

ディケンズと群衆

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(1) But the difficulty of going at what I call a rapid pace, is prodigious: it is almost an impossibility. I suppose this is partly the effect of two years' ease, and partly of the absence of streets and numbers of figures. I can't express how much I want these. It seems as if they supplied something to my brain, which it cannot bear, when busy, to lose. . . . [T]he toil and labour of writing, day after day, without that magic lantern, is IMMENSE!! My figures seem disposed to stagnate without crowds about them. (“To John Forster, [30, August 1846]” *Letters 4*: 612-13)

(2) “If they[the poor] would rather die, they'd better do it, and decrease the surplus population.” (“A Christmas Carol” 12)

(3) There are people enough in the world, heaven knows! And even in London . . . but few complaints prevail of the population being scanty. (*Nicholas Nickleby* 59)

(4) I have fallen insensibly into this habit[of walking in the night], both because it favours my infirmity and because it affords me greater opportunity of speculating on the characters and occupations of those who fill the streets. . . . a glimpse of passing faces caught by the light of a street lamp or a shop window is often better for my purpose than their full revelation in the daylight, and, if I must add the truth, night is kinder in this respect than day, which too often destroys an air-built castle at the moment of its completion, without the smallest ceremony or remorse. (*The Old Curiosity Shop* 43)

(5) Think of a sick man in such a place as Saint Martin's Court, listening to the footsteps, and in the midst of pain and weariness obliged, despite himself . . . to detect the child's step from the man's, the slipshod beggar from the booted exquisite, the lounging from the busy, the dull heel of the sauntering outcast from the quick tread of an expectant pleasure-seeker

(*The Old Curiosity Shop* 43)

(6) The physiognomists believed there was a direct correspondence between people's inner being and their outer physical appearance. The gesture of hand, the shape of a skull, a nose, the colour of an eye, all revealed the character of a person. (Sennett 7-8)

Judith Wechsler's study of gesture in the nineteenth century explores one of the ways in which this mass of the mutually unknown sought to communicate with each other.

(Sennett 7)

(7) "Stop thief! Stop thief!" There is a magic in the sound. The tradesman leaves his counter, and the carman his wagon; the butcher throws down his tray, the baker his basket, the milkman his pail, the errand-boy his parcels, the school-boy his marbles, the paviour his pick-axe, the child his battledoore. Away they run, pell-mell, helter-skelter, slap-dash: tearing, yelling, screaming, knocking down the passengers as they turn the corners, rousing up the dogs, and astonishing the fowls: and streets, squares, and courts re-echo with the sound. (*Oliver Twist* 116)

(8) At first they[the mob] crowded round the blaze, and vented their exultation only in their looks: but when it grew hotter and fiercer—when it crackled, leaped, and roared, like a great furnace . . . when through the deep red heat and glow, the fire was seen sporting and toying with the door, now clinging to its obdurate surface, now gliding off with fierce inconstancy and soaring high into the sky, anon returning to fold it in its burning grasp and lure it to its ruin . . . when blackened stone and somber brick grew ruddy in the deep reflection, and windows shone like burnished gold, dotting the longest distance in the fiery

vista with their specks of brightness—when wall and tower, and roof and chimney-stack, seemed drunk, and in the flickering glare appeared to reel and stagger—when scores of objects, never seen before, burst out upon the view, and things the most familiar put on some new aspect—then the mob began to join the whirl, and with loud yells, and shouts, and clamour, such as happily is seldom heard, bestirred themselves to feed the fire, and keep it at its height. (*Barnaby Rudge* 534)

(9) . . . for the royalists of the seventeenth century, the throng of London were “the scum of all the profanest rout, the vilest of all men, the outcast of the people . . . mechanic citizens, and apprentices.” The crowd, in other words, became a tangible threat; it was turning into a mob (the word was coined in the seventeenth century) which might become King Mob. (Ackroyd 385)

(10) The common mass of people; the lower orders; the illiterate as a class; the populace, the masses. (“mob”sb2 *OED*)

(11) Among them[the mob] all, none showed such fury as the man on horseback[Harry].

(*Oliver Twist* 449)

(12) The throng of people hurried by. . . ; intent upon their own affairs; and undisturbed in their business speculations, by the roar of carts and wagons laden with clashing wares, the slipping of horses' feet upon the wet and greasy pavement, the rattling of the rain on windows and umbrella-tops, the jostling of the more impatient passengers, and all the noise and tumult of a crowded street in the high tide of its occupation; while the two poor strangers[Nell and her grandfather], stunned and bewildered by the hurry they beheld but had no part in, looked mournfully on; feeling amidst the crowd a solitude which has no parallel but in the thirst of the shipwrecked mariners, who . . . has not one drop to cool his burning tongue. (*The Old Curiosity Shop* 413)

(13) They[Nicholas and Smike] rattled on through the noisy, bustling, crowded streets of London, now displaying long double rows of brightly-burning lamps, dotted here and there with the chemists' glaring lights, and illuminated besides with the brilliant flood that streamed from the windows of the shops, where sparkling jewellery, silks and velvets of the

richest colours, the most inviting delicacies, and most sumptuous articles of luxurious ornament, succeeded each other in rich and glittering profusion. Streams of people apparently without end poured on and on, jostling each other in the crowd and hurrying forward, scarcely seeming to notice the riches that surrounded them on every side. . . .

(*Nicholas Nickleby* 488)

(14) Although a man may lose a sense of his own importance when he is a mere unit among a busy throng, all utterly regardless of him, it by no means follows that he can dispossess himself, with equal facility, of a very strong sense of the importance and magnitude of his cares. (*Nicholas Nickleby* 254)

(15) London—that great large place!—nobody—not even Mr Bumble—could ever find him there! (*Oliver Twist* 57)

(16) “I looked at the passengers in masses, and thought of them in their aggregate relations. Soon, however, I descended to details, and regarded with minute interest the innumerable varieties of figure, dress, air, gait, visage, and expression of countenance.” (Poe 179)

(17) “This old man . . . is the type and the genius of deep crime. He refuses to be alone. *He is the man of the crowd.* It will be in vain to follow; for I shall learn no more of him, nor of his deeds. The worst heart of the world is a grosser book than the ‘*Hortulus Animae,*’ and perhaps it is but one of the great mercies of God that ‘*er last sich nicht lesen.*” (Poe 184)

(18) ポーの有名な短編「群衆のひと」には探偵物語のレントゲン写真のようなどころがある。探偵物語がまとっている衣裳、つまり犯罪が、この短編には欠落している。残っているのは骨組みだけだ—追跡者、群衆、そして一人の未知の男。この男はロンドンを歩きまわるが、いつでも群衆のなかにいるような工合に、道をとっている。この未知の男こそ遊民<自体>である。

(略) ポーにとっては遊民は、何よりも、自己の社会の中に安住できない人間なのだ。だからかれは群衆をもとめる。かれが群衆のなかに身を隠す理由は、そのあたりにあるのだろう。非社会的人間と遊民との差異を、ポーはことさらに消し去っている。 (ベンヤミン 190-91)

(19) To pace the echoing stones from hour to hour, counting the dull chimes of the clocks; to watch the lights twinkling in chamber windows, to think what happy forgetfulness each house shuts in; that here are children coiled together in their beds, here youth, here age, here poverty, here wealth, all equal in their sleep, and all at rest; to have nothing in common with the slumbering world around, not even sleep, Heaven’s gift to all its creatures, and be akin to nothing but despair; to feel, by the wretched contrast with

everything on every hand, more utterly alone and cast away than in a trackless desert;—
this is a kind of suffering, on which the rivers of great cities close full many a time, and
which the solitude in crowds alone awakens. (*Barnaby Rudge* 154-55)

(20) It was appointed that the book should shut with a spring, for ever and for ever, when I
had read but a page. (*A Tale of Two Cities* 44)

(21) With a wild confusion before her, of people running up and down, and shouting, and
wheels running over them, and boys fighting, and mad bulls coming up, and the nurse in
the midst of all these dangers being torn to pieces, Florence screamed and ran. (*Dombey
and Son* 126)

(22) Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high-fever strain and at high-fever heat.
Every living creature there held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate
readiness to sacrifice it. (*A Tale of Two Cities* 244)

(23) The sea of black and threatening waters, and of destructive upheaving of wave against
wave, whose depths were yet unfathomed and whose forces were yet unknown. (*A Tale
of Two Cities* 249)

(24) As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a centre point, so, all this raging circled round Defarge's wine-shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked towards the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, laboured and strove in the thickest of the uproar. (*A Tale of Two Cities* 244)

(25) A mob is usually a creature of very mysterious existence, particularly in a large city. Where it comes from or whither it goes, few men can tell. Assembling and dispersing with equal suddenness, it is as difficult to follow to its various sources as the sea itself. . . . (*Barnaby Rudge* 429)

(26) False eyebrows and false moustaches were stuck upon them, and their hideous countenances were all bloody and sweaty, and all awry with howling, and all staring and glaring with beastly excitement and want of sleep. . . . [S]ome women held wine to their mouths that they might drink; and what with dropping blood, and what with dropping wine, and what with the stream of sparks struck out of the stone, all their wicked

atmosphere seemed gore and fire. The eye could not detect one creature in the group free from the smear of blood. (*A Tale of Two Cities* 291)

(27) All this was seen in a moment, as the vision of a drowning man, or of any human creature at any very great pass, could see a world if it were there. They drew back from the window, and the Doctor looked for explanation in his friend's ashy face. (*A Tale of Two Cities* 292)

(28) I can do nothing that I want to do, go nowhere where I want to go, and see nothing that I want to see. If I turn into the street, I am followed by a multitude. If I stay at Home, the house becomes, with callers, like a fair. ("To John Forster, [24 Feb. 1842]." *Letters* 3:87)

(29) There never was a King or Emperor upon the Earth, so cheered, and followed by crowds, and entertained in Public at splendid balls and dinners, and waited on by public bodies and deputations of all kind. ("To Thomas Mitton, [31 Jan. 1842]." *Letters* 3:43)

(30) Whenever we come to a town station the crowd surround it, let down all the windows, thrust in their heads, stare at me, and compare notes respecting my appearance, with as much coolness as if I were a Marble image. ("To Daniel Maclise, [22 Mar. 1842]." *Letters* 3:154-55)

(31) He looked up into the gallery again. Some of the people were eating, and some fanning themselves with handkerchiefs, for the crowded place was very hot. There was one young man sketching his face in a little note-book. He wondered whether it was like, and looked on . . . as any idle spectator might have done. (*Oliver Twist* 442)

(32) Strangers were stared out of countenance by staring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of arid road, staring hills from which verdure was burnt away. (*Little Dorrit* 15)

(33) It[Coketown] contained several large streets all very like one another, and many small streets still more like one another, inhabited by people equally like one another, who all went in and out at the same hours, with the same sound upon the same pavements, to do the same work, and to whom every day was the same as yesterday and to-morrow, and every year the counterpart of the last and the next. (*Hard Times* 65)

(34) I should not walk in them[streets] in the day time, if they were here, I dare say: but at night I want them beyond description. I don't seem able to get rid of my spectres unless I can lose them in crowds. ("To John Forster, [?20 September 1846]." *Letters* 4: 623)

(35) He[Trotty] saw the air thick with them[the creature of the Bells]. He saw them come and go, incessantly. He saw them riding downward, soaring upward, sailing off afar, perching near at hand, all restless and all violently active. (“The Chimes” 120)

(36) If the host slain upon the field, could have been for a moment reanimated in the forms in which they fell, each upon the spot that was the bed of his untimely death, gashed and ghastly soldiers would have stared in, hundreds deep, at household door and window; and would have risen on the hearths of quiet homes; and would have been the garnered store of barns and granaries; . . . and crowded the orchard, and burdened the meadow, and piled the rickyard high with dying men. (“The Battle of Life” 139-40)

(37) Some years ago, a temporary inability to sleep, referable to a distressing impression, caused me to walk about the streets all night, for a series of several nights. (“Night Walks” 149-50)

(38) . . . it was a solemn consideration what enormous hosts of dead belong to one old great city, and how, if they were raised while the living slept, there would not be the space of a pin's point in all the streets and ways for the living to come out into. Not only that, but the vast armies of dead would overflow the hills and valleys beyond the city, and would stretch away all round it, God knows how far: seemingly to the confines of the earth.

(“Night Walks” 154)

(39) Unreal City,

Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.

(T.S. Eliot, “The Burial of the Dead,” *The Waste Land*, Part 1, 60-66)

(40) And here, in truth, they [paupers] lay, parted from the living by a little earth and a board or two—lay thick and close—corrupting in body as they had in mind; a dense and squalid crowd. Here they lay, cheek by jowl with life: no deeper down than the feet of the throng that passed there every day, and piled high as their throats. (*Nicholas Nickleby* 902)

* 引用文中の強調は全て講演者による。

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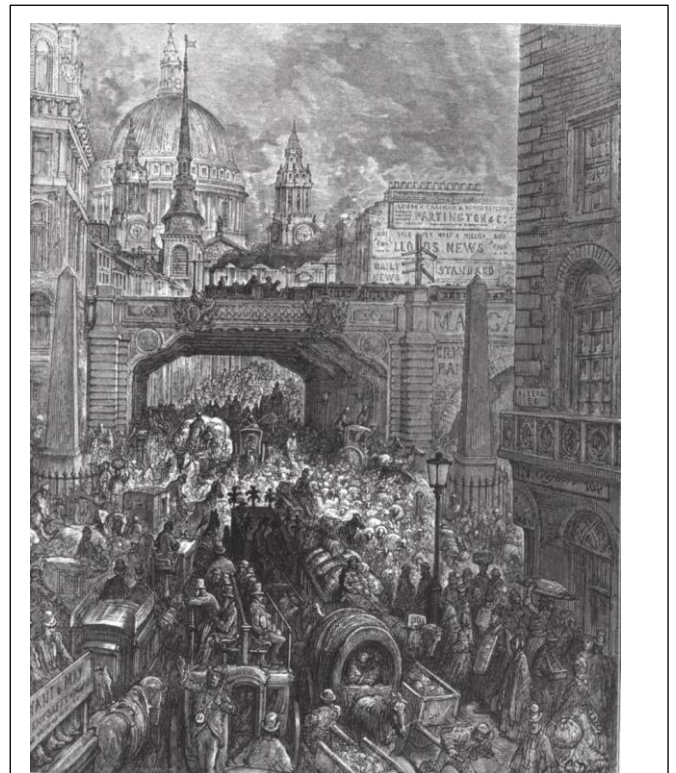
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Population in millions

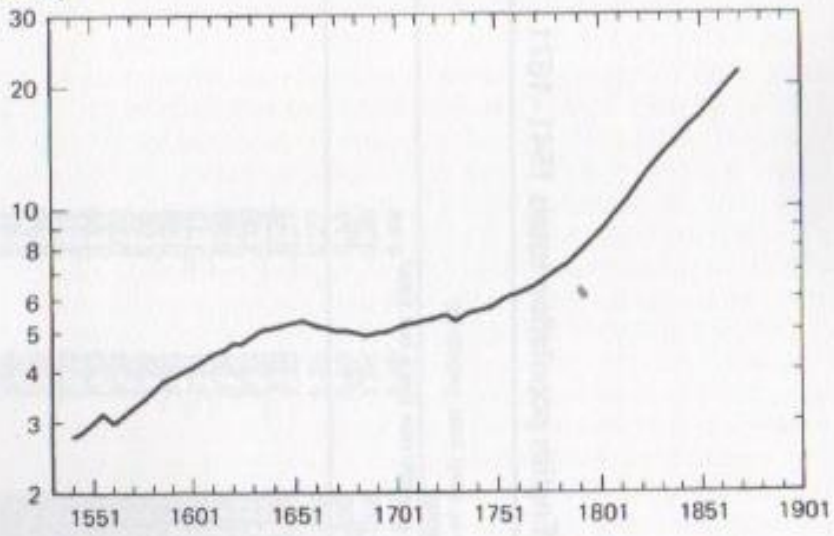


Figure 7.1: English population totals 1541 - 1871