

近代的ディケンズ批評の源流を温ねて——ミラー、マーカス、リーヴィス

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(1) In the end, however, the reader, informed by all that outside knowledge, needs to return to the text and to attend with passionate intensity to all its minutiae. (Miller 2001, p. 50)

(2) . . . how to achieve an authentic self, a self which, while resting solidly on something outside of itself, does not simply submit to a definition imposed from without. (Miller 1958, p. 103)

(3) . . . and often, when it grew dark, and he was tired of wandering from room to room, he would crouch in the corner of the passage by the street-door, to be as near living people as he could. . . . (18)

The passage marks Oliver's transition to an active search in the *external* world for the meaning of his plight and for the identity and security he obscurely seeks. (Miller 1958, p. 52)

(4) The first thing [Oliver] observes is that he is apparently totally alone in the world of objects

It was a cold, dark night. The stars seemed, to the boy's eyes, farther from the earth than he had ever seen them before; there was no wind; and the sombre shadows thrown by the trees upon the ground, looked sepulchral and death-like, from being so still. (7)

. . . the windows of the houses were all closely shut; and the streets through which they passed, were noiseless and empty. (21)

The window-shutters were closed; the street was empty; not a soul had awakened to the business of the day. The sun was rising in all its splendid beauty; but the

light only served to show the boy his own lonesomeness and desolation. . . . (8)

This new state of isolation is in a way more desperate than the first. (Miller 1958, p. 56)

(5) This study presupposes that each sentence or paragraph of a novel, whether it is presented from the point of view of the narrator or of some imagined character, defines a certain relationship between an imagining mind and its objects. . . . Where I have multiplied quotations expressing the same attitude or idea it has been to show, through the juxtaposition of passages from the widely separated points in a novel, the pervasive presence of a certain organizing form. Only through such evidence of recurrence can a mode of sensation or thought be shown to be a permanent law of the world of a novel, and not an isolated and fortuitous exception. (Miller 1958, pp. ix, xi.)

(6) Among twentieth-century critics of Dickens, J. Hillis Miller has seemed the most interested in heroines. (Welsh, p. 174.)

(7) Only by living in the mode of present participles can the self have an authentic existence, that is, only by living in the mode of an immediate present which is becoming future, and in the mode of a verbal action which is in the very process of becoming substantial and real as it alters the world and identifies itself with it: “Bella was fast developing a perfect genius for home. All the loves and graces seemed (her husband thought) to have taken domestic service with her, and to help her to make home engaging. . . . 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 . . . !” (Miller 1958, p. 334)

(8) Mr. Hillis Miller, in an interpretation of *Our Mutual Friend* which strikes me as being, by and large, of almost ludicrous irrelevance, makes an excellent point when he refers to the “nullity” of the Veneerings. (Kettle, p. 220).

(9) Something should be said about my not having fulfilled my ambition of writing on Dickens’s entire career. It took about ten years to write the first volume, and Dickens’s later novels are much more complex than the early ones, necessitating an even longer

period of study. Besides, the second half of Dickens's career has been much more written about than the first half, so one would have to find new ways of dealing with it. But there is a larger significance to my concluding my book halfway through than these remarks may indicate. At the point I break off Dickens is just entering the great crisis of his life, a complex persona and cultural crisis. . . . My own first marriage was breaking up at precisely the time I came to Dickens's crisis. I believe that a certain inhibiting residue remains from the confluence of those two circumstances. (Marcus 1985, p. 300)

(10) The condemned criminal was seated on his bed, rocking himself from side to side, with a countenance more like that of a snared beast than the face of a man. His mind was evidently wandering to his old life, for he continued to mutter, without appearing conscious of their presence otherwise than as a part of his vision. . . .

"The papers," said Fagin, drawing Oliver towards him, "are in a canvas bag, in a hole a little way up the chimney in the top front-room. I want to talk to you, my dear. I want to talk to you."

"Yes, yes," returned Oliver. "Let me say a prayer. Do! Let me say one prayer. Say only one, upon your knees, with me, and we will talk till morning."

"Outside, outside," replied Fagin, pushing the boy before him towards the door, and looking vacantly over his head. "Say I've gone to sleep—they'll believe you. You can get me out, if you take me so. Now then, now then!" (*OT*, Ch. 52)

(11) "Oh! That fellow!" said Steerforth, beating a lump of coal on the top of the fire, with the poker. "Is he as soft as ever? And where the deuce did you pick him up?" (*DC*, Ch. 28)

(12) Bidly would neither have dressed nor spoken like a lady, her hands would have been coarsened by rough work as Mrs. Joe's substitute (in the days when everything from floors upwards had to be constantly scrubbed), and unlike Pip Bidly is shown to have taken to the Hubble and Gargery households as congenial enough. For all these reasons (and more) there *was* a real barrier between Bidly and Herbert's Handel which had nothing to do with "snobbery" unless any manifestation of real differences that are more than merely social in fact though classified for convenience under that head, are to be dismissed thus. (Leavises 1970, p. 328)

(13) Like that of the real boy Fagin, their [Magwitch's and Mr. Peggotty's] benevolence is a form of ownership, an assumption of its object on a degraded level, and this is the direst threat Dickens's unconscious knows. (Bayley 1976, p. 93)

(14) If there is any single image which we remember longest from *Oliver Twist* it is the picture of the lost boy . . . peering "with a melancholy face for hours together" through a high clouded window at a world he cannot understand. . . . (Miller 1958, p. 54)

(15) There was a back-garret window with rusty bars outside, which had no shutter; and out of this, Oliver often gazed with a melancholy face for hours together; but nothing was to be descried from it but a confused and crowded mass of housetops, blackened chimneys, and gable-ends. (*OT*, Ch. 18)

(16) In short, the wily old Jew had the boy in his toils. Having prepared his mind, by solitude and gloom, to prefer any society to the companionship of his own sad thoughts in such a dreary place, he was now slowly instilling into his soul the poison which he hoped would blacken it, and change its hue for ever. (*OT*, Ch. 18)

(17) "I'm only sixty-one," said Mr. Grimwig, with the same rigid face. "And, as the devil's in it if this Oliver is not twelve years old at least, I don't see the application of that remark." (*OT*, Ch. 41)

(18) "Pooh! pooh!" said Tim Linkinwater, "don't tell me. Country! . . . I can buy new-laid eggs in Leadenhall Market, any morning before breakfast; and as to flowers, it's worth a run upstairs to smell my mignonette, or to see the double wallflower in the back-attic window, at No. 6, in the court."

"At what?"

"At their blossoming in old blackening-bottles. . . . They belong to a sickly bedridden hump-backed boy, and seem to be the only pleasure, Mr Nickleby, of his sad existence. How many years is it," said Tim, pondering, "since I first noticed him, quite a little child, dragging himself about on a pair of tiny crutches? Well! Well! Not many; but though they would appear nothing, if I thought of other things, they seem a long, long time, when I think of him. It is a sad thing," said Tim, breaking off, "to see a little deformed child sitting apart from other children, who are active and merry, watching the games he is denied the power to share in. He made my heart ache very

often. . . . When it is fine weather, and he can crawl out of bed, he draws a chair close to the window, and sits there, looking at them and arranging them, all day long. . . . It must be dull to watch the dark housetops and the flying clouds, for so many months; but he is very patient.”

“Is there nobody in the house to cheer or help him?” asked Nicholas.

“His father lives there, I believe,” replied Tim, “and other people too; but no one seems to care much for the poor sickly cripple. . . .” (NN, Ch. 40)

(19) Tiny Tim and the other defective children in the stories at least have loving parents; Dickens always gives them this compensation. (Collins, p. 182)

(20) It is only when Smike is discovered by his alter ego, Nicholas, that he acquires an “object” . . . in life. . . . He is also the dying, crippled boy across the area-way from Tim Linkinwater . . . another of Dickens’s private allusions to his childhood. (Marcus, p. 123)

(21) While [Ralph] was thus engaged, there came towards him, with noise of shouts and singing, some fellows full of drink, followed by others, who were remonstrating with them and urging them to go home in quiet. They were in high good-humour; and one of them, a little, weazen, hump-backed man, began to dance. He was a grotesque, fantastic figure, and the few bystanders laughed. Ralph himself was moved to mirth, and echoed the laugh of one who stood near and who looked round in his face. When they had passed on, and he was left alone again, he resumed his speculation with a new kind of interest; for he recollected that the last person who had seen the suicide alive, had left him very merry, and he remembered how strange he and the other jurors had thought that at the time.

He could not fix upon the spot among such a heap of graves, but he conjured up a strong and vivid idea of the man himself, and how he looked, and what had led him to do it; all of which he recalled with ease. By dint of dwelling upon this theme, he carried the impression with him when he went away: as he remembered, when a child, to have had frequently before him the figure of some goblin he had once seen chalked upon a door. But as he drew nearer and nearer home he forgot it again, and began to think how very dull and solitary the house would be inside.

(. . .)

He spoke no more; but, after a pause, softly groped his way out of the room, and up the echoing stairs--up to the top--to the front garret--where he closed the door behind him, and remained. (*NN*, Ch. 62)

(22) “My rescue from this kind of existence I considered quite hopeless, and abandoned as such, altogether; though I am solemnly convinced that I never, for one hour, was reconciled to it, or was otherwise than miserably unhappy. I felt keenly, however, the being so cut off from my parents, my brothers, and sisters; and, when my day’s work was done, going home to such a miserable blank; and that, I thought, might be corrected. One Sunday night I remonstrated with my father on this head, so pathetically and with so many tears, that his kind nature gave way. He began to think that it was not quite right. I do believe he had never thought so before, or thought about it. It was the first remonstrance I had ever made about my lot, and perhaps it opened up a little more than I intended. A back-attic was found for me at the house of an insolvent-court agent, who lived in Lant-street in the borough, where Bob Sawyer lodged many years afterwards. A bed and bedding were sent over for me, and made up on the floor. The little window had a pleasant prospect of a timber-yard; and when I took possession of my new abode, I thought it was a Paradise.” (Forster, p. 29)

(23) Many, many times has he spoken to me of this, and how he seemed at once to fall into a solitary condition apart from all other boys of his own age, and to sink into a neglected state at home which had always been quite unaccountable to him. “As I thought,” he said on one occasion very bitterly, “in the little back garret in Bayham Street, of all I had lost in losing Chatham, what would I have given, if I had had anything to give, to have been sent back to any other school, to have been taught something anywhere!” (Forster, p. 9)

(24) [Little Nell] would take her station here, at dusk, and watch the people as they passed up and down the street, or appeared at the windows of the opposite houses; wondering whether those rooms were as lonesome as that in which she sat, and whether those people felt it company to see her sitting there, as she did only to see them look out and draw in their heads again. There was a crooked stack of chimneys on one of the roofs, in which, by often looking at them, she had fancied ugly faces that were frowning

over at her and trying to peer into the room; and she felt glad when it grew too dark to make them out. . . . (*OCS*, Ch. 9)

(25) Thus, the revolving chimney-pots on one great stack of buildings seemed to be turning gravely to each other every now and then, and whispering the result of their separate observation of what was going on below. Others, of a crook-backed shape, appeared to be maliciously holding themselves askew, that they might shut the prospect out and baffle Todgers's. (*MC*, Ch 9)

(26) An air of retreat and solitude hung about the rooms and about their inhabitant. [Neville Landless] was much worn, and so were they. Their sloping ceilings, cumbrous rusty locks and grates, and heavy wooden bins and beams, slowly mouldering withal, had a prisonous look, and he had the haggard face of a prisoner. Yet the sunlight shone in at the ugly garret-window, which had a penthouse to itself thrust out among the tiles; and on the cracked and smoke-blackened parapet beyond, some of the deluded sparrows of the place rheumatically hopped, like little feathered cripples who had left their crutches in their nests; and there was a play of living leaves at hand that changed the air, and made an imperfect sort of music in it that would have been melody in the country. (*MED*, Ch. 17)

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