

Chapter 1 : A Key to Lord Tennyson's in Memoriam

*A Key to Lord Tennyson's In Memoriam [Alfred Gatty] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This collection of literature attempts to compile many of the classic works that have stood the test of time and offer them at a reduced.*

Contact The Poetic Work of Mourning: Within this process, we will see how In Memoriam discloses a movement beginning from negation to substitution, to consolation. For the purpose of this research, the prologue will not be addressed first despite its placement at the beginning; we will begin with the oldest lyrics composed within the first collection. Within this group, a reader finds the poet in a great state of existential despair, beginning the journey to seek out the lost aspect of his identity through philosophical musing and then turning to composing a written work as therapy within the first stages of his passage through mourning. The poem begins with the poet meditating on the loss of his friend and the hope in the dead rising to a higher place. I held it truth, with him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones, That men may rise on stepping-stones Of their dead selves to higher things. But who shall so forecast the years And find in loss a gain to match? Tennyson, as the poet in question, in his state of mourning, is well aware that the individual subject is a culmination or a product of external objects, both people and things. Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears, That grief hath shaken into frost! The poet falls asleep with the hope that the new coming day will bring some sense of solace. When no solace comes, the poet begins to search for some means of mental therapy from his philosophical thoughts on the arbitrariness of death as well as from the pneumatic objects that always call to mind the memory of his deceased friend. The poet begins to write as a means of committing to the page his personal journey through mourning. Though this form of therapy is only a minor material and artistic production, it becomes his greatest means of filling the void, of substitution, of his lost friend with the object of his compositions: I sometimes hold it half a sin To put in words the grief I feel; For words, like Nature, half reveal And half conceal the Soul within. But, for the unquiet heart and brain, A use in measured language lies; The sad mechanic exercise, Like dull narcotics, numbing pain. But that large grief which these enfold Is given in outline and no more. V Tennyson, as the poet, finds reprieve in committing his sorrow into language, textualizing his grief into a material product. Though words cannot express the breadth of his grief, there is solace in it. This loss can either take the form of a lost person, like a loved one; something more objectified, like a deeply personal item; or even something abstract, like the deterioration of an ideal. It is through the process of work trauerarbeit that the subject begins to loosen his or her attachments from the lost object and slowly move toward a successful substitution and consolation, an end in mourning. It is with this form of material production, in verbalizing the feelings of loss and the endearment of a fragmented identity, that Tennyson begins working toward successfully substituting the lost aspect of himself with his trauerarbeit. In Freudian terms, Tennyson is working on negating the lost object of himself in order for a new substitute object to fill in the void, to negate with negation. Additionally here, the poet takes his first plunge into melancholia, where the hope in successfully completing the process of mourning seems lost, and the void of the absent object seems to retain its strongest hold on the subject: Can calm despair and wild unrest Be tenants of a single breast, Or sorrow such a changeling be? Or cloth she only seem to take The touch of change in calm or storm; But knows no more of transient form In her deep self, than some dead lake That holds the shadow of a lark Hung in the shadow of a heaven? Or has the shock, so harshly given, Confused me like the unhappy bark That strikes by night a craggy shelf, And staggers blindly ere she sink? XVI The questions Tennyson is asking are typical of a subject in mourning, questions arising in bouts of melancholia: While mourning is considered the natural response to losing the object of invested identity, according to Freud, melancholia is when the subject cannot successfully substitute the lost object for the living and present one. Or in another way, the subject preserves a half-dead element within his or her psyche. It is not the object that is dead in melancholia, but the very subject him or herself Carel The melancholic is immobile in the process of mourning, as he or she is unable to create a new object to invest his or her identity in since he or she has narcissistically consumed the lost object and remains faithful to it, thus preserving the present by arresting

time and refusing change. Just as the melancholic subject is psychologically dead, so too is the world dead for the melancholic Freud. In the process of mourning, there are always moments when melancholia arises occasionally. This kind of melancholic condition carries over into the third grouping, poems XXI through XXVII, where Tennyson begins to recollect on the times he spent with Hallam and the various discussions they had. The poet, in both the second and third groupings, is in a state of pure abeyance, remaining locked in a condition of existential despair, unable to progress further in his process of mourning. But the poet must undergo this particular process. The poet must negate the past and the void within his identity by working through it, narratizing it, and committing it to words, in order to construct the foundation in which to begin a successful completion of grief and a successful substitution of the lost object—where melancholia becomes namable, and the subject overcomes his or her loss by controlling symbols. Ruti Narratizing, in committing the ego to language, thus distances the poet from the trauma of the lost object and aids in a successful substitution. It is through this melancholic stage that only those who can see their way out will be able to end their sorrow. Tennyson seems compelled to write, to rework the past along constructive lines: Behold, ye speak an idle thing: Ye never knew that sacred dust: I do but sing because I must And but as the linnets sing. XXI Tennyson must compose his sadness if he ever wishes to find passage out of his melancholic impasse. He must narrate on the past, must dwell within the memories, in order to take control of it, to regain his sense of autonomy over what has occurred in order to force himself to fill the void left by Hallam with his own poetic work. This form of therapy, Freud argues, is the negation of the lost object. The subject undergoing the process of mourning must negate the lost object, negate the negation or the void, and substitute its absence with a new object. This first negation must take place in order to begin a successful journey toward consolation and the ending of mourning. Tennyson begins this negation by taking control over his past memories. Havi Carel writes, This process of negating a negation, deleting a lack, is one of overcoming death and loss and a process that eventually leads to a renewed investment in life and in love. This is the normal process of mourning, where the ultimate loyalty is to life, to Eros and to the renewed investment in a new object. On this understanding of mourning, in the attenuation of the investment both the positive and the negative emotions attached to the lost object become muffled, weakened, and with time are transformed into memories. In order to pull together the pieces of his identity and negate the negated space, Tennyson must control his past. Clewell The present and a substitute object is a negation of the void, just as the past is the negation of the present. By taking control over his memories, narratizing them, and substituting his void with the written word, Tennyson orders the fragments of his ego and creates a consolatory space for their reconstruction. Loss lies at the very heart of human subjectivity. It is loss that creates the subject. Just as the subject is an accumulation of externalities, the subject is also a product of the dialectical usurpation and negation of those very objects. Within the Freudian canon, this is most clearly seen in the Oedipus complex, where the subject becomes a subject through the primal loss of his or her mother and moves through life driven by the desire to find a substitute for the former infantile feeling of wholeness. The subject is driven by desire to fill in the lack. It is the melancholic, according to Freud, who has a more keen awareness of this loss and the drive of his or her own compulsions. The melancholic sees life unhindered by socially constructed fantasies. That loss is common would not make My own less bitter, rather more: Never morning wore To evening, but some heart did break. There is no rational understanding as to why some die at particular times and why others do not. The poet here does not delve into the idea of cosmological theodicy. Tennyson is simply addressing the absurdity and the mere randomness of death: This idea is common among melancholics, as they see life as absent of meaning and death as a random occurrence to which we are all susceptible. Tennyson, continuing with narratizing his recollections of the past, begins to project and fictionalize his own ideality onto his memories, rewriting them in order to hopefully conquer them. Tennyson begins by questioning the perfection of the past and the validity of his memory. It seems that, according to the poet, it is a projection. Because of the distance between the present and past, the gap between the two adds to the fantastical nature of the memory. But these memories, writing down the past in a material form, drive the poet into even greater despair. Though, as stated above, narratizing memories is how the mourner takes control over the past and uses that narratization to pull him or herself out of a melancholic stage, memory is also a

very dangerous aspect to dwell upon Hsiao For the melancholic, time cannot move forward the process of mourning. The melancholic wishes to preserve the present state of mourning, without progressing and without the possibility of a successful ending to the process of mourning. Maintaining the pain keeps the absent object alive. But, again, recollecting these memories and narratizing them, gaining a sense of ownership over the past by even fictionalizing it, is a necessary plunge into melancholia that allows the subject a greater chance in moving forward. Tennyson has already began the preliminary stages of substitution by negating the void—that is, replacing Hallam with an elegy to Hallam—but he must go backward, regressing into melancholia, in order to move forward. Through the pain of the past, through the negation of the past and the void it has created, the poet may have a chance at ending his existential despair and sorrow. It is with this first Christmas that Tennyson is thrown in to his deepest state of melancholia, even going so far as to wish for death to end his sadness and suffering: Again, with melancholia, Freud argues that individuals arrested in their process of mourning, those living-dead mourners still stuck in the past, have a keener and more accurate sense of the horrors of life Their views are unclouded by the contentment created by society, and their sufferings brings about a greater sense of truth in the meaninglessness of existence. We see this existential clarity when Tennyson writes, This round of green, this orb of flame, Fantastic beauty such as lurks In some wild Poet, when he works Without a conscience or an aim. Since the object that the subject has once invested a part of its identity in is dead, the subject also wishes for his or her own death to narcissistically mirror the dead object—unable to endure the state of half living. With that said, if the external ego that subject has identified with is dead, the subject wishes to be like his or her mirrored ego—namely, dead Clewell We see Tennyson musing over this thought, both over his own death and consistently reassessing the death of Hallam. The idea of heaven and the joyous notion of living after death in eternal bliss are of no comfort to him. XXXV Both death and love do not have a theological quality to them. Death is arbitrary, and all love will eventually die. Both the notions of an afterlife and love cannot console the melancholic suffer who is mourning for the loss of his own self. For Tennyson, this first Christmas ushers in the greatest sensation of emptiness. His psychological state appears to be at its lowest while his melancholic bouts seem to be at their highest. Wishful thinking on the afterlife and love are unable to console his grieving, and towards the latter part of this lyrical group, it becomes apparent that the true enemy of mourning is consciousness. Unable to forget, the melancholic remains stuck in the memory. The poet asks if death will be the end of consciousness as the individual soul merges with the universal soul, or will death be even more detrimental and consciousness is further heightened. The poet seems unable to shake off these ideas as he battles with melancholia, even going so far as to doubt the very therapy of substituting Hallam with his material elegy: Beneath all fancied hopes and fears Ay me, the sorrow deepens down. Whose muffled motions blindly drown The bases of my life in tears.

Chapter 2 : Full text of "A commentary on Tennyson's In memoriam"

A summary of "In Memoriam" in Alfred Lord Tennyson's Tennyson's Poetry. Learn exactly what happened in this chapter, scene, or section of Tennyson's Poetry and what it means. Perfect for acing essays, tests, and quizzes, as well as for writing lesson plans.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love, Whom we, that have not seen thy face, By faith, and faith alone, embrace, Believing where we cannot prove; Thine are these orbs of light and shade; Thou madest Life in man and brute; Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot Is on the skull which thou hast made. Thou wilt not leave us in the dust: Thou madest man, he knows not why, He thinks he was not made to die; And thou hast made him: Thou seemest human and divine, The highest, holiest manhood, thou. Our wills are ours, we know not how; Our wills are ours, to make them thine. Our little systems have their day; They have their day and cease to be: They are but broken lights of thee, And thou, O Lord, art more than they. We have but faith: Let knowledge grow from more to more, But more of reverence in us dwell; That mind and soul, according well, May make one music as before, But vaster. We are fools and slight; We mock thee when we do not fear: But help thy foolish ones to bear; Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light. Forgive my grief for one removed, Thy creature, whom I found so fair. I trust he lives in thee, and there I find him worthier to be loved. Forgive these wild and wandering cries, Confusions of a wasted youth; Forgive them where they fail in truth, And in thy wisdom make me wise. I held it truth, with him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones, That men may rise on stepping-stones Of their dead selves to higher things. But who shall so forecast the years And find in loss a gain to match? The seasons bring the flower again, And bring the firstling to the flock; And in the dusk of thee, the clock Beats out the little lives of men. O, not for thee the glow, the bloom, Who changest not in any gale, Nor branding summer suns avail To touch thy thousand years of gloom: And gazing on thee, sullen tree, Sick for thy stubborn hardihood, I seem to fail from out my blood And grow incorporate into thee. Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears, That grief hath shaken into frost! But, for the unquiet heart and brain, A use in measured language lies; The sad mechanic exercise, Like dull narcotics, numbing pain. But that large grief which these enfold Is given in outline and no more. That loss is common would not make My own less bitter, rather more: Never morning wore To evening, but some heart did break. O what to her shall be the end? And what to me remains of good? To her, perpetual maidenhood, And unto me no second friend. So find I every pleasant spot In which we two were wont to meet, The field, the chamber, and the street, For all is dark where thou art not. X I hear the noise about thy keel; I hear the bell struck in the night: I see the cabin-window bright; I see the sailor at the wheel. So bring him; we have idle dreams: This look of quiet flatters thus Our home-bred fancies. Calm and deep peace on this high world, And on these dews that drench the furze, And all the silvery gossamers That twinkle into green and gold: Calm and still light on yon great plain That sweeps with all its autumn bowers, And crowded farms and lessening towers, To mingle with the bounding main: Calm and deep peace in this wide air, These leaves that redden to the fall; And in my heart, if calm at all, If any calm, a calm despair: Calm on the seas, and silver sleep, And waves that sway themselves in rest, And dead calm in that noble breast Which heaves but with the heaving deep. Is this the end of all my care? Is this the end? XIII Tears of the widower, when he sees A late-lost form that sleep reveals, And moves his doubtful arms, and feels Her place is empty, fall like these; Which weep a loss for ever new, A void where heart on heart reposed; And, where warm hands have prest and closed, Silence, till I be silent too. Which weep the comrade of my choice, An awful thought, a life removed, The human-hearted man I loved, A Spirit, not a breathing voice. XV To-night the winds begin to rise And roar from yonder dropping day: And but for fancies, which aver That all thy motions gently pass Athwart a plane of molten glass, I scarce could brook the strain and stir That makes the barren branches loud; And but for fear it is not so, The wild unrest that lives in woe Would dote and pore on yonder cloud That rises upward always higher, And onward drags a labouring breast, And topples round the dreary west, A looming bastion fringed with fire. Can calm despair and wild unrest Be tenants of a single breast, Or sorrow such a changeling be? Or cloth she only seem to take The touch of change in calm or storm; But knows no more of transient form In her deep self, than some dead lake That holds the

shadow of a lark Hung in the shadow of a heaven? Or has the shock, so harshly given, Confused me like the unhappy bark That strikes by night a craggy shelf, And staggers blindly ere she sink? XVII Thou comest, much wept for: Come quick, thou bringest all I love. So may whatever tempest mars Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark; And balmy drops in summer dark Slide from the bosom of the stars. Come then, pure hands, and bear the head That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep, And come, whatever loves to weep, And hear the ritual of the dead. There twice a day the Severn fills; The salt sea-water passes by, And hushes half the babbling Wye, And makes a silence in the hills. The tide flows down, the wave again Is vocal in its wooded walls; My deeper anguish also falls, And I can speak a little then. XX The lesser griefs that may be said, That breathe a thousand tender vows, Are but as servants in a house Where lies the master newly dead; Who speak their feeling as it is, And weep the fulness from the mind: The traveller hears me now and then, And sometimes harshly will he speak: Ye never knew the sacred dust: I do but sing because I must, And pipe but as the linnets sing: When each by turns was guide to each, And Fancy light from Fancy caught, And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech; And all we met was fair and good, And all was good that Time could bring, And all the secret of the Spring Moved in the chambers of the blood; And many an old philosophy On Argive heights divinely sang, And round us all the thicket rang To many a flute of Arcady. And is it that the haze of grief Makes former gladness loom so great? The lowness of the present state, That sets the past in this relief? Or that the past will always win A glory from its being far; And orb into the perfect star We saw not, when we moved therein? XXV I know that this was Life,â€”the track Whereon with equal feet we fared; And then, as now, the day prepared The daily burden for the back. But this it was that made me move As light as carrier-birds in air; I loved the weight I had to bear, Because it needed help of Love: Nor could I weary, heart or limb, When mighty Love would cleave in twain The lading of a single pain, And part it, giving half to him. The moon is hid; the night is still; The Christmas bells from hill to hill Answer each other in the mist. Four voices of four hamlets round, From far and near, on mead and moor, Swell out and fail, as if a door Were shut between me and the sound: Each voice four changes on the wind, That now dilate, and now decrease, Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace, Peace and goodwill, to all mankind. Yet go, and while the holly boughs Entwine the cold baptismal font, Make one wreath more for Use and Wont, That guard the portals of the house; Old sisters of a day gone by, Gray nurses, loving nothing new; Why should they miss their yearly due Before their time? They too will die. We heard them sweep the winter land; And in a circle hand-in-hand Sat silent, looking each at each. Our voices took a higher range; Once more we sang: O Father, touch the east, and light The light that shone when Hope was born. Behold a man raised up by Christ! XXXII Her eyes are homes of silent prayer, Nor other thought her mind admits But, he was dead, and there he sits, And he that brought him back is there. Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers, Whose loves in higher love endure; What souls possess themselves so pure, Or is there blessedness like theirs? Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood To which she links a truth divine! XXXIV My own dim life should teach me this, That life shall live for evermore, Else earth is darkness at the core, And dust and ashes all that is; This round of green, this orb of flame, Fantastic beauty such as lurks In some wild Poet, when he works Without a conscience or an aim. What then were God to such as I? And so the Word had breath, and wrought With human hands the creed of creeds In loveliness of perfect deeds, More strong than all poetic thought; Which he may read that binds the sheaf, Or builds the house, or digs the grave, And those wild eyes that watch the wave In roarings round the coral reef. No joy the blowing season gives, The herald melodies of spring, But in the songs I love to sing A doubtful gleam of solace lives. Thy gloom is kindled at the tips, And passes into gloom again. Ay me, the difference I discern! But thou and I have shaken hands, Till growing winters lay me low; My paths are in the fields I know. XLII I vex my heart with fancies dim: And so may Place retain us still, And he the much-beloved again, A lord of large experience, train To riper growth the mind and will: So then were nothing lost to man; So that still garden of the souls In many a figured leaf enrolls The total world since life began; And love will last as pure and whole As when he loved me here in Time, And at the spiritual prime Rewaken with the dawning soul. XLIV How fares it with the happy dead? For here the man is more and more; But he forgets the days before God shut the doorways of his head. If such a dreamy touch should fall, O, turn thee round, resolve the doubt; My guardian angel will speak out In that high place, and tell thee all. This use

may lie in blood and breath, Which else were fruitless of their due, Had man to learn himself anew Beyond the second birth of Death. O Love, thy province were not large, A bounded field, nor stretching far; Look also, Love, a brooding star, A rosy warmth from marge to marge. XLVII That each, who seems a separate whole, Should move his rounds, and fusing all The skirts of self again, should fall Remerging in the general Soul, Is faith as vague as all unsweet: Eternal form shall still divide The eternal soul from all beside; And I shall know him when we meet: What vaster dream can hit the mood Of Love on earth? We lose ourselves in light. Her care is not to part and prove; She takes, when harsher moods remit, What slender shade of doubt may flit, And makes it vassal unto love: And hence, indeed, she sports with words, But better serves a wholesome law, And holds it sin and shame to draw The deepest measure from the chords: Nor dare she trust a larger lay, But rather loosens from the lip Short swallow-flights of song, that dip Their wings in tears, and skim away. And look thy look, and go thy way, But blame not thou the winds that make The seeming-wanton ripple break, Beneath all fancied hopes and fears Ay me, the sorrow deepens down. Whose muffled motions blindly drown The bases of my life in tears. L Be near me when my light is low, When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick And tingle; and the heart is sick, And all the wheels of Being slow.

Chapter 3 : Alfred Lord Tennyson's In Memoriam | The Closet Professor

A Key to Tennyson's In Memoriam has 7 ratings and 0 reviews. Excerpt: And one could well fancy that the roomy comfortable residence, in which the Rev. Dr.

This reconfiguration of the perceptual field from the more conventional visual mode to the haptic is historically concurrent with the decline in faith in the Post-Darwinian era. It also reflects recent scientific discoveries in Optics. A sense of man as a finite being without the promise of an eternal afterlife seems to accentuate the desire for felt experience and the immediacy of touch captures it. In the texts discussed, art becomes the suitable mode of sustaining that desire without giving in to the outmoded dogmas of religion. It is especially significant because in the Victorian age the social function of art was at times emphasized at the expense of the personal. Aesthetics as fundamentally a domain of sensory cognition is very pertinent in this context, and is explored in this paper in relation to its etymology and usage. It suggests an intrinsic relationship between a haptic aesthetics and the finitude of man at the end of the nineteenth century. An intensely personal poem mourning and commemorating the untimely death of his dear friend Arthur Henry Hallam, it has occupied a significant place in Victorian public discourse regarding doubt and faith, scientific discoveries and its possible conciliation with religious beliefs. The poet sets out to justify the long poem over a personal loss in an era of successive social movements by defining an aesthetic consciousness as distinct from practical consciousness, and yet of seminal importance. And the Victorian poet was located in an era when the recent discoveries of evolutionary biology and geology as well as the emphasis on the social function of poetry made any such claim tentative at most. The aesthetic consciousness could not rely on the traditional arguments on immortality of art or certainty of Salvation to herald the advent of a crowning race. The artistic self was painfully aware of its family resemblance with ape, etched in the body, thanks to the ideas of Darwin, in circulation long before *Origin of Species* was published. Solace of faith was only available to naive believers. The question of aesthetics had to be posited on this subsoil of the finitude of man. Wilde does not try to establish an aesthetics of belief that can dictate the preordained course of life through art. Rather aesthetic experience is defined as spiritually transformative, comparable to the presence of Christ: He does not really teach one anything, but by being brought into his presence one becomes something. An intense suffering shared through art leads one close to the experience of the divine. This relationship between human suffering and aesthetic experience once again points to the determining factor of the finitude of man. This finitude makes the corporeality of the body centrally important, unlike the intelligence of a Cartesian cogito that bears an imprint of God and accesses the domain of ideas after a traceless removal of sense perceptions. An exploration of the mode of sense perception deployed in the poem becomes the key to the aesthetic consciousness circumscribed within the finitude. Merleau-Ponty, in a significant way, exemplifies the primacy of a perceptual field to any designation of subject and object, as a corporeal interplay of two hands: If it has remained absent in the philosophical tradition, the centrality of haptic perception in the texts discussed in the paper makes one wonder whether one has to consider the construction of an aesthetic domain as the privileged space of its emergence. The sense organ predominantly associated with this perception is touch, as will be illustrated in the latter part of the paper. The sense of touch has been identified as the deepest one by Democritus. Aristotle allies it with common sense and declares it as one indispensable for the maintenance of life and yet susceptible to the grossest sensations in *De Sensu et Sensibilibus* and elsewhere. He locates it in the interior in order to avoid localizing it to a particular organ, unlike the other senses. The difference between long distance disembodied vision and immediate tactile perception has been underscored by art critics like Herder or closer to our time by Alois Riegl or Deleuze and Guattari. Seremetakis in her etymological reflections notes that aesthema emotion-feeling and aesthetiki which comes to be aesthetics are both derived from aesthenome which is translated as a sensory grasp or understanding. The relationship between sense perception and aesthetics seems to be intrinsic. This intimacy vindicates the aesthetic enterprise rather than the traditional arguments about memory and the immortality of the soul that are constantly undercut in the poem through references to the recent scientific discoveries. Consider this vital shift in the haptic perception of the

companion poems: In the earlier poem a distraught poet laments his loss: This encounter is beyond flesh; yet the images have strong sensory overtones and suggest the embodied nature of such an experience. The way the sense of touch accommodates other modes of sense perception points to the complex interdependence of the various senses in aesthetic experience. This perception makes a personal poem of mourning an expiatory public poem. The disturbing dreams of section The poet becomes a Christ figure, a solitary individual who can share his suffering through art and touch all the hearts in pain. Apart from the possible homoerotic overtones, this reliance on haptic sensation over the optic one is quite remarkable in an aesthetics dominated by ocularcentrism. This cannot simply be subsumed within the Christian tradition because demand for a felt experience is famously allied with scepticism in the account of the Apostle Thomas. The original fresco on the wall of the Sistine Chapel emphasizes the ambivalence of touch fixed in terms of a visual image; the proximity or distance between the figures left to the interpretation of the spectator. The concurrence of touch and death in Tennyson makes the poetry of mourning an ethical act of reaching out to the dead friend through affective imagination, impossible in life. Tennyson through his poetry traverses the conventionally religious journey from suffering to expiation with less than complete belief in the Christian narrative of salvation. This can be compared to the presence of Christ as understood by Oscar Wilde in *De Profundis* that is aesthetically and ethically uplifting without being didactic. He declares the necessity of rituals even for an agnostic. He finds in the figure of Christ a perfect amalgamation of romanticism and Hellenism. Hilary Fraser in *Beauty and Belief*: He finds no place for himself in society and seeks refuge in Nature. However, the shared experience of suffering links the artist with the rest of the humanity not only because it may bring a healing effect but because: He sets up the aesthetic experience as an alternative to that of religion in terms of haptic immediacy and the actuality of the finitude of man: The faith that others give to what is unseen, I give to what one can touch, and look at. My gods dwell in temples made with hands: This concomitance of the consciousness of the finitude of man and a haptic mode of perception by two very different writers in works separated by decades is quite remarkable. But these proclamations are ambiguous at best, as the history of the change in the reception of the poem testifies. In the nineteenth century, research in optics transformed the notion of light from emission and corpuscular optics to its divergence into electromagnetism and physiological optics in the works of Michael Faraday among others. Light parted company with vision and visibility in a sense. It may have had profound impact on the configurations of the perceptual field dominated by vision and led to the recognition of the corporeal and embodied nature of all perceptions. The affective modes and aspirations of this domain parallel that of religion in earlier epochs and can be understood to be vitally dependant on the displacement of religious beliefs.

A Key to Lord Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' - www.nxgvision.com You're reading novel A Key to Lord Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' Part 6 online at www.nxgvision.com Please use the follow button to get notification about the latest chapter next time when you visit www.nxgvision.com Use F11 button to read novel in full-screen(PC only).

Summary and Commentary will focus on the following excerpts Prologue Strong Son of God, immortal Love, Whom we, that have not seen thy face, By faith, and faith alone, embrace, Believing where we cannot prove; Thine are these orbs of light and shade; Thou madest Life in man and brute; Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot Is on the skull which thou hast made. Thou wilt not leave us in the dust: Thou madest man, he knows not why, He thinks he was not made to die; And thou hast made him: Thou seemest human and divine, The highest, holiest manhood, thou. Our wills are ours, we know not how; Our wills are ours, to make them thine. Our little systems have their day; They have their day and cease to be: They are but broken lights of thee, And thou, O Lord, art more than they. We have but faith: Let knowledge grow from more to more, But more of reverence in us dwell; That mind and soul, according well, May make one music as before, But vaster. We are fools and slight; We mock thee when we do not fear: But help thy foolish ones to bear; Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light. Forgive my grief for one removed, Thy creature, whom I found so fair. I trust he lives in thee, and there I find him worthier to be loved. Forgive these wild and wandering cries, Confusions of a wasted youth; Forgive them where they fail in truth, And in thy wisdom make me wise. Come quick, thou bringest all I love. So may whatever tempest mars Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark; And balmy drops in summer dark Slide from the bosom of the stars. I care for nothing, all shall go. I bring to life, I bring to death: The spirit does but mean the breath: I know no more. A monster then, a dream, A discord. O life as futile, then, as frail! O for thy voice to soothe and bless! What hope of answer, or redress? Behind the veil, behind the veil. Man cannot understand why he was created, but he must believe that he was not made simply to die. The Son of God seems both human and divine. The speaker asks that God help foolish people to see His light.

Chapter 5 : In Memoriam A.H.H. by Lord Alfred Tennyson

*A key to Lord Tennyson's In Memoriam [Alfred Gatty] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This book was originally published prior to , and represents a reproduction of an important historical work.*

Tennyson, the fourth of twelve children, showed an early talent for writing. At the age of twelve he wrote a 6-line epic poem. His father, the Reverend George Tennyson, tutored his sons in classical and modern languages. Tennyson escaped home in to attend Trinity College, Cambridge. In that same year, he and his brother Charles published *Poems by Two Brothers*. Although the poems in the book were mostly juvenilia, they attracted the attention of the "Apostles," an undergraduate literary club led by Arthur Hallam. The "Apostles" provided Tennyson, who was tremendously shy, with much needed friendship and confidence as a poet. Hallam and Tennyson became the best of friends; they toured Europe together in and again in . In , Tennyson published *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* and in he published a second volume entitled simply *Poems*. Some reviewers condemned these books as "affected" and "obscure. In , he became engaged to Emily Sellwood. He was selected Poet Laureate in succession to Wordsworth. In that same year, he married Emily Sellwood. They had two sons, Hallam and Lionel. At the age of 41, Tennyson had established himself as the most popular poet of the Victorian era. The money from his poetry at times exceeding 10, pounds per year allowed him to purchase a house in the country and to write in relative seclusion. His appearanceâ€”a large and bearded man, he regularly wore a cloak and a broad brimmed hatâ€”enhanced his notoriety. He read his poetry with a booming voice, often compared to that of Dylan Thomas. In , Tennyson published the first poems of *Idylls of the Kings*, which sold more than 10, copies in one month. In , he accepted a peerage, becoming Alfred Lord Tennyson. Tennyson died on October 6, , and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Chapter 6 : A Key to Tennyson's "In Memoriam." By Alfred Getty, D.D. Â» 15 Jul Â» The Spectator Archive

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

Chapter 7 : A Key to Tennyson's In Memoriam by Alfred Gatty

The Demonic King Chases His Wife: The Rebellious Good-for-Nothing Miss Chapter

Chapter 8 : The Poetic Work of Mourning: Tennysonâ€™s In Memoriam as the Freudian Trauerarbeit

a key to lord tennyson's "in memoriam." I. It may be stated, on the highest authority, that the special passage alluded to in the opening stanza, cannot be identified, but it is Goethe's creed.

Chapter 9 : AESTHETICS OF TOUCH IN TENNYSONâ€™S IN MEMORIAM AND WILDEâ€™S DE PRO

In Memoriam A.H.H. Strong Son of God, immortal Love, Whom we, that have not seen thy face, By faith, and faith alone, embrace, Believing where we cannot prove;.