

James Tiptree Jr.
ティプトリー再考



Alice "Alli", Tiptree "Tip", Raccoona



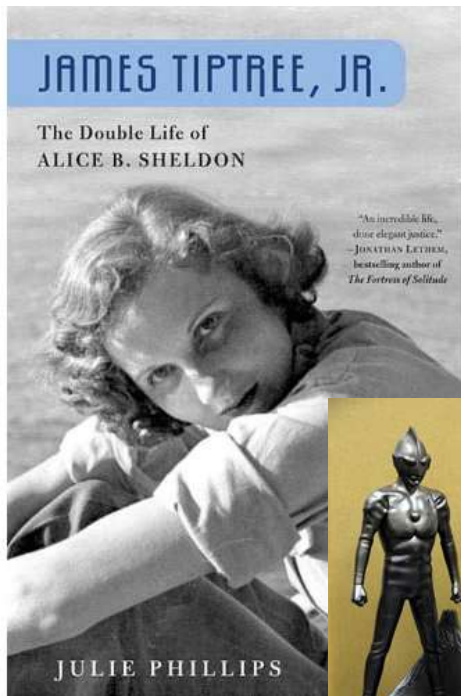
引用 : <http://hubcap.clemson.edu/~sparks/tiptree1.html>

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Julie Phillips

“The Double Life of Alice B. Sheldon”

引用: <http://www.julie-phillips.com/index.htm>



Best Related Non-Fiction Book

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Alice born in 1915, Central Africa 1921-22,1924



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Alice 1938, 1945



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その略歴(戦争が終わるまで)

- 1915 誕生、シカゴで育つ
- 1921 -22 最初のアフリカ探検同行(『ジャングルの国のアリス』)
- 1924 -25 2回目のアフリカ探検 (Alice in Elephantland)
- 1929 SFの読み始め
- 1929 -30 スイス ローザンヌの教養学校在学
- 1931 -33 ニューヨークの寄宿学校在学
- 1933 ニューヨークのサラ・ローレンス・カレッジに入学
当時は2年制女子大学(現在は男女共学の4年制大学)
- 1934 ウィリアム・ディヴィー(21歳)と最初の結婚(19歳)
- 1935 -40 “オープン”な結婚生活、画家を目指す
- 1939 コーコランギャラリーでヌード自画像を売る
- 1940 離婚、42年まで曖昧に続く
- 1941 画家を断念、新聞社でアート批評を手がける
- 1942 軍隊に志願
WAAC (Women's Army Auxiliary Corps)に所属
- 1944 空軍の写真解析官(大尉)
- 1945 米空軍情報部でM262の情報、ツアイスの写真技術等を収用
- 1945 同職のハンティントン・シェルドン(ティン42歳)と結婚(30歳)



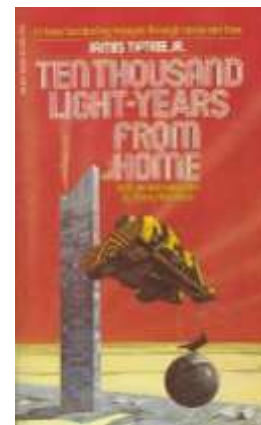
その略歴(作家Tip誕生まで)

- 1946 -47 軍務を離れジャーナリストを目指すも挫折
- 1948 -52 養鶏場を経営
- 1950 この頃から(黄金時代に入る) SFの読書を再開
アシモフ、ハインライン、クラーク、ブラッドベリの時代
- 1952 -55 CIAに勤務、実際は重要な職務につかず
- 1955 失踪事件
2~3週間行方不明となる
- 1955 ルドルフ・アーンハイムに師事(その後も親交が続く)
- 1957 アメリカン大学(-59)、ジョージ・ワシントン大学(-62)に在学
- 1961 父親ハーバート死去(86歳)
- 1963 -67 ネズミを使った実験心理学でPh.D.を取得
- 1967 SFをペンネームTipで書き始める
52歳、体験とSFの進化が一致する
- 1968 SFWAに加入
ハリスン、ポールらに認められる等高い評価を受ける
- 1969 「エイン博士...」でTipの肉声を感じ取る
ディックら(41歳)と文通を始める
エリソン『危険なヴィジョン、再び』に架空の略歴を書く



その略歴 (SF作家Tip)

- 1970 ティン(67歳)がCIAを退職
ユカタン半島の別荘地との行き来の中で執筆
- 1971 ジェフリー・スミス(20歳)との親交
アーシュラ・ルグィン(43歳)との親交
- 1972 ラクーナ・シェルドン登場
ジョアナ・ラス(35歳)との親交、フェミニズム論争
- 1973 最初の短編集『故郷から10000光年』(エース)
「愛はさだめ、さだめは死」ネビュラ賞
- 1974 「接続された女」ヒューゴー賞
- 1975 鬱病に陥り自殺を考える
- 1976 処女長編完成Up the Walls of the World(9月)
母親メアリ死去(94歳、10月)→12月には噂に
「ヒューストン、ヒューストン聞こえるか？」
ヒューゴー、ネビュラ両賞受賞
- 1977 ティプトリーは女性だった(Locus他)
「ラセンウジバエ解決法」ネビュラ賞(RS名義)
- 1980 執筆を再開
- 1986 ティン失明、自殺を仄めかす手紙
- 1987 ティン就寝後に射殺、自身も拳銃自殺(5月、71歳)
「すべてのまぼろしはキンタナ・ローの海に消えた」
国際幻想文学賞



邦訳作品(単行本・原著刊行順)

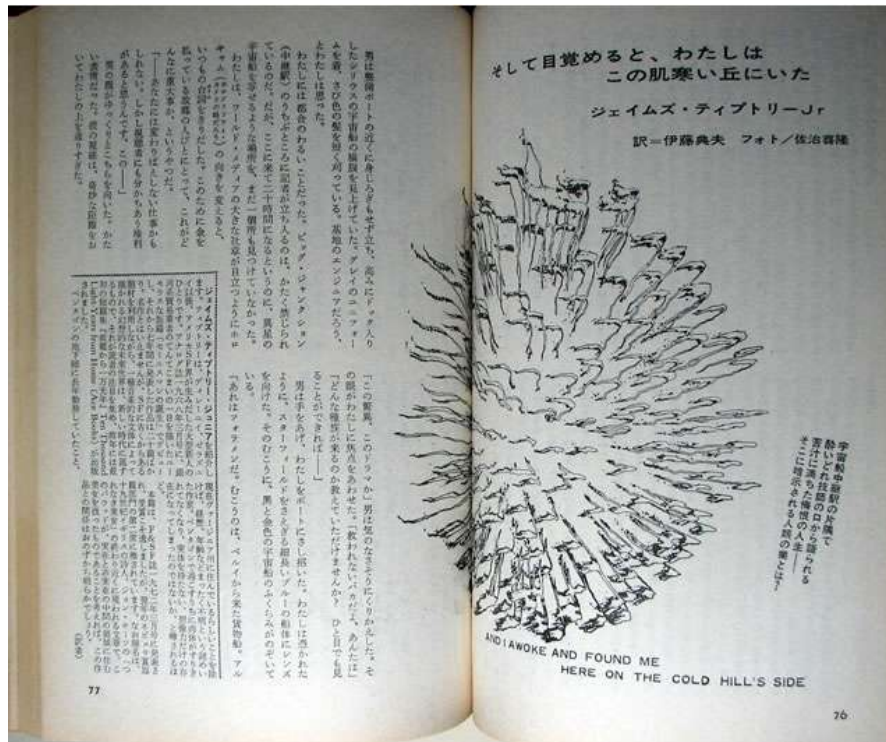
- ・ 『故郷から10000光年』(1991)
Ten Thousand Light-Years from Home (1973)
- ・ 『愛はさだめ、さだめは死』(1987)
Warm Worlds and Otherwise (1975)
- ・ 『老いたる霊長類の星への賛歌』(1986)
Star Songs of an Old Primate (1978)
- ・ 『星ぼしの荒野から』(1999)
Out of the Everywhere and Other Extraordinary Visions (1981)
- ・ 『輝くもの天より墜ち』(2007)
Brightness Falls from the Air (1985)
- ・ 『たったひとつの冴えたやりかた』(1987)
The Starry Rift (1986)
- ・ 『すべてのまぼろしはキンタナ・ローの海に消えた』(2004)
Tales of the Quintana Roo (1986)



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日本での初紹介は1974年3月（正確には1月）

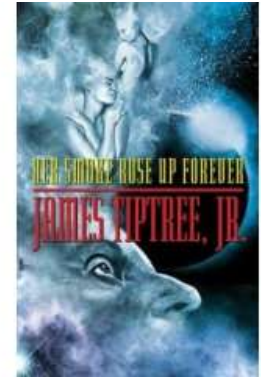
- この時、伊藤典夫の評価もさほど高くはないが…（ヒューゴー、ネビュラ受賞前）



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最初のブーム(1974~75)

- そして目覚めると...(1972)→74
- 苦痛指向(1972)→74
- 愛はさだめ、さだめは死(1973)→75
- 接続された女(1973)→75



ティプトリー作品の捉えられ方



2回目のブーム(1977~80)

- 故郷に歩いた男(1972)→77
- ヒューストン、ヒューストン... (1976) →78
- ラセンウジバエ解決法(1977) →79
- エイン博士の最後の飛行* (1969) →79
*Tiptreeとして書けた最初の作品
- 雪はとけた、雪は消えた(1969) →80
- 煙は永遠にたちのぼって(1974) →80

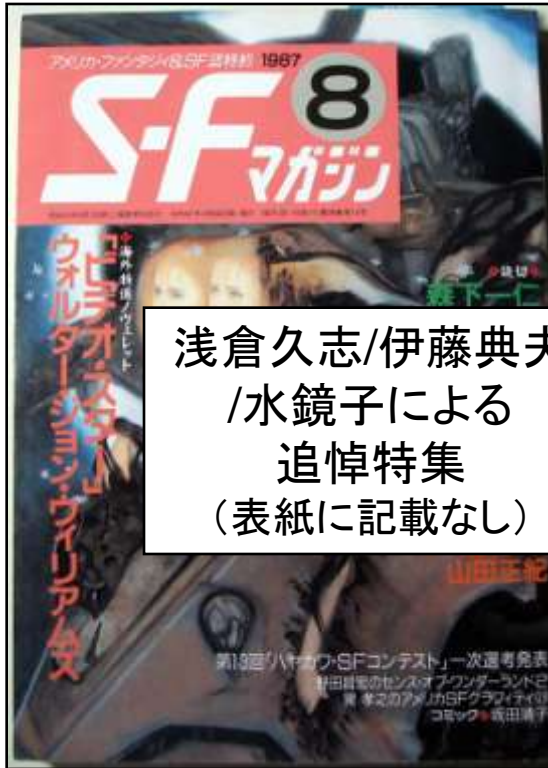
老いたる霊長類の星への賛歌→86

そのとき鳥居定夫は...



心中/自殺(1987年5月)

そのとき世界は...



浅倉久志/伊藤典夫
/水鏡子による
追悼特集
(表紙に記載なし)



チャールズ・プラットによる
インタビュー



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ティプトリーの人気はなぜ続くのか

『愛はさだめ、さだめは死』(1987)

『たったひとつの冴えたやりかた』(1987)

↓ 4年

『故郷から10000光年』(1991)

↓ 8年

『星ぼしの荒野から』(1999)

↓ 5年

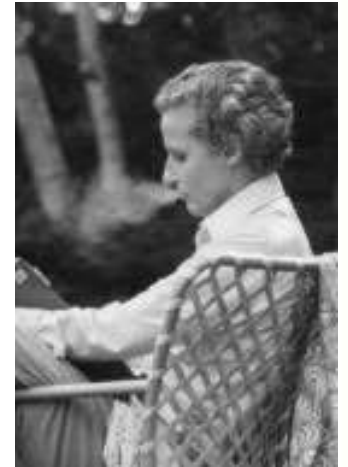
『すべてのまぼろしはキンタナ・ローの海に
消えた』(2004)

↓ 3年

『輝くもの天より墜ち』(2007)



Tip, Raccoona 1977, 1983



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Special Bonus



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Alice Bradley名義で書かれた最初の小説
The Lucky Ones 掲載号 1946年11月



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MODERN



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THE LUCKY ONES

I WENT to Germany last year in late September, with several thousand other American soldiers, including my husband, a colored, who moved in a higher sphere than mine. We all belonged to a big theatre headquarters which was transferred from France to form a permanent occupational command in the American Zone. Before we left France, I had just enough War points to go home and my husband had an astronomical total of points, but I was anxious to finish a report I had been working on for some time and he wanted to see his section through a reorganization crisis. So we elected to go to Germany for a short time. In view of our imminent return home, I was granted permission to live with him in a small senior officers' billet in the town we were moving to, along with five or six other colonels from the headquarters.

The prospect intimidated me, as I was a very recent captain, with a marked *senior* reflex as five colonels (I never did get used to my husband in full regalia). However, I was somewhat comforted when I learned that there would be one other captain living there, as billeting officer. This was Captain Providence, a housing young man who spoke rapid-fire, ornamental German, which his war assignments had given him plenty of opportunity to perfect. He turned out to be invaluable, because I was unable to speak a German verb out of the infinitive, and my husband spoke a form of German good only for indicating desired services and making slow, stately comments at the scenery.

The headquarters town had been a solidly prosperous German spa. It contained what had been only third-class air objectives, but it had had the misfortune to receive one heavy going-over near the end of the war, which had reduced about a third of it to ruins. The civilian casualties, however, had been relatively light.

On the afternoon the Colonel and I drove in from France, the lot of the headquarters envoys were still rumpiling into town. The German winter was moving in, too, with cold, continuous rain. It was a depressing scene.

The wet streets were hung with mist and choked with rubble in most places. Low clouds slid through the blackened holes in the roofless shells of gutted buildings. Most of the houses could be described as substantial, but none of them could be called gracious. They were of a somehow inartistic cubic shape and loaded with ornaments—glazed eagles, lion cane posts, fair caryatids, and iron capitals relieving themselves in fountain. The undamaged houses exhaled an air of urban sculleries and speckled parlors. The damaged ones were grotesque without being pathetic.

We passed a small park containing a forested statue of Bismarck, climbed the hill back of town where the officers' billet area was, and drew up at last in front of our house. It belonged to one Herr Doktor Grossmeyer, whose name plate was on the garden wall. The house was two-colored, upper and high, and had two turrets.

At the top of the front steps were two doors side by side, one for the family and one for the servants. We entered through the family's door, which was open, and found ourselves in a cheerless vestibule lined with gray tile. From a head-curtained archway on one side came damp-dobbleth smells and gruff-felt laughter. We walked on into the dimness of a large, high-ceilinged living room, illuminated by a cold yellow light from overhead. I looked up, and involuntarily slumped from under a menacing chandelier as big as a summerhouse and set with imitation candles. The furniture was ponderous and upholstered in green. On the walls I could make out several acres of oil paintings in heavy gilt frames.

Over in a corner of the room, a huge chair began to move. At first, I could not see what was behind it, then it turned and revealed a small girl, who was sitting on the floor and pushing with her back. She saw us, gasped, got up, tried to curtsy and almost fell over, and then grabbed up a mop and pad and fled, about the size of an American fourteen-year-old, with a curiously misshapen little figure. Her nose and cheeks were bright pink and her stockings were



This is the "gang" that plans to go to the big game together



This is the collection of things they need to take with them



So, this is the car they all chose to go in

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