

Fascinating Voices in the British Fiction Today

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はしがき

本書でとりあげた5つの物語は、それぞれ現代イギリス文壇の最前線で活躍中の5人の作家たちによって書かれた作品である。この5人の作家たちは、現代イギリス小説界の大御所たち、アイリス・マードック、ウィリアム・ゴールディング、ドリス・レスリング、ジョン・ウェイン、キングズリー・エイミス、アンガス・ウィルソン、ミュリエル・スパークなどが作家活動を始めた1950年代からほぼ10年後、1960年代から70年にかけて作品を発表し始めた。1992年2月、51歳の若さで惜しまれながら逝去したアンジェラ・カーターも60年代にデビューした作家の一人であったが、その言葉を借りるなら、60年代は「最良でもあり、最悪でもあった」。なぜなら、プラハの春、ヴェトナム戦争など、良きにつけ悪きにつけ様々な出来事が世界中で起こったからである。その結果、社会は急激に変化し始め、既成の価値観に頼ることができなくなった人々、とくに若者たちが新たな価値規準を模索し、苦悩した。小説の世界でも同じであった。新たな可能性を求めて、小説は多様になり、多極化したと言われる。それぞれ第1作の出版時に10代の終わりから30代半ばであった本書の5人の作家たちも、50年代に登場した先輩作家たちとは異なる思いを込めて執筆に取り組んでいったと考えられる。作品自体、また、注と共に掲載した個々の作家の紹介をとおして、その一端が理解していただけると思う。一人一人の主張や傾向は必ずしも同じではない。しかし、今やイギリス文学界の主要な作家として現代社会の様々な面を描き続け、小説の可能性を広げつつあることもわかっていただけるであろう。

本書の収録作家に女性が多くなったのは、伝統的に、そして現代においても、イギリスでは女性作家の活躍がめざましいことが、自然に反映したものであるといえよう。物語は、英語のテキストとしてふさわしい長さ、難易度であり、なおかつ、作者の特徴をよく伝える作品を選ぶようこころがけた。現代イギリス小説家たちの魅力

あふれる声を聞き取っていただければ幸いである。

注釈にあたっては万全を尽くしたつもりであるが、思い違いや検討不十分な箇所もあるかもしれない。ご教示のほどお願いしたい。

最後になったが、いろいろとご助言下さった玉川大学教授山田晴子氏ほかの皆様と、ご面倒をおかけした三修社編集部の方の芦川正宏氏にお礼を申しあげたい。

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編注者

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CLARA'S DAY

When Clara Tilling was fifteen and a half she took off all her clothes one morning in school assembly. She walked naked through the lines of girls, past the headmistress at her lectern and the other staff ranged behind her, and out into the entrance lobby. She had left off her bra and pants already, so that all she had to do was unbutton her blouse, remove it and drop it to the floor, and then undo the zipper of her skirt and let that fall. She slipped her feet out of her shoes at the same time and so walked barefoot as well as naked. It all happened very quickly. One or two people giggled and a sort of rustling noise ran through the assembly hall, like a sudden wind among trees. The Head hesitated for a moment—she was reading out the tennis team list—and then went on again, firmly. Clara opened the big glass doors and let herself out.

The entrance lobby was empty. The floor was highly polished and she could see her own reflection, a foreshortened pink blur. There was a big bright modern painting on one wall and several comfortable chairs for waiting parents, arranged round an enormous rubber plant and ashtrays on chrome stalks. Clara had sat there herself once, with her mother, waiting for an interview with the Head.

She walked along the corridor to her form-room, which was also quite empty, with thick gold bars of sunlight falling on the desks and a peaceful feeling, as though no one had been here for

a long time nor ever would come. Clara opened the cupboard in the corner, took out one of the science overalls and put it on, and then sat down at her desk. After about a minute Mrs Mayhew came in carrying her clothes and her shoes. She said, "I should put these on now, Clara," and stood beside her while she did so. "Would you like to go home?" she asked, and when Clara said that she wouldn't, thank you, Mrs Mayhew went on briskly. "Right you are, then, Clara. You'd better get on with some prep, then, till the first period."

All morning people kept coming up to her to say, "Well done!" or just to pat her on the back. She was a celebrity right up till dinner-time but after that it tailed off a bit. Half-way through the morning one of the prefects came in and told her the Head wanted to see her straight after school.

The Head's study was more like a sitting-room, except for the big paper-strewn desk that she sat behind. There were squashy chairs and nice pictures on the walls and photos of the Head's husband and her children on the mantelpiece and a Marks & Spencer carrier bag dumped down in one corner. The window was open on to the playing-fields from which came the cheerful incomprehensible noise, like birds singing, of people calling to each other. Except for the distant rumble of traffic you wouldn't think you were in London.

The Head was busy writing when Clara came in; she just looked up to say, "Hello, Clara. Sit down. Do you mind if I just finish these reports off? I won't be a minute." She went on writing and Clara sat and looked at the photo of her husband, who had square sensible-looking glasses and her three boys who were all the same but different sizes. Then the Head

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slapped the pile of reports together and pushed her chair back. "There... Well now... So what was all that about, this morning?"

"I don't know," said Clara.

5 The Head looked at her, thoughtfully, and Clara looked back. Just before the silence became really embarrassing the Head pushed a hand through her short untidy fair hair, making it even untidier, and said, "I daresay you don't. Were you trying to attract attention?"

10 Clara considered. "Well, I would, wouldn't I? Doing a thing like that. I mean—you'd be bound to."

The Head nodded. "Quite. Silly question."

"Oh no," said Clara hastily. "I meant you'd be bound to attract attention. Not be bound to be trying to."

15 The Head, a linguist, also considered. "Well... That's a fine point, I think. How do you feel about it now?"

Clara tried to examine her feelings, which slithered away like fish. In the end she said, "I don't really feel anything," which was, in a way, truthful.

20 The Head nodded again. She looked at her husband on the mantelpiece, almost as though asking for advice. "Everything all right at home?"

"Oh fine," Clara assured her. "Absolutely fine."

"Good," said the Head. "Of course... I was just thinking, 25 there are quite a lot of people in Four B with separated parents, aren't there? Bryony and Susie Tallance and Rachel."

"And Midge," said Clara. "And Lucy Potter."

"Yes. Five. Six, with you."

"Twenty-five per cent," said Clara. "Just about."

“Quite. As a matter of fact that’s the national average, did you know? One marriage in four.”

“No, I didn’t actually,” said Clara.

“Well, it is, I’m afraid. Anyway. . .” She looked over at her husband again. “You’re not fussing about O-levels, are you?” 5

“Not really,” said Clara. “I mean, I don’t *like* exams, but I don’t mind as much as some people.”

“Your mocks were fine,” said the Head. “Physics and chemistry could have been a bit better. But there shouldn’t be any great problems there. So. . . Are you still going around with Liz 10 Raymond?”

“Mostly,” said Clara. “And Stephanie.”

“I want people to come and talk to me if there’s anything they’re worried about,” said the Head. “Even things that may seem silly. You know. It doesn’t have to be large obvious 15 things. Exams and stuff. Anything.”

“Yes,” said Clara.

The phone rang. The Head picked it up and said no, she hadn’t, and yes, she’d be along as soon as she could and tell them to wait. She put the receiver down and said, “It wasn’t 20 like you, Clara, was it? I mean—there are a few people one wouldn’t be *all* that surprised, if they suddenly did something idiotic or unexpected. But you aren’t really like that, are you?”

Clara agreed that she wasn’t, really.

“I’ll be writing a note to your mother. And if you have an 25 urge to do something like that again come and have a talk to me first, right?” The Head smiled and Clara smiled back. That was all, evidently. Clara got up and left. As she was closing the door she saw the Head looking after her, not smiling now,

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her expression rather bleak.

Most of the school had gone home but all those in Clara's form who had boyfriends at St Benet's, which was practically everyone, were hanging around the bus station deliberately not catching buses because St Benet's came out half an hour later. Clara hung around for a bit too, just to be sociable, and then got on her bus. She sat on the top deck by herself and looked down on to the pavements. It was very hot; everyone young had bare legs, roadmenders were stripped to the waist, everywhere there was flesh—brown backs and white knees and glimpses of the hair under people's arms and the clefts between breasts and buttocks. In the park, the grass was strewn with sunbathers; there were girls in bikinis sprawled like starfish face down with a rag of material between their legs and the strings of the top half undone. Clara, with no bra or pants on, could feel warm air washing around between her skin and her clothes. Coming down the stairs as the bus approached her stop she had to hold her skirt in case it blew up.

Her mother was already home. She worked part-time as a dentist's receptionist and had what were called flexible hours, which meant more or less that she worked when it suited her. Afternoons, nowadays, often didn't suit because Stan, her friend, who was an actor, was only free in the afternoons.

Stan wasn't there today, though. Clara came into the kitchen where her mother was drinking tea and looking at a magazine. "Hi!" she said. "Any news?" which was what she said most days. Clara said that there was no news and her mother went on reading an article in the magazine called, Clara could see upside down across the table, "Orgasm—Fact or Fantasy?"

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CLARA'S DAY

by Penelope Lively

ペネロピ・ライヴリーは、1933年エジプトのカイロで生まれた。1970年に児童文学作家として第1作を発表し、1977年の*The Road to Lichfield*以後、大人のための小説も書き始めるが、どちらの分野においても優れた作品を数多く生みだし、高い評価を受けている。いくつもの賞を獲得したが、なかでも、1974年に、前年に出版された*The Ghost of Thomas Kempe*により、イギリスで児童文学の最高の賞といわれるカーネギー・メダルを獲得し、1987年には、*Moon Tiger*で、小説に与えられるイギリス最大の賞、ブッカー賞を受けている。代表作となった*Moon Tiger*は、父親を第一次世界大戦で亡くし、恋人を第二次大戦で失った女性の個人の物語と、戦いを繰り返してきた人間の歴史を結びつけながら、様々な人の声に語らせるという、内容、手法ともに興味深い作品であり、ライヴリーのテーマをよく表す作品となっている。児童文学においても小説においてもライヴリーが一貫して関心を抱き、描き続けるのは、過去が現在へ及ぼす様々な影響であり、歴史と呼ばれる人類全体の集合的記憶と個人の記憶の微妙な関係なのである。12歳でイギリスの寄宿学校に入るまで、エジプトでは正規の教育を受けなかったが、家庭教師と共に沢山の本を読んだ。そして、エジプトの砂漠に半ば埋もれる数千年前の人間の頭蓋骨と頭上の空を飛ぶ近代的な戦闘機を同時に見るという経験が、オックスフォードのセント・アンズ・カレッジで近代史を専攻し、やがて歴史と深く関わる作品を書く方向へ向かう端緒となった。個人の歴史の一つの形として、ライヴリーは、子の心を解さない親と、その親に心を踏み躪られる子の関係をしばしば描くが（例えば*Moon Tiger*や*Passing On* (1990)など）、その点で、短編集*Pack of Cards* (1986)からのこの“Clara's Day”は、ライヴリーの特徴的な作品の一つと言えよう。その他の小説・短編集：*Nothing Missing but the Samovar* (1978) (短編集)、*Treasures of Time* (1979)、*Judgement Day* (1980)、*Next to Nature, Art* (1982)、*Perfect Happiness* (1983)、*According to Mark* (1984)、*City of the Mind* (1991)、*Cleopatra's Sister* (1993)。

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- 6 3 **lectern** 《教会》「聖書(朗読)台、読書台」教会の礼拝の際に典書台を載せる書見台；通例、木や金属で作られた移動式のもので、しばしば両翼を広げた鷲やペリカンの形をしている。
- 16- **a foreshortened pink blur** 「(足元の床に裸の身体が写って)ぼんやりとピンク色に、頭のほうが小さく見える姿」foreshorten(絵画)「(遠近法

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- によって)奥行きを縮めて描く, 遠見に描く」
- 22 **form-room** 「自分の組の教室」form 英国の public school その他の中等学校, 米国のある種の私立学校の年級 (class)。通例, 初級 first form から最上級 sixth form まで。
- 7 5 **I should...** 「わたしなら～するわ」should は仮定法現在。
- 7 **when Clara said that she wouldn't, thank you,** = when Clara said, "I will not go home. Thank you,"
- 8 **Right you are.** 「よろしい, わかりました」
- 11- **right up till dinner-time** 「昼食時までずうっと」up till ~ 「～まで」right は強調。 Cf. up till now 「現在まで」
- 12 **tailed off** < tail off 「次第に消える」
- 13 **prefects** < prefect 「(英国の public school や米国のある種の私立学校の)監督生, 級長」
- 18- **Marks & Spencer** 英国中に支店のある大衆向きの食料品や衣料品を売るデパート・チェーン店。Marks & Sparks, M & S, St. Michael などの愛称でも呼ばれる。
- 26 **finish off** 「仕上げる」
- 8 10 **I would, wouldn't I?** 後に続く会話からわかるように, ここでは Clara は, "I would attract attention, wouldn't I?" と言っているつもり。the Head は, "I would be trying to attract attention, wouldn't I?" と受けとっている。「そうでしょうね」ぐらいに訳しておくとの良い。
- 11 **you'd be bound to.** Clara と the Head の間に, 上記の注と同じ行き違いがある。be bound to do 「きつと～だろう」
- 25 **Four B** 「四年B組」(中等学校四年。日本の高校一年生にあたると思えてよい)
- 26 **Bryony** [braɪni]
- 9 5 **O-levels** = Ordinary levels 「履修証明試験, 普通課程」<参考> General Certificate of Education (一般教育履修証明試験) イングランドとウェールズで, 大学進学または専門職希望の主に中等学校上級生(16歳以上)を対象に, 大学と関連をもつ8つの試験委員会が個別に行う; 各科目は普通課程 O (= Ordinary) level と, 上級課程 A (= Advanced) level とに分かれ, 後者には別に大学奨学金希望者のための特別試験 S (= Special) level がある。
- 8 **mocks** = mock examinations 「模擬試験」
- 10 3- **which was practically everyone** which は, 前の部分の内容を受け。「聖ベネット校にボーイフレンドがいる生徒」
- 11 3 **leafed through...** 「～のページをぱらぱらめくった」
- 12 **Wotcha!** = Wotcher! ← What cheer! [英俗] 「こんにちは」