

Weeping Celestial Maiden (1) :
田辺聖子「泣き上戸の天女」

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| メタデータ | 言語: en 出版者: 公開日: 2023-01-24 キーワード (Ja): キーワード (En): 作成者: 小森, 道彦, SMITH, Jennifer Rose メールアドレス: 所属: |
| URL | https://osaka-shoin.repo.nii.ac.jp/records/4879 |

Weeping Celestial Maiden (1)

—田辺聖子「泣き上戸の天女」*—

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要旨:主人公野中は、誤って入ったミナミのバーで、自分と同年代だというトモエと出会い一緒に暮らしはじめるが、ある日ともえは野中の前から忽然と姿を消してしまう。野中はトモエと過ごした日々を回想するが、天女のようなトモエの魅力は様々に思い出すものの、いなくなった理由について何も思い当たる節はない。手がかりを求めて探し回るうちに、野中はトモエが自分の前から消えた理由を次第に理解するようになる。

キーワード: 田辺聖子、翻訳、メタファー、異文化理解

I don't know what went wrong..., Mr. Nonaka cannot stop thinking while drinking.

He drinks at home recently. It is hard for him to drop by at his regular bar because he always went there with her. They sang karaoke duets there. How could he answer when the woman proprietor asked him, "Where's your wife?"¹ He could not say something like, "She's suddenly disappeared without a trace."

Thinking about it over and over again while preparing whisky and water by himself, Nonaka drinks, feeling depressed.

About a year and a half ago, when he started to live with Tomoe, he had been living by himself and was used to drinking alone. But these days, the feeling of living alone has slowly returned to him for the first time in a long time. It is no trouble for him to cook at home since he cooked for himself for a long time, so Tomoe's absence does not mean interference with his daily routine. He picked up tofu on his way home and cooked "boiled tofu."

He is good at making stewed dishes of deep-fried tofu and bok choy.²

"Oh well. I guess I can live alone even if she's not here," Nonaka thinks, "but, I don't know what to do, she disappeared so suddenly, unexpectedly..."³

He is not angry with Tomoe who suddenly "ran away from home," but he is simply puzzled. He cannot

understand her, so he cannot even get angry. He wants to know the reason why she left him. If he understood the reason, he could comprehend.

"When men see a runaway wife, they can never understand the reason," says one of his friends, Mr. Takahara, "You know, there might be no reason that men can comprehend. But, you got along with your wife, didn't you?"

"That's the point," said Mr. Nonaka, "We have never had an argument, really..."

Actually, the night before Tomoe disappeared, they had had a great time. The dinner included boiled tofu (Mr. Nonaka is a fussy eater and cannot do without tofu everyday), and raw red snapper and steamed one with grated turnip on top. The taste of these dishes, which are not so much his favorite food, but the only food he can eat, were beautifully prepared by Tomoe, and they finished dinner happily. Mr. Nonaka usually only drinks the Japanese alcohol shochu with hot water, and Tomoe drinks Japanese sake. They drank together and exchange small talk about nothing in particular, and Nonaka said, "Well, so, how about getting married?"

He lived with her for about one and a half years, and he had been thinking that they could do it. He thought it would be fine to get officially married with Tomoe.

Mr. Nonaka is 41 and still unmarried.

He is treated as an oddball at work. He does not consider himself odd, but he has very strong likes and dislikes in people as well as being a very fussy eater. It is better to say “strong likes and dislikes in women,” rather than “in people.” No woman has caught his attention. But even so, when he was young, he could get along with the girls in the company. Mr. Nonaka, who is tall, sternly handsome and fairly well-educated, seemed to attract the attention of the new office girls every year.

But, he cannot do anything to make a girl happy, he is not good at saying sweet words to his love either, and so their relationship does not last long. Overtime, he has become increasingly particular about girls.

In no time, he became 30, and his hair was getting thinner in front.

When his mother was still alive, she worried about him and tried to arrange a marriage for him several times. His two elder brothers were already married and had children. After his father and his mother passed away, no one cared about his marriage.

Mr. Nonaka has been thin since his youth because of his fussy eating habits. This caused his face to wrinkle, making him look older than his age, and young girls stopped getting close to him.

People say things to him like, “You’re single. Ugh.”

There is another unmarried guy at work, who is 42 and has been leading an overindulgent life on the wealth of his parents, but he looks young for his age because of his attitude of luxury and wealth. People accept this man’s singleness, while people think Mr. Nonaka remains single because “he is an oddball.”

Mr. Nonaka just hates the self-absorbed attitude or explicit yearning of young women for marriage. That might be why people call him odd, but although he did not mean to have unreasonably high hopes, his life in 30s went by in a flash.

At that time, he met Tomoe. Tomoe said she was the same age as him. For no particular reason they got together, and have been getting along just fine.

“How about getting married?” he asked during their conversation, but Tomoe replied,

“We don’t need to have wedding ceremony now.”

“Then, we can just have our marriage registered.”

“Registration, ...” she said, “...we don’t need it.”

“You’re saying registration isn’t necessary?”

“Yeah. We can call off our relationship anytime we want.”

“I don’t think so.”

Mr. Nonaka said in a decisive tone, “I don’t like such an irresponsible, immoral way of life.”⁴

“I don’t know...but we’ve been living together because we wanted to and had a fun time, so aren’t we fine just the way we are now?”

“No, that’s not the way to live.”

Mr. Nonaka tends to be imbalanced about his beliefs just as he is a fussy eater. He does not change his mind once he has made it up, just as he could not live a day without tofu. It is true that Tomoe and his life together started “for no particular reason,” but when people start to lead an “official” life, they respect convention and have their marriage registered. Mr. Nonaka wants to submit their marriage registration.

“I’d like to go to the city office and make things official.”⁵

“.....”

“Also, I’ll inform my office about our marriage. As for my relatives, all I have to do is call my brothers, but how about you? Don’t you have to visit your relatives? We will we have to go together and get acquainted, won’t we?”

“I don’t care. My parents have already passed away, I don’t have relatives who would say anything, but...”

Tomoe is somewhat indecisive.

“Well, those things, we don’t have to care about, do we? No need to be in such a hurry.”

The world has changed, Mr. Nonaka thought. In the past, women pressed men for marriage registration, asking them to “make things official,” but today, men demand to “make things official,” and women say, “we don’t need to worry about it.”

Although Mr. Nonaka has been bringing up the topic of “making things official” since some time ago, Tomoe changed the topic each time or replied vaguely and avoided answering directly.

The last time, because she seemed to evade the point, Mr. Nonaka shifted gears and emphasized, “You can’t do this forever. Prepare to submit the marriage registration. My address is in the South Ward.

Complete the application process, please.”

When Tomoe moved in with Mr. Nonaka, she had quit her job at his request. He left the marriage application process to her because she should have the time to do it during the day.

Tomoe, though not in the oppositional tone, made the bold remark, “Well, but what’d you do if you got fed up with me halfway through and wanted to break up, and I said ‘No way’? It’s better to not complicated things from the beginning, rather than making a lot of fuss later. It’s only a sheet of paper. Don’t worry. Common-law couples won’t make a fuss about divorce. You and me, we’ve been doing well like this, don’t you think it’s good enough? Signing and submitting documents...that doesn’t matter.”

Actually, Mr. Nonaka loves her audaciousness.

He got to know Tomoe at a bar in the South District in Osaka. Located far down an alley in Tamaya-cho, it was a small bar which only seven or eight people sitting at the counter would fill. Although Mr. Nonaka had first entered by mistake, he thought he would stay for a quick drink, and ordered a glass of weak water and whisky. It was a messy, untidy bar, with a very elderly woman proprietor, and only had one woman customer. The customer seemed to be a regular, and she talked casually with the proprietor. The elderly hostess said she wanted to quit the job because she had been feeling worn out.

“Why don’t you take over here, Tomoe?”

“Me?”

Tomoe replied to her with wide eyes. However wide open, her eyes were small and round, but had a nice shape. Like black *go* stones embedded in a soft and white rice cake.⁶ Her eyes and nose were slightly far apart, but not unattractive.

“I’m afraid I can’t do that. First of all, I’m sure I’d drink and get drunk alone. Moreover, I just wouldn’t be able to stop singing karaoke, and wouldn’t let customers sing. That’s why I can’t.”

“That might be the case,” the two women chuckled. After a time, Tomoe slid down the high stool to go to the bathroom.

Mr. Nonaka found that Tomoe was not as tall as he expected, and her lower half was short and plump, which is to say she was “pear-shaped.” Her calves

were round, her ankles thick, but to be more exact, she seemed have calluses on her ankles from habitually sitting on the floor, he thought.⁷ Having those calluses on the ankles, the woman could not be in her 20s or 30s, he thought.

Her legs themselves seemed big, but that does not matter for Mr. Nonaka.

Mr. Nonaka is not attracted to the way the young girls today walk, marching on their too skinny, strong-looking legs with their stilettos kicking the ground. Just looking at them is fine, but to tell the truth, he feels heavy-looking fat legs, which do not move up well, are more sexy than the legs which are likely to spread fully like a spring. In this respect, Mr. Nonaka’s tastes are not odd.

He is fully interested in women, and he sees what should be seen.

Tomoe came back to her seat, saying, “Now, let’s sing a karaoke song before this bar closes down,” and sang a song Mr. Nonaka did not know in an unexpectedly cute voice. Mr. Nonaka clapped his hands, and she looked at him shyly, smiling, and said, “Thanks.” Then, she passed the microphone to him, but he waved her off because he had never sung karaoke alone.

Tomoe said in a friendly manner, “How about singing a duet with me?”

Just as he is a fussy eater, Mr. Nonaka also has very strong likes and dislikes in songs, but somehow, he sung “Izakaya (Japanese Bar)” with her, won the applause of the elderly proprietor, and was in a good mood.

After that, he often dropped by the bar. Every time he went, the old proprietor said, “I want to quit the job because I’ve been feeling worn out.” It looked like she was in the habit of saying that. Nevertheless, she kept running the bar. Most of the guests were regular visitors and new visitors rarely came.

One evening when Mr. Nonaka drop by, Tomoe was drinking and sobbing, and the elderly proprietor’s eyes teared up watching Tomoe crying. Tomoe seemed to have drunk too much.

“I, I’ve been living honestly for a long time, y’know ... living decently, y’know. What’s wrong being alone at my age? It’s not my fault.”

Tomoe, sobbing, took a sip and said to the proprietor, "Hey, you know what I mean, don't you?"

The proprietor said to Mr. Nonaka, "She's maudlin."

Tomoe, while whimpering, turned her eyes to Mr. Nonaka with her crumpled handkerchief grasped in her hand, and he thought she was cute somehow.

"She's always weeping."

Tear-stained faces of women were appalling, but for Mr. Nonaka, her crying face was lovely because he had had the chance to look at her friendly smiling face some time before.

"It's splendid to be able to cry in front of people, I think."

Mr. Nonaka poured her some whisky from his bottle. Then, he made a guess at her age, thinking that she couldn't be in her 20s since she was crying over hardship; maybe she was in her mid-30s?

After crying for a while, Tomoe's mood improved. Wiping the tears from her eyes, she blew her nose, and turned the pages of the karaoke songbook, saying, "Now, let's fucking sing a song."

"Fucking" is a vulgar word girls should not say, but Mr. Nonaka was pleased to hear it.

"You bet, fucking sing," the old lady proprietor egged her on. The two looked like comfortable, old friends. Mr. Nonaka liked Tomoe because she was a woman who could enjoy herself alone, and because she did not make eyes at men. She could enjoy being by herself because she was not flirtatious.

To tell the truth, Mr. Nonaka felt freshly shocked at her riotous, vulgar words at this time and started falling for her.

Those vulgar words might have been the result of her resilience gained over time. Mr. Nonaka felt temped to somehow cheer her up.

With no particular plan in mind, they talked about partying to raise her spirits. A plan to go to Kyoto or Nara came up in the conversation, but they agreed that they did not have to go to the trouble of visiting the chilly valleys during such a cold season as snowflakes fluttered down. However, Tomoe was excited just hearing the plan come up and was completely in high spirits.

"Just taking about 'feeling chilled'...,"

Before he knew it, Mr. Nonaka was also a bit

excited, and said, "...Or better yet, how about going to the Mantoro Lantern Festival at Kasuga-taisha Shrine in Nara? What's date of the spring festival, Setsubun? Well, it was very tasteful, romantic, when I had a chance to go there about ten years ago."

It had been a bone-chilling night, but when the three thousand lanterns were illuminated, the vermilion-lacquered building of Kasuga-taisha Shrine floated against the darkness, and it looked like a dream. The tops of the high Japanese cedar trees were steeped in darkness, and snowflakes were falling down creating a divine atmosphere. There were no vending stalls around, and Mr. Nonaka stumbled on the roots of pine trees in the darkness. He sipped hot amazake while blowing on it to cool it down in a local teahouse, and then went back home. The sight of many lanterns flickering along the cloister touched Mr. Nonaka, who professed to no longer have a heart.

"It's freezing outside, so you should be sure to keep warm," Mr. Nonaka said.

"I've seen it on TV before!" Tomoe cried,

"Shall we go, Mr. Nonaka? Let's visit there to worship. What's the date of Setsubun? February 3rd? 4th?"

"I'll look it up. Would you like to join us?" he asked the proprietor. Now that Mr. Nonaka was a regular at this bar, he talked to the woman proprietor familiarly.

"I can't. If I walked around on such a freezing night, I'd have a rheumatic attack. I'm also worried about my bladder infection. I know, I'm talking like an old woman."

"What are you saying? You are younger than me."

"I'm not energetic like you, Tomoe."

The two ladies were laughing, but Mr. Nonaka was taken aback. What did they mean that Tomoe was older than the old proprietor? In his eyes, the old proprietress was over fifty, but she might look younger because she always dressed plainly. She might be younger than he had thought.

On the night of Setubun, Mr. Nonaka really did end up going to Nara with Tomoe. It took only one hour by Kintetsu train. Tomoe wore a black fur, half-length coat happily and said, "No matter how cold it gets, I'm okay."

"Let's grab some amazake to warm us up."

“Are there any grilled octopus balls’ stalls, or something?”

“There may be some in Nara Park, but there aren’t any near Kasuga-taisha Shrine, I think.”

Mr. Nonaka was not familiar with Nara because he had not spent time there recently. Tomoe also said that she had not been to Nara for a long time though she often went to Kyoto. After paying a visit to a shrine, they smoothly decided to have dinner somewhere.

When talking with Tomoe, Mr. Nonaka did not become mentally tired at all as he did when he talked with girls in his company. He felt a sense of freedom as if he were talking with another man. It is partly because Tomoe did not make eyes at men like other girls, but partly because he did not need to alter his speech around her. If he said, “Would you like to join me for dinner tonight?” he would have to underline that he did not have any ulterior motives. Because he had to say what he did not want to, and his grudging consideration made him appear a “girl-hater.”

He may be a “girl-hater,” but not a “women-hater.” Tomoe was surely a mature woman, so it was nice for him to be able to talk casually with her. Moreover, she was charming, in short, Mr. Nonaka fell in love with her.

Nara Park on the way to Kasuga-taisha Shrine was very crowded with people. Cars were passing by incessantly, buses arrived and departed, and the area of the First Torii Gate was swarmed.

The approach to the shrine was illuminated brightly, but swarmed with people who were going to worship and coming back.

“Thousands of people,” Mr. Nonaka said, trying as hard as possible not to get separated, “It’s far from ‘romantic.’”

As the number of people coming back might be reaching its peak, the visitors were passing under the torii gate and coming out, one after another onto the broad approach to the torii gate. Moreover, despite being the night of February 3rd, it was unexpectedly warm and they started to sweat. It would be more accurate to say it was hot.

Where the stone lanterns stood in rows, Tomoe said happily with a great curiosity, “Oh, how beautiful!” but

around the Second Torii Gate where the street started to be more congested, the air was hot and stuffy in the darkness, and Tomoe had to take off her fur coat. There was no light except that from the lanterns, and the shadows of the people continued endlessly. Someone said there was a long line at the South Gate to get into the grounds of the shrine, so Mr. Nonaka and Tomoe stood in the line. Mr. Nonaka said, as if defending himself, “In the past, there wasn’t so many people like this.” He added, wiping off his sweat, “...and it was cold, snowflakes were fluttering down, so it was tasteful, but this heat...,” as if this had been his responsibility.

They reached the South Gate at last, paid the fee for votive lanterns, and got the candles. The grounds were also very crowded. On the stage, a Noh dance seemed to be being performed as a dedication to the gods, but many heads were blocking their view.

Noticing the stone steps and the gutter, Mr. Nonaka took Tomoe’s hand. It was dark and they could only see where they were standing in the dim light from the lanterns. Tomoe’s hand was sweaty, and the joints of her fingers seemed strong. The hands of young girls are fragilely soft, whereas Tomoe’s hands were firm with a strong will. That was somehow convincing for Mr. Nonaka.

That firm hand and joints of the fingers corresponded well with Tomoe’s never-failing resilience, which made her say, “Now, let’s fucking sing a song,” even when her spirit was down. But, this was not unpleasant to Mr. Nonaka.

It was good he could meet her face-to-face like he did with men.

Besides, he did not want to take a man’s hand, but he did not hesitate to take Tomoe’s.

Going up and down the stone steps, they walked along the cloister, made the round of the shrine’s grounds, and came out the West Gate. The road was pitch-dark without the lanterns, and the people treaded with care while calling out to each other. Someone shouted, “No pushing!” and Mr. Nonaka thought “What the hell’s the matter,” feeling annoyed with the crowds and the heat. But Tomoe seemed to be delighted and said, “Thanks for bringing me to this great place.”

Before he knew it, Mr. Nonaka, chatting with Tomoe, had finished walking the disgustingly long approach to the First Torii Gate. He confessed that he was already forty and single.

“Me too,” Tomoe said, and that was what he expected, Mr. Nonaka thought. Tomoe’s resilience seemed not to be that of someone in their 20s or 30s. She said she had been working at a bedding company in the South District of Osaka for a long time.

Her parents had passed away and she lived all by herself.

“Me too,” Mr. Nonaka said.

Tomoe said frankly, “I didn’t have high expectations, but I had no chance to get married and live alone.”

“Me too,” Mr. Nonaka replied.

The conversation went smoothly, and those “me toos” had dinner together. There was an inn on the same road as the Nara Hotel, and Mr. Nonaka ordered a standard course of simple cuisine. He did not eat things such as beef or pork. He decided on the course meal because a waitress said a pot of boiled tofu was included with it.

Mr. Nonaka received a glass of shochu with hot water and said, “I can’t live without tofu. Three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, I eat tofu. Chilled tofu in the spring and summer and boiled tofu in the fall and winter. I sometimes eat soft chilled tofu, but I love hard tofu. For toppings, I like sliced green onion, dried bonito-fish flakes, and Japanese peppercorns cooked in soy sauce.”

“In the beginning of fall, I eat it with thin slices of Japanese ginger,” Tomoe said. Unlike Mr. Nonaka, Tomoe ate fish and meat and everything else, but she also liked tofu. Tofu in miso soup, tofu in vegetable soup, and mashed tofu salad.

“I don’t know about such fancy dishes, but I love just the taste of tofu itself. Boiled tofu in the fall and winter, I prepare a soup of it myself.”

“Oh, how diligent! What are the toppings?”

“Green onion rinsed in water and drained, of course. And, this with only seven-spice chili pepper.”

“Right. Some like to put finely shredded, dried seaweed, but I don’t like it much, because it’s goeey and gets twisted around chopsticks.”

“Yes, exactly.”

“Also, I don’t like to put grated radish and red pepper into the soup because that changes the taste of the soup, and makes the tofu colder.”

“Yes, exactly.”

Why were they agreeing with each other?

Mr. Nonaka found himself close to tears with pleasure. Tomoe pronounced the word “tofu” in Osaka style, with the pitch rising at the end. He had been brought up in Osaka, so he was happily reminded of the way his Osaka-born mother spoke.

Tomoe put a chinaware spoon in the pot of boiled tofu, and said, “This tofu seems somewhat softer. Hard tofu’s more suitable for boiled tofu, isn’t it?”

“Yes, exactly.”

“Hard tofu, especially the harder part of edges are good.”

“Yes, exactly.”

Mr. Nonaka was overwhelmed with happiness. It is not that he did not like young girls, he just wondered if he would be able to talk to young girls about the details of tofu. Mr. Nonaka got tipsy and comfortable. Tomoe’s face, which looked like a soft rice cake with small eyes and small nose scattered on it, became indescribably beautiful and pretty to him. Boiled crab was served even though Nara was surrounded by mountains.

“This crab...”

“You don’t like crab?”

“I like it, but I don’t feel like cleaning and picking meat.”

“I see, but it’s one of my favorite things to remove meat from a crab while chatting. I’ll do it for you.”

Tomoe cracked the shell of the snow crab, removed all the meat nicely and dished it on the plate. Her skill, her steady movements suddenly made Mr. Nonaka think she was strong and experienced in the ways of the world. However, the perfect kindness of Tomoe seemed to be trustworthy.

When he had grasped her hand, he had thought the joints of her fingers were firm, but now the back of her hand was chunky, and he found the kind of blemishes that come with age. On her left ring finger, she wore a ring where a small red jewel was surrounded by shiny stones. It matched her red

sweater very well, Mr. Nonaka thought. He has strong likes and dislikes about women's clothing, but everything that Tomoe wore was totally trustworthy.

Speaking of wearing something, Tomoe wore an attractive expression. When she smiled, he felt as if his whole body and soul had melted away. A deeply expressive look, it could not be accomplished overnight, or in one's 20s, 30s. Mr. Nonaka could not stop thinking like this. Until now, Mr. Nonaka had been prejudiced against middle-aged women in their 40s and 50s as they were the most shameless and impudent ones in the world, but hearing that Tomoe was in her 40s, his old principles collapsed completely.

Tomoe enjoyed the food thoroughly and courteously. She ate even the garnishes served with the raw fish, and although Mr. Nonaka himself had lots of likes and dislikes, he liked women who ate all the dishes, thoroughly and courteously. Just like the movement of her hand when she took the lid off the pot of boiled tofu, when she passed the dish for serving condiments and when she removed meat from the crab gently and cordially, her hand moved gently and cordially when she brought food to her mouth.

It proved that she truly loves eating. Even Mr. Nonaka was excited and happy whenever he was able to eat what he likes. He liked whatever Tomoe did.

After a while, Tomoe looked out of the window and said in an excited voice, "Wow, is that Five-storied Pagoda of the Kohfukuji Temple?"

As they were on the second floor, they could see the Five-storied Pagoda clearly even in the darkness of night. It was more precious for them to see the soaring deep black pagoda while visiting Nara than to see the crowds of people at the Mantoro Lantern Festival.

Because it was not cold, they opened the window and gazed at the pagoda, when Tomoe put down her sake cup and said, "I'm so happy..." and started to weep. "Nothing has given me more pleasure than this."

It was likely true that she was always weeping.

"I'm not crying not because I'm sad. I'm so happy I'm crying," she explained clearly while weeping. Then, she might have found herself funny, she smiled

tearfully and said, "Don't be angry, Mr. Nonaka--I cry when I'm happy. Happy things don't occur so often, right? So, can't I cry when I'm so happy?"

"Okay, okay, you can cry to your heart's content." Mr. Nonaka paused for a moment, and called her by her family name, "Ms. Higashiura, don't get mad at me, please. If it's okay with you, how about staying? They say we can stay overnight here."

"You've made me happy, just by saying such a thing."

Tomoe wiped her tears again with her handkerchief. Mr. Nonaka added quickly, "Just by saying such a thing? What do you mean? I'm not just saying it, I mean it."

"I hear you, but... It's been a while for me too... Um, listen...a woman's figure in her 40s is not something to see, I think..."

Tomoe was chucking as she wiped away tears from her eyes. Mr. Nonaka said earnestly, "You're not trying to win a beauty pageant, so you don't have to worry about it."

"I'm embarrassed."

Tomoe's tone had changed without Mr. Nonaka really noticing it, becoming even younger and much cuter.

Mr. Nonaka soon went to the reception and asked for a room for the night. A room in the annex was available, and he reserved it. When he went back, Tomoe had stopped weeping and was putting on lipstick and eating a satsuma mandarin orange for dessert after the meal.

(to be continued.)

- * この翻訳は田辺聖子「泣き上戸の天女」(『田辺聖子全集』第5巻(集英社))にもとづいている。この作品の翻訳についてお世話下さった田辺聖子文学館学芸員住友元美先生、快く翻訳の許可を下さった田辺美奈様に感謝いたします。初出は『オール讀物』(1986年2月1日発行)。続きの「Weeping Celestial Maiden (2) —田辺聖子「泣き上戸の天女」—」は、本紀要119ページ~125ページに掲載されている。

題名の「天女」について

「天女」は、天上界に住む女性であり（『岩波国語辞典』（第7版）など）、さらに、比喩的にきわめて美しくやさしい女性の意味でも使われることも多く、宗教色はあまり強くない。対応する英語として *angel*, *nymph*, *goddess* などが考えられたが、これらはキリスト教の神々・精霊であり、「天女のような女性」の表現に対応させるには強い違和感がある。*celestial maiden* は、*celestial*（天上の）+ *maiden* の2語からなり、*maiden* は「未婚で若い女性」などの意味的制約はあるにせよ、宗教色は比較的弱いことからこの表現を採用した。

Notes:

- 1 バーの「ママ」に意味が近い英語の語彙はない。対応するものとして、小説の地の文では *a woman (elderly) proprietor* を選んだが、日本語の「ママ」が打ち解けたインフォーマルな表現であるのに対し、*proprietor* は企業・不動産などの所有者の意味で、フォーマルで固いニュアンスを持つ。したがって、例えば207ページでトモエが「ママ、わかってくれるわなあ、ママ」と泣くときの「ママ」を、*proprietor* を使って呼びかけるのは大変不自然になる。（以下、原文からの引用は「」で示す。またページ数は全集のページを示す。）
- 2 「油揚げとさつま揚げと杓子菜」。日本料理の表現については、これまで行った翻訳のなかでは、文化の違い、英語読者の理解しやすさなどを考慮して一部表現を変更したことがある。この作品では野中氏の偏食を表すのに、例えば201ページ「鯛の刺身とかぶら蒸し」など、以下の部分も含めてこのテキストにおいては和食の表現はできるだけ訳出するように心がけた。
- 3 話法について、この小説では野中氏の心の中の語り、直接話法、間接話法はもとより、「(おらなんだら、おらなんだで、何とでもやるんやが…)」のカッコで引用されているもの、また、伝達節（「…と言った／思った」）のない自由間接話法、自由直接話法など多様な引用形式で表現されている。翻訳にあたっては、不自然にならない範囲で、できるだけ原文の話法を活かすよう努めた。
- 4 「じゃらじゃらした」に対応する表現として、だらしない意味では *lazy*, *sloppy* などが考えられる。しかし *lazy* は性格的な怠惰、*sloppy* は服装などのだらしなさを意味する。また *irresponsible*（無責任な）では、共訳者の Jennifer Smith から、入籍

しないことが無責任につながるということが英語読者にとって理解しづらいのではと指摘があった。それらを踏まえ、当時このような事実婚は現在のように社会的にはあまり認められていなかったことを考慮し、意味がややはっきりした *immoral* を選択した。

- 5 「区役所へ行ってチャンとしたい」。几帳面な性格である野中の「チャンと」は、小説中7箇所出現する。心的な面に注目して…*make things serious* なども考慮したが、トモエとの暮らしが *serious* でなかったはずがない。内縁を正式にしたいという形式面をとって *official* を選択した。
- 6 *go* (碁) : a Japanese board game of territorial possession and capture, similar to chess (*Oxford Dictionary of English* 2nd edition, revised) . Black and white stones are used for playing the game.
- 7 「(坐りだこみたくないなあ)」。坐りだこについて、正座の文化がない英語圏では、足のくるぶしにタコができることを想像するのは難しい。ここでは原文にはない、「習慣的に床に座ることのできる」という説明を補っている。