

The Wasteland

T.S. Eliot

1922

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

BY T. S. ELIOT

*S'io credesse che mia risposta fosse
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
Questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse.
Ma perciocche giammai di questo fondo
Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il vero,
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.*

I believed that my answer was A person who never comes back to the world, This streamer flame is no longer shaken. But nevertheless of this fund I do not come back alive, I know the truth, Without fear of infamy, I answer you.

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious 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 terrace, 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,
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you
meet;
There will be time to murder and create,

Introduction

- Ruined when it was called the Greatest Poem of the 20th Century
- Obscure and Difficult
- What does it mean?
 - Archibald Leach: A poem should not mean, it should be.
 - Enjoy the language, experience it
- “I should have been a pair of ragged claws / Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.”
- Joyce published in 1922
- Eliot did not provide any translations
- At least 30 different texts are alluded to in this poem
- Sanscrit – Shanti
- Eliot wanted the readers to be intimidated
- Eliot is recognized as both an American and a British author.
- Died as a British citizen
- Ezra Pound – this poem is dedicated to him
- “Hollowman” is like the “Sparknotes” for “The Wasteland
- Last true celebrity poet
- Why is the Wasteland so Great

Background Necessary to Study Well the poem

- Voracious Reader
- Loved language
- Troubled by the dunning down of American intellectual life
- Elitist
- Modernist Poet
- Too much Sex, Drugs and Rock’n’Roll after World War I
- Understood Arnold’s “Dover Beach”

Senior B – T.S. Eliot “Wasteland”

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 asserted 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, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them
all—
The eyes that fix you in a formulated 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 a
shawl.
And should I then presume?
And how should I begin?

- The belief in the institution of religion was fading away
- He was upset about what was happening in the world
- The poem started out much longer – heavily edited by Pound and Eliot’s Wife
- Original can be found online
- Those who discuss this like to discuss:
 - Myths
 - Shakespeare
 - Epic Poetry
- Three places to help find a way into the poem
 - The Title – The focus is on the different voices in the poem
 - French Poet Baudelaire – Flowers of Evil (To the Reader) Disturbing Poem. Eliot learned to not only speak to the reader but include them in it. And the topic of boredom.
<http://www.aestheticrealism.net/poetry/ baudelaire-to-the-reader.html>
 - Greek Mythology – (The Albatross) He realized that poetry was about to become marginalized. Tiresias – blind poet. The most important personage in the poem. 2 snakes copulating in the road. He slams them together to make them stop. Hera, upset, turns him into a woman for 7 years. Hera and Zeus discuss who enjoys sex more, men or women. Tiresius says women, wrong answer. Hera blinds him. Zeus gives him the second sight. He shows up in The Odyssey and other Greek Tales.

Senior B – T.S. Eliot “Wasteland”

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,
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 porcelain, among some talk of 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 you all, 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:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:

- Eliot expects his readers to know all of the texts he references, and to be able to speak French.
- Level 1 – What does the text say
- Level 2 – What does it mean
- Level 3 – How can we relate to a text like this?
- Can I find one idea that I can use that has some meaning to me?
- Five sections to the poem.
- Debate after the poem comes out as to how it comes together.
- Ken Wilbur – There is good news, and bad news
- For Eliot there is no good news about Modernity

From April to Shanti

- What are the questions about spiritual deprivation.
- The modern world is “jacked”
- Five Sections
 - Section I – Burial of the Dead – 1-76:
 - Start in April – the cruelest month: bad memories and stirs desires, childhood memories: once there was a land where things grew, no more, meet an old lady who is a medium. Ends with “zombies” walking over London Bridge.
 - Section II – Game of Chess: 77-175
 - Philomel – turned into a nightingale (first reference of sex). Nervous woman talking with her guy about boredom. What can you know, and what can you remember? Nothing. Bar Scene: Ophelia

Senior B – T.S. Eliot “Wasteland”

<p>“That is not it at all, That is not what I meant, at all.”</p> <p>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, Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool, Deferential, glad to be of use, Politic, cautious, and meticulous; Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse; At times, indeed, almost ridiculous— Almost, at times, the Fool.</p> <p>I grow old ... I grow old ... I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>I do not think that they will sing to me.</p> <p>I have seen them riding seaward on the waves Combing the white hair of the waves blown back When the wind blows the water white and black. We have lingered in the chambers of the sea By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown Till human voices wake us, and we drown.</p>	<p>(drowned herself in Hamlet)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">○ Section III – The Fire Sermon: 173-311<ul style="list-style-type: none">▪ Longest section. Man listening by the River Thames. Rivers are very important in this poem. Rivers are the history of the world. Nothing great left in this world. Two men talking about sex (big deal in 1922). Tiresias – was there all along, assist the reader in watching a sex scene. Not done very well. Carthage and St. Augustine. The Buddha. Eliot joins western thought with Eastern thought. Much like the Transcendentalists Emerson and Thoreau.○ Section IV – Death by Water: 312-321<ul style="list-style-type: none">▪ Some have said this is their favorite section of the poem. Phoenicians. Phlebus is at the bottom of the Ocean. Gives a message, having drowned,○ Section V – What said :322-434<ul style="list-style-type: none">▪ Two people in the desert. The thunder cracks and speaks. Three words in Sanscrit: How is the best way to live well? DA (Gods: to give, Humans: sympathize,
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	<p>compassion. Demons: self control). Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Listen to each section and break it down. 								
<p style="text-align: center;">The Waste Land BY <u>T. S. ELIOT</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>FOR EZRA POUND</i> IL MIGLIOR FABBRO</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>I. The Burial of the Dead</i></p> <p>April is the cruellest month, breeding Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing Memory and desire, stirring Dull roots with spring rain. Winter kept us warm, covering Earth in forgetful snow, feeding A little life with dried tubers. Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade, And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten, And drank coffee, and talked for an hour. Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch. And when we were children, staying at the 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. In the mountains, there you feel free. I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.</p> <p>What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow Out of this stony rubbish? Son 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, (Come in under the shadow of this red rock), And I will show you something different from either Your shadow at morning striding behind you Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you; I will show you fear in a handful of dust.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Frisch weht der Wind Der Heimat zu Mein Irisch Kind, Wo weilest du?</i></p> <p>“You gave me hyacinths first a year ago; “They called me the hyacinth girl.” —Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden, Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not</p>	<p>Part I</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Epigraph: Sybil story, immorality but kept getting older. The question asked of her, what is the one thing she would want, she wants to die. <table border="1" data-bbox="824 562 1414 810"> <tr> <td>“Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: Σιβυλλα τί θέλεις; respondebat illa: ἀποθανεῖν θέλω.”</td> <td>I saw with my own eyes the Sibyl at Cumae hanging in a cage, and when the boys said to her: “Sibyl, what do you want?” she answered: “I want to die.”</td> </tr> </table> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Spiritual death and deprivation. Second is a thank you to Pound <table border="1" data-bbox="824 926 1414 989"> <tr> <td>IL MIGLIOR FABBRO</td> <td>THE BEST BLACKSMITH</td> </tr> </table> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Right away we are told that Spring reminds of bad things and makes us desire things. Regrets of the past, and fear of the future Memory of Maria in German: the notion of identity but who we are. <table border="1" data-bbox="824 1325 1414 1415"> <tr> <td>Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.</td> <td>I'm not Russian at all, I'm from Lithuania, really German.</td> </tr> </table> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> As readers we are eavesdropping on conversations. Tristan and Isolde – the despair. <table border="1" data-bbox="824 1608 1414 1730"> <tr> <td><i>Frisch weht der Wind Der Heimat zu Mein Irisch Kind, Wo weilest du?</i></td> <td>Fresh the wind blows The home too My Irish, child, Where are you?</td> </tr> </table> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> References to Dante References to spiritual stagnation. 	“Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: Σιβυλλα τί θέλεις; respondebat illa: ἀποθανεῖν θέλω.”	I saw with my own eyes the Sibyl at Cumae hanging in a cage, and when the boys said to her: “Sibyl, what do you want?” she answered: “I want to die.”	IL MIGLIOR FABBRO	THE BEST BLACKSMITH	Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.	I'm not Russian at all, I'm from Lithuania, really German.	<i>Frisch weht der Wind Der Heimat zu Mein Irisch Kind, Wo weilest du?</i>	Fresh the wind blows The home too My Irish, child, Where are you?
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<p>Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither Living nor dead, and I knew nothing, Looking into the heart of light, the silence. <i>Oed' und leer das Meer.</i></p> <p>Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante, Had a bad cold, nevertheless Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe, With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she, Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor, (Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!) Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks, The lady of situations. Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel, And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card, Which is blank, is something he carries on his back, Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find The Hanged Man. Fear death by water. 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.</p> <p>Unreal City, Under the brown fog of a winter dawn, A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many, I had not thought death had undone so many. Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled, And each man fixed his eyes before his feet. Flowed up the hill and down King William Street, To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine. There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: “Stetson! “You who were with me in the ships at Mylae! “That corpse you planted last year in your garden, “Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year? “Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed? “Oh keep the Dog far hence, that’s friend to men, “Or with his nails he’ll dig it up again! “You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!”</p>	<table border="1"> <tr> <td data-bbox="821 195 1122 226"><i>Oed' und leer das Meer.</i></td> <td data-bbox="1128 195 1414 226">Dull and empty the sea.</td> </tr> <tr> <td colspan="2" data-bbox="821 268 1414 447"> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Mix of iambic pentameter. ▪ So many languages and voices. ▪ Are you made sad that things change? Or are you excited? Do you want to know the future? </td> </tr> <tr> <td data-bbox="821 489 1122 573">“You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!”</td> <td data-bbox="1128 489 1414 573">"You! hypocrite reader!- my similar,-my brother!"</td> </tr> </table>	<i>Oed' und leer das Meer.</i>	Dull and empty the sea.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Mix of iambic pentameter. ▪ So many languages and voices. ▪ Are you made sad that things change? Or are you excited? Do you want to know the future? 		“You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!”	"You! hypocrite reader!- my similar,-my brother!"
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“You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!”	"You! hypocrite reader!- my similar,-my brother!"						
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>II. A Game of Chess</i></p> <p>The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne, Glowed on the marble, where the glass Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines From which a golden Cupidon peeped out (Another hid his eyes behind his wing) Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra 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</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Description of a luxurious room with drawing. • This will be T.S. Eliot’s attempt to resurrect the theme of sex in violence. • Drown the sense in odors. • Withered stumps of time – study of history • This is the first time in the poem that people recognize. When you just don’t want to talk. 						

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And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
 That freshened from the window, these ascended
 In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,
 Flung their smoke into the laquearia,
 Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.
 Huge sea-wood fed with copper
 Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured
 stone,
 In which sad light a carved dolphin swam.
 Above the antique mantel was displayed
 As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene
 The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
 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 stumps of time
 Were told upon the walls; staring forms
 Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed.
 Footsteps shuffled on the stair.
 Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair
 Spread out in fiery points
 Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.

“My nerves are bad tonight. 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.
 “Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your
 head?”

But

O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag—
 It’s so elegant
 So intelligent
 “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.

- “Impossible to say just what I mean”
 J. Alfred Prufrock.
- Notion of rats and bats.
- Line 139 – barroom scene. Looking
 in, where a woman is talking, but she
 keeps being interrupted by the barkeep
 (hurry up I want to close up)
- “Its” is spelled without the apostrophe
 – what is the meaning of this.
- Soldier back from the war, one woman
 says to another (take care of yourself).
 The woman admits to an abortion that
 messed her up.
- Repetition “I said” and “hurry up”
- Good Night Sweet ladies – Ophelia
 says just before she commits suicide –
 rejected love.
- Sex - not something done, but
 enjoyed.
- After WWII, more sex but not
 enjoyment. More sex, less love.
- How do you deal with ennui –
 boredom?
- When we get to a certain point in our
 life, we question, do we dare disturb
 the universe.
- Life can become so boring.

Senior B – T.S. Eliot “Wasteland”

<p>And we shall play a game of chess, Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.</p> <p>When Lil’s husband got demobbed, I said— I didn’t mince 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’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 said it would be all right, but I’ve never been the same. You <i>are</i> 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, 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.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>III. The Fire Sermon</i></p> <p>The river’s tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed. Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song. The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers, Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The Buddha’s most famous sermon, compared to the “Sermon on the Mount” • We begin with the importance of Rivers. • Begin with the Thames in London.

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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 . . .
 Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,
 Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.
 But at my back in a cold blast I hear
 The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

A rat crept softly through the vegetation
 Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
 While I was fishing in the dull canal
 On a winter evening round behind the gashouse
 Musing upon the king my brother’s wreck
 And on the king my father’s death before him.
 White bodies naked on the low damp ground
 And bones cast in a little low dry garret,
 Rattled by the rat’s foot only, year to year.
 But at my back from time to time I hear
 The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring
 Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.
 O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
 And on her daughter
 They wash their feet in soda water
Et O ces voix d’enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

Twit twit twit
 Jug jug jug jug jug jug
 So rudely forc’d.
 Tereu

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

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
 Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine
 waits
 Like a taxi throbbing waiting,
 I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
 Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
 At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
 Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
 The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights
 Her stove, and lays out food in tins.
 Out of the window perilously spread
 Her drying combinations touched by the sun’s last
 rays,
 On the divan are piled (at night her bed)

- Now it is a nasty river, not the beautiful one it once was.
- The Nymphs have left.
- The garbage does not flow away, but sinks to the bottom.
- The Nymphs - Mermaids
- A guys is at the river fishing – used to be a beautiful place.
- Unreal city – Eliot argued that cities have a tendency to dehumanize us, make us less and less like real people. Cities look more like the topography of Dante’s hell.

<i>Et O ces voix d’enfants, chantant dans la coupole!</i>	And O these children’s voices, singing in the cupola!
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- We come back to Tiresias, viewing of a guy who plans to make is “assault” after lunch.
- Sex = assault (not love)
- He makes the move, does the deed, gropes his way to find the stairs unlit.
- Its as if he is blind.
- When she is gone, she turns, looks in the mirror, “Well, now that’s done... glad its over”
- Constant theme of loneliness.
- Difference of being alone and lonely.
- Hair matters
- Life becomes automatic in the modern world.
- She puts on her music
- The city is losing its ability
- Clatter and chatter
- Queen Elizabeth reference, guy tried to tell her to marry him on the river.
- Mantra for the text: nothing
- Bringing together of two significant religious figures:
 - St. Augustine - When he was young he prayed for self-temperance
 - Buddha – burning burning thou pluckest me out (no punctuation.

Senior B – T.S. Eliot “Wasteland”

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, arrives,
A small house agent’s clerk, with one bold stare,
One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
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.)
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 and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smooths her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone.

“This music crept by me upon the waters”
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.
O City city, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter from within
Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls
Of Magnus Martyr hold
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

The river sweats
Oil and tar
The barges drift
With the turning tide
Red sails
Wide
To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.
The barges wash
Drifting logs
Down Greenwich reach
Past the Isle of Dogs.
Weialala leia
Wallala leialala

- Things get worse they don’t get better. There is a loss of love.
- Allusions – Tiresias
- The challenge to bring east and west together.
- Do you think it is true that there is a difference between “hooking up” and love?
- Is life a connecting of nothing to nothing?
- In your life, what have you actually learned that had meaning for you?

Senior B – T.S. Eliot “Wasteland”

<p>Elizabeth and Leicester Beating oars The stern was formed A gilded shell Red and gold The brisk swell Rippled both shores Southwest wind Carried down stream The peal of bells White towers Weialala leia Wallala leialala</p> <p>“Trams and dusty trees. Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe.”</p> <p>“My feet are at Moorgate, and my heart Under my feet. After the event He wept. He promised a ‘new start.’ I made no comment. What should I resent?”</p> <p>“On Margate Sands. I can connect Nothing with nothing. The broken fingernails of dirty hands. My people humble people who expect Nothing.” la la</p> <p>To Carthage then I came</p> <p>Burning burning burning burning O Lord Thou pluckest me out O Lord Thou pluckest</p> <p><u>Burning</u></p>	
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>IV. Death by Water</i></p> <p>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.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Shortest of the five sections • What does a body that has drowned and sunk to the bottom of the ocean look like? • The Phoenician who was a great sailor, dead for two weeks (in reality a lot longer) • Forgotten – the inability to remember, forgot all the things he knew in his life. (Scrooge story – you don’t care about money in the moment of your death) • Right before you die, you have a tendency to relive your life

Senior B – T.S. Eliot “Wasteland”

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Gentile/Jew – all people • Look towards the future • No one gets out of this critique – there are no 200-year-old people • At some point death comes for all of us • Rhymes of swell/fell
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>V. What the Thunder Said</i></p> <p>After the torchlight red on sweaty faces After the frosty silence in the gardens After the agony in stony places The shouting and the crying Prison and palace and reverberation Of thunder of spring over distant mountains He who was living is now dead We who were living are now dying With a little patience</p> <p>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 sterile thunder without rain There is not even solitude in the mountains But red sullen faces sneer and snarl From doors of mudcracked houses</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">If there were water</p> <p>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</p> <p>Who is the third who walks always beside you? When I count, there are only you and I together But when I look ahead up the white road There is always another one walking beside you Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Three themes <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ Journey to Emmaus with Christ ○ Journey to the chapel perilous ○ Present day decay of present day Europe • You can read better by the fifth section • Dead mountains – mountains of rock • Winding road • He is living is now dead, the resurrected Christ • Slowly all life is really about is dying – from the moment of your birth – depressing and sad notion • Everything is sterile, no water • Death by water – drowning and dehydration. • In 1968 Europe is in chaos • Line 344, the faces sneer and snarl. • What is the mood of the poem? • The importance of hair again • Rats to bats – both animals are portrayed in the worst imaginable way. • Notice – violet and all the other colors (Conrad’s Heart of Darkness and the use of color) • The Fisher King – The Arthurian legend, Arthur is dying, must drink from the grail. The knights must find it, Percival, the water that is drunk from the grail, the water will restore you. • Cock that stood on the rooftop – cock crowing in Christianity represents the denial of Christ by Peter. • The River – Ganga River – India

Senior B – T.S. Eliot “Wasteland”

<p>I do not know whether a man or a woman —But who is that on the other side of you?</p> <p>What is that sound high in the air Murmur of maternal lamentation Who are those hooded hordes swarming Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth Ringed by the flat horizon only What is the city over the mountains Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air Falling towers Jerusalem Athens Alexandria Vienna London Unreal</p> <p>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.</p> <p>In this decayed hole among the mountains In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel There is the empty chapel, only the wind’s home. It has no windows, and the door swings, Dry bones can harm no one. Only a cock stood on the rooftree Co co rico co co rico In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust Bringing rain</p> <p>Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves Waited for rain, while the black clouds Gathered far distant, over Himavant. The jungle crouched, humped in silence. Then spoke the thunder DA <i>Datta</i>: what have we given? My friend, blood shaking my heart The awful daring 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 obituaries Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor In our empty rooms DA <i>Dayadhvam</i>: I have heard the key Turn in the door once and turn once only We think of the key, each in his prison Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Theophany – when gods speak out of the thunderstorm/whirlwind • Datta. – to give • Dayadhvam. – compassion • Damyata. – self-control, discipline • The key is what we have been searching for from the beginning. • Mathew Arnold’s “Dover Beach” • Swallow can also be to swallow, but also the bird. • “These fragments...” – this has been a poem of fragments of voices. • Shantih – Peace (is there some hope?) • Life can’t grow without water – what is the water of your life? What makes it complete? What is your spiritual water? <table border="1" data-bbox="824 835 1414 1052"> <tr> <td data-bbox="824 835 1117 926"><i>Quando fiam uti chelidon—O swallow swallow</i></td> <td data-bbox="1117 835 1414 926">Then he rose in the fire that honed him When you use ut</td> </tr> <tr> <td data-bbox="824 926 1117 1016"><i>Le Prince d’Aquitaine à la tour abolie</i></td> <td data-bbox="1117 926 1414 1016">chelidon -O swallow swallow The Prince of Aquitaine at the abolished tower</td> </tr> </table> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Could you be more compassionate, sympathetic? 	<i>Quando fiam uti chelidon—O swallow swallow</i>	Then he rose in the fire that honed him When you use ut	<i>Le Prince d’Aquitaine à la tour abolie</i>	chelidon -O swallow swallow The Prince of Aquitaine at the abolished tower
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Senior B – T.S. Eliot “Wasteland”

Only at nightfall, aethereal rumours
Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus
DA
Damyata: The boat responded
Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar
The sea was calm, your heart would have responded
Gaily, when invited, beating obedient
To controlling hands

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

Poi s'ascese nel foco che gli affina
Quando fiam uti chelidon—O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih