homeward way. But he had not gone far before he heard behind him the insistent cry,

“Give us work, master, give us work !”

“I gave you work !” he cried angrily. “I told you to strip Tain Hill of every single blade of heather !”

“We have done so, master. Give us work !”

Sure enough, when he looked back, the hill was stripped bare. Angus was terrified. Whatever could he do with the insatiable fairies ?

Suddenly, as he looked around him, he remembered the purpose of his journey, and had an idea. Before him lay the Firth of Dornoch, that he had crossed by boat on the way to Tarbat. His master, the Laird of Reay, desired a bridge to cross a more difficult sea passage. As the fairies clamoured round him, ever more insistently, he knew what to do.

“Build me a bridge,” he said. “Build it of sand, of the sands of the seashore, so that one may cross dry-shod from one side of the Dornoch Firth to the other. Do not come back to me until you have finished it.”

“We will, master, we will,” chorused the fairies.

They set to at once, and were well on their way to building a beautiful

bridge, when, alas ! the tide came in, and swept away all that they had achieved. Weeping and wailing, the fairies had to begin over again, while Angus returned safely to Reay, and to an unpleasant interview with the Laird.

To this day, the fairies are still trying to build their bridge, but every high tide destroys what they have built up. Then they cry out in despair, because their work will never be done. And whenever the inhabitants of Dornoch hear them, in nights of storm in particular, they tell each other,

“The fairies of the Gizzen Brigs are weeping, because their bridge has been washed away again !”

I hate to have to tell you that in 1991 a concrete bridge was built, without the help of the fairies, who are still struggling to build their sand bridge.

As well as fairies, the Little People, Scotland also had giants, though there are not so many tales told of them. The most famous is *Fingal*, who lived in a cave on the Isle of Staffa, near Iona. The constant boom of the Atlantic swell reverberating from the roof and walls of the cavern is a majestic and unforgettable sound.

It impressed the composer Mendelssohn too, when he visited Scotland in 1829. In his concert overture, *Fingal's Cave*, the music reflects the eternal rise and fall of the ocean echoing around the cavern walls.

It is to be hoped that when Fingal lived there the floor of the cave was above sea level, otherwise life must have been definitely uncomfortable !

#### IV. Tales of Famous People

##### 8. *Saint Columba and the Monster*

One common type of legend celebrates the doings of saints and other famous men.

Legends attach themselves to famous people of the past, for one reason or another. The deeds for which they became famous in the first place become exaggerated in the retelling, and perhaps other stories become attributed to a more famous person. Probably the greatest number of Scottish legends that are attached to one person concern Saint Columba (521-597), an Irish prince



who became a missionary monk on the island of Iona.

One of these concerns what is perhaps the best-known legend of Scotland, that of the Loch Ness Monster, familiarly known today as “Nessie”.

Long, narrow, and very deep, with almost vertical sides, the chilly waters of Loch Ness are opaque, the colour of strong tea from the peat through which flow the streams that feed it. Visibility is almost nil below the surface. Beautiful though it may be in the sunshine, it has always had a rather sinister reputation. For one thing, it never gives up its dead. Whatever the reason, neither man nor beast drowned in Loch Ness ever reappears.

Some people say that the story of the Monster is a modern invention, thought up to increase tourism. It is true that reports of sightings of the monster suddenly increased from 1932, when a motor road was constructed along the shores of the loch, making access to the place unprecedentedly easy. But the story is far older. The first recorded sighting was in the sixth century.

From about the end of the fourth century, various missionaries brought Christianity to Scotland. Many of these have lived on in legend, the facts of their lives blending with the miraculous events attributed to them. Of these, by far the most famous was St. Columba.

Columba was born a prince of Donegal, in Ireland, in about 521. Despite his name, which means “dove”, he came of a warlike family, and it was after a bloody battle over Church property that he repented of the part that he had taken in the fighting. To punish himself, and to do good instead of the harm he had done, he vowed to carry Christianity to Scotland, a mere twelve miles away across the North Channel. But he also vowed that he would not stay where he could look back and still see Ireland, lest homesickness weaken his resolve. Accordingly, it was not until he reached the little island of Iona, off the south-west tip of the larger island of Mull, that he found the place where he could settle at peace, together with twelve faithful companions. There in 563 he founded a monastery, which was to be the base for his journeys.

From here, he travelled throughout the country, though mostly in the west and north, preaching wherever he went, but returning regularly to Iona to

refresh his spirit. That low fertile island, with its beaches of white shell sand, offered the peace he needed to regain strength for his next journey.

One of those journeys took him north, to an area ruled by a king named Brude, who lived in a town that is now called Inverness. Brude was a Pict, a member of the race of the original inhabitants of Scotland. The name "Pict" was a nickname bestowed on these people by the Roman invaders who referred to them as "the painted ones", probably because they painted their faces in alarming patterns before going into battle.

On this occasion, Columba reached the River Ness, intending to cross it at a point close to its junction with the loch. There, on the opposite bank, he saw a group of grieving people who were burying a young man. Columba called out to them.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Our friend here was swimming in the loch," replied one man, "when an enormous beast suddenly appeared out of the water beside him and savagely bit him. A real monster it was! I've never seen anything like it before, and I hope I never see one again. Several of us shouted at the creature, and we jumped into a boat and raced as fast as we could to try to save him, but it was too late. We only just managed to rescue his corpse with boathooks before the beast could drag him down below the surface."

"I see," said Columba thoughtfully. Quietly he offered a prayer for the repose of the man's soul, as the group on the opposite bank began to disperse.

"Well," he said, addressing his followers, "we have a little problem. We still have to get across the river, and the only boat seems to be on the other bank. Would one of you please swim across there and fetch the boat, so that we can all cross?"

There was a moment's stunned silence, while the men all looked at each other. What about the monster? Had it gone away, or was it still lurking nearby? Was it safe to enter the water? Nobody wanted to become a snack for a ravenous beast!

But one young man, called Lugne Macumin, was made of sterner stuff, and he hesitated for only an instant. Throwing off most of his clothes, he

plunged into the water, and started swimming strongly for the far side. The others watched anxiously, and then gave a great cry. The monster had reappeared ! Baulked of its first prey, it had remained close by, hiding in the depths of the loch. Now, feeling the disturbance in the water caused by the swimmer, it suddenly rose to the surface and rushed, open-mouthed, at Lugne as he swam. Surely nothing could save him. It seemed indeed as though this must be the end of him.

On shore, everyone, pagan and Christian alike, was frozen to the spot with terror. Everyone, that is, except Columba. He surveyed the scene calmly, and then, with his raised hand making the sign of the cross in the air, he commanded the beast :

“In the name of God, go no further ! Do not touch the man, but go back at once to your own place !”

Hearing this, the beast started back as though it had been jerked with ropes, and fled away as fast as it could, although it had been almost within arm’s reach of Lugne. The power of prayer had defeated it, and sent it back to its underwater fastness.

And that was the end of that adventure. When the men from Iona could see that he was unharmed, they praised God, who conquered all evil. The local men too, impressed by the magnitude of the miracle that had witnessed, announced that from then on they too would believe in the God of the Christians.

Since that day, the monster has been shy of showing itself, lest a successor to St. Columba banish him again.

Leaving the loch, Columba and his men proceeded on their way to Inverness, to the castle of King Brude. Brude and his advisers were suspicious of these strangers, and the great gates of the castle were locked and barred against them. However, the party of monks climbed up the hill to the gates, singing psalms as they went, and although Brude’s Druids tried to drown out the sound both by making noise and by magic, the voices of the Christians prevailed.

When they reached their objective, they asked to be allowed to enter and

to speak to the king.

“Permission refused !” snapped the guard, and the gates remained firmly barred.

But Columba traced the sign of the cross on the doors. Immediately the massive iron bolts drew back of their own accord, and the doors swung open by themselves. The Saint and his companions had only to enter.

Awestruck, and converted by the miracle, Brude not only gave his permission for the saint and his companions to preach throughout his lands, but also he and all his men were baptised as Christians there and then.

Many more were the miracles that Columba has been credited with performing. The island of Iona, where he had built his monastery, became not only a centre of learning but a place of holiness and pilgrimage. Because of its sanctity, it was the preferred burial place of ancient Scottish kings, and others : according to the official count, forty-eight Scottish, eight Norwegian, four Irish, and two French kings lie buried there.

And still the pilgrims flock to Iona.

#### 9. *Saint Mungo*

*The tree that never grew,  
The bird that never flew,  
The fish that never swam,  
The bell that never rang.*

This rhyme refers to the design of the coat of arms of the City of Glasgow. The shield shows a leafy tree, with a bird perched on the topmost branch and a bell hanging from the lowest one. At the foot of the tree is a large fish with a ring in its mouth. All these elements of the design, the tree, the bird, the fish, and the bell, are part of the legend of St. Mungo, who founded a church here in the sixth century.

One common type of legend celebrates the life and miraculous doings of saints and holy men. The tales of St. Columba are many and various ; those of St. Mungo are more coherent, and tell a continuous story. This is that

story.

Glasgow's patron saint had a rather rough introduction into life. His mother, the Princess Thanea, a daughter of the pagan King Lot of Lothian, became pregnant before her marriage, and refused to divulge the name of the father. In a fury, King Lot, who seems to have been somewhat lacking in fatherly affection, had her thrown off a cliff at the end of the hill called Traprain Law, where he had his capital. When she miraculously survived this drastic punishment he then had her cast adrift on the sea of the Firth of Forth, in a small boat called a coracle, without oars or rudder, cursing her as he abandoned her to the sea god.

The little boat floated with the tides, until finally it drifted upriver and came close inshore at a place called Culross, on the north side of the Firth of Forth. There the craft and its exhausted occupant were seen and rescued by members of a community of Christian monks, who promised to take care of her as one of their own.

In due course Thanea's son was born, and christened Kentigern, but the monks always called him affectionately by the pet name Mungo, meaning "dear one", and it is by this name that he is best known today.

As he grew up, Mungo had a strong faith in God, which he could sometimes put to practical use. The little monastery had a school where the young Mungo was taught with other boys, who, sad to say, were rather jealous of the special favour shown to him, and often tried to play tricks on him, so as to get him into trouble. On one such occasion, it was Mungo's turn to look after the flame of the fire, which was never to be allowed to die out. He had had a long and tiring day, and in the silence of the night he dozed off for a while. This should not normally have created any great problem, but some of the other boys sneaked in, and poured water on the fire to put it out, then went off laughing quietly to themselves. When Mungo woke he was appalled to see that he had failed in the task entrusted to him. What could he do about the mess of sodden wood and ashes that should have been a fire? At any rate, more wood was obviously needed. Out he went into the snow of the wintry night, and returned carrying a bare frozen branch from a nearby tree. This he

laid carefully in the fireplace, and so great was his faith that it would burn that it did indeed burst into flame, and reignited the wet wood of the fire.

It is to be hoped that his classmates were properly ashamed of their mean and nasty behaviour.

This was the first of the miracles that legend attributed to the future saint, still a very young boy. The second concerned the pet robin of the abbot of the community.

This friendly little bird, that often used to perch on the abbot's shoulder, was one day attacked by a hawk. Before the predator could be chased away, it had sunk its talons deep into the robin's body, but dropped it as it flew off. Weeping, Mungo picked up the tiny corpse, holding it cupped in his hands to warm it, and uttering anguished and impassioned prayers to God to bring it back to life. Incredibly, after a few minutes the bird's heart began to beat again, and soon it was fluttering feebly in Mungo's hand. It quickly recovered, and despite its alarming adventure lived out its full term of life. But it was never again allowed to be where birds of prey might attack it.

As he grew older, Mungo decided that he must go to another part of the country, but where? His chance came when an old monk made his dying request. He asked that his body be put on a cart drawn by a pair of wild bulls; where the bulls stopped was to be his burial place. Mungo agreed to carry out his wish, though he was rather puzzled to know how he was going to be able to yoke to a cart such intractable creatures as wild bulls! But in the early morning after the old man died, Mungo found two young bulls roaming nearby, and these having docilely allowed themselves to be yoked to a cart, they all set off westwards.

Finally the bulls stopped, near a pleasant stream that ran through a green hollow. Here Mungo buried the old monk, and here he decided to settle and build a church. This would take time, so in the mean time he hung a bell on the branch of a tree, so that he could summon people when it was time for prayers at the meeting place under the tree in the open air.

The place where he settled was called in the Celtic language he spoke *gles cau*, meaning "green hollow", or as it is usually translated today, "dear green

place". This grew with the passage of time into the city of Glasgow.

Meanwhile, Mungo built his little church, but did not spend all his time there. He frequently travelled, often going as far as Wales. He became the trusted adviser of both ordinary people and the local kings.

The wife of one of the latter had become infatuated with another man, and to him she imprudently gave a ring that had been a present from her husband. The king noticed the ring on the man's hand as he lay sleeping, and gently removed it. He threw the ring into the River Clyde, and summoning his wife, ordered her to produce it.

"Why," he demanded, "are you not wearing the ring I gave you? Go and fetch it, and put it on at once! If you cannot find it, then you shall be put to death!"

It seems that it was not only fathers who were murderously severe towards the female members of their families!

Panic-stricken, the queen rushed to St. Mungo, begging him for help. He, perhaps remembering the fate of his mother, calmed her down.

"All will be well this time," he told her, "but you must never again give your husband any reason to doubt your faithfulness to him."

The queen fervently made the promise. Whatever affection she had felt for the other man, her love for her husband was greater. Besides, she had had the fright of her life when he threatened to kill her.

Mungo then sent a monk to fish in the river, telling him to bring back the first fish he caught. The monk cast his line, and immediately hooked a large salmon. When this had been brought to shore, it was found that in its mouth was the queen's missing ring. Mungo had worked another miracle! Inexpressibly relieved, the queen at once took the ring to her husband, who, being really very much in love with her, and regretting having doubted her virtue, forgave her. We may be sure that she never again gave him reason for jealousy.

Mungo died in 612, and is buried in Glasgow Cathedral, which stands on the site of the church he built. The lampposts near the cathedral have a design of the elements of his legend: the tree, the bird, the bell, and the

salmon with a ring in its mouth. His likeness, in his bishop's garb, crowns the full coat of arms of the City of Glasgow. From there he is still watching over his "dear green place".

#### 10. *Michael Scott and the Devil*

Folktales and legends often gather not merely around saints and holy men, but also around other great men of the past. One such was Michael Scott, perhaps the most significant intellectual of the Middle Ages, who lived from 1175 to 1235, and was employed for a time by the Holy Roman Emperor, Frederick II. It may have been because of his great learning that common people believed him to be a magician, and to have superhuman powers. To the unscientific mind, whatever one cannot easily explain must be magic. Legend says that much of his learning came from his having had the first sip of a broth made from a white snake, a magical creature, and that this gave him magic powers. The following is one of the many tales told of him, one which has a curiously anti-clerical touch.

Easter is a very important festival of the Christian church, and one which determines the date of other festivals. But unlike Christmas, it does not fall on the same date every year, varying by as much as month from year to year. The forty days before Easter, called Lent, were marked by fasting, when people had to abstain from eating such things as meat and butter. It was therefore important for them to know when exactly to begin their fast. Once upon a time, it is said, every year an envoy would be sent from each country in the world, a person of high status and reputation, to ask the Pope in Rome on what day Easter would fall, since the Pope was the only person who knew.

One year, the choice in Scotland was Michael Scott, a man of great wisdom and learning. He agreed to go, but being rather busy with one thing and another he delayed setting out for Rome until he suddenly realised that it was already February, and that the beginning of Lent must be at hand. How was he to get to Rome in time? The matter was urgent.

Although he was a Christian, he was also something of a wizard, though naturally he always used his powers only for good. So he decided to summon



up the Devil, and demand that the latter convey him at once to Rome.

The Devil seldom appears in his own shape, which would be too terrifying, but instead in some familiar and attractive form. In this case, since transport was what was required, he took the shape of a horse. An elegant grey filly appeared in answer to the summons of Michael Scott.

“How fast can you travel ?” asked the wizard.

“As fast as the wind”, replied the horse.

“That is not fast enough”, said the man.

Next, there appeared a beautiful chestnut mare. Michael Scott repeated his question.

“I can outrun the wind, and catch up with the next wind”, answered the horse.

“That is still not fast enough”, said the man.

Now there appeared a magnificent black stallion, a huge sleek beast with powerful muscles rippling under his skin.

“My speed is as fast as the glance between a man and a maid”, said the great black horse.

“That is fast enough for me”, said the man.

“Remember : If I serve you, I have the right to ask you three questions”, warned the Devil in the shape of the horse.

“And I have the right to give three answers”, replied the man.

The meaning of this was that the Devil could ask three questions, which the man was obliged to answer truthfully. If his answer included the word “God”, then the Devil would immediately vanish, freed from the spell which gave the man control over him, and drop the man wherever they were, whether over sea or over land.

As they set out, the Devil asked his first question.

“What do the people of Scotland say when they part from each other ?”

Michael Scott looked down. He knew that almost everywhere the answer was “May God be with you !” But they were passing over the island of Iona. For the inhabitants of that island the answer was different.

“May the blessing of St. Columba be with you !” he said, truthfully.

The horse snorted in disgust, but posed a second question.

“What do the women of Scotland say when they smoor the peat fire for the night ?”

Again the man looked down. Below were not godly housewives, invoking the blessing of God on the fire, but a group of giggling girls.

“Fire burn, peat smoulder ;

Bring me luck before I'm older !”

he responded.

Balked a second time, the horse was silent for a moment, and so great was his speed that before he had time to think of a third question they had reached Rome and landed at the Vatican.

There they were stopped by a porter.

“I require an immediate audience with His Holiness the Pope !” said Michael Scott.

“His Holiness is in bed”, replied the porter. “He can see no-one.”

“Nevertheless, my business is urgent !”

Pressed, the porter reluctantly sent for a chamberlain, who in turn finally agreed to see if His Holiness would receive the untimely visitor. At last, the Pope came rushing out, irritatedly buttoning up his fur robe.

“Who are you, who come to disturb me so late at night ?” he barked.

“I am Michael Scott, newly come from Scotland, to ask you the date of Easter.”

“How am I to know that that is who you are ?”

“You can see the snow of Scotland, here on my hat. There is no snow now in Rome.”

“That proves nothing. Show me more truly who you may be !”

The wizard looked at him for a moment.

“Two feet you have, yet they are not the same”, he replied in a level tone.

Surprised, the Pope lifted his gown, and looked at his feet. Sure enough, on one foot was a black shoe, but on the other was a woman's pink slipper. He paled.

“Go !” he said in fear, “and never come back here again !”

“Indeed I will go, and gladly, but first you must tell me the date of Easter.”

“It is, as always, the first Sunday after the first full moon of the spring”, said the Pope impatiently. “Now go away !”

So Michael Scott mounted his horse once more, and returned to Scotland. The horse was still sulking after his defeat on the outward journey, and forgot to ask his third question. But the Scots had learned the secret of the date of Easter, and no longer had any need to send an envoy to the Pope to ask for it. And since they generously spread the information, it is now common knowledge.

As for the Devil, undaunted by his defeat on this occasion, he is still seeking new ways to trick mankind into accepting his rule.

Michael Scott, the wizard and magician, was given Christian burial in Melrose Abbey, where his tomb can still be seen.

11. *True Thomas the Rhymer (Sir Thomas Learmont of Ercildoune, 1220-1298)*

Many tales are an explanation or embellishment of an incident in a noted person's life, but this legend explains a prolonged absence. That absence may well have been for political reasons, in a troubled time, but the traditional explanation is far more pleasing.

The Eildon Hills, a triple summit not far from Melrose, are said to have been split into three by the magic of Michael Scott. Nearby, in the village of Earlston in Lauderdale, is a ruined tower known as “The Rhymer's Tower”. It is said to be the birthplace of Sir Thomas Learmont, True Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune, the poet who in the late thirteenth century spent seven years with the Queen of the Fairies in Elfland.

This is what happened.

One summer day Thomas took his harp and went out to a place called Huntlie Bank, at the foot of the Eildon Hills. As he sat with his back to a huge thorn tree, known as the Eildon Tree, playing and singing to himself, he suddenly saw someone riding toward him. He sat up with a jerk, and stared wide-eyed at the vision in front of him. It was a lady, clothed in green silk and

velvet, and mounted on a milk-white horse whose bridle was decorated with fifty-nine silver bells that jingled musically. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

Leaping to his feet, he took off his cap and bowed deeply and reverently.

“Hail, Mary, Queen of Heaven !” he whispered, “for that is who you must be. You cannot be a woman of flesh and blood.” And he bowed even deeper.

“Oh, no, Thomas,” she replied. “That is not who I am. I am only the Queen of fair Elfland, and I have come to hear you sing and play. Play on : music and green shade go well together.”

Bemusedly, he reached out a hand to help her to dismount, and she sat down beside him under the great Eildon Tree. The man hardly knew what to do, but eventually, settling himself comfortably, he began again to sing and to play, better than he had ever done before, while the lady listened raptly. The warm afternoon flew past, until finally the shadows lengthened, and the sun started to sink in the west.

“That was wonderful, Thomas !” said the lady. “Now you may kiss me. But I warn you, if you do, you will belong to me.”

“That,” said Thomas boldly, “is not a prospect to discourage me !” And he leaned over and kissed her tenderly on her rosy lips.

The lady smiled.

“Now that you have kissed me, you are mine. You must come with me, live with me, and serve me for seven years,” she said. “For seven full years, through good times or bad, as the case may be.”

“Willingly !” responded the man, and he kissed her again.

The lady remounted her milk-white horse, and taking Thomas up behind her, she gave the horse the signal to depart. Bells tinkling sweetly, they rode faster than the wind, on and on, further and further, over hill and over valley, until at length they reached a strange countryside, where the land of the living was left behind.

“Get off the horse now for a moment,” said the lady, “lean your head against my knee, and rest for a while. Now, can you see that place ahead where three paths branch off ? Look carefully. That steep and narrow one,

almost blocked with thorn bushes and briars, is the Path of Righteousness. Few dare to take it on their life's journey. The fair, broad road that leads across the flower-strewn lawn is the Path of Wickedness, for all it seems so fair that people call it the Road to Heaven.

"Now look at the third path, the path that winds through green hedges. That is the road to fair Elfland, and that is the road that we shall take tonight.

"But, Thomas, of one thing I must warn you. No matter what happens, no matter what you may hear or see, you must not speak one single word all the time you are in Elfland. If you do, you will never be able to return to your own country again. You will be bound to remain for ever with us. I tell you this for the love I feel for you. Be warned!"

Soberly, Thomas nodded silent agreement.

On they rode, wading through knee-deep rivers, hearing the roaring of the sea to one side. At one stage they waded through a river that ran red with blood, for all the blood shed on earth ran through the rivers of that strange country.

Finally they reached the gates of Elfland, and passed through into that enchanted country.

For seven years Thomas lived there with its Queen, doing her every bidding, but speaking not one word of human language, for he remembered her warning.

At last the seven years were up. One morning, the Queen summoned Thomas to her side.

"You have served me well," she said. "I do not wish to part with you, but according to our agreement I must. Now, at last, you may break your silence." She bent to pick an apple from a nearby tree. "Take this apple for your wages, Thomas, and eat it. It will give you two precious gifts from me: a tongue that can never lie, and also the gift of prophecy. You shall be known in future as True Thomas."

Thomas was decidedly doubtful about the value of this, and objected. Without being able even mildly to dissemble, how could he buy and sell goods? How could he speak respectfully to a superior whom he despised?

How could he speak flatteringly to a woman, as she expected? And did he actually want to be able to prophesy the future? Not many people would really want to hear it. The fairy gift, he felt, was a truly two-edged sword. It brought quite as many disadvantages as advantages.

“Quiet, Thomas!” said the Queen, rather severely. “Whatever I say, it must be so. There is nothing more to be said. What I have given you is not a gift to be lightly bestowed. It will bring you lasting fame, as the greatest prophet Scotland has ever known.”

With that, she gave him a new coat of the best smooth cloth, and a new pair of shoes, both in the fairy colour of green.

“Now you must go,” she said, “but when the time comes I shall call you back to me. I shall send two messengers, whom you will surely know are not of your world. When you see them, you shall come back to me.”

As True Thomas gazed lovingly into her eyes, she seemed to fade away into a mist. When he blinked, he found that he was again sitting under the Eildon Tree, in the late afternoon of a summer day. He might only have dozed off for a few moments, instead of having spent those seven years in Elfland.

Back in his home at Ercildoune, he found that little had changed, except that his friends all had a few more grey hairs. But they were astounded to see him, after all this time, as they had thought him surely dead. After all, someone who has not been seen or heard of for seven years is assumed in law to be dead. Everyone was curious to know where he had been, and how he had spent those years, but Thomas was reticent, and somehow people did not like to ask too many questions.

As time passed, Thomas came to be well known as a man who could be depended on always to tell the truth, and also as a man who could foretell the future. This he did in rhyming couplets that were easy to remember. Many people, from the local farmers to the richest in the land, came to consult him about their plans for the future, and for advice about what they should do. His fame as a seer spread throughout Scotland after he prophesied the death of King Alexander III in a fall from his horse on the cliffs one stormy night in March 1286.

One evening, seven years after his reappearance, Thomas was hosting a gathering of the local villagers in his tower home. Just as the feasting was at its height, a frightened servant came running in.

“Master, master !” he cried into the sudden silence. “A pair of milk-white deer are walking down the street ! What can it mean ? The deer are forest creatures, they never leave the woods to come into the village ; and anyway, who ever heard of milk-white deer ? It’s uncanny !”

Amid the excited exclamations of the villagers, Thomas alone was silent. Happiness overcame him as he recognised the sign for what it was : the summons from the Queen of Elfland.

Quietly he slipped out of the hall towards the deer. With the milk-white stag on one side and the milk-white doe on the other, he walked slowly toward the forest and the road to Elfland where the Queen awaited him. And this time he never came back.

The spot where the great thorn, the Eildon Tree, stood, and where he first met the Queen, is marked by a memorial stone.

## 12. *John o’ Groats*

“From Land’s End to John o’ Groats” is a common British expression, meaning “from one end of the country to the other”, just as Americans say “from coast to coast”. Land’s End is a rocky headland at the extreme south-west tip of the British mainland, while John o’ Groats is at the extreme north-east, nearly 900 miles away as the crow flies. The name Land’s End is self-explanatory. Beyond this point lies only the open Atlantic. But what about John o’ Groats ?

Some five hundred years ago there came from Holland to the northern tip of Caithness a man called John de Grote. Why he chose that particular place to settle is not recorded, but he was welcomed by the local people as a hard-working and pleasant man, and accepted by them all as one of themselves.

The headland where he settled was on the shores of the Pentland Firth, a strip of open sea seven miles wide separating the mainland from the islands of

Orkney. Although the coastal scenery was spectacular, with its cliffs and the isolated rock pinnacles known as “stacks”, the Firth was, and is, a dangerous place, with strong and unpredictable tides racing treacherously round submerged rocks. The gales that so often blow both from the north and from the Atlantic to the west made that strip of sea even more tricky for the inexperienced sailor ; and although many of the local people, making their living by fishing those dangerous seas, were of necessity skilful sailors, others, such as doctors and traders, were not.

For this reason, John soon realised that there was a great need for a ferry service from the mainland to the islands of Orkney. A capable boatman himself, he immediately decided that he would start one. The most suitable place from which the ferry should leave was a sheltered beach between two rocky headlands close to his house. Without more ado, he built himself a good strong boat, and before long he was in business.

The fare which he charged his passengers was one groat - a coin worth fourpence. Because of this, and because of his name, he came to be known as John o’ Groats, and so too was the beach from which the ferry departed.

He married a local woman, and in due course eight sons were born to them. As they grew up, one after another they were able to help their father with the ferry boats, of which he now had several. His business had prospered, and he had become a flourishing man of affairs, one of the wealthier men of the district.

The eight sons all in turn married wives from the district, and set up by themselves in their own houses, but once a year they all gathered at their father’s house to celebrate his, and their, success in life. At first these reunions were happy gatherings, but gradually a sour note crept in. As so often seems to happen, it was the fault of the wives, who were becoming jealous of each other. One wife would say that *her* husband should have the place of honour at the head of the table beside his father, because he was the eldest ; but then another would deny that right and say that the honour ought to go to her own husband, who had a larger boat. A third would then insist that it was not fair that it was always the same person who sat at the head of



the table, and that each of them in turn should have the chance to do so. And so it went on.

This constant bickering and squabbling finally irritated John so much that he decided something must be done about it. One day therefore he went to a flat piece of land near the shore and began making measurements on the ground. To all questions as to what he was doing, he only shook his head.

As time went on, an odd house arose there. It had eight sides, and in each of the sides there was a door. John was the only person who worked on it, and no one, not even his wife, was allowed to see inside.

The day of the annual family reunion came round once more. The eight sons and their wives duly went to the house where they had been born, expecting to see the usual feast spread out on the table. Great was their astonishment when they saw that the table was bare. What had happened? Surely they had not mistaken the day! And their parents could not possibly have forgotten!

John smiled at them, and, taking his own wife by the hand, led them all over to the newly-completed house by the shore.

“For years,” he said, “you have been annoying your mother and me with your complaints and quarrels over precedence at my table. So from now on we shall hold our gatherings in this house. The table in it has eight sides. Each side of the house has a door which opens directly onto one side of the table. So each one of you will be entering through his own front door, and sitting at the head of his own table. And let that be the end of it. I do not want to hear anything more about who sits where! As for me, I am quite content to sit anywhere - even, if necessary, to stand!”

That settled the trouble in the John o’ Groats family, and thereafter there was harmony at the annual family feast.

Long after John and his sons had all died, the eight-sided house still stood as a memorial to a sensible man who found an original way to settle his family’s quarrels. The house too is now gone, but the name remains to keep his memory alive to this day.

And, when you have travelled from Land’s End to John o’ Groats, you may

travel yet further, and make the crossing over the Pentland Firth by the ferry which still runs from John o' Groats to Orkney.

#### IV. Cautionary and Moral Tales

##### 13. *The Kelpies*

One function of folktales is to embed a warning in the entertainment of the story. The following tales include a warning about being too friendly with the unknown, in whatever shape it may appear.

Water is a dangerous element, and strange young men may be even more dangerous. One of them might even be a kelpie. If ever you should happen to meet with a kelpie, you would be well advised to flee as fast as you can, for they are indeed fearsome creatures.

And what, you may ask, is a kelpie ?

A kelpie is a water-horse.

A kelpie is an evil and dangerous creature which lives at the bottom of many lochs in the Scottish Highlands. There are also some who live in rivers, or even waterfalls. From time to time, one of them comes out of its watery home and tries to lure away young girls and boys, for they prey on human flesh. Sometimes it succeeds, sometimes it does not. It has many means of entrapment, and may appear in different forms for this purpose. It may take the form of a handsome young man, especially when it wishes to ensnare a young woman. His identity can then be suspected from the sand and waterweed in his hair. Most commonly, it appears in the form of a very beautiful horse, which disarms the suspicions of those who encounter it.

There was, for example, a kelpie who lived in a loch in the West Highlands. One day, a group of eight or nine boys and girls who were playing by the side of the loch saw a beautiful white horse wander up to them and stand close by. Its coat was sleek and glossy with health, and it wore a splendid saddle and bridle of gilded leather studded with jewels. Entranced, the children ran up to it.

"It's so tame !" cried one. "Let's stroke it !"

So the first child began to stroke the horse, but almost immediately

screamed in terror. "I'm stuck ! I'm stuck to the horse ! Help me ! For God's sake, help me ! I can't move my hand !"

Horrified, the others came rushing up, and grabbed the child, one after the other, and pulled as hard as they could. But each in turn became stuck, and could not free himself. The last boy, lame Duncan, barely touched the chain of children with the tip of his finger. Feeling the dreadful magnetic power of the beast, he quickly whipped out his knife and cut off his finger, just as the uncanny creature gave a great whinny and soared off into the air, and then dived under the water of the loch. The children, still stuck to his body, were never seen again, and their devastated parents were left to weep hopelessly. You may be sure that, in future days, fingerless Duncan often warned their younger brothers and sisters never to approach a stray horse !

However, a kelpie in the form of a horse could be captured and made to work if somehow its beautiful bridle could be removed and a lowly cow-rope put round its neck. This took away its evil power, and forced it to obey the commands of its captor, so long as the cow-rope remained in place. However, if the rope were removed, or fell off, the kelpie would resume his old evil strength, and curse the one who had enslaved him.

It sometimes happened that a kelpie fell in love with a young woman. Even then, the girl had to beware, for the kelpie would still want to carry her away to his home under the water.

In one Highland village lived a girl called Mairi, fair-skinned, dark-haired and beautiful. As was the custom in those days, the young people of the villages went up into the hills during the summer, taking with them the village's cattle to feed on the grass of the higher slopes. There they remained for several weeks, living in scattered small cottages called *shielings*, milking the cattle and making butter and cheese, until it was time to return to their homes. It could be lonely, but the young people would often visit each other of an evening, to give each other company.

Not so very far from Mairi's shieling was a waterfall, in which a kelpie had made his home. One evening, at the time called the gloaming, when the light slowly fades to the half-darkness of a Highland summer night, Mairi was

sitting and spinning when she heard a step approach the door and a voice called, "Can I come in, Mairi?"

Thinking that it was one of the boys from the village, she answered, "Of course! Come in and sit by the fire, and talk for a while."

But the man who came in was a stranger to her, and a rather odd-looking stranger at that. Nor did he talk very much, but sat in a corner quietly looking at her. After some time he left, still quiet.

Night after night he came, usually bringing with him a present of trout or some other fish, which he gave to Mairi for her supper. He seemed harmless enough, but there was something about him which made her feel increasingly uneasy, and she began to be sure that he must be the kelpie of the waterfall. At last one day she fled down the glen to tell her father that she no longer felt safe on the hillside.

Much perturbed by her story, he went to consult an old wise-woman about how to get rid of the unwelcome visitor.

"If it is indeed a kelpie," replied the old woman, "there is one sure way to get rid of him. The only thing he is afraid of is the feeling of boiling water on his feet. Scald his feet, and he will never come back to bother Mairi again."

Grateful for this advice, the father decided to take Mairi's place at the shieling that evening, and climbed up there without further ado. Placing a cauldron of water to heat on the fire, he dressed in some of her clothes and her cap, and with his back to the door sat in her accustomed place to spin, though, being a man, he was not too good at spinning.

As the gloaming fell, the creature arrived as usual, and sat as always in its corner. But something about the silent figure at the spinning wheel seemed different, and the kelpie began to be suspicious. He threw a bundle of sticks on the fire, and as it blazed up he saw that he had been tricked. Angrily, he leapt at the deceiver to attack him. But Mairi's father was quicker. He grabbed the cauldron from the fire and poured the boiling water over the creature's feet. Immediately, instead of human feet they showed as hooves.

Screaming with pain and fury, the kelpie demanded, "Who are you? What is your name? Your name! Tell me! Tell me!" — for

knowledge of a name gives power, and it would have let the kelpie take his revenge on the man.

“Myself alone !” replied the father.

The scalded kelpie, giving wails of pain, hobbled back towards his waterfall, where some of his brothers, hearing the commotion, came to see what was wrong. Seeing his blistered feet, they asked, “Who did this to you ?”

“‘Myself alone’,” replied the poor kelpie, repeating the name the father had given.

“Well, if it was yourself alone that hurt you, then yourself alone can help you.” And they left him to cope with his injuries by himself.

As for Mairi, she came back to the shieling, but never again was she troubled by her mysterious visitor the kelpie-man.

#### 14. *The Red Book of Appin*

The Devil has a significant place in European folklore, always trying to lure unwary people to enter his service and to sell him their souls. He usually makes his initial approach disguised as a distinguished gentleman, in an attempt to disarm suspicion. One should always be very careful about trusting plausible strangers, who may very well have ulterior motives.

There was once a man who lived in the district of Appin in Argyll, who took a poor orphan boy called Dougal to live with him. When the boy was old enough, the man sent him out onto the hillside to look after the cattle.

One day Dougal was far up the glen with the herd when in the distance he saw coming towards him the figure of a man. Dougal stared with surprise, because in that lonely glen he almost never met anyone, and as the stranger approached he could see that the man was a very elegant and grand gentleman. What was such a person doing in this remote place ?

The gentleman came right up, and in a kind voice started asking questions, such as “Are you always here at this work ? Do you enjoy it ?” and many more. The boy could not understand at all why the man should be taking so much interest in him, and did not quite like it. It did not seem

natural.

When the gentleman said to him, "These are poor torn clothes you are wearing. Do you not wish for better?" Dougal only laughed.

"Who is there to see what I am wearing, except the animals?" he replied. "And, for sure, they do not care at all!"

But the gentleman continued, in a caressing tone, "Come with me, enter my service, and I will give you good clothes to wear, and good food to eat, and good money to spend. Won't that be better than the life you are leading now?"

It seemed an attractive offer, but Dougal was cautious, indeed a little suspicious, and so he told the man that until he had consulted his friend and master in Appin he could not make any promises.

"Very well," said the gentleman suavely, taking a large red book out of his pocket, "but in the meantime just write your name here in my book, to show that you are willing to take service with me."

Dougal liked this less and less, and repeated that before he did anything, even tell his name, he must consult his friend in Appin. The gentleman looked rather annoyed, but told Dougal to meet him at that same place the next day at sunset. The boy promised that he would.

Back home that evening, he told his friend all that had happened. The Appin man was alarmed.

"That was surely the agent of the Devil himself!" he exclaimed. "It's a good thing that you didn't sign your name, or you would have been lost for ever. Now, you must do exactly as I say, and you can foil his evil ways and save yourself from harm."

The next morning, he gave Dougal a sword, which with its hilt formed the shape of the Cross, and instructed him carefully.

"Go to the meeting place in plenty of time, and choose a good level spot. Draw a circle round yourself with the tip of the sword, saying as you do so, *In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit*. Then you must draw a cross in the centre of the circle on which to stand. Once you have taken up your position there, let *nothing* tempt you to move from it, no matter what happens, until the sun has risen over the mountain-tops the next

morning. The man will do everything he can to induce you to come out and to put your name in his book. Tell him that you will only do so if he hands the book to you. And when he does, hang on to it tightly ! Do not let go of it for an instant. And remember, as long as you stand on the cross inside the circle, he cannot touch you. May God be with you, my child !”

That evening, Dougal went to the meeting place in good time, and did exactly as he had been told. He drew the circle with the sword point in the name of the Trinity, and a cross inside it, on which he took up his stand. Then he waited, ready to meet “Himself” when he should come.

At last, just as the sun was setting behind the hills, there was a sudden flash of fiery scarlet light - and there was the stranger, as suave and as elegant as before. He seemed pleased to see the boy, and smiled at him.

“So there you are !” he said. “You did come, after all. I am very glad to see you. Now, before we get down to discussing details, just come over here and write your name in my book.” And again the red book was brought out.

“Well, now,” said Dougal, “I am quite content where I am. If you want me to put my name in your book, would you just hand it to me here, please ?”

The man laughed at first, as if it were a good joke, but when he discovered that the boy meant what he said, his face darkened in anger. But as Dougal refused to budge, finally he came up to him with a bad grace, and, holding out the book, said, “Here you are, then. Write !”

The minute his hand touched the invisible circle, the book fell from his grasp. He tried to snatch after it, but the power of the Cross prevented his hand passing over the edge of the circle. Frightened at first, Dougal remembered what the Appin man had said, how he would be safe there. Getting back the courage that had fled for a moment, he bent to pick up the book where it had fallen, and tucked it safely under his arm.

Then the stranger realised that he had been tricked, and he almost exploded with rage. He stormed round and round the circle, threatening all the dreadful things he would do to Dougal when he got hold of him. Then he began to change himself into all sorts of terrible shapes, and to blow fire and brimstone from his nostrils.

First, a wild horse kicked up its hoofs and pawed in the air, as if to trample the boy to death. Then it became a huge cat, its terrible claws trying to rend to shreds the invisible protective circle as it hissed and snarled, and spat poisonous fumes. After the cat there appeared a nightmare creature like a fiery dragon. When it opened its foul-smelling mouth to roar furiously, it seemed to Dougal that down its great throat he could see the fires of Hell itself.

All night long appeared in succession one horrible monster after another, each one more hideous and terrifying than the last. Standing firm on the cross, the boy prayed for deliverance, and his eyes grew tired straining to watch for the light of dawn in the east.

The night seemed endless, but at last the first fingers of light appeared in the sky. The evil creature redoubled its efforts to reach the boy, turning itself into a great black bird that tried to pierce the shield with its beak and claws, but against the protection of the sacred magic of the Cross it was impotent. As the sun rose over the mountains, it knew itself beaten, and with one last angry squawk it flew off and disappeared in the distance.

Meanwhile, the Appin man too had had a sleepless night, wondering anxiously how the boy had fared. As soon as the sun had risen, he hurried off to the place, afraid of what he might find. But there Dougal was, lying exhausted on the cross in the circle, the sword stuck upright in the ground beside him, and his head pillowed on the book. Even though he had known that the boy would be safe if only he stayed resolutely within the circle, the Appin man could hardly express his relief and thankfulness at finding him unharmed.

When they got home, they opened the book, and found that what it contained in its pages gave power over all evil spells and witchcraft. If any evil spell had been cast, the book showed how the spell could be countered.

From then on, until he was an old, old man, people came from far and wide to learn from Dougal the knowledge and the power for good that lay with the owner of the Red Book of Appin.



15. *The Witch's Cap*

Scottish witches do not generally wear the sort of black pointed hat made famous by Harry Potter, but wear rather the linen cap that was the normal headgear of any elderly woman. This is the tale of such a cap, and of the dangers of curiosity.

It was a wild night in Kintyre of Argyll. A belated traveller caught in the storm was glad to see a glimmer of light ahead, for he knew that he was lost, and could not find his way home in the dark.

"In such a storm," he thought, "no one is going to refuse shelter to a benighted man. Whoever lives in that cottage will surely give me a bed of some kind for the night. That is the very least that Highland hospitality demands of us all."

Turning aside towards the light, he saw that it came from a very small hut, from a hole in whose turf roof a thin trail of peat smoke poured.

"Well," he said to himself, "I shall not be sleeping in the lap of luxury, but at least there will be a fire to lie beside, and to keep me warm."

Reaching the hut, he knocked at the door. A cracked old voice bade him enter, and he went in. Crouched beside the peat fire was a strange old woman, who started with surprise when she saw him, and then glowered darkly.

"And who might you be?" she demanded.

"Good evening, mother," said he, politely. "I saw the light of your cottage when I was wondering whether I would be forced by the storm to hide for the night under a bush. I claim, by the laws and customs of Highland hospitality, a place by your fire for tonight."

The old woman grimaced. "I live alone," she said in a unfriendly voice, "and I do not wish for visitors. The shepherd down the glen will shelter you. It is no more than a mile - and he will give you a softer bed than you will find here."

But the traveller, who had already settled himself by the glowing peats of the fire, laughed.

"A mile, you said?" he enquired. "No, that's too far. I can't walk any

further tonight. I won't bother you. Indeed, I'm already half asleep."

And he suited the word to the deed, as he lay down before the fire. The old woman eyed him angrily, but said nothing.

It seemed but a moment later that there was a scratch at the door, and a thin old voice queried, "Elspeth, Elspeth, are you there?"

"What's that?" asked the traveller, suddenly awake.

"Only a neighbour. Go back to sleep!" said the old crone.

He tried to do so, but out of the corner of his eye he saw two other ugly old women creep into the room and join his reluctant hostess. Every sense alert, he listened as best he could to their whispered conversation, and felt, rather than saw, the baleful looks they threw in his direction. An uneasy feeling grew on him, and he began to wonder fearfully, "Can they be witches? I must be very careful!" He lay as still as he could, simulating sleep, until at last one of the old crones said, "He's fast asleep now. Let us be off!"

Peeping cautiously out of one eye, he saw them quietly putting on heavy shawls, ready to go out, despite the weather. The one called Elspeth drew a white cap from her pocket, pulled it over her unkempt grey hair, and muttered, "Off to Carlisle!" At once rising in the air, she flew out through the smoke hole in the roof of the cottage. The second witch copied her actions, and the third was about to do the same when the man sprang up and snatched her cap from her. Surprised, she screeched furiously at him, but the man had already popped her cap on his own head and uttered the magic words, "Off to Carlisle!" He too then sailed out of the smoke hole, leaving behind a baffled and enraged witch.

He found himself flying behind the first two witches, and in no time at all they landed south of the Border with England, in a cellar in the town of Carlisle. The man gazed in wonder as he saw that it was full of bottles and barrels of the choicest wines, such as he had never before seen. The two witches, to whom it was nothing new, drank heartily of their favourite wines, and the man, taking care to keep out of their sight, followed their example.

When they had finally drunk their fill, the old women donned their caps

again, and muttering “Off to Argyll !” they disappeared from view.

The man thought he would be well advised to follow their example, and looked for his own borrowed cap, which he was sure he had put down on one of the wine barrels. To his horror, he could not find it, and while he was still frantically searching for it, the owner of the cellar came to see what was causing the noises he had heard. The unfortunate traveller was caught red-handed as a thief.

Since this was not the first time his wine had been stolen in similar fashion, the cellar owner handed the culprit over to the authorities for punishment. Almost before he had time to realise what was happening, the poor traveller was tried for repeated breaking and entering, and for the theft of expensive wine. He was condemned to be hanged.

He attempted to explain how it was that he came to be in that cellar, but that only made the case against him worse. By confessing that he had been in the company of witches he made himself guilty of witchcraft by association.

“You are fortunate,” said the judge severely, “that I do not believe you, for if I had condemned you as a witch, then you would have been burnt at the stake. Indeed, it may be that you are guilty chiefly of foolishness, and of crass stupidity in choosing your associates, but the law is the law. Consider yourself lucky that you will only be hanged.”

The day of the execution arrived. As he climbed onto the gallows, prodded by his guards, he saw the great crowd of spectators who had come to see how this man, who had confessed to consorting with witches, would meet his end. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead as he contemplated his fate, and he reached into his pocket for a handkerchief to wipe it away. As he brought it out, he saw, with incredulity, that it was not his handkerchief but the Witch’s Cap. A faint glimmer of hope flickered in his mind.

“Am I allowed to make one last request ?” he asked.

The hangman laughed.

“Anything you want except your life,” he answered. “But nothing else will do you much good !”

“Thank you. Then, my last request is this. I wish to die with my

nightcap on my head !”

“Granted !” agreed the hangman, amused at the foolish-seeming desire. Truly, he had heard some strange requests, but seldom such a ridiculous one as this !

The condemned man put on the cap.

“Off to Argyll !” he called in a loud voice.

Immediately, before the hangman could react, the man rose in the air, gallows and all, and soared up high over the execution site. The gasps, cries and exclamations of the astounded crowd below were soon left far behind him, and in no time at all he flew over the Border, north into Scotland and safety.

Once back in Argyll, he took good care to land in an area far from the witch’s cottage. The wood of the gallows turned out to be very useful to make the framework of a new house for himself, which was one good result of his adventures. But you may be sure that never again did he dare to put on the Witch’s Cap.

#### 16. *The Laird of Co*

One role of folktales is to teach moral lessons in an enjoyable fashion. This tale teaches the value of kindness, of generosity, and of keeping one’s word.

Culzean Castle in Ayrshire is famous for its spectacular clifftop setting, and for the “co’s”, or sea caves, in the rocks underneath the castle. For this reason its owner has always been known as the Laird, or lord, of Co.

One such Laird was a particularly kind and considerate man, always ready to help others in need, and to do what he could for people less fortunate than himself.

So when one morning a little boy came across the green lawns of the garden carrying a small copper can, and respectfully asked the Laird if he could go to the castle and get a drink of ale for his sick mother, the Laird willingly gave his consent at once.

“Go to the kitchen,” he instructed, “and tell the butler that I said you are to fill your can with the best ale that we have in the cellar. That should surely

help your mother to get well.”

Away went the boy to the kitchen, and gave the Laird’s message to the butler. The old man listened, nodded, and took the boy with him down to the cellar to carry out his master’s orders. There, there was a cask, already open, of especially fine ale that was kept for the Laird himself to drink, and the butler decided that the Laird’s private supply was the obvious choice in this case.

“I will fill the child’s can from this,” he thought. “It is both light and nourishing, and it will do an invalid good.”

Taking the can from the boy, he started to tap the ale from the cask into it.

But you can hardly imagine his astonishment when the ale, flowing freely from the cask, left the little can no more than half full. More and more ale flowed out, but still the can could not be filled. At last the cask was empty. And yet, no ale had spilled onto the floor, which was quite clean and dry.

“There is something uncanny about this,” thought the butler, eyeing the child askance. “It must be witchcraft !” Of nothing was he more afraid than witchcraft. At the mere thought, the hair on his head stood up on end.

“I’m sorry,” he said, “I’ve done what I could. There must be something the matter with your can. Please take what you have, and go. I can’t keep on pouring away the Laird’s ale like this.”

But the boy refused to be moved.

“A promise is a promise,” he argued. “The Laird promised that my can should be filled, and I’m not going away until it is.”

No matter what the man said, the boy remained adamant. “A promise is a promise !”

The poor butler, deeply perturbed, saw that he must consult his master, reluctant though he was to do so. Telling the boy to wait, he went off to inform the Laird of what had happened.

“Whatever am I to do ?” he asked. “That can is bewitched !”

The kindly Laird listened to his tale carefully, and smiled.

“Well, the boy’s quite right,” he said. “I promised that he should have his can full of the best ale, and so he shall, even if we have to empty the cellars

to do so. Open another cask, and still another if necessary. But be sure to see that the can is filled. I gave my word, and I shall certainly keep it.”

Despite his doubts and fears, the butler dared not disobey, and so went back down to the cellar to open another cask, as he had been ordered. No sooner had he done so than the boy's can was filled, though only one or two drops of ale had flowed into it.

“Take it, laddie,” said the butler, thoroughly alarmed, “but go, and go quickly !”

“Thank you,” said the boy gravely. “I shall not forget your kindness.”

Carefully carrying the can, he departed, obviously pleased and grateful. And though the butler made enquiries all around the area, no-one knew who the child was, nor who was his mother.

Years passed, and misfortune one day befell the Laird of Co. War had broken out, and the Laird went to fight for his country in Flanders. But there he was captured, and for some reason he was condemned to die.

The night before the time fixed for his execution, he was thrown into a deep dungeon, heavily locked and barred. Sadly he remembered his wife and children, thinking that he would never see them again. He seemed to see his Ayrshire home rise before his eyes, and with it, unbidden, a vision of the little boy, now long forgotten, who had once begged for ale for his sick mother. But suddenly he sat up, blinking. It was no vision : the boy was really there before him.

The door of his cell had flown noiselessly open, and on the threshold stood the lad, looking not a day older than when he had last appeared. He put his finger to his lips, to signal the need for silence.

“Laird of Co,

Rise and go !”

he whispered, and held out a hand to help him.

You may be sure that the Laird obeyed all too gladly. Tiptoeing in stocking feet along the corridors, past the sleeping guards, and through doors that opened of their own accord, they came at last out into the open air beyond the walls.

The Laird was overjoyed to have regained his freedom, and began to shower thanks on the boy, but the latter stopped him.

“You are not safe until you are well out of the country,” he said shortly. “Get on my back, hold fast, and I will take you.”

The wondering Laird did as he was bade, and boy and man rose in the air and flew across the land and the sea, faster than it takes to tell, till they arrived safely at Culzean, on the green lawn where they had first spoken so many years ago. The boy put his hand in the Laird’s, and looked up at him.

“One good turn deserves another :

Take this for being kind to my old mother !”

he said, and vanished.

From that day to this he has never been seen again.

### 17. *The Gift of Fire*

Fire is the element which enables mankind to live and to keep warm in the coldest places, and to cook its food, rather than being obliged to eat it raw. For our earliest ancestors, fire must have been a magical and fearsome thing, brought by lightning, and uncontrollable. Then, at some stage, people learned how to control and to make fire by themselves. How this invaluable gift was given to mankind has been told since prehistoric times, in every country of the world. Here is how the gift of fire was brought to Scotland.

Far out in the Western Ocean, somewhere beyond the sunset, lies the Celtic Paradise, called Tir nan Og, the Land of Youth. On this island where dwell the spirits of the blest, the young are forever young, and the old grow no older but retain the vigour of their youth. The scent of apples always wafts from its shore, for the trees there bear both blossom and fruit all year round.

It is also the home of the birds.

In the beginning the birds lived only on Tir nan Og, and sang to the spirits there, thus keeping their hearts eternally young. However, after a time the gods decided that mortal man too needed the comfort of birdsong, and the promise of all that was good to come after death. So the birds left Paradise for the world of men. Some of them stayed, and settled permanently.

Others came only for a visit, and then returned whence they had come. Of these, the cuckoo was so terrified that he might not be able to return that he never built a nest for himself, lest by so doing he might be considered to be a bird of this world.

Among the birds that made the journey was the redstart, known in the Hebrides as the firetail. This is the story of how she got this name.

Now, although we think of Tir nan Og as a land of orchards and of sunshine, it would be a dull Paradise where the weather never varied, and the sun never set. So in the evenings the older people in particular sat around the fires in the halls of the Blessed Isles, fires that burned clearly and without smoke, glowing red with dancing flames of many colours. There they gazed into the flames and told tales, of heroes and others, and remembered the days of the past. No matter how many tales they told, the stories were always new. The younger people joined them to sing songs, and such evenings were not the least of the joys of Paradise.

But on earth fire was unknown, and this worried the firetail. A small brown bird, inconspicuous among her more colourful companions, she had a warm and generous heart. She had seen how much the blessed spirits enjoyed the warmth and the light of the fire, and she wished that she could find some way to share this with people on earth. They too would appreciate its comfort, especially on cold winter nights. How could she share it with them?

At length she plucked up her courage, and flew to the gods who reigned in Heaven. Nervously, she made her plea.

“In Tir nan Og we have fire, and it is one of the great blessings of the place. But on earth it is unknown. Could it not be shared with men? If there were any way to do so, I would do my utmost to take it to them. Please, please let there be some way!”

There was a long silence, which lasted so long that the little firetail began to despair, thinking that her request had been ignored. Finally, however, after long thought, the god of the Blessed Isles responded.

“Yes,” he said, “you may carry fire to men, but only if you can find a proper person to receive it. Only the unselfish, kind and good may do



so. You may give it to no other.”

The god then stuck in the little bird’s tail a brand of eternal fire, and she flew off, overjoyed.

When she arrived on earth, she did not quite know what to do next. She was only a little bird, and had no real idea of how to set about her task. But then she saw a man come along, and so she went up to him and asked if he wished for fire. Of course, he did not know what fire was, and, thinking that she might make a tasty snack for supper, tried to kill her. Frightened, she flew away.

The best course of action seemed to be to ask for advice. The wisest of the birds was the owl, so to him she went for help. The owl counselled her to tell all the birds of the air of her quest, that she had a gift of infinite value to bestow on the most kindly and unselfish man. They would see that everyone heard of it.

This was done, and soon men came streaming up to the bush where the firetail sat with her tail aglow. Each one boasted of how good and kind he was, and how unselfish, the claims growing more and more extravagant as each tried to convince her of his superior merit. Before long the voices became loud and angry, and then they all came to blows. Terrified, the firetail flew away. Surely, she thought, these men cannot be good ?

On and on she flew, until at last she fell exhausted beside a small cottage. Out ran a small child, who carefully picked her up and took her indoors to show to her mother.

The mother, who was nursing her baby, smiled at the child and told her where to put the tired bird to rest, promising to give it soon a dish of sops in milk. The firetail watched her, and thought to herself,

“How I wish that this could be the good, kind person who gets the fire, but of course she could not have done any great unselfish deeds. What a pity !”

However, having thanked the woman politely for the food, she asked hopefully, “Are you by any chance unselfish and good ? I have a precious gift for such a person.”

The woman laughed.

“Indeed, no !” she said. “I have no time to be unselfish and good, because I have my husband and children to care for day by day. Then, in spring, there is the ploughing and sowing ; harvesting and grinding the grain in autumn ; spinning and weaving in winter, while my husband fishes and hunts. Neither of us has the time to be kind and unselfish.”

She gave the bird a shell of water, and then turned to comfort a child who had tripped and fallen.

All at once the firetail knew what she had to do. She asked the children to bring her a few pine twigs, and to build her a nest. This they did, and she flew into it, letting her tail touch the resinous twigs. As she did so, fire flamed up.

The woman who was too busy doing good things to be good, and doing kind things to be kind, had been granted the inestimably precious gift of fire.

## V. National Emblems

### 18. *The Saltire : Saint Andrew's Cross*

The flag of the United Kingdom is a complicated union of the flags of the originally independent kingdoms which make it up. Of these, the national flag of Scotland is a white saltire on a blue ground, the cross of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland. Why did it become so ?

Tradition says that in the ninth century in what is now East Lothian, a battle was fought between the Scottish King Angus, with an army of Picts and Scots, and the much larger invading army of Angles and Saxons. The king had had a dream, in which he saw a great cross in the sky, which would bring him victory. On the morning of the battle, as the sun rose, there indeed was a white cross of cloud in the blue sky - and the army of the Scots was victorious. Since then, St. Andrew's Cross has been the national flag of Scotland.

### 19. *The Thistle and the Heather*

There are two flowers that are dear to the heart of Scottish people

everywhere — the thistle, and the heather. Ornamental varieties of both are found in parks and gardens all over the country, and the wild varieties are even more widespread.

This may seem a curious choice of flowers to love. After all, the Japanese cherish the delicate cherry blossom, and the English treasure the fragrant and colourful rose. Why do the Scots prefer such unspectacular flowers? There are of course legends to explain this.

The Scots, as we all know and believe, are a friendly and welcoming people, but at the same time fiercely independent, and resent outside interference in their affairs. The national motto is in Latin : *Nemo me impune lacessit*, “Nobody injures me with impunity”, or, as it is often rendered, “Who dares to meddle with me !” Make a friend of a Scot, and he will be generous in friendship and hospitality. Anger him, however, and he will become an unforgiving enemy. These two sides of the Scottish character are said to be united in the thistle, with its soft pink tassel of a flower-head, but its sharply spiked leaves.

However, there is a little more to it than that.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Vikings frequently came in their longships to ravage the coasts of Scotland. Sometimes they destroyed villages and retreated with their plunder, sometimes the Scots were able to fight them off.

Tradition tells us that long ago, on one such occasion, the Scottish force that went to meet them was worn out from following the invaders along the coast. Wearied, they slept deeply, and might have been slaughtered to a man if it had not been for the little thistle plant. In the dark of the night, the barefoot Viking warriors were trying to creep up silently on to the unsuspecting Scots, when one of them stepped on the sharp leaves of a thistle. He gave a cry of surprise and pain, and this woke the Scots, who were then able to defeat the enemy.

Ever since then, it is said, the thistle has been the soft but also prickly emblem of Scotland.

The thistle is not of great use to people, but the heather was one of the

most useful plants in the Highlands and Islands. It was used in building houses, for walls and thatching, and for the ropes and pegs that held the building together. The leafy young twigs filled mattresses for sleeping on. Older branches, stripped of their leaves, made brooms for sweeping, and baskets for storage or for carrying things. Heather stems could be woven into mats to cover the floors. The plant was used as fuel for cooking, heating and lighting ; and the rotted plants of ancient time provided peat, which, dried, was the aromatic chief fuel of winter. Both the roots and the leaves were used for dyeing wool, into various shades of yellow. Long stems could even form walking sticks or crutches. The bees that flock to its small flowers make from its nectar the most delicious of all honey. From those same flowers, people have distilled alcoholic drinks : heather ale and heather wine. The flowers are also used to make perfume, and to perfume soap. Last, but not least, heather potions have healing properties effective for many ailments, both internal and external. The plant was indeed a blessing to the people.

This is the story of how the heather came to clothe the hills of Scotland.

When God had almost finished creating the world, he still had some rocks left over, and decided to use them to create another, and beautiful, country. So he placed some of them carefully together to form the mountains of the Highlands of Scotland, and scattered others in the western sea to form the islands of the Hebrides. Then he looked thoughtfully at them. They needed some vegetation to make them the beautiful country he envisaged. What would be the best plants to choose, to cover the rocks ?

He considered carefully, and then sent for the oak tree.

“Oak tree,” he said, “you are the biggest and strongest of all the trees I have made. Will you go to my new country, to clothe the bare rocks, and to help it with your strength to become more beautiful ?”

The oak tree shook his leaves regretfully.

“I cannot,” he replied, in his rumbling bass tones. “I need deep soil for my roots to grow strong, and to keep me rooted in place. On these rocks, there is not enough earth for them to grow down to sufficient depth. I would

be blown over in the first gale. I am sorry, but I will not be able to take root in your new country.”

God considered again, and then sent for the honeysuckle, with its delicate yellow flowers and its sweet fragrance.

“Honeysuckle,” he asked, “would you be willing to go and spread your beauty and fragrance over the rocks and hills of my new country, and to help it to become more beautiful ?”

The honeysuckle’s flowers drooped.

“Alas,” she said, in a frail voice, “I cannot grow by myself. I need help to live ! By myself, I am only a poor, feeble thing. I need a tree, or a wall, or a fence, to support me. Ask me again, much later, but only if these are present. For now, I am sorry, but I am weak, and I will not be able to grow in your new country.”

God sighed, and considered again. Then he sent for the rose.

“Rose,” he said, “you are among the sweetest and the most beautiful of the flowers. Will you go to my new country, and clothe its rocks with your grace and fragrant splendour ?”

The rose fluttered her petals in agitation.

“Oh, dear !” she said. “I would like to, I really would ! But I can’t, I really can’t ! The hills are so wet and windy and cold, I could never survive there. I need warmth and shelter to flourish and grow. I couldn’t grow there, I really couldn’t !”

Disappointed with the reactions of the oak, the honeysuckle, and the rose, God turned away. He turned over in his mind the other plants he had made, and then noticed by his feet a low-growing green shrub with tiny purplish-pink or white flowers. It was the heather.

“Heather,” he said, “I have asked this question of three other plants, but they all found good reasons to refuse. So I am asking you : will you go to my new country and clothe the bare rocks, to make them beautiful ?”

The heather was rather taken aback to be asked to carry out such an important task. She thought about the rain and the wind, the poor soil and the lack of shelter, and wondered if she would be up to the job. But she told

herself that if God had asked her to do it, he must have had confidence in her.

“If you want me to do it,” she said with resolution, “then I shall certainly do my very best.”

God was pleased with the little heather, so pleased indeed that he decided to give her some extra gifts, as a reward for uncomplainingly accepting the task. He gave her the strength of the oak tree, to make her stems and bark as strong as any tree or shrub in the world. He gave her the fragrance of the honeysuckle, to perfume the air around her. Lastly, he gave her the sweetness of the rose, that would attract bees from afar. And with this triple blessing he sent her out to clothe the rocky hills of Scotland, to be in turn a blessing to its people.

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Introduction to the Folklore of Scotland



Locations of the Tales

# 平成 24 (2012) 年度東北学院大学文学部 英文学科公開講義

## 「英語を身につけるということ」

今年度の英文学科公開講義では、5つの講義を組み合わせ、英語を身につけるということをさまざまな角度から検討した。

第1講では、主に英語のリズムとイントネーションを扱い、リズムの形成要因、イントネーションの役割と基本的な型などについて考察した。第2講では、シャドーイングがことばの理解・産出プロセスにどのような効果をもたらすのかを検証した研究結果が紹介された。第3講では、英語の発話をより自然にするためのコツが実践的に示された。第4講では、英語が異なる人々の共生を促すという視点から英語学習の意義が論じられた。第5講には、外部講師として明治大学国際日本学部の尾関直子教授を迎え、自律的な学習になるための戦略についてお話しいただいた。

英語学習に関わるさまざまな事柄について、英語学、心理言語学、応用言語学の知見をもとにそれぞれの講師がもっとも大切だと考えるテーマについて論じ、外国語としての英語習得の奥の深さを聴衆のみならずともに改めて感じ取ることができた。毎回、高校生、大学生、一般人など多くの聴衆の方に集まっただけ、公開講義としてその目的を十分に果たすことができたと思われる。

ここに、講義の要約を5編収録する。講義に参加した方には、講義を思い出す資料として、参加できなかった方には、講義の概要を伝えるものとしてご活用いただければ幸いである。



第 1 講 講師：遠藤裕一（英文学科教授）

演題：英語の音声

第 2 講 講師：中西 弘（英文学科准教授）

演題：英語運用能力を伸ばすシャドーイング

第 3 講 講師：Phillip Backley（英文学科教授）

演題：Improving your English pronunciation

第 4 講 講師：村野井 仁（英文学科教授）

演題：共生のための英語学習

第 5 講 講師：尾関直子（明治大学国際日本学部教授）

演題：自律学習と学習ストラテジー

## 英語の音声

### —— リズムとイントネーション ——

遠藤裕一

英語の音声は、語音の特徴（子音、母音など）と韻律的特徴（アクセント、イントネーション、リズム、（ポーズ））に分けて捉えることができる。本講では、特に英語学習の観点から、後者に限って基本的な型を示す。用いる例文はすべて下の参考文献からの引用である。アクセントの表記法に関しては、見やすさの便宜から筆者が元の資料に若干手を加えたものがある。

イントネーションは意味の違いに関与するから英語の発音を学ぶ上で大切である。(1) の *Pardon me?* と *Pardon me.* のイントネーションの違いに注目されたい。

(1) A: You're stepping on my foot.

B: Pardon me? (↗)

A: YOU ARE STEPPING ON MY FOOT.

B: Oh, Pardon me. (↘)

*Pardon me?* (↗) と上昇調で発音すると「(聞き取れなかったので) もう一度おっしゃっていただけませんか」の意味になり、*Pardon me.* (↘) と下降調で発音すると「申し訳ございません」と謝罪の意味で用いられる。

英語はストレス（強勢）付与（あるいは、Wells (2006) が言う文アクセ

セント) を受けて英語特有のリズムを刻む。通常、語彙項目(名詞、形容詞、動詞、副詞の大部分)にストレスが付与され、機能語(前置詞、冠詞、接続詞、代名詞、助動詞、法助動詞など)は弱く発音される。

(2) The fireman should have *escáped* from the *búilding*.

(2) では、*fireman* の第 1 音節と *escáped* の第 2 音節と *building* の第 1 音節がそれぞれストレスを付与されて、英語のリズムの山を形成する。リズム構成上のある山から次の山までの発音時間はそれぞれ心理的に等時とされる。弱音節は、発話全体の快いリズムを保証するために、弱く、軽く、速く発音されなければならない。

一般的に、個々の節が独立したイントネーション句になるが、必ずしもこの限りでない。(3c) では、名詞(句) *Milk* が、あるいは動詞句 *come from cows* がイントネーション句を形成している。それぞれのイントネーション句は必ず音調核を持つ。音調核が振られる場所は下線で示す。

- (3) a. *Mílk* *cómes* from *cóws*. || *Wóol* *cómes* from *shéep*. ||  
 b. *Mílk* *cómes* from *cóws*, | and *wóol* *cómes* from *shéep*. ||  
 c. *Mílk* | *cómes* from *cóws*. ||

また、イントネーション句への分割は、例えば (4a) と (4b) を区別する。

- (4) a. She *dréssed* and *féd* the *báby*. || (彼女は赤ちゃんに服を着せて、お乳も飲ませた。)  
 b. She *dréssed*, | and *féd* the *báby*. || (彼女は服を着て、赤ちゃん

んにお乳を飲ませた。)

音調核は、他の位置に置かれる何らかの理由がない限りは、イントネーション句の中の最後の語彙項目に置かれる。が、(7)のBは、文脈により、文構造から予測されるストレス曲線とは異なるストレスの付与を受ける。すなわち、(7)のBでは、文構造上は *time* に音調核が置かれるのがノーマルとされるが、この場合 *time* は旧情報であり音調核は *horrible* の第1音節に置かれる。

(5) *What is the náme of the cápital of Póland?* ||

(6) *I've just recéived a létter from her.* ||

(7) A: *Did you have a good time?*

B: *I hád a hórrible tíme.*

イントネーション句は、(i) 前頭部 (prehead), (ii) 頭部開始点 (onset), (iii) 頭部 (head), (iv) 音調核 (nucleus), (v) 尾部 (tail) から成る。イントネーション句を構成する上で (iv) が必須要素であることは先に述べた。(8) では、*planning* の第1音節が頭部開始点である。

(8) *We're | plánning to flý to | Í | taly.* ||

前頭部 |                      頭部                      | 核 | 尾部

都築 (1996, 1997) は、英語教育の見地から、次の7つの基準音調核を提案している。各音調核は音符式符号あるいは文字補助符号で示される。

- (i) 低下降調 (Mid to Low) [●] ,yes ,yes-ter-day ● \_ \_ \_
- (ii) 高下降調 (High to Low) [●] `yes `yes-ter-day ● \_ \_ \_
- (iii) 低上昇調 (Low to Mid) [●] ,yes ,yes-ter-day ● \_ \_ \_
- (iv) 高上昇調 (Mid to High) [●] `yes `yes-ter-day ● \_ \_ \_
- (v) 下降上昇調 (High to Low to Mid) [●] `yes `yes-ter-day ● \_ \_ \_
- (vi) 上昇下降調 (Mid to High to Low) [●] ^yes ^yes-ter-day ● ` \_ \_
- (vii) 中平坦調 (Mid Level) [●] >yes >yes-ter-day ● \_ \_ \_

これらの音調核が表わす意味、用いられる場面についての詳細はこの際省略するが、概略、下降調は陳述文、疑問詞で始まる疑問文、命令文、感嘆文などで用いられ、上昇調は *yes* か *no* を求める疑問文、柔らかな要請の気持ちなどを示す文などに用いられる。下降上昇調は言外の意を含む平叙文、いたわり、要請、警告に用いられる。上昇下降調は選択疑問文で用いられ、例えば (9a) は (9b) から区別される。音調核を文字補助記号で示す。

- (9) a. Do you want `coffee or `tea? (コーヒーかお茶のどちらが)  
 b. Do you want coffee or `tea? (コーヒーかお茶のような飲み物)

部分否定 (10a) と全否定 (10b) の区別も音調核の違いによって引き起こされる。

- a. `All cats don't like water. (下降上昇調が用いられることが多い)  
 b. All cats don't like `water. (下降調)

イントネーションの機能としては、(i) 態度的機能、(ii) 文法的機能、(iii) 焦点化機能、(iv) 談話機能、(v) 心理的機能、(vi) 指標機能などがある。従来、(i) 態度的機能と (ii) 文法的機能のみが強調され主に取り上げられたが、言語研究の進展によって、他の機能にも目が向けられるようになった。

英語の韻律的特徴に関して日本人英語学習者の困難点をいくつか指摘すると、弱音節の発音がうまくいかず全体的にリズムがとれない傾向、文頭の代名詞を強く発音し過ぎる傾向、頭部開始点を正しく捉えた場合にせよ誤って捉えた場合にせよ最初のピッチの上がり目の直後の音節でピッチを下げてしまう傾向、特に上昇調の練習の必要性などが挙げられる。

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# 英語運用能力を伸ばすシャドーイング

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## 1. はじめに

現在、シャドーイングを用いた訓練法が、英語教育・学習法として注目を集めている。シャドーイングとは、「提示された音声に対してほぼ同時にその音声と同じ発話を口頭で再生する行為」のことを指す。日本では、通訳訓練の基礎トレーニング法として導入され、現在では、リスニング指導の一環として高校・大学等一般の語学教育にも広く用いられるようになった（玉井, 2005）。しかし、指導現場でのシャドーイング実施方法は、教員の間で必ずしも一致しておらず、一体シャドーイングの活動が、どのような目的で行われるべきものなのか、明確になっていない。また、スピーキングとの関係に関する実証研究もあまり進んでいない。

本稿の目的は、シャドーイングがリスニングプロセスに及ぼす影響についてこれまで行われてきた様々な先行研究を概観した後、スピーキングプロセスに及ぼす影響について検討したい。

## 2. シャドーイングがリスニングプロセスに及ぼす影響

### 2-1. リスニングプロセス

まず、音声入力された言語情報の中でも、聞き手が注目する音声のみが、言語性ワーキングメモリ（音韻ループ）と呼ばれる情報処理システムに取り込まれる。なお、音韻ループは、図1が示すように、音韻ストアと構音

## 英語運用能力を伸ばすシャドーイング

リハーサルという2つのサブシステムから構成されている。音韻ループに取り込まれた入力情報は、ひとまず音韻ストアに保存される。この音韻ストア内の情報をもとに長期記憶内の各種情報（音声・語彙・文法・意味・スキーマ等）に検索をかけ、照合することで入力情報を処理する。これら全ての情報処理には、ワーキングメモリ資源（認知資源）が必要であるが、その容量制限は非常に厳しく、音韻ストアに情報を蓄えられる期間は、約2秒間と定義されている。その情報が消えないように絶えず心の中でリハーサルが行われる。このリハーサル機構を構音リハーサルと呼ぶ。

このように、音韻ループ上で限られた認知資源を用いて、音声処理・語彙処理・統語処理・意味処理・文脈処理・スキーマ処理といった様々な処理が行われることにより、私たちは、最終的に話し手の発話内容を理解している。

### 2-2. シャドーイングがリスニングプロセスに及ぼす影響

以上のようなリスニングプロセスのうち、シャドーイングは、どの処理段階に効果を及ぼすのであろうか。中でも、最も効果を及ぼすと考えられ

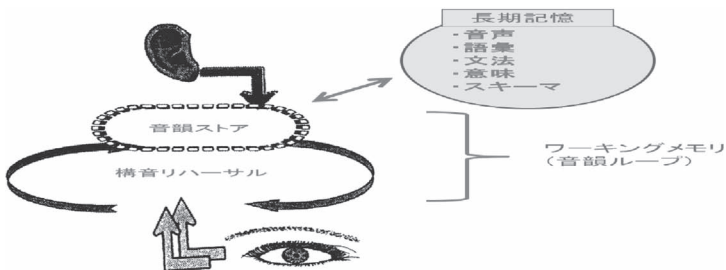


図1 言語性ワーキングメモリ（音韻ループ）の構成



ているのが、音声処理段階である。Hori (2008) の研究では、工業高等専門学校生 26 名にシャドーイングを 15 回繰り返させ、全音節数の中で、正しくシャドーイング出来た音節の割合を算出し、その推移を分析した。分析の結果、シャドーイングを繰り返すにつれて、再生率が上昇することが明らかになった<sup>1</sup>。再生率が上昇した理由として、シャドーイングを繰り返すことにより、長期記憶中の日本人英語的な音声知識がネイティブライクなものに更新され、音の知覚がスムーズに行われるようになったためと考えられている (門田, 2007, 2012)。

さらに、シャドーイングにより構音リハーサル機能が向上することも報告されている。Kadota, et. al. (2012)<sup>2</sup> は、大学生・大学院生 25 名を対象に、短期間、シャドーイング訓練をさせる実験群と、リスニング訓練をさせる統制群の間で、事前・事後テストで内的音読速度がどのように変化するか調査した。その結果、実験群 (シャドーイング群) の内的音読速度は、事前テスト時には 127.9 wpm であったが、事後テスト時には 140.4 wpm に向上した。一方、統制群 (リスニング群) は、事前テスト時 130.9 wpm・事後テスト時 126.1 wpm と、伸びがみられなかった。2 元配置の分散分析の結果からも、交互作用が確認され ( $F(1,24)=32.061, p<.01$ )、シャドーイング群のみ、内的音読速度に有意な伸長が見られることが確認された。構音リハーサル速度が上昇すると、より多くの情報が音韻ストアに送り込まれ、その分ワーキングメモリ容量が拡大すると考えられている。

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- 1 ただし、シャドーイングの繰り返し効果が見られたのは 10 回目までで、それ以降は、回数を重ねても再生率はあまり向上しなかった。また、テキストによっては、5~6 回でシャドーイング効果が頭打ちになったものもある。
  - 2 シャドーイング・リスニング用教材として、100 語程度の文章が 5 つずつ使用された。教材間で、難易度・語数ともに有意差が無いことが確認されている。難易度:  $F(5, 24)=.282, p=.918$ , 語数:  $F(5, 24)=.282, p=.918$ 。

このように、シャドーイングは、リスニングプロセスの中でも、(1) 音声処理技能、(2) 構音リハーサル機能 において効果があることが先行研究から指摘されている。

### 3. スピーキングプロセスとシャドーイング

#### 3-1. スピーキングプロセス

Levelt (1993) は、「語彙仮説モデル」の中で、発話に至るまでのプロセスを以下のように提唱している (図2左側)。まず、概念化装置 (CONCEPTUALIZER) で、発話内容 (メッセージ) が生成される。その後、形式化装置 (GORMULATOR) で、文法コード化 (grammatical encoding) ・音韻コード化 (phonological encoding) の操作が施され、発話内容が言語化される。文法コード化の段階では、メンタルレキシコン<sup>3</sup> (LEXICON) 内のレマ (lemma) に保存されている統語情報が活性化され、文法構造が形成される。また、音韻コード化の段階では、メンタルレキシコン内のレキシム (lexeme) に保存されている音韻情報が引き出され、リズム・イントネーションなどのプロソディが形成される。その後、調音装置 (ARTICULATOR) により音が形成され、発話に至る。なお、これらの一連の処理プロセスは、ワーキングメモリ資源を用いて行われていると仮定されている。

このモデルが示すように、私たちは、さまざまな処理段階 (メッセージ生成段階・統語処理段階・音声処理段階・調音段階) を経て発話に至ることが分かる。中でも日本人英語学習者は、統語処理段階でワーキングメモ

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3 メンタルレキシコンとは、長期記憶に蓄えられている語彙情報を指す。メンタルレキシコンには、語の形態・音韻・意味・統語などの情報が蓄えられている (門田他, 2003)。

## 英語運用能力を伸ばすシャドーイング

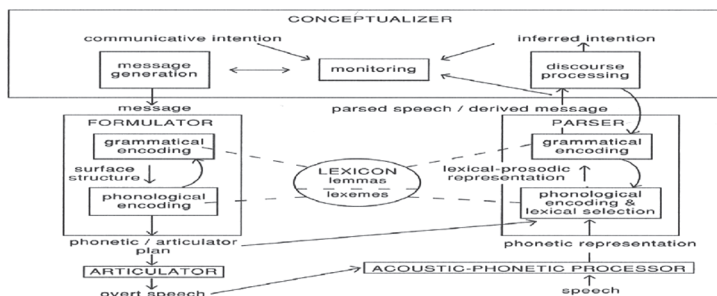


図2 語彙仮説モデル (Levelt, 1993 にもとづく)

りに負荷がかかり，この統語処理の非自動性が英語の流暢性を獲得する上での大きな障壁となっていることが，文処理研究から指摘されている (Nakanishi & Yokokawa, 2012)。文産出においても，いかに統語処理を，ワーキングメモリ資源をあまり用いず，効率よく行うことが出来るかどうか成否の鍵を握ると考えられる。

### 3-2 統語プライミング効果としてのシャドーイング

それでは，日本人英語学習者が文産出をする際にネックとなっている統語処理を自動化させるために，シャドーイングは何らかの貢献をするのであろうか。門田 (2007, 2012) は，シャドーイングを繰り返すことは，統語プライミングの効果があり，統語処理の自動化訓練になる可能性を指摘している。統語プライミング効果とは，人が無意識のうちに，先行する統語構造をそのまま用いて文を構築しようとする現象のことを指す。例えば，3項動詞 give を用いた PO 構文 (例：The driver gave the car to the mechanic.) の情報が入力され，直後に The patient gave…という手がかりが与えられると，人は無意識のうちに直前の統語構造 (PO 構文) を用いて，

文を産出しようとする。同様に、DO構文（例：The driver gave the mechanic the car）の情報が入力され、直後に The patient gave…という手がかりが与えられると、人は無意識のうちに直前の統語構造（DO構造）を用いて、文を産出しようとする。また、先行する動詞と後続する動詞が同じ・異なる条件でも同様の現象がみられることが、第一・第二言語研究から指摘されている（Pickering & Branigan, 1998；Morishita, Satoï & Yokokawa, 2010）。先行する文を処理する際には、その文に含まれている動詞などの語彙情報が活性化する訳であるが、その際、動詞のもつ下位範疇化情報（その動詞がどのような構造をとるかという情報）も同時に活性化し、後続する文の動詞が提示された時に既に活性化されている下位範疇化情報が無意識のうちに選択されやすくなると考えられている。日本人英語学習者は、文産出をする際、意識的に、時間をかけて1つ1つ文構造を計算しながら統語処理を行うという、処理負荷の極めて高い処理を行う傾向があるが、シャドーイングによる統語プライミング効果を利用した、無意識に文構造を構築させる訓練は、統語処理の自動化につながる可能性がある。統語処理にワーキングメモリ資源が取られなくなると、その分、他の処理（発話内容・語彙処理・調音等）にワーキングメモリ資源を回すことが出来、スピーキング能力の向上につながる可能性がある。

#### 4. 本稿のまとめ

このように、シャドーイングは、リスニングプロセスの一側面（1音声知覚、2構音リハーサル）に働きかけ、またスピーキングプロセスにおいても、統語処理段階にかかる認知コストを低減させ、スピーキング能力の向上に寄与する可能性があることが先行研究の結果から指摘されている。

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# Improving your English Pronunciation

Phillip Backley

## 1 Introduction

To become competent users of a second language, learners must focus on various different aspects of the language they are attempting to learn. At high school, second language learning tends to emphasize the importance of grammar and vocabulary, as these are easy to teach to large classes, and furthermore, are easy to test by written exam. This approach often causes other aspects of the second language to be neglected, however, particularly the practical skills that allow learners to actually use the language for real communication. It is all too common to find good students of English who are in effect tongue-tied – they have an extensive knowledge of the written language but lack the ability or confidence to use spoken English as a communication tool. Yet in reality, communication skills are not nearly as difficult to acquire as English language learners may think. If regular speaking practice is introduced from an early stage, together with the opportunity to hear native speakers using the language in its natural form, then it is possible for students to become as comfortable with spoken English as they are with written English.

One aspect of spoken English which can be improved without too much effort is pronunciation. In this paper I describe two characteristics of English pronunciation which learners can focus on in order to make their spoken English sound more confident, more proficient, and easier to understand. The

first of these is the appropriate use of weak vowels, such as schwa, in unstressed syllables. This is explored in section 3. The second concerns the use of weak forms in longer utterances, which is essential for producing sentence-level rhythm. This is the focus of section 4. The discussion begins in section 2 with comments on the importance of acquiring a good pronunciation.

## **2 Why does pronunciation matter ?**

Subconsciously, listeners make quick (and often, unfair) judgments about a speaker's English ability based on his pronunciation. No matter how accurate a learner's grammar, and no matter how rich and expressive his vocabulary, if his pronunciation is poor then this immediately gives a negative impression of his overall language level. Poor pronunciation can be difficult to listen to, as it demands greater effort and concentration on the part of the listener. In addition, poor pronunciation can lead to misunderstandings, even a breakdown in communication. On the other hand, if a speaker has a clear pronunciation, this has immediate benefits : listeners judge the speaker's overall language ability much more favourably, even to the point of tolerating grammatical and other errors. Moreover, a good pronunciation is an asset to the speaker himself, as it provides him with a valuable confidence boost.

It is important to note here that 'good' pronunciation does not mean 'native-like' pronunciation. In fact, if an English learner aims to sound like a native English speaker he will soon be disappointed, as this is neither a realistic goal nor a necessary goal. Instead, the aim should be to acquire a 'listener-friendly' pronunciation – one which listeners can understand without

effort and which can be used to make meaningful conversation possible. If the listening task is too effortful, listeners will simply stop listening.

### 3 Weak vowels

Fortunately, there are several ways in which English learners can improve their pronunciation once they have identified the main pitfalls. In the case of Japanese learners of English, the most significant improvement they can make is to begin incorporating weak vowels into their English, specifically the ‘schwa’ vowel [ə]. Before this can happen, however, learners must recognise two basic points about English pronunciation. First, in spoken English not all syllables (or beats) are of equal importance – some are naturally stronger than others. And knowing when and how to pronounce weak syllables can make a speaker’s pronunciation more natural. Second, English spelling does not tell you how to pronounce English vowels. For example, the vowels in the underlined syllables in (1) have exactly the same sound, despite having different spellings. All are pronounced [ə]. (Non-rhotic pronunciations are used throughout this paper.)

- (1)     offer     [ˈɒfə]  
          sofa     [ˈsəʊfə]  
          forget   [fəˈget]

The position of weak vowels is determined by stress, or more precisely, the absence of stress. All content words in English (i.e. nouns, verbs, adjectives) have a characteristic stress pattern which usually comprises a single



stressed syllable together with a variable number of unstressed syllables around it. Most unstressed syllables are pronounced with a weak vowel such as [ə]. By contrast, spoken Japanese does not employ word stress in this way, and consequently, it is natural for Japanese learners of English to ignore the significance of stress when speaking English. (Note that, for similar reasons, English speakers typically ignore pitch accent patterns when learning Japanese.) And this is unfortunate, because stress is unquestionably a key aspect of English pronunciation, especially for listeners.

The listening process is partly one of decoding : to understand spoken language we must look up the words we hear in our mental lexicon, rather like using a paper dictionary or electronic dictionary. But unlike a conventional dictionary, in which entries are arranged in alphabetical (or kana) order, the words in our mental lexicon are organised according to their stress pattern, at least for native speakers of English. This point is made by Brown (1990).

*The stress pattern of a word is a very important identifying feature of the word... We store words under stress patterns... and we find it difficult to interpret an utterance in which a word is pronounced with the wrong stress pattern—we begin to “look up” possible words under this wrong stress pattern. (Brown 1990 : 51)*

Thus, the stress pattern of a word gives that word its characteristic shape. And it is this shape which native English speakers rely on as a cue to identifying individual words in running speech. For example, the pairs of words in (2) contain the same segments but differ in their stress pattern ; and owing to this difference in stress, it is highly unlikely that native listeners would ever confuse them. Stressed syllables are underlined.

- (2)     differing            vs.     deferring  
          insight            vs.     incite  
          desert            vs.     dessert

Clearly, then, it is crucial that English learners pay attention to stress in their spoken English. By doing so their speech will be more natural, and in addition, their listeners will understand them more easily.

The schwa vowel [ə] is the most common English vowel sound. It occurs in every sentence of spoken English, yet it can cause problems even for advanced Japanese learners of English because it is not a native Japanese sound. The first problem is to do with producing the [ə] sound itself. There are many textbooks on English phonetics that provide descriptions of the tongue position and lip position needed for pronouncing [ə] correctly, but in reality these descriptions are not helpful. The most effective way for students to master the [ə] sound is to listen regularly to native speakers and to copy what they hear. Good pronunciation always starts with careful listening.

The second problem concerns knowing where [ə] should be pronounced. In fact, predicting the occurrence of [ə] in English sentences follows from what has already been said in the preceding paragraphs : the distribution of [ə] is determined by the stress pattern, not the spelling. It is restricted to unstressed syllables ; and generally speaking, most unstressed syllables have the potential to be pronounced with a [ə] vowel. In the words in (3), for example, all the unstressed vowels (underlined) are typically produced as [ə].

### Improving your English Pronunciation

(3)	<i>garden</i>	[ˈgɑ : dən]
	<i>avoid</i>	[əˈvɔɪd]
	<i>octopus</i>	[ˈɒktəpəs]
	<i>collection</i>	[kəˈlekʃən]

Notice that, by modelling pronunciation on spelling—in the way that many English learners do, simply because they have not been taught to do otherwise—it is inevitable that an unnatural pronunciation (i.e. without [ə]) will result. For instance, *garden* [ˈgɑ : dən] is likely to be produced incorrectly as \*[ˈgɑ : dɛn]. Now, a speaker who pronounces the non-native form \*[ˈgɑ : dɛn] will have no problems in being understood. But it is instantly recognisable as an example of ‘learners’ English’. Moreover, listeners are likely to form negative judgments of the speaker’s overall language ability, as described in section 2. The point here is that [ə] does not have a spelling of its own : it is controlled by stress, and stress patterns are not encoded in the English spelling system.

As already mentioned, it is not uncommon to find learners of English ignoring word stress altogether. And even when they do try to include stress in their pronunciation, they are often unsure about which syllable of the word should carry the stress. Furthermore, if they cannot be sure where stress goes, then it follows that they cannot be sure where to pronounce weak vowels either, since vowel weakening is the antithesis of stress—it takes place only in unstressed syllables. In this regard, however, something which should help students is the fact that most affixes in English are unstressed, so they are usually pronounced with a weak [ə]. Most cases of English affixation involve suffixes. In the following suffixed forms, stress falls on the root or stem while

the suffix has a weak vowel.

- (4)      *sing* + *er*      → *sing*[ə]*r*      *music* + *ian*      → *musici*[ə]*n*  
*elect* + *ion*      → *electi*[ə]*n*      *danger* + *ous*      → *danger*[ə]*s*  
*reach* + *able*      → *reach*[ə]*ble*      *sense* + *ible*      → *sens*[ə]*ble*  
*waiter* + *ess*      → *waitr*[ə]*ss*      *pay* + *ment*      → *paym*[ə]*nt*  
*dark* + *ness*      → *darkn*[ə]*ss*      *act* + *or*      → *act*[ə]*r*

It should now be apparent that the weak vowel [ə] is everywhere in spoken English. And if English learners manage to incorporate vowel weakening into their own speech, listeners will immediately sense a difference in the fluency and naturalness of their speaking style. To achieve this, learners must avoid the trap of allowing English spelling to influence their pronunciation, because [ə] does not correspond to a particular spelling in the written language.

#### 4 Weak forms

In the previous section it was shown how English learners can improve their pronunciation by producing a weak vowel [ə] in the weak syllables of a word. In most situations, however, we do not communicate in single words—natural speech involves longer utterances such as phrases and sentences. What, then, is the role of weak vowels in these larger stretches of speech? As we are about to see, vowel weakening in whole utterances follows the same principles as vowel weakening in single words: stressed syllables have ‘full’ (i.e. non-weakened) vowels while unstressed syllables usually have weak vowels. The difference we need to bear in mind is that whole utterances contain

a mixture of stressed words and unstressed words, where the latter are unstressed in their entirety and therefore contain only weak vowels. Compare the two ways of pronouncing *that* in the following utterances.

- (5) a. *I know that [ðæt] song.*  
b. *I know that [ðət] he's rich.*

Although they look identical in writing, *that* in (5a) and *that* in (5b) are actually different words with different pronunciations. The word *that* in (5a) is a demonstrative adjective, which allows it to have a stress. In fact content words in general (i.e. nouns, verbs, adjectives) are usually stressed. And because the adjective *that* is stressed, it has a full vowel, in this case [æ]. By contrast, the word *that* in (5b) is a grammatical (or 'function') word; as such, its purpose is not to add meaning to the sentence in the way that content words do, but to help make the sentence grammatical. In this case the verb *know* is followed by the clause *he's rich*, and the grammar of English requires this clause to be introduced by *that*. As a grammatical word, *that* is unstressed and pronounced in its weak form [ðət], which has the weak vowel [ə]. By distinguishing between stressed (content) words and weak (grammatical) words in this way, speakers are able to guide their listeners to the parts of their utterance that are important for meaning. The speaker's message is carried by content words, since these are the words with a lexical meaning; and as a way of drawing the listener's attention to these words, they are stressed. By contrast, grammatical words have little or no lexical meaning of their own, and thus do not contribute to the speaker's message. In fact they are relatively

unimportant for communication, which is shown by the fact that they are consistently pronounced with weak, unstressed vowels. The presence of a weak form such as *that* [ðət] serves as a signal to the listener, indicating that the word in question is not important from an information point of view. This is confirmed by the fact that the word *that* in (5b) may be omitted altogether (i.e. *I know he's rich*) without affecting the meaning of the utterance.

Most English learners find it fairly easy to identify the content words in an utterance, and by extension, to isolate the grammatical words. So when using spoken English it should be a straightforward matter to ensure that the grammatical words are unstressed and produced with the weak vowel [ə]. Typically, grammatical words belong to the following categories.

(6)	auxiliary verbs	<i>have, be, do, can...</i>
	prepositions	<i>to, from, of, at...</i>
	articles	<i>the, a, some...</i>
	pronouns	<i>you, your, her, we, them...</i>
	conjunctions	<i>and, but, or, as...</i>

Notice how the grammatical words in (6) are often difficult to translate into another language. Indeed this is in the very nature of grammatical words, given that they relate to the grammar of English rather than to a specific lexical meaning. To repeat the point made above, speakers play down the importance of grammatical words by producing them as weak forms. In the following sentences, weak forms are underlined.

Improving your English Pronunciation

(7)	<u>auxiliary verbs</u>	can	<i>Sám <u>can</u> [kən] swím.</i>
		has	<i>The lésson <u>has</u> [həz]~[əz] fínished.</i>
		shall	<i>I <u>shall</u> [ʃəl] téll you.</i>
		do	<i>Whát <u>do</u> [də] they wánt?</i>
		are	<i>There <u>are</u> [ə] nóne léft.</i>
		were	<i>My fríends <u>were</u> [wə] láte.</i>
	<u>prepositions</u>	at	<i>We'll méet <u>at</u> [ət] thrée.</i>
		for	<i>Thánks <u>for</u> [fə] hélping.</i>
		from	<i>I wálked <u>from</u> [frəm] the státion.</i>
		of	<i>Twó bóttles <u>of</u> [əv] béer.</i>
		to	<i>She wánted <u>to</u> [tə] léave.</i>
	<u>articles</u>	the	<i>Shút <u>the</u> [ðə] dóor.</i>
		a	<i>Táke <u>a</u> [ə] tríp.</i>
		some	<i>Try <u>some</u> [səm] of thése.</i>
	<u>pronouns</u>	her	<i>Téll <u>her</u> [hə]~[ə] the trúth.</i>
		you	<i><u>You</u> [jə]~[ju] knów what I méan.</i>
		your	<i>Táke <u>your</u> [jə] tíme.</i>
		them	<i>I'll gíve <u>them</u> [ðəm] a hánd.</i>
	<u>conjunctions</u>	and	<i>Téa <u>and</u> [ənd] cóffee.</i>
		or	<i>Thrée <u>or</u> [ə] fóur tímes.</i>
		as	<i>I rán <u>as</u> [əz] quíckly <u>as</u> [əz] póssible.</i>

Improving your English Pronunciation

than     *Béttér than [ðən] béfore.*

that     *The book that [ðət] you órdered.*

Learners can take a further step towards improving their pronunciation by exploiting the difference described above between stressed and weak words. English is often described as a rhythmic or stress-timed language, which means that stressed syllables are spaced at approximately equal intervals – that is, in a rhythm. In the examples in (8), stressed words are written in upper case.

- (8)     THANKS for HELPING.  
          THANK you very MUCH for HELPING.  
          SHUT the DOOR.  
          SHUT the DOOR when you LEAVE.  
          TAKE this ROAD.  
          If you TAKE this ROAD you will COME to a RIVER.

A generalisation which emerges from (8) is that stressed syllables typically do not occur next to each other ; rather, they are separated by one or more weak words. This produces a regular alternation between strong and weak, which characterises spoken English as a whole. And as already mentioned, to produce a rhythmical pattern speakers try to allow roughly the same interval of time between each pair of strong syllables.



- (9) SHUT the DOOR when you LEAVE.

In (9), for example, the sequences [SHUT the] and [DOOR when you] should take about the same amount of time to pronounce. One consequence of this is that, in order to preserve the rhythm, speakers must alter their speech rate (i.e. become faster or slower) according to how many weak syllables there are between any two stresses. In practice, English speakers do this naturally and instinctively.

- (10) WHAT TIME ?  
WHAT'S the TIME ?  
WHAT was the TIME ?  
WHAT would be the TIME ?  
WHAT would have been the TIME ?

In (10), the stressed words *what* and *time* should be pronounced at approximately the same interval apart, no matter how many weak words intervene. Of course, the timing between stresses is relative rather than absolute ; after all, English speakers are humans and not robots-their spoken language carries a natural rhythm without becoming strictly regular in the fashion of a ticking clock.

## 5 Summary

From the preceding discussion it should be evident that the ability to speak in rhythm goes hand in hand with the ability to use weak forms. If

### Improving your English Pronunciation

learners of English become proficient at distinguishing between strong and weak syllables—within single words, and also between content words and grammatical words in longer utterances—then they will have established a useful base for reproducing the rhythmical patterns that characterise the natural speech of native English speakers. Listeners will immediately notice the improvement in fluency, and in many cases will be led to rate the speaker's overall level of English more highly as a result. Most English learners can improve their pronunciation without much difficulty, and it can make a real difference.

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# 共生のための英語学習

村野井 仁

近年、英語教育は競争に勝つために行うものだという主張を耳にすることが増えている。そのような競争主義の高まりを背景としながら、本稿では英語学習・英語教育の目的について考えてみたい。

## 1. 競争のための英語教育

競争主義の英語教育観はさまざまなところに見られる。例えば、文部科学省が2011年に示した「国際共通語としての英語力向上のための5つの提言と具体的施策」の中には以下のような記述がみられる。

政治・経済をはじめ様々な分野でグローバル化が加速度的に進展し、ヒト、モノ、カネが国を超えて一層流動する時代を迎えている。これまでのように大手企業や一部の業種だけではなく、様々な分野で英語力が求められる時代になっており、英語力の有無が企業の採用や昇進など将来に大きな影響を与えているという事態も指摘されている。

(中略) 英語をはじめとした外国語は、グローバル社会を生きる我が国の子どもたちの可能性を大きく広げる重要なツールであるとともに、日本の国際競争力を高めて行く上での重要な要素となっている。(文部科学省「外国語能力の向上に関する検討委員会」平成23年6月30日)

## 共生のための英語学習

この提言の中では、英語教育の目的は、日本人がグローバル化された社会において立ち遅れないようにすること、つまり、競争に負けないこととなる。このような姿勢は以前から文科省の方針に盛り込まれてきたものである。2003年に公表された「英語が使える日本人」の育成のための行動計画においても競争主義は「国際的な経済競争」、「メガコンペティション」などのことばによって明確に示されている。経済競争という語からわかるように、これらの提言は国際市場の場において競争を勝ち抜かなければならないビジネス社会の要求を色濃く反映したものである。それ自体は間違ったことではなく、必要に迫られた動きであることは理解できるが、それを教育の場に持ち込むことには2つの点で異議を唱えざるをえない。まず、英語ができる・できないという観点で競争を煽るとそれは最終的に英語帝国主義につながってしまう可能性がある。英語帝国主義とは、英語を話す人々と英語を話さない人々の間に格差が広がり、やがてそれは支配・被支配の関係となって、かつて軍事力・経済力を持った国々が植民地を広げたように英語を使う国家および集団が他の人々を支配してしまうことを表す（津田，1990；Phillipson, 1992；中村，2004）。英語教育の場で競争を目的とすると、この英語帝国主義の推進に手を貸すことになりかねない。2つ目の異議は、後述する教育の目的と関わるものである。教育は本来、人格の完成および平和的な社会の形成を目指して行われるべきものであり、競争に勝ち抜くことをねらいとするものではない。この点において競争主義を土台とした英語教育施策は人を育てることをめざす教育活動とは相容れないものであると著者は考える。

## 2. 共生のための英語教育

英語学習は、競争、戦略、帝国主義、支配など殺伐としたもののために

## 共生のための英語学習

行うのではなく、もっと人間的で、豊かなもののためにある。英語を含む外国語学習は個人を様々な点から育て、そして社会を豊かにするものであると考えたい。つまり、外国語学習は、競争ではなく共生 (co-existence) を促すためにあると筆者は考える。このような姿勢を明確に打ち出しているのが、2001年に欧州評議会によって示された外国語教育のガイドライン Common European Framework of Reference for Languages (CEFR) である。その冒頭には以下の記述がある。

It is a central objective of language education to promote the favourable development of the learner's whole personality and sense of identity in response to the enriching experience of otherness in language and culture (Council of Europe, 2001, p. 1).

It is only through a better knowledge of European modern languages that it will be possible to facilitate communication and interaction among Europeans of different mother tongues in order to promote European mobility, mutual understanding and co-operation, and overcome prejudice and discrimination (Council of Europe, 2001, p. 2)

CEFR が謳っているのは、外国語教育の目的は学習者の全人格を育てることだということ、それは異なる言語や文化そのものの学習および異文化を持った人々との交流の経験を通して可能となること、そして、言語によってこそ人はつながるということである。差別や偏見に満ちた社会の中で、一人一人が異なるものに触れることによって寛容さを育て、個性を伸ばしていくことが豊かな共生につながるという祈りに近い願望が CEFR に

は記されている。

さて、日本ではどうだろうか。このような共生をねらいとした英語教育は可能なのであろうか。答えは yes。間違いなく可能であり、多くの実践が展開されている。そのような実践を支えるものの一つに教育基本法があると筆者は考える。戦争の惨禍を二度と繰り返さないという決意を色濃くにじませている教育基本法の第1条には「教育の目的」が以下のように示されている。

教育基本法 第1条（教育の目的）

教育は、人格の完成を目指し、平和で民主的な国家及び社会の形成者として必要な資質を備えた心身ともに健康な国民の育成を期して行われなければならない。

個々の人格を育て、平和な社会を形成することが日本の教育のめざすところであると教育基本法は謳う。英語教育も当然例外ではない。

教育の目的に関する考え方として大江（2001）の記述も興味深い。

（前略）国語だけじゃなく、理科も算数も、体操も音楽も、自分をしっかり理解し、他の人たちとつながってゆくための言葉です。外国語も同じです。そのことを習うために、いつの世でも、子供は学校へ行くのだ、と私は思います。（大江、2001, p. 19）

これは「なぜ子どもは学校へ行くのか」という問いに答えたものであり、自己の確立および他者との相互理解を進めるために学校はあるという考えを示している。CEFR および教育基本法第1条は表現の違いはあれ、教育

## 共生のための英語学習

の目的に関して根底では共通するものがあると考えられる。

村野井（2006）は、英語教育の2つの目的として **empowerment** と **enlightenment** を挙げている。前者は国際補助言語である英語を通して地球上のより多くの人々と心を通わせ、協調する力を伸ばすことであり、共生のための力を与えることを意味している。後者は、英語を含む外国語の学習は個人の人格、寛容性、人間性、知性を高め、個人の蒙を啓くために重要であることを強調するものである。こちらは共生の土台となるものである。

### 3. 共生を進めるための英語学習

共生のための英語学習を展開する上で枠組みとなる3つの観点を紹介したい。

#### 3.1 共生を促す英語学習の具体例としての対立解決教育

対立解決教育（**Conflict Resolution Education**）という新たな取り組みが始まっている。これは「日々のもめごと、問題を学習者たち自身が解決する力をつけ、平和なコミュニティを作ることを目的とした教育である」（中村2011）。対立を解決し、共生へ導こうとする教育であり、まさに共生のための英語学習の機会として理想的である。

このような方向の活動例として、Lee（2006）および村野井（2008）などの日本人英語学習者と韓国人英語学習者の交流を促そうとするものがある。過去の不幸な歴史をきっかけにして相互理解への道を探ることをねらいとしており、このような取り組みは Brown（1994）が提案するように、共生のための建設的な教育活動になりうると考えられる。

Can we harness such guilt-driven emotions, turn them around into positive, assertive action for peaceful coexistence, and guide them toward productive educational programs ? (Brown, 1994, p. 173)

### 3.2 内容言語統合学習 (CLIL)

現在、外国語教育の一つの強い潮流となっているのが Content and Language Integrated Learning/ CLIL) である。外国語教育において、言語だけを独立して教えるのではなく、意味のある内容について本当の意味で学ぶことをめざし、そのような中身の学習とともに外国語の能力も伸ばすことを目指そうとするのが CLIL である (Mehisto, et a., 2009 ; 笹島, 2011)。

大規模な CLIL でなくとも中学・高校の検定教科書で扱われている題材をうまく使えば、CLIL 的な学習を日本の英語教育現場で実践することは可能である。近年の検定英語教科書に扱われている題材の多くは、人類が直面する問題である。たとえば、筆者が編集主幹として作成した平成 25 年度高校コミュニケーション英語 I 教科書 (大修館書店) では、環境、人権、平和、エネルギー、食糧、水、貧富の格差などが題材となっている。共生のための英語学習を強く意識した題材選定がなされている。

### 3.3 共生のための英語学習において何を育てるのか

共生を目指す以上、単に言語知識を教えて事足りれりとするわけにはいかない。価値観、知識、スキルの 3 つをバランスよく育てる必要がある。遠山 (1976) が示すように教育においては観 (価値観)・学 (知識)・術 (スキル) の 3 つを育てることが求められる。村野井 (2006) は、異文化間コミュニケーション能力の構成要素として、共生のための英語学習において育てるべきものを示している。さらに、共生のための英語学習には、自分



らしさを持った英語を話すことに対する正しい認識も必須となってくる。

#### 4. ま と め

紛争やいざごに満ち溢れた社会でこれから生きていく若者たちに必要なのは競争のための英語学習ではなく、共生のための英語学習である。「どんなもめごととも筋道をたどってよく考えてことばの力をつくせばかならずしずまる（中略）よく考え抜かれたことばこそ私たちのほんとうの力なのだ」（井上，2006，p. 27）ということばを信じ，若者たちの共生のための英語学習を支援していきたい。

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# CAN-DO リストと自律した学習者

尾 関 直 子

## 1. CAN-DO リストの日本の教育への広がり

2001年に欧州共同体がCEFR (Common European Framework of Reference for Languages : Learning, teaching, assessment, ヨーロッパ言語共通参照枠) を発表してから, CEFR は世界の英語教育に影響を与えてきた。日本の英語教育にも CEFR の影響は確実に広がっている。CEFR と言ってもあまりなじみがないかもしれないが, 「CAN-DO リスト」といえば, 聞いたことがある人は多いと思う。コミュニケーション能力を「CAN-DO」の形で記述している参照枠であることから, しばしば, CEFR は CAN-DO リストと呼ばれている。日本では, さまざまな CAN-DO リストが存在しているがその基となったものが, CEFR の参照枠である。

日本における CEFR の研究としては, まず小池生夫を代表とした科研グループの研究が代表的である。日本のコンテキストに合った CEFR を作るべきであるという考えから, 「第二言語習得研究を基盤とする小, 中, 高, 大の連携を図る英語教育の先導的基礎研究 (基盤研究 A)」が小池生夫を代表とする科研グループ (著者や東北学院大学の村野井仁もグループの一員である) によって 2004 年から 2007 年まで行われ, CEFR-Japan を作成した。その CEFR-Japan をさらに, 妥当性があるものにするために, 小池科研を引き継ぎ, 投野由紀夫を代表とする科研グループ (同じく, 著者や村野井仁もグループの一員である) が「小, 中, 高, 大の一貫する英

語コミュニケーション能力の到達基準の策定とその検証（基盤研究 A）」という研究課題に取り組み、2012 年に CEFR-J を完成させた。CEFR-J は、実際に小、中、高、大の教員と高校生や大学生を対象に CAN-DO statements の並び替えの実験やアンケート調査の結果を反映された妥当性のある参照枠である。

同時期に、日本の学校教育においても CEFR は大きな影響を及ぼし始めた。大学においては 2004 年頃から、いわゆる教養の英語教育において CEFR の枠組みが取り入れられた。例えば、茨城大学の学部 1 年生、2 年生を対象とした教養英語プログラムにおいては CEFR を参考にして 4 技能を統合した授業を行い、一定のレベルに達した学生には、さらに専門的な英語の授業を行っている。また、名城大学の 6 学部では、全学共通教育英語プログラムにおいて CEFR を参考にした action-based のコミュニケーションアプローチの基づく授業が行われている。両大学とも統一テキスト、統一評価が採用されている。

それでは、日本の初等中等教育レベルではどうであろうか。日本の初等中等教育においては、CEFR はほとんど影響していないという意見があるが (Sugitani & Tomita, 2012)、実際は、文部科学省の指導の下、各都道府県の教育委員会を中心に CEFR を参考にした「CAN-DO リストの作成」が進みつつある。2011 年に、文部科学省は、「国際共通語としての英語力向上のための 5 つの提言と具体的施策：英語を学ぶ意欲と使う機会の充実を通した確かなコミュニケーション能力の充実のために」という政策を発表した。その 5 つの提言のひとつが、「生徒に求められる英語力について、その達成状況を把握・検証する」という提言である。具体的には、「中・高等学校は、学習到達目標を『CAN-DO リスト』の形で設定・公表するとともに、その達成状況を把握する。国や教育委員会は、各学校が学習到

達目標を設定・活用する際に参考となる情報を提供するなど、必要な支援を行う（文部科学省，2011年）」とある。これに基づいて、「外国語教育における CAN-DO リストの形での学習到達目標設定に関する検討会議」が2013年2月20日現在、8回開催され、「各中・高等学校における CAN-DO リストの形での学習到達目標設定のための手引き」が完成しつつある。この手引きには、CAN-DO リストの作り方、到達目標の設定の仕方、活用方法（具体的には、年間の授業計画や指導案への落とし方）などが分かりやすく記載されている。

さらには、文部科学省が実際にこの会議を開催する前に、県の教育委員会が中心となり、既に山梨県ではすべての公立高等学校で「CAN-DO リスト」が作成されている。また、北海道、岐阜県、愛知県では、県全体のすべての公立高等学校が「CAN-DO リスト」の作成に取り組んでいる。このように CAN-DO リストは、日本の高等教育より中等教育現場により広く影響を及ぼしている。

## 2. CEFR の理念

前項で述べたとおり、日本の英語教育においても CEFR への関心が高まっている。しかしながら、残念なことに、CEFR と言うと言語習熟度を示した参照枠だけが注目されている。これは、日本だけの問題ではなく、ヨーロッパにおいても、CEFR に関する研究のほとんどは、CAN-DO リストが妥当性や信頼性があるものかという点に焦点をあてていたり、習熟度を測るテスト開発に重点を置いている。そのことが CEFR の重要なメッセージである理念を無視する状況を招いているようである（Byram & Parmenter, 2012; Kohonen, 2012）。そこで、このセクションでは、CEFR の理念について説明したいと思う。

CEFR は、言語学習者を学習者という抽象的な人物とはとらえておらず、社会のなかで人間関係を形成していく社会的な主体（social agent）であると考えている。また、外国語学習の目的として、複言語能力（plurilingual competence）、複文化能力（pluricultural competence）、及び学習者の自律の重要性を強調し、学習者中心の指導方法を重視している（小池, 2009；Kohonen, 2004）。複言語能力・複文化能力とは、学習した複数の言語が互恵的な関係を築き合いながらコミュニケーション能力や文化理解を促進する能力のことを指す。その能力を別の言葉で言い表すと異文化間コミュニケーション能力（intercultural communicative competence）となる。ここでいう異文化間コミュニケーション能力とは、コミュニケーション能力のみを指すのではなく、言語使用者の個人的、社会的な能力や態度をも含み、他者に対して建設的な関係を結ぶことができる能力であり、あいまいさを許し、多様性を重んじる能力である（Kohonen, 2004, 2009）。このような能力は、当然のことながら、一般的な外国語試験では測れない能力であり、異文化間コミュニケーション能力を身につけるための外国語教育は、当然のことながら社会文化的な側面を重視した教育となる。CEFR



図1 CEFR の外国語教育の目的

に基づく外国語教育のもう1つの目的は、学習者の自律である。これに関しては、次に詳しく述べる。

### 3. 自律した学習者の概念

CEFR に基づく外国語教育のもう1つの目的は、学習者（言語使用者）の自律を育てることにある。CEFR に描かれている自律には、主に2つの自律の概念があると言われている（Kohonen, 2009）。1つ目は、生涯教育を重視し、言語学習や言語使用における自律を意味する心理学的な学問分野に基礎を持つものである。2つ目は、社会・政治的な側面、文化的側面を加えたもので、自由、価値、開放などに関連した意味を持つ自律である。この2つの自律はそれぞれどういうものを意味するのか見ていこう。

#### 3.1 心理学的側面から見た自律

心理学的側面から見た学習者の自律を、自律の研究の先駆者である Holec は、次のように定義している。自律した学習者とは、「自分自身の学習を管理する能力を持つ学習者」を指し、「自分の学習のゴールを決め、学習の内容や学習の進め方を決め、その学習に必要な教材を選択し、必要な技術を使い、学習の進捗具合をモニターしたり、学習を評価したりすることができる学習者」である（Holec, 1981）。この自律は、日々の学習環境においての自律を表わしている。この Holec の定義をさらに、明確に表したのが、自律学習で近年先導的役目を果たした Benson であり、彼は自律した学習者を「学習管理、認知プロセス、学習内容という3つのレベルにおいて、自分の学習をコントロールできる学習者」と定義づけている（Benson, 2001）。この3つのレベルはお互いに独立しているのではなく、相互に関連し合っている。この3つのレベルを、もう少し詳しく見ていく。学習管理には、タスクの目的を決めたり、タスクのために取る

方法やタスクのために必要な技術を選択したり、タスクを行うペースや時間をモニターしたり、タスクを完成した後は、その成果を評価したりすることが含まれる。次の認知プロセスのレベルは、完全に目に見えない思考プロセスである。ここには、推測したり、分析したり、統合したりする認知プロセスが含まれる。いわゆる学習ストラテジーはこのレベルに含まれている。最後のレベルは、学習内容のコントロールであるが、通常、教室内で行う授業では、学習者が学習内容を決めることは難しい。従って、教室外における学習であるアクセスセンターにおける学習が例として挙げられることが多い。しかし、教室内でも学習者がある程度学習内容をコントロールできる授業も可能である。例えば、プロジェクト学習やリサーチをしてプレゼンテーションを行うなどの授業が考えられる (Benson, 2007; Ozeki, 2007)。

Holec や Benson が定義した自律した学習者の定義は、教育心理学でいう自己調整能力、認知心理学でいうメタ認知の定義とほぼ一致している。自己調整能力とは、思考や感情、行動に関して、知識やスキル習得が上手くいくように、これらを組織的、計画的に機能させる能力を指す (Schunk & Zimmerman, 1998, 2007; Zimmerman, Bonner & Kovach, 2006)。また、メタ認知とは「通常の認知の上に、もう一段高いレベルの認知の上の認知がある」という想定から生まれたものである (Black, McCormick, James & Pedder, 2006)。メタ認知は、通常「自分の認知や認知プロセスについての知識という知識的側面」と、「認知をコントロールする活動的側面」との2つに分けられている (図2 参照)。

メタ認知に関する知識は、学習者知識 (person knowledge)、方略的知識 (strategic knowledge)、タスク知識 (task knowledge) の3つに分けることができる (Flavell, 1979)。学習者知識とは、学習はどのように起こる

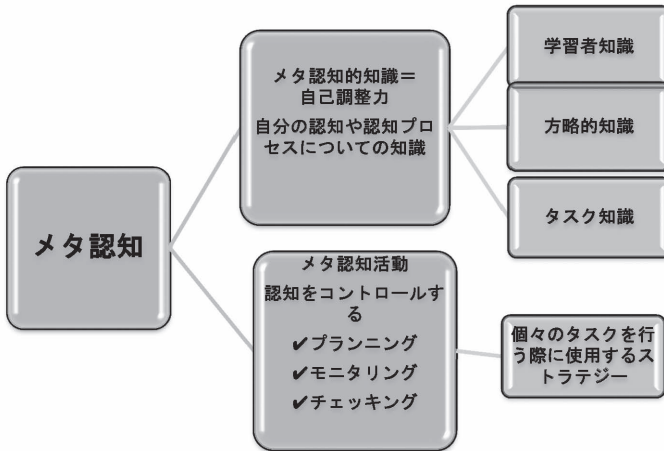


図2 メタ認知の分類とその役割 (Bruer, 1998 ; Flavell, 1979)

のか、何が学習を妨げるのか、何が学習を促進するのかについての知識である。Wenden (1991) は、学習者知識の中に、動機づけ、言語学習に対する信条などの個人差要因がどのように学習に影響するのかという知識を含めている。次に、方略的知識とは、タスクを遂行する際に、どの学習ストラテジーやスキルを使用すれば良いのかについての知識である。最後に、タスク知識とは、タスクの目的、性格、特徴などについての知識を指す。これらをまとめると、次のようなことが言える。例えば、メタ認知を持っている学習者は、自分は、どのような環境で、どのように学習すると効率よく学習できるかを知っており、記憶することと理解することなどの認知プロセスの違いを認識しており、異なったタスクには異なったストラテジーを使う必要があることを知っており、タスクの難易度によって時間配分を変えたりすることもできる。

メタ認知のもう1つの側面である活動的側面には、プランニング、モニ



タリング、チェックングなどの認知プロセスをコントロールする機能が含まれる。この下位項目としては、いわゆる認知ストラテジーや情意・社会ストラテジーが含まれる。このように見ていくと、自律学習に関する研究者である Holec や Benson が言う自律した学習者の役割、認知心理学で言うメタ認知の役割は、非常に似ていることがわかる。

以上が心理学的側面から見た自律した学習者の概念である。それでは、もう一つの社会・政治的な側面から見た自律した学習者の概念を見ていこう。

### 3.2 社会・文化的側面から見た学習者の自律

本論文では、社会・文化的側面から見た自律と、前述した心理学的側面から見た自律を分けて説明するが、両者は必ずしも全く違うものではなく、両者は相互に関係し合い学習者の自律を助けている。

社会・文化的側面から見た学習者の自律の概念は、「人は、社会的に関わりをもっていくことで、人間固有の高次元の精神（言語的思考、論理的記憶・概念形成など）を発達させる」という Vygotsky の 1920 年代、1930 年代の社会文化的理論が背景となっている。Vygotsky のこの考えをメタファーとして表わしたものが最近接発達領域論（zone of proximal development）である。これは、「より知識がある人の scaffolding（足場かけ）を得て、一人では成し遂げることが出来なかったものが成し遂げられる状態となる」という考え方である。つまり人は、他者調整（other-regulation, 他の人の助けや強力）を得て、やがて自己調整（self-regulation, 自律）を発達させていく（Kohonen, 2009）。一般的に、教室においては、この他者は、自分より、より能力のあるクラスメートや、教師となる。しかしながら、van Lier（1996）によると、自己調整に至るプロセスは非常に複雑であり、必ずしも自分より知識や能力のある人とインタラクションをする

ことによりプロセスが促進されるわけではなく、自分と同じぐらいの能力の友達とのインタラクション、自分より能力が低いと思われる友達とのインタラクションなどによっても自己調整に至る。

### 3.3 自律の度合い

学習者の自律といったときに、それは「ある」か「ない」かのどちらかではない。自律性とは、学習者が持っているものというよりは、学習者が何かタスクに従事している時に現れるものである。van Lier は、実際に行われていた英語の授業から収集したデータからそれぞれの教室にどの程度 agency（社会、文化的側面からみた自律のこと）が存在するかを分析し、agency を度合いが少ないものから多いと思われるものまでを一覧にしている（図3 参照）。

(1) Learners are unresponsive or minimally responsive	passive
(2) Learners carry out instructions given by the teacher	obedient
(3) Learners volunteer answers to teachers' questions	participatory
(4) Learners voluntarily ask questions	inquisitive
(5) Learners volunteer to assist or instruct other learners and create a collaborative event	autonomous
(6) Learners voluntarily enter into a debate with one another and create a collaborative event	committed

図3 教室で見られる agency の度合い (van Lier, 2008)

(1) は、教師が質問し、学生が答え、教師がその答えにフィードバックを与えるという、いわゆる IRF style (Initiation, Response, Feedback) を導入しようと教師が何度も質問するが、学生から答えが返ってこない状況である。(2) は、教師の指示に従って、学生が黙々と英文を作ったり、ウェブサイトを作成している状況である。(3) 教師が質問すると、学生が進んで答えようとする状況である。典型的な IRF Style の授業である。Agency からいうと、学生は答えを考えて、表現しているので、(1) や (2) より agency の度合いが上である。(4) は、学生が教師の説明に対して、わからないことを学生が質問している状況である。(5) は、学生が友達を助けて、協働作業をしている状況である。助けてもらっている学生も自分のわからないところを友達に説明したりしているので、お互いの agency はかなり高いと考えられる状況である。(6) は、教師に指示されることなく、学生がディスカッションしている様子であり、もっとも agency の度合いが高いものである。

日本の中、高、大においても、(5) や (6) に描写されている positive な agency を発揮している学生たちを教室内にたくさん見られるようにしたいものである。

#### 4. おわりに

大学においても、中学校、高校においても CAN-DO リストを活用して英語教育を行う学校が増えていることは、教育の目的が明確になり、タスクに基づいた指導方法が取り入れられことになり、英語教育にとっても非常に好ましいことである。ただ、せっかく CAN-DO リストを用いた英語教育を導入するならば、CEFR の理念である自律した学習者も同時に育てていただければ、日本の英語教育は、さらに有意義なものになるであろう。

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CAN-DO リストと自律した学習者

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東北学院大学論集（英語英文学）第 96 号目次  
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1. 滑稽な馬上槍試合—『トットナムの馬上槍試合』を読む  
.....柴田 良孝 (43)
2. 「受肉」の表象—George Herbert の宗教抒情詩を読む  
.....畠山 悦郎 (49)
3. 疾風かぜの中の詩人 : Coleridge と Shelley の ‘Aeolian Harp’  
を読む ..... 箭川 修 (55)
4. 〈陽気な悲劇〉の詩学— W. B. Yeats の “The Second  
Coming”, “The Gyres” および “Lapis Lazuli” を読む  
.....岩田 美喜 (61)
5. エクフラシス／ブリューゲル「雪中の狩人」(1565) を  
読む 20 世紀の詩人たち ..... 遠藤 健一 (65)

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CONTENTS

**Articles**

- Self-Referential Lyrics in *The Temple*: George Herbert's Poetics  
Reconsidered ..... Etsuro HATAKEYAMA ( 1)
- The Texture of the World: The Sense of Contact in D.H. Laurence's  
Travel Writings ..... Tatsuro IDE ( 25)
- Introduction to the Folklore of Scotland ..... M. Heather KOTAKE ( 47)

**Proceedings of the Open Lectures 2012**

- Rhythm and Intonation in English ..... Yuichi ENDO (111)
- The Effect of Shadowing on the Development of English Proficiency  
..... Hiroshi NAKANISHI (117)
- Improving your English Pronunciation ..... Phillip BACKLEY (125)
- Learning English for Co-existence ..... Hitoshi MURANOI (139)
- Autonomous Learning and Language Learning Strategies  
..... Naoko OZEKI (147)

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