Preface

The Waste Land has surely become one of the most readily identifiable poems in the English language. It was, as Lawrence Rainey's research into the publication of the poem has shown us, famous even before it appeared in 1922, and it has continued to be the most prominent, though not by any means the most popular, poem of the twentieth century. In spite of the tremendous cultural authority that has accrued over the years to this poem, however, and in spite of the fact that it helped to shape a whole new academic discipline devoted to elucidating complex literary works, *The Waste Land* has remained difficult to read. Some of that difficulty is so intrinsic to the poem that it can never be dispelled, and much contemporary criticism has turned from the New Critical effort to explain it away and has attempted instead to account for its ineradicable mystery. But some of the difficulty of reading *The Waste Land* is incidental, and it is the purpose of this edition to provide readers with enough assistance to chip those incidental obscurities away, so as to distinguish the ones that really matter.

The first obstacle facing any such edition was put up by Eliot himself in the form of the notorious notes appended to the first book publication, by Boni and Liveright in the United States. Some of these notes, including the one accounting for the dead sound of the bell of Saint Mary Woolnoth, are so blandly pointless as to suggest a hoax, and others, particularly those citing classical quotations in the original languages, seem determined to establish mysteries rather than dispel them. In any case, the notes themselves need as much annotation as the poem they pretend to explain, and it seems both confusing and textually inappropriate to place them at the foot of the page, where they can become inextricably tangled with the editorial notes. In this edition, therefore, *The Waste Land* is published as it appeared in its first American edition, with Eliot's notes at the end. Reference to these notes, where appropriate and useful, is made in the editorial footnotes, but duplication of material has been avoided wherever possible. Eliot's own notes have been further annotated only where necessary, mainly in the case of material introduced into the notes that is not readily apparent in the text of the poem itself.

Sorting out such a division of labor, however, still does not make the task of annotating *The Waste Land* particularly easy. The sheer breadth of reference within the poem was often overwhelming for its first readers, and it still rather frequently overwhelms attempts to account for it, afflicting even the simplest passages with a kind of annotational elephantiasis. Worse yet, readers are often put at the mercy of interpretive summaries that reduce

Baudelaire or the Upanishads to nuggets scarcely larger than those already in *The Waste Land* itself. No edition can entirely avoid these pitfalls, since it would take a small library to fully represent the materials Eliot drew on for his poem. For this edition, however, I have mobilized as much original material as seemed feasible, so that readers interested in Eliot's debt to Jessie Weston, for example, can at least sample crucial passages as they were originally published. This means that many of the editorial notes direct readers to longer passages contained in the Sources section. In each such case, I have tried to preserve enough context to give some sense of the original and to let the reader imagine how and why Eliot might have committed his literary burglary. Particular difficulties arise in the case of sources outside English, which Eliot tended to read and appropriate in the original languages. In these instances, I have tried to include translations available to Eliot's first readers, though this has not been feasible in every case. My general objective here has been to keep the editorial footnotes as brief and unobtrusive as possible and, whenever possible, to present original material for the reader's judgment rather than providing summaries or interpretations of my own.

Since *The Waste Land* has been at the heart of academic literary criticism virtually from the first moment there was such a thing, it has been especially difficult to select from among the available critical works. I have tended to favor the earliest interpretations of the poem, grouped in this volume as "Reviews and First Reactions," simply because many of these have become well known in their own right, though I have tried to mix with these classic accounts a few less well known, particularly if they register in some striking way the excitement or puzzlement felt by the poem's first readers. In arranging the later criticism, I have marked off as "The New Criticism" several academic accounts of the poem published before 1945. Some of these, particularly John Crowe Ransom's early response, are not as favorable as contemporary readers might have expected, and some, particularly Delmore Schwartz's "T. S. Eliot as the International Hero," seem rather strikingly unlike the stereotypical New Critical account as formulated by Cleanth Brooks. In general, however, the New Critical accounts concentrate on cracking Eliot's code, while the more recent interpretations gathered here as "Reconsiderations and New Readings" tend to speculate as to why there should have been a code in the first place. Even a cursory look at the bibliography at the end of this volume will show that *The Waste Land* has inspired a tremendous amount of critical commentary of all kinds, from biographical speculation to post-structuralist demolition. Fairly representing even the major trends in such criticism would take several volumes, but the selections included here should at least demonstrate this broad shift, whereby New Critical certainty has gradually given way to a renewed sense of the disruptive disorientations of this quintessentially modernist poem.

I would like to thank my research assistant, Erin Templeton, and the staffs of the Clark Library at UCLA and the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Yale University. I would like to acknowledge as well the helpful advice of Joseph C. Baillargeon, who has made an extensive study of the publication history of *The Waste Land*.

A Note on the Text

It is unlikely that there can ever be a definitive text of *The Waste Land.* Though Eliot lived for more than forty years after the first publication of the poem, though he was himself a senior editor at the firm responsible for publishing his work in England, though he inspired through his criticism a scholarly discipline based on the close reading of literary details, there is no single version of his most widely read work that can claim unqualified authority.

The Waste Land was originally published in two versions in the United States and two in England. By agreement among the various parties concerned, the first of these appeared in October 1922 in the inaugural issue of Eliot's own critical monthly, *The Criterion.* Then the poem appeared in the November issue of the venerable American literary magazine *The Dial.* It was first published between hard covers by the New York firm of Boni and Liveright in December, and then in England, where it was hand-printed by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at Hogarth Press in 1923. These editions do not stem from a single source, as Eliot prepared a number of different typescripts of the poem, and they each have oddities and idiosyncrasies. Though it would seem that the two English editions should have been more closely supervised by Eliot himself—he was, after all, the editor of *The Criterion* and he is known to have read proofs of the Hogarth edition[1]—these have more unreliable variants than the American editions, including the inexplicable alteration of Lower Thames Street to Upper Thames Street in l. 260 of the *Criterion* printing, which puts the church of St. Magnus Martyr in distinctly the wrong spot.

Virtually all the differences among these four early versions of the poem are matters of capitalization, punctuation, or spacing, but even the last of these is not trivial in a poem in which spacing is an important indicator of rhythm and organization. It is also the case, of course, that variations of the same kind are likely to accumulate as poems are reprinted, and this has certainly been so in the case of *The Waste Land.* Each new edition, from *Poems 1909–1925* to *Collected Poems 1909–1962,* has introduced subtle alterations of its own, and there are usually minor differences as well between American and English editions.

Eliot himself added considerably to the confusion. In 1960 he prepared a new hand-written copy of the poem and inserted after l. 137 a line ("The ivory men make company between us") that was in early typescripts of the

1. Daniel H. Woodward, "Notes on the Publishing History and Text of *The Waste Land,*" *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 58 (1964): 262.

poem but not in any of the first printings.[2] But this line was not then inserted in any later publications supervised by Eliot, not even in the limited edition printed in Italy in 1961, which Eliot referred to at least once as "the standard text."[3] Nor were the alterations of punctuation in that edition incorporated into later commercial editions published by the company for which Eliot continued to work as senior editor. Eliot did make a number of corrections in a proof copy of *Collected Poems 1909–1935*, but, for reasons that remain unknown, these were not incorporated into the published text.[4] Thus Eliot's "intentions" for the poem, insofar as they can be perceived in actions such as these, seem as muddled as the texts themselves.

Although the most substantial variant, the line added in 1960, has been universally excluded from printed versions, the remaining variants, though minor, are not entirely trivial. It does make a difference whether the adjective in "hyacinth garden" is capitalized, as it is in the Boni and Liveright edition, or not, as in *The Dial* and then, after a space of forty years, in *Collected Poems 1909–1962*. Line 102 has read in every version and every edition "And still she cried," though Eliot apparently decided for the 1935 *Collected Poems* to change it to the far more sensible "And still she cries." But the fact that the change was not actually incorporated into that or any following published text did not apparently bother Eliot through the three remaining decades of his life, and so it is rather difficult to accept even though it seems to make much better sense of the passage. Even a minor variation of this kind, by altering the sense of a passage, can alter the sense of the entire poem, and there are a considerable number of such minor variations in the different published texts of this poem.

Among the various less-than-ideal solutions to this problem, I have chosen reliance on the Boni and Liveright edition. It is, in fact, the source for most subsequent editions, including the one published by Hogarth. It is the only source for the notes to the poem, which are not included in any surviving typescripts and which did not appear in *The Dial* or *The Criterion*. In the absence of any unambiguous evidence for the authority of later emendations, the Boni and Liveright edition should have priority. This edition also has a certain historical authority as the one most widely read when the poem first became famous.[5] This Norton Critical Edition therefore follows the Boni and Liveright (BL) edition whenever possible, with exceptions as noted and explained below.

dedication: added by Eliot to editions after 1925.
l. 42: BL reads, "Od' und leer das Meer."

2. For Eliot's explanation, see Woodward, p. 264.
3. Woodward, p. 264.
4. A. D. Moody, *Thomas Stearns Eliot: Poet* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979), p. 303.
5. It should be noted for the especially scrupulous, however, that there are different printings of the Boni and Liveright edition, with various different typographical errors. The particular copy used for this edition is at the Clark Library, UCLA, numbered 827 of the first thousand, and it shares with two numbered copies at the Beinecke Library, Yale University, two obvious typographical errors ("ug" for "jug" on p. 30 and "mount in" for "mountain" on p. 41) that have been silently corrected.

l. 111: BL reads, "My nerves are bad tonight." It is the only edition to omit the hyphen.
l. 112: BL reads, "Why do you never speak." It is the only one of the four first editions to omit the question mark, which seems necessary to the sense as well.
l. 128–31: The spacing of these lines has been utterly confused by the fact that they fall at the bottom of the page in both *The Dial* and BL editions. Later editions have dropped the space that appears after l. 130 in both *The Dial* and *The Criterion*, apparently because it falls at the bottom of p. 21 of BL. It is worth noting, however, that *The Criterion* also has a space after l. 128, which does not appear in any of the other first editions.
l. 131: BL reads, " 'What shall I do now? What shall I do?' " The closing quote is the only one at the end of such a line in BL and is clearly a misprint. It does not appear in the other first editions, but neither do those editions print running quotes down the left-hand margin.
l. 149, 153: BL omits the apostrophe from "don't" in both lines, though other contractions are formed correctly. Apparently a misprint.
l. 161: BL reads, "The chemist said it would be alright." It is the only edition with this nonstandard spelling.
l. 259: BL reads, "O City city." The version adopted appears in *The Criterion* and Hogarth editions and was, according to Moody,[6] inserted by Eliot into proofs of the 1935 *Collected Poems*.
l. 415: BL reads, "aetherial." The *Dial* version also has this spelling, but all other editions adopt the more common spelling.
l. 428: BL reads, "*Quando fiam ceu chelidon*." All earlier editions have this uncorrected version of the quotation.
notes to ll. 196 and 197: These are reversed in BL.

It should also be noted that adoption of the Boni and Liveright spacing in general has produced a text that differs from most others currently in print in certain subtle ways. This is most evident in the case of ll. 266–311, which were printed flush to the left in all the early editions but came to be indented to represent the song of the Thames-daughters. This indentation was not applied consistently, so that ll. 307–11, which are not part of the song, are also usually indented. In this case, historical and logical consistency seem to favor following the BL spacing. That edition also spaces the conclusion of the poem more generously, so that there is an extra space setting off ll. 426–32 and another setting the last line off by itself, as well as extra spaces between the three iterations of the final "Shantih."

Finally, the line numbers used in BL differ slightly from those in most subsequent editions. What *Collected Poems 1909–1962* and many other editions of the poem now in print count as lines 346 and 347 are counted as one line in BL. This means that the line numbers used in Eliot's own notes, which were, of course, those of the BL edition, must be changed, starting with the note to l. 357. Instead, this edition counts lines as did BL and leaves the line numbers in Eliot's notes intact.

6. Moody, p. 308.

The Text of
THE WASTE LAND

The Waste Land

"NAM Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: Σίβυλλα τί θέλεις; respondebat illa: ἀποθανεῖν θέλω."[1]

For Ezra Pound
il miglior fabbro.[2]

1. "For I once saw with my own eyes the Cumean Sibyl hanging in a jar, and when the boys asked her, 'Sibyl, what do you want?' she answered, 'I want to die' " (Greek). Quoted from the *Satyricon* of Petronius Arbiter, a noted libertine of the first century C.E. It is one of many empty boasts and tall stories delivered at the banquet of Trimalchio, a freedman. The Sibyl, one of a number of prophetic figures so named in ancient times, is confined to a jar because her body threatens to deliquesce. Granted a wish by Apollo, she had asked for as many years of life as there are grains in a handful of sand, but she forgot to ask for eternal youth as well.
2. "The better craftsman" (Italian). Eliot's tribute to friend and fellow poet Ezra Pound (1885–1972), whose poetic craftsmanship was invaluable in editing the *Waste Land* manuscript. The phrase echoes the tribute offered by Dante Alighieri to twelfth-century Provençal poet Arnaut Daniel in Canto 26 of Dante's *Purgatorio*, a section from which Eliot also borrows l. 427.

I. The Burial of the Dead[3]

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[4]
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.[5]
And when we were children, staying at the arch-duke'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.[6]
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,[7]
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,[8]
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

3. The title given to the burial service in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer.
4. A lake near Munich, Germany; the Hofgarten (l. 10) is a park in the same city.
5. "I'm not Russian at all; I come from Lithuania, a true German" (German).
6. According to Valerie Eliot's notes to the published manuscript of *The Waste Land*, Eliot based this sledding incident on a conversation he had with the Countess Marie Larisch, who published her reminiscences of the Austrian nobility in *My Past* (1913).
7. In his own note, Eliot cites Ezekiel 2.1: "And he said unto me, Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee." Thereafter, God addresses the prophet by this phrase: "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel" (3.17).
8. Eliot cites Ecclesiastes 12.5: "Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." The chapter is devoted to the sorrow of old age and decline, when it is discovered that "all is vanity" (12.8).

Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;[9]
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Frisch weht der Wind
Der Heimat zu
Mein Irisch Kind,
Wo weilest du?[1]

"You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
"They called me the hyacinth girl."
—Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth[2] 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.[3]

Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,[4]
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards.[5] Here, said she,
Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,
(Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)[6]
Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,[7]

9. Lines 26–29 were salvaged from "The Death of St. Narcissus," which was completed as of 1915 but was never published. Two draft versions of the poem were included with the *Waste Land* manuscript materials.
1. "Fresh blows the wind / To the homeland / My Irish child / Where do you wait?" (German). The first of two quotations from Richard Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* (first performed in 1865). This one, which occurs at the beginning of the opera, is part of a song overheard by Isolde, who is being taken by Tristan to Ireland, where she is to marry King Mark. The original story, put into German verse in the middle ages by Gottfried von Strassburg (Wagner's source), gradually became part of Arthurian literature and thus came to be associated with the Grail legend Eliot refers to elsewhere in the poem.
2. The flower now referred to by this name is not the one so named by the Greeks, who saw the letters "AI," spelling out a cry of woe, in its petals. The story told about this flower makes it a memorial to a young man loved and accidentally killed by Apollo.
3. "Desolate and empty is the sea" (German). The second quotation from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. This one, taken from the third act of the opera, occurs as the dying Tristan waits for news of Isolde, arriving by sea.
4. The name is taken from Aldous Huxley's novel *Crome Yellow* (1921). See pp. 40–42.
5. As Eliot's own note slyly admits, this passage has only a very loose connection with the Tarot pack used by fortune tellers to probe the past and predict the future. But there is a discussion of the Tarot in Weston's *From Ritual to Romance*, which connects the pack to the Grail legend and fertility rituals. See "[The Tarot Pack]," pp. 37–38.
6. One of a number of borrowings from Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, 1.3. This line is from the song the spirit Ariel sings to Ferdinand of his father's supposed drowning. See also l. 125.
7. The literal meaning of the name is "beautiful lady." She is frequently associated by commentators with Leonardo da Vinci's *Madonna of the Rocks* and with his *Mona Lisa*, who is famously described in Walter Pater's *The Renaissance* (1893) as "older than the rocks among which she sits." There is no such card in the Tarot pack.

The lady of situations.
Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,[8]
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. Equitone,
Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:
One must be so careful these days.

Unreal City,[9]
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.[1]
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[2] 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![3]
"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,[4]
"Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!
"You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!"[5]

8. The man with the three staves and the wheel are authentic Tarot cards, but the one-eyed merchant is a mystery of Eliot's own devising.
9. As Eliot notes, this is his adaptation of Charles Baudelaire's "Fourmillante cité" from his poem "Le sept vieillards" (in *Les Fleurs du Mal*, 1857). See "The Seven Old Men," pp. 43–45.
1. In his notes, Eliot refers the reader to two passages from Dante's *Inferno*. The first is from Canto 3, which takes place just inside the Gates of Hell, in a vestibule to which are consigned those who are equally without blame and without praise. Looking at this great company, Dante delivers the exclamation Eliot translates in l. 63. The next line is taken from Canto 4, in which Dante descends into the first circle of Hell, or Limbo, where those who died without baptism languish, sighing impotently, for there is nothing that can be done about their condition.
2. A church at the corner of Lombard and King William streets in the City (or financial district) of London. The last part of its name refers to Wulfnoth, who may have founded the medieval church that was demolished in the eighteenth century and completely rebuilt by Nicholas Hawksmoor. Bank Station nearby was a frequent stop on Eliot's commute to work.
3. A battle (206 B.C.E.) in the First Punic War between Rome and Carthage.
4. Eliot's adaptation of some lines from a dirge in John Webster's *The White Devil* (1612), sung by Cornelia as she prepares her son's body for burial. See "[Cornelia's Dirge]," p. 45.
5. "Hypocrite reader!—my likeness,—my brother!" (French). Eliot's version of the final line of Baudelaire's "Au Lecteur," the introductory poem in *Les Fleurs du Mal*. See "To the Reader," pp. 42–43.

II. A Game of Chess[6]

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,[7]
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
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
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,[8]
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.
Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene[9]
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
So rudely forced;[1] yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
"Jug Jug"[2] to dirty ears.
And other withered stumps of time
Were told upon the walls; staring forms

6. Eliot takes the title of this section from a satirical play of the same name by Thomas Middleton (1570?–1627). First produced in 1625, *A Game of Chess* was suppressed because of the biting way in which it allegorized English conflict with Spain as a chess match. The title also alludes to Middleton's *Women Beware Women* (published in 1657), in which a young wife is seduced while her unwitting mother-in-law plays chess.
7. In his own note, Eliot cites Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, 2.2.190. In this passage, Enobarbus describes to Agrippa how Cleopatra looked on her first meeting with Mark Antony: "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne, / Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold. . . ."
8. The panels of a coffered ceiling. In his note, Eliot cites a passage from Virgil's *Aeneid*: "Burning torches hang from the gold-panelled ceiling, / And vanquish the night with their flames" (Latin).
9. Eliot cites a passage from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book 4, in which Satan, approaching Eden, sees it as a "delicious Paradise" and a "Sylvan Scene" overgrown with trees and bushes.
1. Eliot refers in his note to the story of Tereus and Philomela as told in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. See "[The Story of Tereus and Philomela]," pp. 46–50.
2. Conventional literary onomatopoeia for the sound a nightingale supposedly makes.

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
"Nothing?"
I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes.[3]
"Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?"
But
O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag[4]—
It's so elegant
So intelligent

"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,[5] I said—
I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself,

3. A reference to the line from Ariel's song in *The Tempest* quoted above, l. 48.
4. Eliot's syncopated version of a popular song, published in 1912, with lyrics by Gene Buck and Herman Ruby and music by Dave Stamper. See "That Shakespearian Rag," pp. 51–54.
5. Demobilized, or released from the armed services after World War I. According to Valerie Eliot's notes to the *Waste Land* manuscript, this final passage was based on gossip recounted to the Eliots by Ellen Kellond, their maid.

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME[6]
Now Albert's coming back, make yourself 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,
And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.
Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.
Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
If you don't 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 won't 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,
It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.
(She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)
The chemist[7] said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.
You *are* a proper fool, I said.
Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,
What you get married for if you don't want children?
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,[8]
And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot—
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.
Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.
Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.[9]

6. Closing time, as announced at a pub.
7. Pharmacist.
8. Ham.
9. In *Hamlet*, 4.5.71–72, the mad Ophelia's parting words to Queen Gertrude and King Claudius, before her death.

III. The Fire Sermon[1]

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.[2]
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.
And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;
Departed, have left no addresses.
By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept[3] . . .
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[4]
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.[5]
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

1. The title of this section is taken from a sermon preached by Buddha against the things of this world, all figured as consuming fires. See "The Fire-Sermon," pp. 54–55.
2. The refrain from Edmund Spenser's "Prothalamion" (1596). See "*From* Prothalamion," pp. 55–56.
3. An adaptation of Psalm 137, which begins, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." In the original, the people of Israel, in Babylonian exile, remember the city of Jerusalem. Eliot substitutes "Leman," the French name for Lake Geneva, where he spent several weeks in 1921 on a rest-cure, while working on *The Waste Land*.
4. The first of two references to Andrew Marvell's poem "To His Coy Mistress," first published in 1681, three years after the poet's death. Eliot adapts the lines, "But at my back I always hear / Time's winged chariot hurrying near," with which the speaker turns from his leisurely catalog of his lady's physical charms to the urgent carpe diem theme that has made the poem famous. See also l. 196.
5. Another reference to *The Tempest*, 1.2. Just before hearing Ariel's song (see l. 48), Ferdinand describes himself as "Sitting on a bank, / Weeping again the King my father's wrack."

Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.[6]
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![7]

Twit twit twit
Jug jug jug jug jug jug
So rudely forc'd.
Tereu[8]

Unreal City
Under the brown fog of a winter noon
Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna[9] merchant
Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants
C.i.f. London: documents at sight,
Asked me in demotic[1] French
To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel[2]
Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.[3]

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits
Like a taxi throbbing waiting,

6. Eliot apparently had in mind for these lines an elaborate parallel to a story told in, among other places, the allegorical masque *The Parliament of Bees* (1607), by John Day (1574–1640), which is cited in his notes. Sweeney, who seems from his actions in other of Eliot's poems ("Sweeney Erect" and "Sweeney Among the Nightingales") to have been his idea of an urban lout, approaches Mrs. Porter as Actaeon approaches Diana in the story referred to by Day. Actaeon surprises Diana (goddess of chastity as well as the hunt) while she is bathing, is turned into a stag by her, and is subsequently hunted to death by his own hounds.
7. The last line of French poet Paul Verlaine's sonnet "Parsifal," which first appeared in 1886 and was subsequently included in *Amour* (1888). In the original the line reads, "—Et, ô ces voix d'enfants chantant dans la coupole!" It can be translated as "And oh those children's voices singing in the dome!" In Verlaine's poem, Parsifal resists the temptations of female flesh, vanquishes Hell, restores the ailing king, and kneels to adore the Holy Grail, having become its priest. In general, the sonnet paraphrases its source, Richard Wagner's opera *Parsifal* (1877), in which Parsifal resists the wiles of Kundry, seizes the spear that had originally wounded King Amfortas, and heals him with it. The line Eliot quotes refers to the end of the opera, in which the dome of the Grail Castle fills with unearthly voices as Parsifal unwraps and raises the Grail. Many commentators have noticed as well that in the opera (though not in Verlaine's poem) Parsifal receives a ritual footbath before his final approach to the Grail Castle.
8. Noises made by the protagonists in the story of Tereus and Philomela, all of whom were turned into birds. "Tereu" is the vocative form of the name of Tereus, indicating that he is being addressed. In at least one Elizabethan source, *Alexander and Campaspe* (attributed to John Lyly), the ravished Philomela, turned into a nightingale, accuses Tereus in her song: "Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu!" See "The Story of Tereus and Philomela," pp. 46–50.
9. A city in Anatolia, now the Turkish city of Izmir. After World War I, Smyrna was the focus of a calamitous war between Greece and Turkey, which was much in the news while Eliot composed his poem. Greece's loss of Smyrna resulted in a military coup in that country, while Britain's role became a factor in the fall of the Lloyd George government in 1922.
1. Colloquial (of the people), as opposed to scholarly.
2. A commercial hotel in the City of London.
3. A fashionable hotel in Brighton, a popular resort.

I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,[4]
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,[5]
The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.
Out of the window perilously spread
Her drying combinations[6] 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.
He, the young man carbuncular,[7] 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.[8]
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defence;
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.)[9]
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;
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[1] and

4. Tiresias, who had once been turned into a woman and thus had lived "two lives," was blinded in a dispute between Juno and Jove. For the story, see "[The Blinding of Tiresias]," p. 46.
5. In his notes, Eliot refers to a poem by Sappho (Fragment 149), a prayer to the Evening Star.
6. One-piece undergarments.
7. A carbuncle is an infected boil.
8. Bradford is a manufacturing town in the north of England. A millionaire from that town would have made his money in trade or manufacturing. Hence, nouveau riche.
9. Ll. 245–46 draw on other classical references to the story of Tiresias, particularly his role (as a Theban seer) in *Antigone* and *Oedipus Rex* by Sophocles (496–406 B.C.E.), and in Homer's *Odyssey*, where he appears in the underworld to advise Odysseus.
1. In his notes, Eliot refers to Oliver Goldsmith's novel *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1762). See "[Olivia's Song]," p. 57.

Paces about her room again, alone,
She smoothes her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone.

"This music crept by me upon the waters"[2]
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.[3]
O City, City, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,[4]
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[5] 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
Drifting logs
Down Greenwich reach[6]
Past the Isle of Dogs.
Weialala leia
Wallala leialala[7]
Elizabeth and Leicester[8]
Beating oars
The stern was formed
A gilded shell
Red and gold
The brisk swell

2. As Eliot points out in his notes, another reference to Ariel's Song in *The Tempest*. See also ll. 48 and 125.
3. Streets in the City of London, running more or less parallel to the Thames.
4. A street in the City of London, running parallel to the Thames near London Bridge. The Church of St. Magnus Martyr is on Lower Thames Street.
5. A church on this site, dedicated to the Norse martyr St. Magnus, is mentioned as far back as William the Conqueror. Rebuilt after the Great Fire by the English architect Sir Christopher Wren (1671–1676), the present church is on Lower Thames Street at the foot of London Bridge, in a district traditionally associated with fishmongers. The columns dividing the nave from the side aisles are Ionic.
6. The Thames River at Greenwich, downstream from London. The Isle of Dogs is the name given to the riverbank opposite Greenwich.
7. The lament of the Rhine-maidens in Richard Wagner's *Die Götterdämmerung*, the last of the four operas that comprise *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (first performed as a whole in 1876). In *Das Rheingold*, the first opera in the series, the maidens lose the gold deposited in their river. It is this gold, forged into a ring, that sets in motion the events of the four operas.
8. Eliot's note quotes a passage from James Anthony Froude's *History of England*. For the context, see "[Elizabeth and Leicester]," pp. 57–58.

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[9]
Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees
Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe."

"My feet are at Moorgate,[1] 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.[2]
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[3]

Burning burning burning burning[4]
O Lord Thou pluckest me out
O Lord Thou pluckest

burning

9. Eliot's note suggests a parallel between this scene and a passage in Canto 5 of Dante's *Purgatorio*, in which he is addressed in turn by three spirits, the last of whom identifies herself as La Pia, born in Siena and murdered by her husband in Maremma. The formula is common in epitaphs, as, for example, in Virgil's as given by Suetonius: "Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere" (Mantua gave me light; Calabria slew me [Latin]). But Eliot adapts it in this case to a seduction; Highbury is the London suburb in which the victim was born, Richmond and Kew two riverside districts west of London where her virtue was "undone."
1. An area in east London.
2. Eliot spent three weeks in October 1921 at the Albemarle Hotel, Cliftonville, Margate, a seaside resort in the Thames estuary. This was the first part of a three-month rest-cure during which he composed the bulk of *The Waste Land*. His hotel bill has survived, attached to the manuscript of "The Fire Sermon."
3. Eliot's notes refer to a passage in Augustine's *Confessions* in which he describes the sensual temptations of his youth. For the context of the passage, see "From *Confessions*," p. 58.
4. Eliot's drastic redaction from Buddha's Fire Sermon. For the text to which he refers in his notes, see "The Fire-Sermon," pp. 54–55.

IV. Death by Water[5]

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,
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[6]
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
Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand
If there were only water amongst the rock
Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit
Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
There is not even silence in the mountains

5. The exact significance of this section, which Pound insisted was "an integral part of the poem," has always been very difficult to determine, especially since it is, as Pound well knew, a close translation of the ending of "Dans le Restaurant," written by Eliot in 1918, before anything existed of the other four parts of *The Waste Land*.
6. Eliot's headnote to this section helps us to see these lines as a description of the betrayal, arrest, interrogation, and crucifixion of Christ, with the earthquake that follows in Matthew 27.

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
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
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?[7]
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[8]
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 Athens Alexandria

7. According to Eliot's note, he has adapted this passage from an episode in Sir Ernest Shackleton's *South* in which three Antarctic explorers fancy that there is a fourth man with them. The passage also bears a strong resemblance to the story told in Luke 24 of the two men on the road to Emmaus who do not recognize the risen Christ. See "[The Road to Emmaus]," pp. 59–60, and "[The Extra Man]," p. 60.
8. As a source for the next ten lines, Eliot cites in his notes German author Herman Hesse's *Blick ins Chaos* (1922), translated, at Eliot's urging, as *In Sight of Chaos*. For a translation of the excerpt quoted in Eliot's note and the relevant context, see "[The Downfall of Europe]," pp. 60–62.

Vienna London
Unreal

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.

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.[9]
It has no windows, and the door swings,
Dry bones can harm no one.
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[1] was sunken, and the limp leaves
Waited for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavant.[2]
The jungle crouched, humped in silence.
Then spoke the thunder
DA
Datta: what have we given?[3]
My friend, blood shaking my heart
The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract[4]

9. According to the headnote to this section, Eliot has in mind the Chapel Perilous as described in Jessie Weston's *From Ritual to Romance*. See "[The Perilous Chapel]," pp. 38–39.
1. The Ganges, sacred river of India. Ganga is a colloquial version of its name.
2. More commonly Himavat or Himavan. Sanskrit adjective meaning snowy, usually applied to the mountains known as the Himalayas, especially when personified as the father of the Ganges, among other deities.
3. As Eliot reveals in his notes, this part of the poem is based on a section of the *Brihadāranyaka Upanishad* in which God presents three sets of disciples with the enigmatic syllable DA, challenging each group to understand it. Each group is supposed to understand the syllable as the root of a different imperative: "damyata" (control) for the gods, who are naturally unruly; "datta" (give) to men, who are avaricious; "dayadhvam" (compassion) to the demons, who are cruel. For the full passage, see "The Three Great Disciplines," pp. 62–63.
4. Behind this line lies the lament of Francesca da Rimini, whom Dante encounters in the second circle of Hell, where she is being punished eternally for having committed adultery with her brother-in-law Paolo Malatesta. As she tells the story in Canto 5 of the *Inferno*, the two fell in love while reading a romance about Lancelot: "ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse" (but one moment alone it was that overcame us [Italian]).

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[5]
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[6]
We think of the key, each in his prison
Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison
Only at nightfall, aethereal rumours
Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus[7]
DA
Damyata: The boat responded
Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar
The sea was calm, your heart would have responded
Gaily, when invited, beating obedient
To controlling hands

I sat upon the shore[8]
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in order?[9]

London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down[1]
Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina[2]
Quando fiam uti chelidon[3]—O swallow swallow

5. As Eliot says in his notes, he found the model for this love-denying spider in John Webster's *The White Devil* (1612).
6. According to Eliot's note, these lines combine two references. The first is to the story of Count Ugolino, whom Dante encounters in Canto 33 of the *Inferno*. Accused of treason, the count was shut up in a tower, where he starved to death. The second reference is to the philosophy of F. H. Bradley, on whom Eliot had written his doctoral thesis, which insists on and then tries to overcome the radical privacy of all experience.
7. Another image of isolation. Coriolanus was a Roman war hero who defied public opinion and ended his life leading a foreign army against Rome. He is the subject of a play by Shakespeare (1607–08) and of a poem by Eliot, "Coriolan" (1931).
8. In his notes, Eliot refers the reader to Chapter 9 of Jessie Weston's *From Ritual to Romance*. For an excerpt, see "The Fisher King," p. 38.
9. The prophet Isaiah challenges King Hezekiah: "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die and not live" (Isaiah 38.1).
1. A children's nursery rhyme, made somewhat more pertinent by the fact that most of the London place-names in *The Waste Land* are in the vicinity of London Bridge.
2. "Then he hid himself in the fire that refines them" (Italian). This is the last line of Canto 26 of Dante's *Purgatorio*, in which Dante meets the poet Arnaut Daniel, who warns him in his own language, "Sovegna vos a temps de ma dolor" (In due time be heedful of my pain [Provençal]). This was a passage of extraordinary importance to Eliot, as evidenced by the fact that he borrowed the term applied to Daniel, "miglior fabbro," for his dedicatory line to Ezra Pound. *Ara Vos Prec*, a book of poems Eliot published in 1920, takes its title from an earlier line in the same passage, to which he returned again in his 1929 essay on Dante.
3. "When shall I be like the swallow?" (Latin). A line from the anonymous poem *Pervigilium Veneris*, which ends with a reference to the Philomela story Eliot had already used elsewhere in *The Waste Land*. For the context, see pp. 63–64.

Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie[4]
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.[5]
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih

4. "The Prince of Aquitaine of the ruined tower" (French). The second line of "El Desdichado" (The Dispossessed) (1854), a sonnet by Gerard de Nerval (1808–1855).
5. Eliot's note refers to Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedie* (1592), the subtitle of which is *Hieronymo is Mad Againe*. In Act 4 of the play, Hieronymo, driven mad by the murder of his son, stages a play in which he convinces the murderers to act a part. In the course of the play, Heironymo actually kills the murderers and then himself. For the scene in Act 4 in which Hieronymo convinces his adversaries to take part, see "From *The Spanish Tragedie*," pp. 64–66.

Notes[1]

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* (Cambridge). 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.[2] 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 *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*.[3] 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.

1. There are a number of different accounts of the genesis and purpose of these notes, which were first included in the Boni and Liveright edition. Late in his life, Eliot tended to disparage the notes, suggesting in *On Poetry and Poets* (1957) that they were little more than "bogus scholarship" designed to bulk out a poem that was too short to fill a volume by itself (see "[On the *Waste Land* Notes]," pp. 112–13). However, it is clear from the correspondence of Gilbert Seldes and James Sibley Watson of *The Dial* that the notes existed well before the poem was published there, so they cannot have been a mere afterthought. Clive Bell suggested in reminiscences put down in the 1950s that it was the Bloomsbury art critic Roger Fry who first suggested to Eliot that he add notes to the poem, a possibility to which Eliot rather vaguely agreed when asked by Daniel Woodward in the 1960s. The notes are notoriously evasive, and they are the source of some of the most intractable controversies attending the poem. No attempt will be made in the editorial footnotes to adjudicate those controversies, which are well represented in the critical selections. Quotations from original sources in languages other than English will be translated here only if they have not been translated earlier in the notes to the poem or in the Sources section.
2. *From Ritual to Romance* (1920), by Cambridge folklorist Jessie L. Weston, traces medieval stories about the Holy Grail, supposed to be the chalice used at the Last Supper, to much older fertility rituals. The exact extent to which *The Waste Land* depends on Weston's text is one of the central issues addressed by critics, especially those included in this volume under "The New Criticism." At the very least, it can be said that Eliot came to Weston's book after he had already written at least some sections of the poem. Grover Smith, among others who have examined Eliot's copy of *From Ritual to Romance*, notes that a few of the pages are uncut, so that those sections, at the least, must have remained unread. For selections, see pp. 35–40.
3. Sir James George Frazer (1854–1941) was perhaps the best known and most influential anthropologist of his era. He worked exclusively from documents, not from field study, and derived his conclusions from the exhaustive comparison of classical texts and modern practices. His work *The Golden Bough*, first published in 1890, expanded to the twelve-volume edition cited here by Eliot in 1911–15 and then abridged in 1922, affected Eliot primarily by suggesting parallels between ancient and modern beliefs. In particular, Frazer's analysis of ancient rituals having to do with the sacrificial death of an old king and beliefs associating the new king's potency with the fertility of the land left its impression on *The Waste Land*. For selections, see pp. 29–34.

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,
> "Où le spectre en plein jour raccroche le passant."[4]

63. Cf. Inferno III, 55–57:

> "si lunga tratta
> di gente, ch'io non avrei mai creduto
> che morte tanta n'avesse disfatta."[5]

64. Cf. Inferno IV, 25–27:

> "Quivi, secondo che per ascoltare,
> "non avea pianto, ma' che di sospiri,
> "che l'aura eterna facevan tremare."[6]

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.

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.

4. For an English version of the poem from which these lines are taken, see "The Seven Old Men," pp. 43–45.
5. "So long a train / of people, that I should not have believed / that death had undone so many" (Italian).
6. "Here, there was to be heard / no complaint but the sighs, / which caused the eternal air to tremble" (Italian).

118. Cf. Webster: "Is the wind in that door still?"[7]
126. Cf. Part I, l. 37, 48.[8]
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.*
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.[9]
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.[1]
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
> Quam, quae contingit maribus,' dixisse, 'voluptas.'
> Illa negat; placuit quae sit sententia docti
> Quaerere Tiresiae: venus huic erat utraque nota.

7. Eliot's reference is to John Webster's play *The Devil's Law-Case* (1623). In Act 3, Scene 2 of the play, two surgeons, caring for Lord Contarino, whose case they assume to be hopeless, are surprised to hear him groan. To the first surgeon's question, "Did he not groane?" the second replies, "Is the wind in that doore still?" The note implies a metaphorical reading of the line, in which the wind would be the dying breath of the patient, and this would give an eery resonance to l. 118 of *The Waste Land.* But according to F. L. Lucas, whose edition of Webster's plays Eliot read and reviewed in 1928, the line is merely idiomatic slang meaning something like "Is that the way the wind blows still?" and the second surgeon is not making any metaphorical reference but merely wondering that Contarino is still alive. Eliot later admitted as much and denied the relationship between this line and *The Devil's Law-Case.*
8. It is not at all clear why Eliot refers the reader back to l. 37, which has nothing to do with this quotation from *The Tempest.*
9. According to Clive Bell, Eliot reported to a dinner party shortly after the poem appeared that Mrs. Porter and her daughter "are known only from an Ayrian camp-fire song of which one other line has been preserved: *And so they oughter.*" Ayr is a town in Queensland, Australia, named after the seaport town in Scotland, and so this may corroborate Eliot's rather vague claim about the origin of these lines.
1. An alternate possibility for the initials "C.i.f." has been suggested: "cost, insurance, freight."

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.[2]

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 among Wren's interiors. See *The Proposed Demolition of Nineteen City Churches:* (P.S. King & Son, Ltd.).[3]

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 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;
"Siena mi fe', disfecemi Maremma."

2. For an English prose version of this passage, see "[The Blinding of Tiresias]," p. 46.
3. In 1920 a commission appointed by the Bishop of London recommended the consolidation of the parishes in the City of London and the "removal" of nineteen churches, some of them dating, in earlier forms, to before the Norman conquest. Both St. Magnus Martyr and St. Mary Woolnoth were slated for demolition, but the plan was voted down by the House of Lords in 1926. Eliot's interest in this question foreshadows the stand he was to take in "Choruses from 'The Rock,' " after his conversion:

> I journeyed to London, to the timekept City,
> Where the River flows, with foreign flotations.
> There I was told: we have too many churches,
> And too few chop-houses.

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 unequalled." 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 *Brihadaranyaka —Upanishad,* 5, 1. A translation is found in Deussen's *Sechsig 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."[4]

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."[5]

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.

4. "And below I heard them nailing shut the door / Of the horrible tower" (Italian).
5. " 'Now I pray you, by that power / that guides you to the top of the stair, / be heedful in time of my pain!' / Then he hid himself in the refining fire" (Italian and Provençal).