

Mary Shelley

# FRANKENSTEIN

Adapted by Marilyn Gillet

Notes by

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**SANSHUSHA**

## PREFACE

*One of the earliest (1818) works of fiction to take modern science for its theme and a scientist for its principal character, Frankenstein still raises questions which our own age has yet to answer: What is the moral responsibility of the scientist for the consequences of his research? Is there a limit beyond which man must not try to change 5 nature?*

*The novel certainly owes much of the freshness of its intuition to the extreme youth of its author, Mary Shelley, wife of the English poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, who was only nineteen when she wrote the first version. For the same reason, philosophical and literary influences are 10 more visible in this work than in those of more sophisticated authors—notably the influence of Locke and the sensualist philosophers and that of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The characters and setting as well as the narrative form—a sort of confession—and many of the ideas bring to mind the author of l'Émile. 15*

*While Victor Frankenstein as a literary type now seems dated, his creature continues to fascinate us. Chimera of an age of doubt, when the traditional views of man's nature and origins were giving way to new scientific theories, the nameless monster seems strangely close to us. No doubt this is why he has usurped so completely the identity of 20 his creator to become for our modern imagination the true hero of the story.*

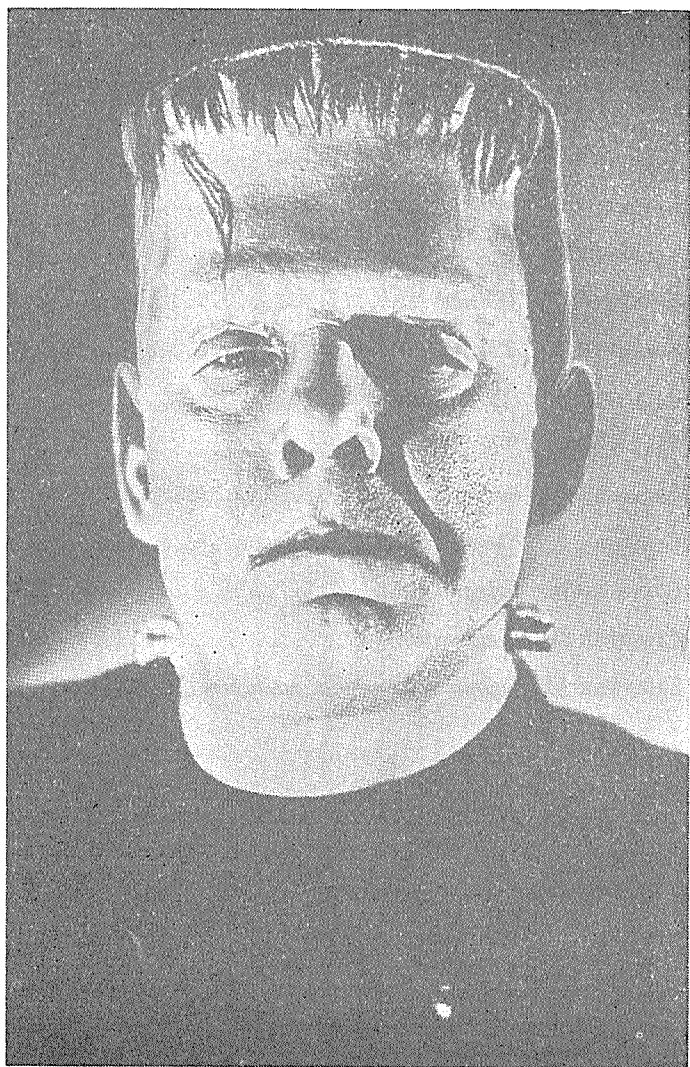
MARILYN GILLET.

*Note on the text.* This adaptation mainly follows the text of 1818; however it maintains a few of the changes made by the author in the 1831 revision, notably concerning the education of Frankenstein. An effort has been made to modernize the  
5 text while at the same time conserving as much as possible the charm of its early 19th century style.

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# *Frankenstein*

## Captain Walton's Letters

*July 7, 17 . . .*

My dear sister,

A few quick lines to say that I am safe and well. At last our great voyage of discovery to the North Pole has begun! My men are cheerful and do not seem alarmed 5 by the great sheets of ice that pass us daily, coming from the dangerous regions towards which we go. We have already reached a very high latitude, but as it is mid-summer the wind is warmer than I expected.

Continue for the present to write me as often as you 10 can, and think of me with love as I think of you.

Your brother.

*August 5, 17 . . .*

My dear Margaret,

So strange an accident has happened to us that I must 15 write you of it, though you will probably see me again before you see these lines.

Last Monday, July 31, found our ship almost totally surrounded by ice. As there was also a very thick fog,

we waited hoping for a change in the weather. About two o'clock the fog lifted and all around us we could see great plains of ice that seemed to have no end. Suddenly, about half a mile away, a low carriage drawn by dogs  
5 went racing across the ice towards the north. Its driver appeared to be a creature of human form but of more than human size. We followed the traveller's progress with our glasses until he disappeared. This sight much excited our wonder, for we believed ourselves to be many  
10 miles away from any land.

During the night, the ice broke up and the next morning when I came on deck I found my men apparently talking to someone in the sea. It was the driver of another ice carriage such as we had seen the day before, which the  
15 current had brought to the side of our ship on a large piece of ice. When he understood that I was the captain, he addressed me in English:

“Before I come on board your ship, will you have the kindness to inform me where you are going?”

20 I was much surprised at this question from a man so clearly in need of help. However I replied that we were going to explore the North Pole, and hearing this, he accepted to come on board.

I never saw a man more weak and worn. He was almost frozen and it was two days before he was strong enough to speak with us again.

I did not wish his rest to be troubled by the curiosity



of my men, however one day I asked him why he had come so far upon the ice by such a strange means of travel. His face at once took on a dark look and he replied:

“I follow one who flies from me.” 5

“Then I think we have seen him, for the day before we picked you up we saw some dogs drawing a carriage with a man in it across the ice.”

From this time, the stranger seems to have taken on new life and wants to be always on deck to watch for 10 “the demon”, as he calls him. However he is still too weak to stand the rawness of the weather.

*August 13, 17 . . .*

My new guest is now much recovered from his illness, and my affection for him grows greater daily. He excites 15 at once my admiration and my pity. What a noble creature he must once have been, being even now in the depths of misfortune so attractive! Here I have found a man whom in better days I might have loved like a brother. 20

Yesterday I was moved to tell him of my great dream—how gladly I would give my fortune, my life, my every hope to acquire that knowledge for which my soul burns—that knowledge that should give man power over the natural enemies of his race. As I spoke, my companion 25 at first tried to hide his trouble. Then I saw that tears

were running down his face, and at last he said:

“Unhappy man, do you share my madness? You thirst for knowledge as once I did; but hear my story, and you may throw that cup far from your lips. You have hope  
5 and the world before you. But I have lost everything. I wait now but for one event, and then I shall rest in peace.

I had determined that the awful memory of my life should die with me; yet when I think that you are now exposed to the same dangers which have made me what  
10 I am today, I imagine that you may find a lesson in my story that will guide you if your effort should succeed and comfort you in case of failure.”

As I write down his story, my dear sister, as nearly as possible in his own words, I can still hear his soft voice,  
15 and see his dark eyes with all their sad sweetness; his thin hand moving feverishly, and his fine face, lighted by the soul within.

# I

## Geneva

I was born at Geneva of a very distinguished family. My father who had always devoted his life to public affairs, was no longer a young man when he married. My mother was the daughter of one of his old friends, Mister Beaufort, who had lost his fortune and had gone 5 away to live far from the city where he had once been a wealthy man. When my father learned of his friend's misfortune and finally found his new home, alas, he had recently died, leaving his young daughter Caroline alone and penniless. My father took her back to Geneva and 10 placed her under the protection of a relative. Two years later she became his wife.

I was their first child and for several years their only one. My mother's tender caresses and my father's kindly smiles are my earliest memories. Their consciousness of 15 what they owed to me, to the being to whom they had given life, added depth to their love, and every hour of my life they were a living lesson to me of patience, of charity, and of reason.

When I was four years old, my father's sister died in 20 Italy, leaving behind a daughter of about my age. Soon after, her husband wrote my father to inform him of his

intention of marrying again, and to ask him to take charge of the child Elizabeth. My father did not hesitate, and immediately went to Italy to bring her back to her new home.

5 Everyone adored Elizabeth. She was sweet and good-tempered, yet gay and playful. Her person was as lovely as her mind and I greatly admired her understanding and imagination. The many differences in our characters were only an added source of harmony between us. I  
10 delighted in facts relative to the actual world; she preferred the aerial creation of the poets. The world was to me a secret which I desired to discover; to her it was an empty scene which she peopled with imaginations of her own.

15 My brothers were considerably younger than myself—but I had a friend who compensated for this: Henry Clerval, the son of a merchant of Geneva, a boy of unusual talent and imagination. An only child, Henry was almost always with us. His favorite study was in books of  
20 chivalry and romance, and he would write stories and plays for us about his heroes.

No youth could have passed more happily than mine. My companions were charming and my parents the very soul of indulgence. Our studies were never forced, and  
25 we were always encouraged to pursue them not in order to rival one another, but to attain some worthy end. What pleasure it gives me to speak of those days, before mis-

## NOTES

P. L.

### PREFACE

- 1 **One of the earliest . . . and a scientist for its principal character, *Frankenstein*** 「近代科学をテーマとし、また科学者を中心人物として扱ったもっとも初期の小説文学の作品の一つとも言うべき『フランケンシュタイン』」
- 2 **Frankenstein** [fræŋkənstain, -kin]
- 3 **raises questions which our own age has yet to answer** 「我々自身の時代がこれから答えなければならぬいくつかの問題を提起している」
- 5 **a limit beyond which man must not try to change nature** 「人間がこれ以上自然を変えてはいけない限界」
- 7 **The novel . . . owes much of the freshness of its intuition to the extreme youth of its author** 「この小説における(作者の)直観力の新鮮さ(鋭さ)は多分に作者自身のひじょうな若さに負うところ大である」
- 8 **Mary Shelley**=Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley [méəri|mé(:)ri wúlstənkra:ft| -kræft féli] (1797-1851) 英国の女流作家, P. B. Shelley の妻 ; *Frankenstein* (1818). (N. E. D.)
- 9 **Percy Bysshe Shelley** [pó:si biʃ féli] (1792-1822) 英国の叙情詩人 ; *Prometheus Unbound* (1820), *Queen Mab* (1821), *Adonais* (1821). (N. E. D.)
- 12 **Locke**=John Locke [dʒɒn|dʒən lɒk|lɒk](1632-1704) 英国の哲学者 ; *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (1690). (N. E. D.)
- 13 **Jean-Jacque Rousseau** [ʒɑ̃ ʒa:k ru:sóu|rú:sou] (1712-78) スイス生まれのフランスの哲学者・著述家・社会改良家 ; *Le Contrat Social* (1762), *Émile* (1762), *Les Confessions* (1782-88). (N. E. D.)
- 14 **a sort of confession** 「一種の告白」  
**bring to mind** 「思い出させる」
- 17 **Chimera of an age of doubt** 「懐疑の時代の怪物」

- 18 **were giving way to** give way to 「～に道を譲る」  
 19 **seems strangely close to us** 「我々にとって奇妙に親近感を  
 そそる存在であるように思われる」  
 20 **the identity of his creator** 「(怪物の) 創造者のアイデンテ  
 イティ [本性]」

P. L.

**Walton** [wɔ:lɪtən]

- 1 3 **A few quick lines to say that I am safe and well.** 「小生  
 目下のところ無事かつ達者でいることを、とりあえず貴女にご  
 通知申し上げます。」  
 4 **our great voyage of discovery to the North Pole** 「北極探  
 険のための我々の大航海」  
 5 **My men** 「乗組員達」  
 6 **sheets of ice** 「何枚もの大きな氷の薄板」  
**pass us** 「我々の(船の)そばを通り過ぎて行く」  
 7 **the dangerous regions toward which we go** 「我々がこれ  
 から行くことになっている危険海域」  
 15 **So strange an incident** 「たいへん奇妙な事件」 so 「(程度を  
 示して) それほど」  
**has happened to us** = has befallen us  
 2 2 **fog lifted** 「霧が晴れた」  
 14 **ice carriage** = sleigh, sledge 「そり」  
 21 **in need of help** 「救助を必要としている」  
 3 3 **took on a dark look** 「暗い表情をおびた」  
 5 **one who flies from me** 「私から逃げだして行った者」  
 9 **seems to have taken on a new life** 「新しい生気を帯びた  
 ように見える」  
 12 **stand the rawness of the weather** 「うすら寒い天気能耐  
 える」  
 16 **at once ... and** = both ... and  
 17 **being even now in the depths of misfortune so attractive**  
 「不運のどん底にある現在でさえもひじょうに魅力的であるの  
 だから」