

物質とヒューマニティ—  
ワーズワスのアルプスからソローのクターディンへ  
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「トランスアトランティック・エコロジー—環境文学／思想の環流と変容」

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発表の構成

1. ワーズワスとソロー—なぜ比較するのか？
2. ワーズワスのアルプス—想像力による囲い込み
3. ソローのクターディン—物質的想像力とヒューマニティ

1) Day after day, up early and down late,  
From vale to vale, from hill to hill we went,  
From province on to province did we pass,  
Keen hunters in a chase of fourteen weeks,  
Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship  
Upon the stretch when winds are blowing fair.  
Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life,  
Enticing valleys—greeted them and left  
Too soon, while yet the very flash and gleam  
Of salutation were not passed away.

(Prelude 1805 6.431-39)

2) That day we first  
Beheld the summit of Mont Blanc, and grieved  
To have a soulless image on the eye  
Which had usurped upon a living thought  
That never more could be. The wondrous Vale  
Of Chamouny did on the following dawn,  
With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,  
A motionless array of mighty waves,  
Fiver rivers broad and vast, make rich amends,  
And reconciled us to realities. (6.456-61)

3) Yet still in me, mingling with these delights,  
Was something of stern mood, an under-thirst  
Of vigour never utterly asleep.  
Far different dejection once was mine—  
A deep and genuine sadness then I felt. . . . (6.488-492)

. . . all the answers which the man [a peasant] returned  
To our inquiries . . .  
. . .  
Ended in this, that we had crossed the Alps.  
(6.488-92; 520-21, 24)

4) Imagination—lifting up itself  
Before the eye and progress of my song  
Like an unfathered vapour, here that power,  
In all the might of its endowments, came  
Athwart me! I was lost as in a cloud,  
Halted without a struggle to break through;  
And now, recovering, to my soul I say  
'I recognize they glory.' In such strength  
Of usurpation, in such visitings  
Of awful promise, when the light of sense  
Goes out in flashes that have shown to us  
The invisible world, does greatness make abode,  
There harbours whether we be young or old.  
Our destiny, our nature, and our home,  
Is with infinitude, and only there—

With hope it is, hope that can never die,  
Effort, and expectation, and desire,  
And something evermore about to be. (6.535-52)

5)           The immeasurable height  
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,  
The stationery blasts of waterfalls,  
And everywhere along the hollow rent  
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,  
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,  
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,  
Black drizzling crags that spoke by the wayside  
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,  
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—  
Were all like workings of one mind, the features  
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,  
Characters of the great apocalypse,  
The types and symbols of eternity,  
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end. (556-72)

6) Locarno, spreading out in width like heaven  
And Como—thou, a treasure by the earth,  
Kept to itself, a darling bosomed up  
In Abyssinian privacy—I spoke  
Of thee, thy chestnut woods, and garden-plots  
Of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed maids,  
Thy lofty steepes, and pathways roofed with vines  
Winding from house to house, from town to town  
(Sole link that binds them to each other), walks,  
League after league, and cloistral avenues  
Where silence is if music be not there. . . . (6.589-99)

7)           . . . instantly a light upon the turf  
Fell like a flash! I looked about, and lo,  
The moon stood naked in the heavens at height

Immense above my head, and on the shore  
I found myself of a huge sea of mist,  
Which meek and silent rested at my feet.  
A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved  
All over this still ocean; and beyond,  
Far, far beyond, the vapours shot themselves  
In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,  
Into the sea—the real sea, that seemed  
To dwindle and give up its majesty,  
Usurped upon as far as sight could reach. (13.39-51)

8)           The power which these  
Acknowledge when thus moved, which nature thus  
Thrusts forth upon the sense, is the express  
Resemblance, in the fullness of its strength  
Made visible—a genuine counterpart  
And brother—of the glorious faculty  
Which higher minds bear with them as their own.  
(13.84-90)

9) We could at length realize . . . how they [mountains]  
come into the general scheme of the universe. When  
first we climb their summits and observe their lesser  
irregularities, we do not give credit to the  
comprehensive intelligence which shaped them; but  
when afterward we behold their outlines in the horizon,  
we confess that the hand which moulded their opposite  
slopes, making one to balance the other, worked round  
a deep centre, and was privy to the plan of the universe.  
(Thoreau, “Wachusett” qtd. Oelschlager 138.)

10) Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness  
and immortal life of the grim forest, where Nature,  
though it be mid-winter, is ever in her spring, where  
the moss-grown and decaying trees are not old, but  
seem to enjoy a perpetual youth; and blissful, innocent  
Nature, like a serene infant, is too happy to make a

noise, except by a few tinkling, lispings birds and trickling rills? (Thoreau, "Ktaadn" 81)

11) . . . we started for the summit of the mountain, distant . . . as I judged, and as it proved, nearer fourteen [miles]. . . . we struck at once for the highest peak. . . . we determined to steer directly for the base of the highest peak. . . . (56)

12) Seen from this point, a bare ridge at the extremity of the open land, Ktaadn presented a different aspect from any mountain I have seen, there being a greater proportion of naked rock, rising abruptly from the forest. . . . (56-57)

The mountain seemed a vast aggregation of loose rocks, as if sometime it had rained rocks, and they lay as they fell on the mountain sides. . . . They were the raw materials of a planet dropped from an unseen quarry. . . . This was an undone extremity of the globe; as in lignite [brown coal] we see coal in the process of formation. (63)

13) I reached the summit of the ridge . . . I was deep within the hostile ranks of clouds, and all objects were obscured by them. Now the wind would blow me out a yard of clear sunlight, where I stood. . . . (63)

14) Some part of the beholder, even some vital part, seems to escape through the loose grating of his ribs as he ascends. . . . There is less of substantial thought and fair understanding in him, than in the plains where men inhabit. His reason is dispersed and shadowy, more thin and subtle like the air. Vast, Titanic, inhuman Nature has got him at disadvantage, caught him alone, and pilfers him of some of his divine faculty. (64)

15) She [Nature] does not smile on him as in the plains. She seems to say sternly, why came ye here before your time? This ground is not prepared for you. Is it not enough that I smile in the valleys? I have never made this soil for thy feet, this air for thy breathing, these rocks for thy neighbors. I cannot pity nor fondle thee here, but forever relentlessly drive thee hence to where I am kind. Why seek me where I have not called thee, and then complain because you find me but a stepmother? Shouldst thou freeze or starve, or shudder thy life away, here is no shrine, nor altar, nor any access to my ear. (64)

16) Here was no man's garden, but the unhandselled [i.e. not yet submitted to human use] globe. It was not lawn, nor pasture, nor mead, nor woodland, nor lea, nor arable, nor waste-land. It was the fresh and natural surface of the planet Earth, as it was made forever and ever. . . . Man was not to be associated with it. It was Matter, vast, terrific,—not his Mother Earth that we have heard of, not for him to tread on, or be buried in,—no, it were being too familiar even to let his bones lie there—the home this of Necessity and Fate. There was there felt the presence of a force not bound to be kind to man. (70)

17) It was a place for heathenism and superstitious rites,—to be inhabited by men nearer of kin to the rocks and to wild animals than we. (70-71)

18) We walked over it [the "Burnt Lands" area] with a certain awe, stopping from time to time to pick the blueberries which grew there, and had a smart and spicy taste. (71)

19) I stand in awe of my body, this matter to which I am bound has become so strange to me. I fear not

spirits, ghosts, of which I am one,—that my body might,—but I fear bodies, I tremble to meet them. What is this Titan that has possession of me? Talk of mysteries! Think of our life in nature,—daily to be shown matter, to come in contact with it,—rocks, trees, wind on our cheeks! the *solid* earth! the *actual* world! the *common sense*! *Contact! Contact! Who are we? where are we?* (71)

20) . . . rocks, gray, silent rock, were the flocks and herds that pastured, chewing a rock cud at sunset. (61)

Now and then some small bird of the sparrow family would flit away before me, unable to command its course, like a fragment of the gray rock blown off by the wind. (65)

21) We were passing over “Burnt Lands,” burnt by lightning, perchance, though they showed no recent marks of fire, hardly so much as a charred stump, but looked rather like a natural pasture for the moose and deer, exceedingly wild and desolate, with occasional strips of timber crossing them, and low poplars springing up, and patches of blueberries here and there. (69-70)

22) When the frost comes out in spring, and even in a thawing day in the winter, the sand begins to flow down the slopes like lava, sometimes bursting out through the snow and overflowing it where no sand was to be seen before. Innumerable little streams overlap and inter lace one with another, exhibiting a sort of hybrid product, which obeys half way the laws of currents, and half way that of vegetation. As it flows it takes the forms of sappy leaves or vines, making heaps of pulpy sprays a foot or more in depth, and resembling, as you look down on them, the lacinated

lobed and imbricated thalluses of some lichens; or you are reminded of coral, of leopards’ paws or birds’ feet, of brains or lungs or bowels, and excrements of all kinds. (Thoreau, *Walden* 272)

23) When the sun withdraws the sand ceased to flow, but in the morning the streams will start once more and branch and branch again into a myriad of others. You here see perchance how blood vessels are formed. . . . In the silicious matter which the water deposits is perhaps the bony system, and in the still finer soil and organic matter the fleshy fibre or cellular tissue. What is a man but a mass of thawing away? The ball of the human finger is but a drop congealed. The fingers and toes flow to their extent from the thawing mass of the body. . . . Is not the hand a spreading palm leaf with its lobes and veins? . . . The nose is a manifest congealed drop or stalactite. The chin is still a larger drop, the confluent dripping of the face. (Thoreau, *Walden* 274)

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