

## AMBIGUITY

“Ambiguity” in literature refers to a word or phrase that gives rise to two or more interpretations. William Empson begins his study of ambiguity in literature by saying:

An ambiguity, in ordinary speech, means something very pronounced, and as a rule witty or deceitful. I propose to use the word in an extended sense, and shall think relevant to my subject any verbal nuance, however slight, which gives room for alternative reactions to the same piece of language . . . . The fundamental situation, whether it deserves to be called ambiguous or not, is that a word or a grammatical structure is effective in several ways at once. (pp. 1-2)

An example of this can be found in Shakespeare’s Sonnet 73:

That time of year thou mayst in me behold,  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take a way,  
Death’s second self, that seals up all inrest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death -bed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.  
This thou perceiv’st, which makes thy love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Empson’s analysis hinges on line four (“Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang”):

the comparison holds for many reasons; because ruined monastery choirs are places in which to sing, because they involve sitting in a row, because they are made of wood, are carved into knots and so forth, because they used to be surrounded by a sheltering building crystallised out of the likeness of a forest, and coloured with stained glass and painting like flowers and leaves, because they are now abandoned by all but the grey walls coloured like the skies of winter, because the cold and narcissistic charm suggested by choir-boys suits well with Shakespeare’s feeling for the object of the Sonnets, and for various sociological and historical reasons (the protestant destruction of monasteries; fear of puritanism), which it would be hard now to trace out in their proportions; these reasons, and many more relating the simile to its place in the sonnet, must all combine to give the line its beauty, and there is a sort of ambiguity in not knowing which of them to hold most clearly in mind. Clearly this is involved in all such richness and heightening of effect, and the machinations of ambiguity are among the very roots of poetry. (2-3)