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the ideal of awe and otherness that frees the spirit from its prison of self, and she is most certainly the Lady Shalott, long regarded as the highest and most rigorous of the arts. But perhaps having done so for the first five parts of the poem, he is now prepared, in the sixth, to do freely what he has imagined till now no child of his age can do: Use poetry to empty his heart of its longing for salvation. If from the time of Plato the Western imagination had held poetry in the highest esteem for giving utterance to the otherwise unutterable aspirations of the human spirit in its yearning for contemplation of and union with the divine, why should this same esteem and skill seem to be denied the imagination in the modern world? Sleeping, he had a vision in which a figure, who later turns out to be his master, Love, brings the sleeping Beatrice in his arms to Dante. For as Eliot himself would soon write in his first completed verse drama, *Murder in the Cathedral*, the worst sin is to do the right thing for the wrong reason. However they be interpreted, each individual's little, self-remembered acts of spitefulness and envy, betrayal and deceit that can never be recalled but are never forgotten haunt those two, bare lines: "Because I do not hope to turn again.. ?" Is it any wonder, then, that the putative hero/speaker of *The Waste Land* can finally only confess to a private revelation and achieve a Hemingwayesque separate peace (although Eliot beat Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* to that jump by at least seven years), or that, for all the rest of humanity, both "Sweeney Agonistes" and "The Hollow Men" end with the characters all waiting for what otherwise is the only hope of such hollow men, death? Nor are past triumphs spared. That, too, should not prove to be the case, however. But Eliot never misses the much more salient point that meaning in poetry is most often layered, even when it is not intended that way. The Invisible Poet: T. In addition to the links to the troubadours, these signposts include the hardly obscure Christian liturgical observance identified without fanfare or embellishment in the sequence title, "Ash- Wednesday;" the use of lines from devotional prayers and rituals of the Catholic Mass; and the poetry's haunting but no less obscure overtones of, if not outright allusions to, passages from Scripture and from a major religious poet, Dante. Thus, rather than in "The Hollow Men's" place of broken stone and bone, in "Ash-Wednesday" these bones—the self reduced by love to nearly nothing— may rest restored to life "[u]nder a tree in the cool of the day, with the blessing of the sand," and that is better than nothing. As in the case of "The Hollow Men," there is no reason to conclude that Eliot was not conceiving of the three separately published poems to begin with as pieces in a larger whole, just as there is no reason to conclude that he was. Although the speaker's direction is upward, at the first turning of the second stair, the speaker, rather like Arnaud, who remains as mindful of his past follies as he is of the eternal reward that awaits him once he has been cleansed of the last traces of his worldly attachments, finds his thoughts turning downward toward past mistakes and frustrations. Till now, the speaker has been reaching upward toward the highest expression of the high dream, the human aspiration toward an understanding of the nature of the divine, of eternity, " which expresses at the very least that such an event may not yet prove to be the case but is not an entire impossibility. By the same token, Dante finds Beatrice waiting to guide him on the remainder of his journey when he reaches the topmost stair at the end of the Purgatorio, and it is thus by virtue of her guidance, not reason's, that he will be able finally to witness, as much as any mortal is capable, paradise itself, where the blessed have gathered about the throne of God centered within the multifoliate rose. It is a theme that cannot be taken too lightly in the hands of a poet like Dante, who, for all the unique reputation that he holds as a man of letters now, in his own time would have been seen to be in the tradition of the school of love poets known as the troubadours. But, then, what is the truth? He frees his speaker to achieve the same sort of personal revelation regarding faith that the speaker at the end of *The Waste Land* also achieved. Part IV is virtually a hymn of praise to the lady, with whom by now the Virgin Mary has merged completely. from you," is how the Anima Christi concludes this sentence.) (Eliot himself commented, rather sagely, that belief in poetry ought to be read as leading one not to believe but instead to feel like what it is to be a person who believes—experiences that are universes apart.) Not that Eliot's poetry is ever simple, but it is always poetry, not religion or psychology or philosophy or even autobiography, for that matter. In the 11th chapter, Dante gives the most adroit expression to the transformation that her greeting exercised on his own animal nature, rendering him, in a word, human. London: Macmillan, 1989. Indeed, as testaments to its own directness in its attempt at unabashed clarity, the completed poem sequence, "Ash-Wednesday," despite its difficulties, offers the attentive reader a plethora of signposts for the poet's intentions, making the poem surely something of a first for the self-made modernist Eliot, who hitherto had seemed to regard obscurity of intention as an obligation. CRITICAL COMMENTARY So much of "Ash-Wednesday" is self-reflective as poetry that much of the preceding part-by-part commentary on the poem has been itself a running critical analysis of the poet's apparent intent. It is a voice that served Eliot even better as he went on, throughout the rest of the 1930s, to turn his attention more and more directly to the theme that had occupied his attention throughout most of his poetical and critical career to this time:the crisis of order in the modern world. The English romantic poet William Wordsworth (1770-1850), for example, relied heavily on autobiography in his long poem *The Prelude*, which traces the progress of his moral and spiritual growth, while Dante Alighieri concocted, in *The Divine Comedy*, the most outrageously outlandish fiction—that finding he had lost his own moral and spiritual way, he was rescued by the ghost of Virgil at the command of God—to lay bare a fairly true record of his own personal encounter with the shortcomings of his age. Indeed, if the poetry has revealed anything to this point, it is how intricately the spiritual, with its questions of belief, resignation, and acceptance, is combined with other considerations—the social, the historical, the cultural, the aesthetic, the public, the private. So, then, the "Because I do not hope to turn . The duration of each phase need not be equal, but all three are always present and generally in that order. By now, he had a sufficient reputation as a major poetic voice, not to mention his publishing outlets as editor of the *Criterion* and as poetry editor for Faber & Faber, to publish works in progress easily, without having to think of them or introduce them as such, rather than as single, coherent pieces, as was the case with *The Waste Land*. It is in this spirit of self-abnegation and denial of the world, the flesh, and the devil, despite its temptations, that Eliot's poem will proceed, but so, for that matter, did *The Waste Land*. Now, some eight years later in "Ash- Wednesday," Eliot alludes directly to the closing of canto 26, this time, however, to cite the words that Dante had first had Arnaud speak to him before that canto's end (some of which Eliot had cited in his footnote to line 429 of *The Waste Land*). This is Eliot's way of representing and expressing the same reductive and yet restorative effect of divine love, which reduces the person to the least possible remnant of his own being, thereby enabling him to find new life. If the poetry of "Ash-Wednesday" is in fact founded on Eliot's own recent process of conversion, it is in this manner—turning his own personal spiritual agon, or struggle, into a richly poetic but nonetheless general commentary on the literature and culture of any individual's personal spiritual struggle—that Eliot succeeds in transforming biography into poetry, exactly as he argues, in the 1919 essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent," that poets do. It is critical for him to resolve each part if he is to achieve the completion that the unitive phase requires, but no one of the three zones of interest is capable of being treated in coordination with the other. [not] because they had happened to him and because he, Dante Alighieri, was an important person . The speaker suffers no delusions, however: He can prepare himself, but he can make nothing happen. The cause for that disappointment may be laid at the door of the discomforts caused not so much by the religious content and context per se as by encountering in the poem what appears to be the revelation of an intensely intimate and private spiritual experience. Still, there are many readers to this day who, finding something companionable in the iconoclastic and despairing cynic of the earliest Eliot, are prepared only to be let down when the poet takes what seems to be his sudden turn toward a verse that is centered on longstanding traditions that are religious in nature. Then, from the Anima Christi, comes the closing plea to Christ that introduces the final two lines: "Suffer me not to be separated" (" . The same exception cannot be made for "Ash- Wednesday," however, whose entire focus seems to require the reader to acquire a particular religious bias in order to decipher the poetic moment. The question "Ash-Wednesday" poses in Part V, as if the poetry has been heading toward just that consideration, is an important and a valid one: Is it still possible to write a poetry of belief, of the effects of the action of faith on an individual? These are all far more complicated patterns of discovery and resolution, it should be clear, than sexual desire can ever properly delineate, requiring a poetry that does not cheapen and yet cannot bewilder either. New York: McDowell, Obolensky, 1959. For the religious impulse, nurtured or ignored, fostered or rejected, is surely a far more common, dare we say universal one than romantic love or dreams of glory and conquest have ever been. " Surely, juxtaposing Guido and Shakespeare's sentiments the way that Eliot does allows him very quickly to set a tone for "Ash-Wednesday" as a poem of self-abnegation if not self-degradation. This hesitancy is characterized as the "devil of the stairs" with his "deceitful face of hope and of despair." The soul, like the bones, would awake and sing, but memory is a distraction that can derail the entire undertaking. / Desiring this man's gifts and that man's scope," No wonder Eliot's speaker, whatever the implications of the intricate web that the opening allusions have spun, does not hope to turn again. Whether the reader is a profound believer who resents the presumptions of the religious poet or is someone who feels that religion, particularly of a highly developed doctrinal and devotional nature, ought to be kept out of the bounds of serious creative literature altogether, both of these problems can be solved if one thinks first of the poetry. It is surely earthly love ennobled and purified, as much as is imaginable, into a simulacrum of desire for union with the unattainable, which is the divine. In that earlier work, however, Eliot felt free to make temptation obvious by casting it in sexual garb; thus he can depict the seductiveness of behavior that is both self-serving and self-centered in the flawed sexual adventurism of Lil's friend and Albert, or the typist and the rental clerk, or the three game Thamesdaughters, or Sweeney and Mrs. Its final moments are taken up, as they should be, with a consideration not of all of the details again but of what the religious call "final things." Those can be nothing less than a consideration, by the speaker, not of his relationship with past literary figures or contemporary culture and society but with his creator, God, who, for a Christian, would be embodied in his Savior, Christ. The first half is a cleverly altered translation by Eliot of the first line and traditional title of a ballatetta, or short ballad, by the Italian troubadour, and Dante's best friend, Guido Cavalcanti. Eliot, who until now had been the great poet of chaos and of disjunction and the fragmented, is trying to effect a new goal for his poetry, balance. Thus, the speaker's every echo of their visions and expression expresses an overarching envy for the past poets whom he also seeks to emulate. Part VI Eliot seems always to have had a talent for doing nothing easily, at least as far as the comfort levels of his readers might be concerned, but he always would argue that one does things as well as one is able and as much as one's epoch requires and enables, nothing less, nothing more. the profit and the loss." It is between those same two extremes of worldliness that "Ash- Wednesday's" speaker wavers. The more the poet manages the layering himself, the more those layers of meaning matter. When Dante tells him that Guido is not along because he, like his father, was not a believer in an Eternal Creator, Dante's use of the past tense makes Cavalcante think that Guido must be dead. "Ash-Wednesday" is still Eliot's poetry of drouth, as the critic Edmund Wilson titled a review of *The Waste Land*. When Guinzelli inquires why Dante is apparently an admirer of his, Dante tells him that he admires him for his "sweet verses" that will be treasured "as long as modern usage endures." Guinzelli declines the compliment, however, and points out to Dante another poet suffering in the same fires for sins of carnality. There is perhaps no poem of T. The emphasis in the term spiritual biography is on the spiritual, denoting that sensitivity to the inchoate to which mere biography gives order and coherence but not necessarily any factual basis. There is, however, a reward in persevering, for as the speaker arrives at the first turning of the third stair, clearly a step up, the vista suddenly opens on blossoms and a pasture scene vested with a wealth of inviting colors—blue and green, lilac and brown—and there is the music of a flute. If so, the poetry shows him to be capable of forging out of his past technical triumphs, where he combined allusion with original statement, an effectively new and distinct poetic voice. The modern world recognizes but does not know her, not in the same imaginative ways that that old world did, so, she will not pray for those moderns who stand tepidly always only "at the gate" of understanding, the gate into the imagination's ancient and still green garden, aware of the traditions, but "[w]ho will not go away and cannot pray." The modern world is one in which "there is not enough silence," the speaker had earlier reflected, one too, for all the pride it takes in its having "lit up the night," that "walks in [a spiritual] darkness / Both in the day time and in the night time." Its failure, however, has to be a failure as much if not more of its poets as of itself. While it may be a love that is far greater than any love mere flesh may know, it is one that can be experienced by creatures of mere flesh and blood and bone. The same can be said for "The Hollow Men," whose poetry is contrived to express what ultimately can be regarded as nothing more than a spiritual paralysis in that poem's collective speakers— but a spiritual paralysis is not a religious crisis. It can be referred to as a "veiled couplet" because the first four lines, two of which are truncated, can easily be seen to be reducible in fact to two: "Because I do not hope to turn again . Hearing of his religious conversion to the established Church of En gland, in which he had been first baptized and then confirmed in June 1927, these readers had then come to regard him as a turncoat and a lost leader. It is, after all, by the intensification of personal experience—that "larger than life" quality expected of products of the imagination— that the poet makes the successful transformation of such experience into great art so that the personal experience that had apparently inspired the art seldom seems to measure up to expectations and virtually never provides more than the most fundamentally "useful" insight. The poet succeeds by demonstrating that such poetry can no longer succeed. Manganiello, Dominic. Eliot uses it, among others, in *The Waste Land* to signal the successful closing to the arduous journey that crossing the waste land from start to finish had been for the speaker. "Why should the aged eagle stretch his wings," except that he must— especially if he has any hopes to move past the past and on to whatever vague promise of redemption the future may hold. Rather this is the world of *The Waste Land* again, the landscape where the best are "hollow men" who have some knowledge of what they have lost but no will to find where it might yet be, content to moan in their collective misery, too spiritually inept to see, literally, their way out of their hollow valley except as if from a great distance. Regarded as poetry, "Ash-Wednesday" not only expresses a considerable and welcome advance in Eliot's poetic vision as it had been shaping itself from the time of "The Love Song of J. The poem, it seems, enunciates a stinging cultural critique while exposing nevertheless the speaker's apparently genuine spiritual struggle as it undergoes its own step-by-step development. These echoes back to both Dante and Shakespeare resonate, enabling Eliot to open "Ash-Wednesday" on a theme suitable to the liturgical solemnity of the occasion: guilt. In a poem that has had for its focus virtually from the outset two poets for whom exile became both a reality and a poetic theme, Guido Cavalcanti and Dante himself, the theme of humanity's heavenly exile resonates as both a poetic theme and a spiritual reality. Furthermore, it seems to be the psychology of a self-denying love that attracts Eliot to this particular aspect of Dante's life and work at this particular juncture in "Ash-Wednesday." Dante's foremost contribution to the literature of the spirit or inner person was not so much that he extended the language of romantic love; a number of equally notable Provençal poets had already done that before him, most important among them Arnaud Daniel.





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