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I had a friend



私の友 七

ブリクセンはウィンチルシー・ノッティンガム伯爵の次男、イギリス人デニス・フィンチ・ハットン（1887～1931）のなかに男性の理想像が現存していることを見出した。フィンチ・ハットンは感情と理性の両面において人間・芸術家としてのブリクセンの成長に他の誰よりもより大きな意味を持つこととなった。

彼は稀なことにサファリのリーダーと飛行士としての実務的能力を併せ持ち古典ヨーロッパの芸術と文化に対して造詣が深かったため、彼は出会う人皆を奮い立たせ、やる気を起こさせる存在となった。1920年代の終わり頃、ブリクセンを取り巻く外界の現実や農場の経営基盤が弱体化してきた時、彼とともに暮らしていたブリクセンは作家の道へ足を踏み入れる決心をした。

デニス・フィンチ・ハットンの肖像（1913年頃）



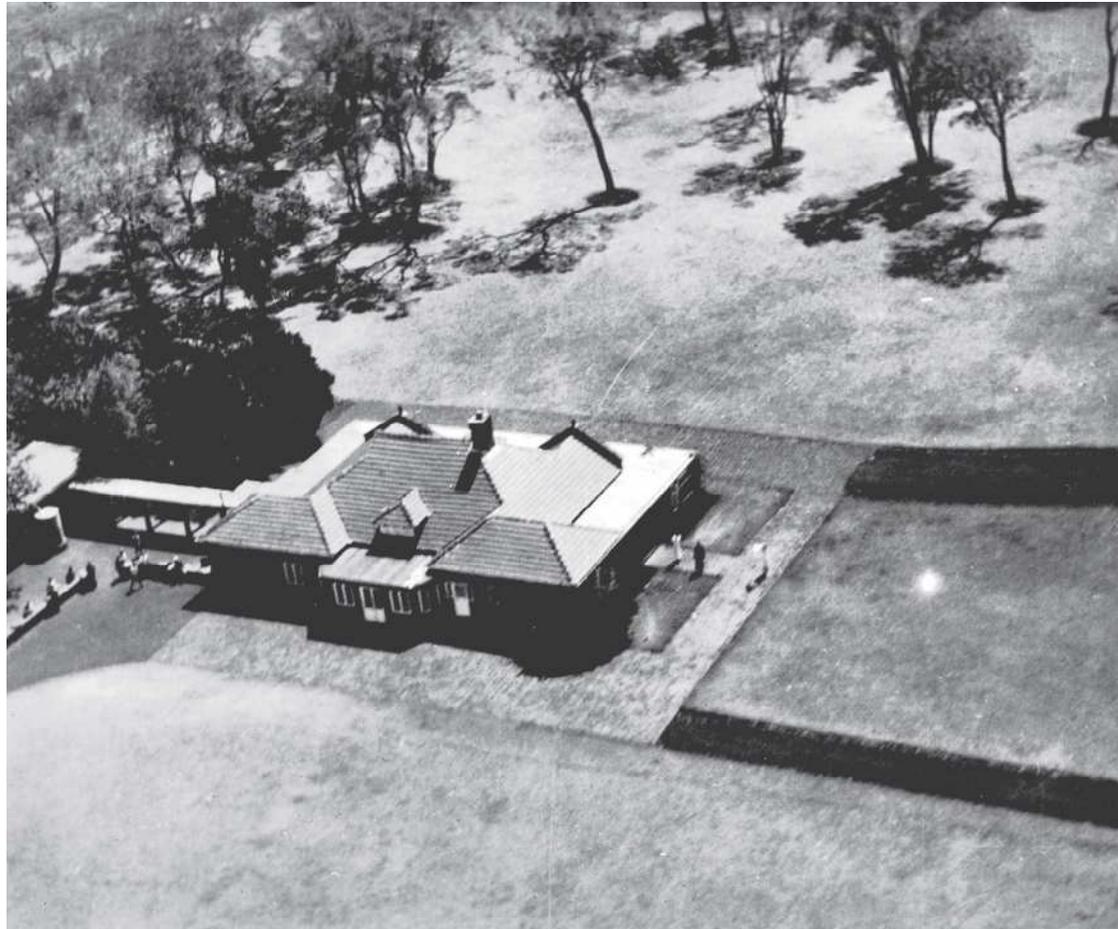
In the Englishman Denys Finch Hatton (1887-1931), the younger son of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, Karen Blixen found her living, breathing masculine ideal. Both emotionally and intellectually, he came to mean more for her development as a human being and an artist than any other person.

With his rare combination of practical ability as a safari leader and pilot and his deep knowledge of classical European art and literature, he was an inspiring challenge to anyone who met him. Her time with him spurred Karen Blixen to take decisive steps on her path as an author even as the external reality around her and the farm's financial basis crumbled at the end of the 1920s.

The portrait of Denys Finch Hatton is from ca. 1913.



Karen Blixen loved to drive cars. Here she is photographed behind the wheel of Denys Finch Hatton's car. The site is Mombasa around 1928.



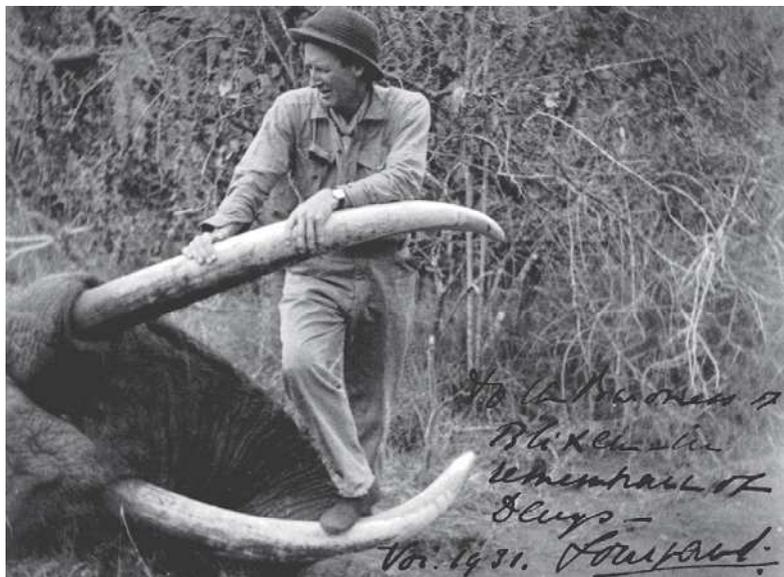
One of Denys Finch Hatton's aerial photographs of the African farm. That was how Karen Blixen saw her home when she flew in his plane.

デニス・フィンチ・ハットンがアフリカの農場を上空から撮ったものの1枚。  
彼の飛行機からみたフリクセンの家。



Finch Hatton's plane - a Gypsy Moth - was an object of wondrous curiosity for the Africans when he brought it from England in 1929.

1931年5月14日デニス・フィンチ・ハットンはタンガニーカのヴォイ付近に墜落し、即死した。これは同年ヴォイ付近で撮られた最後の写真であり、彼の死後フリクセンに送られた。



On 14 May 1931, Denys Finch Hatton crashed in his plane at Voi in Tanganyika and was killed on the spot. Here is the last picture of him, taken at Voi the same year. It was sent to Karen Blixen after his death.

農場から数キロメートルのところにあるンゴング丘のデニス・フィンチ・ハットンの墓は、アフリカを去りロングステズロンの母の家に引っ越した後、ずっとプリクセンにとって精神的なランドマークとして存在することになった。  
プリクセンは毎晩寝る前に南向けのドアを開け、しばし佇んだ。そこアフリカの丘に、彼女の本来の人生は埋葬されていた。コールリッジの詩『老水夫行』の一節「よく愛するものはよく祈る／人も小鳥も獣も」が刻まれた石柱の下に



Denys Finch Hatton's grave in the Ngong Hills, a few kilometres from the farm, represented for Karen Blixen a sort of mental landmark long after she had left Africa and moved back to her mother's home at Rungstedlund. Every evening before she went to bed, she opened the door to the south and remained standing for a moment. Down there in the African hills, her real life was buried beneath an obelisk with a verse from Coleridge's "The Ancient Mariner": "He prayeth well who loveth well/both man and bird and beast".

## CAPTAIN FINCH-HATTON

### AN APPRECIATION

A correspondent writes:—

To many of every type and station in life in many parts of the world the death of Denys Finch-Hatton means the loss of something that can never be replaced. All through his life he had an amazingly attractive personality: no one who ever met him, whether man or woman, old or young, white or black, failed to come under his spell, and one and all were proud to know him.

He was different from every one else. Always and everywhere absolutely himself, he was neither selfish nor self-centred, yet he seemed always to do everything that he wanted to do and never to do anything that he did not want. Anyone else, leading such a life, would have deteriorated; he remained considerate, sympathetic, humorous, cultured, and always had time somehow to spend in small acts of kindness for most unlikely people of any age or type. He was an ideal companion at the Russian Ballet or at a game of chess, while, of course, in times of difficulty or danger in the open air he was obviously supreme, the direct, ready master of the situation.

What in others might seem odd, even swagger, in him was absolutely natural, simple, and genuine. From some unpronounceable and possibly illegible address in the wilds of Africa he wrote long letters, chiefly about the books he was reading. He was a skilful mechanic and a lover of poetry and music; he had a wide and first-hand knowledge of birds and animals, and he was a shrewd observer of his fellow men and women. He could talk for hours of native life and customs, in which he was deeply interested, and his knowledge and experience of the people and country and his intensely practical schemes have already been of great service to the Government.

He always left an impression of greatness—there is no other word—and aroused interest as no one else could. It was not only his magnificent physique and striking features; there was the ready intuition and sympathy with every type of character, a wonderful sense of humour, a complete lack of all sham or conventionality, a sense of power and determination; and yet behind it all, indefinite but ever present, a feeling of waste. Something more must come from one so strong and gifted; and in a way it did, for no one inspired more love and admiration, truer or deeper confidence or friendship.

He died, as he would have chosen, in the open air, amid the wide spaces that he loved, fearless and free to the end; and the charm of his wonderful personality and companionship is something which those who knew him will treasure throughout their lives.