smelled of kelp. I watched the water for a while and then I pulled a string of Bohemian glass-imitation pearls out of my pocket and cut the knot at one end and slipped the pearls off one by one.

When I had them all loose in my left hand I held them like that for a while and thought. There wasn’t really anything to think about. I was sure.

"To the memory of Mr. Stan Phillips," I said loud. "Just another four-flasher."

I slipped her pearls out into the water one by one at the floating seagulls. They made little splashes and the seagulls rose off the water and swooped at the splashes.

1938

S. Blaffer or crew: from pole, in which a hand with four cards of the same suit falls short of a true flush, five cards of the same suit.

TI. S. ELIOT

1888-1965

The publication in 1922 of The Waste Land in the British little magazine Criterion and the American Dial was a cultural and literary event. The poem’s title and the view it incorporated of modern civilization seemed, to many, to catch precisely the artistic culture and society after World War I. The war, supposedly fought to save European civilization, had been the most brutal and destructive in Western history: what kind of civilization, and all, could have allowed it to take place? The long, fragile, and structure of The Waste Land, too, contained so many technical innovations that ideas of what poetry was and how it worked seemed fundamentally changed. A generation of poets either resisted or imitated it.

The author of this poem was an American living in London, T. S. Eliot. He had a comfortable upbringing in St. Louis, his mother was involved in cultural and charitable activities and wrote poetry; his father was a successful businessman. His grandfather Eliot had been the New England Unitarian minister who, moving to St. Louis, had founded Washington University. Eliot was the product of that New England-based "gentle tradition" that shaped the nation’s cultural life after the Civil War. He attended Harvard for both undergraduate and graduate work (1906-10, 1919) and returned.

From the Scribner in Paris from 1910 to 1911 and at Oxford from 1915 to 1916, writing a dissertation on the idealistic philosophy of the English logician and metaphysician F. H. Bradley (1846-1924). The war prevented Eliot from returning to Harvard for the civil defense for his doctoral degree, and this delay because of the occasion of his turning to a life in poetry and letters rather than in academia.

Eliot had begun writing traditional poetry as a college student. In 1908, however, he read Arthur Symons’s The Symbolical Movement in Literature and learned about Johns LaFarge and other French Symbolist poets. Symons’s book altered Eliot’s view of poetry; as The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock (published in Poetry in 1915) and "Peaches" (published in Blair in the same year) clearly showed. Ezra Pound, reading this work, began enthusiastically introducing Eliot in literary circles of a young American who had "trained himself and modernized himself on his own." Pound helped Eliot over several years to get financially established. In addition, he was a perceptive reader and critic of Eliot’s draft poems.

Eliot settled in England, marrying Vivian Haigh-Wood in 1915. Separated in 1922, they never divorced. Haigh-Wood died in a mental institution in 1947. After marrying, Eliot worked in London, first as a teacher and then from 1917 to 1925 in the foreign department of Lloyd’s Bank, hoping to find time to write poetry and literary essays. His criticism was published in the Egoist and then in the little magazine that he founded, Criterion, which was published from 1922 to 1939. His persuasive style, a mixture of advocacy and judiciousness, effectively counterpointed Pound’s aggressive, confrontational approach; the two together had a tremendous effect on how poetry of the day was written and how poetry of the past was evaluated. More than any other Americans they defined what is now thought of as "high" modernism.

Eliot began working on The Waste Land in 1921 and finished it in a Swiss sanatorium while recovering from a mental collapse brought on by overwork, marital problems, and general depression. He accepted some alterations suggested by his wife and cut huge chunks out of the poem on Pound’s advice. Indeed, although Pound’s work on the poem was all excision, study of the manuscript before and after Pound’s suggestions were incorporated has led some critics to suggest that we should think of The Waste Land as jointly authored. The poem as published in Criterion and the Dial had no footnotes; these were added for its publication in book form and added yet another layer (possibly self-mocking) to the complex texture of the poem.

The Waste Land consists of five discontinuous segments, each composed of fragments incorporating multiple voices and characters, literary and historical allusions, vignettes of contemporary life, surrealistic images, myths and legends. "These fragments I have shored against my ruins," the poet writes, asking whether he can form any coherent structure from the splinters of civilization. Lacking narrative and expository shape, the poem is organized by recurrent allusions to the myth of seasonal death and rebirth that, according to much anthropological thinking of the time, underlay all religions. In Sir James Frazer’s multivolume The Golden Bough (1890-1915) and Ernest Westwood’s From Ritual to Romance (1920) Eliot found a repertory of myths through which he could invoke, without specifically naming any religion, the story of a death/land brought to life by a king/sacrifice. Although it gestured toward religious belief, The Waste Land was not affirmative; the quest for regeneration in a cacophonous, desolate landscape remains unfulfilled.

Many readers saw The Waste Land as the definitive cultural statement of its time, but it was not definitive for Eliot. In fact, for Eliot himself the poem may have been much less broadly conceived and, above all, an indirect confession of personal discord. Whatever the fate of culture, the individual needed to work for personal certainty. In a preface to the collection of essays For Lancelot Andrewes (1928) he described himself as "a chauvinist in literature, royalist in politics, and anglo-catholic in religion." After "The Hollow Men" and the "Sweeney" poems, which continue The Waste Land’s critique of modern civilization, he turned increasingly to poems of religious doubt and reconciliation. "The Journey of the Magi" and "Ash Wednesday" are poems about the search for a faith that is desperately needed, yet difficult to sustain. The Four Quartets, begun with "Burnt Norton" in 1934 and completed in 1943, are poems written after his conversion to Anglicanism; they are not so much reports of secure faith as dramatizations of the difficult process of arriving at belief. In this process Eliot found a center for his own life as well as for his later poetry. The Four Quartets incorporate a good deal of the discursive and expository elements that he had objected to in his earlier essays and dropped from his earlier poems.

An emphasis on order, hierarchy, and racial homogeneity emerged in Eliot’s social essays of the later 1920s and 1930s; a strain of crude anti-Semitism had appeared in the earlier Sweeney poems. As European politics became increasingly turbulent, the initial cosmopolitan, international sensibility of modernists like Pound and Eliot tended to be replaced by a belief in localization. In addition, the stability promised by totalitarian regimes was often appealing, and the Communist rejection of all religion...
tended to drive the more rhetoric modernists into the opposing camp of fascism. Pound's and Eliot's fascist sympathies in the 1930s, together with their immense influence on poetry, had the result of linking the modernist movement with reactionary politics in the public's perception. Modernists, however, did not form a unified group; each, and many dissident politics completely.

When World War II began, Eliot, unlike Pound, abandoned politics. He had also put forth a poetics according to which poetry existed in a realm of its own, in which poems were to be considered only in terms of their own structures and in connection with other poetry. This was the ethos of his influential "Tradition and the Individual Talent," which defined the Western poetic tradition as an organic whole, an elastic equilibrium that constantly reformed itself to accommodate new poets who, therefore, became part of this whole. This antipodal approach had a major influence on the practices of the close-reading critics whose work is known collectively as the "New Criticism." In other essays, Eliot denigrated didactic, expository, or narrative poems like Milton and the Victorians while applauding the verbally complex, ironic, indirect, symbolic work of seventeenth-century Metaphysical poets like Donne and Herbert.

For the New Criticism, which analyzed poems for imagery, allusion, ambiguity, and the like, Eliot's essays provided theory, his poetry opportunities for practical criticism. But when critics used Eliot's standards of difficulty to judge literary quality and made interpretation the main task of readers, they often overlooked the simple lyricism, obvious didacticism, and straightforward humor of Eliot's own poetry. And they failed to see the poems' specific cultural and autobiographical content. However, within his pronouncements, however hostile to modernity he claimed to be, Eliot actually drew heavily on popular forms and seemed to have wide cultural influence. There are vaudeville turns throughout The Waste Land. He admired Charlie Chaplin and wanted "as large and miscellaneous an audience as possible." He pursued this ambition by writing verse plays. Murder in the Cathedral (1935) was a church pageant, The Family Reunion (1939), The Cocktail Party (1949), The Confidential Clerk (1953), and The Elder Statesman (1959). All religious in theme (though their symbolism was often hidden), were successfully produced in London and on Broadway. He never became a popular poet, however, despite his tremendous impact on the teaching and writing of poetry. Although Eliot remained a resident of England, he returned to the United States frequently to lecture and to give readings of his poems. He married his assistant, Valerie Fletcher, in 1957. By the time of his death he had become a social and cultural institution.

The test of the poems is that of The Complete Poems and Plays of T. S. Eliot (1969).

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

S'è conosci che una rapsodia fon- 
a persona che mai tornare al mondo, 
questa voluta storia senza più scusa. 
Ma per ciò che gli avvenuti di questo fondo 
non tornar vivo a casa, 'tisolo il terro, 
sempre meno d'inferno è reso. 

Let us go then, you and I.
When the evening spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table;
Let us go, through certain narrow streets.
The muttonetrets.
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with cyster-sheila.
Streets that follow like a tedious argum
Of invidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question . . .
Oh, do not ask, 'What is it?'
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.
The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening.

Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terraces, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street
Bubbling its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate;
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, 'Do I dare?' and, 'Do I dare?'
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair—
(They will say: 'How his hair is growing thin!')
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but assented by a simple pin—
(They will say: 'But how his arms and legs are thin!')
Do I dare?

Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all—
Have known the evenings, mornings, aftemoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a further room.

So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—
The eyes that fix you in a formulate phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?

And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?

Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about ashawl,
And should I then presume?

And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? . . .

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep . . . tired . . . or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in
upon a platter, 4
I am no prophet—and here's no great matter:
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker.
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelains, among some talk if you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it towards some overwhelming question,
To say: 'I am Lazarus,' come from the dead,
Come back to tell all you, I shall tell you all—
If one, settling a pillow by her head,
Should say: 'That is not what I meant at all.
That is not it, at all.'

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail
along the floor—
And this, and so much more?—
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen: 5
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
'That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all.'

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress,' start a scene or two.

4. Echo of Duke Orsino's invention of music in Shakespeare's Twelfth Night 1.1.4: "If music be the food

of love, play on . . . That means again it had a dying fall."

5. The head of the prophet John the Baptist, who

was killed at the behest of Princess Salome, was

brought to her on a platter (see Mark 6:27-28; Matthew 14:12-11).

6. The resurrection of Lazarus is recounted in


7. A prayer or procession made by royal courts

and often portrayed in Elizabethan plays.
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool.
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Polite, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—
Almost, at times, the fool.

I grow old... I grow old...
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combining the white hair of the wave blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.
We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girt heaves wrenched with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

Sweeney among the Nightingales

A peck, a peck, a peck, a peck too.

A peck, Sweeney spreads his knees
Letting his arms hang down to laugh.
The zebra stripes along his jaw
Swelling to maculate giraffe.
The circles of the stormy moon
Slide westward toward the River Plate,
Death and the Raven drift above
And Sweeney guards the harned gate.

Gloomy Orion and the Dog
Are veiled; ind hushed the shrunken seas;

From Tradition and the Individual Talent

In English writing we seldom speak of tradition, though we occasionally apply its name in depicting its absence. We cannot refer to "the tradition" or to "a tradition"; at most, we employ the adjective in saying that the poetry of So-and-So is "traditional" or even "too traditional." Seldom, perhaps, does the word appear except in a phrase of censure. If otherwise, it is vaguely approbative, with the implication, as to the work approved, of some pleasing archaeologico-reconstruction. You can hardly make the word agreeable to English ears without this comfortable reference to the measuring science of archaeology.

Sweeney among the Nightingales

2. Opinion, substantiation.
1. The poem juxtaposes the imminent death of Sweeney, a character present, the trial of the child of our in the previous, the math of the child and his 
2. The words keep the whole verse within the Greek, Avrilov's (Agrimerson's) line of Agrimerson's c
3. Poetry is between an allegorical and an allegory.
4. The Gates of Woe, in the Greek underworld, delimit the passage through them to the upper world.
5. A peck, also called the Dog Star, the brightest star in the sky, "Orion," a constellation representaing the mythical hunter, Orion is said to be his dog.

From The Sacred Wood (1920), first published in the Egoist (1919). The text is that of Selected Essays (1951).
Certainly the word is not likely to appear in our appreciations of living or dead writers. Every nation, every race, has not only its own creative, but its own critical turn of mind, and is even more oblivious of the shortcomings and limitations of its critical habit than of those of its creative genius. We know, or think we know, from the enormous mass of critical writing that has appeared in the French language the critical method or habit of the French; so only conclude (as we should unconscious people) that the French are "critical" than we are, and sometimes even plume ourselves a little with the fact, as if the French were the less spontaneous. Perhaps they are; but we might remind ourselves that criticism is as inevitable as breathing, and that we should be as wise in not articulating what passes in our minds when we read a book and feel an emotion about it, for criticizing our own minds in their work of criticism. One of the facts that might come to light in this process is our tendency to insist, when we praise a poet, upon those aspects of his work in which he least resembles anyone else. In these aspects or parts of his work we pretend to find the individual, what is the peculiar essence of the man. We dwell with satisfaction upon the poet's difference from his predecessors, especially his immediate predecessors; we endeavour to find something that can be isolated in order to be enjoyed. Whereas if we approach a poet without this prejudice we shall often find that not only the best, but the most individual parts of his work may be those in which the dead poets, his ancestors, assert their immortality most vigorously. And I do not mean the impressionable period of adolescence, but the period of full maturity.

Yet if the only form of tradition, of handing down, consisted in following the ways of the immediate generation before us in a blind or timid adherence to its successes, "tradition" should positively be discouraged. We have seen many such simple currents soon lost in the sap; and novelty is better than repetition. Tradition is a matter of much wider significance. It cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labor. It involves, in the first place, the historical sense, which we may call nearly indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet beyond his twentieth year; and the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence; the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with the feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order with his. This historical sense, which is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and of the temporal together, is what makes a work of a distinct tradition. And it is at the same time what makes a writer most acutely conscious of his place in time, of his own contemporarity.

No poet, poet of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead. I mean this as a principle of aesthetic, not merely historical, criticism. The necessity that he shall conform, that he shall cohere, is not sealed; what happens when a new work of art is created is something that hapens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it. To all the works of art which preceded it. To all the existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to exist after the supersession of novelty, the whole existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new. Whoever has approved this idea of order, of the form of European, of English literature, will not find it prepossessing that the poet should be altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past. And the poet who is aware of this will be aware of great difficulties and responsibilities.

If Honest criticism and sensitive appreciation are directed not upon the poet but upon the poetry. If we attend to the confused cities of the newspapers and the surmise of popular repetition that follows, we shall hear the name of poets in great numbers; if we seek not Blue-books' knowledge but the enjoyment of poetry, and ask for a poem, we shall seldom find it. I have tried to point out the importance of the relation of the poem to other poems by other authors, and suggested the conception of poetry as a living whole of all the poetry that has ever been written. The other aspect of this Impersonal theory of poetry is the relation of the poem to its author. And I hinted, by an analogy, that the mind of the mature poet differs from that of the immature not so drastically in any variety of "personality," not being necessarily more interesting, or having "more" to say, but rather by being a more finely perfumed medium in which special, or very varied, feelings are at liberty to enter into new combinations.

The analogy was that of the catalyst. When the two gases previously mentioned are mixed in the presence of a catalyst, they form sulphuric acid. This combination takes place only if the platinum is present; nevertheless the newly formed and contains no trace of platinum, and the platinum itself is apparently unaffected: has remained inert, neutral, and unchanged. The mind of the poet is the vessel of platinum. It may partly or exclusively operate upon the experience of the man himself; yet the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which causes; the more perfectly will the mind digest and transmit the passions which are its material.

It is not in his personal emotions, the emotions provoked by particular events in his life, that the poet is in any way remarkable or interesting. His particular emotions may be simple, or crude, or flat. The emotion in his poetry will be a very complex thing, but not with the complexity of the emotions of people who have very complex or unusual emotions in life. One error, in fact, of eccentricity in poetry is to seek for new human emotions to express, and in this search for novelty in the wrong place it discovers the reverse. The business of the poet is not to find new emotions, but to use the ordinary ones and, in working them up into poetry, to express feelings which are not in
This essay proposes to halt at the frontiers of metaphysics or mysticism, and confine itself to such practical conclusions as can be applied by the responsible person interested in poetry. To divert interest from the poet to the poetry is a laudable aim: for it would conduct to a juster estimation of actual poetry, good and bad. There are many people who appreciate the expression of sincere emotion in verse, and there is a smaller number of people who can appreciate technical excellence. But very few know when there is an expression of significant emotion, emotion which has its life in the poem and not in the history of the poet. The emotion of art is impersonal. And the poet cannot reach this impersonality without surrendering himself wholly to the work to be done. And he is not likely to know what is to be done unless he lives in what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past, unless he is conscious, not of what is dead, but of what is already living.

1519, 1920

The Waste Land

1. The Burial of the Dead

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

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

Summer surprise us, coming over the Starnbergsee
With a shower of rain; we stood in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten.

And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.

Bin gar keine Russin, stammt aus Litauen, echt deutsch,

And when we were children, staying at the arch-shaft'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 clutched, which branches grow
Out of this sturdy stubble? Sons of man,

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,

1. Eliot's notes for the first hardcover edition of The Waste Land (opened with his acknowledgement) that "not only the title, but the plan and a good deal of the verbal jungle of the poems" were suggested by James Joyce's Ulysses.

2. Eliot's notes are incorporated in the footnotes to this text. Many critics believe that the notes are added in a spirit of parody. The numerous and extensive literary quotations and allusions to the multiform effect of the poem. A quotation from Pericles' eulogy of his son. The waste land is a place of ruin, decay, and forsakenness, where the dead and the living mingle.

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4. The title of the Anglican burial service.

5. A note on: Matthew, Chapters 8-14, were suggested by the Countess Maria Laskowska's memoirs, My Paul (1913).

6. Die Entelechie, the place in Munich, with cultic farms incorporated in a Bavarian palace.

7. I was certainly not Romantisch (concerns from Urbania, a true German (German).

8. "C.F. Esaias II," Eliot's note. There God addresses the prophet Esaias as "Son of man" and declares "stand upon the rock, and I will speak unto thee.


10. Cf. Danah 31:2-5 and the prophecy that the reign of the Messiah shall be, in its ruins, in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning stripling behind you
Or your shadow at evening riding to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Frühlich geht der Wind
Der Heimat zu
Mein frisch Kind,
Wrüstlich du!

You gave me thy heart's first year ago;
They called you the heathen girl.
Yet when we came back, late, from the heathen girl's 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,
'Oh, and hear the Men?'

Maddie Smoovitch's, familiar countenance,
Had a cold glow, 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 in his eyes. Look!) Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks. The lady of situations.
Here is the man with three stars, and here the Wheel,
And here is the {ote merchant}, and this card,
Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,
I which I solemnly believe to see. I do not find
The Mangled Man. Fear death by water.
I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.
Thank you, if you see dear Mrs. Equitine,
Tell her I bring the horizon myself:
One must be so careful these days.

II. A Game of Chess
The Chair sat in it, like a burnished throne,
Glewed on the marble, where the glass
 Held up by standards wrought with fruits
From which a golden Cerulean peeped out
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
Drowned the flames of seven-branched candelabra
Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it.
From satin cases poured in rich profusion.
In vails of ivory and glass
Unstoppered, lurked her jewelled synthereal paraphernalia
Unguent, powdered, or liquid—troubled, confused.

And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
That freshened from the window, those ascended
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,
Flung their smoke into the liqueurats,2
Stirring the patterns on the cuffed ceiling.
Huge sea-wood fed with copper
Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone,
In which sad light a carved dolphin swam.
Above the antique mantel was displayed
As through a window gave upon the sylvan scene3
The change of Philomel, by the baronial king
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
'Jug Jug' to dirty ears,
And other withered stamps of time
Were told upon the walls; staring forms
Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed.
Footsteps shuffled on the stairs.
Under the freighet, under the, brush, horn
Spread out in Sentiment.
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' alley4
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.

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

OOOO that Shakespearean Rag—
It's so elegant.

2. That quaint phrase containing the term "liqueurats" ("pedaled ceiling") and describing the largest hall where Queen Tudor wreaked havoc on Carlsbad. It reads: "Hearing toucher hang from the globe pedaled ceiling, and terrica singer (the night with flumes." Ansaime became Didn't keep his heat and abandoned her to continue his journey to foreign, and the permitted suicide.
3. Eliza meant for the reader not to think of the "mystery" phrase "petites eves," and to "Oxid. Revised the Parisian of a French." The French translation was: "The Frenchman, the classic of the Garden of Eden, first described
4. Though there are many meanings of the nightingale's song in Elizabethan poetry.
5. Eliza's note refers readers to "Part III, I. v.,"
6. "CF. Webber. In the wind in that door stuff." (Eliza's note.) In John Webber's "The Devil's Law Case (1626): 1.6, 2.12," a stake is raised in an infection of the body intended to kill him, a targeted.gg and the quoted question, existing. 'To be still also.'

The Waste Land / 1591

1. Eulogol. 2. A double echo of the popular song "Good night ladies, we're going to leave you now" and used as Ophelia's farewell before drowning. 3. Shakespeare, Hamlet 4.75. 4. III. The Fire Sermon.

The river's tent is broken; the last fingers of leaf Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind

So intelligent
'What shall I do now? What shall I do?'
'I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street
'With my hand 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 on the door.
When Lili's husband got demobbed, 'I said—
'I didn't mine my words, I said to her myself,

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME!
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 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 of 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 moves 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.
(He's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)
The chemist's 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 be 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,1
And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot—
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Ta ta. Goodnight. Goodnight.
Good night, ladies good night, sweet ladies, good night, 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 limbs are departed.

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

The river bears empty bodies, sandwich papers, silk handles/chests, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends. Or other testimony of summer nights. The limbs are departed.

And their friends, the littering of City directors, Departed, have left no addresses.

By the waves of Leman I sat down and wept... Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song.

Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long. But at my back in a cold blast I hear

The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

A rat creeps softly through the vegetation

Drags its story belly on the bank.

While I was fishing in the dull canal

On a winter evening round the ghastly

Musing upon the king my brother's wretches.

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

White bodies tossed on the low damp ground

And bones cast in a limitless low dry gutter.

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 voices, which shall bring

Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.

O the moon dope bright on Mr. Porter

And on her daughter

They wash their feet in soda water

Et, O vos animi d'efuuri (<em>amianti dans la coupee</em>),

Twit twit twit

Jiog jiuj jiu jiu jiu jiu jiu.

So widely far'd.

Terror

4.

Mrs. Eaglenides, the Smyrna merchant. Unstained, with a pocket full of currants.


To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel

Followed by a week-end at the Mercure.

At the violet hour, when the eyes and duck

Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits

Like a taxi drooling waiting.

I Tiresias, though blind, though breathing, though breathing, though breathing, though breathing, though breathing.

Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,

The typist at the teatime clears her breakfast, lights

Her stove, and lays our food in tins.

Out of the window perilously spread

Her drying commodities touched by the sun last rays,

On the divan are piled (at nine her bed).

Stockings, slippers, causticules, and sooty.

I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dogs

Saw the scene, and foretold the rest.

I too awaited the expected guest.

Ye, the young man, carthagesque, a stave,

A small house agent's clerk, with one, bold stare.

One of the few on whose assassination sits

As a silk rat on a Bradford millionnaire.

The time is now propitiated, as he suspects,

The meal is ended, he is bored and tired,

Endeavours to engage her in cassettes

Which still are unpressed, if undesired.

Flushed and decided, he attacked at once,

Exploring hands one-couturiere no defiance;

His vanity requires no response.

And makes a welcome of indifference.

---

3. The "cassettes" were quoted at a price 'wargas' and on loan from the Lloyds (and the Eliau Lauder, etc.) to be held to the buyer's satisfaction. According to the right side, "Et, O vos animi d'efuuri," etc.
The river swifts
Oil and drudgery
The barges drift
With the turning tide
Red sails
Wide
To leeward, swing on the heavey spar.
The barges wend
Drifting logs
Down Greenwich reach
Past the Isle of Dogs.
Wealala leila
Wallalla leilala

IV. Death by Water
Phlebas the Phoenician, a forlorn death,
Forget the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell
And the profit and loss. A currant under sea
Picked his bones in whisppers. As he rose and fell
He passed the stages of his age and youth
Entering the whirlpool.

Gentle on Jew
O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,
Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you are.

V. What the Thunder Said
After the torchlight red on swetty 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 patience1

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
But dry stetile 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 spiring
A pool among the rock
If there were the sound of water only
Not the cica2

1. "In the first part of Part V these themes are
emphasized: the journey to Emmaus, the approach to
the Chapel, the burial of the Prophet. And
the present dream of eastern Europe (Elliot's note)." During his
discussion of the gospels, Philip noted that the
Crucifixion and Resurrection, Jesus walked along-
side and conversed with them, but they did not rec-

2. "The opening scene of the first act is on the
beach of the west coast of the Mediterranean. It is
true in terms of the popular belief of the
Europeans, who make the West Coast of Europe
the land of the dead. The sea is open and
the wind is cold. There is no sign of life."

1. "In the second part of Part V, the
theme is the effect of the Bible on
the people of England, who believe
in the afterlife. The Bible is read
as a guide to the afterlife, and
the people are shown as being
confused and confused about
their beliefs."
In a flash of lightning, then a damp gust
Bringing rain

Ganga was stunken, and the long leaves
Waved for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavat's
The jingle crooked, humped in silence.
Then spoke the thunder

Datu

Datu: what have we given?
My friend, blood-staking my heart;
The awful shaking of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract
By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not to be found in our obtrusive
Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty cooing

Dara: Glad should I have heard the keys
Turn in the door once and turn once only
We think of the key, each in his prison
Thinking of the key, each -ulima's a prison
Only at nightfall, atheral murmurs
Reverence for a moment a broken Cordiliana

Dana: The boat responded
Gaily, to the hand expert with sad and our
The vast rain, your heart would have responded
Gaily, when invited, beating obedient
To controlling hands

Fishing,* with the wind plain behind me
Shall I at least set my hands in order?

London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down
Poi lasuue nel foci ohe gli affuso?
Quando fumi uci hilidion? -O swallow swallow
La Princes d'Appoline à la tour d'abeille
These fragments I have stored against my rains
Why then, lie fit you. Herenyomo's road again.
Datta: Dayadhvam. Damayata

Shantih shantih shantih?

1921

The Hollow Men

Misho Katse -be dead.
A penny for the Old Guy?

I am the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpieces filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over brokken glass
In our dry cellar
Shape without form, shade without colour.
Purified force, gesture without motion;
Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom

* Excerpt from Gemma Frisinger's poem "London Bridge is falling down"

The Spanish Tragedy, subtitled Hecatomn's Maid Agnese (1594). In this case, Hecatomn refers to a court play and its author, the body of which is commonly referred to as "the court suite."
In this hollow valley
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms
In this last of meeting places
We grope together
And avoid speech
Gathered on this beach of the tumult river
Sightless, unless
The eyes reappear
As the perpetual star
Multiflora rose
Of death's twilight kingdom
The hope only
Of empty men.

V
Here we go round the prickly pear
Prickly pear prickly pear
Here we go round the prickly pear
At five o'clock in the morning.⁴

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion
And the act
Falls the Shadow

For These is the Kingdom⁵

Between the conception
And the creation
Between the emotion
And the response
Falls the Shadow

Life is very long

Between the desire
And the spasm
Between the potency
And the existence
Between the essence
And the descent
Falls the Shadow

Part 3 of The Divine Comedy by Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), is a vision of Paradiso. The souls of the saved in heaven range themselves around the holy in the figure of a “multiflora rose.” (Paradiso 23:30).

4. Allusion to a child’s rhyming song, we go round the mulberry bush,” which quickly pays respects for the quintessential bush.
5. Part of a line from the Lady’s Prays.
Journey of the Magi

A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year.
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter,
And the camels galled, npi-footed, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow,
There were times we regreased
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
And the silken girls bringing shechet.
Then the camelmen cursing and grumbling,
And running away, and wanting their frage and women,
And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelter,
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly
And the villages dary and charging high prices:
A hard time we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel all night,
Sleeping in snatches.
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
Wet, below the snow line, swelling of vegetation.
With a running stream and a water-mill beating the darkness,
And three trees on the low sky.
And an old white house galloped away in the meadow.
Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door-dicing for pieces of silver,
And feet picking the empty wine-skins.
But there was no information, and so we continued
And an airing, a nesting, not a moment too soon.
Finding the place, it was (you may say) satisfactory.

1. The above is a true, or King, who followed the star of Bethlehem, bringing gifts to the newly born Christ.
2. These lines are adapted from the versions quoted at Christmastime, in 1622, by Bishop Lancelot Andrews.

FROM FOUR QUARTETS

Barnet Norton

The long-drawn house, now in a twilight
Of their own shadow and their leave-taking
Was the vision of the things that is.
I. p. 77. Fr. 2.

The air was warm in the evening
—Diels: Die Fragmente der Vorsokratiker
(Handausgabe)

Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.
If all time is mortality
All time is unredemptive.
What might have been is an abstraction
Remaining a perpetually possible
Only in a world of speculation.
What must have been and what have been
Faint to one end, which is always present.

Down the passage which we did not take

1. Elise made "Burnet Norton," published originally in separate poems, the basis and formal model for "For the Time" (1949), "The Dry Salvages" (1941), and "Little Gidding" (1946). Together they make the "Quartets" (1945). The "Quartets" seek to reconcile the religion of the "anglo-saxons" the temporal and material, while subordinating the religious beliefs of passion and contemplation. The quest continues in "The Dry Salvages." The "Quartets" are included in the "For the Time Being," approaching the light of God. Burnet Norton is a man named House in Gloucestershire, England.
2. The Greek epigrams and lines from the prose of St. Jerome; the epigrams of St. Augustine; the epigrams of St. John of the Cross; the "opening lines" which form the start of the "For the Time Being," approaching the light of God. Burnet Norton is a man named House in Gloucestershire, England.
3. The opening lines which form the start of the "For the Time Being," approaching the light of God. Burnet Norton is a man named House in Gloucestershire, England.
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose-garden. My words echo
This, in your mind.
But to what purpose
Disarming the dust on a bowl of rose-leaves
I do not know.
Other echoes
Inhabit the garden. Shall we follow?
Quick, said the bird, find them, find them,
Round the corner. Through the first gate,
Into our first world, shall we follow
The deception of the fruits? Into our first world.
There they were, dignified, invisible,
Moving wit- or pressure, over the dead leaves,
In the summer heat, through the vio- lent air,
And the bird called, in response to
The unheard music hidden in the shadow,
And the unseen eyebeam crossed, for the roses
Had the look of flowers that are looked at.
There they were as our guests, accepted and accepting.
So we crossed, and they, in a formal pattern,
Alone the empty alley into the box-cage,
To lock down into the drained pool.
Dry the pool, dry concrete, brown edged,
And the pool was filled with water out of sunlight.
And the lotus rose, quietly.
The surface glittered out of heart of light,
And they were before us, reflected in the pool.
Then a cloud passed, and the pool was empty.
Go, said the bed, for the leaves were full of children.
Hidden excitedly, containing laughter.
Go, go, go, said the bird; human kind
Cannot bear very much reality.
Time past and time future
What might have been and what has been.
Point to one end, which is always present.

II

Garlic sprouts in the mud
Out the bedded ash-tree.
The sticking wire in the blood
Sings below investigate scars
Appeasing long forgotten wars.
The dance along the artery
The circulations of the lymph
Are figured in the drift of stars
Ascend to summer in the tread.

We move above the moving tree
In light upon the figured leaf.
And hear upon the wooden floor
Below, the hoarhound and the boar
Pursue their pattern as before.
But recollected among the stars.

At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh nor fleshless;
Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the dance is.
But neither arrest nor movement. And do not call it futility.
Where past and future are gathered. Neither movement from
past towards;
Neither ascent nor decline. Except for the point, the still point,
There would be no dance and there is only the dance.
I can only say, there we have been; I cannot say where.
And I cannot say, how long, for that is to place it in time.
The instant freedom from the practical desire,
The release from action and suffering, release from the inner
And the outer compulsion, yet surrounded
By a grace of sense, a white light still and moving,
Ernkhand without motion, concentration
Without elimination, both a new world
And the old made explicit, understood.
In the completion of its partial ecstasy,
The resolution of its partial horror.
Yet the enchantments of past and future
Woven in the weakness of the changing body,
Processes mankind from haws to damnation,
Which flesh cannot expel.

Time past and time future
Allow but a little consciousness.
To be conscious is not to be in time.
But only in time can the moment in the rose-garden,
The moment in the arboretum where the rain best
The moment in the churchyard at smokefall
Be remembered; involved with past and future.
Only though time is conquered.

III

Here is a place of dissatisfaction
Time before and time after.
In a dim light, neither daylight
Investing form with lucid stillness
Turning shadow into transient beauty
With slow rotation suggesting permanence.

Nor darkness to purify the soul
Emptying the sensual with deprivation
Cleansing achievement from the temporal.
Neither plenitude nor vacancy.
Only a flicker.

4. The rose is a symbol of sexual and spiritual love.
5. In Christian tradition it is associated with the heart
- of religious music and with the Virgin Mary.
- The reference may be present as well.
6. The rose is a symbol of sexual and spiritual love.
7. An echo of the description of death in Ten- nessee, in the inner circle of the seven, seven, seven.
8. Enormous bronze soul, beheaded, planted in a circle.
- out of the heart of one of the new lights there
- moved a voice."
Over the strained time-ridden faces
Distracted from distraction by distraction
Filled with fancies and empty of meaning
Timid apathy with no concentration
Men and bits of paper, whirled by the cold wind
That blows before and after time,
Wind in and out of unhospitable lungs
Time before and time after.

Excitation of unhealthy souls
Into the faded air, the torpid
Driven on the wind that sweeps the gloomy hills of London,
Hamstead and Clerkenwell; Hampden and Putney;
Highgate, Primrose and Ludgate.¹ Not here
Not here the darkness, in this twilit world.

Descend lower, descend only
Into the world of perpetual solitude;
World not world, but that which is not world,
Infernal darkness, deprivation
And destruction of all property,
Desiccation of the world of sense,
Evacuation of the world of fancy,
Inanition of the world of spirit;
This is the one way, and the other
Is the same, not in movement
But abstraction from movement; while the world moves
In appentency, on its metamorphic
Of time past and time future.

IV

Time and the bell have buried the day,
The black cloud carries the sun away;
Will the sunflower turn to us, will the clematis
Stray down, bend to us; tender and spray
Clutch and cling?
Chill
Fingers of yew be curled
Down on us? After the kingfisher’s wing
Has answered light to light, and is silent, the light is still
At the still point of the turning world.

V

Words move, music moves
Only in time; but that which is only living
Can only die. Words, after speech, reach
Into the silence. Only by the form, the pattern,
Can words or music reach
The stillness, as a Chinese jar still

Moves perpetually in its stillness.
Not the stillness of the violin, while the note lasts,
Not that only, but the co-existence,
Or say that the end precedes the beginning,
And the end and the beginning were always there
Before the beginning and after the end.
And all is always now. Words strain,
Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,
Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,
Decay with inscrution, will not stay in place,
Will not stay still. Shrieking voices
Scolding, mocking, or merely chattering,
Always assail them. The Word in the desert¹
Is most attacked by voices of temptation,
The crying shadow in the funeral dance,
The loud lament of the disconsolate chimera.²
The detail of the pattern is movement,
As in the figure of the ten stairs.³
Desire itself is movement
Not in itself desirable;
Love is unself-unmoving,
Only the cause and end of movement,
Timeless, and undesiring
Except in the aspect of time
Caught in the form of limitation
Between un-being and being,
Sudden in a shaft of sunlight
Even while the dust moves
There rises the hidden laughter
Of children in the foliage
Quick, now, here, now always—
Ridiculous the waste and time
Stretching before and after.

1936, 1943

2. A monster in Greek mythology and a symbol of fantasies and delusions.
3. An allusion to St. John of the Cross’s figure for the soul’s ascent to God: “The Ten Degrees of the Mystical Ladder of Divine Love.”

EUGENE O’NEILL
1888–1953

Eugene O’Neill, the nation’s first major playwright, the first to explore serious themes in the theater and to experiment with theatrical conventions, was born on October 16, 1888. His father was James O’Neill, an actor who made a fortune playing the lead role in a dramatization of Alexandre Dumas’s swashbuckling novel The Count of Monte Cristo, which he performed on tour more than five thousand times. O’Neill’s mother, Ella Quinlan, the daughter of a successful Irish immigrant businessman in Cincinnati,