

キャサリン・マンズフィールド

田 井 武

—

.....And now he's gone. I shall never have another bird, another pet of any kind. How could I? When I found him, lying on his back, with his eye dim and his claws wrung, when I realised that never again should I hear my darling sing, something seemed to die in me. My heart felt hollow, as if it was his cage. I shall get over it. Of course, I must. One can get over anything in time. And people always say I have a cheerful disposition. They are quite right. I thank my God I have.

.....All the same, without being morbid, and giving way to—to memories and so on, I must confess that there does seem to me something sad in life. It is hard to say what it is. I don't mean the sorrow that we all know, like illness and poverty and death. No, it is something different. It is there, deep down, deep down, part of one, like one's breathing. However hard I work and tire myself I have only to stop to know it is there, waiting. I often wonder if

everybody feels the same. One can never know. But isn't it extraordinary that under his sweet, joyful little singing it was just this—sadness?—Ah, what is it?—that I heard.

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これは Katherine Mansfield の 'The Canary' の最後の部分である。胸の病の治療に奇蹟を希いつゝ、スイスの山莊を下りて Paris に赴き、X光線の治療をうけてはみたものゝ、左程の効果もなく、意気消沈の面持で再びアルプスの山懷に帰って来た一九二二年七月に書き上げたものである。これ以外尚多くの構想と素材を持ちながら、手をつける氣力も次第に失って、肉体の疾患は精神の治療が先きに解決されなくてはならないという一種の神秘思想に次第に囚われてゆき、翌二三年一月九日、Paris 郊外の療養先きで客死した。

'The Canary' 全篇に、流れる哀愁の調べと晩秋の疎林に落葉をかきたてゝゆく秋の音を感じるのは何のせいであろうか？ これは闘病の生活の中に作家としての高き理想を仰ぎつゝ、彼の女が到達した「内部浄化」<sup>(1)</sup>の考えに及ばずしては解き得ない問題である。試みに彼の女がのこした告白に接してみよう：——

(2)

*Suffering.*

I should like this to be accepted as my confession.

There is no limit to human suffering. When one thinks: 'Now, I have touched the bottom of the sea—now I can go no deeper, one goes deeper. And so it is for ever. I thought last year in Italy: Any shadow more would be death. But this year has been so much more terrible that I think with affection of the Casetta!'<sup>(3)</sup> Suffering is boundless, it is eternity. One pang is eternal torment. Physical suffering is—child's play. To have one's breast crushed by a great

stone—one could laugh !

I do not want to die without leaving a record of my belief that suffering can be overcome. For I do believe it. What must one do ? There is no question of what Jack calls 'passing beyond it.' This is false.

One must *submit*. Do not resist. Take it. Be overwhelmed. Accept it fully. Make it *part of life*.

Everything in life that we really accept undergoes a change. So suffering must become Love. This is the mystery. This is what I must do. I must pass from personal love which has failed me to greater love. I must give to the whole of life what I gave to him. The present agony will pass—if it doesn't kill.

It won't last. Now I am like a man who has had his heart torn out—but—bear it—bear it ! As in the physical world, so in the spiritual world, pain does not last for ever. It is only so terribly acute now. It is as though a ghastly accident had happened. If I can cease reliving all the shock and horror of it, cease going over it, I will get stronger.

Here, for a strange reason, rises the figure of Doctor Sorapure. <sup>(4)</sup> He was a good man. He helped me not only to bear pain, but suggested that perhaps bodily ill-health is necessary, is a repairing process, and he was always telling me to consider how man plays but a part in the history of the world. My simple kindly doctor was pure of heart, as Tchehov is pure of heart. But for these ills one is one's own doctor. If 'suffering' is not a repairing process I will make it so. I will learn the lesson it teaches. These are not idle words. These are not the consolations of the sick.

Life is a mystery. The fearful pain of these letters will fade. I must turn to *work*. I must put my agony into something, change it. 'Sorrow shall be changed into joy.'

It is to lose oneself more utterly, to love more deeply, to feel oneself part of life—not separate.

Oh Life ! accept me—make me worthy—teach me.

I write that. I look up. The leaves move in the garden, the sky is pale, and I catch myself weeping. It is hard—it is hard to make a good death.....

But *no, no!* I must not blame him any more, and I must not go back. Thus was it. Let it be.

To live—to live—that is all. And to leave life on this earth as Tchekov left life and Tolstoi.

After a dreadful operation, I remember that when I thought of the pain of being stretched out, I used to cry. Every time, I felt it again, and winced, and it was unbearable.

That is what one must control. Queer ! The two people left are Tchekov—dead—and unheeding, indifferent Doctor Sorapure. They are the two good men I have known.

December 19, 1920.

Katherine Mansfield

最愛の弟 Leslie を独仏戦線に失った衝撃が彼の女の精神革命をひきおこし、一切の価値あるものは、一度「るつぼ」に投ぜられ、その中から生れ出たものが、彼の女の新生を寿ぐ「愛」となった。この「新生の自己」なくして、愛弟と固く誓った 'Prelude' の誕生を期待することは不可能に近かった事情は、既に指摘したところである。<sup>(5)</sup>彼の女は 'Prelude' を書き上げ、これに改訂を加え、翌一九一八年には 'Bliss', 'Je ne parle pas français', 'Sun and Moon' などを完成し、一九二〇年にはこれらを集めて 'Bliss and Other Stories' という書名で出版し、次いで一九二二年三月、傑作 'Garden Party and Other Stories' を以て文名を確立し、更に死後の一九二三年六月に出版された 'The Doves' Nest and Other Stories' には 'The Doll's House', 'The Canary' 等六篇が、未定稿 'Father and the Girls' 等十五篇と共に収め

られている。'Prelude' から 'The Canary' までの七年間の作家生活は、肉体的には肋膜炎から肺結核にと亢じ、夫 J. M. Murry とも別居の生活を強いられ、南英・フランス・イタリヤ・スイスと転地療養を続け、身体は蝕ばれながらも、精神的方面からみると、創作意欲は一向に衰えず、愛の自己消滅によって産まれた 'Prelude' から、'The Doll's House' のランプに永遠の光をかよげるまで、人生と芸術に気魄のこもる対決を挑み、'The Soul's Desperate Choice' の心境に到達するまでに、辿り、登り、渡り越えた山河溪谷の峻険さは、上掲の告白にその一端を知ることが出来よう。

- (1) J. M. Murry's Katherine Mansfield, p. 48.
- (2) Katherine Mansfield's Journal, pp. 228~9.
- (3) Ibid., p. 179.
- (4) Sylvia Berkman's Katherine Mansfield, pp. 116~7.
- (5) 小樽商科大学「人文研究」第二十輯五六―五九頁。
- (9) Katherine Mansfield's Letters to J. M. Murry, p. 567.

二

愛弟 Leslie との約束を果すため、南仏 Bandol に於ける彼女の女の生活が如何に苦難に満ちたものであったかは既に述べたところである。<sup>(7)</sup> 'Prelude' は一九一七年九月に出版の目的を以て Leonard and Virginia Woolf のもとへ送られたのであるが、その直後の十一月に不図した風邪がもとで彼の女は肋膜炎を患う身となった。その病勢の衰えた頃、医師は南仏への転地療養をすすめた。彼の女は曾遊の地 Bandol を想望して心がはずんだ。<sup>(8)</sup> 翌一八年一月八日、夫 Murry と Queen's College 時代からの友人 Ida Constance Baker に見送られて、単独で Bandol に向ったが、この旅行は彼女の想像を裏切る陰惨なものであった。折柄の第一次大戦はこの年最後の段階に近付き、彼の女の旅行も、当然のこと

ながら、戦時下の困難に遭遇し、Southampton—Harvre 間の難渋の航路に始まり、大陸南下の車中は寒冷きびしく、食料は乏しく、三日がかりで到着してみれば、Bandolの市街は荒廢して、町往く人々も大分顔ぶれが変つて了い、彼の女の期待は全く裏切られてしまった。

I feel like a fly who has been dropped into the milk-jug and fished out again, but is still too milky and drowned to start cleaning up yet. (9)

と Bandol から夫あての第一信で彼の女は伝えている。かつて 'Prelude' の構想をこゝでねった一九一五年の暮れから翌春にかけての生活に比べると、二度目の Bandol 滞在は皮肉なほど悲惨な毎日であった。唯一つの慰安は英国からの便りであったが、時下戦雲急にして、母国便りははかばかしく届かなかつた。Bandolの空は暗く、風は冷く、彼の女は部屋に引籠つて火にかじりつき、胸の痛みをひしひしと感じた。

The wind still blows a hurricane here. In the night the rain joined in, but now the sun beats in the air like a kite. It is like living on a ship. The hotel is all bolted and barred up, the big doors closed and a strange twilight in the hall..... (10)

夫宛の一月二十二日の書簡は佗しいホテルでの生活をこのように洩らしている。然し彼の女の「証明書」は最小限三カ月の滞在を健康上必要と認めていたので、彼の女はすべてに打堪えてゆかなければならなかつた。

I sit down on a mile-stone and take out *The Daily Mail*.....

“Air Raid in London. Still in Progress.”

A cart comes up full of chunks of hay. An old man in a blue blouse with great bushy eyebrows holds up his hand and cries “Il fait beau au soleil,” and I smile. When he passes I shut my eyes. This must be borne. This must be lived through.....  
(11)

彼の女のすべとを ‘accept’ する昔年の上巻はなほちかひない。London なる Ida Baker 女史のひたひたくれば一週間の日の ‘Journal’ とはなほ悲痛な記入を讀む：—

*February* 19 I woke up early this morning and when I opened the shutters the full round sun was just risen. I began to repeat that verse of Shakespeare’s: ‘Lo, here the gentle lark weary of rest,’ and bounded back into bed. The bound made me cough—I spat—it tasted strange—it was bright red blood. Since then I’ve gone on spitting each time I cough a little more. Oh, yes, of course I’m frightened. But for two reasons only. I don’t want to be ill, I mean ‘seriously’, away from Jack. Jack is the first thought. 2nd, I don’t want to find this is real consumption, perhaps it’s going to gallop—who knows?—and I shan’t have my work written. *That’s what matters.* How unbearable it would be to die—leave ‘scraps’, ‘bits’.....nothing real finished.  
(12)

翌日の夫宛書簡で彼の女は云う：——

I feel much better to-day and the haemorrhage is—hardly at all. Can't work much, or think very sensibly, but I am ever so much better than I was.....

Since this little attack I've had, a queer thing has happened. I feel that my love and longing for the external world—I mean the world of *nature*—has suddenly increased a million times. When I think of the little flowers that grow in grass, and little streams and places where we can lie and look up at the clouds—Oh, I simply ache for them—for them with you. Take you away and the answer to the sun is O. I feel so awfully like a tiny girl whom someone has locked up in the dark cupboard, even though it's daytime. I don't want to bang at the door or make a noise, but I want you to come with a key you've made yourself and let me out, and then we should tiptoe away together into a kinder place where everybody was more of our heart and size.

You mustn't think, as I write this, that I'm dreadfully sad. Yes, I am, but you know, at the back of it is *absolute faith and hope and love*. I've only to be frank, had a bit of a fright. See? And I'm still 'trembling.' That just describes it.

(13)

病魔に犯さる身となって、自然へのあこがれはそのはげしさを加え、一木一草ごとごとくが、驚異の目を開かせ、深い愛をよばずにはおかなかった。人の世の不幸や悲歎にもかゝらず、自然の美は不変不易である——という 'Biss' の中心テーマが、この書簡と符節を合わせるのも偶然ではない。

病妻の旅信に夫 Murry は万策を施しても出掛けたかったのであるが、時宛も独佛戦線とみに緊張の度を加え、長巨離砲が英佛連合軍側の戦線を脅かす頃であってみれば、海峡の渡航は勿論、大陸の旅行も一外人の容易に許可されるところではなかった。通信そのものさえも、検閲その他で異常の日数をとり、Mansfieldの心をいらだたせることは



一方でなかつた。この年四月帰英が叶うようになるまで、彼の女はかゝる苦難の生活の中に 'Je ne parle pas français', 'Sun and Moon', 'Bliss' の三篇を書きつづる。

The contrast between her suffering in Bandol and her happiness there two years before was tragic in its irony. Under its impulsion she wrote 'Je ne parle pas française' and 'Bliss'. The letters which culminate in that of February 3, 1918 are, I believe, of crucial importance to an understanding of her work. <sup>(14)</sup>

これは 'Katherine Mansfield's Letters to J. M. Murry' の解説の中、Murry の言つてゐる言葉であるが、問題の二月三日附書簡に於て、彼の女は作品を書く動機を二つ挙げて居る。一つは「喜悅」で、他は「絶望感」——深刻な絶望感——である。彼の女はその書中で現在の状態を述べて曰く：——

I am at present fully launched, right out in the deep sea, with this second state. I may not be able to 'make my passage,' I may have to put back and have another try: that's why I don't want to talk about it, and have breath for so little more than a hail. But I must say the boat feels to be driving along the deep water as though it smelt port. <sup>(15)</sup>

又同じく夫宛に書いた二月十三日の書信では、

I went a great old walk yesterday, came in, screwed my head tight, and thought myself nearly black in the face,

but got very little down. Trouble is I feel I have found an *approach* to a story now which I must apply to every-  
thing. Is that nonsense? I read what I wrote before that last and I feel: No, this is all *once removed*: It won't do.

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And it won't. I've got to reconstruct everything.

(16)

病んで尚創作の道にやむことなきこの精進振りには、異国に過ぐす彼の女の病床生活の上に一大光明を与え、戦時下  
極度の耐乏生活の中にも張りど力とを見出した彼の女は、咯血十日後の夫宛書簡の中に、彼の女らしい自信の言葉を  
示している：——

.....The English language is damned difficult, but it's also damned rich, and so clear and bright that you can search  
out the darkest places with it. Also it's *heavenly* simple and true. Do you remember where Paulina says:

I, an old turtle,

Will wing me to some withered bough

And there my mate that's never to be found again

Lament till I am lost.

You can't beat that. I *adore* the English language, and that's a fact.

Your eyes be musical, your dewy feet

Have freshly trod the lawns for timeless hours,

O young and lovely dead !

*There's a man who can 'use' it !*

That is all very badly put. But do you agree ?

Having got so far, I am so seized with the wonder of the English tongue—of English poetry—and I am so overcome by the idea that you are a poet and that we are going to live for poetry—for writing—that my heart has begun dancing away as if it will never stop, and I can see our cottage and our garden and you leaning against the door and me walking up the path, and now you say 'All those seeds we planted are *well up*. Come and see !' And we go and see. Oh I'd die if this wasn't all before us. But it is. <sup>(17)</sup>

翌二月二十八日未明に「Bliss」の書や上げられた。彼の女の喜びはたとえようもなかった。

My darling Heart,

It's three o'clock. I've just finished this new story, *Bliss*, and am sending it to you. But though, God ! I *have* enjoyed writing it, I am an absolute rag for the rest of the day..... One extraordinary thing has happened to me since I came over here ! Once I start them they haunt me, pursue me and plague me until they are finished and as good as I can do..... <sup>(18)</sup>

彼の女のいわゆる 'kick-off' の力を如実に示されて、深く首うなだれる思いである。

- (7) 小樽商科大学「人文研究」十六輯三〇—三三五頁。
- (8) Katherine Mansfield's Journal, p. 127.
- (9) Katherine Mansfield's Letters to J. M. Murry, p. 116.
- (10) The Letters of Katherine Mansfield, vol. 1, p. 105.
- (11) Ibid., p. 117.
- (12) Katherine Mansfield's Journal, p. 129.
- (13) The Letters of Katherine Mansfield, vol.1, pp. 130~1.
- (14) Katherine Mansfield's Letters to Murry, p. 111.
- (15) Ibid., p. 149.
- (16) Ibid., p. 166.
- (17) Ibid., p. 188.
- (18) Ibid., p. 189.

三

自己を‘absolute rag’と見下げる心は、三月に入って彼の女に帰国して英国の医師の診療をうけたい、夫の許に帰りたいたいという希望を強く抱かしめるに至った。長巨離砲の攻撃とツエッペリンの空襲に怯える Paris を経て、更に海峽を渡っての帰国は、病身の彼の女にとっては容易ならぬ大難行であった。長巨離砲の砲撃は彼の女が Bandol から辛うじて Paris に辿り着いた三月二十二日に始まったもので、お蔭で Paris に足どめされること三週間にも及び、彼の女の憔悴ぶりは人をして目を覆わしめるものがあつた。しかし彼の女の一念は漸く容れられて、四月十一日、London へ現わしたその哀れな姿は、過ぐる四カ月間の心労と病患の傷々しさを、今更ながら夫 Murry をして考えさせるものがあつた。夫と共に五週間を London ですごしてから、彼の女は医師のすすめに従い、Cornwall の Looe に病身を落

着かせることになった。

Loee は温暖・閑静、日ざし暖かに、ホテルは清潔で、人の手も揃って、申分はなかった。オゾーンのこもった空気を十分に吸って、彼の女は予後の速かな回復を確く信じていた。しかし間もなく彼の女は生活の単調さに気がつくようになり、夫と別居の生活、寐室一間だけの狭苦しい生活を疎んじ始めた。五月二十六日に夫へあてた書簡には次ぎのような不平が洩らされている：——

*It's true the melancholy fit is on me, at present. But, as I told you.....that to be alone (i.e. without you) and to be utterly homeless, just uprooted, as it were, and tossed about on any old strange tide, is utterly horrible to me and always will be..... However, I fully, freely acknowledge that it's got to be for the present and my only salvation lies in drowning my melancholy fit in a flood of work.* (19)

六月末に夫 Murry に迎えられて、彼の女は London に戻り、旧居に数週間を過すうちに、一方では母の訃報を受取り、他方 'Bliss' は 'English Review' の受け容れるところとなった。前者は彼の女をして、心に浮ぶ母の追憶によって、以前にもまして 'courage', 'spirit', 'poise' を大切にす精神を教え、後者は堂々たる一流文芸誌に載る最初の機会となり、Mansfield の作品に深い関心をよせる広い読者層を持つ機縁となった。八月二十六日、Murry 夫妻は Hampstead の East Heath Road に転住した。始めて住む「我が家」であった。自分のものとよび得るこの住宅の中で彼の女が過した期間は僅かに一年であった。三十四年の生涯に於て、自分の好みの家具・調度、自分の選択した図書などに取り囲まれて暮すことが出来たのはこの時だけであった。こうした楽しい環境の中で、彼の女がひたぶるに取組んでいた問

*The Eternal Question.* (20)

I pose myself, yet once more, *my* Eternal Question. What is it that makes the moment of delivery so difficult for me? If I were to sit down—now—and just to write out, plain, some of the stories—all written, all ready, in my mind 'twould take me days. There are so many of them. I sit and *think* them out, and if I overcome my lassitude and *do* take the pen they ought (they are so word perfect) to write themselves. But it's the activity. I haven't a place to write in or on—the chair isn't comfortable—yet even as I complain *this* seems the place and *this* the chair. And don't I want to write them? Lord! Lord! it's my only desire—my one *happy issue*. And only yesterday I was thinking—even my present state of health is a great gain. It makes things so rich, so important, so longed for .....changes one's focus.

.....When one is little and ill and far away in a remote bedroom all that happens *beyond* is marvellous.....Alors, I am always in that remote bedroom. Is that why I seem to see, this time in London—nothing but what is marvellous—marvellous—and incredibly beautiful?

C'est très ennuyeux, maintenant, parceque cette femme arriverait chez moi et je ne.....

Elle n'est pass arrivée!

The 'tide' is full in the Redcliffe Road. One by one the doors have opened, have slammed shut. Now, in their blind way, the houses are fed. That poor little violin goes on, tearing up note after note—there is a strange dazzling

white cloud over the houses and a pool of blue.

Redcliffe Roadに彼の女が帰って来たのは七月初めであり、Hampstead の East Heath Road に移るまでに約二カ月あった。Eternal Questionはその間に於て強く彼の女をとらえた問題であった。否、Pantolの客窓に考えた問題が、今夫と共に暮す London 生活の中にも抬頭し、Hampstead にも相伴して行ったのである。こゝに彼の女の作品の鍵がひそむことを考えてみなければならぬ。

翌一九一九年一月に Murry は文芸誌 'Athenaeum' の編集の仕事をするめられた。彼の女と相談の上 Murry はこの重任を引受け、夫妻の仕事は 'Athenaeum' 誌を中心にしては展開してゆくことになった。彼の女は熱情を傾けて、夫を支援し、新刊小説の批評、Koteliansky と Tchekov 書簡集の共訳、自作の詩及び短篇小説の寄稿——などとその精進振りには、それ迄に襲いかゝって来ていた憂うつ性も孤独感も一掃する観があった。この期間は約二年続いた。毎週々々読んでは批評した新刊小説の数も一五〇を超え、取上げた作家一二〇人の中には、Conrad, Galsworthy, Virginia Woolf などもあったが、真実味の見出せない作品に倦怠を覚えるのも少なくなかった。この仕事がエネルギーの一大消耗を強い事実はいなめない。小説の批評や Tchekov の翻訳などのために、彼の女本来の創作方面に向ける時間は、全く乏しくなつて了つた。一方作家としての彼の女の信念は、多数の小説を批評してゆく中に次第に確立されてゆき、Athenaeum 社は彼の女の小説出版に関して強力なる地盤となつた。

この時代の彼の女の健康は、この繁忙の仕事を支えてゆくものであつたらうか？ 'Journal' を開いてみよう……

May 21 Tuesday night. Temperature 101.2. Severe pain in lung. Had a prolonged coughing attack and brought up

blood. Slept very little on account of cough ; expectoration streaked with blood.

May 22 *Wednesday morning*. Temperature 100.2. Cough troublesome : signs of blood persist till noonday. Severe pain in lung and feel very cold and nauseated. Shivered all the afternoon, but temperature 101. Lung still very painful at each breath. (21)

傷々しい姿のこの女流作家をこの頃二人の医師が診察した。一人はサナトリウム治療法しか残されていないと断じ、他の一人も病状の重いことを伝え、サナトリウム治療法を用いれば回復は可能であると云い添えた。然し当の患者はそのすゝめに従う気持は少しもなく、'A sanatorium would kill me.'と主張し続けた。彼の女の頭には、自己の果すべき使命の自覚が確乎としてその存在を主張していた。愛弟 Leslie との永遠の約束が、人間の死生観を超えて明星のように輝いていたのだ。

May 19 6 p.m. I wish I had some idea of how old this note book is. The writing is very faint and far away. Now it is May 1919. Six o'clock. I am sitting in my own room thinking of Mother : I want to cry. But my thoughts are beautiful and full of gaiety. I think of *our* house, *our* garden, *us* children—the lawn, the gate, and Mother coming in. 'Children ! Children !' I really only ask for time to write my books. Then I don't mind dying. I live to write. The lovely world (God, how lovely the external world is!) is there and I bathe in it and am refreshed. But I feel as though I had a DUTY, someone has set me a task which I am bound to finish. Let me finish it : let me finish it without hurrying—leaving all as fair as I can.....

My little Mother, my star, my courage, my *own*. I seem to dwell in her now. We live in *the same world*. Not



quite this world, not quite another. I do not care for people: and the idea of fame, of being a success,—that's nothing, less than nothing. I love my family and a few others dearly, and I love, in the old—in the ancient way, through and through, my husband.

Not a soul knows where she is. She goes slowly, thinking it all over, wondering how she can express it *as she wants to*—asking for time and for peace. (22)

作品の上に母の姿を永遠にとどめたいと希う彼の女の純粹無雜の祈願が上の文字を書かしたとすれば、はかなく一生の別れを告げた愛弟 Chummie に寄せる作家 Mansfield の清淨な希いは次ぎの如き姿をとって、その胸に現われ  
No.

#### A Dream.

Sometimes I glance up at the clock. Then I know I am expecting Chummie. The bell peals. I run out on to the landing. I hear his hat and stick on to the hall-table. He runs up the stairs, three at a time. 'Hallo, darling!' But I can't move—I can't move. He puts his arm round me, holding me tightly, and we kiss—a long, firm, family kiss. And the kiss means: We are of the same blood; we have absolute confidence in each other; we love; all is well; nothing can ever come between us.

We come into my room. He goes over to the glass. 'By Jove, I am hot.' Yes, he is very hot. A deep childish colour shows in his cheeks, his eyes are brilliant, his lips burn, he strokes the hair back from his forehead with the palm of his hand. I pull the curtains together and the room is shadowy. He flings himself down on the sommier

and lights a cigarette, and watches the smoke, rising so slowly.

'Is that better?' I ask.

'Perfect, darling—simply perfect. The light reminds me of.....'

(23)

And then the dream is over and I begin working again.

五月十九日の日記に彼の女の心は端的に示されている。'I really only ask for time to write it all—time to write books. Then I don't mind dying. I live to write.' 大切なのは彼の女の仕事——著作——であって、肉体も生命も、その仕事を完成させるために必要なものとなるだけであった。

'I have discovered the ONLY TREATMENT for consumption. It is not to cut the *walude* off from life: neither in a sanatorium, nor in a land with milk rivers, butter mountains, and cream valleys. One is just as bad as the other.

John Keats' anchovy has more nourishment than both together.....'

(24)

こうした気持ちに Murry は全くの賛意は表し得なかったが、彼の女は肉体を超えた高いところを仰ぎみつめていた——  
Oh,—Love—the Beauty of the human soul—the Beauty of it—the Beauty of it. Don't let us *ever* forget!

(19) Katherine Mansfield's Letters to Murry, p. 263.

(20) Katherine Mansfield's Journal, pp. 142~3.

(21) Ibid., p. 155.

(22) Ibid., p. 154.

(23) Ibid., pp. 157~8.

(24) Antony Alpers's Katherine Mansfield, p. 269.

四

この頃彼の女にとって全く救世主とも云うべき人物が現われた。Dr. Victor Sorapure がその人である。冷静で、私心なく、人情のあつい、患者の気持を十分に理解してやる医師であった。彼の女を病院の中に閉じ込めることは、Lon-don の冬の気候が肉体に芳しからぬ影響を及ぼすのと同じで、病人の精神に致命的な打撃を与えることだとこの医師は判断した。自由にものをかき、自由に散歩し、閑静な生活を続けるようにしなければ、彼の女の心には悲惨な暗影が宿り、却って健康は失われて了うであろうと察知し、Sorapure は南欧イタリアに転地療養を病人にすすめた。一九一九年九月十四日、夫 Murry と旧友 Ida Baker に付添われて、彼の女は故国をあとにイタリアの San Remo に向った。一応旅装をこゝに解き、恰好な宿を附近にさがして、二週間後には一軒の Villa に移った。Ospedaletti を眼下に見おろす山腹に建てられている Cottage で、書簡集に出て来る Casetta がそれである。オリーヴとイチジクの木におおわれた山荘の生活は、彼の女の心を深く楽しませ、明るい気分を持ちつづけさせそうにみえた。その時、彼の女が Tchekov 書簡集共訳者たる Koteliasky にあてた手紙は、喜びの声を次ぎのように伝えている。

To S. S. Koteliasky.

October 1, 1919

I have taken this little villa for the winter, perhaps for longer. It is nice, Koteliasky; you would like it. It is on a wild hill slope, covered with olive and fig trees and long grasses and tall yellow flowers. Down below is the sea—



over the gulf of eternity we must sing—sing.’と諦観を述べている。(27)

このように周囲が楽しめないものとなって来ると、温かい家庭の雰囲気にはたれない自分をはかなむ気持ちが強くなって来るのは当然であろう。毎週 Athenaeum 誌に送る原稿にしても、論じ合う相手を得て、充分に意見を交わしてみたいと彼の女は思う。夫 Murry と遠く離れている吾が身が情無く思われて来る。‘Oh, God, let us try to make this our last separation. At any rate it will be. I'd never bear another. They are too terrible.’と夫への手紙になげいらる。‘.....on those rare occasions when you and I talk, I do—I do feel the heavens opening and our thoughts like angels ascending and descending.....’<sup>(28)</sup>と喜ぶ時の彼の女を考えれば、Casetta の生活に深い同情を寄せざるを得ない。十二月四日の夫宛の書簡には下記のような詩が同封されていた。

Darling Heart, if you would make me

Happy, you have found the way.

Write me letters. How they shake me,

Thrill me all the common day

With our love. I hear your laughter—

Little laughs! I see your look.

‘They Lived Happy Ever After’

As you close the faery book.

•  
•

How I love you ! You are better.

Does it matter, being apart ?

Oh the love that's in this letter—

Feel it, beating like a heart.

Beating out : 'I do adore you,

Now and to Eternity.

See me as I stand before you,

Happy as you'd have me be.

Don't be sad, and don't be lonely.

Drive away those awful fears.

When they come, remember only

How I've suffered these two years.

Darling heart, if you must sorrow.

Think : ' My pain must be his pain.'

Think: 'He will be sad to-morrow,'  
And then—make me smile again.

Et Après

When the last breath was taken  
And the old miser death had shaken  
The last glim from her eyes,  
He retired,  
And to the world's surprise  
Wrote these inspired, passion-fired  
Poems of Sacrifice.  
The world said:  
If she had not been dead  
(And buried)  
He'd never have written these.  
She was hard to please.  
They're better apart.  
Now, the stone

Has rolled away from his heart.

Now, he's come into his own,

(29)

Alone.

この頃、Tchehov に傾倒し、その書簡集を Koteliansky と共訳中であつた彼の女は、その書簡中に自分の胸中をえぐる文字を見出して、これを 'Journal' に転載し、所感を短く書き添えた。当時の筆者がどのくらい健康を蝕ばまれていたかは、この中に余りにも明らかた示されている。

'I am in the condition of a transplanted tree which is hesitating whether to take root or begin to wither.' (Tchehov's letters : *February* 10, 1900.) So am I exactly.

'I can't eat the butter here. Evidently, my digestion is hopelessly ruined. It is scarcely possible to cure it by anything but fasting—that is, eating nothing—and that's the end of it. And the only remedy for the asthma is not moving.' (Tchehov's letters : *June* 28, 1904.) Who reads between the lines here? I at least. K. M. <sup>(30)</sup>

次第に痩せ細る寂しい胸に、時折はかなくさして来る日影はどんなものであつたろうか？ 十一月二十一日に夫へあてた書簡にこれを求める。

Oh God! When you say we'll have to get a builder in, I suddenly dimly see a hall, a staircase with shavings, a



man with a rule and a flat pencil measuring for a cupboard. I hear a saw and the piece of sawn wood creaks and tumbles (such a *final* sound). I hear the squee-quee of a plane, and the back door of the house is open and the smell of the uncared garden—so different to the smell of the cared one—floats through, and I put my hand on your sleeve and rest a little against you, and you say Do you agree? and I nod Yes.

But these dreams are so dear that they feel unearthly—they are dreams of heaven. How could they become reality? *This* is reality—bed, medicine bottle, medicine glass marked with tea and table spoons, guiacol tablets, balmianate of zinc. Come, tell me, tell me *exactly* what I am to do to recover my faith. I was always the one who had a kind of overplus of it; you hated it in me; it seemed to deny you so many of your more subtle emotions. You made me feel it was so crude a thing—my belief that couldn't be shaken.

Take this all *coolly*: it's all—what? Just add to my diseases a touch of melancholia, let us say, and REMEMBER how I adore you for so long as I live. (31)

このようにして一九一九年は暮れてゆき、一九二〇年は重苦しい憂うつな空気の立ちこめる中に迎えられた。夜の気を揺がして響く海の喚声に眠りを妨げられ、日中は吹きおろして来る風に窓もとを叩かれた。

January 8. BLACK. A day spent in Hell. Unable to do anything. Took brandy. Determined not to weep—wept.

Sense of isolation frightful. I shall die if I don't escape. Nauseated, faint, cold with misery. Oh, I *must* survive it somehow. (32)

この時書き上げたのが、'The Man Without a Temperament'であった。急遽病妻を見舞に London から訪れた夫

Murry が帰国して間もなくのことである。彼の女自身の言葉を借りれば、肺の方は大変良くなって来ていたが、心臓が悪くて、食べたものも皆吐き出してしまい、睡眠も安静も発作のためにとれない頃で、神経の過労から来たものと彼の女は考えた。

January 11. Worked from 9.30 a.m. till a quarter after midnight only stopping to eat. Finished the story. Lay awake then until 5.30 too excited to sleep. In the sea drowned souls sang all night. I thought of everything in my life, and it all came back so vividly—all is connected with this feeling that J. and I are no longer as we were. I love him but he rejects my *living* love. This is anguish. These are the worst days of my whole life. (33)

この作品を読む時の大切な手がかりとして、この日の日記は貴重なものである。彼の女の伝記を書いた Alpers と Berkman が、*同時の Mansfield を次ぎの如く語っている。*

By her own high standards *The Man without a Temperament* has serious faults, and the reason undoubtedly is that her conflict with Murry (which it directly deals with) was unresolved when it was written. It is a grim, though of course amusing, study of a silent, suffering Englishman, tending his consumptive wife in a Riviera hotel.....(Alpers) (34)

This story, like many of Miss Mansfield's stemmed directly from intimate experience. It acknowledges the home-sickness, enforced passivity, and boredom of the man who chooses to stay abroad with his invalid wife. But "the man without a temperament" is selfless and devoted. He does stay. (Berkman) (35)

一月二十一日に、彼の女は Ida Baker と共に Casetta をたつて、彼の女の従妹 Miss Connie Beauchamp の友人 Miss Fullerton の好意により、Mentone の L'Hermitage という豪華な hotel-cum-nursing-home に移り、更に三週間後には同地の Villa Flora に落着いて、四月 Hampstead に帰る迄滞在してゐた。当時の Mansfield の姿を次々の文章の中に求めしめよ。

To Richard Murry

January 1920

.....there are moments you know, old Boy, when after a dark day there comes a sunset—such a glowing gorgeous marvellous sky that one forgets all in the beauty of it—these are the moments when I am *really writing*—What-  
ever happens I have had those blissful, perfect moments and they are worth living for. I thought, when I left Eng-  
land, I could not love writing more than I did, but now I feel I've never known what it is to be a writer until I came  
here. (36)

To Richard Murry

February 1920

.....How marvellous life is, if only one gives oneself up to it! It seems to me that the *Secret* of life is to *accept*  
life. Question it as much as you like after, but first accept it. People to-day stand on the outskirts of the city  
wondering if they are for or against Life—is Life worth living—dare they risk it—what is Life—do they hate  
or love it—but these cursed questions keep them on the outskirts of the city for ever. It's only by risking losing  
yourself, giving yourself up to Life, that you can ever find out the answer..... (37)

従妹の Miss Beauchamp [Connie] とその友人の Miss Fullerton [Jinnie] とは、病人のために献身的な看護をしてくれた。Murry はこの二人の若い女性の御蔭で健康が著しくとりもどされて来たと言っている。夫の弟 Richard への上記二本の手紙も、そういう肉体の回復に伴う精神の緊張と意欲的な希望が、力強く示されている。友人 Dorothy Brett にも芸術家としての人生論を吹きかけている。吾々が夫々に独特の探求を試みるのは何故であろうか？——と自ら問題を提出し、これに答えて——吾々は芸術家であり、自由人である。吾々は法則に従順な人間である。神秘性がそこにあられる。これは一生かゝっても解けない問題である。一生かゝって、その糸口を知る位が関の山だ、それで終りだ、でもそれでもよいのだ——と彼の女は自信を以て云う。

三月に入って彼の女は帰国の希望を強く抱くようになった。自分の仲間と離れて、芸術とは無関係の人々と共にする生活は、それ独特の苦しさが潜んでいる。彼の女の言葉を借りて表現すれば、彼の女をとりまく人々は、少なくとも四半世紀はおくれていると云う。こう云う人達と別れて、久し振りの故国の土を踏みたいと彼の女は願った。四月の下旬、彼の女の望みは叶えられて、Hampstead の吾家にくつろぐ身となった。

故郷の山河を遠く離れたイタリヤで Hampstead の空を偲び、孤独をかこっていた彼の女は、しばらくは懐しい風土につつまれて、心の平安と満足を味い、Mentone で知合った Violet and Sidney Schiff と旧交を温め、その交際から Joyce や Proust などとも接触を持つ世界にいつとはなし入ってゆくようになっていた。Athenaeum 誌にも毎月一篇ずつ短篇を寄稿することになり、'Revelations', 'The Escape' はこの時に書かれた。

彼の女は時々自分の不幸の根本が結婚にあると云う事実に向直した。夫婦が別れて暮していた長い期間中、彼の女は夫の感受性と愛情とを心のたよりとして、懐しく思いつづけて来たのであるが、これを裏切る気持が心の奥底に潜んでいて、時折頭を上げることがあった。一冬前の頃から、病気のせいもあって、彼の女は誰かの力に頼りたい気持ち

の女と変り、人を頼らせた昔を忘れる身となった。夫の Merv はこの重荷を引受けることが出来なかったか、それとも、そう云うことを欲しなかった。彼は彼で自己の世界を確立し、妻の聖像を安置する場所は別にしておいた。彼の女も離れて暮している時は、夫を自分の望みの像に創り上げて、それを後生大事に守っていた。二人が一つ屋根の下で生活をする日が続くと、この二個の像は壊れずにはいなかった。二人は共に不幸であり、寂しかった。こうしているうちに九月が来て、病を持つ彼の女は、又南欧方面へ寒さを避けて旅立たねばならなかった。Ida Baker の付添で Mentone に行き、今回は Villa Isola Bella に落著いた。夫への便りに彼の女は健康状態を次ぎの如く報告している。

Saturday (September 18, 1920).

Dearest, I'm better. Temperature normal—pain gone—up and lying in the salon. I am eating again too and now really will mend. But I have *never* been so thin—not ever in Paris. I simply melted lik a candle with that fever. I rock when I stand. But Hurrah! it's over.....

Your own

(38)  
Wig

Sunday afternoon,

My darling little Follower,

(September 19, 1920)

.....I *am* really on the mend, and as to my cough—fancy, I've been here five days and I cough hardly at all. This morning in fact I didn't cough *at all* and can't remember if I have until now, 6 p.m. I only have to get my strength

(39)  
back after this 'attack'.....

- (55) The letters of Katherine Mansfield, Vol. I, p. 243.
- (56) Ibid., p. 274.
- (57) Katherine Mansfield's Letters to J. M. Murry, p. 334.
- (58) The Letters of Katherine Mansfield, Vol. 1, p. 266.
- (59) Katherine Mansfield's Journal, pp. 181~3.
- (60) Ibid., p. 189.
- (61) Katherine Mansfield's Letters to J. M. Murry, pp. 401~2.
- (62) Katherine Mansfield's Journal, p. 192.
- (63) Ibid., p. 192.
- (64) Antony Alpers's Katherine Mansfield, pp. 285~6.
- (65) Sylvia Berkman's Katherine Mansfield, p. 119.
- (66) The Letters of Katherine Mansfield, Vol. II, p. 2.
- (67) Ibid., pp. 11~12.
- (68) Katherine Mansfield's Letters to Murry, p. 537.
- (69) Ibid., p. 538.

五

Villa Isola Bella に於ては、益々真剣に彼の女は作家と作品の問題に取組んだ。そしてその生活から世に送った小説<sup>44)</sup> 'Miss Brill,' 'The Lady's Maid,' 'The Young Girl,' 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel,' 'The Stranger,' 'The Life of Ma Parker' の六篇にも達してゐる。'The Young Girl' を除けば皆人生の寂しさ、人間同志の生活の上に負わされている

冷酷なる障碍などを取扱ったものである。この頃の彼女の女は、夫Murryとも細やかな愛情を交わし、影の形に添う如く病床生活に附添って世話をしてくれるQueen's College時代以来の友Ida Bakerとも折合よく、病勢もこの頃は幸いにして愈り、Isola Bellaの秋は、彼女の女の詩情を豊かに育んでくれた。Ian A. Gordonが一九二一年後半から翌二二年前半にかけてのスイス滞在時代の執筆業績と、この南仏Mentone時代とを以て、「熱病的活動の二大爆発」と称している程<sup>(40)</sup>、彼女の女の全生涯に於ける実のり豊かな年であった。中でも「The Daughters of the Late Colonel」は、容易に自己の作品に満足感を示さないMansfieldが、「The only story that satisfies me to any extent……」と洩らした程の出来栄である。

I cannot tell you how happy I am to know that 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel' has given you pleasure. While I was writing that story I lived for it, but when it was finished I confess I hoped very much that my readers would understand what I was trying to express. (41)

といつても乍ら全心全霊を以て創作に当る彼女の女の真剣な姿が示されている。この当時の作家としての心構えは義弟Richard Murryにあてた書簡や、友人Sydney Schiffなどに寄せた手紙に知ることが出来る。

To Richard Murry

February 3, 1921

.....I believe the only way to *live* as artists under these new conditions in art and life is to put everything to the test for ourselves. We've got, in the long run, to be our own teachers. There's no getting away from that. We've got to win through by ourselves. Well, as I see it, the only way to do that honestly, dead truthfully, shirking nothing

and leaving nothing out, is to put everything to the test; not only to face things, but really to find out of what they are composed. How can we know where we are, otherwise? How can we prevent ourselves being weak in certain places? To be *thorough*—to be *honest*. I think if artists were really thorough and honest they would save the world. It's the lack of those things and the reverse of them that are putting a deadly blight on life. Good work takes upon itself a Life—bad work has death in it.....<sup>(42)</sup>

*To Sydney Schiff*

February 1921

.....The question of the Artist and his Time is, I am sure, the Question of Questions. The artist who denies his Time, who turns away from it even so much as the fraction of a hair is false. First, he must be free; that is, he must be controlled by none other than his deepest self, his truest self. And then he must accept Life, he must submit—give himself so utterly to Life that no personal *quâ* personal self remains. Does that convey anything? It's so hard to state. "Bitterness" is a difficult word for me to disentangle from a sense of personal wrong—a "this is what Life has done to me. "But I know you don't mean that. You mean a bigger thing—the gesture with which one turns aside to-day from what might have been—what ought to have been. There is humour in it, of a kind, and inevitable sadness.....

But let me confess, Sydney. I feel something else as well—and that is *Love*. But that's so difficult to explain. It's not pity or rainbows or anything up in the air—perhaps it's *feeling, feeling, feeling*.<sup>(43)</sup>

彼の女は、自己の経験を通じて「真実」を自覚するにつれて、これの表現に専念するようになった。一年以上にわ



たる自己検討に従事し、完成された一個の人間として確乎たる信念を形成しようと努力した。極めて困難な歩みながら、着実な足どりを静かに続け、「すべてを受け容れる」——自分自身の一生を、その苦しみと共に受け容れる——信条に到達した。先きに掲げた‘suffering’の告白もこの頃の心境である。現代人を表わす代表的な偽善と私欲とは絶縁の生活を目指し、一方芸術家として彼の女の見出したもの、苦しい経験、その奥底に存する厳然たる価値感——は自由に伝えたいと希う。自己の生活と作品の基底となる信条として彼の女の選んだものは——to be good, sincere, simple, honest——であった。三十二年間の迷路の生活の後に、視界は拭われて、新しい地平線が開け、一層透徹した「生」の肯定論に到達するに至った。

この頃夫 Murry に宛てた書簡に彼の女の心の姿を求めよう。

You know, I have felt very often lately as though the silence had some meaning beyond these signs, these intimations. Isn't it possible that if one yielded there is a whole world into which one is received? It is so near and yet I am conscious that I hold back from giving myself up to it. What is this something mysterious that waits—that beckons?

And then suffering, bodily suffering such as I've known for three years. It has changed for ever everything—even the *appearance* of the world is not the same—there is something added. *Everything has its shadow*.....

I believe the greatest failing of all is *to be frightened*. Perfect Love casteth out Fear. When I look back on my life all my mistakes have been because I was afraid..... Was that why I had to look on death? Would nothing less cure me? You know, one can't help wondering, sometimes..... No, not a personal God or any such nonsense. Much more likely—the soul's desperate choice.....

(44)

一九二二年一月、Murry は久し振りに Mentone に赴き病に苦しむ妻を見て驚いた。Athenaeum 誌への毎週の寄稿の外に、数篇の小説を書き上げた無理が祟ったものと Murry は判断した。滞在三週間の相談の結果、Athenaeum 誌が Nation と合併して、Massingham の編集で出版されるのを機会に Murry はこの職を辞して、Mentone にしばらく落着くことに決め、彼は一応 London に帰った。

二月から三月にかけて彼の女の病勢は亢進した。咽喉の腺が結核菌に犯され、排膿の必要が生じた。この当時、喧伝されていたこの病気の治療法は Spahlinger Treatment というものであった。彼の女も勿論この評判を耳にして居り、そのためにスイス往きを熱心に考えていた。この時分、彼の女は健康には恵まれていなかったけれども、その他の面では最も幸福な気分の毎日を送っていたと云える。夫婦別れての生活から起る不満も、又毎週 Athenaeum 誌寄稿の苦勞も、今は全くその影をひそめてしまった。Lady Ottoline Morrell にあてた書簡に彼の女のペンは次ぎのように綴っている：——

The weather is really exquisite. To-day was perfection. Radiant, crystal clear, one of those days when the earth seems to pause, enchanted with its beauty, when every new leaf whispers: "Am I not heavenly fair!" The sun is quite warm. It is tame again. It comes and curls up in your arms——Beautiful Life! In spite of everything one cannot but praise Life. I have been watching the peach tree outside my window from the very first moment, and now it is all in flower and the leaves are come, small shy clusters like linnets' wings.

(45)

四月下旬頃迄に病勢も幾分衰えて、彼の女は一日数時間起きて居られるぐらいになり始めた。だが、咳は以前よりも悪化し、血痰が又出るようになった。かつて Keats が、Tchekov が、そして今また、Lawrence が、健康を求めて

歩きまわった結核患者の旅を、彼の女も試みなければならなかった。五月に入るとスイスの Baugy に行き、Geneva 湖の水面におちる Alps の山容に心身を慰めた。然しこゝで引いた風邪が彼の女からの調子を壊して了った。土地の医師の診察を求め、更に Montana 迄も、一流専門医をたずねて、回復の見込を熱心にきゝただした。励まされて帰った彼の女は、五月末こゝを去って Sierre という乾燥した気候と果樹園とで有名な町に暫時逗留し、更に二千フィート上の、森にかこまれた Montana の Chalet des Sapins と云う谿谷を隔てて銀嶺と対する山荘に転じた。従妹 Elizabeth の外にはさすがにこの高原の療養地を訪問する客もなかった。約一カ年の閑静な生活を夫と共に楽しむことが出来た。

The seclusion of this life was in many ways regenerating. By cutting off civilization the irritations and demands of civilized society were removed. Through the confinement imposed by her illness Miss Mansfield had come into a little citadel of peace, relieved of loneliness by the presence of her husband. Together they established a simple, orderly life, cared for by the buxom maidservant Ernestine, both with work to do, with the forests to explore when Miss Mansfield's strength allowed; finding satisfaction in the little homely tasks of jam-making and mending; reading Shakespeare together once again, Jane Austen, Hardy; talking, playing chess or cribbage, discussing fireplace and rooms in the house they planned to build in Montana "in two or three years' time."<sup>(46)</sup>

山荘の夏はやがて秋を迎え、夜の気は次第に涼味を加え、真白な雪が静かに訪れて来る頃ともなって、緊張もときほぐされ、生活になじみを覚えるようになると共に、彼の女は厳しい批判のメスを自分自身に向け、自らの「業績」と「能力」に対する自負を忌憚なく批判し、「真実」を伝えるためには自己の浄化純化が最も肝要であると観ずるに

Journal はな当時の彼の女が次女の如く描かれてゐる：——

*October* I wonder why it should be so difficult to be humble. I do not think I am a good writer; I realize my faults better than anyone else could realize them. I know exactly where I fail. And yet, when I have 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. 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 will be no good; it will be full of *sediment*. If I were well, I would go off by myself somewhere and sit under a tree. One must learn, one must practise, to *forget* oneself. I can't tell the truth about Aunt Anne unless I am free to enter into her life without selfconsciousness. Oh God! I am divided still. I am bad. I fail in my personal life. I lapse into impatience, temper, vanity, and so I fail as thy priest. Perhaps poetry will help.....<sup>(47)</sup>

*November* 13 It is time I started a new journal. Come, my unseen, my unknown, let us talk together. Yes, for the last two weeks I have written scarcely anything. I have been idle; I have *failed*. Why? Many reasons. There has been a kind of confusion in my consciousness. It has seemed as though there was no time to write. The mornings, if they are sunny, are taken up with sun-treatment; the post eats away the afternoon. And at night I am tired.

'But it all goes deeper.' Yes, you are right. I haven't been able to yield to the kind of contemplation that is necessary. I have not felt pure in heart, not humble, not good. There's been a stirring-up of sediment. I look at the mountains and I see nothing but mountains. Be frank! I read rubbish. I give way about writing letters. I mean I refuse to meet my obligations, and this of course weakens me in every way. Then I have broken my promise to review the books for *The Nation*. Another *bad spot*. Out of hand? Yes, that describes it—dissipated, vague, not *positive*, and above all, above everything, not working as I should be working—wasting time.

Wasting time. The old cry—the first and last cry—Why do ye tarry? Ah, why indeed? My deepest desire is to be a writer, to have 'a body of work' done. And there the work is, there the stories wait for me, *grow tired*, wilt, fade, because I will not come. And I hear and I *acknowledge* them, and still I go on sitting at the window, playing with the ball of wool. What is to be done?

I must make another effort—at once. I must begin all over again. I must try and write simply, fully, freely, from my heart. *Quietly*, caring nothing for success or failure, but just going on.

I must keep this book so that I have a record of what I do each week..... But now to resolve! And especially to keep in touch with Life—with the sky and this moon, these stars, these cold, candid peaks. <sup>(48)</sup>

I. A. Gordon の云う熱病的活動の二回目の爆発は、かゝる緊張と反省の純乎たる生活の中から次ぎ次ぎに完成された。'Sixpence', 'An Ideal Family', 'Her First Ball', 'The Voyage', 'At the Bay', 'The Garden Party' と彼の女の生涯の最も多忙な年となった。Alps の山嶺・溪谷は、彼の女の生活から南国の影響を拭い去ったかの如くであった。この努力・精進にもかゝらず、彼の女は自己の怠慢を悲しんだ。情落しつづけて居ると自分を叱った。'I am not crystal

clear.' と歎いた。'Life would be almost perfect here if only when I was pretending to work I always was working.'——と条件の具備したスイスの山荘生活に乗じて、自己の持つ力のすべてを創作一途に出しつくしたいとねがった。

以上のような自己の律し方に対して、夫 Murry は次ぎの如く自分の意見を洩らしている。

Before the snow had fallen, the wild flowers in the forest, and when the snow had fallen the migrant birds held an incessant fascination for her. As her Journal for this period shows, she was very severe with herself for idleness, which was unreasonable. What she called idleness was really lassitude after much exhausting creative work. In retrospect, it seems to me that she set her ideal of spiritual perfection too high. She demanded of herself the impossible, by refusing to accept the limitations which her condition of health imposed upon her; and when she failed to achieve it, turned too precipitately to two alternative and in essence contradictory notions: one, that there was a physical or medical technique which would abolish her disease, and annihilate her limitations; the other that there was a psychological or spiritual technique which would enable her to ignore them. Whereas I, on the other hand, believed and still believe that she was most deeply at peace, and doing her finest work, in the months when she came nearest to accepting her limitations and using her own spiritual powers, which were simple and great, to make contact with the source of all strength.

(49)

X 光線治療を結核に応用するロシアの専門医 Manoukkin の名はかねて彼の女の耳にも入っていた。一九二二年一月、Dr. Manoukkin と最初の連絡がとれて間もなく、それ迄六週間も充血症で床に臥していた彼の女は、Ida Baker に付添われて、一月三十日 Paris に出かけた。二月十一日には Murry も訪れて来て、今迄の山荘の生活様式はそ

のまゝ Paris に移されたかの観があった。こゝに滞在すること四カ月、その間治療は続けられ、五月末を以て第一期コースは終了した。彼の女の秘かに期待した 'Miracle' はおこらなかつたが、咳はとまり、体重も増加した。然し当分は歩行も極めて困難を呈し、何回も途中で休みながら、喘ぎ喘ぎ歩く状態であった。六月上旬 Paris を去ってスイスに戻り、Randogne の Hotel d'Angleterre を宿泊の場所とした。Alps の山懐に再び抱かれる身となつたが、山嶺の魅力は病む人の生活を整えることは出来なかつた。一カ月後、彼の女はしばらく夫と別れて、Ida Baker を伴って Sierte に向い、Chateau Belle Vue に身を寛がせた。彼の女の当時の心境を Berkman は察して云う：——

She had entered upon a period of concentrated inward experience in which she must have solitude, as she strove to grasp the final key to existence which would free her from self-division.

(50)

彼の女の Tchegov 書簡集翻訳に協力をした S. S. Koteliansky は、Tchegov を通じて Mansfield との交わりは最後まで温く続いた。彼の女が Chateau Belle Vue に身を寄せて以来、Paris 郊外の Fontainebleau に客死するまでの半歳の期間に、Koteliansky 宛に五本の手紙を書いているが、その何れを開いてみても、その当時彼の女の真剣に取上げていた問題が、その中に端的に語り出されている。彼の女がこの時代——三十四年の一生の最後の半歳——に於て、如何なる問題を、どのように取上げて、どう悩み、考え、解決していったかの鍵を握る書簡と云える。今順序に従つてその跡をたづねてみよう：——

七月四日附書信——

..... Why has one this longing that people shall be rooted in life. Nearly all people swing in with the tide and out

with the tide again like heavy seaweed. And they seem to take a kind of pride in denying life. But why? I cannot understand.....  
(51)

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七月十七日附書信——

.....But it seems to me there comes a time in life when one must realise one is grown-up—a man. And when it is no longer decent to go on probing and probing. Life is so short. The world is rich. There are so many adventures possible. Why do we not gather our strength together and LIVE? It all comes to much the same thing. In youth most of us are, for various reasons, slaves. And then, when we are able to throw off our chains, we prefer to keep them. Freedom is dangerous, is frightening.

If only I can be good enough writer to strike a blow for freedom! It is the one axe I want to grind. Be free—  
and you can afford to give yourself to life! Even to believe in life.....  
(52)

八月二日附書信——

.....I believe one can cure nobody, one can change nobody fundamentally. The born slave cannot become a free man. He can only become free-er. I have refused to believe that for years, and yet I am certain it is true, it is even a law of life. But it is equally true that hidden in the slave there are the makings of the free man. And these makings are very nice in—, very sensitive and generous.....  
(53)

十月十九日附書信——(十月九日附は省く)



.....The world as I know it is no joy to me and I am useless in it. People are almost non-existent. This world to me is a dream and the people in it are sleepers. I have known just instances of waking but that is all. I want to find a world in which these instances are united. Shall I succeed? I do not know. I scarcely care. What is important is to try and learn to live—really live—and in relation to everything—not isolated (this isolation is death to me).....<sup>(54)</sup>

この頃の彼女の女の苦悩の姿は 'Journal' に於ても赤裸々に現わされている。

*October Important*.....Life should be like a steady, visible light.

What remains of all those years together? It is difficult to say. If they were so important, how could they have come to nothing. Who gave up and why?

Haven't I been saying, all along, that the fault lies in trying to cure the body and paying no heed whatever to the sick psyche?.....<sup>(55)</sup>

'mind' は 'soul' の奴隷である。この奴隷が幾多の人の目を奪っている。両者の関係が完成されたところに大芸術が生まれる——と考えていた Mansfield は、彼女の女の病氣療養の最終段階に入った頃は、'body' と 'psyche' を対立させて、'psyche' を治療することを度外視して、'body' のみを治療しようとするのは、浅はかなやりかたと断ずるに至った。Fontainebleau に出向いて、Gurdjieff Institute に身を落着かせたのも、長い長い心の旅路、迷いの巡礼を経たのちのことであった。結局は自己の最後の場所となったこの Institute に赴くに際して、彼女の女は夫 Murry へ宛て、Journal によって別れの言葉を告げた：——

October 14 I have been thinking this morning until it seems I may get things straightened out if I try to write.....  
where I am.

Ever since I came to Paris I have been as ill as ever. In fact, yesterday I thought I was dying.....Ever since April I have done practically nothing. But why? Because, although Manoukhir's treatment improved my blood and made me look well and did have a good effect on my lungs, it made my heart not one scrap better, and I only won that improvement by living the life of a corpse in the Victoria Palace Hotel.

My spirit is nearly dead. My spring of life is so starved that it's just not dry. Nearly all my improved health is pretence—acting.....

Ah, I feel a little calmer already to be writing. Thank God for writing! I am so terrified of what I am going to do. All the voices out of the 'Past' say 'Don't do it'. Bogey says 'M. is a scientist. He does his part. It's up to you to do yours.' But that is no good at all. I can no more cure my psyche than my body. Less it seems to me..... And who is going to help me?.....Do I believe in medicine alone? No, never. In science alone? No, never. It seems to me childish and ridiculous to suppose one can be cured like a cow *if one is not a cow*. And here all these years, I have been looking for someone who agreed with me. I have heard of Gurdjieff who seems not only to agree but to know infinitely more about it. Why hesitate?

Fear. Fear of what?.....But, good Heavens! Face things.....

Therefore if the Grand Lama of Thibet promised to help you—how can you hesitate? Risk! Risk anything! Care no more for the opinions of others, for those voices. Do the hardest thing on earth for you. Act for yourself. Face the truth.

True, Tchehov didn't. Yes, but Tchehov died. And let us be honest. How much do we know of Tchehov from his letters? Was that all? Of course not. Don't you suppose he had a whole longing life of which there is hardly a word? Then read the final letters. He has given up hope. If you de-sentimentalize those final letters they are terrible. There is no more Tchehov. Illness has swallowed him.

But perhaps to people who are not ill, all this is nonsense. They have never travelled this road. How can they see where I am? All the more reason to go boldly forward alone. Life is not simple. In spite of all we say about the mystery of life, when we get down to it we want to treat it as though it were a child's tale.....

Now, Katherine, what do you mean by health? And what do you want it for?

Answer: By health I mean the power to live a full, adult, living, breathing life in close contact with what I love—the earth and the wonders thereof—the sea—the sun. All that we mean when we speak of the external world. I want to enter into it, to be part of it, to live in it, to learn from it, to lose all that is superficial and acquired in me and to become a conscious, direct human being. I want, by understanding myself, to understand others. I want to be all that I am capable of becoming so that I may be *a child of the sun*. About helping others, about carrying a light and so on, it seems false to say a single word. Let it be at that. *A child of the sun*.

Then I want to *work*. At what? I want so to live that I work with my hands and my feeling and my brain. I want a garden, a small house, grass, animals, books, pictures, music. And out of this, the expression of this, I want to be writing.

But warm, eager, living life—to be rooted in life—to learn, to desire to know, to feel, to think, to act. That is what I want. And nothing less. That is what I must try for.....

And this all sounds very strenuous and serious. But now that I have wrestled with it, it's no longer so. I feel happy—deep down. May you be happy too.

I'm going to Fontainebleau on Monday and I'll be back here Tuesday night or Wednesday morning. All is well..... (36)

夫 Murry に残した約束は——一兩日中に帰って来るということであったが、彼の女は、最初からの計画か、それとも向うに着いてから計画を変更したのか、再び帰っては来なかった。そして年が改まって間もなく一月九日に突然の咯血と共に三十四歳の生涯を終えた。十篇に余る未定稿を遺して逝った彼の女にとっては、今一度ペンを執り得る状態に戻りたいとの念願は切なるものがあつたことであろう。Illness has swallowed him.——と Tchehov の最後を現わした彼の女の文字は、そのまゝ悲しくも彼の女自身の最後を表現する言葉となつた。その日の午後、彼の女を訪ねて、偶然臨終に列する身となつた Murry の伝えるその日の彼の女の姿は、残光の如くはかない明るさに吾々の心の中を照らしてくれる。

I arrived at the Gurdjieff Institute early in the afternoon of January 9, 1923. Katherine was very pale, but radiant. We talked for a while in her room overlooking the garden. She told me that she had wanted me to come very much indeed, because the moment had come for which she had been waiting..... Now she could come to me as a free being, in a love that was purified of all fear.....

And truly as I looked at her, while I listened, she seemed a being transfigured by love, absolutely secure in love..... She spoke quite quietly of her feeling that she had perhaps now gained all that it had to give her, and that she might be leaving very soon. When she did, she would like to live with me in extreme simplicity in a small cottage in

England, and she would like me to cultivate the land.

It was a great happiness to me to be with her again.....<sup>(57)</sup>

- (9) Ian A. Gordon's Katherine Mansfield, ch. V.
- (14) The Letters of Katherine Mansfield, Vol. II, p. 120.
- (32) Ibid., pp. 91~2.
- (33) Ibid., p. 94.
- (44) Katherine Mansfield's Letters to J. M. Murry, pp. 566~7.
- (45) The Letters of Katherine Mansfield, Vol. II, p. 96.
- (46) Sylvia Berkman's Katherine Mansfield, p. 131.
- (47) Katherine Mansfield's Journal, p. 269.
- (48) Ibid., pp. 270~1.
- (49) Katherine Mansfield's Letters to J. M. Murry, pp. 641~2.
- (50) Sylvia Berkman's Katherine Mansfield, p. 139.
- (51) The Letters of Katherine Mansfield, Vol. II, p. 224.
- (52) Ibid., pp. 229~30.
- (53) Ibid., p. 234.
- (54) Ibid., p. 260.
- (55) Katherine Mansfield's Journal, p. 331.
- (56) Ibid., pp. 331~4.
- (57) Katherine Mansfield's Letters to J. M. Murry, pp. 699~700.