

シンポジウム「ディケンズと暴力」

司会・講師：松岡光治「概論——抑圧された暴力の行方」

1. “Why do you ask Me? Ask those who heard what I told them; they know what I said.”

When Jesus said this, one of the attendants standing by slapped Him in the face, saying, “Is this the way to answer the high priest?”

Jesus answered him, “If I spoken wrongly, give evidence of the wrong; but if properly, why do you hit Me?”
(John, 18: 21-23)

2. The Peterloo Massacre (1819): A caricature by George Cruikshank depicting the charge upon the rally.



3. An etching of Guy Fawkes's execution by Claes Jansz Visscher (1606).



4. The only thing now remaining for me, is the painful task of pronouncing against you, and each of you, the awful sentence which the law denounces against your crime, which is, that you and each of you (here his Lordship named the prisoners severally) be taken to the place from whence you came; and from thence you are to be drawn on hurdles to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck, but not till you are dead, for while you are still living your bodies are to be taken down, your bowels torn out, and burnt before your faces; your heads are to be then cut off, and your bodies divided each into four quarters, to be at the king's disposal; and may the Almighty God have mercy on your souls! ("Account of the Trials for High Treason," *The Gentleman's Magazine and Historical Chronicle*, vol. 93, pt. 1 [London: Nichols and Son, February 1803] 177)

5. In the stable loft of No. 6 (now No. 1A) the Cato Street Conspirators made their plans to murder the entire cabinet as they dined with Lord Harrowby at No. 44 Grosvenor Square on 23 February 1820. [. . .] On 1 May 1820 five ringleaders---James Ings, William Davidson, John Brunt, Richard Tidd and Arthur Thistlewood---were hanged at Newgate. They were spared being drawn and quartered because of public sympathy for them. (The man suspected of hanging them was later attacked in the street and almost castrated.) Five others were transported. Nothing was heard of the rest. (Ben Weinreb and Christopher Hibbert, eds., *The London Encyclopædia* [London: Macmillan, 1983] 127-28)



The Cato Street Conspiracy: The Execution of Arthur Thistlewood at Newgate (1820).

6. “[. . .] You draw me to you. If I were shut up in a strong prison, you would draw me out. I should break through the wall to come to you. If I were lying on a sick bed, you would draw me up---to stagger to your feet and fall there.”

The wild energy of the man, now quite let loose, was absolutely terrible. He stopped and laid his hand upon a piece of the coping of the burial-ground enclosure, as if he would have dislodged the stone.

[. . .]

“Are you quite decided, and is there no chance of any change in my favour?”

“I am quite decided, Mr. Headstone, and I am bound to answer I am certain there is none.”

“Then,” said he, suddenly changing his tone and turning to her, and bringing his clenched hand down upon the stone with a force that laid the knuckles raw and bleeding; “then I hope that I may never kill him!”

The dark look of hatred and revenge with which the words broke from his livid lips, and with which he stood holding out his smeared hand as if it held some weapon and had just struck a mortal blow, made her so afraid of him that she turned to run away. (*OMF*, bk. 2, ch. 15)

7. The state of the man was murderous, and he knew it. More; he irritated it, with a kind of perverse pleasure akin to that which a sick man sometimes has in irritating a wound upon his body. Tied up all day with his disciplined show upon him, subdued to the performance of his routine of educational tricks, encircled by a gabbling crowd, he broke loose at night like an ill-tamed wild animal. (*OMF*, bk. 3, ch. 11)

8. As Arthur came over the stile and down to the water's edge, the lounge glaced at him for a moment, and then resumed his occupation of idly tossing stones into the water with his foot. There was something in his way of spurning them out of their places with his heel, and getting them into the required position, that Clennam thought had an air of cruelty in it. Most of us have more or less frequently derived a similar impression from a man's manner of doing some very little thing: plucking a flower, clearing away an obstacle, or even destroying an insentient object. (*LD*, bk. 1, ch. 17)

9. "Lion! Lion!" He was up on his hind legs, and it was a wrestle between master and dog. "Get back! Down, Lion! Get out of his sight, Blandois! What devil have you conjured into the dog?"

"I have done nothing to him."

"Get out of his sight or I can't hold the wild beast! Get out of the room! By my soul, he'll kill you!"

The dog, with a ferocious bark, made one other struggle as Blandois vanished; then, in the moment of the dog's submission, the master, little less angry than the dog, felled him with a blow on the head, and standing over him, struck him many times severely with the heel of his boot, so that his mouth was presently bloody.

"Now get you into that corner and lie down," said Gowan, "or I'll take you out and shoot you." (*LD*, bk. 2, ch. 6)



"Instinct Stronger than Training." Illustration by Phiz.

10. By tracing Pip's story back to the start of the nineteenth century Dickens is in effect offering his readers in the gentleman-conscious 1860s an exemplary life-history, the genesis of a Victorian gentleman out of a poor self-helping blacksmith's boy; and by evoking the earlier period so deliberately, and in particular by reminding his readers of the brutal way in which a primitive society treated its criminals, Dickens is able to show the complex origins of the Victorian preoccupation with refinement and gentility---how the desire to become a gentleman was not just a snobbish aspiration out of one's class, but was also a desire to be a gentle man, to have a more civilised and decent life than a violent society allowed for most of its members. (Robin Gilmour, *The Idea of the Gentleman in the Victorian Novel* [London: George Allen, 1981] 129)

11. I had a double-caped great-coat on, and over my arm another thick coat. [. . .] I got them off, closed with her, threw her down, and got them over her [. . .]. I dragged the great cloth from the table for the same purpose, and with it dragged down the heap of rottenness in the midst, and all the ugly things that sheltered there; [. . .] we were on the ground struggling like desperate enemies, and [. . .] the closer I covered her, the more wildly she shrieked and tried to free herself [. . .].

Then, I looked round and saw the disturbed beetles and spiders running away over the floor, and the servants coming in with breathless cries at the door. I still held her forcibly down with all my strength, like a prisoner who might escape [. . .]. (*GE*, ch. 49)

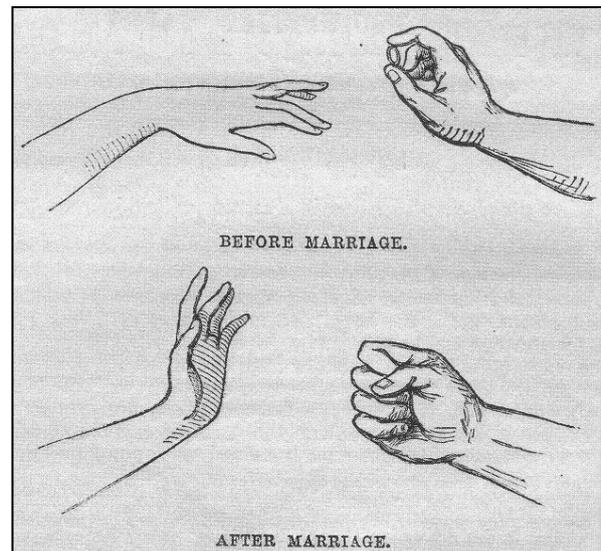


“Here are both men!” panted the sergeant, struggling at the bottom of a ditch.
 “Surrender, you two! and confound you for two wild beasts! Come asunder!” (*GE*, ch. 5)
 Illustration by F. A. Fraser (Household Edition, 1877).

12. Pip’s rescue dramatizes a rich nexus of psychological intentions, the core being a symbolic revenge---rape--- aimed at violating and degrading Woman in order to free the self from fixation. In fact, Pip’s revenge runs like a half-heard counterpoint through the whole lurid episode. (Curt Hartog, “The Rape of Miss Havisham,” *Studies in the Novel* 14.3 [1982]: 259)

13. Besides ourselves, there were in this damp, offensive room a woman with a black eye, nursing a poor little gasping baby by the fire [. . .]. They all looked up at us as we came in, and the woman seemed to turn her face towards the fire as if to hide her bruised eye; nobody gave us any welcome. [. . .]

“[. . .] And how did my wife get that black eye? Why, I give it her; and if she says I didn’t, she’s a lie!” (*BH*, ch. 8)



“The Expressions of the Hand”
 (*Punch*, 18 October 1856).

14. “A fellow like our friend the Spider,” answered Mr. Jaggery, “either beats, or cringes. He may cringe and growl, or cringe and not growl; but he either beats or cringes. Ask Wemmick his opinion.”

“Either beats or cringes,” said Wemmick, not at all addressing himself to me. (*GE*, ch. 47)

15. The men were terrible, in the bloody-minded anger with which they looked from windows, caught up what arms they had, and came pouring down into the streets; but, the women were a sight to chill the boldest. From such household occupations as their bare poverty yielded, from their children, from their aged and their sick crouching on the bare ground famished and naked, they ran out with streaming hair, urging one another, and themselves, to madness with the wildest cries and actions. (*TTC*, bk. 2, ch. 22)

16. Mrs. Gaskell, fearful---fearful. If I were Mr. G O Heaven how I would beat her! (To W. H. Wills, 11 September 1855, Pilgrim, 7: 700)

17. [. . .] Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. [. . .] Her temperament will not go with mine. (To John Forster, 23 September 1857, Pilgrim, 8: 430)

18. They were no sooner shut in there, than Mr. Flintwinch took her by the throat, and shook her until she was black in the face.

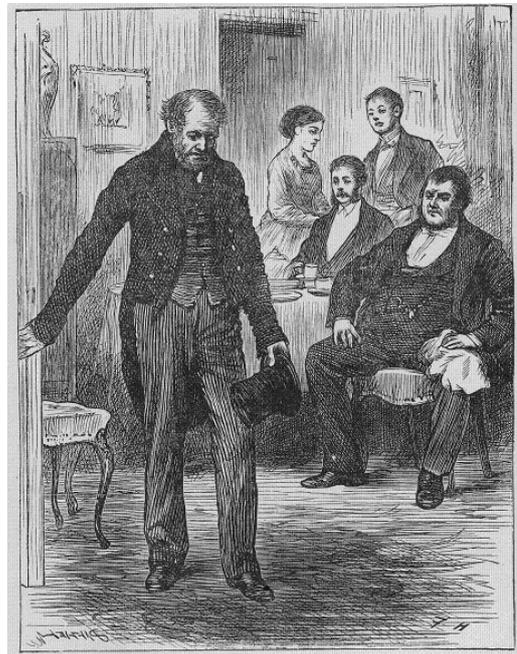
“Why, Affery, woman---Affery!” said Mr. Flintwinch. “What have you been dreaming of? Wake up, wake up! What’s the matter?” (LD, bk. 1, ch. 4)

19. “Elopement---blow”: the dash represents an enigmatic link between two superficially unrelated events. Why should the text represent Florence as a proxy for Edith? The novel offers a number of explanations for this transfer of violence, all of which call on Dombey’s fear and resentment of female nurturance, friendship, and sexuality. (Lisa Surridge, “Domestic Violence, Female Self-Mutilation, and the Healing of the Male in *Dombey and Son*,” *Victorian Institute Journal* 25 [1997]: 82)

20. We started with the hypocrisy of those who, while combating subjective violence, commit systemic violence that generates the very phenomena they abhor. We located the ultimate cause of violence in the fear of the Neighbour, and showed how it is founded in the violence that inheres to language itself, the very medium of overcoming direct violence. (Slavoj Žižek, *Violence: Six Sideways Reflections* [New York: Picador, 2008] 206)

21. “Pooh, pooh! Don’t you talk nonsense, my good fellow,” said Mr. Bounderby, “about things you don’t understand; and don’t you call the institutions of your country a muddle, or you’ll get yourself into a real muddle one of these fine mornings. The institutions of your country are not your piece-work, and the only thing you have got to do, is, to mind your piece-work. [. . .]” (HT, bk. 1, ch. 11)

22. “[. . .] Let thousands upon thousands alone, aw leading the like lives and aw fav’en into the like muddle, and they will be as one, and yo will be as anoother, wi’ a black unpassable world betwixt yo, just as long or short a time as sitch-like misery can last. Not drawin nigh to fok, wi’ kindness and patience an’ cheery ways, that so draws nigh to one another in their monny troubles, and so cherishes one another in their distresses wi’ what they need themseln---like, I humbly believe, as no people the genelman ha’ seen in aw his travels can beat---will never do ’t till th’ Sun turns t’ ice.[. . .]” (HT, bk. 2, ch. 5)



“Heaven help us all in this world!” Illustration by Harry French
(Household Edition, 1871).

23. Noah was a charity-boy, but not a workhouse orphan. No chance-child was he, for he could trace his genealogy all the way back to his parents, who lived hard by; his mother being a washerwoman, and his father a drunken soldier, discharged with a wooden leg, and a diurnal pension of twopence-halfpenny and an unstateable fraction. The shop-boys in the neighbourhood had long been in the habit of branding Noah in the public streets, with the ignominious epithets of “leathers,” “charity,” and the like; and Noah had bourned them without reply. But, now that fortune had cast in his way a nameless orphan, at whom even the meanest could point the finger of scorn, he retorted on him with interest. This affords charming food for contemplation. It shows us what a beautiful thing human nature may be made

to be; and how impartially the same amiable qualities are developed in the finest lord and the dirtiest charity-boy. (*OT*, ch. 5)

24. [. . .] when individuals come together in a group all their individual inhibitions fall away and all the cruel, brutal and destructive instincts, which lie dormant in individuals as relics of a primitive epoch, are stirred up to find free gratification. (Sigmund Freud, "Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego (1921)," *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, trans. James Strachey, 24 vols. [London: Hogarth, 1981] 18: 79)

25. I have let all the prisoners out of Newgate, burnt down Lord Mansfield's, and played the very devil. Another number will finish the fires, and help us on towards the end. I feel quite smoky when I am at work. I want elbow-room terribly. (*To John Forster*, 18 September 1841, *Pilgrim*, 2: 385)

26. Now, the fact was, that Sampson, having never seen anything in the smallest degree resembling this substantial phantom, was much perplexed; being uncertain whether Mr. Quilp considered it like himself, and had therefore bought it for a family portrait; or whether he was pleased to consider it as the likeness of some enemy. [. . .]

"Is it like Kit----is it his picture, his image, his very self?" cried the dwarf, aiming a shower of blows at the insensible countenance, and covering it with deep dimples. (*OCS*, ch. 62)



Illustration by Charles Green (*Household Edition*, 1876).

27. Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms. Sow the same seed of rapacious license and oppression over again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind. (*TTC*, bk. 3, ch. 15)

28. Dickens' novel is an enactment of human needs for an extreme release from many different kinds of confinement, and, in these terms, the novel's crucial development is a subtle change in the way violence can be valued as a vehicle for such release. That is to say, general needs for a victory over repression, which the novel embodies as a desire for violence, are purified as they are moved from the social context of the novel into the personal one: the revolutionaries' problematic desires for freedom are translated into acceptable terms by the good characters in their own struggles for freedom, and they are focused finally in the "pure" self-violence of Sydney Carton, which liberates him from self-hatred. (John Kucich, "The Purity of Violence: A Tale of Two Cities," *Dickens Studies Annual*, 8 [1980]: 120)

29. If *Little Dorrit* is Dickens's greatest novel, the one that follows it is his worst. *A Tale of Two Cities* has patches of lively writing and it is by no means without interest. But for all that it is not very good. We may say that [*A Tale of Two Cities*] picks up *Barnaby Rudge*'s concern with revolution, but we have to add that in the later novel Dickens seems almost to regard violence as the one way to bring about social change. (John Lucas, *The Melancholy Man: A Study of Dickens's Novels* [London: Methuen, 1970] 287)

30. [. . .] its story becomes the usual Dickens story of how to survive in this world. The way to survive is always love, in all of Dickens's novels; in *A Tale of Two Cities* he seems to have set out to demonstrate how love is finally a radically better means of changing the world and ordering the chaos than revolution is. (Bert G. Hornback, *Noah's Arkitecture: A Study of Dickens' Mythology* [Athens, OH: Ohio UP, 1972] 118)

31. Steadily refusing to muddle the harmony by taking any share in it, and evincing the supremest contempt for scales and such-like rudiments of music----which, indeed, seldom captivate mere listeners----Joey did at first give up the

whole business for a bad job, and the whole of the performers for a set of howling Dervishes. (CS, "No Thoroughfare," act 1)

32. When he had related this, with an emphasis and poise on the word, "assassin," peculiarly belonging to his own language, and which did not serve to render it less terrible to Clennam, he suddenly sprang to his feet, pounced upon the bill again, and with a vehemence that would have been absolute madness in any man of Northern origin, cried "Behold the same assassin! Here he is!" (LD, bk. 2, ch. 22)

33. Yielding to whichever of these agreeable eccentricities, he is a savage---cruel, false, thievish, murderous; addicted more or less to grease, entrails, and beastly customs; a wild animal with the questionable gift of boasting; a conceited, tiresome, bloodthirsty, monotonous humbug.

[...]

There was Mr. Catlin, some few years ago, with his Ojibbeway Indians. Mr. Catlin was an energetic, earnest man, who had lived among more tribes of Indians than I need reckon up here, and who had written a picturesque and glowing book about them. With his party of Indians squatting and spitting on the table before him, or dancing their miserable jigs after their own dreary manner, he called, in all good faith, upon his civilised audience to take notice of their symmetry and grace, their perfect limbs, and the exquisite expression of their pantomime; and his civilised audience, in all good faith, complied and admired. (RP, "The Noble Savage," *Household Words*, 11 June 1853)



"The War Dance by Ojibbeway Indians" by George Catlin.

34. And I wish I were Commander in Chief in India. The first thing I would do to strike that Oriental race with amazement (not in the least regarding them as if they lived in the Strand, London, or at Camden Town), should be to proclaim to them, in their language, that I considered my holding that appointment by the leave of God, to mean that I should do my utmost to exterminate the Race upon whom the stain of the late cruelties rested; and that I begged them to do me the favor to observe that I was there for that purpose and no other, and was now proceeding, with all convenient dispatch and merciful swiftness of execution, to blot it out of mankind and raze it off the face of the Earth. (To Miss Burdett Coutts, 4 October 1857, *Pilgrim*, 8: 459)

35. [...] Christian George King comes up from the landing-place at a wolf's-trot, crying, "Yup, So-Jeer!"---which was that Sambo Pilot's barbarous way of saying, Hallo, Soldier! I have stated myself to be a man of no learning, and, if I entertain prejudices, I hope allowance may be made. I will now confess to one. It may be a right one or it may be a wrong one; but, I never did like Natives, except in the form of oysters. (CS, "The Perils of Certain English Prisoners," ch. 1, *Household Words*, 1857 Xmas No.)

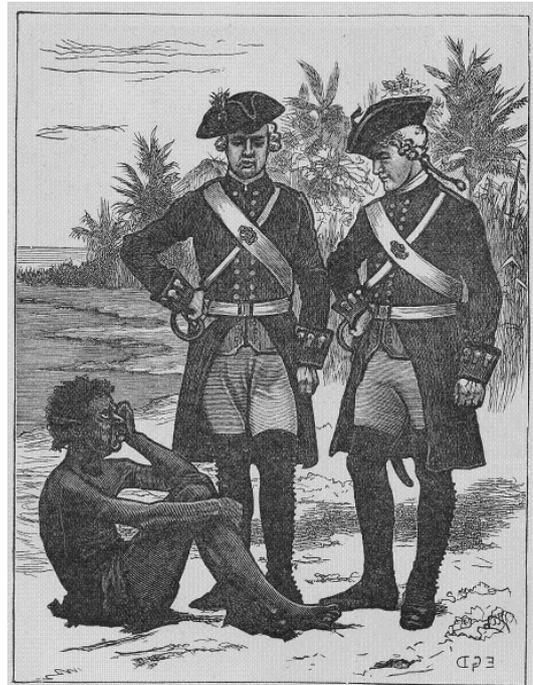


Illustration by Edward G Dalziel.

36. Every day, accounts of Indian atrocities and examples of British martyrdom were reported in the British press: the sale of Englishwomen to Indians in the streets of Cawnpore, for example [Examiner, 5 September 1857]. Predictably enough, these accounts elicited calls for repression and retribution. (Lillian Nayder, *Unequal Partners: Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, & Victorian Authorship* [Ithaca: Cornell UP, 2002] 100-01)

37. They could screen me in, however, the landlord said. They brought a great old japanned screen, with natives (Japanese, I suppose) engaged in a variety of idiotic pursuits all over it; and left me roasting whole before an immense fire. (CS, "The Holly-Tree," *Household Words*, 1855 Xmas No.)

38. For the Major plumed himself on having the Native in a perfect state of drill, and visited the least departure from strict discipline with this kind of fatigue duty. Add to this, that he maintained the Native about his person as a counter-irritant against the gout, and all other vexations, mental as well as bodily; and the Native would appear to have earned his pay----which was not large. (DS, ch. 26)

39. "I don't know whether you happen to have read many books of African Travel, Mr. Rokesmith?" said R. W.
 "I have read several."
 "Well, you know, there's usually a King George, or a King Boy, or a King Sambo, or a King Bill, or Bull, or Rum, or Junk, or whatever name the sailors may have happened to give him."
 "Where?" asked Rokesmith.
 "Anywhere. Anywhere in Africa, I mean. Pretty well everywhere, I may say; for black kings are cheap----and I think"----said R. W., with an apologetic air, "nasty." (OMF, bk. 2, ch. 14)

40. It is a leading characteristic of Dickens' mind that he is able to see almost everything from two opposed points of view. In his thinking about society this often makes him look confused and hypocritical, as we have noted. Even a major Dickensian property like the prison is viewed at different times as a hideous deprivation of freedom and as a snug retreat from the world. (John Carey, "Dickens and Violence," *The Violent Effigy: A Study of Dickens' Imagination* [London: Faber, 1973] 15)

作品名	語数(万)	violence	violent	合計	比率
SB	26.1	19	24	43	1/6,076
PP	30.9	27	31	58	1/5,333
OT	16.3	16	29	45	*1/3,617
NN	32.9	26	57	83	*1/3,963
OCS	22.2	11	14	25	1/8,890
BR	26.0	16	14	30	1/8,663
MC	34.6	16	17	33	1/10,471
DS	35.8	7	22	29	1/18,836
DC	36.3	5	14	19	1/19,130
BH	36.2	9	14	25	1/14,480
HT	10.6	4	6	10	1/10,561
LD	34.5	2	17	19	1/18,154
TTC	13.8	1	6	7	1/19,736
GE	18.9	4	13	17	1/11,128
OMF	33.4	13	9	22	1/15,172
MED	9.6	6	6	12	*1/7,995

A Hyper-Concordance to the Works of Charles Dickens

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