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Jane Austen と George Eliot の匿名性と作品を取り巻く「視点」

慶應義塾大学 永井容子

発表内容

- 1) はじめに
- 2) Austen と Eliot の相違点
—George Henry Lewes の Austen 論を起点とした考察
- 3) Austen と Eliot の共通点
—確実性や完結を阻む捉えどころのなさ (*Emma* と *Middlemarch*)
- 4) 結論—小説の存在様態と匿名性

引用

- 1) For several reasons I am very anxious to retain my incognito for some time to come, and to an author not already famous, anonymity is the highest *prestige*. Besides, if George Eliot turns out a dull dog and an ineffective writer—a mere flash in the pan—I, for one, am determined to cut him on the first intimation of that disagreeable fact.
(Eliot, *The George Eliot Letters* 2: 309-10; emphasis in original)
- 2) こうして最終的には、作者名というものについて、次のような考え方に到達するでありましょう、—作者名は固有名詞のように言説の内部から言説を算出した外部にいる現実の個人に向かうのではなく、いわばテキスト群の境界を走り、テキスト群を輪郭付けて浮き上がらせ、その稜線を辿って、その存在様態を顕示する、あるいはすくなくともその存在様態を性格づけるという考え方に。
(フーコー、清水徹・豊崎光一訳 36)
- 3) Mr. George Eliot, [is] a writer who seems to us inferior to Miss Austen in the art of telling a story, and generally in what we have called the “economy of art;” but equal in truthfulness, dramatic ventriloquism, and humour, and greatly superior in culture, reach of mind, and depth of emotional sensibility. (Lewes, “The Novels of Jane Austen” 104)

4) [S]he [Miss Austen] has risked no failures by attempting to delineate that which she had not seen. Her circle may be restricted, but it is complete. Her world is a perfect orb, and vital. Life, as it presents itself to an English gentlewoman peacefully yet actively engaged in her quiet village, is mirrored in her works with a purity and fidelity that must endure them with interest for all time. To read one of her books is like an actual experience of life: you know the people as if you had lived with them, and you feel something of personal affection towards them.

(Lewes, "The Lady Novelists" 134)

5) Art is the nearest thing to life; it is a mode of amplifying experience and extending our contact with our fellow-men beyond the bounds of our personal lot. All the more sacred is the task of the artist when he undertakes to paint the life of the People. Falsification here is far more pernicious than in the more artificial aspects of life.

(Eliot, "The Natural History of German Life," *Selected Essays* 110)

6) She [Emma] saw that there never had been a time when she did not consider Mr. Knightley as infinitely the superior, or when his regard for her had not been infinitely the most dear. She saw, that in persuading herself, in fancying, in acting to the contrary, she had been entirely under a delusion, totally ignorant of her own heart—and, in short, that she had never really cared for Frank Churchill at all!

(Austen, *Emma*, Ch. 47, 301)

7) Seldom, very seldom, does complete truth belong to any human disclosure; seldom can it happen that something is not a little disguised, or a little mistaken; but where, as in this case, though the conduct is mistaken, the feelings are not, it may not be very material.

(Austen, *Emma*, Ch. 49, 314)

8) [M]y strongest effort is to avoid any such arbitrary picture, and to give a faithful account of men and things as they have mirrored themselves in my mind. The mirror is doubtless defective; the outlines will sometimes be disturbed, the reflection faint or confused; but I feel as much bound to tell you as precisely as I can what that reflection is, as if I were in the

witness-box narrating my experience on oath.

(Eliot, *Adam Bede*, Ch 17, 164-65)

- 9) So I am content to tell my simple story, without trying to make things seem better than they were; dreading nothing, indeed, but falsity, which, in spite of one's best efforts, there is reason to dread. Falsehood is so easy, truth so difficult. (Eliot, *Adam Bede*, Ch. 17, 166)

- 1 0) Ruins and basilicas, palaces and colossi, set in the midst of a sordid present, ... the long vistas of white forms whose marble eyes seemed to hold the monotonous light of an alien world: all this vast wreck of ambitious ideals, sensuous and spiritual, mixed confusedly with the signs of breathing forgetfulness and degradation, at first jarred her as with an electric shock, and then urged themselves on her with that ache belonging to a glut of confused ideas which check the flow of emotion.
(Eliot, *Middlemarch*, Ch. 20, 188)

- 1 1) One morning some weeks after her arrival at Lowick, Dorothea—but why always Dorothea? Was her point of view the only possible one with regard to this marriage? I protest against all our interest, all our effort at understanding being given to the young skins that look blooming in spite of trouble; for these too will get faded, and will know the older and more eating griefs which we are helping to neglect. ... Mr Casaubon had an intense consciousness within him, and was spiritually a-hungered like the rest of us. ... It had occurred to him that he must not any longer defer his intention of matrimony, and he had reflected that in taking a wife, a man of good position should expect and carefully choose a blooming young lady—the younger the better because more educable and submissive—of rank equal to his own, of religious principles, virtuous disposition, and good understanding.
(Eliot, *Middlemarch*, Ch 29, 271-72)

- 1 2) Old provincial society had its share of this subtle movement: had not only its striking downfalls, its brilliant young professional dandies who ended by living up an entry with a drab and six children for their establishment, but also those less marked vicissitudes which are constantly shifting the

boundaries of social intercourse, and begetting new consciousness of interdependence. Some slipped a little down-ward, some got higher footing; people denied aspirates, gained wealth, and fastidious gentlemen stood for boroughs; some were caught in political currents, some in ecclesiastical, and perhaps found themselves surprisingly grouped in consequence; ... Municipal town and rural parish gradually made fresh threads of connexion—...while squires and baronets, and even lords who had once lived blamelessly afar from the civic mind, gathered the faultiness of closer acquaintanceship. Settlers, too, came from distant counties, some with an alarming novelty of skill, others with an offensive advantage in cunning. (Eliot, *Middlemarch*, Ch 11, 93-94)

- 1 3) Irritation with the narrator is rooted in the conviction that she is in complete control: once we detect cracks in what was the apparently smooth surface of her narrative, she becomes more interesting and less easily defined. (Barrett 29-30)

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