**T.S. Eliot – The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock**

XX century – The age of anxiety. General collapse of values. Disappearance of reference points and traditional beliefs (in God, in the authorities, in the up-to-then acknowledge moral values). Man is alone, his existence is the only certainty. But what is man supposed to do with himself, if he can rely only on himself?

Thomas Stearns Eliot 1888 – 1965

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock – 1911

**What?**

The poem contains many features of Existentialism: the lack of a reliable reference system, estrangement, emptiness, a confrontation with death, loss of human values, the lack of roots and of purpose, the existential “Angst” or anguish, a sense of despair, of uncertainty, the awareness of being an anti-hero, solitude, lack of communication, the depiction of a dismal contemporary world, helplessness, the lack of a meaning of life which reflects itself in mechanical repetitions, the inability to accept oneself and to find a place in the world, the passivity of being alive.

**How?**

Eliot implements a new way to express these new feelings: Free Verse. It features a loosening in structure, the rejection of traditional meter and of poetic diction, apparent fragmentation, juxtaposition of recurring patterns and images, concentration. Form adapts to content. A new conception of metaphors: the Objective Correlative.

**The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock**

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| *S’io credesse che mia risposta fosse A persona che mai tornasse al mondo, Questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse. Ma percioche giammai di questo fondo Non torno vivo alcun, s’i’odo il vero, Senza tema d’infamia ti rispondo.*  Let us go then, you and I,  When the evening is spread out against the sky  Like a patient etherized upon a table;  Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  The muttering retreats  Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels  And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:  Streets that follow like a tedious argument  Of insidious intent  To lead you to an overwhelming question ...  Oh, do not ask, “What is it?”  Let us go and make our visit.  In the room the women come and go  Talking of Michelangelo.  The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,  The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,  Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,  Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,  Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,  Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,  And seeing that it was a soft October night,  Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.  And indeed there will be time  For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,  Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;  There will be time, there will be time  To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;  There will be time to murder and create,  And time for all the works and days of hands  That lift and drop a question on your plate;  Time for you and time for me,  And time yet for a hundred indecisions,  And for a hundred visions and revisions,  Before the taking of a toast and tea.  In the room the women come and go  Talking of Michelangelo.  And indeed there will be time  To wonder, “Do I dare?” and, “Do I dare?”  Time to turn back and descend the stair,  With a bald spot in the middle of my hair —  ( They will say: “How his hair is growing thin!”)  My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,  My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin —  (They will say: “But how his arms and legs are thin!”)    Do I dare  Disturb the universe?  In a minute there is time  For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.  For I have known them all already, known them all:  Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;  I know the voices dying with a dying fall  Beneath the music from a farther room.                 So how should I presume?      And I have known the eyes already, known them all—  The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,  And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,  When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,  Then how should I begin  To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?                 And how should I presume?  And I have known the arms already, known them all—  Arms that are braceleted and white and bare  ( But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)  Is it perfume from a dress  That makes me so digress?  Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.                 And should I then presume?                 And how should I begin?  Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets  And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes  Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? ...  I should have been a pair of ragged claws  Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.  And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!  Smoothed by long fingers,  Asleep ... tired ... or it malingers,  Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.  Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,  Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?  But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,  Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,  I am no prophet — and here’s no great matter;  I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,  And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,  And in short, I was afraid.  And would it have been worth it, after all,  After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,  Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,  Would it have been worth while,  To have bitten off the matter with a smile,  To have squeezed the universe into a ball  To roll it towards some overwhelming question,  To say: “I am Lazarus, come from the dead,  Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all”—  If one, settling a pillow by her head                 Should say: “That is not what I meant at all;                 That is not it, at all.”  And would it have been worth it, after all,  Would it have been worth while,  After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,  After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor—  And this, and so much more?—  It is impossible to say just what I mean!  But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:  Would it have been worth while  If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,  And turning toward the window, should say:                 “That is not it at all,                 That is not what I meant, at all.”  No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;  Am an attendant lord, one that will do  To swell a progress, start a scene or two,  Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,  Deferential, glad to be of use,  Politic, cautious, and meticulous;  Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;  At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—  Almost, at times, the Fool.  I grow old ... I grow old ...  I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.  Shall I part my hair behind?   Do I dare to eat a peach?  I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.  I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.    I do not think that they will sing to me.    I have seen them riding seaward on the waves  Combing the white hair of the waves blown back  When the wind blows the water white and black.  We have lingered in the chambers of the sea  By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown  Till human voices wake us, and we drown. | Inferno  Canto XXVII Guido da Montefeltro  Fraudulent Counsel  Objective Correlative – Dismal contemporary world  Inner rhymes  The question of the meaning of life  Pretentious, shallow conversation  Laziness  Postponing the “overwhelming question”  Pirandello’s mask  The problem of identity  Lingering, never deciding  Inner rhymes  Recurring patterns  Cowardness  Paralyzed by the others’ opinion  Passivity  Double chiasmus  Repetitive, pointless actions  Every effort is useless  He is defined by the others’ opinion  Objective correlative  Appearance is misleading  The fear of others’ opinion paralyses  Estrangement  Dismal urban reality  St. John the Baptist  THE point!  Lazarus  Hamlet – a protagonist  Polonius?  Yorick  Life is a theatrical performance – nothing is real  The opposite of Ulysses  The anti-hero |

Quotes: Midnight in Paris

Tom Hiddleston reads Prufrock:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FL_JwcCbOK4>