

Lillian Hellman

Julia / “Turtle”

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はじめに

“Julia”と“Turtle”の2篇は、リリアン・ヘルマンの短篇集 *Pentimento* (1973) に収録されている。

ヘルマン (1905～) はアメリカ南部、ニューオーリアンズ生まれの劇作家で、映画作家としても知られている。1972年には、「演劇と文学に貢献し、市民の自由を擁護した」功績から、彼女のために特別公演が開催されるなど、いまなお幅広く活躍している作家である。

“Julia”は、日本でも公開された同名の映画の原作である。ジュリアというのはヘルマンの幼な友達で、ニューヨーク随一の高級住宅地である東五番街に住み、祖父母のもとで多感な少女期を送るが、のちヨーロッパに渡り、フロイトの弟子となる。ところが1930年代、ナチズムの抬頭とともに、知性と情熱と財力のすべてを注いで反ナチスの地下運動の指導者となり、ついには無残な死をとげる。

ヘルマンは1937年の世界演劇祭に招かれ、パリからベルリン経由でモスクワに向かうのだが、そのときジュリアの依頼をうけ、ナチスの厳重な警戒の網をくぐりぬけ、ベルリンまで大金を運びこむことになる。金はどこに隠しどういう経路で届けられたのか、途中どのような検問を受け、反ナチス側ではどのような自衛策を講じていたか、ジュリアとの数年ぶりの劇的な対面、更に続くヘルマン護送体制、そしてワルシャワに到着したヘルマンを待ちうけていたものは……と、まさに命がけの緊張が続き、見事なサスペンス・ストーリーになっている。そのうえ、事実のみの持つ、うむを言わずぬ迫力があり、読者は思わず知らず物語に引きこまれてしまうだろう。

時代背景として、1930年代のヨーロッパの不穏な空気が描きだされ、その中でのヘミングウェイらアメリカ人たちのようすも適確にとらえられている。また、ジュリアの少女時代を通して、ニューヨークの金持の家のこまごまとした生活の一端がうかがえる。このように、アメリカとヨーロッパのアメリカ人たちの姿がさりげなく点描されているからこそ、ジュリアという、激動の時代を強い信念を貫いて思うさま生きた人

間の重みが、ずしりと鮮烈に迫るのであろう。さすが緻密な構成と鋭い台詞で知られる劇作家だけあって、見事なストーリーの展開ぶりである。

“Turtle”は、1940年のある日、ヘルマンの別荘に突然姿を現した大きなかみつき亀の話である。亀は生け捕りにされ、皮一枚を残して首を切り落とされ、台所に運びこまれるのだが、その死んだはずの亀がどうやって動いたのか、夜の中に血の池の中を台所から庭のしげみへと移動する。生と死の境い目はどう規定されるのか、思わず背筋の寒くなる不気味な実話である。

ところがこの話にはもう一人主役がいる。『マルタの鷹』などで知られるハードボイルド派の作家、ダシール・ハメットだ。“all three of us”と冒頭のパラグラフにあるように、これはむしろ、亀をめぐるヘルマンとハメットの物語と言うべきであろう。彼は1961年に肺癌で亡くなったが、1951年以降は全く無収入となっていた。その彼を家に引き取り、最期を看取ったのはヘルマンである。30年余にわたり、何度も激烈な喧嘩をして別れ、別れてはまたいつとなく寄り添って暮らした二人だが、結局結婚というような手続きをとらず、それぞれに世俗的な家庭に縛られることもなく、思うように生きた人たちである。二人の関係の一端は、この20頁の短篇ひとつからもじゅうぶんにうかがえるはずだ。

この時期をヘルマンは、「わたしの人生の最良の時」とのべ、また、「たぶん、ハメットと過ごした最上の歳月」と言っている。このあと1951年にハメットが、52年にはヘルマンが、赤狩り、つまり、ハリウッドを襲った思想統制・弾圧の生けにえとなり、ハメットは投獄される。そして、好みに合わせて作りかえ、二人の「最上の歳月」を可能にした別荘を、戦も資産も失ったヘルマンは売り払わなければならない。

マサチューセッツ沖でうず潮にのまれ、危く一命を落としかけたヘルマンは、その26年前の亀の一件を思いだし、すでに亡くなって5年になるハメットに、海の中から言葉をかける。そして数年後、この妻絶にしてユーモラスな短篇ができた。亀事件から執筆までの間には、ヘルマンが『眠れない時代』で取りあげている、「わたしの人生のこの不愉快な部分」と呼ぶ苦い歳月があったことを思えば、“Turtle”にこめられた作者の感慨はひとしおのものであったろう。さしあたっては、ヘルマンとハメットというひと組の男女の、熱く時に冷たく火花の散る

会話のやりとりを、じっくりと味わっていただきたい。

このように“Julia”も“Turtle”も、思い出深い人たちのポートレートになっているが、実は単なる回想に終わっていないことにこそ、本書の大きな魅力がある。ここで語られている過去は、生きて迫ってくる現在なのであり、ひたむきに“thinking things out”（本書8頁）しながら“今”を生きているヘルマンの姿が、二篇の向こうに透けて見えてくるはずなのだ。「芸術家は深く自己のなかに下降して行かなければならない」と言ったのはコンラッドだが、ヘルマンは、「自己のなかに下降」するひとつの手続きとして、ジュリアとハメットの人物像を試みたと言うこともできよう。

二篇を取めてある *Pentimento* は、“A Book of Portraits”と副題にあるように、ヘルマンに強い感銘を与えた人たちのポートレート集である。ペンティメントとは絵画の用語で、ぬり重ねられた油絵具が歳月を経るうちに透明になり、今まで見えていた絵の下から、もうひとつ別の物や形や線や色が現れてくる、というもの。ヘルマンは前書きでこうのべている――

カンバスの絵具は、歳月とともに古びて透明になることがある。そういうとき、絵によってはもとの線が見えるようになる。女のドレスの下から立ち木が現れ、子供の向こうに犬が見え、大海原から船が姿を消してしまう。これはペンティメントと呼ばれており、画家が「リペント」し、心を変えたのだ。おそらくこうも言えよう。画家がもともと抱いた考えは、あとから別の考えがとって代ったとしても、その画家にはそういうふうに見えたということであり、また、あとであらためて見直すことができるものなのだ、と。

そういうことを、わたしはこの本でさまざまな人たちについて書き言ってみたかった。絵具はいまや古びてきた。それで、かつてそこに何があったのか、今何があるのかを、わたしなりに見てみたかったのだ。

これが前書きの全文だが、逆に言えば、“Julia”と“Turtle”に描きだされている人たちの絵の上には、何十年という歳月が重ねてきた「わたし」という絵具が厚くのっているものであり、読者は少し注意深く目を凝らせば、「古びて透明にな」った絵具も含め、その歳月を歩き続けてきた作家の、奥行きのに深さに気付くことになるであろう。

単純に読みものとして楽しむもよし、一人の人間の背負って立つ過去の重みをはかるもよし、的確にして奔放、しなやかで張りのある文章を、十二分に味読していただきたい。

1979年夏 小池美佐子

追記：リリアン・ヘルマンは心臓発作のため、“Turtle”冒頭ページにも言及されているマーサズ・ヴィニヤード島で、1984年6月死去した。

Lillian Hellman: Bibliography ()内は初演の年。『 』は邦訳(邦画)題名。

The Children's Hour (1934) 『子供の時間』(『この三人』『噂の二人』)

Days to Come (1936)

The Little Foxes (1939) 『子狐たち』(『偽りの花園』)

Watch on the Rhine (1941) 『わたしは生きたい』(『ラインの監視』)

The Searching Wind (1944)

Another Part of the Forest (1946)

The Autumn Garden (1951) 『秋の園』

Toys in the Attic (1960) 『屋根裏部屋のおもちゃ』(『欲望の家』)

—以上は劇。他作家の作品の劇化・翻案作など4作とあわせて、1972年 *The Collected Plays* として出版された。

An Unfinished Woman (1969) 『未完の女』

Pentimento (1973) 『ジュリア』

Scoundrel Time (1976) 『眠れない時代』

—以上3作は自伝。まとめて1979年 *Three* として出版された。

Maybe (1980) 『メイビー・青春の肖像』

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Julia

I have here changed most of the names. I don't know that it matters anymore, but I believe the heavy girl on the train still lives in Cologne and I am not sure that even now the Germans like their premature anti-Nazis. More important, Julia's mother is still living and so, perhaps, is Julia's daughter. Almost certainly, the daughter's father lives in San Francisco.

In 1937, after I had written *The Children's Hour* and *Days to Come*, I had an invitation to attend a theatre festival in Moscow. Whenever in the past I wrote about that journey, I omitted the story of my trip through Berlin because I did not feel able to write about Julia.

Dorothy Parker and her husband, Alan Campbell, were going to Europe that same August, and so we crossed together on the old *Normandie*, a pleasant trip even though Campbell, and his pretend-good-natured feminine jibes, had always made me uneasy.

When we reached Paris I was still undecided about going on to Moscow. I stayed around, happy to meet

Gerald and Sara Murphy for the first time, Hemingway, who came up from Spain, and James Lardner, Ring Lardner's son, who was soon to enlist in the International Brigade and to lose his life in Spain a few
5 months later.

I liked the Murphys. I was always to like and be interested in them, but they were not for me what they had been to an older generation. They were, possibly, all that Calvin Tomkins says in his biography: they
10 had style, Gerald had wit, Sara grace and shrewdness, and that summer, soon after they had lost both their sons, they had a sweet dignity. But through the many years I was to see them after that I came to believe they were not as bonny as others thought them, or with-
15 out troubles with each other, and long before the end—the end of my knowing them, I mean, a few years before Gerald died, when they saw very few of their old friends—I came to think that too much of their lives had been based on style. Style is mighty pleasant for those who
20 benefit from it, but maybe not always rewarding for those who make and live by its necessarily strict rules.

There were many other people that summer in Paris, famous and rich, who invited Dottie for dinners and country lunches and the tennis she didn't play and the
25 pools she didn't swim in. It gave me pleasure then, and forever after, that people courted her. I was amused at her excessive good manners, a kind of put-on, often there

to hide contempt and dislike for those who flattered her at the very minute she begged for the flattery. When she had enough to drink the good manners got so good they got silly, but then the words came funny and sharp to show herself, and me, I think, that nobody could buy 5 her. She was wrong: they could and did buy her for years. But they only bought a limited ticket to her life and in the end she died on her own road.

It was a new world for me. I had been courted around New York and Hollywood, as is everybody who has been 10 a success in the theatre and young enough not to have been too much on display. But my invitations were second-class stuff compared to Dottie's admirers that month in Paris. I had a fine time, one of the best of my life. But one day, after a heavy night's drinking, I didn't anymore. 15 I was a child of the Depression, a kind of Puritan Socialist, I guess—although to give it a name is to give it a sharper outline than it had—and I was full of the strong feelings the early Roosevelt period brought to many people. Dottie had the same strong feelings about something 20 we all thought of as society and the future, but the difference between us was more than generational—she was long accustomed to much I didn't want. It was true that she always turned against the famous and the rich who attracted her, but I never liked them well enough 25 to bother that much.

I had several times that month spoken on the phone

with my beloved childhood friend Julia, who was studying medicine in Vienna, and so the morning after the heavy drinking I called Julia to say I would come to Vienna the next day en route to Moscow. But that same
5 night, very late, she called back.

She said, "I have something important for you to do. Maybe you'll do it, maybe you can't. But please stay in Paris for a few days and a friend will come to see you. If things work as I hope, you'll decide to go straight to
10 Moscow by way of Berlin and I'll meet you on your way back."

When I said I didn't understand, who was the friend, why Berlin, she said, "I can't answer questions. Get a German visa tomorrow. You'll make your own choice,
15 but don't talk about it now."

It would not have occurred to me to ignore what Julia told me to do because that's the way it had always been between us. So I went around the next morning to the German consulate for a visa. The consul said they'd
20 give me a traveling permit, but would not allow me to stay in Berlin overnight, and the Russian consul said that wasn't unusual for people en route to Moscow.

I waited for two days and was about to call Julia again on the day of the morning I went down for an early
25 breakfast in the dining room of the Hotel Meurice. (I had been avoiding Dottie and Alan, all invitations, and was troubled and annoyed by two snippy, suspicious notes

from Alan about what was I up to, why was I locked in my room?) The concierge said the gentleman on the bench was waiting for me. A tall middle-aged man got up from the bench and said, “Madame Hellman? I come to deliver your tickets and to talk with you about 5 your plans. Miss Julia asked me to call with the travel folders.”

We went into the dining room, and when I asked him what he would like he said, in German, “Do you think I can have an egg, hot milk, a roll? I cannot pay for 10 them.”

When the waiter moved away, the tall man said, “You must not understand German again. I made a mistake.”

I said I didn’t understand enough German to worry anybody, but he didn’t answer me and took to reading 15 the travel folders until the food came. Then he ate very fast, smiling as he did it, as if he were remembering something pleasant from a long ago past. When he finished, he handed me a note. The note said, “This is my friend, Johann. He will tell you. But *I* tell you, 20 don’t push yourself. If you can’t you can’t, no dishonor. Whatever, I will meet you soon. Love, Julia.”

Mr. Johann said, “I thank you for fine breakfast. Could we walk now in Tuileries?”

As we entered the gardens he asked me how much I 25 knew about Benjamin Franklin, was I an expert? I said I knew almost nothing. He said he admired Franklin

and perhaps someday I could find him a nice photograph of Franklin in America. He sat down suddenly on a bench and mopped his forehead on this cool, damp day.

5 "Have you procured a German visa?"

"A traveling visa. I cannot stay overnight. I can only change stations in Berlin for Moscow."

"Would you carry for us fifty thousand dollars? We think, we do not guarantee, you will be without trouble.
10 You will be taking the money to enable us to bribe out many already in prison, many who soon will be. We are a small group, valuable workers against Hitler. We are of no common belief or religion. The people who will meet you for the money, if your consent is given,
15 were once small publishers. We are of Catholic, Communist, many beliefs. Julia has said that I must remind you for her that you are afraid of being afraid, and so will do what sometimes you cannot do, and that could be dangerous to you and to us."

20 I took to fiddling with things in my pocketbook, lit a cigarette, fiddled some more. He sat back as if he were very tired, and stretched.

After a while I said, "Let's go and have a drink."

He said, "I repeat. We think all will go well, but much
25 could go wrong. Julia says I must tell you that, but that if we should not hear from you by the time of Warsaw, Julia will use her family with the American ambassador

there through Uncle John.”

“I know her family. There was a time she didn’t believe in them much.”

“She said you would note that. And so to tell you that her Uncle John is now governor. He does not like her but did not refuse her money for his career. And that her mother’s last divorce has made her mother dependent on Julia as well.”

I laughed at this picture of Julia controlling members of her very rich family. I don’t think we had seen each other more than ten or twelve times since we were eighteen years old and so the years had evidently brought changes I didn’t know about. Julia had left college, gone to Oxford, moved on to medical school in Vienna, had become a patient-pupil of Freud’s. We had once, in the last ten years, spent a Christmas holiday together, and one summer, off Massachusetts, we had sailed for a month on her small boat, but in the many letters we had written in those years neither of us knew much more than the bare terms of each other’s life, nothing of the daily stuff that is the real truth, the importance.

I knew, for example, that she had become, maybe always was, a Socialist, and lived by it, in a one-room apartment in a slum district of Vienna, sharing her great fortune with whoever needed it. She allowed herself very little, wanted very little. Oddly, gifts to me did not come into the denial: they were many and ex-

travagant. Through the years, whenever she saw anything I might like, it was sent to me: old Wedgwood pieces, a Toulouse-Lautrec drawing, a fur-lined coat we saw together in Paris, a set of Balzac that she put in a rare
5 Empire desk, and a wonderful set of Georgian jewelry, I think the last thing she could have had time to buy.

I said to the gray man, "Could I think it over for a few hours? That's what Julia meant."

He said, "Do not think hard. It is best not to be too
10 prepared for matters of this kind. I will be at the station tomorrow morning. If you agree to carry the money, you will say hello to me. If you have decided it is not right for you, pass by me. Do not worry whichever is decided by you." He held out his hand, bowed, and
15 moved away from me across the gardens.

I spent the day in and around Sainte-Chapelle, tried to eat lunch and dinner, couldn't, and went back to the hotel to pack only after I was sure Dottie and Alan would have gone to dinner with the Murphys. I left a
20 note for them saying I was leaving early in the morning and would find them again after Moscow. I knew I had spent the whole day in a mess of indecision. Now I lay down, determined that I would not sleep until I had taken stock of myself. But decisions, particularly im-
25 portant ones, have always made me sleepy, perhaps because I know that I will have to make them by instinct, and thinking things out is only what other people

tell me I should do. In any case, I slept through the night and rose only in time to hurry for the early morning train.

I was not pleased to find Dottie and Alan in the lobby, waiting to take me to the station. My protests ⁵ were so firm and so awkward that Alan, who had a remarkable nose for deception, asked if I had a reason for not wanting them to come with me. When he went to get a taxi, I said to Dottie, "Sorry if I sounded rude. Alan makes me nervous." 10

She smiled, "Dear Lilly, you'd be a psychotic if he didn't."

At the railroad station I urged them to leave me when my baggage was carried on, but something had excited Alan: perhaps my nervousness; certainly not ¹⁵ his claim that they had never before known anybody who was en route to Moscow. He was full of bad jokes about what I must not say to Russian actors, how to smuggle out caviar, and all the junk people like Alan say when they want to say something else. 20

I saw the gray man come down the platform. As he came near us Alan said, "Isn't that the man I saw you with in the Tuileries yesterday?" And as I turned to say something to Alan, God knows what it would have been, the gray man went past me and was moving ²⁵ back into the station.

I ran toward him. "Mr. Johann. Please, Mr. Jo-

hann.” As he turned, I lost my head and screamed, “Please don’t go away. *Please.*”

He stood still for what seemed like a long time, frowning. Then he moved slowly back toward me, as if he
5 were coming with caution, hesitation.

Then I remembered: I said, “I only wanted to say hello. Hello to you, Mr. Johann, hello.”

“Hello, Madame Hellman.”

Alan had come to stand near us. Some warning had
10 to be made. “This is Mr. Campbell and Miss Parker there. Mr. Campbell says he saw us yesterday and now he will ask me who you are and say that he didn’t know we knew each other so well that you would come all this way to say goodbye to me.”

15 Mr. Johann said, without hesitation, “I wish I could say that was true. But I have come to search for my nephew who is en route to Poland. He is not in his coach, he is late, as is his habit. His name is W. Franz, car 4, second class, and if I do not find him I would
20 be most grateful if you say to him I came.” He lifted his hat. “I am most glad, Madame Hellman, that we had this chance to say hello.”

“Oh, yes,” I said, “indeed. Hello. Hello.”

When he was gone, Alan said, “What funny talk.
25 You’re talking like a foreigner.”

“Sorry,” I said, “sorry not to speak as well as you do in Virginia.”

Dottie laughed, I kissed her and jumped for the train. I was nervous and went in the wrong direction. By the time a conductor told me where my compartment was, the train had left the station. On the connecting platform, before I reached my coach, a young man was ⁵ standing holding a valise and packages. He said, "I am W. Franz, nephew, car 4, second class. This is a birthday present from Miss Julia." He handed me a box of candy and a hatbox marked "Madame Pauline." Then he bowed and moved off. 10

I carried the boxes to my compartment, where two young women were sitting on the left bench. One girl was small and thin and carried a cane. The other was a big-boned woman of about twenty-eight, in a heavy coat, wrapped tight against this mild day. I smiled ¹⁵ at them, they nodded, and I sat down. I put my packages next to me and only then noticed that there was a note pasted on the hatbox. I was frightened of it, thought about taking it to the ladies' room, decided that would look suspicious, and opened it. I had a good ²⁰ memory in those days for poems, for what people said, for the looks of things, but it has long since been blurred by time. But I still remember every word of that note: "At the border, leave the candy box on the seat. Open this box and wear the hat. There is no thanks for what ²⁵ you will do for them. No thanks from me either. But there is the love I have for you. Julia."

I sat for a long time holding the note. I was in a state that I have known since I was old enough to know myself, and that to this day frightens me and makes me unable even to move my hands. I do not mean to
5 be foolishly modest about my intelligence: it is often high, but I have known since childhood that faced with a certain kind of simple problem, I sometimes make it so complex that there is no way out. I simply do not see what another mind grasps immediately. I was there
10 now. Julia had not told me where to open the hatbox. To take it into the corridor or toilet might make the two ladies opposite me suspicious. And so I sat doing nothing for a long time until I realized that I didn't know when we crossed the border—a few minutes or a
15 few hours. A decision had to be made but I could not make it.

Childhood is less clear to me than to many people: when it ended I turned my face away from it for no
20 reason that I know about, certainly without the usual reason of unhappy memories. For many years that worried me, but then I discovered that the tales of former children are seldom to be trusted. Some people supply too many past victories or pleasures with
25 which to comfort themselves, and other people cling to pains, real and imagined, to excuse what they have become,

I think I have always known about my memory: I know when it is to be trusted and when some dream or fantasy entered on the life, and the dream, the need of dream, led to distortion of what happened. And so I knew early that the rampage angers of an only child 5 were distorted nightmares of reality. But I trust absolutely what I remember about Julia.

Now, so many years later, I could climb the steps without a light, move in the night through the crowded rooms of her grandparents' great Fifth Avenue house 10 with the endless chic-shabby rooms, their walls covered with pictures, their tables crowded with objects whose value I didn't know. True, I cannot remember anything said or done in that house except for the first night I was allowed to sleep there. Julia and I were both twelve 15 years old that New Year's Eve night, sitting at a late dinner, with courses of fish and meats, and sherbets in between to change the tastes, "clear the palate" is what her grandmother said, with watered wine for us, and red and white wine and champagne for the two old 20 people. (Were they old? I don't know: they were her grandparents.) I cannot remember any talk at the table, but after dinner we were allowed to go with them to the music room. A servant had already set the phonograph for "So Sheep May Safely Graze," and all four 25 of us listened until Julia rose, kissed the hand of her grandmother, the brow of her grandfather, and left the

room, motioning for me to follow. It was an odd ritual, the whole thing, I thought, the life of the very rich, and beyond my understanding.

Each New Year's Eve of my life has brought back
5 the memory of that night. Julia and I lay in twin beds
and she recited odds and ends of poetry—every once
in a while she would stop and ask me to recite, but I
didn't know anything—Dante in Italian, Heine in
German, and even though I could not understand
10 either language, the sounds were so lovely that I felt
a sweet sadness as if much was ahead in the world,
much that was going to be fine and fulfilling if I could
ever find my way. I did recite Mother Goose and she
did Donne's "Julia," and laughed with pleasure "at
15 his tribute to me." I was ashamed to ask if it was a joke.

Very late she turned her head away for sleep, but I
said, "More, Julia, please. Do you know more?" And
she turned on the light again and recited from Ovid
and Catullus, names to me without countries.
20 I don't know when I stopped listening to look at
the lovely face propped against the pillow—the lamp
throwing fine lights on the thick dark hair. I cannot
say now that I knew or had ever used the words gentle
or delicate or strong, but I did think that night that it
25 was the most beautiful face I had ever seen. In later
years I never thought about how she looked, although
when we were grown other people often said she was

a “strange beauty,” she “looked like nobody else,” and one show-off said a “Burne-Jones face” when, of course, her face had nothing to do with Burne-Jones or fake spirituality.

There were many years, almost twenty, between 5 that New Year’s Eve and the train moving into Germany. In those years, and the years after Julia’s death, I have had plenty of time to think about the love I had for her, too strong and too complicated to be defined as only the sexual yearnings of one girl for an- 10 other. And yet certainly that was there. I don’t know, I never cared, and it is now an aimless guessing game. It doesn’t prove much that we never kissed each other; even when I leaned down in a London funeral parlor to kiss the battered face that had been so hideously put 15 back together, it was not the awful scars that worried me: because I had never kissed her I thought perhaps she would not want it and so I touched the face instead.

A few years after that childhood New Year’s Eve, 20 I was moved to a public school. (My father was having a bad time and couldn’t afford to pay for me anymore.) But Julia and I saw each other almost every day and every Saturday night I still slept in her grandparents’ house. But, in time, our lives did change: Julia began 25 to travel all summer and in winter holidays, and when

she returned all my questions about the beauties of Europe would be shrugged off with badly photographed snapshots of things that interested her: two blind children in Cairo—she explained that the filth carried by
5 flies caused the blindness; people drinking from sewers in Teheran; no St. Mark's but the miserable hovel of a gondolier in Venice; no news of the glories of Vatican art but stories about the poverty of Trastevere.

Once she returned with a framed photograph of a
10 beautiful woman who was her mother and an Englishman who was her mother's husband. I asked her what she felt about seeing her mother—in all the years I had never heard her mention her mother—and she stared at me and said that her mother owned a “very
15 fancy castle” and the new husband poured drinks for all the titles who liked the free stuff, but there was also mention of Evelyn Waugh and H.G. Wells and Nancy Cunard, and when I wanted news of them she said she didn't know anything about them, they'd said hello
20 to her and that she only wanted to get out of the way and go to her room.

“But I didn't have a *room*,” she said. “Everybody has a suite, and there are fourteen servants somewhere below the earth, and only some of them have a win-
25 dow in the cell my mother calls their room, and there's only one stinking bath for all of them. My mother learns fast, wherever she is. She does not offend the host country.”

NOTES

語義は *Webster's Third International Dictionary*; *Webster's New World Dictionary, Second College Edition*; *Random House Dictionary*; *American Heritage Dictionary*. による。

JULIA

P. L.

- 1 2 **I believe** 「と思う」 “believe” = to suppose or think.
- 3 **Cologne** [kəloun] ケルン. 西ドイツのライン河畔の町.
- 9 **The Children's Hour** 『子供の時間』 ヘルマンのデビュー作. 1934年初演. ニューイングランドの田舎町の女学校を舞台に, 女生徒の中傷が原因で学校も人生も破滅させられる二人の女教師を描いた劇. ヘルマン自身の脚色で1936年映画化された. 1962年オードリー・ヘプバーン, シャーリー・マクレイン主演で再映画化され, 『噂の二人』として日本でも公開されている.
- 10 **Days to Come** 『来たるべき日々』 ヘルマンの第二作, 1936年初演. ストでもめるブラン製造工場長とその妻を中心に, 工員達やスト破りの一団との葛藤を描いた劇.
- 14 **Dorothy Parker** (1893—1967) アメリカの女流短篇作家. *New Yorker* 誌の書評欄を長期にわたり担当. その機智と毒舌は有名で, 文壇の女王的存在だった. スペインの内乱を取材し, サッコ・ヴァンゼッティ事件に抗議するデモで逮捕されるなど政治活動も盛んだった. 映画俳優の Alan Campbell とは1933年結婚, 映画のシナリオを合作した.
- 16 **Normandie** 「ノルマンディー号」大西洋横断の客船の名.
- 2 1 **Gerald and Sara Murphy** 「ジェラルド・マーフィーとその妻セアラ」 Gerald Murphy (1888—1964) ボストン生まれの実業家・画家. シャーマン将軍の孫娘セアラと1915年結婚. へ

- ミングウェイ, D. パーカーらと第一次大戦後のパリで交遊があった。
- 3 **Ring Lardner** (1885—1933) アメリカのジャーナリスト・短篇作家。新聞記者, 野球選手, ボクサー, 上流社会の人達などを苦味のあるユーモアをまじえ, ルポルターージュ風に風刺した。**James Lardner** は Ring の四人の息子の次男。
- 3 **International Brigade** 「国際義勇軍」スペイン内乱で, 反フランコ將軍・反ファシズムの闘いに世界中から志願兵が集まって作られた部隊。ヘルマン, D. パーカーらも取材のためスペインを訪れた。
- 7 **they were not for me** ~ 「彼らの存在が一つ前の世代に対してもっていたような意味は, わたしにとってはもうなかった」
- 9 **Calvin Tomkins** “Living Well Is the Best Revenge” の題で, *New Yorker* 誌 (7-28-1962) にマーフィーの伝記を書いている。
- 12 **a sweet dignity** 「優美な威厳」このとき彼らには, にじみ出るような品位があり毅然としていた, の意。
- 14 **bonny** = healthy, sweet, and lively.
- 19 **mighty** = (informal.) very. Cf. I'm mighty pleased.
- 23 **Dottie** Dorothy の愛称。
- 27 **put-on** = (slang.) an affected manner or behavior.
- 3 2 **at the very minute she** ~ 「彼女が~したちょうどそのとき」
- 7 **a limited ticket to her life** 友人・知己は多かったが, 彼女はどの人にも自分の全てを明かそうとはしなかった, の意。
- 11 **not to have been too much on display** 「これまであまり人目にさらされていない」
- 16 **the Depression** 「大恐慌」1929年ニューヨークのウォール街での株価の大暴落を契機として, アメリカは史上最大の恐慌の時代に入った。F.D. **Roosevelt** [róuzəvèlt] (1882—1945) は,

- 1933年第32代大統領就任以来, New Deal 政策を推進し, アメリカ経済・社会の建て直しを計った.
- 20 **strong feelings** 「強固な意見」 “feeling” =opinion as distinguished from reason. 感情に根ざした考え.
- 20 **something we all thought of as**~ 「我々みんなが~として考えていた何物か」 真実と我々の思い込みとを区別するヘルマンらしい表現.
- 25 **I never liked them**~ 「わざわざ刃向かうほど彼ら (i.e. the famous and the rich) を好いてもいなかった」 ドティが刃向かったのは, 実は彼らに惹きつけられていたからだ, と鋭く指摘している.
- 5 1 **about what was I up to**~? 直接疑問文と間接疑問文が混乱しているが, 口語表現ではよくある形.
- 13 **You must not**~ ドイツ語はわからないふりをしろ, の意.
- 22 **Love, Julia** “Love” は手紙の末尾に女と女, 女と男の間で年齢に関係なく使われる. “Sincerely Yours,” “Yours,” などより親しみがこもっている.
- 24 **Tuileries** [twi:ləri, twi:lri (Fr.)] 「テュイルリ公園」カテリーナ・ド・メディチにより1564年に造営が始まったパリの王宮. 1871年パリ・コンミュン支持者の手で焼き払われたが, 庭園は公園として残っている.
- 6 12 **workers against Hitler** 「反ヒトラーの工作人員」 “worker” =a person engaged in a particular field, activity, or cause: e.g. a worker for the Republican Party.
- 17 **afraid of being afraid** 内心は怖いくせに強がりと言うヘルマンの性格をジュリアは見抜いている.
- 20 **pocketbook** 「ハンドバッグ」
- 26 **by the time of Warsaw** [wɔ:rsɔ:] 「ワルシャワ到着予定時まで」
- 7 4 **And so to tell you**~ 前文の She said に続く. 次の And that は to tell you~ に続く.

- 14 **a patient-pupil of Freud** Freud [froid] フロイド (1856—1939) 精神分析学者。性衝動・無意識の学説で知られる。しばしば弟子を患者に見立てて治療・研究を行なった。
- 27 **come into the denial** Julia は欲望をおさえ、つましい暮らしをしていたが、わたしに贈り物をする事だけは、やめずに続けた、の意。
- 8 2 **Wedgwood pieces** 「ウェッジウッドの陶器」18世紀後半にはじまるイギリスの古い陶器。青や黒の地に古代ギリシアの風物を白く浮彫りにした模様が特徴。
- 3 **Toulouse-Lautrec** [tulúz loutrék] ロートレック (1864—1901) フランスの画家。「ムーラン・ルージュの女道化師」をはじめ、モンマルトルのキャバレー、曲馬、娼家などを描いた油彩とデッサンで知られる。
- 4 **a rare Empire desk** “rare”=unusually good; remarkably fine. “Empire=of or characteristic of the first French Empire (1804—15) under Napoleon; designating a style of furniture of this period, characterized by massiveness and the use of heavy textiles and bronze ornamentation.
- 16 **Sainte Chapelle** [Fr. sɛ̃tʃapɛl] バリの寺院。ノートルダム寺院の近くにあり、ルイ九世時代に建てられたゴシック風の建築。十字軍が東方から持ち帰った品々を所蔵する。
- 23 **I had taken stock of myself** 「自分のことをあれこれ評定しおわる」“take stock”=to make an estimate or appraisal, as of available resources, probabilities, etc.
- 9 9 **Sorry if I sounded rude.** 「失礼なことを言ったのならごめんなさい」
- 11 **psychotic** [saikótik] 「精神異常の」cf. neurotic.
- 19 **all the junk~something else** 「アランのような手合いが、何か言いたいことがあるのにそれを口に出して言わず、代りに言う意味のないおしゃべり」“junk”=anything meaningless, fatuous or unbelievable; nonsense.

- 24 **God knows what it would have been** (アランの方を向いて) 何を言おうとしていたのかは全く見当もつかない」
- 10 26 **to speak as well as you do in Virginia** アランはリッチモンド出身で, Virginia Military Institute の卒業生, “do” i.e. speak.
- 11 18 **a note pasted on the hatbox** 「帽子を入れた箱に糊ではりつけてあるメモ」 “note”=a short, informal letter.
- 12 1 **a state that I have known**~ 自分はどのような人間なのか, 今どういう状態なのかと, 常に自らに問いかけるヘルマンらしい文章. 1.3 の that は, すぐ上で述べている状態を指す.
- 8 **I simply do not see**~ 「他の人にはすぐわかるようなことがわたしにはわからない」 “simply”=absolutely, completely.
- 9 **I was there now.** 「わたしは今そういう状態にあった」
- 13 1 **I know when~what happened.** 夢や幻想が実人生にまざりこみ, 事実を歪めるばかりではない. “the need of dream” とは, 人間の心の中には事実をありのままに見たくない気持ちが潜在していることを指摘したもの.
- 5 **rampage angers~ of reality** 悪夢のような現実をありのままに見つめたくないの, 怒り狂ってみせる, の意. “rampage” [ræmpeɪdʒ] =an outbreak of violent, raging behavior. ヘルマンはひとりっ子であり, 癡癡もちとしても有名.
- 20 **red and white wine** 肉にはふつう赤ぶどう酒, 魚には白ぶどう酒を添えて飲む.
- 25 **“So Sheep May Safely Graze”** J. S. バッハ作曲 (1716年) のカンタータ 208 番の第9曲, “Sheep may safely graze and pasture” と始まるソプラノのアリアのことか?
- 14 6 **she recited odds and ends of poetry** 「彼女はあれこれの詩から好きな部分を暗誦した」
- 14 **Donne** John Donne [dʌn] ジョン・ダン (1572—1631) イギリスの形而上派詩人. 恋愛詩, 宗教詩の他, 説教も多い.
- 14 **“at his tribute to me”** Julia の言葉. ダンが “Julia” と

いう詩でわたしを賞讃してくれた、の意。もちろん冗談。

- 18 **Ovid** [óuvid] オウィディウス (43B.C.—A.D.17?) 挽歌調の恋愛詩を書いたローマの詩人。
- 19 **Catullus** [kətʌlʌs] カトゥルス (84?—54?B.C.) ローマの詩人。純粋な愛のよろこびと苦しみを歌った抒情詩が多い。
- 15 2 **Burne-Jones face** Sir Edward Burne-Jones [bɔːrn·dʒɔːnz] (1833—98). D. G. Rossetti, William Morris の影響を強く受けたイギリスのラファエル前派の画家。聖書、神話、伝説などを題材とし詩的憂愁の漂う装飾的・象徴的な絵で知られる。
- 9 **too strong~for another** too~to~構文。「少女同士の性の懂れにすぎないというにはあまりにも強く複雑な」love を修飾。
- 11 **that was there** “that” は the sexual yearnings を指す。
- 12 **aimless guessing game** 「ただあてもなくあれこれ推量してみるだけのこと」
- 15 **the battered face that had been so hideously put back together** 「修復してあるがふた目とみられないほど打ちのめされてつぶれた顔」“hideously” は修復のさまを示す。
- 16 6 **St. Mark's** 「聖マルコ寺院」聖堂前の広場は鳩で有名。
- 8 **Trastevere** [Ital. trastevé:re] ローマの下町、ヴァチカンから数キロのところにある庶民的な区域。
- 16 **all the titles who liked the free stuff** 「無料のものにむらがる貴族たち」
- 17 **Evelyn Waugh** [í:vlin wɔ:] (1903—1966) イギリスの小説家。上流階級の軽妙な戯画を得意とした。
- 17 **H.G. Wells** (1866—1946) イギリスの小説家・社会批評家・啓蒙的な百科学者、SF 作家としても高く評価されている。
- 17 **Nancy Cunard** [kju:nárd](1896—1965) イギリスの詩人。貴族のひとり娘として生まれ、ルイ・アラゴンを通して共産主義に接近。奔放・孤独・破滅的な生涯を送った。
- 23 **somewhere below the earth** どこからともなく召使たちが