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幸福とアメリカ文学 柴田

幸福な家庭はどれも似たものだが、不幸な家庭はいずれもそれぞれに不幸なものである。

トルストイ『アンナ・カレーニナ』(1875-77) 第1編 - 1、
『アンナ・カレーニナ (一)』中村融訳、岩波文庫 (1965)、5頁。

... and they lived happily ever after.

—A standard ending to fairy tales

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.—That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,—That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.

Declaration of Independence (July 4, 1776)

The United States will not accept defeat; its whole history is premised on happiness and success; the United States was promised success and feels sick and disoriented when it is handed defeat. Latin America shares Central Europe's familiarity with defeat . . . But are we both, Central Europeans and Latin Americans, not echoing the great tragic voice of the greatest North American novelist of our century, William Faulkner, who in the midst of self-congratulatory success could remind his society that happiness, the exceptional, could not define our humanity as certainly as unhappiness, the experience shared by the majority of human beings? Between pain and nothingness, Faulkner would choose pain. It is the choice of the "unvanquished."

Carlos Fuentes, "The City at War," Introduction to George Konrad, *The City Builder* (English translation of *A városalapító*), Penguin Books (1987), pp. ix-x.

"I fancy," remarked Miriam, "that every person takes a peep into it in moments of gloom and despondency; that is to say, in his moments of deepest insight."

"Where is it, then?" asked Hilda. "I never peeped into it."

"Wait, and it will open for you," replied her friend. "The chasm was merely one of the orifices of that pit of blackness that lies beneath us, everywhere. The firmest substance of human happiness is but a thin crust spread over it, with just reality enough to bear up the illusive stage scenery amid which we tread. It needs no earthquake to open the chasm. A footstep, a little heavier than ordinary, will serve; and we must step very daintily, not to break through the crust at any moment. By and by, we inevitably sink! . . ."

Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Marble Faun* (1860), Chapter 18, Signet (1961), p. 122.

I was powerful glad to get away from the feuds, and so was Jim to get away from the swamp. We said there warn't no home like a raft, after all. Other places do seem so cramped up and smothery, but a raft don't. You feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft.

Mark Twain, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884/85), Chapter 18, Oxford UP (1999), p. 107.

She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would save her.

James Joyce, "Eveline," in *Dubliners* (1914), Penguin Books (1956), p. 34.

He had no choice about America. As a free black she could not sleep in his white American bed. It was the nature of American freedom that he was only free to take his pleasure in something he possessed, in the same way it would ultimately be the nature of America to define itself in terms of what was owned.

Steve Erickson, *Arc d'X* (1993), Poseidon, p. 38.

I! love! my life! My life is awesome and great! I have all the things anyone would ever want! I have awesome friends! I have an awesome partner for life! I have a window to look out of! It is under the roof that is over my head! . . . If you are reading books like *How to Be Happy* or buying fancy stationery or bubble bath because you think it will make you happy, it won't! Don't do it! Fancy stationery is nice and so is bubble bath but these are special treats! Do not think they are anything more! They aren't! Plus, you cannot learn how to be happy from a book! Except if it's *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*! Then you can!

Elizabeth Crane, "My Life Is Awesome! And Great!"
in *You Must Be This Happy to Enter* (2008), Punk Planet Books, pp. 5-6.

Alice Munro, *Too Much Happiness* (2009)

Lily Tuck, *I Married You for Happiness* (2011)

Lucia Perillo, *Happiness Is a Chemical in the Brain* (2012)

" . . . Happiness is a dark thing to pursue," the old man hisses at Georgie, his eyes glimmering brighter and madder at the bald boy, "and the pursuit itself is a dark thing as well. Even God knows that. Above everything else, God especially knows that. . . . I made a country once. It was the country of redemption, somewhere this side of God's. It was the frontier of the first irrevocable compromise between the heart's freedom and the conscience's justice, past which the soul can still redeem itself."

Steve Erickson, *Arc d'X*, p. 261.