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Author(s)	宮下, 弥生
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*Romeo and Juliet*における作者的存在の操作

日本英文学会北海道支部第48回大会

2003年10月4日

於 北海道大学

北海道大学助手 宮下 弥生

1. Prologueによる位置付け

(1) Chorus

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona (where we lay our scene),
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes 5
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage, 10
Which but their children's end nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

(The Prologue. Emphasis added)

2. 登場人物の科白に死ぬ運命を重ねる操作——層を成すtext

(2) There is no question but that the most striking function of the imagery as background and undertone in Shakespeare's art is the part played by *recurrent* images in raising and sustaining emotion, in providing atmosphere or in emphasising a theme.

By recurrent imagery I mean the repetition of an idea or picture in the images used in any one play. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet* the dominating image is light with its background of darkness, . . . (Spurgeon, 213. Emphasis added)

(3) It is a curious thing that the part played by recurrent images in raising, developing, sustaining and repeating emotion in the tragedies has not, so far as I know, ever yet been noticed. It is a part somewhat analogous to the action of a recurrent theme or 'motif' in a musical fugue or sonata, or in one of Wagner's operas. (Spurgeon, 309)

(4) There can be no question, I think, that Shakespeare saw the story, in its swift and tragic beauty, as an almost blinding flash of light, suddenly ignited, and as

swiftly quenched. . . . The sensation of swiftness and brilliance, accompanied by danger and destruction, is accentuated again and again.

(Spurgeon, 312. Emphasis added)

- (5) ROMEO I fear too early, for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen. (1.4.106-13. Emphasis added)
- (6) JULIET Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight,
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens'. (2.2.116-20. Emphasis added)
- (7) FRIAR LAWRENCE In one respect I'll thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households' rancour to pure love. (2.3.90-92)
- (8) JULIET O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
ROMEO I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our times to come.
JULIET O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee now, thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale. (3.5.51-57. Emphasis added)
- (9) ROMEO Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars! (5.1.24)
- (10) ROMEO O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. (5.3.109-12. Emphasis added)
- (11) The characters are frequently saying things which, in the context of the play but unknown to themselves, have a deeper and more cruel meaning.
(T. J. B. Spencer, 19)

3. 出来事の呈示の順序---構成上の操作

(12) 1 幕 5 場の構成とテーマ

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1.4.106-13 | Romeoの不吉な胸騒ぎ | 「死」 |
| 1.5.42-52 | 恋に落ちJulietの美しさを讃えるRomeo | 「愛」 「死」 |
| 1.5.53-58 | Romeoの声を聞きつけ怒るTybalt | 「両家の怨恨」 「死」 |
| 1.5.92-109 | RomeoとJulietのsonnetとquartrain | 「愛」 |
| 1.5.116-17、1.5.137-40 | お互いの正体を知る | 「愛」 「両家の怨恨」 「死」 |

- (13) ROMEO O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
 As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear---
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear:
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. (1.5.43-52. Emphasis added)
- (14) TYBALT This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
 Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
 Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
 Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin. (1.5.53-58. Emphasis added)
- (15) ROMEO [To JULIET] If I profane with my unworhiest hand
 This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
- JULIET Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
 Which mannerly devotion shows in this,
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
- ROMEO Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
- JULIET Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
- ROMEO O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:
 They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
- JULIET Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
- ROMEO Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
 Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.
 [*Kissing her.*]
- JULIET Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
- ROMEO Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
 Give me my sin again.
 [*Kissing her again.*]
- JULIET You kiss by the book. (1.5.92-109)
- (16) ROMEO Is she a Capulet?
 O dear account! my life is my foe's debt. (1.5.116-17)
- (17) JULIET My only love sprung from my only hate!
 Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
 Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy. (1.5.137-40)
(18) PRINCE Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt (3.1.185-88)

Enter Juliet alone.

JULIET Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen:
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties, or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil Night,
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange love grow bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty. (3.2.1-16)

(19) JULIET 'Romeo is banished': to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. (3.2.122-24)

(20) ROMEO There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself:
Hence 'banished' is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death; then 'banished',
Is death mistermed. (3.3.17-21)

(21) JULIET Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. (3.5.1-5)

4. 表現を得ていく恋人たち

(22) JULIET Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke, but farewell compliment! (2.2.88-89)

(23) JULIET My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

- The more I have, for both are infinite. (2.2.133–35)
- (24) ROMEO With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out, . . . (2.2.66–67)
- (25) FRIAR LAWRENCE What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy.
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile: there art thou happy. (3.3.135–40. Emphasis added)
- (26) ROMEO Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel. (3.3.64)
- (27) ROMEO Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars! (5.1.24)
- (28) ROMEO Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And in despite I'll cram thee with more food. (5.3.45–48)
- (29) [*Paris strews the tomb with flowers.*]
- PARIS Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew--
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones!--
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears distilled by moans.
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep. (5.3.12–17)
- (30) ROMEO Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! (5.3.112–13)

**Romeo and Juliet*からの引用は、William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, ed. G. Blakesmore Evans, The New Cambridge Shakespeare (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1984)による。

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6. ROMEO I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love. (2.2.75-78)
7. JULIET Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight,
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens'. (2.2.116-20)
8. ROMEO O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard.
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial. (2.2.139-41)
9. FRIAR LAURENCE In one respect I'll thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
ROMEO O, let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.
FRIAR LAURENCE Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast. (2.3.90-94)
10. FRIAR LAURENCE So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!
ROMEO Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.
FRIAR LAURENCE These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume. (2.6.1-11)
11. JULIET Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun. (3.2.21-25)
12. ROMEO Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. (3.3.65–70)

13. FRIAR LAURENCE Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And stay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
.
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skitless soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. (3.3.116–45)

14. JULIET O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
ROMEO I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our times to come.

JULIET O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee now, thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale. (3.5.51–57)

15. JULIET Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him--dead--
Is my poor heart for a kinsman vex'd.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him.
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that slaughter'd him! (3.5.93–102)

16. JULIET Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies. (3.5.199–201)

17. ROMEO If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,

