

## 資料1

今回は

*An Introduction to Global Studies*, pp. 1-4.

*Media Studies: An Introduction*, pp. 1-3

を読んでいきます。

初回ですので、じっくり丁寧に内容を確認しましょう。進め方としては、1) 短く区切りながら音読してみ、2) パラグラフごとに難しいところについての質問をし、3) パラグラフの要点をまとめる、というふうにします。Google のプレゼンテーションを黒板代わりにして使いますので、自由に意見を出してください。

用語や人名などの固有名詞については、その場でサーチして情報を集めます。ウェブサイトのリンクをプレゼンテーションに貼り付けたり、写真を載せたりしながら、授業の後も読みかえせるような研究ノートと一緒に作成していきましょう。

ディスカッションの際にも、グループで集まって座るようにしてください。相談したり、コンピュータの操作を教え合ったりしながら、メンバー全員協力してスキル向上を目指しましょう。

### <ディスカッションのトピック例>

- ・グローバル研究の特徴と何か？
- ・グローバリゼーションを実感するのはどのような時か？
- ・「メディア」と聞くと何を思い浮かべるか？
- ・メディアの種類やジャンルはなぜ重要なのか？

その他、ディスカッションのトピックを自由に提案してください。

## 資料2

Douglas Coupland, *Generation A* (New York: Scribner, 2009)より抜粋

### <作家と作品について>

カナダの作家ダグラス・クーブランドは、情報化社会・高度消費社会である現代における普通の人々の普通の暮らしを、ポップな文体で描き出す。デビュー作の *Generation X: Tales for an Accelerated Culture* (1991)は、作家の同世代である 1960 年～1974 年生まれの人々を指す「ジェネレーション X」という用語を定着させた。*Generation A*はこの続編ともいえる作品だが、主な登場人物は 2000 年代半ばに青年時代を迎える若い世代である。蜂が絶滅してしまった世界で、それぞれアメリカ合衆国、カナダ、フランス、ニュージーランド、スリランカに暮らす 5 人の若者が、蜂に刺されるという事件が起こる。それまでネット上ですれ違う程度の仲でしかなかった彼らが、この事件をきっかけに結びついていく。

今回はスリランカに住む Harj が、自分が蜂に刺されるまでの様子を語っている箇所を抜粋してある。彼の語るスリランカでの暮らしを、グローバル化との関わりで読み解いていきたい。またカナダ人作家が、いわゆる「他者」としてのスリランカ人青年の一人称を通して物語を紡ぐということの意味と、その問題点についても考えられればと思う。またこの抜粋は次に観る映画との関連も強いので、鑑賞する際に注目すべきポイントなども抽出しておくことにする。

### <抜粋>

When I was young, I had a job helping my older brother escort young people—mostly young American tourists—around the island as they tried to “find themselves.” Oh, the awful conversations I have had to endure, listening to a Kris or a Max or an Amy or a Craig discuss what it means “to be free inside one’s head.” I ask you, is it so wrong to want to kill a Craig? The moment these Craigs thought I was out of earshot, they would call my brother Apu and me mini-Apu, and make Kwik-E-Mart jokes. Little did they know that I used my free minutes at the office to watch *The Simpsons* and *Family Guy* online, as well as to investigate some amusing categories I still recommend, such as “time-lapse photography,” “Japanese game show,” and “owned.” So I was onto these Craigs and she-Craigs with ankle tattoos of Tweety Bird and Satan.

I was lucky to have had a stable upbringing—and lucky to have a father who worked in a bank, the HSBC, albeit one of its most remote outposts. The logo on the front door was painted over with brick-colored paint so as not to anger regional police crazies, and my father’s office windows were covered with sheets of plywood that came from the state of Maine, the telltale branding marks on the inside were never overpainted. After returning from school, while waiting for my father to finish work, I would stare at the plywood; I came by my fascination with New England honestly. I would try to imagine the forest it came from: trees so big that the sky was invisible, and rich people like George Clooney riding on horseback across a field of shamrocks, sticking out their tongues to catch snowflakes. These rich people would wear sweaters (I couldn’t even imagine what wearing one might feel like), and they would go to their cabins, where servants would feed them turkey dinners.

I think I am one of nature's worker bees, and I spent many a humid afternoon staring at the sky above the Indian Ocean, trying to figure out what direction I would take with my life. I knew that I was done with escorting rich young monsters around the island—a job like that could only escalate in tawdriness, and I would end up like my older brother, deeply engaged in the world of sex tourism—European men, and occasionally women, who would show up interested in the Democratic Socialist Republic of Sri Lanka's "rich and varied culture," who would somehow almost instantly be whisked to the city's hand job district for a holiday of tugs, Kleenex and ugly commands. This was not a world I wanted to enter, but the only other options were plantation work or becoming a JVP or LTTE Marxist militant. What was a young man in Sri Lanka to do?

My father did, however, find me part-time work at his office doing minor janitorial duties. On the afternoon of December 26, 2004, I was at the bank, ostensibly to polish its many brass light fixtures, of which my father was proud. I needed the small pay and truly didn't want to join my family at my cousin's engagement party, eating coconut-grouper patties at the beach at Nawarednapuram while making boring chitter-chatter about the fiancé, Arnood—a sulking Hindu swine who collects Christmas tree ornaments on eBay. Arnood is heterosexual, but only by the thinnest of margins. My aunt and uncle were so glad to get rid of my cousin that they'd have married her to a banyan tree, had the tree bothered to ask for her hand.

It turned out that one of the bank's new employees had left wide open an Internet connection at his third-floor desk. I saw it the moment I came up the stairs, and good bye Brasso, hello Drudgerport! The whole afternoon became a blur of information until I heard raised voices down on the street, and in the distance a sort of rushing noise that I now associate with the ventilation systems at the Centers of Disease Control. I went to the window, opened its louvers and looked outside to see the tsunami's gray flood approach my building, safe only because I was on the third floor and the bottom two storeys were concrete.

Even then I knew to search for my family members' faces within the oozing grey pudding. Even then I knew that the engagement party was a party with death, and even then I knew that I had become the man of the family—except that when I crawled through the salty, stinky debris on the mile-long trek home, all that remained of our house was a slick of red dirt covered with marine litter and a grouper that had drowned in the air. By the time seventy-two hours had passed, I had realized that I had no family left—all of them were gone. It is very strange to no longer have any roots in a country that goes back for tens of thousands of years. I was not allowed to return to my bank job, because my father was no longer there—I had to become everything for myself. I spent a few years subsisting by clearing up debris and rebuilding structures for NGOs like UNICEF and UNESCO. Unlike many young men my age, I refused to be lured to Dubai, and after the cleanup was complete, I was fortunate to find a job sweeping and clearing at a call center for Abercrombie & Fitch in a warehouse building at Bandaranaike Airport. I knew this was only temporary, as my love of American-produced global culture and my knowledge of the inner life of Craigs would one day allow me to become an actual call center phone staffer, and yes, after some years my wish came true.

I quickly rose through the ranks and was placed in charge of the Abercrombie & Fitch American-Canadian Central Time Zone Call Division. This occurred because I was able to give fellow workers hints not listed on our official standardized greetings sheet— obvious words like “awesome!” or “sweet,” and also more subtle phrases such as, “I can tell from your voice that you’re totally going to enjoy what you’ve already bought, and for a limited time only, get two silk-cashmere short-sleeve cable shells for the price of one, *plus* a fleece pashmina wrap at no extra cost. Think about it. You *deserve* it—and think of how *free* you’ll feel out in the fall air wearing all these hot items.”

I enjoyed helping (I am now quoting an in-house memo) “provide a completely customer-centric operation by consistently enhancing customer service while trying to gain a better understanding of our customers’ shopping patterns and preferences.”

I was an excellent salesman. But I am supposed to tell the story of when I was stung, so I will perhaps return later to tales of Abercrombie & Fitch.

I quickly became contemptuous of the people on the phone on the other side of the planet, twelve hours away. My territory was the North American Midwest, and the only thing that really kept me on the straight and narrow was the possibility of taking over the highly glamorous, Maine-containing New England Division, located over by the guava bins at the far end of the warehouse. The other good thing about my job was unlimited high-speed Internet access at the end of the day (a twelve-hour day, mind you). For this I would have worked for free.

However, I did not wish to be a passive participant in the Internet. I wanted to add my voice to the babble and so, for fun, I created a prank commerce site on which I sold “celebrity room tones.” It was a beautifully designed site (I cloned a Swiss site that sells cutlery) and entirely convincing.

*What is a celebrity room tone?*

For \$4.99 you could visit my site and download one hour of household silence from rooms belonging to a range of celebrities, all of whom promised to donate their royalties to charity. There was Mick Jagger (London; metropolitan), Garth Brooks (rural; some jet noise in the background), Cameron Diaz (Miami; sexy, sunny, flirty) and so forth. For cachet, I threw in household silences from the Tribeca lofts of underworld rock survivor Lou Reed and motherly experimental performance artist Laurie Anderson.

I was quickly flamed by many potential shoppers, hounding me at [webmaster@celebrity-roomtones.org](mailto:webmaster@celebrity-roomtones.org) to ask why their Amex or Visa wouldn’t process.

And then came an email from the *New York Times* asking to do a short piece on the site for its weekend Style section. So there I was, sitting in an office chair made from three cannibalized office chairs, dripping with sweat and staring longingly at the guava bins, as a woman named Leslie asked me whether I had a prepared artist’s statement and jpegs of myself I could send her. I had told the delightful Leslie that my name was Werner and that I was based out of Kassel, Germany, because it seemed like the kind of place that would be home to overeducated people with nothing better to do than to design commodities like designer silence. I’d affected a German accent and was, in general, very prickly. (24-28)

## 資料 1

●まず流し読みの練習です。以下の英文 1～3 を読んでみます。細かいところは分らなくても構わないので、だいたいどのようなことが話題になっているのかを考えながら、5～10 分程で読み通してみてください。

### 1)

Night flight to San Francisco. Chase the moon across America. God! It's been years since I was on a plane! . . . Souls were rising, from the earth far below, souls of the dead, of people who had perished, from famine, from war, from the plague, and they float up, like skydivers in reverse, limbs all akimbo, wheeling and spinning. And the souls of these departed joined hands, clasped ankles and formed a web, a great net of souls, and the souls were three-atom oxygen molecules, of the stuff of ozone, and the outer rim absorbed them, and was repaired.

——Tony Kushner, *Angels in America*

### 2)

If Tour Director even remembers Weber, he is taking no calls. But something else is messaging, too soft to hear. Through the plane's plastic window, the lights of unknown cities blink beneath him, hundreds of millions of glowing cells linked together, swapping signals. . . . A flashing electrical loom, street-sized synapses forming a brain with miles-wide thoughts too large to read. A web of signals spelling out a theory of living things. Cells by sun and rain and endless selection assembling into a mind the size of continents now, impossibly aware, omnipotent, but fragile as mist. . . .

——Richard Powers, *The Echo Maker*

### 3)

Consider the following lines of Wallace Stevens and ask yourself whether you can accept that a poem is not only a making of the self and a making of the world, but also a response to the world and a respecting of the earth. As you read the poem, hold in your mind's eye a photograph of the earth taken from space: green and blue, smudged with the motion of cloud (of weather), so small in the surrounding darkness that you could imagine cupping it in your hands. A planet that is fragile, a planet of which we are a part but which we do not possess.

——Jonathan Bate, *The Song of the Earth*

●いくつか質問です

Q 1 : これらの抜粋に共通するものは何でしょうか。

Q 2 : この中ではどれが最も読みやすいと感じたでしょうか。

Q 3 : これらは研究書と小説と演劇からの抜粋です。どれがどれか分りますか。

Q 4 : これらの文の違いはどのようなところにあるでしょうか。

●次に、Greg Garrard, *Ecocriticism* (London: Routledge, 2004)からの抜粋を読みます。Ecocriticismとは、近年勢いを増している文学批評・文化研究の分野で、自然環境や生態系を重視する立場をとっています。以下の抜粋では、地球のイメージとグローバルなものとしての環境問題についての考察がなされています。またそれらのトピックがグローバルな政治や経済とどのように結びついているのかも確認しておきましょう。

4)

We have already observed that globalisation requires sophisticated communications technologies, which in turn require satellites in space. The various space programmes have not only supported commercial and military ends, however: meteorological and hydrological satellites supply vital information to scientists about global and local environmental issues, from ozone thinning to soil erosion. This process arguably represents a fresh inflection of the Earth as the object of new regimes of environmental surveillance and disciplinary design. This rather paranoid-sounding view derives from ecocritic Tim Luke's critique of the influential environmentalist organisation, the Worldwatch Institute, which is loosely based upon the work of philosopher Michel Foucault. Worldwatch collects environmental data from a vast array of sources, produces computer models and develops alternative future scenarios that are extrapolated from various possible starting points. Each year they publish a comprehensive report on the *State of the World*, including 'bioeconomic' information on natural resources, biodiversity, water supplies, population and so on. (165-66)

5)

Gaia is, in any case, not simply identical with the Earth. It is a hypothetical construct of [James] Lovelock's theory, a simile for the planet grasped 'as if' it were an organism. As the theory is refined, Gaia ought to come increasingly to resemble the Earth that we know and inhabit, but it will remain indefinitely open to falsification by scientists. One way to test Gaia is to try various computer models of its regulatory mechanisms, such as Lovelock's own Daisyworld simulation, versions of which are available on the Internet (e.g. DaisyBall is at <<http://www.gingerbooth.com/courseware/daisy.html>>). Simulations can show how Gaia works if it works at all, but on their own they cannot prove its worth as a theory. . . . Moreover, although I have analysed only its scientific formulation, Gaian simulation might also provide a basis for attempts to imagine the whole Earth in the literary and other media more usually addressed by ecocritics. (175)

6)

Globalisation, for some, represents homogenisation in which diverse local cultures are supplanted by 'monocultures of the mind' promoted and sustained by transnational culture industries based mainly in North America, Japan and Western Europe. The aspect of globalisation most often targeted by environmentalist critics is the growth of companies with turnover exceeding that of many nations and who possess a commensurate political power. While many industries remain necessarily locally

or nationally based, the omnipresence of brand-based companies such as Nike or Coca-Cola seems to produce, sustain and rely on a homogeneous global market. Cornucopian enthusiasts for globalisation argue that this presents an opportunity for poverty-stricken countries to develop economically, following the example of some Asian and South American nations. They claim that deregulation of markets and the elimination of trade barriers will encourage international investment, give Third World countries access to foreign markets and liberate domestic entrepreneurial capital, leading to a circle of wealth creation and the kind of social and environmental progress seen mainly in rich countries. At the same time, 'structural adjustment' policies imposed on Third World countries by international financial institutions such as the World Bank can have crippling effects on existing social and environmental programmes, forcing governments to end price controls on basic goods, cut public spending and privatise nationalised industries. Even then, the economic benefits of free-market solutions may not accrue because of adverse domestic conditions or because transnational corporations realise most of the profits from liberalised trade. This had led to vigorous anti-globalisation resistance in both First and Third World countries. While the proportion of people in the world enduring absolute poverty is declining, population growth means that total number are continuing to increase, and power remains unevenly distributed. The statistics lessen neither the misery of the poor nor the scandal of First World wealth. As ecocritics interpret the meaning of the Earth, they will increasingly have to engage with globalised political conflicts.

The inflection of the globe as market place requires institutions to promote and enforce it. The most powerful of these are the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the recently formed World Trade Organisation (WTO). All three are explicitly dedicated to the promotion of international capitalism, although the World Bank in particular incorporates questions of social development and environmental protection into negotiations with Third World countries. Some environmental organisations such as the World Wide Fund for Nature, Friends of the Earth and Greenpeace International have become substantial global actors, reflecting the scale and scope of the issues they address. The planet is developing a meaningful, though fragmented, political identity, in which a range of distinctively globalised social and environmental issues are contested. (163-64)

●次に Dominique Moïsi, *The Geopolitics of Emotion: How Cultures of Fear, Humiliation, and Hope Are Reshaping the World* (New York: Anchor Books, 2010)からの抜粋を読みます。この本で著者は、グローバル化する世界の政治的問題を考えるためには、「感情」が重要であるとして、先進国を「恐怖」、イスラム圏を「屈辱」、アジアの発展途上国を「希望」というキーワードで分析しています。

7)

In an age of globalization, emotions have become indispensable to grasp the complexity of the world we live in. Magnified by media, they both reflect and react to globalization and in turn influence geopolitics. Globalization may have made the world “flat,” to cite journalist Thomas Friedman’s famous metaphor, but it has also made the world more passionate than ever. (9)

8)

In a world where the West no longer has a monopoly on the media, events and conflicts can be reported from a variety of angles. The invasion of Lebanon by Israel in the summer of 2006, for instance, appeared as two entirely different wars depending on whether one viewed the coverage on Al Jazeera or on CBS news. In today’s world, everyone has access not only to continuing information but also to unfolding emotions. Now that American television series reach all corners of the world and have nearly become universal frames of reference, the poor know how the rich live, and vice versa. As a result, it has become increasingly difficult for the rich to ignore the world’s poor, whose anger they witness on the evening news. Many poor people risk their lives by crossing seas and climbing barriers to enter the world of the rich; others who stay at home develop an abiding hatred for the affluent who deliberately ignore their fate. (13)

9)

But while in the nineteenth and even the first half of the twentieth centuries, the Other was no longer a rare curiosity, it had not yet become the absolute Other, forcing us to question our own identities and to challenge our social and political models. At the time of the Cold War, the absolute Other for the Western world came from the Communist system; in intellectual and cultural terms it was the “other side of the West.” Today in our global age the absolute Other comes not only from another, non-Western culture but even, in a sense, from a different century, mixing a quasi-tribal mind-set that seems reminiscent of our own Middle Ages with the technological instrument of the present. And the Other not only evokes our past of religious intolerance and warfare but may also incarnate our future. For the West, yesterday non-Westerners could succeed only if they were following the Western model; they would fail if they stuck to their traditions. Today, when we Westerners look eastward, we are all too uncomfortably aware that we may be glimpsing our own future, one that is out of our control. (21)

## 資料2

### <作品について>

Richard Powers, *Three Farmers on Their Way to a Dance* (New York: Perennial, 1992) (邦題『舞踏会へ向かう三人の農夫』) はアメリカの小説家リチャード・パワーズが1985年に発表した第一作目の小説。アウグスト・ザンダー (August Sander) が撮影した一枚の写真 (右に示したもの) を巡って、二度の世界大戦や自動車王ヘンリー・フォード (Henry Ford) の逸話をまじえながら、20世紀という時代のプロフィールが描き出される。この小説では三つの異なるストーリーが代わる代わる語られ、次第にその間のつながりが見えてくるような構成になっている。一つ目のストーリーは、ザンダーの写真についてリサーチを続ける一人称の語り手が、次第に20世紀とは何であったのかについての考察を深めていくというもの。二つ目は写真の中の若い三人の農夫が、第一次世界大戦という名の舞踏会に巻き込まれていくというストーリー。三つ目のストーリーでは、現代のアメリカで技術系雑誌の編集にたずさわる若い男が、ある日ふと見かけた赤毛の女を追いかける過程で、自分の家族にまつわる秘密を知ることになる。



今回は一つ目のストーリーで展開される様々な考察の中から、「加速」と「写真」に関する箇所を抜粋する。少し難しいかも知れないが、非常に興味深い話なので、ポイントを押さえながら読んでいきたい。

### A.

In 1913, Charles Péguy, then forty and an unlikely combination of poet, journalist, Socialist, and Roman Catholic, made the famous and often-repeated statement that the world had changed less since the death of Jesus than it had in the last thirty years. He described, for his millions of contemporaries, the concurrent horror and excitement of geometrically accelerating culture.

Hidden in Péguy's formulation is the idea that each tool, each measurement, each casual observation of the nature of things—even Péguy's—accelerates and automates the acquisition of the next tool. The first rock-chipping rock logically extends itself, along a series of ever-shorter steps, into the assembly line and the self-replicating machine. The increasingly steeping curve applies to every endeavor where the product of growth contributes directly to growth's progress.

As with free-falling bodies, it seems apparent that such quickening change, whether evolutionary, cultural, or technical, cannot accelerate indefinitely but must reach some terminal velocity. Call that terminal velocity a trigger point, where the rate of change of the system reaches such a level that the system's underpinning, its ability to change, is changed. Trigger points come about when the progress of a system becomes so accelerated, its tools become so adept at self-replicating and self-modifying, that it thrusts an awareness of itself onto itself and reaches the terminal velocity of

self-reflection.

Trigger points represent those times when the way a process develops loops back on the process and applies itself to its own source. A billion years of evolution eventually, along an increasingly steep curve, produces a species capable of comprehending evolution. After Darwin, . . . evolution cannot even follow the old path again. Having reached a trigger point, natural selection re-forms itself as conscious selection. Even if we, the product of but now the proxy agent for evolution, choose not to directly help or hinder the cause of particular species, the result still becomes primarily a product of mental rather than environmental choice. If one buys nothing else from Marx, whose ideas may be the trigger point of economics applied to itself, he is at least untouchable on quantitative changes becoming qualitative ones.

In the process of psychological adaptation, the trigger came with depth psychology and Freud. Now that our culture is glibly aware of defense mechanisms, the self can never again defend itself in the old ways. Art that was once a product of psychological mechanisms is now *about* those mechanisms and—the ultimate trigger point—about being about them. The Industrial Revolution cusped in the computer, a machine capable of designing its own replacement. . . .

So what of Péguy's. . . triggering observation that culture and its tools had changed more in thirty years than in the previous 1900? Culture had created people who were not only the passive product of but also the active operators and commentators on their own culture's acceleration. Culture had replaced its own by-products more and more quickly until it arrived at a trigger frame, one whose members knew of and were synonymous with the fact of their own replaceability. No longer just a changing culture, but a culture of change. . . .

Cultural change had achieved the old joke of the runner so fast that she passes herself on the road. By 1913, changing tastes, doctrines, isms, theories—which once obeyed the old model of sequential cultural progress—now replaced one another so rapidly that they overrun each other, collapsing into the spontaneous. The *avant* grew so far ahead of the *garde* that they lapped and began running side by side. The Futurist Manifesto of “faster,” having reached a terminal velocity, could only become a doctrine of “all-at-the-same-time.” And this simultaneity still holds true today, with Third World militarism, bank-by-mail, television game shows, the rebirth of orthodox religion, conceptual art, punk rock, and neo-romanticism thriving side by side.

Hyperprogress transmutes, paradoxically, into stillness. It is *still* true that things have changed more in the last thirty years than in all the time sine Christ. Since it is *still* true, then *nothing* has changed since Péguy. Social culture has taken tail in mouth and rolled a benzene ring. Art takes itself as both subject and content: post-modernism about painting, serialism about musical composition, constructivist novels about fiction. At that, the century has become *about* itself, history about history: a still, eclectic, universally reflexive, uniformly diverse, closed circle, the homogeneous debris in space following a nova. Nothing can take place in this century without some coincident event linking it into a conspiratorial whole. (80-83)

## B.

Since inception, the medium implied that the only material difference between audience and artist was the possession of camera. . . . With the advent of the cheap, hand-held, self-focusing, automatic camera, even this functional difference became negligible. The burgeoning, moderately privileged classes carried at their hip a machine that made it possible to select, edit, and preserve moments of reality at their own choosing. They did so by the trunkload, until no home was complete without crateloads of photo albums on display or stashed in the attic. Every family became at once the subjects, the photographers, and the editors of these albums, making the small jump from author to authority. (250-51)

## C.

The aperture of a camera forms a two-way portal through which both subject and viewer peer into another time. The subject, conscious of the permanence of the document, posts forward a memory. The viewer, aligning with the memory at some later date, works to preserve the sight from disintegration. Both are present at both moments; both experience the revelation of being adrift in time, sampling it laterally.

The moment of recording and the moment of interpretation lose their basic distinction. Somewhere in time, observer and observed reverse roles. Conscious of being watched through the asynchronous screen, both modify their behaviors, presenting their best profiles. . . (269-70)

### <ディスカッションのトピック例>

1. 変化のスピードが加速し続ける先に待ち構える「トリガー・ポイント」とは何か？
2. 「自己省察 (self-reflection)」とはつまりどういうことか？
3. あらゆるものが同時に起こるとは、具体的にはどのような状況か？
4. 写真というメディアの登場には、文化的に見てどのようなインパクトがあったのか？
5. 時間を超えたつながりを生む写真というメディアの性質は、デジタル化が進む現在どう変化しているのか？