

## 言葉が積もり生まれるところ——ソローとヒーニーの沼地

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1. はじめに——霜と植物のアナロジー
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### ① Thoreauにおける霜と植物のアナロジー (“Natural History of Massachusetts”) :

As confirmation of the fact, that vegetation is but a kind of crystallization, every one may observe how, upon the edge of the melting frost on the window, the needle-shaped particles are bundled together so as to resemble fields waving with grain, or shocks rising here and there from the stubble; on one side the vegetation of the torrid zone, high towering palms and wide-spread bannians, such as are seen in pictures of oriental scenery; on the other, arctic pines still frozen, with downcast branches. (*Excursions*, 25)

### ② Coleridgeにおける霜と植物のアナロジー (“The Principles of General Criticism”) :

The BEAUTIFUL, contemplated in its essentials, that is, in *kind* and not in *degree*, is that in which *the many*, still seen as many, becomes *one*. Take a familiar instance, one of a thousand. The frost on a window pane has by accident chrystallized into a striking resemblance of a tree or a sea-weed. With what pleasure we trace the parts, and their relations to each other, and to the whole! Here is the stalk or trunk, and here the branches or sprays—sometimes even the buds or flowers. Nor will our pleasure be less, should the caprice of chrystallization represent some object disagreeable to us, provided only we can see or fancy the component parts each in relation to each, and all forming a whole. A lady would see an admirably painted tiger with pleasure, and at once pronounce it beautiful,—nay, an owl, a frog, or a toad, who would have shrieked or shuddered at the sight of the things themselves. So far is the Beautiful from depending wholly on association, that it is frequently produced by the mere removal of associations. Many a sincere convert to the beauty of various insects, as of the dragon-fly, the fangless snake, &c. has Natural History made by exploding the terror or aversion, that had been connected with them. (*SWF* I, 371-72)

### ③ Thoreauの自然観察 (“Natural History of Massachusetts”) :

Wisdom does not inspect, but behold. We must look a long time before we can see. Slow are the beginnings of philosophy. He has something demoniacal in him, who can discern a law, or couple two facts. We can imagine a time when,—“Water runs down hill,”—may have been taught in the schools. The true man of science will know nature better by his finer organization; he will smell, taste, see, hear, feel, better than other men. His will be a deeper and finer experience. We do not learn by inference and deduction, and the application of mathematics to philosophy, but by direct intercourse and sympathy. It is with science as with ethics, we cannot know truth by contrivance and method; the Baconian is as false as any other, and with all the helps of machinery and the arts, the most scientific will still be the healthiest and friendliest man, and possess a more perfect Indian wisdom. (*Excursions*, 28)

### ④ 沼地という聖地 (*Walking*) :

Yes; though you may think me perverse, <sup>(1)</sup>if it were proposed to me to dwell in the neighborhood of the most beautiful garden that ever human art contrived, or else of a dismal swamp, I should certainly decide for the swamp.—How vain then have been all your labors, citizens, for me!

....<sup>(2)</sup>When I would recreate myself, I seek the darkest wood, the thickest and most interminable, and, to the citizen, most dismal swamp. I enter a swamp as a sacred place—a *sanctum sanctorum*. There is the strength—the marrow of Nature. The wild wood covers the virgin mould,—and the same soil is good for men and for trees. A man's health requires as many acres of meadow to his prospect as his farm does loads of muck. There are the strong meats on which he feeds. A town is saved, not more by the righteous men in it, than by the woods and swamps that surround it. <sup>(3)</sup>A township where one primitive forest waves above, while another primitive forest rots below—such a town is fitted to raise not only corn and potatoes, but poets and philosophers for the coming ages. In such a soil grew Homer and Confucius and the rest, and out of such a wilderness comes the reformer eating locusts and wild honey. (*Excursions*, 205-6)

⑤ 流れの法則と生長の法則 (*Walden*, “Spring”) :

When the frost comes out in the 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 interlace one with another, exhibiting a sort of hybrid product, which obeys half way the law 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 leopard's paws or birds' feet, of brains or lungs or bowels, and excrements of all kinds. It is a truly *grotesque* vegetation, whose forms and color we see imitated in bronze, a sort of architectural foliage more ancient and typical than acanthus, chiccory, ivy, vine, or any vegetable leaves; destined perhaps, under some circumstances, to become a puzzle to future geologists. (305)

⑥ 葉としての地球 (*Walden*, “Spring”) :

The whole bank, which is from twenty to forty feet high, is sometimes overlaid with a mass of this kind of foliage, or sandy rupture, for a quarter of a mile on one or both sides, the produce of one spring day. What makes this sand foliage remarkable is its springing into existence thus suddenly. When I see on the one side the inert bank,—for the sun acts on one side first,—and on the other this luxuriant foliage, the creation of an hour, I am affected as if in a peculiar sense I stood in <sup>(1)</sup>the laboratory of the Artist who made the world and me,—had come to where he was still at work, sporting on this bank, and with excess of energy strewing his fresh designs about. <sup>(2)</sup>I feel as if I were nearer to the vitals of the globe, for this sandy overflow is something such a foliaceous mass as the vitals of the animal body. <sup>(3)</sup>You find thus in the very sands an anticipation of the vegetable leaf. No wonder that <sup>(3)</sup>the earth expresses itself outwardly in leaves, it so labors with the idea inwardly. The atoms have already learned this law, and are pregnant by it. <sup>(3)</sup>The overhanging leaf sees here its prototype. <sup>(4)</sup>Internally, whether in the globe or animal body, it is a moist thick lobe, a word especially applicable to the liver and lungs and the *leaves* of fat (*λειβω*, *labor*, *lapsus*, to flow or slip downward, a lapsing; *λοβος*, *globus*, *lobe*, *globe*; also *lap*, *flap*, and many other words); externally a dry thin leaf, even as the *f* and *v* are a pressed and dried *b*. The radicals of *lobe* are *lb*, the soft mass of the *b* (single lobed, or *B*, double lobed), with the liquid *l* behind it pressing it forward. In *globe*, *glb*, the guttural *g* adds to the meaning the capacity of the throat. The feathers and wings of birds are still drier and thinner leaves. Thus, also, you pass from the lumpish grub in the earth to the airy and fluttering butterfly. The very globe continually transcends and translates itself, and becomes winged in its orbit. Even ice begins with delicate crystal leaves, as if it had flowed into moulds which the fronds of water plants have impressed on the watery mirror. <sup>(5)</sup>The whole tree itself is but one leaf, and rivers are still vaster leaves whose pulp is intervening earth, and towns and cities are the ova of insects in their axils. (306-07)

⑦ Heaneyの沼地 (“Belfast: (3) 1972”):

You have to be true to your own sensibility, for the faking of feelings is a sin against the imagination. Poetry is out of the quarrel with ourselves and the quarrel with others is rhetoric. It would wrench the rhythms of my writing procedures to start squaring up to contemporary events with more will than ways to deal with them. I have always listened for poems, they come sometimes like bodies come out of a bog, almost complete, seeming to have been laid down a long time ago, surfacing with a touch of mystery. They certainly involve craft and determination, but chance and instinct have a role in the thing too. I think the process is a kind of somnambulist encounter between masculine will and intelligence and feminine clusters of image and emotion. (34)

⑧ Heaneyのボグ・ポエム「沼地 (“Bogland”)」 (“Feeling into Words”) :

At that time, I was (1) teaching modern literature in Queen’s University, Belfast, and had been reading about the frontier and the west as an important myth in the American consciousness, so I set up—or rather, laid down—the bog as an answering Irish myth. I wrote it quickly the next morning, having slept on my excitement, and revised it on the hoof, from line to line, as it came:

(2) We have no prairies  
To slice a big sun at evening—  
Everywhere the eye concedes to  
Encroaching horizon,

Is wooed into the cyclops’ eye  
Of a tarn. Our unfenced country  
Is bog that keeps crusting  
Between the sights of the sun.

They’ve taken the skelton  
Of the great Irish Elk  
Out of the peat, set it up,  
An astounding crate full of air.

Butter sunk under  
More than a hundred years  
Was recovered salty and white.  
The ground itself is kind, black butter

Melting and opening underfoot,  
Missing its last definition  
By millions of years.  
They’ll never dig coal here,

(3) Only the waterlogged trunks  
Of great firs, soft as pulp.  
Our pioneers keep striking  
Inwards and downwards,

Every layer they strip  
Seems camped on before.

(4) The bogholes might be Atlantic seepage.  
The wet centre is bottomless.

(55)

⑨ カルフォルニアで見た悪夢 (“Belfast: (2) Christmas 1971”) :

Last Sunday, at an interdenominational carol service in the university, I had to read from Martin Luther King's famous 'I have a dream' speech. 'I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the full meaning of its creed' — and on that day all men would be able to realize fully the implications of the old spiritual, 'Free at last, free at last, Great God Almighty, we are free at last.' But, as against the natural hopeful rhythms of that vision, I remembered a dream that I'd had last year in California. I was shaving at the mirror of the bathroom when I glimpsed in the mirror a wounded man falling towards me with his bloodied hands lifted to tear at me or to implore. (33)

⑩ 逆境のしかるべき象徴 ("Feeling into Words") :

(1) From that moment the problems of poetry moved from being simply a matter of achieving the satisfactory verbal icon to being a search for images and symbols adequate to our predicament. I do not mean liberal lamentation that citizens should feel compelled to murder one another or deploy their different military arms over the matter of nomenclatures such as British or Irish. I do not mean public celebrations or execrations of resistance or atrocity — although there is nothing necessarily unpoetic about such celebration, if one thinks of Yeats's 'Easter 1916.' I mean that (2) I felt it imperative to discover a field of force in which, without abandoning fidelity to the processes and experience of poetry as I have outlined them, it would be possible to encompass the perspectives of a human reason and at the same time to grant the religious intensity of the violence its deplorable authenticity and complexity. And when I say religious, I am not thinking simply of the sectarian division. To some extent the enmity can be viewed as a struggle between the cults and devotees of a god and a goddess. There is an indigenous territorial numen, a tutelary of the whole island, call her Mother Ireland, Kathleen Ni Houlihan, the poor old woman, the Shan Van Vocht, whatever; and her sovereignty has been temporarily usurped or infringed by a new male cult whose founding fathers were Cromwell, William of Orange and Edward Carson, and whose godhead is incarnate in a rex or Caesar resident in a place in London. What we have is the tail-end of a struggle in a province between territorial piety and imperial power.

Now I realize that this idiom is remote from the agnostic world of economic interest whose iron hand operates in the velvet glove of 'talks between elected representatives,' and remote from the political manoeuvres of power-sharing; but it is not remote from the psychology of the Irishmen and Ulstermen who do the killing, and not remote from the bankrupt psychology and mythologies implicit in the terms Irish Catholic and Ulster Protestant. (3) The question, as ever, is 'How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea?' And my answer is, by offering 'befitting emblems of adversity.' (56-57)

⑪ P.V. グロブの『ボグ・ピープル』 ("Feeling into Words") :

Some of these emblems I found in a book that was published in English translation, appositely, the year the killing started, in 1969. And again appositely, it was entitled *The Bog People*. It was chiefly concerned with preserved bodies of men and women found in the bogs of Jutland, naked, strangled or with their throats cut, disposed under the peat since early Iron Age times. The author, P.V. Glob, argues convincingly that a number of preserved near Aarhus in the museum at Silkeborg, were ritual sacrifices to the Mother Goddess, the goddess of the ground who needed new bridegrooms each winter to bed with her in her sacred place, in the bog, to ensure the renewal and fertility of the territory in the spring. Taken in relation to the tradition of Irish political martyrdom for that cause whose icon is Kathleen Ni Houlihan, this is more than an archaic barbarous rite: it is an archetypal pattern. And the unforgettable photographs of these victims blended in my mind with photographs of atrocities, past and present, in the long rites of Irish political and religious struggles. (57-58)

⑫ ペンで言葉の沼を掘る ("Digging") :

My grandfather cut more turf in a day  
Than any other man on Toner's bog.

(1) Once I carried him milk in a bottle

Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up

To drink it, then fell to right away  
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods  
Over his shoulder, going down and down  
For the good turf. Digging.

(2) The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap  
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge  
Through living roots awaken in my head.  
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests.  
I'll dig with it.

(17-31)

⑬ 地母神の花婿として捧げられた男 (“Tollund Man”) :

I (1) Some day I will go to Aarhus

To see his peat-brown head,  
The mild pods of his eyelids,  
His pointed skin cap.

In the flat country nearby  
Where they dug him out,  
(2) His last gruel of winter seeds  
Caked in his stomach

Naked except for  
The cap, noose and girdle,  
I will stand a long time.  
(3) Bridgeroom to the goddess,

She tightend her torc on him  
And (3) opened her fen,  
Those dark juices working  
Him to a saint's kept body,

Trove of the turf-cutters'  
Honeycombed workings.  
How his stained face  
Reposes at Aarhus.

II (4) I could risk blasphemy,

Consecrate the cauldron bog  
Our holy ground and pray  
Him to make germinate

The scattered, ambushed  
Flesh of labourers,  
Stockinged corpses  
Laid out in the farmyards,

Tell-tale skin and teeth  
Flecking the sleepers  
Of four young brothers, trailed  
For miles along the lines.

III Something of his sad freedom

As he rode the tumbril  
Should come to me, driving,  
Saying the names

(5) Tollund, Grauballe, Nebelgard,  
Watching the pointing hands  
Of country people,  
Not knowing their tongue.

Out their in Jutland  
In the old man-killing parishes  
I will feel lost,  
Unhappy and at home.

⑭ 民族の創造されない意識 (“Feeling into Words”) :

I began by suggesting that my point of view involved poetry as divination, as a restoration of the culture to itself. In Ireland in this century it has involved for Yeats and many others an attempt to define and interpret the present by bringing it into significant relationship with the past, and I believe that effort in our present circumstances has to be urgently renewed. But here we stray from the realm of technique into the real of tradition; to forge a poem is one thing, to forge the uncreated conscience of the race, as Stephen Dedalus put it, is quite another and places daunting pressures and responsibilities on anyone who would risk the name of poet. (60)

⑮ 20世紀末のトールンの男 (“Tollund”) :

That Sunday morning we had travelled far.  
We stood a long time out in Tollund Moss:  
The low ground, the swart water, the thick grass  
Hallucinatory and familiar.

A path through Jutland fields. Light traffic sound.  
Willow bushes; rushes; bog-fir grags  
In a swept and gated farmyard; dormant quags.  
And silage under wraps in its silent mould.

It could have been a still out of the bright  
‘Townland of Peace,’ that poem of dream farms  
Outside all contention. The scarecrow’s arms  
Stood open opposite the satellite

Dish in the paddock, where a standing stone  
Had been resituated and landscaped,  
With tourists signs in futhark runic script  
In Danish and in English. Things had moved on.

It could have been Mulhollandstown or Scribe.  
The by-roads had their names on them in black

And white; it was use-friendly outback  
Where we stood footloose, at home beyond the tribe,

More scouts than strangers, ghosts who'd walked abroad  
Unfazed by light, to make a new beginning  
And make a go of it, alive and sinning,  
Ourselves again, free-willed again, not bad.

⑯ 21世紀のトールンの男 (“The Tollund Man in Springtime”) :

(1) Into your virtual city I'll have passed  
Unregistered by scans, screens, hidden eyes,  
Lapping myself in time, an absorbed face  
Coming and going, neither god nor ghost,  
Not at odds or at one, but simply lost  
To you and yours, out under seeding grass  
And trickles of kesh water, sphagnum moss,  
Dead bracken on the spreadfield, red as rust.  
I reawoke to revel in the spirit  
They strengthened when they chose to put me down  
For their own good. And to a sixth-sensed threat:  
Panicked snipe offshooting into twilight,  
Then going awry, larks quietened in the sun,  
Clear alteration in the bog-pooled rain.

....

'The soul exceeds its circumstances.' Yes.  
History not to be granted the last word  
Or the first claim... (2) In the end I gathered  
From the display-case peat my staying powers,  
Told my webbed wrists to be like silver birches,  
My old uncalled hands to be young sward,  
The spade-cut skin to heal, and got restored  
By telling myself this. Late as it was,  
The early bird still sang, the meadow hay  
Still buttercupped and daisied, sky was new.  
I smelled the air, exhaust fumes, silage reek,  
Heard from my heather bed the thickened traffic  
Swarm at a roundabout five fields away  
And transatlantic flights stacked in the blue.

Cattle out in rain, their knowledgeable  
Solid standing and readiness to wait,  
These I learned from. My study was the wet,  
My head as washy as a head of kale,  
Shedding water like the flanks and tail  
Of every dumb beast sunk above the cloot  
In trampled gaps, bringing their heavyweight  
Silence to bear on nosed-at sludge and puddle.

(3) Of another world, unlearnable, and so  
To be lived by, whatever it was I knew  
Came back to me. Newfound contrariness.

Inchek-out lines, at cash-ponts, in those queues  
Of wired, far-faced smilers, I stood off,  
Bulrush, head in air, far from its lough.

Through every check and scan I carried with me  
A bunch of Tollund rushes—roots and all—  
Bagged in their own bog-damp. In an old stairwell  
Broom cupboard where I had hoped they'd stay  
Damp until transplanted, they went musty.  
Every green-skinned stalk turned friable,  
The drowned-mouse fibres withered and the whole  
Limp, soggy cluster lost its frank bouquet  
Of weed leaf and turf mould. Dust in my palm  
And in my nostrils dust, should I shake it off  
Or mix it with spit in pollen's name  
And my own? (4) As a man would, cutting turf,  
I straightened, spat on my hands, felt benefit  
And spirited myself into the street.



【参考①-(1)】 Thoreauによる *Aids to Reflection* からの引用 (1841年1月19日の記録) :

Coleridge, speaking of the love of God, says—“He that loves, may be sure he was loved first.” The love wherewith we are loved is already declared, and afloat in the atmosphere, and our love is only the inlet to it. It is an inexhaustible harvest—always ripe and ready for the sickle. It grows on every bush, and let not them complain of their fates who will not pluck it. We need make no beggarly demand for it, but pay the price, and depart. No—transaction can be simpler—Loves accounts are kept by single-entry. (*Journal*, 222-23)

【参考①-(2)】 Thoreauの引用、*Aids to Reflection*における該当箇所：

If *election, effectual calling and salvation* be inseparably linked together, then, by any one of them a man may lay hold upon all the rest, and may know that his hold is sure; and this is the way wherein we may attain and ought to seek, the comfortable assurance of the love of God...He that loves may be sure he was loved first; and he that chooses God for his delight and portion, may conclude confidently, that God has chosen him to be one of those that shall enjoy him, and be happy in him for ever; for that our love and electing of him is but the return and repercussion of the beams of his love shining upon us. (*Aids to Reflection*, 71-72)

【参考②】 Emersonによる *Aids to Reflection* からの抜粋 [下線部分]

(Cf. *Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson* Vol. VI, 38 [February 1827])

Every rank of Creatures, as it ascends in the scale of Creation, leaves Death behind it or under it. The Metal at its height of Being seems a mute Prophecy of the coming Vegetation, into a mimic semblance of which it crystallizes. The Blossom and Flower, the Acme of Vegetable Life, divides into correspondent Organs with reciprocal functions, and by instinctive motions and approximations seems impatient of that fixture, by which it is differenced in kind from the flower-shaped Psyche, that flutters with free wing above it. And wonderfully in the insect realm doth the Irritability, the proper seat of Instinct, while yet the nascent Sensibility is subordinated thereto—most wonderfully, I say, doth the muscular Life in the Insect, and the musculo-arterial in the Bird, imitate and typically rehearse the adaptive U[n]derstanding, yea, and the moral affections and charities of man.... Thus all lower Natures find their highest Good in semblances and seekings of that which is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving. (*Aids to Reflection*, 116-18)

【参考③】 詩作と農作業 (*Walking*) :

Where is the literature which gives expression to Nature? He would be a poet who could impress the winds and streams into this service, to speak for him; who nailed words to their primitive senses, as farmers drive down stakes in the spring which the frost has heaved; who derived his words as often as he used them—transplanted them to his page with earth adhering to their roots;—whose words were so true, and fresh, and natural that they would appear to expand like the buds at the approach of spring, though they lay half smothered between two musty leaves in a library,—aye, to bloom and bear fruit there after their kind annually for the faithful reader, in sympathy with surrounding Nature. (*Excursions*, 208)

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