

The Ideal vs. The Real;  
The Notion of Negative Capability in  
John Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" and "Ode on a Grecian Urn"

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Honors Thesis: Ball State University  
Advisor: Dr. Richard G. Brown  
Winter 1977

Preface .

The idea for this essay was first contemplated when I was a student in Dr. Richard Brown's "Advanced Composition" class in the autumn of 1974. At that time, I completed a research paper on the notion of Negative Capability in Keats's sonnet, "When I have fears that I may cease to be." Dr. Brown suggested that I might wish to continue my research on the notion of Negative Capability in Keats's work, especially the Odes; he further recommended Jim Hardin's master's thesis on Negative Capability. Dr. Brown's enthusiasm, suggestions, and encouragement gave me the motivation to broaden my research in Keats's concept of the nature of poetic creation, and I must mention my gratitude to him. It is with his aid as my advisor that I submit my thesis at Ball State University at this time.

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I.

Some men thrust themselves into their work to the exclusion of all other drives. Others, unhappily, are trapped between this passionate devotion and a desire to relate to other people. Such a man was John Keats.

Keats wanted to be "the poet"--to lead a literary life in which creativity and self-expression were of the utmost importance. Needing a definite philosophy to achieve this goal, he coined the term "Negative Capability," or in Keats's own words, "...when man is capable of being in uncertainties, Mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason...the sense of Beauty overcomes every other consideration, or rather obliterates all consideration."<sup>1</sup> By utilizing Negative Capability, Keats formed his own representation of the poet's role in the act of creation.

However, Keats realized that wishing to attain such an Ideal could only culminate in the sounding of one's own death knell; one cannot wipe out all mortal sensations in the contemplation of Beauty and still live. A poet needs to experience all the essences that being a man entails: love and hate, pain, sorrow, happiness, depression. Only by living can a poet participate in the adoration of the Ideal. He may relinquish his mortality for a short while, but eventually he must complete the cycle and return homeward to his own self. This is not an easy choice for him, and in the Odes (specifically "Ode to a Nightingale" and "Ode on a Grecian Urn"), Keats deals with his humanity and his desires for the Ideal. In examining these two poems, one can readily empathize with Keats's struggle between the passionate Man and the intellectual Poet, between the "Life of Sensations and the [Life of] Thoughts."<sup>2</sup>

## II.

In looking at "Ode to a Nightingale" with regard to Keats's notion of Negative Capability, one immediately notices the poet's desire to leave existence:

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
 But being too happy in thine happiness,--  
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
     In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.<sup>3</sup>

Stanza one demonstrates one way that an individual may escape reality, namely, through the use of drugs. The speaker in the poem (Keats) does not blame his heartache on envy of the bird's song; rather, he wishes to share in the happiness of the nightingale. Knowing that no reason for happiness exists in the human sphere of misery, the poet delights in the carefree song of the bird--a song that tugs the poet out of his mortal existence, leaving him in a kind of limbo where he experiences only a "drowsy numbness." He wishes "...to escape the prison of his senses."<sup>4</sup> An escape from reality--a reality that is necessary before the poet can join the world of the nightingale--initiates the first major movement of the poem: that of demonstrating the ideal as represented by the world of the nightingale.

Further emphasizing the Ideal, the second stanza illustrates another means of escaping reality--wine; he cries

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been

Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
 Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
 O for a beaker of the warm South,  
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
 And purple-stained mouth;  
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim: (ii, 11-20)

Here, as in stanza one, the poet longs (paradoxically enough) to escape reality through the drugging of the senses from which he cannot escape. He couches his longings for the Ideal in sensuous language: the wine has been "cool'd...in the deep-delved earth," but it tastes of "sunburnt mirth," which displays Keats's combination of two or more of the senses into one sensation (synesthesia). The beaker foams with "beaded bubbles" which leave a "purple-stained mouth"; one can almost feel the effervescence of the wine tickling one's lips and tongue as the draught is drained. The poet does not long for complete knowledge; he only wishes to take his leave of humanity gently, and to flee, with the bird, "into the forest dim." It is almost as if he is turning his back on his own analogy of life as being "...a large Mansion of many Apartments." Keats should be at the entrance to the third chamber--the dark passage--but instead he retreats to the "infant or thoughtless Chamber," where he need not think; Keats may let his mind roam in search of the bird's song, reveling in the thought of the Ideal.<sup>5</sup>

Through the smooth transition from stanzas two to three (accomplished through the repetition of the word "fade" in the first line of stanza two), Keats portrays the second major movement of the ode: a demonstration of what is wrong with the real world:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
     What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
     Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
     Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
     Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
         And leaden-eyed despairs,  
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
     Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow. (iii, 21-30)

This stanza recapitulates Keats's concept of Negative Capability in that a poet needs to let his Imagination roam over the entire spectrum of human experience; he must dwell not only upon the luxuries of life as seen in the preceding stanza but also upon that which is not luxurious--pain, sorrow, age, death. One cannot write about such experiences unless he himself lives and understands them.<sup>6</sup> It is only then, after the poet has comprehended his own mortality, along with the crushing knowledge that Beauty and Love, the two Ideals that Keats values most, are fleeting and transitory, that the poet may relieve his burdened breast by escaping, with the nightingale, from a world "...where but to think is to be full of sorrow/ And leaden-eyed despairs." (iii, 27-28) All is temporary that mortals enjoy; what troubles Keats is the realization that pain and suffering are necessary conditions of man's existence.

The nightingale, however, has no knowledge of such unhappiness, and Keats wishes to protect the bird from such infection. The poet shall escape into the bird's realm, rather than trying to bring the nightingale into his own world:

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,

Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
 Already with thee! tender is the night,  
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays;  
 But here there is no light,  
 Save what from heaven is from the breezes blown  
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy  
 ways. (iv, 31-40)

But the poet does not utilize wine or drugs to initiate his escape; instead, he bids farewell to reality through poetry--the third major movement of the ode. He does have his difficulties in accomplishing this, though, for his "dull brain" is numbed by the pains of mortality.

However, the speaker does make his leap of faith, for he announces, in line 35, that he is "already with [the nightingale]"--he has escaped his mortality. He cannot clearly see the nightingale's retreat to which he has been flown, for "...here there is no light..." (line 37)--the Ideal is never fully seen, a typical Romantic tendency. The only light that is thrown on the scene is that of Queen Mab in her heaven. Wrapped in shades of murky light and gloomy shadows, Keats contemplates; the sharp light of reality is nowhere to be found.

Still embraced in the shadowy folds of his Imagination, Keats revels in sensuous sensations and feelings, protected from the sobering pain of reality; he says

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet

Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
 Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
 And Mid-May's eldest child,  
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves. (v, 41-50)

True, he cannot see what lies about him, but the "embalmed darkness" of line 43 exudes luxury and fragrant perfumes, which aid Keats's Imagination in "seeing" what he cannot physically ascertain with his mortal eye. The physical senses are annihilated, but the imaginative mind creates ideal sensations. It is at this point that Keats the Man is no more; his soul joins that of the bird in contemplation of true Beauty.

But this complete removal from existence has its hints of impending ominousness. While Keats is in this state, he reposes in "embalmed" darkness, surrounded by myriad blossoms, suggesting the idea of a "...dead man surrounded by funeral flowers."<sup>7</sup> The violets of line 47 do not remain voluptuous but are "fast fading," another hint at impending death. To be sure, the contemplating soul of Keats is secure and protected in the thicket of the nightingale's existence, but he is beginning to stray a bit too far from his own mutability.

This courting of death by the poet is continued in stanza six, in which he says

Darkling, I listen; and for many a time  
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
 To take into the air my quiet breath;  
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,

To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
 In such an ecstasy!  
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain,--  
 To thy high requiem become a sod. (vi, 51-60)

In the preceding stanzas, Keats has associated life with pain; therefore, in this stanza, death must be connected and assimilated into pleasure: "...in his present mood, death would be as fine a luxury to him as his imagined surroundings [of the preceding stanza]--the "fruit tree wild," "fast fading violets," and "the coming musk rose...."<sup>8</sup> A solitary figure, separated from the riotous world of conflicting emotions, Keats states that death (here associated with darkness) could only be "easeful" and painless. One is caught, though, by the poet's statement that he is only "half in love" with death; he values his human strivings and emotions too strongly to give them up for what could be a moment of enlightenment as he falls into Death's embrace. As one scholar notes, "He knows as a man among men that luxuries would be blank nothingness without life, that death is the negation of both life and luxury, and that, when dead, 'become a sod,' he could not rejoice in the nightingale's ecstasy or 'high requiem'."<sup>9</sup> Although Keats does enjoy a complete empathy with the bird's essence, he reluctantly must also realize that he is not the same as the nightingale; in disassociating himself from his own self, the poet meets the final way that man loses his humanity forever: Death.

Instead of grappling with this issue immediately, Keats instead turns to a contemplation of the bird as an immortal essence:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
 No hungry generations tread thee down;  
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
 The same that oft-times hath  
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. (vii, 61-70)

One immediately notes here that Keats is overlooking a basic biological fact--men are not the only creatures that face death; all creatures, including nightingales, must succumb to this fate. Perhaps, though, Keats is stating, "...through metonymy, that the bird's song--and, by symbolic extension, art, poetry, music--is immortal."<sup>10</sup> The bird, as has also Keats, has undergone a transformation. At the beginning of the poem, both were concrete, living creatures. Keats has lost his humanity, on the "wings of Poesy," has courted death, and now completes the cycle by starting to return to his own self. The bird, however, remains as a symbol for that part of man which is immortal: his soul.<sup>11</sup> The song of the nightingale has been a part of existence since the dawn of man's creation; it has been heard "in ancient days by emperors and clowns" (line 64) alike, and in particular by Ruth of the Bible, who "stood in tears amid the alien corn." (line 67) The nightingale's song has been a solace for her, and Keats displays his sympathy for a fellow human being, laden with the same mortality that he must carry, through the use of the word "alien" in connection with a basically static substance--grain. To Ruth, lost and lonely, everything around her must have seemed foreign; the bird's song, however, brought her a short reprieve of her grief. The trilling of the nightingale is so sweet, magical, immortal, and full of power that it can charm "magic casements...in faery lands...." (line 70) These images re-emphasize the wonder that Keats feels

for the bird. But in between these beautiful images lies brutal reality; the "magic casements" open on the "foam/Of perilous seas," and the "faery lands" are "forlorn."

These images of reality, spoiling the visions of perfections that Keats has so meticulously constructed, provide the final transition and the culminating movement of the poem, that of Keats's journey back into the realm of humanity:

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.  
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
 In the next valley-glades:  
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

Fled is that music:--Do I wake or sleep? (viii, 71-80)

The repetition of the word "forlorn" in the first line snaps Keats out of his hypnotic, almost death-like contemplation of the bird as an image of immortality and static art. That word "is like a bell/That tolls..."; it simultaneously announces the "death" of Keats's contemplative life with the bird and the poet's return to his mortality, which is to him a paradoxical dying back into life. Fancy (Keats's Imagination) has cheated him into believing that a co-existence with the bird could be maintained; sadly enough, Keats is left with only reality. The spell is broken, for Keats bids the bird farewell; the poet wishes for the bird to go. It is here that the bird's song sounds "plaintive" as opposed to how it struck his ears in stanza six; in this closing stanza of the ode, Keats is once more totally hu-

man and very aware of his own mortality.<sup>12</sup> The bird, however, has left the scene, in search of further episodes of enchantment. In this condition, where Keats's brain is once more drugged, perplexed and retarded by the chains of humanity that bind him, the poet has a difficult time distinguishing between what is real and what is a dream. There is no solution--one cannot differentiate between the two. Confused as to whether it was "...a vision or a waking dream," the poet is left alone to brood upon and ponder his thoughts about the connection between the Imagination and Nature, the real and the Ideal--devoid of any ecstasy.

## III.

"Ode on a Grecian Urn" displays how Keats again attempts to reconcile the dichotomy between the real and the Ideal, to discover and concretize forever "the eternal moment." As one "enters" the poem, though, Keats (the speaker) seems only to be an onlooker, one who is observing the urn in a contemplative mood. He addresses it as

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,  
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?<sup>13</sup>

As opposed to the nightingale in the preceding ode (which does not reach immortality, in Keats's mind, until stanza seven), the urn is initially presented as an actual symbol of immortality; it has existed since ancient times, not only for him but for people ages past. Since it is a piece of static art, rather than a breathing, living creature like the nightingale, it is a thing "...of silence and slow time." But the paradox that Keats notes is that it can "...express/A flowery tale..."; by observing the scenes depicted on the vase, one seems to hear the voice of essential Beauty and Art telling of the lives of men and gods in ancient Greece. Because Keats, at this time, is only an outside observer, he asks questions; he wants to know specifically what is on the urn and how these scenes relate to his

hope of becoming a "negatively capable" poet.

The second stanza returns to Keats's remark in line two: that of the urn as being a creation of silence. Instead of actually hearing a voice tell the history of the piece of art, or of noting the concrete melody of a tune, Keats opts for the tones he "hears" playing in his Imagination:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on.

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those leaves be bare;

Bold Love, never, never canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal--yet, do not grieve;

She cannot fade, thou then hast not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! (ii, 11-20)

Here, again, the paradox of silence being informative appears. It is here that Keats "...comes closer and imaginatively enters into the scene before his eyes."<sup>15</sup> Being one with the figures on the urn, who have now, through Keats's entrance into the realm of poetry, become breathing, sensuous humans, the poet can now list the luxurious, eternal activities of those on the urn; true, these individuals will never complete their tasks: the piper will never be able to play a different song, nor will the lover ever be able to fulfill his desires of loving his mistress. The young girl never will attain full maturity. Instead, they are eternally frozen in time at the height of their ecstasy. To Keats, who sees them as being symbolic of Love and Beauty, such an opportunity to enjoy eternal instances of delight is very appealing--he revels in it, which shows in his utilization of various types of imagery: aural and ocular.

Keats's delight in coming upon the eternal moment continues into stanza six:

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
 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 cloy'd,

A burning forehead and a parching tongue. (l11, 21-30)

The poet's emotionalism in possessing such a prize can be seen in his extensive use of the word "happy"--the piper is so content with his situation that he never tires of playing the same song, perhaps only a monotone, for eternity; in fact, each time he plays it, the song seems new and fresh to him. Even the trees take on human emotions; they are joyful, for they never have to go through the agony of losing their verdant color and radiance--it is always springtime. And for the couple, love remains sensual, warm, fresh and voluptuous. It is the ideal situation, and Keats's longing for it is very emotionally displayed here.

However, he must accept the disappointment inherent in such an idealization. Keats is very human, which is in irreconcilable juxtaposition to the lovers on the urn. One cannot have these eternal instances of essential enjoyment and still retain his mortality. The description of love anticipated and never fulfilled can only leave a human like Keats with the "burning forehead" and the "parching tongue" of frustrated passion.

Consequently, as a result of the sorrow he has felt in the preceding stanza, Keats turns to another, perhaps imaginative, scene on the urn; here, however, the intentions of the earlier stanzas are reversed:

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
What little town by river or sea-shore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell

Why thou art desolate, can e'er return. (iv, 31-40)

As in the previous scene, Keats becomes part of the life on the urn; his lavish description of the priest and his sacrifice attests to this, for no mere observer could note such particulars. But it is in the following lines that Keats displays the possible effects of what can happen when one wishes and achieves immortality. The "little town" is devoid of its inhabitants, who have mysteriously been conveyed from their homes onto the vase. To be sure, they are now immortal, frozen in various poses. But they can never again return to reality, life, and love, or experience the culminations of these processes. Here, again, as in the nightingale ode, Keats realizes that forsaking one's humanity and taking the imaginative leap into co-existence with the essences of Beauty, Art, and Love can only bring death and not life. If one strays too far away from one's humanity, he will become as the figures on the urn--mere portrayals of what is enacted in reality.

Returning to his own humanity, the poet again becomes an observer,

addressing the urn, both its shape and its decoration, as a piece of art:

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
 Thou, silent form dost tease us out of thought  
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
 When old age shall this generation waste  
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
 Beauty is truth, truth beauty--that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

He no more remains as a participant in the scenes on the urn, which is now only a "shape" and which is illustrated only with "marble" men and women instead of warm, sensuous people. Instead of the vase "speaking" to Keats through the flights of his Imagination, it now is "silent," for the poet has regained his emotions and human limitations. It can now only "tease [him] out of thought" and back into his reality-filled existence, as opposed to the essential delights it afforded him earlier. It is now only a "cold Pastoral" with no life. He still realizes and accepts the urn's immortality, though, for it shall still remain after Keats's death. For coming generations, this piece of static art or "friend to man" can be a compensation, remaining as a thing of beauty on which men, like Keats, can contemplate and dream in times of pain and woe. And, as a friend, it speaks to mankind in those famous words, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty..." terms which are inclusive, accepting more and more, rather than exclusive terms which define specifically. In stating his conclusion in general terms, Keats re-emphasizes his definition of Negative Capability as stated earlier: one does not have to possess or reach after all of knowledge--to be

content with half-knowledge is enough--the contemplation of Beauty is the act most desired. Most important of all, though, is one's own realization that these terms only have meaning because of one's mortality, or as Keats so pointedly phrases it in a letter, "...nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced--Even a Proverb is no Proverb to you till your Life has illustrated it."<sup>16</sup> Thus, before one can contemplate the essences of Beauty and Truth in all their splendor, one must encounter and interact with them in their concrete, transitory forms in reality.

## IV.

Trapped between devotion to his art and the passions, between the demands of the Poet and those of the Man, John Keats struggled. The theme of Negative Capability, which is dramatized in Keats's two odes, "Ode to a Nightingale" and "Ode on a Grecian Urn," reveals the intensity of that struggle. Although he ardently desired to leave his own humanity behind, annihilate himself, and project his essence into the object of his contemplation, thereby bringing that object to vivid life in his poetry, he simultaneously came to the sobering conclusion that such an action, if maintained for an indefinite length of time, would destroy and kill his much-needed mortality--much-needed because the soul needs a human body in which to dwell.

In conclusion, this notion, most vividly and brutally portrayed, is seen in Keats's "The Fall of Hyperion." In the first canto, the poet, in a magical environment, is addressed by Saturn; he tells Keats that unless he can climb the steps which lead out of the world of unreality into a new life, he will die:

...suddenly a palsied chill

Struck from the paved level up my limbs,  
 And was ascending quick to put cold grasp  
 Upon those streams that pulse beside the throat:  
 I shrieked; and the sharp anguish of my shriek  
 Stung my own ears--I strove hard to escape  
 The numbness; strove to gain the lowest step.  
 Slow, heavy, deadly was my pace; the cold  
 Grew stifling, suffocating at the heart;  
 And when I clasp'd my hands I felt them not.  
 One minute before death, my iced foot touch'd  
 The lowest stair; and as it touch'd, life seem'd

To pour in at the toes...<sup>17</sup>

Clutched in the grasp of rigor mortis, the poet escapes death by entering a new life, by "dying into life," as it were. What is important to note is that he has re-entered life, even if of a different type and at a varied level of experience. But he has regained his humanity.

Consequently, in viewing these two odes of Keats, one needs to note the similar journey that Keats takes: leaving his mortality but always returning to his role as a member of the human race, with all of its inherent characteristics of emotions and instincts and senses. True, a "negatively capable" poet must take that imaginative leap into the essential world; it is only then that the poet can correctly describe such essences in luxurious imagery and make them live. But in order to accomplish this leap, the poet needs to have a pragmatic and practical knowledge of such life--life through personal experience. This notion Keats finally comprehends and accepts, and it is in "Ode to a Nightingale" and "Ode on a Grecian Urn" that he deals with his new-found knowledge artfully, encompassing the entire scope of his experience, both imagined and actual.

## Reference Notes

- <sup>1</sup> John Keats, "Letter to George and Tom Keats, 21, 27(?) December 1817," The Selected Poetry of Keats, ed. Paul de Man (New York: The New American Library, 1966), p. 329.
- <sup>2</sup> John Keats, "Letter to Benjamin Bailey, 22 November 1817," The Selected Poetry of Keats, ed. Paul de Man (New York: The New American Library, 1966), p. 326.
- <sup>3</sup> John Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale," Major British Poets of the Romantic Period, ed. William Heath (New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, Inc., 1973), pp. 1078-1079. All future references to the poem will be taken from this source and indicated parenthetically in the text by stanza and line number.
- <sup>4</sup> Jacob Wigod, The Darkening Chamber: The Growth of Tragic Consciousness in Keats (Salzburg Institut für Englische Sprache und Literatur: Universität Salzburg, 1972), p. 169.
- <sup>5</sup> John Keats, "Letter to J.H. Reynold, 2 May 1818," The Selected Poetry of Keats, ed. Paul de Man (New York: The New American Library, 1966), p. 335.
- <sup>6</sup> Walter Jackson Bate, Negative Capability: The Intuitive Approach in Keats (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1939), p. 36.
- <sup>7</sup> Wigod, p. 170.
- <sup>8</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>9</sup> Ibid., pp. 170-171.
- <sup>10</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>11</sup> Ibid., pp. 171-172.
- <sup>12</sup> Ibid., pp. 172-173.
- <sup>13</sup> John Keats, "Ode on a Grecian Urn," Major British Poets of the Romantic Period, ed. William Heath (New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, Inc., 1973), pp. 1079-1080. All future references to the poem will be taken from this source and indicated parenthetically in the text by stanza and line number.
- <sup>14</sup> Wigod, p. 177.
- <sup>15</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>16</sup> John Keats, "Letter to the George Keatses, 19 March 1819," The Selected Poetry of Keats, ed. Paul de Man (New York: The New American Library, 1966), p. 341.
- <sup>17</sup> John Keats, "The Fall of Hyperion," Major British Poets of the Romantic Period, ed. William Heath (New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, Inc., 1973), p. 1091.

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