

Fact・Fancy・Masculinity—*Hard Times*に見る困難な中年期

畑田 美緒

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1. The contrast between Mr Gradgrind's dead world of fact and Slearly's circus world of imagination is well established. (Wilson, 194)

2. Coketown, to which Messrs Bounderby and Gradgrind now walked, was a triumph of fact. . . .

It was a town of machinery and tall chimneys, out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed themselves for ever and ever, and never get uncoiled It had . . . vast piles of building full of windows where there was a rattling and a trembling all day long, and where the piston of the steam-engine worked monotonously up and down, like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness. (27)

3. The lights in the great factories, which looked, when they were illuminated, like Fairy palaces. . . were all extinguished. . . (66)

4. "Once get a giant shaky on his legs, and the public care no more about him than they do for a dead cabbage-stalk." . . .

"It's better that, than letting 'em go upon the parish or about the streets . . . Once make a giant common, and giants will never draw again . . ." (OCS 143)

5. When masculine status was no longer an assured matter of class and became determined instead by personal qualities such as energy and autonomy, even the first sign of senescence was a threat, and ageing challenged men's ability to maintain mastery and therefore masculinity. (Heath 27)

6. Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of fact and calculations. . . .

He seemed a galvanizing apparatus, too, charged with a grim mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations there were to be blown away (10)

7. There was an air of jaded sullenness in them both, and particularly in the girl: yet, struggling through the dissatisfaction of her face, there was a light with nothing to rest upon, a fire with nothing to burn, a starved

imagination keeping life in itself somehow, which brightened its expression. (19)

8. “I’ll enjoy myself a little. . . I’ll recompense myself for the way in which I have been brought up.” (55)

9. “So many people are employed in situations of trust; so many people, out of many, will be dishonest. I have heard you talk, a hundred times, of its being a law. How can I help laws?” (174)

10. He had grown into an extremely clear-headed, cautious, prudent young man who was safe to rise in the world. His mind was so exactly regulated, that he had no affections or passions. (116)

11. What you must always appeal to, is a person’s self-interest. It’s your only hold. We are so constituted. I was brought up in that catechism when I was very young, sir, as you are aware. (277).

12. Aged and bent he looked, and quite bowed down; and yet he looked a wiser man and a better man, than in the days when in this life he wanted nothing but Facts. (266)

13. Somehow or other, he had become possessed by an idea that there was something in this girl which could hardly be set forth in a tabular form. (92)

14. He was a rich man: banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not . . . A man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self-made man. (20)

15. “. . . has never been what he ought to have been, since he first came into the place. He is a dissipated, extravagant idler. He is not worth his salt, ma’am.” (117)

16. “I inferred, from its being so miserable a marriage, that it was probably an unequal one in point of years.” (75)

17. Foremost, the January-May theme typically centers on a romantic triangle consisting of the husband, wife, and young male rival for the young wife’s affection. (Godfrey 7)

18. From that moment, she was impassive, proud, and cold – held Sissy at a distance – changed to her altogether. (102)

19. And he laid her down there, and saw the pride of his heart and the triumph of his system lying, an insensible heap, at his feet. (212)

20. He spoke in a subdued and troubled voice, very different from his usual dictatorial manner; and was often at a loss for words. (216)

21. At the same time the association of masculinity with reason, authority and resolve was consolidated, together with their dissociation from the feminine. Again and again the dichotomies of energy and repose, intellect and feeling, resolution and adaptability, were seen to divide humankind into two quite different elements. (Tosh 47)

22. But, I am not in a very agreeable state . . . not relishing this business even as it is, and not considering that I am at any time as dutifully and submissively treated by your daughter, as Josiah Bounderby of Coketown ought to be treated by his wife. (232)

23. “You are very good indeed, sir,” returned Mrs Sparsit, shaking her head with her State humility. “It is not worth speaking of.” (51)

24. . . . And I hope sir,” said Mrs Sparsit, concluding in an impressively compassionate manner, “I fondly hope that Miss Gradgrind may be all you desire, and deserve!”

Nothing moved Mrs Sparsit from that position any more. It was in vain for Bounderby to bluster, or to assert himself in any of his explosive ways; Mrs Sparsit was resolved to have compassion on him, as a Victim. (105-6)

25. Her own private sitting-room was a storey higher, at the window of which post of observation she was ready, every morning, to greet Mr Bounderby as he came across the road, with the sympathizing recognition appropriate to a Victim. . . .

. . . The townspeople who, in their passing and repassing, saw her there, regarded her as the Bank Dragon, keeping watch over the treasures of the mine. (113)

26. She kept her black eyes wide open, with no touch of pity, with no touch of compunction, all absorbed in interest. In the interest of seeing her, ever drawing, with no hand to stay her, nearer and nearer to the bottom of this new Giant’s Staircase.

With all her deference for Mr Bounderby as contra-distinguished from his portrait, Mrs Sparsit had not the smallest intention of interrupting the descent. (198-199)

27. “Josiah in the gutter!” exclaimed Mrs Pegler. “No such a thing, sir. Never! . . . after his beloved father died when he was eight years old, his mother, too, could pinch a bit, as it was her duty and her pleasure and her pride to do it, to help him out in life, and put him ’prentice. . . And *I’ll* give you to know, sir—for this my dear boy won’t—that though his mother kept but a little village shop, he never forgot her, but pensioned me on thirty pound a-year . . . only making the condition that I was to keep down in my own part, and make no boasts about him, and not trouble him . . . I am well contented, and I can keep my pride in my Josiah to myself, and I can love for love’s own sake! . . . (253)

28. Detected as the Bully of humility, who had built his windy reputation upon lies, and in his boastfulness had put the honest truth as far away from him as if he had advanced the mean claim (there is no meaner) to tack

himself on to a pedigree, he cut a most ridiculous figure. (254)

29. This is unfortunate because in this novel—particularly in the heroine, Louisa Bounderby, potentially one of Dickens’s most successful women—he is moving into new depths. . . . Here is a character and a theme worthy of George Eliot. In his succeeding novels, Dickens in his own way works out exactly such psychological depths. But here, just where he needs room for reflection and analysis as never before, he has to abbreviate and truncate so that Louisa’s story is only a sketch for a more profound study. (Wilson 194-195),

30. . . . from 1852 to 1855, Dickens produced three novels in succession that move the age theme back to midlife, *Bleak House* (1852-53), *Hard Times* (1854), and *Little Dorrit* (1855-57) featuring middle-aged men who pursue a twenty-year-old. While the suitor becomes successively younger in each book—late fifties, late forties, and early forties—the novels question whether a man of a certain age is too old for love. . . . When considered together, these novels reveal Dickens’s increasing preoccupation with aging. (Heath 42)

(ページ数のみの引用は *Hard Times* からで、引用中の下線は全て発表者による。)

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