



George MacDonald

THE GOLDEN KEY

With pictures by
Maurice Sendak

Edited with Notes
by
A. ONO

SANSHUSHA

は し が き

George MacDonald (1824~1905) はスコットランドのまずしい機織工のむすこととして生まれた。苦学してアバーデン大学を卒業し、聖職者になったが3年で教会を去っている。彼のかなり自由な教義解釈と文学的資質が信徒たちに受け入れられなかったらしい。彼には11人の子どもがあった。更に持病であった結核のためたびたび転地しなければならなかったので生活は苦しかった。後にロンドンのベドフォード・カレッジの文学の先生になった。このカレッジは現在ロンドン大学のカレッジで女子の教育が主で、リーチュント・パークに隣接したキャンパスを持っている。生活も苦しく持病にも悩まされたが、彼は理解者や友人に恵まれていた。苦境にある彼に救いの手をさしのべたのはその作品に感心した詩人バイロンの未亡人であったし多数の友人の中にはジョン・ラスキンやルイス・キャロルなど子どものための物語を書いた文学者も多かった。主な作品をあげると「妖精とのおつきあい」*Dealings with Fairies* 1867, 「北風のうしろの国」*At the Back of the North Wind* 1871, 「お姫さまと山の鬼たち」*The Princess and the Goblin* 1872, 「お姫さまとカーディ少年」*The Princess and Curdie* 1883 などがある。

マクドナルドの作風は一口でいえば非常に幻想的である。王子や姫、そして昔話に語り伝えられてきた *Goblin* やその他にさまざまのちみもりょうの世界がその物語に展開される。独創的な空想の物語の世界である。今日この種の物語はファンタジー (Fantasy) とよばれているが、空想が生みだした架空の夢物語としての性格を持ちながら、現実の世界との接点を持っている。その接点はこれらのファンタジーの作家たちが持っている現実批判である。別のことばでいえば、ファンタジーは詩的想像力と理想と現実批判が一体となった作品であるといえる。殊にマクドナルドが生きた十九世紀後半、ビクトリア女王時代のファンタジーの作家 John Ruskin (1819~1900), Lewis Carroll (1832~1898), Charles Kingsley (1819~1875) には共通して鋭い現実批判が作品を貫く太い一本の柱になっている。彼らの作品には、個人の利益追求を第一としたビクトリア時代への強い風刺と警告がひそんでいる。利益追求、経済第一の社会は社会の多数をしめる貧しい人たち

の貧困と不満が置き忘れられたまま表面は繁栄をきそいながら世紀末から二十世紀へと移っていくのだが、そのような時代を殊に詩人や小説家は破局にむかっているものとしてとらえ、共通した危機感を持っていた。作家たちが子どもたちの未来に託して、自分たちの夢である愛と美しいものの世界、他への思いやりにあふれた世界を物語に展開しているのは、ひずみゆがんだ現実の世界からそのような世界が姿を消していこうとしていたからであった。マクドナルドの場合は聖職者であったせいもあるが、彼の現実批判は信仰の衰退へむけられ、作品を読んで強く感じられるのは、神による魂の救済である。このような傾向は子どもの物語に限ったことではなく、この時代の芸術の共通した傾向でもあった。しかし、この傾向も世紀末とよばれる時期になると、社会と一般生活から撤退してしまうのである。それだけ、十九世紀後半の物質主義、功利主義の波は強烈なものであった。作家たちはもう社会に対する不満を発表しなくなる。彼らはひたすら社会を無視し、社会から想像力を自由にしておくことに最善をつくすようになる。ルイス・キャロルの「ふしぎの国のアリス」も社会から撤退した一面を持っているといえる。

ファンタジーの世界は妖精、巨人、小人、竜、魔法使い、ものいう動物が、ガラスの城や魔法をかけられた城に出没し、生きている人間が石にかえられ、死んでいた人間がよみがえる世界である。全くの空想架空の世界であるが、偶然に与えられている世界ではなく、現実の世界と同じように、因果関係に支配され、その世界を支えている法・原理がある。これは作家がきめるものであるが、一度きめると、その作家といえどもその法には従わねばならない。古くから伝わる作者不詳の昔話や神話はこの世界に属するが、マクドナルドはこの世界の創造者としては天才的な作家であった。現代でこの種の天才を持った作家はカフカ Franz Kafka (1883~1924) だろう。カフカの場合はその創造した世界はファンタジーの世界ではないが、一つの世界の創造という意味ではマクドナルドと同じ資質である。小説を読むとき、読者は物語の世界に入り、主人公の心理や展開される事件に同化するが、同時に自らの経験に照らしてその心理や事件を吟味している。ファンタジーの場合はその世界はわれわれの経験は通用しない世界で、読者はその世界に没入する以外に読みようはない。ファンタジーの読み方については、この作品のヒロインである Tangle の旅の次の一節は暗示的である。

Then the Old Man of the Earth stooped over the floor of the cave, raised a huge stone from it, and left it leaning. It disclosed a great hole that went plumb-down.

“That is the way,” he said.

“But there are no stairs.”

“You must throw yourself in. There is no other way.”

この物語には the Grandmother, the air-fish, the Old Man of the Sea, the Old Man of the Earth, そして the Old Man of the Fire 等登場するが、その意味を探ろうとしても無駄で、マクドナルドが書いているまま受け入れる以外はないのである。

絵空ごと、架空の物語といえばそれまでだが、The Golden Key を読んで心の奥底に何かよびさまされたものがあるような気持になるのはどうしてであろうか。何か胸をしめつけられるような気持である。それを表現するのはむつかしいが、C. S. ルイス (C. S. Lewis 1898 ~1963) がマクドナルドのファンタジーを評した次の一節に要約されているので引用しておこう。

To call it literary genius seems unsatisfactory since it can co-exist with great inferiority in the art of words—nay, since its connection with words at all turns out to be merely external and, in a sense, accidental. Nor can it be fitted into any of the other arts.....It produces works which give us (at the first meeting) as much delight and (on prolonged acquaintance) as much wisdom and strength as the works of the greatest poets.....It goes beyond the expression of things we have already felt. It arouses in us sensations we have never had before, never anticipated having..... hits us at a level deeper than our thoughts or even our passions...and in general shocks us more fully awake than we are for most of our lives.

註をつけるにあたって、語句のむつかしいと思われるもののできるだけ解釈をつけたが、至らぬ点が多いことであろう。その点ではできるだけ早く訂正していきたい。また上述したように Grandmother, etc. の意味を探ることもしていない。いわゆる “Symbol hunting” はこの作品には意味がないと思ったからである。

なお、表紙・文中の挿絵は、モーリス・センダックのものを使用し

た。センダックは、1928年生れの現代アメリカの代表的イラストレーターであり、1970年アンデルセン大賞を受賞している。

1973年7月

註釈者

There was a boy who used to sit in the twilight and listen to his great-aunt's stories.

She told him that if he could reach the place where the end of the rainbow stands he would find there a golden key. 5

"And what is the key for?" the boy would ask. "What is it the key of? What will it open?"

"That nobody knows," his aunt would reply. "He has to find that out."

"I suppose, being gold," the boy once said, 10 thoughtfully, "that I could get a good deal of money for it if I sold it."

"Better never find it than sell it," returned his aunt.

And then the boy went to bed and dreamed about 15 the golden key.

Now all that his great-aunt told the boy about the golden key would have been nonsense, had it not been that their little house stood on the borders of Fairyland. For it is perfectly well known that 20 out of Fairyland nobody ever can find where the

rainbow stands. The creature takes such good care of its golden key, always flitting from place to place, lest any one should find it! But in Fairyland it is quite different. Things that look real in this
5 country look very thin indeed in Fairyland, while some of the things that here can not stand still for a moment, will not move there. So it was not in the least absurd of the old lady to tell her nephew such things about the golden key.

10 “Did you ever know anybody find it?” he asked, one evening.

“Yes, Your father, I believe, found it.”

“And what did he do with it, can you tell me?”

“He never told me.”

15 “What was it like?”

“He never showed it to me.”

“How does a new key come there always?”

“I don’t know. There it is.”

“Perhaps it is the rainbow’s egg.”

20 “Perhaps it is. You will be a happy boy if you find the nest.”

“Perhaps it comes tumbling down the rainbow from the sky.”

“Perhaps it does.”

One evening, in summer, he went into his own room, and stood at the lattice-window, and gazed into the forest which fringed the outskirts of Fairyland. It came close up to his great-aunt's garden, and, indeed, sent some straggling trees into it. The forest lay to the east, and the sun, which was setting behind the cottage, looked straight into the dark wood with his level red eye. The trees were all old, and had few branches below, so that the sun could see a great way into the forest and the boy, being keen-sighted, could see almost as far as the sun. The trunks stood like rows of red columns in the shine of the red sun, he could see down aisle after aisle in the vanishing distance. And as he gazed into the forest he began to feel as if the the trees were all waiting for him, and had something they could not go on with till he came to them. But he was hungry, and wanted his supper. So he lingered.

Suddenly, far among the trees, as far as the sun could shine, he saw a glorious thing. It was the end of a rainbow, large and brilliant. He could count all

the seven colours, and could see shade after shade beyond the violet; while before the red stood a colour more gorgeous and mysterious still. It was a colour he had never seen before. Only the spring
5 of the rainbow-arch was visible. He could see nothing of it above the trees.

“The golden key!” he said to himself, and darted out of the house, and into the wood.

He had not gone far before the sun set. But the
10 rainbow only glowed the brighter. For the rainbow of Fairyland is not dependent upon the sun, as ours is. The trees welcomed him. The bushes made way for him. The rainbow grew larger and brighter; and at length he found himself within two
15 trees of it.

It was a grand sight, burning away there in silence, with its gorgeous, its lovely, its delicate colours, each distinct, all combining. He could now see a great deal more of it. It rose high into the
20 blue heavens, but bent so little that he could not tell how high the crown of the arch must reach. It was still only a small portion of a huge bow.

He stood gazing at it till he forgot himself with

delight—even forgot the key which he had come to seek. And as he stood it grew more wonderful still. For in each of the colours, which was as large as the column of a church, he could faintly see beautiful forms slowly ascending as if by the steps 5 of a winding stair. The forms appeared irregularly—now one, now many, now several, now none—men and women and children—all different, all beautiful.

He drew nearer to the rainbow. It vanished. He started back a step in dismay. It was there again, 10 as beautiful as ever. So he contented himself with standing as near it as he might, and watching the forms that ascended the glorious colours towards the unknown height of the arch, which did not end abruptly, but faded away in the blue air, so grad- 15 ually that he could not say where it ceased.

When the thought of the golden key returned, the boy very wisely proceeded to mark out in his mind the space covered by the foundation of the rainbow, in order that he might know where to 20 search, should the rainbow disappear. It was based chiefly upon a bed of moss.

Meantime it had grown quite dark in the wood.

The rainbow alone was visible by its own light. But the moment the moon rose the rainbow vanished. Nor could any change of place restore the vision to the boy's eyes. So he threw himself down
5 upon the mossy bed, to wait till the sunlight would give him a chance of finding the key. There he fell fast asleep.

When he woke in the morning the sun was looking straight into his eyes. He turned away from it, and
10 the same moment saw a brilliant little thing lying on the moss within a foot of his face. It was the golden key. The pipe of it was of plain gold, as bright as gold could be. The handle was curiously wrought and set with sapphires. In a terror of
15 delight he put out his hand and took it, and had it.

He lay for a while, turning it over and over, and feeding his eyes upon its beauty. Then he jumped to his feet, remembering that the pretty thing was of no use to him yet. Where was the
20 lock to which the key belonged? It must be somewhere, for how could anybody be so silly as make a key for which there was no lock? Where should he go to look for it? He gazed about him,

up into the air, down to the earth, but saw no keyhole in the clouds, in the grass, or in the trees.

Just as he began to grow disconsolate, however, he saw something glimmering in the wood. It was a mere glimmer that he saw, but he took it for a
5 glimmer of rainbow, and went towards it.—And now I will go back to the borders of the forest.

Not far from the house where the boy had lived, there was another house, the owner of which was a merchant, who was much away from home. He
10 had lost his wife some years before, and had only one child, a little girl, whom he left to the charge of two servants, who were very idle and careless. So she was neglected and left untidy, and was sometimes ill-used besides. 15

Now it is well known that the little creatures commonly called fairies, though there are many different kinds of fairies in Fairyland, have an exceeding dislike to untidiness. Indeed, they are quite spiteful to slovenly people. Being used to all
20 the lovely ways of the trees and flowers, and to the neatness of the birds and all woodland creatures, it makes them feel miserable, even in their deep

woods and on their grassy carpets, to think that within the same moonlight lies a dirty, uncomfortable, slovenly house. And this makes them angry with the people that live in it, and they would
5 gladly drive them out of the world if they could. They want the whole earth nice and clean. So they pinch the maids black and blue, and play them all manner of uncomfortable tricks.

But this house was quite a shame, and the fairies
10 in the forest could not endure it. They tried every thing on the maids without effect, and at last resolved upon making a clean riddance, beginning with the child. They ought to have known that it was not her fault, but they have little principle
15 and much mischief in them, and they thought that if they got rid of her the maids would be sure to be turned away.

So one evening, the poor little girl having been put to bed early, before the sun was down, the
20 servants went off to the village, locking the door behind them. The child did not know she was alone, and lay contentedly looking out of her window towards the forest, of which, however,

she could not see much, because of the ivy and other creeping plants which had straggled across her window. All at once she saw an ape making faces at her out of the mirror, and the heads carved upon a great old wardrobe grinning fearfully. Then ⁵ two old spider-legged chairs came forward into the middle of the room, and began to dance a queer, old-fashioned dance. This set her laughing, and she forgot the ape and the grinning heads. So the fairies saw they had made a mistake, and sent the chairs ¹⁰ back to their places. But they knew that she had been reading the story of Silverhair all day. So the next moment she heard the voices of the three bears upon the stairs, big voice, middle voice, and little voice, and she heard their soft, heavy ¹⁵ tread, as if they had stockings over their boots, coming nearer and nearer to the door of her room, till she could bear it no longer. She did just as Silverhair did, and as the fairies wanted her to do: she darted to the window, pulled it open, got ²⁰ upon the ivy, and so scrambled to the ground. She then fled to the forest as fast as she could run.

Now, although she did not know it, this was

the very best way she could have gone; for nothing is ever so mischievous in its own place as it is out of it; and, besides, these mischievous creatures were only the children of Fairyland, as it were, 5 and there are many other beings there as well; and if a wanderer gets in among them, the good ones will always help him more than the evil ones will be able to hurt him.

The sun was now set, and the darkness coming 10 on, but the child thought of no danger but the bears behind her. If she had looked round, however, she would have seen that she was followed by a very different creature from a bear. It was a curious creature, made like a fish, but covered, instead of 15 scales, with feathers of all colours, sparkling like those of a humming-bird. It had fins, not wings, and swam through the air as a fish does through the water. Its head was like the head of a small owl.

20 After running a long way, and as the last of the light was disappearing, she passed under a tree with drooping branches. It dropped its branches to the ground all about her, and caught her as in a



trap. She struggled to get out, but the branches pressed her closer and closer to the trunk. She was in great terror and distress, when the air-fish, swimming into the thicket of branches, began tearing them with its beak. They loosened their
5 hold at once, and the creature went on attacking them, till at length they let the child go. Then the air-fish came from behind her, and swam on in front, glittering and sparkling all lovely colours; and she followed. 10

It led her gently along till all at once it swam in at a cottage-door. The child followed still. There was a bright fire in the middle of the floor, upon which stood a pot without a lid, full of water that boiled and bubbled furiously. The air-fish swam
15 straight to the pot and into the boiling water, where it lay quiet. A beautiful woman rose from the opposite side of the fire and came to meet the girl. She took her up in her arms, and said,—

“Ah, you are come at last! I have been looking
20 for you a long time.”

She sat down with her on her lap, and there the girl sat staring at her. She had never seen anything

so beautiful. She was tall and strong, with white arms and neck, and a delicate flush on her face. The child could not tell what was the colour of her hair, but could not help thinking it had a tinge of
5 dark green. She had not one ornament upon her, but she looked as if she had just put off quantities of diamonds and emeralds. Yet here she was in the simplest, poorest little cottage, where she was evidently at home. She was dressed in shining
10 green.

The girl looked at the lady, and the lady looked at the girl.

“What is your name?” asked the lady.

“The servants always called me Tangle.”

15 “Ah, that was because your hair was so untidy. But that was their fault, the naughty women! Still it is a pretty name, and I will call you Tangle too. You must not mind my asking you questions, for you may ask me the same questions, every one of
20 them, and any others that you like. How old are you?”

“Ten,” answered Tangle.

“You don’t look like it,” said the lady.

"How old are you, please?" returned Tangle.

"Thousands of years old," answered the lady.

"You don't look like it," said Tangle.

"Don't I? I think I do. Don't you see how beautiful I am?"

5

And her great blue eyes looked down on the little Tangle, as if all the stars in the sky were melted in them to make their brightness.

"Ah! but," said Tangle, "when people live long they grow old. At least I always thought so."

10

"I have no time to grow old," said the lady. "I am too busy for that. It is very idle to grow old.— But I cannot have my little girl so untidy. Do you know I can't find a clean spot on your face to kiss?"

"Perhaps," suggested Tangle, feeling ashamed, but not too much so to say a word for herself—"perhaps that is because the tree made me cry so."

15

"My poor darling!" said the lady, looking now as if the moon were melted in her eyes, and kissing her little face, dirty as it was, "the naughty tree must suffer for making a girl cry."

20

"And what is your name, please?" asked Tangle.

"Grandmother," answered the lady.

"Is it really?"

"Yes, indeed. I never tell stories, even in fun."

"How good of you!"

"I couldn't if I tried. It would come true if I
5 said it, and then I should be punished enough."

And she smiled like the sun through a summer-
shower.

"But now," she went on, "I must get you washed
and dressed, and then we shall have some supper."

10 "Oh! I had supper long ago," said Tangle.

"Yes, indeed you had," answered the lady—
"three years ago. You don't know that it is three
years since you ran away from the bears. You are
thirteen and more now."

15 Tangle could only stare. She felt quite sure it
was true.

"You will not be afraid of anything I do with
you—will you?" said the lady.

"I will try very hard not to be; but I can't be
20 certain, you know," replied Tangle.

"I like your saying so, and I shall be quite satis-
fied," answered the lady.

She took off the girl's night-gown, rose with her

NOTES

- | Page | Line | |
|------|------|---|
| 1 | 1 | used to = would, used to と直接法過去の would は過去の習慣的動作 (past habitual action) を表わす。would は習慣を表わすと同時に「好んで……した」という心持ちを伴う。この点 used to が習慣やある状態の継続を表わすのと多少違う。would は過去の偶然的な不規則な習慣を示すことが多い。would は used to ほど意味が強くないといえよう。 |
| | 1 | the twilight = the half light following sunset & preceding sun-rise この場合は夕暮れ。(P. O. D) |
| | 6 | would = used to cf. p. 1 l. 1 |
| | 10 | being gold = as it is gold |
| | 14 | Better never find it than sell it = you had better never find it than sell it. 「売るくらいなら、見つけない方がいい」 |
| | 19 | had it not been that …… = if it had not been that…… |
| | 21 | Fairyland = the land or abode of fairies Hence, a place of delicate beauty or magical charm. (W. I. D) |
| | | Fairy = a minor supernatural being capable of assuming human form and of entering into relations with men and women usually harmfully. In Europe they were sometimes degenerated popular conceptions of the older gods, or of a genius loci. Some were derived from Jewish and Oriental demology. They were nearly always malevolent and dangerous. In modern chiefly literary use, such a supernatural being (conceived usually as very diminutive) whose interference in human affairs is often benevolent, or jocose; a fay. (W. I. D.) |
| 2 | 5 | thin = lacking in solidity, substance or force. 「中 |

Page	Line	
		身のない, うすっぺらな……」
2	7	not in the least =not at all 「ちっとも……でない」
	22	comes tumbling down 「～をかけ降りてくる」
3	3	the lattice-window 「格子窓」
	5	came close up to 「寄り添うように迫っていた」
	6	some straggling trees 「森からはぐれた木」
	15	down aisle after aisle aisle [ái] 教会堂の側面の通廊。通常円柱の列に支えられた天蓋の下に続いている通廊。「森の木が円柱の列のように連らなってつづき」
	18	go on with =proceed with 「～をつづけてする」「一時やめたことをさらにつづける」
		cf. He took a cup of tea, and went on with the story. 「お茶を飲んでまた話をつづけた」
	20	lingered 「ぐづぐづしていた」「ためらっていた」
4	1	the seven colours 「7色のスペクトル」色の配列は紫を内側にして, あい, 青, 緑, 黄, だいだいの順で赤が一番外側にあらわれる。
	2	beyond the violet 「紫の外側に」
	2	before the red 「外側の赤の手前に」
	12	the bushes 「下茂えの木, かん木」(shrub) trees and bushes (高木と低木)
	13	made way for 「～ために道をあけた」
	20	the blue heavens =the blue sky
	21	the crown =the top
5	10	started back a step 「一歩うしろへ飛びのいた」
	12	as near it as he might =as near it as he could
	21	should the rainbow disappear =lest the rainbow should disappear
6	2	the moment =as soon as～
	9	turned away from it 「～から顔をそむけた」
	13	was curiously wrought wrought [rɔ:t] [古・詩] work の過去・過去分詞, 「ふしぎな作りで」
	17	feeding his eyes upon ～ 「自分の眼を～で満足させる」

Page	Line	
6	18	jumped to his feet 「飛びおきる」 cf. take to one's feet =walk
7	5	took it for 「～と思ひ込む」
	12	left to the charge of two servants 「2人の召使の世話にゆだねた」
	14	left untidy 「だらしない身なりをさせられて」
	19	are quite spiteful to ～ 「～に非常に意地が悪い」
	20	slovenly =untidy 「だらしがない, 不精な」
	20	Being used to ～ =as they used to～ 「妖精たちは～に慣れていたので」
8	1	to think that ～ 前の it が仮主語
	7	all manner of =all kinds of 「あらゆる～」
	12	making a clean riddance 「きれいに厄介ばらいをする」
	14	they have little principle 「道義心など殆ど持っていない」
	17	to be turned away 「追っ払われる」
	18	the poor little girl having been put to bed early =after the poor little girl was to put to bed early
9	2	straggle across her window 「窓一面にぞろぞろと伸びてくる」
	3	making face at 「～にしかめつらをする」
	4	out of the mirror 「鏡の中から」
	6	spider-legged 「くものような脚をした」
	12	the story of Silverhair この話はおそらく「三びきのくま」のことであろう。後に続く部分を見ると大熊・中熊・小熊と三びきの熊が足音をしのばせて入口に近づいてくる音が聞えてくるので、少女はこわくなって窓から逃げだしてしまうのだが、「三びきのくま」では熊たちの朝の散歩中、彼らの家にしのびこんでいたづらをし、熊たちの平和をみだすのは「老婆」の方である。マクドナルドは「老婆」の方に視点を置いて、この話を「老婆」 Silverhair の話ということにしたのだと思われる。「三びきのくま」の話は、

「三びきの子ぶた」の話と共に、現在では世界中の子どもの共有財産になっているといえるほど、代表的な幼児向けの話である。Joseph Jacobs (1854~1916) 編の *English Fairy Tales* (研究社・坂井晴彦・註) には Robert Southy (詩人, 1774~1843) の創作として収録されているが、坂井氏の註によると後に同型の民話が発見され、話の中の「老婆」は、以前は「きつね」として語りつがれてきたことがわかり、ジェイコブスの *More English Fairy Tales* ではその発見された民話の方が再録されている。「老婆」は「きつね」になったが教訓的意図から、それが「少女」にかえられているものも多い。

- 10 2 **as it is out of it** 「自分の領分の外でやるほどには」
 16 **a humming-bird** 「はちどり」鳥の中で最も小さな鳥で体長は7cm以下、鮮やかな色彩の鳥だか、飛ぶときにはあまり速いので尖光が飛びかっているように見え、鳴き声しか聞こえないそうである。南米及び熱帯地方が生息地。
- 14 2 **a delicate flush on her face** 「(腕や顔は白いのだが) 顔には上品なあかみがさしていた」
 14 **Tangle** 「もつれ髪」
 19 **every one of them, and any others that you like**
 「わたしがたずねることをみんな聞きかえしていいし、その他にあなたが聞きたいことがあれば、それをたずねてもいいのよ」
- 15 12 **too busy for that** 「年をとるにはいそがしすぎる」
 16 **not too much so to say a word for herself** 「自分の思っていることをいえないほど、はづかしい気持ちになっていたわけではなかった」
- 16 2 **I never tell stories, even in fun.** 「わたしは面白半分にでも、決して嘘はつかないのよ」
- 19 1 **"You do not like to eat the messenger that brought you home.** 自分を案内してくれたものを、たとえそれが鳥であってもそのすぐ後で料理