

Pater's Portraits: The Aesthetic Hero in 1890 (Part II)

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ABSTRACT

*In conjunction with Walter Pater's unfinished manuscript, "Gaudioso, the Second," recently published in Expositions (Monsman 2008), a second manuscript fragment from among Pater's papers is now also printed here for the first time: "Tibalt the Albigenese" (circa 1890). Not long after Pater began research for his never-finished second novel, Gaston de Latour (1888/1995), he simultaneously began reading for his imaginary portrait of "Tibalt," dealing with the prelude to the bloody Albigenian crusade. Like Gaston, "Tibalt" was to be set in France against the turbulent background of religious warfare. But in contrast to the brutality of sectarian slaughter in Gaston, Pater elevates aesthetic experience to a mystical and Platonically mythic level of enchantment. From his first aesthetic portrait, "The Child in the House" (1878)—a defense of his aestheticism in *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (1873)—to "Tibalt the Albigenese," Pater's fascination with the transformative power of beauty at the turning-points of religious/cultural history is the major thrust of all his writings.*

KEYWORDS: Albigenian Heresy, Aesthetic Hero, Walter Pater, Aestheticism, Medieval France

Walter Pater, essayist and critic, began publishing fiction belatedly in his career, in his thirty-eighth year, when he wrote the poetically evocative allegory of "The Child in the House" (1878). It is a covert self-portrait of his fascination with beauty and pain that developed as he grew up in a quintessentially Victorian home. Prompted in large measure by the earlier outcry against the hedonistic aestheticism of his *Studies in the Renaissance* (1873), Pater felt it was incumbent to defend "the depth of the charm or spell" he felt for "beautiful physical things,

a kind of tyranny of the senses over him” (1895, 189, 186). From this first “imaginary portrait” (his generic characterization of the fiction he wrote) until one of his last, “Tibalt the Albigense,” Pater’s program was to describe the mystical rapport of a sensuous beauty with a hieratic purity of spirit expressed within the transitions of Western higher culture. The protagonists of these two portraits are constructed from Pater’s own autobiographical circumstances: Florian is Pater the child at his Enfield home whereas Tibalt, who is about to become a physician, prefigures the occupation of both Pater’s early deceased father, a medical doctor, and his recently deceased brother, licentiate and fellow of Edinburgh’s Royal College of Surgeons—and to whom Pater, at about the time he commenced “Tibalt,” dedicated his *Appreciations, with an Essay on Style* (1889).

It has been a commonplace in Pater criticism that his aesthetic heroes all have a strong sense of home, perceiving it as a refuge both physical and psychic. In the child’s developmental psychology, home represents the consubstantiality of the sensuous with the spiritual, elevating aesthetic experience to an almost mystical and certainly mythic level. Both in “The Child in the House” and in “Tibalt,” there is a magical moment of enchantment with beauty. Pater’s persona, Florian, comes upon:

a great red hawthorn in full flower, embossing heavily the bleached and twisted trunk and branches, so aged that there were but few green leaves thereon—a plumage of tender, crimson fire out of the heart of the dry wood.... [I]n dreams all night he loitered along a magic roadway of crimson flowers, which seemed to open ruddily in thick, fresh masses about his feet, and fill softly all the little hollows in the banks on either side.... Also, then, for the first time, he seemed to experience a passionateness in his relation to fair outward objects, an inexplicable excitement in their presence, which disturbed him, and from which he half longed to be free. (Pater 1895, 185–86)

This pivotal moment of aesthetic puberty also has its echo in Tibalt’s gathering florets of curative herbs:

And one spot there was—he detected it by its ring of molten snow—where those old volcanic fires lay not yet quite extinct amid the cinders. Here, like the relics of a warmer, more florid and genial world,

certain odd, exotic, miraculously fresh flowers were begotten as by natural magic, erect in the dark clefts, their roots deep down in the medicinale salts.

Florian and Tibalt both encounter sensuous physical beauty fraught with a great power of fertility and renewal—"magic" in both passages.

The covert aesthetic eroticism in these passages—that "inexplicable excitement" in "Child" of the gnarled hawthorn's tender fire filling surreal crevices and in "Tibalt" the image of the flowers "erect in the dark clefts" within the "ring" of old fires—points toward a confused or repressed desire for beauty that recalls Plato's distinction in the *Phaedrus* between eroticism (*eros*) and its contrasting virtuous love (*anterota*), the latter inspired by Beauty standing on a pedestal of chastity (1871a, 254b). Plato personifies this theory of beauty in the *Phaedrus* as an amorous relationship in which the devotee finds in beauty a reminiscence of the primordial loveliness of the divine; he reflects this love-image back to the beautiful one as in a mirror and, ideally, should come to be loved in return by beauty's awakened soul (1871a, 255c–e). Plato's ideal of a sensuous/spiritual beauty and love had been ignored by Greek and Roman poets but was embraced in medieval-Renaissance philosophy and art by the Neoplatonists of Florence and north Italy; however, many of the more-conventional Neoplatonists feared the contamination of the spiritual by its reflection in an erotic love, a carnal beauty (Panofsky 1939, 100; Plato 1871b, 201d *et seq.*). When Pater in *Plato and Platonism* (1893) characterized Neoplatonism as "a kind of prosaic and cold-blooded transcendentalism" (1893, 149), he would have been thinking of a similar Victorian opposition of sense to spirit. But as postulated by Pater, J.J. Winckelmann was among the first in modern times to replace this conventional Neoplatonic antithesis with the more ancient ideal of a Platonic mutuality (1873, 194–196), a blending of sensuous physical beauty with soul. This humanistic ideal would have been foreshadowed by Tibalt the Albigenese, an avatar both of the Reformation and of the spirit of the Renaissance.

Almost as if Pater had anticipated his later figure of Tibalt in "The Child in the House," he defined how Florian, like Tibalt, stood outside the narrow puritan oppositions of his cultural environment, "inward and outward being woven through and through each other into one

inextricable texture—half, tint and trace and accident of homely colour and form, from the wood and the bricks; half, mere soul-stuff, floated thither from who knows how far” (1895, 172–173). After the climatic description of Florian’s hawthorn, Pater continued:

In later years he came upon philosophies which occupied him much in the estimate of the proportion of the sensuous and the ideal elements in human knowledge, the relative parts they bear in it; and, in his intellectual scheme, was led to assign very little to the abstract thought, and much to its sensible vehicle or occasion.... [H]e remembered gratefully how the Christian religion, hardly less than the religion of the ancient Greeks, translating so much of its spiritual verity into things that may be seen, condescends in part to sanction this infirmity, if so it be, of our human existence, wherein the world of sense is so much with us.

(1895, 186–187)

In the beguiling impressionism of his so very Paterian prose, what Pater gives us in “Tibalt” are historical facts, landscape descriptions, and a theo-philosophical background that cast light on his continuing preoccupation in the 1890s with the medieval foreshadowing of the Reformation and the Renaissance. From “Two Early French Stories” in his 1873 *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* to his unfinished *Gaston de Latour*, the emergence of the “modern” perspective engrossed him. The proto-Reformation Albigensians were so named from Albige, the capital city of the Albigenses in the Gallo-Roman period; later, at the time of this story, the city was called Albi and had become a fiefdom of the counts of Toulouse. However, the name “Albigensian” is a quirk of history because Toulouse, not Albi, was the movement’s center. Contemptuous of a corrupt and ignorant clergy and with nationalistic aspirations strengthened by their ancient regional language, the Albigensians grew rapidly under the protection of the nobility. They believed there were two gods, an evil Satan, who is lord of the eternal world of material things, including mankind’s sinful body, and Christ whose spiritual kingdom includes the souls of believers inspired day by day by the Holy Spirit. They rejected entirely the institutional organization and authority of the Roman Church. On election to the papacy, Innocent III unsuccessfully attempted a peaceful conversion of the “heretics.” Then in 1204 he launched an implacable crusade against

much of the south of France and starved, mutilated, hanged, disemboweled, and burned the “heretics” (at the stake or without stakes). If not in the mountains, most certainly in the cities this crusade decimated a brilliant Provençal culture of wealth, leisure, and imagination. In *Marius the Epicurean* (1885) Pater acknowledged “the fatality which seems to haunt any signal beauty, whether moral or physical, ... the suspicion and hatred it so often excites in the vulgar” (1885, 1: 100). The monastic mind feared the ancient life of the senses and had set itself against those ambiguities of what would become a transformative modernity. Jakob Burckhardt, like Winckelmann, considered the Renaissance a return from an intense medieval otherworldliness to the earlier classical life of the senses. Thus when Dominico “stumbled on the buried Venus” in Pater’s “Gaudioso, the Second” (Monsman 2008, 91), he enacted this discovery of antiquity’s latent potency, thereby allegorizing the advent of modern civilization. But for Pater this new paradigm of modernity was not truly antithetical to the cloister but blossomed into an artistic perfection in which “Catholicism and the Renaissance, religion and culture, holiness and beauty, might seem reconciled” (Pater 1895, 103).

After the death of Pater in 1894, both C.L. Shadwell and Edmund Gosse prepared a number of his important remaining manuscripts for posthumous publication; but when Macmillan suggested publishing still other manuscripts, Clara Pater, her brother’s administrator, declined because she felt the remainder not sufficiently finished and did not wish “that any work of his should appear in a form less complete than he would himself have approved” (1896, vii). But we now have a much greater tolerance for the unfinished; indeed, “the fragment” is a major aesthetic category. Further, Pater always revised even after publication, edition after edition, never really finishing absolutely *any* text. And finally, in the light of his growing reputation as “the strongest as well as the subtlest literary-critical intelligence” of the high-Victorian period in England (Rossetti 2003, xxii), Pater’s later thoughts on the enchantment of beauty and love cannot be dismissed as unworthy of notice or study. As a fragment, “Tibalt” is only nineteen manuscript pages long, perhaps slightly more than 2,500 words. And as with nearly all Pater’s fiction, it is more essay than action. Although the manuscript

of “Tibalt” can be deciphered by those familiar with Pater’s penmanship, my sense is that this draft, with its numerous abbreviations and hasty illegibilities, is in an earlier, more cursory state than even that of “Gaudioso.” Pater said he never published anything until he had “written it out seven times” (more likely he reviewed and revised it from end to end seven times); this fragment of “Tibalt” surely had been awaiting more revisions-*cum*-writings-out, not to mention its completion. As to uncared-for interlineations, ordinarily I would not interpolate them into the reading text unless they were above either an authorial cancellation or lacuna on the primary line; however, at this stage of the draft sensible editing suggests Pater’s last (even though still tentative) alternative should be privileged: “last is best.” Bracketing in the text below indicates simple gaps in the primary line of composition that Pater had left both unfilled and without any tentative choices above the line but for which the editor has suggested words to fill these voids, often from Pater’s published work elsewhere. Indeed, the Sir Thomas Browne quotation is *precisely* the one Pater intended to use.¹

Tibalt the Albigense

The close of the twelfth century witnessed in the flowery yet sombre regions of the South of France the first movement of the Reformation in its utmost harshness of mood and, side by side with that, the first growth of the Renaissance already sensuous and gay. Oddly enough, they appear amid all their contrasts as not unfriendly powers. The fierce “crusade,” which in the course of years swept both alike away, made common cause against them as *Albigensian*; and the closer student of the period cannot help asking himself whether there may not have been some deeper basis of union than a common danger between those two, at first sight so incongruous, companions—in some tenet of that “Manichean”² doctrine, perhaps, with which the very soil of Languedoc was held to be tainted.

What is a natural query with the modern student seems to have been felt by the ecclesiastical authorities of the Middle Age as a deep suspicion, as if they divined already in those uncertain movements the bold-scope, the more powerful drift, of each at a later time, the connexion of both with that all-solving critical philosophy which is of the texture

of the modern mind.³ What united two natural enemies, it was dimly felt, in common and concerted promotion of Antichrist must be some conviction of a perverted intellect common to both, animating by the fancied light of better doctrine the constant tendency of human nature to revolt against authority. The alliance of the pious “little people,” in the suburbs of the great towns or in the distant mountain villages, with the gay court of the Count of Toulouse was no merely temporary union, at an exceptional and trying moment, in opposition to the ancient hierarchy, nor the Count’s patronage of the avowed heretics merely the easy generosity or indifference of a liberal sovereign.⁴ There must be some seed of poisonous thought afloat in the general atmosphere, lighting, to take root, here in sour protest against holy church, there in a luxurious furtherance of the pleasant things of life.

The student of thought at the end of the twelfth century has to content himself with a result as uncertain as the suspicion which would seem to have envenomed the religious bigotry of the court of Innocent III.⁵ No proof of the intellectual pravity supposed is forthcoming behind either the scanty notices of those early sectaries which present them merely as theological purists or behind the Provençal literature, in effect the sole extant monument of that early Renaissance in its frank and easily intelligible service to poetic culture. Yet the query remains, remains in the suggestion of a mental possibility, a possible phase⁶ of thought evolved just then in this or that curiously pondering mind, which may have determined one or many lives in that perplexed age with the tragedy, the terrible series of events, in which it terminated.

It is doubtless a part of the world’s real wisdom to make small account of metaphysical doctrines in the analysis of the forces which determine its movements. There are epochs, notwithstanding, as well as individual characters which from age to age reproduce the mood of particular epochs, not to be understood without large allowance for the influence of abstract theory. If metaphysical doctrines afford but a thin and sketchy version of our rich and complex actual experience, yet on the other hand they express this or that strong natural tendency of the mind which reflects on that experience, compelling all in this direction to the exclusion of that. Like morbid physical tendencies (if you will), such doctrines, the doctrine of [Xenophanes’ impersonal god-

force] or [the negation of finite entities in Baruch Spinoza's theology] or [Giordano Bruno's materialistic pantheism], reappear at intervals, and are constitutional in certain minds. Imperfections, obliquities, [the motes and beams] of vision (it may be), since they are constitutional and we cannot put them from us, they come to rank with those affected by them as no less than laws of light.⁷ In this way such sterilities of doctrine as [a wholly rational deity] or [a wholly naturalistic one]—sterilities to the healthy—help largely to shape the history, as well of [communities] as of individuals, by bringing special tendencies of character into exclusive action, by making conscious and effective a mere tendency of mind in antagonism to its other tendencies. As the pronounced metaphysical formula reflects a general direction of the mind; so, given those mental directions, the formula, even if it comes from without, stamps them as current coin, or (to use another image) handicaps them in the competition for survival.

The common ground, if such there was, between the children of the Renaissance and the children of Reform at the close of the twelfth century in Languedoc, would be found in the inherent, the characteristic shiftiness of one of those [ambiguously] abstract metaphysical formulæ—a metaphysical notion preoccupying men's minds at that place and time, but taking quite different issues on the plane of practice by its passage through two opposed types of character and conditions of life. It would be an instance of the versatility, the consequent uselessness after all some might urge, of metaphysical doctrine. —Abstract principles! Applied to the complex world of the various forces of men's characters, they do but lend themselves, like the old leaden rule, to the twists and angles pre-existent there, or like the larvæ of the naturalist take deceptive colour from the matter they feed on or pass across.

Whence had come that fantastic opinion of the eternity of matter—the eternity of matter and its implacable hostility to spirit, which at the close of the twelfth century⁸ lit up the fanaticism of multitudes in the South of France—has puzzled historians. Was it perhaps—Manicheism? as alleged by some, startled or bent on startling others by a strange name. Had it come like infectious disease in the baggage of returning crusaders from some old cobwebbed brain long since turned to dust in the distant East? Was it a rag of old pagan philosophy still

lingering like the monuments, the law, the very speech of old Rome on the soil of Languedoc, or a loan perhaps from Saracen unbelievers in Spain grown all too neighbourly, or had it actually been secreted afresh in the perverse mind of that late day? At any rate it was an established force there: it was in the air, seed from the hand of the bad sower thought some, of course.⁹ The matter and spirit of which metaphysicians talk are, as we know, but creations of the metaphysicians themselves, rude abstract terms for the denomination of two series of phenomena only roughly distinguishable from each other in our actual experience, where the material and the spiritual, soul and body, are ever inextricably playing upon and fusing into each other, with a closeness which is nothing less than the unity of oneself. The eternity of matter! —Could anything seem more barren than a belief about that? But see it at its work on the cranky brains, the fierce hearts of a handful of wild people, vassals of that gay Count Raymond of Toulouse, half barons half shepherds within the high narrow walls of Castel la Crête, a fortified feudal village built of black lava clinging to one of the highest ledges in the Crest of the volcanic mountains of Lodève.¹⁰ At these levels a country of the chestnut and the vine becomes a country of much rain and darkness. To these harsh people without leisure, without knowledge, without art, the old Manichean [heresy], if such it was, came plausibly enough—identifying the rough and graceless world around their own rough and graceless bodies marred by labour or battle, unutterably heavy when the labour and the fight were over or else breaking into wild sin—with matter as the creation of Satan or as Satan himself, the indestructible element of darkness and evil in things in eternal hostility to the spirit. The metaphysical “strife” gave trenchancy to, while it explained the opposition of, good and evil in themselves and in the world about them. Could they limit its reign by fasting from their rude or scanty store, by [penance and prayer], even by the proscription of marriage, by becoming rougher and ruder still in habit and person. Or did it matter at all what became of the irredeemable body, what it did with itself, they might ask themselves in hours of [fasting], the puritan becoming [purer still]. Allying itself to their rude taste for a purer or at least more colourless form of Christianity than was known to the catholic church, it gave theoretic interest to their

revolt against a hierarchy so closely identified with material splendour and had kept the Crest for [a hundred] years without a sacred taper, without the waters of Baptism.

To minds thus strangely scrupulous it was a relief to think that the flesh of Christ himself had been but an unreal phantom. No priest lifted the Body of the Lord or blessed a marriage. If one came that way by chance, tongues perhaps false averred that he went back with a mutilated person. The chanted psalms soothed, no longer, irritated or weary souls, for the Old Testament was a wicked book. There were no holy oils for the dying in the bare unlighted chamber which had taken the place of the castle chapel fallen to ruin. Only down there below, sunk among the black cliffs, was the particular burial place of “the Perfect,”¹¹ where the bodies of their dead might go without a blessing to mingle with matter even grosser still. With a touch of grotesque pride, revealing their kinship to those far-off Scotch descendants,¹² far off both in time and place, these odd vassals of the [Count of Toulouse] might think of themselves as the pure, the perfect, the people of the spirit amid a world immersed in matter. Yes! the body, the natural world, the whole material order, was plainly a vile prison-house of the soul. That “matter was eternal”—its obscure rival godhead, its eternal war with spirit throughout the ages, did but make its power in the world mightier and one’s own battle against it more desperate. With these [folk] the metaphysical dogma had given coherence and [fixed direction] and a kind of fanatical lucidity of mind to the crude instincts of a premature puritanism.

On dark [lowering] days, amid those [cliffs and ravines], it might easily seem that the souls so imprisoned were apostate spirits, damned already or with but a single chance more. That was what was offered by way of p[oetry]¹³ to a softly dreaming lad, at home among those gloomy chieftains. Unbaptised Thibalt!¹⁴—here was the sort of boldly pondering soul to which the suspected theoretic link, between the barons of Castel la Crête, men gloomy and turbulent as the tempests they looked out upon, and their gay insouciant sovereign at Toulouse, might become apparent by the sifting out of the remoter possibilities in an ambiguous doctrine. What if the doctrine of the eternity of matter, the reign, the Satanic godhead of that should disclose itself as the

motive of some quite other mode of taking the world to this speculative lad, gifted so unmistakably with the intellectual ingenuousness which detects instinctively sincerity of conviction anywhere and will always stay to listen, always with fine equity allow its due weight to *doctrine* in the conduct of life? The doctrine of two principles—duteously he disciplines his thoughts upon the track of that, stimulating the early strength of a fine intelligence to discover the reason of this supreme trust, which though but a challenge to endless thinking within himself, was like a drawn sword all around in the protecting people about him. “There is an edge [in all firm belief, and with an easy metaphor we may say, the sword of faith]”, says quaint [Sir Thomas Browne, “but in these obscurities I rather use it in the adjunct the apostle gives it, a buckler; under which I conceive a wary combatant may lie invulnerable”] (1643, 1: 10).¹⁵

Albi, the sacred city, the new Rome of this fantastic doctrine might be just discerned sometimes in rare luminous weather from this or that outstanding hill-side, far off on the long bad winding roads which had not yet carried Tibalt beyond the limits of his birthplace. For him eternal matter identified itself with that girdle of cracked and calcined hill-tops, the barren precipices, the starveling bitter-scented herbage of those hollows where the volcanic fires had gone out, after some old Satanic conflict, leaving ugly dust and ruin behind. In those lowlands whence the black sheep mounted in immense flocks, bleating over the solitude as the heat of summer increased, there he divined already a richer land of corn and the vine, with the white bread which was rich cake at home and the wine, tasted here only by the sick or the very old, spreading West and South and East to the pope, to paynim Spain, to the sea and the ships. But here at the Crest winter came early, when behind the thick clouds battling together for months above the winding ravines Satan himself might be thought to sit enthroned. And with the first rains began that other battle of the rivers, parting to this land or that down their black gashes. O! to be rid of that noise of howling sheep-dogs, of blind cruel water! Then on a sudden, a frost, like swords in the air, had hushed it as he wandered like some highly intelligent wild animal, healthy still, furtive, bright-eyed beneath his sheep-skin, across the snow before a bleak sun under which a world of grey balloons

or domes with wild basaltic columns, range upon range, was presented for a while: a passionate if sombre scenery for passionate people.

And amid this world of rigid people and things, in which childhood and age and natural weakness generally seemed doubly susceptible of pain, an immense tenderness grew up in him. What a refuge for a sensitive youth, stimulated to rude manliness by those men of iron, bruised sometimes by contact with them, and, turning away, for childish solace was the soft if ignorant womanhood in this nest among the rocks, the rock-like towns! Side by side with those dark, terrible, terribly sincere men whose view of [carnal relations] was summed up in the rule “that married persons must not come together but with the hope of having children,” the women and children, [simple-heart]ed, [unsullied], [unaffected], became more than usually tame, sweet, soft, almost animal in their winsomeness. —Yes! they were like so many delightful, contemptible pet animals. A catholic, the boy would have become a priest: as it was, with the visages of these women and children, so often suffering, deep at his heart, he already had determined to be a healer of the body and went his way betimes, a self-taught botanist, searching for such [leaf or berry] as might lurk in those arid regions, finding them at last rich therein for the diligent seeker. Surely one old churchyard, long disused by “the Perfect,” must have its secret treasures. Its carved memorial stones and shattered crosses above the old catholic bones seemed like works of nature in their immemorial age. Pitiful, indulgent—he felt towards them who lay thus as one feels towards very old people, older and weaker than ever they seemed, by those long years under the moss-covered loam just above the precipice whence the unseen water roared so harshly. Reverently he plucked up from among them his white or purple treasures. And one spot there was—he detected it by its ring of molten snow—where those old volcanic fires lay not yet quite extinct amid the cinders. Here like the relics of a warmer, more florid and genial world, certain odd, exotic, miraculously fresh flowers were begotten as by natural magic, erect in the dark clefts, their roots deep down in the medicinale salts. Only on less lightsome days this presented itself as but another humour of cruelty in things—tender things cast out upon the scathing cold in the bad reign of “matter”—the cruelty it would be his vocation to counter-

act. And it was after all a fruit of duteousness, of real humanity in those grim people that they did not discourage, that they found a way to the realisation of the lad's purpose to become a physician....

In 1887, Pater published four fictional studies under the title, *Imaginary Portraits*; then only two years later he had considered the idea of bringing out a second volume of uncollected stories, including several at that time either unwritten or only just begun, one of which Pater said would have been "set in the time of the Albigensian persecutions" (1970, xxx and n.1).¹⁶ We do not know if even as late as 1892, at the time its inclusion was seemingly dropped from this projected collection, whether Pater had even begun "Tibalt." This second collection afterwards was indefinitely postponed or cancelled, and Pater died with several published but uncollected portraits and four fragmentary portraits, "Gaudioso" and "Tibalt" being the most coherent among the latter. What we do know with a fair degree of certainty is that Pater began work on his ultimately abandoned *Gaston de Latour* toward the end of 1886 and that a year later he simultaneously was researching "Tibalt," having borrowed in 1887 both Claude Fauriel's edition of a versified account of the crusade against the "Albigeois" by a Provençal poet from the 1200s and also Paul Meyer's translations (1875–1879) of the same topic (Inman 1990, 471). In Pater's first published essay, "Coleridge's Writings" (1866), he asserted, "It is at the court of Frederick II [in Sicily] that the Renaissance first becomes discernible as an actual power in European society" (Inman 1990, 25). Later in 1874 he read Claude Fauriel's *Dante* (1854); and "according to Fauriel, the troubadours at the court of Frederic II had fled there for refuge from the crusade against the Albigenses, which destroyed an elegant civilization and dispersed its poets" (Inman 1990, 25). Was this, as B.A. Inman has suggested, a possible thread of plot for Pater's portrait of Tibalt? "If he had finished this story, perhaps he would have had the gentle Tibalt flee with the troubadours from the violence of his homeland to the court of Frederick in Sicily" (1990, 25).

Or more likely he dies a martyr. The meaning of Tibalt's name, "brave or bold people," may have been intended to be no less a characternym than that of Gaudioso's name, signifying "joy." In this era of St. Francis of Assisi, healer and herbalist, it may be that Tibalt, who

will become a physician, was intended by means of the practice of his profession to bridge the gap between, as he writes in the manuscript, “the people of the spirit amid a world immersed in matter” and the “the gay court of the Count of Toulouse”—whose lives of wealth and pleasure are reminiscent of the youth of St. Francis. Pater wrote of the temple of Aesculapius in *Marius the Epicurean*:

The apparatus of the medical art, the salutary mineral or herb, diet or abstinence, and all the varieties of the bath, came to have a kind of sacramental character; so deep was the feeling, in more serious minds, of a moral or spiritual profit in physical health, beyond the obvious bodily advantages one had of it; the body becoming truly, in that case, but a quiet handmaid of the soul. (1885, 1: 30)

Within the precincts of this temple, the young Marius is shown a vision of Rome as a holy city—to which he goes and at which, ultimately, he dies “with plenary grace.” Here in “Tibalt” the city glimpsed in the distance is “Albi, the sacred city, the new Rome,” a hieratic vision of the human community in contrast to its impending catastrophe—no mere theological horror of pleasure then, of fountains running with wine, but of streets running with blood. The temple of Aesculapius offered a healing connection for the darker side of physical reality with the vitality of the spirit. It may be no coincidence that in Pater’s essay on “Style,” one of his most important aesthetic manifestos, he cited Flaubert’s conjunction of the physician with the painter and the writer: “Those who write in good style are sometimes accused of a neglect of ideas, and of the moral end, as if the end of the physician were something else than healing, of the painter than painting—as if the end of art were not, before all else, the beautiful” (1889, 26).

Notes

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Houghton Library, Harvard University.

2. An ancient Persian doctrine of religious dualism teaching that matter, personified by the devil, is evil and that spirit, embodied in God, is good; through asceticism, one's spirit may escape from matter.
3. The famous Conclusion to his *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* describes "modern" consciousness as a product of scientific theory (1873, 207–213). Pater's use of the word "solving" in its root sense of "loosening, dissolving" (from *sed-, se-,* apart + *luere,* to release) is owing to a literary aestheticism that he shared with French advocates of art-for-art's sake and that paralleled the earlier Latin writers of the Anonine Age. In *Marius the Epicurean* (1885) Pater gives extended attention to Cornelius Fronto's style because Fronto aimed to revitalize Latin by capturing the rich and varied vocabulary of the old Republican days before literary classicists such as Caesar and Cicero stimulated an artificial Latin disconnected from daily life. Purists such as Caesar shunned unusual words as if they were "rocks" (Gellius 1946, I: 10); but Fronto, like the fictitious poet Flavian in *Marius*, urged his pupils to seek out "the unexpected and unlooked-for word" (1962–1963, I: 6).
4. Raymond VI, Count of Toulouse (1156–1222). A contemporary Cistercian monk described him in *Historia Albigensium* as "A limb of the devil, a son of perdition, the first born of Satan, an enemy of the Cross and persecutor of the Church, defender of heretics..."—and the appellatives continue (Warner 1922, I: 50). One suspects this reflects Raymond's success as a warrior for the Albigensian cause.
5. Innocent III (1161–1216, Pope 1198–1216). He asserted papal rights, spiritual and secular, and opposed heresy, notably for twenty blood-stained years against the Albigensians. In 1215 he convoked the fourth Lateran Council, the major doctrinal assemblage of the Middle Ages.
6. Each of Pater's pages consists of twelve primary lines with room for interlineations; the word "phase" on the primary line is cancelled and "condition" is inserted on the half-line above it; "phase" is then rewritten on the quarter-line between the cancellation and "condition" on the half-line. Since Pater's last choice is the editor's best choice, here and elsewhere, the top-most alternative is rejected in favor of the word on the quarter-line.
7. The "laws of light" is a covert nod toward Professor John Tyndall (1820–1893) and his lectures on light as a mode of motion, like heat, and his explanations of

diffusion (“Tyndall effect”) for why the sky is blue. The foregoing brackets are filled with: first, a reference from Pater’s *Plato and Platonism* (1893, 25–29) to the ideas of the Eleatic School; second, to Baruch Spinoza’s “nihilism,” presented in Pater’s “Sebastian van Storck” (1887, 89–133); third, to the “lower pantheism” of Giordano Bruno in Pater’s *Gaston de Latour* ([1896] 1995, 68–83). Alternatively one might have cited John Calvin, who propounded the savage doctrine of God’s “unconditional election”; Pater in *Marius the Epicurean* (1885, 2: 115) alludes to Calvin’s statement that “there are babies but a span long in hell.” The final bracket employs the familiar (for Pater’s generation) biblical imagery of Matthew 7:3, Luke 6:42.

8. Pater, rapidly interlining, simply neglected to write “century” here, as in another place he writes “him” for “them”; his MS housekeeping is not as meticulous as usual. But, as the editor of Pierre L’Estoile’s journal remarked with fine Gallic dismissal, “One is not obligated to respect certain vagaries of the pen.”
9. Matthew 13:3-39; Galatians 6:7-8. The good sower is Christ or the Christ-like; the bad sower is the Devil.
10. Lodève, as Pater knew it, was a bustling market town in the southern Massif Central. In the countryside, among weird rock formations, hillsides of chestnut and pine trees, mountain streams, and vineyards, are quaint medieval stone-built villages hidden or clinging to the steep hills, dominated here and there by a ruined chateau. Castel la Crête seems to be an invention of Pater, suggestive of the Mediterranean as a cultural crossroads in the medieval period.
11. Pater here did not use quotation marks and capitalization for this phrase; later he does. Albigensians belonged to one of two groups: either “the Perfect,” the men and women of the ordained priesthood, who had received the gift of the Holy Spirit, or the unbaptized laity, called “believers.” In the next sentence the nouns in the phrase, “the pure, the perfect,” I consider less an effort to single out a specific group than to denote a general class of religious behaviors and ideas. Nevertheless, “the pure” *is* an alternate characterization of the Albigensians who were also called Cathars, a name that likely derives from the Greek *Katharoi*, “the pure.”
12. The old Scotch Covenanters (Presbyterians) in the seventeenth century revolted against the established Church that they felt to be irreligious and oppressive; in two covenants they laid the groundwork for independence of religious thought and conduct, thereby introducing as well ideals of civil liberty.

13. Pater's abbreviation for this word is simply "p."; either "poetry" or "philosophy."
14. Pater here is using a spelling of the name that has a host of variants in France—Thibaud, Thibaut, Tibert, Tybert, Tybalt, Tybalt, all derivations from Thibault that originally came from a Germanic surname Theudbald. The thirteenth-century Saint Thibault of Marly (1235–1247) was a knight who became a Cistercian abbot.
15. Browne's reference is to Paul, Apostle to the Gentiles, Ephesians 6:14-17. *Religio Medici* translates as "The Religion of a Physician"; Pater's choice of this quotation is undoubtedly relevant to Tibalt's chosen profession.
16. In 1891 Pater had read proofs of Douglas Ainslie's blank verse play, *Escarlamonde*, published in *Escarlamonde and Other Poems* (1893). Lawrence Evans reports: "The story is set in Languedoc at the time of the Albigensian persecutions, and the eponymous heroine is sister to Count Raymond of Toulouse, about whom, according to Ainslie (in Benson, [*Walter Pater*, 1906] p. 123; cf. Symons, [*A Study of Walter Pater*, 1932] p. 105), Pater was planning an Imaginary Portrait" (Pater 1970, 121 and n.1; xxx).

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