

The Last Man (1826) by Mary Shelleyに希望はあるのか？

——アポカリプスとエコロジー——

“All hope abandon, ye who enter here.” (from *The Inferno* by Dante)

科研(課題番号21H00512) 令和4(2022)年度第2回研究会

専修大学神田キャンパス10号館11階10111教室

令和5(2023)年3月18日(土) 13:00～16:00

植月 恵一郎

日本大学 研究員

本日の(ランチ)メニュー

- 1. (hors-d'œuvre) the legend of Pandora: “Hope is dead!” (II, ix)
- 2. (potage) John Martin. ‘The Last Man’ & ‘The Great Day of His Wrath’
- 3. (poisson) the dying earth genre (differs from the apocalyptic subgenre)
- 4. (sorbet) Eagleton, *Hope Without Optimism*
- 5. (viande) ‘hope’ in the last chapter (III, x) of *The Last Man*
- 6. (dessert) a quotation from *Essay on Man* by Pope
- 7. (café petit four) 山極寿一「人類はどこで間違えたのか？」

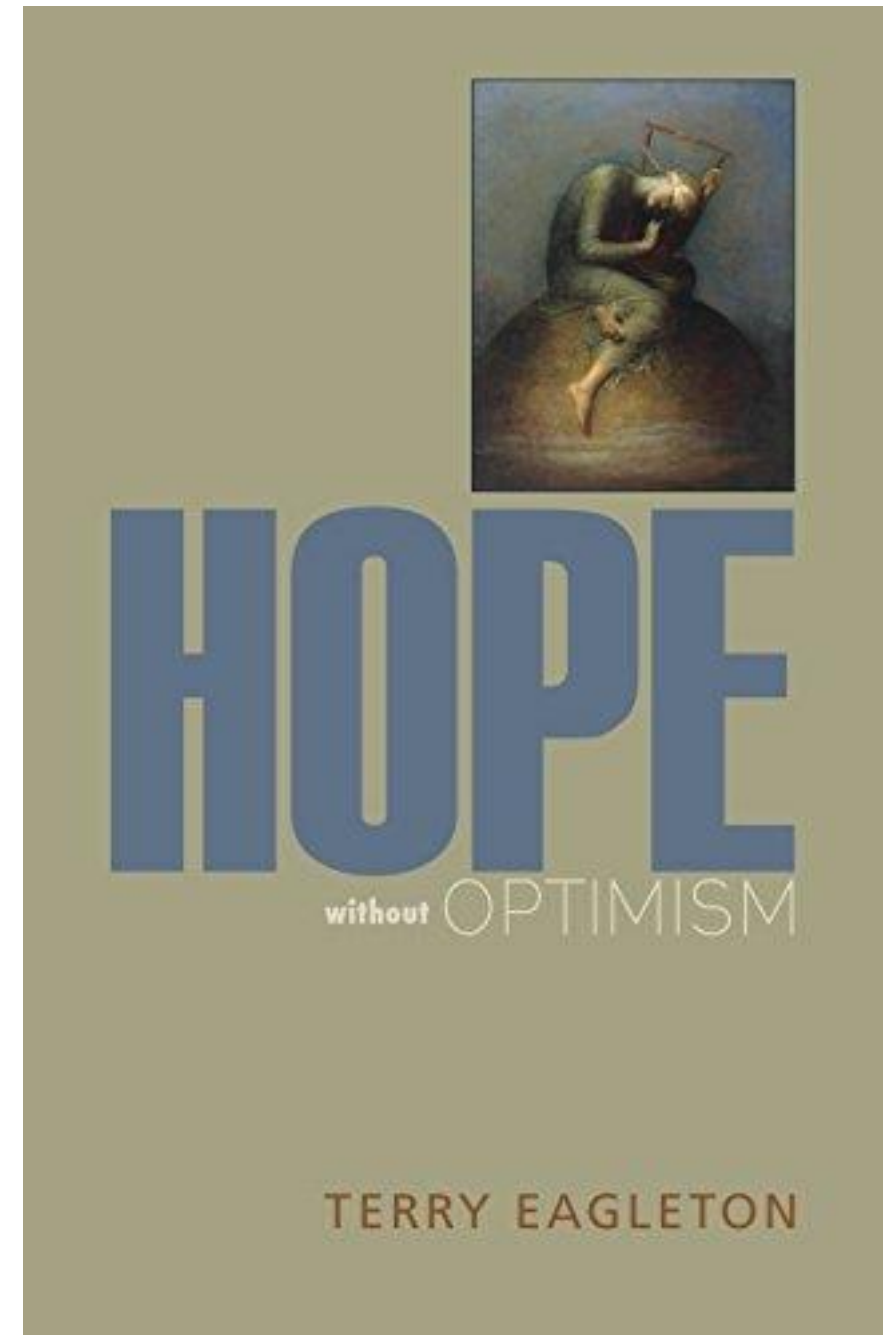
- Old fable tells us, that this gentle spirit sprung from the box of Pandora, else crammed with evils; but these were unseen and null, while all admired the inspiriting loveliness of young Hope; each man's heart became her home; she was enthroned sovereign of our lives, here and here-after; she was deified and worshipped, declared incorruptible and everlasting. But like all other gifts of the Creator to Man, she is mortal; her life has attained its last hour. We have watched over her; nursed her flickering existence; now she has fallen at once from youth to decrepitude, from health to immedicinable disease; even as we spend ourselves in struggles for her recovery, she dies; to all nations the voice goes forth, Hope is dead! We are but mourners in the funeral train, ...

- (Vol. II, chap. IX; Blumberg 243-244)

Terry Eagleton. *Hope Without Optimism*.
University of Virginia Press, 2015.

(<https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/25628253-hope-without-optimism>)

Seen in this light, hope is a fetishism of the future, one that reduces the past to so much prologue and the present to mere empty expectancy. There are accordingly times when it does not sound all that different from despair. If it is the most pestilent of the evils to emerge from Pandora's box, it is because it stops us putting an end to ourselves, and thus from putting an end to all the other evils that beset us. The legend of Pandora is interestingly ambiguous on the question of whether hope is sickness or cure, or, in some homeopathic fashion, both at the same time. (Eagleton 44)



“The plague was forgotten, in this new fear
which the black sun had spread;” (II, iv)

Does not the sun call in his light? and day
Like a thin exhalation melt away—
Both wrapping up their beams in clouds to be
Themselves close mourners at this obsequie.

(John Cleveland, “An Elegie on The Best of Men and Meekest
of Martyrs, Charles I,” 1-4.)

(Vol. II, chap. IX; Blumberg 243-244)

自然の癒しの可能性—破壊のあとに

2022年度第2回科研研究会 * 2023年3月18日(土) 13:00~16:00



開会の辞 (13:00~) 成田雅彦 (専修大学教授)

研究報告 (13:10~14:20) 司会: 金津和美 (同志社大学教授)

①「人新世の夜明けのコールブルックデイル——アンナ・シーワードの環境詩」
川津雅江 (名古屋経済大学名誉教授)

②「メアリー・シェリーの『最後の人』に希望はあるのか?
——アポカリプスとエコロジー」 植月恵一郎 (日本大学研究員)

講演 (14:30~16:00) 司会: 伊藤詔子 (広島大学名誉教授)

「ソロー「野生のりんご」における風土と文化」 高橋勤 (九州大学教授)
(講演 60分 + 質疑応答 30分)

日時: 2023年3月18日(土) 13時~16時

会場: 専修大学神田キャンパス ゼミ 1012A (10号館 12F)

一般の方の参加は ZOOM をお願いします。

参加申し込み締め切り: 3月16日(木)

(申し込みは下記リンクまたは QR コードから事前登録してください。)



<https://forms.gle/ySswXTdyfRjC3iU7>

主催: 2021~2024年度科学研究費補助金・基盤研究(B)

「癒しと再生のロマン主義—グリーンケアをめぐる環大西洋エコロジーの展開と現代性」
(研究代表者: 成田雅彦 / 研究課題・領域番号: 21H00512)

http: https://sunrise-n.com/transatlantic_ecology/

問い合わせ: 成田雅彦 narita * isc.senshu-u.ac.jp
(*を@に変えてください)

John Martin, "The Last Man" (1833, watercolour)
Height 47.5 x Width 68
cm. Laing Art Gallery,
Tyne and Wear County
Council Museums Service,
Newcastle upon Tyne.

'The Last Man'
between p. 440 and p.
441 in Snyder, Robert
Lance. "Apocalypse
and Indeterminacy in
Mary Shelley's *The
Last Man*." *Studies in
Romanticism*, Vol. 17,
No. 4 (Fall, 1978), pp.
435-452.

<https://collectionssearchtwmuseums.org.uk/#details=ecatalogue.289525/>



Materials: Oil paint; Canvas

Measurements: Canvas/support: 137.8 cm x 214 cm; Frame: 175 cm x 250 cm

National Museums Liverpool, Walker Art Gallery

“This apocalyptic vision, inspired by Thomas Campbell’s poem of 1823 describing a future world in which only one human being is left alive, shows a deserted city divided from the rocks to the right by a sea inlet. Gesturing across the stormy scene is an old man with the bodies of a woman and child at his feet. Typically Martin appeals to the viewer’s emotions, seeking to instil a sense of awe and terror through the scale and desolation of the picture. He developed this theme in his very popular ‘Last Judgement’ series (1852-1853), based on the book of Revelation.”

<https://www.liverpoolmuseums.org.uk/artifact/last-man>

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Martin,_John_-_The_Last_Man_-_1849.jpg

John Martin. *The Last Man* (1849) Accession number: WAG 2680



- All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
- **The Sun himself must die,**
- Before this mortal shall assume
- Its Immortality! (1-4)
- ...
- The Sun's eye had **a sickly glare,**
- The Earth with age was wan,
- The skeletons of nations were
- Around that lonely man!
- Some had expired **in fight**,--the brands
- Still rested in their bony hands;
- In **plague** and **famine** some!
- Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
- And ships were drifting with the dead

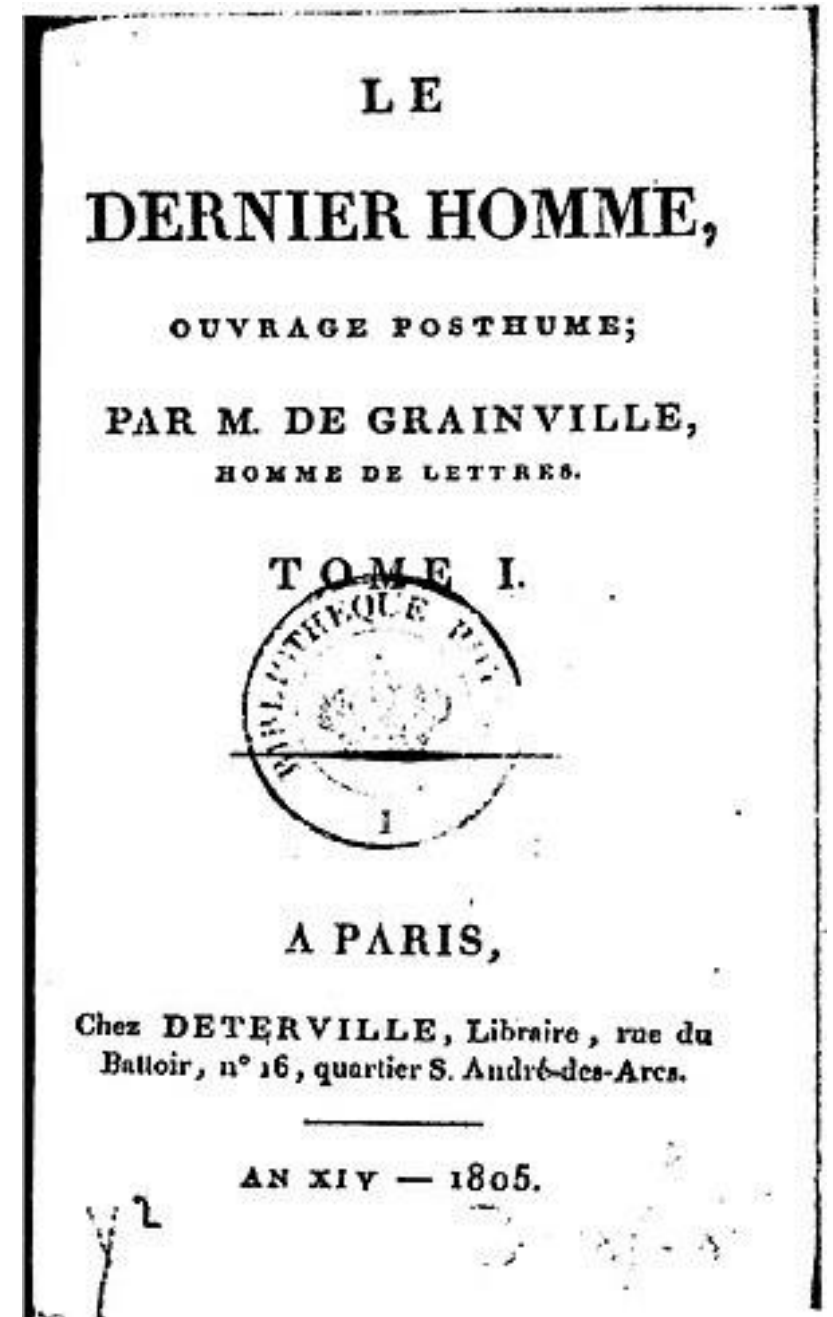
- To shores where all was dumb! (11-20)
- ...
- Yet, **prophet-like, that lone one stood**
- With dauntless words and high, (21-22)
- ...
- Stretched in **disease's shapes** abhorred,
- Or **mown in battle** by the sword,
- Like grass beneath the scythe. (48-50)
- ...
- Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
- **Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,**
- On Earth's sepulchral clod, (75-77)

• “The Last Man” (**1823**) by Thomas Campbell

*The Last Man*の先行作品及び事象

1. Jean-Baptiste Cousin de Grainville. *Le Dernier Homme*. (1805); English title: *The Last Man, or, Omegarus and Syderia: a Romance in Futurity*. (1806)
2. George Gordon Byron. “Darkness.” (1816)
3. Thomas Campbell. “The Last Man.” (1823)
4. Thomas Hood. “The Last Man.” (1826)
5. Thomas Burnet. *Telluris Theoria Sacra, or Sacred Theory of the Earth*. (1681 in Latin, and 1684 in English)
6. The Lisbon earthquake (1755)
7. Eise Eisinga planetarium: “An upcoming planetary alignment, they were told, meant the Earth would burn to ashes in the sun.” (1774)

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Le_Dernier_Homme



12 And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood;

13 And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind.

14 And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places.

15 And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains;

16 And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb:

17 For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?

Rev. 6:12-17, King James Version

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Great_Day_of_His_Wrath

John Martin. *The Great Day of His Wrath* (1851–3) / Tate N05613



12. "Saint Michael Fighting the Dragon" (1498) by Albrecht Dürer

"And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven" (Rev. 12:7).

Sixth Bowl: The Great River Euphrates is dried up and preparations are made for the kings of the East and the final battle at Armageddon between the forces of good and evil. (16:12–16)

Seventh Bowl: A great earthquake and heavy hailstorm: "every island fled away and the mountains were not found." (16:17–21)

The Last Judgment: the wicked, along with Death and Hades, are cast into the Lake of Fire, which is the second death. (20:11–15)

Description of the New Jerusalem. (21:9–27)

Christ's reassurance that his coming is imminent. Final admonitions. (22:6–21)

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Apocalypse_\(D%C3%BCrer\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Apocalypse_(D%C3%BCrer))



The Dying Earth genre

- The Dying Earth genre differs from the apocalyptic subgenre in that it deals not with catastrophic destruction, but with entropic exhaustion of Earth. It is therefore described as more "melancholic." The genre was prefigured by the works of the Romantic movement. Jean-Baptiste Cousin de Grainville's *Le Dernier Homme* (1805) narrates the tale of Omegarus, the Last Man on Earth. It is a bleak vision of the future when Earth has become totally sterile. Lord Byron's poem "Darkness" (1816) shows Earth after the Sun has died. Mary Shelley's *The Last Man* (1826) details a future in which humanity is slowly but inexorably wiped from the face of the planet by an unstoppable outbreak of the Great Plague, killing almost everyone but the protagonist, immune to the disease's effects.
 - ([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dying_Earth_\(genre\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dying_Earth_(genre)))

A sense of degradation came over me.

- **Did God create man**, merely in the end to become dead earth in the midst of healthful vegetating nature? Was he of no more account to his Maker, than a field of corn blighted in the ear? Were our proud dreams thus to fade? Our name was written “**a little lower than the angels;**” and, behold, we were no better than **ephemera**. We had called ourselves the “**paragon of animals,**” and, lo! we were a “quint-essence of **dust.**” We repined that the pyramids had outlasted the embalmed body of their builder. ... How reconcile this sad change to our past aspirations, to our apparent powers!
- Sudden an internal voice, articulate and clear, seemed to say:—Thus from eternity, it was decreed: ... **the unchangeable laws of Necessity** ...
- Mother of the world! Servant of the Omnipotent! **eternal, changeless Necessity!** who with busy fingers sittest ever weaving the indissoluble chain of events!—I will not murmur at thy acts. If my human mind cannot acknowledge that all that is, is right; yet since what is, must be, I will sit amidst the ruins and smile. **Truly we were not born to enjoy, but to submit, and to hope.**

• (Vol. III, chap. VI; Blumberg 310)

Robinson Crusoe 1

- For a moment I compared myself to that monarch of the waste—**Robinson Crusoe**. We had been both thrown companionless—he on the shore of a desolate island: I on that of a desolate world. I was rich in the so called goods of life. If I turned my steps from the near barren scene, and entered any of the earth's million cities, I should find their wealth stored up for my accommodation—clothes, food, books, and a choice of dwelling beyond the command of the princes of former times—every climate was subject to my selection, while he was obliged to toil in the acquirement of every necessary, and was the inhabitant of a tropical island, against whose heats and storms he could obtain small shelter.—Viewing the question thus, who would not have preferred the Sybarite enjoyments I could command, the philosophic leisure, and ample intellectual resources, to his life of labour and peril?
 - (Vol. III, chap. IX; Blumberg 347)

Robinson Crusoe 2

- Yet he [Robinson Crusoe] was far happier than I: for **he could hope, nor hope in vain**—the destined vessel at last arrived, to bear him to countrymen and kindred, where the events of his solitude became a fire-side tale. To none could I ever relate the story of my adversity; **no hope had I.** He knew that, beyond the ocean which begirt his lonely island, thousands lived whom the sun enlightened when it shone also on him: beneath the meridian sun and visiting moon, I alone bore human features; I alone could give articulation to thought; and, when I slept, both day and night were unbeheld of any. He had fled from his fellows, and was transported with terror at the print of a human foot. I would have knelt down and worshipped the same. The wild and cruel Caribbee, the merciless Cannibal—or worse than these, the uncouth, brute, and remorseless veteran in the vices of civilization, would have been to me a beloved companion, a treasure dearly prized—his nature would be kin to mine; his form cast in the same mould; human blood would flow in his veins; **a human sympathy must link us for ever.** It cannot be that I shall never behold a fellow being more!—never! —never!—not in the course of years!—Shall I wake, and speak to none, pass the interminable hours, my soul, islanded in the world, a solitary point, surrounded by vacuum? Will day follow day endlessly thus? —No! no! a God rules the world—providence has not exchanged its golden sceptre for an asp's sting. **Away! let me fly from the ocean-grave, let me depart from this barren nook, paled in, as it is, from access by its own desolateness; let me tread once again the paved towns; step over the threshold of man's dwellings, and most certainly I shall find this thought a horrible vision—a maddening, but evanescent dream.** (Vol. III, chap. IX)

- For three days I wandered to and fro in this melancholy town.... Sometimes I rang at a bell; it tinkled through the vaulted rooms, and silence succeeded to the sound. **I called myself hopeless, yet still I hoped**;.... This vacant cottage revealed no new sorrow—the world was empty; mankind was dead—I knew it well—why quarrel therefore with an acknowledged and stale truth? Yet, as I said, **I had hoped in the very heart of despair**, so that every new impression of the hard-cut reality on my soul brought with it a fresh pang, telling me the yet unstudied lesson, that neither change of place nor time could bring alleviation to my misery, but that, as I now was, I must continue, day after day, month after month, year after year, while I lived. I hardly dared conjecture what space of time that expression implied.

- (Vol. III, chap. X; Blumberg 350)

... it was I myself whom I beheld in a large mirror at the end of the hall.

- Yet why should I not remain thus, I thought; the world is dead, and this squalid attire is a fitter mourning garb than the foppery of a black suit. And thus, methinks, **I should have remained, had not hope, without which I do not believe man could exist**, whispered to me, that, in such a plight, I should be an object of fear and aversion to the being, preserved I knew not where, but I fondly trusted, at length, to be found by me. Will my readers scorn the vanity, that made me attire myself with some care, for the sake of this visionary being? Or will they forgive the freaks of a half crazed imagination? I can easily forgive myself—for **hope, however vague, was so dear to me**, and a sentiment of pleasure of so rare occurrence, that I yielded readily to any idea, that cherished the one, or promised any recurrence of the former to my sorrowing heart. (Vol. III, chap. X; Blumberg 352)

the penultimate “hope” in *The Last Man*

- A solitary being is by instinct a wanderer, and that I would become. A hope of amelioration always attends on change of place, which would even lighten the burthen of my life. I had been a fool to remain in Rome all this time: Rome noted for Malaria, the famous caterer for death. But it was still possible, that, could I visit the whole extent of earth, I should find in some part of the wide extent a survivor. Methought the sea-side was the most probable retreat to be chosen by such a one. If left alone in an inland district, still they could not continue in the spot where their last hopes had been extinguished; they would journey on, like me, in search of a partner for their solitude, till the watery barrier stopped their further progress.

• (Vol. III, chap. X; Blumberg 363-364)

The last “hope” in *The Last Man*

- These are **wild dreams**. Yet since, now a week ago, they came on me, as I stood on the height of St. Peter’s, they have ruled my imagination. I have chosen my boat, and laid in my scant stores. I have selected a few books; the principal are Homer and Shakespeare—But the libraries of the world are thrown open to me—and in any port I can renew my stock. I form no expectation of alteration for the better; but the monotonous present is intolerable to me. **Neither hope nor joy are my pilots—restless despair and fierce desire of change lead me on.** I long to grapple with danger, to be excited by fear, to have some task, however slight or voluntary, for each day’s fulfilment.

• (Vol. III, chap. X)

Noah

- I shall witness all the variety of appearance, that the elements can assume—I shall read fair augury in the rainbow—menace in the cloud—some lesson or record dear to my heart in everything. Thus around the shores of deserted earth, while the sun is high, and the moon waxes or wanes, angels, the spirits of the dead, and the ever-open eye of the Supreme, will behold the tiny bark, freighted with Verney—the LAST MAN. (Vol. III, chap. X; Blumberg 365)
- Ocean, we commit ourselves to thee—even as the patriarch of old floated above the drowned world, let us be saved, as thus we betake ourselves to thy perennial flood. (Vol. III, chap. IX; Blumberg 341)

- **My only companion was a dog**, a shaggy fellow, half water and half shepherd's dog, whom I found tending sheep in the Campagna. His master was dead, but nevertheless he continued fulfilling his duties in expectation of his return. If a sheep strayed from the rest, he forced it to return to the flock, and sedulously kept off every intruder. Riding in the Campagna I had come upon his sheep-walk, and for some time observed his repetition of lessons learned from man, now useless, though unforgotten. His delight was excessive when he saw me. He sprung up to my knees; he capered round and round, wagging his tail, with the short, quick bark of pleasure: he left his fold to follow me, and from that day has never neglected to watch by and attend on me, shewing boisterous gratitude whenever I caressed or talked to him. His pattering steps and mine alone were heard, when we entered the magnificent extent of nave and aisle of St. Peter's. We ascended the myriad steps together, when on the summit I achieved my design, and in rough figures noted the date of the last year. I then turned to gaze on the country, and to take leave of Rome. I had long determined to quit it, and I now formed the plan I would adopt for my future career, after I had left this magnificent abode. (Vol. III, chap. X)

- Tiber, the road which is spread by nature's own hand, threading her continent, was at my feet, and many a boat was tethered to the banks. I would with a few books, provisions, and **my dog**, embark in one of these and float down the current of the stream into the sea; and then, keeping near land, I would coast the beauteous shores and sunny promontories of the blue Mediterranean, pass Naples, along Calabria, and would dare the twin perils of Scylla and Charybdis; then, with fearless aim, (for what had I to lose?) skim ocean's surface towards Malta and the further Cyclades. I would avoid Constantinople, the sight of whose well-known towers and inlets belonged to another state of existence from my present one; I would coast Asia Minor, and Syria, and, passing the seven-mouthed Nile, steer northward again, till losing sight of forgotten Carthage and deserted Lybia, I should reach the pillars of Hercules. (Vol. III, chap. X; Blumberg 364)
- Wittgenstein didn't like dogs, and was perhaps inclined to underestimate their capabilities. Aquinas, who may have been fonder of dogs than Wittgenstein was, believed that **like other animals they were capable of hope**. (Eagleton 54)

a little girl followed by a large Newfoundland dog

- Their only inhabitant, a little girl, was dancing, waltzing, and singing about them, followed by a large Newfoundland dog, who boisterously jumping on her, and interrupting her, made her now scold, now laugh, now throw herself on the carpet to play with him. She was dressed grotesquely, in glittering robes and shawls fit for a woman; she appeared about ten years of age. We stood at the door looking on this strange scene, till the dog perceiving us barked loudly; the child turned and saw us: her face, losing its gaiety, assumed a sullen expression: she slunk back, apparently meditating an escape. I came up to her, and held her hand; she did not resist, but with a stern brow, so strange in childhood, so different from her former hilarity, she stood still, her eyes fixed on the ground. “What do you do here?” I said gently; “Who are you?”—she was silent, but trembled violently.—“My poor child,” asked Adrian, “are you alone?” There was a winning softness in his voice, that went to the heart of the little girl; she looked at him, then snatching her hand from me, threw herself into his arms, clinging round his neck, ejaculating—“Save me! save me!” while her unnatural sullenness dissolved in tears. (Vol. III, chap. II)

Pope, *Essay on Man*.

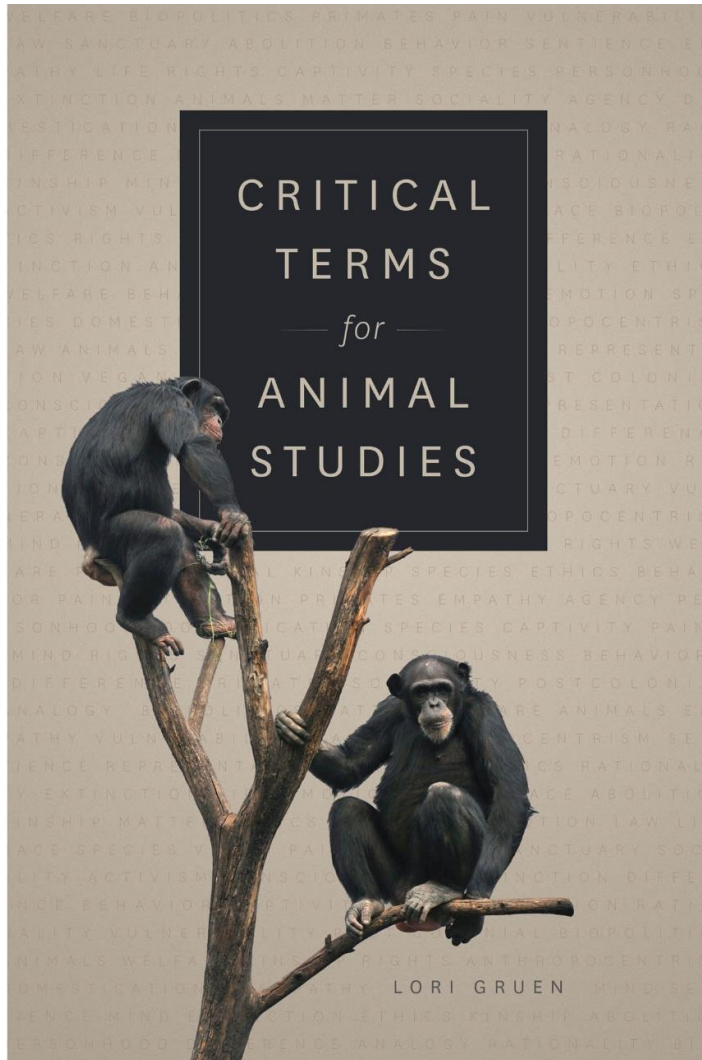
- [OED] hope 1. a. expectation of something desired; desire connected with expectation. ... 1732 Pope. *Essay on Man*. I. 95.
 - Hope springs eternal in the human breast.
 - Man never is, but always to be blest.
- It is a deceptive statement, considerably less positive than the brisk heroic couplet form makes it sound. The word ‘eternal’ invests the idea of hope with a touch of divine glory, though it actually means something like ‘perpetual.’ What is enduring about us is our dissatisfaction. ‘Man never is, but always to be blest’ sounds suitably pious but is in fact sardonic. We persist in hoping because we are constantly disenchanted,
 - (Eagleton 42-43)

山極寿一「人類はどこで間違えたのか？」

- ……定住と所有という農耕・牧畜社会の原則は個人や集団との間に多くの争いを引き起こし、やがて支配階層や君主を生み出して大規模な戦争につなげる温床となった。……そして下剋上の世の中を生き延びるためキリスト教や仏教などの世界宗教が生まれた。
- この時期に人間は、現世の苦しみはあの世で救済されるという考えを抱くようになった。これは**人類が長い進化の過程で発達させてきた共感力**を、敵意を利用し拡大させる道を開いた。……顔も知らない人々が自己犠牲をいとわず助け合うために、支配層は言語を弄し、武力を強化し、社会の外に共通の敵を作って団結する仕組みを作ったのだ。今でも戦争の基本的な考え方として力を発揮している。

• (『朝日新聞』2023年3月9日朝刊13頁)

Critical Terms for Animal Studies edited by Lori Gruen. University of Chicago Press, 2018.



ローリー・グルーエン編『アニマル・スタディーズ：29の基本概念』平凡社、2023.2 「生政治」「倫理」「法」「痛み」「ヴィーガン」など29のキー概念から、脱人間中心主義的思想の現在と未来を展望する必読基本書



山極寿一の提案

- ……過去の間違いを認め、**共感力と科学技術を賢く使う方策を立てるべき**ではないか。
- それには言葉の持つ力を正しく認識し、言語以外の手段を用いた共鳴社会の構築を目指すことが必要だ。個人の欲求や能力を高めることよりも、**ともに生きることに重きを置く**。……管理された時間から心身を解放し、自然の時間に沿った暮らしをデザインする。所有を減らし、**シェアとコモンズ(共有財)を増やして共助の社会を目指す**ことが肝要だ。それは長い進化の歴史を通じて人類が追い求めてきた平等社会の原則だ。現代の科学技術はそれを可能にしてくれるはずである。間違いを認めず、いたずらに武力を強化して、再び戦争の道を歩むことだけは決してあってはならない。

• (『朝日新聞』2023年3月9日朝刊13頁)

Thank you for listening!

- While there is life, there is hope.
 - 《諺》 命のある間は希望がある.
- Hope for the best and prepare for the worst.
 - 《諺》 楽観せよ, しかし最悪にも備えよ.
- hope against (all) hope
 - 一縷の望みをかける《Romans 4: 18》.