

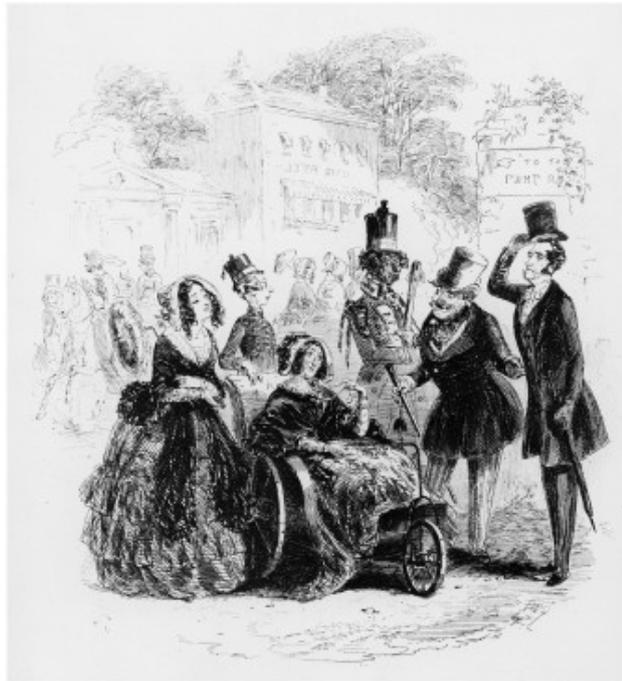
シンポジウム「ディケンズと暴力」

結婚を巡る女性の欲望、狂気、不満の表現としての暴力

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- 1 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. (Letter to John Forster, *Letters* 2: 18 September 1941)
- 2 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. Villain Foulon taken, my sister! Old Foulon taken, my mother! Miscreant Foulon taken, my daughter! (*TTC*, bk. 2, ch.22).
- 3 The Queen is most anxious to enlist everyone who can speak or write to join checking this mad wicked folly of Women's Rights, with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor, feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. (Queen Victoria's letter to Mrs. Theodore Martin [1870], quoted by Altick [58])
- 4 Man for the field and woman for the hearth
Man for the sword and for the needle she
Man with the head and woman with the heart
Man to command and woman to obey
All else confusion (Tennyson, *The Princess* [1847], Part 5, 516-20)
- 5 [The] dress would be laid aside, trim little wrappers and aprons would be substituted, and Bella, putting back her hair with both hands, as if she were making the most business-like arrangements for going dramatically distracted, would enter on the household affairs of the day. Such weighing and mixing and chopping and grating, such dusting and washing and polishing, such snipping and weeding and trowelling and other small gardening, such making and mending and folding and airing, such diverse arrangements, and above all such severe study! (*OMF*, bk.4, ch.5)
- 6 Julia Wedgwood, writing on suffrage, pointed out that the 'social framework' made marriage 'woman's only career'. Josephine Butler remarked on 'the insipidity or the material necessities of so many women's lives [which] make them ready to accept almost any man who may offer himself'. (Shanley 61)
- 7 [A man need only] frequent the fashionable London drive at the fashionable hour, and there he will see the richest and most shameful woman-market in the world. Men stand by the rails, criticizing with perfect impartiality and equal freedom while women drive slowly past, some for hire, some for sale—in marriage—these last with their careful mothers at their side, to reckon the value of the biddings and prevent the lots from going off below the reserved price. (John Boyd Kinnear, 'The Social Position of Women in the Present Age', *Woman's Work*, quoted by Shanley 61-62)

8 There is no slave in a market: there is no horse in a fair: so shown and offered and examined and paraded, mother, as I have been, for ten shameful years . . . Is it not so? Have I been made the bye-word of all kinds of men? Have fools, have profligates, have boys, have dotards, dangled after me, and one by one rejected me, and fallen off, because you were too plain with all your cunning: yes, and too true, with all those false pretences: until we have almost come to be notorious? The licence of look and touch . . . have I submitted to it, in half the places of resort upon the map of England. Have I been hawked and vended here and there until the last grain of self-respect is dead within me, and I loathe myself? Has this been my late childhood? I had none before. Do not tell me that I had, to-night, of all nights in my life! (*DS*, ch.27)



9 My father, Pip, he were given to drink, and when he were overtook with drink, he hammered away at my mother, most onmerciful. It were a'most the only hammering he did, indeed, 'xcepting at myself. And he hammered at me with a wigour only to be equalled by the wigour with which he didn't hammer at his anwil. . . . Consequence, my mother and me we ran away from my father, several times; and then my mother she'd go out to work, and she'd say, 'Joe', she'd say, 'now, please God, you shall have some schooling, child', and she'd put me to school. But my father were that good in his hart that he couldn't abear to be without us. So, he'd come with a most tremenjous crowd and make such a row at the doors of the houses where we was, that they used to be obligated to have no more to do with us and to give us up to him. And then he took us home and hammered us. (*GE*, ch.7)

10 She dreamed of seeking her father in wildernesses, . . . of being charged with something that would release him from extraordinary suffering—she knew not what, or why—yet never being able to attain the goal and set him free. Then she saw him dead, . . . and knew that he had never loved her to the last, and fell upon his cold breast, passionately weeping. Then a prospect opened, and a river flowed, and a plaintive voice she knew, cried, 'It is running on, Floy! It has never stopped! You are moving with it!' And she saw him at a distance stretching out his arms towards her, while a figure such as Walter's used to be, stood near him, awfully serene and still. (*DS*, ch.35)

11 I cried very much, not only in the fullness of my heart after reading the letter, not only in the strangeness of the prospect . . . but as if something for which there was no name or distinct idea were indefinitely lost to me. I was very happy, very thankful, very hopeful; but I cried very much. . . . Then I went on to think, as I dressed my hair before the glass, how often had I considered within myself that the deep traces of my illness and the circumstances of my birth were only new reasons why I should be busy, busy, busy—useful, amiable, serviceable, in all honest, unpretending ways. (*BH*, ch.44)

12 [Miss Barbary] added this, 'Submission, self-denial, diligent work, are the preparations for a life begun with such a shadow on it. . . .'

. . . I repeated to the doll the story of my birthday and confided to her that I would try as hard as ever I could to repair the fault I had been born with (of which I confessedly felt guilty and yet innocent) and would strive as I grew up to be industrious, contented, and kind-hearted and to do some good to some one, and win some love to myself if I could. . . .'. (*BH*, ch.3)

- 13 I was not grieved for myself: I was quite contented and quite happy. Still, that Ada might be thinking—for me, though I had abandoned all such thoughts—of what once was, but was now all changed, seemed so easy to believe that I believed it.
- What could I do to ... show her that I had no such feelings? Well! I could only be as brisk and busy as possible, and that I had tried to be all along. ... So I went about the house humming all the tunes I knew, and I sat working and working in a desperate manner, and I talked and talked, morning, noon, and night. (*BH*, ch.50)
- 14 [Esther] has ... from the first treated Ada as an idealized second self, as the girl she might have become if she had not been born 'different from other children' and 'set apart'. (Zwerdling 431)
- 15 And now, as I close my task, subduing my desire to linger yet, these faces fade away. But one face, shining on me like a Heavenly light by which I see all other objects, is above them and beyond them all. And that remains.
- ...O Agnes, O my soul, so may thy face be by me when I close my life indeed; so may I, when realities are melting from me, like the shadows which I now dismiss, still find thee near me, pointing upward! (*DC*, ch.64)
- 16 If a heroine can not only improve a hero ... but actually save him, ... she ought to be feared as well as worshipped. The power of an angel to save implies, even while it denies, the eventuality of death. Agnes cannot invite the hero to join her in the sky without at the same time inviting him to die. It is an invitation that one inevitably wishes to refuse as well as to accept. In short, a heroine who presides over the moment of death can be seen in two rapidly different ways, both prayerful, but one a prayer of hope and the other of fear. (Welsh 182)
- 17 I could have loved him, and asked no return. If I had been his wife, I could have been the slave of his caprices for a word of love a year. I should have been. (*DC*, ch.56)
- 18 I'll tell you ... what real love is. It is blind devotion, unquestioning self-humiliation, utter submission, trust and belief against yourself and against the whole world, giving up your whole heart and soul to the smiter—as I did! (*GE*, ch.29)
- 19 It was during her husband's first attack of delirium tremens, and after every available article of clothing and knick-knackery had been pawed or sold, that Mrs. Bloxham turned bread-winner; and from that time until now she has provided her husband with the means of indulging in his favourite recreation, beside nursing him through the fits of temporary insanity which that recreation has superinduced. He is at this time a pimply, bloated, watery eyed, tremulous-handed, dishonest, maudlin, odious drunkard. She is an active, winning, cheerful little body, who, to judge from her bearing in public, might never have known a care, and who still nourishes amid bitter secret tears her pride at having married a gentleman. (*AYR* [4 July 1868] 86)
- 20 The way of life led by ladies near the top of the social hierarchy, as reported in popular fiction and journalism, tinted the ambitions of women below them on the scale. (Altick 51)
- 21 Now, Mrs. Sparsit was not a poetical woman; but she took an idea in the nature of an allegorical fancy, into her head. Much watching of Louisa, and much consequent observation of her impenetrable demeanour, which keenly whetted and sharpened Mrs. Sparsit's edge, must have given her as it were a lift, in the way of inspiration. She erected in her mind a mighty Staircase, with a dark pit of shame and ruin at the bottom; and down those stairs, from day to day and hour to hour, she saw Louisa coming. (*HT*, bk.2, ch.10)
- 22 She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square impregnable bib in front, that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason why she should have worn it at all: or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off, every day of her life. (*GE*, ch.2)

- 23 Mrs. Joe made occasional trips with Uncle Pumblechook on market days, to assist him in buying such household stuffs and goods as required a woman's judgment. (*GE*, ch.7)
- 24 When I got acquainted with your sister, it were the talk how she was bringing you up by hand. Very kind of her too, all the folks said, and I said, along with all the folks. . . . [If] you could have been aware how small and flabby and mean you was, dear me, you'd have formed the most contemptible opinions of yourself! (*GE* 42)
- 25 When I last taught *David Copperfield*, Rosa monopolized the class's final discussions, for students felt duly haunted by a suspicion that Dickens, although the master of wrap-up endings, had far from mastered her. (Black 93)
- 26 All this time, [Mrs. Steerforth's] figure was unchanged, and looked unchangeable. Motionless, rigid, staring; moaning in the same dumb way from time to time, with the same helpless motion of the head; but giving no other sign of life. Miss Dartle suddenly kneeled down before it, and began to loosen the dress.
 'A curse upon you!' she said, looking round at me, with a mingled expression of rage and grief. 'It was in an evil hour that you ever came here! A curse upon you! Go!'
 After passing out of the room, I hurried back to ring the bell, the sooner to alarm the servants. She had then taken the impassive figure in her arms, and, still upon her knees, was weeping over it, kissing it, calling to it, rocking it to and fro upon her bosom like a child, and trying every tender means to rouse the dormant senses. (*DC*, ch.56)
- 27 It is obvious that, having devoted herself from infancy to this one pursuit and study, Miss Brass could know but little of the world, otherwise than in connection with the law; and that from a lady gifted with such high tastes, proficiency in those gentler and softer arts in which women usually excel, was scarcely to be looked for. Miss Sally's accomplishments were all of a masculine and strictly legal kind. They began with the practice of an attorney and they ended with it. She was in a state of lawful innocence, so to speak. The law had been her nurse. And, as bandy-legs or such physical deformities in children are held to be the consequence of bad nursing, so, if in a mind so beautiful any moral twist or handiness could be found, Miss Sally Brass's nurse was alone to blame. (*OCS*, ch.36)

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