

THE WASTE LAND

By
T. S. ELIOT

Winner of The Dial's 1922
Award.

This prize of two thousand
dollars is given annually to
a young American writer in
recognition of his service
to letters.


THE WASTE LAND

By

T. S. Eliot

(Winner of the Dial's 1922 Award)

Burton Rascoe in the "New York Tribune," characterizes THE WASTE LAND as, "A thing of bitterness and beauty, which is a crystallization or a synthesis of all the poems Mr. Eliot has hitherto written." He goes still further, when he says, THE WASTE LAND, "Is, perhaps, the finest poem of this generation; at all events it is the most significant in that it gives voice to the universal despair or resignation arising from the spiritual and economic consequences of the war, the cross purposes of modern civilization, the cul-de-sac into which both science and philosophy seem to have got themselves and the break-down of all great directive purposes which give zest and joy to the business of living. It is an erudite despair: Mr. Eliot stems his poem from a recent anthropological study of primitive beliefs, as embodied in the Grail legend and other flaming quests which quickened men in other times; he quotes, or misquotes, lines from the "Satyricon of Petronius," "Tristan und Isolde," the sacred books of the Hindus, Dante, Baudelaire, Verlaine, nursery rhymes, the Old Testament and modern jazz songs. His method is highly elliptical, based on the curious formula of Tristan Corbiere, wherein reverential and blasphemous ideas are juxtaposed in amazing antitheses, and there are mingled all the shining verbal toys, impressions and catch lines of a poet who has read voraciously and who possesses an insatiable curiosity about life. It is analysis and realism, psychology and criticism, anguish, bitterness and disillusion, with passages of great lyrical beauty."



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Duke University Libraries

<http://archive.org/details/wasteland01elio>

THE WASTE LAND

THE WASTE LAND

BY

T. S. ELIOT

"NAM Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis
vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent:
Σίβυλλα τί θέλεις; respondebat illa: ἀποθανεῖν θέλω."

NEW YORK

BONI AND LIVERIGHT

1922

COPYRIGHT 1922 BY
BONI & LIVERIGHT

*Of the one thousand copies printed
of The Waste Land this volume is
number. 165*

Riess
B4265
Sp 6072

THE WASTE LAND

I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

APRIL is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.

Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

Summer surprised us, coming over the
Starnbergersee

With a shower of rain; we stopped in the
colonnade,

And went on in sunlight, into the Hof-
garten,

THE WASTE LAND

And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen,
echt deutsch.

And when we were children, staying at the
archduke's,

My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south
in the winter.

What are the roots that clutch, what
branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of
man,

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

You cannot say, or guess, for you know
only

A heap of broken images, where the sun
beats,

And the dead tree gives no shelter, the
cricket no relief,

And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red
rock),

And I will show you something different
from either

Your shadow at morning striding behind
you

Or your shadow at evening rising to meet
you;

THE WASTE LAND

I will show you fear in a handful of
dust.

30

*Frisch weht der Wind
Der Heimai zu,
Mein Irisch Kind,
Wo weilest du?*

“You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;

“They called me the hyacinth girl.”

— Yet when we came back, late, from the

Hyacinth garden,

Your arms full, and your hair wet, I

could not

Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither

Living nor dead, and I knew nothing, 40

Looking into the heart of light, the

silence.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Od' und leer das Meer.

Madame Sososttris, famous clairvoyante,
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in
Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said
she,
Is your card, the drowned Phoenician
Sailor,
(Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Look !)
Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,
The lady of situations.
Here is the man with three staves, and
here the Wheel,

50

THE WASTE LAND

And here is the one-eyed merchant, and
this card,

Which is blank, is something he carries on
his back,

Which I am forbidden to see. I do not
find

The Hanged Man. Fear death by water.
I see crowds of people, walking round in
a ring.

Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equi-
tone,

Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:
One must be ^{so} careful these days.

Unreal City,

60

Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so
many,

I had not thought death had undone so
many.

Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.
Flowed up the hill and down King William
Street,

To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the
hours

With a dead sound on the final stroke of
nine.

There I saw one I knew, and stopped him,
crying: "Stetson!

"You who were with me in the ships at
Mylae!

THE WASTE LAND

“That corpse you planted last year in
your garden,

“Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom
this year?

“Or has the sudden frost disturbed its
bed?

“Oh keep the Dog far hence, that’s friend
to men,

“Or with his nails he’ll dig it up again!

“You! hypocrite lecteur! — mon sem-
blable, — mon frère!”

II. A GAME OF CHESS

THE Chair she sat in, like a bur-
nished throne,

Glowed on the marble, where the glass
Held up by standards wrought with
fruited vines

From which a golden Cupidon peeped
out

80

(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)

Doubled the flames of sevenbranched
candelabra

Reflecting light upon the table as

The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
From satin cases poured in rich profusion;

THE WASTE LAND

In vials of ivory and coloured glass
Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic
 perfumes,
Unguent, powdered, or liquid — troubled,
 confused
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred
 by the air
That freshened from the window, these
 ascended
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,
Flung their smoke into the laquearia,
Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.
Huge sea-wood fed with copper
Burned green and orange, framed by the
 coloured stone,
In which sad light a carvèd dolphin swam.

A GAME OF CHESS

Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan
scene

The change of Philomel, by the barbarous
king

So rudely forced; yet there the nightin-
gale

100

Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world
pursues,

“Jug Jug” to dirty ears.

And other withered stumps of time
Were told upon the walls; staring forms
Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room
enclosed.

Footsteps shuffled on the stair.

THE WASTE LAND

Under the firelight, under the brush, her
hair

Spread out in fiery points

Glowed into words, then would be sav-
agely still.

110

“My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad.
Stay with me.

“Speak to me. Why do you never speak.
Speak.

“What are you thinking of? What think-
ing? What?

“I never know what you are thinking.
Think.”

I think we are in rats' alley

Where the dead men lost their bones.

A GAME OF CHESS

“What is that noise?”

The wind under the door.

“What is that noise now? What is the
wind doing?”

Nothing again nothing.

120

“Do

“You know nothing? Do you see nothing?

Do you remember

“Nothing?”

I remember

Those are pearls that were his eyes.

“Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing
in your head?”

But

O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag —

It's so elegant

So intelligent

130

THE WASTE LAND

“What shall I do now? What shall
I do?”

“I shall rush out as I am, and walk the
street

“With my hair down, so. What shall we
do tomorrow?

“What shall we ever do?”

The hot water at ten.

And if it rains, a closed car at four.

And we shall play a game of chess,

Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a
knock upon the door.

When Lil's husband got demobbed, I
said —

A GAME OF CHESS

I didn't mince my words, I said to her
myself,

140

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

Now Albert's coming back, make your-
self a bit smart.

He'll want to know what you done with
that money he gave you

To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was
there.

You have them all out, Lil, and get a
nice set,

He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you.

And no more can't I, I said, and think of
poor Albert,

He's been in the army four years, he
wants a good time,

THE WASTE LAND

And if you dont give it him, there's
others will, I said.

Oh is there, she said. Something o' that,
I said. 150

Then I'll know who to thank, she said,
and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

If you dont like it you can get on with it,
I said,

Others can pick and choose if you can't.
But if Albert makes off, it wont be for
lack of telling.

You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look
so antique.

(And her only thirty-one.)

I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

A GAME OF CHESS

It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she
said.

(She's had five already, and nearly died
of young George.)

160

The chemist said it would be alright, but
I've never been the same.

You *are* a proper fool, I said.

Well, if Albert wont leave you alone, there
it is, I said,

What you get married for if you dont
want children?

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they
had a hot gammon,

And they asked me in to dinner, to get
the beauty of it hot —

THE WASTE LAND

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight

May. Goonight.

170

Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

Good night, ladies, good night, sweet
ladies, good night, good night.

III. THE FIRE SERMON

THE river's tent is broken: the last
fingers of leaf

Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The
wind

Crosses the brown land, unheard. The
nymphs are departed.

Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my
song.

The river bears no empty bottles, sand-
wich papers,

Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigar-
ette ends

Or other testimony of summer nights.
The nymphs are departed.

THE WASTE LAND

And their friends, the loitering heirs of city
directors; 180

Departed, have left no addresses.

By the waters of Lemman I sat down and
wept . . .

Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my
song,

Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not
loud or long.

But at my back in a cold blast I hear
The rattle of the bones, and chuckle
spread from ear to ear.

A rat crept softly through the vegetation
Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
While I was fishing in the dull canal

THE FIRE SERMON

On a winter evening round behind the
gashouse

190

Musing upon the king my brother's
wreck

And on the king my father's death before
him.

White bodies naked on the low damp
ground

And bones cast in a little low dry garret,
Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.
But at my back from time to time I hear
The sound of horns and motors, which
shall bring

Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.

O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And on her daughter

200

THE WASTE LAND

They wash their feet in soda water

*Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la
coupole!*

Twit twit twit

Jug jug jug jug jug jug

So rudely forc'd.

Tereu

Unreal City

Under the brown fog of a winter noon

Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant

Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants 210

C.i.f. London: documents at sight,

Asked me in demotic French

To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel

THE FIRE SERMON

Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk, when the
human engine waits

Like a taxi throbbing waiting,

I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing be-
tween two lives,

Old man with wrinkled female breasts,
can see

At the violet hour, the evening hour that
strives

220

Homeward, and brings the sailor home
from sea,

The typist home at teatime, clears her
breakfast, lights

THE WASTE LAND

Her stove, and lays out food in tins.
Out of the window perilously spread
Her drying combinations touched by the
 sun's last rays,

On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.
I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—
I too awaited the expected guest. 230

He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
A small house agent's clerk, with one bold
 stare,

One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,

THE FIRE SERMON

Endeavours to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreprieved, if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defence; 240
His vanity requires no response,
And makes a welcome of indifference.
(And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
Enacted on this same divan or bed;
I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
And walked among the lowest of the dead.)
Bestows one final patronising kiss,
And gropes his way, finding the stairs
unlit . . .

She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
Hardly aware of her departed lover; 250

THE WASTE LAND

Her brain allows one half-formed thought
to pass:

“Well now that’s done: and I’m glad it’s
over.”

When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smooths her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone.

“This music crept by me upon the
waters”

And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria
Street.

O City city, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames
Street,

THE FIRE SERMON

The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter from within
Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the
walls

Of Magnus Martyr hold
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white
and gold.

The river sweats
Oil and tar
The barges drift
With the turning tide
Red sails
Wide

270

To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.
The barges wash

THE WASTE LAND

Drifting logs

Down Greenwich reach

Past the Isle of Dogs.

Weialala leia

Wallala leialala

Elizabeth and Leicester

Beating oars

280

The stern was formed

A gilded shell

Red and gold

The brisk swell

Rippled both shores

Southwest wind

Carried down stream

The peal of bells

White towers

THE FIRE SERMON

Weialala leia

290

Wallala leialala

“Trams and dusty trees.

Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew

Undid me. By Richmond I raised my
knees

Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe.”

“My feet are at Moorgate, and my heart

Under my feet. After the event

He wept. He promised ‘a new start.’

I made no comment. What should I
resent?”

“On Margate Sands.

300

I can connect

Nothing with nothing.

THE WASTE LAND

The broken fingernails of dirty hands.
My people humble people who expect
Nothing."

la la

To Carthage then I came

Burning burning burning burning
O Lord Thou pluckest me out
O Lord Thou pluckest

310

burning

IV. DEATH BY WATER

PHLEBAS the Phoenician, a fortnight
dead,

Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea
swell

And the profit and loss.

A current under sea
Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose
and fell

He passed the stages of his age and youth
Entering the whirlpool.

Gentile or Jew
O you who turn the wheel and look to
windward,

320

Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome
and tall as you.

V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

AFTER the torchlight red on sweaty
faces

After the frosty silence in the gardens

After the agony in stony places

The shouting and the crying

Prison and palace and reverberation

Of thunder of spring over distant
mountains

He who was living is now dead

We who were living are now dying

With a little patience

330

Here is no water but only rock

Rock and no water and the sandy road

WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

The road winding above among the
mountains

Which are mountains of rock without
water

If there were water we should stop and
drink

Amongst the rock one cannot stop or
think

Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand

If there were only water amongst the
rock

Dead mount in mouth of carious teeth
that cannot spit

Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit 340

There is not even silence in the moun-
tains

THE WASTE LAND

But dry sterile thunder without rain
There is not even solitude in the
mountains

But red sullen faces sneer and snarl
From doors of mudcracked houses

If there were water

And no rock

If there were rock

And also water

And water

A spring

350

A pool among the rock

If there were the sound of water only

Not the cicada

And dry grass singing

But sound of water over a rock

WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

Where the hermit-thrush sings in the
pine trees

Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop

But there is no water

Who is the third who walks always beside
you?

When I count, there are only you and I
together

360

But when I look ahead up the white road
There is always another one walking be-
side you

Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded
I do not know whether a man or a woman
— But who is that on the other side of
you?

THE WASTE LAND

What is that sound high in the air
Murmur of maternal lamentation
Who are those hooded hordes swarming
Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked
earth

Ringed by the flat horizon only 370

What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet
air

Falling towers

Jerusalem Athens Alexandria

Vienna London

Unreal

A woman drew her long black hair out
tight

WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

And fiddled whisper music on those strings
And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled, and beat their wings 380
And crawled head downward down a
blackened wall

And upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the
hours
And voices singing out of empty cisterns
and exhausted wells.

In this decayed hole among the mountains
In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing
Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
There is the empty chapel, only the wind's
home.

THE WASTE LAND

It has no windows, and the door swings,
Dry bones can harm no one. 390

Only a cock stood on the rooftree

Co co rico co co rico

In a flash of lightning. Then a damp
gust

Bringing rain

Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves
Waited for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavant.

The jungle crouched, humped in silence.
Then spoke the thunder

DA

400

Datta: what have we given?

My friend, blood shaking my heart

The awful daring of a moment's surrender

WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

Which an age of prudence can never
retract

By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not to be found in our obituaries
Or in memories draped by the beneficent
spider

Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms

DA

410

Dayadhvam: I have heard the key
Turn in the door once and turn once
only

We think of the key, each in his prison
Thinking of the key, each confirms a
prison

Only at nightfall, aetherial rumours

THE WASTE LAND

Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus
DA

Damyata: The boat responded

Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and
oar

The sea was calm, your heart would have
responded

420

Gaily, when invited, beating obedient
To controlling hands

I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in order?

London Bridge is falling down falling down
falling down

WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

Poi s'aspose nel foco che gli affina

Quando fiam ceu chelidon — O swallow
swallow

Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie

These fragments I have shored against my
ruins

430

Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad
again.

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih

NOTES

NOTES

NOT only the title, but the plan and a good deal of the incidental symbolism of the poem were suggested by Miss Jessie L. Weston's book on the Grail legend: *From Ritual to Romance* (Macmillan). Indeed, so deeply am I indebted, Miss Weston's book will elucidate the difficulties of the poem much better than my notes can do; and I recommend it (apart from the great interest of the book itself) to any who think such elucidation of the poem worth the trouble. To another work of anthropology I am indebted in general, one which has influenced our generation profoundly; I mean *The Golden Bough*; I have used especially the two volumes *Atthis Adonis Osiris*. Anyone who is acquainted with these works will immediately recognise in the poem certain references to vegetation ceremonies.

THE WASTE LAND

I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Line 20. Cf. Ezekiel II, i.

23. Cf. Ecclesiastes XII, v.

31. V. Tristan und Isolde, I, verses 5-8.

42. Id. III, verse 24.

46. I am not familiar with the exact constitution of the Tarot pack of cards, from which I have obviously departed to suit my own convenience. The Hanged Man, a member of the traditional pack, fits my purpose in two ways: because he is associated in my mind with the Hanged God of Frazer, and because I associate him with the hooded figure in the passage of the disciples to Emmaus in Part V. The Phoenician Sailor and the Merchant appear later; also the "crowds of people," and Death by Water is executed in Part IV. The Man with Three Staves (an authentic member of the Tarot pack) I associate, quite arbitrarily, with the Fisher King himself.

60. Cf. Baudelaire:

"Fourmillante cité, cité pleine de rêves,

NOTES

“Où le spectre en plein jour raccroche le passant.”

63. Cf. *Inferno* III, 55-57:

“si lunga tratta
di gente, ch’io non avrei mai creduto
che morte tanta n’avesse disfatta.”

64. Cf. *Inferno* IV, 25-27:

“Quivi, secondo che per ascoltare,
“non avea pianto, ma’ che di sospiri,
“che l’aura eterna facevan tremare.”

68. A phenomenon which I have often noticed.

74. Cf. the Dirge in Webster’s *White Devil*.

76. V. Baudelaire, Preface to *Fleurs du Mal*.

II. A GAME OF CHESS

77. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II, ii, l. 190.

92. Laquearia. V. *Aeneid*, I, 726:

dependent lychni laquearibus aureis
incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.

THE WASTE LAND

98. Sylvan scene. V. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IV, 140.

99. V. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, VI, Philomela.

100. Cf. Part III l. 204.

115. Cf. Part III l. 195.

118. Cf. Webster: "Is the wind in that door still?"

126. Cf. Part I l. 37, 48.

138. Cf. the game of chess in Middleton's *Women beware Women*.

III. THE FIRE SERMON

176. V. Spenser, *Prothalamion*.

192. Cf. *The Tempest*, I, ii.

196. Cf. Day, *Parliament of Bees*:

"When of the sudden, listening, you shall hear,
"A noise of horns and hunting, which shall
bring

"Actaeon to Diana in the spring,

"Where all shall see her naked skin . . ."

197. Cf. Marvell, *To His Coy Mistress*.

NOTES

199. I do not know the origin of the ballad from which these lines are taken; it was reported to me from Sydney, Australia.

202. V. Verlaine, *Parsifal*.

210. The currants were quoted at a price "carriage and insurance free to London"; and the Bill of Lading etc. were to be handed to the buyer upon payment of the sight draft.

218. Tiresias, although a mere spectator and not indeed a "character," is yet the most important personage in the poem, uniting all the rest. Just as the one-eyed merchant, seller of currants, melts into the Phoenician Sailor, and the latter is not wholly distinct from Ferdinand Prince of Naples, so all the women are one woman, and the two sexes meet in Tiresias. What Tiresias *sees*, in fact, is the substance of the poem. The whole passage from Ovid is of great anthropological interest:

. . . Cum Iunone iocos et maior vestra
profecto est

THE WASTE LAND

Quam, quae contingit maribus', dixisse,
'voluptas.'

Illa negat; placuit quae sit sententia docti
Quaerere Tiresiae: venus huic erat utraque
nota.

Nam duo magnorum viridi coeuntia silva
Corpora serpentum baculi violaverat ictu
Deque viro factus, mirabile, femina septem
Egerat autumnos; octavo rursus eosdem
Vidit et 'est vestrae si tanta potentia plagae,'
Dixit 'ut auctoris sortem in contraria mutet,
Nunc quoque vos feriam!' percussis anguibus
isdem

Forma prior rediit genetivaque venit imago.
Arbiter hic igitur sumptus de lite iocosa
Dicta Iovis firmat; gravius Saturnia iusto
Nec pro materia fertur doluisse suique
Iudicis aeterna damnavit lumina nocte,
At pater omnipotens (neque enim licet inrita
cuiquam

Facta dei fecisse deo) pro lumine adempto
Scire futura dedit poenamque levavit honore.

221. This may not appear as exact as

N O T E S

Sappho's lines, but I had in mind the "long-shore" or "dory" fisherman, who returns at nightfall.

253. V. Goldsmith, the song in *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

257. V. *The Tempest*, as above.

264. The interior of St. Magnus Martyr is to my mind one of the finest among Wren's interiors. See *The Proposed Demolition of Nineteen City Churches*: (P. S. King & Son Ltd.).

266. The Song of the (three) Thames-daughters begins here. From line 292 to 306 inclusive they speak in turn. V. *Götterdämmerung*, III, i: the Rhinedaughters.

279. V. Froude, *Elizabeth* Vol. I, ch. iv, letter of De Quadra to Philip of Spain:

"In the afternoon we were in a barge, watching the games on the river. (The queen) was alone with Lord Robert and myself on the poop, when they began to talk nonsense, and went so far that Lord Robert at last said, as I was on the spot there was no reason why they should not be married if the queen pleased."

THE WASTE LAND

293. Cf. *Purgatorio*, V. 133:

“Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia;

“Siena mi fe’, disfecemi Maremma.”

307. V. St. Augustine’s *Confessions*: “to Carthage then I came, where a cauldron of unholy loves sang all about mine ears.”

308. The complete text of the Buddha’s Fire Sermon (which corresponds in importance to the Sermon on the Mount) from which these words are taken, will be found translated in the late Henry Clarke Warren’s *Buddhism in Translation* (Harvard Oriental Series). Mr. Warren was one of the great pioneers of Buddhist studies in the occident.

312. From St. Augustine’s *Confessions* again. The collocation of these two representatives of eastern and western asceticism, as the culmination of this part of the poem, is not an accident.

V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

In the first part of Part V three themes are employed: the journey to Emmaus, the approach to the Chapel Perilous (see Miss Weston's book) and the present decay of eastern Europe.

357. This is *Turdus aonalaschkae pallasii*, the hermit-thrush which I have heard in Quebec County. Chapman says (*Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America*) "it is most at home in secluded woodland and thickety retreats. . . . Its notes are not remarkable for variety or volume, but in purity and sweetness of tone and exquisite modulation they are unequaled." Its "water-dripping song" is justly celebrated.

360. The following lines were stimulated by the account of one of the Antarctic expeditions (I forget which, but I think one of Shackleton's): it was related that the party of explorers, at the extremity of their strength,

had the constant delusion that there was *one more member* than could actually be counted.

366-76. Cf. Hermann Hesse, *Blick ins Chaos*: "Schon ist halb Europa, schon ist zumindest der halbe Osten Europas auf dem Wege zum Chaos, fährt betrunken im heiligem Wahn am Abgrund entlang und singt dazu, singt betrunken und hymnisch wie Dmitri Karamasoff sang. Ueber diese Lieder lacht der Bürger beleidigt, der Heilige und Seher hört sie mit Tränen."

401. "Datta, dayadhvam, damyata" (Give, sympathise, control). The fable of the meaning of the Thunder is found in the *Bribadaraṇyaka* — *Upanishad*, 5, 1. A translation is found in Deussen's *Sechzig Upanishads des Veda*, p. 489.

407. Cf. Webster, *The White Devil*, V. vi:

" . . . they'll remarry

Ere the worm pierce your winding-sheet, ere
the spider

Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs."

411. Cf. *Inferno*, XXXIII, 46:

“ed io sentii chiavar l’uscio di sotto
all’orribile torre.”

Also F. H. Bradley, *Appearance and Reality*,
p. 346.

“My external sensations are no less private to myself than are my thoughts or my feelings. In either case my experience falls within my own circle, a circle closed on the outside; and, with all its elements alike, every sphere is opaque to the others which surround it. . . . In brief, regarded as an existence which appears in a soul, the whole world for each is peculiar and private to that soul.”

424. V. Weston: *From Ritual to Romance*;
chapter on the Fisher King.

427. V. *Purgatorio*, XXVI, 148.

“Ara vos prec, per aquella valor
‘que vos guida al som de l’escalina,
‘sovegna vos a temps de ma dolor.’

Poi s’ascose nel foco che gli affina.”

428. V. *Pervigilium Veneris*. Cf. Philomela
in Parts II and III.

THE WASTE LAND

429. V. Gerard de Nerval, Sonnet *El Desdichado*.

431. V. Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*.

433. Shantih. Repeated as here, a formal ending to an Upanishad. "The Peace which passeth understanding" is a feeble translation of the content of this word.

T. S. Eliot was born in 1888 in St. Louis, Missouri; he is a graduate of Harvard and studied at the Sorbonne and at Oxford, has been a lecturer, editor and banker. For the first few years in which his poems appeared he was known to only a small number of readers, but his first book of poems and his long poem, *The Waste Land*, which has just been published, have established him, in the opinion of critics, as without question the most significant of the younger American writers. Abroad, and especially in France, he is held to be, in addition, the leader of the strictest and most intelligent school of literary criticism. Only one volume of his critical work has been published, under the title of *The Sacred Wood*.

BONI AND LIVERIGHT

Publishers

105 W. 40th St., New York

