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The rime of the ancient mariner poem summary

Gravura de Gustave Doré sobre o poema. The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (O Conto do Velho Marinheiro) é um poema escrito pelo poeta inglês Samuel Taylor Coleridge entre 1797-1798, publicado na primeira edição do seu Lyrical Ballads (1798). É considerado um dos poemas mais importantes de Coleridge, que marca o início da Literatura romântica na Inglaterra. História A obra relata eventos sobrenaturais vivenciados por um marinheiro durante uma longa viagem pelo mar. O marinheiro para um homem a caminho de uma cerimônia de casamento e começa a relatar sua história. A reação do convidado da cerimônia transforma-se de impaciência à fascinação com o desenrolar da história contada pelo marinheiro. O que ele conta começa com seu barco em sua jornada. Apesar de tudo ocorrer bem no início, o barco é desviado do seu caminho durante uma tempestade e, direcionando-se ao sul, alcança a Antártica. Um albatroz aparece e guia os tripulantes para fora da Antártica. Apesar da ajuda do péssaro e do carinho que a tripulação agora tinha por ele, o marinheiro atira e mata o animal. Os outros estão irados com o marinheiro, por acharem que o albatroz havia trazido os ventos que os levaram para fora da Antártica. Entretanto, mudaram sua opinião quanto o clima se tornou mais agradável e o nevoeiro se dissipou. O crime despertou a ira dos espíritos sobrenaturais, que então passaram a perseguir o barco "a partir da terra do nevoeiro e da neve". O vento que inicialmente os levou para fora da terra da neve agora os havia levado para águas calmas. Agora eles estavam há dias parados, sem vento, e o estoque de suprimentos estava acabando. A tripulação muda de ideias novamente, e culpa o marinheiro por sua sede ("água por todos os lados, nem uma gota para beber"). O barco então encontra um barco fantasma pelo caminho. A bordo estão "A Morte" (um esqueleto) e "O Pesadelo da Vida na Morte" (uma mulher pálida tal como morta), ambos jogando dados apostando as almas da tripulação. Eventualmente "A Morte" ganha a vida da tripulação e "A Vida na Morte" ganha a vida do marinheiro, um prêmio que ela considera mais valioso. Seu nome é um indicio do destino do marinheiro: uma vida pior que a morte como punição por ter matado o albatroz. Um a um, toda a tripulação morre, restando apenas o marinheiro, que vê por sete dias e noites a maldição nos olhos dos cadáveres de sua tripulação. Enquanto o marinheiro reza, o albatroz cai de seu ombro. Eis que, possuídos por bons espíritos, os corpos da tripulação levantam-se e guiam o barco para casa novamente, por fim afundando em um redemoinho. O único que não afunda com o barco é o marinheiro, que é avisado por um eremita na terra. Este, com a ajuda de um homem e seu filho, vai ao encontro do marinheiro em um barco. A princípio eles pensam que o marinheiro está morto, mas quando este passa a ajudar a remar o barco, seu filho enlouquece com a situação dizendo que o demônio sabe remar. Como pena por ter tirado o albatroz, o marinheiro é forçado a andar pelo mundo para contar sua história, e transmitir sua lição para quem encontrar pelo caminho. Cultura popular A banda Iron Maiden adaptou o poema para uma canção homônima, faixa de encerramento do álbum Powerslave composta por Steve Harris 1984. Referências bibliográficas GARDNER, Martin, The Annotated Ancient Mariner, New York: Clarkson Potter, 1965; ISBN 1-59102-125-1 Este artigo sobre literatura é um esboço relacionado ao Projeto Literatura. Você pode ajudar a Wikipédia expandindo-o.ve Obtdia de " Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is about a man on a voyage by ship, who in one impulsive and heinous act, changes the course of his life – and death. The Mariner faces an inner struggle over the crime he has committed, and must understand his actions and perform his penance. He must also learn to abandon his negative views and openly accept all of Gods' creatures. The voyage now becomes a journey of learning important lessons in accountability, acceptance, forgiveness, and repentance. After the Mariner kills the Albatross, it is hung around his neck so he can understand the seriousness of his act, but he is incapable of realizing the full implications at this time. The bird was of no danger to the Mariner or the men on the ship, and in fact, was a spiritual guide to safeguard the crew on their excursion. The murder was committed on a whim, with no forethought about the act or the repercussions. The Mariner gives no explanation to the Wedding Guest as to why he killed the bird because he has none. In his essay "The Sad Wisdom of the Mariner," A.M. Buchan writes "The shooting is an act, unpremeditated and unmeant, that nevertheless must be accounted for...." meaning that the Mariner must accept accountability for his actions so he can begin to atone for his sins (97). The ship and its crew face difficulties as it comes to a halt on the sea. The Mariner is angry at his fate instead of remorseful for his crime, and he curses the sea and the creatures in it. He has not learned to cherish all of Gods' creations and he will pay a price for this. A ship approaches and he is dumbfounded to come face to face with Death and Life-In-Death. With a roll of the dice, Death wins the lives of the crew and Life-In-Death wins the life of the Mariner. One by one the men on the ship die, leaving the Mariner alone and frightened. He grieves only for himself at first, saying "Alone on a wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony" (245). "Alone on a wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony" (245). For seven days and seven nights he is forced to spend time in solitary, reflecting on the events that have occurred, the eyes of the dead sailors fixed on him with blame. He states "But oh! More horrible than that is the curse in a dead man's eye!" indicating he has begun to understand and accept his responsibility for their deaths (245). Once this acceptance begins, his solitude is no longer a punishment, but an opportunity for him to realize the existensence of the universe. As he watches the water snakes he begins to perceive them differently, and suddenly their beauty becomes apparent to him for the first time. They are no longer beastly creatures to be condemned, but are creatures of God's universe to be appreciated and loved. This new insight releases him from his invisible chains and he is able to offer a blessing for the water snakes. The albatross falls from his neck, into the sea, and "He is on the verge of learning that mysterious and omnipotent spirits govern his destiny" (Buchan 98). The Mariner has begun to broaden his views and acknowledge the spiritual wonder and joys of the universe. He has learned to release his negative views, and by doing so, has set free the spirits of his dead shipmates. Their spirits rise, aiding the Mariner in his journey home, and guiding him to the Hermit. Even though the albatross is no longer hung from his neck, and the ship is back on course home, the Mariner has not found absolution. The Polar Spirits confirm this when they remark "The man hath penance done, And penance more will do" (249). The Mariner has learned another lesson, forgiveness must be asked for, and it must also be earned. It is the Hermit that he seeks in order to ask exculpation for his transgressions. Though the Albatross is no longer hung around his neck, the Mariner still has the image of its blood in his mind. He pursues the Hermit because "He'll shrive me soul, he'll wash away The Albatross's blood" (251). He feels that if he can have the opportunity to ask for exoneration, he can be released from the inner turmoil he is experiencing. The Hermit asks the Mariner "What manner of man art thou?" (253) giving him the opportunity to admit his sins and ask for his penance. One he spills his story to the Hermit, a feeling of freedom overcomes him. It is the feeling he will spend endless days and nights seeking. He is forced to spend eternity repeating his story, searching for the person capable of forgiving his sins, though no one can. The question then is "has the Mariner found redemption?" The answer would be no, he has not. Redemption brings peace and the Mariner has not found this peace. The crime was senseless, which makes it much more difficult for anyone to understand or forgive, even the Hermit. He has been given a permanent penance to perform, wandering the earth and telling his story. While he may experience a brief period of serenity after each story telling, the guilt inevitably returns and he must go through the cycle again. Lessons have been learned, but the Mariner will pay the price of his sin for eternity. Bloom, Harold., Trilling, Lionel., "To the Evening Star" The Oxford Anthology of English Literature Ed. Frank Kermode and John Hollander. Oxford University Press, New York, 1973. 238-254 Boulger, James. "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner -Introduction" Twentieth Century Interpretations of the Rime of the Ancient Mariner. New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, 1969. 16-17 Buchan, A.M. "The Sad Wisdom of the Mariner" Twentieth Century Interpretations of the Rime of the Ancient Mariner. New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, 1969. 97-98 Page 2 Even in fairy tales and fantastical legends, the trespassing of the breathing upon the domain of the spirits is rare. It is a disturbing idea: when the dead visit our world, we can at least find comfort in numbers. Yet the hero Odysseus braves the unknown and looks into the eyes of death. And as ghostly whispers blow across the hair on his arms we expect him to return traumatized, changed, darkly enlightened—but no. He emerges a little puffy-eyed, but very much himself. Several times Odysseus seems close to discovering some deathly mystery, brushing the startdust off some universally kept secret, like a skull long buried; but the moment transforms itself rather quickly into another shape, like grief or warning, more suited for the realm of living. Ultimately, after Odysseus ventures into the Kingdom of the Dead, he isn't endowed with the wisdom of the living, simultaneously overcome with sadness ("So we stood there, trading heartick stories, / deep in grief, as the tears streamed down our faces" [264]) and distracted by the fruit of Agamemnon's bitterness, manifested in the form of advice ("when you reach your homeland steer your ship / into port in secret, never out in the open. / the time for trusting women's gone forever! [264]). As with his promise to bury Elpenor, Odysseus will comply with Agamemnon's warning, and thereby his actions will be affected by his visit with the residents of Hades; but his overall mindset and the road down which he is steering remain undisturbed. Likewise Anticleia, Odysseus' mother, feels the universal tear separating her from her son and verbalizes it: "Oh my son—what brings you down to the world / of death and darkness? You are still alive! / It's hard to the living to catch a glimpse of this... / Great rivers flow between us, terrible waters..." (254). In what may be the most explosive and most high symbolic moment in the story, Odysseus recalls that he tried and failed to embrace his mother, lamenting to his audience, "Three times I rushed toward her, desperate to hold her, / three times she fluttered through my fingers, sifting away / like a shadow, dissolving like a dream" (256). He cannot physically grasp her body, as he cannot mentally, emotionally, or in any capacity grasp the state of her soul; she is beyond his comprehension. This disturbs Odysseus as it does not with any of the other spirits, and by his own account, he appears to be driven beyond grief and frustration to hysteria, crying dangerous blasphemies such as, "Or is this just / some wraith that great Persephone sends my way / to make me ache with sorrow all the more?" But Anticleia soothes him, and with the words, "But you must long for the daylight" (256), she seems to release him (regardless of his will) from what was a temporary neurotic obsession with a phenomenon he simply could not understand. And as Anticleia is the first spirit Odysseus speaks with after Tiresias, perhaps her words set Odysseus' mindset as he continued to look into the eyes of death. Strangely enough, Achilles, who in The Iliad breeds confusion with his unpredictable temper and his championing of false principles, delivers the clearest assessment of his predicament as the walking dead: "By god, I'd rather slave on earth for another man— / some dirt-poor tenant farmer who scrapes to keep alive— / than rule down here over all the breathless dead" (265). The bottom line being, obviously, that under all circumstances life is better than death. With this verbal realization Achilles completely undermines, in fact effectively blows to pieces, his role in the Trojan War—and, as he was the war's greatest hero, and as Odysseus has spent an entire era of his lifetime fighting in the war and recovering from its after effects, we expect that this should rattle Odysseus to his core. But no; he does not reference his own thoughts at all, except for sympathy with Achilles' own situation, saying, "So he grieved but I tried to lend him heart [by giving him news of his son]" (266). In truth, the only conclusion is that to Odysseus Achilles' words are simply that—words. The fact is that he is alive, and Achilles is dead, rendering even dimmer any illumination he may have achieved through the glum drudgery of the underworld. But the prophet Tiresias lends this segment its meaning. In the course of laying out the remainder of Odysseus' journey for him, he tells him, too, that Ithaca is not the last stop: "But once you have killed those suitors in your halls— / by stealth or in open fight with slashing bronze— / go forth once more, you must..." (253). No matter what methods he uses or which paths he forges to find home and peace, then, it will not feel like home, and he will not be at peace. He will be restless, a slave to his nature, to the track he is carving—that fate has carved for him already. He has always barreled forward and will continue to barrel forward without thought of an ending which renders all the striving fruitless; discovery of the mystery of death which looms somewhere in the peripherals would upset his whole outlook, and therefore, maybe, throw off the balance of the cosmos. Who knows? That Tiresias can even prophesize from the Kingdom of the Dead is puzzling and begs speculation on whether death can be trumped, by fate or otherwise—Odysseus will never know, and maybe—daringly, more universally—no one will know because death is not a lesson to be learned by the living. Page 3 Why raise the curtain on this 45 day by 45 night saga? In a story whose ending everybody knows already, why choose these actions of these characters to expound upon? The Iliad is not a war tale one might tell in which friends love friends, who in conjunction hate enemies, and all fight quite openly for comrades, for righteousness, and for glory—for here wherein lies a single truth? Or a story worth telling? The Iliad instead is a story of confusion, of vagueness, of mixed messages and muddled motivations. And it achieves its primary meaning not through fearless Achilles or great Hector, but through the relatively minimal Patroclus. It is Patroclus who by following his heart challenges the sharply outlined ghost of the war story, who erases neat contours distracting attention from hollowness that allows for such perfection. The flexibility of his character (in comparison to the epic's traditional heroes) and the misuse of his valiant death (by the epic's traditional heroes) effectively paint Patroclus as The Iliad's true tragic hero. Characters in The Iliad tend to have rather clearly defined attitudes regarding their positions in the current state of war. While most of them are two-dimensional pawn figures who mainly serve the purpose of slaughter, the warriors of focus on either side—Hector and Achilles—also exemplify the horse-in-blinders view of the situation. Hector explains his bloodlust in terms of the surge toward immortality, daydreaming, "there's the mound of men who died in the old days, / one of the brave men whom glorious Hector killed. / So they will say, someday, and my fame will never die" (Fagles, 7. 103-105); meanwhile Achilles justifies his stubborn absence from battle as a self-righteous stand against immortality, exclaiming, "when one man attempts to plunder a man his equal, / to commandeer a prize, exulting so in his own power. / That's the pain that wounds me, suffering such humiliation" (Fagles, 16. 61-63). While those around him are so set in their ways, Patroclus is torn between his loyalty to his friend Achilles, and his loyalty to his comrades-in-arms the Argives; he wishes to purely serve both, to do ill unto neither. When he sees the Trojans bearing down so hard that his fellow Achaeans may break, he does not take the plunge into bloody betrayal by rushing to assist, but does what he thinks is right: goes to Achilles and implores permission to fight. His turmoil over the decision facing him is never more palpable than in this exclamation to Achilles: "Pray god such anger never seizes me, such rage you nurse! / Cursed in your own courage! What good will a man, / even one in the next generation, get from you / unless you defend the Argives from disaster?" (Fagles, 33-36) He obviously does not fully understand Achilles' actions, the motivations behind his immobility, but he loves his friend so dearly that he has of yet put aside his own doubt and entrusted him absolutely. As the death of Patroclus illuminates the shady, narrow alleys that are the outlooks of the supposed heroes Achilles and Hector, it likewise shows that war is no glorious transcendence, no abstract pitting of one principle against another—no; war is personal. Patroclus, in his capacity to see his setting from angles other than his own self-serving attitude, and in his seemingly innate sense of complexity, resonates with listeners, viewers, and readers better than the singular bloodlust and selfishness of his contemporaries. As the narrator notes, "So he pleaded /" (Fagles, 16. 53)—demonstrating his respect for Achilles, that he would first ask him—"lost in his own great innocence.../ condemned to beg for his own death and brutal doom" (Fagles, 16. 54-55)—demonstrating an intrinsic goodness that compels him to defend his fellow soldiers, to share in their cause. And as birds sweeping above, around, side to side through the landscape of war and emotions, the audience (in contrast to space-time stuck characters) benefits from a broader grasp of warring emotions; therefore we identify more easily with Patroclus' dilemma. I say this realizing that Patroclus' murderous intentions are no more benign than those of his comrades, and that he is likewise indoctrinated in a culture of war. But he need not harbor revolutionary ideas about peace and loving the enemy to win our sympathy. Were he so exceedingly unique as this, the spotlight would shine away from Hector and Achilles, and onto him; were he thus too perfectly formed and anachronistic, he would not be a tragic hero—that is, as close to human as we can get. For we know that such strength of love, such ferocity of loyalty in these times of war will lead to nothing but lawlessness and chaos. Nothing but tragedy. As the death of Patroclus illuminates the shady, narrow alleys that are the outlooks of the supposed heroes Achilles and Hector, it likewise shows that war is no glorious transcendence, no abstract pitting of one principle against another—no; war is personal. Patroclus enters into conflict with the noblest of selfless intentions, as he hoped aloud to Achilles: "I might bring some light of victory to our Argives!" (Fagles, 16. 45) But ghostly tragedy emerges perhaps at the same moment—perhaps in the same form—as the soul of Patroclus escaping in his breath, for the honorable death so founded upon this very breath is abruptly and immediately spun into a vitriolic web of personal vendetta. This violent juxtaposition of Patroclus' idealistic death against the reactions it elicits—the bloodthirsty pursuit that Hector leads and the vengeful streak that leads Achilles—facilitates the tragedy; these creatures of war use Patroclus. Before Hector deals him his final blow, he taunts him: "and how he [Achilles] must have filled your ears with orders.../ don't come back to the hollow ships, you hear? / Patroclus, master horseman— / Not till you've slashed the shirt around his chest / and soaked it in the blood of man-killing Hector" (Fagles, 16. 978-983). He thereby appears to revel in some giddy vision which locks himself in one-on-one combat with Achilles. Indeed this very telling outburst suggests a downright personal obsession with Achilles, which he assumes is reciprocated. Killing Patroclus seems to Hector to be the surest way to wound Achilles, to make Achilles feel Hector's power and influence. He is right. Achilles' state is thus described: "Overpowered in all his power, sprawled in the dust / Achilles lay there, fallen..." (Fagles, 18. 28-29). And furthermore, if it were in fact Achilles' attention Hector sought, he doubly succeeded; for if he did not occupy Achilles' thoughts before, he certainly does so now. Achilles dons his armor for no other purpose than to avenge Patroclus, to destroy Hector absolutely; says Achilles to the dying Trojan, "And you—the dogs and birds will maul you, shame your corpse / while Achaeans bury my dear friend in glory!" (Fagles, 23. 397-398) So even to his best friend, Patroclus becomes a tool; a pretense; a mere channel through which to express the smothered instincts of a warrior, through which to satisfy rage. If they cannot value the sincerity of Patroclus' sacrifice, then, what hope is there for either side in war? Where is hope in senselessness? Where is triumph in hopelessness? That is it—The Iliad is no tale of triumph. We do not leave it with the urge to plunder and conquer. Instead we come away from this story, with its odd beginning and its odd ending, carrying a strange sense of sadness we cannot quite place, seeming to reside perhaps somewhere in the chest, somewhere around the heart, seeming to smother its sounds, as if to keep it from speaking, as if to keep us from listening. References Homer. The Iliad (Penguin Classics Deluxe Edition). New York: Penguin Classics, 1998.

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