

## 飛ぶのは怖くない—ロマン主義時代の愛と自殺とジェンダー—

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### ★サッポアの投身(Sappho's Leap)伝説

Menander (c. 4th C. B.C.)→ Ovid, "Sappho Phaoni," *The Heroides* XV (c. 1st C)

→Alexander Pope, "Sappho to Phaon" (1712)

→Joseph Addison, *The Spectator* 223 (November 15, 1711), 233(November 27, 1711)

### ★飛ぶのは怖くない

(1) Pierre Bayle, *An Historical and Critical Dictionary* (1710)

※厄払いの祭り→愛の病の治療

There stood upon the Promontory of *Leucas* a Temple of *Apollo*, and there was an Ancient Custom that annually on the Festival of this God a Criminal should be thrown from the top of this Promontory, in order to avert all impending Evils. However they fasten'd a great many Feathers, and live Birds to the Criminal, whose flight, it was hop'd, would break the Violence of the Wretch's Fall. They indeavour'd to catch him at the bottom in small Barges lying round in a Circle, and if he were saved, they only Banish'd him, All this was enacted by publick Authority, and for the publick Good; but there were private Persons who Voluntarily took the Precipice, to put an end to the pains they suffer'd from Love. Whence this Place was called the *Lovers Leap*. Strabo informs us on Menander's Authority, that Sappho desperately in Love with Phaon, who slighted her, was the first who took the Leap of Leucas: He cites *Menander's Verses*; but probably he had not quoted the whole Passage: for by what he has quoted it does not appear that Sappho was the first who try'd this frightful Somerset. (Bayle 3:1922n(B))

※男性的な勇氣

Moderns do commonly mention 3 Opinions about the sense of *Mascula Sappho*. 1. That this Word means that she was a *Tribas*. 2. That it denotes the Inclination she had for the Sciences, instead of handling the Spindle and Distaff. 3. The Courage she had to precipitate her self at Leucate. (Bayle 3: 2671n(E))

(2) Joseph Addison, *The Spectator* 223 (Thursday, November 15, 1711)

※愛の病の治療

There was a Promontory in *Acarmania* called *Leucate*, on the top of which was a little Temple dedicated to *Apollo*. In this Temple it was usual for *despairing* Lovers to make their Vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the Top of the Precipice into the Sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This Place was therefore called the *Lovers-Leap*; and whether or not the Fright they had been in, or the Resolution that could push them to so dreadful a Remedy, or the Bruises which they often received in their Fall, banished all the Tender Sentiments of Love, and gave their Spirits another Turn; those who had taken this Leap were observed never to Relapse into that Passion. Sappho tried the Cure, but perished in the Experiment. (Addison 2: 366)

(3) Joseph Addison, *The Spectator* 233 (Tuesday, November 27, 1711)

※最も勇敢

*Sappho*, the *Lesbian*, in Love with *Phaon*, arrived at the Temple of *Apollo*, habited like a Bride in Garments as white as Snow. She wore a Garland of Mirtle on her Head, and carried in her Hand the little Musical Instrument of her own Invention. After having Sung an Hymn to *Apollo*, she hung up her Garland on one side of his Altar, and her Harp on the other. She then tucked up her Vestments like a *Spartan* Virgin, and amidst thousands of Spectators, who were Anxious for her safety, and offered up Vows for her Deliverance, marched directly forwards to the utmost Summit of the Promontory, where after having repeated a Stanza of her own Verses, which we could not hear, she threw her self of the Rock with such an Intrepidity, as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous Leap. Many, who were present related, that they saw her fall into the Sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed, that she never came to the bottom of her Leap; but that she was changed into a Swan as she fell, and that they

saw her hovering in the Air under that Shape. But whether or no the whiteness and fluttering of her Garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be Metamorphosed into that Musical and Melancholy Bird, is still a doubt among the *Lesbians*. (Addison 2: 408-09)

*Leaped in this Olypiad 250.*

Males	124	
Females	126	
<i>Cured</i>	120	
Males	51	
Females	69	(Addison 2: 409)

(4) John Addison, “The Life of Sappho” (1735)

※愛の病の治療

There was a Promontory in *Acarmania*, call'd *Leucate*, on the Top of which stood a Temple dedicated to *Apollo*; in this Temple it was usual for despairing Lovers to make their Vows, and afterwards to cast themselves from the Precipice into the Sea; for it was an establish'd Opinion, that all those who were taken up alive, would immediately find themselves rid of their former Passion. *Sappho* try'd the Cure, but perish'd in the Experiment. (John Addison 252-53)

(5) William King, *The Toast* (1736)

※同性愛の罰、自殺

*Sappho* was a famous Tribade, as appears by the Testimonies of all the old Poets, but particularly from that beautiful Ode (addressed to one of the Ladies, with whom she was in Love ) which *Longinus* has preserved, and which has ever been so highly esteemed by all the Critics. But tho' she had acquired so much Glory by her Verses, as to be stiled the Tenth Muse, yet she acknowledges, that her Love of the *Lesbian* Women had destroyed her Reputation,

*Lesbides inefamem quae me fecistis amatae.*

As amorous and vicious as the *Greeks* were, yet they accounted this a most infamous Passion. And there seems to have been a peculiar Act of Justice in the Punishment of *Sappho*, who killed herself at last for the Love of a Man. (King 110n)

(6) Edward Burnaby Greene, “Observations on the Life, and Writings of Sappho” (1768)

※ 投身自殺、男性的

*Horace* gives *Sappho* the title of *mascula*, which Mad. *Dacier* has injudiciously apply'd to the extravagant Lover's Leap, which occasioned her death. *Porphyrius* has more ingeniously attributed it to the manly elegance of her numbers. (Greene 136n)

In short, the violence of her chagrin plung'd her into despair, and she put an end to her passion, with her life.

But as it was inconsistent, that a personage of *Sappho's* eminence should peaceably dispatch herself by the noose, or the river, she ascended the top of the *Leucadian* Promontory; and after having offered her last vows at the temple of *Apollo*, erected on the spot (for prayer has been very usually employed to consecrate the greatest enormities) she threw herself into the sea. By such a leap from this traditionary precipice lovers fondly expected to extinguish the flame of *Cupid*, and at the same time preserve the lamp of life. But they always went out together. (Greene 133-34)

(7) Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Werter and Charlotte* (1786)

※繊細な感受性故の自殺擁護

Religion had made a deep impression in the bosom of WERTER; but perfection is not the lot of humanity. Nature had infused too strong a proportion of passion in his compassion: his feelings, like those of our CHATERTON, were too fine to support the load of accumulated distress; and like him, his diapason closed in death. (Goethe iii)

(8) Charles Moore, *A Full Enquiry into the Subject of Suicide* (1790)

※制御できない情欲による自殺批判

But whilst a Werter was thus wasting his precious time, and burying his talents in rust and obscurity, a Chatterton was moving with much toil and industry in the proper sphere of his uncommon genius. Whilst a Werter was voluntarily giving way to the excess of one outrageous evil, a Chatterton was as involuntarily and unavoidably sinking under a truly complicated load of real distress; such as chagrin and disappointment, penury and rags, cold and hunger. The lawless pursuit of the one plunged him at length into despair and suicide; while the other goaded by a keen and tremulous sensibility, hastily and rashly spurned an existence in that world, which seemed to treat himself and his genius with neglect and ingratitude. We pity the youth of Chatterton, and grieve to think, that the world was deprived of so extraordinary a character at such an early period; who would have employed his astonishing powers in literary productions, which would probably have been the admiration of ages. But what had the world to admire in the character or behavior of Werter? or what had it to lose by his death? He not only lived to no useful purpose, but lived to distress a family of love and innocence; and he died a voluntary victim of an ungoverned passion: leaving behind him a set of insinuating and pernicious letters for the perusal of posterity. How then is the public interested in his life or death; or why should it so warmly compassionate his perturbed sorrows? (Moore 2: 142-43)

(9) Jean-Jacques Barthélemy, *Travels of Anacharsis the Younger in Greece* (1790-91)

※極度の感受性による自殺

“... The sensibility of Sappho was extreme.” “She was then exceedingly unhappy,” said I. “Undoubtedly she was,” replied he. “She loved Phaon, who forsook her. After various attempts to bring him back, despairing henceforward of happiness either with him or without him, she took the leap of Leucata, and perished in the waves. [...]”

Several of the Grecian women have cultivated poetry with success, but none have hitherto attained to the excellence of Sappho, and among the other poets there are few indeed who have surpassed her. . . .” (Barthélemy 2: 64, 65)

(10) Mary Robinson, *Sappho and Phaon* (1796)

※愛からの決別、詩人として蘇生するための自殺

Sonnet XLII. Her last Appeal to Phaon.

Oh! can'st thou bear to see this faded frame,  
Deform'd and mangled by the rocky deep?  
Wilt thou remember, and forbear to weep,  
My fatal fondness, and my peerless fame?  
Soon o'er this heart, now warm with passion's flame,  
The howling winds and foamy waves shall sweep;  
Those eyes be ever clos'd in death'd cold sleep,  
And all of Sappho perish, but her name!  
Yet, if the Fates suspend their barb'rous ire,  
If days less mournful, Heav'n desings for me!  
It rocks grow kind, and winds and waves conspire,  
To bear me softly on the swelling sea;  
To Phoebus only will I tune my Lyre,  
“What suits with Sappho, Phoebus suits with thee!”

Sonnet XLIII. Her Reflections on the Leucadian Rock before she perishes.

While from the dizzy precipice I gaze,  
The world receding from my pensive eyes,  
High o'er my head the tyrant eagle flies,  
Cloth'd in the sinking sun's transcendent blaze!

The meek-ey'd moon, 'midst clouds of amber plays  
 As o'er the purpling plains of light she hies,  
 Till the last stream of living lustre dies,  
 And the cool concave owns her temper'd rays!  
 So shall this glowing, palpitating soul,  
 Welcome returning Reason's placid beam,  
 While o'er my breast the waves Lethean roll,  
 To calm rebellious Fancy's fev'rish dream;  
Then shall my Lyre disdain love's dread control,  
And loftier passions, prompt the loftier theme!

(11) Mason, *Sappho: A Lyrical Drama in Three Acts* (1797)

This off'ring made, my faithful virgin train,  
 Take ye my last adieu, and from my fate  
Learn to distrust false man, if not to hate.

*[She ascends the rock.*

Tremendous Rock! I mount thee now;  
 And now I reach thy dreadful brow.  
 O giddy brain support the sight!  
 See, how the surge, as black as night,  
 Rolls horribly below!  
 It rolls—sad solace to despair.  
 It's awful murmurs strike my ear.  
 I faint—I tremble—Powers on high,  
 Ah! hasten from your sky:  
 Catch from perdition this devoted head.  
 Does Zephyr sleep? will Cupid bring  
 No soft, no tutelary wing  
 To waft me to my watry bed?  
 Hear, God of Love, 'tis SAPPHO calls!  
 Dread Deity! 'tis SAPPHO falls.  
*[She throws herself from the rock; a clap of thunder is heard, and a swan is seen rising from the sea, and ascending to the clouds.*

*Concluding CHORUS, with both Orchestras.*

PRIESTS of APOLLO, HYMEN, AGENOR, &C.

Great Jove himself arrests her fate!  
 Hail, prodigy divine!  
She soars a swan in plumy state;  
 To Jove she soars, to claim  
 In Heav'n a residence divine,  
 On Earth immortal fame. (Mason 3. 7)

(12) Robert Southey, "Sappho" (1797)

※見せつけの自殺

Tremendous height!  
 Scarce to the brink will these rebellious limbs

Support me. Hark! How the rude deep below  
 Roars round the rugged base, as if it called  
 Its long-reluctant victim! I will come.  
 One leap, and all is over! The deep rest  
 Of Death, or tranquil Apathy's dead calm  
 Welcome alike to me. Away vain fears!  
Phaon is cold, and why should Sappho live  
Phaon is cold, or with some fairer one—  
Though worse than death!

*She throws herself from the precipice.* (lines 57-67)

★飛ぶのは怖い

(12) Alessandro Verri, *Le Avventure di Saffo/ The Adventures of Sappho* (1789)

※女性的な臆病、愛による殺人

I offer myself spontaneously to punishment. But if it be decreed that these waters shall be my grace, grant at least, that my death may draw from that bosom, pitiless as is this rock, one tender sigh: or if, as I implore, I shall return to this shore, cured of my delirium, never shall another insidious flame enter into my undeceived heart, but I will dedicate myself to the worship of the chaste Diana, in hopes of enjoying in the sacred silence of the Temple, joys more tranquil than in the fallacious pleasures of love. O Thetis, receive her who throws herself into thy lap. She said, running towards the extremity of the rock determined to throw herself off, but when she came to see the frightful depth, she involuntarily stopped. (...) But perhaps the timidity natural to the sex might have overcome in her mind the impulse of religion, had not Venus, implacable persecutress, tormenting her with her invisible presence, drawn from out her flaxen tresses a golden pin, and therewith at that moment pricked the heart of the miserable girl, enjoying with a malign smile her phrenzy: and therefore the weeping girl, agitated by that irritating stimulative, like a heifer goaded by the sting of the bee, turned her back to the sea, threw her cloak over her head, shut her eyes, and sighing, threw herself backwards off, topsy-turvy. (Verri 2: 321, 323)

(13) Étienne-François de Lantier, *The Travels of Antenor in Greece and Asia* (1799)

※崇高的光景

Thrice did she advance to the edge of the promontory, and thrice, with involuntary terror, drew back from the fatal abyss. At length the priests having exhorted and encouraged her, she returned again to the edge of the precipice. With sympathetic horror we beheld her raising her hands and eyes to heaven, and advancing with rapid step to the edge of the rock, whence she threw herself into the dreadful abyss. In mid air she rolled over, and falling into the gulf below, instantly disappeared. The clamor and terrors of the spectators now found vent, and the swimmers plunged into the sea in search of her. They soon found her, and brought her to the shore, where they extended her on the beach, cold and inanimate as marble. (Lantier 1: 262)

★サッポーの最期のうた

(14) L. E. L. (Letitia Elizabeth Landon), "Sappho" (1822)

She leant upon her harp, and thousands looked  
On her in love and wonder—thousands knelt  
And worshipp'd in her presence—burning tears,  
 And words that died in utterance, and a pause  
 Of breathless, agitated eagerness,  
 First gave the full heart's homage: then came forth  
 A shout that rose to heaven, and the hills,  
 The distant valleys, all rang with the name  
 of the Æolian SAPPHO—every heart  
 Found in itself some echo to her song.

[...]

Love was to her a vision—it was now  
Heightened into devotion...But a soul  
So gifted and so passionate as her's  
Will seek companionship in vain, and find  
Its feelings solitary.... PHAON SOON  
Forget the fondness of his Lesbian maid;  
And SAPPHO knew that talents, riches, fame,  
May not soothe slighted love, ---  
---There is a dark rock looks on the blue sea;  
'Twas there love's last song echoed—there She sleeps,  
Whose lyre was crowned with laurel, and whose name  
Will be remembered long as Love or Song  
Are sacred—the devoted SAPPHO! (lines 1-10, 67-77)

(15) L.E. L., "Sappho's Song"

Farewell, my lute!--and would that I  
Had never waked thy burning chords!  
Poison has been upon thy sigh,  
And fever has breathed in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame  
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute?  
I should have been the wretch I am,  
Had every chord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,  
Not my sweet lute that wrought me wrong;  
It was not song that taught me love,  
But it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,  
And pulse, and head, and heart, are flame;  
It is thy work, thou faithless one!  
But, no!--I will not name thy name!

Sun-god! lute, wreath are vowed to thee!  
Long be their light upon my grave--  
My glorious grave--yon deep blue sea:  
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave! (The Improvisatrice [5th ed., 1825,] 10-11)

(16) Felicia Hemans, "The Last Song of Sappho" (1831, 1834)

[Suggested by a beautiful sketch, the design of the younger Westmacott. It represents Sappho sitting on a rock above the sea, with her lyre cast at her feet. There is a desolate grace about the whole figure, which seems penetrated with the feeling of utter abandonment.]

SOUND on, thou dark unslumbering sea!  
My dirge is in thy moan;  
My spirit finds response in thee,

To its own ceaseless cry—'Alone, alone !'

Yet send me back one other word,  
Ye tones that never cease !  
Oh ! let your secret caves be stirr'd,  
And say, dark waters! will ye give me *peace*?

Away! my weary soul hath sought  
In vain one echoing sigh,  
One answer to consuming thought  
In human hearts—and will the *wave* reply ?

Sound on, thou dark, unslumbering sea!  
Sound in thy scorn and pride !  
I ask not, alien world, from thee,  
What my own kindred earth hath still denied.

And yet I loved that earth so well,  
With all its lovely things!  
—Was it for this the death-wind fell  
On my rich lyre, and quench'd its living strings?

—Let them lie silent at my feet !  
Since broken even as they,  
The heart whose music made them sweet,  
Hath pour'd on desert-sands its wealth away.

Yet glory's light hath touch'd my name,  
The laurel-wreath is mine—  
—With a lone heart, a weary frame—  
O restless deep ! I come to make them thine !

Give to that crown, that burning crown,  
Place in thy darkest hold!  
Bury my anguish, my renown.  
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold.

Thou sea-bird on the billow's crest,  
*Thou* hast thy love, thy home;  
They wait thee in the quiet nest,  
And I, the unsought, unwatch'd—for—I too come!

I, with this winged nature fraught,  
These visions wildly free,  
This boundless love, this fiery thought—  
*Alone* I come—oh ! give me peace, dark sea!

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