

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.”

425. V. Weston, *From Ritual to Romance*; chapter on the Fisher King.

428. 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’ascosse nel foco che gli affina.”

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

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 our equivalent to this word.

Text taken from Bartleby and edited to conform to The Complete Poems and Plays, 1909–1950 (San Diego: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1971). In the notes, after 357, Bartleby’s line numbers are less by one than in the print edition; Bartleby has cen for uti in line 428; and in the last note, Bartleby has “. . . is a feeble translation of the content of this word.”

The Waste Land

T. S. Eliot

1922

“Nam sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi
in ambulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: Σίβυλλᾶ
τί θέλεις; respondebat illa: ἀπὸ θᾶψεϊν θέλῶ.”

For Ezra Pound

il miglior fabbro.

I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

April is the cruellest month, breeding

The brisk swell
Rippled both shores
Southwest wind
Carried down stream
The peal of bells
White towers

Weialala leia
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.
I can connect
Nothing with nothing.

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

la la

To Carthage then I came

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

IV. DEATH BY WATER

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep seas 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.

582

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512

Gentile or Jew
 O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,
 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 place and reverberation
 Of thunder spring over distant mountains
 He who was living is now dead
 We who were living are now dying
 With a little patience
 Here is no water but only rock
 Rock and no water and the sandy road
 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

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

"ed io sentii chiavar l'uscio di sotto
 all'orribile torre."

412. Cf. Inferno, XXXIII, 46:

Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs."

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

all'orribile torre."

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

des Veda, p. 489.

402. "Datta, dayadhvam, damyata" (Give, sympathize, control). The

Upanishad, 5, 1. A translation is found in Deussen's *Sechzig Upanishads*

Lieder lacht der Bürger beleidigt, der Heilige und Seher hört sie mit

Tränen."

367-77. 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 heiligen Wahn am Abgrund entlang und singt dazu,

singt betrunken und hymnisch wie Dmitri Karamasoff sang. Ueber diese

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was one of the great pioneers of Buddhist studies in the Occident.
309. 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 pallasi*, the hermit-thrush which
I have heard in Quebec County. Chapman says (*Handbook of Birds in
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.

555

Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees

If there were the sound of water only

A pool among the rock

A spring

And water

And also water

If there were rock

And no rock

If there were water

From doors of mudcracked houses

But red sullen faces sneer and snarl

There is not even solitude in the mountains

But dry sterile thunder without rain

There is not even silence in the mountains

Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit

Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit

If there were only water amongst the rock

Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand

Where fishermen lounge at noon: where the walls

And a clatter and a chatter from within

The pleasant whining of a mandoline

Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,

O City, I can sometimes hear

And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.

"This music crept by me upon the waters"

I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Fyrsch weht der Wind

Der Heimat zu.

Mein Irtsch 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,

Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

Oed' und leer das Meer.

Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,

245

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 funeral 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;

Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:

"Well now that's that'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.

255

262

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;

25

I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

30

35

40

Drip drop drop drop drip 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
 But when I look ahead up the white road
 There is always another one walking beside 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?
 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
 What is the city over the mountains
 Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
 Falling towers
 Jerusalem Alexandria
 Vienna London
 Unreal
 Her stove, and says 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, old man with wrinkled dugs
 Perceived the rest—
 I too awaited the expected guest.
 He, the man carbuncular, arrives,
 A small low on whom assurance sits
 Of a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
 The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
 The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
 Endeavourous to engage her in caresses
 Which still are unapproved, if undesired.
 Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
 Explores her response, and makes a welcome
 Of indifference. (And I Tiresias have foreseen all
 And I Tiresias have foreseen all)

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.
 50
 Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,
 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.
 55
 I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.
 Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,
 Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:
 One must be so careful these days.

Unreal City,
 Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
 A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
 I had not thought death had undone so many:
 Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,

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, 1: The Rhine-daughters.

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."

293. Cf. *Purgatorio*, V, 133:
 "Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia;
 "Stena 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

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The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Glowed on the marble, where the glass
 Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
 From which a golden Cupidon peeped out
 (Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
 Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra

80

205

II. A GAME OF CHESS

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!"
 "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 semblable,—mon frere!"

65

220

221. This may not appear as exact as Sappho's lines, but I had in
 mind the "longshore" 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

083

A woman drew her long black hair out tight
 And fiddled whisper music on those strings
 And bats with baby faces in the violet light
 Whistled, and beat their wings
 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.

583

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.
 It has no windows, and the door swings,
 Dry bones can harm no one.
 Only a cock stood on the roof-tree
 Co co rico co co rico
 In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust
 Bringing rain

563

Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves
 Waited for rain, while the black clouds

Unreal City

Under the brown fog of a winter noon
 Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant
 Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants
 C.i.f. London: documents at sight,
 Asked me in demotic French
 To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel
 Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.

210

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 I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
 Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
 At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
 Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
 The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights

215

- Gathered far distant, over Himavant.
The jungle crouched, humped in silence.
Then spoke the thunder
DA
Datta: what have we given?
My friend, blood shaking my heart
The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which we have existed
By 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
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
Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus
DA
- Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
From satin cases poured in rich profusion;
In vials of ivory and coloured glass
85
Unstopped, 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
90
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,
95
In which sad light a carved dolphin swam.
Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
100
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
"Jug Jug" to dirty ears.
197. 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. . ."
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. Thresias, 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 Phoeni-
cian 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
Thresias. What Thresias sees, in fact, is the substance of the poem. The
whole passage from Ovid is of great anthropological interest:
'... Cum Innone iocos et 'maior vestra profecto est
Quam, quae contingit maribus,' dixisse, 'voluptas.'
Illa negat; placuit quae sit sententia docti
400
- By the waters of Leman 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
On a winter evening round behind the gashouse
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
They wash their feet in soda water
Et, O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

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
fumalia vincunt.

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. Marvell, *To His Coy Mistress*.

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.

Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

Spread out in fiery points

Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.

"My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me.

"Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak.

"What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?"

"I never know what you are thinking. Think?"

I think we are in rats' alley

Where the dead men lost their bones.

"What is that noise?"

The wind under the door.

"What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?"

Nothing again nothing.

"Do

"You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember

"NOTES ON THE WASTE LAND"

Shantih shantih shantih

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

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

These fragments of my ruins

Quando *fiam uti chelidon*—O swallow swallow

Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina

London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down

Shall I at least set my lands in order?

Fishing, with the arid plain behind me

I sat upon the shore

To controlling hands

Gaily, when invited, beating obedient

The sea was calm, your heart would have responded

Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar

Damyata: The boat responded

024

081

Departed, have left no addresses.

And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;

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

Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends

And other fragments of the day.

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

The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,

Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind

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

071

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

Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

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

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

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

What you get married for if you don't want children?

