POEMS, WITH AN ESSAY ON MATTHEW
ARNOLD AND T. S. ELIOT

Thesis

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by

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The thesis consists of a selection of original poems and an essay on the literary relationship between Matthew Arnold and T. S. Eliot. The poems are loosely related in theme; they are the responses of the poet to the various forces in his upbringing, such as literature, religion and the American Southwest. The essay compares the literary criticism of Arnold and Eliot, the foremost critics of their respective periods, with special attention to Eliot's criticism of Arnold. The conclusion is that despite this criticism Eliot accepted Arnold's major critical precepts and perpetuated in his own work Arnold's central concerns about literature and culture.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PART I.</th>
<th>POEMS</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Jackrabbit Poem</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Working Without Nets</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wild Turkey</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Capitan</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>T'ai (Peace)</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Three Black Haikus</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Three Red Haikus</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Upshit Creek</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Hero's Return</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Ship of Changes</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Practical Joke</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Treasures of the West</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Old Soldiers</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Stars</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Poet and the Bulldozer</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Models of the Universe</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Speculations of an Angular Man</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Tree of Porphyr</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ars Moriendi</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cities of Gold</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PART II. AN ESSAY ON MATTHEW ARNOLD AND T. S. ELIOT .......................... 37
FOOTNOTES .......................................................... 54
BIBLIOGRAPHY ....................................................... 57
PART I

POEMS
Jackrabbit Poem

Ears above all
for hearing a hero's footfalls
and eyes on the sides of his head
for speed

Craftier than the coney-catcher
before Shakespeare sharpened a pencil
having more elevation than Milton
Chaucer and Pope?
poor pedestrians
beside the pace setter

That's why it's a jackrabbit poem
it's hard to catch
known to some but seldom seen
beyond the green
of the cabbage patch
showing his arse poetica

Just a journal of jumps
and blood of privations and delights
of summers and winters
of the Green Knight's progress
of the advance of king and castle
of the loom of seeming
and its simple acts

More than lies and the compass
guide this race of jackrabbits
to the stars
Working Without Nets

The daring young man on the flying trapeze falls free in the rarified, dark altitude of a tent without a top, stretches up his arms to Orion on the crest and gleam of planetfall.

No wings on his shoulders, no mirrors, no wires, but horizons gape out of existence behind him.

Feel the muscular distance his pulse swells to fill, look below and about the gilded parabola, probe the impalpable web of orbits where he flies. His eyes are blooms on the arrow, and he swings in flight from a million silver threads the aspects, converge, eclipse and transit.

Now there is no memory of the circus.
Wild Turkey

A clarity
evasive as the Red Queen
eluding you, gone
sooner than ecstasy and suddenly
breaking through all the voices:
a clarity charmed
and gratuitous and restful and
rhythmed and measured and musical
after the kykeon
and the ineffable secret

a charmed clarity
in the forest
where trees fall in silence

wild turkey walks over leafmeal acres and aphids
where Thoreau learned tranquility from Manitou,
where Emerson found resolution in the rhodora

a clarity captured
in flashes of orange
and brown from Audubon's Indian paintbrush,
a bird in the hand, a bird set free
in the heart of the poor immigrant
escaping from the colonies
to the Frontier in search of
a familiar image, a guinea from Africa
Capitan

In Capitan we lived like hobbits
behind a screen door in the riverbank.
Astronomical the sky was, starrier than Texas
it blazed cold and blue when I arrived
on the first of April. So bare the heart becomes
in New Mexico as the heavens are bare,
as my feet were bare on the cold, blue grass.

We dug our house into the hillside,
rocked the walls and roofed ourselves over,
put down a floor complete with linoleum
and closed the door on America.

Adam and Adonis built the dam
while Eve and Aphrodite cooked dinner,
and I was Silenus, seated in scrutiny
on a bluff above them, twitching
a gray ear, scratching such maxims as
"I choose not to choose," and
"Nothing will do except everything."

Snakes penetrated the walls,
rats crept in under the beds, making our heaven
a house of devils; paradise waned and each became
a wandering tribe of one. Somewhere
on the highway east of Santa Rosa
we said our goodbyes.
T'ai (Peace)

It was a local grasshopper afternoon
when in the course of human events
we gazed on the eleventh hexagram.
Clint stuck a pick in a fencepost
and for a while nothing was lost:
just baby blue Texas sky
with six clouds shaped like apple turnovers
drifting in formation above
a barbed-wire fence.
No blame anywhere.
Three Black Haikus

1. 6/13/73

A company of five ravens came
to the big oak in the backyard.

2. 10/7/73

A raven came down
from the roof this morning
to sit on my shoulder.

3. 11/2/73

Three black ravens:
sad silhouette on the evening sky
saying goodbye...
Three Red Haikus

1
Red's black cat Cragmont
ran away carrying
Bob Read's red bandana.

2
The wind will not
disturb you here,
red spider in the honeysuckle.

3
Three rainbows between red bands
 cradle me
between gray horizons.
Upshit Creek

Down on Upshit Creek
we dreamed and drank
till the sun expired
and the moon bellowed like a bull
in the sky below.
We crafted our curses in verse.
It was blasphemous, I know,
but flat on our backs amid the bullnettles
with black hills overhead it didn't seem
to matter so much what got said:

you know how it is when you're down
on Upshit Creek, dreaming and drinking...
The Hero's Return

When the woman
in the window
nods her head at my disguise
and the moment
of departure
spreads sensation in the skies
and the murder
of a beetle
turns my heart from green to blue
and it's springtime
in the graveyard
I'll be comin' home to you.
The Ship of Changes

Remember the American gothic monsterpiece we lived in? where silvers and sepias discolored the corners of the mirrors and our tintype images in them; ponderous shapes of dust and sleep came seeping through the feather-pillows, and the familiar tone and dream of a past that is still to come.

The future and the furniture which are gone reveal to us even now in memory the moment before we fell asleep on the vacant floor before the fire, hearing the footsteps of a procession of ghosts on the staircase.

We awoke on the face of a sundial, where radiant slants of amber sun marked time across the room, watched motes of light float flashing through the air slower than honey; we were trespassers into the grace of bygone days, like hermit crabs sheltering in a conch shell, deathbed witnesses to our ancestor sodbusters and homebuilders. Little did they think of us then, who made this frame for our lives; less did they plan to teach us, through the things they left unfinished, how Time would disregard our secrets.

Bluebonnets, verbena and black-eyed susans bred wild on the hilly slopes behind the house, and we spent hours on the backsteps wide-eyed, watching the changes.

And it was fitting that the anthems of the revolution should be sung thus in rust and fossil as they always have been, that every waking moment should bring Time closer to home.

Now we know, although the house was burned down long ago, the local currents on which we move ourselves, but never can we hope to know the sea on which the Ship of Changes sails.
Practical Joke

Tryin to wake up from a dream,
fightin a dragon,
forgettin to die,

seein a horrible, sensin a terrible,
woke with a scream with a beam in my eye.

Whose was the face on the broken beam?
(colorful-feverful, dangerous-lovable)
what do I do when he mentions my name?
stand like a stag in
the field, or fly?

Ever however it seems to seem
(as ass may be draggin,
mouth may be dry),
O yes, the mutable, ah! the Insrutable
hootable hero and suitable spy,

next best to knowable, all
but impossible,
(not to be braggin),
(not meanin to pry),

I'm the most wonderful, much the most masterful
one with my enemies many am I.

Wrestlin angels beside the stream,
sufferin, saggin,
exhalin a sigh,
simple and shakable, fakable, breakable,
flyin my flag in
the sun in the sky.
Treasures of the West

what the buzzards left behind
abandoned many times already
fallen amid cow patties and hoofprints
behind the crunch and laughter of the covered wagons
behind the illustrated walls of ramshackle schoolyards
where our great-grandparents played
in the jagged oriental shade
of the pecan tree
children grown and gone
to seed

return to the scene
of the sweet crime and dream
the secret so deep that everyone knows it
the beauty hidden where everyone can see it

out of sight
in the vastness of the barn
out of reach
in the spell of the fireplace

primitive and dusty mystery
in the upstairs hallway
lace curtains that crumble at a touch
tintypes scowling, discolored
hanging over our heads

on the cobwebbed windowseat
a book with brittle pages
traces of ancient grime and grape jam
Huck Finn was here
leaning on his elbows over the bright pages
ornate important-looking lettering
faded messages in a woman's flowering hand
in the margin

treasures of the West
shortcuts, hideouts
early noontides of our lifetimes
creekbottoms lined with hackberries
scattered with horseapples
rusted riggings on the fenceposts
some cowboy stopped here
some sunny sabbath years past
to rest his horse
and sleep in the shade
through the afternoon heat
down where still waters run deep
marbles, squirtguns
slingshots in a cigar box
King Edward the seventh
on the lid

mason jars with airholes punched out
little prisons for tarantulas
ancient history

out of earshot
hidden in mist
in the Big Thicket, treasures of the West
in the roots
of the Toothache tree, in the throats
of pitcherplant and bladderwort
out of earshot
of saws and bulldozers
but not for long

last chance
last glimpse
of blue bottles on pharmacy shelves
thunderheads at sundown
rundown streets and relics
skills of the American Indian
now forgotten
broken windows on the prairie

last treasurehunt
where grandfather sang
in the broken porch swing
where the first summer lover lay
under the sunflowers
wheels spinning in her eyes

ice cream parlors....
golden eyes....
the book with fragile pages....
all closed up

Western treasures
we may want again
when the buzzards have gone
Old Soldiers
for my brother Terry

Has ever the earth seen two
such scabby-headed heroes
as ourselves?
Such walruses
with broken tusks and battleribbons?
But rise up, Brother Abel,
there are battles left to lose, a few:
pride like ours not easily can find Immemorial
Defeat.
Let's go down dying like soldiers,
trying to defend the Indefensible once again,
clutching lilies with a cocky grin,
unremitting till
the end.

Meanwhile, back in the casket,
the stiffness wearing off a little,
the stiffness of sleep,
the stiffness of centuries of sleep and stillness,
we rise like Lazarus before seven
laughing at bullets and barbiturates,
plunge into the storm naked with our sleeves rolled up
and barely survive to find out
what all we have to brag about.
Later, looking for anything
with which to intoxicate ourselves till bedtime,
we get together with the Four Horsemen
round the table, clinking glasses,
singing:
   Songs of a man who draws no breath
   but still has will to move, to rise,
   to bend a body stiff with death,
   sustain it through eternities....

We glory in the unknown
because it's all there is to glory in.
We don't examine the names on the crosses;
we clink our glasses and sing.
The small fortunes of war
are ours. The small wonders of war
explode overhead, and Death or sleep comes
the same in a million places:
painless.

Wake up!
I am shaking you and
it's another golden dawn, brother,
no better than before: same battlefield,
same enemy.

Let's hope for an uneventful day.
The Stars

The floor lay tiled in twelve blue constellations
and we floated on our rooftop at eleven
down the flood of darkness through cool
grand ballrooms upside down,
ten million miles of ceiling swinging
a krexmahigular, jaggerwonkied mosaic.
The floor lay covered with candles
and we floated on our rooftop at nine,
our crazy, ocean-floor fears
in a faint music from the distance
returning to spin in the blue drain.
The unknown balanced its arcs
as our fearful eyes ventured by degrees
between the stars into the endless hallway,
the warm walls all absent now.

All in an instant they showered us
and we knew a terror we could not describe,
for our masks were changed
by the ancient childhood darkness of our dreams,
the knowledge too terrible to grasp:
that we are sane only with the windows down
only behind our ideas, like drapes hiding the sky
and the figures that stoop and weave there

but all of us are insane under the empty sky,
hurtling down the hall of stars,
gasping at the evolution
of our moving fingers
clinging to our perishable hearts,
our precarious earth.
The Poet and the Bulldozer

One day, I was about four I guess, I was out playing in the front yard and this enormous yellow bulldozer came down the street. I had never seen a bulldozer before, but I could see it was obviously wonderful, and I ran to the kitchen to find out what it was from my mother. "Mommy! I saw a big Yellow Thing!"

My mother, while not totally uncommunicative, was nevertheless not in the mood for guessing games, and she couldn't come to the front door right now because she was busy with breakfast. So there I was, mind and heart full of the bulldozer but unable to communicate the bulldozer; I remember standing there in the kitchen bawling in sheer frustration. I guess I've been a poet ever since.
Models of the Universe

Wisdom such as steps into a world of sin,
Satan spins the golden twins,
hangs them on a chain from heaven's floor,
fixes the stars with a stare,
starts the dance of opposing pairs, then
around it all writes a ladder of letters
back to the door where he came in.
No one knows where to begin.

Moloch is set below to moan
and Moses above to praise.
It's all a maze.
The Speculations of an Angular Man

They say after the rape
Proserpina sat sobbing,
weaving the shreds of her dress
into a model of the universe.
A roughly spherical affair, I hear.
Not unlike those of Ptolemy and Copernicus
who rolled after her their worlds
into balls, like dung beetles.
The Tree of Porphyry

A billion flames bloom on the Tree of Porphyry; they emanate soft as saliva from the white stems of the candelabra. From somewhere must come these emanations, these seminal reasons that shine forever in a shudder of feldspar.

In the hidden dungeons of ancient Egypt sleeps a man of stone, frozen like Frankenstein in a wall of mica. White vapors from his fingers seep forward in stone, converge in the whisper of the occult calculus.

In the brain of man is born the bloom. The lotus of a hundred thousand petals pulses to open, to arrange by affinities these strange messages, these comparable realities, in the pristine order of the Tree of Porphyry.

It's all one constant signal destroying itself as your experience and Saint Bonaventura will demonstrate to code, creed and cult, one dangerous mystery in outer space with you for Messiah.

Fly, you fool! into the face of destruction! We love you for it! Lift your feathers to the fire! Your life was at most only an impossible spin in destiny, a fuse burning at both ends.

Welcome to the sea, to the sublime, incestuous mystery of repose!
Note: The following voice-over is intended to accompany a short Symbolist film which focuses on the supra-personal aspect of the human experience. There are six voices: a boy, a girl, a mature man, a mature woman, an aged man and an aged woman. The voices are phased together so that no individual speaker is identified with any passage.

Voice 1: I was a fool till now. But all is well, all is well. I see that it had to be as it was.

Voice 2: Nothing is ever wasted. There is not one atom of dust, not one dead leaf more than what is necessary.


Voice 4: He has given me everything I ever wanted even when I did not know I wanted it.

Voice 5: Because once, you know, I had a great fear of death. All the things I did I did to escape from death.

Voice 6: I could not admit it. I could not realize it. But I imagined that this one life was all the life I had.

Voice 1: I dreamed of a horrible closet of darkness. I hated Time, the thief who took away my toys.
Voice 2: I knew that I
was powerless to protect
the things I loved
from Time. I could
save nothing, and I
was all alone.

Voice 3: But
if it had not
been for death--the
beautiful mystery of death--
I would never have
known you. I would
never have loved you.

Voice 4: Memories go back like
birds to the forest
where they were fledged.
I first saw your
face in the forest.

Voice 5: I was a stranger.
I did not know
that I was living
a life. I was
waiting.

Voice 6: How can we
know where to look
for the happiness we
have never experienced? The
plans I made, the
traps I laid to
capture it, faded, never
were fulfilled.

Voice 1: Thank God
for that. I could
never have prayed for
pleasures that I did
not know existed. I
could never have dreamed
of the luck that
was coming closer to
me with the soft
speed of the earth,
the pressure of plants
just below the surface
of the soil.

Voice 2: I
saw your face, only
a hint, and my
blood like the sap
of the trees was
stirred by some photoperiodic signal, the days imperceptibly lengthening; the birds were flying north to breed--sudden nakedness of life, words and deeds broke bleeding from the mouth of God. All in an instant I felt desire.

Voice 3: I was ashamed.
I hid my eyes.
I fled from the accusations of my mind.
But my criminal heart began to learn your names.

Voice 4: I did not understand. I did not see how it was all moving. I saw your face again, framed by the first leaves of the dogwood tree.

Voice 5: It was spring. The butterfly's proboscus curled in blossoms of milkweed and snapdragon. And I watched you in secret.

Voice 6: I was aware of you everywhere. I did not show myself. It is easy to hide in the forest. I was sure that no one saw me.

Voice 1: The morning of the memorial beholding of eyes and heart I saw you step into the sunshine, blazing flowers about you, perfect in my eyes.

Voice 2: It was a trick of the forest, that perfection. The magic of your body matched to the cloudy perfection of nameless
gods, statues forgotten and eternally familiar, lifted on shrines in the subconscious.

Voice 3: Remember how you walked to the river? Your images flowed like the water in an eternal Now.

Voice 4: I had never felt the presence of God; habits, my mind's dominating voices weighing rights and wrongs, fell away unnoticed.

Voice 5: I came from behind curtains, shields I had employed against reality, left them under the trees and followed you until the sun set and you disappeared from sight.

Voice 6: I stood still. I felt the water lap my feet, and when I turned the magic symmetry of the ripples startled me as if I had never seen them before.

Voice 1: The leaves rustled whispers, intimate designations, telling all the legends of history. And the colors of the sunset drifted across the water, settled in a clamshell which I found myself holding in my hand.

Voice 2: I had sifted beauty from the sun, and every sunset and sound was a detail in the complete and elaborate beauty of my life. I needed no other reason.

Voice 3: At night,
in the forest, the
vivid monster of my
imagination awoke in summer
heat.

Voice 4: Lush, swollen flowers
dropped from their stalks.
Pale mushrooms fed on
death. Insects corrupted the
leaves of the trees,
and in my dreams
I sank before a
tall black tree and
cried in anger, "What
good am I? No
one knows me."

Voice 5: I
ran barefoot on the
forest floor. In every
acre of the forest,
ten thousand leaves, in
every leaf, your laughing
face.

Voice 6: I was searching
for you. Afraid to
know what I felt
for you. Afraid to
find you. But drawn
to you by the
fever of my fear,
following your breathing, until
sound of your heart
beating loud: my own
stolen identity.

Voice 1: And the
dark smile I saw
then on your face
was the smile of
my death. My death,
and all sexual delight.

Voice 2: Before a million witnesses,
frightening snakes under fallen
stones, moss made a
bed or shroud where
we touched each other
in full moonlight scattered
by broken curtains, ancient
forces spoke in the
trunks of trees, bodies
delighted sprockets meshed, spasms
of the spine ascended,  
a thousand swords of  
light striking, screams of  
bright pain.

Voice 3:  
Something I  
was seeking in your  
body; the touch of  
you flowed off like  
water and could not  
be held. I was  
frantic with words, with  
questions I did not  
dare to ask and  
always it seemed you  
smiled, though in the  
dark and light patches  
changing I could never  
be certain.

Voice 4:  
I parted  
from you breathing rich  
pleasures in the air,  
waiting for the light  
to cross your face,  
saying to you softly  
all the names I  
knew. But you were  
hidden from me then;  
It amused the moon  
instead to show me  
how the earth was  
soaked with blood.

Voice 5:  
The  
taste of blood was  
in my mouth, but  
I could not see  
my crime. I crawled  
searching with my hands  
across the moss and  
stones.

Voice 6:  
Perhaps the death  
was mine after all  
But was it you  
or I?

Voice 1:  
Clinging to  
the earth I slept  
and dreamed I heard  
you speak my name.  
Waking in dawn light  
I saw you in  
a strange remembered hallway,  
running, running.
Voice 2: The garment you wore fluttered behind you, illusion of wind and light: wings with feathers seemingly appearing one by one, as if in recognition of your chaste steps. I ran after you.

Voice 3: You waited for me by the river. The communion of hands and names and eyes. For one day on the surface of the water we watched the eternal transfiguration of our own faces. Touching.

Voice 4: The forest, graced with silence.

Voice 5: When at the very mention of the month October trees dressed for death, we walked around the world together. Familiar friends in bright robes for the last rites. August. Miraculous. The forest was full of our wisdom.

Voice 6: Someday soon now we will die. We will give back these bodies to the swarm of creation, and in exchange we will be given everything.

Voice 1: We only dreamed that all the faces of the forest were not our own. That was before we learned to die.

Voice 2: The leaves drop off so that the tree may continue to live. Strange: we saw the cycles everywhere except in ourselves.
Voice 3: But then each was for the other. My immortality is there in your changing faces.

Voice 4: Smiling, the sun blooms backwards toward our birth together, and beneath the bloom both mysteries are mine, and the voice of God is my voice, and the will of God is my will, and the unknown and secret ways of God, which hide below the napkin of the dream, are my own secret ways.

Voice 5: When the owl fluffs out his feathers, and the deer grows his coat of hollow hair, and snow falls we will be together and naked and in ecstasy again.

Voice 6: The new and old faces of the forest in unison saying, "Thank God! It was all a bad dream."

Voice 1: Do you know? Believe? Remember?

Voice 2: Don't worry. There is all the time in the world.

Voice 3: And already you are changing everything. Remembering these words. Remembering me.

Voice 4: Everything you have done was for me. Because you love me. You might have known. I love you just the same.
Voice 5: Because we are the same. And we have loved and lived and died before in the forest.

Voice 6: And the fears that seemed so powerful were thin as dragonfly-wings. And the love that seemed impossible was everywhere.
Cities of Gold

After eight long years
lost and wandering the New World
four dusty Spanish subjects
stumbled into the Viceroy's presence
with a fabulous story about seven cities:
golden streets and jewelled walls
somewhere westward,
high doorways of turquoise
and a prize of wealth inside
as big as a man's imagination.
The Viceroy was one of the first
fallen to the spell of the sundance;
all his earliest, untethered dreams
returned to possess him, and he started at once
equipping a search party
to bring Cibola back, stone by golden stone.
De Vaca sailed for Spain.

One of the four survivors,
Estavanico by name,
stayed to guide the search.
Could be the Viceroy bought him:
he had black skin. But slave or not,
he was the acknowledged leader;
after eight years at home on the range
he knew many things,
even if where he was going wasn't one of them.
Once they were under way
he went to wearing wild garb:
feathers, bells, and rattles, like a medicine man.
The Indians they met bowed as to a black god,
gave him his pick from their supplies and women.
Times were good for Estavanico.
Soon the black god and a few companions
moved out ahead to scout and report back;
when they found the cities it was agreed
a cross would be sent back as a sign,
the size of the cross to indicate
the size of the treasure.

When they came upon the pueblos in New Mexico
Estavanico saw the sun gleam from adobe and sandstone
and mad with pride over the prize ahead
he sent the sign and made for his destiny.
But at the legendary doorway
his Indian magic backfired.
Either because of a jealous medicine man
or because he wore ornaments of an enemy tribe
or because he murdered his Indian concubines
the Pueblos attacked and killed him.
News of his death
arrived back at the main encampment
close behind the sign he had sent:
a cross as big as a man.

Just west of the hurricanes
where it's so hot the jackrabbits carry umbrellas
you can pop corn on the sidewalk in the summertime
open sky over
the closing of the land
we were born soon enough
not to miss the rattlesnakes and the sixguns
to see the cow skull smile in stainless sunshine
between the cities appearing
in the saga's later pages
as the search goes on
the Legend grows, retold
by crazy old prospectors and college professors
by grandfathers to their grandchildren at bedtime
the Truth goes backaways
to a childhood memory of the Mother Lode

Those great camps that sprang up overnight
burned down and were rebuilt in brick
prices skyrocketed as the boomtowns boomed
our saloons and faro tables were outlawed
now skyscrapers flash neon commandments
across the prairie
mirror walls twenty stories high reflect each other
reflect the tombstone architecture
down Interstate 35 with slices
of wide-open spaces
in between
the Legend grows on through the summer drought
it gets so dry the cows give powdered milk
and still, without a cloud in sight,
the search goes on
we sip Coors and cuss the Cowboys
men of the West
big-hat hog-callers and tobacco-spitters
like our settler ancestors, concealing
whatever remains of their spirit
under sunburned, beergut exteriors
Times change our hearts in the wild West
(but not the search nor the summer heat
nor the reward we would steal from the world:
that goes on)

2

It comes from the earth,
At first they found it by digging in the dirt,
poking through the pockets of ancient skeletons
for something older,
breaking through conglomerate and decay
toward something purer,
something so old and pure in the earth
it wouldn't mix in the molten beginnings
but stayed as it was, held by hardening quartz
while the earth cooled off, lying down deep
until the aching, changing, groaning ground
buckled and broke, shoving up the Sierras,
exposing its treasure to the storms
to be washed and shaped and sifted
by robber-winds and prehistoric rivers,
gathered, scattered,
stored up in sandbars and riverbeds,
hidden and treasured and forgotten
before Folsom Man
before the crimes and migrations
and failures of our forefathers,
already perfect
before our minds and tools and celebrated works:

out there somewhere,
shining under the mountain,
new and warm in the dust
'til the death of everything,
and beyond.

3

Some time back
I knew a cowboy named Coronado,
Golden hair and beard he had; a glint
of the stuff in his eyes, too,
and behind them
his mind was a hungry forge, fed
from childhood on the Legend.

He learned early
about Sam Bass, the robinhood of the cross-timbers,
from his grandmother: heard about the Denton mare,
the race with the Indians,
the cattle drive with Joel Collins,
the gambling, the good whiskey,
the loss of the profits,
and then after the first few twobit stage jobs
the big hit on the Union Pacific.
Sixty thousand golden dollars,
mostly still missing.

So we made a game of the search.
Starting from his house in Sanger
we rode out with a sixpack to Pilot Knob;
there, while I sat and guzzled,
he searched for real, poked and hunted and hypothesized,
finally saying after sundown,
"It ain't here."

I guess I more believed the stories
that said Sam cashed his last double-eagle
on the way to his death at Round Rock.
Not him, though.
In the next few months he chased down
every wind of every yarn you ever heard
from the field out by Bolivar
where a goldpiece was plowed up
to Cove Hollow
to Leghorn Caverns
west damn near to the Red River.
I lost track of him about that time.

Over the years I saw him less and less,
but I heard about him more and more:
gone to other times and goldrushes,
backtracking after any whisper of paydirt.
Some dope named Lopez finds a few flecks
and he's off for San Feliciano Valley.
Once in a while he'd come through
looking like a character off the courthouse lawn,
then off again after every flash in the pan
from the Black Hills to Tombstone,
talking about some strike at Dry Diggings
or Poverty Gulch, as if we hadn't heard,
about the swindlers and claim-jumpers and high-graders,
hot after every bonanza in history,
saying the word Gold
and raising a clenched fist.
And in his eyes I could see it
mined and crushed,
passed over shelves of quicksilver,
extracted and captured and kept
for all time.

Toward the end they say
he drew more water in the desert
than any man alive, knew the badlands
like his own backyard.

Finally he returned along that trail
Estavanico took back at the very beginning,
thinking all the time he was headed
for Wickenburg, where a lode was, he heard.

Maybe the spirit of the Pueblo medicine man
thought it was the black god coming back,
seeing as how their errand was the same.
Some think he stepped on Spiderwoman's door
and made her mad. There's no shortage
of angry spirits in the dunes: thirsty ghosts and sandgoblins
and Indian spells left from long ago.
Something out there hated Coronado
enough to send a sandstorm after him
so thick and hot and fierce
he couldn't see, couldn't breathe,
couldn't tell where he was going.
It followed him for days,
howling like nine hundred Apaches in his ears,
burning and biting and tormenting him,
ever letting him rest,
visions appearing all around him,
filmy eldorados receding across the landscape before him,
sandlions singing from their pits,
yellow catamounts crouching, leaping at him;
the desert madness got hold of him
and the slow torture of the sun:

then, between the burning gusts,
he seemed to see himself up ahead
breaking through clouds into the clear,
and he followed his own vanishing form,
zigzagging into the wind
like a path in a Navaho sandpainting,
wiping a grimey wrist across his eyes, amazed
at the miracle of veins in mineral hands,
at the unknown guide leading him
like some crazy snake eating itself up from the tail,
sundog digging to the bone, to where
the wind and wild voices
suddenly died away.

Down on his hands and knees in the sand
he shook his head and tried to focus
facing into a blinding sunset on the horizon.
But as the fog cleared it was no sunset he saw;
it was the skyline of a shining city:
walls of gold shedding a glow on the desert
and a golden, open gateway in the middle
filled with leaping flames.

Rising slowly, telling himself it was only
the best mirage he ever laid eyes on
his believing feet began to take him
toward the golden towers, terraces,
staircases more than he could count,
while he tried to swallow, his feet sinking in,
marking the sand, slowing his steps.
Then, when he looked again,
his eyes said a figure was standing there
in the distant doorway. His spirits rose
like those of a man heading for fire and home;
he ran fast as the sand
and his weary legs would let him, heart hammering,
eyes straining till he could see
between the burning gates
a woman holding out her arms to him.
Not Yvonne deCarlo on the silver screen,
more beautiful even: a golden woman
towering over a burning boomtown, bending
to welcome, moving to meet him,
belle of a western city
better than a dream of desire,
Phoenix, falling, flaming lover
coming to claim his love for the sun,
coming with crazy notions,
coming with swings and shadetrees and lemonade
in a light too bright to look at,
flames twisting like sidewinders' tails,
swarming everywhere like an ocean around her,
like a burning bush dying more to live more,
dying faster than flowering to keep alive
forever, embracing a flaming lady,
kissing sweet to decay and come again.
The search goes on.
Tales reach us of rich ships on the ocean floor,
of Aztec curses, Union payrolls, fortunes
hidden by the Dalton gang. Maybe Sam's stash
is still out there somewhere. Meanwhile,
we stumble through the streets to our jobs,
airplanes roaring over our heads,
sweating figures at the bus stops
not looking up, not speaking,
following the dark figure
through the secret storm.

Sometimes we see each other
like ships that pass in the morning,
stop in the shade of an awning,
cuss the heat and joke
about Coronado. But the sun beams down
and all signs fail in dry weather
and saying we better get after it again
and grinning, we move on
to circle with the sundance,
still holding out for the glory hole,
a tree with golden apples upside down,
from which any fool's fortune may break forth
someday in shining pieces, signs
of a treasure bigger than Dallas,
right where the cross said it was.
PART II
AN ESSAY ON MATTHEW ARNOLD
AND T. S. ELIOT

From time to time, every hundred years or so, it is desirable that some critic shall appear to review the past of our literature, and set the poets and the poems in a new order. This task is not one of revolution but readjustment. What we observe is partly the same scene, but in a different and more distant perspective; there are new and strange objects in the foreground, to be drawn accurately in proportion to the more familiar ones which now approach the horizon, where all but the most eminent become invisible to the naked eye. The exhaustive critic, armed with a powerful glass, will be able to sweep the distance and gain an acquaintance with minute objects in the distant landscape with which to compare minute objects close at hand; he will be able to gauge nicely the position and proportion of the objects surrounding us, in the whole of the vast panorama. This metaphorical fancy only represents the ideal; but Dryden, Johnson and Arnold have each performed the task as well as human frailty will allow.

Thus T. S. Eliot, in the 1933 Norton lecture on Matthew Arnold, describes the position which Arnold occupied in his age and which Eliot, despite disclaimers, was filling in his own. Although he refers to Arnold as "in some respects the most satisfactory man of letters of his age," such positive statements lose much of their force in the total context of Eliot's criticism, which, with regard to Arnold, is overwhelmingly negative. At different points Eliot has accused Arnold of shallowness, prejudice, and an incapacity for logic, of being ill-equipped for philosophy and theology and of being a Philistine in religion. His poetry, according to Eliot, ranges from academic to careless and is of little interest generally.
Such good qualities as Eliot will credit to Arnold are of a minor sort; yet there is much in Eliot's critical writing which is closely akin to Arnold, and Eliot's own critical preoccupations are perhaps nowhere more clear than in his attacks on his predecessor.

That Eliot is Arnold's literary descendant has been established by various critics. When Eliot says, "The important moment for the appearance of criticism seems to be the time when poetry ceases to be the expression of the mind of a whole people," he is making some of Arnold's assumptions. Lewis Freed, in T. S. Eliot: Aesthetics and History, says, "Whoever takes up the subject of criticism nowadays finds that all lines lead to Eliot (and I. A. Richards), as they once led to Arnold . . . ." Douglas Bush, in his Matthew Arnold: A Survey of His Poetry and Prose, says, "In some points he [Arnold] anticipates T. S. Eliot, who, for all his antagonism, was his chief heir."

Speaking of the similarities between them, Bush says this:

Eliot, who combined qualified respect for Arnold with a particularly religious hostility, had a partly similar classicist and European outlook, a similar comparative method and similar felicity in the persuasive use of quotations, a similar urbanity of style and tone. . . .

Lionel Trilling, in his biography of Arnold, makes this comparison:

Arnold could find little charm in the bourgeois world. Like Wordsworth before him, like T. S. Eliot after, he wrote primarily for a small group of saddened intellectuals for whom the dominant world was a wasteland, men who felt heartick and deprived of some part of their energy by their civilization. 

In order to see Eliot's objections to Arnold's criticism clearly, we must first be clear as to the major points of that criticism. Arnold did not have a "system" in the sense of a pattern for assessing all poetry; surely no man sensitive to literature would approach criticism in this way. The heart of his critical theory is seen in a few important statements and major preoccupations around which the discourses are organized. Arnold's touchstones for critical analysis are set forth most compactly in his 1865 essay, *The Function of Criticism at the Present Time*. Therein he gives his answers to three questions: why is criticism needed? what should criticism seek to do? and, how should criticism be conducted?

The need for criticism, Arnold indicates, is as a corrective for British narrowness. He refers repeatedly to the stultifying effects of the era which followed the French Revolution: "The notion of the free play of the mind upon all subjects . . . hardly enters into an Englishman's thoughts." And curiosity, he believes, is "an instinct for which there is . . . little original sympathy in the practical British nature, and what there is of it has undergone a long benumbing period of blight and suppression. . . ." In his essay on *The Literary Influence of Academies*, Arnold asks: "What are the essential characteristics of the spirit of our nation? Not, certainly, an open and clear mind, not
a quick and flexible intelligence." Somervell thus describes Arnold's insistence that criticism was the need of his age: "He surveyed a scene of earnest bustling energy, but of energy, alas, so misdirected, so stupid. He appealed to his generation to stop and think; he sought to lower rather than raise the temperature." And Trilling reinforces this view in his summary of Arnold's reaction to the Romantic Movement:

For one thing, it had produced no single work comparable in execution to the perfection of form of the Greek best, or equal in profundity of insight. For another, it had sired no line of poetical descendants of an interest equal to its own. It had been dominated by energy but had lacked order and this was typical of the British spirit.

Despite this unflattering view of post-mid-century England, Arnold was not without hope. He saw, in fact, the signs of an awakening of what he called an "epoch of expansion," a period in which ideas would find a more hospitable audience. And the purpose of criticism, he believed, was to encourage such a development:

Flutterings of curiosity, in the foreign sense of the word, appear amongst us, and it is in these that criticism must look to find its account. Criticism first; a time of true creative activity, perhaps -- which, as I have said, must inevitably be preceded amongst us by a time of criticism, -- hereafter, when criticism has done its work.

In 1863, just before writing his article on Joubert, Arnold wrote a letter to his mother which summarizes not only what he felt criticism should do but indicates in part how criticism should be conducted:
It is very animating to think that one at last has a chance of getting at the English public. Such a public as it is, and such a work as one wants to do with it! Partly nature, partly time and study have also by this time taught me thoroughly the precious truth that everything turns upon one's exercising the power of persuasion, of charm; that without this all fury, energy, reasoning power, acquirement, are thrown away and only render their owner more miserable. Even in one's ridicule one must preserve a sweetness and good humour.

How criticism should be conducted appears more explicitly in Arnold's definition of criticism: "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." This definition contains the basic principles which Arnold adopted for his own use and espoused for others:

First, the critic should be disinterested. Arnold insisted that criticism should be free of party, that it should serve no "practical ends," in the sense that those practical ends were interests other than its own.

It is because criticism has so little kept in the pure intellectual sphere, has so little detached itself from practice, has been so directly polemical and controversial, that it has so ill accomplished, in this country, its best spiritual work; which is to keep man from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarising, to lead him toward perfection, by making his mind dwell upon what is excellent in itself, and the absolute beauty and fitness of things.

Brown analyzes Arnold's disinterestedness as containing two elements. The first is a critical strategy, a mode of presenting ideas in which the reader is worked upon in a roundabout fashion by ideas which have "the innocent appearance
of generality." The other element is a critical faculty and strategy combined. It is contained in criticism which is divorced from practical or party ends and which derives from "a vision of things as they really are."  

Second, the critic should be concerned about ideas. It is this emphasis on ideas that Arnold is concerned with when he writes: "Yes; constantly in reading poetry, a sense for the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read." Arnold often uses "ideas" as being almost synonymous with "ideals." In a defense of literature, he says:

... we shall find that the art and poetry and eloquence of men who lived, perhaps, long ago, who had the most limited natural knowledge, ... have a fortifying, and elevating, and quickening, and suggestive power, capable of wonderfully helping us to relate the results of modern science to our need for conduct, our need for beauty.

His stress on ideas implies negatively an impatience with superficiality, with stereotyped thought couched in glowing prose, with "the barren optimistic sophistries of comfortable moles."

Arnold's definition contains a third element, that of "propagation." Where should the critic turn for subjects fit for propagation? Arnold felt, during the 1860's at least, that not much of English literature qualified as "the best that is known and thought in the world." He felt impelled to
turn to the literature of France and Germany. By acquainting
the British public with authors like Heinrich Heine and
Joubert, he hoped to develop a Continental outlook. He
wanted, as he phrased it, "to let the ideas of Europe steal
amicably in."

It is not, I think, with these central views of the
critic's task that T. S. Eliot finds fault; in fact, he
seems to have assimilated them. Trilling has pointed out
that Eliot's opinion of his fellow Britons was much in
accord with Arnold's. Observe, for instance, the following
from Eliot's essay on Francis Herbert Bradley: "In fighting
the battles that he fought in the 'seventies and 'eighties
Bradley was fighting for a European and ripened and wise
philosophy, against an insular and immature and cranky one;
the same battle that Arnold was fighting. . . ."18 F. O.
Matthiessen concludes that, "behind any tangible debts and
obscured by their sharp divergence of approach, there is to
be discovered everywhere in Eliot's work his kinship to
Matthew Arnold, a kinship to be noted in their views of
the relation of the individual to society, as well as on
such matters as the importance of wholeness of structure in
a work of art."19 The following passage from Eliot's first
Norton lecture is Arnoldian in tone, echoing in part the
doctrine of disinterestedness:

The third, or mature stage of enjoyment of poetry,
comes when we cease to identify ourselves with the poet
we happen to be reading; when our critical faculties
remain awake; when we are aware of what one poet can
be expected to give and what he cannot. The poem has
its own existence, apart from us; it was there before
us and will endure after us. It is only at this stage
that the reader is prepared to distinguish between
degrees of greatness in poetry. . . .

In his introduction to The Sacred Wood in 1950, Eliot
incorporates Arnold's words into this judgment: "It is
part of his [the poet's] business to see literature steadily
and to see it whole; . . . to see the best work of our time
and the best work of twenty-five hundred years ago with the
same eyes."21

Eliot was also very much concerned about ideas. He
followed Arnold's practice of searching abroad for the best
that had been thought there. In his essay on "Eliot and the
Criterion," a literary journal edited by Eliot from 1922 to
1939, John Peter says that the chief strategist of the
Criterion was "Matthew Arnold, the somewhat unlikely spirit
glimpsed in motion again and again behind the editor's com-
mentaries for the first decade."22 Suggesting that Eliot's
editorship of the Criterion was thoroughly Arnoldian, Peter
makes the following points of comparison:

. . . Culture and Anarchy has to be seen as central to
Eliot's whole purpose in what he himself was doing.
Significantly, it is repeatedly quoted or alluded to --
more frequently, I believe, than any other modern book.
Eliot recalls Arnold's picture of the Populace 'bawling,
hustling and smashing' (v 286); he applies the criteria
of Sweetness and Light to the Sunday Express just as
Arnold might have done (viii 3); he reproves his age
for its incautious trust in 'machinery' (vi 290),
recommends a variant of Arnold's Hellenism (111 342), and indeed at one point implicitly avows himself a member of that 'Party' which had been rallied in Culture and Anarchy . . . .23

Attempting to present English readers with "the best of foreign thought and literary art,"24 the Criterion was the first English periodical to print works by Marcel Proust, Paul Valery, Jacques Riviére, Jean Cocteau, Ramon Fernandez, Jacques Maritain, Charles Maurras, Henri Massis and others, while including such native Britishers as Lawrence, James Joyce, Aldous Huxley, Yeats, E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf, and Wyndham Lewis.25

Critic Ian Gregor has noted as similar, in addition to the ideas they shared, the "unusual self-awareness of the function they felt themselves called upon to perform,"26 this self-consciousness being evidenced in the poetry as well as the criticism of the two authors.

But if Eliot is in general agreement with Arnold, he finds much that is specific with which to disagree. Matthiessen formed the impression of "deft, if inconspicuous, sniping, kept up over quite a few years."27 Critic Peter appraises this "sniping" as follows:

Granted the later poet's veneration for the Established Church a certain intolerance towards his predecessor on this score is understandable, but I am sure I am not the only reader to have felt a touch of jealousy in the intolerance, too, a faint sense of grievance that -- in the matter of general outlook at least -- Arnold had often rather irritatingly got there first.28
The central point of Eliot's dissatisfaction with Arnold comes into focus when he terms him a Philistine in religion. At one point Eliot has accused Arnold of choosing those subjects "in connexion with which he could best express his views about morals and society..." But surely this is even more true of Eliot himself. His critical writings are largely an apology for Christianity in general and Anglo-Catholicism in particular, and on this issue of central concern to him, Arnold is branded an enemy of the light. This prejudice is evident in Eliot's statement that "Literary criticism should be completed by criticism from a definite ethical and theological standpoint." This predisposition is enough to color Eliot's reaction to all writers, and his statements about Arnold must therefore to some extent be understood as a defense of his own position.

"From the high, solid ground of Anglo-Catholicism Eliot looked down, with rather un-Christian scorn, upon the undergraduate Philistinism of Arnold's religious views, and he gave thoroughly prejudiced and misleading accounts of them." One such account appeared in the 1926 essay, "Francis Herbert Bradley," in which Eliot makes a lengthy comparison of Bradley to Arnold. The point of attack is Arnold's book Literature and Dogma, upon which Bradley had commented in his Ethical Studies. Eliot applauded Bradley's arguments, saying, "the greatest weakness of Arnold's culture was his weakness in
philosophical training. . . . Arnold had made an excursion into a field for which he was not armed."32 Commenting on this, Matthiessen says:

Eliot is hardly more qualified for metaphysical speculation than Arnold was -- he himself has spoken of his 'incapacity for abstruse reasoning'; in spite of his long training in philosophy, his mind was too heavily concrete, his insight too purely intuitive, to qualify him for sustained flight in the realm of pure logic.33

Of course it is true that Arnold was not on firm ground with religion, and he knew it well. But Bradley's arguments as presented by Eliot are not unanswerable, and even were he correct they would hardly have "knocked the bottom out of Literature and Dogma," as Eliot says they did. In fact, Bush reports, Bradley apparently formed his criticism without the benefit of having read the book. The most perplexing point in this criticism of Arnold comes when Eliot says:

"In Culture and Anarchy, which is probably his greatest book, we hear something said about 'the will of God'; but the 'will of God' seems to become superseded in importance by 'our best self, a right reason, to which we want to give authority'; and this best self looks very much like Matthew Arnold slightly disguised."34 It seems strange that Eliot should rebuke Arnold on this point. Right reason has traditionally been viewed, by Milton among others, as the inner working of the will of God in man; it is synonymous with conscience and is the means whereby God makes his will known. William S.
Knickerbocker quotes Eliot as saying that theology "may be the finding of good reasons for what we believe on instinct," and then asks the following questions:

Can Mr. Eliot's 'instinct' be identical with Matthew Arnold's 'best self' and Professor Babbitt's 'inner check'? Should one, in good taste and fair play, mimic Mr. Eliot's pleasantries in disposing of 'the best self' and 'inner check', by paraphrasing him and saying: 'Mr. Eliot's 'instinct' looks very much like T. S. Eliot slightly disguised'?35

In 1930, in his essay "Arnold and Pater," Eliot says his purpose is "to indicate a direction from Arnold, through Pater, to the 'nineties, with, of course, the solitary figure of Newman in the background."36 The direction indicated would seem to be mostly downward. Eliot begins with an estimate of Arnold's aesthetic and religious views. Although he occasionally damns Arnold with such faint praise as, "Arnold taught English expository and critical prose a restraint and urbanity it needed," more heavily weighted are the statements like, "Nothing in his prose work . . . will stand very close analysis." He credits Arnold with a decadent tendency to substitute morals or art for religion, sets him at the head of the Humanist movement, and conducts a reductio ad absurdum from Arnold through Pater to Oscar Wilde. M. E. S. Loring comments:

Mr. Eliot girds at the vagueness and haziness of the Culture which Arnold presents: the vagueness of definition he holds directly responsible for Pater's aestheticism, which is in its turn held responsible for some untidy lives. When this point is examined a little more seriously, perhaps, than it was made, we have Mr. Eliot adopting Arnold's social theory of art: for there can
be no critical objection to untidy lives, nor to Pater's leading to them, nor even to Arnold's leading to Pater's aestheticism. The whole point resolves into a slap that Mr. Eliot gives Arnold in passing, and no serious inference can be drawn from it. One might imagine them contemporary and rival critics.  

It should also be noted that the vagueness of definition to which Eliot objects is not a result of vague thinking but a part of Arnold's method of persuasion, the technique called _dissimulatio_ wherein an author charms his audience with statements which have "the innocent appearance of generality." In his study, "Bellwether: An Exercise in _Dissimulatio_," Knickerbocker makes this analysis:

> ... neither Mr. Eliot nor anyone else will ever quite discern more in Arnold's prose than a limpid fluency which charms unless he has the penetration and patience to stay with Arnold long enough to perceive the sinuous 'dissimilatio' of Arnold's strategy in disclosing a coherent, cumulative, and satisfactory view of life and employing a cultivated manner in the means of persuasion which Arnold probably learned from Newman and which Newman vaguely called 'the principle of the economy.' He saw nothing to be gained by plain bluntness.

Eliot is ever at pains to attack Arnold on religious grounds, here as elsewhere. He is quick to see heresy where there is really only reservation. Bush has commented on Eliot's unfairness in saying that Arnold wants to "get all the emotional kick out of Christianity one can, without the bother of believing it." But perhaps Eliot's most careless statement is: "The effect of Arnold's religious campaign is to divorce Religion from thought." Surely Arnold cannot be held responsible for this; and even if it were true, religion and
thought occupied separate compartments in the minds of many
before Arnold's time. It is Eliot's dogmatic views, not
Arnold's, which might more understandably contribute to such
a judgment. Arnold's intent, whatever his effect may have
been, was to work toward an accommodation of the new scienti-
fic knowledge to religious belief. He must be seen as a
deeply religious-minded agnostic, struggling through darkness
perhaps, but in a direction opposite to that which Eliot
indicates.

During the winter of 1932-33, Eliot delivered his series
of lectures as Norton Professor of English at Harvard University.
One of these lectures is devoted entirely to Arnold, and he is
mentioned in several others. Eliot's most extreme statements,
both positive and negative, were made during this series of
lectures. Arnold is "the most satisfactory man of letters
of his age," but "in philosophy and theology he was an under-
graduate; in religion a Philistine." Also, "All his writings
in the kind of Literature and Dogma seem to me a valiant at-
tempt to dodge the issue, to mediate between Newman and Huxley."
About this last statement one scholar has remarked:

... it may be urged as fairly and more sympathetically
that Arnold's mediatorial and conciliatory impulse
simply sought to recognize the results of and the limi-
tations imposed by 'science' while preserving the most
precious modes of knowledge from the past.

Eliot's most scathing comments refer to the line, "Poetry is at
bottom a criticism of life," which occurs in Arnold's essay on
Wordsworth. The wording is perhaps unfortunate, but surely Arnold intended to indicate that poetry is to life as criticism is to poetry, being some sort of treatment of life by the poet. At any rate, the statement is not really fundamental to Arnold's thought; yet Eliot makes much of it, arriving at the conclusion that "Arnold's notion of 'life,' in his account of poetry, does not perhaps go deep enough." By 1944, when he wrote his essay on "Johnson As Critic and Poet," Eliot had perhaps re-evaluated this statement. Speaking of the edification which good poetry affords, he says, "When Matthew Arnold said that poetry was a criticism of life, he was maintaining the standard of edification." 42 This is a more charitable assessment of Arnold's intention.

There is evidence of some softening in Eliot's judgment of Arnold through the years. In the 1940 Introduction to The Sacred Wood, Eliot says:

The faults and foibles of Matthew Arnold are no less evident to me now than twelve years ago, after my first admiration for him; but I hope that now, on re-reading some of his prose with more care, I can better appreciate his position. And what makes Arnold seem all the more remarkable is, that if he were our exact contemporary, he would find all his labour to perform again. 43

In the 1941 essay on Kipling he says:

... a poet who has treated problems of his time will not necessarily go out of date. Arnold's Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse voice a moment of historic doubt, recorded by its most representative mind, a moment which has passed, which most of us have gone beyond in one direction or another; but it represents that moment forever. 44
But perhaps the most positive of these isolated remarks occurs in the essay, "To Criticize the Critic," presented as a lecture at the University of Leeds in July, 1961. Eliot speaks of "those masters of English criticism whom I regard with most reverence," and then explains: "I am thinking especially of Samuel Johnson and of Coleridge, and not ignoring Dryden or Arnold." Even at this late date, however, he includes Arnold among the most distinguished poet-critics "with reservations." The reservations are undoubtedly religious reservations.

It is interesting to compare Eliot's attitude toward Arnold with his attitude toward Tennyson. In his essay, "In Memoriam," Eliot declares that Tennyson's poem is "religious," saying, "It is not religious because of the quality of its faith, but because of the quality of its doubt." One wonders why he could not also appreciate the quality of Arnold's doubt. This question brings into focus a real difference between the critical methods of the two men. Arnold moves from the general to the particular, Eliot, from the particular to the general; thus Eliot is likely to apply different standards at different times. As Loring says:

Mr. Eliot sees a great deal, and finds little cohesive order in his disparate minutiae; Matthew Arnold is not a master of detail, nor erudite, but he exercised sufficient judgment on what he did know to develop standards immediately applicable and socially important to the life of his time.
Of course, Eliot's criticism is no less important to his time. Accepting the tasks and, largely, the methods of Arnold, Eliot sought to execute them in accordance with the needs of a new age. The contrast of his own view with Arnold's was part of the means by which Eliot continued Arnold's quest for perfection in culture and art.
FOOTNOTES


2 Ibid., p. 104.

3 Ibid., p. 22.


6 Ibid., p. 132.


9 Ibid., p. 273.


13 Ibid., p. 644.

14 Ibid., p. 250.


17 Ibid., p. 423.


20 Eliot, The Use of Poetry, p. 34.


23 Ibid., pp. 253-4.

24 Ibid., p. 255.

25 Ibid., pp. 260-1.


27 Matthiessen, p. 3.

28 Peter, p. 253.


30 Eliot, Essays Ancient and Modern, p. 92.

31 Bush, p. 179.

32 Eliot, Essays Ancient and Modern, pp. 50-1.

33 Matthiessen, p. 149.

34 Eliot, Essays Ancient and Modern, pp. 53-4.


38 Knickerbocker, p. 75.

39 Bush, p. 179.


47 Loring, p. 479.
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