

D. H. Lawrence

A Personal Record

Edited with Notes by

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SANSHUSHA



D. H. LAWRENCE IN 1906

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D. H. ロレンスが生まれ故郷イーストウッドで多感な少年・青年時代を送っていた頃、彼と12年間（1901～1913）友人として、恋人として心を通わせ合った Jessie Chambers（1887～1944）は『息子と恋人』にミリアムの名で登場します。この小説と彼女の著書『D. H. ロレンス——個人的な記録』（本テキストは前半の3章を選んで編集したのですが、著者の語りたいことはこの3章に大方盛り込まれているようです）はともにこの頃のことを扱っていて、前者がフィクション、後者はノンフィクションという違いはあるにせよ『息子と恋人』の主人公とその恋人ミリアムとの関係は、そのままロレンスとジェシイ・チェインバズとの関係に重なり合うようで、両者を切り離して考えることは、ほとんど不可能です。

とはいえ『個人的な記録』はロレンスというすぐれた文学者にまつわる数々の興味あるエピソードのみならず、当時のイングランドの一地方の社会と自然を生き生きと描いている点で、一個の貴重な文献ともいえるもので、これだけを独立させて読むこともまた、それなりに意義のあることと思われまふ。

注を付けるにあたって、同僚の本戸啓嗣教授にいろいろと御教示いただきました。記して感謝の意を表したいと思います。

昭和53年12月

照屋佳男

D. H. Lawrence

A Personal Record

I

FAMILY LIFE

My first clear recollection of D. H. Lawrence goes back to the Congregational Sunday School at Eastwood which we both attended. On a Sunday afternoon in each month the superintendent used to organize recitations instead of the usual lessons. We were sitting in groups, each with a teacher, 5 the boys on one side of the long room, the girls on the other. The little dais at the end where the superintendent stood seemed far away, and the poems were seldom worth listening to, so that when a slight, fair boy of about eleven mounted the platform, my attention was only attracted when 10 it became evident that he could not remember the beginning of his poem. He stood nervous and alert, the perfect pattern of a scholarship boy, and whispers went round that it was 'Bert Lawrence'. His elder sister E. was sitting near the platform, giggling at his distress. He opened his lips 15 several times, only to find that the words would not come. The room grew ominously still. The white-haired, rosy-cheeked superintendent smiled encouragement, and Lawrence's sister giggled hysterically. At last the boy turned a tortured face to the superintendent and made a request,

which was granted by a cordial nod. Lawrence thereupon drew a sheet of note-paper from the inside pocket of his coat, glanced at it, then recited the poem correctly, and got down from the platform with a white face.

5 In all probability I should never have become acquainted with Lawrence but that his mother and mine struck up a sudden friendship one Sunday evening after chapel. They found themselves together in the porch, glanced at one another, smiled, and walked out side by side. My mother was
10 more of a stranger to the mining country than Mrs. Lawrence, having lived there only some five or six years to Mrs. Lawrence's twenty. A mysterious affinity drew them together, and they had a heart to heart talk. At least Mrs. Lawrence told my mother all her family troubles. I have
15 a dim recollection of mother being very late home from chapel, and on going to look for her in the lane, seeing the two small figures dressed in black, and Mrs. Lawrence talking with animation.

My grandparents had been staunch chapel people all their
20 lives, and their pew in the Congregational chapel was in the same aisle as the Lawrences', only across the gangway. Old-fashioned Eastwood people, however, did not speak of the Congregational chapel but referred to it as 'Butty's Lump'. The promoters of the scheme for building the new chapel
25 were influential at the colliery, and the surest means of securing a good 'stall' in the pit was to make a handsome donation to the building fund. Perhaps that explains why

our chapel had its air of elegance, so rare in nonconformist chapels. The Sunday School consisted of the gloomy rooms of the British School where Lawrence served his apprenticeship as a pupil-teacher.

Mr. Remington 'with his round white beard and his ferocity', was my teacher as he was Lawrence's, though we were not in the class at the same time. The old man would stand in front of us, clapping his hands to the tune and singing with us:

Sound the battle cry 10
 See the foe is nigh
 Raise the standard high
 For the Lord,

his old voice making a harsh dissonance with our shrill young ones. Instructing us in Sabbath observance Mr. Remington said he always 'shulled' the peas on Saturday night.

The charming young Welshman who was the minister at that time was a great friend of our family. He and father used to have long and animated discussions about the authenticity of the Bible. The minister offended mother when he said in his bright way that the story of the Garden of Eden was just a beautiful fairy-tale to explain the beginnings of life on earth to simple people. Mother protested with warmth:

'If you will doubt one part of the Bible you will doubt all', and thereafter went to bed, leaving the men to discuss the Bible until the small hours.

At that time father was an active member of the Christian Endeavour class and would sometimes stay up until two in the morning preparing a paper when it was his turn to give an address. He always tried to make it homely and drew his 5 illustrations from incidents within his own experience. He would talk about it for days beforehand, explaining the various points to mother, and we children in the bedroom above the kitchen used to hear him earnestly rehearsing his prayer. Mother was sceptical about all this. She would have 10 liked father to see life steadily and see it whole. But father was not built that way. Life for him was a patchwork.

It was about this time that father read *Tess of the D'Urber-*
villes to mother from the *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, in which it appeared as a serial story. I was aware of the thrill of antic- 15 ipation on Saturday afternoons, but I could not understand why he should be reading the newspaper aloud for such a long time (for we youngsters were not allowed to speak while father was reading to mother), nor why mother was flushed and excited, and kept making little exclamations of surprise 20 and dismay. I would stand on a low stool behind father's armchair to see how much more he had to read, but could make nothing of the dull-looking columns of print.

We were not directly acquainted with the Lawrence children in those days but I heard their names mentioned from 25 time to time. Father had seen E. trespassing in our mowing grass and came home very angry.

‘That eldest lass of Lawrence’s is brazen soft,’ he said to mother. ‘When I shouted to her to get out she just stood and sauced me. I s’ll tell her mother.’

Ernest Lawrence was already a legendary figure. He had a post in a shipping office in London, we understood, and ⁵ earned a handsome salary. He it was who kept his mother supplied with the good quality gloves and boots that had attracted my mother’s attention when she had first noticed Mrs. Lawrence in the procession of colliers’ wives that used to stream past our cottage on Friday afternoons, on their way ¹⁰ to the colliery offices to draw the men’s pay. He was quite the fairy prince of the family, but a chance remark of father’s stuck in my mind:

‘I never see such a young fool in my life as that lad of Lawrence’s, Ernest, do they call him. There I met him walking ¹⁵ down the street in a top hat, frock coat, and yellow kid gloves.’

I heard the irony in mother’s laugh.

‘How weak-minded,’ she said.

On the one occasion when I saw Lawrence’s father in ²⁰ those early days I had a momentary impression of richness and warmth, both of colouring and voice. He seemed to be a man of medium height with ruddy cheeks and black hair and whiskers. I have been told that as a young man he was fine looking, and wore a handsome black beard. He was also ²⁵ a first-rate workman, and was invariably called upon when there was a particularly difficult job to be done in the pit.

The story goes that once when he was having his hair cut, the barber left him after doing one side, and turned to shave a customer who was waiting with chin lathered, whereupon Mr. Lawrence got up in a huff and went off to another barber.
5 ber.

I was eleven when we left the cottage my father always referred to as 'the old hom'stead', and went to live at the little farm some three miles farther into the country. The farm was about a mile from the nearest village, and even the
10 cart road ended at our yard-gate. The house was long, and the line of the roof was broken by a gable window which matched the porch over the front door. The farm buildings adjoined the house and formed one side of a square. The front garden lay snugly in the angle between the house and
15 our neighbour's high yard-wall and buildings. From the front door we looked down the length of garden which was fenced off from the crew-yard, over a croft and into the wood that shut us in completely on the west. The big yard-gate and the two small gates into the garden were painted cream,
20 'Queen Anne's White' the estate painters called it, to match the cream of the window frames. At the back of the house was a big garden divided from the stackyard by railings, containing two fine cherry trees with a low spreading apple tree between them, several plum trees, and currant and goose-
25 berry bushes. Beyond was a rough grass plot with an apple tree in the centre and clumps of daffodil in the hedge-

bottom.

From the stackyard the land dipped to the valley where we could see in the hollow the red roofs of Felley Mill, and away on the right Moorgreen reservoir gleaming like tarnished silver. In the valley bottom the two brooks that 5 drained the mill-pond into the reservoir ran over the road and were crossed by stepping stones, while the shaggy expanse of the Annesley Hills, dotted with patches of woodland, rose steeply behind. Further to the right, High Park 10 wood covered the hills above the lake, and among the trees we could see the little tower of the shooting lodge which Lawrence was to make the scene of his first novel. Our orchard was an irregular triangle cut out of the wood, and across the width of two fields was a nursery of young firs and spruce trees we called the Warren. We had a right of way 15 through the Warren and across the meadow which brought us to the high road just above the reservoir, and this was the path Lawrence usually took when he came to see us.

There was talk of Mrs. Lawrence paying us a visit when first we went to live at the farm, but we had been there three 20 years before she came. Eventually father told Lawrence how to find the field path and the way through the Warren, and so bring his mother by the short cut. It was on a day in early summer when the small, vigorous woman, and the slender boy she called Bertie, came into the farmyard, so still in the 25 afternoon sunshine. Mother went out to greet them, and as she took them into the parlour, Mrs. Lawrence, complaining

of the heat, said in her crisp way:

‘I’m thankful you haven’t got a fire in here.’

We sat down to an early tea before the rest of the family came in. I had to go into the kitchen to boil eggs, and was
5 surprised when the tall, fair boy followed me, and stood silently looking about him in a curious, intent way. The new staircase that had been put in for us made a big bulge on one wall, with deep recesses at either end. The recess beside the fireplace had a little window looking into the back
10 garden. Lawrence seemed to be taking everything in with his eyes. It made me feel uncomfortable to see the peculiarities of our kitchen subjected to such keen scrutiny.

When tea was over we went out of doors. Mrs. Lawrence and mother moved away together, talking the incompre-
15 hensible talk of adults. Already I felt that Mrs. Lawrence pitied mother on account of her big family, and for living in such a queer, out-of-the-way spot. There was a tinge of patronage in her voice.

Lawrence and I went into the field beyond the stackyard.
20 He stood quite still there, as if fascinated with the view of the Annesley Hills and High Park wood, with the reservoir gleaming below.

The single point of interest he had for me lay in the fact that he was still a schoolboy, as his Eton coat and collar
25 reminded me. My own schooling, which had been of the crudest, had finished six months before, and my lack of education was a bitter humiliation to me. I was aware that this

rather aloof youth had been for some years at the High School, and that he had studied French and German. I fancied that his superior education enabled him to appreciate things which were inaccessible to me. It was with a sense of getting even with him that I asked him abruptly how old he was.

'Fifteen,' he replied with a quick glance.

'I thought so. I'm fourteen,' I responded, aware that my question had been uncivil.

'You go to school?' I continued. 10

'Yes, to the High,' he answered, and gave me no further information.

'I don't care for the name of Bertie,' I went on, with a vague feeling of hostility. 'It's a girlish name. Do they call you Bertie at school?' 15

'No, of course not. They call me Lawrence.'

'That's nicer, I think. I'd rather call you Lawrence.'

'Do call me Lawrence,' he replied quickly, 'I'd like it better.'

He was shy and withdrawn, as if taking in many impressions at once. I felt that I was lacking in courtesy towards him, but I was terribly afraid this High School boy might look down on me.

Merely to prove my independence I set out a little later to visit a friend who lived on the opposite side of the wood. At the door I ran into Lawrence. His penetrating glance went over my hat, my face, my cloak. 25

'Are you going out?' he asked, disapproval in his voice. He had been exploring the farm with my brothers and his face glowed with excitement. He was naturally pale, but the keenness of his glance and his swiftly changing expression made him seem vivid. I told him where I was going, and he asked excitedly:

'How do you get there? Which way do you go?'

'Through the wood,' I replied.

'You go through there?' he said eagerly, nodding towards the wood.

When I returned everybody was crowded in the kitchen and the conversation had turned upon books. My parents adored Barrie, *The Little Minister* and *A Window in Thrums*. The talk was lively and Mrs. Lawrence seemed to be the pivot upon which the liveliness centred. She struck me as a bright, vivacious little woman, full of vitality, and amusingly emphatic in her way of speaking. Her face changed rapidly as she talked and she had a habit of driving home her views with vigorous shakes of the head. She took a keen interest in things around her. As she said of herself, she entered into her children's pursuits and kept young through them. The conversation was mainly between Mrs. Lawrence, father, and my elder sister, with Lawrence joining in occasionally. I listened for awhile in silence, then ventured to mention my favourite author.

'Who likes Scott?' I asked.

'I do,' Mrs. Lawrence replied, beaming encouragement

upon me.

After this visit Lawrence came to the farm nearly always on his mid-week half-holiday. He would step quietly into the kitchen, often bringing some magazine or other to our book-loving household. He seemed gentle and reserved, and talked chiefly to my father, who liked him. He was rather slow at making friends with my brothers, and we on our side were shy of him, and afraid lest he should give himself airs. I have no particular recollection of Lawrence during that first summer except as a quiet presence coming suddenly out of the sunshine into the kitchen, warm with the fragrance of baking bread. Father and he seemed to find a good deal in common, and I noticed from the first that father talked to him almost as if he were grown up. I remember hearing them discuss whether it was possible to store electricity, and father spoke as if he expected Lawrence to know all about it. Occasionally he would bring a copy of *Black and White* and they would talk about the illustrations, and I heard Lawrence describe the method of reproduction. These discussions introduced an interesting variety into our somewhat uneventful days.

Lawrence's schooldays finished that summer and he became a clerk in a Nottingham warehouse. We saw rather less of him then, but I heard him tell mother, in a voice that was clearly an unconscious imitation of his mother's, how Ernest and his fiancée had spent a fortnight's holiday with them, and that it had proved something of a strain. In October

Ernest paid a flying visit to Goose Fair, and the next week we heard that he was dangerously ill in London and his parents had been summoned to his bedside. Almost immediately afterwards came news of his death, and we felt
5 stunned by the tragedy. His mother had him brought home and buried in the cemetery at New Eastwood. She told my mother later, that when she reached her son's bedside she could scarcely recognize him, his head and face were so swollen and inflamed. He had returned to London in the
10 raw morning hours after an exhausting week-end, and she could only think that he had caught a chill which brought on the fatal erysipelas. Telling me about this tragic journey years later she said:

'Yes, and I had to do everything myself, find out about
15 the trains and how to get to Ernest's lodgings. His father was with me but he was no help; he stood just as if he was dazed.'

Only a few weeks after Ernest's death father came home from the milk-round with more bad news. It was Bertie
20 this time, down with pneumonia. Mother looked stricken.

'I don't know whatever Mrs. Lawrence will do if that son's taken from her,' she said. 'She told me when she was here with him that however much she loved Ernest it was nothing to what she felt for the one she brought with her.
25 He had always meant more to her than any of the others.'

The trouble in the Lawrence family cast a gloom over our household, and mother inquired anxiously every day for

news. It seemed a long time before father brought word that the patient was out of danger. His mother's nursing had saved his life, was the general verdict. When he was convalescent he began to send messages by father, begging one of us to go and see him. My sister took him a bunch of snow-⁵ drops that grew beneath the parlour window. She told us how gay he was, and how keenly he was looking forward to coming to The Higgs again, as soon as he was strong enough. His mother said he had grown so much in bed, she was sure his suits would all be too short for him. ¹⁰

On a day in early spring father brought him along in the milk-float. Mother and I watched from the kitchen window as the tall, thin youth in a dark overcoat stepped down from the float and walked slowly up the garden path.

'How white he is, how thin, poor lad,' mother was saying. ¹⁵ He came into the kitchen, frail but eager, delighted to be with us again. Father seemed equally delighted. I do not know why my parents loved Lawrence as they did, but they were as glad at his recovery as if he had been their own son. They told him he was to come up just when he liked. ²⁰

'Come up through the Warren, Bert,' father said. 'You want to get the smell o' them pine trees into your lungs. They're reckoned to be good for weak chests, aren't they? Take deep breaths and get your lungs full of the scent.'

From then his visits were a matter of course, and he be-²⁵ came almost one of the family. He told us rather shamefacedly that his mother said he might as well pack his things

and come and live with us. In later years he said that in those days he was only happy when he was either at The Hags or on the way there. He vastly enjoyed the freedom of his long convalescence, and spent a month at Skegness
5 with an aunt who kept a 'select' boarding-house on the front. He sent long descriptive letters to the family in general, in one of which he said that he could stand in his aunt's drawing-room and watch the tide rolling in through the window. My sister wrote back at once and said what an un-
10 comfortable drawing-room his aunt's must be, with the tide rolling in through the window! He came home quite strong, and I heard father say what a rare good lad Bert was to his mother. He would blacklead the grate and scrub the floor. Lawrence told me himself that he never minded father seeing
15 him with a coarse apron tied round his waist, but if he heard my brother's step in the entry he whipped it off on the instant, fearing he would despise him for doing housework.

At that period I was in a state of furious discontent and rebellion. I was the family drudge and hated it. My lack of
20 education was a constant humiliation. The desire for knowledge and a longing for beauty tortured me. I came to the conclusion that unless I could achieve some degree of education I had better never have been born. I quarrelled continually with my brothers, who tried to order me about. I felt
25 an Ishmael, with my hand against everybody, and everybody's hand against me. I did not know that Lawrence was aware of my state of mind, but one day he suddenly took an

end of chalk from his pocket and wrote on the stable door:

Nil desperandum.

'What does it mean?' I asked, although I knew.

'Never despair,' he replied, with an enigmatic smile, and ran away. 5

Eventually I succeeded in making myself so disagreeable that mother in desperation sent me back to school and I became a pupil-teacher. Then began an arduous life of studying, teaching, and helping with the housework, which still somehow left time for the most exciting games. 10

It was by now an established rule that Lawrence should come to tea on a Saturday, and when he entered the house he brought a holiday atmosphere with him. It was not merely that we were all nice with him, he knew how to make us nicer to one another. Even my eldest brother thawed when Lawrence was there. He brought a pack of cards, and taught us whist, and we played fast and furious, with the younger children crowding round to watch, and Lawrence excitedly scolding and correcting us. When he was in the mood he could be very funny, particularly when mimicking the members of the Christian Endeavour class repeating in turn 'The servant of the Lord is like a well-filled house . . .' He used to say that our laughter was Homeric. He would have us dance in our little kitchen, and once while we paused for breath he said: 25

'Father says one ought to be able to dance on a three-penny bit.'

He seldom spoke of his father and we at once exclaimed: 'Why, does your father dance?'

'He used to, when he was a young man. He ran a dancing class at one time,' he replied briefly.

5 It seemed unbelievable; we had never thought of his father in that light.

Lawrence was extraordinarily kind and willing to help with whatever task was afoot. He was most considerate towards mother, with her big, unruly family, so hard to manage, each of us at a different stage of development, each making a different demand upon her. Several times when he came in and found her with more to do than she could get through he fetched water for the boiler, tidied up the hearth, and made a fire in the parlour where my sister (who was also 10 a pupil-teacher) and I did our lessons. And I well remember a basket of tiny pickling onions that stood on the stone slab outside the back door for weeks, waiting to be peeled. They suddenly disappeared, and mother said that Bert had peeled them; he just sat down and did them without saying a word 15 to anyone. No task seemed dull or monotonous to him. He brought such vitality to the doing that he transformed it into something creative.

It was the same at harvest time. Lawrence would spend whole days working with my father and brothers in the 25 fields at Greasley. These fields lay four miles away, and we used to pack a big basket of provisions to last all day, so that hay harvest had a picnic flavour. Father enjoyed Lawrence's

NOTES

I FAMILY LIFE

P. L.

- 1 2 **Congregational** 「組合教会(制)の」組合教会制 [主義] (Congregationalism) とは個々の教会が独立自治を行ない教会員自ら牧師・役員を選ぶ組織のこと。
Eastwood イングランド中部ノッティンガムシャ州にある丘の上の小さな炭鉱町。ロレンスの生まれ故郷。『息子と恋人』では Bestwood, 『恋する女たち』では Beldover と呼ばれている。当時は人口 3,000 人。1971 年現在の人口は 10,864 人。
- 4 **Superintendent** 「日曜学校長」
- 14 **Bert Lawrence** ロレンスは幼少の頃 Bert または Bertie と呼ばれていた。
His elder sister E. Emily Una のこと。ロレンスより 3 歳年上の姉。
- 18 **smiled encouragement** 「励ますように微笑を送ってよこした」
- 2 13 **have a heart to heart talk** 「うちとけ話をする」
- 22 **did not speak of the Congregational chapel but referred to it as 'Butty's Lump'** 「組合教会と呼ばずに『パティ手づくりの固まり』と呼んだ」 butty とは採炭場で鉱夫たちの監督をしながら自身も鉱夫として働く親方のこと。chapel は非国教徒の会堂を指し, church は国教徒の会堂を指す。
- 26 **stall** 「採炭場, 切場」良い採炭場を確保するために, 親方たちは多額の寄付をしたのである。
- 27 **building fund** 「(教会の) 建設資金」
- 3 4 **pupil-teacher** 「教生」教育実習生に類するもの。週 2 日半は教え, 残りの 3 日は正式の教員となるための授業を受けた。
- 5 **Mr. Remington 'with his round white beard and his ferocity'**
In Sunday School I am eternally grateful to old Mr. Remin-

- gton, with his round white beard and his ferocity. He made us sing! (D. H. Lawrence: 'Hymns in a Man's Life')
- 3 10 battle cry=a cry or shout of troops in battle 「ときの声」
- 11 nigh=near
- 12 standard 「旗」
- 14 make a harsh dissonance with ~ 「～と調和せず耳ざわりにひびく」
- 15 Sabbath observance 「安息日のしきたり」
- 16 'shulled' peas=shelled peas 「豆のさやを取った」
- 23 with warmth 「むっとして」
- 27 small hours=the hours after midnight; early morning hours
- 4 1 Christian Endeavour=an organization of young people of various evangelical Protestant churches, formed in 1881 to promote Christian principles and service. 「共励会」
- 3 prepare a paper 「挨拶や話の原稿を書く」
- 11 was not built that way 「そのような性質の人ではなかった」→
「そのようなことのできる人ではなかった」
- 12 *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* 「ダーパーヴィル家のテス」(1891) Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) の小説.
- 13 *Nottinghamshire Guardian* 新聞の名称. この新聞の懸賞小説に応募したロレンスの作品 ('A Prelude') が入選し, 1907年12月7日付の紙面に掲載された. 『テス』は1891年7月4日から12月26日にかけて *Graphic* 誌 (週刊) に連載された.
- 5 1 that eldest lass of Lawrence's Emily Una のこと.
brazen soft 「どうしようもないうすばか」 soft = foolish or stupid
- 3 sauce=speak impertinently 「なまいきを言う」
- 4 Ernest Lawrence William Ernest Lawrence ロレンス家の次男. 長男は George. ロレンスは三男. Ernest は優秀な成績で小学校を卒業. ロレンスは7歳年長のこの兄と何かにつけて学業成績の面で比較され, 窮屈な思いをした.
- 19 weak-minded=having or showing a lack of mental firmness 「軟弱な」
- 6 7 hom'stead=homestead=farmstead 「(付近の畑地を含めた農

- 家の) 家屋敷」
- 6 10 **cart road**=cartroad 「荷馬車道」
yard-gate 「屋敷の門」
- 11 **gable window** 「切妻窓(切妻壁に取り付けた窓)」
- 12 **farm buildings** 「納屋, 家畜小屋, 物置きなど」
- 15 **yard-wall** 「屋敷の屏」
- 16 **looked down the length of garden** 「庭が端から端まで眺められた」
 looked down ~, over ~ and into ~ と続く。
- 17 **crew-yard** 「豚小屋, 羊小屋, 鶏小屋などのある所」
 crew=pen, cote or fold for animals, as pigs, sheep, fowls.
croft 「屋敷続きの小農場」
- 20 **Queen Anne's White** 「アン女王朝様式(18世紀初期の建築・家具様式)の白」
estate painters 「地主おかかえのペンキ屋」
 著者の家は地主から土地を借りて農家を営んでいた。
- 26 **clump** 「群生」
hedgebottom 「いけがきの根元」
- 7 3 **Felley Mill** ロレンスの処女長編小説『白孔雀』(*The White Peacock*, 1911)に Strelley Mill の名で出てくる水車小屋。近くにはハイパークの森, ムーアグリーン貯水池がある。ロレンス・カントリイの一部。
- 4 **Moorgreen reservoir** 「ムーアグリーン貯水池」『息子と恋人』『白孔雀』ではネーザーミア(Nethermere)と呼ばれ, 『恋する女たち』(*Women in Love*, 1920)ではウィリイ・ウォーター(Willey Water)と呼ばれる。
- 8 **Annesley Hills** フェリイ水車小屋近くの丘陵地帯。鹿が棲息する。ロレンス・カントリイの一部。
woodland 「森林地帯」
- 9 **High Park** ムーアグリーン貯水池に隣接する森。(かつて詩人パイロンは恋人に逢うためこの森へやってきた)。ロレンス・カントリイの一部。
- 11 **shooting lodge** 「狩り小屋」
- 13 **cut out of wood** 「森を切り開いてつくった」
- 14 **across the width of two field** 「畑二面を横切って」

- 7 15 spruce 「唐檜(とうひ), 蝦夷松(えぞまつ)
right of way [ráitəwéi] 「通行権」
- 23 It was on a day in early summer... 1901年の夏のことである。
- 8 24 Eton coat 「イートン校式の短い上衣」(大人の燕尾服に似ているが尾がない)
- 10 13 Barrie, Sir James Matthew (1860-1937) スコットランドの小説家・短編作家・劇作家。 *A Window in Thrums* (1889), *The Little Minister* (1891), *Peter Pan* (1904)
- 26 Scott, Sir Walter (1771-1832) スコットランドの小説家・詩人 *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), *Waverley* (1814), *Ivanhoe* (1820)
- 11 17 *Black and White* 週刊新聞名(週刊)
- 19 reproduction 「複製」
- 22 became a clerk in a Nottingham warehouse ノットンガム市の外科医療器具会社に勤めたのである。この会社での3カ月間の体験は『息子と恋人』で詳しく語られている。
- 27 something of a strain 「ちょっとした心労のたね」
- 12 1 flying=hurried
Goose Fair ノットンガム市で10月第一週の木、金、土曜日に開かれた市。
- 12 erysipelas [erisípiləs] 「丹毒(皮膚または粘膜の外傷部から連鎖球菌が侵入して起こる急性伝染病)」
- 19 milk-round 「牛乳配達[の仕事]」
- 13 4 send messages by father begging ~ 「～して欲しいということづてを父に託する」
- 8 The Haggs ジェシイ・チェインバズの家の屋号、『息子と恋人』では Willey Farm となっている。
- 12 milk-float 「牛乳配達馬車」
- 14 4 Skegness [skégnis] イングランド東部、ランカンシャ州の海辺の保養地、みごとな砂丘で有名。
- 5 'select' boarding-house on the front 「海岸沿いの道に面した『とびきり上等の』民宿」
- 13 blacklead [bláekléd] 「黒鉛でみがく」
- 25 Ishmael 「イシマエル(アブラハムがその侍女ハガルに生ませた子——旧約聖書, 創世紀); 世の憎まれ者」

- 15 19 **be in the mood** 「気が向いている」
 22 **well filled** 「食糧をいっぱい貯蔵した」
 23 **Homeric** [homérik] 「ホメロス風の堂々とした」
 24 **for breath** 「一息入れようとして」
 26 **three-penny bit** 「3ペンス銀貨」転じて「非常に小さいもの」
 ここでは「非常に狭い場所」の意。
- 16 6 **in that light** 「そういう面から；そんな風に」
 16 **pickling onion** 「漬け物用の玉ねぎ」pickling=used for pickling; intended to be pickled
- 17 25 **not a patch on** ~ 「～と比べるとまるでお話にならない」
- 18 3 **a whole ham** 勝手に買ったハムの代金を毎週家計費から支払っていたが、遂に家計費からの支払いを断念し、おそらくポケットマネーで支払うようになった。
 4 **housekeeping money** 「家計費」
 5 **carry on** 「がみがみ言い続ける」
 8 **how'd tha feeace** tha = you, feeace = fierce 「お前は本当に猛猛しい」くらしいの意か。
- 19 11 **colony** 「群生」
foxglove=a tall plant with purple or white flowers like glove-fingers 日本ではラテン名 *digitalis purpurea* の *digitalis* だけをとって「ジギタリス」と称す。
- 15 **partridge** 「やまうずら」
 18 **flowers in their seasons** 「今を盛りと咲いている花々」
 21 **celandine** [séləndain] 「きんぽうげ」
 22 **riding** 「馬道」
 23 **bluebell** 「あい色の鐘形花の咲く草，釣鐘草」
 26 **only for** ~ 「～を味わうためののみ」
- 20 7 **with heat** 「むきになって」
 8 **Red Indian brave** 「北米土人の戦士」
 23 **'Bleak House'** 吹きさらしの家の意だが、ディケンズの小説の題名にかけてある。6歳から18歳までの12年間を過ごしたイーストウッド北端ウォーカーストリートの家をこう称した。この家からの眺めは、世界のどの土地よりも深くロレンスの記憶に刻み込まれていた。