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## *Endymion: The Evolution of Love*

Hiroshi UMEDA

FOUR seasons fill the measure of the year;  
    There are four seasons in the mind of man:  
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear  
    Takes in all beauty with an easy span:  
He has his Summer, when luxuriously  
    Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves  
To ruminatè, and by such dreaming high  
    Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves  
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings  
    He furlèth close; contented so to look  
On mists in idleness — to let fair things  
    Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.  
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,  
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

Since in June 1818 an unsigned review appeared in *The British Critic* to be the first to assault *Endymion*, a sort of sexual revulsion has been persistent in the criticism of the poem.<sup>1</sup> When the writer went so far as to say, 'not all the flimsy veil of words in which he would involve immoral images, can atone for their impurity; and we will not disgust our readers by retailing to them the artifices of vicious refinement, by which, under the semblance of "slippery blisses, twinkling eyes, soft completion of faces, and smooth excess of hands", he would palm upon the unconscious and the innocent imaginations better adapted to the stews,<sup>2</sup> the tenor must have sounded harsh to the poet's ear, but it revealed to us more than we can conceive about a trend in reading a work

of literature, which was not necessarily specific to the age in which the poet lived.

Admitting the fact that the reader may designate his own *Endymion* an allegory of a young poet's quest for ideal beauty, or simply a pursuit of erotic experience,<sup>3</sup> can we say all the readers in Keats' days could feel a genuine delight in reading it only for an idealistic truth? Now in the later twentieth century, we find less readers reading it for allegorical interests than for erotic sensations. Whatever the poem's substantial themes may be, the very fact that *The British Critic* attacked *Endymion* for its sexual 'impurity' reveals that even as early as in the early nineteenth century some of them enjoyed it for 'immoral images'. Yet it does not contradict my assumption that in any century the poem is read for guilty excitement alone by few readers.

## I

In a letter to his Oxford friend Benjamin Bailey, Keats wrote, 'You may see the whole of the case by the following extract from a Letter I wrote to George in the spring.' The letter he wrote to his brother is now lost, but the 'extract' remains in the letter to Bailey, which says:

As to what you say about my being a Poet, I can retu[r]n no answer but by saying that the high Idea I have of poetical fame makes me think I see it towering to high above me. At any rate I have no <wi> right to talk until *Endymion* is finished — it will be a test, a trial of my Powers of Imagination and chiefly of my invention which is a rare thing indeed — by which I must make 4000 Lines of one bare circumstance and fill them with Poetry; and when I consider

this is a great task, and that when done it will take me but a dozen paces towards the Temple of Fame — it makes me say — God forbid that I should be without such a task!<sup>4</sup>

If Shelley's friendly challenge to Keats to write a poem of 4,000 lines each resulted in Shelley's *Laon and Cythna*, and finally *The Revolt of Islam*,<sup>5</sup> the minimum length of the counterpart was limited at the outset; the '4000 Lines' which were to be made of 'one bare circumstance' he had to fill with 'Poetry'; true that the meaning of the 'one bare circumstance' is clear enough, but the mere thought of the 'one circumstance', of the Carian shepherd doing nothing but lie sleeping loved exclusively by the virgin goddess should be boring enough; as the poet feared, the legend had every good reason to be likely to make the whole plot appear 'bare' enough in the long poem; eventually it was to be, as the poet believed, a test of his powers of imagination and invention which he considered a great task and trial unavoidable when he paced towards fame. The poet's extract goes on to say:

I have heard Hunt say and may be asked — why endeavour after a long Poem? To which I should answer — Do not the Lovers of Poetry like to have a little Region to wander in where they may pick and choose, and in which the images are so numerous that many are forgotten and found new in a second Reading: which may be food for a Week's stroll in the Summer? ..... Did our great Poets ever write short Pieces? I mean in the shape of Tales — This same invention seems in deed of late Years to have been forgotten as a Poetical excellence { . } But enough of this, I put on no Laurels till I shall have finished *Endymion*, and I hope Apollo is { not }.

angered at my having made a Mockery at him at Hunt's.

I am afraid that the slight feeling of his tension about the proclamation of his decision to put on no laurels till he had finished *Endymion*<sup>6</sup> sounds as if, under the burden of the lines he was to go through, he had been a little intimidated from making the hero start breathing in the Latmos air; on the contrary, we can be positive that Keats did not do what he did only because he had to; however his contemporaries used to enjoy a long poem, he filled his lines with the numerous images only because he knew what they expected from a young poet: those who were neither 'unsuspicious' nor 'innocent' might have turned to a novel, such as the one which had been written by John Cleland more than a half century before; in the vast stretch of the lines, the controversial spots where immoral veins crop up are far less in number, as compared with the overwhelmingly affluent, salutary images of nature and gods teeming over the whole poem; what else could it be but 'a little Region' for the readers to wander in where the teeming images grew up afresh as often as they went through them line after line? Here we are quite clear that the god has not been angered at the poet's mockery, for we find the 4,000 lines exactly as he intended.

Yet, the images do not seem to be the only things with which the region abounds: as we stroll through, we come across innumerable episodes (with a number of love-episodes included); and they would seem quite as often 'forgotten and found new in a second Reading'. If a horizontal 'region' of a long poem could be compared to a vertical tree, and again the tree were to grow horizontally, flat on the earth as if painted on it, from bough to bough we would stroll along the branches like so many lanes:

we would enjoy the allegories, the images, and the episodes which came to the region, like so many foliages, flowers, and fruits which come to the branches; then the branches would be the plots which we followed; therefore the more intricate the plots, the more abundant the allegories, the images, and the episodes, since the more intricate the branches grew, the more abundant would be the leaves, the flowers, and the fruits; the tree could stand in various phases according to the time of the year, that is, to the demand of a reader which his casual mood creates, and if it stood in a phase in which the flowers were at the prime, naturally they would deprive us of the sight of the fruits, but in a phase in which the flowers were gone, the tree could give us the sight of the fruits, and we would see from the branches hanging ripe a profusion of love-episodes among common, innumerable others; and, in so far as the happy strollers in the realm of *Endymion* are concerned, the profusion in itself might be 'food' for their week's reading at any season of the year — as well as the flowers the poet himself would recommend.

## II

On the morning of a holiday in a woodland area upon the side of Mt. Latmos, when 'a fair-wrought car,/Easily rolling' (I, 165-166) appeared after a crowd of shepherds coming to the green, followed up by a multitude of people, Endymion stood in it, seeming to be one 'of great renown/Among the throng' (I, 168-169) clothed in a chieftain king's garment, with 'his breast, half-bare' (I, 172), hung with 'a silver bugle' (I, 173) beneath, and a keen boar-spear lying between his knees. Though his full-blown youth and his smiling countenance were both obvious to every eye,

there were some who feelingly could scan  
 A lurking trouble in his nether lip,  
 And see that oftentimes the reins would slip  
 Through his forgotten hands. (I, 178-181)

They would sigh, 'well-a-day,/Why should our young Endymion pine away?'

So, when his senses swooned off, there was a sudden silence, or low whispers among his folk, the old people's eyes swam with tears and the maidens sighed at his woe, and people called him, closing tight their anxious, trembling palms. They thought something unearthly was the cause of his 'heavier grief' (I, 527), for no man ever panted for a mortal love with such a gasp as Endymion's. They were right.

If Fanny Keats had been a Georgiana Wylie, and the Georgiana had been a hospital nurse, and that nurse had been sent to look after Keats the shepherd, not to assist the dresser at Guy's, she would have done quite the same to her dear Carian as Peona did to her brother Endymion. Her sisterly affection led her to have her despondent brother in her bowery ward to give him proper care, and her way of questioning her patient about his psychology was very concise and to the point:

Brother, 'tis vain to hide  
 That thou dost know of things mysterious,  
 Immortal, starry; such alone could thus  
 Weigh down thy nature. (I, 505-508)

Her words relieved him of his fear derived from her possible inability to understand anything 'mysterious,/Immortal, starry',

and changed the speaker and the listener: in a nook whence the winding course of a river seemed 'at the distance like a crescent moon' (I, 554) and where he used to pass his weary eyes, sitting down (but this time not as usual) close by 'a magic bed/Of sacred ditamy and poppies red' (I, 554-555) which but one night brought about, he began to muse what the sudden blossoming meant, and fell asleep. In that sleep of 'flowery spell' (I, 557), an enchantment fell on him. It was a dream, yet such a strange dream 'That never tongue, although it overteem/With mellow utterance like a cavern spring,/Could figure out and to conception bring' (I, 575-577) all that he saw and felt; it was in such a dream that he saw the loveliest moon emerging from opening clouds; when she went into a dark cloud, the shepherd's sight, raised again right upward to look at the steadfast lights of the planets, was dazed by 'a bright something, sailing down apace' (I, 602), 'that completed form of all completeness' (I, 606), 'that high perfection of all sweetness'(I, 607), with locks bright enough to make him mad; yet the bright profusion did not shade her naked comeliness, and allowed him to see her features and 'half smiles' (I, 619), and more. Let me quote the lines relating what the egotistical narrator asked his patient listener to see:

Ah, see her hovering feet,  
More bluely veined, more soft, more whitely sweet  
Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose  
From out her cradle shell. The wind out-blows  
Her scarf into a fluttering pavillion;  
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million  
Of little eyes, as though thou wert shed,  
Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed

Handfuls of daisies.

(I, 624-632)

Though it was but in a dream that she first came to him and pressed him by the hand, he thought he 'fainted at the charmed touch' (I, 637); madly did he kiss 'the wooing arms'(I, 654) that held him, he even dared to press 'her very cheek' (I, 662) against his lip.

As for Peona, thinking that her brother was not influenced by 'things mysterious,/Immortal, starry', she was rather relieved of her anxiety, but incorrectly.

. . . how light

Must dreams themselves be, seeing they 're more slight

Than the mere nothing that engenders them!

Then wherefore sully the entrusted gem

Of high and noble life with thoughts so sick?

Why pierce high-fronted honour to the quick

For nothing but a dream?

(I, 754-760)

The mythology is one thing and *Endymion* another; yet her brother seems to have been under the influence of Morpheus, while she was never aware that the god's realm itself had been subject to the secret invasions of Diana.

### III

Even after the sudden blossoming of 'a magic bed' (I, 554), whatever happens in *Endymion* can we call reality when the hero is wide awake? Taking into account the supernatural context of the whole poem, if we are to call it his 'reality', what happens in that sort of reality affects Peona the realist nurse in forming

her diagnostic opinion on what is happening in the psychology of the visionary patient. In that sort of circumstances, Endymion's first 'real' meeting with the 'bright something' occurred when he saw 'the same bright face' (I, 895) he had 'tasted' (I, 895) in his sleep smiling in a 'clear well' (I, 896); though it had gone again, it left his spirit bathed in a new delight; their second meeting in the same circumstances occurred in a cave 'secreter/Than the isle of Delos' (I, 965-966) where he 'hurried in' (I, 970) led by a voice calling to him to. Although the result of the first meeting had been no more than the plentiful showers of 'Dew-drops and dewy buds and leaves and flowers' (I, 899) which wrapped up all things around from his sight, bathing his spirit in a new delight, the voice's words

'Endymion! The cave is secreter  
Than the isle of Delos. Echo hence shall stir  
No sighs but sigh-warm kisses, or light noise  
Of thy combing hand, the while it travelling cloys  
And trembles through my labyrinthine hair'

(I, 965-969)

along with his brief questions to himself after the second meeting, 'Ah, where/Are those swift moments? Whither are they fled?' (I, 970-971) obviously suggest a sensuous experience and remind us of the equally sensuous one which he had in a sort of wet dream; but when they met next time, who can tell whether the shepherd tasted the meeting with his 'known Unknown' (II, 739) in a dream or in 'reality'; as far as 'the tradition of the gusty deep' (II, 853) is concerned, it is difficult to tell whether he took the 'naked waist' (II, 713) before he went to sleep or after, the

more so because

'tis a ditty

Not of these days, but long ago 'twas told  
 By a cavern wind unto a forest old;  
 And then the forest told it in a dream  
 To a sleeping lake, whose cool and level gleam  
 A poet caught as he was journeying  
 To a Phoebus' shrine; and in it he did fling  
 His weary limbs, bathing an hour's space,  
 And after, straight, in that inspirèd place  
 He sang the story up into the air,  
 Giving it universal freedom.

(II, 829-839)

Yet the scene of the 'jasmine bower' (II, 670) is where the sensuality culminates in 'reality', as is apparent in the most controversial words of the lines:

Let me entwine thee surer, surer — now  
 How can we part? Elysium! Who art thou?  
 Who, that thou canst not be for ever here,  
 Or lift me with thee to some starry sphere?  
 Enchantress! Tell me by this soft embrace,  
 By the most soft completion of thy face,  
 Those lips, O *slippery blisses*, twinkling eyes,  
 And by these tenderest, milky sovereignties —  
 These tenderest — and by the nectar-wine,  
 The passion — (II, 752-761) (my italics)

Keats' Carian is not an urbanized type of a Don Juan which the

mythological shepherd probably is: after 'the fair visitant at last unwound/Her gentle limbs and left the youth asleep' (II, 851-852), his impetuous desire (mythologically famous for the fifty daughters and one son) began to wane unrecoverably; as the shepherd's potency was reduced, the poet himself seems to have felt his own drive for 'immoral images' decrease, except when it recovered itself in the episodes of Venus and Adonis, Alpheus and Arethusa, and Circe the witch and gentle Glaucus, yet the prince's impotence, though painful, remained the same: young as he was, his lusty spring was now over.

#### IV

To her sister in the lower world, Aphrodite entrusted the infant Adonis who came out of the unhappy myrrh-tree split in halves by his grandfather and father, Cinyras with a sword. When he grew up, the goddess of love went to Tartarus to claim the youth, who had already been Persephone's lover, for herself to lie with. Seeing that her sister would not assent, she visited Olympus and appealed to her Father to judge the case. Unwilling, Zeus transferred it to the court of his another daughter, Calliope where she devided the year into three equal parts, of which he was to spend one with Persephone, one with Aphrodite, and the other alone. But the plaintiff did not play fair, so the defendant visited Thrace and revealed the whole unsavoury affair to Ares whose mistress was Aphrodite. Growing jealous, the god of war, disguised as a wild boar, rushed at Adonis, its tusks tearing the youth to pieces. Regretting that Adonis' soul went down to Tartarus, the plaintiff again visited Olympus and pleaded that he might be her companion for the summer months,<sup>7</sup> which being admitted, she was a constant visitor — and now 'fast/She scuds

with summer breezes' (II, 489-490) to 'a silken couch of rosy pride' (II, 392), on which Adonis slept, 'to pant through/The first long kiss' (II, 490-491), the result of which was the pleasure of sensual love.

After witnessing the warm embracements to which 'the unchariest muse' (II, 532) makes 'coy excuse' (II, 533) and seeing off Aphrodite and her train flying up and diminishing into nothing, he was absorbed in the Protean fountains whose thousand heads were heightening just above the subterranean streams teasing their granite beds. Bidding 'a loth farewell' (II, 626) to the fountains, he was tracing 'the diamond path' (II, 652), but it was lost in middle air, so he turned to Zeus for help. Zeus sent a large eagle to carry him down to the 'jasmine bower', where, after Endymion had tasted 'slippery blisses', etc., 'the fair visitant unwound her gentle limbs and left the youth asleep'. When he awoke, her words, 'Is grief contained/In the very deeps of pleasure...?' (II, 823-824) pained his ear sweetly.

He sickly guessed

How lone he was once more, and sadly pressed  
His empty arms together, hung his head,  
And most forlorn upon that widowed bed  
Sat silently. Love's madness he had known.

(II, 856-860)

He was loath to move from 'the imprinted couch' (II, 871), but when he did, he did 'with slow, languid paces' (II, 872) and with his face hid in his muffling hands; the 'slow, languid paces' brought him to 'a sounding grotto' (II, 878) from which came louder a humming tone, saying,

'O Arethusa, peerless nymph, why fear  
Such tenderness as mine? Great Dian, why,  
Why didst thou hear her prayer? Oh, that I  
Were rippling round her dainty fairness now,  
Circling about her waist and striving how  
To entice her to a dive, then stealing in  
Between her luscious lips and eyelids thin!  
Oh, that her shining hair was in the sun,  
And I distilling from it thence to run  
In amorous rillets down her shrinking form!  
To linger on her lily shoulders, warm  
Between her kissing breasts, and every charm  
Touch raptured! See how painfully I flow!  
Fair maid, be pitiful to my great woe.'

(II, 936-949)

It was the voice of the river god wooing the nymph, yet in spite of his passionate call, Arethusa had every reason to desist from becoming Alpheus' concubine, though she was never unwilling to reply to him favourably. Dian's being the goddess of chastity and her being one of the goddess' attendants in hunting prohibited the nymph from making love with the god. The huntress replied,

'Ah, have I really got  
Such power to madden thee? And is it true —  
Away, away, or I shall dearly rue  
My very thought. In mercy then away,  
Kindest Alpheus, for should I obey  
My own dear will, 'twould be a deadly bane.  
O Oread-Queen, would that thou hadst a pain

Like this of mine, then wouldst I fearless turn  
 And be a criminal! (II, 955-963)

The last three lines whose purport is the pain of love mean 'O Diana, if you were to suffer the same longings as myself, I would have no fears about my chastity<sup>8</sup>'. To her regret, her 'persecuting fate' (II, 1006) made severe Dian stand before them, making their union hopeless. The two sad streams suddenly fell down a fearful dell, on whose verge, Endymion wept, saying,

'I urge  
 Thee, gentle Goddess of my pilgrimage,  
 By our eternal hopes, to soothe, to assuage,  
 If thou art powerful, these lovers' pains,  
 And make them happy in some happy plains.'  
 (II, 1013-1017)

Among the histories of pleasure and pain of love, both of these episodes find the analogous aspects in the main plot of our poem, in the amorous relationship of the hero and the heroine mentioned in the second and the third chapter of the present thesis.

## V

Glaucois loved fair Scylla 'to the very white of the truth' (III, 402) (in archery, the 'white' being the bull's eye at the centre of the target<sup>9</sup>) but timid Scylla refused to be aware of it, and fled from the poor suitor as swift as a sea-bird. The more often she fled from him, the more passionate he grew, until almost he could not bear, when it flashed upon him that he might find a kind of relief in becoming intimate with the cruel enchantress, whose

'charm' lost no time in working on him to make him swoon off, and then awake in 'a twilight bower' (III, 418); how far things went in it Glaucus relates in brief as follows:

anon

The fairest face that morn e'er look'd upon  
Pushed through a screen of roses. Starry Jove!  
With tears and smiles and honey-words she wove  
A net whose thraldom was more bliss than all  
The range of flowered Elysium. (III, 423-428)

Circe with 'the fairest face' was the hostess of the bower of bliss, and entranced with the wiles of 'this arbitrary queen of sense' (III, 459), Glaucus bowed to her 'charm' like a vassal. When it happened, however, that in a dark valley he saw a thicket full of the groaning victims of this 'Belle Dame Sans Merci', he tried to flee; the sight was too horrible not to; the witch ascribed his sudden flight to his lingering attachment for his beloved Scylla. Flaring up with jealousy, Circe killed Scylla.

The witch's curse also doomed the would-be sea-god to live with his limbs 'Gaunt, withered, sapless, feeble, cramped, and lame' (III, 638) for one thousand years, and then to die in wretchedness. But one day after witnessing a wreck far off on the sea, he sitting on a rock above the sea spray, a restoring chance came to him in 'an old man's hand' (III, 669) grasping a scroll and a slender wand. In the scroll was written a prescription for him to get rid of the siren's magic spell, and the wand was the implement for it. In the document of the scroll were contained a couple of images which remind us of a common sight in a ward of a hospital:

*Yet he shall not die,  
 These things accomplished. If he utterly  
 Scans all the depths of magic and expounds  
 The meanings of all motions, shapes and sounds,  
 If he explores all forms and substances  
 Straight homeward to their symbol-essences,  
 He shall not die. Moreover, and in chief,  
 He must pursue this task of joy and grief  
 Most piously: all lovers tempest-tossed,  
 And in the savage overwhelming lost,  
 He shall deposit side by side, until  
 Time's creeping shall the dreary space fulfil.  
 Which done, and all these labours ripened,  
 A youth, by heavenly power loved and led,  
 Shall stand before him, whom he shall direct  
 How to consummate all.*

(III, 695-710)

The unknown physician who wrote up the prescription appointed Glaucus to be the 'dresser'; the lines told him what to do (before Endymion came like a physician at Guy's to 'consummate all') — that he must save others to save himself; they also imparted what a healer must do to save the dying not only scientifically but humanistically. When they did what they should, one miracle occurred after another: as quick as lightning, a change came in Glaucus, and he stood as a youthful wight; then Scylla arose, and all others. In the Glaucus episode we find the two aspects of love — in his amorous dealing with the siren, the monstrous one which might lead us to destruction, and in his salvaging of himself and all others, the philathropic in the broader meaning of love. Endymion, in fact, had had little expectation to act the

philanthropist in the marine, but the fate led him to in the crucial moment in the course of Glaucus' medical act; the shepherd's casual but destined meeting with the fisherman gave him the luxurious occasion to ruminate the cud of youthful thought — the meaning of friendship as well as that of the monstrous result which accomanies the sensual act of love.

## VI

'Ah, woe is me that I should fondly part  
From my dear native land! Ah, foolish maid!  
Glad was the hour when, with thee, myriads bade  
Adieu to Ganges and their pleasant fields!  
To one so friendless the clear freshet yields  
A bitter coolness, the ripe grape is sour.  
Yet I would have, great gods, but one short hour  
Of native air — let me but die at home.'

(IV, 30-37)

On hearing these words, Endymion bowed his head 'through thorny-green entanglement/Of underwood' (IV, 41-42) to listen. It was the voice of the Indian maid 'panting in the forest green' (IV, 59). Seeing her charm, he could not bear her sigh, 'a woman's sigh alone and in distress' (IV, 55); he was afraid he would think the maid fairer than his mistress Phoebe; now it was advisable for him not to gaze on her fairness; he felt wretched, for he was not allowed to thirst for another love, Phoebean beauty predominating over him; surely, the Moon now seemed to be passionless, yet would she not possibly do to the 'Kind Siren' (IV, 300) what the merciless one did to innocent Scylla? We would find the answer in the words of the maid. She is talking directly to

Endymion:

Believe, believe

Me, dear Endymion, were I to weave  
 With my own fancies garlands of sweet life,  
 Thou shouldst be one of all. Ah, bitter strife!  
 I may not be thy love. I am forbidden,  
 Indeed I am — *thwarted, affrighted, chidden*  
*By things I trembled at and gorgon wrath.*  
 Twice hast thou asked whither I went. Henceforth  
 Ask me no more! I may not utter it,  
 Nor may I be thy love. *We might commit*  
*Ourselves at once to vengeance; we might die;*  
*We might embrace and die* — (my italics)

(IV, 748-759)

Seeing she is Diana metamorphosed, the maid knows the whole affair as we do, yet pretends to be as ignorant of it as Endymion is of her identity; he did not know all the affair, so naturally his face fell at her words: what she said was the very thing he had to reflect on before he started a new love with the maid. The monstrous fear that a siren might assassinate his innocent (so it seemed to him) companion made him impotent even before the Indian maid. He asks his sister to live with the maid,

‘ . . . for my sake, let this young maid abide  
 With thee as a dear sister. Thou alone,  
 Peona, mayst return to me. I own  
 This may sound strangely. But when, dearest girl,  
 Thou seest my happiness, no pearl

Will trespass down those cheeks. Companion fair!  
Wilt be content to dwell with her, to share  
This sister's love with me?' (IV, 865-872)

As soon as he was nearest unto heaven, Endymion ought to have gone up to it, being accompanied by the fair creature: he almost let her pass by him like 'a threshold brook', for Dian's playfulness delayed his ascension; but in the end the shepherd prince could forgo his mortal nature before his winter of 'pale misfeature'.

As if nature's cycle as well as life's affected the poet's inspiration, *Endymion* started about the middle of April 1817; the end of November saw it all finished.

#### Notes

1. *Keats: The Critical Heritage*, ed. G. M. Matthews (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1971), p. 35.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 4.
3. Chales I. Patterson, Jr., *The Daemonic in the Poetry of John Keats* (University of Illinois Press, 1970), p. 22.
4. *The Letters of John Keats*, ed. Hyder E. Rollins (Harvard University Press, 1958), i. 38.
5. Aileen Ward, *John Keats: The Making of a Poet* (Secker & Warburg, 1963), p. 102.
6. Walter Jackson Bate, *John Keats* (The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1963), pp. 138-140.
7. Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths: 1* (Penguin Books, 1955), pp.69-70.
8. *The Poems of John Keats*, ed. Miriam Allott (Longman, 1970), p. 203n.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 222n.

**Note on the Text**

All quotations of *Endymion* are taken from *The Poems of John Keats*, edited by Miriam Allott (Longman, 1970).

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