

# BRITISH SHORT STORIES

*Adapted by Irene Rodgers*

Notes by  
K. MORIIZUMI

**SANSHUSHA**

## ま え が き

英文の読解力をつけるには、辞書だけを武器に、英語で書かれた小説やエッセイをできるだけたくさん読むに限るということは誰にでもわかっている。しかし興味があるからといって、最初から難解な大作と取り組むのは無茶である。結局は辞書を引きながら読み続けるわずらわしさに耐えられず、途中で放り出してしまうか、翻訳の助けを借りて読み通すかのどちらかに終る。しかし、それでは真の読解力をつける練習にはならない。

英書を読破した経験にはとぼしいが、知的好奇心の旺盛な高校生や大学一、二年生が最初に手がけるのにもっともふさわしい本は、平易な英語で書かれた興味深い読み物である。しかしそのような読み物は意外と少ない。平易な英語で書かれている読み物といえば、子供向きの童話や神話か、さもなくば原作の面影がまったく失われるほど無神経な改作をほどこされた名作物である場合がほとんどなのである。本書のごときはそのような欠陥を免れている少数の読み物の一つで、この種のものを数冊読みこなすことは、必ずや大作の原書と取り組むための良き準備となるであろう。

本書はもと、フランスの英語学習者のために、九人の代表的英国作家の手になる興味深い短篇小説を、原作の香りを落さずに平易な英語に書き直したものである。作品の選択は非常にヴァラエティに富んでいて、読者を飽きさせない。無垢な少年の自意識の目覚めの悲劇を童話風に美しく

描いたワイルドの作品，迷信に支配された農民達の土俗的世界をリアルに描き出すハーディの作品，深刻なるべき精神病院の内部を軽妙に描いて，結末ですごいドンデンガエシを用意しているウォーの作品等々……。

なお本書には編集者による英語脚注がついているので，これを参照することは英々辞書利用の練習にもなるであろう。注解は本書の性質上，語義説明と共に鑑賞面にも配慮するよう努めた。

森 泉 弘 次

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The original drawings are the work of Paul Woolfenden.

## THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

*Oscar Wilde*

It was the birthday of the Infanta. She was just twelve years old and the sun was shining brightly in the gardens of the palace.

Although she was a real Princess and the Infanta of Spain, she had only one birthday every year, just like 5 children of poor people. So it was naturally important to the entire country that she have a really fine day for the occasion. And it was.

The little Princess walked up and down the terrace with her companions, and played at hide and seek<sup>1</sup>. On ordinary 10 days she was only allowed to play with children of her own rank, so she always had to play alone. But her birthday was an exception, and the King had said she could invite any of her young friends to come and play with her.

From the window in the palace the sad melancholy King 15 watched them. Behind him stood his brother, Don Pedro of Aragon, whom he hated. The King was even sadder than usual, for as he looked at the Infanta playing, or laughing behind her fan<sup>2</sup> at the severe Duchess of Albuquerque who always accompanied her, he thought of the young Queen, 20 her mother. She had come only a short time before — so it seemed to him — from the gay country of France, and had

1. *Hide and seek* : game where one person hides and the others find him.

2. *Fan* : instrument for producing air that is held in a hand and moved.

faded away in the sombre splendour of the Spanish court. She had died just six months after the birth of her child.

To-day he seemed to see her again, as he had seen her first at the Castle of Fontainebleau, when he was just fifteen years old, and she still younger. Later on had followed the marriage, at Burgos, a small town on the frontier between the two countries. Then the grand public arrival into Madrid with the habitual high mass at the Church of La Atocha. And finally an unusually solemn *auto-da-fé*, in which nearly three hundred heretics, most of them English, were burned.

Certainly he had loved her passionately. He had forgotten all affairs of State and had never realized that the extravagant ceremonies he organized to please her only aggravated her strange malady. When she died, he was, for a time, like one struck by folly. He would surely have abdicated and gone to the Trappist monastery at Granada. But he was afraid to leave the little Infanta with his cruel brother who many believed had killed the Queen with a pair of poisoned gloves he gave her when she visited his castle in Aragon.

All these memories came back as he watched the Infanta playing on the terrace. She had all the Queen's pretty petulance of manner, the same proud beautiful mouth, the same wonderful smile as she glanced<sup>1</sup> up now and then at the window. But the laughter of the children hurt his ears and the sunlight mocked his sorrow. When the Infanta looked up again the curtains had been closed and the King had gone.

She made a little *moue* of disappointment. Surely he could stay with her on her birthday. Had he gone to that dark chapel, where the candles were always burning and where she was never allowed to enter? How silly of him, when the sun was so bright, and everybody was so happy! And he would miss the marionettes and other wonderful things. Her uncle was much more reasonable. He had come out on the terrace and was paying her nice compliments. So she threw back her pretty head, and taking Don Pedro by

1. *To glance* : to look quickly.

the hand, walked to the other end of the garden where the pavilion was ready for the entertainments<sup>1</sup>.

The Italian marionettes were wonderful. An African magician followed, who brought in a large flat basket covered with a red cloth. He put it down, took out a curious small pipe, and blew through it. In a few moments, the cloth began to move, and two green and gold snakes rose slowly up, moving with the music like a plant in water. The children, however, were frightened at these creatures, and were much happier when the magician made tiny orange trees grow out of the sand. And when he took the fan of the little daughter of the Marquess de Las-Torres, and changed it into a blue bird, they were completely enchanted.

A group of handsome bohemians then advanced and sat down. They began to play softly on their guitars, singing a soft melody. When they saw Don Pedro, they frowned<sup>2</sup> at him, for only two weeks before he had ordered two of their group to be hanged for sorcery. But the pretty Infanta charmed them, and they felt certain that someone so lovely as she could never be cruel to anybody. After the music they disappeared for a moment and came back leading a brown bear<sup>3</sup> by a chain. The bear stood on his hands and danced. The bohemians were a great success.

But the funniest part of the entire morning was the dancing of the little Dwarf<sup>4</sup>. When he came in, on his twisted<sup>5</sup> legs, shaking his huge head from side to side, the children shouted with delight and the Infanta herself laughed and laughed. The Dwarf was really quite irresistible. Even at the Spanish Court, known for its cultivated passion for the horrible, no one had ever seen such a fantastic little monster.

It was his first appearance, too. Two nobles had discovered him only the day before, running wild through

1. *Entertainments* : theatrical amusements.
2. *To frown* : to make an angry expression.
3. *Bear* : large, brown animal.
4. *Dwarf* : abnormally shaped and small person.
5. *Twisted* : not straight.

the forest. They had carried him off to the palace as a surprise for the Infanta. His father, a poor farmer, was more than happy to get rid of<sup>1</sup> such an ugly and useless child.

Perhaps the most amusing thing about him was that he  
5 was completely unconscious of his own appearance. Indeed, he seemed quite happy. When the children laughed, he laughed as freely and joyously as they did. At the end of each dance, he bowed<sup>2</sup> to each of them. He smiled as if he was really one of them, and not a little misshapen<sup>3</sup> thing  
10 that Nature had created for others to mock at. As for the Infanta, she fascinated him. He could not stop looking at her and seemed to dance for her alone. At the end of the performance, she remembered how she had seen the great ladies of the Court throw bouquets to famous dancers, she  
15 took out of her hair the beautiful white rose and threw it to him with her sweetest smile. He took the whole matter quite seriously, and pressing the flower to his rough lips he put his hand on his heart and fell on one knee in front of her, smiling from ear to ear.

20 This made the little Infanta laugh so hard that she continued to laugh long after the little Dwarf had run out. She told her uncle that the dance should be immediately repeated. But Don Pedro decided that it was time for her birthday feast and so she gave orders that the little Dwarf  
25 would dance again for her after the hour of the siesta.

When the little Dwarf heard he would dance a second time for the Infanta because she herself had demanded it, he was so proud he ran out into the garden, kissing the white rose in an absurd ecstasy of pleasure.

30 The flowers were quite indignant that he dared intrude into their beautiful home. When they saw him jumping up and down, waving his arms above his head in a ridiculous fashion, they could not restrain themselves.

“ He is really too ugly to be in any place where we are, ”  
35 cried the Tulips.

1. *To get rid of* : to become free of.

2. *To bow* : to make a reverence.

3. *Misshapen* : not properly formed.





“ He should drink a magic potion and go to sleep for a thousand years,” said the great Lilies.

“He is a perfect horror !” screamed the Cactus. “He is twisted and his head is much too large for his legs.”

“And he has got one of my best flowers,” exclaimed <sup>5</sup> the White Rose-tree. “I gave it to the Infanta this morning as a birthday present, and he has stolen it from her.”

But the birds liked him. They had seen him often in the forest, dancing or eating nuts with some small animals. They did not care that he was ugly. And he had always <sup>10</sup> been kind to them. During that terribly cold winter, when there was no food, he had never forgotten them and always gave them bits of bread.

So they flew round and round him, just touching his cheek with their wings as they passed. The little Dwarf was <sup>15</sup> so pleased he showed them all the beautiful white rose, telling them the Infanta herself had given it to him because she loved him.

The flowers, however, were excessively angry. “He should certainly be kept indoors for the rest of his natural <sup>20</sup>

life," they said. "Look at his twisted back and his crooked legs," and they began to laugh.

But the little Dwarf knew nothing of this. He liked the birds and thought the flowers were the most marvelous things in the whole world — except, of course, the Infanta. But she had given him the beautiful white rose, and she loved him, and that made a difference. How he wished he had gone back with her ! She would have smiled at him, and he would never have left her. And he would teach her all sorts of wonderful things. He knew the cry of every bird, the mark of every animal. He knew all the dances of the wind. He knew where the birds 'built their nests and had taken care of an entire nest of birds whose parents had been killed. She would like those little birds, and the rabbits. Yes, she must certainly come to the forest and play with him. He would give her his own little bed, and watch outside the window until morning, to see that no animal harmed her. And in the morning, he would tap at the window and wake her, and they would go out and dance together all day long.

But where was she ? He asked the white rose, and it made him no answer. The whole palace seemed asleep. He looked around for a way to get inside, and at last he noticed a little private door that was open. He went in and found himself in a splendid hall. But the little Infanta was not there.

The little Dwarf looked in wonder at the marvelous tapestries, and was half-afraid to continue. But he thought of the pretty Infanta, and took courage. He wanted to find her alone, and to tell her that he loved her too. Perhaps she was in the next room.

He ran across the soft carpets<sup>1</sup> and opened the door. No ! She was not here either. The room was quite empty. It was the throne room, embroidered with gold and pearls. Near the throne was the Infanta's small chair, with its cushion of silver cloth.

But the little Dwarf cared nothing for all this magnificence. He would not have given his rose for all the

1. *Carpet* : cloth or wool put on the floor.

pearls, nor one white petal of his rose for the throne itself. What he wanted was to see the Infanta before she went down to the pavilion, and ask her to come away with him when he finished his dance. Here, in the Palace, the air was heavy, but in the forest the wind blew free. Yes : surely she would come if only he could find her ! She would come with him to the forest and all day he would dance for her. He smiled at the thought and passed into the next room.

Of all the rooms, this was the brightest and the most beautiful. The walls were covered with pink damask ; the furniture was silver. And he was not alone. Standing under the shadow of the doorway, at the extreme end of the room, he saw a little figure watching him. His heart trembled. He cried out with joy and moved out into the sunlight. As he did so, the figure moved out also, and he saw it plainly.

The Infanta ! It was a monster, the most hideous monster he had ever seen. Not properly formed, as all other people were, but twisted, with twisted arms and legs, a huge head and a mane<sup>1</sup> of black hair. The little Dwarf frowned, the monster frowned also. He laughed, and it laughed with him, and held its hands to its sides just as he himself was doing. He made it a mocking reverence, and it returned him the same reverence. He went towards it, and it came to meet him, imitating each step that he made, and stopping when he stopped. He shouted with amusement, and ran forward. He reached out his hand, and the hand of the monster touched his — it was cold as ice. He grew afraid, and moved his hand across, and the monster's hand followed. He tried to go forward, but something smooth and hard stopped him. The face of the monster was now close to his own, and seemed full of terror. He pushed his hair off his eyes. It imitated him. He hit at it, and it did the same. He frowned at it, and it made hideous grimaces at him. He pulled back, and it pulled away too.

What is it ? He thought for a moment, and looked round at the rest of the room. It was strange, but everything

1. *Mane* : hair on horse's neck.

seemed to have its double in this invisible wall of clear water. Yes, picture for picture was repeated, and divan for divan. The silver Venus that stood in the sunlight held out her arms to a Venus as lovely as herself.

5 Was it Echo<sup>1</sup> ? He had called to her once in the valley, and she had answered him word for word. Could she mock the eye, as she mocked the voice ? Could she make a reflected world just like the real world ? Could it be that — ?

10 He jumped up, and taking the beautiful white rose, he turned around and kissed it. The monster had a rose of its own, petal for petal the same ! It kissed it with the same kisses, and pressed it to its heart with horrible gestures.

When he realized the truth, he gave a wild cry of despair, 15 and fell sobbing<sup>2</sup> to the floor. So it was he who was misshapen and twisted, so ugly and horrible. He himself was the monster, and it was at him that all the children had been laughing. The little Princess who he had thought loved him — she too had been only mocking at his ugliness and 20 laughing at his crooked legs. Why had they not left him in the forest, where he had no mirror to tell him how ugly he was ? Why had his father not killed him, instead of selling him to his shame ? The hot tears poured down his cheeks, and he tore the white rose to pieces. The monster did the 25 same and threw the petals in the air. It lay on the ground, and, when he looked at it, it watched him with a face filled with pain. He crawled away, so he would not see it. He crawled, like some wounded<sup>3</sup> creature, and lay there, moaning<sup>4</sup>.

30 At that moment the Infanta herself came in with her companions through the open window. They saw the ugly little dwarf lying on the ground and beating the floor with tightly closed hands, in the most fantastic and exaggerated manner, and shouted with happy laughter and stood all 35 around and watched him.

1. *Echo* : legendary spirit who repeats what she hears.

2. *To sob* : to cry bitterly.

3. *Wounded* : damage to the body done by a knife, a gun, etc.

4. *To moan* : to cry softly.

“His dancing was funny,” said the Infanta ; “but his acting is funnier still. Indeed he is almost as good as the marionettes.” And she applauded.

But the little Dwarf never looked up. His sobs grew softer and softer, and suddenly he gave a curious cry and held his side. And then he fell back again, and lay quite still.

“That is capital,” said the Infanta, after a moment, “but now you must dance for me.”

“Yes,” cried all the children, “you must get up and dance, for you are as ridiculous as a monkey.”

But the little Dwarf made no answer.

And the Infanta called out to her uncle, who was walking on the terraces with a Minister. “My funny little dwarf doesn’t answer me,” she cried. “You must wake him up, and tell him to dance for me.”

They smiled at each other and walked in. Don Pedro bent down and slapped<sup>1</sup> the Dwarf on the cheek with his embroidered glove. “You must dance,” he said, “*petit monstre*. You must dance. The Infanta of Spain wishes to be amused.”

But the little Dwarf never moved.

“He will be beaten,” said Don Pedro, as he went back to the terrace. But the Minister looked serious, and he bent down near the little Dwarf and put his hand upon his heart. After a few moments he got up, and said to the Infanta :

“*Mi bella Princesa*, your funny little dwarf will never dance again. It is a pity, for he is so ugly he might even have made the King smile.”

“But why will he not dance again ?” asked the Infanta.

“Because his heart is broken,” answered the Minister.

And the Infanta frowned, and her pretty red lips turned up with disdain. “In the future, let those who come to play with me have no hearts,” she cried, and she ran into the garden.

35

1. *To slap* : to hit with an open hand.

## THE WITHERED<sup>1</sup> ARM

*Thomas Hardy*

### 1/ *A Solitary Milkmaid*<sup>2</sup>

It was six o'clock in the evening, and sixty of the eighty cows had already been milked. So there was time for some conversation.

"He's bringing home his new wife tomorrow, I hear,"  
5 said a milking-woman, whose face was buried in the side of the cow.

"Has anybody seen her?" said another.

"No," answered the first. "But they say she's rosy-faced and pretty enough," she continued, looking at  
10 where a thin, pale woman of about thirty milked apart from the rest.

Nothing more was said about Farmer Lodge, but the first woman murmured under her cow to her neighbour, "It's hard for *her*," signifying the thin milkmaid already  
15 mentioned.

When the milking was done, they washed their pails<sup>3</sup> and then left for their various directions home. The thin woman was met by a boy of twelve or so, and together they also went away through the field.

20 "They've just been saying that your father is bringing his young wife home today," the woman observed. "I shall want to send you for a few things to market. You'll be sure to meet them."

1. *Withered* : dried up, like an old flower.

2. *Milkmaid* : woman who milks cows.

3. *Pail* : cylindrical vessel with a handle.

"Yes, mother," said the boy. "Is father married then?"

"Yes. You can give her a look and tell me what she's like."

"Yes, mother."

"See if she's dark or fair, and if you can, notice if her hands are white ; if not, see if they look as though she had even done housework, or are milker's hands like mine."

5

## 2/ *The Young Wife*

The next evening, a handsome new carriage drove along from Anglebury to Holmstoke. The driver was a gentleman in the prime of life! Beside him sat a woman many years younger — almost a girl. Her face was fresh and soft, like light under many rose-petals. 10

Few people travelled this way, for it was not a main road, and it was empty except for one small spot, which soon turned into the figure of a boy. When the carriage passed, he turned and looked straight at the farmer's wife as he walked along with the horse. The farmer, although he seemed annoyed, did not order him away. And so the boy preceded them, his hard stare never leaving her, until the top of the hill, where he left them. 15 20

"How that poor boy stared at me!" said the young wife.

"Yes, dear ; I saw that he did."

"He knows who we are, no doubt?"

"O, yes. You must expect to be stared at just at first, my pretty Gertrude. Now then, another mile and I shall be able to show you our house — if it is not too dark." 25

Meanwhile the boy ran home. His mother was already there and washing potatoes at the doorway. 30

"Well, did you see her?"

"Yes, quite clearly."

"Is she ladylike?"

"Yes, and more. A lady complete."

1. *Prime of life* : between 30 and 40 years old.

"Is she young?"

"Well, she's grown up, and quite like a woman."

"Of course. What colour is her hair and face?"

"Her hair is light and her face as pretty as can be."

5 "Her eyes, then, are not dark like mine?"

"No — blue, and her mouth is very nice and red."

"Is she tall?" said the woman sharply.

"I couldn't see. She was sitting down."

"Then do go to Holmstoke church tomorrow. Go early  
10 and see her walk in, and come home and tell me if she's  
taller than I ."

"Very well, mother. But why don't you go?"

"I go to see her! I wouldn't look up to her if she were  
to pass my window this instant. She was with Mr. Lodge, of  
15 course. What did he say or do?"

"Nothing — as usual."

The next day his mother put a clean shirt on the boy and  
sent him off to Holmstoke church. Taking a seat near the  
back, he watched the people come in. The rich Farmer  
20 Lodge came nearly last; and his young wife accompanied  
him shyly, like any modest woman who appears for the  
first time.

When he reached home his mother said, "Well?"  
before he had entered the room.

25 "She's not tall. She is rather short," he replied.

"Ah!" said his mother with satisfaction. "That's all  
I want to hear. But you've never told me what kind of  
hands she has."

"I have never seen them. She never took off her  
30 gloves."

### *3/ A Vision*

One night, two or three weeks later, when the boy had  
gone to bed, Rhoda sat a long time in front of the dying  
fire. She thought so intensely about the new wife that she  
forgot the time. At last, tired with her day's work, she too  
35 retired.





But the figure of the young wife did not disappear. For the first time, Gertrude Lodge visited Rhoda in her dreams. Rhoda Brook dreamed — since no one could believe her when she said she really saw — that the young wife, with a hideously transformed face, was sitting near her bed. The blue eyes stared cruelly at her ; and then the figure put out its left hand so that the wedding ring shone in Rhoda's eyes. Nearly suffocated, the sleeper fought off the figure. But it remained, pushing forward its left hand.

In a last desperate effort, Rhoda seized the left arm, and threw it back to the floor. There was a sound, as if an object or person had hit the floor.

“O heaven !” she cried, sitting on the edge of the bed ; “that was not a dream — she was here !” she could still feel the arm in her hands, but when she looked to the floor, there was nothing.

“What was that noise in the night, mother ?” asked her son the next day. “You surely fell off your bed.”

“Did you hear anything fall ? At what time ?”

“Just when the clock struck two.”

20

She could not explain, and the two worked silently in the house. Between eleven and twelve, the garden-gate opened. Rhoda looked up.

“Ah, she said she would come !” said the boy, also  
5 looking up.

“Said so — when ? How does she know us ?”

“I have seen her and spoken to her. She asked me if I was the poor boy she had seen her first day. She looked at my boots and said they would not keep my feet dry  
10 because they were torn. I told her I live with my mother and she said then, I’ll come and bring you some better boots and see your mother.”

Mrs. Lodge was now near the door. The impression from the night’s experience was still so strong that Brook  
15 expected to see the old, cruel face on her. She would have escaped if she could, but in an instant the boy had opened the door.

“I see I have come to the right house,” said she, looking at the boy and smiling.

20 The figure was that of the phantom ; but the voice was so sweet, her smile so generous and tender, that Rhoda could hardly believe her eyes. She was glad she had not run away.

In her basket Mrs. Lodge brought the boy a pair of  
25 boots. When she left, a light seemed to have gone out the door. Two days later she came again to know if the boots fitted. And then she came a week later to see Rhoda. This time the boy was absent.

“I hope you are well,” she said to Rhoda.

30 Rhoda said she was well enough and their conversation became quite intimate about their strengths and weaknesses. And when Mrs. Lodge was leaving, Rhoda said, “I hope you will find this air agrees with you, ma’am<sup>1</sup> .”

The younger one replied that her health was good.  
35 “Though there is one little thing,” she added, “that I don’t understand.”

She uncovered her left hand and arm. Their shape was exactly the shape of the arm in Rhoda’s dream. Under the

1. *Ma’am* : contraction of Madame.

## NOTES

### THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

作者のOscar Wildeは1854年、Irelandの首都Dublinに外科医の息子として生まれた。同市のTrinity CollegeとOxfordのMagdalen Collegeとで学んだ。Oxford在学中から世紀末的唯美主義運動の指導者として活躍した。1881年に処女詩集を出したのち、小説*The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891)、喜劇*Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892)、*Salomé* (1893)等、数多くの作品を発表した。同性愛事件によって投獄されたが、獄中で書いた*De Profundis* (深淵より)は、デカダンスに蝕まれた真摯な魂の告白として名高い。1900年、パリで客死。

あらすじ 母と死別したばかりのスペインの王女の誕生パーティーに出演した旅芸人の中に、ひとりの醜い小人の少年がいて、その滑稽な踊りは人気をひとりじめにした。小人は見物人の爆笑を好意の表われとして受けとり、益々熱心に奇妙な踊りを続けた。とりわけ王女のアンコールの求めには感激した。しかし、後刻、王女の姿を求めて彼女の部屋にはいった小人は、そこに奇妙なふるまいをする怪物を見出して驚いた…。

- 3 1 **Infanta** [infæntə] : スペインやポルトガルの「王女」  
7 **that she have** : haveの前のshouldが省略されている。  
16 **Don** : 英語のMr. 又はSirに当るスペイン語。  
17 **Aragon** : スペイン北東部の地方。昔は盛えた王国(kingdom) だった。  
19 **Duchess of Alberquerque** [ælbəkəkki] : 「アルバカーキ伯爵夫人」
- 4 4 **the Castle of Fontainebleau** [fóntinblou] : フランス北部の都市フォンテンブローにある歴代フランス王の居城。美しい森で有名。  
6 **Burgos** [búəgous] : スペイン北部の都市。  
8 **high mass** : 「(焼香、奏楽含むカトリックの) 荘厳ミサ」 それらを含まぬ読誦ミサをlow massという。

- 10 **auto-da-fé** [ótouda:féi] : 「宗教裁判所の死刑宣告, 又は処刑」の意。ポルトガル語由来。スペインにおける異端審問は峻烈をきわめ、数千人の犠牲を出したといわれる。
- 16 **one struck by folly** : 「精神錯乱者, 狂人」
- 17 **Trappist** [træpist] : 1664年フランスに創立されたカトリック修道士の団体。厳格な戒律で有名。
- 17 **Granada** [graná:da] : スペイン南部の都市。昔のグラナダ王国の首都。アルハンブラ宮殿で有名。
- 23 **pretty petulance of manner** : 「すねた時の愛らしい仕草」
- 30 **made a little moue** [mu] **of disappointment** 「がっかりしたように顔をしかめた」
- 38 **she...taking Don Pedro by the hand, walked** : 王女は彼女の母を毒殺した嫌疑の濃い叔父を少しも疑っていないらしい。スペインの王宮を脅かすドン・ペドロの魔手(彼は又異端審問の主導者でもあることがのちにわかる)を背景に、何も知らぬ無邪気な王女の姿が痛々しい印象を与える。
- 5 12 **marquess** [má:kwis] : 「侯爵」。duke(公爵)とcount又はearl(伯爵)との中間の爵位。
- 15 **bohemians** [bohí:mjənz] : 「旅芸人, 放浪者」元来ボヘミア人の意。
- 19 **sorcery** [só:səri] : 「魔術」。旧約聖書以来、魔術は偶像崇拜の一種として神の怒りを招くものと考えられていた。しかしここは、ドン・ペドロが異端狩りの主導者で、罪のない魔法をなりわいに行っている旅芸人をも容赦せぬ残忍な人間であることを強調するための一節である。
- 30 **irresistible** : 「圧倒的的魅力をもつ」
- 6 1 **a surprise=a surprising show** 「意表をつく出し物」
- 16 **He took the whole...seriously** : 王女の方は大人の見よう見まねでやっているにすぎないのに、小人はそれを彼女の真情の発露として受けとめてしまう。無知、無邪気ゆえの錯覚。
- 25 **siesta** [siésta] : スペイン、イタリアなどで行われてい

る長い「午睡の時間」

- 28 **so proud he**…: heの前の接続詞thatが省略されている。
- 8 3 **He…thought the flowers were…world**: 小人に対する花達の意地悪を知っている読者にとってこの小人の無邪気な信頼深さ、優しさは王女のそれと同じく痛々しい印象を与える。
- 6 **But she had given him**…: このあたりから、直接話法と間接話法との中間形態ともいべき描出話法が用いられていることに注意。訳すときは直接話法的にやるとよい。例)「でも彼女はあの美しい花をぼくにくれたし、ぼくのことを愛してもくれた。そこが花と違う点だ。…」本篇には描出話法が比較的多い。
- 10 1 **double**: 「分身」
- 23 **The hot tears poured…cheeks**: 小人の頬をつたうく熱い涙と鏡に映る怪物(対象化された小人)のく氷のように冷たい手との対照に注意。
- 27 **He crawled away**: 先刻王女達の前で奔放に踊りまくっていた魅力的な小人は、ここでは地べたをはらばう爬虫類(crawling animals)に転落している。
- 11 8 **“That is capital(=excellent).”…“But now you must…”**: 王女の無邪気さ又は無知の残酷さが、よくあらわれているせりふ。
- 27 **Mi bella Princessa = My beautiful princess**
- 31 **his heart is broken**: 砕けたのはからだの心臓ばかりではないことに注意。broken heart (失意・失恋) 参照。

## THE WITHERED ARM

作者の Thomas Hardy は 1840 年, England 南部の Dorsetshire 州に石工の息子として生まれた。建築家として修業したのち職業作家に転じ, 詩, 叙事詩のほか多くの小説を発表した。彼の作品群をつらぬく基本的主題は, 運命と戦う人間の絶望的な生きざまである。Wessex 地方の住民の生活に取材した作品には土俗的なものへの深い共感が光っている。1928 年没。次に代表作の一部を

あげる。 *Wessex Tales* (1888), *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891),  
*Jude the Obscure* (1896)。

あらすじ 中年の農夫ロッジが新妻ガートルードをともなって  
ホウムストウク村に帰ってくる。十二年前、ロッジから妊娠させ  
られたうえ棄てられたローダは、今は乳しぼりをして息子との生  
活を支えているが、彼女のことを気にせずにはいられない。その  
夜ローダは恐ろしい悪夢を見た。同じ夜ガートルードの方も激し  
い腕の痛みに目を覚ました…。

15 6 and then the figure put out...in Rhoda's eyes : この  
一節にローダが見た悪夢の核心があると思う。ローダは、  
本来なら自分が占めるべき地位を奪いとった存在として、  
ガートルードを憎む余り、その憎しみを何も知らぬ相手に  
投射して、あたかも相手が自分を憎んでいるかのように  
思いなすことによって、自分の憎しみを正当化している  
のだ。こういう無意識的な防衛心理を精神分析では投射  
映 (projection) と呼ぶ。

16 14 Brook : Rhoda の姓。

17 15 her sin : ローダが過去においてどんな罪を犯したのか  
作品の中で明示されていないが、数年前にロッジが連  
れて来た別の新妻が彼女の無意識的な呪いを受けて死ん  
だこと(いわゆる telepathy 現象)をさしているのであろ  
う。ローダにとって恐ろしいのは、自分の憎しみや嫉妬  
が、本人の意志とかかわりなく、自動的に働いて相手に  
致命傷を与えているのかも知れないという想念である。

19 crime : ここでは先の sin (道徳的罪) とはニュアンスを  
異にする法律的罪、犯罪を意味することばが用いられて  
いることに注意。今では心から好意を感じている (1.17  
を見よ) 人 (ガートルード) に無意識裡に致命傷を与え  
てしまったかも知れないという罪意識の深まりを暗示し  
ていることばである。

18 9 Egdon Heath : 「エグドンの(ヒースおい茂る)荒野」

21 her savage act : ローダは夢の中の彼女の行為を現実の

犯罪行為とみなしている。P.17 1.19の註参照。

- 20 12 **do good** : 「ききめをあらわす」  
21 **assize** [ə'sáiz] : 「巡回裁判」
- 21 28 “**O—a pardon—I hope not !**” 「えっ、赦免状ですって、まさか！」身体的に病み衰え、美貌も失せたガートルードが精神的にも墮落してしまったことを示すせりふ。
- 31 **just there by chance…started.** : 「たまたま出火現場にいわせただけのことで（放火犯人にされて）」
- 23 1 **Witch—…now!** : ここではガートルードの方がロードから魔女扱いされている。しかも後者のus, our ということばは、彼女がこの瞬間、〈ロッジの妻〉という宿願の位置をとりかえた気になっていることを暗示している。
- 2 “**This is the meaning…at last!**” : ロードの余りにも素朴な心は、彼女の投映心理（projection—P. 15, 1. 6註参照）がこういう結果をまねいたことに気づかせない。

## THE MAN WITH A SCAR

作者のW. Somerset Maughamは1874年、英国人の弁護士の息子としてパリに生まれ、EnglandのKent州で育ち、Canterbury大学、Heidelberg大学で医学を専攻したが、結局好きな創作の道に転じた。人間の様々な情念をクールなタッチで描いた、構成のしっかりした作風で、多数のファンをつかんでいる。1965年没。次に代表作の一部をあげる。Of *Human Bondage* (1915), *The Moon and Six-pence* (1919), *Cakes and Ale* (1930)。

あらすじ 黄昏どきのグワテマラ市街のとあるバーに、顔にすごい傷跡のある富くじ売りの男がはいってきた…。革命にも愛にも全情熱を賭けて悔いないラテン・アメリカ人気質を讃えた佳作。結末のbathosもすばらしい。

- 24 11 **Guatemala** [gwætímá:lə] **City** : 中央アメリカの共和国グワテマラの首都。海拔1,495米の高地国である。
- 12 **cocktail time** : 「カクテル・タイム」カクテルなどの食前酒の出る時間。午後5～8時頃。