

# 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

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T. S. Eliot

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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."









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# 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

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

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# THE WASTE LAND



## I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

**A**PRIL 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 Heimat 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 Sosostris, 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. 50  
Here is the man with three staves, and  
    here the Wheel,

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

**T**HE 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

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,  
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 <sup>210</sup>

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,

260

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

270

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



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

**P**HLEBAS 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

**A**FTER 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 <sup>340</sup>

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

35°

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

*Dayadhwam:* 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.

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 genetivaeque 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

## NOTES

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."

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,

THE WASTE LAND

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 *Bribadarañyaka* — *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."

N. O T E S

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.

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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*.

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