

2023 年度第 1 回研究会

「自然環境と人間——新たな結び目を求めて」

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「景色」の環境詩学——キャスリーン・ジェイミーにおけるケアと視線

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## 1. 「景色」とは

- (1) 堀や楠谷の作品を眺めると、逆説的だが、金というもっとも輝きを放つ色の慎み深さが目にいく。金色の継ぎ目は、不思議なことに、器の全体像の後景に退いてくれる。逆に、壊れていたはずの地味な色の器の破片が前景に出てくる。他方で、継ぎ目を追っていくと、まるでこの継ぎ目が器の模様であるかのような主張を始める。遠景と前景とダイナミックな交換過程に興じていると、昔の日本で、金繕いで修繕した後の模様を「景色」と呼んでいたというのも納得がいく。目立つがゆえに、目立たなくなる。この絶対的矛盾の合一こそ、言葉では言い表しにくい金繕いの魅力が隠されているように思う。(藤原 294)

## 2. Scots Makar—環境主義詩人 Kathleen Jamie

### \* 詩集

*Black Spiders* (1982)

*The Queen of Sheba* (1994)

*Jizzen* (1999)

*The Tree House* (2004)

*The Overhaul* (2012)

**Frissure** (2012)

### \* 散文

*Among Muslims:*

*Meetings at Frontiers of Pakistan* (2002)

*Findings* (2005)

**Sightlines** (2012)

*Surfacing* (2019)

- \* “The Life Breath Song” by The People of Scotland, curated by Makar Kathleen Jamie

<https://www.scottishpoetrylibrary.org.uk/poem/the-life-breath-song/>



## 3. ロマンティック・エコロジーから「人新世」の環境詩学へ

- (2) The poem becomes a form of second sight, a way of meditating and negotiating our experience of the external world. such realization recalls Wordsworth’s manifesto in the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798): ‘to choose incidents and situation from common life’ but to treat them so that ‘ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect.’ The common is in fact uncommon, the prosaic deeply poetic. Jamie’s poetry presents alternative ways of

travelling. It is a gateway through which to access this walking-pace world... In the following discussion this notion of a Romantic inheritance will be used as a way of contextualizing Jamie's more recent output, particularly her collections *Jizzen* (1999) and *The Tree House* (2004). (McGuire 141)

- (3) *The Tree House* is arguably Jamie's most lyrical work, demonstrating her mastery of ballad quatrains, Dantean tercets, unrhymed couplets, experimental sonnets and many new form of her own making. The volume abounds with birdlife, both in movement and song, and in some ways it is her 'song of the earth,' her response to Jonathan Bate's impassioned study of Romantic ecopoetics in *The Song of the Earth* (2000)... But Jamie's understanding of the relation between language and the natural world is more ambivalent than Bate's Heideggerian model of 'ecopoetics' would suggest (Bate defines 'ecopoetics' as the study of poetry that makes the earth our dwelling-place)... All the same, in its newfound lyricism, *The Tree House* seems to have absorbed both Rilke's fascination with aural effects, and Bate's conviction that 'metre itself—a quiet but persistent music, a recurring cycle, a heartbeat—is an answer to nature's own rhythms, an echoing of the song of the earth itself.' (Falconer 4)
- (4) In terms of the distinction that was popularized by Edmund Burke, the aesthetic category of traditional pastoral is the beautiful, while that of the Wordsworthian is the sublime. (Bate 28)

But the three links in Wordsworth's chain are not the same as those in Burke's: where the latter has local community, country, and mankind, Wordsworth has nature, local community, and mankind. Wordsworth goes straight from nature and Grasmere to mankind, and in particular to the aspirations for mankind that were given voice in the ideals of the French Revolution. The inclusion of nature and the exclusion of a Burkean sense of nation, of an established order under threat in England, are equally significant. The progression suggests that the 'socialism' of Wordsworth's republican pastoral is of a highly distinctive kind. (Bate 33)

#### 4. 「病理学 (“Pathologies”）」一人間の内なる自然を観る

- (5) Perhaps I was still tired from my mother's death, thin-skinned and bad-tempered, but when the day ended with time for questions, I had some turning in my head, though I didn't raise my hand. About 'nature,' mostly, which we were exhorted to reconnect with. What was it, exactly, and where did it reside? I'd felt *something* at my mother's bedside, almost an animal presence. Death is nature's sad necessity, but what when it comes for the children? What are vaccinations for, if not to make a formal disconnection from some of these wondrous other species? And what did we just eat, vegetarians aside? Deer meat, and very nice, too. ("Pathologies" 23)
- (6) I watched as Frank worked, again trying to resist an food similes, but they would come. The pile of sliced colon mounting at the far edge of his board looked like chanterelle mushrooms, the fat

squished under his fingers like cottage cheese. It might have been ‘nature,’ but there was nothing uplifting about it. Well, we are predators and omnivores, we are meat and made of food, and the colon is part of how our animal bodies deal with food. At one point Frank said, ‘Amazing how much like animals we are. This could be a pig’s colon. We occasionally get veterinary specimens in, just for interest.’

‘It shouldn’t really surprise us…’

‘That we’re like animals? No, it shouldn’t. but it still does.’ (“Pathologies” 28)

- (7) I was admitted to another world, where everything was pink. I was looking down from a great height upon a pink countryside, a landscape. There was an estuary, with a north bank and a south. In the estuary were wing-shaped river islands or sandbanks, as if it was low tide. It was astonishing, a map of the familiar; it was our local river, as seen by a hawk.

‘It’s like the Tay!’ I said. ‘At low tide. With the sandbanks.’

‘I love the names of those sandbanks…’ said Professor Carey. ‘Now, we should start with the normal and move to the abnormal…let’s look south.’ (“Pathologies”30)

- (8) Between the oval structures were valleys, if you like, fanning down to the shore. Frank wanted to show me something in one of these valleys and I couldn’t find it at first; it took several patient attempts—this microscope didn’t have a cursor device to point at things. It was a very human moment, a collusion of landscape and language when one person tries to guide the other’s gaze across a vista. What vistas I’d seen. River deltas and marshes, peninsulas and atolls. The unseen landscapes within. You might imagine you were privy to the secret of the universe, some mystical union between body and earth, but I dare say it’s to do with our eyes. Hunter-gatherers that we are, adapted to look out over savannahs, into valleys from hillsides. Scale up the absurdly small until it looks like landscape, then we can do business.

‘There!’ said Frank. ‘Isn’t that a pastoral scene? They’re grazing!’

I had it: six or seven very dark oval dots, still tiny, despite the magnification, were ranged across the blue valley, like musk oxen on tundra, seen from far above.

‘This is *Helicobacter pylori*—they’re bacteria. They irritate the stomach, the stomach produces too much acid, and so they cause stomach ulcers….’ (“Pathologies”34)

## 5. 『フリッシャー (*Frissure*)』 —傷ついた身体/自然を診る

- (9) One day, about six weeks after the operation, when the wound was healed, I was looking at my new scar in the bathroom mirror. It wraps horizontally from breastbone round onto my back, with a branch-like into my armpit. I can only see it in the mirror, of course, with a mirror’s reversals. I way it as a site of change, of injury. But also, something in its shape made me pause. As I turned this way and that, I thought it looked like the low shores of an island, seen from afar. Or a river, seen from above. A bird’s eye view of a river. Or a map. Then, I fancied it looked like the stem of a rose. With that, a line of Burns arrived in my head. ‘You seize the flo’er, the bloom

is shed.” (*Frissure* 9)

- (10) Several of Collin’s images in *Frissure* call to the mind the Japanese art variously known as *kintsugi* (‘to patch with gold’) or *kintsukuroi* (‘to repair with gold’), whereby broken ceramics are repaired with a lacquer resin sprinkled with powdered gold… Ceramics repaired by *kintsugi* are considered more precious and more desirable than pristine vessels as they are the embodiment of the aesthetic of *wabi-sabi*, the central tenet of which is the acceptance, even celebration, of transience and imperfection. In their preface to the volume, Jane Macaughton and Corinne Saunders suggest that when looked upon by the artist, ‘the surgical scar becomes a fissure bathed in light illuminating the path to a new way of seeing’ (Fr iii). The very title of the volume represents this deliberate re-presenting of something negative or painful as something positive and even pleasurable. Jamie explain: ‘We’re calling it “Frissure”; a word coined by Brigid quite by accident, which falls between “frisson” and “fissure”.’ (Spencer 152)

- (11) 文楽では、傀儡師は姿を客席に見せている。見せているが、あくまで主は人形であり、生身の人間は副でしかない。消えていく。消え行き方が、同時に現れ方になる。客席の目線から傀儡師が消え始めると、人形は逆に生気を帯びる。消えることと生きること。これら二つの矛盾的同一性こそが、文楽の、金繕いの、そして、分解の世界が私たちが蠱惑する理由の一つであろう。

・・・傷跡を無視するのではなく、凝視し、観察し、埋めて、なお装飾するという行為はつねに過剰さを抱えている。過剰さは、傷との等価交換ではなく、治癒後の新たな展開さえ担おうとしているかのようだ。

また、傷の広さと深さを計測し、その痛みを抑え、修繕にもっていくことは、医者と同様のふるまいとも言える。傷の分析が十分でなければ、傷を癒すこともまた十分ではない。それはとりわけ、義足や義手、あるいは義眼、義鼻、義耳にも見られる。どれもが体との継ぎ目に負担をかける。継ぎ目を消すことはできない。けれども、いつの間にか、それは、継ぎ目もろともその人にとって欠かせぬ体のパーツとなって、溶け込んでいく。手術後の縫い目のように、あるいは、やけどの後の移植した皮膚のように、独特の艶っぽさを内包しながら、残り続ける。(藤原 291-94)

- (12) Whatever it was, it was a line, drawn on my body. A line, in poetry, opens up possibilities within the language, and brings forth voice out of silence. What is the first thing an artist does, beginning a new work? He or she draws a line. And now I had a line, quite a line! inscribed on my body. It looked like a landscape. Because it was changing colour as it healed, it seemed to me as if it had its own weather. (*Frissure* 10)

- (13)

What is line but landscape? Of distant hills, a shore or a river bank reflected in slack water—or the river itself, as seen by a migrating bird. or a map of that river, etched on parchment.

What is line but something heard, half-remembered—a fragment of poetry, a scrap of an auld sang. Or a beginning: when an artist first acts on her page.

What is a line? A border, a symbol of defence, of defiance. (*Frissure* “Line”)

- (14) This is what I learned: having an artist work with ‘my scar’ or ‘my body’ meant I had to relinquish myself just as surely as I had during my medical treatment. Perhaps more so. The doctors’ and nurses’ intention is to return one’s body successfully treated, the damage limited. Nowadays, the rhetoric is greatly toward the patient’s ‘choice.’ Certainly, ‘informed consent.’ The patient is in charge, or so the rhetoric goes.

In working with Brigid, I came to understand that the images she would produce were not ‘mine’. By inviting, or consenting to her artist’s gaze, I had to allow her interpretation. I had to allow her to do her job. I admire the cool, precise looking of the pathologist and the surgeon, and I also admire the transforming, creative imagination of the artist. That meant allowing Brigid to bring to her images aspects of her own life and history, her own losses and insights. (*Frissure* 18)

## 6. まとめ——“Healings”

(15)

At midnight the north sky is blues and greys, with a thin fissure of citrine just above the horizon. It’s light when you wake, regardless of the hour. At 2 or 4 or 6 am, you breathe light into your body.

A rose, a briar rose. A wild rose and its thorned stem. What did Burns say? ‘you seize the flo’er, the boom is shed.’

To be healed is not to be saved from mortality but rather, released back into it: we are returned to the wild, into possibilities for ageing and change. (*Frissure* “Healings 2”)

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