

「読み書きの難しさ—*David Copperfield* を読む」

The Difficulty of “I am born”: An Analysis of David’s Wonderful Literacy

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(*の部分を@に)

1. *David Copperfield* を論じることの難しさ

引用 1

David Copperfield is a text which critics find hard to discuss, or have refrained from discussing, for reasons which are worth exploring. (Tambling, xii)

引用 2

If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that *David Copperfield* kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth. (Salinger, 1)

David Copperfield の一見した「直線的成長モデル」／読み書き能力の成熟と人間的成長

引用 3

His growth can be charted by his shifting connection with books: beginning as an infant listener, then turning into a young reader and finally becoming a mature writer, he is seen to pass the three milestones in his life. (Di, 178)

Holden Caulfield : *David Copperfield* who was/is? born with a caul?

2. 直線的成熟モデルに沿わない David のリテラシー

引用 4

The first objects that assume a distinct presence before me, as I look far back, into the blank of my infancy, are my mother with her pretty hair and youthful shape, and Peggotty with no shape at all, and eyes so dark that they seemed to darken their whole neighbourhood in her face, and cheeks and arms so hard and red that I wondered the birds didn't peck her in preference to apples.

I believe I can remember these two at a little distance apart, dwarfed to my sight by stooping down or kneeling on the floor, and I going unsteadily from the one to the other. I have an impression on my mind which I cannot distinguish from actual remembrance, of the touch of Peggotty's forefinger as she used to hold it out to me, and of its being roughened by needlework, like a pocket nutmeg-grater. (DC, 24)

触覚 (ペゴティの指がナツメグおろしみたいだったこと)

嗅覚 (食料貯蔵庫のおいをかぐとびっくりするほどいろいろなにおいがしたこと)

ぼやけた視覚 (ペゴティの顔の上半分が真っ黒に見えること)

引用 5

Peggotty and I were sitting one night by the parlour fire, alone. I had been reading to Peggotty about crocodiles. I must have read very perspicuously, or the poor soul must have been deeply interested, for I remember she had a cloudy impression, after I had done, that they were a sort of vegetable. (DC, 28)

デイヴィッドの幼くたどたどしいリーディングの様子

しかし、その効果としてもたらされるもの：オリジナルの教訓譚の解体

引用 6

Thomas Day, *The History of Sandford and Merton* (1783-1789)

“What is that, sir?” said Tommy. “It is an animal,” answered Mr. Barlow, “that lives sometimes upon the land, sometimes in the water, It comes originally from an egg, which an old one lays and buries in the sand. The heat of the sun then warms it during several days, and at last a young crocodile is hatched. This animal is at first very small; it has a long body and four short legs, which serve it both to walk with upon the land and to swim with in the waters. It has, besides, a long tail, or rather the body is extremely long, and gradually grows thinner till it ends in a point. Its shape is exactly like that of a lizard; or, if you have never seen a lizard, did you ever observe a small animal, of some inches long, which lives at the bottom of ditches and ponds?” “Yes, sir, I have,” answered Tommy, “and I once caught one with my hand, taking it for a fish; but when I had it near me, I saw it had four little legs, so I threw it into the water again for fear the animal should be hurt.” “This animal,” answered Mr. Barlow, “may give you an exact idea of a young crocodile; but as it grows older it gradually becomes bigger, till at last, as I have been informed, it reaches the length of twenty or thirty feet.” “That is very large,” said Tommy; “and does it do any harm?” “Yes,” said Mr. Barlow, “it is a very voracious animal, and devours everything it can seize. It frequently comes out of the water and lives upon the shore, where it resembles a large log of wood; and if any animal unguardedly comes near, it snaps at it on a sudden, and if it can catch the poor creature, devours it.” T. --- And does it never devour men? Mr. B. --- Sometimes, if it surprises them; but those who are accustomed to meet with them frequently easily escape. They run round in a circle, or turn short on a sudden, by which means the animal is left far behind; because, although he can run tolerably fast in a straight line, the great length of his body prevents him from turning with his ease. T. --- This must be a dreadful animal to meet with; is it possible for a man to defend himself against it? Mr. B. --- Everything is possible to those that have courage and coolness; therefore many of the inhabitants of those countries carry long spears in their hands, in order to defend themselves from those animals. The crocodile opens his wide voracious jaws in order to devour the man; but the man takes this opportunity and thrusts the point of his spear into the creature’s mouth, by which means he is generally killed upon the spot. Nay, I have even heard that some will carry their hardness so far as to go into the water in order to fight the crocodile there. They take a large splinter of wood about a foot in length, strong in the middle, and sharpened at both ends; to this they tie a long and tough cord. The man who intends to fight the crocodile takes this piece of wood in his right hand, and goes into the river, where he wades till one of these creatures perceives him. As soon as that happens the animal comes up to him to seize him, extending his wide and horrid jaws, which are armed with several rows of pointed teeth; but the man, with the

greatest intrepidity, waits for his enemy, and the instant he approaches thrusts his hand, armed with the splinter of wood, into his terrible mouth, which the creature closes directly, and by these means forces the sharp points into each of his jaws, where they stick fast. He is then incapable of doing hurt, and they pull him to the shore by the cord. “pray, sir,” said Tommy, “is this dreadful animal capable of being tamed?” “Yes,” answered Mr. Barlow; “I believe, as I have before told you, there is no animal that may not be rendered mild and inoffensive by good usage. There are several parts of Egypt where tame crocodiles are kept; these animals, though of the largest size, never do hurt to anything, but suffer every one to play about them and even little children to play about them and ride securely upon their enormous backs.” (Day, 103-105)

引用 7

I couldn't quite understand why Peggotty looked so queer, or why she was so ready to go back to the crocodiles. However, we returned to those monsters, with fresh wakefulness on my part, and we left their eggs in the sand for the sun to hatch; and we ran away from them, and baffled them by constantly turning, which they were unable to do quickly, on account of their unwieldy make; and we went into the water after them, as natives, and put sharp pieces of timber down their throats; and in short we ran the whole crocodile gauntlet. I did, at least; but I had my doubts of Peggotty, who was thoughtfully sticking her needle into various parts of her face and arms, all the time. (DC, 30)

上の Thomas Day の記述と関連する、*David Copperfield* 内のクロコダイルの記述

引用 8

‘If I go into a cheese-monger’s shop, and buy five thousand double-Gloucester cheeses at fourpence- halfpenny each, present payment’ (DC, 65)

マードストンの苛烈で峻厳なレッスン

(一方で、このフレーズだけを取り出せば、苛烈で峻厳すぎるあまり、コミカルでさえある：デイヴィッドの教訓譚解体との類似)

引用 9

‘David,’ he said, making his lips thin, by pressing them together, ‘if I have an obstinate horse or dog to deal with, what do you think I do?’

‘I don’t know.’

‘I beat him.’

I had answered in a kind of breathless whisper, but I felt, in my silence, that my breath was shorter now.

‘I make him wince, and smart. I say to myself, “I’ll conquer that fellow;” and if it were to cost him all the blood he had, I should do it. What is that upon your face?’

‘Dirt,’ I said.

He knew it was the mark of tears as well as I. [...]

‘You have a good deal of intelligence for a little fellow,’ he said, with a grave smile that belonged to him, ‘and you understood me very well, I see. Wash that face, and come down with me.’ (DC, 57)

デイヴィッドとマードストンの会話

特に後半部、「顔の泥」のあたり、言葉の裏を正しく汲み取り、対等に渡り合う二人

引用 10

‘And who’s this shaver?’ said one of the gentlemen, taking hold of me.

‘That’s Davy,’ returned Mr Murdstone.

‘Davy who?’ said the gentleman. ‘Jones?’

‘Copperfield,’ said Mr Murdstone.

‘What! Bewitching Mrs Copperfield’s incumbrance?’ cried the gentleman. ‘The pretty little widow?’

‘Quinion,’ said Mr Murdstone, ‘take care, if you please. Somebody’s sharp.’

‘Who is?’ asked the gentleman, laughing.

I looked up, quickly; being curious to know.

‘Only Brooks of Sheffield,’ said Mr Murdstone.

I was quite relieved to find it was only Brooks of Sheffield; for, at first, I really thought it was I.

...

I took the opportunity of asking if she[Clara] was at all acquainted with Mr Brooks of Sheffield, but she answered No, only she assumed he must be a manufacturer in the knife and fork way.

...

‘what was it they said, Davy? Tell me again. I can’t believe it.’

“‘Bewitching --- ’” I began.

My mother put hands upon my lips to stop me.

‘It was never bewitching,’ she said, laughing. ‘It never could have been bewitching, Davy. Now I know it wasn’t!’

‘Yes it was. “Bewitching Mrs Copperfield,” I repeated stoutly. ‘And “pretty”?’

‘No, no, it was never pretty. Not pretty,’ interposed my mother, laying her fingers on my lips again.

‘Yes it was. “Pretty little widow.”’ (DC, 35-37)

さきほどとは対照的に、言葉を字面通り、リテラルに受け取り、その背景を読みこなす力のない
デイヴィッドとクレアラの姿

引用 11

‘My dear Peggoty. I have come here safe. Barkis is willing. My love to mama. Yours affectionately. P. S. He says he particularly wants you to know --- *Barkis is willing.*’ (DC, 75)

同じく、バーキスが「その気」とはどんな意味かを忖度しないデイヴィッド

引用 12

Little Em’ly had overcome her shyness, and was sitting by my side upon the lowest and least of the lockers, which was just large enough for us two, and just fitted into the chimney corner. (DC, 43)

デイヴィ・ジョーンズと呼ばれた直後、ヤーマスでロッカーに座るデイヴィッド

引用 13 Davy Jones, Davy Jones' Locker のまとめ

Daniel Defoe, *The Four Years Voyages of Capt. George Roberts; Being a Series of Uncommon Events*. (1726)

Some of Loe's Company said, They would look out some things, and give me along with me when I was going away; but Ruffel told them, they should not, for he would toss them all into Davy Jones's Locker if they did. (89)

Tobias Smollett, *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*. (1752)

This same Davy Jones, according to sailors, is the fiend that presides over all the evil spirits of the deep, and is often seen in various shapes, perching among the rigging on the eve of hurricanes, ship-wrecks, and other disasters to which sea-faring life is exposed, warning the devoted wretch of death and woe. (Smollett, 67)

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*. (1852-53)

"It was a maxim of Captain Swosser's", said Mrs. Badger, "speaking in his figurative naval manner, that when you make pitch hot, you cannot make it too hot; and that if you only have to swab a plank, you should swab it as if Davy Jones were after you." (*BH*, 272)

引用 14

My father left me a small collection of books in a little room up-stairs, to which I had access (for it adjoined my own) and which nobody else in our house ever troubled. From that blessed little room, Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Tom Jones, the Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Robinson Crusoe, came out, a glorious host, to keep me company. They kept alive my fancy, and my hope of something beyond that place and time,—they, and the Arabian Nights, and the Tales of the Genii,—and did me no harm; for whatever harm was in some of them was not there for me; I knew nothing of it. It is astonishing to me now, how I found time, in the midst of my porings and blunderings over heavier themes, to read those books as I did. (*DC*, 66)

引用 15

Tom Jones, Chapter 2

He now lived, for the most part, retired in the country, with one sister, for whom he had a very tender affection. This lady was now somewhat past the age of thirty, an area at which, in the opinion of the malicious, the title of old maid may with no impropriety be assumed. She was of that species of women whom you commend rather for good qualities than beauty, and who are generally called, by their own sex, very good sort of women—as good a sort of woman, madam, as you would wish to know. Indeed, she was so far from regretting want of beauty, that she never mentioned that perfection, if it can be called one, without contempt; and would often thank God she was not as handsome as Miss Such-a-one, whom perhaps beauty had led into errors which she might have otherwise avoided. Miss Bridget Allworthy (for that was the name of this lady) very rightly conceived the charms of person in a woman to be no better than snares for herself, as well as for others; and yet so discreet was she in her conduct, that her prudence was as much on the guard as if she had all the snares to

apprehend which were ever laid for her whole sex. Indeed, I have observed, though it may seem unaccountable to the reader, that this guard of prudence, like the trained bands, is always readiest to go on duty where there is the least danger. It often basely and cowardly deserts those paragons for whom the men are all wishing, sighing, dying, and spreading, every net in their power; and constantly attends at the heels of that higher order of women for whom the other sex have a more distant and awful respect, and whom (from despair, I suppose, of success) they never venture to attack. (Fielding, 5)

引用 16

‘Ha! Poor Baby!’ mused Miss Betsey, with her frown still bent upon the fire. ‘Do you know anything?’

‘I beg your pardon, ma'am,’ faltered my mother.

‘About keeping house, for instance,’ said Miss Betsey.

‘Not much, I fear,’ returned my mother. ‘Not so much as I could wish. But Mr. Copperfield was teaching me—

(‘Much he knew about it himself!’) said Miss Betsey in a parenthesis. —‘And I hope I should have improved, being very anxious to learn, and he very patient to teach me, if the great misfortune of his death’—my mother broke down again here, and could get no farther. (DC, 20)

下線部：伯母から父デイヴィッド・コッパフィールドの「状況把握力」に対する厳しいコメント
母のクレアラには聞こえていないと思われる。

引用 17

David’s father, the man who names a house the “Rookery” simply because, despite all contrary evidence, “he liked to think that there were rooks about it”... David’s father in leaving his property to his wife “unconditionally”... Mr. Copperfield injudiciously trusted his wife to marry wisely if she married again that he placed no restrictions on his bequest to her and therefore no independent provision to his son. (Poovey, 93-94)

デイヴィッドの父が、世の中の諸々を正しく読み解く力に欠けていたこと。

それに対して、赤ん坊／幼いデイヴィッドが、イノセントで世慣れないさまを見せたかと思えば、
ときとして驚くほど「読める」側面を見せること

3. David Copperfield の後半部：David の複層性が失われ、次第に「のっぺり」した大人の語り手へと回収されていくさま

引用 18

For although this is the best of all Dickens’s books, it constantly disappoints the critical and intelligent reader. The reason is that Dickens began it under his sudden emotional impulse of telling the whole truth about himself and gradually allowed the whole truth to be more and more diluted, until towards the end of the book we are back in the old pedantic and decorative art of Dickens, an art which we justly admired in its own place and on its own terms, but which we resent when we feel it gradually returning through a tale pitched originally in a

more practical and piercing key. Here, I say, is the one real example of the fatigue of Dickens. He begins his story in a new style and then slips back into an old one. The earlier part is in his later manner. The later part is in his earlier manner. (Chesterton, 130)

後半に行くにしたがって、斬新な魅力を失っていく、というチェスタトンの批判。

引用 19

It reverses the usual pattern in which, as in life, the growth to maturity involves an increasing complexity of being. In this novel, the complex, multi-faceted self of the child David dwindles into the simplified, unitary identity of the grown man who is now master of his environment. (Andrews, 5)

幼い頃のデイヴィッドが複雑で multi-faceted であったのに対し、後半になると、simplified, unitary になっていく点を指摘。

引用 20

What faces are the most distinct to me in the fleeting crowd? Lo, these; all turning to me as I ask my thoughts the question!

Here is my aunt, in stronger spectacles, an old woman of four-score years and more, but upright yet, and a steady walker of six miles at a stretch in winter weather.

Always with her, here comes Peggotty, my good old nurse, likewise in spectacles, accustomed to do needle-work at night very close to the lamp, but never sitting down to it without a bit of wax candle, a yard-measure in a little house, and a work-box with a picture of St. Paul's upon the lid.

The cheeks and arms of Peggotty, so hard and red in my childish days, when I wondered why the birds didn't peck her in preference to apples, are shrivelled now; and her eyes, that used to darken their whole neighbourhood in her face, are fainter (though they glitter still); but her rough forefinger, which I once associated with a pocket nutmeg-grater, is just the same, and when I see my least child catching at it as it totters from my aunt to her, I think of our little parlour at home, when I could scarcely walk. My aunt's old disappointment is set right, now. She is godmother to a real living Betsey Trotwood; and Dora (the next in order) says she spoils her.

There is something bulky in Peggotty's pocket. It is nothing smaller than the Crocodile Book, which is in rather a dilapidated condition by this time, with divers of the leaves torn and stitched across, but which Peggotty exhibits to the children as a precious relic. I find it very curious to see my own infant face, looking up at me from the Crocodile stories; and to be reminded by it of my old acquaintance Brooks of Sheffield. (DC, 878-879)

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