제 1 주 산업혁명과 리얼리즘

제 1 강: 찰스 디킨스와 19 세기 영국
제 2 강 찰스 디킨스의 <위대한 유산>

I. Timeline of the Life of Charles Dickens

1812: Born on February 7 to John and Elizabeth Dickens.
1824: John Dickens arrested and sent to the Marshalsea prison. Charles Dickens worked at the Warren's Blacking Factory.
1827: Rejoins the workforce as the clerk of an attorney.
1830: Dickens meets Maria Beadnell, his first love interest.
1833: The relationship with Maria Beadnell ends. *A Dinner at Poplar Walk* is published.
1834: Began using the pseudonym "Boz". Meets his future wife, Catherine Hogarth.
1835: Becomes engaged to Catherine.
1836: The first chapters of *The Pickwick Papers* are published. Marries Catherine Hogarth.
1837: The first of his 10 children, Charles Culliford Boz Dickens, is born. Mary Hogarth, Catherine's sister, dies. The publication of *Oliver Twist* begins.
1838: Dickens and Hablot Browne travel to Yorkshire to see the boarding schools. His daughter, Mary, is born. Publication of *Nicholas Nickleby* begins.
1839: His daughter, Kate, is born.
1840: Publication of *The Old Curiosity Shop* begins
1841: *Barnaby Rudge* is published. Charles and Catherine tour Scotland. Their son, Walter, is born.
1842: Charles and Catherine travel to America. Late in 1842 or early in the year Dickens begins work on *Martin Chuzzlewit*.
1843: *A Christmas Carol* is published.
1844: His son Francis Jeffrey (Frank) is born. Dickens and family travel to Italy. Treated Madame de la Rue with mesmerism.
1845: Another son, Alfred, is born.
1846: Dickens and his family travel to Switzerland. Publication of *Dombey and Son* begins.
1847: His son, Sydney, is born.
1848: Dickens' sister, Fanny, dies. *The Haunted Man*, his last Christmas book is published.
1849: His son, Henry Fielding Dickens, is born. The publication of *David Copperfield* begins.
1850: His daughter, Dora Annie Dickens, is born.
1851: Catherine Dickens suffers a nervous collapse. John Dickens, the father of Charles Dickens, dies. Dora Dickens dies when she is only eight months old. *What Shall we have for Dinner?*, a cookbook by Catherine Dickens is published.
1852: The publication of *Bleak House* begins. His son, Edward or "Plorn", is born.
1853: Dickens gives his first public reading of one of his works.
1854: *Hard Times* is published.
1855: Dickens has a disappointing reunion with Maria Winter (Maria Beadnell). Publication of *Little Dorrit* begins.
1856: Dickens works with Wilkie Collins on The Frozen Deep. Dickens purchases Gad's Hill Place.
1857: Hans Christian Anderson is entertained at Gad's Hill Place. Dickens meets Ellen Ternan.
1858: Dickens separates from Catherine, his wife.
1859: *A Tale of Two Cities* is published.

1860: Publication of *Great Expectations* begins in *All the Year Round*. His daughter, Katie, marries and ten days later his brother, Alfred, dies. Dickens burns his personal papers.
1863: Dickens' mother, Elizabeth, dies. Dickens begins work on *Our Mutual Friend*.
1864: His son, Walter, dies in India. The first installment of *Our Mutual Friend* is printed.
1865: Dickens is involved in the Staplehurst railway accident along with Ellen Ternan and her mother.
1867: Dickens tours America for the second time.
1868: He gives his first Murder of Nancy reading.
1869: Dickens is ordered by doctors to discontinue readings. Dickens begins writing *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*.
1870: Dickens gives his final public reading. Publication of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* begins. Charles Dickens dies at Gad's Hill Place on June 9.
II. Industrial Revolution
1. when: from the 18th to the 19th century
2. where: United Kingdom —> Europe —> North America —> the world.
3. what: agriculture, manufacturing, mining, transportation, and technology
4. effects: socioeconomic and cultural conditions of the times.
5. social effects:
1) triumph of a middle class of industrialists and businessmen over a landed class of nobility and gentry
2) ordinary working people: increased opportunities for employment in the new mills and factories
3) often under strict working conditions: child labour, dirty living conditions, and long working hours' factories and urbanization
III. What Is Realism?
1. term: res (=thing)
2. philosophical realism vs. literary realism
1) nominalism: universals exist only within the mind and have no external or substantial reality
2) realism: there is no realm in which universals exist, but rather universals are located in space and time wherever they are manifest
3. 3 types of realism
1) bourgeois realism
2) critical realism
3) socialist realism
IV. Dickens's *Great Expectations*
1. publication: first published in serial form in *All the Year Round* (from 1 December 1860 to August 1861).
2. popularity: adapted for stage and screen over 250 times (Younghill Kang, *East Goes West*)
3. title: *Great* Expectations (The *Great* Gatsby)
4. settings:
1) geographical setting
2) temporal setting
3) climatic setting
5. genre: bildungsroman
6. point of view: 1st person from the point of view of the orphan Pip
7. plot: autobiographical (The novel, like much of Dickens' work, draws on his experiences of life and people)
8. themes:

1) What is a gentleman? (true gentleman = gentle + man; "this gentle Christian man")
‣ gentleman: "a man of high birth or rank; a man with an independent income who does not work for a living; a man of good family, breeding, or social standing."
‣ gentleman (History/Historical): "a man who is above the rank of yeoman"
2) redemption through suffering ("I have been bent and broken, but – I hope – into a better shape."

From the Text (1): Chapter 57

"Which dear old Pip, old chap," said Joe, "you and me was ever friends. And when you're well enough to go out for a ride – what larks!"
After which, Joe withdrew to the window, and stood with his back towards me, wiping his eyes. And as my extreme weakness prevented me from getting up and going to him, I lay there, penitently whispering, "O God bless him! O God bless this gentle Christian man!"
Joe's eyes were red when I next found him beside me; but, I was holding his hand and we both felt happy.
"How long, dear Joe?"
"Which you meantersay, Pip, how long have your illness lasted, dear old chap?"
"Yes, Joe."
"It's the end of May, Pip. To-morrow is the first of June."
"And have you been here all the time, dear Joe?"
"Pretty nigh, old chap. For, as I says to Biddy when the news of your being ill were brought by letter, which it were brought by the post, and being formerly single he is now married though underpaid for a deal of walking and shoe-leather, but wealth were not a object on his part, and marriage were the great wish of his hart – "
"It is so delightful to hear you, Joe! But I interrupt you in what you said to Biddy."
"Which it were," said Joe, "that how you might be amongst strangers, and that how you and me having been ever friends, a wisit at such a moment might not prove unacceptabobble. And Biddy, her word were, 'Go to him, without loss of time.' That," said Joe, summing up with his judicial air, "were the word of Biddy. 'Go to him,' Biddy say, 'without loss of time.' In short, I shouldn't greatly deceive you," Joe added, after a little grave reflection, "if I represented to you that the word of that young woman were, 'without a minute's loss of time.'"

From the Text (2): Chapter 59

For eleven years, I had not seen Joe nor Biddy with my bodily eyes-though they had both been often before my fancy in the East-when, upon an evening in December, an hour or two after dark, I laid my hand softly on the latch of the old kitchen door. I touched it so softly that I was not heard, and looked in unseen.
There, smoking his pipe in the old place by the kitchen firelight, as hale and as strong as ever though a little grey, sat Joe; and there, fenced into the corner with Joe's leg, and sitting on my own little stool looking at the fire, was – I again!
"We giv' him the name of Pip for your sake, dear old chap," said Joe, delighted when I took another stool by the child's side (but I did not rumple his hair), "and we hoped he might grow a little bit like you, and we think he do."
I thought so too, and I took him out for a walk next morning, and we talked immensely, understanding one another to perfection. And I took him down to the churchyard, and set him on a certain tombstone there, and he showed me from that elevation which stone was sacred to the memory of Philip Pirrip, late of this Parish, and Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above.
"Biddy," said I, when I talked with her after dinner, as her little girl lay sleeping in her lap, "you must give Pip to me, one of these days; or lend him, at all events."
"No, no," said Biddy, gently. "You must marry."

"So Herbert and Clara say, but I don't think I shall, Biddy. I have so settled down in their home, that it's not at all likely. I am already quite an old bachelor."
Biddy looked down at her child, and put its little hand to her lips, and then put the good matronly hand with which she had touched it, into mine. There was something in the action and in the light pressure of Biddy's wedding-ring, that had a very pretty eloquence in it.
"Dear Pip," said Biddy, "you are sure you don't fret for her?"
"O no – I think not, Biddy."
"Tell me as an old, old friend. Have you quite forgotten her?
"My dear Biddy, I have forgotten nothing in my life that ever had a foremost place there, and little that ever had any place there. But that poor dream, as I once used to call it, has all gone by, Biddy, all gone by!"
Nevertheless, I knew while I said those words, that I secretly intended to revisit the site of the old house that evening, alone, for her sake. Yes even so. For Estella's sake.
I had heard of her as leading a most unhappy life, and as being separated from her husband, who had used her with great cruelty, and who had become quite renowned as a compound of pride, avarice, brutality, and meanness. And I had heard of the death of her husband, from an accident consequent on his ill-treatment of a horse. This release had befallen her some two years before; for anything I knew, she was married again.
The early dinner-hour at Joe's, left me abundance of time, without hurrying my talk with Biddy, to walk over to the old spot before dark. But, what with loitering on the way, to look at old objects and to think of old times, the day had quite declined when I came to the place.
There was no house now, no brewery, no building whatever left, but the wall of the old garden. The cleared space had been enclosed with a rough fence, and, looking over it, I saw that some of the old ivy had struck root anew, and was growing green on low quiet mounds of ruin. A gate in the fence standing ajar, I pushed it open, and went in.
A cold silvery mist had veiled the afternoon, and the moon was not yet up to scatter it. But, the stars were shining beyond the mist, and the moon was coming, and the evening was not dark. I could trace out where every part of the old house had been, and where the brewery had been, and where the gate, and where the casks. I had done so, and was looking along the desolate gardenwalk, when I beheld a solitary figure in it.
The figure showed itself aware of me, as I advanced. It had been moving towards me, but it stood still. As I drew nearer, I saw it to be the figure of a woman. As I drew nearer yet, it was about to turn away, when it stopped, and let me come up with it. Then, it faltered as if much surprised, and uttered my name, and I cried out:
"Estella!"
"I am greatly changed. I wonder you know me."
The freshness of her beauty was indeed gone, but its indescribable majesty and its indescribable charm remained. Those attractions in it, I had seen before; what I had never seen before, was the saddened softened light of the once proud eyes; what I had never felt before, was the friendly touch of the once insensible hand.
We sat down on a bench that was near, and I said, "After so many years, it is strange that we should thus meet again, Estella, here where our first meeting was! Do you often come back?"
"I have never been here since."
"Nor I."

The moon began to rise, and I thought of the placid look at the white ceiling, which had passed away. The moon began to rise, and I thought of the pressure on my hand when I had spoken the last words he had heard on earth.
Estella was the next to break the silence that ensued between us.
"I have very often hoped and intended to come back, but have been prevented by many circumstances. Poor, poor old place!"
The silvery mist was touched with the first rays of the moonlight, and the same rays touched the tears that dropped from her eyes. Not knowing that I saw them, and setting herself to get the better of them, she said quietly:
"Were you wondering, as you walked along, how it came to be left in this condition?"
"Yes, Estella."
"The ground belongs to me. It is the only possession I have not relinquished. Everything else has gone from me, little by little, but I have kept this. It was the subject of the only determined resistance I made in all the wretched years."
"Is it to be built on?"
"At last it is. I came here to take leave of it before its change. And you," she said, in a voice of touching interest to a wanderer, "you live abroad still?"
"Still."
"And do well, I am sure?"
"I work pretty hard for a sufficient living, and therefore – Yes, I do well."
"I have often thought of you," said Estella.
"Have you?"
"Of late, very often. There was a long hard time when I kept far from me, the remembrance, of what I had thrown away when I was quite ignorant of its worth. But, since my duty has not been incompatible with the admission of that remembrance, I have given it a place in my heart."
"You have always held your place in my heart," I answered.
And we were silent again, until she spoke.
"I little thought," said Estella, "that I should take leave of you in taking leave of this spot. I am very glad to do so."
"Glad to part again, Estella? To me, parting is a painful thing. To me, the remembrance of our last parting has been ever mournful and painful."
"But you said to me," returned Estella, very earnestly, 'God bless you, God forgive you!' And if you could say that to me then, you will not hesitate to say that to me now – now, when suffering has
been stronger than all other teaching, and has taught me to understand what your heart used to be. I have been bent and broken, but – I hope – into a better shape. Be as considerate and good to me as you were, and tell me we are friends."
"We are friends," said I, rising and bending over her, as she rose from the bench.
"And will continue friends apart," said Estella.
I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined place; and, as the morning mists had risen long ago when I first left the forge, so, the evening mists were rising now, and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw no shadow of another parting from her.