

Seven Short Stories

Katherine Mansfield

edited, with notes, by

Kōichi Kimura

SANSHUSHA

はしがき

Katherine Mansfield の活躍した英国の20世紀初頭は、19世紀末の作家たちに対する反動として、さまざまな文学上の実験が行なわれた時代であった。その時代の中で、James Joyce や Aldous Huxley を始めとする理智的・感傷排除的な姿勢をとった作家たちは、現代的な「事件」をとりあげ、何らかの「問題」を提起することで、時代精神の使徒たり得ると信じていたのであった。それでは、そのような時代に生き、審美派の作家であった Mansfield は、現代性を主張するためにはどのような「問題」をとりあげ、また一体何を追究すればよかったのであろうか？

Mansfield をして、人間の哀歎をその根底まで見通させることになった要因は、彼女を終生にわたって悩ませた不治の病気と、更には New Zealand に生を受けたと言う事実であったろう。そして病ゆえにいっそう鋭くとぎすまされた感受性からは、やがて絶望や死の theme が生まれ、それを基調音とする variation が彼女のあらゆる短篇に投影されていったように思われる。また一方、New Zealand に生まれ、少女時代 London に遊学し、そのまま二度と故郷に帰ることがなかった彼女の放浪の経歴からは、「過ぎ去った世界」への激しい渴望が生まれたのであろう。とくにこのような少女的な故郷への nostalgia や情感は、入隊のため来英した彼女の最愛の弟 Leslie が France 戦線で亡くなってから後の作品の中に色濃くあらわれている。亡き弟の霊はひたすら彼女を駆り立て、それまでは時としてあわい感傷にすぎなかった故郷への慕情を、この世で努力をかたむけて書くに価する貴重な対象にま

で高めたのであった。皮肉なことにその対象とは、以前彼女自らが棄て去ってきた家庭や、あれほど侮蔑感をもって後にしてきた植民地の町の中に横たわっていたのである。そしてそれらの素材から、彼女は一連の New Zealand Stories を生み出したのである。

「わたしがこの世の中に美しさを見い出すとしたら、それはその美しさが、かつてわたしの経験した美しい事柄を思い出させてくれるからだ」と、Mansfield はかつて書いたことがあった。たしかに New Zealand Stories には子供たちの朗らかな声、太陽の光、海の風、すがすがしい空気が満ちあふれている。だが、それらの織りなす精緻な織物を、Mansfield は、「死」という黒色で縁どられ、澄んだ秋空のように物悲しい story にまとめあげていったのであった。数々の短篇にみられる、生命力に満ちあふれているような情景や会話は、不意にあらわれる、生の不安や幻滅といった image によってあざやかに浮き彫りにされる。Mansfield の世界では、明るいもののそばにはいつも暗い死の陰影と孤独感が寄りそって存在しているのである。

Mansfield は、自らの内にその胚芽を待っていた「死」を通じて、この現代世界におおいかぶさっている精神的な「死」を予感し、自らの故郷への nostalgia を浄化させて、崩壊せんとする機械文明にまだ汚されていない、少女時代の New Zealand を克明に描き続けたのであった。「見い出された時の美」への愛着、現実の放浪生活からの不安、「遠い国の思い出」に登場する死者たちとの親さの故に、決して「問題」小説は書くまいと決心したのである。彼女はむしろ非現代的な特異な位置から、逆に現代人の克服しなくてはならぬ最も根元的な「問題」を描いたのだと言ってもよいであろう。こう

して、わたしたちは G. S. Fraser の言うように、Mansfield の一見素朴な淡彩画の世界の中に、哀愁と歓喜が波動し合うひとつの深刻な心の drama をいつしか感受している自分に気づくのである。彼女の夫、John Middleton Murry は Mansfield を評して次のようなことを言っている。「幅においては、Mansfield はきわめて小さな芸術家であった。しかし、彼女は純粋な芸術家であったがために、とりもおさず大きな芸術家だったのだ。なぜなら芸術的な仕事の領域では、小さなものは大きなものと同等であり、また大きなものは決してそれ以上に大きなものにならないからである」と。

ここに収めた各短篇は、それぞれ評価は異なるにせよ、今述べてきたような世界を見事に写し出したものであり、読み返す度に深い感銘を与えてくれるものである。この本に取り組まれる読者は、冒頭の簡略な自伝と、末尾に付いている **For Discussion** を活用されることで、さらに一層 Mansfield の文学世界を理解されるよう期待する次第である。

なお、NOTES 作製に当って、早稲田大学教授・橋本宏先生に、こまかい御教示をいただいた事に対して深く感謝の意を表する次第です。

1980年 盛夏

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*Katherine Mansfield—
Her life and work*

She was a New Zealander by birth, born in Wellington in 1888. Her father was a banker and comfortably off. Her experience of the staid and provincial small-town society of Victorian New Zealand was almost entirely a childish one. Her father sent her to complete her schooling in England and there she stayed for the rest of her short life. The final stages of her education were, in fact, at Queen's College School in London.

She travelled on the Continent and began to write. Indeed, her first volume of short stories, *In a German Pension*, published in 1911, is very directly based on personal experience.

She married quite young in 1909 but the marriage was not a success. She began to have some sketches and short stories published — in the early days in a periodical called *The New Age* — and started to move in literary circles. She then met Middleton Murry, a year younger than her and a journalist. His interests were strongly in literature and he edited a small literary review called *Rhythm*.

20

They started to work together and he was certainly already persuaded of her talent and her potential. She and Middleton Murry were married in 1913 after she had secured a divorce from her first husband — a
5 considerable ordeal in those days.

Her health was not good and in 1917 it was clear that she was suffering from tuberculosis. The remainder of her short life was dominated by the disease—a restless wandering through Europe in the hope of cure or
10 respite. She died in 1923 at the age of 34.

The facts are plain and straightforward enough. But they say nothing of the inner history of this remarkable woman. I should perhaps first add three other dates. In 1920 she published a second collection of short
15 stories — *Bliss and Other Stories*. In 1922 *The Garden Party* appeared and in 1923, a few months after her death, *The Dove's Nest*. All that remained—sketches, unfinished stories, letters, her Journal—were published by Middleton Murry. It is from these latter that we
20 learn something of the spiritual journey that she undertook.

This volume contains examples of her work as a short story writer from virtually all periods of her life. There are, however, none of the early stories set in
25 New Zealand. Katherine Mansfield did not like them herself; they are early works, before she had any certain sense of the nature of her gift. The earliest here go

back to 1910; 'How Pearl Button was Kidnapped' has this date. The latest story in the collection is 'The Fly'. This was written in late February 1922, just before she underwent a gruelling three-month treatment in Paris. The work thus spans some twelve years of her young 5 maturity.

One necessary quality of her work we can see at the end of 'Miss Brill'. A young couple sit down on the park bench which also contains Miss Brill. Up to this point Miss Brill has been seeing the lovers through a 10 romantic haze:

'No, not now,' said the girl. 'Not here, I can't.'

'But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?' asked the boy. 'Why does she come here at all—who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old 15 mug at home?'

'It's her fu-fur which is so funny,' giggled the girl. 'It's exactly like a fried whiting.'

Katherine Mansfield has a sharp ear for talk. And she has a sharp eye as well. In other words, she has that 20 first essential of the novelist's trade which the novelist shares with the good journalist—developed powers of observation. Ally such powers to an overwhelming interest in individual people and what lies behind the surface of events and we have, at any rate, a competent 25 novelist. We have at least the basic material from

which art can be forged.

Katherine Mansfield's early experiences were quite extensive. She had her New Zealand background; she had her English secondary education; she knew France
5 and Germany well from her travels; she knew London. The trouble was that the London she knew became too narrow for her. She was, of course, helped enormously through her marriage with Middleton Murry. He made her a figure in the metropolitan literary world.
10 She knew everyone that mattered and it was a talented circle indeed. She was, for example, in regular correspondence with D.H.Lawrence. There is no doubt that this contact with fellow professionals was of importance to her. Any conscientious writer needs the
15 sympathetic criticism of his peers.

But such a world if lived in exclusively can be narrow. A writer can begin to suffer from the kind of disease that makes a TV comedian tell jokes about other TV comedians. There are, I think, some slight
20 signs in *The Garden Party* that Katherine Mansfield was beginning to suffer a little from the constriction of her social circle. She speaks herself of 'poverty of life'.

Certainly it is interesting to see what was worrying her as a writer in the last year of her life. She left a
25 number of brief outlines of stories she had in mind. Six out of nine were to be set in New Zealand and only three in London. And one of the London stories was to

be a long one: 'The men are important, especially the lesser man. It wants a great deal of working... newspaper office.'

One of the last stories she wrote for *The Garden Party* was called 'Mr and Mrs Dove'. A not very bright middle-class young man, Reggie, about to venture into fruit farming in Rhodesia, seeks a wife. Anne is an only child and of a rich family. He is a day off sailing and nervously 'in love' with Anne. At the dovecot the male and female dove play out their game of courtship. 5
'... and that's their whole life,' says Anne. 'They never do anything else, you know.' And later, as she rejects him: 'I've never known anyone I like as much as I like you. I've never felt so happy with anyone. But I'm sure it's not what people and what books mean when they 10 talk about love. Do you understand? Oh, if only you know how horrid I feel. But we'd be like... Mr and Mrs Dove.' Yet in the end she is so sorry for poor Reggie that she accepts his offer.

The points raised in this story are characteristic, 20 reaching well behind the superficialities of the garden party milieu. The situation is, in a way, ordinary enough. There are plenty of girls who have said no in much this sort of way and for much the same motives. The dialogue, again, is sharply observed. But so is the 25 *implicit* interplay of feeling between Reggie and Anne. The *total* effect of this and other stories is one of poetic

intensity. How was such a story written? Katherine Mansfield wrote in her journal in July 1921:

I finished 'Mr and Mrs Dove' yesterday. I am not altogether pleased with it. It's a bit made up. It's
5 not inevitable. I meant to imply that those two may not be happy together—that that is the kind of reason for which a young girl marries. But have I done so? I don't think so. Besides it's not *strong* enough. I want to be nearer—far nearer than that. I want to use all my
10 force even when I am taking a fine line.

Only a month later she was writing:

Finished 'An Ideal Family' yesterday. It seems to me better than the Doves but still it's not good enough. I worked at it hard enough, God knows, and yet I didn't
15 get the deepest truth out of the idea, even once. What is this feeling? I feel again that this kind of knowledge is too easy for me; it's even a kind of trickery. I know so much more. It looks and smells like a story, but I wouldn't buy it. I don't want to possess it—to live
20 with it.

What can we conclude from these doubts?

She is certainly deeply concerned about her technique. For example, she is unhappy over her use of the actual doves in the story of Reggie and Anne. She
25 appears to be torn between the need to drive towards

the truth with all the force she can command and the equal necessity to make in her writing the fine and delicate distinctions which alone can give verisimilitude to the moment she is capturing. She is worried by her own facility in pinning down a moment—her journalistic 5 skill, if you like. Is it, she wonders, preventing her from being other than superficial?

Her readers since have, of course, given their judgment on this issue. But this is not the main point. What we are seeing in these journal extracts is, firstly, 10 the professional conscience of an artist dedicated to discovering and delineating that which is true, and, secondly, the signs of artistic growth. Growth is both painful and necessary: it is not, of course, inevitable. Clearly, Katherine Mansfield is at this stage afraid that 15 her growth is not keeping pace with the inner compulsions of her writing. She feels her acquired skills are not quite equal to the demands.

Like many writers, she did not like the work of her past. Middleton Murry, for example, had some difficulty 20 in persuading her to keep in print her early volume *In a German Pension*. This is normal enough. Few of us like things we did when we were younger; at best, it is all right for when it was written. But to Katherine Mansfield the early stories marked a kind of failure—a 25 failure of *clarity*:

October 1921. I wonder why it should be so difficult to be humble. I do not think that I am a good writer; I realize my faults better than anyone else could realize them. I know exactly when I fail. And yet, when I have
5 finished a story and before I have begun another, I catch myself *preening* my feathers. It is disheartening. There seems to be some bad old pride in my heart; a root of it that puts out a thick shoot on the slightest provocation. . . . This interferes very much with work.
10 One can't be calm, clear, good as one must be, while it goes on. I look at the mountains, I try to pray—and I think of something *clever*. It's a kind of excitement within one which shouldn't be there. Calm yourself, clear yourself. And anything that I write in this mood
15 will be no good: it will be full of *sediment*. . . . I can't tell the truth about Aunt Anne unless I am free to enter into her life without self-consciousness.

The two extracts bear pondering as you read her stories. Do they provide a clue as to the nature of the
20 quality we all see in them? For in any piece of literature there is a collaboration between the writer and the reader. If Katherine Mansfield wants to possess her story, to live with it, then so, perhaps, can we. If she can enter into the life of Aunt Anne without self-
25 consciousness, then so can we. But it is extraordinary hard work for the writer involving all her powers—

critical as well as creative—both of feeling and of intellect. If we can then respond, if only partly in kind, then *our* hard work is likely to be rewarded.

Katherine Mansfield stopped writing in the last few months of her life. Undoubtedly her illness was much 5 to blame. But she did feel very strongly indeed that she had to stop in order to take a fresh look at life. She wrote to a friend in October 1922, a couple of months before she died:

I have only written long or short scraps since 'The Fly'. 10
If I had gone on with my old life I never would have written again, for I was dying of poverty of life.

The previous October she had noted in her journal:
The last few days, what one notices more than anything else is the blue. Blue sky, blue mountains—all is a 15
heavenly blueness! And clouds of all kinds—wings, soft white clouds, almost hard little golden islands, great mock-mountains. The gold deepens on the slopes. In fact, in sober fact, it is perfection. But the late evening is the time of times. Then, with that 20
unearthly beauty before one, it is hard to realize how far one has to go. To write something that will be worthy of that rising moon, that pale light. To be 'simple' enough as one would be simple before God.

The stories you have read were born out of that 25

responsiveness to life, that struggle for the inner clarity that does not obtrude self, that conscientious concern to tell the truth. They are the difficult conditions that genius imposes upon a writer. And, as so
5 many people have wondered about Keats and other great writers who died in their youth, we wonder what this remarkable young woman from New Zealand might have done further if she had lived longer.

Her First Ball

EXACTLY when the ball began Leila would have found it hard to say. Perhaps her first real partner was the cab. It did not matter that she shared the cab with the Sheridan girls and their brother. She sat back in her own little corner of it, and the bolster on which her hand rested felt like the sleeve of an unknown young man's dress suit; and away they bowled, past waltzing lamp-posts and houses and fences and trees. 5

'Have you really never been to a ball before, Leila? But, my child, how too weird—' cried the Sheridan 10 girls.

'Our nearest neighbour was fifteen miles,' said Leila softly, gently opening and shutting her fan.

OH, dear, how hard it was to be different like the others! She tried not to smile too much; she tried 15 not to care. But every single thing was so new and exciting. . . Meg's tuberose, Jose's long loop of amber,

Laura's little dark head, pushing above her white fur like a flower through snow. She would remember for ever. It even gave her a pang to see her cousin Laurie throw away the wisps of tissue paper he pulled from the
5 fastenings of his new gloves. She would like to have kept those wisps as a keepsake, as a remembrance. Laurie leaned forward and put his hand on Laura's knee.

'Look here, darling,' he said. 'The third and the ninth as usual. Twig?'

10 Oh, how marvellous to have a brother! In her excitement Leila felt that if there had been time, if it hadn't been impossible, she couldn't have helped crying because she was an only child, and no brother had ever said 'Twig?' to her; no sister would ever say, as Meg
15 said to Jose that moment, 'I've never known your hair go up more successfully than it has tonight!'

But, of course, there was no time. They were at the drill hall already; there were cabs in front of them and cabs behind. The road was bright on either side with
20 moving fan-like lights, and on the pavement gay couples seemed to float through the air; little satin shoes chased each other like birds.

'Hold on to me, Leila; you'll get lost,' said Laura.

'Come on, girls, let's make a dash for it,' said
25 Laurie.

Leila put two fingers on Laura's pink velvet cloak, and they were somehow lifted past the big golden

lantern, carried along the passage, and pushed into the little room marked 'Ladies'. Here the crowd was so great there was hardly space to take off their things; the noise was deafening. Two benches on either side were stacked high with wraps. Two old women in white 5 aprons ran up and down tossing fresh armfuls. And everybody was pressing forward trying to get at the little dressing-table and mirror at the far end.

A great quivering jet of gas lighted the ladies' room. It couldn't wait; it was dancing already. When the door 10 opened again and there came a burst of tuning from the drill hall, it leaped almost to the ceiling.

Dark girls, fair girls were patting their hair, tying ribbons again, tucking handkerchiefs down the fronts of their bodices, smoothing marble-white gloves. And 15 because they were all laughing it seemed to Leila that they were all lovely.

'Aren't there any invisible hair-pins?' cried a voice. 'How most extraordinary! I can't see a single invisible hair-pin.' 20

'Powder my back, there's a darling,' cried someone.

'But I must have a needle and cotton. I've torn simply miles and miles of the frill,' wailed a third.

Then, 'Pass them along, pass them along!' The straw basket of programmes was tossed from arm to arm. 25 Darling little pink-and-silver programmes, with pink pencils and fluffy tassels. Leila's fingers shook as she

took one out of the basket. She wanted to ask someone, 'Am I meant to have one too?' but she had just time to read: 'Waltz 3. *Two, Two in a Canoe*. Polka 4. *Making the Feathers Fly*,' when Meg cried, 'Ready, Leila?' and
5 they pressed their way through the crush in the passage towards the big double doors of the drill hall.

Dancing had not begun yet, but the band had stopped tuning, and the noise was so great it seemed that when it did begin to play it would never be
10 heard. Leila, pressing close to Meg, looking over Meg's shoulder, felt that even the little quivering coloured flags strung across the ceiling were talking. She quite forgot to be shy; she forgot how in the middle of dressing she had sat down on the bed with one shoe
15 off and one shoe on and begged her mother to ring up her cousins and say she couldn't go after all. And the rush of longing she had had to be sitting on the veranda of their forsaken up-country home, listening to the baby owls crying 'More pork' in the moonlight, was
20 changed to a rush of joy so sweet that it was hard to bear alone. She clutched her fan, and, gazing at the gleaming, golden floor, the azaleas, the lanterns, the stage at one end with its red carpet and gilt chairs and the band in a corner, she thought breathlessly, 'How
25 heavenly; how simply heavenly!'

All the girls stood grouped together at one side of the doors, the men at the other, and the chaperones

in dark dresses, smiling rather foolishly, walked with little careful steps over the polished floor towards the stage.

'This is my little country cousin, Leila. Be nice to her. Find her partners; she's under my wing,' said 5
Meg, going up to one girl after another.

Strange faces smiled at Leila—sweetly, vaguely. Strange voices answered, 'Of course, my dear.' But Leila felt the girls didn't really see her. They were looking towards the men. Why didn't the men begin? What 10
were they waiting for? There they stood, smoothing their gloves, patting their glossy hair and smiling among themselves. Then, quite suddenly, as if they had only just made up their minds that that was what they had 15
to do, the men came gliding over the parquet. There was a joyful flutter among the girls. A tall, fair man flew up to Meg, seized her programme, scribbled something: Meg passed him on to Leila. 'May I have the pleasure? He ducked and smiled. There came a dark man wearing 20
an eyeglass, then cousin Laurie with a friend, and Laura with a little freckled fellow whose tie was crooked. Then quite an old man—fat, with a big bald patch on his head—took her programme and murmured, 'Let me see, let me see!' And he was a long time 25
comparing his programme, which looked black with names, with hers. It seemed to give him so much trouble that Leila was ashamed. 'Oh, please don't

bother,' she said eagerly. But instead of replying the fat man wrote something, glanced at her again. 'Do I remember this bright little face?' he said softly. 'Is it known to me of yore?' At that moment the band
5 began playing; the fat man disappeared. He was tossing away on a great wave of music that came flying over the gleaming floor, breaking the groups up into couples, scattering them, sending them spinning....

Leila had learned to dance at boarding school. Every
10 Saturday afternoon the boarders were hurried off to a little corrugated iron mission hall where Miss Eccles (of London) held her 'select' classes. But the difference between that dusty-smelling hall—with calico texts on the walls, the poor terrified little woman in a brown
15 velvet toque with rabbit's ears thumping the cold piano, Miss Eccles poking the girls' feet with her long white wand—and this was so tremendous that Leila was sure if her partner didn't come and she had to listen to that marvellous music and to watch the others
20 sliding, gliding over the golden floor, she would die at least, or faint, or lift her arms and fly out of those dark windows that showed the stars.

'Ours, I think—' Someone bowed, smiled, and offered her his arm; she hadn't to die after all. Some-
25 one's hand pressed her waist, and she floated away like a flower that is tossed into a pool.

'Quite a good floor, isn't it?' drawled a faint

NOTES

Katherine Mansfield—Her life and work

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- 1 2 **(be) comfortably off** = be well off 「何不足なく暮らしている」 Cf. He is far better off than he was ten years ago. (彼は10年前にくらべればずっと裕福だ)
- 10 ***In a German Pension*** 『ドイツの宿にて』 Mansfield の処女短篇集で1911年12月に出版された。彼女が23歳の時である。この短篇集に含まれた作品は13篇で、その中の7篇は Bavaria 滞在から直接生まれたもので、German の保養地の下宿に滞在する本国人たちを辛辣な皮肉と、嘲笑的態度で描いている。このため初期の Mansfield は、「皮肉な realist」とか「諷刺家」とか呼ばれた。いずれも、‘Gnädige Frau’「奥さん」と呼ばれているひとりの英国人「私」によって語られる、1人称形式の作品である。Mansfield は、後の *At the Bay* や *The Garden Party* のような作品から、繊細でのどかな、それでいて澄み切った作品を書いた作家とのみ思われがちであるが、彼女にはこうした側面があったことも無視してはならない。
- 16 ***The New Age*** 『ニュー・エイジ』 1907年、A. R. Orage が、H. Jackson とともに再興した Fabian 系の週刊文芸雑誌。当代文学の痛烈な批評と、T. E. Hulme, Mansfield ら新人を発掘したことでも知られている。先にあげた諷刺的な小篇 *In a German Pension* は Orage に気に入られ、この雑誌に発表された。こうして、Mansfield の作家としての経歴は端緒についたのである。
- 17 **Middleton Murry** [mɪdltən mʌri] (1889—1957) 英国の批評家 John Middleton Murry は、London に生まれ、

Oxford 卒業後、1912年に Mansfield と同棲生活に入り、1918年に彼女と結婚した。Mansfield と協力して *Rhythm* の編集にあたり、*Times Literary Supplement* に新刊批評をのせるうちに、*Fyodor Dostoevsky: a Critical Study*(1916) が世に認められ、最後は自ら言う近代主義的・キリスト教的社会主義におちついた。終生、Mansfield とその作品とを温かく見守り、Mansfield 研究に関して、後世に残るすぐれた伝記 *The Life of K. Mansfield* (1939) を残した。

- 20 ***Rhythm*** 『リズム』 1911年、Middleton Murry を主筆として創刊された文芸誌で、Mansfield が参加助力した。始めのうちは季刊で、第5号から月刊となったが、1913年頃には廃刊となっていた。そして1, 2カ月後、*Blue Review* として生まれかわることになった。(これも第3号で廃刊となる) D. H. Lawrence と Murry との交渉が始まったのも1912年の終り頃、Lawrence が *Rhythm* に短篇を送ってきたことがきっかけであった。

- 2 8 **a restless wandering through Europe** 「ヨーロッパ中を休みなく放浪すること」 Mansfield は、生涯1か所に定住することなく、孤独な放浪のうちに自らの芸術をさがしもとめて、ヨーロッパ各地に移り住んだ。例えば、London に始まり Liverpool, Bavaria, Worishofen, Rottingdeam, Bruges, Geneva, Runcton, Paris, Udimore, Missenden, Looe, Randogne, Fontainebleau など約25か所に、その期間の長短はあれ、居住の軌跡を残している。彼女の放浪癖は、その土地の人々との親交をさまたげることにもなり、Mansfield を一層孤独へと追いこむ要因にもなったのである。

- 15 ***Bliss and Other Stories*** 『幸福、その他の物語』 1918年6月に発表した *Prelude* を筆頭に、1915年から20年春にかけての6年間、Mansfield が27歳から31歳の油ののり切った時期に書かれたもののうち、13篇を選び(その大半はそれぞれ *The English Review* にすでに発表済みだった)、1920年12月、*Bliss and Other Stories* の題名で、単行本と

して Constable 社から出版された。Mansfield は、最愛の弟 (Leslie Heron Beauchamp) を失ってから始めて、New Zealand の生活の描出こそが、自ら進むべき作家としての運命だと考えて、これら一連の New Zealand Stories を作りあげる。それまでは、時として感傷にすぎなかった故郷への慕情が、Mansfield にとって唯一の書くに価する世界となった。

- 15 **The Garden Party** 『園遊会』 短篇集 *The Garden Party and Other Stories* (1922) の title story となったこの作品が世に出るにおよんで、Mansfield の作家としての地位は確立した。楽しく、はなやかな園遊会を通して、感じやすい少女 (Laura) の心の内に投げられた一抹の陰影、それを認識したことこそ彼女の人生に対する最初の開眼であり、特に終りの部分の「人生というものは…」と言ったおぼろげな出発は、他の諸短篇へとつながり広まっていく。Mansfield は、あきらかに自らの少女時代の追憶をたどりながら、懐古的な感傷に墮すことなく、『園遊会』を「普遍性」をもった作品としているのである。
- 17 **The Dove's Nest** 『鳩の巣』 *The Dove's Nest and Other Stories* (1923) は1921年10月以降、死ぬまでに完成された作品、およびいくつかの断片を、夫の Murry が集めて1923年に出版したものである。この title になった *The Dove's Nest* という作品自体は未完であるが、Riviera を舞台に様々な国籍の人々を配することで、Henry James 的な状況と、多角的で複雑な心理劇を織り出そうとしているのがその特長ともいえる。今までとは少々趣きを異にしたものが書きたい、ともらしていた晩年の Mansfield の新しい文学指向を示している作品でもある。
- 3 4 **a gruelling three-month treatment** 「3か月におよぶ厳しい治療」 1921年の秋の活発な創作活動から1923年1月の死に至るまでの間、肉体の衰弱ということもあったが、主に精神状態の破たんのため、Mansfield はあまり作品を

書かなかった。George Ivanovich Gurdjieff 指導のもと、Fontainebleau での戒律的な集団生活に、自ら進んで精神治療を受けに参加した一件を見ても、終生、自ら理想としていたように「神がその光を自分を通じてかがやかせるよう、水晶のように透明な」状態に到達しようとする彼女の努力がうかがわれるのである。

- 11 **haze** = vagueness, obscurity
- 4 9 **a figure in the metropolitan literary world** 「大都会（ここではロンドン）の文学世界での名士」
- 11 **in regular correspondence with D. H. Lawrence** 「D. H. ロレンスとの定期的な手紙のやりとり」 Lawrence との交際は、1912年の暮れか翌年初めに、Lawrence が Mansfield と Murry の編集による *Rhythm* に短篇を送ったことに始まり、1920年2月の彼女への最後の手紙に至るまで続いた。ところが、彼女は終始、Lawrence の「性」についての思想を無意味だとする態度は変えなかった。その他にも Woolf, Galsworthy, de la Mare, Wells, Blunden らとも交際があった。
- 15 **peers** [ˈpiːz] 「(能力などが) 同等の人」 *e.g.* He has no peer among contemporary writers. (現代の作家で彼に匹敵する人はいない)
- 5 5 **'Mr and Mrs Dove'** 『鳩の夫婦』 1921年7月、Swiss の Montana で完成されたもので、'Dove' という象徴の使い方は、先にあげた *Bliss and Other Stories* の *Prelude* での 'Aloe' の用い方と同じで、いかにも無駄なく簡潔な形で、何気ない生活の中に人生の真理をつかもうとする Mansfield の手法の一端を示している。
- 6 **Reggie** [ˈrɛdʒi] Reginald の愛称形。
- 7 **Rhodesia** [ˈrɒdɪːziə] 南部 Africa の英領地。
- 8 **He is a day off sailing** 「1日たてば(明日には)彼は船上の人となる」
- 9 **Anne** [æn]

- 21 **reaching well behind the superficialities of the garden party milieu** 「園遊会といった、そのうわつつらだけの世界の背後にまで見事に達している」
- 26 **implicit interplay of feeling** 「口に出して語られない感情の交錯」
- 6 12 **'An Ideal Family'** 『理想的な家庭』 これも Swiss の Montana で1921年に書かれたもので、Wellington の自分の家庭に似た家族の父親が、老境に入ったころの孤独感を老人の幻想を通じて描いているが、単純化されすぎたきらいがあり、物足りない作品でもある。
- 7 4 **her own facility in pinning down a moment** 「一瞬を（ことばに）定着させる彼女の腕前」
- 12 **delineating** <delineate [dilīnieit] = portray in words
- 23 **at best, it is all right for when it was written** 「せいぜい、それが書かれた当時としてはまともなものだった」
- 25 **a failure of clarity** 「(精神の)浄化に欠けること」 Murry によれば、Mansfield の作品は、彼女自らのさまざまな生活体験からくる精神の葛藤を浄化した結果生まれたもので、したがって作品はその浄化の結果として生まれるものだから、浄化の純度の高まりは、必然的に作品の高さになると言っている。このことから言えば、Mansfield の手法の特色ともいべき、鋭い感覚でとらえられた日常生活の瑣末なものを積み重ねることによって場面を作り出す能力、人物を外からではなく、内から描こうとする態度といったものが、*In a German Pension* を始め、初期の作品では不完全な形で、半ば無意識にしか発揮されていないということになる。
- 8 5 **I catch myself preening my feathers** 「自ら羽を美しく整えていることに気づく」 Cf. *catch* a person doing (人が…しているところを捕える) *preen* = trim (feathers with beak; ((fig.)) show pride in oneself
- 7 **a root of it that puts out a thick shoot on the slightest provocation** 「全くささいなことで、ずぶとく顔を出すの