Virgil and English Poetry : Some Thoughts on Affinities

Milton – this is probably the best way to begin – is *not* one of the English poets who manifest a significant affinity with Virgil. That Milton knew Virgil's works intimately hardly needs saying; the strong Virgilian influence is there throughout his work to attest it. In particular, *Paradise Lost* (Milton's masterpiece) was influenced by the *Aeneid* (Virgil's masterpiece?) both pervasively and profoundly. But such influence is not in itself a mark of affinity. The influence of the two Homeric epics on the *Aeneid* is comparable with the influence of the *Aeneid* on *Paradise Lost,* but no-one has ever plausibly suggested any real affinity between Virgil and Homer.

There is one central Miltonic characteristic which is conclusively alien to Virgil, the one conveniently suggested by this biographical comment of Johnson's in his *Life of Milton:*

> 'Milton, who appears to have had full conviction of the truth of Christianity and to have regarded the Holy Scriptures with the profoundest veneration, to have been untainted by an heretical peculiarity of opinion and to have lived in a confirmed belief of the immediate and occasional agency of Providence, yet grew old without any visible worship. In the distribution of his hours, there was no hour of prayer, either solitary or with his household.' [1]

In *Dover Beach* Matthew Arnold voiced the following well-known apostrophe:

> Ah, love, let us be true
> To one another! for the world, which seems
> To lie before us like a land of dreams,
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude....

Certitude: whoever else may or may not have had that, Milton had it. Not simply belief, but self-sufficient certitude on the grand scale: he hadn't any need for 'visible worship'. The certitude required even to *attempt* his greatest literary task was considerable: an epic of the Fall that must conform to, but also activate, a coherent and complex theology and thereby 'justify the ways of God to men' – a task incompatible with any fundamental doubt such as (to anticipate the argument) a writer with Virgil's sensibility had to cope with in his *Aeneid.*

I began by dissociating Virgil and Milton for the obvious reason that these two have often been bracketed in the past. There exists at least one book featuring both names in its title – and with some reason, even apart from Milton's specific debt to Virgil: *Paradise Lost* and the *Aeneid* are not only major works one of which heavily influenced the other; they are both epics.

All criticism and all characterization of literature requires comparison, though comparison is and must be frequently left implicit. 'This is a rather Romantic piece' is a characterization that presupposes comparison with unspecified but specifiable works, so-called

Romantic works, which would evidence the features or qualities in question. *Paradise Lost* and the *Aeneid* belong, as we say, to the same literary genre, epic; that is, to say that the *Aeneid* is an epic presupposes the feasibility of comparing it with Milton; but it also, effectively, presupposes the desirability and even the inevitability of such a comparison.

Comparisons, implicit or explicit, will be more or less new and their suggestiveness will be in some degree proportionate to their novelty, an idea we are familiar with in the case of the implicit comparisons that we call metaphors. These, as we say, can get tired and worn, may need reviving or replacing. The same is probably true of the habitual comparison by genres. I suggest that it may be more profitable – at least for once – to compare Virgil not with Milton and whoever else specifically wrote in the Virgilian genres, but with those poets who, whatever their genres, show an affinity with him; where by affinity, as will be apparent already, I mean something to do with matters of poetic sensibility.

I want now to consider in turn three extracts, one Virgilian, two by English poets, deferring for the moment the question of the interrelation of these passages. The first of them is that much-admired passage from the Eighth Eclogue in which the jilted lover summons up the circumstances of a first meeting in late childhood (or early adolescence). Boy meets girl in the garden, picking apples:

> saepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala
> (dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem.
> alter ab undecimo tum me iam acceperat annus,
> iam fragilis poteram a terra contingere ramos.
> (Ecls.8.37-40)

The piece is based on Theocritus, an innocuous piece of Theocritus (11.25-27). The relevant points of interest, it's fair to say, are pure Virgil. The wistful pathetic quality is most obvious, stemming from an idealized notion of love associated in its simplicity with the simplicity of childhood: Theocritus left the ages quite unspecified, Virgil locates them with *parvam* and *alter ab undecimo.* One other relevant characteristic: the situation is evoked with remarkable immediacy, with a particular sensuous immediacy in *iam fragilis ... ramos,* the sound pattern with its recurring 'r' and contrasting stops playing a part in the almost tactile effect *(contingere).* Yet all this vivid situation is evoked out of nothing: *saepibus* begins a self-contained stanza (so to speak); a scene, a situation is conjured up suddenly and in fact disappears as suddenly.

The second piece is the opening lines of Keats' fragmentary revised *Hyperion,* the so-called *Fall of Hyperion,* mature Keats – written at the age of twenty-four in 1819. The immediate and intense concern of the passage is fully representative of its author: a concern with transience; with death, if you like, but not with death as a cause of suffering, but a cause of impermanence.

> Fanatics have their dreams, wherewith they weave
> A paradise for a sect; the savage, too,
> From forth the loftiest fashion of his sleep
> Guesses at heaven; pity these have not

Traced upon vellum or wild Indian leaf
The shadows of melodious utterance,
But bare of laurel they live, dream and die.

'Bare of laurel', magnificent pun: no leaf to write on, no victory over the grave. Two possible paths to that victory, two modes of salvation, are in question: salvation via perpetuation, especially the word of poetry, the word that preserves and commemorates, this being the mode of salvation that Keats here endorses; and opposed to it, salvation via religion, metaphysical conviction, here damagingly dismissed: 'fanatics', 'dreams', 'sect'. As this passage serves to suggest, Keats could hardly be called a 'believer' in any orthodox sense, but the impressive intensity of his dismissal indicates his involvement in the whole issue of belief.

The next extract belongs to a fairly early poem by a former President of this Society, T.S. Eliot: *Preludes,* of which this is the fourth and last piece. It falls into three sections: an unappealing urban scene, giving way to a snatch of almost disembodied ('lyrical') yearning, giving way in its turn to a violent cynical deflation.

His soul stretched tight across the skies
That fade behind a city block,
Or trampled by insistent feet
At four and five and six o'clock;
And short square fingers stuffing pipes,
And evening newspapers and eyes
Assured of certain certainties,
The conscience of a blackened street
Impatient to assume the world.

I am moved by fancies that are curled
Around these images, and cling:
The notion of some infinitely gentle
Infinitely suffering thing.

Wipe your hand across your mouth and laugh;
The worlds revolve like ancient women
Gathering fuel in vacant lots.

The tonal contrast between the lyricism and what follows is powerful and witty, albeit exaggerated. It amounts, in any case, to a virtual paradox, that two so alien focuses of thought as the Infinite – the rather idealized Infinite – and the hand-wiping could coexist in any world that could be called meaningful. And this is the point, made duly explicit at the end: *vacant* lots, a meaningless ritual whose futility is palpable to everyone but those caught up in it, the 'eyes assured of certain certainties'.

These three passages were written, as it happens, at roughly comparable ages. The revised *Hyperion* was, as I mentioned, written when Keats was twenty-four, a year before his death. The *Preludes* are early Eliot, about the same age. The *Eclogues* were produced when Virgil was about thirty.

occasions present themselves. Why is Virgil so interested in him? Not for *who* he is, but plainly for *what* he is: his situation, young and vulnerable, and above all, and more profoundly, his symbolic significance as ancestor of Augustus and Aeneas' faintly precarious future. Virgil's interest is invested primarily in things and the 'things' in question include, besides 'situations', these large symbols and, inevitably, the moral abstractions associated with them that figure so prominently in the *Aeneid* – *pietas,* destiny *et alia* In *Aeneid IV,* while Aeneas is still at Carthage in love with Dido (*magno labefactus amore,* as Virgil later tells us), Mercury comes down with orders to get him moving; the god's speech takes eleven lines. Aeneas is struck dumb, terrified, in anguish – and prepares to obey. The description of this reaction and this agonized decision, the volte-face, is given in fifteen lines. The lines are magnificent lines, but fifteen is fifteen; there are certain matters that need a more patient exploration. To anyone reflecting on the brevity of this passage it should be apparent that Virgil is decisively more interested in Aeneas as the possessor of the well-known symbolic significance (*pius Aeneas* entails Rome) and in Dido as the complementary symbolic obstacle than he is in either of them singly as people; apparent, for the particular reason that by his brevity he effectively evades the matter that would exercise either of *them* most as people – their relationship. He is, obviously, involved with Dido in the outcome, but that means Dido in her melancholy, *isolated* state rather than Dido in her relationship. In fact, a detailed analysis of the whole Dido-Aeneas episode would show that their relationship hardly exists as a force in its own right (unlike *pietas* or destiny). They might as well be in love, separately, with two other people of the same names who never actually materialize: two people and one relationship makes three, but only two – or less – in Virgil.[3]

The place of these considerations in the overall scheme can best be indicated gradually, the first thing being to pursue them through the composite poet's other two guises. With Keats, even more than with Virgil, one could call the characters anonymous and the situations vivid. *The Eve of St Agnes,* that remarkable narrative poem from the annus mirabilis, 1819, has a simple but characteristically evocative beginning:

> St Agnes' Eve – Ah, bitter chill it was!
> The Owl, for all his feathers, was a–cold;
> The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass ....

The immediacy here is in fact closely related to the simplicity, being dependent on the informality of the implicit antithesis – unstructured and unforced. 'The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.' As Hunt commented, 'could he have selected an image more warm and comfortable in itself and therefore better contradicted by the season?' The opening is one of the memorable moments of the poem; the two characters, Porphyro and Madeline, two lovers, provide others without being themselves memorable (we find no unforced presentation of *them*); and the same goes for Keats' narrative pieces in general, which means the bulk of his poetry. (One too easily forgets that most of Keats is narrative: *Endymion, Lamia, Hyperion* and so on.) In 1819 at the height of his powers and with intense aspiration, he worked at two dramas, *Otho the*

Great and *King Stephen;* hardly with equivalent success. Drama, like narrative, deals with people, which is not where his strengths lie.

Keats, like Virgil, is fluent in the language of sensuousness: immediate, evocative; evocative of situations and things; experience of the world, or certain aspects of it, made to rebound back out of the verse. The Keatsian sensuousness is often languorous, insound and effect:

> Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards
> And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.
>
> *(To Sleep)*
>
> It is as if the rose should pluck herself
> Or the ripe plum finger its misty bloom
>
> ('How fevered is the man ....')

but at his best languor makes way for a robust voluptuousness – as in an inimitable line and a half near the end of *Otho*,

> old Aetna's pulpy wine-presses
> Black stained with the fat vintage –

and in general a greater firmness, exemplified in the classic lines from *To Autumn*:

> To fill all fruit with ripeness to the core,
> To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
> With a sweet kernel ......

The strength of his sensuousness is apparent from its overwhelming force when he holds it back and springs it:

> But when the melancholy fit shall fall
> Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud
> That fosters the droop-headed flowers, all,
> And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
> Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose ......
>
> *(Ode on Melancholy)*

An otherwise more nominal feeling becomes intensely present with the concrete sound and sense of 'glut'.

To revert briefly to Virgil at this point, with him – as with Keats – sensuousness is sparked off by a great variety of occasions, but, as also with Keats, one kind of occasion seems peculiarly operative – the countryside, specifically the satisfying rural

richness and density:

To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells ......

In Virgil this rich density is often evoked through the long spondee in its association with appropriate rhythmic and sound patterns (the fourth foot spondee with rhythmic coincidence predominates):

sunt *nobis* mitia poma,
castaneae molles et *pressi* copia lactis (Ecl.1.80-81)

Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba (Ecl.7.45)

hinc omnis largo pubescit vinea fetu (Georg.2.390)

and the bees

cum gentis adultos

educunt fetus aut cum liquentia mella
stipant et dulci distendunt nectare cellas. (Aen.1.431-3)

Nature elicits his powers of apprehension and communication in a way that a human relationship can't.

Eliot's sensuous gift is less acclaimed but no less real. It's there in the unusually visual grasp of his imagery:

The worlds revolve like ancient women
Gathering fuel in vacant lots. *(Preludes)*

The river's tent is broken; the last fingers of leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. *(The Waste Land)*

There in his highly individual and unnerving domestic silhouettes:

Madame de Tornquist, in the dark room
Shifting the candles; Fraulein von Kulp
Who turned in the hall, one hand on the door. *(Gerontion)*

There in whole scenes and even whole poems built of single scenes, notably *Portrait of a Lady,* where two literally anonymous characters of opposite sexes convey their – very separate – situations. And superlatively there in the shape of rhythmic enactment communicating the incommunicable religious reality, the mechanism being contrast between a kind of slow Ionic after running iambics:

We move above the moving tree
In light upon the figured leaf
And hear upon the sodden floor
Below, the boarhound and the boar
Pursue their pattern as before
But reconciled among the stars.

At the still point of the turning world. .... *(Burnt Norton)*

It's significant, at least symbolically, that Dryden and others have felt drawn to call the *Georgics* Virgil's best poem: the staple of that poem is things, ideals (such as *labor* and the blessings of *labor*), nature and the closely rendered situations of nature:

tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce
et sola in sicca secum spatiatur harena. (Georg.1.388–9)

In the same way the few great odes of Keats are widely granted a special status within his total output: the odes that unlike the dramatic and narrative works contain no people. With Eliot the case is more complicated. His verse could be said to fall broadly into three main groups: first the earlier works, up to and probably including *Ash Wednesday,* written in 1930, the piece which decisively marks his conversion to Christianity; then the overtly religious and much admired *Four Quartets* (1935–1942); and finally the plays, *Murder in the Cathedral* in 1935, *The Family Reunion* in 1939 and the post-war comedies. Of these groups the first consists pre-eminently of what one critic[5] rightly called 'dramatic monologues', as *The Hollow Men, Gerontion, Prufrock, The Waste Land; Four Quartets* is apparently in propria persona, if in any, throughout; and the plays are – plays. The point of that tautology is that Eliot's plays, like Keats', don't demand any close attention here: with immediacy in mind again, one could fairly say that their immediacy varies inversely to their presentation of specifically human interactivity; the most immediacy, that is, is found, along with the greatest intensity, in the religiocentric deliberations (dramatized soliloquies and choral lyrics) of *Murder in the Cathedral. Four Quartets* obviously, for the immediate purpose, belongs with *Murder,* except that no question of 'human interactivity' arises at all, even formally, in its case. As for the early poems, with their tendency towards the 'dramatic monologue', *Gerontion* can serve as the representative instance. This is a poem with a speaker and a setting, both of them lightly indicated at the beginning:

Here I am, an old man in a dry month,
Being read to by a boy, waiting for rain.

Such lines are evocative and seem to rest on solid foundations, but the foundations are an ingenious illusion. The poem turns out to be essentially meditative, and not a meditation that tells us much about the old man (who does the meditating), except inasmuch as the old man is a symbol for an atrophying civilization; the meditation is about that. The old man is therefore less a person than a technical device. Eliot's successes, here as elsewhere, are not associated with the dramatic realization of people.

The peculiar limitations of the characters in the *Aeneid* stem directly from Virgil's sensibility. This is worth stressing. It isn't that Virgil wasn't really trying – an idea that might do for the people in the *Eclogues,* who obviously aren't the focus for much energy on his part but, like Eliot's 'old man', are simply adequate for their purpose; one couldn't say it of the *Aeneid,* where the creation and elaboration of the main figures clearly required a concentrated and prolonged effort. Again, the limitations can't be ascribed to any intransigence inherent in the epic medium as such, witness Homer; nor to the demands seemingly imposed by the imperial commission, which could, after all, have been discharged quite differently. As to the last point, no-one, I take it, would care to say explicitly that the characters in any epic involving the specific Augustan ideals would have had to come out exactly as Virgil's did, but formulations that might (more insidiously) *imply* something of the kind certainly exist: as perhaps with Sellar's suggestion that whereas with Homer 'the germ of the poems is the story ... [and] human action and character..., the germ of the *Aeneid...* is to be sought in the national idea and sentiment, in the imperial position of Rome, in her marvellous destiny and in its culmination in the Augustan Age. ... The real keynote of the poem is not the *arma virumque* with which it opens but the *tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem* with which the exordium closes. ... This is the main cause of the comparative tameness of the *Aeneid* in point of human interest.'[6] I must come back to Sellar's formulation later; for the time being we can more usefully start again from its basic, unassailable element. Virgil has written an epic *with* people, but not *about* people: true; and unlike Homer; and so (let us say) *contrary* to the 'natural' tendencies of the epic medium. And where, let us ask, does that leave the people – is there, for instance, any genre to which they would, as they stand, more 'naturally' belong? My earlier remarks about generic classifications notwithstanding, the question could repay examination, but only, no doubt, a long and thorough examination which would in effect be providing the material for a new (ad hoc) classification, but would inevitably be outside my present scope. In passing, a comparison made by Pöschl is worth recording: Virgil, he suggests, often makes one think of opera, a pointed comparison (and not just for Dido and Aeneas) with its suggestion of declamatory and highly coloured performance – the characters certainly aren't colour*less,* as critics often imply.[7] But take another and a more profitable question: to which genre would Virgil's characters, as they stand, *least* naturally belong? The answer is surely the novel. 'The Bible ... and Homer and Shakespeare: these are the supreme old novels.' That was D.H. Lawrence and his point is worth taking. One can see why Homer is on the list and also why Virgil – and our composite poet in general – could never be. 'The novel is the book of life', says Lawrence, 'the wholeness of a man, the wholeness of a woman, man alive and live woman.'[8] The novel, pre-eminently, centres on human life, its interactions and its possibilities of movement. The *Aeneid's* chief candidate for movement is destiny, as vested in Aeneas, and where there might have been interaction between him and, say, Dido, there is, instead, the painful removal of an obstacle from destiny's path.

The question whether or not to write a novel didn't arise for Virgil; the novel wasn't yet a going concern. It was precisely that in Keats' time and by Eliot's time it had become the dominant literary form. Eliot and Keats wisely chose to avoid the new

form and in fact neither evinces any great interest in it. This is demonstrably so with Eliot and it's at this point in the argument that matters peculiarly demonstrable in his case take on a decisive significance. It's also at this point, I may say, that the relevant differences between the three poets begin to appear (at first seemingly setting Keats furthest apart), but it's still Eliot who provides a convenient approach. 'I confess that personally I take so little interest in novels that I am inclined to deplore your devoting so much time to prose', he wrote to an acquaintance in the 1930's, and a few years earlier to another: 'I feel quite incompetent to judge novels and I confess a complete ignorance of human psychology.' The implications here are evident and unwelcome. 'At Naples', Donatus tells us, 'Virgil was commonly called Parthenias (Virginia). ... He spent most of his time in Campania or Sicily, where he could get away from people.' 'Eliot's poetry', says Dr. Leavis with characteristically unapologetic directness, 'hasn't a rich human experience behind it. It reveals, rather, a restriction; it comes, indeed, out of a decided poverty.'[9]

The relation between poetry and biography (or psychography) is always a delicate matter, whatever the issues, but the present case leaves little room for doubt. Eliot's 'poverty' underlies his inability to give a full realization of character; it further manifests itself in an unsatisfying *attitude* towards human relationships in general, and especially the man-woman relation; and within that particular relation it shows up most conspicuously as an unexplained – and thus artistically unwarranted – distaste for physicality. My suggestion (as the flirtatious dropping in of Donatus' Parthenias anecdote was meant to indicate) is that in these matters no less than in others Virgil presents a comparable picture, as indeed, up to a point, Eliot himself can tell us. In a talk he once gave on 'Virgil and the Christian World', he discussed some relevant points and in so doing revealed, as he was bound to, something of his own disposition. 'The term which one can justifiably regret the lack of in Virgil is *amor*. It is, above all others, the key word for Dante. I do not mean that Virgil never uses it. *Amor* recurs in the *Eclogues (amor vincit omnia)*. But the loves of the shepherds represent hardly more than a poetic convention. The use of the word *amor* in the *Eclogues* is not illuminated by meanings of the word in the *Aeneid* in the way in which, for example, we return to Paolo and Francesca with greater understanding of their passion after we have been through the circles of love in the *Paradiso*. Certainly, the love of Aeneas and Dido has great tragic force. There is tenderness and pathos enough in the *Aeneid*. But Love is never given, to my mind, the same significance as a principle of order in the human soul, in society and in the universe that *pietas* is given; and it is not Love that causes *fatum* or moves the sun and the stars. Even for intensity of physical passion, Virgil is more tepid than some other Latin poets, and far below the rank of Catullus.' It's pleasing to find Eliot speaking up for Catullus, but this shouldn't distract us from the remarkable emphasis he uses. 'Even for intensity of physical passion': the terms of this faintly condescending afterthought ('even') indicate a total separation between 'physical passion' and *amor* proper, including *amor* as 'a principle of order in the human soul'. He continues: 'Virgil was, among all authors of classical antiquity, one for whom the world made sense, for whom it had order and dignity and for whom, as for no-one before him except the Hebrew prophets, history had meaning.' But, he concludes, Virgil was still denied the ultimate Christian, and specifically Dantean, vision represented by a conception of *amor* as the universal 'principle of order'.[10]

'The general truth about him', says Dr. Leavis of Eliot, 'is that he can contemplate the relations between men and women only with revulsion or distaste – unless with the aid of Dante.'[11] To be respectable, then, such *amor* must be transcended in the Platonic-Dantean way (but it was Dante who had a positive influence) or at the very least contemplated – idealized – from a distance at which the reality of the precise context becomes more restfully elusive:

> 'You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
> They called me the hyacinth girl.'
> – Yet when we came back, late, from the hyacinth garden,
> Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
> Speak... . *(The Waste Land)*

What happens at close range is exemplified in *East Coker* –

> The time of milking and the time of harvest
> The time of the coupling of man and woman
> And that of beasts. Feet rising and falling.
> Eating and drinking. Dung and death.

with a striking immediacy, despite all else. But such revulsion tends to exclude, rather than transcend; expressing itself in obsessive stereotypes, it creates a new kind of distance. When, for instance, Eliot thinks of the female as a physically operative being, he thinks of the being's smell: 'female smells in shuttered rooms' *(Rhapsody on a Windy Night)*, the 'rank' and 'feline' smell of Grishkin *(Whispers of Immortality)*; and this from one of the early drafts of *The Waste Lane*, recently published by the author's widow:[12]

> This ended, to the steaming bath she moves,
> Her tresses fanned by little flutt'ring doves;
> Odours, confected by the artful French,
> Disguise the good old hearty female stench.

So habitual is this association that it can colour even a rare positive expression. A late poem called *A Dedication to my Wife* contains the lines

> And the rhythm that governs the repose of our sleeping-time,
> The breathing in unison
> Of lovers whose bodies smell of each other...

which reads like a painfully ill-judged attempt to make amends, the obvious sincerity only making it worse.

In Virgil's attitude to 'men and women', the affinity with Eliot is apparent, as it was in the ultimately related deficiency in character-realization. This isn't to say that Virgil's attitude is identical. The same fundamental unease is certainly visible, but, in Virgil's case, as the key to a more complex variety. This variety, let me say, isn't simply a reflection of diverse Roman attitudes, if only because two of the most distinctive Roman attitudes

hardly figure in Virgil: the two that might for convenience be called the Terentian, which consists of a more or less indulgent indifference to a trivial aberration, and the Catullan, which, as well as catering for the 'intensity of physical passion', also, as Quinn pointed out, recognises the possibility of love 'giving a new meaning to life'.[13] Which attitudes, then, *do* figure in Virgil? To start with, of course, we have the 'poetic conventions' in the *Eclogues;* and then the violent Lucretian denunciation of *amor* as *furor* and *furiae* in *Georgic* III, a 'Roman' posture which Virgil adopts without any sign of discomfort:

> omne adeo genus in terris hominumque ferarumque
> et genus aequoreum, pecudes pictaeque volucres,
> in furias ignemque ruunt: amor omnibus idem. (Georg.3.242–4)

We have, similarly, what love does to Dido: it makes *laetissima Dido,* a serene figure, into a wild, hysterical, suicidal Dido. But love is also, as Eliot might have remembered, what Aeneas' mother Venus is goddess of; and love is what she uses in the allegory in *Aeneid* VIII to soften the god of fire into forging the arms that, by Aeneas' victory, make Rome possible. Which means that inasmuch as Rome 'is' destiny, *fatum,* love *does* in a sense 'cause fatum'. But love in this sense undeniably transcends, or rather excludes, the human relationship: gods, Virgil's gods, are not people. The 'love' that we see in operation here exemplifies, in fact, a transference of *amor* from the human to the extra-human plane of ideals, the same transference that Virgil epitomizes so memorably in his 'hic amor, haec patria est' (Aen.4.347); and *patria,* needless to say, excludes the *amor* of human relationship. Aeneas will have Lavinia, but Lavinia means nothing in terms of relationship. Dido is the human relationship, if there was to be any, and Dido is excluded.

But *amor* is also idealized in Virgil, as in Eliot, and on such terms a relationship is not excluded. Orpheus and Eurydice, for instance:

> te, dulcis coniunx, te solo in litore secum,
> te veniente die, te decedente canebat. (Georg.4.465–6)

The orchard scene in Eclogue VIII naturally belongs here, and its association of *amor* with childhood has its own special significance, evoking, as it does, a simpler and less painful world of relationships (compare in passing the reassuring simplicities of the countryside). One recalls how the idealized image of sacrificial youth obsesses Virgil: Pallas, Nisus and Euryalus, Lausus, Camilla, and of course Marcellus – not childhood here in every case, but something sufficiently close to it; and the 'precarious' Ascanius could almost be added to the list. It comes as no surprise that the word *puer* should figure again and again in a stereotyped idealizing context – melodious apostrophe with a strongly charged pathos:

> o formose puer, nimium ne crede colori... (Ecl.2.17)
> dum te, care puer, mea sola et sera voluptas... (Aen.8.581)
> quid tibi nunc, miserande puer, pro laudibus istis... (Aen.10.825)
> tene (inquit), miserande puer... (Aen.11.42)[14]

and most revealingly of all, from the Second Eclogue,

> huc ades, o formose puer: tibi lilia plenis
> ecce ferunt Nymphae calathis... (Ecl.2.45–6)

beside the Marcellus passage from the *Aeneid,*

> heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
> tu Marcellus eris. manibus date lilia plenis... (Aen.6.882–3)

Marcellus' situation is highly evocative, but Marcellus belongs painfully to real life; an unusual delicacy of treatment is required. That Virgil should find in the predominantly synthetic and idealized *Eclogue* world the natural expression for such an occasion says a good deal. Idealization is what he falls back on in this crisis, idealization and pathos.[15] And here, as in the 'puer' passages in general, the apostrophized word seems to carry its pathos as if by some natural law – but the 'nature' in question is Virgil's own, intermittently unbalanced by a private melancholia and devoting itself to doomed youth with the same poignant excess as it does elsewhere to the plight of Dido at the expense of her notional relationship with Aeneas.

Keats presents a kind of contrast. His portrayal of people is no happier and he has his related weakness regarding relationships, but the weakness is a different one: the one suggested by the famous cry from a letter of 1817, 'O for a life of Sensations rather than of Thoughts' and the injunction to 'gorge the honey of life' a year later – an over-indulgent relish in the senses.[16] In the context of relationships one finds this leading to over-sensuality and specifically a Gothic-erotic hysteria with more than a touch of cruelty. The heroines of *La Belle Dame sans Merci* (the femme fatale) and *Lamia* (the woman-demon) show one facet; another is shown by the curious instinct that led him to conceive his Grecian Urn as a 'still unravish'd bride of quietness' (does a groom have to *ravish* his bride?) and by the nature of the climax in *The Eve of St. Agnes.* Physical contact between the young lovers, Porphyro and Madeline, is about to take place in alarmingly charged circumstances; unknown to Madeline, Porphyro gains access to her chamber; he kneels beside her bed, while she sleeps, dreams of him and, still in her sleep, talks to him movingly:

> Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
> At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
> Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
> Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
> Into her dream he melted, as the rose
> Blendeth its odour with the violet, –
> Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
> Like love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
> Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.[17]

The symbolism – consummation inside suggested by 'the sharp sleet' outside – is reminiscent of the marriage episode in *Aeneid* IV, but Virgil has nothing to match the compressed sensuality (and gratuitous violence?) of the 'throbbing star' and the 'into her dream'. But Keats

was young; perhaps these were – or would have been, had he lived – only teething troubles. He was evidently aware of their existence. In a letter of 1818 he wrote, 'I am certain I have not a right feeling towards women .... When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen';[18] and in the astonishing preface to *Endymion* from the same year, he apologizes publicly for his immaturity and adds: 'the imagination of a boy is healthy and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted: thence proceeds mawkishness and all the thousand bitters.... .' But though his aspiration was real enough, aspiration and achievement are different things; and one has to note that the evidence just given of his eroticism is all of a fairly late date – in fact, all from the golden year, 1819; and to confirm that point there is also what Matthew Arnold called the 'complete enervation' of the letters to Fanny Brawne throughout this period. The weakness, therefore, and the aspiration to overcome it co-existed: in the same letter that produced 'O for a life of sensations', with its hint of weakness, the poet enthroned his complementary aspiration alongside the poetic disposition itself. 'I am certain', he wrote, 'of nothing but of the holiness of the Heart's affections and the truth of Imagination.'[19] To be certain of nothing but that is to place a heavy burden on 'the heart's affections' – 'holiness' saddles them with the duty of salvation – but put in the context of the poet's conflict, it represents an impressive affirmation.

'Holiness' and 'salvation': I've approached this point several times already. 'Virgil', said Eliot, associating him with the Christian Dante, 'was one for whom the world made sense.' That, I suggest, is too simple – too simple for Virgil; quite misleading, as it happens, for Keats; for Eliot himself it can pass, just – for Eliot, who, we recall, juxtaposed his thoughts about Virgil and Christianity with his thoughts about Virgil and secular *amor*. When one talks, as I have, of problems regarding human relationships and then of religion and of 'making sense', it becomes immediately tempting to think in terms of an absence of personal fulfilment and religion arriving to fill the vacuum. This is a relevant line of thought, but it is, as it stands, at least suspiciously tidy. I doubt that this is quite the key. I would rather suggest that (in the case under consideration) the key, or something like a key, is to be found in a sense of general waste or impermanence which *correlates with* such a deficiency, is in a way co-extensive with it, may indeed be fed by it, but may be ultimately autonomous of it.

Life passes; all things, people included, come and go; what does their passage leave behind, what *can* it leave behind to give life meaning? – that sort of crude articulation can serve for the moment. The question doesn't, of course, worry everyone; not everyone is liable to such feelings; the poet, no doubt, is more liable than most. To the poet suffering from such feelings and asking the question – what might yield the meaning? – there are three relevant possibilities:

1) People known perpetuated by public memory, being in a tradition, by record, by the word.

2) People, more intimately known, more intimately perpetuated through the man-woman relationship and its natural fruit and symbol, children.

3) Metaphysics, religion, a creed: transcending the passage of life.

'The worlds revolve like ancient women...':— the three poets had best be taken in turn again, beginning with Eliot, the Eliot who gave voice to that sense of futility in the early *Preludes* and with it, we can now say, the complementary metaphysical yearning:

> The notion of some infinitely gentle
> Infinitely suffering thing.

The sense of futility is clearly stronger than the yearning, with Infinity overtaken by the women and their 'vacant lots': stronger and more strongly, sensuously grasped; but while a sensuous grasp can make experienced futility comfortlessly real, it can't do anything to change it. The sense of futility in fact grew stronger still through the early 1920's; such titles as *The Waste Land, The Hollow Men* are suggestive by themselves. In *The Hollow Men* the crisis reached its height:

> We are the hollow men
> We are the stuffed men...
> Our dried voices, when
> We whisper together
> Are quiet and meaningless
> As wind in dry grass...

The notion of hope does occur, religious hope, only to be dropped equivocally:

> Multifoliate rose
> Of death's twilight kingdom
> The hope only
> Of empty men.

This hope, if real, is apparently something external, as if presenting itself to the 'empty men' rather than issuing forth from them; and correspondingly Eliot spoke of himself, some years later, as one of those who 'believe that men cannot get on without giving allegiance to something outside themselves'.[20] Such extra-personal allegiance, therefore, was what was required to find stability amidst impermanence, 'the still point of the turning world'; but, of course, having called the allegiance 'extra-personal', one finds oneself confronted again with Eliot's particular 'personal' restrictedness. In 1930, the year of *Ash Wednesday,* he wrote, ostensibly apropos Baudelaire, of the 'reaching out towards something which cannot be had *in,* but which may be had partly *through,* personal relations. Indeed in much romantic poetry the sadness is due to the exploitation of the fact that no human relations are adequate to human desires, but also to the disbelief in any further object for human desires than that which, being human, fails to satisfy them.'[21] Eliot had by this time found his 'further object': *Ash Wednesday* is a Christian poem. But in his poetry hereafter this 'further object' for the most part simply excludes the 'human desires': not 'in' nor even 'through' human relations; an exclusion, not a Dantean transcending. The second epigraph to the 'Aristophanic Melodrama' *Sweeney Agonistes* is from

St. John of the Cross: 'hence the soul cannot be possessed of the divine union, until it has divested itself of the love of created beings.' This, then, is the ultimate significance of the juxtaposition of Christian and human *amor* in Eliot's essay on Virgil: not a real *juxta*position, but an essential *op*position. In retrospect one can see that a comparable configuration already exists in *The Waste Land,* when the Buddha and St. Augustine make a fleeting appearance after a (wilfully sordid?) seduction scene on the river, and even in *Preludes* with the alternation of visionary Infinite and grotesque 'ancient women'. Lawrence was able to think of the Bible alongside Homer and Shakespeare as 'the book of life' with its 'man alive and live woman'; in Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* (1950) religion and human desires are simply in opposite camps. The world of human desires is summed up by Reilly in that play in terms of

> Two people who know that they do not understand each other
> Breeding children whom they do not understand
> And who will never understand them.

A certain serenity *was* apparently achieved subsequently: there are signs of it in *The Elder Statesman,* Eliot's last play, whence the poem *To My Wife,* already mentioned; but it came too late to have any real artistic significance.[22]

But all this is only part of the picture. Eliot had his 'further object', his meaning, his belief; but this belief provided no rest. It was no easy or dogmatic belief, but a kind of questioning, hard-won, first-hand belief that manifested itself in painful paradoxes, the effort bringing as much discomfort as futility had before. The painful questioning is pursued relentlessly – not recorded but pursued, 'the poetry being in the pursuit' – in *Four Quartets:*

> In order to arrive there,
> To arrive where you are, to get from where you are not,
> You must go by a way wherein there is no ecstasy. *(East Coker)*

What is especially striking about the pursuit is that the reality of waste and impermanence is as strong and immediate as it had been without belief. It might even be said that the belief required to supply the meaning to the meaningless Waste Land makes the gulf between meaning – now a religious meaning – and meaningless life greater than ever:

> Words move, music moves
> Only in time; but that which is only living
> Can only die...

(One notes that even 'the world', unless the religious Word, belongs, in this poetry, with the things of impermanence.)

> Ridiculous the waste sad time
> Stretching before and after. *(Burnt Norton)*

The earlier apprehension is at any rate subsumed in the new outlook and not discarded. And for the 'waste sad time' to be rescued from the ridiculous, to be redeemed, requires from the believer

> A condition of complete simplicity
> (Costing not less than everything) *(Little Gidding)*

a simplicity to be fought for inch by inch without assumptions, as called for by an inseparable scepticism. 'Scepticism' isn't my gloss, but Eliot's own. In an essay on Pascal he wrote: 'every man who thinks and lives by thought must have his own scepticism' and referred to 'the demon of doubt which is inseparable from the spirit of belief'.[23] And he once remarked in conversation: 'my own beliefs are held with a scepticism which I never even hope to be quite rid of.'[24]

Turning now to Keats, one can begin by remembering that he certainly had the scepticism, in fact desired to make a positive virtue of it. In a famous passage from a letter of 1817 he wrote: 'it struck ne what quality went to form a man of achievement especially in literature and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously – I mean Negative Capability, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.'[25] Whether this remark tells us much about Shakespeare is debatable; it certainly tells us something about Keats. 'I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of Imagination.' He was sceptical of fact and reason divorced from immediate apprehension, of anything in the nature of 'cold philosophy'; he urged that 'axioms in philosophy are not axioms till they are proved upon our pulses'.[26] And he was of course deeply sceptical of religious beliefs: 'fanatics have their dreams...'. In a letter of 1819, speaking of the biblical account of Jesus, he laments that it was 'written and revised by men interested in the pious frauds of religion'.[27] And yet that particular painful apprehension that led Eliot towards religion, the apprehension of impermanence, Keats felt with a notorious, sensuous-immediate force. It obsessed him and it was a main spring of his own poetic activity:

> pity these have not
> Traced upon vellum or wild Indian leaf
> The shadows of melodious utterance,
> But bare of laurel they live, dream and die.

His own life, with his brother's early death and a growing sense of his own frail health, was in danger of seeming a race between poetry and impermanence:

> When I have fears that I may cease to be
> Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain...

Poetry, the fruit of the 'truth of Imagination', thus acquires a redemptive significance of its own. But despite moments of confidence (the opening of the revised *Hyperion* is one of them), the obsession was inescapable; and in such a situation the 'uncertainties, mysteries, doubts' he espoused in the name of Negative Capability proved to be a mixed blessing.

At first he was able to assert disquiet away. *Endymion,* 1817:

> A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
> Its loveliness increases; it will never
> Pass into nothingness.

But not for long. In the *Ode on Melancholy* (1819), these optimistic terms are precisely reversed:

> She dwells with Beauty – Beauty that must die;
> And joy whose hand is ever at his lips
> Bidding adieu; and aching pleasure nigh,
> Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips....

The new mood led to some revealingly extreme assertions, notably

> Thou wast not born for death, Immortal Bird

(of the nightingale), and in the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* to a comparably extreme intensity at the thought of the permanence suggested by the changeless depictions on the urn:

> Ah happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
> Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
> And happy melodist, unweariȅd,
> For ever piping songs for ever new;
> More happy love! more happy, happy love!
> For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
> For ever panting and for ever young;
> All breathing human passion far above,
> That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
> A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

The pathos in these lines is excessive (compare Virgil's 'puer' passages?), in fact wild, at the furthest remove from any stability, even a sceptical stability, let alone the stability of – recalling Arnold's word – certitude. 'Ah, love, let us be true to one another' was Arnold's consolation for the lack of certitude, the lack, let us say, of what Eliot thought of as the product of external allegiance; but such truth, the truth of 'the heart's affections', was evidently not enough for Keats: 'more happy, happy love...for ever panting' has the intensity of desperation. A prosaic but necessary comment is that 'happy love' ought to presuppose a real relationship between people or at least a realisable relationship. But, as Keats' preference for the 'more happy love' on the urn over mere 'human passions' indicates, his disposition in these matters was towards a perfect, unrealisable Ideal (an 'abstraction' he often called it), this being, no doubt, the obverse of his eroticism, discussed earlier. This 'Idealism' is variously operative. It results in the famous equation of the *Grecian Urn,* 'Beauty is Truth', and some interrelatable remarks in the letters: 'those abstractions which are my only life' (1818); and from the same year, 'notwithstanding your Happiness and your recommendation I hope I shall never marry.... The mighty abstract Idea I have of

Beauty in all things stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness'; and finally to Fanny Brawne a year later, 'all I can bring you is a swooning admiration of your Beauty... You absorb me in spite of myself ... I look not forward with any pleasure to what is called being settled in the world.'[28] The 'Idealism' can probably be related, in its turn, to another tendency: to pre-empt the terms of religion for expressing the affairs of the heart. 'The holiness of the heart's affections' is of course one instance; another comes in the *Ode to Psyche,* 'yea, I will be thy priest' (of the goddess whose sphere is the human soul in love); and another in a letter to Fanny Brawne late in 1819, 'I could be martyred for my Religion – Love is my religion – I could die for that ... My creed is Love.'[29] And the paradox, Keats being a sceptic, is indicative of ultimate irresolution.[30]

The truth of 'the heart's affections', then, was simply not enough; nor was the redemptive power of art (the truth of Imagination, the shadows of melodious utterance); nor was a combination of the two. Or not *yet* enough, as one must add, pointing, that is, to the two sad facts: that Keats died in 1821 at a time of life at which a good deal of development is possible; and that in the few creative years prior to that time his actual development, personal and artistic inextricably, is astonishingly rapid. A new maturity and stability of attitude is sometimes detected in the *Ode to Autumn* and the second *Hyperion,* the products of late in 1819 and thus representing his last serious work. But the basis of the supposed stability is unclear; and whether it was as profound, as comprehensive and as durable as it would have needed to be are all highly debatable points. At the time of his premature death, Keats, we should conclude, was still occupied with the painful question and still without any certain answer.

And what of Virgil? It might seem that what I am calling 'impermanence' hardly gets such direct expression in his case and is therefore less real to him than to Eliot or Keats. There is obviously some 'direct expression'. One instance would be the epitaph to Palinurus, 'naked on an unknown shore',

nudus in ignota, Palinure, iacebis harena (Aen.5.871)

therefore lost, meaningless altogether, pathetic (note the apostrophe). Still, one might say, this is pretty well a commonplace of ancient thought, though one would then have to grant that Virgil feels the commonplace with a personal intensity. But no: impermanence *is* real for Virgil, but predominantly takes a more indirect expression. At one extreme, it results in the long procession of transitory youth: Camilla, Pallas and Marcellus with the *Grecian Urn* pathos overwhelming him. And at the other extreme, it results in Aeneas. 'The notion of some infinitely gentle, Infinitely suffering thing':– retrospectively, Eliot's words prefigure a Christian martyr, Christ himself perhaps – and, up to a point, that semblance of the Christian martyr, Virgil's Aeneas. 'He is, in fact, the prototype of a Christian hero', said Eliot.[31] And Aeneas is the embodiment of hope against impermance as truly as Eliot's Christianity is against the grotesque futility of his 'ancient women'. Aeneas symbolizes, *is* Rome; and Rome is the eternal city, 'imperium sine fine'; the empire whose ordered, 'civilized', but, above all, *perpetual* existence redeems the colossal slaughter and suffering needed to erect it; the empire with a religious sanction, *iussa deum* and *fatum.*

This is certainly a creed, an external allegiance that could make sense of life. 'It's a creed, but is it Virgil's?' – is obviously the question. You'll have gathered what I've done: reinterpreted what Adam Parry called the two voices of the *Aeneid*,[32] the 'public voice' of faith in Roman onward progress and the private voice of regret and sympathy for the unfulfilled human actors, for Dido, for Turnus and the Italians, for Aeneas as well, the Aeneas that apparently might have been (insofar as Virgil's people can 'be' anyway), the man forcibly subordinated to the mission:

fata obstant placidasque viri deus obstruit auris (Aen.4.440)

Heaven blocks his ears, heaven makes him deaf to Dido, deaf to 'human desires' like Becket the martyr in Eliot's play: 'A martyrdom ... is never the design of man; for the true martyr is he who has become the instrument of God, who has lost his will in the will of God, and who no longer desires anything for himself, not even the glory of being a martyr.'[33]

I have reinterpreted the conflict between public and private voice as a conflict between religious hope, the hope in Aeneas as symbol of Rome, and the painful sense of waste, unredeemable suffering. (I speak only of the *Aeneid*, although the configuration is latent in the *Georgics*.)[34] And this is to say, in the light of my argument, that while Sellar was right to suggest that 'the germ of the *Aeneid*' was *not* 'human action', he was wrong to suggest that the germ was 'the national idea and sentiment'. When I say this, I'm not referring to the actual genesis of the actual epic: I mean that Virgil's sense of impermanence, his apprehension of waste, must precede his desire to redeem it; the private voice is prior to the public voice, the private voice is precisely what makes the public voice necessary. Dido and Turnus, therefore, in a sense come before Aeneas – that is, in their symbolic significance which, for Virgil, is virtually their primary significance; Aeneas, in *his* symbolic significance, is there to make their suffering meaningful. What else can make sense of such suffering, suffering apprehended with such immediate pain? Not 'the heart's affections': Dido must go under (and 'the man' Aeneas with her) and become herself a main instance of the waste that needs making sense of. And not merely the preservation of the name, the memory, the record; one could say that such consolation as Virgil finds here is subsumed under the heading 'Rome'. His hope must find repose in Rome, if in anything; this must be his allegiance, if anything is. But whether it *is*, in fact, ultimately his allegiance seems to me impossible to say. I can only say that he like Eliot – and perhaps like Keats, let us also say – exemplifies the need for some such (external) allegiance; this is the nub of their affinity; and the painful scepticism of Keats and the painful belief of Eliot demarcate the area within which Virgil may be felt to oscillate.

Virgil never achieved a Miltonic certitude; that I take as certain. Aeneas as destiny and as Rome is certainly an impressive reality in the *Aeneid*. But – to mention what must be the crucial instance – the final climax of the poem is impressive the other way: the *furor* of Roman Aeneas and the conspicuously wasteful killing of the defeated Turnus.

furiis accensus et ira
terribilis: 'tune hinc spoliis indute meorum
eripiare mihi? Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
immolat... (Aen.12.946–9)

The peculiar complexity of this climax doesn't seem to be generally recognised. Aeneas' violence is, in the first place, normally at odds with his own Roman ideal. 'Pacique imponere morem' is part of that ideal, as definitively articulated by Anchises, and with it 'parcere subiectis' (6.852–3); is the killing of Turnus the 'civilised' reality to correspond to it? But Aeneas' act is also, symbolically, an act of self-liberation. For the first time since Book IV he *is* the 'active source' of his own actions. Aeneas was under an obligation to defeat Turnus and win Lavinia. Turnus has been defeated and accordingly 'tua est Lavinia coniunx' (12.937). Aeneas is under no such obligation to *kill* Turnus; this is an act of free choice, determined by one long-suppressed *human* feeling in conflict, as it happens, with another. The Roman creed and its servant suddenly make way for the man 'come to life' (such is the illusion – one should otherwise qualify expressions like 'suppressed feelings') as the main actor in a purely human drama. He kills Turnus – why? Not for Rome; for Pallas. But one wasted death hardly redeems another. The epic ends with waste in full view and redemption out of sight. Let us affirm the inescapable minimum: an epic with such an end couldn't possibly evince a total, Miltonic commitment to its ostensible creed.

Virgil never achieved a Miltonic certitude. At most it was a painful Eliotic faith, and even this may be a matter of aspiration as much as fully developed achievement. One couldn't be certain about Keats and one can't be certain about Virgil. It may, in fact, be proper to think that Virgil, like the tormented Keats, died before his creative development was sufficiently complete to answer all his, or all our, questions.[35]

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NOTES

1. Samuel Johnson, 'Lives of the English Poets', ed. G.B. Hill, 1905, I.155f.
2. References in this paragraph: Brooks Otis, 'Virgil: A Study in Civilized Poetry', 1963, pp.51, 89; W.Y. Sellar, 'Virgil', 3rd ed. 1897, pp.161, 409, 401; Adam Parry, 'The Two Voices of Virgil's Aeneid', in 'Virgil', ed. S. Commager, 1966, pp.118f.; T.S. Eliot, 'On Poetry and Poets', 1957, p.128.
3. References in this paragraph: Aen.10.473; 7.378ff.; 4.265ff.; 4.279ff.; 4.395.
4. In his 'London Journal', 3 December 1834.
5. See A. Mizener, 'To Meet Mr. Eliot', in 'T.S. Eliot', ed. H. Kenner, 1962, pp.20ff.

6. Sellar op.cit., p.300.
7. V. Pöschl, 'The Art of Virgil' (trans. G. Seligson), 1962, p.176. Honest critics have always felt a difficulty in defining Virgil's mode of characterization: see, for instance, the contortions of R. Heinze, 'Vergil's Epische Technik', 3rd ed. 1914, p.138 (on Dido).
8. D.H. Lawrence in 'Phoenix', ed. E.D. McDonald, 1936, pp.536, 538.
9. References in this paragraph: 'T.S. Eliot: The Man and His Work', ed. Allen Tate, 1966, pp.58, 74; Donatus Vit. Verg.36, 43; F.R. Leavis, 'English Literature in our time & the University', 1969, p.144.
10. 'On Poetry and Poets', p.131.
11. F.R. Leavis, 'Lectures in America', 1969, p.42. Anyone acquainted with Dr. Leavis' recent work will hardly need to be told how much my discussion of Eliot owes to 'Lectures...', pp.29–55 and 'English Literature...' (n.9 supr.), pp.111–157.
12. See 'T.S. Eliot, The Waste Land, A Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts', ed. Valerie Eliot, 1971, pp.23, 39.
13. See K. Quinn, 'The Catullan Revolution', 2nd ed. 1969, pp.70–84.
14. Note also Andromache's *puer* in Aen.3.487, which, though belonging to a less note-worthy line, leads up to the almost painfully melodious 489f.: '... Astyanactis imago. /sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.' The plangent anaphora is recalled by Racine, Phèdre II.V, 'Il avait votre port, vos yeux, votre langage'; in Virgil himself, compare, more generally, Georg. 4.465f., mentioned above; a lesser instance of the same kind (Aen. 7.759f.) is discussed interestingly by Parry, op.cit. n.2 supr., pp.107–9.
15. Cf. the echo of the preciosity of Ecl.8.50, 'improbus ille puer: crudelis tu quoque, mater', in Aen.1.407, 'quid natum totiens, crudelis tu quoque, falsis', for Aeneas and Venus, the love-goddess who is also his mother. No question of allusion arises (nor does it with the Marcellus passage).
16. 'The Letters of John Keats', ed. H.E. Rollins (2 vols), 1958, I.185, 370.
17. The text given here is the usual printed version, but not the final manuscript version, which, though lacking the 'into', is generally more explicit and was in fact censored by Keats' publishers. (See e.g. J. Stillinger, *Studies in Philology* 58, 1961, pp.544f., and the letter from Woodhouse to Taylor in the Rollins edition of Keats' Letters (n.16 supr.), II.162f.
18. Letters I.341.

19. Letters I.184. 'The Heart's affections' is sometimes taken as virtually synonymous with 'Imagination', but (to mention only internal evidence) the sentence following adequately indicates parallellism, not synonymy: 'What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be Truth ... I have the same idea of all our passions as of Love: they are all, in their sublime, creative of essential Beauty.'

20. T.S. Eliot, 'Selected Essays', 2nd ed. 1934, p.26. (Corrigendum: not 'some years later', but actually in 1923.)

21. 'Selected Essays', p.390.

22. My comments on the 'opposition' in Eliot's plays owe much to D.W. Harding, 'Experience into Words', 1963, pp.132–162.

23. 'Introduction to Pascal's *Pensées*', 1931.

24. Recorded by H.S. Davies, 'The Eagle' ('A Magazine Supported by Members of St. John's College, Cambridge'), vol.60, no.264, 1965, p.139.

25. Letters I.193.

26. *Lamia* II.230 and Letters I.279 respectively.

27. Letters II.80.

28. Letters I.370, 403, II.133.

29. Letters II.223f.

30. Cf. the following remarks in the letters on the subject of personal immortality: 'I have scarce a doubt of immortality of some nature or other' (II.4, Dec.1818, cf. Rollins ad loc.); 'I long to believe in immortality' (II.293, June 1820); 'Is there another life? ... There must be, we cannot be created for this sort of suffering' (II.346, Sept.1820).

31. 'On Poetry and Poets', p.128.

32. See n.2 supr. The dualistic interpretation is not original to Parry. See e.g. W.S. Maguinness, 'Some Reflections on the Aeneid', 1951.

33. *Murder in the Cathedral* (from Becket's Christmas sermon in the Interlude).

34. As in the tension between the 'degeneration' passages of *Georgic* I (199ff., 512ff.) and the otherwise predominant hope in regenerative Nature. The tendency of such passages is to undermine faith in any purely *human* solution to ultimate human problems – in the light of which Virgil's readiness to assimilate the secular saviour Octavian into his already eclectic religious apparatus (Georg.1.24–42, esp.27) has an equivocal significance. In any case, the eclecticism itself (eventually: Greco-Roman amoral polytheism, Orphism, Stoicism, purified quasi-moral Fate etc.) suggests straw-