GIUSEPPE UNGARETTI AND WILLIAM BLAKE: THE RELATIONSHIP AND THE TRANSLATION

ABSTRACT

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This thesis is an investigation into the relationship between Giuseppe Ungaretti and William Blake and an analysis of Ungaretti's translation, Visioni di William Blake. Chapter One concentrates on Ungaretti's reading of the poetry of Blake in terms of a language which, based on the lesson of Mallarmé, can be called essential. The two poets, the first in reaction to the ornamental language of the poets of the late Ottocento, the second in reaction to the generalizing language of the Augustan poets, share this relationship. The chapter then proceeds further to discuss and illustrate how such a language leads, both for Ungaretti and Blake, to the transformation of poetry into theology. Chapter Two, on the other hand, concentrates purely on Ungaretti's translation of Blake, giving the reasons for translation, the method used, and, finally, an analysis of this method. The Conclusion is a brief rounding up of the main ideas present in the thesis.

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March 1971.

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by

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A thesis submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research in partial fulfillment to the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

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McGill University
Montreal

March 1971

NOTES ON TEXTUAL REFERENCES

A	*L'allegria*
PD	*Poesie disperse*
SDT	*Il sentimento del tempo*
LIU	*Letteratura dell'Italia unita 1861-1968*
FJR	*Fedra di Jean Racine*
D	*Il dolore*
TP	*La terra promessa*
VWB	*Visioni di William Blake*
K	Geoffrey Keynes, ed., *The Complete Writings of William Blake*.
PS	*Poetical Sketches*
CSEL	*The College Survey of English Literature*
PA	Public Address
AR	Annotations to Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Discourses".
VLJ	Description of a Vision of The Last Judgement.
L	The Laocoon
M	*Milton*
SI	*Songs of Innocence*
SE	*Songs of Experience*
MSN	Epigrams, Verses, and Fragments from the Note-Book.
FZ	*Vala, or The Four Zoas*.
PN	Poems and Fragments from The Note-Book.

DD	Il deserto e dopo
TDV	Il taccuino del vecchio.
AB	Annotations to Berkeley's "Siris"
DC	A Descriptive Catalogue
APW	Annotations to "Poems" by William Wordsworth
J	Jerusalem
MHH	The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.
AL	Annotations to Lavater's "Aphorisms on Man"
E	Europe
AS	Annotations to Swedenborg's "Wisdom of Angels Concerning Divine Love and Wisdom".
FBU	The First Book of Urizen
BA	The Book of Ahania
AW	Annotations to Watson's "Apology for the Bible"
AM	America
FR	The French Revolution
S	40 sonetti di Shakespeare
GM	Da Góngora e da Mallarmé

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PREFACE

When I first began to think about the relationship between Giuseppe Ungaretti and William Blake, a very different thesis from the present was planned. In the process of writing, however, many of the ideas which I had previously held changed. Others, due to lack of materials, could not be substantiated. The result, then, is what I have here.

A few remarks about the contents of this thesis must be made, in order to answer some of the question marks which will arise.

There is, in the part on Blake's poetry, as it will become apparent, no discussion of Milton and Jerusalem. This resulted from my attempt at keeping the discussion simple. Blake can make things quite complex. My treatment of the poets of the late Ottocento, the Augustans, and Blake's notions on sex or love is limited. It had to be. Although aware that all is not negative about them, I emphasized Ungaretti's and Blake's biased view of the Decadents, Crepuscolari, and Futurists, and of the Augustan poets. This, I feel, is closer to the argument of the thesis than would have been otherwise the case. From Blake's notions on sex, I took only, in a sense, the outline. Of course, as his synonym love makes quite clear, there is much more to them. My analysis of Ungaretti's translation is based primarily on his own ideas on the art of translation.

The various books on translation which I list in the bibliography gave me the needed background for the discussion, but added little to what Ungaretti himself had to say. Finally, the thesis, to be complete, should have contained a chapter on Blake's fortune in Italy. Lack of materials prevented me from writing it.

CHAPTER ONE

THE POETRY OF UNGARETTI AND BLAKE

The nature of the language of the poetry of Ungaretti is that of an essential one. What this means is that it is characterized by the poet's concern to free his language from all excess qualities which tend to detract from a truthful and direct expression of his feelings. These may be a number of qualities, but the most evident are oratorical, rhetorical, sentimental, and sensual. The language of Ungaretti's poetry is basically one which reacts to that of the poets of the late Ottocento: Pascoli and D'Annunzio, the Crepuscolari, and the Futurists. Unlike these poets, Ungaretti, by denying oratory, rhetoric, sentimentalism, and sensualism, is able to give his language a newer power of expression.

Ungaretti, or course, did not create this essential language on his own. It is, instead, mainly derivative of the poetics of Mallarmé. Thus it is to Mallarmé that, throughout this thesis, we shall have to return over and over again. What is, then, the poetics of Mallarmé?

The poetics of Mallarmé revolves around the search for an essential language. Mallarmé, wanting poetry to reveal to man the hidden side of reality or, as Petrucciani calls it, the "regiona metafisica", was obsessed by the wish to transform poetry into theology. The poet, he

felt, could achieve this transformation only through a language which tended always towards essentiality. No other language would be able to unlock the "regione metafisica". And, as Petrucciani, again, explains, for Mallarmé this "regione metafisica" is the poet's conquest over the "hazard", the absurd in life.

> "Per Mallarmé si trattava dunque (come già per Poe e per Baudelaire, ma con ben più netta volontà di quelli) di assicurarsi, con la poesia e nella poesia, il dominio sull'hazard, sul caso, mediante la conquista di una regione metafisica. Con Poe e con Baudelaire si instaurava la nozione e l'atto della poesia pura; con Mallarmé la 'poesia pura' si fa 'poesia metafisica': siamo di fronte ad una deificazione della poesia."[1]

Mallarmé's need to reach this "regione metafisica" leads him, in his poetics, to formulate an explicit notion of language. What makes a language essential or weighs it down with oratorical, rhetorical, sentimental, and sensual qualities is, he maintains, the type of word which the poet himself chooses. Language, for Mallarmé, contains two types of words: the essential and the immediate. Through the first, the poet communicates his feelings without recourse to ideas and concepts; through the second, he can communicate only ideas and concepts. The essential word addresses the heart; the immediate, on the other hand, the mind.

> "Assegna egli [Mallarmé] infatti, alla poesia il compito e la prerogativa di 'siparer comme en vue d'attributions differentes le double etat de la parole, brut ou immediat ici la essentiel'. E, con ciò, egli volle fissare una distinzione fra

> la parola funzionale, comoda mediazione fra due spiriti, strumento di scambio, mera trasmissione di nozioni, e la parola lirica, potentemente carica di suggestive emozioni, capace di tramutare in immagini o, per meglio dire, in simboli, il mondo scaturito dagli abissi dell' anima. A questa parola, depurata di ogni scoria di banalità e materialità, valorizzata in ogni più riposta misteriosa risorsa fonica e musicale, Mallarmé volle restituire così la sua verginità incorrotta, la mitica sostanza originale, la sua innocente vita primigenia."[2]

Now, the insistence on the part of Mallarmé on this division and purification leads him also to an obsession with form. Consequently the alexandrine, the French traditional verse, is taken apart so that each essential word can regain its greatest freedom from the oratorical, rhetorical, sentimental, and sensual qualities acquired from tradition or historical association. The result is that the language becomes obscure or tends to be locked within Mallarmé's own private meanings. There is, of course, a danger in this; one which Mallarmé illustrated with "Coup de dés". It is that, in the constant purification of form so that a truthful and direct expression of feelings can result, the poet's expression becomes one of mystic silence.

> "L'esigenza esasperata di liberare la poesia da ogni scoria, da ogni materialità, per alleggerirla, per levigarla, per sempre più rarefarla, induce il poeta a limitarsi a pochi segni, essenzialissimi; e può addirittura condurlo ad abolire non solo l'oggetto, ma la parola stessa."[3]

In other words, if essentiality is taken to extremes, language will be

ultimately inadequate to express the poet's feelings.

Since, from the earliest beginnings of his career, Ungaretti was a great admirer of Mallarmé, the poetics of the French poet passed into Ungaretti's own poetry. But it did not do so piece-meal. Instead, it changed in terms and in emphasis because Ungaretti was not so much interested in transplanting Mallarmé's poetics in Italian poetry but rather in extracting from it whatever points could be opposed to the poetry against which he was reacting.

From Mallarmé, Ungaretti takes the concern for an essential language. With it, of course, goes the distinction between the immediate and the essential word. But while in Mallarmé the concern is highly theoretical, with Ungaretti the essential word is identified, instead, with the flesh and blood of the poet himself, the very urge animating him to express his feelings truthfully and directly. The "regione metafisica" of Mallarmé loses its abstract characteristics and comes, to put it plainly, down to earth.

Ungaretti adopted the essential language of his poetry in order to react to those poetic currents which dominated Italian poetry when he first began his career during and after the Great War. The poetic currents of the time were the Decadentist one of Pascoli and D'Annunzio, that of the Crepuscolari, and that of the Futurists. All these poets, Ungaretti

felt, were basically dependent on the poetics of the Ottocento. Rather than truthful and direct expression, their language tended primarily towards oratory, rhetoric, sentimentalism, and sensualism. It was a language which still attempted to express the ideals and truths of the first half of the Ottocento - nationalism, "superuomismo", etc. - when these, with the secondhalf, had become more or less empty. The language of the Decadents, of the Crepuscolari, and of the Futurists, not being based on beliefs which were truly felt by the poet and his society, acquiring all the qualities which detract from essentiality, became ornamental. It is against this ornamental language that Ungaretti, with the aid of Mallarme's poetics, came to react.

> "Mi apparve subito ... come la parola dovesse chiamarsi a nascere da una tensione espressiva che la colmasse della pienezza del suo significato. La parola che fosse talvolta nelle pompose vuotaggini di un'onda oratoria, o che si gingillasse in vagheggiamenti decorativi e estetizzanti o che fosse prevalentemente presa dal pittoresco bozzettistico, o da malinconie sensuali, o da scopi non puramente soggettivi e universali, mi pareva che fallisse al suo scopo poetico."[4]

What Ungaretti wants to do is to get at the center of his own existence, deep within his heart, and bring the language of his own poetry out of it. Only in this way, he feels, his language can be essential rather than ornamental. And, of course, the center of his own existence is no other than the mystery, the hidden reality, which Mallarmé had found in objects, the "regione metafisica". But for Ungaretti, the mystery ("mistero") is really the divine quality animating man. For

Mallarmé, the essential word travels back to the "regione metafisica"; in Ungaretti, on the other hand, this abstraction is re-interpreted to fit his own view of things: "...la parola", he writes, "ci riconduce, nella sua oscura origine e nella sua oscura portata, al mistero, lasciandolo tuttavia inconoscibile, e come s'essa fosse sorta, si diceva, per opporsi in un certo senso al mistero."[5] Ungaretti terms this mystery, this center of his own existence, "il porto sepolto". And "Il porto sepolto" is the lyric in which Ungaretti expresses his vision of the divine in man and nature:

"Vi arriva il poeta
e poi torna alla luce con i suoi canti
e li disperde

Di questa poesia
mi resta
quel nulla
d'inesauribile segreto"[6]

The essential language of Ungaretti's poetry is, thus, dependent on being truthful and direct in the expression of the poet's feelings. Ornamental qualities are out. The poet must not lose himself in oratory, rhetoric, sentimentalism, and sensualism. Indeed, Ungaretti is most insistent on the poet's need to go within himself for the language which he seeks.

"Quando trovo
in questo
mio silenzio
una parola
scavata è nella mia vita
come un abisso"[7]

"Il corpo dissanguato
mi dissangua
la poesia"[8]

And, speaking in retrospect of the volume Il porto sepolto, with which his career began, Ungaretti notes:

> "Era la prima volta...che l'espressione cercava di aderire in modo assoluto a ciò che doveva esprimere. Non c'era nessuna divagazione: tutto era lì, incombente sulla parola da dire: io ho da dare questo: come posso dirlo con il numero minore di parole? anzi in quell'unica parola che lo dica nel modo più completo possibile?"[9]

In Gargiulo's introduction to Il sentimento del tempo, we find the ideal term to describe Ungaretti's truthful and direct expression of his feelings: "essenzialità lirica". Since they will elucidate Ungaretti's language in the examples which will follow, it is worthwhile to reproduce here Gargiulo's main remarks:

> "Immediatezza, aderenza alla vita: nessuno avrebbe saputo chiederne più di quanto ne rivelava la nuda umanità dell'uomo di pena. Senonché per immediatezza lirica non altro poi s'intendeva che essenzialità lirica; e solo questa, - respinti in un piano inferiore i punti dove l'aderenza alla vita resta cruda, - viene infine esplicitamente salutata nella poesia dal primo Ungaretti. Si ha dunque il senso come di una primitività lirica riconquistata".[10]

Truthful and direct expression, "essenzialità lirica" is, then, the basis of Ungaretti's language.

We cannot understand and appreciate Ungaretti's essential language

and what its impact on modern Italian poetry was unless, for contrast, we acquaint ourselves with the ornamental language of the poets of the late Ottocento. Here are, then, some examples from Pascoli and D'Annunzio, from the Crepuscolari, and the Futurists, followed by examples from Ungaretti's own poetry. These lines from Pascoli:

> "Allora... in un tempo assai lunge
> felice fui molto; non ora:
> ma quanta dolcezza mi giunge
> da tanta dolcezza d'allora!"[11]

Each line is charged with sentimental qualities - allusions, connotations, atmosphere - which issue out of the words themselves: "Allora", "dolcezza", "felice"; or the phrases in which the adjective is dominant: "tempo assai lunge", "felice fui molto", "tanta dolcezza". Or in these lines:

> "Dov'era la luna? che il cielo
> notava in un'alba di perla,
> ed ergersi il mandorlo e il melo
> parevano a meglio vederla.
> Venivano soffi di lampi
> da un nero di nubi laggiù;
> veniva una voce dai campi:
> chiù..."[12]

Again there is a sentimental charge in these lines of Pascoli. And there is much of the decorative or "bozzettistico", as Ungaretti would say, in the stanza: "luna", "cielo", "alba di perla", "soffi di lampi". If we move on to D'Annunzio, we soon notice how his language resolves itself in sensual qualities.

"Un falco stride nel color di perla:
tutto il cielo si squarcia come un velo.
O brividi sui mari taciturni,
o soffio, indizio del subito nembo!
O sangue mio come i mari d'estate!
La forza annoda tutte le radici:
sotto la terra sta, nascosta e immensa.
La pietra brilla più d'ogni altra inerzia".[13]

D'Annunzio's language is sensual in the sense that the objects which he describes are almost palpable. He seizes them and turns them into an extension of his sensory experience: "falco stride", "brivido", "squarcia come un velo", "sangue", "forza", "radici", "terra". And who but D'Annunzio would insist on these descriptions?

"Giacciono sulla via come vil soma
gli occisi. Or qual potenza li fa sacri?
Nei corpi è la beltà dei simulacri
che custodisce l'almo suol di Roma."[14]

The language of D'Annunzio, like that of Pascoli, certainly does not tend towards essentiality. It tends, instead, towards ornamentation. There is implicit in it the fact that it does not proceed, as with Ungaretti, from within the heart of the poet. These two poets show plainly that the ideals and truths which they express are empty.

In Pascoli and D'Annunzio, the ornamental language is reinforced by a verse which is extremely musical in quality. Their verse pays attention to the word, not its content. Pascoli, for example:

"sentivo un fru fru fra le fratte"[15]

or the simple play of assonace and alliteration in

"l'olmo già sogna di rigermogliare"[16]

or

"Sogno d'un dí d'estate"[17]

and so on. With D'Annunzio, however, this tendency is taken to extremes. For him, the verse's only quality must be musical, since it fulfills its function in this alone.

"Nella cala tranquilla
scintilla
intenso di scaglia
come l'antica
lorica
del catafratto,
il Mare."[18]

Or these verses:

"Vimine svelto,
pieghevole Musa
furtivamente
fuggita del Coro
lasciando l'alloro
pel leandro crinale,
mutevole Aretusa
dal viso d'oro,
offri in ristoro
il tuo sal lucente
al mio cavallo Folo..."[19]

It is what D'Annunzio meant by "Il verso è tutto".[20]

Ungaretti's essential language also opposed the Crepuscolari and the Futurists. The Crepuscolari themselves were in reaction to the language of Pascoli and D'Annunzio. They rejected the Decadents' oratorical tone and their purely musical verse and made use, instead, of a "forma dimessa",[21] meaning a prosaic form in both language and verse. But their language, even in reaction to Pascoli and D'Annunzio, adopting the more hidden sources of these poets (the rural Pascoli and that of "il fanciullino" and the D'Annunzio of "Il poema paradisiaco"), resolved itself into sentimentalism and a prosaic verse which denied the high lyricism so natural to Italian poetry. I give only a few examples. Here is a sentimental description of Gozzano's world:

> "Loreto impagliato e il busto d'Alfieri, di Napoleone,
> i fiori in cornice (le buone cose di pessimo gusto!),
> il caminetto un po' tetro, le scatole senza confetti,
> i frutti di marmo protetti dalle campane di vetro,
> un qualche raro balocco, gli scrigni fatti di valve,
> gli oggetti col monito, salve, ricordo, le noci di cocco..."[22]

and on to little more than a sentimental descriptive catalogue. And this:

> "Sei quasi brutta, priva di lusinga
> nelle tue vesti quasi campagnuole,
> ma la tua faccia buona e casalinga,
> ma i bei capelli color di sole,
> attorti in minutissime trecciuole,
> ti fanno un tipo di beltà flamminga..."[23]

Again, a sentimental descriptive catalogue. The verse, although it does not fall into prose, is prosaic. There is none of the lyrical exhibitionism of Pascoli or D'Annunzio. Here is Corazzini:

"Le mie tristezze sono povere tristezze comuni.
Le mie gioie furono semplici,
semplici, così, che se io dovessi confessarle a te arrossirei
Oggi io penso di morire."[24]

It is to this attitude at the basis of the language of the Crepuscolari that Ungaretti reacts. With the Futurists, the problem is different. They, like the Crepuscolari, react against the late Ottocento, but, in essence, are little else than the most extreme manifestation of the Decadentist current, their iconoclastic zeal being traceable to the D'Annunzio of Laus vitae. In their obsession for change, the Futurists came close to destroying language. Instituting "verso libero", they reduced poetry to a collection of images. And, in his Manifesto, Marinetti could very well write: "La poesia deve essere un seguito ininterrotto d'immagini nuove, senza di che non è altro che anemia esclerosi".[25] One example from Marinetti's poetry is enough to show to what absurdities the language was reduced by the Futurists.

"Times articoli pro contro guerra gridiiiiiio del
pollaio pacifista voce pederastica dei diplomatici
dalle unghie rosee impedire rifiutare ogni credito
banche scetticismo elegante delle ambasciate
provare provare
tutti i mezzi ancora la baronessa Von Y K aveva
promesso di parlare all'imperatore troppo tardi
Savoff vuole la guerra ma Gueschoff troppo
tardi M I R tutti i treni per l'esercito sacchi
corrispondenza diplomatica ammucchiati nelle latrine
melmose della stazione di Belgrado sotto rubinetti
distratti dei fantaccini"[26]

Ungaretti's essential language in Il porto sepolto and L'allegria di naufragi comes to stand in direct opposition to all of this.

"Essenzialità lirica" denies the sentimental, the sensual, the oratorical qualities of the Decadents, the Crepuscolari, and the Futurists. It denies the purely musical verse, the prosaic, and the "verso libero". Instead, it cuts across all these excess qualities, revealing the feelings of the poet without detraction. Ungaretti penetrates through the ornamental language of the poets of the late Ottocento and rediscovers the roots of Italian poetry in the divine quality present in man himself. Of course, Ungaretti did not adopt his essential language only in the two volumes listed above. He did so throughout his work, from L'allegria to the very last volume, Il taccuino del vecchio.

"Essenzialità lirica" means, then, the truthful and direct expression of the poet's feelings on the part of Ungaretti in a form which is drastically different from that of the poets of the late Ottocento. Gargiulo, we saw, equates "essenzialità lirica" with "aderenza alla vita". Taking an example at random from L'allegria, we soon discover what these terms mean.

"Un'intera nottata
buttato vicino
a un compagno
massacrato
con la sua bocca
digrignata
volta al plenilunio
con la congestione
delle sue mani
penetrata
nel mio silenzio
ho scritto
lettere piene d'amore

Non sono mai stato
tanto
attaccato alla vita"[27]

The feelings of Ungaretti are expressed in their "essenzialità lirica". There is no attempt to sentimentalize the situation. And, that there is no sensualism is especially to be noted, in view of the poetry written by D'Annunzio about war in which, blood, death, and misery are transformed into an extension of his own sensual character. Ungaretti's words come from within his own existence and need no ornamentation. Each word is exact, without any excesses: "nottata", "buttato", "massacrato", "bocca digrignata". The only word which seems to be a little ornamental is "plenilunio". But it is the full moon; the symbol of death. It is the harsh reality shining down on a world of horror.[28]

Of Il porto sepolto, Ungaretti stated:

> "Il porto sepolto era la poesia di un soldato, la poesia d'un uomo che accettava con rassegnazione e come una necessità la sofferenza, ma non era certamente un libro che esaltava l'eroismo. Era un libro di compassione del poeta verso di sé, verso i compagni suoi, verso la sorte umana. Era un grido, un'offerta, un'invocazione di fraternità."[29]

And here is this feeling expressed in "essenzialità lirica":

> "Di che reggimento siete
> fratelli?
>
> Parola tremante
> nella notte
>
> Foglia appena nata
>
> Nell'aria spasimante
> involontaria rivolta
> dell'uomo presente alla sua
> fragilità
>
> Fratelli"[30]

"Aderenza alla vita", states Gargiulo. And, if we look at each line, we discover that there are no excess qualities. For instance, there is no great abundance of adjectives, as was the case with Pascoli and D'Annunzio. There are none of the tendencies we observed in the Crepuscolari and the Futurists. In its simplicity, Ungaretti's poem reaches a very high lyricism.

When Mallarmé's obsession with form passed into Ungaretti, he also set out to destroy the Italian traditional verse, the endecasyllabic. Traditional versification changes. I take an extreme example:

"Ho sognato
stanotte
una
piana
striata
d'una
freschezza

In veli
varianti
d'azzurr'oro
alga"[31]

Ungaretti's verse does not lose itself in the purely musical, as with Pascoli and D'Annunzio, nor is it prosaic, as with the Crepuscolari, nor does it degenerate into a mere collection of images, as was the case with the Futurists. On the contrary, like the essential word, Ungaretti's verse is rediscovered in all its virginal quality within the poet himself. Indeed, Ungaretti writes:

> "Che cosa sono dunque i ritmi del verso? Sono gli spettri d'un corpo che accompagna danzando il grido d'un anima. Così il poeta ha di nuovo imparato l'armonia poetica, che non è un'armonia imitativa, poiché è indefinibile, ma è quell'aderire nella parola, con tutto l'essere fisico e morale a un segreto che ci da moto".[32]

This Ungaretti transforms into the very short and tense verses of L'allegria:

> "Dopo tanta
> nebbia
> a una
> a una
> si svelano
> le stelle
>
> Respiro
> il fresco"[33]

Turning to the later poetry of Ungaretti, be it Il sentimento del tempo or Il dolore or La terra promessa or his last volume, Il taccuino del vecchio, the essential language is present. It is, without doubt, evident that Ungaretti returns to traditon. But it is not the tradition of the Ottocento; it is, rather, the roots of the Italian lyric tradition in Petrarch and Leopardi. Il sentimento del tempo, like Il porto sepolto and L'allegria di naufragi, reacts to the excess qualities of the language of the poets that surrounded Ungaretti during the 20's and 30's. The predominant current of the time was that of prose poetry; and Ungaretti, by opposing it, sought to rediscover "il canto della lingua italiana". He would not succumb to the charms of prose poetry advanced by "La Ronda".

> "In quegli anni non c'era chi non negasse che fosse ancora possibile, nel nostro mondo moderno, una poesia in versi.

> Non esisteva un periodico, nemmeno il meglio intenzionato, che non temesse ospitandola, di disonorarsi. Si voleva prosa: poesia in prosa. La memoria a me pareva, invece, un'ancora di salvezza: io rileggevo umilmente i poeti, i poeti che cantano. Non cercavo il verso di Jacopone o quello del Tasso, o quello del Cavalcanti, o quello del Leopardi: cercavo il loro canto. Non era lo endecasillabo del tale, non il novenario, non il settenario del talaltro che cercavo: era l'endecasillabo, era il novenario, era il settenario, era il canto italiano, era il canto della lingua italiana che cercavo nella sua costanza attraverso i secoli, attraverso voci così diverse di timbro e così gelose della propria novità e così singolari ciascuna nell'esprimere pensieri e sentimenti: era il battito del mio cuore che volevo sentire in armonia con il battito del cuore dei miei maggiori di una terra disperatamente amata."[34]

What was "il canto della lingua italiana", if not what resulted from an essential language? Ungaretti traced the language of European lyric poetry back to Petrarch.[35] Mallarmé was, for him, "il migliore dei petrarchisti" together with Leopardi.[36] So the turn towards tradition in Il sentimento del tempo and the poetry coming after it does not depart from the language of Il porto sepolto and L'allegria di naufragi, but deepens in quality by rediscovering its roots within the Italian lyric tradition itself.

I take a few brief examples from Il sentimento del tempo and later works and comment.

> "O leggiadri e giulivi coloriti
> che la struggente calma alleva,
> E addolcirà,
> Dall'astro desioso adorni
> Torniti da soavità,
> O seni appena germogliati,
> Già sospirosi,
> Colmi e trepidi alle furtive mire,
> V'ho
> Adocchiati".[37]

The naked quality of the poems of L'allegria is certainly not here, but the essential language is. The poet's feelings are expressed in their "essenzialità lirica". Put this theme in the hands of D'Annunzio, and all is changed. Ungaretti does not exploit the sensual feelings within himself. In the case of D'Annunzio, the very word is sensual.

> "E fili, e fili sin che l'olio dura,
> Nutrice; e morta la mammella pende".[38]

To notice the difference between Ungaretti's language and Pascoli's the expression of sorrow created by death gives us a very good example. Here is Ungaretti in Il dolore:

> "Se tu mi rivenissi incontro vivo,
> Con la mano tesa,
> Ancora potrei,
> Di nuovo in uno slancio d'oblio,
> Stringere,
> Fratello, una mano."[39]

Ungaretti expresses his feelings truthfully and directly. He is not tempted to turn the occasion into a rush of sentimental feelings. In the case of Pascoli, the same cannot be said.

> "Ma sí: la vita mia (non piangere!) ora
> non è poi tanto sola e tanto nera:
> cantò la cingallegra in su l'aurora,
> cantava a mezzodì la capinera."[40]

In short, the language of the later poetry of Ungaretti is as essential as it is in his earliest. Tradition plays a greater part in it, but only to enhance the results which Ungaretti had already achieved with L'allegria.

This short example from La terra promessa:

> "Per fetori s'estende
> La fama che ti resta,
> Ed altro segno più di te non mostri
> Se non le paralitiche
> Forme della viltà
> Se ai tuoi sgradevoli gridi ti guardo".[41]

It is the same "essenzialità lirica", the same "aderenza alla vita".

In the later poetry, the verse also changes. The word rediscovers "il canto della lingua italiana". The verse, in similar fashion, rediscovers "la musica dell'anima".

> "Così, nell'uso del verso, cercando d'imparare a mettere in moto gli arti delicati, le leve immateriali d'una macchina suprema, il poeta italiano torna a riconoscere che si mette in grado di ascoltare nel proprio ritmo, i ritmi a mezzo dei quali all'orecchio dei padri era persuasiva la musica dell'anima - la musica che porta al punto dal quale, sciogliendosi nel mistero, la poesia può, nelle volte rare della sua perfezione, illustrarsi d'innocenza."[42]

And here is the result of Ungaretti's reconstruction of the verse:

> "Nude, le braccia di segreti sazie,
> A nuoto hanno del Lete svolto il fondo,
> Adagio sciolto le veementi grazie
> E le stanchezze onde luce fu il mondo."[43]

Ungaretti's obsession with form, like Mallarmé's, leads him to revision after revision of his poetry so that language can acquire its greatest essentiality. This process, we can call simply critical awareness. Expressing one's feelings truthfully and directly does not mean that the poet jots down without reflection whatever comes to him. Far from it.

For Ungaretti, "aderenza alla vita" is always the result of incessant revision. Ungaretti's critical awareness is well illustrated in the many variants to his poems. I give only one example here.

In the 1966 Mondadori edition of L'allegria, the poem "Noia" appears in the following form:

"Anche questa notte passerà

Questa solitudine in giro
titubante ombra dei fili tranviari
sull'umido asfalto

Guardo le teste dei brumisti
nel mezzo sonno
tentennare"[44]

But before it settled down to this form, Ungaretti worked and reworked the poem, changing verses, title, and words. In its first appearance in "Lacerba" (1915), the poem, under the title "Sbadiglio", had this form:

"Anche questa notte passerà
Passerà
Questa vita in giro
titubante ombra dei fili tranviari
sulla siccità del nebuloso asfalto

Luna gioviale
perché s'è scomodata
Guardo i faccioni dei brumisti tentennare"[45]

In the Vallecchi edition (1919), the poem appears in this revised form still under the title "Sbadiglio":

"Anche questa notte passerà

Questa vita in giro
titubante ombra dei fili tranviari
sull'umido asfalto

Guardo i faccioni dei brumisti tentennare"[46]

In the Preda (1931) and Novissima (1936) editions, under the title "Noia", Ungaretti retains all verses in the form of Vallecchi except for this change of word:

"Guardo i testoni dei brumisti"[47]

It was not until the Mondadori edition of 1943 that Ungaretti was satisfied with the form of his poem. In other words, Ungaretti's critical awareness operated on the poem from 1915 to 1943; and only after this long time did he feel that "essenzialità lirica" had been reached.

With all this discussion in mind, passing to the relationship of Ungaretti with Blake, we discover that Ungaretti saw and read Blake through the eyes of Mallarmé. In a sense, this is very understandable. A poet of Ungaretti's character, rather than seek for objectivity, always tends to identify with the poet he undertakes to study or, in this case, translate. Moreover, it is not Blake alone that Ungaretti sees and reads through Mallarmé; Blake is, instead, one event in a long chain of "riconoscimenti". When Ungaretti approaches a poet, be he foreign or not, there develops in him what Rebay calls a process of "riconoscimento".[48] This process I shall discuss in detail in Chapter Two. Here it is enough for our purpose to say that Ungaretti's approach to Blake is

also repeated in the case of, to list two most important names, Petrarch and Leopardi.[49] Ungaretti's reading of Dante also follows this same path.[50] To see and read Blake through the eyes of Mallarmé, of course, for Ungaretti, means to find in his poetry the same concern for an essential language which I have discussed up to now. Yet it is not merely a question of Ungaretti imposing Mallarmé's conception of language on Blake. On the contrary, just as Ungaretti rediscovered the essential language in the roots of the Italian lyric tradition, so he rediscovers that same language in Blake.

It is important to understand, first of all, that Ungaretti has not written much on Blake. There are short and scattered references here and there in his writings; generally a dropping of Blake's name in connection with discussions of other poets. There is, however, "Discorsetto del traduttore", Ungaretti's brief and dense introduction to the Mondadori translation, Visioni di William Blake; and, in addition, the translation itself. It is through these that Ungaretti's "riconoscimento" with Blake must be substantiated. Although by themselves they are inadequate to make possible a full discussion of Blake's language, they tend to lead the way. In our case, this is quite satisfactory.

The revelatory name in "Discorsetto del traduttore" is that of T.S. Eliot. And the revelatory quote is from Eliot's 1920 essay on Blake.

> "Ma non era solo dovuto a motivi personali, il mio interesse per Blake. Agivano naturalmente anche in me quei motivi per i quali tanta attenzione tra le due guerre era rivolta alla sua opera. 'Non era' dice Eliot, e lo cito nell'ottima traduzione di Anceschi 'non era un uomo selvaggio, era un uomo di cultura superiore. La stranezza svapora, e la particolarità sembra essere la particolarità d'ogni grande poesia. È solamente una singolare onestà che in un mondo troppo timoroso d'essere onesto, è singolarmente edificante. La poesia di Blake ha la sgradevolezza della grande poesia. E questa onestà non può esistere senza un grande sapere tecnico. 'Dunque il miracolo di Blake che ci toccava in quegli anni, era stato a lungo sollecitato da un'esperienza tecnica tesa, ricercando affannosamente vie smarrite della tradizione, verso il recupero dell'originale innocenza espressiva".[51]

What Ungaretti does in these remarks is to show not so much his dependence on Eliot's essay as the fact that Eliot, himself close to Mallarmé, also found in Blake what the European poets of the 20's and 30's found in him: the concern for an essential language. As we have seen in the case of Ungaretti, the period of the 20's and 30's was dominated by the current of prose poetry. This was not only in Italy, but in the rest of Europe as well. Thus when Ungaretti writes "ricercando affannosamente vie smarrite della tradizione, verso il recupero dell'originale innocenza espressiva", he means that as he himself was tracing Mallarmé's lesson to Petrarch and Leopardi, so in French poetry the same lesson was being traced from Apollinaire to Mallarmé to Rimbaud to Baudelaire, and, ultimately, Poe.[52] In English poetry, Eliot himself was simply rediscovering the same lesson in Blake who, in his own turn, as we shall see had derived it from the Elizabethans and Biblical poetry.[53]

Writing in "Discorsetto del traduttore", Ungaretti gives this reason for his translation of Blake:

> "È nel miracolo della parola che non è facile trovare il rivale di Blake. È quel miracolo che m'indusse verso il '30 a tradurre Blake".[54]

To what extent Ungaretti takes the phrase "il miracolo della parola" will become evident later. But here, Ungaretti is using the phrase as a synonym for essential language. It is with this meaning that I shall use "il miracolo della parola" throughout the following discussion.

Blake's first readings in poetry were many and varied. Milton was very close to him. He knew the Augustan poets. He was well acquainted with the literature of his own period: Cowper, Smart, the ballad revival, the nursery rhyme books, Chatterton, MacPherson, etc..[55] But the two readings which were to shape his language to fit Ungaretti's description of it as "il miracolo della parola" were: the Elizabethan lyricists and Biblical poetry. The lesson of the Elizabethan lyricists, so evident in the early poems of Poetical Sketches, for the most part, determined the language of Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience and the short lyrics of the Pickering Manuscript; that of Biblical poetry, on the other hand, determined, again for the most part, the language of the Prophecies. There is no doubt that his reading of the ballads, nursery rhyme books, Cowper, Smart, Chatterton and MacPherson also had its influence on the Songs, the Manuscript lyrics, and the Prophecies. Nor is there any doubt of Milton's influence on all these.

However, my intention here is to emphasize only those aspects which relate directly to Ungaretti's own approach of Blake, omitting all others. I shall, then, concentrate on the influence of the Elizabethans and Biblical poetry on Blake's poetry.

In a poem of Poetical Sketches, summing up, as it were, the problem of the poetry of his period, Blake wrote:

> "How have you left the antient love
> That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
> The languid strings do scarsely move!
> The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!"[56]

Among Blake's "bards of old" here are the Elizabethan poets who, in his early youth, he was rediscovering. During the Augustan age, with the rage for wit and decorum, moralism and didacticism, the Elizabethans had been relegated to oblivion. Their lightness, sensuousness, and directness of expression seemed outmoded in an age when poetry depended on a generalizing language. The language of the Elizabethans had an elegance of the soul; that of the Augustans, one of dress, or ornamentation. This difference, which was not apparent to the Augustan poets, was quickly perceived by Blake, as Damon points out:

> "Blake was the first to bring back into poetry the spirit of the newly discovered Elizabethans. While the scholars were correcting texts, Blake lived the old ecstasy, rather than copied it".[57]

What Blake discovered in the Elizabethan lyricists were qualities

which stood diametrically opposed to those present in the language of the Augustans. The Elizabethans, although certainly making use of poetic conventions, rejected in their poetry the tendency to moralize, generalize feelings, or depend on wit and decorum, on ornamentation, and, instead, capitalized on truthful and direct expression. Because of this, Blake discovered in their language a sense of life, a beauty and love for it quite absent from the Augustans'.

A few examples will easily show us what Blake saw and learned from the Elizabethans. Take this lyric by John Fletcher, for example:

> "Let the bells ring, and let the boys sing,
> The young lasses skip and play,
> Let the cups go round, till round goes the ground,
> Our learned old vicar will stay.
>
> Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,
> And let the fat goose swim
> For verily, verily, verily, ah,
> Our vicar this day will be trim.
>
> Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat
> To thee, our most noble advisor;
> Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat,
> And we ourselves shall be wiser.
>
> We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,
> And tithes shall come thicker and thicker;
> We'll fall to our plough, and get children enow,
> And thou shalt be learned old vicar."[58]

We shall see further down how far removed such a lyric is from Augustan poetry. In the entire composition there is a fresh and wholesome atmosphere. Fletcher charges each word with life. He is direct. He is sensual, but without exploitation: "we'll kiss and we'll drink", "we'll

fall to our plough". His verse moves along with unimpeded lightness to reproduce the very atmosphere of the event.

The same is true of other examples. Take this stanza from Thomas Lodge's "Rosalynde's Madrigal":

> "Love in my bosom like a bee
> Doth suck his sweet;
> Now with his wings he plays with me,
> Now with his feet.
> Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
> His bed amidst my tender breast,
> My kisses are his daily feast,
> And yet he robs me of my rest--
> Ah, wanton, will ye?"[59]

There is the Petrarchan love convention at work, but the simplicity, the freshness, directness, the sensuousness of the language and the lightness of the verse overcome the convention. The words themselves - "bosom", "bee", "suck", "nest", etc. - stand out to be noticed. The "aderenza alla vita" is locked within each of them; and it is this which passes into Blake's "miracolo della parola".

The qualities which Blake found in the language of the Elizabethan lyricists, he also found in Biblical poetry, in the prophets. For Blake, the prophets were simply poets since, besides reading the Bible for its spirit, he read it also for the letter. He admired in the Biblical prophets their truthful and direct expression of feelings. They, unlike the Augustans, but like the Elizabethans, were unimpeded by a generalizing

language. Wit and decorum, moralism and didacticism plays no part in their poetry. Instead, "aderenza alla vita" is, in them, taken to its highest realization, far above what Blake had noted in the Elizabethans. The sense not merely of life, but of the divine in life animates the very word and form of Biblical poetry. It is to this lesson that Blake was attracted.

A few examples will show us, again, more than mere discussion what the Biblical poets had to offer Blake in terms of an essential language. Here is a short passage from Isaiah:

> "Down with you, sit in the dust,
> virgin daughter of Babylon.
> Down from your throne, sit on the ground,
> daughter of the Chaldeans;
> never again shall men call you
> soft-skinned and delicate.
> Take up the millstone, grind meal, uncover your tresses;
> strip off your skirt, bare your thighs, wade through rivers,
> so that your nakedness may be plain to see
> and your shame exposed.
> I will take vengeance, I will treat with none of you,
> says the Holy One of Israel, our ransomer,
> whose name is the Lord of Hosts".[60]

Expressed truthfully and directly, Isaiah's feelings are not at all generalized. There is not one single attempt at ornamentation in this passage. Wit and decorum is non-existent. The language is, instead, concrete. Not that Isaiah is after realism; it is that he wants to communicate the urgency of his message and can succeed only by presenting the situation as concretely as possible. To an Augustan poet, a passage such as this would be undecorous. But Blake found in its "aderenza alla vita"

the very stuff of poetry.

A second example from Song of Songs:

> "How beautiful are your sandalled feet, O Prince's daughter!
> The curves of your thighs are like jewels,
> the work of a skilled craftsman.
> Your navel is a rounded goblet
> that never shall want for spiced wine.
> Your belly is a heap of wheat
> fenced in by lilies.
> Your two breasts are like two fawns,
> twin fawns of a gazelle.
> Your neck is like a tower of ivory.
> Your eyes are the pools of Heshbon,
> beside the gate of the crowded city.
> Your nose is like towering Lebanon
> that looks towards Damascus.
> You carry your head like a Carmel;
> the flowing hair on your head is lustrous black,
> your tresses are braided with ribbons.
> How beautiful, how entrancing you are,
> my loved one, daughter of delights![61]

In this passage, the sensuousness which we observed in the Elizabethans is intensified; yet the poet does not exploit his feelings. In being truthful and direct, a freshness and delicacy of expression also results. We shall see how this passes into Blake.

Learning the lesson of "il miracolo della parola" from these two sources and applying it to his own poetry, Blake came to oppose the language of the Augustan poets. It is to these and Blake's reaction to them that I now turn.

I have already described the language of the Augustans as a generalizing one. What this means is simply that the Augustan poet, unlike the Elizabethan lyricist or Biblical prophet, by submitting to wit and decorum, moralism and didacticism, restricted the truthful and direct expression of his feelings. He did so because, for the most part, he derived his poetics from the original Augustan age. In his Ars Poetica, Horace had taught that the function of poetry was mainly to please society, to shape reality in such a way that it would be acceptable to a sophisticated and urbane audience.[62] To achieve this, the poet had to accept ornamentation over truthful and direct expression. In taking over this lesson, the English Augustans came to depend on wit and decorum, on moralism and didacticism, in order to make their art socially acceptable. As a consequence, the poetry which they produced was far removed from any "aderenza alla vita". Rather than players, they were spectators in the drama of life. "The Spectator", we should remember, was the title of their most influencial literary magazine. Thus, although the poet's feelings could, when necessary, be released in satire - this being the only accepted form in which direct expression was accepted, - Augustan poetry is sadly lacking in real lyric poetry. It is, of course, with this form that we are here concerned. And this is just that form of poetry which a generalizing language does not make possible.

For Blake, Pope was the fountainhead of all the poetic troubles of his times. Preceeding Pope was Dryden, dismissed by Blake with this harsh comment: "... Rhyme and Monotonous Sing Song, Sing Song from

beginning to end".[63] At times, he groups the two poets together for comment: "I do not condemn Pope or Dryden because they did not understand Imagination, but because they did not understand Verse".[64] But it was to Pope that Blake traced the generalizing language of the Augustan poets. I shall give, therefore, some examples from Pope, and then, as a typical Augustan, from Thomson. The discussion will be followed by examples of Blake's "miracolo della parola" in the Songs, the Manuscript lyrics, and Prophecies.

Let us take a passage from Pope's Epistle One" in the Essay on Man. In this passage, Pope expresses his feelings about death - man's irreparable fate.

> "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
> All but the page prescribed, their present state:
> From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
> Or who would suffer being here below?
> The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
> Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
> Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
> And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
> Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
> That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,
> Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
> Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
> And now a bubbleburst, and now a world.
> Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
> Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
> What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
> But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
> Hope springs eternal in the human breasts:
> Man never Is, but always To be blessed;
> The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
> Rests and expatiates in a life to come".[65]

It is quite apparent that Pope has generalized his feelings. Except for that "flowery food" and "trembling pinions", he is too good a poet to stoop down to an excessive use of epithets. Epithets and periphrasis are the two most used devices by the Augustan poets. But the wit and decorum are in Pope's passage. His feelings on hope and death are generalized to such a point that they produce little response from the reader. And present, of course, is the tendency towards moralism and didacticism so cherished by the Augustans: "Hope springs eternal in the human breast:/ Man never Is, but always To be blessed". The entire passage is indirect, since Pope never really confronts death or hope directly. In short, as a true Augustan, Pope is detached from the world. He is a spectator and not a participator, as the case was for the Elizabethan lyricists and the Biblical prophets.

A second example will show, again, these same tendencies in Pope's poetry.

> "See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
> All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
> Above, how high progressive life may go!
> Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
> Vast chain of Being! which from god began,
> Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man,
> Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
> No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
> From thee to Nothing. - On superior powers
> Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
> Or in the full creation leave a void,
> Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
> From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
> Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike".[66]

There is here none of the sense of life which we saw in the Elizabethans and the Biblical prophets. To Pope, "beast", "bird", "fish", "angel", "man" remain mere objects. He observes and reports them; he does not infuse them with life. The entire passage, in other words, is a vast generalization.

Among the Augustan poets, the couplet was the favorite verse form. This debt is traceable directly to Pope who, through his immense skill, made the couplet very popular. But for Blake, the couplet, in its monotous movement, reinforced the Augustan's generalizing language.

> "Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
> The proper study of Mankind is Man".[67]

Pope's use of the couplet is sharp and witty. But from Blake's viewpoint, the whole relationship of man with God, the treatment of which in the Biblical prophets occasioned unchecked upsurges of feelings, is irreparably generalized.

> "Go! teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule --
> Then drop into thyself and be a fool!"[68]

The couplet, Blake would argue, acts as a straight-jacket to the poet's feelings. In Pope, the heroic couplet makes "aderenza alla vita" impossible, no matter how well employed it is.

Despite his generalizing language, Pope was, however, a poet of genius. It is after him, in his followers, that the language degenerates.

Lacking Pope's genius, the wit and decorum, the moralism and didactism, the epithet and periphrasis, became rampant in the poetry of later Augustans. A good example of this is Thomson.

> "Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead --
> The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
> Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
> Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
> Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
> Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
> Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
> Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
> O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
> Wide flies the tedded grain; and all in a row
> Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
> They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
> That throws refreshful round a rural smell;
> Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
> And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
> The russet haycock rises thick behind
> In order gay: while heard from dale to dale,
> Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
> Of happy labour, love, and social glee".[69]

The ornamentation in this passage is suffocating. There is a great profusion of epithets: "jovial mead", "fragrant load", "stooping age", etc. The feelings of the poet are drowned in adjectivation and never come to the surface. In all, there is little else than generalization in it. Not only Blake, but Pope himself would not have liked what we see in Thomson.

It is not necessary to offer other examples. Instead, we can turn to Dr. Johnson who, in acting the part of literary giant in the Augustan age, put, in Rasselas, these words in the mouth of Imlac:

> "This business of a poet is to examine not the individual but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances. He does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades of verdure of the forest".[70]

This is the seal of approval to what the Augustan poets did.

What Blake most abhorred in life and art was generalization. It was anathema to him. To generalize one's life meant, for him, to reject Imagination, the divine quality within man. To generalize in art meant "Blots & Blurs",[71] as he put it in the case of painting, to depend on ornamentation rather than essentiality. Against generalization he, thus, directs some of his sharpest attacks.

> "To Generalize is to be an Idiot. To Particularize is the Alone Distinction of Merit. General Knowledges are those Knowledges that Idiots posses."[72]

> "General Knowledge is Remote Knowledge ... Both in Art & in Life, General Masses are as Much Art as Pasteboard Man is Human."[73]

Through these comments Blake is, of course, reacting to Dr. Johnson's stand. If a man generalizes his life, he is false to himself, he becomes a "Pasteboard Man". Similarly, in art, one cannot be false with himself. The poet, Blake holds, must strive towards essentiality, not ornamentation. "The Outward ceremony", he wrote, "is Antichrist".[74]

Dr. Johnson is on one side, and with him, of course, are the Augustan poets. Blake quite rightly, is on the opposite side. He

did not and would not heed the doctrine of Imlac-Johnson. Instead, he deliberately set out to "number the streaks of the tulip" and "describe the different shades of the verdure of the forest". In short, Blake answers Johnson's generalizing language with "il miracolo della parola".

> "As poetry admits not a Letter that is Insignificant, so Painting admits not a Grain of Sand or Blade of Grass Insignificant - much less an Insignificant Blur or Mark".[75]

In Milton, Blake gives us his poetics of "il miracolo della parola":

> "'To cast aside from Poetry all that is not Inspiration,
> 'That it no longer shall dare to mock with the aspersion of Madness
> 'Cast on the Inspired by the tame high finisher of paltry Blots
> 'Indefinite, or paltry Rhymes, or paltry Harmonies..."[76]

Blake's opposition to the language of the Augustan poets began with the very early poems of Poetical Sketches. But these poems, though commendable, show only what Eliot calls Blake's "immense power of assimilation".[77] It is with the Songs of Innocence and the Songs of Experience that the opposition of Blake to the Augustans really began. What Blake was after in these poems is, like Ungaretti, the truthful and direct expression of his feelings. Consequently out go the wit and decorum, the moralism and didacticism, the epithet and the periphrasis of the Augustan poet and in comes the lesson of the Elizabethans and the Biblical prophets: freshness, sensuousness, directness in language and lightness in verse.

> "The Songs ... by dispensing with the periphrasis, the wit, and the decorum of the Augustan verse and adopting in their stead the directness of spiritual imagery, they achieve a freshness and lightness which immediately distinguish them from the more ponderous forms of contemporary verse".[78]

Blake succeeds. Essentiality replaces generalization. As Eliot puts it: "Blake ... presents only the essential, only, in fact, what can be presented, and need not be explained".[79] From this, we can pass directly into examples of Blake's "miracolo della parola".

To show Blake's language at work I take, first of all, this example from Songs of Innocence:

> "Little Lamb, who made thee?
> Dost thou know who made thee?
> Gave thee life, & bid thee feed
> By the stream & o'er the mead;
> Gave thee clothing of delight,
> Softest clothing, wooly, bright;
> Gave thee such a tender voice,
> Making all the vales rejoice?
> Little lamb, who made thee?
> Dost thou know who made thee?"[80]

Where is the generalizing language of the Augustan poets? In this poem, there are no excess qualities whatever: no wit and decorum, no epithet or periphrasis. Absent is also any moralism and didacticism. Each word is charged with Blake's sense of the divine in life. His religious feelings are not at all generalized, as it would have happened with the Augustans.

Here is another example. This one from Songs of Experience. "London":

> "I wander thro' each charter'd street,
> Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
> And mark in every face I meet
> Marks of weakness, marks of woe.
>
> In every cry of every Man,
> In every Infant's cry of fear,
> In every voice, in every ban,
> The mind-forged manacle I hear.
>
> How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
> Every black'ning Church appalls;
> And the hapless Soldier's sigh
> Runs in blood down Palace walls.
>
> But most thro' midnight street I hear
> How the youthful Harlot's curse
> Blasts the new born Infant's tear,
> And blights with plague the Marriage hearse."[81]

"Aderenza alla vita", said Gargiulo in the case of Ungaretti. The "naked vision", says Eliot in the case of this poem.[82] Blake, like Ungaretti, truthfully and directly expresses his feelings. There is no attempt at generalizing what is inside of him. Instead, the harsh reality of it is contained in every word: "weakness", "woe", "cry", "manacles", etc. Such "naked vision", such "aderenza alla vita" would have been inconcievable to the Augustan poets.

In "The Blossom", Blake shows how well he learned from the Elizabethan lyricists and the Biblical poets.

> "Pretty, Pretty Robin!
> Under leaves so green
> A happy Blossom
> Hears you sobbing, sobbing
> Pretty, Pretty Robin,
> Near my Bosom."[83]

The same sensual qualities, the same light verse. Blake simply makes the reader forget that the language of Dr. Johnson and his poets ever existed.

In the Manuscript lyrics, Blake follows the same path. It is not necessary to give examples. His "aderenza alla vita" leads him, of course, both in the Songs and the Manuscript lyrics to reject the straight-jacket of Pope's heroic couplet. Indeed, one need only look at his parody of this poet to realize what Blake meant.[84]

Ungaretti read Blake's Prophecies primarily for their lyrical passages. It is in these passages also that "il miracolo della parola" is at work. In a sense, Blake himself was aware of this since, in his "To the Public", a prose piece introducing Jerusalem, he states:

> "Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit place; the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific parts, the mild & gentle for the mild & gentle parts, and the prosaic for inferior parts; all are necessary to each other".[85]

It is a division in parts anticipating Poe's criticism of the epic form on grounds of lyrical and non-lyrical passages. But Blake had learned well from the prophets; and, if the Prophecies on the whole cannot be said to conform to "il miracolo della parola", many are the lyrical passages equalling in power some of the best Songs or lyrics.

One of the best examples which can be given to illustrate Blake's language in the Prophecies is this from Night VIII of The Four Zoas, a passage marked out for translation by Ungaretti himself:

> " 'Fear not, O poor forsaken one! O land of briars & thorns
> 'Where once the olive flourished & the Cedar spread his wings!
> 'Once I wail'd desolate like thee; my fallow fields in fear
> 'Cried to the Churchyards & the Earthworm came in dismal state.
> 'I found him in my bosom, & I said the time of love
> 'Appears upon the rocks & hills in silent shades; but soon
> 'A voice came in the night, a midnight cry upon the mountains:
> ' 'Awake! the bridegroom cometh!' I awoke to sleep no more;
> 'But an Eternal consummation is dark Enion,
> 'The wat'ry Grave. O thou corn field! O thou vegetater happy!
> 'More happy is the dark consumer; hope drowns all my torment,
> 'For I am now surrounded by a shadowy vortex drawing
> 'The spectre quite away from Enion, that I die a death
> 'Of better hope, altho' I consume in these raging waters".[86]

We notice quickly the closeness of Blake's language to that of the Biblical prophets. Like his predecessors, his feelings also rush out and permeate each word with the sense of the divine in life. The lyricism of the passage is very high; and it is this that attracted Ungaretti.

Here, for instance, again from the Prophecies, is a short passage fitting perfectly Gargiulo's phrase, "aderenza alla vita". From Chapter 3 of Jerusalem:

> " 'We were carried away in thousands from London & in tens
> 'Of thousands from Westminster & Maribone, in ships clos'd up,
> 'Chain'd hand & feet, compell'd to fight under the iron whips
> 'Of our captains, fearing our officers more than the enemy."[87]

Blake's language here has the same qualities of Ungaretti's poems in L'allegria. It is the same "essenzialità lirica".

It is unnecessary to go on and duplicate the discussion. These two examples are enough. A short note on the verse of the Prophecies, however, is needed. In the Songs and lyrics from the Manuscript, Blake, as we have seen, rejected the verse form of the Augustans. In the Prophecies, he follows the verse form of the Biblical prophets. These did not hold to the metrical rules of the Classical poets, but let the urgency of their feelings shape the form of the verse. The result was a loose, unstructured form called parallelism. Discussing parallelistic verse, Roston writes:

> "In Hebrew verse, artistic form is subordinated to the subject matter, and it is the sense of the passage itself which creates the rhythm. Where a Latin poem is invalidated by even a false syllable, Hebrew verse employs a flexible, undulatory rhythm produced neither by a syllabic quantity nor by accentuation, but by an antiphonal sense-pattern of the passage. And perhaps even more important is the self-generating emotional force of parallelism, which pulsates in rhythmic unison with the sense".[88]

I give a sample of this kind of verse form from Blake:

> " 'Why can I not Enjoy thy beauty, Lovely Enitharmon?
> 'When I return from clouds of Grief in the wand'ring Elements,
> 'Where thou in thrilling joy, in beaming summer loveliness,
> 'Delectable reposest, ruddy in my absence, flaming with beauty,
> 'Cold pale in sorrow at my approach, trembling at my terrific
> 'Forehead & eyes, thy lips decay like roses in the spring.
> 'How art thou shrunk! thy grapes that burst in summer's vast Excess,
> 'Shut up in little purple covering, faintly bud & die.
> 'Thy olive trees that poured down oil upon a thousand hills,
> 'Sickly look forth & scarcely stretch their branches to the plain.
> 'Thy roses that expanded in the face of glowing morn,
> 'Hid in a little silken veil scarce breathe & faintly shine.
> 'Thy lillies that gave light what time the morning looked forth,
> 'Did in the Vales, faintly lament, & no one hears their voice.
> 'All things beside the woful Los enjoy the delights of beauty!"[89]

Remember the quotation from Song of Songs above? Here is that same loose, unstructured verse. Shaped by Blake's deep feelings, each verse rolls on, spills into the next, and moves on again to create one of Blake's most beautiful passages.

In Ungaretti, the essential language led to critical awareness. With Blake's poetry, the same is true. The Notebooks, for instance, show how much of a craftsman Blake was. His most famous Song, "The Tiger", went though three drafts before settling down to its final form. Indeed, concern for critical awareness led Blake to make comments like the following ones:

> "Mechanical excellence is the Only Vehicle of Genius."[90]
>
> "Minute Discrimination is Not Accidental. All Sublimity is found on Minute Discrimination".[91]
>
> "Execution is the Chariot of Genius."[92]

I reproduce two short examples of Blake's critical awareness:

> "Why should I be bound to thee,
> O, my lovely mirtle tree?
> [Love, free love, cannot be bound
> To any tree that grows on ground. del]
> To a lovely mirtle bound,
> Blossoms show'ring all around,
> [Like the dung upon the ground,
> Underneath my mirtle bound. del.]
> O, how sick & weary I
> Underneath my mirtle lie."[93]

And here is the first draft of "The Fly":

"[Woe, alas! my guilty hand
Brush'd across thy summer joy;
All thy gilded, painted pride
Shatter'd, fled ... del.]

Little fly,
Thy summer play
My [guilty hand del.] thoughtless hand
Hath brush'd away.

[The cut worm
Forgives the plow,
And dies in peace,
And so do thou. del.]

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance,
And drink, & sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live,
Or if I die.

[Thought is life
And strength & breath;
But the want (of del.)
Of thought is death. del.]

If thought is life
And strength & breath
And the want (of del.)
Of thought is death;"[94]

Blake shows as much insistence as Ungaretti himself does in the variants. All corrections are directed towards achieving "il miracolo della parola", the highest lyrical expression.

We need not go into the Prophecies on this point. One can look at the text of The Four Zoas and realize that in the Prophecies too Blake's critical awareness was very much at work.

In my early discussion of Mallarmé's poetics, we saw that he, through poetry, was able to conquer over the "hazard", the absurd of life, and enter the "regione metafisica". And Petrucciani, discussing Mallarme's transformation of "poesia pura" into "poesia metafisica", stated: "...siamo di fronte ad una deificazione della poesia". In the beginning, intent on following the purely formalistic aspect, I did not, however, discuss this other aspect of Mallarmé's poetics. It is at this point, then, that Mallarmé's deification of poetry becomes pertinent.

For Mallarmé, the "hazard" is a result of the material world, the world of time. Since material object are always changing, thus creating instability, Mallarmé attempts to find escape in the changeless, the "regione metafisica". This he identifies with the hidden side of reality, which is really, for him, the symbolic property of objects, their true existence as ideas beyond the dominion of time. It is the basis of the Symbolist poetics.

> "Il concetto fondamentale da cui muovono i simbolisti è che la realtà non è quella dell'esperienza o della scienza o anche quella interpretata ed elaborata della ragione; ma qualcosa di più profondo e misterioso, e, nella sua essenza, più vero. Questo più profondo aspetto, significato, linguaggio della natura non può essere inteso dall'intelletto, ma dalla poesia, e che è dunque intelligenza ed espressione dell'inconscio, cioè della essenza misteriosa del reale."[95]

This hidden side of reality, the Symbolists, and their "caposcuola" Mallarmé, can reach only through the deification of poetry. It is not enough for the poet to want to get at the "essenza misteriosa del reale"; in order to do so, he must make poetry identical with it. Mallarmé does just this. By escaping the material world and entering the "regione metafisica" through poetry, he makes the one and the other into a single entity.

Of course, this deification of poetry is bound up closely, for Mallarmé, to the essential language. Mallarmé believes that the poet, by taking all excess qualities away from the essential word, makes it possible for it to travel back in time to its state of innocence in the "regione metafisica", since the essential word is, for Mallarmé, to express it in the terms used by Ungaretti, "anteriore all'uomo".[96] The essential word, by travelling back in time - i.e., by having its virginal quality returned, gives up all the "memories" or historical associations which it had collected throughout the literary tradition. In such a pure state, reaching the "regione metafisica", the essential word becomes one with it, thus turning into a symbol. The material world is in this way overcome; and poetry is deified, since it is now one with the "regione metafisica".

But it is not only Mallarmé that holds to such a notion. Indeed, as we find out from these remarks of Eliade, all poetry is ultimately an attempt to overcome the material world and enter into the timeless:

> "All poetry is an effort to re-create the language; in other words, to abolish current language, that of every day, and to invent a new, private and personal speech, in the last analysis secret. But poetic creation, like linguistic creation, implies the abolition of time - the history concentrated in language - and tends towards the recovery of the paradisiac, primordial situation; of the days when one could create spontaneously, when the past did not exist because there was no consciousness of time, no memory of temporal duration."[97]

What is peculiar, however, to Mallarmé is that he looks at the creative process as a mystical experience. If the essential word can be restored to its innocence, and poetry made one with the "regione metafisica", then the poet who accomplishes this follows a similar journey and, by conquering over the "hazard" through poetry, achieves the same results: he becomes momentarily one with the "regione metafisica". During the creative process, the poet also travels back in time, divests himself of all memories or associations with the material world, and, reaching his own innocence, becomes one himself with the "regione metafisica".[98]

But once poetry is deified, become one with the "regione metafisica", and the poet also become one with it, what are the results? Very simply, the poet must objectify in poetic form his vision of the "regione metafisica". If he does not, then his vision remains a purely mystical experience, and not a poetic one as well. Yet to what does all this point? Objectification of the non-material, of the hidden but true side of reality, means revelation. All men strive, more or less, through many activities, to conquer over the "hazard". But the poet is in a special

position. Not only can he, through his art, conquer the absurd of life; he can also reveal to other men what is hidden from them. Poetry has the function of so doing. Now, when it does so, as is the case with Mallarmé, poetry takes up the function of theology. Just as theology is a method of knowing and revealing the unknown or the spiritual, that which is above the material world; so poetry also becomes a method of knowing and revealing the "regione metafisica". For Mallarmé, then, the deification of poetry leads to the final step of equating poetry with theology.[99]

The deification of poetry and its transformation into theology is taken up by Ungaretti in the same way that Mallarmé's essential language was, with changes resulting from the non-theoretical character of Ungaretti. Of course, we know by now that Ungaretti interprets Mallarmé's "regione metafisica" as the divine. And this is in every man. But what is the divine, really? For Ungaretti, the divine is simply God. God is immortality, man's freedom from the material world. In following Mallarmé's deification of poetry and its transformation into theology, Ungaretti, unlike Mallarmé, ends up by emphasizing in poetry its function of revelation of God not in theoretical terms, but in deeply humanistic ones. For Ungaretti poetry was is and will always be theology, since only through it can man have knowledge of his immortality, of God. It is with this in mind that De Robertis, Ungaretti's most perceptive critic, writes of poetry:

> "La poesia ci vendica di non essere dio.
> Dio è conoscenza immediata, universale, perfetta;
> la poesia è sforzo di accostarsi a questa
> conoscenza, col dolore di non doverci arrivar
> mai. Questo dolore fa che i poeti scrivano."[100]

This is, more or less, Ungaretti's own position.

Ungaretti, like Mallarmé, affects the deification of poetry through language. He also believes that it is possible for the essential word to travel back to its state of innocence. But it does not, of course, enter the "regione metafisica"; instead, it enters and becomes one with the divine. In so doing, in going back to its origins, the essential word becomes, for Ungaretti, sacred; the divine being, as I have said, God.

> "Il linguaggio è sacro, se è legato al mistero
> della nostra origine, e dell'origine del mondo;
> se sentiamo che in noi costituisce la nostra
> responsabilità dando definizione universale e
> sociale e soprannaturale alla nostra persona;
> se ci accorgiamo del bene o del male,
> incalcolabili, che derivano dalla parola: la
> parola, atto per eccellenza di scelta, atto di verità,
> e che non dovrebbe quindi mai essere da parte d'una
> persona umana, atto incosciente, atto bestiale."[101]

And "il mistero della nostra origine" is God. It is with Him that the essential word becomes one, thus acquiring its sacred quality, just as Mallarmé's acquired its virginal quality in the "regione metafisica". It is the same point which Ungaretti makes in the case of Dante; a Dante read, as I said, through the eyes of Mallarmé and consequently a Dante who reflects Ungaretti's conception of language:

> "La parola, che avrà sommamente per Dante il valore di segno ascendente dell'intelletto e di duro strumento della passione morale, gli giunge, per iniziarlo a umanità e a poesia, anteriore all'uomo stesso, sacra, radicata nel mistero della natura, sostanza stessa della coscienza, anche se essa non sarà profferita dall'uomo e non sarà da esso udibile se non quale umano strumento della storia."[102]

In Ungaretti, perhaps more than in Mallarmé, the deification of poetry is complete.

Implied in all this is the fact that Ungaretti, again, like Mallarmé, also considers the creative process a mystical technique by means of which the poet, through the sacred word, enters the divine and momentarily frees himself from the material world. But it must be stressed that, for Ungaretti, the creative process is not so much an escape from the "hazard", as it is a means of experiencing the divine, the presence of God within the material world itself. Ungaretti tends towards the mystical, yes; but only in so far as the presence of God in the world and his awareness of it gives him hope for immortality, for his eventual freedom from the material world.

> "Memorie e sogni maturano l'avvenire. Anche nella veglia, portiamo nella nostra coscienza punti meravigliosi chiusi in un'ala di segreto: sogni. È la memoria, di vicende personali o ereditate, che s'è liberata di sé e, al di là di tempo e spazio, è risorta. Oh! quella lontananza di paradiso perduto, ogni atto d'amore l'avvicina alle cose e la ricrea. Poesia è convertire la memoria in sogni e porre qualche luce felice sulla strada dell'ignoto."[103]

As with Mallarmé,so with Ungaretti, the poet purges himself of memories, of his associations with the material world, and merges with the spiritual one, the "paradiso perduto", through the creative process. And what is this "paradiso perduto" for Ungaretti, if not God?

For Ungaretti too, then, the poet pierces through the material world and uncovers the hidden side of reality. But this hidden side is the spiritual world, not the "regione metafisica" of Mallarmé and the Symbolists. And, of course, in so doing, poetry becomes theology for Ungaretti. Indeed, not only does Ungaretti believe that poetry as theology has the function of revealing to man the spiritual world, he also sees in poetry man's innate method of knowledge. It is through poetry that man can have knowledge of immortality.

> "Dunque il primo modo di conoscere dell'uomo è la poesia: è il suo modo innato di avere nozione di ciò che nella natura sua permane immortale, e vedremo che sarà anche il suo supremo modo, quando l'uomo stesso avrà saputo immedesimarsi nella poesia e essere, per conseguita potenza morale e per possesso di chiaro intelletto, un libero uomo. Da principio la parola per l'uomo era poesia, e, sofferto, dichiarato, isolato e superato ogni male, dall'uomo rivestita l'originaria, musicale purezza, per l'uomo la parola sarà più che mai luce,poesia."[104]

But not all men are poets. Ungaretti realizes this. Poetry is theology; so, like theology, it must bring the vision of the spiritual world, of God, to all men. The poet, in other words, must objectify his vision of "paradiso perduto" in form. Indeed, this is the mission of the poet:

> "Oggi il poeta sa e risolutamente afferma che la poesia è testimonianza d'Iddio, anche quando è una bestemmia."[105]

And, since God is immortality, man's freedom from the material world, the vision which Ungaretti objectifies in form is one of freedom from such a world. Poetry transformed into theology and man's freedom are thus one.

> "Il sentimento della libertà è poesia, slancio di comunione con il divino, con Iddio il quale è, Egli, libertà intatta, onnipotenza pura."[106]

It is this vision of freedom that Ungaretti objectifies in his work; and it is to his illustration of it that we can now turn.

In the poetry of Ungaretti, man's freedom from the material world is illustrated in the form of a journey. Vita d'un uomo is the generic title of Ungaretti's works. What Vita d'un uomo contains within its pages is Ungaretti's own journey of freedom from the material to the spiritual world. Of course, symbolically this is the journey which all men must undertake in order to free humanity from all that is not immortal, all that is not God. In the poetry of Ungaretti, the antithesis of material and spiritual world is indicated by that between death and God. Death is the material world, that which is subject to time and makes all things vain. God is immortality, man's freedom from and final conquest of the material world. At the beginning of the journey, Ungaretti, thrown into the horror of war sees death as a companion. It is

the only thing in which he can believe. Later, in the period of Il sentimento del tempo, while Ungaretti is unable to establish any relationship with God, death is seen as triumphing over man's existence. In the end, death becomes, instead, for Ungaretti, the door to the spiritual world, to God, or "i nostri cari morti", as he puts it.[107] What produces this difference? It is simply that Ungaretti comes to experience God, to have hope in immortality and await patiently for it, while he has freed himself from the material world as much as possible.

The most pregnant poetic statement which Ungaretti makes in L'allegria is this:

"In nessuna
parte
di terra
mi posso
accasare

Ogni nuovo clima
che incontro
mi trovo
languente
che
una volta
gia gli ero stato
assuefatto

E me ne stacco sempre
straniero

Nascendo
tornato da epoche troppo
vissute

Godere un solo
minuto di vita
iniziale

Cerco un paese
innocente"[108]

The "paese innocente" of which Ungaretti is in search here is the divine, the "paradiso perduto". The poem can be read, of course, with Ungaretti's biography in mind; and we could talk of "spaesamento" and the process of "riconoscimento", much as Rebay does. But from what I have said up to now, it is quite evident that the problem is more complex. What we have here is man in search of the spiritual world, for God. Ungaretti's "paese innocente" is the paradise from which man has fallen.

"Ogni mio momento
io l'ho vissuto
un'altra volta
in un'epoca fonda
fuori di me"[109]

The journey undertaken by Ungaretti is back to this "epoca fonda". But he is lost. Man is lost in the material world which surrounds him, and cannot see beyond his own immediate physical existence. He cannot do so because he lacks faith in God, which is the same as saying that he lacks faith in his own ability to free himself from the material world.

"Quel contadino
si affida alla medaglia
di Sant'Antonio
e va leggero

Ma ben sola e ben nuda
senza miraggio
porto la mia anima"[110]

"Miraggio", here, means the vision of the divine, of the spiritual world. Ungaretti cannot see as the "contadino" can, because he lacks any faith whatsoever. He is still at the elemental stage of searching; while the

"contadino" has simply never questioned the miraculous powers or rather the power of hope which his Sant'Antonio medal can give.

L'allegria is a collection of poems written in war time. Of Il porto sepolto, Ungaretti wrote: "Scritto in trincea, nel fango, scritto in mezzo al dolore della guerra..."[111] War, with all its horrors, meant, for him death.

"Di queste case
non è rimasto
che qualche
brandello di muro

Di tanti che mi corrispondevano
non è rimasto
neppure tanto

Ma nel cuore
nessuna croce manca

È il mio cuore
il paese più straziato"[112]

But to this man, death is a companion. War makes man one not with the divine but with the material world. Consequently Ungaretti, in his desperation, sees in it an end to all his suffering. Death is not a door to the spiritual world, but the deliverer from man's consciousness of suffering.

"Come questa pietra
del S. Michele
così fredda
così dura
così prosciugata
così refrattaria
così totalmente
disanimata

Come questa pietra
è il mio pianto
che non si vede

La morte
si sconta
vivendo"[113]

War, however, is the manifestation of humanity's utter subservience to the material world. It is not ideals that create it, but interests; not love, but hate. War puts an end to any vision of freedom from the material world, of God, turning man against man. But even in its total darkness, humanity is never alone. There is always something hidden within the heart of man that cries for realization. And this is, for Ungaretti, man's desire for freedom from the material world, for God.

"Chiuso fra cose mortali
(Anche il cielo stellato finirà)
Perché bramo Dio?"[114]

God conquers over death, since He is man's freedom from the "cose mortali". However, it is man who must journey towards Him; not the reverse. Here is Ungaretti's weakness. The material world snares him into its nets; and he loses himself in an existence which does not rise above the merely physical. When he becomes aware of the nets, Ungaretti turns against himself in desperation:

"Con la mia fame di lupo
ammaino
il mio corpo di pecorella

Sono come
la misera barca
e come l'oceano libidinoso"[115]

With this, no progress along the journey is possible.

But for the man who persists, the material world cannot hold him back. Such a man is Ungaretti. His desire for the divine permeates the whole of L'allegria. The sea, the oasis, the stars, etc., are manifestations of this desire. They are images of God. Ungaretti wants to have God near him. He wants to understand who or what God is.

"Rincorro le nuvole
che si sciolgono dolcemente
cogli occhi attenti
e mi rammento
di qualche amico
morto

Ma Dio cos'è?

E la creatura
atterrita
sbarra gli occhi
e accoglie
gocciole di stelle
e la pianura muta

E si sente
riavere"[116]

And the antithesis between the material and the spiritual world is uppermost in his mind:

"Ha bisogno di qualche ristoro
il mio buio cuore disperso

Negli incastri fangosi dei sassi
come un'erba di questa contrada
vuole tremare piano alla luce

Ma io non sono
nella fionda del tempo
che la scaglia dei sassi tarlati
dell'improvvisata strada
di guerra

Da quando
ha guardato nel viso
immortale del mondo
questo pazzo ha voluto sapere
cadento nel labirinto
del suo cuore crucciato

...

Il mio cuore vuole illuminarsi
come questa notte
almeno di zampilli di razzi

...

Il mio povero cuore
sbigottito
di non sapere"[117]

It is a persistent desire for the divine. L'allegria ends with "Preghiera", in which Ungaretti still insists on his "paese innocente", on his freedom from the material world.

"Quando mi desterò
dal barbaglio della promiscuità
in una limpida e attonita sfera

Quando il mio peso mi sarà leggero

Il naufragio concedimi Signore
di quel giovane giorno al primo grido"[118]

In Il sentimento del tempo, Ungaretti's journey proceeds and his desire for freedom from the material world intensifies. Death, however, becomes an obsession within him. It is no longer a companion. Death makes

all things vain; it rules over the material world. Ungaretti fears its power and, in order to alleviate his obsession, courts it. Without God, is not death the only thing which offers man a way out of suffering?

"Morte, arido fiume ...

Immemore sorella, morte,
L'uguale mi farai del sogno
Baciandomi.

Avrò il tuo passo,
Andrò senza lasciare impronta.

Mi darai il cuore immobile
D'un iddio, sarò innocente,
Non avrò più pensieri né bontà

Colla mente murata,
Cogli occhi caduti in oblio,
Farò da guida alla felicità."[119]

"Sarò innocente", Ungaretti says. But the innocence, the immortality which death offers him is strangely a very physical one: "Colla mente murata". It is the immortality of a stone; it has nothing to do with "i nostri cari morti". And Il sentimento del tempo contains, as well, six cantos on death.

But Ungaretti cannot accept the verdict of death. How can all the things which surround him be vain? God will not stand idly by as man is snatched away into darkness, his flame snuffed like that of a candle. Out of this concern come Ungaretti's "Inni"; by far the best poetry written during his long career.

The verse which begins the "Inni" states Ungaretti's position in all directness:

"Perché le apparenze non durano?"[120]

The material world, subject as it is to time, is constantly changing. Death has sway over all things. Since nothing is permanent, then all is vain. One's existence, his art, his feelings, are mere dust. Faced with this frightening reality, Ungaretti more than ever desires the divine. Only God can give him immortality, can save him from death. But Ungaretti's God is inscrutable. Not only does He not appear to save man, but He even keeps death from bringing an end to his suffering. And does not man deserve at least this much from God?, asks Ungaretti.

"Sono un uomo ferito.

E me ne vorrei andare
E finalmente giungere,
Pietà, dove si ascolta
L'uomo che è solo con se.

Non ho che superbia e bontà.

E mi sento esiliato in mezzo agli uomini.

Ma per essi sto in pena.

Non sarei degno di tornare in me?

Ho popolato di nomi il silenzio.

Ho fatto a pezzi cuore e mente
Per cadere in servitù di parole?

Regno sopra fantasmi.

...

"Dio, coloro che t'implorano
Non ti conoscono più che di nome?

M'hai discacciato dalla vita.

M'hai discaccerai dalla morte?

...

Dio, guarda la nostra debolezza.

Vorremmo una certezza.

Di noi nemmeno più ridi?

E compiangici dunque, crudeltà.

Non ne posso più di stare murato
Nel desiderio senza amore.

Una traccia mostraci di giustizia.

La tua legge qual è?

Fulmina le mie povere emozioni,
Liberami dall'inquietudine.

Sono stanco di urlare senza voce."[121]

And further on, Ungaretti adds:

"La speranza d'un mucchio d'ombra
E null'altro è la nostra sorte?

E tu non saresti che un sogno, Dio?
Almeno un sogno, temerari,
Vogliamo ti somigli."[122]

A "sogno" is all that Ungaretti asks. He must be sure of a spiritual world, if he does not want death to conquer over him. And "La Preghiera" is a very moving account of how much Ungaretti desires freedom from the material world.

"Come dolce prima dell'uomo
Doveva andare il mondo.

L'uomo ne cavò beffe di demoni,
La sua lussuria disse cielo,
La sua illusione decretò creatrice,
Suppose immortale il momento.

La vita gli è di peso enorme
Come laggiù quell'ale d'ape morta
Alla formicola che la trascina.

Da ciò che dura a ciò che passa,
Signore, sogno fermo,
Fa che torni a correre un patto.

Oh! rasserena questi figli.

Fa che l'uomo torni a sentire
Che, uomo, fino a te salisti
Per l'infinita sofferenza.

Sii la misura, sii il mistero.

Purificante amore,
Fa ancora che sia scala di riscatto
la carne ingannatrice.

Vorrei di nuovo udirti dire
Che in te finalmente annullate
Le anime s'uniranno
E lassù formeranno,
Eterna umanità,
Il tuo sonno felice."[123]

Ungaretti sees immortality as "i nostri cari morti", as the Christian paradise of the individual souls united in God.

But in all this desire on the part of Ungaretti, God is still immovable.

"Perché non ti raccatta
La mano ferma del Signore?"[124]

Consequently Ungaretti, exasperated, falls back into the material world. He sees no freedom from it, as long as God remains unknown to him.

"Tu non mi guardi più, Signore...

E non cerco se non oblio
Nella cecità della carne."[125]

The lesson of an immovable God is not lost on Ungaretti. At the end of Il sentimento del tempo, he has a glimpse of the God that he is searching for: a child-like God, one of love rather than understanding - Christ.

"Per un Iddio che rida come un bimbo,
Tanti gridi di passeri,
Tante danze nei rami,

Un'anima si fa senza più peso,
I prati hanno una tale tenerezza,
Tale pudore negli occhi rivive,

Le mani come foglie
S'incantano nell'aria...

Chi teme più, chi giudica?"[126]

Il dolore is a volume in which we see Ungaretti fall completely into the darkness of the material world. Again, death surrounds him as it did in L'allegria. Once more man is at war.

Ungaretti has now the heavy burden of personal tragedy. His loved son, Antonietto, is dead. His brother also. In addition, his "terra disperatamente amata", Italy, is at war, and soon over-run by foreign armies. Civil war breaks out. Ungaretti had always identified his child-

hood with a period of happiness, with an approximation of his "paese innocente". Now, under the darkness of personal tragedy and war, even this memory is lost.

> "Tutto ho perduto dell'infanzia
> E non potrò mai più
> Smemorarmi in un grido.
>
> L'infanzia ho sotterrato
> Nel fondo delle notti
> E ora, spada invisibile,
> Mi separa da tutto."[127]

Yet in the middle of all this tragedy, with the loss of everything, something happens to Ungaretti. For the first time, he experiences God. And this God is not the immovable one of Il sentimento del tempo; He is, instead, the God of love whom he had envisioned, Christ. This God is manifest in all men. He is by them, as they suffer. The vision of this God, Ungaretti objectifies in the beautiful litany, "Mio fiume anche tu":

> "Mio fiume anche tu. Tevere fatale,
> Ora che notte già turbata scorre;
> Ora che persistente
> E come a stento erotto dalla piaga
> Un gemito d'agnelli si propaga
> Smarrito per le strade esterrefatte;
> Che di male l'attesa senza requie,
> Il peggiore dei mali,
> Che l'attesa di male imprevedibile
> Intralcia animo e passi;
> Che singhiozzi infiniti, a lungo rantoli
> Agghiacciano le case tane incerte;
> Ora che scorre notte già straziata,
> Che ogni attimo spariscono di schianto
> O temono l'offesa tanti segni
> Giunti, quasi divine forme, a splendere
> Per ascenzione di millenni umani;
> Ora che già sconvolta scorre notte,
> E quanto un uomo può patire imparo;

Ora, ora, mentre schiavo
Il mondo d'abissale pena soffoca;
Ora che insopportabile il tormento
Si sfrena fra i fratelli in ira a morte;
Ora che osano dire
Le mie blasfeme labbra:
"Cristo, pensoso palpito,
Perché la tua bontá
S'è tanto allontanata?"

2

Ora che pecorelle, cogli agnelli
Si sbandano stupite e, per le strade
Che già furono urbane, si desolano;
Ora che prova un popolo
Dopo gli strappi dell'emigrazione,
La stolta iniquità
Delle deportazioni;
Ora che nelle fosse
Con fantasia ritorta
E mani spudorate
Dalle fattezze umane l'uomo lacera
L'immagine divina
E pietà in grido si contrae di pietra;
Ora che l'innocenza
Reclama almeno un'eco,
E geme anche nel cuore più indurito;
Ora che sono vani gli altri gridi;
Vedo ora chiaro nella notte triste.

Vedo ora nella notte triste, imparo,
So che l'inferno s'apre sulla terra
Su misura di quanto
L'uomo si sottrae, folle,
Alla purezza della Tua passione.

3

Fa piaga nel Tuo cuore
La somma del dolore
Che va spargendo sulla terra l'uomo;
Il Tuo cuore è la sede appassionata
Dell'amore non vano.

Cristo, pensoso palpito,
Astro incarnato nell'umane tenebre,
Fratello che t'immoli
Perennemente per riedificare

Umanamente l'uomo,
Santo, Santo che soffri,
Maestro e fratello e Dio che ci sai deboli,
Santo, Santo che soffri
Per liberare dalla morte i morti
E sorreggere noi infelici vivi,
D'un pianto solo mio non piango più,
Ecco, Ti chiamo, Santo,
Santo, Santo che soffri."[128]

"Vedo ora nella notte triste", Ungaretti writes. And Christ who is with him in this darkness, as he is also with all men, is his vision, his assurance of the spiritual world.

With this vision, death now loses power over Ungaretti. The material world gives way to his hope in the realization of the spiritual one. And what is the spiritual world, if not God? And what is God, if not the unity of all the individual souls united in Him? So death is no longer to be feared on the part of man. It has become the door to "i nostri cari morti". It is these that call us towards the spiritual world; it is Antonietto that calls Ungaretti towards the "vette immortali".

"Ogni altra voce è un eco che si spegne
Ora che una mi chiama
Dalle vette immortali..."[129]

But while awaiting death, Ungaretti has to prepare himself for the spiritual world. As the material one appears to him for what it is: illusion: he strives to detach himself from it as much as possible. Thus La terra promessa and Il taccuino del vecchio are Ungaretti's farewell to the material world.

For Ungaretti, there are two parts of man which insistently cling to the material world: the experience of the senses and that of the mind. Indeed, early in Il dolore, Ungaretti had perceived this already:

"Non seppe
Ch'è la stessa illusione mondo e mente,
Che nel mistero delle proprie onde
Ogni terrena voce fa naufragio." [130]

This is enlarged by Ungaretti into the "cori" of Didone (the senses, the world), the "Recitativo di Palinuro" (the mind), and the "cori" of Enea (the spiritual world) in Il taccuino del vecchio. It is difficult to detach oneself from the material world. The experience of the senses, because of its immediacy, inspires man with a faith in its reliance which is hard to contradict. To detach oneself from the material world, however much he may desire his freedom from it, always gives rise to reluctance. This is what Ungaretti, in the character of Didone shows.

"Ora il vento s'è fatto silenzioso
E silenzioso il mare;
Tutto tace; ma grido
Il grido, sola, del mio cuore,
Grido d'amore, grido di vergogna
Del mio cuore che brucia
Da quando ti mirai e m'hai guardata
E più non sono che un oggetto debole.

Grido e brucia il mio cuore senza pace
Da quando più non sono
Se non cosa in rovina e abbandonata."[131]

The passions of sensual experience ("vento", "mare") are assuaged; yet even in its old age the body wishes to retain its existence, its attachment

to the material world. The same, Ungaretti finds, is also true with the mind. Man prides himself on his intellect. But it too is illusion and must be left behind. Ungaretti transforms Palinuro into the ironic immortality of a rock.

"Erto più su più mi legava il sonno,
Dietro allo scafo a pezzi della pace
Struggeva gli occhi crudeltà mortale;
Piloto vinto d'un disperso emblema,
Vanità per riaverlo emulai d'onde;
Ma nelle vene già impietriva furia

Crescente d'ultimo e più arcano sonno,
E più su d'onde e emblema della pace
Così divenni furia non mortale."[132]

And all that is material dies, as Enea sails onward to enter the spiritual world, to reach his oneness with God.

"Morto è anche, vedi, il mare,
Il mare."[133]

Death will be the door to the spiritual world; meanwhile, as he awaits the final call, Ungaretti goes on as all men should go on:

"Senza niuna impazienza sognerò,
Mi piegherò al lavoro
Che non può mai finire,
E a poco a poco in cima
Alle braccia rinate
Si riapreranno mani scorrevoli,
Nella cavità loro
Riapparsi gli occhi, ridaranno luce,
E, d'impovviso intatta
Sarai risorta, mi farà da guida
Di nuovo la tua voce,
Per sempre ti rivedo."[134]

In reading Blake through the eyes of Mallarmé, Ungaretti comes to give the phrase which he used for Blake's essential language, "il miracolo della parola", an extended meaning covering all three of the points discussed above: the deification of poetry, the conception of the creative process as a mystical technique, and the transformation of poetry into theology with its eventual result of the illustration of man's freedom from the material world. Again, I must stress that this approach of Blake on the part of Ungaretti is not an isolated case. In Petrarch, he finds these same three points.[135] So also in Leopardi and Dante.[136] It is simply a further "riconoscimento" of Ungaretti. For Ungaretti, Blake becomes Ungaretti's Blake; just as for Yeats, Blake was Yeats' Blake.[137] It is a transformation which cannot be escaped.

The extended meaning which Ungaretti gives to "il miracolo della parola" is found, of course, in "Discorsetto del traduttore". But we must not think for a minute that Ungaretti goes into a discussion of the three points listed above. Instead, he is satisfied in just pointing them out. And this is done in a fashion which leaves little room for discussion. It is done by hints, rather than direct statements. However, it should be clear by now that Ungaretti's criticism is more an expression of his own process of "riconoscimento" than an objective evaluation of a poet. So, if we turn to "Discorsetto del traduttore", we can see how Ungaretti points out his further "riconoscimento" in Blake.

As a first step Ungaretti wants to point out that "il miracolo della parola" means the purification of the essential word in order that it may travel back to the divine or God. This, as we saw with Mallarmé and Ungaretti himself, is done by abolishing "memories" or associations in the essential word. For Ungaretti, this same process occurs in Blake. In "Discorsetto del traduttore", he states:

> "Il miracolo, come facevo a dimenticarmene, è frutto, me l'aveva insegnato Mallarmé, di memoria. A furia di memoria si torna, o ci si può illudere di tornare, innocenti. L'uomo che tenta di arretrarsi sino al punto dove, per memoria, la memoria si abolisce e l'oblio illuminante: estasi, suprema conoscenza, uomo vero uomo - è dono di memoria."[138]

From this quote it is possible to make the equation "miracolo" = "parola". It is the word that travels back, abolishes its "memories", and becoming one with God, "estasi", "suprema conoscenza", deifies poetry by changing memories into "sogni". And to change memories into "sogni" is, as we saw, Ungaretti's own definition of poetry. In this going back and into the divine through the purification of the essential word, Blake too, for Ungaretti, deifies poetry.

The second step, and one which tends to clarify the first, Ungaretti points out in the rest of the paragraph quoted above. It is the conception of the creative process as a mystical technique.

> "E il miracolo è parola: per essa il poeta si può arretrare nel tempo sino dove lo spirito umano risiedeva nella sua unità e nella sua verità, non ancora caduto in frantumi, preda del

> Male, esule per vanità, sbriciolato nelle catene
> e nel tormento delle infinite fattezze materiali
> del tempo."[139]

In this sense, not only does "miracolo" equate with "parola", but it is through it that the poet, discarding his own "memories" or associations with the material world, conquers the "hazard", becoming momentarily one with the "paradiso perduto", the "unità" and "verità" that is the divine or God. And Ungaretti sees that Blake, again like Mallarmé and himself, looked upon the creative process as a mystical technique.

Since Blake deifies poetry and, through it, penetrates into the divine and becomes one with it, and since Blake is not a mystic but a poet, it follows that Ungaretti should deduce from this the transformation of poetry into theology. For Blake too, Ungaretti feels, poetry reveals the spiritual world, God, and is thus a method of knowing. Consequently, as theology, Blake's poetry takes up the task of making the spiritual world known to man, of revealing God to him. And Blake does this, like Ungaretti, by objectifying in poetic form man's freedom from the material world. It is with this in mind that Ungaretti, in "Discorsetto del traduttore", points out:

> "Il tema centrale di Blake è quello della
> libertà, dell'uomo libero da leggi poiché
> contro la 'Tigre' gli ha riacquistato
> l'innocenza l' 'Agnello'."[140]

How Blake gave man an illustration of "la visione d'infanzia pura",[141] we

shall presently see. First it is necessary, however, to turn to Blake's own ideas.

This extention of the meaning of "il miracolo della parola" on the part of Ungaretti to include the deification of poetry, the conception of the creative process as a mystical technique, and, finally, the transformation of poetry into theology would mean little were it not that, again, Ungaretti finds in Blake?s own ideas on poetry or the arts a sympathetic chord. In a sense, in the case of Petrarch, Leopardi, and Dante, Ungaretti had to force such an extention of his "riconoscimento". With Blake, however, as we shall now see, this was not necessary. How, then, do Blake's ideas on poetry respond sympathetically to Ungaretti's extended approach?

Like Ungaretti, Blake posits God as the source of poetry and all arts. God is, for him, Jesus. In questions of poetics, Blake refers to Jesus as the Imagination. The Imagination is present, just like the divine for Ungaretti, in all men: and it is man's innate ability to rise above the material world, to be one with God momentarily by entering the spiritual world. Thus Blake can say not only "Imagination is the Divine Body in Every Man",[142] meaning that, as Imagination, God ("Divine Body") is present in all of us, but he can also make the following assertions;

> "Man is All Imagination. God is Man & exists in us & we in him."[143]

> "The Eternal Body of Man is the Imagination, that is God himself the Divine Body... Jesus: we are his Members."[144]

In other words, through the Imagination man and God become one and triumph over the material world. This is more than close to Ungaretti's own position; it outdoes it by far. Indeed, Blake does not stop at this identification of man and God through the Imagination. Imagination is manifest in all works of art.[145] In short, the arts contain in themselves the vision of the spiritual world. The artist is aware of this. Moreover, Jesus himself was an artist, for Blake. So were his apostles and disciples, disciples here meaning every man who in whatever time chooses to recognize the Imagination in himself and live by it.

> "Jesus & his Apostles & Disciples were all Artists. Their Works were destroy'd by the Seven Angels of the Seven Churches in Asia, Anti-Christ Science."[146]

To live by Imagination meant, for Blake, to love and to practice art: the two activities which make it possible for man to free himself from the material world.

In such a direct identification which Blake makes of Imagination with the arts, the deification of poetry is made more than complete. Imagination is Jesus, and, "God is Jesus".[147] When the poet, a user of words, writes, the Logos, God, necessarily manifests Himself in the word. Blake does not discuss this. He does, however, insist on calling his poetry "Visionary",[148] meaning that in its very makeup the spiritual

world is revealed, the Logos is made manifest. It is this point that Ungaretti emphasizes. "Il miracolo della parola" is for him, though he does not say it clearly, the manifestation of God in the word, itself the deification of poetry by the mere fact that the word proceeds from God and is one with it. Blake's ideas not only respond sympathetically to Ungarettis approach, but also deepen and explain Ungaretti's own position.

For Blake, then, Jesus is Imagination. Imagination is present in all men. But not all men are artists; although they could be, if they wanted. If a man is not an artist, he can always achieve the vision of the spiritual world through the practice of love. But, for Blake, the artist is not only one who has the vision of the spiritual world; in being one with Imagination, he is also one who actually resides in the spiritual world.[149] Blake calls the spiritual world Eden. Eden is God or Eternity. The material world, Blake calls Generation. Between Eden and Generation is Beulah, the world of the artist and the lover, one of imaginative existence. In it, the poet has a direct vision of God. As a man, the poet is born into Generation. As a poet, he can rise above Generation and enter Beulah. If he chooses to do so, he becomes a visionary - i.e., a poet who conquers over the material world by momentarily becoming one with God. Although Beulah is a momentary oneness with God, Blake also believes that the artist could enter into Eden. What all this means, of course, is that Blake agrees with Ungaretti in considering the creative process as a mystical technique.

For Blake, the artist's entrance into Beulah and Eden is similar to Mallarmé's and Ungaretti's: the ability of the poet to rise above the world of time and enter the timeless, thus divesting himself of all associations with the material world. But how does Blake do this?

What I called in the case of Mallarmé's and Ungaretti's creative process a mystical technique, in the case of Blake can be more easily called a technique of vision. For Blake, the difference between man's existence in the material world and his freedom from it is one which depends on his power of vision. The power of vision is according to man's willingness to rise from Generation and become one with God. In Generation, the vision of man is twofold. He sees relationships only between himself and the material world. In Beulah, the vision is, instead, threefold. Man, that is, sees relationships with the material world and the spiritual one, perceiving in the former a mere shadow of the latter. In Eden, there are no relationships. Man is one with God; God is the Divine Vision, Imagination. The material world is denounced as an illusion. Now, the poet, if he wishes to be a visionary, frees himself from the twofold vision of Generation and enters Beulah. The associations or the relationship with the material world are thus discarded. Once in Beulah, he can go further and enter the fourfold vision of Eden. In so doing, he abolishes the material world and enters into the timeless. For Blake too, then, the poet travels back in time to abolish time and become one with the spiritual world. Indeed, this is what Blake meant when he wrote:

> "The Man who never in his Mind and Thoughts travel'd to Heaven is No Artist."[150]

We must not think, however, that Blake, like Mallarmé, is disaffected with the material world. On the contrary, he is close to Ungaretti in that, like him, Blake persists on seeing the divine, Imagination, as present in Generation. The poet may be disaffected with the material world because of its illusory nature, but while he is in it he must strive to rise above it. He must do this, not through denial of the material, as Mallarmé did for the most part, but by finding in it the manifestation of God. The poet, Blake insists, sees through the world, not with it.

> "I assert for My Self that I do not behold the outward Creation & that to me it is hindrance & not Action; it is as the Dirt upon my feet, No part of Me. 'What', it will be Question'd, 'When the Sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire somewhat like a Guinea?' O no, no, I see an Innumerable company of the Heavenly host crying 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty'. I question not my Corporal or Vegetative Eye any more that I would Question a Window concerning a Sight. I look thro' it & not with it."[151]

And, of course, this alone will make the poet's existence a happy one, since through it he has entered Beulah: the relationship with God through the material world.

> "I feel that a Man may be happy in This World. And I know that This World Is a World of Imagination & Vision ... to the Eyes of the Man of Imagination, Nature is Imagination itself. As a man is, so he Sees."[152]

For Blake, then, poetry is Imagination and is deified. And the poet, as a visionary, is able to free himself from the material world and become one with God. The result of these two points is, as with Mallarmé and Ungaretti, that poetry becomes theology. For Blake too, poetry (and all arts) takes up the function of revealing the spiritual world to man. Poetry, becomes for him also, a method of knowing. How could poetry not be transformed into theology, when Blake himself asserts that "Poetry, Painting & Music [are] the three Powers of Man of conversing with Paradise ..."?[153] And "Vision or Imagination is a Representation of what Eternally Exists, Really & Unchangeably."[154] It is the Imagination, the presence of God in him, that the poet reveals or makes known through form to other men.

On this transformation of poetry into theology, Blake wrote:

> "The Nature of my Work is Visionary or Imaginative; it is an Endeavour to Restore what the Ancients call'd the Golden Age.
>
> This world of Imagination is the world of Eternity; it is the divine bosom into which we shall all go after the death of the Vegetative body. This World of Imagination is Infinite & Eternal, whereas the world of Generation, or Vegetation, is Finite & Temporal."[155]

In other words, for Blake, poetry is transformed into theology when it is visionary. Poetry which is not visionary is unconcerned with giving man the vision of the spiritual world. Like that of the Augustans, or that of the Decadents in the case of Ungaretti, such poetry is decorative and unconcerned with giving man a vision of the spiritual world. Poetry

as theology, as visionary, instead, Blake identified as the Gospel of liberty, as true Christianity which can be no other than the poet's effort to instruct man in the ways of God.

> "I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel that the liberty both of body & mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination, the real & Eternal World of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow, & in which we shall live in our Eternal or Imaginative Bodies when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies are no more."[156]

Since, as Blake states, "One Power alone makes a Poet: Imagination, the Divine Vision",[157] the poet, as a traveller to Beulah and an inhabitant of Eden must necessarily take up the task of making known the spiritual world to other men. He cannot deny this task. If he does, his vision is lost, his oneness with God ceases to be, and his poetry will become decorative.

> "Trembling I sit day and night, my friends are astonish'd at me,
> Yet they forgive my wanderings. I rest not from my great task!
> To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes
> Of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought, into Eternity
> Ever expanding in the Bosom of God, the Human Imagination."[158]

Blake fulfills this task by objectifying in poetic form the journey of man's freedom from the material world into the spiritual one.

In his poetry, Blake illustrates man's freedom from the material world in two ways. One is the journey which individual man must make from a state of spiritual innocence to one of experience and towards a state of organized innocence where he can perceive the material world as illusion and await death as his final release from it and union with God. The other is the journey of collective man, of mankind, from his fall into Generation to the vision of the spiritual world in Beulah and towards the apocalypse resulting in the unity of God and man before the fall. The journey of individual man is primarily illustrated by Blake in Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience. The journey of collective man, instead, Blake illustrates in the Prophecies. But no such clear cut division really exists. One can read the first journey as the second and vice versa, since Blake believed that whatever takes place on the individual level reflects what is taking place on the collective one. This explains why, in illustrating man's freedom from the material world, he allows two Last Judgements.[159] Thus the distinction which I make here between the individual journey illustrated through Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience and the collective one illustrated through the Prophecies is an arbitrary one made purely for the sake of clarity.

For Blake, individual man is born in a state of innocence. He has no knowledge of Selfhood; therefore, no knowledge of the friction that results with whatever surrounds him. He plays, and in playing he gives vent entirely to his emotions. Nothing holds back his innate drive for expression. Physically, in his state of innocence, the child is secure.

He is watched over by his parents who protect him from the harm which is present in the world. Similarly, on the spiritual level, man is watched over by God in the form of divine providence. It is this divine providence that brings to a happy conclusion the adventures of all the children who lose themselves in Songs of Innocence. Divine providence collaborates with all that surrounds the child so that he can be brought back unharmed within the state of spiritual innocence. So in Songs of Innocence the child, man, is protected by the parents, the nurse, the Angel, the lion, etc. as agents of divine providence bringing man "home" from his wanderings.

"Once a dream did weave a shade
O'er my Angel-guarded bed,
That an Emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wilder'd, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke I heard her say:

'O, my children! do they cry?
'Do they hear their father sigh?
'Now they look abroad to see:
'Now return and weep for me.'

Pitying I drop'd a tear;
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied: 'What wailing wight
'Calls the watchman of the night?

'I am set to light the ground,
'While the beetle goes his round:
'Follow now the beetle's hum;
'Little wanderer, hie thee home.' "[160]

This process of losing and finding is repeated by Blake in the poems

"The Little Girl Lost" and "The Little Girl Found", where the lion leads the parents to the child sleeping in all innocence among the "tygers":

> "'Follow me,' he said;
> 'Weep not for the maid;
> 'In my palace deep
> 'Lyca lies asleep.'
>
> Then they followed
> Where the vision led
> And saw their sleepy child
> Among the tygers wild.
>
> To this day they dwell
> In a lonely dell;
> Nor fear the wolvish howl
> Nor the lion's growl."[161]

Man brought home to his state of innocence, there is nothing to fear. The tygers, the wolves, and the lion are all agents of divine providence. This same process is also repeated in the two other poems "The Little Boy Lost" and "The Little Boy Found" with the same result.

But the mere fact that man is ever losing himself or coming to the brink of losing his state of innocence before being found by divine providence means that such a state is not a perfect one. For one thing, the child, man, is spiritually dependent on all that surrounds him. He is, therefore, in a sense, a prisoner. In the state of innocence, man is simply not developed spiritually. He has no knowledge of the divine that comes from within. Whatever knowledge he has, is imposed. The parents, the nurse, etc. all see to this. Thus the security of the state of innocence gives way to the insecurity of the loss of innocence.

The child must lose himself, in order to find himself. It is only in this way that he can grow up spiritually. That such is the case, Blake makes quite explicit in "The Little Black Boy", in which the journey of individual man is summed up:

> "'Look at the rising sun: there God does live,
> 'And gives his light, and gives his heat away;
> 'And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
> 'Comfort in morning, joy in noonday.
>
> 'And we are put on earth a little space,
> 'That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
> 'And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
> 'Is like a cloud, and like a shady grove.
>
> 'For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
> 'The cloud will vanish; we shall hear his voice,
> 'Saying 'Come out of the grove, my love & care,
> 'And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.' '"[162]

Looking at Songs of Innocence from this perspective, we soon find that the constant losing of his way that the child goes through is a symptom of a quest which he wants to undertake but is forever frustrated by the agents of divine providence. It is they that keep him back from losing and really finding himself. The child realizes this. Man in his state of innocence realizes that only by sacrificing this state will he enter the "golden tent" of God. And it is the argument which he poses to his parents:

> "O! father & mother, if buds are nip'd
> And blossoms blown away,
> And if the tender plants are strip'd
> Of their joy in the springing day,
> By sorrow and care's dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?"[163]

In other words, if the child's play, his innate drive for expression, is repressed, how can he ever hope to achieve the state of organized innocence?

Are not the father and mother, the lion, the glow-worm, the nurse, etc. acting for divine providence? They are. But when the child begins to argue in such a way, when he begins to desire organized innocence in God's "golden tent" more than the imposed innocence which he now has, then the mandate of divine providence is no more. The protecting God is replaced by the suffering Jesus who also undertook a journey through the material world, through experience, in order that man might be redeemed. Indeed, it is Jesus who transforms the unstructured, dionysian drive of the Piper (man) into the thoughtful and sacrificial one of the poet, the man of experience, in "Introduction".

"Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'
So I piped with merry chear.
'Piper, pipe that song again;'
So I piped: he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
'Sing thy songs of happy chear:'
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write
'In a book that all may read.'
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear."[164]

"The Lamb", "A Cradle Song", "On Another's Sorrow", and "Night" are more direct in their presentation. It is not divine providence that is at work in these poems, but Jesus. And man in the state of spiritual innocence, wanting to undertake his journey, now sees himself in Jesus.

"And can he who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief & care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast;
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear;

And not sit both night & day,
Wiping all our tears away?
O! no never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all;
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too."[165]

For Blake, man must give up his state of innocence and enter that of experience. Like Jesus, he must be a "man of woe", since only in that will he be able to enter organized innocence and "smile on all" and "give his joy to all".

The position of the parents and all that surrounds the child, as soon as he gives up the state of innocence, changes. They are no more agents of divine providence, but agents of repression. Once Jesus has appeared, even divine providence becomes an agent of repression to man. Both divine providence and its agents conspire to keep the overgrown child in the state of innocence, which has now turned into one of infantilism. And, with this change, the Piper becomes the Bard. Among his "happy songs" are these lines:

> "They stumble all night over the bones of the dead,
> And feel they know not what but care,
> And wish to lead others, when they should be led."[166]

The reference is directed at the changed aspect of the child's guardians. They are blind. Consequently, on his journey towards experience and organized innocence, man will be alone, and with all that surrounds him striving to darken every step he takes.

In Songs of Experience, Blake illustrates man no more as the protected child of the state of innocence, but as the child struggling against the repressive powers which surround him and strive to tie him down to the cross of the material world. In other words, man has grown up spiritually. He is alone and must contend with the same forces that Jesus, also alone, had to contend with. In the state of experience, divine providence becomes the power of the state and the church. Blake symbolizes this power as King and Priest.[167] Whatever surrounds man in the state of experience is at enmity with him. In short, in experience,

man is aware of his Selfhood; and it is this Selfhood that feeds the power of the state and the church. Selfhood is man's fear of non-existence and, as long as he is prey to it, King and Priest can easily stop his journey towards organized innocence. Man conquers experience, the material world, only by destroying his Selfhood. Such a destruction, as we shall see, also entails the destruction of the power of the state and the church.

The state of experience is, then, a state of repression; not of expression. But what do King and Priest repress in man? For Blake, it is the ability of man to love and create, to live, in other words, according to his Imagination and thus become one with God. Selfhood is the direct opposition of Imagination. The one is repression; the other, expression. The one is Satan; the other, Jesus or the spiritual world. In the state of experience, man must choose between these two. In such a state, man cannot perceive the spiritual world because he is limited to the five senses. Through these senses, he perceives only what is material. He establishes relationship only between himself and the outside world. Outside of the state of experience, in organized innocence, the reverse is true. Man is not limited to the five senses and does not see the material world, but the spiritual one. In organized innocence, man loves and creates. His Imagination has cast out his Selfhood. Man establishes relationship with the material world, but finds in it the presence of the spiritual one. In other words, organized innocence corresponds to Beulah, the world where the lover and the artist

reside while awaiting their final union with God in Eden.

For Blake, to live by one's Imagination means that man, in the state of experience, expands his sensory perception through sexual expression or love. In love, man, uniting with woman, experiences an approximation of the unity of Eden. Through love, man can free himself from the material world. But this is also known by King and Priest. Since, in order to preserve their power, they must keep man tied to the material world, King and Priest make use of this knowledge by preaching to man the false doctrine of the separation of the contraries. They teach that the body and the soul are not one, but separate. And man will acquire immortality, will be one with God, only if he embraces the soul and despises the body. Of this false doctrine, Blake lists three points:

> "1. That Man has two real existing principles: Viz: a Body & a Soul.
> 2. That Energy, call'd Evil, is alone from the Body; & that Reason, call'd Good is alone from the Soul.
> 3. That God will torment Man in Eternity for following his Energies."[168]

Energy, here, means sexual expression. Man, believing this false doctrine to be true, and not wanting to be tormented in Eternity, develops a fear of sexual expression. Consequently Selfhood develops in him; Selfhood being the collective power of the repression of Energy which man imposes on himself. The result of this repression is, of course, chastity, and, with it, all other sexual perversions. Man drives woman away from him,

in order that he may follow the false doctrine of King and Priest. In turn, woman, seeing man a slave to this doctrine, allies herself with King and Priest by denying herself to man and adhering to the repressive institution of marriage. In this way, sexual freedom is lost. It is because of this that Blake refers to the false doctrine of the Contraries as the teaching of King and Priest that "Woman's Love is Sin".[169] The triumph of Selfhood is thus complete. Man, through repression and perversion of love, falls a slave to the material world more than ever. The spiritual world fades from sight. It is with this in mind that Blake says:

> "Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence.
> From these contraries spring what the religious call Good and Evil. Good is the passive that obeys Reason. Evil is the active springing from Energy.
> Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell."[170]

King and Priest (Reason) separate the Contraries and make man passive rather than active, repressive rather than expressive.

The false doctrine that "Woman's Love is Sin" taught to man by King and Priest leads necessarily to the world which Blake illustrates in Songs of Experience, a state of repression of man's Imagination by his Selfhood. The beauty of the rose is destroyed by the worm: the spiritual beauty of man is brought low by the repression of his Energy.

> "O Rose, thou art sick!
> The invisible worm
> That flies in the night,
> In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy."[171]

Blake illustrates such repression over and over again in the Songs. "Ah! Sunflower", "London", "The Little Vagabond" are illustrations of the sway which King and Priest have over man. In "The Garden of Love", for instance, the priest's false doctrine perverts the sexual expression of man into chastity. The garden is turned into the desert.

"I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And 'Thou shalt not' writ over the door;
So I turn'd to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore;

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tomb-stones where flowers should be;
And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys & desires."[172]

In "The Little Boy Lost", the same is true. Blake, indeed, is even blunt in his attack in "The Chimney Sweeper":

"A little black thing among the snow,
Crying ' 'weep! 'weep! ' in notes of woe!
'Where are thy father & mother? say?'
'They are both gone up to the church to pray.

'Because I was happy upon the heath,
'And smil'd among the winter's snow,
'They clothed me in clothes of death,
'And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

'And because I am happy & dance & sing,
'They think they have done me no injury,
'And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,
'Who make up heaven of our misery.' "[173]

As man separates from woman, love turns into jealousy or possessiveness. Such is marriage. And Blake illustrates this perversion of sexual expression in the poem "My Pretty Rose Tree":

"A flower was offr'd to me,
Such a flower as May never bore;
But I said, 'I've a Pretty Rose-tree,'
And I passed the sweet flower o'er.

Then I went to my Pretty Rose-tree,
To tend her by day and by night;
But my Rose turn'd away with jealousy,
And her thorns were my only delight."[174]

In the Pickering Manuscript are many more of these illustrations. In Songs of Experience, however, one of the most direct illustrations of Blake's denunciation of the false doctrine of King and Priest is "A Little Girl Lost":

"Children of the future Age
Reading this indignant page,
Know that in former time
Love! sweet Love! was thought a crime.

In the Age of Gold,
Free from Winter's cold,
Youth and maiden bright
To the holy light,
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair,
Fill'd with softest care,
Met in garden bright
Where the holy light
Had just remov'd the curtains of the night.

There, in rising day
On the grass they play;
Parents were afar,
Strangers came not near,
And the maiden soon forgot the fear.

Tired with kisses sweet,
They agree to meet
When the silent sleep
Waves o'er heaven's deep,
And the weary tired wanderers weep.

To her father white
Came the maiden bright;
But his loving look,
Like the holy book,
All her tender limbs with terror shook.

'Ona! pale and weak!
'To thy father speak:
'O, the trembling fear!
'O, the dismal care!
'That shakes the blossoms of my hoary hair!."[175]

In the introductory stanza to this poem, Blake hints at a "future Age". This is no other than man's organized innocence. In organized innocence, not the false doctrine of King and Priest, of Ona's father, will be accepted by man, but rather the true one of Blake. The division of contraries is thus answered by three other points:

"1. Man has no Body distinct from his Soul; for that call'd Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age.
2. Energy is the only life, and is from the Body; and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.
3. Energy is Eternal Delight."[176]

The dynamic (not static) union of the contraries makes man one again with

himself. He no longer fears torment in Eternity, and so gives full expression to his Imagination which takes the form of sexual expression or desire.

> "Those who restrain desire do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place & governs the unwilling.
> And being restrain'd, it by degrees becomes passive, till it is only the shadow of desire."[177]

Man no longer fears; therefore, Selfhood is cast out by him. The result is his unity in love with woman not in the eyes of King and Priest but Imagination, Jesus who "... was all virtue, and acted from impulse, not from rules."[178]

Man's union in love with woman automatically releases him from the restriction of the five senses. Sexual expression is the only path he has (besides art) to reach organized innocence and regaining the vision of the spiritual world.

> "Five windows light the cavern'd Man: thro' one he breathes the air;
> 'Thro' one hears music of the spheres; thro' one the eternal vine
> 'Flourishes, that he may receive the grapes; thro' one can look
> 'And see small portions of the eternal world that ever groweth;
> 'Thro' one himself pass out what time he please; but he will not,
> 'For stolen joys are sweet & bread eaten in secret pleasant'."[179]

Selfhood is the barring of the fifth window. Imagination is the opening up of it. Once man does this, the material world is overcome. He no longer

sees it as a state of experience in which King and Priest are dominant with their false doctrine, but rather seen through it and into Eternity or the infinite in all things. Blake calls man's sexual expression under this condition the "improvement of sensual enjoyment", which is another term for love and for Imagination. Through the "improvement of sensual enjoyment", man frees himself from the material world and rejoins the spiritual one. For Blake, this is a Last Judgement.

> "The ancient tradition that the world will be consumed in fire at the end of six thousand years is true, as I have heard from Hell.
>
> For the cherub with his flaming sword is thereby commanded to leave his guard at tree of life; and when he does, the whole creation will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite & corrupt.
>
> This will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment.
>
> But first the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul is to be expunged; this I shall do by printing in the infernal method, by corrosives, which in Hell are salutary and medicinal, melting apparent surfaces away, and displaying the infinite which was hid.
>
> If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite.
>
> For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern."[180]

In this Last Judgement, the journey which man undertook is, in a sense, completed.

Before making it final, however, we must briefly return to Songs of Experience. These Songs are not wholly negative, just as the material world, if seen from the perspective of the expanded five senses,

is also not wholly negative. The freedom from the material world which Blake illustrates through The Marriage of Heaven & Hell is present, also, in Songs of Experience. Had not the germ of experience also been present in Songs of Innocence? So, if we look at "The Clod & the Pebble", we find that the two states of innocence and experience are there present, each balancing the other.

> "'Love seeketh not Itself to please,
> 'Nor for itself hath any care,
> 'But for another gives its ease,
> 'And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair.'
>
> So sang a little Clod of Clay
> Trodden with the cattle's feet,
> But a Pebble of the brook
> Warbled out these metres meet:
>
> 'Love seeketh only Self to please,
> 'To bind another to Its delight,
> 'Joys in another's loss of ease,
> 'And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite'."[181]

The Clod and the Clay are contraries. The Clod is the state of innocence; the Pebble, that of experience. By itself, as we saw, the state of innocence turns to infantilism when man develops the need to enter experience and sacrifice himself in order to reach organized innocence. At the same time, Blake's message is also that the state of experience becomes a true hell unless man rises above it. King and Priest will see to it that he is brutalized to the utmost; the perfect example of this being the parents of "A Little Boy Lost" who do not flinch at human sacrifice.[182] Thus, for Blake, the state of innocence by itself and that of experience also by itself are perversions of man's existence. As divided contraries,

they prohibit man any progression, any vision of the spiritual world. It is when these two are related in dynamic opposition that man will be able to enter the spiritual world. Blake wrote: "Heaven & Hell are born together."[183] In Songs of Experience, the Clod and the Pebble express this truth. "Introduction" and "The Tyger" do the same. It is by seeing in the material world both sides, the active and the passive, Reason and Energy at work in dynamic opposition that Imagination casts our Selfhood in man.

In Songs of Experience, Selfhood is cast out by the release of Imagination through love. Man and woman unite, the five senses expand, and the spiritual world is perceived. In Songs of Innocence, we saw that Jesus replaced divine providence. In Songs of Experience, divine providence is present in its degenerated form, as the false god or the Eternity promised by King and Priest. This false god or Eternity is really man's Selfhood. For the spiritual world to appear, this false god must be cast out. How is this done? It is done, as we have seen, through the individual Last Judgement. Restricted to his five senses, and divided from woman, man sacrifices at the altar of Selfhood. Once he denies the false doctrine of King and Priest and reunites with woman, this altar is toppled, and the individual Last Judgement has taken place in him. Selfhood, the false god is cast out; and Jesus, the true one, appears in man and becomes one with him. Thus, for Blake, Jesus has sacrificed himself. The casting out of Selfhood from man repeats, for Blake, the drama of Jesus' death. Man casts out the material world and sees the

spiritual; Jesus sacrifices his body and makes possible man's redemption from the fall. This argument will become clearer later, in my discussion of the journey of collective man. But, in the last poem of Songs of Experience, Blake closes the journey of individual man also with the sacrifice of Jesus.

To Tirzah

"Whate'er is Born of Mortal Birth
Must be consumed with the Earth
To rise from Generation free:
Then what have I to do with thee?

The Sexes sprung from Shame & Pride,
Blow'd in the morn; in evening died;
But Mercy chang'd Death into Sleep;
The Sexes rose to work & weep.

Thou, Mother of my Mortal part,
With cruelty didst mould my Heart,
And with false self-deceiving tears
Didst bind my Nostrils, Eyes, & Ears:

Didst close my Tongue in senseless clay,
And me to Mortal Life betray.
The Death of Jesus set me free:
Then what have I to do with thee?"[184]

Tirzah is Blake's term for the material world.

It is at this point that the journey of individual man is completed. Organized innocence has been reached. But man is still on earth. He must now cultivate his vision of the spiritual world and watch against "backslidings". He must practice love and art incessantly or he will be lost.[185] Death alone will give him his final freedom from Generation and make him completely one with God.

Blake illustrates the journey of collective man from the material world to the spiritual one in two ways. The first is through armed rebellion. In this one, mankind as a whole must take up arms against the power of the state and the church and, redeeming itself by establishing an order based on Imagination rather than Selfhood, freedom rather than repression, bring about the Last Judgement and the reestablishment of Eternity before the fall. The second is through imaginative rebellion or forgiveness of sin. This way rejects armed rebellion and insists that mankind can be redeemed only by practicing love and art among all men; love and art being Imagination and this, in turn, forgiveness of sin. Through imaginative rebellion the rule of the state and the church falls, and Jesus, sacrificing his body, his Selfhood, restores Eternity to mankind. For Blake, armed rebellion turned out to be unworkable. Imaginative rebellion alone, he came to believe, was collective man's real journey to Eternity.

Before discussing these two ways as Blake illustrates them in the Prophecies, it is necessary, however, that Blake's account of the fall from Eternity be presented. On this depend all of Blake's notions. Blake is not consistent in his account of mankind's fall from Eternity; and there are, at least, four accounts that he gives. Here I shall adopt the most common: Urizen's usurpation of power within the One Man, Albion.

For Blake, before mankind's fall occurred, Albion, who represents humanity, was one of the Eternals. The Eternals or the Divine Family was

Eden, a world of pure Imagination which Blake also identifies with Jesus. Eternity was a world of intellectual and creative wars, where the innumerable senses of the Eternals expanded and contracted at will. The One Man, Albion, was in Eternity the harmonious union of four Zoas: Urizen, associated with reason; Urthona, associated with creativity; Luvah, associated with passion; and finally, Tharmas, associated with instinct. On the harmony of these Zoas, each in his respective zone of influence, depended Albion's place in Eden. But Urizen began to usurp the power of the other Zoas, in an attempt at establishing his rule over them. Consequently harmony was no more. Albion, divided, fell from his place in Eternity, and entered a state of spiritual sleep. His Emanation, Jerusalem, his fourfold vision of Eden, separated from him. Vala, nature, Jerusalem's shadow, replaced her. In Eternity, Vala was Jerusalem and Jerusalem was one with Albion. The fall causes this division. As Albion enters his state of spiritual sleep, the four Zoas, each in turn, try to rule over each other. Further division results. Luvah separates from his Emanation, Vala.[186] Tharmas separates from Enion. Chaos results. But at this point, the Divine Hand, Jesus, steps in to put limits to this chaos. Satan and Adam are created.

> "The Saviour mild & gentle bent over the corse of Death,
> Saying, 'If ye will Believe, your Brother shall rise again.'
> And first he found the Limit of Opacity, & nam'd it Satan,
> In Albion's bosom, for in every human bosom these limits stand.
> And next he found the Limit of Contraction, & nam'd it Adam,
> While yet those beings were not born nor knew of good or Evil."[187]

Urizen is given power to create the material world and rule over it. This he does; and establishes his rule of Law:

> "'Here alone I, in books form'd of metals,
> 'Have written the secrets of wisdom,
> 'The secrets of dark contemplation,
> 'By fightings and conflicts dire
> 'With terrible monsters Sin-bred
> 'Which the bosoms of all inhabit,
> 'Seven deadly Sins of the soul.
>
> 'Lo! I unfold my darkness, and on
> 'This rock place with strong hand the Book
> 'Of eternal brass, written in my solitude:
>
> 'Laws of peace, of love, of unity,
> 'Of pity, compassion, forgiveness;
> 'Let each chuse one habitation,
> 'His ancient infinite mansion,
> 'One command, one joy, one desire,
> 'One curse, one weight, one measure,
> 'One King, one God, one Law.'"[188]

The result of this Law is that Urizen separates from his own Emanation, Ahania, associated with pleasure, and casts her out as "Sin":

> "Dire shriek'd his invisible Lust;
> Deep groan'd Urizen! stretching his aweful hand,
> Ahania (so name his parted soul)
> He seiz'd on his mountains of Jealousy.
> He groan'd anguish'd, & called her Sin,
> Kissing her and weeping over her;
> Then hid her in darkness, in silence,
> Jealous, tho' she was invisible.
>
> She fell down a faint shadow wand'ring
> In chaos and circling dark Urizen,
> As the moon anguish'd circles the earth,
> Hopeless! abhorr'd! a death-shadow,
> Unseen, unbodied, unknown,
> The mother of Pestilence."[189]

In the fall, Urthona enters the material world along with Urizen. There

he becomes known as Los, the "Eternal Prophet". His function from then on is to struggle to reveal Error and thus reawaken Albion so that he can return to Eternity. But Los too separates from his Emanation, Enitharmon, associated with love and inspiration. As long as these two remain separated, the work of redemption cannot proceed, since they correspond to the separation of the two sexes in mankind and their disharmony resulting from jealousy.

> "The globe of life blood trembled
> Branching out into roots,
> Fibrous, writhing upon the winds,
> Fibres of blood, milk and tears,
> In pangs, eternity on eternity.
> At length in tears & cries imbodied,
> A female form, trembling and pale,
> Waves before his deathly face.
>
> All Eternity shuddr'd at sight
> Of the first female now separate,
> Pale as a cloud of snow
> Waving before the face of Los.
>
> Wonder, awe, fear, astonishment
> Petrify the eternal myriads
> At the first female form now separate.
> They call'd her Pity, and fled.
>
> ...
>
> But Los saw the Female & pitied;
> He embrac'd her; she wept, she refus'd;
> In perverse and cruel delight
> She fled from his arms, yet he follow'd.
>
> Eternity shudder'd when they saw
> Man begetting his likeness
> On his own divided image."[190]

This is a short and simple account of the fall. We can now return to the discussion of armed and imaginative revolt.

The rule of Law which Urizen institutes on earth is a repressive one. He is the god of this world, not the God of Eden. Thus it is in such a role that Urizen prides himself on appearing to mankind.

> "'Am I not God?' said Urizen. 'Who is Equal to me?
> 'Do I not stretch the heavens abroad, or fold them
> up like a garment?'
> He spoke, mustering his heavy clouds around him,
> black, opake."[191]

Blake refers to Urizen as the "primeval Priest".[192] What he means by this is that, with the fall, Urizen allies himself with Vala. For Blake, Vala is Natural Religion, the religion of Mystery based on false vision. As we saw, it is she who replaces Jerusalem after Albion's fall. As the Priest of Vala, Urizen sets out to impose Natural Religion on mankind. It is a religion which strives to tie man down to the cross of the material world, perverting his Imagination into Selfhood by instituting the rule of Morality. Morality is the triumph of the false doctrine that "Woman's Love is Sin". Urizen's imposition of Morality on mankind, Blake symbolizes in the temple which Urizen orders to be built:

> "And he commanded his Sons to found a Center in the Deep;
> And Urizen laid the first Stone, & all his myriads
> Builded a temple in the image of the human heart.
> And in the inner part of the Temple, wondrous workmanship,
> They form'd the Secret place, reversing all the order of
> delight,
> That whatsoever enter'd into the temple might not behold
> The hidden wonders, allegoric of the Generations
> Of secret lust, which hid in chambers dark the nightly harlot
> Plays in Disguise in whisper'd hymn & mumbling prayer.
> The priests
> He ordain'd & Priestesses, cloth'd in disguises bestial,
> Inspiring secrecy; & lamps they bore: intoxicating fumes

> Roll round the Temple; & they took the Sun that glow'd o'er Los
> And, with immense machines down rolling, the terrific orb
> Compell'd. The Sun, redd'ning like a fierce lion in his chains,
> Descended to the sound of instruments that down'd the noise
> Of the hoarse wheels & the terrific howlings of wild beasts
> That drag'd the wheels of the Sun's chariot; & they put the Sun
> Into the temple of Urizen to give light to the Abyss,
> To light the War by day, to hide the secret beams by night,
> For he divided day & night in different order'd portions,
> The day for war, the night for secret religion in his temple."[193]

Mankind is thus required to sacrifice at this temple of Mystery; and it does so by following Urizen's Law and Vala's Morality.

Blake,while preoccupied with the first journey of man towards his freedom from the material world through armed revolt, interprets the rule of Urizen and Vala on the social level. But, since all reality resides in the human Imagination,[194] Urizen and Vala are really creations of man's fear, they are extensions of his Selfhood. On the spiritual level, Urizen and Vala operate within man; but, on the social one, they are transformed into the power of the state and the church, King and Priest. Now, on the social level, King and Priest, representing Urizen and Vala, divide the contraries, teach that "Woman's Love is Sin", and dividing man from woman, pervert his sexual expression and make him a slave to the material world. All this, we saw above in the discussion of individual man. The same is true for collective man. Societies and

nations reflect the actions of their individual members. The rule of Urizen, that of Law, and the rule of Vala, that of Morality, in society, strive to pervert the innate need of mankind to rise above the material world, denounce it as illusion, and enter the spiritual one. How is this perversion brought about? The church, through Morality, subdues man's Energy or sexual expression by denying it its true creative outlet of love. Once this is done, the state, through Law, harnesses the subdued Energy and perverts it still further into the form of war. While man is a slave to the activity of war, he has no thought of channeling his sexual expression into the creative activities of love and art. War perverts love into hate. The arts are made impossible. So it is with all this in mind that Blake writes:

> "'Now comes the night of Carnage, now the flesh of Kings & Princes
> 'Pampered in palaces for our food, the blood of Captains nurtur'd
> 'With lust & murder for our drink; the drunken Raven shall wander
> 'All night among the slain, & mock the wounded that groan in the field.'"[195]

The "Raven" here is the Priest, who fulfills his "holy" duty in the battlefields, comforting with eternity the corpses he himself has created. It is with justification, then, that Blake could write of the rule of state and church: "The Beast & the Whore rule without control."[196] In society, Law and Morality are supreme.

But collective man, though repressed, also reacts to the rule of Law and Morality. The individual man, as we saw, casts out his Selfhood

by "improvement of sensual enjoyment", by expanding his five senses to see the infinite in all things. Societies react to repression through revolt. The revolt tends to be always an armed one since, through it, society hopes to topple the rule of state and church and replace it with freedom. This manifestation of Imagination in armed revolt, Blake personifies in the character of Orc. It is Orc who breaks the Law of Urizen and the Morality of Vala and attempts to give society its freedom.

Orc is born of Los and Enitharmon. He is thus the result of Imaginative action, of love and art.

> "The groans of Enitharmon shake the skies, the
> lab'ring Earth,
> Till from her heart rending his way, a terrible
> child sprang forth
> In thunder, smoke & sullen flames, & howling &
> fury & blood."[197]

It is clearly the birth of armed revolt, with all that it entails. But Los is jealous of this son's love for Enitharmon. In other words, armed revolt stands in the way of Los's own work of redemption. Because of this, he takes the child and chains him to a rock. Armed revolt, that is, is restrained.

> "But when fourteen summers & winters had revolved over
> Their solemn habitation, Los beheld the ruddy boy
> Embracing his bright mother, & beheld malignant fires
> In his young eyes, discerning plain that Orc plotted
> his death.
> Grief rose upon his ruddy brows; a tightening girdle
> grew
> Around his bosom like a bloody cord; in secret sobs
> He burst it, but next morn another girdle succeeds

> Around his bosom. Every day he view'd the fiery youth
> With silent fear, & his immortal cheeks grew deadly pale,
> Till many a morn & many a night pass'd over in dire woe
> Forming a girdle in the day & bursting it at night
> The girdle was form'd by day, by night was burst in twain,
> Falling down on the rock, an iron chain link by link lock'd.
> Enitharmon beheld the bloody chain of nights & days
> Depending from the bosom of Los, & now with grinding pain
> He went each morning to his labours with the spectre dark,
> Call'd it the chain of Jealousy. Now Los began to speak
> His woes aloud to Enitharmon, since he could not hide
> His uncouth plague. He siez'd the boy in his immortal hands,
> While Enitharmon follow'd him, weeping in dismal woe,
> Up to the iron mountain's top, & there the jealous chain
> Fell from his bosom on the mountain. The spectre dark
> Held the fierce boy. Los nail'd him down, binding around his limbs
> The accursed chain. O how bright Enitharmon howl'd & cried
> Over her son! Obdurate, Los bound down her loved Joy."[198]

But no sooner is this done that Los repents and with Enitharmon returns to the rock in order to free Orc. They are too late. The chain has taken root, and armed revolt has been stifled.

> "But when they came to the dark rock & the spectrous cave,
> Lo, the young limbs had strucken root into the rock, & strong
> Fibres had from the Chain of Jealousy inwove themselves
> In a swift vegetation round the rock & round the Cave
> And over the immortal limbs of the terrible boy."[199]

Chained to the rock of oppression, Orc, however, is not tame. He struggles to set himself free and spread armed revolt throughout mankind. The commotion which Orc creates in his attempt to free himself attracts the attention of Urizen. He determines to seek the cause of this. In other words, King and Priest decide to analyze the causes of armed revolt. In

search of Orc, Urizen descends into the "Caves of Orc" and finds him chained to the rock of oppression.

> "Howling & rending his dark caves the aweful Demon
> lay:
> Pulse after pulse beat on his fetters, pulse after
> pulse his spirit
> Darted & darted higher & higher to the shrine of
> Enitharmon;
> As when the thunder folds himself in thickest clouds,
> The wat'ry nations couch & hide in the profoundest
> deeps,
> Then bursting from his troubled head, with terrible
> visages & flaming hair,
> His swift wing'd daughters sweep across the vast
> black ocean."[200]

Urizen sits next to Orc, and the "root of Mystery accursed"[201] shoots up and multiplies its growth with such rapidity that it surrounds Urizen and even amazes him. Covered with snow and ice, the symbols of repression, Urizen speaks to Orc in all hypocrisy. What the state and the church call reasonableness is exposed.

> "'Image of dread, whence art thou? whence is this
> most woful place?
> 'Whence these fierce fires, but from thyself?
> No other living thing
> 'In all this Chasm I behold. No other living thing
> 'Dare thy most terrible wrath abide. Bound here to
> waste in pain
> 'Thy vital substance in these fires that issue new
> & new
> 'Around thee, sometimes like a flood, & sometime
> like a rock
> 'Of living pangs, thy horrible bed glowing with
> ceaseless fires
> 'Beneath thee & around. Above, a shower of fire
> now beats,
> 'Moulded to globes & arrowy wedges, rending thy
> bleeding limbs.
> 'And now a whirling pillar of burning sands to over-
> whelm thee,

'Steeping thy wounds in salts infernal & in
bitter anguish.
'And now a rock moves on the surface of this lake
of fire
'To bear thee down beneath the waves in stifling
despair.
'Pity for thee mov'd me to break my dark & long
repose,
'And to reveal myself before thee in a form of
wisdom.
'Yet thou dost laugh at all these tortures, & this
terrible place:
'Yet throw thy limbs these fires abroad that back
return upon thee
'While thou reposest, throwing rage on rage,
feeding thyself
'With visions of sweet bliss far other than this
burning clime.
'Sure thou are oath'd in rivers of delight, on
verdant fields
'Walking in joy, in bright Expanses sleeping on bright
clouds
'With visions of delight so lovely that they hurge
thy rage
'Tenfold with fierce desire to rend thy chain & howl
in fury
'And dim oblivion of all woe, & desperate repose.
'Or is thy joy founded on torment which others bear
for thee?'"[202]

But Orc will not have any of the "pity" and "wisdom" of Urizen. He curses him:

"Orc answer'd: 'Curse thy hoary brows! What dost
thou in this deep?
'Thy Pity I condemn. Scatter thy snows elsewhere.
'I rage in the deep, for Lo, my feet & hands are
nail'd to the burning rock,
'Yet my fierce fires are better than thy snows.
Shuddering thou sittest.
'Thou art not chain'd. Why shouldt thou sit,
cold grovelling demon of woe,
'In tortures of dire coldness? now a Lake of waters
deep
'Sweeps over thee freezing to solid; still thou
sit'st clos'd up

'In that transparent rock as if in joy of thy
bright prison,
'Till, overburdn'd with its own weight drawn
out thro' immensity,
'With a crash breaking across, the horrible mass
comes down
'Thund'ring, & hail & frozen iron hail'd from the
Element
'Rends thy white hair; yet thou dost, fix'd obdurate
brooding, sit
'Writing thy books. Anon a cloud, fill'd with a waste
of snows
'Covers thee, still obdurate, still resolv'd &
writing still;
'Tho' rocks roll o'er thee, tho' floods pour, tho'
winds black as the sea
'Cut thee in gashes, tho' the blood pours down around
thy ankles,
'Freezing thy feet to the hard rock, still thy pen
obdurate
'Traces the wonders of Futurity in horrible fear of
the future.
'I rage furious in the deep, for lo, my feet & hands
are nail'd
'To the hard rock, or thou shouldst feel my envy &
hate
'In all the diseases of man falling upon the gray
accursed front.'"[203]

Orc knows that the future is on his side. All repressive powers fall to armed revolt, once the time is ripe. Urizen is not shocked out of his hypocrisy. Indeed, through some persuasion, he even tries to make an ally of Orc.

"Urizen answer'd: 'Read my books, explore my
Constellations,
'Enquire of my Sons & they shall teach thee how to
War.
'Enquire of my Daughters, who, accurs'd in the
dark depths,
'Knead bread of Sorrow by my stern command; for I
am God
'Of all this dreadful ruin. Rise, O daughters, at
my stern command!'"[204]

Orc rages more than ever. Urizen decides to impart to him his wisdom, opens the "book of brass", the book of Law and Morality, and reads out all the crimes which the power of the state and the church perpetrate on mankind.

"'Compell the poor to live upon a Crust of bread,
by soft mild arts.
'Smile when they frown, frown when they smile; &
when a man looks pale
'With labour & abstinence, say he looks healthy &
happy;
'And when his children sicken, let them die; there
are enough
'Born, even too many, & our earth will be overrun
'Without these arts. If you would make the poor
live with temper,
'With pomp give every crust of bread you give; with
gracious cunning
'Magnify small gifts; reduce the man to want a gift,
& then give them with pomp.
'Say he smiles if you hear him sigh. If pale, say
he is ruddy.
'Preach temperance: say he is overgorg'd & drowns
his wit
'In strong drink, tho' you know that bread & water
are all
'He can afford. Flatter his wife, pity his children,
till we can
'Reduce all to our will, as spaniels are taught with
art".[205]

Orc disgusted, curses Urizen again and announces the day when, his chains off, Urizen's and Vala's power will be toppled.

"Then Orc cried: 'Curse thy Cold hypocrisy!
already round thy Tree
'In scales that shine with gold & rubies, thou
beginnest to weaken
'My divided spirit. Like a worm I arise in peace,
unbound
'From wrath. Now when I rage, my fetters bind me
more.

'O torment! O torment! A Worm compell'd! Am I a worm?
'Is it in strong deceit that man is born? In strong deceit
'Thou dost restrain my fury that the worm may fold the tree.
'Avaunt, Cold hypocrite! I am chain'd, or thou couldst not use me thus."[206]

For our purpose, we can now, from The Four Zoas, turn back to America. In this Prophecy, Blake sets out to illustrate the release of Orc from his chains. Of course, the release is through sexual expression. Orc, armed revolt, rends his chains and, releasing his Energy, fecundates the "shadowy Daughter of Urthona", nature divided in societies and nations living under the repressive rule of Urizen and Vala. In other words, although stifled, armed revolt ultimately breaks loose and attempts to spread itself throughout the world. Orc's announcement of freedom to Urizen comes true.

"Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy,
The hairy shoulders rend the links; free are the wrists of fire;
Round the terrific loins he siez'd the panting, struggling womb;
It joy'd: she put aside her clouds & smiled her first-born smile,
As when a black cloud shews its lightnings to the silent deep.

Soon as she saw the terrible boy, then burst the virgin cry:

'I know thee, I have found thee, & I will not let thee go:
'Thou art the image of God who dwells in darkness of Africa,
'And thou art fall'n to give me light in regions of dark death.
'On my American plains I feel the struggling afflictions

'Endur'd by roots that writhe their arms into the
nether deep.
'I see a Serpent in Canada who courts me to his
love,
'In Mexico an Eagle, and a Lion in Peru;
'I see a Whale in the South-sea, drinking my soul
away.
'O what limb rending pains I feel! thy fire & my
frost
'Mingle in howling pains, in furrows by the lightnings
rent.
'This is eternal death, and this the torment long fore-
told.'"[207]

The "Serpent", the "Eagle", the "Lion", and the "Whale" are Orc's emblems of armed revolt, signifying that the time has come to topple the powers of state and church in all societies and in all lands.

The idea of armed revolt as the way to a universal Last Judgement once mankind has established freedom in the place of repression and war, Blake further illustrates in the American and French revolutions. He saw in both the beginning of the apocalypse. Jesus would descend, once a reign of freedom had been established in all lands through these two revolutions. Thus in America, Orc is at work against Albion's Angel, Urizen, the repressive power of the English state.

"In thunders ends the voice. Then Albion's Angel
wrathful burnt
Beside the Stone of Night, and like the Eternal
Lion's howl
In famine & war, reply'd: 'Art thou not Orc, who
serpent-form'd
'Stands at the gate of Enitharmon to devour her
children?
'Blasphemous Demon, Antichrist, hater of Dignities,
'Lover of wild rebellion, and transgressor of God's
Law,
'Why dost thou come to Angel's eyes in this terrific
form?'

> The Terror answer'd: 'I am Orc, wreath'd round the accursed tree:
> 'The times are ended; shadows pass, the morning 'gins to break;
> 'The fiery joy, that Urizen perverted to ten commands,
> 'What night he led the starry hosts thro' the wide wilderness,
> 'That stony law I stamp to dust; and scatter religion abroad
> 'To the four winds as a torn book, & none shall gather the leaves;
> 'But they shall rot on desert sands, & consume in bottomless deeps,
> 'To make the desarts blossom, & the deeps shrink to their fountains,
> 'And to renew the fiery joy, and burst the stony roof;
> 'That pale religious letchery, seeking Virginity,
> 'May find it in a harlot, and in a coarse-clad honesty
> 'The undefil'd, tho' ravish'd in her cradle night and morn;
> 'For everything that lives is holy, life delights in life;
> 'Because the soul of sweet delight can never be defil'd.
> 'Fires inwrap the earthly globe, yet man is not consum'd;
> 'Amidst the lustful fires he walks; his feet become like brass,
> 'His knees and thighs like silver, & his breast and head like gold.'"[208]

In The French Revolution, Blake lets the Duke of Burgundy make the case for the state and the church, for the status quo. Necker, the voice of reform, is cast out.

> "'Shall this marble built heaven become a clay cottage, this earth an oak stool, and these mowers
> 'From the Atlantic mountains mowdown all this great starry harvest of six thousand years?
> 'And shall Necker, the hind of Geneva, stretch out his crook'd sickle o'er fertile France
> 'Till our purple and crimson is faded to russet, and the kingdoms of earth bound in sheaves,
> 'And the ancient forests of chivalry hewn, and the joys of the combat burnt for fuel;

'Till the power and dominion is rent from the pole,
sword and scepter from the sun and
moon,
'The law and gospel from fire and air, and eternal
reason and science
'From the deep and the solid, and man lay his faded
head down on the rock
'Of eternity, where the eternal lion and eagle
remain to devour?
'This to prevent - urg'd by cries in day, and prophetic
dreams hovering in night,
'To enrich the lean earth that craves, furrow'd with
plows, whose seed is departing from
her -
'Thy Nobles have gather'd thy starry hosts round this
rebellious city,
'To rouze up the ancient forests of Europe, with clarions
of cloud breathing war,
'To hear the horse neigh to the drum and trumpet and war
shout reply.
'Stretch the hand that beckons the eagles of heaven;
they cry over Paris, and wait
'Till Fayette point his finger to Versailles;
the eagles of heaven must have their
prey!'"[209]

To this, Orc answers in America with mankind's vision of universal freedom. King and Priest are toppled, and Law and Morality, the "Lion & Wolf" are no more.

"'The morning comes, the night decays, the watchmen
leave their stations;
'The grave is burst, the spices shed, the linen wrapped
up;
'The bones of death, the covering clay, the sinews shrunk
& dry'd
'Reviving shake, inspiring move, breathing, awakening,
'Spring lile redeemed captives when their bonds & bars
are burst.
'Let the slave grinding at the mill run out into the
field,
'Let him look up into the heavens & laugh in the bright
air;
'Let the inchained soul, sut up in darkness and in
sighing,

'Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary
years,
'Rise and look out; his chains are loose, his
dungeon doors are open;
'And let his wife and children return from the
oppressor's scourge.

'They look behind at every step & believe it is a
dream,
'Singing: 'The Sun has left his blackness & has found
a fresher morning,
' 'And the fair Moon rejoices in the clear & cloudless
night;
' ' For Empire is no more, and now the Lion & Wolf
shall cease.'"[210]

At this point, the first way in which collective man can free himself from the material world is completed. But Blake was terribly disappointed. Armed revolt, he came to see, did not lead to universal freedom, but rather back to the repressive rule of Law and Morality. Why is this? Blake had seen in the American and French revolutions the beginning of the apocalypse. Orc's revolt manifested in these revolutions was to have spread to all other lands so that the reign of universal freedom could be established. However, it did not happen. The revolt of the Colonies turned out to be a war of profits. As soon as the British were defeated, the upper classes took over and established their own privileged government. With the French revolution, it was even worse. Armed revolt, with emphasis on liberty, equality, and brotherhood, soon transformed itself in the Terror and, later, the Empire of Napoleon. Thus, in both cases, Law and Morality were reestablished in their power. Blake's explanation for this is that armed revolt, though based on Imagination, soon perverts this Imagination into Selfhood. The vision of

an armed people in revolt for the sake of freedom is an appealing one, but, in the end, it is not on the mass of people that freedom depends. It depends, instead, on the individual. And, if the individual has not changed his own nature, if he has not cast out Selfhood and really accepted the imaginative ideas of liberty, equality, and brotherhood as individual actions, armed revolt is always bound to fail.

> "I am really sorry to see my countrymen trouble themselves about Politics. If Men were Wise, the Most arbitrary Princes could not hurt them. If they are not wise, the Freest Government is compell'd to be a Tyranny. Princes appear to me to be Fools. Houses of Commons & Houses of Lords appear to me to be fools; they seem to me to be something Else besides Human Life."[211]

It is no wonder, then, that Blake, from identifying armed revolt with the splendid figure of Orc, ends up by finally identifying Orc with Urizen himself. Urizen is simply the rule of Law and Morality which Orc reestablishes in mankind as soon as his Imagination has spent itself. All revolts, unless they be imaginative, are ultimately bound to fail. They topple the power of King and Priest only to reestablish the same power in different forms. The King is beheaded; Napoleon takes his place. The Priest is abolished; the goddess Reason is installed in his place. It is a recurrent cycle of futility.[212]

The first way for collective man to bring on the Last Judgement failing, Blake turned to the second one: imaginative revolt. Orc began with Imagination and ended up in Selfhood. Nothing was really changed.

But in imaginative revolt this is not the outcome. The practice of love and art, of forgiveness of sin, since it is Jesus' doctrine, the true doctrine standing against the false one of King and Priest, always brings results. If mankind as a whole were to practice imaginative revolt against King and Priest, their power would forever disappear; Jesus would descend and sacrifice his body, his Selfhood, for the sake of Albion's redemption. Thus the character that replaces Orc is, for Blake, Los, the artist. Los is the "Prophet of Eternity".[213] His entering the material world together with Urizen means that, through him, collective man is enabled to find his way back to Eternity. And, indeed, it is through the work of Los that Jesus descends and Selfhood is revealed as Satan, as the direct opposite of Imagination, and cast out forever.

The great task of Los is that of keeping the vision in "times of trouble".[214] What this means is that, as Urizen and Vala through Law and Morality unleash the horror of war in Generation and brutalize mankind to the point where it no longer sees Eden as its true home, Los must strive at all times to make mankind aware of the vision of the spiritual world. King and Priest teach the doctrine of Selfhood. Los, instead, must teach that of Imagination. If he were to abandon his task, collective man would be lost and enter Eternal Death; the limits set by the Divine Hand would not be able to keep back chaos. Los's work is performed alongside that of Urizen and Vala. His goes towards the building of Golgonooza, the city of Imagination, the New Jerusalem; theirs, on the other hand, goes towards the building of Babylon, the

unity of all acts of Selfhood, the triumph of Error or Satan over mankind. But Babylon is never built. Urizen moves against Golgonooza in an attempt to destroy it. Los is secure in the strength of his city. The result is that out of this war Selfhood is revealed as Satan. Rahab and Tirzah, Natural Religion and human sacrifice, the utter degeneracy of the material world, take over. Collective man seems lost. However, he is not. With the unity of all Error into Satan, Jesus descends and sacrifices himself for the sake of Albion. The Last Judgement thus results and Satan is finally cast out.

To illustrate this journey of collective mans freedom from the material world, we now have to turn back to the fall from Eternity. In Eternity, Los was known as Urthona. As he entered the material world together with Urizen, he became known as Los. And he too, like the other Zoas divided from his Emanation, Enitharmon. Since Los stands for Imagination, and thus, love and art, Enitharmon stands for the beloved and the inspiration. The division from Enitharmon paralyzed Los' creativity. The lover, divided from the beloved, lacks all creative action; the poet, without his inspiration, is totally sterile. In other words, separated from Enitharmon, Los stops his work of redemption in mankind. Collective man loses the vision of Eden provided by Los. The result is blindness; and collective man comes more than ever under the sway of Urizen and Vala. How is this brought about?

For individual man, his separation from woman led to a lack of vision. Jealousy developed between the two; and woman allied herself with King and Priest, becoming a coy mistress and denying herself to the lover. In collective man, this same problem is illustrated by Blake through Los and Enitharmon. Separated, Los and Enitharmon become jealous and possessive. Just as individual woman allied herself with King and Priest, so Enitharmon allies herself with Urizen and Vala in order to torment Los.

> "Then Enitharmon, redd'ning fierce, stretch'd her
> immortal hands:
> 'Descend, O Urizen, descend with horse & chariot!
> 'Threaten not me, O visionary; thine the punishment.
> 'The Human Nature shall no more remain, Nor Human
> acts
> 'From the rebellious Spirits of Heaven, but War &
> Princedom, & Victory & Blood.'"[215]

The "visionary" is Los. Tortured by jealousy, preoccupied with chasing his beloved, Los is forced to abandon his task of redemption. This alliance of Enitharmon with Urizen and Vala, Blake refers to as the "Female Will".[216] In Eternity there are no sexes and woman lives within man, having no existence of her own. Only in Generation does she separate from man and attempt to dominate him. The results are always tragic.

> "'The joy of woman is the death of her most best
> beloved
> 'Who dies for Love of her
> 'In torments of fierce jealousy & pangs of adoration.
> 'The Lovers' night bears on my song
> 'And the nine spheres rejoice beneath my powerful
> controll.'"[217]

In her jealousy, Enitharmon despises Los. Indeed, feigning love for him, they even go through a mock nuptial ceremony in which Enitharmon reveals herself more than ever an ally of Urizen and Vala. The song which is sung in honor of the lovers is thus one of war and destruction. With this, Blake wants to signify that the "Female Will", since it is part of the false doctrine of Urizen and Vala, leads to war.

> "And this is the Song sung at the Feast of Los & Enitharmon:
>
> 'Ephraim call'd out to Zion: 'Awake, O Brother Mountain!
> ' 'Let us refuse to Plow & Spade, the heavy Roller & spiked
> ' ' Harrow; burn all those Corn fields, throw down all these fences!
> ' 'Fatten'd on Human blood & drunk with wine of life is better far
> ' ' Than all these labours of the harvest & the vintage. See the river,
> ' ' Red with the blood of Men, swell lustful round my rocky knees;
> ''My clouds are not the clouds of verdant fields & groves of fruit,
> ' 'But clouds of Human Souls: my nostrils drink the lives of Men.'"[218]

And, indeed, the false doctrine which creates war makes the Eternals laugh:

> "And many of the Eternal Ones laughed after their manner:
>
> 'Have you known the Judgement that is arisen among the
> 'Zoas of Albion, where a Man dare hardly to embrace
> 'His own Wife for the terrors of Chastity that they call
> 'By the name of Morality? their Daughters govern all
> 'In hidden deceit! they are vegetable, only fit for burning.
> 'Art & Science cannot exist but by Naked Beauty display'd.'"[219]

While Los and Enitharmon are divided by jealousy, Urizen, unstopped, strongly asserts himself as the true god. But Los challenges him: Urizen must try his arts of destruction against the creative ones of Imagination. The redemption of collective man hangs on this balance.

> "Los answer'd furious: 'Art thou one of those
> who when most complacent
> 'Mean mischief most? If you are such, Lo! I
> am also such.
> 'One must be master. Try thy Arts. I also will
> try mine,
> 'For I perceive thou has Abundance which I claim as
> mine.'"[220]

Urizen is taken aback by this defiance, and, recognizing in Los the presence of Jesus in mankind, tries to convert him by maintaining that he and not Jesus is the true god, and that the Selfhood ("Spectre") not the Imagination is the true man.

> "Urizen startled stood, but not for Long; Soon he
> cried:
> 'Obey my voice, young Demon; I am God from Eternity
> to Eternity.
> 'Art thou a visionary of Jesus, the soft delusion of
> Eternity?
> 'Lo I am God, the terrible destroyer, & not the
> Saviour.
> 'Why should the Divine Vision compell the sons of
> Eden
> 'To forego each his own delight, to war against the
> Spectre?
> 'The Spectre is the Man. The rest is only delusion
> & fancy.'"[221]

Los, however, is impotent, as long as Enitharmon rejects his love. Consequently, the task of redemption remaining unfulfilled, collective man loses the vision of Eternity. Blake illustrates:

"Scar'd at the sound of their own sigh that seems
to shake the immense
They wander Moping, in their heart a sun, a dreary
moon,
A Universe of fiery constellation in their brain,
An earth of wintry woe beneath their feet, & round
their loins
Waters or winds or clouds or brooding lightnings &
pestilential plagues.
Beyond the bounds of their own self their senses cannot
penetrate:
As the tree knows not what is outside of its leaves &
bark
And yet it drinks the summer joy & fears the winter
sorrow,
So, in the regions of the grave, none knows his dark
compeer
Tho' he partakes of his dark woes & mutual returns
the pang,
The throb, the dolor, the convulsion, in soul-sickening
woes."[222]

The way out of this degeneration, for Blake, lies in the union of Los and Enitharmon. The lover must unite in love with the beloved, in order to regain the vision of Eden; the artist must unite again with his inspiration so that the vision of Eden can be brought to man. In collective man, Los and Enitharmon must unite so that Los, imaginative revolt, can resume the task of regeneration. It is the practice of love and art, of forgiveness of sin, that will make possible the descent of Jesus and the Last Judgement. The "arts of life", which Urizen and Vala pervert into "arts of death", must be transformed again into arts of life.[223] Imagination and not war is the way back to Eternity. To this end, Los and Enitharmon finally unite. At last, she sees in his task or redemption her own.

"Enitharmon spread her beamy locks upon the wind
& said,
'O Lovely terrible Los, wonder of Eternity, O Los,
my defence & guide,
'Thy works are all my joy & in thy fires my soul
delights;
'If mild they burn in just proportion, & in secret
night
'And silence build their day in shadows of soft
clouds & dews,
'Then I can sigh forth in the winds of Golgonooza
piteous forms
'That vanish again into my bosom; but if thou, my
Los,
'Wilt in sweet moderated fury fabricate forms
sublime,
'Such as the piteous spectres may assimilate themselves
into,
'They shall be ransom for our Souls that we may live.'"[224]

With this union taking place, Los and Enitharmon see again the Divine Vision:

"Then Los said: 'I behold the Divine Vision thro'
the broken Gates
'Of thy poor broken heart, astonish'd, melted into
Compassion & Love.'
And Enitharmon said: 'I see the Lamb of God upon
Mount Zion.'"[225]

Los and Enitharmon set out to build the "City of Golgonooza", the fourfold city made up of all the acts of Imagination, all the imaginative revolts, that were and are and will be in collective man. The building of Golgonooza foreshadows the coming of Jesus, and the final triumph of Imagination over Selfhood. It is fourfold because in it is manifest the fourfold vision of Eden.

"Fourfold the Sons of Los in their divisions, and
fourfold
The great City of Golgonooza: fourfold towards
the north,
And towards the south fourfold, & fourfold towards
the east & west,
Each within other toward the four points: that toward
Eden, and that toward the World of Generation,
And that toward Beulah, and that toward Urlo.
Urlo is the space of the terrible starry wheels of
Albion's sons,
But that toward Eden is walled up till time of
renovation,
Yet it is perfect in its building, ornaments &
perfection."[226]

Not one of the acts of Imagination that was ever practiced in imaginative revolt is lost. All acts of love and art, of forgiveness of sin, are collected in the building of Golgonooza.

"And all that has existed in the space of six
thousand years,
Permanent & not lost, not lost nor vanish'd, &
every little act,
Word, work & wish that has existed, all remaining still
In those Churches ever consuming & ever building
by the Spectres
Of all the inhabitants of Earth wailing to be Created,
Shadowy to those who dwell not in them, meer
possibilities,
But to those who enter into them they seem the only
substances;
For every thing exists & not one sigh nor a smile nor a
tear,
One hair nor particle of dust, not one can pass away."[227]

Meanwhile, around Golgonooza the wars of Urizen and Vala rage. Collective man has come more and more under the sway of Law and Morality. Only the lover and the artist toil incessantly to make the vision of Jesus visible to mankind. Urizen musters all his forces and attacks

Golgonooza in the hope of destroying this lone bastion of the true God. As he does this, Satan appears in his ranks. In other words, Selfhood begins to reveal itself as the real enemy of Jesus. Urizen and Vala are merely tools of his. Satan is Error, the consolidation of all act of Selfhood perpetrated in collective man. It is he who stands against Golgonooza, the consolidation of Truth.

"Thus Urizen, in self deceit, his warlike pre-
parations fabricated;
And when all things were finish'd, sudden wav'd
among the stars,
His burning hand gave the dire signal;
thunderous clarions blow,
And all the hollow deep rebellow'd with the
wond'rous war.
But Urizen his mighty rage let loose in the mid
deep.
Sparkles of dire affliction issued round his
frozen limbs.
Horrible hooks & nets he form'd, twisting the
chords of iron
And brass, & molten metals cast in hollow globes,
& bor'd
Tubes in petrific steel, & ramm'd combustibles, &
wheels
And chains & pullies fabricated all round the
Heavens of Los,
Communing with the Serpent of Orc in dark dissimulation,
And with the Synagogue of Satan in dark Sanhedrim,
To undermine the World of Los & tear bright Enitharmon
To the four winds, hopeless of future. All futurity
Seems teeming with endless destruction never to be
expell'd;
Desperate remorse swallows the present in quenchless
rage.

Terrified & astonish'd, Urizen beheld the battle take
form
Which he intented not: a Shadowy hermaphrodite,
black & opake;
The soldiers nam'd it Satan, but he was yet unform'd &
vast.
Hermaphroditic it at length became, hiding the Male
Within as in a Tabernacle, Abominable, Deadly."[228]

For Blake, Satan is hermaphroditic because he has no Emanation. He is no part of Eternity. Satan is sterile in love and art. The war rages. Urizen builds new and more horrible machines of war.

> "And Urizen gave life & sense by his immortal power
> To all his Engines of deceit: that linked chains might run
> Thro' ranks of war spontaneous: & that hooks & boring screws
> Might act according to their forms by innate cruelty.
> He formed also harsh instruments of sound
> To grate the soul into destruction, or to inflame with fury
> The spirits of life, to pervert all the faculties of sense
> Into their own destruction, if perhaps he might avert
> His own despair, even at the cost of everything that breathes."[229]

At the same time, war having become the order of the day, Urizen is supplanted in power by Mystery. As we saw, war is the result of the perversion of sexual expression, and thus Mystery, the religion of sacrifice, is really to blame, not Urizen who is merely its tool.

War rages. Los and Enitharmon, the lover and the artist in mankind, the forgivers of sin, begin to sing the coming of Jesus. He alone can save collective man in all this destruction.

> "'Glory, Glory, Glory to the holy Lamb of God
> 'Who now beginneth to put off the dark Satanic body.
> 'Now we behold redemption. Now we know that life Eternal
> 'Depends alone upon the Universal hand, & not in us
> 'Is aught but death In individual weakness, sorrow & pain."[230]

Satan, Rahab (Mystery), and Tirzah (sacrifice) war against this coming of Jesus:

"'...But Satan, Og & Sihon
'Build Mills of resistless wheels to unwind
the soft threads & reveal
'Naked of their clothing the poor spectres
before the accusing heavens,
'While Rahab & Tirzah far different mantles
prepare: webs of torture,
'Mantles of despair, girdles of bitter compunction,
shoes of indolence,
'Veils of ignorance covering from head to feet with
a cold web.
'We look down into Ulro; we behold the Wonders of the
Grave.
'Eastward of Golgonooza stands the Lake of Udan Adan,
In
'Entuthon Benithon, a Lake not of Waters but of
Spaces,
'Perturb'd, black & deadly; on its Islands & its
Margins
'The Mills of Satan and Beelzeboul stand round the
roots of Urizen's tree;
'For this Lake is form'd from the tears & sighs &
death sweat of Victims
'Of Urizen's laws, to irrigate the roots of the tree
of Mystery."[231]

At last, Satan, Error, takes definite form as the unity of all acts of Selfhood in collective man.

"The war roar'd round Jerusalem's Gates; it took a
hideous form
Seen in the aggregate, a Vast Hermaphroditic form
Heav'd like an Earthquake lab'ring with convulsive
groans
Intolerable; at length an awful wonder burst
From the Hermaphroditic bosom. Satan he was nam'd,
Son of Perdition, terrible his form, dishumaniz'd,
monstrous,
A male without a female counterpart, a howling fiend
Forlorn of Eden & repugnant to the forms of life,
Yet hiding the shadowy female Vala as in an ark &
Curtain,

> Abhorr'd, accursed, ever dying an Eternal death,
> Being multitudes of tyrant Men in union blasphemous
> Against the Divine image, Congregated assemblies of
> wicked men."[232]

As Error takes definite form, the material world utterly perverted, Jesus descends to be sacrificed by Mystery, the false religion of Selfhood, and thus make possible the Last Judgement. Jesus stands in front of Satan:

> "The Lamb of God stood before Satan opposite
> In Entuthon Benithon, in the shadows of torment &
> woe
> Upon the heights of Amalek, taking refuge in his
> arms
> The victims fled from punishment, for all his words
> were peace.
> Urizen call'd together the Synagogue of Satan in
> dire Sanhedrim
> To judge the Lamb of God to Death as a murderer &
> robber:
> As it is written, he was number'd among the
> transgressors."[233]

Jesus is accused. Vala reveals herself in her fallen form, as Mystery, as Rahab, the Great Whore of John's Apocalypse.

> "As False Feminine Counterpart, of Lovely Delusive
> Beauty
> Dividing & Uniting at will in the Cruelties of Holiness,
> Vala, drawn down into a Vegetated body, now triumphant.
> The Synagogue of Satan Clothed her with Scarlet robes
> & Gems,
> And on her forehead was her name written in blood,
> 'Mystery'.
>
> ...
>
> ... then was hidden within
> The bosom of Satan the False Female, as in an ark & veil
> Which Christ must rend & her reveal. Her Daughters are
> call'd
> Tirzah; She is named Rahab..."[234]

Tirzah takes Jesus and, with a mocking song by the Females of Amalek, sacrifices him.

"'O thou poor human form! O thou poor child of woe!
'Why dost thou wander away from Tirzah? why me
compell to bind thee?
'If thou dost go away from me, I shall consume upon
the rocks.
'These fibres of thine eyes that used to wander in
distant heavens
'Away from me, I have bound down with a hot iron.
'My soul is seven furnaces, incessant roar the bellows
'Upon my terribly flaming heart, the molten metal runs
'In channels thro' my fiery limbs. O love! O pity!
O pain!
'O the pangs, the bitter pangs of love forsaken!
'Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild
beasts ran.
'The river Kanah wander'd by my sweet Menasseh's side.
'Go,Noah, fetch the girdle of strong brass, heat it red
hot,
'Press it around the loins of this expanding cruelty.
'Shriek not so, my only love.
'Bind him down, sisters, bound his down on Ebal,
mount of cursing.
'Malah, come forth from Lebanon, & Hoglah from mount
Sinai,
'Come circumscribe this tongue of sweets, & with a
screw of iron
'Fasten his Ear into the Rock. Milcah, the task is
thine.
'Weep not so, sisters, weep not so; our life depends
on this,
'Or mercy & truth are fled away from Shechem & Mount
Gilead,
'Unless my beloved is bound upon the stems of Vegetation.'

...

Thus was the Lamb of God condemn'd to Death.
They nail'd him upon the tree of Mystery, weeping over
him
And then mocking & then whorshipping, calling him Lord
& King.
Sometimes as twelve daughters lovely, & sometimes as
five

They stood in beaming beauty, & sometimes as one,
even Rahab
Who is Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of
Harlots."[235]

With the death of Jesus, Satan's rule seems supreme. Jerusalem, the freedom and the vision of the spiritual world by collective man, flees in terror as she sees the body of the crucified Jesus and asks Los and Urizen for pity. She tells Los to build a sepulcher for Jesus. Los takes the body of Jesus from the cross and puts it in his own sepulcher. All hope for Eternity seems lost. Jesus has sacrificed his body; yet nothing is changed. Urizen swells up with pride, and is turned into a dragon: chaos is released.

"No longer now Erect, the King of Light outstretch'd
in fury
Lashes his tail in the wild deep; his eyelids, like
the Sun
Arising in his pride, enlighten all the Grizly deeps,
His scales transparent give forth light like windows of
the morning,
His neck flames with wrath & majesty, he lashes the
Abyss,
Beating the desarts & the rocks; the desarts feel his
power

...

His Eyelids give their light around; his folding tail
aspires
Among the stars; the Earth & all the Abysses feel his
fury
When as the snow covers the mountains, oft petrific
hardness
Covers the deeps, at his vast fury moving his rock,
Harden the Lion & the Bear; trembling in the solid
mountain
They view the light & wonder; crying out in terrible
existence,
Up bound the wild stag & the horse: behold the King
of Pride!"[236]

Rahab, thinking herself victorious over Jesus, exults in her power:

> "Rahab triumphs over all; she took Jerusalem
> Captive, a Willing Captive, by delusive arts impell'd
> To worship Urizen's Dragon form, to offer her own Children
> Upon the bloody Altar. John saw these things Reveal'd in Heaven
> On Patmos Isle, & heard the souls cry out to be deliver'd.
> He saw the Harlot of the Kings of Earth, & saw her Cup
> Of fornication, food of Orc & Satan, press'd from the fruit of Mystery."[237]

However, despite these appearances, foreshadowings of the Last Judgement are heard. Los envisions the apocalypse:

> "Thus in a living death the nameless shadow all things bound:
> All mortal things made permanent that they may be put off
> Time after time by the Divine Lamb who died for all,
> And all in him died, and he put off all mortality."[238]

Enion, Mother Earth, comforts Ahania with the same vision:

> "'Behold the time approaches fast that thou shalt be as a thing
> 'Forgotten; when one speaks of thee he will not be believ'd.
> 'When the man gently fades away in his immortality,
> 'When the mortal disappears in improved knowledge, cast away
> 'The former things, so shall the Mortal gently fade away
> 'And so become invisible to those who still remain."[239]

Mankind does not have to wait long. Los and Enitharmon, still building Golgonooza, the New Jerusalem, stand over the sepulcher of

Jesus. He appears in the spirit, standing besides them.

> "And Los & Enotharmon builded Jerusalem, weeping
> Over the Sepulcher & over the Crucified body
> Which, to their Phantom Eyes, appear'd still in
> the Sepulcher;
> But Jesus stood beside them in the spirit, separating
> Their spirit from their body."[240]

What this means is that Jesus, in sacrificing his body, had sacrificed his Selfhood. In his "spirit", he is in his true existence, in Imagination or Eden. In separating Los and Enitharmon from their bodies, Jesus has simply taken them out of the material world and redeemed them. The lover and the artist, the forgivers of sin in collective man, are saved. But to uncomprehending Los, to uncomprehending mankind, this loss of body seems non-existence. Thus, in his fear, Los sounds the trumpet of the Last Judgement; and it takes place.

> "Then fell the fires of Eternity with loud & shrill
> Sound of Loud Trumpet thundering along from heaven
> to heaven
> A mighty sound articulate: 'Awake, ye dead, & come
> 'To Judgement from the four winds! Awake & come away!'
> Folding like scrolls the Enormous volume of Heaven &
> Earth,
> With thunderous noise & dreadful shakings, rocking to
> & fro,
> The heavens are shaken & the earth removed from its
> place,
> The foundations of the Eternal hill discover'd:
> The thrones of Kings are shaken, they have lost their
> robes & crowns,
> The poor smite their oppressors, they awake up to the
> harvest,
> The naked warriors rush together down to the sea shore
> Trembling before the multitudes of slaves now set at
> liberty:
> They are become like wintry flocks, like forest
> strip'd of leaves:
> The oppressed pursue like the wind; there is no room for
> escape."[241]

The power of the material world is toppled. Rahab and Tirzah are consumed by the flames of Imagination. So are Orc and Urizen in their material forms. In the conflagration, the books of Urizen are consumed. Law is no more. The tree of Mystery is also consumed. Morality is no more. When all this is done, Albion awakens from his spiritual sleep. In all his power, he calls on Urizen to rise out of the deep, repent, and give up his dragon form. Urizen repents, giving up his vaunted title of "King of Pride". He is thus redeemed, and returns into the youthful form he had before the fall from Eternity. Ahania, on seeing him, dies for joy. Albion is rejoined by Jerusalem. The return of collective man to Eden is announce.

"And the Eternal Man said: 'Hear my words, O Prince
of Light.
'Behold Jerusalem in whose bosom the Lamb of God
'Is seen; tho' slain before her Gates, he self-
renew'd remains
'Eternal, & I thro' him awake from death's dark vale.
'The times revolve; the time is coming when all these
delights
'Shall be renew'd, & all these Elements that now
consume
'Shall reflourish. Then bright Ahania shall awake from
death,
'A glorious Vision to thine Eyes, a Self-renewing
Vision:
'The spring, the summer, to be thine; then sleep the
wintry days
'In silken garments spun by her own hands against her
funeral.
'The winter thou shalt plow & lay thy stores into thy
barns
'Expecting to receive Ahania in the spring with joy.
'Immortal thou, Regenerate She, & all the lovely Sex
'From her shall learn obedience & prepare for a wintry
grave,
'That spring may see them rise in tenfold joy & sweet
delight.

'Thus shall the male & female live the life of
Eternity,
'Because the Lamb of God Creates himself a bride &
wife
'That we his Children evermore may live in Jerusalem
'Which now descends out of heaven, a City, yet a
Woman,
'Mother of myriads redeem'd & born in her spiritual
places,
'By a New Spiritual birth Regenerated from Death.'"[242]

With this, the Last Judgement proceeds. Individual men are resurrected. Jesus descends among them in the "likeness & similitude of Los",[243] signifying that Jesus and man are one through love and art, and casts out the "judge", the accuser, Satan, into non-existence.

"They see him whom they have pierc'd, they wail
because of him,
They magnify themselves no more against Jerusalem,
Nor
Against her little ones; the innocent, accused before
the Judges,
Shines with immortal glory; trembling, the judge springs
from his throne
Hiding his face in the dust beneath the prisoner's feet
& saying:
'Brother of Jesus, what have I done? intreat thy lord
for me:
'Perhaps I may be forgiven.' While he speaks the
flames roll on,
And after the flames appears the Cloud of the Son of Man
Descending from Jerusalem with power and great Glory.
All nations look up at the Cloud & behold him who was
crucified.
The Prisoner answers: 'You scourg'd my father to death
before my face
While I stood bound with cords & heavy chains. Your
hypocrisy
'Shall now avail you nought.' So speaking, he dash'd
him with his foot."[244]

Imagination is now supreme. The sons of Urizen, men, return to the plow, abandoning the sword. The creative work begins anew. The arts of death are transformed into those of life. Urizen sows again the human race. The kings and princes, those who were once in power are seeds that fall on rocks and sand; they are unproductive. Other seeds fall on good soil; they will practice love and art as before. Ahania is reborn and unites with Urizen. Vala resumes her rightful place as the wife of Albion, having been redeemed. Tharmas and Enion are born anew and unite. Los resumes his place as Urthona, no longer separated from Enitharmon. The reign of Jerusalem, of freedom, has thus come. Man is free from the material world and lives in this new age which has dawned after all the horrors of division and fall. The new age is one of unity and harmony, of intellectual and creative war, of science and art.

> "The Sun arises from the dewy bed, & the fresh airs
> Play in his smiling beams giving the seeds of life
> to grow,
> And the fresh Earth beams forth ten thousand thousand
> springs of life.
> Urthona is arisen in his strength, no longer now
> Divided from Enitharmon, no longer the Spectre Los.
> Where is the Spectre of Prophecy? where the delusive
> Phantom?
> Departed: & Urthona rises from the ruinous Walls
> In all his ancient strength to form the golden armour
> of science
> For intellectual War. The war of swords departed now,
> The dark Religions are departed & sweet Science reigns."[245]

The second journey is completed; and so is the second way of imaginative revolt.

FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER ONE

[1]Mario Petrucciani, La poetica dell'ermetismo italiano (Torino: Loescher editore, 1965), p. 54.

[2]Ibid., p. 52.

[3]Ibid., p. 54.

[4]Quoted in Giacinto Spagnoletti, Poeti del Novecento (Milano: Mondadori, 1967), p. 18.

[5]Giuseppe Ungaretti, "Ragioni di una poesia", Inventario, Milano, Primavera 1949, p. 8.

[6]"Il porto sepolto", A, p. 37.

[7]"Poesia", Ibid., p. 83.

[8]"Sono malato", PD, p. 55.

[9]Ferdinando Camon, Il mestiere di poeta (Milano: Lerici editori, 1965), p. 27 (author's italics).

[10]SDT, pp. 13-14.

[11]"Allora", LIU, p. 254.

[12]"L'assiuolo", Ibid., p. 259.

[13]"Furit aestus", Ibid., p. 341.

[14]"Perugia (V)", Ibid., p. 336.

[15]"L'assiuolo", Ibid., p. 259.

[16]"Dialogo", Ibid., p. 258.

[17]"Patria", Ibid., p. 255.

[18]"L'onda", Ibid., p. 349.

[19]"L'ippocampo", Ibid., p. 346.

[20]"Epodo", in L'isotteo.

[21]Mario Sansone, Storia della letteratura italiana (Milano: Principato editore, 1968), p. 588.

[22]"L'amica di nonna Speranza", LIU, p. 638.

[23]"La signorina Felicita", Ibid., p. 642.

[24]"Desolazione del povero poeta sentimentale", Spagnoletti, p. 57.

[25]"Manifesto tecnico della letteratura futurista", LIU, p. 669.

[26]"Zang tumb tumb", F.T. Marinetti, Teoria e invenzione futurista (Milano: Mondadori, 1968), pp. 576-577.

[27]"Veglia", A, p. 40.

[28]Cf. Leopardi's "Canto notturno d'un pastore errante dell'Asia".

[29]Camon, p. 27 (author's italics).

[30]"Fratelli", A, p. 58.

[31]"Sogno", Ibid., p. 105.

[32]Ungaretti, "Ragioni di una poesia", p. 12.

[33]"Sereno", A, p. 117.

[34]Ungaretti, "Ragioni di una poesia", p. 9.

[35]FJR, p. 14.

[36]Luciano Rebay, Le origini della poesia di Giuseppe Ungaretti (Roma: Edizioni di storia e letteratura, 1962), p. 115.

[37]"Le stagioni", SDT, p. 33.

[38]"La nutrice", LIU, p. 330.

[39]"Se tu mio fratello", D, p. 17.

[40]"Colloquio (V)", LIU, p. 262.

[41]"Canzone", TP, p. 21.

[42]Ungaretti, "Ragione di una poesia", p. 13.

[43]"Coro XVIII", TP, p. 46.

[44]A, p. 22.

[45]PD, p. 75.

[46]Ibid., p. 75.

[47]Ibid., p. 75.

[48]Rebay, Ch. II, pp. 17-33.

[49]See Ungaretti, "Ragioni di una poesia", pp. 6-19, and "Secondo discorso su Leopardi", Paragone, Firenze, ottobre 1950, pp. 3-32.

[50]Giuseppè Ungaretti, "Il canto I dell'Inferno", in Giovanni Getto (a cura di), Letture dantesche, (Firenze: Sansoni editore, 1965), I, pp. 5-23.

[51]VWB, p. 13.

[52]Petrucciani, Ch. II, pp. 23-36.

[53]As we saw, Ungaretti insists that the essential language has its roots in Petrarch. The Elizabethans derived their language from him. On this premise, Ungaretti can claim Blake as a Petrarchist. We shall see this in Chapter Two.

[54]VWB, pp. 12-13.

[55]On Blake's background: See Alicia Ostriker, Vision and Verse in William Blake (Madison and Milwaukee: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1965), and Josephine Miles, Eras and Modes in English Poetry (Madison and Milwaukee; The University of Wisconsin Press, 1965).

[56]"To the Muses", PS, K, p. 11.

[57]S. Foster Damon, William Blake: His Philosophy and Symbols (Gloucester, Massachusetts: Peter Smith, 1958), p. 30.

[58]"Let the Bells Ring", CSEL, pp. 282-283.

[59]Ibid., p. 285.

[60]47:1:4, The New English Bible with Apocrypha (Oxford & Cambridge: Oxford & Cambridge University Press, 1965), p. 875.

[61]7:1:6, Ibid., p. 805.

[62]Murry Roston, Prophet and Poet (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1965), p. 18.

[63]PA, K, p. 600.

[64]Ibid., K, p. 602.

[65]CSEL, p. 559.

[66]"Epistle II", Ibid., p. 561.

[67]Ibid., p. 561.

[68]Ibid., p. 562.

[69]"Summer", The Seasons, Ibid., p. 571.

[70]Ch. X, quoted in Oswald Doughty, English Lyric in the Age of Reason (London: Daniel O'Connor, 1922), p. 13.

[71]PA, K, p. 595.

[72]AR, K, P. 451.

[73]VLJ, K, p. 611.

[74]L, K, p. 776.

[75]VLJ, K, p. 611.

[76]M, K, p. 533.

[77]Thomas Stearns Eliot, The Sacred Wood (London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 1966), p. 152.

[78]Roston, p. 162.

[79]Eliot, p. 154.

[80]SI, K, p. 115.

[81]SE, K, p. 216.

[82]Eliot, p. 155.

[83]SE, K, p. 116.

[84]MSN, K, p. 545.

[85]K, p. 621.

[86]K, pp. 354-355.

[87]K, p. 700.

[88]Roston, p. 23.

[89]"Night the Seventh", FZ, K, pp. 324-325.

[90]AR, K, p. 453.

[91]Ibid., K, p. 453.

[92]Ibid., K, p. 454.

[93]PN, K, p. 176.

[94]Ibid., K, pp. 182-183.

[95]Sansone, p. 553.

[96]Ungaretti, "Il canto I dell'Inferno", p. 9.

[97]Mircea Eliade, Myths, Dreams, and Mysteries (New York and Evanston: Harper & Row, Publishers, 1967), pp. 35-36.

[98]Ibid., p. 50.

[99]Indeed, from the Romantic age onwards, and especially for Decadentism, poetry moved more and more towards such an equation with theology.

[100]Quoted in Spagnoletti, p. 22.

[101]Ungaretti, "Secondo discorso su Leopardi", p. 18.

[102]Ungaretti, "Il canto I dell'Inferno", p. 9.

[103]DD, p. 198.

[104]Ungaretti, "Il canto I dell'Inferno", p. 7.

[105]Ungaretti, "Ragioni di una poesia", p. 15.

[106]Ibid., p. 19.

[107]Rebay, p. 31.

[108]"Girovago", A, pp. 115-116.

[109]"Risvegli", Ibid., p. 53.

[110]"Peso", Ibid., p. 51.

[111]Quoted in Rebay, p. 14.

[112]"San Martino del Carso", A, p. 74.

[113]"Sono una creatura", Ibid., p. 60.

[114]"Dannazione", Ibid., p. 52.

[115]"Attrito", Ibid., p. 75.

[116]"Risvegli", Ibid., p. 54.

[117]"Perché?", Ibid., pp. 79-80.

[118]Ibid., p. 131.

[119]"Inno alla morte", SDT, p. 56.

[120]"Danni con fantasia", Ibid., p. 113.

[121]"La pietà", Ibid., pp. 115-116.

[122]Ibid., p. 119.

[123]"La preghiera", Ibid., pp. 125-126.

[124]"Dannazione", Ibid., p. 127.

[125]Ibid., p. 128.

[126]"Senza più peso", Ibid., p. 155.

[127]"Tutto ho perduto", D, p. 15.

[128]Ibid., pp. 62-67.

[129]"Giorno per giorno", Ibid., p. 26.

[130]"Il tempo è muto", Ibid., p. 42.

[131]"Coro III", TP, p. 29.

[132]"Recitativo di Palinuro", Ibid., pp. 49-50.

[133]"Finale", Ibid., p. 53.

[134]"Per sempre", TDV, p. 61.

[135]See Ungaretti, "Ragioni di una poesia" and "Secondo discorso su Leopardi".

[136]See Ibid., and "Il canto I dell'Inferno" for Dante.

[137]Claudio Gorlier, "Il Blake di Ungaretti", Paragone, Firenze, giugno 1966, pp. 142-146.

[138]VWB, pp. 13-14.

[139]Ibid., p. 14.

[140]Ibid., p. 14.

[141]Ibid., p. 15.

[142]AB, K, p. 773.

[143]Ibid., K, p. 775.

[144]L, K, p. 776.

[145]Ibid., K, p. 776.

[146]Ibid., K, p. 777.

[147]Ibid., K, p. 777.

[148]VLJ, K, p. 605.

[149]DC, K, p. 578.

[150]AR, K, p. 458.

[151]VLJ, K, p. 617.

[152]To Dr. Trusler 23 August 1799, K, p. 793.

[153]VLJ, K, p. 609.

[154]Ibid., K, p. 604.

[155]Ibid., K, p. 605.

[156]To the Christians, J, K, pp. 716-717.

[157]APW, K, p. 782.

[158]"Chapter 1", K, K, p. 623.

[159]VLJ, K, pp. 612-613.

[160]"A Dream", SI, K, pp. 111-112.

[161]"A Little Girl Found", Ibid., K, pp. 114-115.

[162]"A Little Black Boy", Ibid., K, p. 125.

[163]"The School Boy", Ibid., K, p. 124.

[164]Ibid., K, p. 111.

[165]"On Another's Sorrow", Ibid., K, p. 122.

[166]"The Voice of the Ancient Bard", Ibid., K, p. 126.

[167]The two symbols recur throughout Blake's work.

[168]MHH, K, p. 149.

[169]AL, K, p. 88.

[170]MHH, K, p. 183.

[171]"The Sick Rose", SE, K, p. 123.

[172]Ibid., K, p. 215.

[173]Ibid., K, p. 212.

[174]Ibid., K, p. 215.

[175]SE, K, p. 219 (first stanza is in italics).

[176]MHH, K, p. 149.

[177]Ibid., K, pp. 149-150.

[178]Ibid., K, p. 158.

[179]E, K, p. 237.

[180]MHH, K, p. 154.

[181]SE, K, p. 211.

[182]*Ibid.*, K, pp. 218-219.

[183]AS, K, p. 96.

[184]SE, K, p. 220.

[185]L, K, p. 777.

[186]Vala is given as a wife to Albion by Luvah to replace Jerusalem.

[187]"Night the Fifth", FZ, K, p. 304.

[188]"Ch. II", FBU, K, p. 224.

[189]"Ch. I", BA, K, pp. 249-250.

[190]"Ch. IV" and "Ch. V", FBU, K, pp. 231-232.

[191]"Night the Fourth", FZ, K, p. 294.

[192]FBU, K, p. 222.

[193]"Night the Seventh /b/", FZ, K, pp. 333-334.

[194]"Chapter 3", J, K, p. 707.

[195]"Night the Seventh /b/", FZ, K, p. 334.

[196]AW, K, p. 383.

[197]"Night the Fifth", FZ, K, p. 306.

[198]*Ibid.*, K, pp.307-308.

[199]*Ibid.*, K, p. 309.

[200]"Night the Seventh", *Ibid.*, K, p. 320.

[201]*Ibid.*, K, p. 321.

[202]*Ibid.*, K, p. 321.

[203]*Ibid.*, K, p. 322.

[204]*Ibid.*, K, p. 322.

[205]*Ibid.*, K, p. 323.

[206]Ibid., K, p. 326.

[207]AM, K, p. 196.

[208]Ibid., pp. 198-199.

[209]FR, K, p. 138.

[210]AM, K, p. 198.

[211]PA, K, p. 600.

[212]See Northrop Frye, Fearful Symmetry (Boston: Beacon Press, 1967), Ch. 7, pp. 187-226.

[213]"Night the Fourth", FZ, K, p. 302.

[214]"Chapter 2", J, K, p. 655.

[215]"Night the First", FZ, K, p. 272.

[216]"Chapter 2", J, K, p. 661.

[217]"Night the Second", FZ, K, p. 289.

[218]"Night the First", Ibid., K, pp. 274-275.

[219]"Chapter 2", J, K, p. 663.

[220]"Night the First", FZ, K, p. 273.

[221]Ibid., K, p. 273.

[222]"Night the Sixth", Ibid., K, p. 314.

[223]"Night the Seventh /b/", Ibid., K, p. 337.

[224]"Night the Seventh", Ibid., K, p. 331.

[225]"Night the Eighth", Ibid., K, p. 341.

[226]"Chapter 1", J, K, p. 632.

[227]Ibid., K, p. 634.

[228]"Night the Eighth", FZ, K, p. 343.

[229]Ibid., K, p. 344.

[230]Ibid., K, p. 346.

[231]Ibid., K, pp. 346-347.

[232]Ibid., K, p. 347.

[233]Ibid., K, p. 348.

[234]Ibid., K, p. 348.

[235]Ibid., K, pp. 348-349.

[236]Ibid., K, p. 352.

[237]Ibid., K, p. 356.

[238]Ibid., K, p. 353.

[239]Ibid., K, p. 355.

[240]"Night the Ninth", Ibid., K, p. 357.

[241]Ibid., K, p. 357.

[242]Ibid., K, pp. 362-363.

[243]"Chapter 4", J, K, p. 743.

[244]"Night the Ninth", FZ, K, p. 364.

[245]Ibid., K, p. 379.

CHAPTER TWO

UNGARETTI'S VISIONI DI WILLIAM BLAKE

Ungaretti began to translate from the poetry of Blake in the late 1920's. The activity intensified in the 1930's and extended itself as late as the 1960's, culminating in the Mondadori volume Visioni di William Blake of 1965. But it was not only from the poetry of Blake that Ungaretti began to translate in the late 1920's. Along with it went an intense interest which led to the translation of Shakespeare's sonnets, poems by Góngora, "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" and the "Monologue d'un Faune" of Mallarmé, poems by Saint-John Perse, Essenin, Paulhan, poems from various Brazilian poets, Racine's Phèdre, and selections from Pound, Francis Ponge, and the Odyssey.[1] However, it is the poetry of Blake that Ungaretti translated constantly from the late 1920's to 1965; almost, that is, throughout Ungaretti's entire poetic career. In Vita d'un uomo, the series of "Traduzioni" comprises four volumes: 40 sonetti di Shakespeare (1946), Da Góngora e da Mallarmé (1948), Fedra di Jean Racine (1950), and, the final one, Visioni di William Blake (1965). Although the dates of publication separate these volumes, Ungaretti's interest in the translation of all five poets always returns to the period of the 1920's and 1930's, in a sense, to his golden period of poetical development. This was, as we have seen in Chapter One, the period of Il sentimento del tempo, the rediscovery of "il canto della lingua italiana". It is to this development of Ungaretti that his trans-

lation of Blake, Góngora, Shakespeare, Mallarmé, and Racine, as well as his intense interest in translation is undeniably connected. Indeed, this is the primary reason that Ungaretti includes his translations within Vita d'un uomo. Translation was for him a very important part of his career. The volumes of Shakespeare, Góngora, and Mallarmé, Racine, and Blake remain also an important part of his works. But it is with the last volume, with Visioni di William Blake, that we are here concerned. All other volumes will serve as background to this one.

Turning back to the period of the late 1920's and the 1930's in Ungaretti's poetic career, we find that it is a period which fits perfectly Rebay's phrase "Ordine e tradizione".[2] What does this phrase mean when applied to Ungaretti? Without going too much into Rebay's study of Ungaretti, the phrase "ordine e tradizione" refers to two tendencies in the period between the two world wars. One is the general shift towards conservatism or traditionalism by the European artists after the holocaust of the Great War. It was a preoccupation with finding the roots of the Western literary tradition and reestablish in the modern age traditional art forms. The other tendency is a personal one of Ungaretti: his own adherence to the general shift towards traditionalism not in the sense of reestablishing traditional art forms, but in the sense of "riconoscimento", of finding in the roots of the Western literary tradition the lesson which he had found in Mallarmé - i.e., "riconoscimento" in terms of an essential language and a transformation of poetry into theology.

Since the end of the Neoclassic Age, the Romantic movement in Europe had tended to stress more and more the irrational factor in the arts, especially in poetry. There was always an attempt at escaping, in one way or another, from the restrictions of traditional art forms. The poet needed to express himself fully, not to leave anything unsaid. Consequently the forms which had come down to him from tradition were now inadequate. He sought new ones; and, in doing so, stressing the irrational element, the force within him which yearned to bare itself, not only was the Romantic poet led to deny traditional art forms, but he had to undertake, as well, a campaign against tradition itself. The arts of the future, he felt, could not come about by submitting to the authority of the past. The denial of tradition had one great effect: the poet turned inwards. In so doing, he became aware of the need for a new language - one of the heart, rather than one of the mind. With this awareness, the poetry of the Neoclassic Age definitely ended.

Decadentism, which took over the lesson of the Romantic Age soon after the craze for realism and naturalism died down, developed itself around the cult for the irrational. Scientific knowledge, philosophy, and all other traditional forms of knowledge, the Decadents felt, could not reveal truth to man. Only poetry could do so. Poetry alone had the power to penetrate beyond objects and, as we saw above, reach their hidden reality, their true reality. When poetry was at its best, it merged with music; music being, according to Schopenhauer,[3] the single way through which man became one with the universe. Such a

position led to all sorts of changes in art forms - witness Mallarmé and D'Annunzio. Witness, although from his own perspective, Ungaretti in L'allegria di naufragi and Il porto sepolto. Or, for that matter, witness Pascoli's many innovations. In all this there was, of course, a denial of tradition.

From this anti-traditional position of Decadentism arose all the iconoclastic groups previous to and after the Great War. Cubism, Futurism, Dada, Surrealism, etc. All these "isms", although deceiving themselves into believing that they were the wave of the future, the really new art finally independent of traditional forms and tradition itself more than Romanticism and Decadentism had been, were, in actual fact, only the furthest and most extreme manifestation of Decadentism. The creative absurdities of Dada were consciously directed against tradition. The same was true of Surrealism, which was simply a complete immersion by the poet into the irrational, a complete withdrawing within himself. And Futurism, as we saw, also denied tradition. What were the results? First of all, a destruction of language. Few of the ravings of the Dadaists and Surrealists can be called poetry. Very little, indeed, has remained of Futurist poetry. Second, and in a more consequential plane, the cult of the irrational led to the holocaust of the Great War. The iconoclastic groups came to see in war the direct identification of art with life. Had this not been the chief tenet of Decadentism?[4]

The horror which was revealed by the Great War did, however, change this extremist tendency. The Great War, more than anything else, brought an end to the Ottocento.[5] If, for instance, Pascoli and D'Annunzio kept up their writing well into the Novecento, after the Great War, their influence began to diminish fast. Irrationalism had uncovered its true self. The artistic products of the new groups were revealed empty of values, ideals, and truths which could benefit humanity. The changes in art forms and in poetic language could not be denied. But, of all the changes taking place, the task now was to separate the merely sensational from the true gains. The language of Marinetti, for instance, reflected an inward emptiness. He had been daring, of course, but this was not what the poetry of the Novecento demanded. One looked to the "Vociani", now. Or one looked to Ungaretti's slim volumes where the essential language, the "aderenza alla vita", revealed a new life. The language of the Novecento was to be not merely of the heart, like that of the Romantics and Decadents, but of the soul. And the language of the soul could be found only within the tradition, not in the denial of it.

With the Great War, the Ottocento came to an end. The search for tradition began. Pound and Eliot were the two most influential exponents of this shift towards tradition in Europe. In Italy, the writers of "La Ronda" turned towards the Cinquecento. For these, tradition was the valid alternative to the emptiness shown by the new groups. And, for

them, tradition also meant "ordine", order and stability, a refuge from the irrationalism unleashed by the Decadents. Did not The Waste Land ask for order, for stability? And were not Pound's Cantos directed towards the same end? The program of "La Ronda" was similar. But, in the end, the shift from an anti-traditional stand to a pro-traditional one came to mean, in general, a program of traditionalism. The concern was not so much with finding the roots of the Western tradition and building again from them the art of the Novecento; it was mainly a conservative reaction to the irrationalism of the Ottocento. So the call for tradition proved to be, for the most part, one of reaction rather than a thrust forward to overcome the irrationalism of the Decadents. The perfect example is that of the writers of "La Ronda". They, rather than overcome the lyrical exibitionism of Pascoli and D'Annunzio as Ungaretti was trying to do, abandoned the fight and insisted that the best poetry is prose poetry. The lyrical Leopardi, oddly enough, was by them sacrificed to the Leopardi of the Zibaldone.

With the end of the Great War, Ungaretti's process of "riconoscimento" went to work. He also inevitably came to identify himself with this general shift towards tradition. But, with him, the drive was not merely one of reaction to the cult of the irrational in the Ottocento; on the contrary, he had always had his eyes fixed towards tradition for reasons of his own. He found nothing of great use in the Ottocento and, from the very earliest awareness of the Italian lyric tradition, he had looked beyond the Ottocento for guidance.

> "...Sapevo di Baudelaire e di Nietzsche, di Mallarmé e di Rimbaud, di Laforgue e di tante altre cose quando in Italia non c'era che ignoranza, più di quindici anni fa; ben poco mi hanno insegnato gl'italiani che non avessero nome Leopardi e più contano."[6]

L'allegria di naufragi and Il porto sepolto shared little with Decadentism, Futurism, or the Crepuscolari. Ungaretti's poems looked beyond these "isms" and to the lyricism of the Italian tradition, even if still in an elemental way. The drive that first brought Ungaretti to take part in the general shift towards tradition was, instead, one of "riconoscimento". Was he not, with his two slim volumes of poems, looking backwards to the roots of the Italian lyric tradition? Was he not trying to recapture for Italian poetry the lesson of an essential language which he had first learned from Mallarmé? If the European poets of the 1920's and 1930's returned to tradition, were they not denying the heritage of the Decadents, going beyond the Romantic and Neoclassic ages and to the Renaissance? In the general shift towards tradition, Ungaretti found the perfect outlet for his process of "riconoscimento". But what is this "riconoscimento" in Ungaretti?

In his study of the origins of the poetry of Ungaretti, Rebay, in the first chapter, introduces Ungaretti's process of "riconoscimento". It is this:

> "Spinto da un fondamentale bisogno d'identificazione, spiegabile in parte dal suo spaesamento di uomo maturato in un clima estraneo alla cultura europea, Ungaretti, ogni qual volta si è trovato a confronto di

> opere di altri poeti o di correnti d'idee, si è preoccupato di cercarvi una risposta a un costante interrogativo: v'è qualcosa in comune fra me, il mio modo di sentire, le mie vicende e le mie aspirazioni, e il modo di sentire, le vicende e le aspirazioni di questo scrittore o di questa tendenza?"[7]

Ungaretti was born of Italian parents in Alessandria, Egypt.[8] He was educated in French schools. In 1912 he left to study in Paris. This "spaesamento", finding himself in an alien culture and surroundings, created in Ungaretti an "ansia d'identità", a need to identify with people, things, and trends so that the alienation resulting from his "spaesamento" could be alleviated. His life in pre-war Paris, although intellectually active - he frequented the artists of the time, was a personal friend of Apollinaire, met Papini, Palazzeschi, and Soffici - was basically an inharmonious one. He could not relate to his new surroundings as deeply as he had related to his surroundings in Alessandria. This alienation entered much into his nature and, with the beginning of his poetic career, passed into Ungaretti's relationship with other poets, ideas, or trends with which he came into contact. From this alienation, Ungaretti could only and did escape through his process of "riconoscimento". There was in him a need to harmonize, to feel at one with, or, at least, find connections with whatever interested him. "Il mio supplizio/", Ungaretti wrote, "è quando/ non mi trovo/ in armonia".[9]

The encounter of Ungaretti with "ordine e tradizione", with the general shift towards tradition, and his adherence to it resulted from

this process of "riconoscimento". Ungaretti saw in his adherence to the general shift away from the Ottocento and towards the roots of the Western lyric tradition a way, on the surface, of satisfying his "ansia d'identità", a way of feeling "in armonia" with the poets and ideas and trends of the 1920's and 1930's. Even if on the surface, this is an important consideration. What would Ungaretti's subsequent poetry have been like, had he not found it necessary to harmonize with the general trend? Surrealism and Futurism were there to welcome him.[10] But the most important consideration is that the process of "riconoscimento" led Ungaretti to avoid the traditionalism or conservative reaction to "La Ronda" and really penetrate deeply within the Italian lyric tradition, reach its roots, and bring back in the poetry of Il sentimento del tempo and the later work the lesson of Mallarmé rediscovered in Petrarch and Leopardi, "il canto della lingua italiana" made new.

Ungaretti rediscovered the roots of the Italian lyric tradition moving backwards in time: from the modern Italian poets of the 1920's and 1930's to Leopardi and, finally, to the poetry of Petrarch. Along the way, he came to see that Mallarmé's lesson was also present in Leopardi. Leopardi too asked the poet to consider "l'uso elegante di vocaboli", the essential language. This, however, was not all. Ungaretti reinterprets Leopardi so that the essential language comes to mean, as it did for Mallarmé and, as we saw, for Blake, the transformation of poetry into theology.

> "Opponeva a tanta angoscia [man's anguish in the material world], il Leopardi, quel prestigio segreto della poesia che mette l'uomo in grado di proporre all'universo un'illusione di ringiovanimento, e che mette in grado l'uomo di abbandonarsi a tale illusione, di essere, come desiderava Rimbaud, 'voyant'; di dare, come s'affaticava a fare Mallarmé 'un sens nouveau aux mots de la tribu' - di suscitare, vogliamo dire, nelle proprie parole, per la conoscenza di se e non per quella d'un modello letterario - di suscitare un'illusione d'innocenza, l'illusione della libertà, dell'intatta libertà di prima della caduta. E so bene che la durata gli era allora più presente che mai, che essa per lui comprendeva ogni modello della lingua, e s'era costituita in tradizione - so bene che il miracolo, l'illusione di nuova vita, non voleva il Leopardi fosse ritenuto se non frutto d'eleganza, frutto dell'uso elegante di vocaboli ch'egli poteva - per elucidare la propria esperienza e accrescere d'esattezza l'eloquenza della sua ispirazione - colmare d'uno e talvolta di molteplici valori drammaticamente, ironicamente ad essi vocaboli derivati dalla storia d'una lingua d'uso ormai antico, d'una lingua logora dall'uso."[11]

But where had Leopardi derived these notions? For Ungaretti, of course, there was only one answer: Petrarch. Leopardi was the direct inheritor of the Petrarchan tradition, which is itself the Western lyric tradition. Ungaretti, then, was able, through his process of "riconoscimento", to find in Leopardi the same points which he had learned from Mallarmé.

Now, with Petrarch, Ungaretti's "riconoscimento" is the very same.[12] How? In the same way as Ungaretti's "riconoscimento" in Mallarmé. Petrarch, like Mallarmé, had an aristocratic conception of poetry. This means simply that Petrarch was chiefly concerned in his poetry not with an ornamental language, as the Decadents were to be,

but rather with an essential one. He chose his words carefully, renouncing the notion of immediate expression. In other words, he practiced, like Mallarmé and Ungaretti were to do, critical awareness. He strove for truthful and direct expression of his feelings, for "essenzialità lirica". Witness of this essential language in Petrarch was, for Ungaretti, the Canzoniere. Each word is chosen and put in its right place; each verse is chiselled to perfection; each sonnet contains the truthful and direct expression of Petrarch's feelings for Laura. Of course, as we saw in the case of the Elizabethans, Petrarch's preoccupation with poetic conventions does not at all diminish his "essenzialità lirica". For Ungaretti, then, the essential language of Petrarch spread throughout European poetry and became the Western lyric tradition.[13] In Italian poetry, the greatest representative of this tradition was Leopardi. In France it was Mallarmé. In Spain, it was Góngora. In England, it was Shakespeare. And we also saw how, other sources notwithstanding, Ungaretti could claim Blake as a Petrarchist.

Certainly Ungaretti's "riconoscimento" with Petrarch does not end with the essential language. As I have already pointed out in the case of Mallarmé, Ungaretti himself, Blake, and Leopardi, since the essential language proceeds from the divine, transforms poetry into theology. Ungaretti finds in Petrarch this transformation. Who is Laura? Ungaretti sees that, for Petrarch, Laura is an ideal, or rather the

divine made manifest in the material world. She was the ideal of beauty when alive. With her death, Laura as an ideal, as a manifestation of the divine becomes even more intensely so. Petrarch, oppressed by the material world, by the constant awareness of time and death, finds in Laura that ideal which he must reach. While alive, she permeated all things; in death, all the best things exist in her, or in Petrarch's memory of her. And it is she that, like Beatrice for Dante, calls Petrarch to rise above the material world and to the vision of the spiritual one. And ultimately, for Petrarch, the spiritual world becomes one with Laura. It is she that he wants. It is she that he will rejoin with death, just as Ungaretti would rejoin Antonietto, "i cari morti", and be one with them. How does the Canzoniere end? With the identification of Laura and the Virgin Mary.[14] Moreover, Petrarch does not stop there. The Trionfi are the ultimate testament of the poet's wish to rise above the material world. It is over time and death, over the "hazard" that Petrarch strives to triumph. Laura is waiting there.

"Ma innanzi a tutte ch'a rifar si vanno,
   è quella che piangendo il mondo chiama
con la mia lingua e con la stanca penna;
ma 'l ciel pur di vederla intera brama.
   A riva un fiume che nasce in Gebenna
amor mi die' per lei si lunga guerra
che la memoria ancora il cor accenna.
   Felice sasso che 'l bel viso serra!
che, poi ch'avrà ripreso il suo bel velo,
se fu beato chi la vide in terra,
   or che fia dunque a rivederla in cielo?"[15]

What all this means to Ungaretti, of course, is that, as with Mallarmé and himself and Blake, so with Petrarch, poetry is transformed into theology when the poet becomes conscious of this need to triumph over the material world and reach the spiritual one. In so doing, Petrarch, by the mere necessity of expressing his vision of Laura as the ideal and as oneness with God, expresses himself in "linguaggio sacro". It is from the divine that Petrarch's word proceeds; and it is through it, in the creative process as a mystical technique, that Petrarch can rise above the material world, abolish his associations with it, and become momentarily one with Laura, the divine or God. And what function does his poetry take then, if not that of revealing to man the spiritual world? Had not poetry had this very important function before Petrarch? It is only after him that, with the Baroque age, the Neoclassic, the Romantic, and the Decadent, poets had tried to give poetry a function other than this, other than revelatory.

> "Quando, dal contatto d'immagini, gli nascerà
> luce, ci sarà poesia, e tanto maggiore poesia,
> per quest'uomo che vuole salire dall'inferno a Dio,
> quanto maggiore sarà la distanza messa a contatto.
> Crediamo in una logica tanto più appassionante
> quanto più si presenti insolubilmente ricca d'incognite.
> Dunque, forse, sarebbe il nostro un secolo di
> missione religiosa?
> Lo è. Potrebbe non esserlo con tanta enormità di
> sofferenza intorno a noi?
> Lo è. In verità, tale è sempre stata la missione
> della poesia.
> Ma dal Petrarca in poi, e in un modo andandosi
> giornalmente nei secoli aggravando, la poesia
> voleva darsi altri scopi, riuscendo, quando era poesia,
> ad essere religiosa, anche contro ogni sua intenzione."[16]

For Ungaretti, the task of the modern poet, the task of the great poets of all ages, is to rediscover these two points which he himself rediscovered in Petrarch.

Once Ungaretti rediscovered these roots, his poetry, as we saw in Chapter One, changed drastically. The first steps taken with the help of Mallarmé in L'allegria di naufragi and Il porto sepolto took definitively the path towards tradition with Il sentimento del tempo. But something else of great importance took place. Ungaretti had now found part of himself in Petrarch; what, however, had happened to that tradition? He knew of Mallarmé and Leopardi as inheritors of the tradition. Who else, then, besides these two, was the inheritor of the tradition? If the Petrarchan tradition had spread outside of Italy, and if he wanted to truly understand this tradition in all its manifestations, what better way was there than to approach poets of other national traditions? In these too he could learn the lesson of Petrarch. With this in mind, Ungaretti turned to Góngora, to Shakespeare, and to Blake. Later he would turn to Racine. Of course, the best approach to these poets could be only translation.

When Ungaretti began to translate in the late 1920's and early 1930's, this preoccupation with an essential language was uppermost in his mind. In order for him to understand, as much as possible, the lesson of Petrarch and Mallarmé and Leopardi, he had to "... analizzare

sul vivo, come si può fare solo traducendo, particolari aspetti di scrittori di diversa indole e origine."[17] Ungaretti's preoccupation with language, then, led him into translation. And, as far as this point was concerned, Ungaretti was well aware that through translation, his own search for "il canto della lingua italiana", the lyrical style of Petrarch and Leopardi made new would be helped much. This is why, in the "Nota" to 40 sonetti di Shakespeare, he connects his activity of translator to his own search for the style of Il sentimento del tempo:

> "Sognavo una poesia dove la segretezza dello animo, non tradita né falsata negli impulsi, si conciliasse a un'estrema sapienza di discorso."[18]

But once Ungaretti entered into translation, the problems of an essential language began to fade away into the background. Just as before, the process of "riconoscimento" took over. It was not merely examples of the Petrarchan tradition that Ungaretti now wanted. He wanted, instead, to penetrate deeper into the work of these poets, and find in them part of himself. Translation thus became for Ungaretti a way in which he could harmonize with the poet he was translating, feel one with him. This explains the closeness of Ungaretti's La terra promessa to Racine's Phèdre, or rather Ungaretti's reading of Racine's tragedy. And it explains Ungaretti's closeness to Shakespeare, despite the many differences between their poetry.[19] The "riconoscimento" is always on the two points of an essential language and the transformation

of poetry into theology. But it goes deeper. Ungaretti's relationship with the poets that he translated is closely bound up with his need to harmonize, his need to find in his surroundings an escape from the alienated nature of his existence. How else can be explained Ungaretti's interest in the translation of Blake, an interest stretching from the period of Il sentimento del tempo to that of Il taccuino del vecchio? Indeed, Ungaretti found in the poets he translated not only teachers, as he had found a teacher in Mallarmé, but he also found in them companions in his adventure of "vita d'un uomo". This fact is apparent in the two reasons given by Ungaretti to explain his activity of translator:

> "L'arte del tradurre, se parte da una ricerca di linguaggio poetico e si risolve in espressione poetica, porta semplicemente a poesia, e su questo non ci sarebbe da discutere."[20]

> "Ho fatto traduzioni per arricchirmi spiritualmente, per studiare il mestiere e la lingua di un altro poeta; per sentire meglio un altro spirito, sentirlo più vicino."[21]

It is at this point that we come to Ungaretti's Visioni di William Blake and try to approach it purely as a volume of translations. It is quite obvious that Ungaretti's process of "riconoscimento" in Góngora, Mallarmé, Shakespeare, Racine, and Blake should determine the contents of the translation. The poems which Ungaretti translated from Góngora are very close to Petrarch, showing a concern for language and

theme. These same two concerns are part of Ungaretti's translation of Shakespeare and Mallarmé. In the case of Racine, besides these two concerns, Ungaretti brings out his own peculiar reading of Phèdre, connected closely to the theme of La terra promessa. Visioni di William Blake shows Ungaretti's concern with the illustration of Blake's essential language and with the illustration of Blake's ideas. I leave here any attempt at discussing the contents of the translations of Góngora and Mallarmé, Shakespeare, and Racine. They are not pertinent to this thesis. Instead, I follow up the discussion of Ungaretti's translation of Blake. In the contents of Visioni di William Blake, I make this simple distinction: lyrical and didactic contents. The first are chosen by Ungaretti primarily for his concern with and illustration of Blake's "miracolo della parola"; the second are chosen specifically to illustrate Blake's ideas, or rather his central theme of man's freedom from the material world. I shall give only a brief account of the contents, while concentrating more on Ungaretti's translation of the texts.

The two selections from Poetical Sketches translated by Ungaretti, "Song by a Shepherd" and "Song by an Old Shepherd", are unmistakably part of the lyrical contents of the translation. True, their didactic aspect stands out; but the central theme of man's freedom from the material world stands out in all of Blake's lyrics. The same is true of the poems translated from Songs of Innocence and

the single selection from Songs of Experience. There is no need to comment on the selections from the first. "The Tiger", however, was a must for Ungaretti, being Blake's most popular poem. Ungaretti takes the larger portion of his translations from the Rossetti and Pickering manuscripts and the Prophecies. This less "anthologized" Blake[22] is indicative. The lyrics of the manuscripts are translated by Ungaretti primarily for their didactic character. They illustrate Blake's central theme in various forms. The majority of them, such as "Never Seek to Tell thy Love", "I Laid me Down Upon a Bank", "I Saw a Chapel All of Gold", illustrate the theme of freedom in terms of sexual repression. Other lyrics, "I Heard an Angel Singing", "Why Should I Care for the Men of Thames", for instance, illustrate the same theme in forms of social repression. "LaFayette" illustrates it in terms of political repression. Besides these, there are poems which Ungaretti translated with the purpose of illustrating specific aspects of Blake's ideas. For example, "Motto to the Songs of Innocence and of Experience" illustrates the loss of vision in man and his surrender to Selfhood. "My Spectre Around Me Night and Day" illustrates the sexes warring as a result of Urizen and Vala's doctrine of "Woman's Love is Sin". "The Birds" illustrates their union in love. Blake's attack on scientific knowledge, knowledge based on experimentation rather than Imagination, is presented in "You Don't Believe". At the same time, Blake's rejection of Classical art is presented in "If it is True what the Prophets Write", "I Will Tell You What Joseph of Arimathea", and

"Why Was Cupid a Boy". "The Smile" and "The Mental Traveller" illustrate man's two ways to reach the vision of the spiritual world: love and art. "A Song of Liberty", which generally ends The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, is translated for didactic purpose since its lyrical qualities are somewhat doubtful. The selections from the Prophecies are all translated primarily for their lyrical qualities. Their didactic qualities are present, of course; but Ungaretti has chosen only those parts in the Prophecies which show themselves to be lyrical passages. One need only look at the "Preludium" to America, or the selection from Night Eighth of The Four Zoas, or that from Chapter 3 of Jerusalem to realize this. The contents of Visioni di William Blake end with For the Sexes: The Gates of Paradise, a series of pictures and verses didactically illustrating man's journey from the material to the spiritual world.

Since Visioni di William Blake is only one volume in the four that comprise the series "Traduzioni" in Ungaretti's Vita d'un uomo, and there are also many minor translations, and Ungaretti carried on his activity of translation throughout his poetic career, what is Ungaretti's general position on the art of translation?

The problem of whether or not translation is possible and how well or how badly is an old one. It is, therefore, not necessary to get into the argument here. One feels, however, that Croce's resolution

of it should be repeated. Pointing out that each artistic expression is singular and cannot be reproduced, Croce, who feels that translation tries to do just this, closes the argument by noting humorously that translations are really like women: "Brutte fedeli o belle infedeli".[23] Ungaretti agrees with Croce on this point. He believes that translation is basically impossible:

> "Tradurre è una impresa da matti. Non si riesce mai a tradurre. È impossibile."[24]

The reason for Ungaretti's position is found in the conception which he has of the word itself. Ungaretti believes, like Dante, from whose De vulgari eloquentia he partly derives his notion, that the word has a double quality: the rational or logical, and the sensual. The logical is translateable because it carries the message; the sensual, on the other hand, is not translateable because it carries tone.[25]

> "Io credo che nella parola ci sia una parte sensuale e una parte, come dire?, logica...Dunque, nel tradurre b isogna rendere con la maggiore precisione possibile la parte razionale: essere quanto più fedeli possibile nei significati. Parlo proprio di significati: non si può né togliere né aggiungere una parola. Ma poi è assurdo fare una distinzione tra parte sensuale e parte razionale. La parola è come un essere umano, fatta di animo e di corpo. Un tavolo è sempre un tavolo, e in francese e in italiano, e in inglese. Ma il tono con cui questa parola viene pronunciata com'è possibile renderlo? È questa la parte sensuale, e francamente è impossibile parlarne: non si riesce mai a far qualcosa di buono. Non è facile separare la parte sensuale dalla razionale senza pericolo di morte, come avviene nell'uomo quando si distacca l'animo dal corpo."[26]

Besides this double quality in the word, Ungaretti considers also the distance between two languages. One can reproduce by approximation the externals of a poem, but those qualities that make up the tone of a language it is impossible to reproduce. Consequently what results is always different from the original.

> "E poi ogni lingua è imprecisa: non esiste una parola di altra lingua che dica completamente quel che dice una nostra parola e viceversa. Al massimo si può trovare un sinonimo che, malgrado tutto, per una sfumatura non è la stessa cosa. Ora si tratta di rendere altri suoni, un altro impasto sillabico, altre cadenze e simmetrie liriche. In ogni caso si può essere sempre sicuri di fare una cosa diversa dall'originale".[27]

But, despite all this, Ungaretti translates, as do other translators who have similar objections. He simply gives himself the task of emphasizing the meaning of a poem, avoiding the problem of tone as much as possible. Meaning is thus the key term in Ungaretti's translations.

> "La traduzione è sempre una poesia inferiore, una imitazione. Prenda il caso della traduzione di Baudelaire da Poe: è una cosa fatta molto bene, ma non è Poe. Insomma, non bisogna tradire il significato, e per il resto fare quello che si può."[28]

As in all other translations, so with Ungaretti's translation from Blake, there are certain factors which have to be taken into consideration. The reasons for translating are for example, an important

consideration. A translator may be mercenary and sacrifice the truthfulness of the translation to monetary gain, or to any other end. But two factors are always present in a translation: the nature of the translator himself and the period in which the translation occurred. In the translation of poetry, the results are bound to be better if the translator is himself a poet or knows much about poetry. The same is true if the translator realizes that he is limited by his own historical period not only in the selections of subject, but also in the language into which the original will be put. Translation of Petrarch in our period of history, for instance, is different from the translations done in Elizabethan times. The translator has to act as a "medium" between the poet of a past age and the reader of the modern one. His task is to let these two communicate. In this rests his success. In his own position of the art of translation, Ungaretti realized these two points and saw their importance:

> "Ogni uomo traduce secondo la propria natura poetica, e così anche secondo il gusto del proprio tempo. Nessuno vive fuori della storia. E gli autori che un traduttore sceglie con un certo suo criterio, li sceglie anche secondo il gusto del proprio tempo."[29]

His choice of Blake was dictated not only by his own poetic nature, but also by the period in which he translated. Ungaretti, like Blake, is essentially a lyric poet; and the translation results, as we have seen in Chapter One, from reasons which tie in with their poetic character. Ungaretti translated the lyrics during the late 1920's and the 1930's.

This was because, during that period, Blake was known on the continent primarily through Eliot's essay, in which Blake appears as a great lyric poet. The Prophecies were disregarded as chaotic. The selections from the Prophecies, however, were translated by Ungaretti during the 1960's,[30] when the emphasis had definitively passed from the lyrical to the Prophetic Blake.

Ungaretti's method of translation is the literal one. He adopted this method because of the reasons given above in his conception of the word, in all his translations, major and minor ones, and because he felt that "... cercare la verità fuori della lettera, è fatica sprecata."[31] In opposition to this method is the free one. What is the difference between the two?

The free method of translation is one which emphasizes the reproduction of the tone of a poem, even at the expense of its meaning. A representative of this method is Robert Lowell. But even in the free method, Lowell makes a distinction between "the tone", that which cannot be reproduced in a second language, and "a tone", that which gives the translated poem poetic qualities of its own.

> "Boris Pasternak has said that the usual reliable translator gets the literal meaning but misses the tone, and that in poetry tone is of course everything. I have been reckless with literal meaning, and laboured hard to get the tone. Most often this has been a tone, for the tone is something that will always more or less escape transference to another language and cultural moment."[32]

What Lowell or the free translator does is project himself into the original poem and attempt its "imitation" in a second language. The result is generally the creation of a new poem for which the translator found stimulus in the original one.

> "I believe that poetic translation - I would call it an imitation - must be expert and inspired, and needs at least as much technique, luck and rightness of hand as an original poem. I have dropped lines, moved lines, moved stanzas, changed images and altered meter and intent."[33]

One need only take a look at Lowell's volume to realize the freedom he takes.

In the literal method of Ungaretti, the reverse is true. Meaning is all important, and tone is sacrificed to it. There is no dropping of lines and no changes of stanzas. There is, however, an occasional shift of lines. In all, the form is kept as close to the original as possible. But this does not mean a mechanically executed translation. Ungaretti, or any literal translator, has to make the results readeable and appealing, giving, at least, the semblance of being poetry. Thus there is some amount of free translation even within the literal method. When Ungaretti moves the fourth verse and makes it the first in the fourth stanza from "La tigre",[34] this is a way of giving more freedom to his method. When he translates "near my bosom" as "vicino al mio cuore" in"Il fiore",[35] it is, again, a symptom of free translation. The same when he chooses to turn a singular noun to a plural one.[36] And a certain amount of freedom is taken

by Ungaretti in his habit of making the translation more readeable by taking terms out or splitting into two verses a single one of Blake. All these points, I shall illustrate. However, the illustration of Ungaretti's method must begin with the transference of meaning, since the emphasis is on it.

As we saw above, although Ungaretti believes that basically to separate meaning from tone, the logical from the sensual part of the word, is impossible he nevertheless translates. Now, in the case of Blake's poetry this impossibility becomes even more so by the mere fact that the lyrics depend to a great extent on tone for their meaning. If Blake can achieve what Ungaretti calls "il miracolo della parola", it is chiefly from the fact that he makes a large use of the onomatopoeic basis. It is to this basis that he welds the meaning of his poems, and asks the reader to respond emotionally. The intellectual response should only come later. Of this, Ungaretti was well aware:

> "La poesia è però poesia solo se uno udendola, da essa si senta subito colpito dentro, senza immaginare ancora di potersela spiegare, o non ancora indotto a doversi confessare di non potere mai essere in grado di valutarne le manifestazioni, miracoli."[37]

It goes without saying that the translation of the onomatopoeic basis in Blake's poetry had to be abandoned by Ungaretti. In those poems or stanzas where meaning is welded to the tone and which are, nevertheless, translated, it is easy to see that the results are far from pleasing.

A good example of this impossibility of separating meaning from tone is "La tigre". Let us take a look at the poem.

"Tigre! Tigre! divampante fulgore
Nelle foreste della notte,
Quale fu l'immortale mano o l'occhio
Ch'ebbe la forza di formare
La tua agghiacciante simmetria?

In quali abissi o in quali cieli
Accese il fuoco dei tuoi occhi?
Sopra quali ali osa slanciarsi?
E quale mano afferra il fuoco?

Quali spalle, quale arte
Potè torcerti i tendini del cuore?
E quando il tuo cuore ebbe il primo palpito,
Quale tremenda mano?
Quale tremendo piede?

Quale mazza e quale catena?
Il tuo cervello fu in quale fornace?
E quale incudine?
Quale morsa robusta osò serrarne
I terrori funesti?

Chi l'Agnello creò, creò anche te?
Fu nel sorriso che ebbe
Osservando compiuto il suo lavoro,
Mentre gli astri perdevano le lance
Tirandole alla terra
E il paradiso empivano di pianti?

Tigre! Tigre! divampante fulgore
Nelle foreste della notte,
Quale mano, quale immortale spia
Osa formare
La tua agghiacciante simmetria?"[38]

("Tiger! Tiger! burning bright/ In the forests of the night./ What immortal hand or eye/ Could frame thy fearful symmetry?// In what distant deeps or skies/ Burnt the fire of thine eyes?/ On what wings dare he aspire?/ What the hand dare seize the fire?// And what shoulder, and what art,/ Could twist the sinews of thy heart?/ And when thy heart began to beat,/ What dread hand? What dread feet?// What the hammer? what the chain?/ In what furnace

> was thy brain?/ What the anvil? what dread grasp/ Dare its deadly terrors clasp?// When the stars threw down their spears,/ And water'd heaven with their tears,/ Did he smile his work to see?/ Did he who made the Lamb make thee?// Tiger! Tiger! burning bright/ In the forests of the night,/ What immortal hand or eye,/ Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?")

Clearly the onomatopoeic basis of the lyric has disappeared. But with it, much of the meaning. If there is a line which makes the meaning of the poem explicit to a certain extent, it is this: "Did he who made the Lamb make thee?". Ungaretti has transferred the line to head the stanza: "Chi l'Agnello creò, creò anche te?". But if we try and make sense of the five verses which follow it, we soon discover that we cannot. The verses are obscure in Blake, but not half as obscure as they are in Ungaretti's translation. The reason for this is that, in Blake, the meaning is carried by the tone of the entire poem, and this tone elucidates the four obscure verses. The meaning of the poem is not merely the dynamic coexistence of the Tiger and the Lamb in Generation, but it is also the <u>awe</u> which animates our realization of this truth. This awe is communicated through tone. Take these two verses: "What the hammer? what the chain?/In what furnace was thy brain?" Our response here is not to the logical meaning, but to the sound of the hammer and the chain, and the visual evocation of the furnace and the brain. In short, Blake transports us to the very core of the meaning: the sensual experience of what the poem is about. Similarly, it is impossible to transfer into the line "Tigre! Tigre! divampante fulgore" the meaning of "Tiger! Tiger! burning bright".

Ungaretti's translation of "The Tiger" could be considered an

extreme example, were it not that this same tendency is shown in other stanzas and lines. Take this one, for example:

> "Dormi! dormi! bello splendore,
> Sognando le notturne gioie;
> Dormi! dormi! e nel tuo sonno
> Adagio le pennuccie tue si sciolgono."[39]

("Sleep! sleep! beauty bright,/Dreaming o'er the joys of night;/Sleep! sleep! in thy sleep/Little sorrows sit and weep.")

Blake wants to show that the child will awaken into revolt, that his slumbering forces will rise to do battle. As we read his stanza, we realize quickly that he is not taken in by the apparent slumber of the child. This cannot be said of Ungaretti's stanza. In his preoccupation with meaning, the tone impossible to reproduce, he succumbs to the charms of the child and gives the entire stanza a sentimental meaning.

Other examples can be found, as far as poems and stanzas go. Ungaretti's translation of "The Blossom", for instance, may be acceptable, but it misses the meaning much. Even in the title, which is translated "Il fiore". Or one could question the difference between Blake's term "bosom" and all it implies and Ungaretti's translation of it as "cuore".[40] But it is better to look at a few individual lines before moving on. Let us look at this one from "Argomento" in Il matrimonio del cielo e dell'inferno.

> "Rugge Rintrah e i suoi fuochi sommuove
> Nell'appesantirsi dell'aria;
> Fameliche pendono
> Nuvole sull'abisso."[41]

("Rintrah roars and shakes his fires in the burden'd air;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.")

Ungaretti's translation is close, but lost is all the power of the original. The alliteration which Ungaretti tries to reproduce "Rugge Rintrah" carries only a small fraction of the thunderous "Rintrah roars". There is little, of course, that Ungaretti could do to get at the core of Blake's term "swag". "Abisso" is certainly inadequate. And a look can be given to these two verses from "Introduzione":

"Andavo via per valli brulle
Zufolando giulivi ritornelli"[42]

("Piping down the valleys wild,/Piping songs of pleasant glee")

Ungaretti's verses miss all the meaning which issues from Blake's tone. In Ungaretti, the versesmerely describe; in Blake, instead, they evoke. The very sound of the piping is heard; and the Piper, in his dionysian image, is extremely visual.

This problem of meaning through tone is not so acute for Ungaretti in his translation of the selections from the Prophecies. In these, the prose properties are more apparent. Ungaretti merely follows the unwinding of Blake's long verses, and concentrates on the meaning of the entire section.

"Nella Femmina disubbidiente cresce quindi il
Velo Infernale,
Che Gesù squarcia, l'intera Legge Druidica
Rimuovono dal Recesso del Tempio, Falsa Santità
entro il Centro occulta.

Poiché il Santuario di Eden è nel Campo, nel
Contorno,
Nella Circonferenza: ed ogni Minuto Particolare
è Santo.
Abbracci sono Istantanei Avvicinamenti da Capo a
Piedi,
E non un pomposo Gran Sacerdote iniziante da un
Luogo Segreto."[43]

("Hence the Infernal Veil grows in the disobedient Female,/ Which Jesus rends and the whole Druid Law removes away/ From the Inner Sanctuary, a False Holiness hid within the Center./ For the Sanctuary of Eden is in the Camp, in the Outline,/ In the circumference: and every Minute Particular is Holy./ Embraces are Cominglings from Head even to the Feet,/ And not a pompous High Priest entering by a Secret Place.")

The results are generally quite close, even if the Italian terms "Femmina", "Velo Infernale", "Legge Druidica", etc., do not carry the same evocative meaning carried by Blake's. Nor should one expect them to do so. Yet when the passage from the Prophecies is highly lyrical, Ungaretti is again in trouble:

"'Non ti spaventare, nel tuo abbandono! O terra
di rovi ora e di spini,
' Dove fioriva un tempo l'Olivo e il Cedro
stendeva le sue ali!
'Un tempo anch'io gemetti di desolazione: i miei
campi incolti in spavento
'Gridavano contro i Cimiteri, e si fece malinconico
il Lombrico.
'Me lo ritrovai dentro il petto, e dissi: 'il
tempo dell'Amore
'Sopra le colline appare in ombre silenziose'. Ma
subito
'Sorse una voce dentro la notte, un fondo grido
notturno sopra le montagne:
''Destati! ecco lo sposo!' Mi destai per non
addormentarmi più.
'Eterna Consunzione, la tenebrosa Enion,
'La Tomba Lacrimata. O tu, campo di grano, Vegetatore
lieto!

'Più lieto, il roditore nero. Speranza mette in
fuga il mio tormento,
'Ora che mi circonda un buio vortice e trascina
'Interamente via da Enion lo Spettro, acciocché io
muoia morte
'Di migliore speranza, sebbene in acque di tempesta
mi consumi.
'Alla tomba replica il campo arato, e a me odo che
lei replica:
''Ecco rapido il tempo s'avvicina, in cui sarai
come una cosa
'Dimenticata: non verrà creduto chi di te parlerà.
'Quando l'uomo svanisce docile nella sua immortalità,
'Quando il mortale scompare in più completa
conoscenza, si stacca
'Dalle precedenti cose. Allora docile svanisce il
Mortale,
'Divenendo per i rimasti, invisibile'."[44]

("Fear not, O poor forsaken one! O land of briars and thorns,/
'Where once the Olive flourish'd and the Cedar spread its wings!/
'Once I wail'd desolate like thee: my fallow fields in fear/
'Cried to the Churchyards, and the Earthworm came in dismal state./
'I found him in my bosom and I said: 'The time of Love/'Appears
upon the rocks and hills in silent shades'. But soon/'A voice
came in the night, a midnight cry upon the mountains:/''Awake!
the bridegroom cometh!' I awoke to sleep no more./'But an Eternal
Consummation is dark Enion,/'The wat'ry Grave. O thou Corn
field! O thou Vegetater happy!/'More happy is the dark consumer.
Hope drowns all my torment,/'For I am now surrounded by a shadowy
vortex drawing/'The Spectre quite away from Enion, that I die a
death/'Of better hope, altho' I consume in these raging waters./
'The furrow'd field replies to the grave, I hear her reply to
me:/''Behold the time approaches fast, that thou shalt be a
thing/'Forgotten: when one speaks of thee, he will not be believ'd./
'When the mortal disappears in improved knowledge, cast away/
'The former things. So shall the Mortal gently fade away,/
'And so become invisible to those who still remain'.")

Ungaretti has translated well. The meaning is there; but the deeper meaning, that carried by the tone of the passage is not present. And it is this that makes the passage the lyrical accomplishment which it is.

There are, of course, instances when meaning can, more or less, be divided from tone. In these cases, Ungaretti's translation is appreciable. A good example of this is "Canto d'un Pastore":

> "Benvenuto, straniero, in questi posti,
> Dove la gioia si posa su ogni ramo
> Ed il pallore fugge da ogni viso;
> Ciò che non seminammo, non mietiamo.
>
> Come la rosa l'Innocenza sboccia
> In gota a ogni fanciulla;
> L'Onore sulle loro ciglia trama,
> Il gioiello salute
> Adorna il loro collo."[45]

("Welcome, stranger, to this place,/Where joy doth sit on every bough,/Paleness flies from every face;/We reap not what we do not sow.//Innocence doth like a rose/Bloom on every maiden's cheek;/Honour twines around her brows,/The jewel health adorns her neck.")

Blake's poem is not too dependent for its meaning on time, but rather, for the most part, on the descriptive qualities which emphasize its meaning in the verse "We reap not what we do not sow" and to this Ungaretti adheres closely. The results are that Ungaretti's translation is as direct as Blake's original and is quite readeable. This same tendency appears also in "Canto d'un vecchio pastore". Objections might be voiced for lines such as these:

> "Finché Virtù terremo per bastone lungo la via
> E per lanterna Verità"[46]

from their original:

> "Whilst Virtue is our walking staff,
> And Truth a lantern to our path".

But, on the whole, Ungaretti's translation carries the meaning quite closely as, for example, in the last stanza:

> "Soffia furia del vento, inverno rigido corrugati,
> È l'Innocenza un vestito da inverno,
> E ci copra, sopporteremo lo sferzante uragano della vita
> Che dà alle membra i brividi,
> Se il nostro cuore è caldo."[47]

("Blow, boisterous wind, stern winter frown,/Innocence is a winter's gown./So clad, we'll abide life's pelting storm,/That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.")

And other examples of this can be found throughout the translation, in verses, stanzas, and numerous poems as well. I give only this one:

> "Nel percorrere la foresta,
> In mezzo a verdi foglie,
> Un Fiore Selvatico udii,
> Cantava una canzone.
>
> 'Io dormivo per terra
> Nella silente notte.
> Mormorai le mie paure
> E ne sentii piacere.
>
> 'Me ne andai al mattino,
> Roseo come l'aurora,
> In cerca d'altra gioia:
> Non incontrai che scorno'."[48]

("As I wander'd the forest,/The green leaves among,/ I heard a Wild Flower/Singing a song.//'I slept in the earth/In the silent night./I murmur'd my fears/And I felt delight.//'In the morning I went,/As rosy as morn,/To seek for new joy:/But I met with scorn'.")

Such closeness of translation of meaning is also prevalent in the selections from the Prophecies. When the passage is not highly

lyrical and thus dependent on tone to the great extent that we have seen, Ungaretti's close literal translation does justice to Blake's meaning. Here is an example:

> "Silente come amore disperante, forte come gelosia,
> L'irsuto spezza con le spalle gli anelli della catena;
> sono liberi i polsi di fuoco.
> L'avvinghiò ai lombi tremendi, furiosamente il ventre
> di lei si divincolò ansimante;
> Ed essa godette: scostò le nubi ed ebbe il suo primó-
> genito sorriso,
> Come quando la nuvola nera mostra i suoi lampi all'a-
> bisso tacito."[49]

("Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy,/The hairy shoulders rend the links; free are the wrists of fire./ Round the terrific loins he seiz'd the panting, struggling womb;/It joy'd: she put aside her clouds and smiled her first-born smile,/As when a black cloud shows its lightnings to the silent deep.")

And this other longer one:

> "Atterrito, Los si teneva ritto nell'Abisso, e le
> sue membra immortali
> Crescevano mortalmente pallide; divenne ciò che
> guardava; per via d'un rosso
> Rotondo Globo che gli era grondato dal seno nell'A-
> bisso: torturato
> Si librò sopra il Globo piangendo e tremando:
> sospeso scosse
> L'imo dell'Abisso: tremando pianse sopra il Globo:
> lo colmò tanto di cure
> Soffrendo mortalmente, che il Globo si sciolse in una
> Femmina pallida
> Simile a nuvola che rechi neve: dalla schiena allora
> Un fluido azzurro trasudò che si formò in Muscoli,
> indurendosi nell'Abisso tanto
> Che si sciolse in una Forma Maschile urlante di Gelosia."[50]

("Terrified Los stood in the Abyss and his immortal limbs/ Grew deadly pale; he became what he beheld; for a red/Round Globe sunk down from his Bosom into the Deep; in pangs/He

> hover'd over it, trembling and weeping: suspended
> it shook/The nether Abyss: in tremblings he wept
> over it: he cherish'd it/In deadly sickening pain,
> till it separated into a Female, pale/As the cloud
> that brings the snow: all the while from his Back/
> A blue fluid exuded in Sinews, hardening in the
> Abyss/Till it separated into a Male Form howling
> in Jealousy.")

The question of meaning becomes also important in the case of Ungaretti's translation of the prose work, The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. But meaning not exactly in the sense of message, but of the forcefulness with which this message is presented by Blake. To take away forcefulness from The Marriage of Heaven and Hell is to divest it of a very valuable asset. It is this forcefulness that gives The Marriage of Heaven and Hell the central place which it has in the work of Blake. The Marriage is, in short, writing which depends very much on impact for its effectiveness. What happens, then, to this kind of meaning in Ungaretti's translation? Let us take an example from the last of the Memorable fancies:

> "Verso di me venne un Angelo, e disse: 'O giovinotto
> pazzo e da compatire! O orribile! O spaventoso stato!
> considera la segreta di fuoco ardente che ti stai pre-
> parando in tutta l'eternità, e a cui ti avvii di corsa'.
>
> Risposi: 'Vorresti forse mostrarmi la mia sorte
> eterna, e noi la contempleremo insieme, e si vedrà se
> la tua sorte è più desiderabile della mia'.
>
> Allora mi fece attraversare una stalla e una
> chiesa, e andare sotto nella cripta della chiesa,
> al termine della quale c'era un mulino. Attraversammo
> il mulino, e giungemmo in un antro. A tentoni giù
> nella caverna tortuosa seguimmo la nostra dura strada,
> e apparve ai nostri piedi un vuoto, smisurato come
> un cielo abissale; aggrappatici a radici d'alberi,
> rimanemmo sospesi sopra quell'immensità. Ma io dissi:

'Se non ti dispiace, possiamo affidarci a questo vuoto, così vedremo se c'è anche in esso la provvidenza: se non vuoi tu, voglio io'. Mi rispose: 'Non essere presuntuoso, giovanotto: ma mentre rimarremo quì, guarda la tua sorte che presto apparirà, diradandosi il buio.'

Così rimasi con lui, seduto su una radice contorta di quercia, e lui stava attaccato a un fungo chino con il capo nell'abisso.

Per gradi si svelò ai nostri occhi l'Abisso infinito, rosseggiante come il fumo d'una città incendiata; sotto di noi,a una distanza immensa, c'era il sole, nero e tuttavia splendente; intorno ad esso solchi di fuoco dove s'aggiravano enormi ragni, rampando dietro le loro prede, che volavano, o meglio nuotavano, nell'infinita profondità, sotto le più terrifiche forme di animali scaturiti dalla corruzione; l'aria ne era piena, sembrava anzi composta di essi. Sono i Diavoli, e vengono chiamati Potenze dell'aria. Chiesi allora al mio compagno quale era la mia sorte eterna. Rispose: 'Tra i ragni neri e i bianchi'.

Ma proprio allora dal mezzo dei ragni neri e bianchi una nuvola e un fuoco esplosero rotolando di traverso alla profondità, oscurando tutto di sotto, sicché il fondo della profondità, si fece nero come un mare e rullò con un terribile frastuono. Ormai nulla più c'era di visibile sotto di noi salvo una nera tempesta allorché, scrutando a oriente tra le nuvole e i flutti, scorgemmo una cataratta di sangue misto a fuoco, e a pochi tiri di sasso da noi emerse e riaffondò la voluta squamosa di un mostruoso serpente. Infine, a tre gradi circa di distanza verso est, si mostrò sopra le onde una cresta fiammeggiante: lentamente si elevò, simile a una vetta di rocce dorate, fino a scoprirci due globi di fuoco chermisi, dai quali il mare trovò scampo in nuvole di fumo; vedemmo allora che era la testa di Leviathan. Aveva, come quella della tigre, la fronte a strie verdi e porpora. Subito ne vedemmo le fauci e branchie rosse pendere proprio sopra la schiuma rabbiosa, tingendo la nera profondità di bagliori di sangue, mentre avanzava verso di noi con tutta la furia di un'esistenza spirituale.

L'Angelo mio amico s'arrampicò dal suo posto su nel mulino; io rimasi solo; ed ecco quell'apparenza non c'era più, e mi trovai seduto sull'amena sponda d'un fiume, al chiaro di luna, ascoltando un musico che cantava accompagnandosi con l'arpa su questo tema: 'Luomo che non cambia mai parere è come l'acqua stagnante, e alleva i rettili della mente'."[51]

("An Angel came to me and said: 'O pitiable foolish young man! O horrible! O dreadful state! consider the hot burning dungeon thou art preparing for thyself to all eternity, to which thou art going in such career'.

I said: 'Perhaps you will be willing to show me my eternal lot, and we will contemplate together upon it, and whether your lot or mine is most desirable'.

So he took me thro' a stable and thro' a church and down into the church vault, at the end of which was a mill. Thro' the mill we went, and came to a cave. Down the winding cavern we groped out tedious way, till a void, boundless as a nether sky, appear'd beneath us, and we held by the roots of trees, and hung over this immensity. But I said: 'If you please, we will commit ourselves to this void, and see whether providence is here also: if you will not, I will'. But he answer'd: 'Do not presume, O young man: but as we here remain, behold thy lot which will soon appear when the darkness passes away'.

So I remain'd with him sitting in the twisted root of an oak: he was suspended in a fungus which hung with the head downward into the deep.

By degrees we beheld the infinite Abyss, fiery as the smoke of a burning city; beneath us, at an immense distance, was the sun, black but shining: round it were fiery tracks on which revolv'd vast spiders, crawling after their prey, which flew, or rather swum, in the infinite deep, in the most terrific shapes of animals sprung from corruption; and the air was full of them, and seem'd composed of them. These are Devils, and are called Powers of the air. I now asked my companion which was my eternal lot. He said: 'Between the black and white spiders'.

But now, from between the black and white spiders, a cloud and fire burst and rolled thro' the deep, blackening all beneath, so that the nether deep grew black as a sea, and rolled with a terrible noise. Beneath us was nothing now to be seen but a black tempest, till looking east between the clouds and the waves we saw a cataract of blood mixed with fire, and not many stones' throw from us appear'd and sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous serpent. At last, to the east, distant about three degrees, appear'd a fiery crest above the waves: slowly it reared like a ridge of golden rocks, till we discover'd two globes of crimson fire, from which the sea fled away in clouds of smoke; and now we saw it was the head of Leviathan. His forehead was divided into streaks of green and purple like those on a tiger's forehead. Soon we saw his mouth and red gills hang just above the raging foam, tinging the black deep with beams of blood, advancing towards us with all the fury of a spiritual existence.

My friend the Angel climb'd up from his station into the mill; I remain'd alone, and then this appearance was no more: but I

found myself sitting on a pleasant bank beside a river by moonlight, hearing a harper, who sung to the harp; and his theme was: 'The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind'.")

The predominant aspect of this prose is its humour. The ridiculousness of the self-righteous Angel stands out, and the reader immediately responds to it. He cannot help but be one with the presumptuous young man Blake. In this is much of the meaning of the selection. We have to respond emotionally. Ungaretti's translation, however, is simply a straight-forward account of the action. Blake's humour disappears, and, with it, the forcefulness of the entire passage.

The importance of reproducing the forceful meaning of The Marriage of Heaven and Hell is most evident in the translation of the proverbs. Blake locks all meaning possible within the proverbs and, if the reader is not made to respond to their forcefulness, in translation, the proverbs fail. For the most part, this is what happens in Ungaretti. Here are a few examples:

"La Prudenza è una ricca e brutta vecchia zitella
corteggiata dall'Impotenza.
Chi desidera ma non agisce, alleva pestilenza.
Con le pietre della Legge hanno alzato Prigioni;
coi mattoni della Religione, Bordelli.
La superbia del pavone, è la gloria di Dio.
La lubricità del capro, è la munificenza di Dio.
La nudità della donna, è il lavoro di Dio.
L'Eccesso di dolore ride. L'Eccesso di gioia piange.
Aspettati veleno dall'acqua ferma.
Come, per deporvi le uova, il bruco elegge le foglie
più belle, il prete depone così sulle nostre
migliori gioie la sua maledizione.
Sarebbe meglio per te uccidere un bimbo nella culla che
cullare desideri inattuati."[52]

("Prudence is a rich and ugly old maid courted by incapacity.

He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.
Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks
of Religion.
The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.
The nakedness of woman is the work of God.
Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.
Expect poison from the standing water.
As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs
on, so the priest lays his curse
on the fairest joys.
Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted
desires.")

A major task of Ungaretti in his literal method is to make his translation of a poem flow as easily as possible. Above all, a literal translation must be readable. Although there are occasions where the language of the translation is cluttered and retards the reading, Ungaretti's translation is, for the most part, readable. An example of retarded reading resulting from cluttered language is this:

"'E quando le anime nostre la sferza
Abituate le avrà a patire il caldo,
La nuvola sparita,
Udremo la sua voce che dirà:
Fuori dal bosco, via,
Mio amore e Mio pensiero,
E giunti, in girotondo all'aurea tenda,
Come spetta agli agnelli, rallegratevi'."[53]

These eight verses are derived from four simple ones by Blake:

"'For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish; we shall hear His voice,
Saying: 'Come out from the grove, My love and care,
And round My golden tent like lambs rejoice'."

Another example can be given from the same poem. Ungaretti derives

> "Gli farò da riparo contro il caldo,
> Gl'insegnerò a soffrirlo,
> A prepararsi a riposare un giorno
> Con gioia sulle ginocchia del Padre;
> Gli potrò stare quel giorno davanti,
> I suoi capelli argentei toccherò,
> Sarò il suo simile,
> Ed egli da quel giorno mi amerà."[54]

from Blake's

> "I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
> To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
> And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
> And be like him, and he will then love me."

But these are only a few examples in a translation which is, on the whole, satisfactory. Ungaretti is driven to this lengthening of stanzas in order to avoid a hopeless and ridiculous construction. At the same time, although in a very limited way, he takes the liberty of omitting repetitive terms in a stanza so that the translation flows along in a smoother way and becomes more readable. This one from "Introduzione", for example:

> "Zufola un'aria dell'Agnello'
> La zufolai tutto gaio.
> Zufolaro, di nuovo...';
> Ripresi e nell'udirla pianse."[55]

("'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'/So I piped with merry cheer./
'Piper, pipe that song again;'/So I piped: he wept to hear.")

And this from the same poem:

"Siediti, zufolà,
Scrivi un libro per tutti...'
Dicendo ciò sparì,
Colsi allora una canna..."[56]

("'Piper, sit thee down and write/In a book, that all may read.'/So he vanish'd from my sight,/And I pluck'd a hollow reed...")

Finally, there are in Ungaretti's translation instances where the stanzas translated really stand out and assert themselves, although in limited tone, as echoes of some passages of Ungaretti's own poetry. All these verses occur in the poem "Attorno a me il mio spettro notte e giorno". I point them out.

"'Illimitato vuoto e senza fondo,
Ove andiamo errando e piangiamo;
Sopra il famelico rapace vento
Da vicino ti segue il mio spettro."[57]

Purely on a limited tone, these verses echo:

"Maliconiosa carne
Dove una volta pullulò la gioia,
Occhi socchiusi del risveglio stanco,
Tu vedi, anima troppo matura,
Quel che sarò, caduto nella terra?[58]

And these:

"E fiuta le tue peste sulla neve,
Dovunque ti avvenga di andare
D'inverno tra grandine e pioggia.
Di nuovo quando, quando tu verrai?"[59]

Which echo verses from "Caino":

"Corre sopra le sabbie favolose
E il suo piede è leggero

...

E mentre scoppio di brama
Cambia il tempo, t'aggiri ombroso,
Col mio passo mi fuggi."[60]

And this stanza:

"Per alterigia e sprezzo
Tutta la mia mattina non colmi di tempeste,
Per gelosie e spaventi non fai piene
Di lacrime le notti mie piacevoli?"[61]

echoing the tone of the "Cori" of La terra promessa. And, in conclusion, these two stanzas:

"'Mai, mai non tornerò:
Ancora ardo di vincere.
Io unico, vivendo, ti avrò;
E quando morirai ti sarò fossa.
'Per Cielo, Terra, Inferno
Tu non avrai mai quiete, mai:
Fuggirò, inseguirai:
Notte e giorno rinnovano la fuga'."[62]

echoing the tone of these verses from Il dolore and La terra promessa:

"Mai, non saprete mai come m'illumina
L'ombra che mi si pone a lato, timida,
Quando non spero più..."[63]

"Ora il vento s'è fatto silenzioso
E silenzioso il mare;
Tutto tace; ma grido
Il grido, sola, del mio cuore,
Grido d'amore, grido di vergogna
Del mio cuore che brucia
Da quando ti mirai e m'hai guardata
E più non sono che un oggetto debole.

Grido e brucia il mio cuore senza pace
Da quando più non sono
Se non cosa in rovina e abbandonata."[64]

FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER TWO

[1]Ungaretti brought out some of his translations from Saint-John Perse, Essenin, Paulham, Góngora, and Blake in the volume Traduzioni (Roma: Edizioni di Novissima, 1936). The selections from Pound appear in L'approdo letterario, NS, XV, N. 47, luglio-settembre 1969, pp. 3-6. Those from Ponge in Ibid., NS, XIV, N. 43, luglio-settembre 1968, pp. 9-14. Those from the Odyssey in Ibid., NS, XIV, N. 42, aprile-giugno 1968, pp. 52-66. See also other translations from Vicius de Moraes in Ibid., NS, XV, N.45, gennaio-marzo 1969, pp. 15-22. The translations from various Brazilian poets appear in DD, pp. 383-445.

[2]See Rebay, Ch. IV, pp. 105-176.

[3]See Albert Hofstadter and Richard Khuns, Philosophies of Art and Beauty (New York: The Modern Library, Random House, 1964), pp. 486-495. This notion is behind the poetry of Mallarmé, and is taken to extremes by D'Annunzio.

[4]The best example of this Decadentist cult of the irrational is, of course, in D'Annunzio's "vivere inimitabile".

[5]It is on this point that Renato Serra was mistaken in Esame di coscienza di un letterato (1915). The war did bring a great change in the arts both in Italy and the rest of Europe.

[6]Quoted in Rebay, p. 36.

[7]Ibid., p. 33.

[8]To get a more detailed picture of Ungaretti's "riconoscimento" see Ch. I of Rebay's study.

[9]A, pp. 64-65.

[10]On this point we should note that Ungaretti took a brief part in the Futurist review Lacerba.

[11]Ungaretti, "Ragioni di una poesia", pp. 17-18.

[12]This discussion of Ungaretti's "riconoscimento" in Petrarch is a limited one, since I was unable to acquire Ungaretti's essays on him. The discussion is based on Ch. I of Rebay's study and whatever insights I could gain through the readings which I have done. "Ragioni di una poesia"

and "Secondo discorso su Leopardi" were helpful.

[13]FJR, p. 14.

[14]Cf. "Canzone alla Vergine".

[15]"Trionfo dell'eternità", in Giovanni di Ponte (a cura di), Opere di Francesco Petrarca (Milano: U. Mursia & Co., 1968), p. 317.

[16]Ungaretti, "Ragioni di una poesia", p. 15.

[17]S, p. 9.

[18]Ibid., p. 10.

[19]Ungaretti translated Shakespeare "per contrasto". See his article "La traduzione è sempre una poesia inferiore", La fiera letteraria, Roma, 12 agosto 1951, p. 3.

[20]FJR, p. 14.

[21]Ungaretti, "La traduzione è sempre una poesia inferiore", p. 3.

[22]Claudio Gorlier, "Il Blake di Ungaretti", Paragone, Firenze, 16 giugno 1966, p. 144.

[23]Benedetto Croce, Estetica (Bari: G Laterza & figli, 1958), p. 76.

[24]Ungaretti, "La traduzione è sempre una poesia inferiore", p. 3.

[25]Notice the closeness of Mallarmé's immediate and essential word.

[26]Ungaretti, "La traduzione è sempre una poesia inferiore", p. 3.

[27]Ibid., p. 3.

[28]Ibid., p. 3.

[29]Ibid., p. 3.

[30]With the exception of the selection from Milton translated in the 1930's. See VWB, p. 537.

[31]GM, p. 19.

[32]Robert Lowell, Imitations (London: Faber and Faber, 1961), p. xi.

[33]Ibid., p. xii.

[34]VWB, pp. 68-69.

[35]Ibid., pp. 50-51.

[36]Ibid., pp. 58-59.

[37]Ibid., p. 12.

[38]Ibid., pp. 66-69; English, pp. 67-68.

[39]Ibid., p. 95; English, p. 94.

[40]Ibid., pp. 49-51; English, pp. 48-50.

[41]Ibid., p. 197; English, p. 196.

[42]Ibid., p. 35; English, p. 34.

[43]Ibid., p. 359; English, p. 358.

[44]Ibid., pp. 321-323; English, pp. 320-326.

[45]Ibid., p. 21, English, p. 20.

[46]Ibid., p. 23; English, p. 22.

[47]Ibid., p. 25; English, p. 24.

[48]"Nel percorrere", Ibid., pp. 121-123; English, "The Wild Flower's Song", pp. 120-122.

[49]Ibid., p. 287; English, p. 286.

[50]Ibid., p. 347; English, p. 346.

[51]Ibid., pp. 237-241; English, pp. 236-240.

[52]Ibid., pp. 313-321; English, pp. 212-220.

[53]Ibid., p. 41; English, p. 40.

[54]Ibid., pp. 41-43; English, pp. 40-42.

[55]Ibid., pp. 35-36; English, pp. 34-35.

[56]Ibid., p. 37; English, p. 36.

[57]*Ibid.*, pp. 141-143.

[58]"La pietà", SDT, p. 118.

[59]VWB, p. 143.

[60]SDT, pp. 123-124.

[61]VWB, p. 143.

[62]*Ibid.*, p. 145.

[63]"Giorno per giorno", D, p. 24.

[64]"Coro III", TP, p. 29.

CONCLUSION

In the relationship between Ungaretti and Blake, the central point to grasp, the one which I have tried to put across, is that of language. It is language which proves the worth of a poet. Although I began with Mallarmé's poetics, since it is to this that Ungaretti's main debt goes, it also becomes evident that the concern for an essential language bursts the bounds of any one poet or any one poetic period. Lines run from Mallarmé to Rimbaud to Baudelaire, from Poe to Blake to the Elizabethans and Biblical prophets, from Ungaretti to Leopardi to Petrarch. In short, as Ungaretti believes, every great poet is called upon in his own time to rediscover the lesson of essentiality, to find again his word within his own heart, since only there can it reside in its virginal qualities. The word, both for Ungaretti and Blake, is not something to be taken lightly. In a world where all established values, truths, and ideals have crumbled, the poet alone is left to guide man. Not only must he believe in his art, Ungaretti and Blake maintain, but he must also constantly purge this of those elements which detract from it, which make it false. The modern poet simply cannot afford to peddle opinions; instead, he must be, as Blake would put it, a man of firm persuasion. In the insistence on an essential language, on the word chosen to express feelings truthfully and directly, such persuasion solidly rests.

Language in its essentiality does not remain a mere formula for either Ungaretti or Blake. For them, poetry is never divorced from life. It could not be; and, if it were, then it would revert to ornamentation and generalization. Thus it is not an oddity to see Ungaretti maintain that the only true poetry, that which in its language proceeds from the very existence of man, from the divine, is and can only be identical with God. Poetry becomes theology and, as such, it objectifies the real message which is from God - freedom. The poet, the great poet of Ungaretti's standing has no choice. It is inherent, we could say, in his own existence that freedom should be his message. With Blake, such a position becomes clearer and more striking. Poetry is Jesus is freedom is man's Imagination. In Blake, all the hints of Ungaretti become statements, all the undetailed statements become a full system: freedom is man's key to redemption, to the true God.

Visioni di William Blake represents 35 years in the life of Ungaretti. It is the culmination of a relationship, of a "riconoscimento". Even more. It is, one could argue, the results of a friendship between two souls each living in his own specific period, yet each repeating to man the same message of freedom. More than a mere exercise in translation, Visioni di William Blake offers us a clear sign of the continuity of such a message. Just as every great poet in his own time is called upon to rediscover the lesson of an essential language, so is he also

called upon to rediscover and make known again the message of freedom. Ungaretti's translation stands as a reminder of this. The pages of Visioni di William Blake are, yes, concerned with the problems of translation; but above this, to the very meaning of the volume itself, the pages of Visioni di William Blake show Ungaretti's own rediscovery and presentation - other than his own poetry - of a message which he felt had been, since Blake, mostly forgotten.

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