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Some Allusions to Petronius in Contemporary English Literature

H. Shinodae—*amicitiae gratia*.

RYÔZÔ IWASAKI

Regarding the *Satyricon* Flaubert wrote in his letter to Louise Colet:

“J’ai bien ri de ton excitation à propos du *Satyricon*. Il faut que tu sois fort enflammable. Je te jure bien, quant’à moi, que ce livre ne m’a jamais *rien fait*. Il y du reste, peu de luxure, quoi que tu en dises. Le luxe y domine tellement la chair qu’on la voit peu.”⁽¹⁾

Though Flaubert was rather hostile to Petronius, he revealed his intention of including the famous episode of the Ephesian Matron⁽²⁾ in his unfinished work, the second part of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. His feelings about the *Satyricon* were curiously ambivalent and oscillated between veneration and contempt. A most interesting appreciation of Petronius is to be found in J.K. Huysmans’ *A Rebours* (1884). Evidently an enthusiast, Huysmans entertained a sincere regard for him. Alexander Pope’s two lines, “Fancy and art in gay Petronius please, / The scholar’s learning, with the courtier’s ease.”⁽³⁾ were a most suggestive criticism phrased in concise and lucid English.

(1) *Correspondance*, deuxième série, Louis Conard, 1926, p. 468 (date: 18 juillet 1852).

(2) *Satyricon*, CXI, CXII.

(3) *An Essay on Criticism*, 667-668.

Petronius still finds admirers in the West and we may point to some scattered allusions to Petronius in contemporary English literature.

Norman Douglas, author of *South Wind*, was a great reader of classics. He loved Herodotus, the *Greek Anthology*, Theocritus, Catullus, Lucretius and Petronius, and he was called an English Lucian. He devoted an interesting chapter in *Old Calabria* (1915) to the memories of George Gissing and Petronius. It was in 1897 that Gissing stayed at the Hotel Concordia at Cotrone with his favourite trio: Gibbon, Lenormant and Cassiodorus. Cotrone is the ancient Croton where Pythagoras taught, and which was the athlete Milo's birthplace.

The new hotels have recently sprung up at Cotrone. With laudable patriotism, they are called after its great local champions, athletic and spiritual, in ancient days - Hotel Milo and Hotel Pythagoras... As for myself, I remain faithful to the "Concordia" which has twice already sheltered me within its walls.

Hoping to obtain some reminiscences of Gissing, Douglas called on doctor Sculco, who had attended Gissing during a serious illness:

"Yes," he replied to my inquiries, "I remember him quite well; the young English poet who was ill here. I prescribed for him. Yes, yes! He wore his hair long." And that was all I could draw from him.

And Douglas concluded the chapter as follows:

The modern palaces on the rising ground of the citadel are worthy of a visit; they are inhabited by some half-dozen 'millionaires' who have given Cotrone the reputation of being the richest town of its size in Italy. So far as I can judge, the histories of some of these wealthy families would be curious reading.

"Gentlemen," said the Shepherd, "if you have designs of Trading, you must go another way; but if you are of the admired sort of Men, that have the thriving qualifications of Lying and Cheating, you're in the direct Path to Business; for in this City no Learning flourisheth; Eloquence finds no room here; nor can Temperance, Good Manners, or

any Virtue meet with a Reward; assure yourselves of finding but two sorts of Men, and those are the Cheated, and those that Cheat.”⁽⁴⁾

If gossip at Naples and elsewhere is to be trusted, old Petronius seems to have had a prophetic glimpse of the *dessus du panier* of modern Cotrone.”⁽⁵⁾

In the *Satyricon* the old poet Eumolpus and his group enter Croton and he pretends to be a millionaire. On the way to Croton, the slave Corax keeps dropping his pack and cursing their hurry, “Do you take me for a beast of burden,” he grumbles, “or a ship for carrying stones?” Not content with the bad language, he keeps lifting up his leg again and again and filling the road with a filthy noise and a filthy stench. Giton only laughs at his impudence, and after each explosion gives a loud imitation of the noise with his mouth.⁽⁶⁾

Though Gissing did not refer to Petronius in his *By the Ionian Sea* (1901), he was surely one of his fervent admirers.⁽⁷⁾

The *Satyricon* may be called in a sense a minor treasury of Roman folklore. In it we find interesting and superstitious beliefs, folk tales, fables, games and riddles. In 1930 Douglas’s *Paneros: Some Words on Aphrodisiacs and the Like* was privately published for subscribers by Orioli in Florence. He referred to Petronius as follows:

(4) Cf. *Satyricon*, CXVI.

(5) ‘Memories of Gissing’ in *Old Calabria*.

(6) Cf. Aristophanes: *Nubes*, 165; Dante: *Inferno*, XXI, 136-139.

“per l’argine sinistro volta dienno;
ma prima avea ciascun la lingua stretta
coi denti, verso lor duca per cenno,
ed egli avea del cul fatto trombetta.”

(7) “At such a time, I read Appuleius and Lucian, Petronius and the *Greek Anthology*, Diogenes Laertius and — heaven knows what!” — *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, ‘Spring’, XVII.

Of the amatory application of cress and nettle-seed you may read in Petronius. (8)

Petronius mentions an interesting game, “Bucca, bucca, quot sunt hic?” (cap. LXIV). Bucca was a children’s game (Hoodman Blind in English) where one child was blindfolded and others touched him on the cheek and asked him how many fingers, or how many children, had touched him. In some districts of Germany children play a game of the same character, repeating, hocke, hocke, mäste. Wieviel hast du Gäste?⁽⁹⁾ Norman Douglas quoted an English children’s game, “Buck, buck, how many fingers have I got up?” in his *London Street Games*.⁽¹⁰⁾

Kunio Yanagida, an eminent Japanese scholar on folklore, reports that the same game, “How many horns has the buck?” is played in a village near Imatsu, Mie Prefecture, and in Kurume City, Fukuoka Prefecture.⁽¹¹⁾ The obvious question which arises is whether this similarity is to be accounted for by independent invention or by transmission.

It was Arnold Bennett who first compared James Joyce’s *Ulysses* to the *Satyricon*:

The best portions of the novel... are superb. I single out the long orgiastic scene, and the long unspoken monologue of Mrs. Bloom which closes the book. The former will easily bear comparison with Rabelais at his fantastical finest; it leaves Petronius out of sight. It has plenary inspiration. It is the richest stuff, handled with a virtuosity to match

(8) Cf. “Profert Oenothera scortum fascinum, quod ut oleo et minuto pipere atque urticae trito circumdedit semine, paulatim coepit inserere ano meo... Hoc crudelissima anus spargit subinde umore femina mea...” *Satyricon*, CXXXIII.

(9) *Petronii Cena Trimalchionis*, ed. by W.D. Lowe, p. 126, note.

(10) Revised ed. 1931, p. 16.

(11) *Kodomo-Fudoki* (Children’s Games of Japan), 1942.

the quality of the material. The latter...⁽¹²⁾

I believe that each of them shows a sort of literary anthropophagous attitude towards the human body. Both are not only cruel and sadistic to our body, but also pleased in trifling with it. Though we have now only a portion of the long book, *Satyricon*, the structure of the *Satyricon* and *Ulysses* as a whole is episodic. Encolpius, the narrator of the story, wanders through southern Italy from lecture-room to house of ill fame, from country mansion to country tavern, from the market for stolen goods in a city slum to the Chapel of Priapus, from harlot's palace to a rich parvenu's table, from Picture Gallery to the public baths. It has been suggested that the *Satyricon* as a whole may have been a kind of parody of *Odyssey* (and Joyce's *Ulysses* is also supposed to be a modern parody of Homer), and Encolpius is obliged to wander owing to his incurring Priapus' wrath. But it is not a mere adventure story, for it touches on as many subjects as *Ulysses*. It is worth noting that there is a very considerable spiritual affinity between Petronius and Joyce. They have a wealth of vocabulary and a medley of style, and is it a mere coincidence that they are gifted with word coinage?

It is no surprise for us to find that D. H. Lawrence was a warm admirer of Petronius. He wrote in a letter to Lady Ottoline Morrell:

... I send you also Petronius. He startled me at first, but I like him. He is a gentleman, when all is said...⁽¹³⁾

Yes, he was a gentleman, and the author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* would have fully agreed with Petronius:

(12) *Outlook*, April 1929, quoted from Herbert Gorman's *James Joyce*, 1941, p. 291.

(13) *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. by Aldous Huxley, p. 313 (date, Feb. 1st, 1916).

Quid me constricta spectatis fronte Catones
 damnatisque novae simplicitatis opus?
Sermonis puri non tristis gratia ridet,
 quodque facit populus, candida lingua refert.
Nam quis concubitus, Veneris quis gaudia nescit?
 Quis vetat in tepido membra calere toro?
Ipse pater veri doctos Epicurus amare
 iussit, et hoc vitam dixit habere. (14)

The *Satyricon* is not, I think, either an elegant pornography nor a surreptitious classic.

The early novels of Aldous Huxley are heavily indebted to Norman Douglas. In the opinion of many critics, his first novel, *Crome Yellow* (1921), is one of his masterpieces. A long and most entertaining episode in *Crome Yellow* is the "History of Crome" which forms the chapter XIII of the novel. It is the tragic and ironic story of Sir Hercules, the fourth baronet of Crome, who was a pigmy of three feet and four inches. "But for his dwarfish stature, he would have taken his place among the handsomest and most accomplished young men of his time. He was well read in Greek and Latin authors, as well as in all the moderns of any merit who had written in English, French, or Italian." He lived an uneventful married life with a daughter of a Venetian nobleman. The lady was but three feet in height and after four years of marriage she was brought to bed of a son. By some irony of fate, Nature made their son a rough and inconsiderate giant. Sir Hercules despaired of his future and found that there was no place for him among men of ordinary stature:

Going into his closet he wrote in his day-book a full and particular account of all the events of the evening. While he was still engaged in this task he rang for a servant and ordered hot water and a bath to be

made ready for him at eleven o'clock. When he had finished writing he went into his wife's room, and preparing a dose of opium twenty times as strong as that which she was accustomed to take when she could not sleep, he brought it to her, saying, 'Here is your sleeping-draught'... He returned to his closet, and having recorded his wife's last words to him, he poured into his bath the water that had been brought up in accordance with his orders. The water being too hot for him to get into the bath at once, he took down from the shelf his copy of Suetonius. He wished to read how Seneca had died. He opened the book at random. 'But dwarfs,' he read, 'he held in abhorrence as being *lusus naturae* and of evil omen.' He winced as though he had been struck... He turned over the pages. Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero: it was a tale of growing horror. 'Seneca his preceptor, he forced to kill himself.' And there was Petronius, who had called his friends about him at the last, bidding them to talk to him, not of the consolations of philosophy, but of love and gallantry, while the life was ebbing away through his opened veins. Dipping his pen once more in the ink he wrote on the last page of his diary: 'He died a Roman death.' Then, putting the toes of one foot into the water and finding that it was not too hot, he threw off his dressing-gown and, taking a razor in his hand, sat down in the bath. With one deep cut he severed the artery in his left wrist, then lay back and composed his mind to meditation. The blood oozed out, floating through the water in dissolving wreaths and spirals. In a little while whole bath was tinged with pink. The colour deepened; Sir Hercules felt himself mastered by an invincible drowsiness; he was sinking from vague dream to dream. Soon he was sound asleep. There was not much blood in his small body.⁽¹⁵⁾

We can also find a beautiful and striking passage in his *Antic Hay* (1923):

The door of his sacred boudoir was thrown rudely open, and there stood in, like a Goth into the elegant marble vomitorium of Petronius

(15) The description of Petronius' death is found in Tacitus' *Annals* (XVI, 18), not in Suetonius.

Arbiter, a haggard and dishevelled person... (16)

At Harvard T.S. Eliot attended the lecture on the "Roman Novel" held by professor Clifford H. Moore. Herbert Howarth, associate Professor at the University of Pennsylvania, wrote:

In his class Eliot received the gift of Petronius, a lasting gift, as the epigraph to *The Waste Land* and the epigraph and allusions in *The Sacred Wood* show. Rivière says that the definition of a masterpiece is, that it stays in your mind forever. By that definition and in Eliot's experience "Trimalchio's Feast" was a masterpiece. And it pointed him towards a specific technique... Reading Petronius with Moore, and reading him at the moment when he had discovered Laforgue and was perhaps already extending his discovery to Tailhade (who translated the *Satyricon* and is akin to Petronius no less than to Aristophanes), Eliot's sense of caricature was stimulated... The names in "Gerontion", the figure of Madame Sosostris and Mr. Eugenides in *The Waste Land*, are tinged with his sense of caricature. But they lack what Baudelaire called "le signe distinctif de ce genre de comique": violence. In *Sweeney Agonistes* Eliot realized the caricature of ferocity and violence and threw the shadow of a below-the-intellect bestiality... (17)

The epigraph to *The Sacred Wood* (1920) is the following:

"Intravit pinacothecam senex canus, exercitati voltus et qui videretur nescio quid magnum promittere, sed cultu non proinde speciosus, ut facile appareret eum ex hac nota litteratum esse, quos odisse divites solent... 'ego' inquit 'poeta sum et ut spero, non humillimi spiritus, si modo coronis aliquid credendum est, quas etiam ad immeritos deferre gratia solet.'" — PETRONIUS.

This may be supposed as a satirical comment on the would-be romantic poet as in Horace's *Ars Poetica*. Considering Eliot's virulent

(16) Chapter XVIII.

(17) Herbert Howarth: *Notes on Some Figures Behind T. S. Eliot*, 1964, pp. 71-72.

attitude towards romantic critics, this is a most pertinent epigraph to the book. Though I cannot trace the source of another epigraph to *The Sacred Wood*, "I also like to dine on becaficas," I find that there is some passage about a beccafico in Petronius:

... persecutus putamen manu pinguissimam ficedulam inveni piperato vitello circumdatam. (18)

Eliot again adopted Petronius as an epigraph to *The Waste Land* (1922):

'Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: Σίβυλλα τί θέλεις; respondebat illa: ἀποθανεῖν θέλω.' (19)

And the passage had been versified by D.G. Rossetti as follows:

"I saw the Sibyl at Cumae"
(One said) with mine own eye.
She hung in a cage, and read her rune
To all the passers-by.
Said the boys, "What wouldst thou, Sibyl?"
She answered, "I would die."

The Sibyl here symbolizes death in life, which is one of the main themes in *The Waste Land*. And I believe that his views on literary tradition are best summarized in the brief passage of Petronius:

Ceterum neque generosior spiritus vanitatem amat, neque concipere aut edere partum mens potest nisi ingenti flumine litterarum inundata. (20)

(18) *Satyricon*, XXXIII. Ficedula, a small migratory bird, the fig-pecker, the Italian beccafico. It was a special delicacy, the only bird eaten entirely. Cf. Martialis, XIII, 5 and 9

(19) *Ibid.* XLVIII.

(20) *Ibid.*, CXVIII. Cf. ... "the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order." *The Sacred Wood*, p. 49.

The onomatopoeia, "Co co rico co co rico" (*The Waste Land*, l.392) seems to owe something to Petronius.⁽²¹⁾

Among the fervent admirers of Petronius we may well mention the names of Henry Miller and Lawrence Durrell. Henry Miller wrote to Durrell:

Oddly enough, I too have felt that the great opus lies ahead, and in somewhat the manner indicated. Not *Capricorn*, which will be tremendous enough, I can assure you. No, something of a wholly different order. Something to put beside *Quixote*, *Gargantua*, *Satyricon*, etc. A classic for the 21st or 22nd century...⁽²²⁾

Recently I tried to re-read my 'great favorite, Petronius, the father of the novel. Couldn't stick it. But there are analogies and reverberations there to *Sexus*, I do believe...⁽²³⁾

Lawrence Durrell shares a hearty love for the Mediterranean world with Norman Douglas. In his first novel, *The Black Book* (1938), a homage to Petronius can be found:

I've read Petronius and I agree with every word. One must be free, don't you think?... We've read Petronius and we agree with every word ...⁽²⁴⁾

In fact, every page of *The Black Book* overflows with ironical wit and broad humour, and some readers may be perpetually disgusted by the coarseness and obscenity of the description.

In his *Alexandria Quartet* (1957-60), Mountolive, British ambassador to Egypt, wanders about the streets of Alexandria at midnight in a state of befuddlement and is lured into a house of child prostitutes.

(21) "Et tu cum esses capo, cocococo, atque cor non habebas." *Satyricon*, LIX.

(22) Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller, *A Private Correspondence* (1963), p. 57 (date: Jan. 20, 1937).

(23) *Ibid.*, p. 275 (date: Oct. 15, 1949).

(24) *The Black Book*, The Olympic Press, Paris, 1959, p. 95.

Let us quote two passages, for whose length I make no apology:

Hereabouts it would be a hundred to one that he would ever be recognized — for few Europeans ever came into this part of the city. The quarter lying beyond the red lantern belt, populated by the small traders, money-lenders, coffee-speculators, ships' chandlers, smugglers; here in the open street one had the illusion of time spread out flat — so to speak — like the skin of an ox; the map of time which one could read from one end to the other, filling it in with known points of reference. This world of Moslem time stretched back to Othello and beyond — ...Here too the diviners, cartomancers — or those who would deftly fill your palm with ink and for half a piastre scry the secrets of your inmost life. Here the pedlars carried magic loads of variegated and dissimilar objects of *vertu* from the thistle-soft carpets of Shiraz and Baluchistan to the playing cards of the Marseilles tarot; incense of the Hejaz, green brads against the evil eye, combs, seeds, mirrors for bird cages, spices, amulets and paper fans... the list was endless; and each, of course, carried in his private wallet — like a mediaeval pardoner — the fruit of the world's great pornographies in the form of handkerchiefs and post-cards on which were depicted, in every one of its pitiful variations, the one act we human beings most dream of and fear. Mysterious, underground, the ever-flowing river of sex, trickling easily through the feeble dams set up by our fretful legislation and the typical self-reproaches of the unpleasure-loving... the broad underground river flowing from Petronius to Frank Harris...(25)

It was empty save for an enormous broken sofa which lay in the centre of the floor, like a sarcophagus. A single window with all the panes of glass broken was slowly printing the bluer darkness of the starry sky upon his sight. He stared at the flapping, foundering light, and again heard the rats chirping and the other curious *susurrus* composed of whispers and the movement of bare feet on boards... Suddenly he thought of a girls' dormitory at a school: and as if invented by the very thought itself, through the open door at the end of the room trooped a crowd of small figures dressed in white soiled robes, like defeated

(25) *Mountolive* (the third volume of the *Alexandria Quartet*), 1958, pp. 286-287.

angels. He had stumbled into a house of child prostitutes, he realized with sudden spasm of disgust and pity. Their little faces were heavily painted, their hair scragged up in ribbons and plaits. They wore green beads against the evil eye. Such little creatures as one has seen incised on Greek vases — floating out of tombs and charnel houses with the sad air of malefactors fleeing from justice. It was the foremost of the group who carried the light — a twist of string burning in a saucer of olive oil. She stooped to place this feeble will-o'-the-wisp on the floor in the corner and at once the long spiky shadows of these children sprawled on the ceiling like an army of frustrated wills...⁽²⁶⁾

The first thing to strike us is that these passages bear some curious resemblances to the bustling, hideous streets and brothel life which Petronius depicted so vividly and accurately about two thousand years ago. The *Satyricon*, I believe, has greatly influenced Durrell's imagination in describing these slums and the house of child prostitutes. Durrell gives the tender name of Melissa to one of the hero's lovers. We may naturally suppose that she is named after the wife of Terentius the innkeeper in the *Satyricon*.⁽²⁷⁾

And Petronius' suicide is alluded to in the following passage of *Clea*:

Then of course it (*i.e.* Balthazar's love affair with a worthless Greek actor) came to an end, as everything does, even presumably life!... At that time I (*i.e.* Balthazar) was so numb with drugs and drink that I did not imagine I would feel anything. However I made an attempt, but it is harder than you imagine, all that gristle!... But when I desisted with pain I thought of another writer, Petronius. (The part that literature plays in our lives!) I lay down in a hot bath. But the blood wouldn't run, or perhaps I had no more. The colour of bitumen it

(26) *Mountolive*, p. 291.

(27) "Ibi, quomodo dii volunt, amare coepi uxorem Terentii coponis: novetatis Melissam Tarentinam, pulcherrimum bacciballum." *Satyricon*, LXI.

seemed, the few coarse drops I persuaded to trickle... (28)

In his *Acte* (1965), a verse play, Petronius Arbiter appears on the stage as the Emperor's adviser on taste and amusements at court. In *Acte* he is "a huge brawny man with a voice of gravel," and talks more like a common gladiator than a poet." In his own way as an artist he devises the plot for mutual destruction of *Acte* and her lover Fabius. (29)

The story of Christopher Fry's first comedy, *A Phoenix Too Frequent* (1947) is based on Petronius' tale of the Ephesian Matron who determined to die of sorrow upon her husband's tomb. She would not be diverted by the entreaties coming from her own friends or her husband's. At last a common soldier, who was guarding the thieves' bodies crucified in the vicinity, perceiving a light blazing among the tombs, descended into the vault, where he found himself gazing at a strikingly beautiful mourner, whom he soon persuaded to eat, drink and to live. "Id cinerem aut manes credis sentire sepultos?" (30) And the soldier laid determined siege to her virtue. Chaste as she was, she saw in him a young man, attractive and eloquent. When the soldier ascended from this bridal chamber, he found that one corpse was missing and was terrified by the prospect of punishment. It meant being court-martialed. He told the whole story to the lady. "Heaven forbid," she cried, "that at one and the same time I should have to see the bodies of the two dearest men I have ever loved. Rather would I that

(28) *Clea* (the fourth volume of the *Alexandria Quartet*), 1960, p. 69.

(29) The historical *Acte* was a mistress of Nero. By origin a slave from Asia Minor, she made Nero utterly foolish and he pretended that she was a princess, descended from King Attalus of Pergamom. (Cf. Suetonius in *Nero*, 28). Durrell makes her an authentic princess from far-off Scythia, now Bulgaria.

(30) *Aeneis*, IV, 34.

the dead should hang than send a living man to his death!"

DYNAMENE: Chromis, I have it! I know!
 Virilius will help you.

TEGEUS: Virilius?

DYNAMENE: My husband. He can be the other body.

TEGEUS: Your husband can?

DYNAMENE: He has no further use
 For what he left of himself to lie with us here.
 Is there any reason why he shouldn't hang
 On your holly tree? Better, far better, he,
 Than You who are still alive, and surely better
 Than *idling* into corruption?

TEGEUS: Hang your husband?
 Dynamene, it's terrible, horrible.

DYNAMENE: How little you can understand. I loved
 His life not his death. And now we can give his death
 The power of life. Not horrible: wonderful!
 Isn't it so? That I should be able to feel
 He moves again in the world, accomplishing
 Our welfare? It's more than my grief could do.⁽³¹⁾

Some critic says that Anatole France would have been delighted

(31) *A Poenix Too Frequent*, Oxford University Press, 1949, pp. 42-43. The story is the most famous part of Petronius' works, translated into French by a monk about 1200 A.D. and by St. Everemond in the 17th century. It has been used as a basis of innumerable poems, dramas, stories and essays: *i.e.* Phaedrus, *Cento Novelle Antiche*, *The Seven Wise Masters*, *De la Femme qui se fist putain sur la fosse de son mari* (a mediaeval fabliau), John of Salisbury's *De Nugis Curialium*, Jeremy Taylor's *The Rule and Exercise of Holy Dying*, La Fontaine's *La Matron d'Ephèse*, Voltaire's *Zadig*, Brantôme's *Dames Galantes* and Lin Yutang. It also occurs in the History of China of the Père du Halde. (See Dunlop's *History of Prose Fiction*, Vol. I, pp. 95-96.)

to have thought of such a theme and could not have written it more brilliantly.

If the *Satyricon* only appeals to a very limited public, these allusions to Petronius in the present-day writers — and other Petronian influences may undoubtedly exist — attest to the interest that is still felt for the *Satyricon*.⁽³²⁾ It appeals to the best and not the worst in us, I do believe. For “Petronius’ literary ambition, like that of the realists of modern times, is to imitate a random, everyday, contemporary milieu with its sociological background, and to have his characters speak their jargon without recourse to any form of stylization. Thus he reached the ultimate limit of the advance of realism in antiquity.”⁽³³⁾

(32) *Petronius in Italy* (1937) by Anthony Rini and *Pétrone en France* (1905) by Albert Collignon are two authoritative books on a critical comparison of Petronius and the modern authors. It is a matter for regret that no book of the same kind has appeared in England.

(33) Erich Auerbach: *Mimesis*, tr. by Willard Trask, 1953, p. 30.