

シンポジウム「ディケンズとポー」

「非人間的笑い と 超人間的笑い——ポーとディケンズにおける恐怖とユーモア」

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0. はじめに

1. ポーの作品の「度を越した」笑い

- (1) 「息の紛失」 (“Loss of Breath”) (1835 年/1846 年)
- (2) 「ある苦境」 (“A Predicament”) (1838 年)
- (3) 「使い切った男」 (“The Man that was Used Up”) (1839 年)
- (4) 笑いにおける不安・恐怖をかき立てる要素
- (5) 人間の有限性と笑い

ジュパンチッチによる「超人間的」笑い

“Man is only man.” / “A man is not a man.” “A man is inhuman.”

2. ディケンズ (*Pickwick Papers*) における笑い と 無気味

- (1) 無気味な挿話と不滅のピクウィック氏
- (2) サム・ウェラーの話法と gallows humor
- (3) 優越的な笑い と 暖かなユーモア

・おわりに

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引用

1) What madness now possessed me? Why did I rush upon my fate? I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to ascend the giddy pinnacle and thence survey the immense extent of the city. The door of the cathedral stood invitingly open. My destiny prevailed. (Poe, “A Predicament” 349)

2) I thought the staircases would never have an end. *Round!* Yes they went round and up, and round and up, and round and up, until I could not help surmising with the sagacious Pompey, upon whose supporting arm I leaned in all the confidence of early affection — I could not help surmising that the upper end of the continuous spiral ladder had been accidentally, or perhaps designedly, removed. (Poe, “A Predicament” 350)

3) ... I could not bring myself to believe that the remarkable something to which I alluded just now, — that the odd air of je ne sais quoi which hung about my new acquaintance, — lay altogether, or indeed at all, in the supreme excellence of his bodily endowments. Perhaps it

might be traced to the *manner*; — yet here again I could not pretend to be positive. There was a primness, not to say stiffness, in his carriage — a degree of measured, and, if I may so express it, of rectangular precision, attending his every movement... (Poe, “The Man that was Used Up” 380)

4) Such a perspective on comedy is much too simplistic, and soon turns out to be pretty useless. Is it not, rather, that the exact opposite rings truer? If humans were "only human(s)" (and life "only life"), if the human equation indeed added up so neatly and with no remainder, *there would be no comedy*. Is not the very existence of comedy and the comical telling us most clearly that a man is never just a man, and that his finitude is very much corroded by a passion which is precisely not cut to the measure of man and his finitude? (Zupančič 49)

5) ". . . . There was a rattling noise in the throat—a glare of the eye—a short stifled groan—and he fell back—dead!

It would afford us the highest gratification to be enabled to record Mr. Pickwick’s opinion of the foregoing anecdote. We have little doubt that we should have been enabled to present it to our readers, but for a most unfortunate occurrence.

Mr. Pickwick had replaced on the table the glass which, during the last few sentences of the tale, he had retained in his hand; and had just made up his mind to speak—indeed, we have the authority of Mr. Snodgrass’s note-book for stating, that he had actually opened his mouth—when the waiter entered the room, and said—

‘Some gentlemen, Sir.’ (PP 55)

6) ‘Did it ever strike you, on such a morning as this, that drowning would be happiness and peace?’

‘God bless me, no!’ replied Mr. Pickwick, edging a little from the balustrade, as the possibility of the dismal man’s tipping him over, by way of experiment, occurred to him rather forcibly. (PP 70-71)

7) ‘Pleasant, pleasant country,’ sighed the enthusiastic gentleman, as he opened his lattice window. . . .

The rich, sweet smell of the hay-ricks rose to his chamber window; the hundred perfumes of the little flower-garden beneath scented the air around; the deep-green meadows shone in the morning dew that glistened on every leaf as it trembled in the gentle air; and the birds sang as if every sparkling drop were to them a fountain of inspiration. Mr. Pickwick fell into an enchanting and delicious reverie. (PP 92-93)

8) The sun was shining brilliantly into his chamber, when he awoke, and the morning was far advanced. The gloom which had oppressed him on the previous night had disappeared with the

dark shadows which shrouded the landscape, and his thoughts and feelings were as light and gay as the morning itself. (PP 156)

9) But when morning comes again, the hero is completely refreshed, completely ready to face again, with no memory whatsoever of the past, the surprises the new day will bring. Since he was not really conscious in the midst of his experiences, he cannot remember them. And he is protected by this absence of memory from being affected at all by his experiences. A night of sleep returns him altogether to his original state, and he is ready to go forth on his adventures again with exactly the same innocence he had when he first opened his chamber window and looked forth on the world: ... (Miller 21)

10) ‘Look at these here boots—eleven pair o’ boots; and one shoe as belongs to number six, with the wooden leg. The eleven boots is to be called at half-past eight and the shoe at nine. Who’s number twenty-two, that’s to put all the others out? No, no; reg’lar rotation, as Jack Ketch said, ven he tied the men up. Sorry to keep you a-waitin’, Sir, but I’ll attend to you directly.’ (PP 131)

Business first, pleasure arterwards, as King Richard the Third said when he stabbed the t’other king in the Tower, afore he smothered the babbies.’ (PP 329)

‘Wery sorry to ‘casion any personal inconwenience, ma’am, as the housebreaker said to the old lady when he put her on the fire; but as me and my governor’s only jest come to town, and is jest going away agin, it can’t be helped, you see.’ (PP 348)

11) “No, my boy; I hope I’ve somethin’ better behind here,” says the little man; and as he said it he hit his little vesket wery hard, and then a tear started out o’ each eye, which was wery extraordinary, for it was supposed as water never touched his face. He shook the turnkey by the hand; out he vent—’

‘And never came back again,’ said Mr. Pickwick.

‘Wrong for vunce, sir,’ replied Mr. Weller, ‘for back he come, two minits afore the time, a-bilin’ with rage, sayin’ how he’d been nearly run over by a hackney-coach that he warn’t used to it; and he was blowed if he wouldn’t write to the lord mayor. They got him pacified at last; and for five years arter that, he never even so much as peeped out o’ the lodge gate.’

‘At the expiration of that time he died, I suppose,’ said Mr. Pickwick.

‘No, he didn’t, Sir,’ replied Sam. (PP 549)

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