

Shirley Jackson / Flannery O'Connor

Selected Stories
of Modern American
Women Writers

edited, with notes, by

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アメリカ文学の流れのなかに、人はさまざまな文学的系譜を見出すことができるだろう。日常的世界のなかにひそむグロテスクを発見し、それを抽出した作品の系譜を考えてみるならば、編註者たちには、たとえば Anderson の“Hands”, Hemingway の“The Killers”, Faulkner の“A Rose for Emily”, Welty の“A Visit of Charity”, Jackson の“The Lottery”, O'Connor の“A Good Man is Hard to Find”などが思い浮ぶ。本書がShirley Jackson と Flannery O'Connor という二人の女流作家を並べて取り上げたのはこのような視点からである。二人はまた、ともに宗教的な作家であり、信仰をもつがゆえに大胆に人間の心の中、あるいは社会の中に踏み込んで、現代人共通の問題をえぐり出す。そして人間の孤独・実存に迫ろうとする点において、Anderson, Hemingway, Faulkner らが示した現代アメリカ文学の大きな流れのなかにあるといえる。もちろん、系譜は同じでも作家はそれぞれ違う。いま二人の違いを大胆にひとことと言うならば、Jackson は‘What is life’ (人生とは何か) を描く作家であり、O'Connor は‘How to live’ (人生いかに生きべきか) を描く作家だといえよう。

本書では二人の代表作として“The Lottery”と“A Good Man is Hard to Find”をまず選んだ。両作品とも非常にショッキングな事柄・事件を扱いながら、その事柄なり事件そのものが問題なのではなく（従って、それはさりげなく語られている点に注意すべきであるが）、そのような状況を借りて人間の普遍的問題をもっとも鮮明な形で描き出すのである。“The Lottery”では、口べらしのためのクジを引きあてた主婦がその場で村人全員によって殺されるという寓話は、「赤狩り」(red purge)として有名なマッカーシー旋風をもたらした時代を寓するものと読めないこともないが、それはあくまでも作品の時代的背景であってそれ以上の意味はない。この作品はそうした背景を抜きにして、時代と国を越えてわたしたちに強く語りかけてくる力をもっている。だからこそ、文学として傑作なのである。“A Good Man…”においても、脱走犯が行きずりの多量殺人——一家皆殺しをするという事件はショッキングに違いないが、しかし作品が描き出しているのは、神が信じられぬ人間と、

信じてはいるが真の信仰には至らぬキリスト教徒の欺瞞・人間としての脆弱である。これは同時にわれわれすべての現代人の問題なのである。

本書は上の二作品のほか、それぞれの作家からもう一篇ずつ短篇を選んで添えた。“Pillar of Salt”と“A Circle in the Fire”である。これらは独立したものとして読んですぐれた作品ではあるが、上の代表作と一対にして読めばそれぞれの作家の資質や傾向をよりよく理解するための格好な説明書になっているだろう。代表作に較べてやや平凡であるだけに、作家の素顔に近いものが見られる。“Pillar of Salt”では主婦Margaretの繊細な感受性において、また“A Circle in the Fire”においては少女Virginiaの鋭い観察と反抗において、それを知ることができよう。

さて、次に二人の作家の略歴を簡単に紹介しておく。

Shirley Jackson (1919-1965) は、生れは西海岸の San Francisco だが、まもなく東部に移り、大学も New York 州北部の Syracuse University を卒業。46才で、夫と4人の子供を残して、仮眠中に心臓発作を起して急逝するまでの生涯を、ほとんど東部地方で過ごした。*Harpers* 誌や *Mademoiselle* 誌などに作品を発表しはじめたのは、文芸評論家であり *New Yorker* 誌の staff writer でもあった Stanley Edgar Hyman と結婚 (1940) した2、3年後からである。しかし作家として一躍脚光を浴びたのは“The Lottery”である。これが1948年に初めて *New Yorker* 誌に掲載されたときは読書界に異常な衝撃を与え、各地の読者からすさまじいばかりの反響があったという。長篇の処女作は、中産階級の家庭の不安を扱った *The Road through the Wall* (1948) である。初めての短篇集は1949年、*The Lottery; or The Adventures of James Harris* としてまとめられている。(この James Harris なる人物は数篇の短篇に顔を出し、紺の背広に象徴される平凡な市民の仮面の下に悪魔的な本性を隠し持っている人物。)他に長篇として *Hangsman* (1951)、*The Bird's Nest* (1954)、*The Sundial* (1954) などがある。現在入手しやすいものとしては S.E. Hyman が編集した *The Magic of Shirley Jackson* (1965) があるが、この中に主要な作品はほぼ全部納められている。

Flannery O'Connor (1925-1964) も Jackson と同年代の作家であるが、こちらは南部の Georgia 州 Savannah の生れ。Georgia State College for Women を卒業後、Iowa State University の大学院に学んだ (1945-1947) とき及び作家修業のため2年ばかりニューヨーク市その他で暮したことはあ

るが、それ以外は Georgia 州を離れることはなかった。1946年に *Accent* 誌に初めての作品が掲載され、やがて *Partisan Review*, *Kennyon Review*, *Mademoiselle* などの一流誌に載るようになる。処女出版は1952年の *Wise Blood* である。ここでは「キリストのない教会」という奇怪な信仰に取り憑かれた復員兵の殉教を扱っている。1955年には初めての短篇集 *A Good Man is Hard to Find and Other Stories* が出版される。このなかの“A Circle in the Fire”は1955年度の O. Henry 賞を受けている。次いで1960年には、無垢を渴望するゆえに放火や殺人を犯していく少年を扱った長篇 *The Violent Bear It Away* を出版。死後に短篇集 *Everything That Rises Must Converge* (1965) の一巻がある。

O'Connor の略歴でいま一つ触れておかなければならないのは、彼女の病気の問題である。24才のとき、彼女の宿痼であった紅班性狼瘡 (lupus) がいよいよ悪化しはじめた。これは皮膚結核の一種であり、しばしば内臓も犯されるが、彼女の場合は脚と顔の下半分の骨がやわらかくなるという悪質のものであった。その数年前には彼女の父親が同じ病気で死んだ。人生の早くで命の短さを予感したであろう O'Connor は、「わたしにとって人生の意味はキリストによる救済という一点に集中している」と言うように、真の救済の必要を激しく叫びながら39才の短い生涯を閉じたのである。

なお、註をつけるにあたっては最善を尽したつもりであるが、なにぶんにも浅学非才のことゆえ、思わぬ誤解や不備の点も多いのではないかとおそれている。大方のご叱正をいただければ幸いである。

昭和55年 秋

編 註 者

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THE LOTTERY

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26th, but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner. 5 10

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play, and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin 15 had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix—the villagers pronounced this name “Dellacroy”—eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the 20

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raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at the boys, and the very small children rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

5 Soon the men began to gather, surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk.
10 They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back
15 to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted—as were the square dances, the teenage club, the Halloween program—by Mr. Summers, who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced,
20 jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him, because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called, “Little late today, folks.” The post master, Mr. Graves,
25 followed him, carrying a three-legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool, and when Mr. Summers said, “Some

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of you fellows want to give me a hand?" there was a hesitation before two men, Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done. The black box grew shabbier each year; by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and

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Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another: it had spent one year in Mr. Graves's barn and another year underfoot in the post office, and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up—of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the as-

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sembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood,"⁵ Mrs. Hutchinson went on, "and then I looked out the window and the kids was gone, and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."¹⁰

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through; two or three people said, in voices just loud enough¹⁵ to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your Missus, Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully, "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning, "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes²⁰ in the sink, now, would you, Joe?," and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now," Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody²⁵ ain't here?"

"Dunbar," several people said. "Dunbar, Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar," he said.

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“That’s right. He’s broke his leg, hasn’t he? Who’s drawing for him?”

“Me, I guess,” a woman said, and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. “Wife draws for her husband,” Mr. Summers said. 5 “Don’t you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?” Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

10 “Horace’s not but sixteen yet,” Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. “Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year.”

“Right,” Mr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, “Watson boy drawing this year?”

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. “Here,” he said. 15 “I’m drawing for m’mother and me.” He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like “Good fellow, Jack,” and “Glad to see your mother’s got a man to do it.”

“Well,” Mr. Summers said, “guess that’s everyone. Old Man 20 Warner make it?”

“Here,” a voice said, and Mr. Summers nodded.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. “All ready?” he called. “Now, I’ll read the names—heads of families first—and the men come up 25 and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?”

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The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions; most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi, Steve," Mr. Summers said, and Mr. Adams said, "Hi, Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand. 10

"Allen," Mr. Summers said. "Anderson... Bentham."

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more," Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row. "Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

"Time sure goes fast," Mrs. Graves said. 15

"Clark... Delacroix."

"There goes my old man," Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said, "Go on, Janey," and another said, "There she goes." 20

"We're next," Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came round from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely, and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hands, turning them over and over nervously. Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper. 25

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“Harburt... Hutchinson.”

“Get up there, Bill,” Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her laughed.

“Jones.”

5 “They do say,” Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, “that over in the north village they’re talking of giving up the lottery.”

Old Man Warner snorted. “Pack of crazy fools,” he said. “Listening to the young folks, nothing’s good enough for *them*.
10 Next thing you know, they’ll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live *that* way for a while. Used to be a saying about ‘Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.’ First thing you know, we’d all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There’s *always* been a lottery,” he added petulantly. “Bad enough
15 to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody.”

“Some places have already quit lotteries,” Mrs. Adams said.

“Nothing but trouble in *that*,” Old Man Warner said stoutly. “Pack of young fools.”

“Martin.” And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward.
20 “Overdyke... Percy.”

“I wish they’d hurry,” Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. “I wish they’d hurry.”

“They’re almost through,” her son said.

“You get ready to run tell Dad,” Mrs. Dunbar said.

25 Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, “Warner.”

“Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery,” Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. “Seventy-seventh time.”

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"Watson." The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "Don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said, "Take your time, son."

"Zanini."

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until 5 Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saying, "Who is it?" "Who's got it?," "Is it the Dunbars?" "Is it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. 10 It's Bill," "Bill Hutchinson's got it."

"Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers, "You didn't 15 give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair!"

"Be a good sport, Tessie," Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the same chance."

"Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said. 20

"Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?" 25

"There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make *them* take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husband's families, Tessie," Mr.

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Summers said gently. "You know that as well as anyone else."

"It wasn't *fair*," Tessie said.

"I guess not, Joe," Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. "My daughter draws with her husband's family, that's only fair. And
5 I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, "and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

"Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

10 "How many kids, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked formally.

"Three," Bill Hutchinson said. "There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got their tickets back?"

15 Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. "Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't *fair*. You didn't give him
20 time enough to choose. Everybody saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box, and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground, where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"Listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people
25 around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked, and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children, nodded.

"Remember," Mr. Summers said, "take the slips and keep them

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folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box, Davy," Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just *one* paper," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, 5 you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward, switching her 10 skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box. "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet overlarge, nearly knocked the box over as he got a paper out. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly, and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and 15 held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," 20 and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be," Old Man Warner said clearly. "People ain't the way they used to be."

"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's." 25

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill, Jr., opened theirs at the same time,

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and both beamed and laughed, turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

“Tessie,” Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper
5 and showed it. It was blank.

“It’s Tessie,” Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. “Show us her paper, Bill.”

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot
10 Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal-company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

“All right, folks,” Mr. Summers said. “Let’s finish quickly.”

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the
15 original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Mrs. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. “Come on,”
20 she said. “Hurry up.”

Mrs. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath, “I can’t run at all. You’ll have to go ahead and I’ll catch up with you.”

The children had stones already, and someone gave little Davy
25 Hutchinson a few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. “It isn’t fair,” she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head.

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Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

5

PILLAR OF SALT

For some reason a tune was running through her head when she and her husband got on the train in New Hampshire for their trip to New York; they had not been to New York for nearly a year, but the tune was from further back than that. It was from the days
5 when she was fifteen or sixteen, and had never seen New York except in movies, when the city was made up, to her, of penthouses filled with Noel Coward people; when the height and speed and luxury and gaiety that made up a city like New York were confused inextricably with the dullness of being fifteen, and beauty un-
10 reachable and far in the movies.

“What *is* that tune?” she said to her husband, and hummed it. “It’s from some old movie, I think.”

“I know it,” he said, and hummed it himself. “Can’t remember the words.”

15 He sat back comfortably. He had hung up their coats, put the suitcases on the rack, and had taken his magazine out. “I’ll think of it sooner or later,” he said.

She looked out the window first, tasting it almost secretly, savoring the extreme pleasure of being on a moving train with nothing
20 to do for six hours but read and nap and go into the dining-car, going farther and farther every minute from the children, from the

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kitchen floor, with even the hills being incredibly left behind, changing into fields and trees too far away from home to be daily. "I love trains," she said, and her husband nodded sympathetically into his magazine.

Two weeks ahead, two unbelievable weeks, with all arrangements 5
made, no further planning to do, except perhaps what theatres
or what restaurants. A friend with an apartment went on a convenient vacation, there was enough money in the bank to make a trip to New York compatible with new snow suits for the children; there was the smoothness of unopposed arrangements, once the 10
initial obstacles had been overcome, as though when they had really made up their minds, nothing dared stop them. The baby's sore throat cleared up. The plumber came, finished his work in two days, and left. The dresses had been altered in time; the hardware store could be left safely, once they had found the excuse of looking 15
over new city products. New York had not burned down, had not been quarantined, their friend had gone away according to schedule, and Brad had the keys to the apartment in his pocket. Everyone knew where to reach everyone else; there was a list of plays not to miss and a list of items to look out for in the stores—diapers, 20
dress materials, fancy canned goods, tarnish-proof silverware boxes. And, finally, the train was there, performing its function, pacing through the afternoon, carrying them legally and with determination to New York.

Margaret looked curiously at her husband, inactive in the 25
middle of the afternoon on a train, at the other fortunate people traveling, at the sunny country outside, looked again to make sure, and then opened her book. The tune was still in her head, she

Shirley Jackson

hummed it and heard her husband take it up softly as he turned a page in his magazine.

In the dining-car she ate roast beef, as she would have done in a restaurant at home, reluctant to change over too quickly to the new, tantalizing food of a vacation. She had ice cream for dessert but became uneasy over her coffee because they were due in New York in an hour and she still had to put on her coat and hat, relishing every gesture, and Brad must take the suitcases down and put away the magazines. They stood at the end of the car for the interminable
10 underground run, picking up their suitcases and putting them down again, moving restlessly inch by inch.

The station was a momentary shelter, moving visitors gradually into a world of people and sound and light to prepare them for the blasting reality of the street outside. She saw it for a minute
15 from the sidewalk before she was in a taxi moving into the middle of it, and then they were bewilderingly caught and carried on uptown and whirled out on to another sidewalk and Brad paid the taxi driver and put his head back to look up at the apartment house. "This is it, all right," he said, as though he had doubted
20 the driver's ability to find a number so simply given. Upstairs in the elevator, and the key fit the door. They had never seen their friend's apartment before, but it was reasonably familiar—a friend moving from New Hampshire to New York carries private pictures of a home not erasable in a few years, and the apartment had
25 enough of home in it to settle Brad immediately in the right chair and comfort her with instinctive trust of the linen and blankets.

"This is home for two weeks," Brad said, and stretched. After the first few minutes they both went to the windows automatically;

NOTES

The Lottery

p. 1.

- 1 2 **full-summer** 「盛夏 (の), すっかり夏になった」 full = complete. cf. full spring 「春たけなわ」, full daylight 「白昼」
- 4 **around** (米・口語) = approximately; about.
- 9 **be through** (主に米) = be finished; reach the end.
- in time** = early enough.
- allow** = let.
- 18 **Delacroix** [dèlækɾwá; Fr. dɛlakɾwa]
- 2 9 **house dress** 「(女性が家事をするのに適した) 仕事着, 家庭着 (ホームドレス)」
- 15 **spoke up sharply** 「声をはり上げて厳しくいった」
- 18 **Halloween** 「万聖節 (All Saints' Day) の前夜」 10月31日の夜に行なう。Allhallows eveともいう。子供たちはカボチャをくり抜いてお化けちょうちんを作ったり, 仮装行列をする。家々の戸口で “Trick or Treat” (めぐんでくれ。でなけりゃいたずらするぞ) と口ぐちに唱えて, お菓子などをもらって歩く習慣もある。最近では宗教的色彩はうすらいできている。
- 22 **the black wooden box** 定冠詞の the に注目したい。「例の…」 ぐらいの意味であるが, 村人にとっては既知の物であっても読者には何か特別な感じを与えようとしていることが, 実にさりげなく語られている。
- 3 5 **the original paraphernalia** 「(くじ引きの慣習が始まったときに使った) 一番古い道具の一式」
- 7 **Old Man** (米口語) 「(老人に対する敬称として) …老 (人)」 cf. my old man (p.5, 1.5の註を見よ)。
- 9 **but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box** 「黒い木箱によって代表される程度の伝統すら, だれ一人としてそれを覆すことは好まなかった」 村人の保守性を示し, 「くじ引き」の慣習に対する村人の姿勢を述べる部分への伏線。
- 15 **was allowed to fade off** 「立ち消えとなった」 逐語的には「(その話題が) 色あせるままにされた」である。p.1, 1.9の註参照。
- 25 **all very well** 「まったく適切なものであった」 well = proper; fitting; satisfactory.
- now that...** 「…の今となっては」
- 4 2 **safe** = strongbox.

- 6 **underfoot** 〔副詞〕(米) 「(人が歩く) 足元で邪魔になって」
- 12 **the proper swearing-in** 「しかるべき宣誓就任(式)」 proper = right, swear in 「宣誓させて任命する」
- 16 **rattled off** 「早口に言った」 rattle off = talk rapidly.
- 5 3 **clean** 〔副詞〕=entirely; completely.
- 5 **my old man** (口語) 「うちの主人, うちのとうちゃん」 父・夫・雇主・先生などをさしていう。
- 7 **was** (俗)=were
- 8 **a-running** =running aは古英語前置詞 on (=in the act of) の縮まったもの。今日では不要の語だが, このように現在分詞の前に残している場合が方言には多い。e.g. -He went a-fishing.
- 9 **they're still talking away up there** 「まだあっちでお喋りしてますよ」 talk away = spend (in) talking.
- 13 **began to make her way** 「(人波を) 押し分けて行きはじめた」
- 15 **let her through** =let her go through the crowd to the front.
- 16 **Missus** [misəz, -əs] (米・口語) =Missis (Mrs.)
- 17 **made it** (口語) 「間に合った」
- 19 **get on without you** 「あんたなしでうまく事を進める」 get on = make progress; proceed.
- 20 **m'dishes** = my dishes. my [mai] は子音の前ではしばしば [mə] と発音される。m'-はそれを表わしたものの。
- 24 **guess we better get started** =I guess we had better get started.
- 25 **get this over with** =finish this. いやなことからについていう。so's (口語)「…するように」通例 may, can を伴う。
- 26 **ain't** [éint] =is not. (口語) なお are not, am not, have not, has not の場合にも使用される。
- 6 3 **"Me, I guess,"** =It's me, I think. 会話の部分ではしばしば主語が省略される。
- 11 **gotta fill in** 「穴埋めをせにゃ(ね)」 fill in =substitute for(代理を務める), gotta (米口語) =got to =have got to (=have to).
- 19 **that's everyone** 「それで皆さん全員ですな」 everybody より everyone の方がやや形式ばった時に用いられる。
- 20 **make it** ㍊.5, ㍊.17の註を見よ。
- 22 **cleared his throat** 「えへんと咳払いした」
- 7 12 **Seems like there's no time...** =It seems to me that there's no time この形は俗語・方言でよく使われるが 'It seems likely to ...' との混同であろう。
- 15 **sure** =surely. 米口語ではよく形容詞形のままで副詞として用いる。

e.g. silly = sillily, crazy = crazily, easy = easily.

- 17 **There goes my old man** 「ほら、うちのとうちゃん番だよ」 L21 にも同じ表現がある。
- 8 2 **Get up there** 「そらそら、出番だよ」 get up (口語) (命令形で) 「(馬に向って) はい、どうどう; そら、行け」
- 10 **they'll be wanting to go back to live in caves** 「穴居生活に戻らなければならなくなるんだぞ」 want to は「…しなければならぬ」(be under obligation) の意味。進行形で強めてもいる。
- 11 **live that way for a while** 「まあ、しばらくそんな生活をしてみたい(わしやぞっとするわい)」
- 14 **Bad enough to see ...** 「…を見ると胸糞が悪い」
- 16 **quit** (主に米) = quitted.
- 17 **Nothing but trouble in that ...** = There is nothing but ... 「そんなことをしても百害あって一利なしのものだ」
- 24 **to run tell Dad** = to run and tell Dad. cf. go see = go and see. 俗語・方言ではこのように 'and' をよく省略する。
- 27 **Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery** = This is the seventy-seventh year I have ever been in the lottery.
- 9 3 **Take your time** 「ゆっくりやりな」
- 18 **Be a good sport** 「正々堂々とやるんだよ、泣き言なんかいうんじゃないよ」
- 10 3 **I guess not** 「そんなことはないだろう」
- 18 **to start over** 「始めからやり直す」 over = once more; again.
- 11 12 **his face red and his feet overlarge** 「顔を紅潮させ、大股過ぎるほどの足どりで(進んでいったので)」前に with を補って考える。red = flushed, feet = steps.
- 26 **there was a general sigh** 「村人全体に安堵の溜め息がもれた」 general 「全員の、全体の」
- 12 27 **moved in on** 「詰め寄った」
- 13 2 **Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd** in the front of ... 「…の先頭に立って」 Adams は先に Warner 老人に対して, "Lottery" をやめる村が出てきたといって、廃止の提案をした当のご本人であることに注意。
- 5 **they were upon her** 「村人は彼女に攻め寄った」

Pillar of Salt

1949年刊行の短篇集 *The Lottery: or The Adventures of James Harris* には「創世記」第19章(23節より26節まで)から引用した次のような題詞が付されている。

The sun had risen on the earth when Lot came to Zo'ar. Then the Lord rained on Sodom and Gomor'rah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities, and all the valley, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and what grew on the ground. But Lot's wife behind him looked back, and she became a pillar of salt.

- 14 2 **New Hampshire** [nju: hæmpʃɪə] 米国北東部の州。州都は南部にある Concord [kɔ:pəkɔ:d]。
- 6 **penthouse** = a separate apartment or dwelling built on a roof of a building. 「屋上高級住宅」
- 7 **Noel Coward people** 「ノエル・カワードの芝居に出てくるような人びと」 Noel Pierce Coward [nɔ:ʊəl piəs káʊəd] (1899-1973) 英国の俳優・劇作家・作曲家。レビュー作品 *Bitter Sweet* (1929), *Cavalcade* (1931) によって一躍イギリス・アメリカ劇壇切っの寵児となる。'sex plays' と呼ばれるような、戦後の頹廢した男女の愛欲的雰囲気、清新な機知と多彩な舞台技巧を駆使して描くの長じた。この期の代表作品には、*Private Lives* (1930), *Design for Living* (1933) などがある。
- 13 **Can't remember...** 会話の部分では、しばしば主語の省略が行なわれる。
- 15 18 **Everyone knew where to reach everyone else** 「どこに誰がいるか誰もがお互いの消息に通じていた」
- 21 **fancy canned goods** 「極上のかん詰め類」
- 16 9 **for the interminable underground run** 「地下をいつ果てるともなく走行する間」
- 17 7 **the Empire State Building** 1931年に完成された。全高449m, 102階まである。地価の高騰によって、また一つには宣伝効果を考えて、このような塔状のSkyscraperと呼ばれるような高層建築が多く建てられたが、これはその代表的なもの。主に貸事務所に利用され、86階と102階とに展望台があり、終日、一般に開放されている。1950年に68mほどのテレビ塔が加わる。世界貿易センター(1971)がつくられるまでは世界一高いビルとして親しまれた。Empire Stateの名称は、これがNew York州の別名であることによる。
- 8 **Got it all fixed up now** = They got ... 「もう、すっかり修繕されちゃったね」飛行機事故については不詳。

- 17 19 **Broadway** [brɔːdwei] New York の Manhattan 島を南北に縦断する大通り。特に Times Square 付近は劇場街として有名。
- 24 **Long Island** New York 州南東部の島。その西端は New York 市の Brooklyn と Queens の 2 区となっている。
- 28 **with a definite autumn awareness** 「すっかり秋らしくなって」
- 18 10 **up to** = ready, prepared. 「喜んで…する」 e.g. -He is up to any party. (彼はどんなパーティにも喜んで出かける)
- 22 **All three** 上にあげられた住宅の 3 つの条件。
- 25 **had easily caught the mania for** 「…の収集病にたやすくかかってしまったのだ」 Cf. -He has a mania for baseball.
- 19 1 **let up** (口語) = cease, stop.
7 **their gesture, ..., were smaller** もちろん部屋が狭いからである。
- 12 **at the right ...** 次に 'time' の語をいにかけて、露骨な表現になるのを恐れたのである。
- 20 2 **but somehow making an audible whole** 「しかし、なんとか断片的に耳に聞こえてくるところを総合すると (…のように叫んでいた)」
- 24 **It's down here** 「火事はこっちだ」
- 27 **the fire engines pull away ...** 「ボヤ程度の火事を消すのに全装備を引っ張り出したりして、たいへんな犠牲を払ったとでもいいかげに、消防自動車はゆるゆると立去って行った」 pull 「(骨折って) 進む」、haul [hɔːl] 「引いて運搬する」
- 21 10 **Lucky it was no worse** 「それ以上ひどいことにならなくてよかった、その程度のことではよかったね」
- 22 2 **catch** = comprehend; become aware of.
- 16 **dime** 米国 (及びカナダ) の 10 セント銀貨。
- 19 **quarter** 米国 (及びカナダ) の 25 セント銀貨。
nickel 米国 (及びカナダ) の 5 セント白銅貨。
- 24 11 **as though on rubber bands, pulled this far, stretched taut, and ready to snap back to the city, to an apartment, as soon as the door was opened and the lease, fully paid, had expired** 「まるで (その家具は) ゴムバンドにかけてここまで引っ張ってこられ、ぴーんと張りつめており、ドアが開けられ、全額前金の海の家の賃貸料の期限でも切れていようものなら、たちどころにニューヨークのアパートまであれよという間に逆戻りしてしまうといった感じで」
- 14 **for simply ages** 「もう何年も、長年の間」 simply (口語) 「まったく」
- 25 14 **root beer** 「ルート・ビア」砂糖とイーストで発酵させた根・樹皮・草などのジュースを、シロップで味付けしてある炭酸飲料水。