

who was killed in the war?). また急進派ジャーナリストでレフト・ブック・クラブという出版社を設立したことで知られるヴィクター・ゴランツがスプナーにニュー・コレッジでの晚餐に招かれたときのこと、ゴランツがスプナーの客間で待っていると、スプナーは鏡に向かって一所懸命にネクタイを結んでいた。隣の部屋に続く扉が少し開いていて、そこから誰かが文章を朗読する声が聞こえていたと、ゴランツは述懐している。ネクタイ結びがうまく行くとスプナーは満足して、ゴランツを促して部屋を出ようとしたところで矢庭に踵を返し、「忘れていた」などと呟いて半開きだった扉に首を突っ込み、中でまだひとり朗読を続けていた従順な学生に向かって、「だめだ、まったくなっとらん。来週までに聖パウロのエペソ人への使徒書簡についてのレポートを書いてくるように」と言い残し、再びホールに向かったという。つまり、ゴランツが到着したときにスプナー先生は、オクスフォード名物「テュートリアル」(tutorial: 個人指導。週に一度、学生がレポートを書いて来てそれを読み上げ、担当教員がコメントを与えるという形式で進められる)の授業中だったのである。しかし、ネクタイを格好良く結ぶこととゴランツをもてなすことに気を取られていたためか、彼は授業中であることを完全に忘却し、部屋を出る刹那にそれをやっと思出したということなのである。スプナー先生はほとんど聞いてもないそのレポートに不合格を宣告し、次の週までに同じようなレポートを書き直して来い、と命じたのであった。他にもこの教科書には、スプナーが遠い町へ出かけるときに、オクスフォード駅まで見送りに来ていた自分の妻にチップを渡し、ポーターに別れのキスをして列車に乗り込んだ、というエピソードが紹介されている。

スプナーのような奇人を愛して伝説化すること自体が非常に英国的であり、彼は英国でなければ、さらに言えばその英国の中でも奇人の楽園として名高いオクスフォードでなければ、これほどまでに伝説化されていなかったであろう。という

よりも、そもそも英国でなければ、またオクスフォードでなければ、このような人物は育たなかった、と言った方がいいかも知れない。一方で英語は他のヨーロッパ語と比べて遙かに語彙が豊富であることから、語頭音位転換によって偶然別な意味になる可能性もそれだけ高い。スプナーの言い間違いは英語だったからこそこれだけ創造的になり得たのである。英語の言葉遊びに関する本を多く著している米国の著述家リチャード・リーダラーは「スプナーは私たちに、心温まる間違いと英語の恐ろしさの両方を同時に見せてくれた」(Spooner gave us tingly errors and English terrors at the same time.) と述べている。

THREE DAYS IN MADRID

法学部

John Hamilton

I had not been to Madrid before. The summer didn't seem to be a good time to go. The Encyclopedia described it as 'oppressively hot in July and August....Everybody goes away and all the shops are shut'.... but I went because my son Robin was there, and he had been lent a flat by friends who had gone to France.....I wanted to have a glimpse of his life there. It was an opportunity. As it turned out they were among the best days of my summer holiday.

Robin is studying Spanish at Newcastle University and he was coming to the end of his third year out which he had spent in Spain. The

last three months he had been working for Christies, on the telephone in Spanish most of the time, helping to set up their auction in November. He didn't receive any salary for this, but he had had to walk out to work in a suit every morning, and at the end of it he had been given a good letter of reference (He wrote it himself needless to say, but it was signed and sealed by all the members of the office!). The week before I arrived, the Christies people had gone on holiday and their office had closed till September.

The flat was in Calle San Gregorio up from Plaza de Chueca right in the centre of Madrid. It was a very nice flat with kilims on the floor (beautiful wooden floors), and a good collection of books, and lots of plants (Robin's job was to keep them alive through July and August). There was a fine view out through the balcony over the roofs of a convent with a lovely tower to a strange green roof in the distance (near to the Cristobal Colon Memorial Fountain.). There was also Robin's girlfriend who could make delicious Gazpacho (with especially delicious croutons), and Robin who was able to make excellent spaghetti. I can't remember who made the Tortilla. In the kitchen there was a modern fridge with a button on the front which released a deluge of ice. I could quite happily have spent my whole stay in Madrid in this flat, reading the books, playing Backgammon, listening to Bob Dylan, having a siesta in the afternoon, and going out for walks at night. Our kind neighbours in England had introduced the family who lived there, and they had become Robin's guardian angels in Madrid, finding him a job before the Christies one came up, and finally lending him their flat. It is not a bad idea to take up introductions!

Outside down the street was the Plaza de Chueca (named after Frederico Chueca, a Zarzuela composer) which has some drinking establishments and these days is the centre of the Gay community in Madrid, maybe of Spain. During the daytime it is very quiet, but at night

till two in the morning it is a lively place. Beyond the Plaza was the Mercado St Anton, a covered market where there were a number of shops including one selling hams and cheeses. When I left, I took 'Chorizo' (sausages) and some 'Queso Manchego' (a spicy cheese) back with me to England.

The centre of Madrid is full of big trees and it is actually quite pleasant to walk around there in the middle of the day. Madrid had a good Mayor in the 1980s - Enrique Tierno - who was famous for planting trees. Not only that, but there were many gardeners there watering the trees and cutting the grass and keeping it all looking fresh. Under the trees there are beautiful fountains and stone benches to sit on in the shade. The Prado Museum is in the middle of all this greenness and I wanted to see the paintings by Goya there. There are the famous ones like 'La Familia de Carlos IV' (a portrait of the King and his family) and 'Tres Mayo' (showing the execution by French soldiers of a citizen of Madrid in 1808). The first gives a feeling of the Ancien Regime in all its decadence, and the next of the new tyranny being unleashed by the French Revolution (which has been blighting the world ever since!)



Actually I liked best Goya's designs for tapestries especially 'El Quintasol' (The Parasol) and 'La Gallina Ciega' (Blind Man's Buff) to be found on the top floor of the Prado. Walking around Madrid afterwards I noticed many people with big black eyes like those in Goya's portraits. Also in the Prado Museum I

was very excited by Velasquez's painting 'Las Meninas' (translated as 'Maids of Honour'). This is a self portrait of Velasquez himself, standing beside the Infanta Margarita, as he paints the King and the Queen who you can see reflected in the mirror at the back. It is a lovely picture.

Opposite the back door to the Prado is Madrid's Botanical Garden which is an oasis to go and relax in after visiting the Prado. There are many trees and plants there which were brought in from South America..... but not only from South America. There is also a beautiful Aleppo Pine from Syria, and a willow tree from China, actually called *Salix Babylonia*, and a magnificent elm tree called 'El Pantalones' because the two trunks look like a pair of trousers. Everything is laid out in beds surrounded by box hedges, and there are fountains and statues and stone benches to sit on in the shade, all there right in the middle of Madrid.

Outside the garden we enjoyed a jug of SANGRIA. This was my first encounter with Sangria which is a kind of fruit salad cocktail. You start drinking and about ten minutes later you feel you have always lived in Madrid. After we returned to the flat, I looked it up in a book of recipes. It consists of:

- a bottle of red wine,
- two tablespoons of orange juice,
- one tablespoon of sugar,
- two tablespoons of orange liqueur,
- a cup of sparkling water or club soda,
- orange and lemon slices,
- apple and peach wedges,
- maybe a splash of Martini
- and lots of ice.

Actually everybody makes it differently, but the basic ingredients are ice and wine and fruit.

In the same recipe book I checked out PAELLA which I often make on a bonfire outdoors in Japan. The key to a good Paella is the 'socarrat' (in Japanese 'okoge') which comes

from 'socarrar' to scorch or singe. This is the rice which has been burned on the bottom of the pan. The recipe in the book said that the rice must be short grain Valencia rice. It also recommended mixing the saffron with the broth, not throwing it directly into the rice, so I am going to try that next time.

While we were drinking Sangria we got the exciting news from England - it must have been a text message on Robin's telephone - that my eldest son Mark had passed his driving test on the thirteenth attempt. Mark is very clever. He got a first in Arabic at Durham, but somehow the English driving test had eluded him. The news went down very well with the Sangria.

While in Madrid I managed to get to the Musee Thyssen-Bornemisza and to the Reina Sofia Modern Art Museum. The Thyssen-Bornemisza collection was offered to London, but apparently Mrs Thatcher turned it down. Actually I wasn't surprised. There are one or two lovely pictures there, in particular a small one painted by Sonia Delaunay, and a beautiful picture of 'An Orchid with Humming Bird' by an American artist called Martin Johnson Heade, and a Frans Hals family group..... but on the whole they were lesser works by great artists and a little disappointing. A lasting memory of the Thyssen- Bornemisza for me was of a very tall girl looking at the pictures. She was about 9 feet tall and real. The pictures were all hung too low for her.

I went twice to the Reina Sofia because the first time I missed 'Guernica.' There was a fine collection of modern art including a 'Golden Table of the Moon' by Tadaaki Kuwayama and an alabaster sofa by Eduardo Chillida. There were also some good mobiles combining lights and mirrors.... I went back to see GUERNICA by Picasso the next day.

Guernica was a small town in the Basque country in the north of Spain. In April 1937 the Germans bombed the town using Stuka dive bombers. It was one episode of the Spanish Civil War. Picasso in Paris learned about it

from photographs in L'Humanite. He was commissioned by the Spanish Republican Government in Madrid to paint a picture for the Spanish Pavilion at the Paris International Exhibition, and 'Guernica' is that picture. It is a very large picture painted in blacks and whites and greys. Picasso said that if you scratched the canvass, blood would seep out. The painting shows the bombing of Guernica, although in it there are no aeroplanes or bombs. The victims are women and children and there is a traumatised horse. It is not a nice painting but it is in every way a denunciation of war, and was painted just before the Second World War began in which bombing played a large part. Soon afterwards there was the Blitz in London and the bombing of German and Japanese cities, and finally the atom bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki..... And since then America has continued to bomb in Vietnam and most recently in Baghdad. So it is indeed an important painting.



In the Reina Sofia there are sketches that Picasso painted before he painted 'Guernica', and after he painted it. The faces of the women are said to be those of Marie Therese Walter and Dora Maar, Picasso's girlfriends at that time. It is said that the black and white and grey give one a hint of newsprint. It is also said that the bull in this picture represents Fascism, outwardly so powerful and dangerous, but in the end to be the loser.

Again, the bull and the horse are said to be inspired by cave paintings. Another interpretation is that the woman holding out the lamp is Picasso's deformation of the Statue of Liberty. I am not quite sure what Picasso

intended, but then nor is anybody else! The painting went first to America, and was only returned to Spain after Franco died in 1981 and Spain had become a democracy. There is a tapestry copy of 'Guernica' at the United Nations in New York donated by Nelson Rockefeller. It hanging in the corridor outside the Security Council's meeting room. Picasso refused to sell him the original.

Next time I visit Madrid I want to be there during a weekend so that I can go to Las Ventas and see the bull fighting.

Thankyou to Camilla and Andrew Montgomery, whose flat in Calle San Gregorio I stayed in. Thankyou to Dr Kinichi Tanaka of Toyohashi who lent me some beautiful Spanish guitar music played by Julian Bream which I have been enjoying while I write this. Thankyou to Robin and Laura for showing me around their Madrid. It was so nice being with them.