

ディケンズ・フェロウシップ日本支部
 平成 29 年度秋季総会（東京大学駒場キャンパス、2017 年 10 月 7 日）
 シンポジウム「ディケンズとギッシング——隠れた類似点と相違点」

「近代都市生活者の自己否定、自己疎外、自己欺瞞」
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1. When I tried to conquer my misplaced love, and to be generous to the man who was more fortunate than I, though he should never know it or repay me with a gracious word, in whom had I watched patience, self-denial, self-subdual, charitable construction, the noblest generosity of the affections? In the same poor girl!
 (Dickens, *Little Dorrit*, vol. 2, chap. 27)

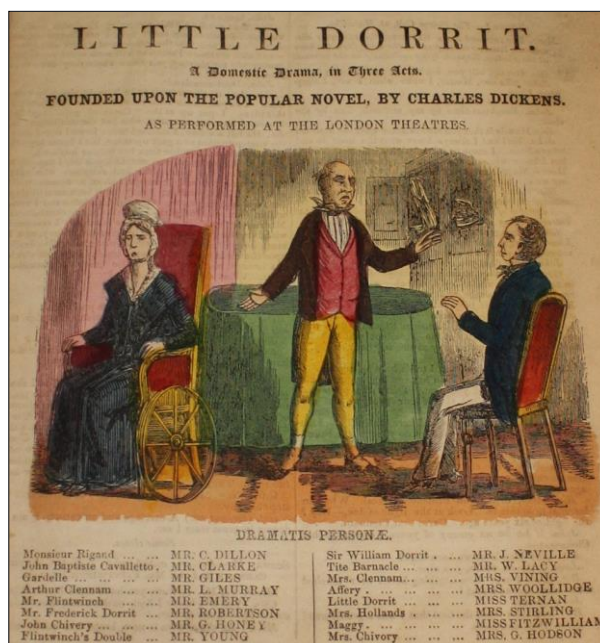
2. A more admirable housekeeper than Mary could not have been found. Long experience of grinding poverty had taught her how to make a sovereign go very far indeed; Kingcote was astonished at the accounts with which she regularly presented him. He would have had her increase her own comfort in many little ways, but she always refused; self-denial, formerly a harsh necessity, had now become a pleasure; a kind of asceticism was becoming her motive in life.
 (Gissing, *Isabel Clarendon*, vol. 2, chap. 8)

3. “. . . Just as you cheat yourself into making out that you didn’t do all this business because you were a rigorous woman, all slight, and spite, and power, and unforgiveness, but because you were a servant and a minister, and were appointed to do it. Who are you, that you should be appointed to do it? That may be your religion, but it’s my gammon. . . .”

(Dickens, *Little Dorrit*, vol. 2, chap. 30)

Little Dorrit: A Domestic Drama, in Three Acts.
 Founded upon the Popular Novel, by Charles Dickens. As Performed at the London Theatres.
 [London]: G. Purkess, Compton Street, Soho,
 [1857?].

Produced two years after *Little Dorrit* was published, this little colored edition was published as a broadside, folded into quarters. The cast list is shown on the front: Ellen Ternan, who would later become Dickens’s mistress, played Little Dorrit.



4. Why should he be vexed or sore at heart? It was not his weakness that he had imagined. It was nobody’s, nobody’s within his knowledge; why should it trouble him? And yet it did trouble him.
 (Dickens, *Little Dorrit*, vol. 1, chap. 16)

5. It is supposed, unless I mistake—the assembled members of our family will correct me if I do, which is very likely (here the poor relation looked mildly about him for contradiction); that I am nobody’s enemy but my own.
 (Dickens, “The Poor Relation’s Story”)

6. “Poor dear soul!” said this lady, with an abruptness of manner quite my sister’s. “Nobody’s enemy but his own!”

“It would be much more commendable to be somebody else’s enemy,” said the gentleman; . . .

“Cousin Raymond,” observed another lady, “we are to love our neighbour.”

“Sarah Pocket,” returned Cousin Raymond, “if a man is not his own neighbour, who is?”

(Dickens, *Great Expectations*, chap. 11)

7. “You silly boy,” said Estella, quite composedly, “how can you talk such nonsense? Your friend Mr. Matthew, I believe, is superior to the rest of his family?”

“Very superior indeed. He is nobody’s enemy—”

“Don’t add but his own.” interposed Estella, “for I hate that class of man. But he really is disinterested, and above small jealousy and spite, I have heard?” (Dickens, *Great Expectations*, chap. 32)

8. “Have you been studying much law lately?” I asked, to change the subject.

“Oh, Master Copperfield,” he said, with an air of self-denial, “my reading is hardly to be called study. I have passed an hour or two in the evening, sometimes, with Mr. Tidd.”

(Dickens, *David Copperfield*, chap. 17)

9. “Traddles,” returned Mr. Waterbrook, “is a young man reading for the bar. Yes. He is quite a good fellow—nobody’s enemy but his own.” (Dickens, *David Copperfield*, chap. 25)

10. The last time he had seen his slighted child, there had been that in the sad embrace between her and her dying mother, which was at once a revelation and a reproach to him. Let him be absorbed as he would in the Son on whom he built such high hopes, he could not forget that closing scene. He could not forget that he had had no part in it. That, at the bottom of its clear depths of tenderness and truth, lay those two figures clasped in each other’s arms, while he stood on the bank above them, looking down a mere spectator—not a sharer with them—quite shut out.

Unable to exclude these things from his remembrance, or to keep his mind free from such imperfect shapes of the meaning with which they were fraught, as were able to make themselves visible to him through the mist of his pride, his previous feelings of indifference towards little Florence changed into an uneasiness of an extraordinary kind. He almost felt as if she watched and distrusted him.

(Dickens, *Dombey and Son*, chap. 3)

11. He had been long communing with these thoughts, when one night he sought her in her own apartment, after he had heard her return home late. She was alone, in her brilliant dress, and had but that moment come from her mother’s room. Her face was melancholy and pensive, when he came upon her; but it marked him at the door; for, glancing at the mirror before it, he saw immediately, as in a picture-frame, the knitted brow, and darkened beauty that he knew so well.

(Dickens, *Dombey and Son*, chap. 40)

12. “. . . [Reardon] is the old type of unpractical artist; I am the literary man of 1882. He won’t make concessions, or rather, he can’t make them; he can’t supply the market. I—well, you may say that at present I do nothing; but that’s a great mistake, I am learning my business. Literature nowadays is a trade. . . .”

(Gissing, *New Grub Street*, chap. 1)

Drawing: 19th-century Grub Street (latterly Milton Street), as pictured in Robert Chambers’s *Book of Days*

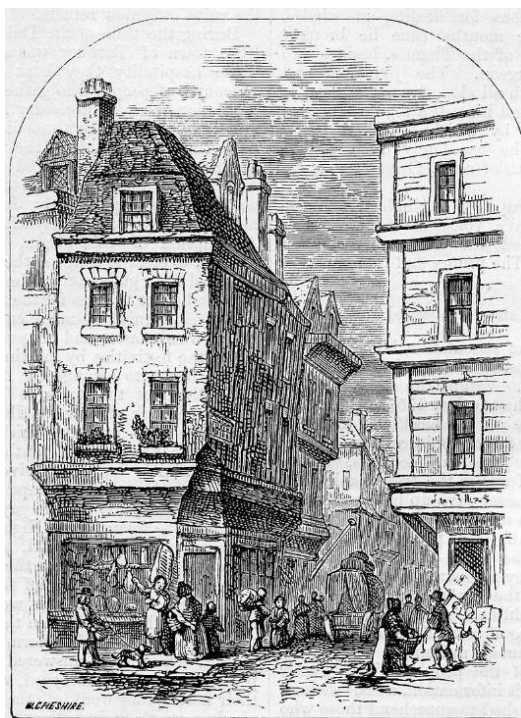
13. “I have just invented a riddle; see if you can guess it. Why is a London lodging-house like the human body?”

Biffen looked with some concern at his friend, so unwonted was a sally of this kind.

“Why is a London lodging-house—? Haven’t the least idea.”

“Because the brains are always at the top. Not bad, I think, eh?”

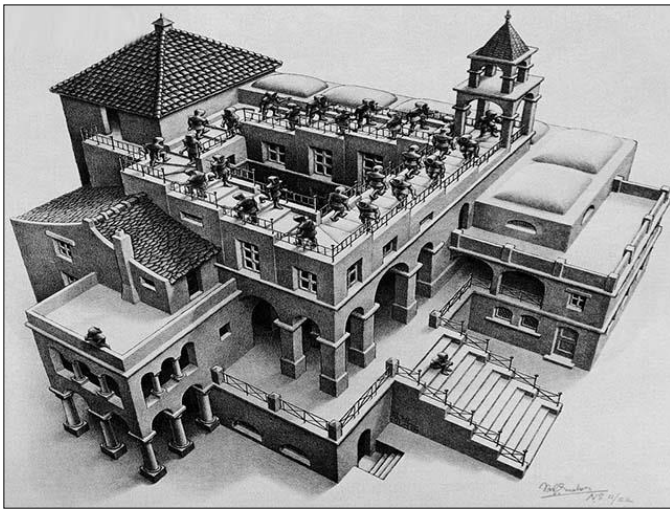
(Gissing, *New Grub Street*, chap. 25)



14. 平岡はどうとう自分と離れてしまった。逢うたびに、遠くにいて対応する様な気がする。実を云うと、平岡ばかりではない。誰に逢ってもそんな気がする。現代の社会は孤立した人間の集合体に過ぎなかった。大地は自然に続いているけれども、その上に家を建てたら、忽ち切れ切れになってしまった。家の中にいる人間もまた切れ切れになってしまった。文明は我等をして孤立せしむるものだと、代助は解釈した。 (漱石『それから』8)

15. There prevails in him [Hogarth] an uncompromising spirit of which the novelist [Dickens] had nothing whatever. Try to imagine a volume of fiction produced by the artist of *Gin Lane*, of *The Harlot's Progress*, and put it beside the books which, from *Pickwick* onwards, have been the delight of English homes. Puritans both of them, Hogarth shows his religion on the sterner side; Dickens, in a gentle avoidance of whatsoever may give offence to the pure in heart, the very essence of his artistic conscience being that compromise which the other scorned. In truth, as artists they saw differently. Dickens was no self-deceiver; at any moment his steps would guide him to parts of London where he could behold, and had often beheld, scenes as terrible as any that the artist struck into black and white; he looked steadily at such things, and, at the proper time, could speak of them. But when he took up the pen of the story-teller, his genius constrained him to such use, such interpretation, of bitter fact as made him beloved, not dreaded, by readers asking, before all else, to be soothingly entertained. (Gissing, *Charles Dickens: A Critical Study*, chap. 2)

16. For months he had been living in this way; endless circling, perpetual beginning, followed by frustration. A sign of exhaustion, it of course made exhaustion more complete. At times he was on the border-land of imbecility; his mind looked into a cloudy chaos, a shapeless whirl of nothings. (Gissing, *New Grub Street*, chap. 9)



M. C. Escher, *Ascending and Descending* (1960)



“Miss Havisham and Pip” by John McLenan

17. 人間の不安は科学の発展から来る。進んで止まる事を知らない科学は、かつて我々に止まる事を許してくれた事がない。徒歩から俵、俵から馬車、馬車から汽車、汽車から自動車、それから航空船、それから飛行機と、どこまで行っても休ませてくれない。どこまで伴れて行かれるか分らない。実に恐ろしい。 (漱石『行人』32)

18. That I had a fever and was avoided, that I suffered greatly, that I often lost my reason, that the time seemed interminable, that I confounded impossible existences with my own identity; that I was a brick in the house wall, and yet entreating to be released from the giddy place where the builders had set me; that I was a steel beam of a vast engine, clashing and whirling over a gulf, and yet that I implored in my own person to have the engine stopped, and my part in it hammered off; that I passed through these phases of disease, I know of my own remembrance, and did in some sort know at the time.

(Dickens, *Great Expectations*, ch. 56)

19. The fog grew thicker; she looked up at the windows beneath the dome and saw that they were a dusky yellow. Then her eye discerned an official walking along the upper gallery, and in pursuance of her grotesque humour, her mocking misery, she likened him to a black, lost soul, doomed to wander in an eternity of vain research along endless shelves. Or again, the readers who sat here at these radiating lines of desks, what were they but hapless flies caught in a huge web, its nucleus the great circle of the Catalogue? Darker, darker. From the towering wall of volumes seemed to emanate visible motes, intensifying the obscurity; in a moment the book-lined circumference of the room would be but a featureless prison-limit.

(Gissing, *New Grub Street*, chap. 8)



The British Museum: The Interior of the Reading Room.
Wood engraving by [I. C.] after C. Gregory, 1874.

20. We arrived there at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and had very little way to walk to Mr. Pocket's house. Lifting the latch of a gate, we passed direct into a little garden overlooking the river, where Mr. Pocket's children were playing about. And unless I deceive myself on a point where my interests or prepossessions are certainly not concerned, I saw that Mr. and Mrs. Pocket's children were not growing up or being brought up, but were tumbling up.

(Dickens, *Great Expectations*, chap. 56)

21. I should be an inconvenience at Joe's; I was not expected, and my bed would not be ready; I should be too far from Miss Havisham's, and she was exacting and mightn't like it. All other swindlers upon earth are nothing to the self-swindlers, and with such pretences did I cheat myself. Surely a curious thing. That I should innocently take a bad half-crown of somebody else's manufacture, is reasonable enough; but that I should knowingly reckon the spurious coin of my own make, as good money!

(Dickens, *Great Expectations*, chap. 56)

22. ". . . When I consented to leave you for a time, to go away and try to work in solitude, I was foolish and even insincere, both to you and to myself. I knew that I was undertaking the impossible. It was just putting off the evil day, that was all—putting off the time when I should have to say plainly: 'I can't live by literature, so I must look out for some other employment.' I shouldn't have been so weak but that I knew how you would regard such a decision as that. I was afraid to tell the truth—afraid."

(Gissing, *New Grub Street*, chap. 17)

23. Poor Pet! Self-deceived, mistaken child! When were such changes ever made in men's natural relations to one another: when was such reconcilment of ingrain differences ever effected! It has been tried many times by other daughters, Minnie; it has never succeeded; nothing has ever come of it but failure.

(Dickens, *Little Dorrit*, bk. 1, chap. 28)

24. I have the misfortune of not being a fool. From a very early age I have detected what those about me thought they hid from me. If I could have been habitually imposed upon, instead of habitually discerning the truth, I might have lived as smoothly as most fools do.

(Dickens, *Little Dorrit*, bk. 2, chap. 20)

25. "You remind me of the days," said Mr. Meagles, suddenly drooping—"but she's very fond of him [Henry Gowan], and hides his faults, and thinks that no one sees them—and he certainly is well connected and of a very good family!"

(Dickens, *Little Dorrit*, bk. 2, chap. 33)

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