

Wordsworth, Keats, and "the language of the sense"

G. J. FINCH

Towards the end of "Tintern Abbey" Wordsworth makes the following characteristic affirmation of the power of nature. He says he is,

Well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my mortal being¹.

The insistence of these lines, their confident assertion of something passionately believed in is something we are likely to take for granted in reading the poem. They seem typically Wordsworthian in their heady idealism and dogmatic certainty. And yet the right word for them I think is not dogmatic. Wordsworth has written, in Samuel Johnson's phrase, "Not dogmatically but deliberately,"² and it is easy to miss in the swelling of the lines their daring and ambitious intent. In conventional religious thought man's "anchor" was faith, his "guardian" conscience, whilst his "nurse" and "guide" was the Holy Spirit — the "comforter" of the New Testament. Wordsworth is not expanding in a thoughtlessly euphoric way about nature but working out a carefully considered argument for the profoundly secular grounding of religious feeling.

As such, the most striking part of the passage, and the one most easily passed over, is the half line "the language of the sense." That Wordsworth should see in nature the element of control conventionally considered religious is one thing but that he should see them as deeply inherent in our sensory inheritance is another. The use of the word "sense" where we would use "senses" indicates that Wordsworth is employing the word as 17th and 18th century writers did: to suggest a basic co-

ordination of the various senses — a meaning retained in the phrase “common sense” But the idea of there being a special and unique language of sensory experience strikes us as peculiarly modern in the way it seems to anticipate some of the developments of structural linguistics.

To say that the senses operate as a language is to imply that they have their own deep structure and grammar of control just like any spoken model, and indeed it is tempting to see Wordsworth's poetry as an exploration of these very things. Hartley and the sensation psychologists regarded the senses as simple collectors and receivers of information, mechanical units of that vast computer, the brain. It was in opposition to such a mechanical view of our sense life that Blake spoke of seeing “thro” not “with the eye.” For J.R. Watson, writing recently in *Critical* like any spoken model, and indeed it is tempting to see Wordsworth's poetry as an exploration of these very things. Hartley creative mind to transcend the visible and the temporal.”²³ And yet correct in some ways though this is, it blurs the issue. The characteristic imagery in Wordsworth is not so much height as depth — “We see *into* the life of things” (“Tintern Abbey,” 1.49. My italics.) It is not that we transcend the senses but rather that we rest more deeply in them. For Wordsworth, unlike Blake, the senses are not gateways through which we escape the prison of space and time but interpreters of the private language we share with nature.

The two principal senses which Wordsworth appeals to are those of hearing and sight. There are more references to eyes and ears and the activities related to them, “gazing,” “beholding,” “listening,” in Wordsworth than in any other Romantic poet, and one of his major preoccupations is with the co-operation of these two senses in the act of perception. In “Tintern Abbey” Wordsworth says he has “learned / To look on nature” as “hearing oftentimes / The still, sad music of humanity” (11.88-91). The education of Wordsworth's sight, his learning “To look” has also meant his learning to hear, and if we search for the starting point of this “still, sad music” it surely lies in the “soft inland murmur” of the river Wye the waters of which Wordsworth says he hears “rolling from their mountain-

springs” (11.3-4). The ear of the poet interprets the sound of the river, its “murmur”, and understands in its regular rhythm the more formally articulate language of music. There is a natural progression from the outer to the inner ear and in that progression lies an implicit reassurance that whilst man’s lot may be sad in its impermanence it is not without shape or meaning. We have only to compare this kind of hearing with that of Arnold in “Dover Beach” to see the large gulf between the security of Wordsworth’s sadness and the nervous anxiety of Arnold’s. In a passage that bears the unmistakable influence of “Tintern Abbey” he describes hearing in the sound of the Atlantic the “eternal note of sadness.”

. . . we
 Find also in the sound a thought,
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth’s shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.⁴

For Arnold the sound of the sea suggests “a thought”; the process is fundamentally associative. The sea itself is dead, its ebbing and flowing is mechanical, and what Arnold hears in its withdrawal is the predictability of nineteenth century materialism and the eternal grind of the industrial revolution. It has nothing to say to us, but we may perhaps “find” in it “a thought”. Arnold’s use of the sea as an image suggests powerfully the alienation he is talking about. The “language of the sense” has been lost and in its place there is only a “melancholy, long withdrawing roar” (1.25).

For Wordsworth, unlike Arnold, the sights and sounds of nature do not suggest meaning, they are meaning; nature has a basic grammar which it is the function of the senses to interpret in a way that is humanly significant. In the best known part of “Tintern Abbey” Wordsworth tries to describe what it is he has fundamentally felt in nature, and ends by calling it:

A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. (11.100-102)

Geoffrey Durrant suggests that Newton's description of gravity from his *Principia Mathematica* lies behind this,⁵ and there is a good deal of cogency in the suggestion, but at the same time a more immediate source is close at hand. Wordsworth is not only listening to the river Wye he is also looking at it "rolling" (1.3) through the landscape. It is his sight of the river which extends itself most potently at this crucial moment of the poem into a perception of the stream of existence.

The physiological basis of Wordsworth's most profound utterances provides us with one of the more fascinating layers of "Tintern Abbey". It is a commonplace of poetry to liken life to a river, but Wordsworth takes us inside the image to the river that we all share — the circulation of the blood. When, in the process of retrospection the landscape exerts its power over Wordsworth's inner consciousness, it is felt first of all in the blood stream:

I have owed to them, [These beauteous forms]
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration. . . (11.26-30)

Wordsworth makes the process of recollection absolutely clear. The sight and sound of the landscape are experienced physically "in the blood" and pass with the motion of the blood to the heart, and finally the "purer mind." At the most "sublime" level of experience, "the motion of our human blood / Almost suspended," (11.44-45) Wordsworth says — "we see into the life of things" (1.49). What he is very deliberately describing is the way in which physical sight becomes existential sight. This is partly what the poem is about. It is concerned with the way in which the physically observed landscape is interiorized, with the way the senses extend themselves to become the "sense sublime" (1.95). And when Wordsworth talks about "A motion and a spirit" that "rolls through all things" he can do so not only because of the observed "rolling" of the Wye but because of the felt experience of "the motion of our human blood."

The language that man shares with nature in Wordsworth's poetry is part of a deep consonance that exists between them.

Wordsworth is at pains to tell us that the senses do not see and hear external phenomena as meaningless, but that on the contrary they experience in them shape, order and harmony. E. H. Gombrich in his "Psycho-Analysis and the History of Art" makes the point that sight and hearing are the "spiritual" senses, their principal impulse is towards detachment and refinement of sensibility.⁶ Keats made a similar discovery during his trip to Wordsworth country; one of the few occasions on which he encountered a landscape that was fundamentally different from the lush pastoral scenes of his own poetry "What astonishes me more than any thing," he wrote to Tom, "is the tone, the coloring, the slate, the stone, the moss, the rock-weed; or, if I may so say, the intellect, the countenance of such places. The space, the magnitude of mountains and waterfalls are well imagined before one sees them; but this countenance or intellectual tone must surpass every imagination and defy any remembrance . . . I cannot think with Hazlitt that these scenes make man appear little. I never forgot my stature so completely — I live in the eye."⁷ Keats's sense of being enlarged rather than dwarfed by the mountainous landscape is linked directly with his intense excitement at the powerful visual harmony of the scene. It is the abstract form, as he puts it in the "intellectual tone" that impresses him, and it is not surprising to find him saying to Tom in the same letter "I shall learn poetry here."

In his vividly impressionistic manner Keats has captured features that are indelibly part of Wordsworth's perception of nature. It is the harmony and proportion of the scene around the Wye that Wordsworth stresses in the opening lines of "Tintern Abbey": the balance of the "lofty cliffs" with the lowly farmsteads, of sky with earth, and through it, winding gently, the running of the river. There is a close structural similarity with Wordsworth's picture of the interior landscape; the "purer mind" and its elevated thoughts, the human heart and its simple affections, and uniting everything, the continual flowing of "our human blood." What the eye sees looking out-wards is a picture of psychic wholeness, and the affection and homage that Wordsworth pays it is an implicit act of recognition.

It is this act of recognition that the deepest moments of Wordsworth's poetry are concerned with. "The gentle shock of mild surprise" which the boy experiences in "There Was a Boy" is such a moment. It comes to him, Wordsworth tells us, as "he hung / Listening" to "the voice / Of mountain-torrents" (11.18-21). What he senses through the "mighty world / Of eye, and ear" ("Tintern Abbey," 11.105-6) is not his insignificance amongst the majestic forms of nature, but on the contrary his own natural sublimity. Like Keats he is not dwarfed but enlarged by what he sees, and the verse surely tells us this

the visible scene
 Would enter unawares into his mind
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
 Into the bosom of the steady lake. (11.21-25)

In the union of height and depth, of flux with stillness, the boy subconsciously recognizes the deep connections of his own self. Looking outwards is looking inwards, and in the "solemn imagery" which the boy creates out of what he sees and hears, Wordsworth makes it clear that the "language of the sense" is also the natural language of the imagination.

Keats's term "egotistical sublime" is only partially correct to describe this kind of experience. Trilling puts the issue into proper perspective when he states that Wordsworth is fundamentally concerned with "being"⁸; with that state in which the self delights in itself. It is this pleasure which Wordsworth in his "Preface" to the *Lyrical Ballads* sees as fundamental to life, for by it man "knows, and feels, and lives, and moves."⁹ And it is primarily a pleasure which is felt in the language that the senses share with nature. Just as in any ordinary language man structures sounds to discover and release sound as meaning so, Wordsworth implies, we perform a similar function with the objects of sight and hearing. The poet listening "motionless and still" to the reaper's song, or listening to the "muttering crags" in the Simplon pass, or gazing at the "majesty" of London in the early morning, is not seeking to impose himself on nature but to discover in the act of perception the shared grammar of existence. The very senses that create order and harmony are them-

selves products of nature through birth and generation, and what they convey to the poet is an awareness of the underlying symmetry of experience, of life as a web of connections in which man both contains and is contained by the universe he observes. It is in Wordsworth's poetry that we get the most carefully considered psychological basis for the macrocosmic-microcosmic conception of neoplatonic thought.

But what is also clear from reading the poetry is that such a complete dependence on the sublime senses of sight and hearing also involves a very costly renunciation and one that we can feel the true weight of in the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality". In this most painful poem Wordsworth is mourning the loss of the "language of the sense," and with all the reasons that can be given for that loss one of the most important surely is that it was never a complete language in the first place. The ode contains over twenty references to seeing and at least fifteen to hearing and sound, but hardly any to touch, taste or smell. The extension of the visual and aural modes of perception meant for Wordsworth the renunciation of the more intimate bodily senses. Nature for him is nearly always something to be gazed at and listened to, very rarely is it to be touched or tasted; it is profoundly but not intimately experienced, and arguably the crisis of confidence he endured is the final register of this.

The reader is most aware of the instinctual limits of Wordsworth's poetry in those passages that deal with the directly physical aspects of experience. In the "blest the infant babe" passage in book II of the *Prelude* (11.232-260), for example, despite the profound understanding by Wordsworth of the creative bonding between the mother and the baby at her breast, there are certain important things which the passage turns away from. Nowhere is there any acknowledgement that the contact with the breast is a sensuous one nor that the physical senses of touch and taste are a fundamental part of cognition. Wordsworth does refer to the baby drinking, but we discover that it is the "soul" that "Drinks in the feelings of his Mother's eye!" In fact the nearest we come to a suggestion of the actual process of feeding is in "already love / Drawn from love's purest earthly fount" (11.246-7), where the reader assumes that "love's

purest earthly fount" signifies the teat. Overshadowing the whole passage is a deep veil of literary decorum, and one that anticipates the even deeper veil of respectability that finally dimmed Wordsworth's extraordinary sensitivity.

With this in view we can appreciate Keats's uncertainty as to the true extent of Wordsworth's genius, whether, to use his own vivid way of putting it, he was "an eagle in his nest, or on the wing."¹⁰ Keats implicitly recognised that something was missing from Wordsworth's perception of nature, and he knew it the more because it was precisely the element on which his own poetry was so firmly based. To call Keats a tactile poet is to say nothing new, but what is important to stress is the deep cognitive drive of his tactile awareness. Like Wordsworth he tried to link knowledge gained by the body with that gained by the mind, to discover in our sense world a coherent and meaningful language, although one of fundamentally different import from that of the older poet.

Touch is arguably the most primitive and least organized of our senses. Unlike sight or hearing it does not seek the formal unity of intellectual or metaphysical patterning. Its fundamental connection is with physical rather than abstract realities; through it we explore, rather than possess, the world and as such its fundamental "capability" as Keats implicitly recognised, is negative rather than positive. Keats's lack of firm commitment to any particular beliefs, and his genuinely exploratory approach to experience are typical of the tactile consciousness. In his letters he seems to encounter ideas almost like a child picking up pebbles. He turns them round, enjoys them, and then puts them down. The "vale of Soul-making" idea, for example, is introduced almost casually as a "thought" that has "struck" him, and once started it free-wheels through the letter until Keats put it aside with a humorous apology for being "very long winded."¹¹ The idea is given its freedom; it is played with seriously, and in the act of play it becomes for Keats an object of pleasure, or more precisely of sensation. At the climax of the argument he characterizes the process of cognition as the act of feeding: "Not merely is the Heart a Hornbook," he argues, "It is the Mind's Bible, it is the Mind's experience, it is the teat from

which the Mind or intelligence sucks its identity." Keats's powerful tactile sense moves to anchor the "thought" in the directly physical experience of childhood; at the sharpest moment of perception it becomes flesh. Throughout his letters and his poetry Keats's characteristic mode is to think outwards from the body. Few poets can have felt "immortality" as an "awful warmth about my heart,"¹² nor have written, as he did to John Taylor, "I find that I can have no enjoyment in the World but continual *drinking* of Knowledge" (my italics).¹³ Eliot's comment that the metaphysical poets were able to feel their thoughts could be applied to Keats except that in his case there is the extraordinary possibility the he was able to touch and perhaps even to taste his.

The modernity of Keats then, the fact that we feel in his letters the presence of a mind genuinely trying out ideas and anxious to trust only those "proved upon our pulses,"¹⁴ is part of a deeply tactile consciousness. Fundamentally, the creativity of touch is quite different from that of the more metaphysical senses. Through touch we seek to escape the burden of self awareness and inhabit the reality of the thing touched. The child fingering a favourite stone is only seeking in a simpler fashion for what the tactile poet searches through handling words. Keats, merging himself with the identity of others in a crowded room, feeling his way into a billiard ball, attempting to "dissolve" and become the nightingale, or trying vainly to lose himself amongst the scenes depicted on the Grecian urn, is giving expression to the urgent movement of the tactile imagination for life to take on the shape of the imagined object. His preoccupation in the poetry with "swooning," "melting," "merging," and "dissolving" is not a Wordsworthian desire for being, but a longing to escape from it into the being of other things; to "be" *negatively*. Ultimately, as he himself realised, it is a desire for death — but for death's consummation, not its finality.

Keats's poetry is profoundly escapist. As Christopher Ricks,¹⁵ following in the footsteps of John Bayley and Lionel Trilling, has recently argued, he is essentially the poet of some of our most deep-seated fantasies. But the critical point is that the fantasies have about them a strong sense of what Leavis calls

"the actual,"¹⁶ and in this respect the actuality of Keats's poetry is not due, as earlier critics tended to argue, to some supposedly rational faculty which prevents Keats from indulging himself too intensely, but to the very logic or rather "language" of those senses in which he luxuriates so completely. He knew more than any other Romantic poet the truth of Blake's proverb "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." For if the tactile sense promotes our fantasy life, in its more intimate operations it also encourages discrimination. Keats's preoccupation with taste, particularly with the organs of taste, the lips, tongue, palate, and with the process of eating — "biting," "sucking," "tasting," and "drinking" — has been generally acknowledged, as has the long and hallowed connection between literature and food.¹⁷ But the significance of taste as it affects Keats is that it is the critical sense. Whereas touch characteristically seeks out experiences of softness, roundness, and warmth, taste is more concerned with exactness, distinctiveness, and even sharpness. It is the sense which relishes not only fullness but also subtlety or nuance, and as such its greatest enemy is blandness. There is an inbuilt discipline or discrimination in the way it operates so that abandonment to it involves a heightening not a dimming of the critical faculties. Just as Wordsworth, I argued earlier, was concerned with the link between physical and existential sight, so in the context of a quite different sense, Keats was concerned with that between the physical and aesthetic properties of taste. In this respect, one of his most significant discoveries concerns the deep ambivalence of words as registers of thought and feeling. Fundamentally words are abstractions which we nonetheless experience physically with the same organs that we experience food; the lips, tongue, and palate. Put more radically, it could be said that words have taste.

Keats's poetry exploits more fully than any other the oral gratification of words, the pleasure we experience in the physical quality of language. It is this I think that helps us to feel the tremendously positive movement of his verse even where its argument may make us uneasy. The "Ode on Melancholy", for example, which Douglas Bush finds decadent in its apparent suggestion that we should relish sadness,¹⁸ is certainly not so if

we respond to the full weight of the language. A phrase like "globed peonies" (1.17) is wonderfully exact in the sense it gives us in "globed" of the firm round bell shape of the flower.¹⁹ It is not the sound, but the feel of the word in the mouth, its taste, with the firm "g", the full open vowels and rich final consonants, which reinforces the meaning; the tongue is made to describe a circle in saying it. The pleasure of the phrase is in the feeling it gives us of meaning perceived as physical sensation. Such steady intensity of sensuousness makes it clear to the responsive reader that what Keats is relishing in the "Ode on Melancholy" is not sorrow but beauty.

Keats's language is soaked with the flavour of words. Even where he appeals to sight and sound, these senses are often merged with the much more powerful sense of taste. The rich Romance colours of "The Eve of St. Agnes," the "deep-damask'd" (1.213) "argent" (1.37), and "shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings" (1.216), are colours that we feel we can touch because we can sense them so richly in our mouths. Touch and taste combine here, as they do in the "fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves" (1.47) of the "Ode to a Nightingale" to give us the velvety texture of the flowers as felt sensation of the lips and tongue. Right from the opening lines of the ode "To Autumn," "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," with its combination of warm, salivatory consonants and rounded vowels, there is the submerged impression of ripened fruit. The pressure of Keats's sensuousness is towards experiencing objects in the most primitive manner possible; in the way that children first experience them — as food, and arguably his preoccupation with breasts and with ingestion; the admonition to "Gorge the honey of life";²⁰ the relishing of the "soft pulpy, slushy, oozy" nectarine;²¹ and even the reference to the "last oozings" of the Autumn ode, are a reminiscence, however distant, of the infant's primal food.

The daring of Keats is in his deliberate expansion of such basic experiences to suggest a mode of apprehending and understanding reality. His claim to have no opinion on anything except matters of taste was not frivolously meant.²² On the contrary, it is an indication of his serious concern to find a true

"language of the sense" in which meaning and sensation could be united. Keats's struggle to find his own authentic style, free from the trappings of Milton and Spenser, was also the struggle of a profoundly sensuous nature to find a form in which it could escape completely and with absolute integrity. That he achieved this with total satisfaction only once is clear if we compare the ode "To Autumn" with anything else by Keats. As Donald Pearce has pointed out,²³ it is not only that there is no strain in this poem, no rhetorical questions, no forced diction, which distinguishes it, but also that there is no sense of plot, no feeling that a story has to be told. Keats has no designs on nature, he is content simply to let the words achieve their maximum ripeness. The movement of the poem follows the rhythm of the poet's senses from the full luscious sounds of the opening stanza to the thin wistful sounds of withdrawal in the final one. Autumn is tasted and relinquished; its meaning lies not in things stated but in things felt.

The perfection of the Autumn ode with its combination of deep idealism and an overbrimming sensuousness is a recognition of Keats's hard-won ability to escape into the world of the senses, to "be" negatively; and it demonstrates more clearly than any other work his belief that the deep ground of the primitive bodily senses is the apprehension of beauty and the acceptance of death. But the poem is also an implicit recognition of the limitations of a view of poetry founded on intensity. It is difficult to conceive that had Keats lived he could have continued writing in the manner of the odes. His attempts at narrative verse, the experiments with *Hyperion*, the uncertainty over his own achievement, are an indication of Keats's realisation that fundamental to great poetry was not only intensity, but extensity, of vision, and in this he knew his decided inferiority to Wordsworth. The weakness of Keats's longer poems, *Endymion*, *Hyperion* I and II, and *Lamia*, is a conceptual one. What they have to tell us does not seem sufficient to support the structure of the narrative. Their considerable beauty lies not so much in action or character as in description. In the case of *Hyperion* I, for instance, it is the majestic drapery of the poem which keeps it going — the message as such is not nearly so interesting. This is

possibly why the *Eve of St. Agnes* is so wonderfully successful, for here Keats ignores any message. In the simple story and neutral characters he found a subject that allowed him to make description and sensation the main focus: in this instance the drapery is the message.

Neither Wordsworth nor Keats succeeded in creating a complete "language of the sense" — the virtual exclusion of the olfactory sense alone would perhaps tell us this. But what their poetry does show us are aspects of the deep syntax of that language. They both share a belief in the basically creative and spiritual drives of physical perception — that the senses seek meaning, and a meaning that is part of our inheritance as natural beings. Implicit in Wordsworth's world of sight and sound and Keats's of touch and taste is a vision of wholeness, of a glimpsed union between meaning and sensation. Arguably their different sensitivities predicted the kinds of worlds they discovered: Wordsworth's, metaphysical and moral, Keats's sensuous and tragic. And arguably too, they predicted their ultimate limits. For in the vulnerability of the visual consciousness lies in its over-refinement of self-awareness, that of the sensuous surely exists in its limited conceptual stamina — ideas are vividly but not continuously felt. In this respect it is understandable that Shakespeare should have haunted the minds of the two poets. He was for them the supreme example of a poet able to combine physical texture with the most abstract reaches of thought and imagination, in Peter Brook's memorable phrase, "the Rough and the Holy."²⁴ Romantic poetry was in part an attempt to remake that union by recovering the life of the body, and if it was only partially successful the need to continue it was felt throughout the nineteenth century. The echoes of Keats's tactile sensuousness can be felt in Tennyson's verse in the middle of the century, and in Hardy's at the end. But in both cases it had to pull against the heavy weight of Victorianism. The elements of Wordsworth's visual and aural awareness, his concern with order, design, and "natural piety" pass into the novel and rise to meet us in the more visual consciousnesses of Dickens and George Eliot. It is with the experimental novelists of the Twentieth century however, with Joyce, Lawrence, and

Proust, that a new and radical attempt to rediscover the "language of the sense" began again.

NOTES

- ¹ *The Poetical Works of Wordsworth*, ed. T. Hutchison, rev. E. de Selincourt (London: O.U.P., 1964), p. 165, ll. 107-11. All subsequent quotations are from this edition.
- ² *Preface to Shakespeare*. Quoted from *Samuel Johnson, Selected Writings* (London: Penguin, 1968), p. 278.
- ³ XXI (Spring, 1979), I, 8.
- ⁴ *The Poems of Matthew Arnold*, ed. K. Allott (London: Longmans, 1965), pp. 241-2, ll. 18-23.
- ⁵ *Wordsworth and The Great System* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1970), p. 101.
- ⁶ *Meditations on a Hobby Horse* (London: Phaidon, 1963), p. 39. See also "Visual Metaphors of Value in Art," in the same volume.
- ⁷ Letter to T. Keats, Thursday 25th - Saturday 27th June 1818. *The Letters of John Keats*, ed. M.B. Forman (London: O.U.P., 1952), p. 156.
- ⁸ *The Opposing Self* (London: Secker and Warburg, 1955), p. 137.
- ⁹ *Poetical Works*, pp. 737-8.
- ¹⁰ Letter to J. Reynolds, 3rd May 1818, *Letters*, p. 142.
- ¹¹ Letter to George and Georgiana Keats, 14th February - 3rd May 1819, *Letters*, pp. 334-5.
- ¹² Letter to J.H. Reynolds, 22nd September 1818, *Letters*, p. 216.
- ¹³ 24th April 1818, *Letters*, p. 133.
- ¹⁴ Letter to J.H. Reynolds, 3rd May 1818, *Letters*, p. 141.
- ¹⁵ *Keats and Embarrassment* (Oxford: O.U.P., 1974).
- ¹⁶ *Revaluation* (London: Penguin, 1964), p. 172.
- ¹⁷ See E.H. Gombrich, *Meditations on a Hobby Horse*, and L. Trilling, *The Opposing Self*, pp. 16-18; mentioned by Ricks in *Keats and Embarrassment*, pp. 119-123.
- ¹⁸ *John Keats* (N.Y.: Macmillan, 1967), p. 148.
- ¹⁹ I am using *John Keats, Selected Poetry and Letters*, ed. R. H. Fogle (N.Y., Rinehart, 1962).
- ²⁰ Letter to Reynolds, 22nd September 1818, *Letters*, p. 216.
- ²¹ Letter to Dilke, 22nd September 1819, *Letters*, p. 393.
- ²² See letter to George and Georgiana Keats, 16th December 1818 - 4th January 1819, *Letters*, p. 258.
- ²³ "Thoughts on the Autumn Ode of Keats," *ARIEL*, VI (July, 1975), 3-19.
- ²⁴ *The Empty Space* (London: MacGibbon and Kee, 1968), p. 86.