

「暴力、欲望、感傷の交錯—マーガレット・ハークネスのスラム・ロマンス」

- 1 序—Margaret Harkness (1854–1923)とイースト・エンド
- 2 *Out of Work* (1888)—暴力の表象
- 3 *In Darkest London* (1889)—女性への暴力
- 4 結び—政治的欲望と感傷性

1) Joe lives—that is to say, Joe has not yet died—in a ruinous place, known to the like of him by the name of Tom-all-alone’s. *It is a black, dilapidated street, avoided by all decent people*; where the crazy houses were seized upon, when their decay was far advanced, by some bold vagrants, who, after establishing their own possession, took to letting them out in lodgings. Now, these tumbling tenements contain, by night, a swarm of misery. As, on the ruined human wretch, vermin parasites appear, so, these ruined shelters have bred a crowd of fouls existence that crawls in and out of gaps in walls and boards; and coils itself to sleep, in maggot numbers, where the rain drips in; and comes and goes, fetching and carrying fever, and sowing more evil in its every footprint than Lord Coodle, [...] and all the fine gentlemen in office, down to Zoodle, shall set right in five hundred years—though born expressly to do it. (Dickens 235–36, emphasis added)

2) The moral degradation and spiritual destitution of the teeming populations of the East of London are subjects with which the Christians of the metropolis are painfully conversant. Many true hearted and zealous labourers are toiling in the spirit of the Master to stop the mighty tide of iniquity and to pour the glorious light of the Gospel in upon the dense darkness everywhere abounding—yet seeing these labourers only as a faint lone star whose light but reveals the surrounding darkness. A city missionary, living in this neighbourhood, says that there are hundreds who need to be taught the existence of God. (4 Sept. 1865, *Wesleyan Times*; qtd. in Hattersley 153)

3) If I have anything to criticize, it would be that perhaps, after all, *the tale is not quite realistic enough*. Realism, to my mind, implies, besides truth of detail, the truthful reproduction of typical characters under typical circumstances. Now your characters are typical enough, as far as they go; but perhaps the circumstances which surround them and make them act, are not perhaps equally so. *In the “City Girl” the working class figures are a passive mass, unable to help itself and not even showing (making) any attempt at striving to help itself*. All attempts to drag it out of its torpid misery come from without, from above. Now if this was a correct description about 1800 or 1810, in the days of Saint-Simon and Robert Owen, it cannot appear so in 1887 to a man who for nearly fifty years has had the honour of sharing in most of the fights of the militant proletariat. The rebellious reaction of the working class against the oppressive medium which surrounds them, their attempts [...] at recovering their status as human beings, belong to history and must therefore lay claim to a place in the domain of realism. (April 1888; Marx-Engels Correspondence, Marxists. Org/ archive; emphasis added)

4) The ladies on their way to the Queen’s Hall, who had leant back languidly in their carriages, heedless of ragged men, hungry women, and little dirty children, the *blasé* frequenters of Hyde Park and the clubs, who had glanced carelessly at the people as they accompanied their wives and daughters to the People’s Palace, would be quoted by reporters as philanthropic persons intent on ministering to the poor by the unctious of their presence, and represented by the artists as so many unselfish ladies and gentlemen, who had given up an afternoon’s pleasure-hunting in order to gratify the eyes of under-paid men and over-worked women by their shining hats and charming bonnets. (*Out of Work* 2–3)

5-a) By that time [eleven o’clock] policemen had formed a cordon about the square, two and three deep. Five

thousand of the force stood ready to receive the Radicals and Socialists, who had declared their intention of holding a meeting under Nelson's monument, in order to show that the square belonged to the public. (*Out of Work* 196–97)

5-b) The roads about the square now became filled with men and women, who pressed in from all sides, and moved towards the cordon of policemen. [...]. A low angry hiss was heard amongst the men, and they pressed on again, fighting their way with sticks and fists, while the bâtons of the policemen returned their blows with interest. The police hit right and left. Their blood was up. They had been kept on duty days and night for the last few weeks, and this was their first real chance of letting the unemployed know what it is to be overworked. (*Out of Work* 198–99)

6) The only things in which East End life people take much interest are murders and funerals. Their lives are so dull, nothing else sets their sluggish blood in motion. But a murder gives them certainly two sensations; and a funeral has always some sensational features. [...].

The thing that strikes one most about East End life is its soddenness; one is incline[d] to think that hunger and drink will in time produce a race of sensationless idiots. (*In Darkest London* 16–17)

7) Her husband had knocked her eye out. She is stone blind now; for he knocked out her right eye when she was fifty, and last night he knocked her left eye out of its socket. I know six women close by this house whose husbands have knocked their eyes out. (*In Darkest London* 40)

8-a) No work in the Army requires more devotion and enthusiasm than slum work. A slum saviour lives among the filth and the vermin that surround the scum of London. Her work is ignored by the public, who think her either a fanatic or a lunatic. Yet she goes about from morning to night nursing the sick, and feeding the hungry with her own scanty rations, until an early death crowns her efforts. (*In Darkest London* 30)

8-b) The Slum Sister is what her name implies, the Sister of the Slum. They go forth in Apostolic fashion, two-and-two living in a couple of the same kind of dens or rooms as are occupied by the people themselves, differing only in the cleanliness and order, and the few articles of furniture which they contain. Here they live all the year round, visiting the sick, looking after the children, showing the women how to keep themselves and their homes decent, often discharging the sick mother's duties themselves; cultivating peace, advocating temperance, counselling in temporalities, and ceaselessly preaching the religion of Jesus Christ to the Outcasts of Society. (Booth 159)

9) "To send away all these strong, healthy girls, and get in their place the scum of Europe, is a great mistake," she said to herself. "The country will have to suffer for it. A free country, they call it; freedom to starve, I say, and the people who starve easiest are young women. [...]" She got up, and walked about amongst the girls, with a heavy frown on her face. "It's no good," she said, aloud, "it's no good for you[r] girls to emigrate." (*In Darkest London* 196)

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