**At Sea with Horace and Catullus**

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13 April 2018 John Burroughs School

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#1

[A] Diary: the word jagged at his consciousness and he returned to consider it. **He had given way to two dangerous indulgences in his time: laudanum was one, the bottled fortitude, the nepenthe that had tided him over some of his worst times with Diana Villiers and that had then turned into a tyrannical master. Diary-keeping was the other: a harmless and even a useful occupation for most, but unwise in an intelligence-agent.** To be sure, in most places the manuscript was encoded three deep, in a cipher so personal that it had baffled the Admiralty's cryptographers when he challenged them with a sample. Yet there were some purely personal parts in which he had used a simpler system, one that an ingenious, puzzle-solving mind with a knowledge of Catalan could make out, if he chose to spend the necessary labour. It would be labour lost, from the point of view of intelligence, since **these sections dealt only with Stephen's passion for Diana Villiers over all these years.** Yet even so he was very, very unwilling that any other eye should see him naked, see him exposed as **a helpless and tormented lover**, a nympholept furiously longing for what was beyond his reach; **and even more unwilling that any man should read his attempts at verse, Catullus-and-water at best. A very great deal of water, though the fire might be the same: *nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior***. (p. 128)

[B] odi et amo. quare id faciam fortasse requiris.

nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

Catullus 85

#2

[A] It was with a feeling not unlike dread that Stephen followed Mrs Wogan into Franchon’s hotel. The people behind the desk were talking French and this, together with the European atmosphere of the place, brought about an odd shift in his sense of time and country; **he had not seen Diana Villiers for a great while, yet it was as though he were returning to the field of yesterday’s encounter—an action from which he might have retired intensely happy or with a lacerated heart. She had treated him abominably, at times**: he dreaded the meeting….(p. 185)

[B] **He had known her [Diana Villiers] in a great variety of moo**ds—friendly, confidential, perhaps even **loving** for one short period; certainly, and for much longer periods, indifferent, impatient at his long importunity, sometimes exasperated, hard, and even (though more through the force of circumstances than her own volition) **very cruel**—but never in this. (p. 189)

[C] He walked out of the hotel into the fog, fog that thickened as he wandered down towards the harbour: fog in his mind as he tried to interpret **the strong and sometimes contradictory emotions that overlapped and mingled in his unreasoning part—grief, disappointment, self-accusation, loss: above all, an irreparable loss—a cold void within.** (p. 191)

[D] Groping in his pocket he found Diana’s note, tossed it on the table, set down his green bottle [of laudanum] by it,…and sat down….

…He missed [his diary] now, the close-written coded book, and having stared at the fire for a while he turned full to the table. His indifferent eye fell on the note, addressed in that familiar hand, and he drew a sheet of paper towards him.

“If I no longer love Diana,” he wrote, “what shall I do?” What could he do, with his mainspring, his prime mover gone? **He had known that he would love her for ever—to the last syllable of recorded time….Yet now it seemed that perpetuity meant eight years, nine months and some odd days, while the last syllable of recorded time was Wednesday, the seventeenth of May.** “Can such things be?” he asked….He added some reflections on the effect of mind upon body too,…carefully sanded his last sheet, gathered the others, put them all into the dying fire, watched it flare up, turn and writhe, and fall into black, unmeaning ashes. He was not entirely convinced, and the contradictor in his mind observed that there were many men, and medical men at that, who palpated their own tumours and pronounced them benign; but still it was a comfort to his undecided willing mind and with it he went to his bed. In the lower part of the building a man was singing “Oh oh the mourning dove” as if his heart would break: Stephen listened to the song, until the rising tide of laudanum-sleep engulfed him. (pp. 199-200 *passim*)

[E] He [Stephen] had felt a good many miseries in his time, but none to be compared to this cold vacancy within. His observation of her [Diana] had confirmed his suspicions of the day before and provided reasons for his first instinctive feeling. **He did not love Diana Villiers any more, and it was death to him**. Something in her essence had changed, and the woman who poured out the tea and talked was a stranger, all the more a stranger because of their former intimacy. (p. 208)

[F] Siqva recordanti benefacta priora voluptas

est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,

nec sanctam violasse fidem, nec foedere in ullo

divum ad fallendos numine abusum homines,

multa parata manent in longa aetate, Catulle, 5

ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.

nam quaecumque homines bene cuiquam aut dicere possunt

aut facere, haec a te dictaque factaque sunt;

omnia quae ingratae perierunt credita menti.

quare cur tu te iam amplius **excrucies**? 10

quin tu animum offirmas atque istinc teque reducis

et dis invitis desinis esse miser?

difficilest longum subito deponere amorem.

difficilest, verum hoc qualubet efficias.

una salus haec est, hoc est tibi pervincendum: 15

hoc facias, sive id non pote sive pote.

o di, si vestrumst misereri, aut si quibus umquam

extremam iam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,

me miserum aspicite et, si vitam puriter egi,

eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi. 20

heu, mihi surrepens imos ut torpor in artus

expulit ex omni pectore laetitias!

non iam illud quaero, contra me ut diligat illa,

aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit:

**ipse valere opto et taetrum hunc deponere morbum.** 25

o di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea

Catullus 76

[G] Dicebas quondam solum te nosse Catullum,

Lesbia, nec prae me velle tenere Iovem.

dilexi tum te non tantum ut vulgus amicam,

sed pater ut gnatos diligit et generos.

nunc te cognovi: quare etsi impensius **uror**, 5

multo mi tamen es vilior et levior.

qui potis est? inquis. quod amantem iniuria talis

cogit amare magis, sed bene velle minus.

Catullus 72

#3

[A] Wallis was an old, tried colleague...; it was clear that he was acquainted with nearly all the essentials; it was also clear that as Stephen Maturin had very nearly perished on the outward voyage, he might quite well perish entirely homeward-bound. The sea was a treacherous element; a ship, but a frail conveyance--*fragilis ratis*--tossed by the billows at their whim, subject to every wind that blew. It was as well that Wallis should know. (p. 23)

[B] …et serves animae dimidium meae.

illi robur et aes triplex

circa pectus erat, qui **fragilem** truci

commisit pelago **ratem**

primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africum

decertantem Aquilonibus

nec tristis Hyadas nec rabiem Noti,

quo non arbiter Hadriae

maior, tollere seu ponere vult freta.

quem mortis timuit gradum,

qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,

qui vidit mare turbidum et

infamis scopulos Acroceraunia?

*Odes* 1.3.9-20

#4

[A] “I was never a great reader,” said Jack…. “I mean I never could get along with your novels and tales….**Every novel I have ever looked into is all about love; and I have looked into a good many….**”

**"Of course they are," said Yorke.** "**What else raises your blood, your spirits, your whole being, to the highest pitch**, so that life is triumphant, or tragic, as the case may be, and so that every day is worth a year of common life? When you sit trembling for a letter? When the whole of life is filled with meaning, double-shotted? To be sure, when you actually come to what some have called the right true end, you may find the position ridiculous, and the pleasure momentary; but novels, upon the whole, are concerned with getting there. And for that matter, what else makes the world go around?"

"Why, as to that," said Jack, "I have nothing against the world's going round: indeed, I am rather in favour of it. **But as for raising your spirits to the highest pitch, what do you say about hunting, or playing for high stakes? What do you say about war, about going into action?**”

"**Come, Aubrey, you must have observed that love is a kind of war; you must have seen the analogy.** As for hunting and deep play, what is more obvious? You pursue in love, and if the game is worth engaging in at all, you play for very high stakes indeed. **Do you not agree, Doctor?"**

**"Sure, you are in the right of it. *Intermissa, Venus diu,*** [*sic*] ***rursus bella moves.*** And yet perhaps full war, martial war, may wind even more emotions to the breaking point—the social emotions of comradeship, extreme joint endeavour, even patriotism and selfless devotion may be involved; and glory rather than a humid bed may be the aim." (pp. 52-53 *passim*)

[B] **Intermissa, Venus, diu**

**rursus bella moves**? parce precor, precor.

non sum qualis eram bonae

sub regno Cinarae. desine, dulcium

mater saeva Cupidinum, 5

circa lustra decem flectere mollibus

iam durum imperiis: abi

quo blandae iuvenum te revocant preces.

*…*

sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur

manat rara meas lacrima per genas?

cur facunda parum decoro 35

inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

nocturnis ego somniis

iam captum teneo, iam volucrem sequor

te per gramina Martii

Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubilis. 40

*Odes* 4.1.1-8, 33-40

[C] “By God, Maturin,” cried Diana, “you could not have had a better thought.” She dropped his arm, reloaded the smoking pistol and rammed home the wad. “Now I need not be afraid,” she said, her eyes as fierce and proud as a falcon’s.

**It was the first time since he reached America that he saw the woman that he had loved so desperately and he walked aft with his mind unsettled….** (p. 319)

#5

[A] Jerking himself awake from an incipient doze over his pudding, he [Maturin] became aware that Captain Aubrey was about to sing. Jack was the least self-conscious being in the world, and he would sing as naturally as he sneezed, "I heard it in the Boston mad-house," he said, emptying his glass. "This is how it goes." He leant back in his chair, and his deep, melodious voice filled the cabin:

“Oh, oh, the mourning dove

Says, where can she be?

She was my only love

But gone from me, oh gone from me.”

"Well sung, Jack," said Broke, and turning to Stephen with his rare smile, "He reminds me of that tuneful Lesbian

*qui ferox bello tamen inter arma*

*sive iactatam religarat udo*

*llitore navim."*

"To be sure, sir," said Stephen, "and as far as Bacchus and Venus are concerned, and even at a push the Muses, what could be more apt? Yet as I recall it goes on

*et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque*

*crine decorum*

and although I may well be mistaken, it does not seem to me that the black-haired boy quite suits, in a description of Captain Aubrey's tastes."

"Very true, sir, very true," said Broke, put out and disconcerted. "I was forgetting...There are many objectionable passages in the ancients that are best forgotten."

“Ha, ha," said Jack, "I knew it would never answer, chopping Latin with the Doctor. I have known him knock a full admiral on the head before this, with his ablative absolute." (pp. 283-284)

[B] Poscimus, si quid vacui sub umbra

lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum

vivat et pluris, age dic Latinum,

barbite, carmen,

Lesbio primum modulate civi, 5

**qui ferox bello tamen, inter arma**

**sive iactatam religarat udo**

**litore navim,**

Liberum et Musas Veneremque et illi

semper haerentem puerum canebat 10

**et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque**

**crine decorum.**

o decus Phoebi et dapibus supremi

grata testudo Iovis, o laborum

dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve 15

rite vocanti!

Horace, *Odes* 1.32

#6

….Here a cascade of small coins, a snuff-box, a tinder-box, a spunk-box, a penknife, two lancets, a cheroot-case, **a duodcimo Horace**, some pieces of rosin, a variety of small bones and mammalian teeth, and a partially eaten biscuit fell from his inverted coat pockets on to the deck. Forshaw [a midshipman] helped him pick them up, gave him some advice on the proper, the seamanlike, way of folding a coat, warned him against creasing it and against undue exposure to the sun, and said he should carry the coat down for Killick to hang it up in the Doctor’s cabin. The cabin was of course below, but Forshaw’s road took him by inconsequential leaps along the top of the hammock-cloths with nothing between him and the white racing water but a little slippery canvas: just as he was about to dodge between the forecourse and its deeper studdingsail he lost his footing in a way that would have made Mrs. Forshaw turn deathly pale ad that did make Dr Maturin feel anxious for his coat. But he seized the sheet and hung there for a moment, laughing up at a friend in the foretop, before vanishing between the sails, as safe as a young ape in its native wood: **and as he balance there in his best cabin-going uniform of silver-buckled shoes, white breeches and blue coat, with this teeth flashing in his sunburnt face and his hair streaming in the wind, he looked uncommonly fetching.**

**“Can you imagine anything more beautiful?” said [Lieutenant] Warner, in his harsh, grating voice.**

**“Not readily,” said Stephen.**

“Cracking on when the sun is bright has always been a joy to me,” said Warner quickly, “and now we have just about everything abroad that she can bear.”

“A noble spread of sails, upon my word,” said Stephen; and indeed he was by no means unmoved by the beauty of sail above sail, sail beyond sail, taut, rounded, and alive, nor by the huge curved shadows, and intricate geometry of line and brilliant surface. But whereas he had often seen a ship under royals and studdingsails aloft and allow, tearing through the deep blue sea with a bone in her teeth, he had rarely seen such a look of hunger, of hunger combined with something else—admiration or rather wonder, affection, tenderness.

“Poor man,” he reflected. “The instinct so very strong, so very nearly unconquerable even in a phlegmatic. If he is, as I suppose, a paederast, small wonder he should be glum. **When I consider what desire has done for me, how it has torn my heart—and mine an avowable desire, glorified by specious, heroic names—I am astonished that such men do not consume themselves entirely.** A hard fate, to be shut up day after day with such a longing in a ship, where everything is known; and where this must not be known; where there must be no approach to an overt act.” (pp. 66-67)