

2023年10月7日(土)

ディケンズ・フェロウシップ日本支部秋季総会 講演ハンドアウト

『荒涼館』におけるスラム、汚穢、そしてエステル

Slum, Filth, and Esther in *Bleak House*

大阪公立大学 田中孝信

はじめに Introduction

1. Crouched against the wall of the Workhouse, in the dark street, on the muddy pavement-stones, with the rain raining upon them, were five bundles of rags. They were motionless and had no resemblance to the human form. Five great beehives, covered with rags—five dead bodies taken out of graves, tied neck and heels, and covered with rags—would have looked like those five bundles upon which the rain rained down in the public street.

‘What is this!’ said my companion. ‘What *is* this!’

‘Some miserable people shut out of the Casual Ward, I think,’ said I.

We had stopped before the five ragged mounds, and were quite rooted to the spot by their horrible appearance. Five awful Sphinxes by the wayside, crying to every passer-by, ‘Stop and guess! What is to be the end of a state of society that leaves us here!’ (“NSL” 347; italics in original)

2. ‘Women, I suppose. Very likely one or two of them were there last night and the night before last.’ (“NSL” 348)

‘if they are not shelterless because they are thieves for instance.—You don’t know them to be thieves?’

‘I don’t know anything about them,’ he repeated emphatically. (“NSL” 349)

The rags began to be slowly stirred within, and by little and little a head was unshrouded. The head of a young woman of three or four and twenty, as I should judge; gaunt with want, and foul with dirt; but not naturally ugly. (“NSL” 349)

‘Why, look at me!’

She bared her neck, and I covered it up again. (“NSL” 349: italics in original)

The entire narrative of the downward progress could be expressed in the dress and appearance of the prostitute—the gaudy, showy dress of the streetwalker signified that she had started her descent, whilst the faded rags of the outcast showed that she was very close to death. (Nead 175)

[. . .] she feebly rose up and went away. She never thanked me, never looked at me—melted away into the miserable night, in the strangest manner I ever saw. (“NSL” 350)

3. In all the tales comprised in this cheap series, and in all my writings, I hope I have taken every available opportunity of showing the want of sanitary improvements in the neglected dwellings of the poor. (Preface to the “Cheap Edition” 40)

4. The moral injury inflicted on society by prostitution is incalculable; the physical injury is at least as great. (Acton 73)

Doctors had established that women are sick, that this sickness is innate, and stems from the very

possession of a uterus and ovaries. (Ehrenreich 134)

第 1 章 汚穢と不適切な死 Filth and Improper Deaths

5. It is a black, dilapidated street, avoided by all decent people; where the crazy houses were seized upon, when their decay was far advanced, by some bold vagrants, who, after establishing their own possession, took to letting them out in lodgings. Now, these tumbling tenements contain, by night, a swarm of misery. As on the ruined human wretch, vermin parasites appear, so, these ruined shelters have bred a crowd of foul existence that crawls in and out of gaps in walls and boards; and coils itself to sleep, in maggot numbers, where the rain drips in; and comes and goes, fetching and carrying fever, and sowing more evil in its every footprint than Lord Coodle, and Sir Thomas Doodle, and the Duke of Foodle, and all the fine gentlemen in office, down to Zoodle, shall set right in five hundred years—though born expressly to do it. (*BH* 272-73)

6. Dickens tries his equivocal best to rouse indignant disgust without actually being disgusting; and he uses words like ‘villainous’, ‘corrupt’, ‘infamous’, and ‘horrible’, although they lack the sensuous impact of his specificity elsewhere and which we find, in fact, in the word ‘stinking’. (Blount 344)

7. A street, alley, court, etc., situated in a crowded district of a town or city and inhabited by people of a low class or by the very poor; a number of these streets or courts forming a thickly populated neighbourhood or district where the houses and the conditions of life are of a squalid and wretched character. (*OED*, “slum”)

8. Doubtless there is some analogy between these pauper colonies and the nests of the birds from whom they take their name; the houses for the most part high and narrow, the largest possible number crowded together in a given space,—common necessity their bond of union: though the occupation of the different tenants varies, yet they belong to the same section of the social body, having all descended to the lowest scale which is compatible with human life. Other birds are broken up into separate families—occupy separate nests; rooks seem to know no such distinction. So it is with the class whose dwellings we are to describe. (Beames 1)

9. We must speak of human masses pent up, crowded, crammed into courts and allies; here, as by a fatal attraction, opposite houses grow together at the top, seem to nod one against one another, conspiring to shut out the little air which would pierce through for the relief of those beneath. We must speak of men and women sleeping in the same apartment, whom, in some cases, not even the tie of relationship unites; of a married couple with their offspring, who have already come to the age of maturity, with a common dormitory; and we ask, if a malignant spirit wished to demoralise the working classes of the country, could he find a plan more congenial to his wishes? (Beames 2)

10. When matter is either consistent, or living, we call it pure, or clean; when inconsistent or corrupting (unhelpful), we call it impure, or unclean. The greatest uncleanliness being that which is essentially most opposite to life. (Ruskin, *Modern Painters* 5: 206)

11. One result of such elementary education is, however, already certain; namely, that the pleasure which we may conceive taken by the children of the coming time, in the analysis of physical corruption, guides, into fields more dangerous and desolate, the expatiation of imaginative literature: and that the reactions of moral diseases upon itself, and the conditions of languidly monstrous character developed in an atmosphere of low vitality, have become the most valued material of modern fiction, and the most eagerly discussed texts of modern philosophy. (Ruskin, "Fiction" 943)

Observe further, and chiefly. It is not the mere number of deaths [. . .] that marks the peculiar tone of the modern novel. It is the fact that all these deaths, but one, are of inoffensive, or at least in the world's estimate respectable persons; and that they are all grotesquely either violent or miserable, purporting thus to illustrate the modern theology that the appointed destiny of a large average of our population is to die like rats in a drain, either by trap or poison. Not, indeed, that a lawyer in full practice can be usually supposed as faultless in the eye of heaven as a dove or a woodcock; but it is not, in former divinities, thought the will of Providence that he should be dropped by a shot from a client behind his fire-screen, and retrieved in the morning by his housemaid under the chandelier. Neither is Lady Dedlock less reprehensible in her conduct than many women of fashion have been and will be: but it would not therefore have been thought poetically just, in old-fashioned morality, that she should be found by her daughter lying dead, with her face in the mud of a St. Giles's churchyard.

In the work of the great masters death is always either heroic, deserved, or quiet and natural (unless their purpose be totally and deeply tragic, when collateral meaner death is permitted, like that of Polonius or Roderigo). (Ruskin, "Fiction" 946)

12. But he has his revenge. Even the winds are his messengers, and they serve him in these hours of darkness. There is not a drop of Tom's corrupted blood but propagates infection and contagion somewhere. It shall pollute, this very night, the choice stream (in which chemists on analysis would find the genuine nobility) of a Norman house, and his Grace shall not be able to say Nay to the infamous alliance. There is not an atom of Tom's slime, not a cubic inch of any pestilential gas in which he lives, not one obscenity or degradation about him, not an ignorance, not a wickedness, not a brutality of his committing, but shall work its retribution, through every order of society, up to the proudest of the proud, and to the highest of the high. Verily, what with tainting, plundering, and spoiling, Tom has his revenge. (*BH* 683)

13. They[clothes] look, in colour and in substance, like a bundle of rank leaves of swampy growth, that rotted long ago." (*BH* 686)

He says it with such a pitiable air, and his grimy tears appear so real, and he lies in the corner up against the hoarding so like a growth of fungus or any unwholesome excrescence produced there in neglect and impurity. (*BH* 687)

14. Dirty, ugly, disagreeable to all the senses, in body a common creature of the common streets, only in soul a heathen. (*BH* 696)

Homely filth begrimes him, homely parasites devour him, homely sores are in him, homely rags are on him: native ignorance, the growth of English soil and climate, sinks his immortal nature lower than the beasts that perish. (*BH* 696)

15. Between 1800 and the aftermath of the great cholera morbus epidemic in 1832, the image of Job, in the guise of the dung-man, became linked to the obsession with excrement. A favorite subject of early, flattering social research was the city's untouchables, the comrades in stench, the people who worked with slime, rubbish, excrement, and sex: sewer-men, gut dressers, knackers, drain cleaners, workers in refuse dumps, and dredging gangs attracted the attention of the early pioneers of empirical sociology. (Corbin 145)

16. Odour (like dirt) is 'that which must not be included if a pattern is to be maintained.' (Howes 408) Now it is also characteristic of smells—due to the way they diffuse themselves in the atmosphere—that they can appear to be in two places at once. In other words, odours are never 'in place' because they always escape from their objects. (Howes 404)

17. 'He's not safe, you know. There's a very bad sort of fever about him.' (BH 489)

'Therefore I recommend your turning him out before he gets still worse.' (BH 490)

It is from the sense of smell, rather than from the other senses, that we gain the fullest picture of the great dream of disinfection and of the new intolerances, of the implacable return of excrement, the cesspool epic, the sacralization of woman, the system of vegetable symbols. (Corbin 231-32)

18. 'An't my place dirty? Yes, it is dirty—it's nat'rally dirty, and it's nat'rally onwholesome; [. . .]' (BH 158)

Presently I took the light burden from her lap; did what I could to make the baby's rest the prettier and gentler; laid it on a shelf, and covered it with my own handkerchief. (BH 160)

How little I thought, when I raised my handkerchief to look upon the tiny sleeper underneath, and seemed to see a halo shine around the child through Ada's drooping hair as her pity bent her head--how little I thought in whose unquiet bosom that handkerchief would come to lie, after covering the motionless and peaceful breast! (BH 162)

19. It is a small room, nearly black with soot, and grease, and dirt. In the rusty skeleton of a grate, pinched at the middle as if Poverty had gripped it, a red coke fire burns low. In the corner by the chimney, stand a deal table and a broken desk; a wilderness marked with a rain of ink. In another corner, a ragged old portmanteau on one of the two chairs, serves for cabinet or wardrobe; no larger one is needed, for it collapses like the cheeks of a starved man. The floor is bare; except that one old mat, trodden to shreds of rope-yarn, lies perishing upon the hearth. No curtain veils the darkness of the night, but the discoloured shutters are drawn together; and through the two gaunt holes pierced in them, famine might be staring in—the Banshee of the man upon the bed. (BH 188)

20. With houses looking on, on every side, save where a reeking little tunnel of a court gives access to the iron gate--with every villainy of life in action close on death, and every poisonous element in death in action close on life--[. . .]. (BH 202)

"Then the active and intelligent [. . .] bears off the body of our dear brother here departed, to a hemmed-in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene, whence malignant diseases are communicated to the bodies of our dear brothers and sisters who have not departed; while our dear brothers and sisters who hang

about official back-stairs—would to Heaven they *had* departed! (BH 202; italics in original)

21. Jo lives—that is to say, Jo has not yet died—in a ruinous place, known to the like of him by the name of Tom-all-Alone’s. (BH 272)

In this sense, abjection is coextensive with social and symbolic order, on the individual as well as on the collective level. By virtue of this, abjection, just like prohibition of incest, is a universal phenomenon; one encounters it as soon as the symbolic and/or social dimension of man is constituted, and this throughout the course of civilization. (Kristeva 68)

22. I try to write all this lightly, because my heart is full in drawing to an end; [. . .]. (BH 934)

Only, that cart of his is heavier to draw, and draws with a hollower sound. (BH 700)

For the cart so hard to draw, is near its journey’s end, and drags over stony ground. (BH 703)

第2章 エスターのセクシュアリティ Esther’s Sexuality

23. ‘Submission, self-denial, diligent work, are the preparation for a life begun with such a shadow on it. You are different from other children, Esther, because you were not born, like them, in common sinfulness and wrath. You are set apart.’ (BH 65)

This was the beginning of my being called Old Woman, and Little Old Woman, and Cobweb, and Mrs Shipton, and Mother Hubbard, and Dame Durden, and so many names of that sort, that my own name soon became quite lost among them. (BH 148)

24. For the same reason I am almost afraid to hint at that time in my disorder—it seemed one long night, but I believe there were both nights and days in it—when I laboured up colossal staircases, ever striving to reach the top, and ever turned, as I have seen a worm in a garden path, by some obstruction, and labouring again. I knew perfectly at intervals, and I think vaguely at most times, that I was in my bed; and I talked with Charley, and felt her touch, and knew her very well; yet I would find myself complaining ‘O more of these never-ending stairs, Charley,—more and more—piled up to the sky, I think!’ and labouring on again.

Dare I hint at that worse time when, strung together somewhere in great black space, there was a flaming necklace, or ring, or starry circle of some kind, of which *I* was one of the beads! And when my only prayer was to be taken off from the rest, and when it was such inexplicable agony and misery to be a part of the dreadful thing? (BH 544: italic in original)

25. And now I must part with the little secret I have thus far tried to keep. I had thought, sometimes, that Mr. Woodcourt loved me; and that if he had been richer, he would perhaps have told me that he loved me, before he went away. I had thought, sometimes, that if he had done so, I should have been glad of it. (BH 557)

26. As *Bleak House* opens, Esther’s narrative works against its title to suppress all signs of her physical presence in it. (Michie 203)

It seems so curious to me to be obliged to write all this about myself! As if this narrative were the narrative of *my* life! But my little body will soon fall into the background now. (BH 74; italics in

original)

27. My hair had not been cut off, though it had been in danger more than once. It was long and thick. I let it down, and shook it out, and went up to the glass upon the dressing table. (BH 559)

In reality, of course, loose hair was worn only by children; in womanhood it was braided or pinned up and thereafter visible only when retiring or rising. Its appearance in art has therefore an intimate, erotic significance. (Marsh 48)

28. [. . .] when I saw her at my feet on the bare earth in her great agony of mind, I felt, through all my tumult of emotion, a burst of gratitude to the providence of God that I was so changed as that I could never disgrace her by any trace of likeness; as that nobody could ever now look at me, and look at her, and remotely think of any near tie between us. (BH 565)

29. ‘And yet she was so well spoken,’ said the girl, looking at me with wide open eyes, ‘that it made a person’s heart bleed.’ (BH 866)

I remember [. . .] that the stained house-fronts put on human faces and looked at me; that great water-gates seemed to be opening and closing in my head, or in the air; and that the unreal things were more substantial than the real. (BH 867)

‘And one returned,’ said Mr Bucket, ‘and one went on. And the one that went on, only went on a certain way agreed upon to deceive, and then turned across country, and went home. Think a moment!’

I could repeat this in my mind too, but I had not the least idea what it meant. [. . .] she lay there, and they stopped me! I saw, but did not comprehend, the solemn and compassionate look in Mr Woodcourt’s face. [. . .] I saw him stand uncovered in the bitter air, with a reverence for something. But my understanding for all this was gone. (BH 868)

I lifted the heavy head, put the long dank hair aside, and turned the face. It was my mother, cold and dead. (BH 869)

30. I proceed to other passages of my narrative. From the goodness of all about me, I derived such consolation as I can never think of unmoved. I have already said so much of myself, and so much still remains, that I will not dwell upon my sorrow. (BH 869)

Lady Dedlock’s death allows the marriage plot to begin and the novel to end, but Esther’s marriage is made possible only at the sacrifice of her own body and her mother’s. (Michie 208)

31. ‘What have you been thinking about, my dear?’ said Allan then.

‘How curious you are!’ said I. ‘I am almost ashamed to tell you, but I will. I have been thinking about my old looks—such as they were.’

‘And what have you been thinking about *them*, my busy bee?’ said Allan.

‘I have been thinking, that I thought it was impossible that you *could* have loved me any better, even if I had retained them.’

‘“Such as they were”?’ said Allan, laughing.

‘Such as they were, of course.’

‘My dear Dame Durden,’ said Allan, drawing my arm through his, ‘do you ever look in the glass?’

‘You know I do; you see me do it.’

‘And don’t you know that you are prettier than you ever were?’

I did not know that; I am not certain that I know it now. But I know that my dearest little pets are very pretty, and that my darling is very beautiful, and that my husband is very handsome, and that my guardian had the brightest and most benevolent face that ever was seen; and that they can very well do without much beauty in me--even supposing--. (BH 935; italics in original)

32. By and by I went to my old glass. My eyes were red and swollen, and I said, ‘O Esther, Esther, can that be you!’ I am afraid the face in the glass was going to cry again at this reproach, but I held up my finger at it, and it stopped. (BH 668)

‘That is more like the composed look you comforted me with, my dear, when you showed me such a change!’ said I, beginning to let down my hair. (BH 668), I went on with my hair now, quite comfortably. I sobbed a little still, but that was because I had been crying; not because I was crying then. (BH 668), Then I went on to think, as I dressed my hair before the glass, how often had I considered within myself that the deep traces of my illness, and the circumstances of my birth, were only new reasons why I should be busy, busy, busy—useful, amiable, serviceable, in all honest, unpretending ways. (BH 668)

It is appropriate that Ada’s marriage to Richard is the proximate, if concealed, cause of this flutter, for Esther has made Ada’s romantic and sexual nature a symbol of her own. (Peltason 683)

むすび Conclusion

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