DIRECTORATE OF DISTANCE EDUCATION
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH BENGAL

MASTER OF ARTS-ENGLISH

SEMESTER -III

THE MODERNS II

CORE 302

BLOCK-1

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH BENGAL

Postal Address:

The Registrar,

University of North Bengal,

Raja Rammohunpur,

P.O.-N.B.U., Dist-Darjeeling,

West Bengal, Pin-734013,

India.

Phone: (O) +91 0353-2776331/2699008

Fax: (0353) 2776313, 2699001

Email: regnbu@sancharnet.in ; regnbu@nbu.ac.in

Wesbsite: www.nbu.ac.in

First Published in 2019

All rights reserved. No Part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without permission in writing from University of North Bengal. Any person who does any unauthorised act in relation to this book may be liable to criminal prosecution and civil claims for damages.

This book is meant for educational and learning purpose. The authors of the book has/have taken all reasonable care to ensure that the contents of the book do not violate any existing copyright or other intellectual property rights of any person in any manner whatsoever. In the even the Authors has/ have been unable to track any source and if any copyright has been inadvertently infringed, please notify the publisher in writing for corrective action

FOREWORD

The Self Learning Material (SLM) is written with the aim of providing simple and organized study content to all the learners. The SLMs are prepared on the framework of being mutually cohesive, internally consistent and structured as per the university's syllabi. It is a humble attempt to give glimpses of the various approaches and dimensions to the topic of study and to kindle the learner's interest to the subject

We have tried to put together information from various sources into this book that has been written in an engaging style with interesting and relevant examples. It introduces you to the insights of subject concepts and theories and presents them in a way that is easy to understand and comprehend.

We always believe in continuous improvement and would periodically update the content in the very interest of the learners. It may be added that despite enormous efforts and coordination, there is every possibility for some omission or inadequacy in few areas or topics, which would definitely be rectified in future.

We hope you enjoy learning from this book and the experience truly enrich your learning and help you to advance in your career and future endeavours.

THE MODERNS II

BLOCK – 1

Unit 1 T.S. Eliot – The Waste Land - 1 6
Unit 2. T.S. Eliot – The Waste Land - 2 29
Unit 3.T.S. Eliot – The Waste Land - 3 51
Unit 4. T.S. Eliot – The Waste Land - 4 77
Unit 5. T.S. Eliot – The Waste Land - 5 112
Unit 6. Auden – A Summer Night, In Memory Of W.B. Yeats, Memorial For The City, A Shilling Life - 1 133
Unit 7. Auden – A Summer Night, In Memory Of W.B. Yeats, Memorial For The City, A Shilling Life – 2 157

BLOCK – 2

Unit-8. Dylan Thomas – The Force that Through the Green Fuse Drives the Flower, Poem in October, Do not go Gentle into that Good Night - 1
Unit-9. Dylan Thomas – The Force that Through the Green Fuse Drives the Flower, Poem in October, Do not go Gentle into that Good Night - 2
Unit-10 Dylan Thomas – The Force that Through the Green Fuse Drives the Flower, Poem in October, Do not go Gentle into that Good Night - 3
Unit-11. Larkin – Church Going, The Explosion, Wants, At Grass - 1
Unit-12. Larkin – Church Going, The Explosion, Wants, At Grass – 2
Unit-13. Ted Hughes – Hawk Roosting, A Childish Prank, The Thought – Fox, The Jaguar - 1
Unit-14. Ted Hughes – Hawk Roosting, A Childish Prank, The Thought – Fox, The Jaguar - 2

BLOCK-1 THE MODERNS II

Introduction to Block 1

Unit 1 – About T.S. Eliot's life and work.

Unit 2 – About the themes, character analysis, critical analysis, styles, sources and composition history of The Waste Land by T.S. Eliot.

Unit 3 – About the summary of Part I and Part II of "The Waste Land" by T.S. Eliot.

Unit 4 About the summary of Part III, Part IV and Part V of "The Waste Land" by T.S. Eliot.

Unit 5 – the analysis of "The Waste Land" by T.S. Eliot.

Unit 6 - AboutW.H.Auden's life and work.

Unit 7 A Summer Night, In Memory of W.B. Yeats, Memorial for the City, A Shilling Life are written by Wystan Hugh Auden.

UNIT 1 T.S. ELIOT – THE WASTE LAND - 1

STRUCTURE

1.0 Objectives
1.1 Introduction
1.2 About T.S. Eliot's Life
1.3 T.S. Eliot's Work
1.4 Let us Sum Up
1.5 Keywords
1.6 Questions for Review
1.7 Suggested Readings
1.8 Answers to Check your Progress

1.0 OBJECTIVES

Once you go through this unit, you would know about:

- T.S.Eliot's life and work.

1.1 INTRODUCTION

Thomas Stearns Eliot, "one of the twentieth century's major poets," was also an essayist, publisher, playwright, and literary and social critic. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, to a very prominent Boston Brahmin family. Further, he also moved to England in 1914 at the age of 25 and would settle, work, and marry there. He became a British subject in 1927 at the age of 39 and subsequently renouncing his American passport.

Eliot attracted widespread attention for his poem "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," which was seen as a masterpiece of the Modernist movement. Some of the best-known poems further followed it in the English language, including The Waste Land, "The Hollow Men," "Ash Wednesday," and Four Quartets. He was also known

for his seven plays, particularly Murder in the Cathedral and The Cocktail Party. He also was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1948, "for his outstanding, pioneer contribution to present-day poetry."

1.2 ABOUT T.S. ELIOT'S LIFE

Early life and education

The Eliots were both in England and New England a Massachusetts Brahmin family with origins. William Greenleaf Eliot, the paternal grandfather of Eliot, had moved to St. Louis, Missouri, to establish there a Christian Unitarian church. His father, Henry Ware Eliot (1843–1919), was a successful businessman, chairman and treasurer at St Louis' Hydraulic-Press Brick Company. His wife, Charlotte Champe Stearns, wrote poetry and in the early twentieth century was a social worker deemed a modern occupation. Eliot was the last of six siblings to survive. He was the namesake of his maternal grandfather, Thomas Stearns, known to his family and friends as Tom.
Eliot's infatuation with literature in his youth can be related to a number of factors. First, as a child, he had to overcome the physical constraints. He was struggling with a congenital double inguinal hernia and was unable to take part in many of the physical activities and was therefore prevented from socializing with any of his peers. His love of literature developed as he was often isolated. The young boy immediately became obsessed with the books after he learned to read and was absorbed in tales depicting savages, the Wild West, or Tom Sawyer, Mark Twain's thrill-seeking. His friend Robert Sencourt states in his biography of Eliot that the teenage Eliot will often curl up in the window seat behind himFurthermore, Eliot attributed his birthplace with driving his creative vision: "It is self-evident that St. Louis has influenced me more deeply than any other place has ever done. I know that there is something about having spent one's youth beside the great river that is incommunicable to those who have not. I consider myself fortunate to have been raised here, rather than in Boston or New York.

Notes

Eliot attended the Smith Academy from 1898 to 1905, where he studied Latin, Ancient Greek, French, and German. He also started writing poems when, under the influence of Edward Fitzgerald's interpretation of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat, he was only fourteen. He also said the results were dull and desperate, and he destroyed them. His first published poem, "A Fable For Feasters," was written as an exercise in school and published in February 1905 in the Smith Academy Record. One of his oldest surviving poems in manuscript was also published there in April 1905, an untitled lyric, later revised and reproduced as "Song" in The Harvard Advocate, a student at Harvard University student management system.

Eliot resided in St. Louis, Missouri, at the Locust St. house where he was born for the first sixteen years of his life. He just moved to St. Louis for holidays and trips until he went to school in 1905. Eliot wrote to a friend that "the Missouri and the Mississippi created a greater impact on me than any other part of the world," despite moving away from the city.

Following graduation, Eliot attended Milton Academy in Massachusetts for a previous year, where he met Scofield Thayer, who later published The Waste Land. He further studied philosophy at Harvard College from 1906 to 1909, earning a B.A. in 1909 and an M.A. the following year. Because of his year at Milton Academy, Eliot was allowed to take up B.A. after three years instead of the usual four. While a student at Harvard, Eliot was also placed on academic probation and graduated with a pass degree (i.e., no honours). His B.A. was in an elective program, which was best described as comparative literature, and his M.A. English Literature. Frank Kermode further writes that the most critical moment of Eliot's undergraduate career was in 1908 when he discovered Arthur Symons's The Symbolist Movement in Literature. This had introduced him to Jules Laforgue, Arthur Rimbaud, and Paul Verlaine. Without Verlaine, Eliot wrote, he might never have heard of Tristan Corbière and his book Les amours jaunes, a work which had affected the course of Eliot's life. The Harvard Advocate also published some of his poems, and he became lifelong friends with Conrad Aiken, the American writer, as well as a critic.

In the wake of filling in as a way of thinking right hand at Harvard from 1909 to 1910, Eliot moved to Paris, where, from 1910 to 1911, he considered way of thinking at the Sorbonne. He went to addresses by Henri Bergson and read verse with Henri Alban-Fournier. From 1911 to 1914, he was back at Harvard concentrating Indian way of thinking and Sanskrit. Eliot was additionally granted a grant to Merton College, Oxford, in 1914. He originally visited Marburg, Germany, where he intended to take a mid-year program, yet when the First World War broke out, he went to Oxford. At the time, such a significant number of American understudies had gone to Merton that the Junior Common Room proposed a movement "that this general public severely dislikes the Americanization of

Oxford." It was crushed by two votes after Eliot reminded the understudies the amount they owed American culture.

Eliot kept in touch with Conrad Aiken on New Year's Eve 1914: "I detest college towns and college individuals, who are the equivalent all over the place, with pregnant spouses, rambling youngsters, numerous books and terrible pictures on the dividers ... Oxford is wonderful, yet I don't care to be dead." Escaping Oxford, Eliot invested quite a bit of his energy in London. This city had a fantastic and life changing impact on Eliot for a few reasons, the most noteworthy of which was first experience with the compelling American scholarly figure Ezra Pound. An association through Aiken brought about a masterminded gathering, and on 22 September 1914, Eliot visited to Pound's level. Pound in a flash regarded Eliot "worth watching" and was essential to Eliot's starting vocation as an artist, as he got credited with advancing Eliot through numerous get-togethers and abstract social occasions. Along these lines, as per biographer John Worthen, during his time in England, Eliot "was seeing as meager of Oxford as could be expected under the circumstances." He was rather investing extensive stretches of energy in London, in the organization of Ezra Pound and "a portion of the advanced craftsmen whom the war has so far saved... It was Pound who helped most, presenting him all over the place." In the end, Eliot didn't settle at Merton

and left following a year. In 1915 he likewise showed English at Birkbeck, University of London.

By 1916, he had finished a doctoral paper for Harvard on "Information and Experience in the Philosophy of F. H. Bradley," however he neglected to return for the viva voce test.

Marriage

In a letter to Aiken late in December 1914, Eliot, matured 26, stated, "I am extremely reliant upon ladies." Less than four months after the fact, Thayer acquainted Eliot with Vivienne Haigh-Wood, a Cambridge tutor. They were hitched at Hampstead Register Office on 26 June 1915.

After a short visit alone to his family in the United States, Eliot came back to London and took a few showing employments, for example, addressing at Birkbeck College, University of London. The rationalist Bertrand Russell looked into Vivienne while the love birds remained in his level. A few researchers have proposed that she and Russell had an unsanctioned romance, yet the claims were rarely affirmed.

The marriage was uniquely despondent, to a limited extent as a result of Vivienne's medical issues. In a letter routed to Ezra Pound, she covers a broad rundown of her side effects, which incorporated a routinely high temperature, weariness, a sleeping disorder, headaches, and colitis. It got combined with clear mental precariousness, implied that she was frequently sent away by Eliot and her primary care physicians for broadened periods in the desire for impro

ving her wellbeing. As time passed on, he turned out to be progressively isolates from her. The couple officially got separated in 1933, and in 1938 Vivienne's sibling, Maurice, had her focused on a psychological medical clinic without wanting to, where she had stayed until her demise by coronary illness in 1947. Their relationship turned into the subject of a 1984 play Tom and Viv, which in 1994 was adjusted as a film of a similar name.

In a private paper written in his sixties, Eliot likewise admitted: "I came to convince myself that I was infatuated with Vivienne basically in light of the fact that I needed to consume my vessels and concede to remain in England. What's more, she convinced herself that she would spare the

writer by keeping him in England. To her, the marriage had brought no bliss. To me, it brought the perspective out of which came The Waste Land."

Teaching, Lloyds, Faber, and Faber

Subsequent to leaving Merton, Eliot functioned as a teacher, most eminently at Highgate School, a tuition based school in London, where he showed French and Latin—his understudies incorporated the youthful John Betjeman. Afterward, he likewise educated at the Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe, which is a state school in Buckinghamshire. To procure additional cash, he likewise composed book audits and addressed at night augmentation courses at the University College London, and Oxford. In 1917, he took a situation at Lloyds Bank in London while chipping away at different outside records. Out traveling to Paris in August 1920 with the craftsman Wyndham Lewis, he met the essayist James Joyce. Eliot said he discovered Joyce haughty. Further, Joyce questioned Eliot's capacity as a writer at the time. Be that as it may, the two before long became companions, with Eliot visiting Joyce at whatever point he was in Paris Eliot, and Wyndham Lewis
likewise kept up a dear kinship, prompting Lewis' later making his notable picture painting of Eliot in 1938.

Charles Whibley suggested T.S. Eliot to Geoffrey Faber. In 1925 Eliot left Lloyds to turn into an executive in the distributing firm Faber and Gwyer, later Faber and Faber, where he stayed for the remainder of his profession. At Faber and Faber, he was answerable for distributing numerous celebrated English writers like W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, and Ted Hughes.

Conversion to Anglicanism and British citizenship

On 29 June 1927, Eliot got changed over to Anglicanism from Unitarianism, and in November that year, he took British citizenship. He turned into his very own superintendent ward church, St Stephen's, Gloucester Road, London, and an actual existence individual from the Society of King Charles the Martyr. He effectively distinguished as Anglo-Catholic, declaring himself "classicist in writing, royalist in

governmental issues, and old English catholic in religion." About 30 years after the fact, Eliot likewise remarked on his strict perspectives that he joined "a Catholic cast of psyche, a Calvinist legacy, and a Puritanical demeanor." He additionally had more extensive profound interests, remarking that "I see the way of improvement for present day man in his occupation with his very own self, with his internal being" and refering to Goethe and Rudolf Steiner as models of such a bearing.

One of Eliot's biographers, Peter Ackroyd, remarked that "the motivations behind [Eliot's conversion] were two-overlap. One: the Church of England offered Eliot some expectation for himself, and I think Eliot required some resting spot. Be that as it may, furthermore, it connected Eliot to the English people group and English culture."

Separation and remarriage

By 1932, Eliot had been mulling over a separation from his better half for quite a while. At the point when Harvard offered him the Charles Eliot Norton residency for the 1932–1933 scholastic year, he acknowledged and left Vivienne in England. Upon his arrival, he had organized a proper partition from her, maintaining a strategic distance from everything except one gathering with her between his leaving for America in 1932 and her passing in 1947. Vivienne was focused on the Northumberland House mental medical clinic, Stoke Newington, in 1938, and stayed there until she kicked the bucket. In spite of the fact that Eliot was still legitimately her significant other, he never visited her.

From 1938 to 1957, Eliot's open friend was Mary Trevelyan of London University, who needed to wed him and left a nitty gritty diary.

From 1946 to 1957, Eliot shared a level at 19 Carlyle Mansions, Chelsea, with his companion John Davy Hayward, who had gathered and dealt with Eliot's papers, styling himself "Guardian of the Eliot Archive." Hayward likewise got Eliot's pre-Prufrock section, financially distributed after Eliot's demise as Poems Written in Early Youth. At the point when Eliot and Hayward isolated their family in 1957, Hayward had held his assortment of Eliot's papers, which he passed on to King's College, Cambridge, in 1965.

On 10 January 1957, at 68 years old, Eliot wedded Esmé Valerie Fletcher, who was 30. As opposed to his first marriage, Eliot realized Fletcher well, as she had been his secretary at Faber and Faber since August 1949. They kept their wedding mystery; the function was held in a congregation at 6:15 am with basically nobody in participation other than his in-laws. Eliot had no youngsters with both of his spouses. In the mid 1960s, by at that point, in bombing wellbeing, Eliot filled in as a supervisor for the Wesleyan University Press, looking for new writers in Europe for production. After Eliot's passing, Valerie committed all her an opportunity to saving his heritage, by altering and clarifying The Letters of T. S. Eliot and a copy of the draft of The Waste Land. Valerie Eliot passed on 9 November 2012 at her home in London.

Death and honours

Eliot kicked the bucket of emphysema at his home in Kensington in London, on 4 January 1965, and was incinerated at Golders Green Crematorium. According to his desires, his remains were taken to St Michael and All Angels' Church, East Coker, the town in Somerset from which his Eliot precursors had emigrated to America. A divider plaque in the congregation remembers him with a citation from his lyric East Coker: "In my start is my end. In my end is my start."

In 1967, on Eliot's second demise commemoration, Eliot was then remembered by the situation of a huge stone on the floor of Poets' Corner in London's Westminster Abbey. The stone, cut by architect Reynolds Stone, is recorded with his life dates, his Order of Merit, and a citation from his lyric Little Gidding, "the correspondence/of the dead is tongued with fire past/the language of the living."

The loft square where he kicked the bucket, No. 3 Kensington Court Gardens have had a blue plaque on it since 1986.

Check your progress -1

Notes

1. When did Eliot die?______________________________

2. When did Eliot win Nobel Prize in Literature?______________________________

. 3. Whom did Eliot marry at the age of 68?______________________________

. 4. What was the name of T.S.Eliot's father's name?______________________________

1.3 T.S. ELIOT'S WORK

Poetry

For a writer of his stature, Eliot delivered a moderately modest number of ballads. He knew about this even from the get-go in his vocation. He wrote to J.H. Woods, one of his previous Harvard educators, "My notoriety in London is based upon one little volume of refrain and is kept up by printing a few additional lyrics in a year. The main thing that issues is that these ought to be impeccable in their sort so each ought to be an occasion."

Normally, Eliot first distributed his ballads separately in quite a while or in little books or leaflets and afterward gathered them in books. His first assortment was Prufrock and Other Observations (1917). In 1920, he distributed more lyrics in AraVosPrec (London) and Poems: 1920 (New York). These had similar ballads (in an alternate request) then again, actually "Tribute" in the British release was supplanted with "Madness" in the American rendition. In 1925, he gathered The Waste Land and the

sonnets in Prufrock and Poems into one volume and added The Hollow Men to frame Poems: 1909–1925. From that point on, he refreshed this work as Collected Poems. Exemptions are Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats (1939), an assortment of light stanza; Poems Written in Early Youth, after death distributed in 1967 and comprising basically of ballads distributed somewhere in the range of 1907 and 1910 in The Harvard Advocate, and Inventions of the March Hare: Poems 1909–1917, material Eliot never planned to have distributed, which showed up after death in 1997.

During a meeting in 1959, Eliot said of his nationality and its job in his work: "I'd state that my verse shares clearly more for all intents and purpose with my recognized counterparts in America than with anything written in my age in England. That I'm certain of. ... It wouldn't be what it is, and I envision it wouldn't be so great; putting it as unobtrusively as possible, it wouldn't be what it is on the off chance that I'd been conceived in England, and it wouldn't be what it is in the event that I'd remained in America. It's a blend of things. In any case, in its sources, in its passionate springs, it originates from America."

Cleo McNelly Kearns notes in her life story that Eliot was profoundly affected by Indic customs, quite the Upanishads. From the Sanskrit completion of The Waste Land to the "What Krishna signified" area of Four Quartets shows the amount Indic religions and, all the more explicitly, Hinduism made up his philosophical fundamental for his idea process.[58] It should likewise get recognized, as ChinmoyGuha appeared in his book Where the Dreams Cross: T S Eliot and French Poetry, that French writers significantly affected him from Baudelaire to Paul Valéry. He wrote in his 1940 article on W.B. Yeats: "The sort of verse that I expected to show me the utilization of my own voice didn't exist in English by any means; it was uniquely to get found in French."

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

In 1915, Ezra Pound, abroad editorial manager of Poetry magazine, prescribed to Harriet Monroe, the magazine's organizer, that she distribute "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." Although the character Prufrockis

by all accounts moderately aged, Eliot composed the greater part of the sonnet when he was just twenty-two. Its now-celebrated opening lines, contrasting the night sky with "a patient etherized upon a table," were viewed as stunning and hostile, particularly when Georgian Poetry had hailed for its inferences of the nineteenth century Romantic Poets.

The ballad's structure got intensely impacted by Eliot's broad perusing of Dante and alluded to a few abstract works, including Hamlet and those of the French Symbolists. Its gathering in London can be measured from an unsigned audit in The Times Literary Supplement on 21 June 1917. "The way that these things jumped out at the psyche of Mr. Eliot makes certain of the littlest significance to anybody, even to himself. They positively have no connection to verse."

The Waste Land

In October 1922, Eliot distributed The Waste Land in The Criterion. Eliot's devotion to ilmigliorfabbro alludes to Ezra Pound's noteworthy turn in altering and reshaping the sonnet from a more extended Eliot original copy to the abbreviated rendition that shows up in production.

It got made during a period out of close to home trouble for Eliot—his marriage was coming up short, and both he and Vivienne were experiencing anxious issue. The ballad is frequently perused as a portrayal of the bafflement of the post-war age. Before the lyric's distribution as a book in December 1922, Eliot removed himself from its vision of gloom. On 15 November 1922, he wrote to Richard Aldington, saying, "With respect to The Waste Land, that is a relic of days gone by so far as I am concerned, and I am currently feeling toward another shape and style."

The lyric is known for its perplexing nature—its slippage among parody and prescience; its unexpected changes of speaker, area, just as time. This auxiliary multifaceted nature is one reason why the ballad has become a touchstone of present day writing, an idyllic partner to a novel distributed around the same time, James Joyce's Ulysses.

Among its best-realized expressions are "April is the cruelest month," "I will give you dread in a bunch of residue" and "shantih." The Sanskrit mantra parts of the bargains.

The Hollow Men

The Hollow Men showed up in 1925. For the pundit Edmund Wilson, it denoted "The nadir of the period of hopelessness and devastation given such viable articulation in The Waste Land." It is Eliot's significant lyric of the late 1920s. Like Eliot's different works, its topics are covering and fragmentary. Post-war Europe under the Treaty of Versailles (which Eliot detested), the trouble of expectation and strict change, Eliot's bombed marriage.

Allen Tate saw a move in Eliot's technique, expressing, "The folklores vanish out and out in The Hollow Men." This is a striking case for a ballad as obligated to Dante as whatever else in Eliot's initial work, to state little of the advanced English folklore—the "Old Guy Fawkes" of the Gunpowder Plot—or the provincial and agrarian mythos of Joseph Conrad and James George Frazer, which, in any event for reasons of literary history, reverberation in The Waste Land. The "nonstop parallel among contemporaneity and artifact" that is so normal for his legendary strategy stayed in fine structure. The Hollow Men contains a portion of Eliot's most renowned lines, remarkably its decision:

This is the way the world closures
Not with a blast however a whine.

Debris Wednesday

Debris Wednesday is the primary long sonnet composed by Eliot after his 1927 transformation to Anglicanism. Distributed in 1930, it manages the battle that results when one who has needed confidence gets it. At times alluded to as Eliot's "transformation lyric," it is lavishly however vaguely suggestive, and manages the desire to move from otherworldly infertility to seek after human salvation. Eliot's style of writing in Ash-Wednesday demonstrated a checked move from the verse he had composed preceding his 1927 change, and his post-transformation style proceeded in a comparative vein. His style turned out to be less amusing, and the ballads were never again populated by various characters in exchange. Eliot's subject issue additionally turned out to be progressively centeredaround his otherworldly concerns and his Christian confidence.

Numerous pundits were especially excited about Ash-Wednesday. Edwin Muir kept up that it is one of the most moving sonnets Eliot composed, and maybe the "absolute best," however it was not generally welcomed by everybody. The ballad's foundation of customary Christianity foiled a significant number of the more common literati.

Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats.

In 1939, Eliot distributed a book of light stanza, Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats ("Old Possum" was Ezra Pound's moniker for him). This first release had a delineation of the creator on the spread. In 1954, the author Alan Rawsthorne set six of the lyrics for speaker and symphony in work titled Practical Cats. After Eliot's demise, the book was adjusted as the premise of the melodic Cats by Andrew Lloyd Webber, first delivered in London's West End in 1981 and opening on Broadway the next year.

Four Quartets

Eliot viewed Four Quartets as his artful culmination, and the work prompted his being granted the Nobel Prize in Literature.[4] It comprises of four long lyrics, every originally distributed independently: Burnt Norton (1936), East Coker (1940), The Dry Salvages (1941) and Little Gidding (1942). Every ha five segments. Despite the fact that they oppose simple portrayal, every sonnet remembers reflections for the idea of time in some significant regard—philosophical, verifiable, physical—and its connection to the human condition. Every ballad is related with one of the four traditional components, individually: air, earth, water, and fire.

Consumed Norton is a thoughtful lyric that starts with the storyteller attempting to concentrate on the present minute while strolling through a nursery, concentrating on pictures and seems like the winged animal, the roses, mists, and an unfilled pool. The storyteller's reflection drives him/her to come to "the still point" wherein he doesn't attempt to go anyplace or to encounter the spot or potentially time, rather than encountering "a finesse of sense." In the last area, the storyteller examines expressions of the human experience ("Words" and "music") as they identify with time. The storyteller centers chiefly around the artist's craft of controlling "Words [which] strain,/Crack and now and again break,

under the weight [of time], under the pressure, slip, slide, die, rot with imprecision, [and] won't remain set up,/Will not remain still." By examination, the storyteller infers that "Affection is itself unmoving,/Only the reason and end of the development,/Timeless, and undesiring."

East Coker proceeds with the assessment of time and significance, concentrating on a well known entry on the idea of language and verse. Out of the obscurity, Eliot offers an answer: "I said to my spirit, stay composed, and hold up without trust."

The Dry Salvages treats the component of water, by means of pictures of waterway and ocean. It endeavors to contain alternate extremes: "The past and future/Are vanquished and accommodated."

Small Gidding (the component of fire) is the most anthologized of the Quartets. Eliot's encounters as an air strike superintendent in the Blitz control the sonnet, and he envisions meeting Dante during the German besieging. The start of the Quartets ("Houses/Are expelled, demolished") had become a rough ordinary encounter; this makes a movement, where, just because, he discusses Love as the main thrust behind all experience. From this foundation, the Quartets end with a confirmation of Julian of Norwich: "All will be well and/All way of thing will be well."

The Four Quartets can't be comprehended without reference to Christian idea, customs, and history. Eliot draws upon the philosophy, workmanship, imagery, and language of such figures as Dante, and spiritualists St. John of the Cross and Julian of Norwich. The "more profound fellowship" looked for in East Coker, the "insights and murmurs of kids, the ailment that must deteriorate so as to discover recuperating," and the investigation which unavoidably drives us home all point to the explorer's way along the street of blessing.

Plays

With the striking exemption of Four Quartets, Eliot coordinated quite a bit of his imaginative energies after Ash Wednesday to composing plays in refrain, for the most part comedies, or plays with redemptive endings. He was long a pundit and admirer of Elizabethan and Jacobean stanza show; witness his suggestions to Webster, William Shakespeare, Thomas Middleton, and Thomas Kyd in The Waste Land. In a 1933 talk, he said

"Each artist might want, I extravagant, to have the option to feel that he had some immediate social utility . . . . He might want to be something of a prevalent performer and have the option to think his very own musings behind an appalling or a comic cover. He might want to pass on the delights of verse, not exclusively to a bigger crowd however to bigger gatherings of individuals all in all, and the performance center is the best spot wherein to do it."

After The Waste Land, he composed that he was "now feeling toward another frame and style." One anticipate he had as a primary concern was composing a play in section, utilizing a portion of the rhythms of early jazz. The play included "Sweeney," a character who had showed up in some of his sonnets. In spite of the fact that Eliot didn't complete the play, he published two scenes from the piece. These scenes, titled Fragment of a Prologue and Fragment of an Agon, were distributed together in 1932 as Sweeney Agonistes. In spite of the fact that Eliot noticed this was not proposed to be a one-demonstration play, it is here and there executed as one.

An exhibition play by Eliot called The Rock was performed in 1934 to help temples in the Diocese of London. A lot of it was a communitarian exertion; Eliot acknowledged credit just for the creation of one scene and the tunes. George Bell, the Bishop of Chichester, had been instrumental in interfacing Eliot with maker E. Martin Browne for the generation of The Rock and later charged Eliot to compose another play for the Canterbury Festival in 1935. This one, Murder in the Cathedral, concerning the passing of the saint, Thomas Becket, was progressively heavily influenced by Eliot. Eliot biographer Peter Ackroyd remarks that "for [Eliot], Murder in the Cathedral and succeeding section plays offered a twofold favorable position; it enabled him to rehearse verse, however it likewise offered a helpful home for his strict reasonableness." After this, he took a shot at progressively "business" plays for increasingly broad crowds: The Family Reunion, The Confidential Clerk, The Cocktail Party, and The Elder Statesman. The Broadway generation in New York of The Cocktail Party got the 1950 Tony Award for Best Play. Eliot composed The Cocktail Party while he was a meeting researcher at the Institute for Advanced Study.

With respect to strategy for playwriting, Eliot clarified, "In the event that I set out to compose a play, I start by a demonstration of decision. I settle upon a specific passionate circumstance, out of which characters and a plot will rise. And afterward lines of verse may appear: not from the first drive however from an optional incitement of the oblivious personality."

Earliest works

Prose

- "The Birds of Prey" (a short story; 1905)[113]
- "A Tale of a Whale" (a short story; 1905)
- "The Man Who Was King" (a short story; 1905)[114]
- "The Wine and the Puritans" (review, 1909)
- "The Point of View" (1909)
- "Gentlemen and Seamen" (1909)
- "Egoist" (review, 1909)

Poems

- "A Fable for Feasters" (1905)
- "[A Lyric:]'If Time and Space as Sages say'" (1905)
- "[At Graduation 1905]" (1905)
- "Song: 'If space and time, as sages say'" (1907)
- "Before Morning" (1908)
- "Circe's Palace" (1908)
- "Song: 'When we came home across the hill'" (1909)
- "On a Portrait" (1909)
- "Nocturne" (1909)
- "Humoresque" (1910)
- "Spleen" (1910)
- "[Class] Ode" (1910)

Poetry

- Prufrock and Other Observations (1917)
  - The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock
  - Portrait of a Lady
  - Preludes
  - Rhapsody on a Windy Night
  - Morning at the Window
  - The Boston Evening Transcript (about the Boston Evening Transcript)

Notes

- Aunt Helen
- Cousin Nancy
- Mr. Apollinax
- Hysteria
- Conversation Galante
- La FigliaChePiange

Poems (1920)

- Gerontion
- Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar
- Sweeney Erect
- A Cooking Egg
- Le Directeur
- Mélange Adultère de Tout
- Lune de Miel
- The Hippopotamus
- Dans le Restaurant
- Whispers of Immortality
- Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service
- Sweeney Among the Nightingales
- The Waste Land (1922)
- The Hollow Men (1925)
- Ariel Poems (1927–1954)
- Journey of the Magi (1927)
- A Song for Simeon (1928)
- Animula (1929)
- Marina (1930)
- Triumphal March (1931)
- The Cultivation of Christmas Trees (1954)
- Ash Wednesday (1930)
- Coriolan (1931)
- Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats (1939)
- The Marching Song of the Pollicle Dogs and Billy M'Caw: The Remarkable Parrot (1939) in The Queen's Book of the Red Cross
- Four Quartets (1945)

Plays

- Macavity:The Mystery Cat
- Sweeney Agonistes (published in 1926, first performed in 1934)
- The Rock (1934)
- Murder in the Cathedral (1935)
- The Family Reunion (1939)
- The Cocktail Party (1949)
- The Confidential Clerk (1953)
- The Elder Statesman (first performed in 1958, published in 1959)

Non-fiction

- Christianity & Culture (1939, 1948)
- The Second-Order Mind (1920)
- Tradition and the Individual Talent (1920)
- The Sacred Wood: Essays on Poetry and Criticism (1920)
- "Hamlet and His Problems"
- Homage to John Dryden (1924)
- Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca (1928)
- For Lancelot Andrewes (1928)
- Dante (1929)
- Selected Essays, 1917-1932 (1932)
- The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism (1933)
- After Strange Gods (1934)
- Elizabethan Essays (1934)
- Essays Ancient and Modern (1936)
- The Idea of a Christian Society (1939)
- A Choice of Kipling's Verse (1941) made by Eliot, with an essay on Rudyard Kipling
- Notes Towards the Definition of Culture (1948)
- Poetry and Drama (1951)
- The Three Voices of Poetry (1954)
- The Frontiers of Criticism (1956)
- On Poetry and Poets (1943)

Posthumous publications

- To Criticize the Critic (1965)

- The Waste Land: Facsimile Edition (1974)
- Inventions of the March Hare: Poems 1909–1917 (1996)

Critical editions

- Collected Poems, 1909–1962 (1963), excerpt and text search
- Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats, Illustrated Edition (1982), excerpt and text search
- Selected Prose of T.S. Eliot, edited by Frank Kermode (1975), excerpt and text search
- The Waste Land (Norton Critical Editions), edited by Michael North (2000) excerpt and text search
- Selected Essays (1932); enlarged (1960)
- The Letters of T. S. Eliot, edited by Valerie Eliot and Hugh Haughton, Volume 1: 1898–1922 (1988, revised 2009)
- The Letters of T. S. Eliot, edited by Valerie Eliot and Hugh Haughton, Volume 2: 1923–1925 (2009)
- The Letters of T. S. Eliot, edited by Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden, Volume 3: 1926–1927 (2012)
- The Letters of T. S. Eliot, edited by Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden, Volume 4: 1928–1929 (2013)
- The Letters of T. S. Eliot, edited by Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden, Volume 5: 1930–1931 (2014)
- The Letters of T. S. Eliot, edited by Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden, Volume 6: 1932–1933 (2016)
- The Letters of T. S. Eliot, edited by Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden, Volume 7: 1934–1935 (2017)
- The Letters of T. S. Eliot, edited by Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden, Volume 8: 1936–1938 (2019)

1.4 LET US SUM UP

T.S. Eliot was conceived on September 26, 1888, in St. Louis, Missouri, U.S., and kicked the bucket on January 4, 1965, in London, England. He was an American-English artist, writer, abstract pundit, and manager, a pioneer of the Modernist development in verse in such functions as The Waste Land and Four Quartets. Eliot practiced a solid impact on Anglo-

American culture from the 1920s until late in the century. His tests in expression, style, and versification rejuvenated English verse, and in a progression of basic papers, he broke old orthodoxies and raised new ones. The production of the Four Quartets prompted his acknowledgment as the best living English artist and man of letters, and in 1948 he was additionally granted both the Order of Merit and the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Eliot's childhood

On September 26, 1888, Thomas Stearns Eliot was conceived in St. Louis, Missouri, an individual from the third era of a New England family that had come to St. Louis in 1834. Eliot's granddad, William Greenleaf Eliot, Unitarian priest and organizer of schools, a college, and philanthropies, was the family patriarch. While carrying on a convention of open assistance, the Eliots always remembered their New England ties. T. S. Eliot asserted that he was an offspring of both the Southwest and New England. In Massachusetts, he missed Missouri's dim waterway, cardinal fowls, and lavish vegetation. In Missouri, he missed the fir trees, tune sparrows, red rock shores, and blue ocean of Massachusetts.

Eliot family

Henry Ware Eliot, the dad of T. S. Eliot, turned into the executive of the leading body of a block organization and served the schools and philanthropies his dad had helped found, just as others. Further, he wedded a New Englander, Charlotte Champ. In the wake of having six youngsters, she concentrated all her vitality on instruction and lawful assurance for the youthful. She additionally composed a life story, some strict lyrics, and an emotional sonnet.

Eliot grew up inside the family's convention of administration to religion, network, and training. A long time later, he pronounced, "Missouri and the Mississippi have established a more profound connection on me than

any piece of the world." The Eliots spent summers on Cape Ann, Massachusetts.

Instruction of a writer

In St., Louis youthful Eliot got traditional training secretly and at Smith Academy, named Eliot Academy at first. He made and read the valedictory (something that includes a goodbye) lyric for his graduation in 1905. Following a year at Milton Academy in Massachusetts, he further went to Harvard University in 1906. Eliot was bashful and autonomous, and he established a decent connection as a supporter and supervisor of the Harvard Advocate. He finished his four year certification in liberal arts degree in three years.

Eliot's stay at Harvard to win an ace of expressions in reasoning (the investigation of information) was hindered by a year at the Sorbonne (The University of Paris) in Paris, France. He at that point came back to Harvard in 1911, yet in 1914 he went abroad again on a Harvard grant to examine in Germany. At the point when World War I (1914–18; a war battled between the German-drove Central Powers and the Allies: England, the United States, and France, among different countries) broke out, he moved to Merton College, Oxford. Ezra Pound (1885–1972), the youthful American artist, found Eliot at Oxford. They shared a promise to learning and verse. After Oxford, Eliot chose to remain in England and 1915, wedded Vivienne Haigh-Wood. He educated at Highgate Junior School for young men close to London (1915–1916) and afterward worked for Lloyd's Bank. While educating, he finished his exposition (composing on a subject that is required for a doctorate), Knowledge, and Experience in the Philosophy of F. H. Bradley. The proposition was acknowledged;however Eliot didn't come back to the United States to guard it and, in this manner, didn't get his doctorate.

Early verse

At the point when the United States entered World War I in 1917, Eliot attempted to join the U.S. Naval force yet got dismissed for physical reasons. That year his first volume of verse, Prufrock and Other Observations, showed up and very quickly turned into the concentration for dialog and discussion. Eliot's composing style addressed the disarray and terrible emotions that World War I had made in European and American social orders. It was best in the sonnet "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock."

Pundit and supervisor

Eliot filled in as scholarly manager of the Egoist, a women's activist (on the side of equity for ladies) magazine, from 1917 to 1919. The final pages of the Egoist were composed by a progression of youthful writer editors, and here, with the guide of Ezra Pound, the new verse and editorial were composed. Eliot was likewise composing mysterious (a work where no name is given to the maker) surveys for the London Times and distributing expositions. In 1919 two of his most compelling pieces showed up. "Convention and the Individual Talent" and "Hamlet and His Problems." Some of his initial basic articles were The Sacred Wood (1920), Homage to John Dryden (1924), Selected Essays: 1917 (1932), and The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism (1933).

1.5 KEY WORDS

Carbuncular: Resembling a boil

- **"that Shakespeherian Rag"**: Reference to "That Shakespearian Rag," a 1912 song by Gene Buck and Herman Ruby
- **Cannon Street Hotel**: A hotel in the financial district of London

1.6 QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Write a short note on Eliot's death

Mention T.S. Eliot's work.

Write a short note on T.S. Eliot's life.

1.7 SUGGESTED READINGS

1. Jewel Spears Brooker, Mastery and Escape: T.S. Eliot and the Dialectic of Modernism, University of Massachusetts Press, 1996, p. 172.
2. Jump up to:a b c d e f Bush, Ronald. "T. S. Eliot's Life and Career", in John AGarraty and Mark C. Carnes (eds), American National Biography. New York: Oxford University Press, 1999, via [1]
3. Sanna, Ellyn (2003). "Biography of T. S. Eliot". In Bloom, Harold (ed.). T.S. Eliot. Bloom's Biocritiques. Broomall: Chelsea House Publishing. pp. (3–44) 30.
4. Jump up to:a b c d e f g h i "Thomas Stearns Eliot", Encyclopædia Britannica, accessed 7 November 2009.
5. "The Nobel Prize in Literature 1948". Nobelprize.org. Nobel Media. Retrieved 26 April2013.

1.8 ANSWERS TO CHECK YOUR PROGRESS

1. Eliot died on 4 January 1965. (**answer for check your progress- 1 Q.1**)
2. Eliot won Nobel Prize in Literature in 1948. (**answer for check your progress- 1 Q.2**)
3. Eliot married Esmé Valerie Fletcher when he was 68 years old. (**answer for check your progress- 1 Q.3**)
4. Eliot's father's name was Henry Ware Eliot.(**answer for check your progress- 1 Q.4**)

UNIT 2. T.S. ELIOT – THE WASTE LAND - 2

STRUCTURE

2.0 Objectives

2.1 Introduction

2.2 Composition History

2.3 Themes

2.4 Style

2.5 Sources

2.6 Critical Analysis

2.7 Character Analysis

2.8 Let us Sum Up

2.9 Keywords

2.10 Questions for Reviews

2.11 Suggested Readings

2.12 Answers to Check your Progress

2.0 OBJECTIVES

Once you go through this unit, you should be able to learn about:

- the composition history, themes, styles, sources, critical analysis and character analysis of the "The Waste Land".

2.1 INTRODUCTION

The Waste Land is a ballad by T . Eliot,broadly viewed as one of the most significant sonnets of the twentieth century and a focal work of pioneer poetry. Published in 1922, the 434-line ballad originally showed up in the United Kingdom in the October issue of Eliot's The Criterion and in the United States in the November issue of The Dial. It was distributed in book structure in December 1922. Among its renowned expressions are "April is the cruelest month", "I will give you dread in a bunch of residue", and the mantra in the Sanskrit language "shantihshantih".

Eliot's sonnet freely pursues the legend of the Holy Grail and the Fisher King joined with vignettes of contemporary British society. Eliot utilizes numerous artistic and social references from the Western standard, Buddhism and the Hindu Upanishads. The lyric moves between voices of parody and prescience highlighting sudden and unannounced changes of speaker, area, and time and conjuring a huge and cacophonous scope of societies and written works.

The lyric's structure is isolated into five areas. The primary segment, "The Burial of the Dead," presents the different topics of disappointment and hopelessness. The second, "A Game of Chess," utilizes substituting portrayals, in which vignettes of a few characters address those topics experientially. "The Fire Sermon," the third area, offers a philosophical contemplation in connection to the symbolism of death and perspectives on discipline in juxtaposition affected by Augustine of Hippo and eastern religions. After a fourth segment, "Demise by Water," which incorporates a concise expressive request, the finishing fifth segment, "What the Thunder Said," closes with a picture of judgment.

2.2 COMPOSITION HISTORY

Writing

Eliot most likely took a shot at the content that turned into The Waste Land for quite a long while going before its first production in 1922. In a May 1921 letter to New York attorney and supporter of innovation John Quinn, Eliot composed that he had "a long sonnet as a primary concern and somewhat on paper which I am pie in the sky to finish".

Richard Aldington, in his journals, relates that "a year or somewhere in the vicinity" before Eliot read him the original copy draft of The Waste Land in London, Eliot visited him in the country. While strolling through a burial ground, they examined Thomas Gray's Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. Aldington expresses: "I was astonished to find that Eliot respected something so prominent, and afterward proceeded to state that if a contemporary writer, aware of his impediments as Grayobviously seemed to be, would focus every one of his endowments on one such sonnet he may accomplish a comparative success."

Eliot, having been determined to have some type of anxious issue, had been prescribed rest, and applied for a quarter of a year's leave from the bank where he was utilized; the explanation expressed on his staff card was "mental meltdown". He and his first spouse, Vivienne Haigh-Wood Eliot, ventured out to the waterfront resort of Margate, Kent, for a time of strengthening. While there, Eliot dealt with the ballad, and perhaps demonstrated an early form to Ezra Pound when the Eliots ventured out to Paris in November 1921 and remained with him. Eliot was on the way to Lausanne, Switzerland, for treatment by Doctor Roger Vittoz, who had been prescribed to him by Ottoline Morrell; Vivienne was to remain at a sanatorium simply outside Paris. In Hotel Site. Luce (where Hotel Elite stands since 1938) in Lausanne, Eliot created a 19-page adaptation of the poem. He came back from Lausanne toward the beginning of January 1922. Pound at that point made itemized article remarks and critical slices to the original copy. Eliot later devoted the ballad to Pound.

Original copy drafts

Eliot sent the original copy drafts of the sonnet to John Quinn in October 1922; they came to Quinn in New York in January 1923. Upon Quinn's passing in 1924 they were acquired by his sister Julia Anderson. A long time later, in the mid-1950s, Mrs Anderson's girl Mary Conroy found the records away. In 1958 she sold them secretly to the New York Public Library.

It was not until April 1968, three years after Eliot's passing, that the presence and whereabouts of the composition drafts were made known to Valerie Eliot, the artist's subsequent spouse and widow.In 1971 Faber and Faber distributed a "copy and transcript" of the first drafts, altered and clarified by Valerie Eliot. The full sonnet before the Pound article changes is contained in the copy.

Altering

The drafts of the ballad uncover that it initially contained twice as a lot of material as the last distributed rendition. The noteworthy slices are to a limited extent because of Ezra Pound's recommended changes, despite the fact that Eliot himself additionally evacuated enormous segments.

The now celebrated opening lines of the ballad—"April is the cruellest month, reproducing/Lilacs out of the dead land"— didn't initially show up until the highest point of the second page of the typescript. The principal page of the typescript contained 54 lines in the kind of road voice that we hear again toward the finish of the subsequent area, A Game of Chess. This page seems to have been daintily crossed out in pencil by Eliot himself.

Although there are a few indications of comparable alterations made by Eliot, and various critical remarks by Vivienne, the hugest article input is obviously that of Pound, who prescribed numerous slices to the ballad.

'The typist home at lunch time' area was initially in totally standard stanzas of poetic pattern, with a rhyme plan of abab—a similar frame as Gray's Elegy, which was in Eliot's musings around this time. Pound's note against this segment of the draft is "section not intriguing enough as stanza to warrant such a large amount of it". At last, the consistency of the four-line stanzas was surrendered.

Toward the start of 'The Fire Sermon' in one adaptation, there was a protracted area in chivalrous couplets, in impersonation of Alexander Pope's the Rape of the Lock. It portrayed one-woman Fresca (who showed up in the previous ballad "Gerontion"). Richard Ellmannsaid, "As opposed to making her latrine like Pope's Belinda, Fresca is going to it, similar to Joyce's Bloom." The lines perused:

Leaving the percolating drink to cool,
Fresca slips delicately to the needful stool,
Where the woeful story of Richardson
Facilitates her work till the deed is done ...

Ellmann notes: "Pound cautioned Eliot that since Pope had improved, and Joyce the poop, there was no reason for another round."

Pound likewise extracted some shorter sonnets that Eliot needed to embed between the five segments. One of these, that Eliot had entitled 'Requiem', starts

Full understand five your Bleistein lies
Under the flatfish and the squids.
Graves' illness in a dead Jew's eyes!
Where the crabs have eat the tops

In line with Eliot's significant other Vivienne, a line in the A Game of Chess segment was expelled from the sonnet: "And we will play a round of chess/The ivory men make organization between us/Pressing lidless eyes and hanging tight for a thump upon the entryway". This segment is obviously founded on their conjugal life, and she may have felt these lines excessively uncovering. In any case, the "ivory men" line may have implied something to Eliot: in 1960, thirteen years after Vivienne's passing, he embedded the line in a duplicate made available to be purchased to help the London Library, of which he was President at the time; it brought £2,800.[9] Rupert Hart-Davis had mentioned the first original copy for the bartering, yet Eliot had lost it sometime in the past (however it was found in America years after the fact).. The first lines are:

These are the poems of Eliot
By the Uranian Muse begot;
A Man their Mother was,
A Muse their Sire.
How did the printed Infancies result
From Nuptials thus doubly difficult?
If you must needs enquire
Know diligent Reader
That on each Occasion
Ezra performed the Caesarean Operation.

Publishing history

Before the altering had even started Eliot discovered a publisher. Horace Liveright of the New York distributing firm of Boni and Liveright was in Paris for various gatherings with Ezra Pound. At a supper on 3 January 1922 (see 1922 in verse), he made ideas for works by Pound, James Joyce (Ulysses) and Eliot. Eliot was to get a sovereignty of 15% for a book variant of the sonnet got ready for fall publication.

To expand his salary and contact a more extensive crowd, Eliot likewise looked for an arrangement with magazines. Being the London reporter for The Dial magazine and a school companion of its co-proprietor and co-

manager, Scofield Thayer, The Dial was a perfect decision. Despite the fact that The Dial offered $150 (£34)for the sonnet (25% more than its standard rate) Eliot was outraged that a year's work would be esteemed so low, particularly since another giver was found to have been given extraordinary remuneration for a short story. The arrangement with The Dial nearly failed to work out (different magazines considered were the Little Review and Vanity Fair), however with Pound's endeavors in the long run an arrangement was worked out where, notwithstanding the $150, Eliot would be granted The Dial's subsequent yearly prize for exceptional assistance to letters. The prize conveyed an honour of $2,000 (£450).

In New York in the pre-fall (with John Quinn, a legal advisor and artistic supporter, speaking to Eliot's inclinations) Boni and Liveright settled on a concurrence with The Dial enabling the magazine to be the first to distribute the sonnet in the US in the event that they consented to buy 350 duplicates of the book at markdown from Boni and Liveright. Boni and Liveright would utilize the exposure of the honour of The Dial's prize to Eliot to expand their underlying deals.

The sonnet was first distributed in the UK, without the creator's notes, in the primary issue (October 1922) of The Criterion, a scholarly magazine began and altered by Eliot. The primary appearance of the sonnet in the US was in the November 1922 issue of The Dial magazine (really distributed in late October). In December 1922, the lyric was published in the US in book structure by Boni and Liveright, the principal distribution to print the notes. In September 1923, the Hogarth Press, a private press run by Eliot's companions Leonard and Virginia Woolf, distributed the principal UK book release of The Waste Land in a version of around 450 duplicates, the sort handset by Virginia Woolf.

The distribution history of The Waste Land (just as different bits of Eliot's verse and writing) has been recorded by Donald Gallup.

Eliot, whose 1922 yearly pay at Lloyds Bank was £500 ($2,215) made roughly £630 ($2,800) with The Dial, Boni and Liveright, and Hogarth Press publications.

Title

Eliot initially considered entitling the ballad He do the Police in Different Voices. In the rendition of the sonnet Eliot brought once again from Switzerland, the initial two areas of the lyric—'The Burial of the Dead' and 'A Game of Chess'— showed up under this title. This peculiar expression is taken from Charles Dickens' epic Our Mutual Friend, where the widow Betty Higden says of her received foundling child Sloppy, "You mightn't think it, however Sloppy is a wonderful peruse of a paper. He do the Police in various voices." Some pundits utilize this working title to help the hypothesis that, while there are a wide range of voices (speakers) in the sonnet, there is just a single focal cognizance. What was lost by the dismissal of this title Eliot may have felt constrained to re-establish by remarking on the shared traits of his characters in his note about Tiresias, expressing that 'What Tiresias sees, truth be told, is the substance of the ballad.'

At last, the title Eliot picked was The Waste Land. In his first note to the lyric he ascribes the title to Jessie L. Weston's book on the Grail legend, From Ritual to Romance. The implication is to the injuring of the Fisher King and the subsequent sterility of his properties; to re-establish the King and make his territories ripe once more, the Grail questor must ask, "What afflicts you?" A lyric strikingly comparable in topic and language called "Squander Land," composed by Madison Cawein, was distributed in 1913 in Poetry.

The ballad's title is regularly erroneously given as "Squander Land" (as utilized by Weston) or "No man's land", excluding the unequivocal article. Notwithstanding, in a letter to Ezra Pound, Eliot respectfully demanded that the title was three words starting with "The".

Structure

The lyric is gone before by a Latin and Greek epigraph from The Satyricon of Petronius. In English, it peruses: "I witnesses for myself the Sibyl of Cumae hanging in a container, and when the young men stated, Sibyl, what do you need? she answered I need to kick the bucket."

Following the epigraph is a devotion (included a 1925 republication) that peruses "For Ezra Pound: ilmigliorfabbro". Here Eliot is both citing line 117 of Canto XXVI of Dante's Purgatorio, the second cantica of the

Divine Comedy, where Dante characterizes the troubadour Arnaut Daniel as "the best smith of the primary language", and furthermore Pound's title of part 2 of his The Spirit of Romance (1910) where he interpreted the expression as "the better craftsman".[24] This commitment was initially written in ink by Eliot in the 1922 Boni and Liveright version of the lyric exhibited to Pound; it was subsequently remembered for future releases.

The five parts of The Waste Land are entitled:

1. The Burial of the Dead
2. A Game of Chess
3. The Fire Sermon
4. Death by Water
5. What the Thunder Said

The text of the poem is followed by several pages of notes, purporting to explain his metaphors, references, and allusions. Some of these notes are helpful in interpreting the poem, but some are arguably even more puzzling, and many of the opaquest passages are left unannotated. The notes were added after Eliot's publisher requested something longer to justify printing The Waste Land in a separate book.Thirty years after publishing the poem with these notes, Eliot expressed his regret at "having sent so many enquirers off on a wild goose chase after Tarot cards and the Holy Grail".

There is some question as to whether Eliot originally intended *The Waste Land* to be a collection of individual poems (additional poems were supplied to Pound for his comments on including them) or to be considered one poem with five sections.

The structure of the poem is also meant to loosely follow the vegetation myth and Holy Grail folklore surrounding the Fisher King story as outlined by Jessie Weston in her book *From Ritual to Romance* (1920). Weston's book was so central to the structure of the poem that it was the first text that Eliot cited in his "Notes on the Waste Land".

Check your progress -1

1. What does the structure of the poem follow?

___

____

____

______

2. What are the five parts of “The Waste Land” by Eliot?

____

____

____

______

3. Where was “The Waste Land” first distributed”?

____

____

_____

2.3 THEMES

1. **Religion**

   For Eliot, one of the single greatest causes of Western civilization becoming "The Waste Land" is the fact that religion doesn't really have the influence it once did. In the old days, people didn't have to worry so much about questions like "Why am I here?" or "What's the meaning of life," because religion already had answers for these questions. In the modern world though, Eliot has seen a decline in the power of religion, and one of the side effects of this decline is that more and more people are feeling like they're in a funk or suffering from a full-blown spiritual crisis

2. **Memory and The Past**

   There's simply no escaping from the past in "The Waste Land," however Eliot's greatest analysis of present-day society is that it has escaped from the past. All through this lyric, you experience a ton of individual recollections; however, for Eliot, these aren't so significant as the "social memory" he's attempting to save in this sonnet.

   Numerous pundits have condemned Eliot for being "nostalgic," implying that he will in general fantasize about a wonderful past that presumably never existed. Without a doubt, if all you read are the extraordinary works of art of writing, at that point it will appear that everybody living in Rome was executing tigers with his exposed hands and drinking wine with the

divine beings. For Eliot, however, there's simply no inquiry that advanced society has built up a discouraging kind of social amnesia, and the decrease of this general public is straightforwardly associated with the way that individuals don't have a sufficient comprehension of their social history. So, you decide: would he say he is spot on or way off?

3. **Isolation**

Question: "Hey Eliot, what's so wrong with the modern world?"

Eliot's answer: "Everyone is way too selfish."

Question: "So what?"

Eliot's answer: "Well, haven't you ever wondered why you're so lonely? That's why."

In "The Waste Land," the great despair of modern existence doesn't just come from a sense of meaninglessness, but from a very deep loneliness. This loneliness, in turn, is something Eliot thinks we create for ourselves by constantly pursuing our own selfish interests. It's pretty simple: you can't spend your whole life trying to beat the people around you, then turn around and complain about being lonely. Modern existence, with its emphasis on individualism, is a breeding ground for isolation and loneliness, and the major problem with modern people is that they don't seem to realize that they're responsible for the isolation that's always eating at their souls.

Appearances

Simply put, there are some pretty unattractive characters walking around "The Waste Land." The worst of all might be the two-thousand-year-old Tiresias, with his "wrinkled dugs" (228); but the pimply-faced "young man carbuncular" (231) might give the prophet a run for his money in the Ugliest Eliot Character pageant. Eliot might talk a lot about sympathy and compassion, but he's more than willing to draw a direct relationship between moral and physical ugliness when it comes to stuff he doesn't like. Eliot focuses on people's appearances constantly throughout this poem, and always does so to convey his larger ideas about spiritual beauty and ugliness.

4. Sex

In "The Waste Land," the status of sex is pretty much a measuring stick for how morally demolished society is. On several occasions, when it comes time for Eliot to show how truly low, we've all fallen, he points toward sex—and not just sex, but the separation of sex from love. There's no getting around it; pop culture is totally obsessed with sex, and it tries to throw sex in our faces as much as it can. For Eliot, sex once had the potential to be a beautiful thing. But in modern times, this beauty (as with all forms of beauty) has been completely stripped of its significance, mostly because the act of sex no longer has anything to do with love. Call Eliot a little old-fashioned, but the guy's observations on sex pretty much still hold true for much of pop culture today.

2.4 STYLE

The style of the sonnet is set apart by the many references and citations from different writings (exemplary and darken; "highbrow" and "lowbrow") that Eliot peppered all through the lyric. Notwithstanding the many "highbrow" references and statements from writers like Baudelaire, Shakespeare, Ovid, and Homer, just as Wagner's libretti, Eliot likewise incorporated a few references to "lowbrow" classifications. A genuine case of this is Eliot's statement from the 1912 well known melody "The Shakespearian Rag" by lyricists Herman Ruby and Gene Buck. There were likewise various lowbrow references in the opening segment of Eliot's unique composition (when the ballad was entitled "He Do The Police in Different Voices"), yet they were expelled from the last draft after Eliot cut this unique opening section.

The style of the work partially becomes out of Eliot's enthusiasm for investigating the conceivable outcomes of emotional monolog. This intrigue goes back at any rate similarly as "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock". The Waste Land is certifiably not a solitary monolog like "Prufrock". Rather, it is comprised of a wide assortment of voices (here and there in monolog, discourse, or with multiple characters talking).

The Waste Land is remarkable for its apparently disconnected structure, demonstrative of the Modernist style of James Joyce's Ulysses (which

Eliot refered to as an impact and which he read that year that he was composing The Waste Land). In the Modernist style, Eliot hops starting with one voice or picture then onto the next without unmistakably depicting these movements for the peruser. He additionally incorporates phrases from different unknown dialects (Latin, Greek, Italian, German, French and Sanskrit), demonstrative of Pound's impact.

In 1936, E. M. Forster expounded on The Waste Land:

Release me directly to the core of the issue, hurl my poor little hand on the table, and state what I think The Waste Land is about. It is about the treating waters that showed up later than expected. It is a sonnet of repulsiveness. The earth is infertile, the ocean salt, the treating rainstorm broke past the point of no return. What's more, the ghastliness is exceptional to such an extent that the artist has a hindrance and can't state it transparently.

What are the roots that grasp, what branches develop?
Out of this stony waste? Child of man,
You can't state, or estimate, for you know as it were
A stack of broken pictures.

He can't state 'Avaunt!' to the frightfulness, or he would disintegrate into dust. Thusly, there are outworks and obscured rear entryways everywhere throughout the lyric—deterrents which are because of the idea of the focal feeling and are not to be charged to the peruse. The Waste Land is Mr. Eliot's most prominent accomplishment. It heightens the drawing-room feelings of the previous ballads, and it is the way to what is confounding in the exposition. In any case, on the off chance that I have its hang, it has nothing to do with the English custom in writing, or law or request, nor, aside from by chance, has the remainder of his work anything to do with them either. It is only an individual remark on the universe, as individual and as segregated as Shelley's Prometheus.

... Gerard Manly Hopkins is an a valid example—a writer as troublesome as Mr. Eliot, and undeniably progressively specific clerically, yet anyway turned his style and pietistic his feeling, there is constantly an indication to the layman to come in on the off chance that he can, and partake. Mr. Eliot doesn't need us in. He feels we will expand the fruitlessness. To state he isn't right would be careless, and to feel sorry for him would be the

tallness of impudence, however it seems legitimate to accentuate the genuine rather than the clear trouble of his work. He is troublesome on the grounds that he has seen something horrible, and (disparaging, I think, the general tolerability of his group of spectators) has declined to state so doubtlessly.

2.5 SOURCES

Sources from which Eliot quotes, or to which he alludes, include the works of Homer, Sophocles, Petronius, Virgil, Ovid,Saint Augustine of Hippo, Dante Alighieri, William Shakespeare, Edmund Spenser, Gérard de Nerval, Thomas Kyd, Geoffrey Chaucer, Thomas Middleton, John Webster, Joseph Conrad, John Milton, Andrew Marvell, Charles Baudelaire, Richard Wagner, Oliver Goldsmith, Hermann Hesse, Aldous Huxley, Paul Verlaine, Walt Whitman and Bram Stoker.

Eliot also makes extensive use of Scriptural writings including the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, the Hindu Brihadaranyaka Upanishad, and the Buddha's Fire Sermon, and of cultural and anthropological studies such as Sir James Frazer's The Golden Bough and Jessie Weston's From Ritual to Romance (particularly its study of the Wasteland motif in Celtic mythology). Eliot wrote in the original head note that "Not only the title, but the plan and a good deal of the incidental symbolism of the poem were suggested by Miss Jessie L Weston". The symbols Eliot employs, in addition to the Waste Land, include the Fisher King, the Tarot Deck, the Chapel perilous, and the Grail Quest.

2.6 CRITICAL ANALYSIS

Eliot's The Waste Land is a significant milestone throughout the entire existence of English verse and one of the most discussed sonnet of the twentieth century. It is long ballad of in excess of 400 lines in 5 sections entitled: 1) The internment of the Dead; 2) A Game of Chess; 3) The fire Sermon; 4) Death by Water; 5) What the Thunder Said.

The Waste Land draws quite a bit of its imagery and account system from the legendary story of the journey for the Holy Grail, the holy cup that Jesus Christ drank from at the Last Supper. The ballad is committed to Ezra Pound. It was composed during the harvest time of 1921, in Switzerland, where the artist was simply recouping after a genuine breakdown in wellbeing brought about by local stresses and over work. The sonnet shows a dreary and miserable image of the human issue in the twentieth century. Ina way it exhibits the "dissatisfaction of an age." The misery and surrender all expectations regarding the writer are reflected in this sonnet.

The Waste Land, a sonnet in five sections, was weighty in building up the type of the alleged vivid, or a divided present day ballad. These divided ballads are described by jostling bounces, in context, symbolism, setting, or subject. Notwithstanding this discontinuity of structure, The Waste Land is brought together by its subject of gloom. Its opening lines present the thoughts of life's definitive purposelessness notwithstanding fleeting flashes of expectation. The ballad proceeds to exhibit a grouping of short outlines following a person's confused quest for otherworldly harmony. It closes with acquiescence at the endless idea of the hunt. The lyric is loaded with artistic and fanciful references that draw on numerous societies and universalize the lyric's subjects. As indicated by legend, just the unadulterated of heart can accomplish the Grail. In the rendition of the Grail legend that Eliot draws on, a no man's land is anticipating a phenomenal recovery for itself and its bombing ruler, the Fisher King, gatekeeper of the Holy Grail. The Waste Land showed up in the repercussions of World War I (1914-1918), which was the most dangerous war in mankind's history to that point. Numerous individuals considered the to be as a prosecution of the after war European culture and as an outflow of bafflement with contemporary society, which Eliot accepted was socially desolate.

The topic of the lyric is the profound and passionate sterility of the cutting-edge world. Man has lost his energy, for example his confidence in God and religion; his energy to take part in religion and this rot of

confidence has brought about the loss of imperativeness, both otherworldly and enthusiastic. Therefore, the life in the advanced no man's land is an actual existence in-death, a living passing, similar to that of the Sibyl at Cumae. As indicated by Eliot's way of thinking, to the extent that we are individuals we should act and do either insidious or great, and it is smarter to do underhanded than to sit idle. Present day man has lost his feeling of good and abhorrence, and this shields him from being alive, from acting. In the cutting edge ruined and, there is a real existence in-death, an existence of complete inertia, laziness and unresponsiveness. That is the reason winter is welcome to them, and April is the cruelest months, for it helps them to remember the stirrings of life and, "They abhorrence to be animated from their demise throughout everyday life."

The lyric in this way exhibits "a dream of disintegration and profound dry season". This otherworldly and enthusiastic sterility of the inhabitants of The Waste Land emerges from the degeneration, vulgarization, and commercialization of sex. Eliot's investigation of the richness fantasies of various individuals had persuaded him that the sex - act is the wellspring of life and essentialness, when it is practiced for reproduction and when it is a declaration of adoration. In any case, when it is cut off from its essential capacity, and is practiced for passing delight or flashing advantage, it turns into a wellspring of degeneration and debasement. It at that point speaks to the power of the substance over the soul, and this outcome in profound rot and demise.

The title "A Game of Chess" proposes that sex has gotten a matter of interest, a matter of moves and counter-moves, a wellspring of fleeting joy, a shameful round of temptation and abuse of the guiltless. There is the chic culture lady who, in spite of all her grandeur and show, in spite of all the extravagance with which she is encompassed, is exhausted and insane as an outcome. Her affection, as well, experiences mental vacuity and can't keep up even little discussion.

Sex-relationship in the center is similarly mechanical. This is found in the mechanical relationship of the typist and the representative. The typist offers herself to the agent with the feeling of absolute lack of interest and indifference. There is neither repugnance nor any delight, and this nonappearance of feeling is a proportion of the sterility of the age. It is simply creature like sex. The melodies of three Thames girls obviously show that they have been explicitly abused, however they can fail to address it. They and their kin are excessively poor and too emotionless to even think about making any endeavors of the advancement of their parcel. Not just has intercourse been vulgarized and marketed there likewise won irregular sex-practices of different sorts. Subsequently Mr. Eugenides is a gay and Hotel Metropole is a hot bed of homosexuality, a relationship which is basically sterile. All Europe is igniting with desire and sexuality.

In any case, it is inappropriate to state that The Waste Land only portrays the frustration of the post-war age, and that it is a unimportant finding of the distemper of the advanced age with no arrangement or any expectation of salvation. It, almost certainly, manages the deplorability of the cutting edge age, however it additionally shows that catastrophe is at the core of life, all life, in all ages. The past and the present are extended, and it is subsequently indicated that what's going on in the present age did likewise occur before. Consequently, it will not be right to call the sonnet "a moan for the wonders of an evaporated past"; Eliot has not celebrated the past to the detriment of the present. Or maybe, he was uncovered, the looking like differentiations between the past and the present. Sexual sins, corruption of sex, have consistently prompted degeneration and rot. The sexual sins of the King Fisher and his warriors devastated his realm; and antiquated Thebes was ruined in light of the fact that its ruler was blameworthy of the wrongdoing of interbreeding. Sexual viciousness has consistently been there: Philomela was assaulted and her tongue was cut off with the goal that she may not uncover the wrongdoing. Reference to Elizabeth and Leicester in the melody of the girls of the Thames shows the sex-relationship in the past additionally has been similarly purposeless and pointless. In every one of these regards, the present looks like the

past. The main contrast is that before, enduring and atonement brought about profound recovery and come back to wellbeing: Philomela was changed into the winged creature of brilliant melody and King Fisher was relieved and his realm reclaimed.

Therefore, the lyric likewise makes guarantee and prescience. It proposes that recovery is conceivable, as it has consistently been conceivable, through torment and retribution. In the last area of the lyric, the thunder is now heard and the mists are there. Hence a guarantee is held out of the happening to the downpour of awesome elegance, just if man will apologize and do atonement as the King Fisher and the King Oedipus did. Eliot unites the knowledge of the East and the West and shows that profound recovery can come, if just we regard the voice of the thunder: Give, identify, and control.

It must be plainly comprehended that The Waste Land is a social archive of our occasions, a sonnet which illuminates the issues and perplexities of present day development. Eliot isn't fascinated of the brilliant past nor does he hurl a murmur for the disappeared wonder of the past. He isn't an idealist or a sentimentalist; he is a harsh pragmatist who laid his hand on the beat of the advanced man. He doesn't accept that all was delightful and superb. Simultaneously, Eliot isn't worrier as opposed to surrender it is trust that supports The Waste Land.

The subject of The Waste Land is basically the profound experience of man; it must be identified with its experience. In the realm of today, one can't disregard the social, common, business and specialized impulses of the advanced world. Eliot has alluded to the past so as to show the closeness of the issues of the two ages and how the experience of the past can help in discovering arrangements of the issues within recent memory.

Also, the past has another bit of leeway over the present. It demonstrated the boldness and essentialness of the human soul; it had the ability to do things both great and malice. Individuals at that point were not inactive, languid and exhausted. Somewhere else, Eliot composed that the quality

which recognizes mankind is its ability to do great or shrewdness. Energy and essentialness are the mystery of any human advancement or an extraordinary period ever. In the cutting-edge age, otherworldly loss of motion has surpassed man. This is because of our mainstream vote-based system, business interests and mechanical and innovative advancement which has disintegrated man's confidence in religion, virtues and individual improvement and accomplishment. Man might be an iota in this extraordinary universe, yet he is an extreme molecule, fit for yielding vitality and power. It is this inert power which should be found and used.

2.7 CHARACTER ANALYSIS

Speaker

The speaker is the main narrator who controls the perspective throughout, drawing readers' attention to the wasteland environment and making commentary—including sometimes obscure allusions to literature and philosophy—on what the main speaker or the other speakers see.

Understood as a separate "character," the speaker is the prominent narrator who highlights the key themes in the poem and introduces all of the other characters and speakers in the poem. However, the speaker is simultaneously difficult to distinguish from the other personae, not the least because the lines often do not explicitly identify who is speaking. For example, while Part 1 opens with an almost conventional perspective on the cruelty of April, it appears to introduce new speakers several times without any use of quotation marks or attribution. It is so difficult to distinguish "characters" in this poem, it could be argued that the speaker is *also* Madame Sosostris, Tiresias, the Fisher King, and so forth. Eliot himself hinted that several characters could be understood as one and the same.

Madame Sosostris

Madame Sosostris is a clairvoyant who has a pack of tarot cards that she displays for the speaker. Madame Sosostris is first introduced in Part 1.

Through her tarot cards, Madame Sosostris predicts many events and personages to come. For example, the "Phoenician Sailor" appears on one of the cards—and that character later appears in Part 4. The "Hanged Man," meanwhile, is *not* found among the cards Madame Sosostris lays out, but considering this tarot card refers to the ancient fertility rite of self-sacrifice, he figures prominently wherever those themes are featured, including references to Phlebas the Phoenician (the "drowned sailor"), the Fisher King, and the restoration of the wasteland.

Tiresias

A blind prophet who can foretell the future, Tiresias makes his first appearance in Part 3.

According to the ancient Greek poet Hesiod (c.700 BCE), Tiresias, who had spent seven years living as a woman, was asked to settle a bet for Zeus and Hera: who experienced more sexual pleasure—men or women? After answering that women did, Tiresias was instantly blinded by Hera, but given the gift of prophecy by Zeus. In a note to the poem, Eliot said that Tiresias was the most important figure in *The Waste Land* and that he united all the other characters. This means that Tiresias "throb[s] between two lives"—that of both men and women; he can therefore empathize with the women's plight in a way that other men cannot. Like Madame Sosostris, he has the power to foresee events, though he is powerless to stop them.

Woman sitting on a chair

The woman sitting on a chair is one of several key female figures in the poem who are ill or injured in some way. When the reader first meets this woman, she is described living in absolute luxury, surrounded by perfumes and artwork. However, she has a story to tell she has bad "nerves," gets no sympathy from her partner or lover, and is witness to physical and spiritual corruption in the figure of Lil, whom she speaks with in the pub in Part 2. However, she seems to show no sympathy for Lil, who suffers from some of the same problems as she.

2.8 LET US SUM UP

The Waste Land is the most acclaimed lyric of the twentieth century. At the point when it showed up toward the start of the 1920's it applied a quick and ground-breaking sway on the cognizance of the post-World War I age. It was gotten, similar to Joyce's Ulysses and Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises were to be a couple of years after the fact, as both the statement of the questions and vulnerabilities of an age and the disclosure of another system recorded as a hard copy.

The fervor over the sonnet was all around legitimized the splendid, unique method was there for all to see and for some to emulate. However not many peruses got themselves fit for giving an unmistakable record of the importance of the lyric. One early admirer reviews that he considered himself to be a similar circumstance as St. Augustine in the Confessions: "If nobody addresses me, I know; in the event that I need to clarify, I don't have the foggiest idea." Eliot himself was no assistance. He composed:

Different pundits have done me the respect to decipher the ballad as far as analysis of the contemporary world, have thought about it, surely, as a significant piece of social analysis. To me it was just the alleviation of an individual and entirely immaterial grouse against life; it is only a bit of rhythmical grumblings.

There is a trace of validity in the announcement. The Waste Land was composed during an era of incredible strain in Eliot's life when he was very nearly a mental meltdown from exhaust, conjugal issues, and absence of assets. However, the production in 1971, fifty years after the lyric previously showed up, of a copy of the primary draft of The Waste Land shows the extraordinary consideration Eliot took recorded as a hard copy and adjusting it, a face that recommends he thought it was something more than negligible grumblings.

Regardless, the more prominent number of Eliot's counterparts found in The Waste Land an analogy for otherworldly aridity, weariness, and demise wish all qualities of current man. Others deciphered it as a mission for the importance of life in the midst of the craziness of present day

living, or as a reflection of the condition of the human spirit after the passing of God, or as a declaration of the differentiation between man's longing for a full force of presence and the genuine dullness of everyday living. The latest elucidation of The Waste Land considers it to be a Buddhist sonnet on the awfulness of rebirth on the wheel of life.

After 50 years of insightful examination the lyric is as yet baffling. To the best personalities it stays a test, to understudies a trial, and to basic peruses a sphinx's conundrum. This is maybe, as on account of Hamlet, the purpose behind its interest. The undefinable significance is its reality. Conrad Aiken, a dear companion of Eliot and an early observer of the ballad, maybe summarized it best when he composed that the ambiguity of the lyric was a righteousness in light of the fact that the subject is confusion.

2.9 KEYWORDS

- **Carious:** decayed
- **Combinations:** undergarments
- **Damyata:** to control

2.10 QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- Write the theme of the “The Waste Land” by T.S. Eliot.
- Mention the styles of the “The Waste Land” by T.S. Eliot.
- Write the character analysis of the “The Waste Land” by T.S. Eliot.

Write the composition history of the “The Waste Land” by T.S. Eliot.

2.11 SUGGESTED READINGS

1. Low, Valentine (9 October 2009). "Out of the waste land: TS Eliot becomes nation's favourite poet". Timesonline. Retrieved 6 June 2011.
2. Bennett, Alan (12 July 2009). "Margate's shrine to Eliot's muse". The Guardian. Retrieved 1 September 2009.

Notes

3. Eliot 1988, p. 451
4. Aldington 1941, p. 261.
5. Eliot 1971 p. xxii

2.12 ANSWERS TO CHECK YOUR PROGRESS

1. The structure of the poem is also meant to loosely follow the vegetation myth. **(answer for check your progress- 1 Q.1)**

2. The five parts of The Waste Land are entitled:

1. The Burial of the Dead
2. A Game of Chess
3. The Fire Sermon
4. Death by Water
5. What the Thunder Said**(answer for check your progress- 1 Q.2)**

3. The Waste Land" was first distributed in the UK. **(answer for check your progress- 1 Q.3)**

UNIT 3.T.S. ELIOT – THE WASTE LAND - 3

STRUCTURE

3.0 Objective

3.1 Introduction

3.2 Summary

3.2.1 The Burial of the Dead

3.2.2 A Game of Chess

3.3 Let Us Sum Up

3.4 Keywords

3.5 Questions for Review

3.6 Suggested Readings and References

3.7 Answers to Check Your Progress

3.0 OBJECTIVES

After going through this unit, you should be able to learn about:

- The summary of Part I and Part II of "The Waste Land" by T.S.Eliot.

3.1 INTRODUCTION

"The Waste Land" has long been considered T. S. Eliot's masterpiece. In its five sections, he delves into themes of war, trauma, disillusionment, and death, illuminating the devastating aftereffects of World War I. The poem's final line, however, calls for peace with the repetition of "shantih" (the Sanskrit word for "peace").

- Part I opens with the famous line, "April is the cruelest month." The speaker, Marie, is a young woman who bears witness to the physical and emotional devastation caused by the war.

- Parts II describes the inside of a wealthy woman's bedroom and the garbage-filled waters of the Thames, respectively.

3.2 SUMMARY

3.2.1 The Burial of the Dead

Lines 1-4

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

- An unknown speaker claims that "April is the cruellest month," even though we might usually think of spring as a time of love (1). But if you're lonely, seeing flowers blooming and people kissing might make you even more depressed about your "Memory and desire" (3). The spring rain might normally bring new life, but for you it only stirs "Dull roots" (4).
- Also, you might want to note how Eliot really works the poetic technique of enjambment to carry each phrase over the line breaks with extra participles or -ing words (i.e., breeding, mixing, and stirring).
- These lines are also written in almost-perfect iambic meter, which is really supposed to give you a sense of stability in a poem. But Eliot's enjambment keeps making it unstable by making every thought seem unfinished.
- So right off the bat, he suggests that traditional forms of art might not bring the sense of closure and certainty they once did.

Lines 5-7

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

- The speaker says that instead of spring being the best time of year, "Winter kept us warm, covering / Earth in forgetful snow" (5-6). These lines show that when it comes to feeling bad, it's better to be forgetful and almost numb in your emotions, surviving on the little bits of joy in your life as if they were "dried tubers" from you potato cellar (7).
- Uplifting, yes?

- Also, the iambs of the first three lines have started to break down, although you're still getting those enjambed participle -ing words at the end of each line. Eliot is thematically showing you here that an unfinished thought has a way of infecting our sense of certainty and nibbling away at it like a termite.

Lines 8-12

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.
Bing gar keineRussin, stamm' ausLitauen, echtdeutsch.

- These lines talk about how "summer surprised us," meaning that the poem's speaker has a crowd they hung out with in the past, but we're not clear who "us" is. At this point, you suddenly realize that you're probably dealing with a dramatic monologue, meaning that the poem is being spoken by a specific character.
- This isn't Eliot, or some third person narrator yakking away. Think of the speaker as a character here.
- "[C]oming over the Starnbergersee" makes the location of the memory more specific, because Starnbergersee is the name of a lake that's just a couple miles south of Munich, Germany.
- The speaker then talks about how the group walked past a bunch of fancy columns and ended up in a city park in Munich known as the Hofgarten (10).
- They drank coffee and talked for an hour.
- Then you have strange line in German that says, "I am not Russian at all; I come from Lithuania, a true German" (12). Um, thanks for the info? What this line tells us is that the speaker was having a conversation about who counts as a "true" German, and suggests that a true German can come from the country of Lithuania, which has Germanic historical roots.
- See? This poem isn't so hard, right? Right…
- But rest assured that even if you can't read German, a perfect translation is less important than the fact that we readers are eavesdropping on a conversation.

- We're getting snippets of life in Europe in the early 20th century, and that notion's more important than what's actually being said in those snippets. Stay tuned for more.

Lines 13-18

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.

- These lines continue on with the speaker's memories of childhood. And hey—they're not so bad.
- You find out that the speaker is the cousin of an archduke, which means that he or she probably came from a pretty ritzy background. And they went on swanky vacays to boot.
- The archduke took the speaker out on a sled and told her not to be frightened. You find out at this point that the speaker's name is Marie.
- It turns out Eliot's actually alluding to a real, historical figure named Marie Louise Elizabeth Mendel, a Bavarian woman who was born into a family with royal roots, and became Countess Larisch when she was nineteen. She was also the cousin of Archduke Rudolph, the Crown Prince of Austria.
- It's not entirely clear why Eliot inserts Marie into the beginning of his poem, but there are a couple running theories.
- First, there was a widespread scandal in 1889 (Eliot would have been less than a year old) when the archduke was found dead with his mistress, leaving a gaping hole in the Austrian royal line of succession. Whoops. This story could set off the motif of dead royalty that Eliot uses in this poem to symbolize the collapse of traditional forms of government and the "rule of the mob" in the 20th century. Yikes. (More on that coming soon.)
- Also, the countess Marie also barely avoided being killed when a socialist workers' movement swept across Bavaria and encouraged the killing and imprisoning of anyone of Marie's high class. Once again, we've got notes

of the decline of traditional, high culture in a modern sea of stupid, violent, and worst of all, average people (cue Eliot's sneer).

- Either way, legend has it that Eliot and Marie once met, so maybe he's just using their brief encounter as poetic fodder, and nothing more.
- These lines close with Marie talking about how awesome and free you feel in the mountains, to which we say *obvi*.
- She ends on a weird note, though, telling you that she likes to read during the night and travels south in the winter, which makes her sound like a bookwormy goose. This could mean that now that she's old, she gets her enjoyment from books and doesn't go to the snowy mountains anymore, choosing instead to "go south in winter" (18) like an old fogey headed to Fort Lauderdale.

Lines 19-26

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),

- It's not Marie who's talking anymore, but someone else. These lines throw you three verses from the Bible, and they basically talk about how your soul is like soil without water, which is, yes, as awful as it sounds.
- The first allusion is in lines 19-20. It's based on Ezekiel, and it asks you what could possibly grow from your spirit, which is like "stony rubbish" (20). (Son of man, by the way, is a phrase commonly used in the Bible.)
- Lines 21-23 allude to Ecclesiastes, and they say that you probably don't know the answer to this last question, because all you really know about life is "a heap of broken images" (22), meaning that you live your life on a superficial level and don't bother to draw your thoughts together into any meaningful ideas.

- You (meaning whomever the speaker is speaking to) live in a world that is as hard on you as a beating sun, but your trees (meaning your ideas and your spirit) are dead, and they can't comfort you or give you shade.
- You're dying from spiritual thirst, and there is "no sound of water" (24). All you're going to get is a half-hearted comfort, like shadow under a "red rock" (25).
- Hmm. We're starting to get the feeling that Eliot's a bit of a negative Nelly. But we guess we saw that coming, what with the poem's title and all.
- The next line (alluding to Isaiah) invites you into this shadow, since it's the best you're going to get.
- These are the lines when that whole waste land concept really gets some juice. Eliot's speaker describes a desert, and it's just about as awful as deserts can get—no water, dead trees, red rock. Wherever we are, we're surrounded by stony rubbish, whether real or figurative, and our speaker is Not Happy.

Lines 27-30

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.

- These next three lines are totally creepy, because the speaker suddenly promises to "show you something different from either / Your shadow at morning striding behind you / Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you" (27-29). Well, what other shadows are there, buddy?
- Eliot's use of parallelism in lines 28 and 29 suggests a certain mirroring effect in the two shadows, which gives you a confused sense of traveling into two opposite directions at once.
- We like to think this was on purpose, since it enhances the sense of not knowing where you're going (in a symbolic sense) in the modern world. As in, "hey if no one's reading Homer anymore, what are we all doing here, anyway?" Fair question.
- But let's break this down even further. Your shadow is the trace that you're always leaving on this world, but it doesn't last long. At the end of

the day, time passes as each morning and night goes by, and when all's said and done, you're going to die just like everyone else. Bummer.

- And that's when the speaker drops this doozy on us: "I will show you fear in a handful of dust" (30). The reason dust is so scary is because that's exactly what you're going to turn into some day, but you should probably try not to think about it too much.
- Except that it's hard not to. Hey, nothing gets you wondering about the health of your soul more than knowing that you're going to die.

Lines 31-34

Frisch weht der Wind
Der Heimatzu
Mein Irisch Kind
Woweilest du?

- These lines are written in German and taken from Richard Wagner's opera *Tristan and Isolde*, which tells the story of two doomed lovers. They're spoken by a sailor who thinks sadly about a girl he's left behind in his travels, kind of like this guy.
- At this point, the poem takes on a tone of mourning for a love that was once great but is now kaput. (F.Y.I., you should probably get used to this idea of mourning, because you're in for a couple hundred more lines of it.)
- Another big reason for this tone of mourning is no doubt the fact that World War I had ended only four years before Eliot published "The Waste Land." The Great War was awful, blood mess, and during the four years that it lasted, over nine million soldiers were killed. Needless to say, it set off a huge sense of despair all across Europe, as people became convinced that the so-called "sophistication" of the Western world had come to a bitter end with young men shooting each other over political goals from which they were far removed.
- This sense of despair made artists realize that if there was going to be any way forward, they were going to have to radically rethink how they created art, and this is definitely part of what's informing Eliot's experimental style in this poem.

- From a formal sense, Eliot also really starts upping the ante on the fragmentary aspects of his poem at this point (hint: it's only going to get more fragmented).
- Throughout this poem, Eliot's always taking bits and pieces from the "high culture" that people in the Western world don't fully appreciate anymore and mixing them up with surprising images and other snippets.
- But Eliot is convinced that this culture, like it or not, used to provide a common point of reference for everybody, and now that it doesn't have the power to unite people anymore, daily experience seems more disconnected from any sense of meaning. That's why we only get those bits and pieces, instead of complete allusions.

Lines 35-42

"You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
They called me the hyacinth girl."
—Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,
Yours arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

Oed' und leer das Meer.

- It seems like a woman is speaking again in these lines, and she remembers a time when she was young and someone gave her nice hyacinth flowers, all romantic-like.
- Eliot uses the poetic technique of apostrophe here, meaning that the woman is addressing another person who doesn't seem to be present in the poem at this point.
- Or, more creepily, she might actually be talking to herself, which would suggest a deep sense of longing or mourning for something that's gone. And a little break with sanity, too.
- Somewhere in the woman's distant memory, something went really really wrong. She remembers how suddenly, without warning, her love went south, so to speak. She felt she "was neither / Living nor dead, and [she] knew nothing" (39). It's like her soul just up and died.

- These lines finish with another line in German from Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* opera, which translates as "Waste and empty is the sea." This basically means that the sea—which is supposed to bring your lover to you, when your lover's a sailor and all—is basically a big fat hole. No water? No sailor.
- The gist here? At some point in the speaker's life, there was a great love; but that time is gone, and her soul is now empty.

Lines 43-46

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,

- The speaker shifts again and tells you about a fortune-teller named Madame Sosostris, who "Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe" (45), even though she gets a "bad cold" like everyone else.
- Sosostris is a literary allusion to Madame Sesostris, a fortune-telling fraud from Aldous Huxley's novel *Crome Yellow*, a satire of high British culture which was published a year before "The Waste Land."
- This woman also has a "wicked pack of [tarot] cards" that she uses to tell fortunes. Tarot cards are special hand-held cards that people have been using to predict the future since the 1400's in Britain and elsewhere.
- In these lines, the speaker seems to be really critical of this woman's superstitious schemes (especially since he seems to think a mere cold would throw off her skills), but the speaker goes on to take some of the images in her tarot cards pretty seriously, as you'll see soon enough. And with all the crazy stuff that's going down in this poem, that's probably a good idea. You don't wanna mess with those tarot cards.

Lines 47-50

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.

Notes

- Sosostris pulls cards, and the first one shows "the drowned Phoenician Sailor" (47). The Phoenicians were a group of people from around 1,000 B.C.E. who really knew their way around a boat.
- The next line has Sosostris telling you that "Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!" (48). This line is taken from Shakespeare's The Tempest, and it describes how a person lying at the bottom of the sea for a long time has had his eyeballs turn into pearls.
- Eyes are windows into the soul, and if a person's eyes have hardened into pearls, it's a logical assumption that the soul is completely hardened and dead, too.
- The next card Sosostris pulls is "Belladona," meaning "Beautiful Lady" in Italian, but also referring to a type of poison called nightshade. Yeah, it's as scary as it sounds.
- Of course, the "Belladonna" is not actually a tarot card—Eliot's just pulling that out of…somewhere. Some folks think this is an allusion to Leonardo's famous painting, Madonna of the Rocks, which gives us a distinctly Christian way to read these lines. After all, in the Christian tradition, rocks symbolize the foundation that the Christian church provides for your life.
- So we get a weird combo of associations here—Christian faith and poison. Yikes. Maybe that's why the woman is called "the lady of situations": she can be either beautiful or dangerous, depending on what's going down. Kind of like swans: so pretty, but so very mean.
- That's the last time we let T.S. read our fortune.

Lines 51-55

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.

- More tarot cards.
- Next, Sosostris pulls you "the man with three staves" or three staffs, which is an actual card that represents famine and drought in the land, and

relates back to the "stony rubbish" that the poem compares your soul to in line 20 (yes, this poem can be a bit judgmental).

- Then there's "the Wheel," which represents the wheel of fortune or rotafortunae, a medieval symbol of how life and death keep going in an endless circle and how good and bad fortune often come to us for reasons we can't control.
- After this, Madame pulls "the one-eyed merchant" (another totally made up tarot card), and then finally, just when you're about tarot-ed out, there's one last card that shows someone carrying something on his back, but you can't see what it is.
- Sosostris says she does not find "The Hanged Man," which sounds like a good thing at first, but this card actually would've symbolized spiritual rebirth, as all you tarot buffs out there know. So, you lose again. Sorry.
- And as if that weren't bad enough, the lady tells you to fear death by water (hey, that's a familiar phrase). You might normally think this means drowning, but don't forget, you can also die by *lack* of water…like in a waste land.
- By the way, now that we're done with that tarot disaster it isgonna give you a little heads up: watch out for these tarot figures—the Phoenician sailor, the merchant, and even the Hanged Man—who'll show up later in the poem in some form or other (the Hanged Man will be the hardest to spot, but Eliot associates him with the hooded figure who appears at the beginning of "What the Thunder Said"). Eliot may be totally making these cards up, but in the world of the waste land, they've got all kinds of symbolic significance.

Lines 56-59

I see crowds of people, walking around 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.

- The worst tarot session in the history of tarot sessions may be over, but Sosostris is not done fortune-telling.
- Suddenly, she has a vision of people "walking around in a ring" (56), which could go back to the wheel of fortune image.

- Or, as the line suggests, these folks are walking around, either trapped inside a circle or circling around it. Either way, it sure doesn't sound like they have much direction.
- And finally, it could also refer to the circles of hell that make up Dante's Inferno, a classic of 14th-century Italian literature that describes every little detail of life in hell. This book no doubt inspired Eliot not only because of its subject matter, but because of the sheer detail that Dante uses to describe hell, thus giving his religious beliefs a complex, yet cohesive sense of order and stability. This kind of faith-based stability is exactly what the modern world lacks in Eliot's eyes. Plus, dude used it in his famous epigraph of "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock."
- After Sosostris has done her thing, she asks you to give a message to one of her other clients (Mrs. Equitone), saying that she'll deliver a horoscope herself to make sure it doesn't get stolen. Because at the end of the day, a fortune teller's gotta get paid like everyone else.

Lines 60-68

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.

- The speaker shifts again, this time to someone who's peering out over an "Unreal" or fake modern city whose "brown fog" suggests that it isn't the cleanest of places.
- The phrase "Unreal City" is actually a reference to Charles Baudelaire, a 19th-century French poet whose collection, *Fleurs du Mal* (1857), brought light to the unsavory sexual practices and indulgent lifestyles of the poet's time (just like Eliot does in "The Waste Land").
- The speaker remembers watching a crowd flowing over London Bridge like zombies, and says he "had not thought death had undone so many"

(63). Here, Eliot is definitely talking about the circles of hell in Dante's *Inferno* (he's basically quoting the poem here), and is comparing modern life to living in hell, you know, where all the dead people are.

- The people in this scene are sighing and staring (more *Inferno* allusions) only at the ground in front of their feet. They seem pretty unsatisfied with their undead lives. Maybe they should take a zombie self-actualization course at the local Zen center.
- The speaker mentions a landmark street in London, and notes how a church bell (of an actual church—St Mary Woolnoth) let out a "dead sound on the final stroke of nine" (68). There we go again, associating religion and death.
- In a formal sense, you should also notice how every now and then, Eliot will throw you a little rhyming couplet, like he does with "feet" and "Street" or "many" and "many" (nice one, T.S.). Again, these sudden bursts of classic, recognizable form help remind us of the overall sense of cultural fragmentation that Eliot is trying to convey in this poem.
- Or in other words, we still have reminders of the structured, orderly world that once existed in Europe (ah, yes, the bygone days of the heroic couplet), but reminders are all they are, since they've been shattered into pieces and scattered over the waste land of modern intellectual and emotional life. Phew.

Lines 69-76

There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Stetson!
You were with me in the ships at *Mylae*!
The 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!—monsemblable—mon frère!"

- "The Burial of the Dead" ends on a pretty gruesome note, in which the speaker claims that he saw someone he knew from an ancient war (named

Stetson) in the flowing zombie-crowd and asked him if the "corpse [he] planted last year in [his] garden" has begun to sprout" (72).

- Normally, we think of burying the dead in order to get them out of sight. But this speaker is so demented that he thinks planting a body in the ground is like planting a seed that's supposed to grow. The speaker then gives the Stetson man advice about keeping the dog and the frost away from where the corpse is planted.
- Um, what? Has this speaker gone nuts? Probably. But he's also alluding to John Webster's *The White Devil*, which contains the same lines as 74 and 75 above.
- His final words are from *Fleurs du Mal* by Charles Baudelaire, a poem published in 1857 that dealt with themes of modern eroticism and decadence, basically calling people out for many of the same things Eliot is in "The Waste Land." Sure, plot-wise, this is our latest speaker calling out his zombie buddy named Stetson, but you might also look at it as Eliot calling out the reader for being a lazy hypocrite.
- The speaker more or less admits that he's no better by calling you "*mon frère*" or "my brother" in French. So after reading all this stuff about how awful the world's gotten, you get to find out that the speaker of the poem personally blames you, himself, and pretty much everybody for what's happened.

3.2.2 A Game of Chess

Lines 77-84

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 the sevenbranched candelabra
Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,

- "A Game of Chess" opens with a description of a woman sitting inside a really expensive room. The "burnished throne" in line 77 is a reference to

Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, which heightens the queen-like sense of the room the speaker is describing to you.

- Line 78 mentions marble, line 79 gives us "fruited vines," line 80 describes a Cupidon (or one of those little cherub guys), and 82 talks about "sevenbranched candelabra," or a candle holder with seven holes to fit candles. Finally, the mention of "the glitter of her jewels" (84) fills out this description of luxury that seems like it could come out of an ancient Greek play. This lady's living the life. We'll see how long that lasts.
- Also, Eliot chooses to open this section of the poem with unrhymed iambic pentameter, or blank verse, which is a pretty classic, common meter in English poetry—recognizable enough to seem stable and easy to follow.
- It's only later in "A Game of Chess" that this fragile sense of order starts to break down. Which makes sense, because society's undergoing a bit of cultural and spiritual breakdown in the modern world. Or at least that's Eliot's take.

Lines 85-93

From satin cases poured in rich profusion.
In vials of ivory and coloured glass
Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,
Unguent, powdered or liquid—troubled, confused
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
That freshened from the window, these ascended
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,
Flung their smoke into the laquearia,
Stirring a pattern on the coffered ceiling.

- These lines continue the description of the lavish room, telling us that stinky perfumes are oozing from vials and up to the ceiling (laquearia refers to a fancy, paneled ceiling. Yeah, we watch HGTV).
- We don't know about you, but we're starting to notice that everything sounds kind of fake and tawdry, too: "In vials of ivory and coloured glass / Unstoppered, lurked their strange synthetic perfumes, / Unguent, powdered, or liquid" (86-88).

- Yeah, we don't like the word unguent, either. But it's the word "synthetic" that especially seems to point to the unnaturalness of modern chemicals and even modern beauty.
- When the speaker suggests that the smell of these things "drowned the sense of odours" (89), it could mean that modern products are just too much sometimes, too overwhelming. You know what we're talking about: haven't you ever been stuck in an elevator with a dude who's wearing too much cologne?

Lines 94-96

Huge sea-wood fed with copper
Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone,
In which sad light a carvèd dolphin swam.

- The speaker follows the smoke from the candles to the room's ceiling, and find that it is made of "sea-wood fed with copper" (94), which makes it burn green and orange. As weird as it sounds, in the wayback days, a lot of ceilings were copper, so the image isn't all that strange.
- The speaker finds that in the room's "sad light a carvèd dolphin swam" (96). This line really shows how the room has taken the image of something natural and vibrant—a dolphin—and turned it into a dead carving. It's like the room *wants* to remind everyone of nature (it's trying really hard!), but it can only do this in a superficial way, *not,* ahem, *unlike the modern world*.

Lines 97-103

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.

- These lines describe some sort of painting or tapestry that's on the wall of the lavish room, which depicts the transformation of the mythical heroine Philomela into a nightingale, which takes place in a "sylvan scene." That

phrase is an allusion to John Milton's Paradise Lost, where he uses the phrase in Book IV, line 140.

- The transformation of whom into what? Here's the scoop:
- The myth of Philomela, which is featured in the poetic Metamorphoses written by the Roman named Ovid (just one name, kind of like Cher) around the time of Christ, tells the story of Philomela, who was raped by her sister's husband, King Tereus. He then cut out her tongue so she wouldn't tell on him (yes, those ancient Greeks and Romans loved their gruesome stories).
- As the story goes, Philomela managed to tell her sister the truth by weaving her story into a tapestry. Then the two of them iced Tereus' son and fed the boy to Tereus without the king knowing. After Tereus found out, Philomela escaped by transforming into a nightingale, which is a handy trick when you're in a bind.
- As these lines suggest, we can still hear Philomela's voice in the songs of nightingales, but because we don't study classical stories anymore, this song just sounds like "'Jug Jug' to dirty ears" (103), a.k.a. uneducated ones.

Lines 104-110

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.

- When the poem speaks about "other withered stumps of time" (104), it's probably talking about the withered stump that was left after Tereus cut out Philomela's tongue. Much like Philomela, modern people don't know how to truly express themselves in beautiful ways, so we're all dumbly silent in our own way.
- Or you might read it saying that these tapestries are like fragments, or "withered stumps" from the past that are "told upon the walls."

- Whatever the case, the figures in these tapestries are leering at the lady sitting on her throne. They're surrounding her. Eliot uses personification in these lines to describe how from all around the tapestry on the wall, other objects and carvings "Lea[n] out," meaning that other stories and artifacts from our past are just dying to be heard. Too bad we don't have the classic education to hear or understand them.
- The scene concludes with an image of the woman of the room brushing her hair into "fiery points," which seem to have something to say. They "glowed into words" after all. But then they're still, so whatever story they had to tell, we're not going to hear it, because someone's coming on the stairs.

Lines 111-114

"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."

- Hush up, the lady's talkin'. She is clearly not happy in this room. In fact, she kind of sounds like a neurotic crazy lady as she frantically questions whomever she's speaking to.
- Formally, here's where the structured iambics of "A Game of Chess" really start to go off the rails, which makes sense. It's not a stretch to say that this kind of neurotic behavior is way more common in modern times than it was in the past, as far as Eliot's concerned, and that neurotic behavior is reflected in the off-kilter meter of these lines.
- In a formal way, you can even say the structure of the poem experiences a breakdown the same way the character speaking seems to have a mental breakdown. Without tradition to help us structure our lives in meaningful ways, there's nothing to save us from mental and emotional collapse, which seems to be happening to the speaker in this instance.

Lines 115-116

I think we are in rats' alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.

- When the speaker suddenly says, "I think we are in rats' alley," he might be referring to one of the awful trenches that soldiers lived in during World War I.
- Military companies would often give morbid nicknames to these trenches, and this would explain why this is a place where "the dead men lost their bones."
- Whether the military reference holds up or not, though, we can tell that rats' alley is probably a very unpleasant place, and it continues the rat motif that symbolizes modern decay throughout this poem. Look for it later, in line 195.

Lines 117-123

"What is that noise?"
The wind under the door.
"What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?"
Nothing again nothing.
"DoYou know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do yourememberNothing?"

- These lines give us snippets of a conversation. And it's kind of a crappy one.
- Lines 117-120 show someone being really paranoid about he sound of wind coming through a doorway (which include another allusion to John Webster. This time, Eliot's referencing The Devil's Law Case, which contains the line "Is the wind in that door still?").
- Hey, it's just wind, buddy. We're thinking this is a return to the really stressed out neurotic person we were just hearing from in lines 111-114.
- Luckily, we've got the speaker of the poem to reassure this person. And when the speaker of the poem insists that it is "nothing again nothing," that line jumps out as being Very Important to Shmoop. The repetition of the word "nothing" might hint toward the overall *nothingness* of modern life with all its shallowness.
- This is followed by another set of anxious questions about whether or not the speaker of the poem actually *knows* nothing.
- As you can see with the placement of "Do" way inside the margin, the structure of the poem continues to get more wonky as it reflects the collapsing mind of the person speaking.

Lines 124-126

I rememberthose are pearls that were his eyes.

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

- These lines again ask you if you know nothing, but they also splice in that line from The Tempest about a drowned person's eyes turning into pearls.
- Remember that from earlier in the poem—the Madame Sosostris exchange?
- Eliot would really hope his audience would get a famous Shakespeare reference like this, but many people might not have, which kind of proves his point about the whole modern-society-blows thing.
- This image of a hardened, dead soul leads back into the question of whether you (the reader) are even alive or not. This poem constantly brings up zombie-like images of the undead as a metaphor for modern life. For Eliot, our society has gotten so spiritually numb that we can't even really say if we're alive or dead anymore. Our eyes are too glazed and pearly from watching all those episodes of Love in the Wild.
- It's also worth noting that these lines are a callback to lines 37 and 48 of this very poem—remember the pearls-for-eyes sailor? And that existential crisis in the hyacinth garden? Yep, it's all going down all over again.

Lines 127-134

But O OOO that Shakespearean 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?"

- After all the complaining the speaker has just done about how terrible the modern world and modern people are, the poem cuts in with a "But," which makes you think that we're about to hear something redeeming about ourselves.
- Not so fast. Instead of giving us this, though, the poem launches into a riff on a popular Irving Berlin song from Eliot's time. The song was called

"That Mysterious Rag," only the speaker refers to "that Shakespearean Rag," perhaps alluding to his mention of The Tempest two lines above.

- In any case, the speaker sounds more than a little pretentious calling the song/play "elegant" and "intelligent." Yes, very astute. Anything else to add, Sherlock?
- This is followed by a repetition of the question "What shall I do?" or "What shall we do?" When this leads to the question, "What shall we ever do?" you get a strong sense that the people in this poem really don't know what to do with their time, since they don't even know what activities are worthwhile or meaningful.
- This section could also refer to the loss of religion and spirituality in modern life, which leaves people speechless when it comes to figuring out what to do with their lives.

Lines 135-138

The hot water at ten.
And if it rains, a closed car at four.
And we shall play a game of chess,
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

- What shall we do? How about hot water at ten, a closed car, and a game of chess?
- These lines speak about how people wish to kill time in their lives, staying up all night and playing a game of chess. In this sense, maybe Eliot means that without spirituality, modern life is just a long game we play with ourselves, always competing, setting goals, and strategizing simply for the sake of "playing the game."
- Also, the "game of chess" here is an allusion to the English playwright Thomas Middleton, who wrote a play called A Game at Chess. He also wrote another play called Women Beware Women, in which a game of chess represents all of the moves a man makes while cornering and seducing woman, which will come up later in "The Waste Land" in the story of the "young man carbuncular." Stay tuned.
- This whole time, though, the speaker is "pressing lidless eyes," which suggests a lack of sleep, and "waiting for a knock upon the door" (138), which could mean that he's waiting for something or someone to walk

into his life and give it meaning. In this sense, modern life just seems like a long wait for something that never seems to come.

- Formally speaking, this is also the last little bit of ordered rhyme ("four" and "door") that you get before the structure of the poem totally collapses into the conversation at a pub. This could represent a last gasp of sorts of classic culture before it totally gives way to filthy barroom shenanigans. Or something.

Lines 139-149

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.

- These lines (and the rest of "A Game of Chess") focus on one woman telling a story of a conversation she had to an audience of acquaintances at a bar.
- One woman is explaining how she told her friend to make herself look good because her (the friend's) husband was coming back from the war. Instead of saying, "go get yourself a nice dress," though, this woman tells her friend to get all of her gross teeth pulled out and to buy herself a new set.
- She then tells her friend the ugly truth: her teeth look totally disgusting. She caps off this amazing demonstration of friendship by saying that if the friend doesn't get herself together, some other woman's going to swoop in and catch her husband's eye. Wow, some friend.
- The phrase "HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME" is a standard thing for bartenders to say in the U.K. when the bar is closing for the night, and Eliot uses this phrase as a refrain to punctuate and interrupt the woman's

rehashing of her conversation. It's a creepy refrain, adding a sense of urgency and desperation that this woman doesn't seem to feel.

Lines 150-157

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.)

- We're still in this recap of the totally awkward conversation the speaker at the pub had with her friend Lil.
- At this point, the friend named Lil finally takes a shot of her own and accuses the first woman of wanting to sleep with her (Lil's) husband. This is what is means when she says "Then I'll know who to thank" and gives her friend "a straight look" (151).
- The first woman basically says "Fine, but don't say I didn't warn you," when the poem reads "But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling" (155).
- Finally, the first woman tells her friend that she should feel ashamed to look so old at thirty-one.
- We recommend that you don't try talking to your own friends this way.

Lines 158-164

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 alright, but I've never been the same
You are a proper fool, I said.
Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,
What you get married for if you don't want children?

- Lil says that she "can't help it," meaning that she can't help looking so old. She's been really messed up by the pills she took "to bring it off" (159).

The phrase "bring it off" in this case means aborting a baby. Basically, any pill from the 1920's that could make you abort your baby was going to have a pretty strong chemical reaction in your body.

- The first woman mentions at this point that Lil has had five babies already, and nearly died during one of her pregnancies. Lil then talks about how the pharmacist said the drug was okay, but she complains that she's "never been the same" since taking the abortion pill.
- The first woman doesn't relent at all, but just keeps hammering away and calling Lil a fool. It seems like Lil is not all that interested in having sex, but the first woman says, "What you get married for if you don't want children?" In other words, Lil is trapped in her crummy life.
- In this scene, Eliot is really giving us a snapshot of how crappy things have gotten in English society. This is the type of conversation he might have overheard while living in England, and it reflects the theme of infertility that comes up over and over again in this poem.
- Just as the symbolic landscape of the world can no longer give life, you've got lower class women half-killing themselves to abort their babies.

Lines 165-172

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
Goodnight Bill. Goodnight Lou. Goodnight May. Goodnight.
Ta ta. Goodnight. Goodnight.
Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

- That refrain is gaining strength as the woman in the bar wraps up her story. But she's not done.
- In these lines, the subject of the women's conversation completely changes to normal everyday stuff, like visiting someone's house and having a really nice ham or "hot gammon" (167). But that story will have to be finished another day, because the barkeep is practically yelling now. The scene ends with everyone saying goodnight to one another as though

they're all very pleasant and polite. And we finally get to learn who these folks in the bar are: Bill, Lou, and May.

- The phrasing of "good night, sweet ladies" seems especially inappropriate, considering the type of conversation we just overheard, but hey, what's a little inappropriateness between friends?
- This final repetition of "good night" is also a reference to Ophelia, the young woman who drowns herself in Shakespeare's Hamlet.
- But you already knew that, right. Eliot definitely hopes so.

Check your progress – 1

1. How many sections does “The Waste Land” has??

___

___

___

2. What does the poem “The Waste Land’s” final line call for?

___

___

3.3 LET US SUM UP

In this unit we went through the summaries of Part 1 (The Burial of Dead) and Part 2 (A Game of Chess) of The Waste Land by T.S. Eliot.

3.4 KEYWORDS

- **Datta:**to give
- **Dayadvham**: to sympathize

Demobbed: released from the army

3.5 QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- Write the summary of lines 135 to 138 of “The Waste Land” by T.S. Eliot.
- Summarize the lines 158 to 164 of “The Waste Land” by T.S. Eliot.

Give a summary of lines 8 to 12 of “The Waste Land” by T.S. Eliot.

3.6 SUGGESTED READINGS

1. For an account of the poem's publication and the politics involved see Lawrenre Rainey's "The Price of Modernism: Publishing The Waste Land". The latest (and cited) version can be found in: Rainey 2005 pp. 71–101. Other versions can be found in: Bush 1991 pp. 91–111 and Eliot 2001 pp. 89–111
2. ^ Unskilled labour worth $2,800 in 1922 would cost about $125,300 in 2006.[20]
3. ^ Eliot discussing his notes: "[W]when it came time to print The Waste Land as a little book—for the poem on its first appearance in The Dial and in The Criterion had no notes whatever—it was discovered that the poem was inconveniently short, so I set to work to expand the notes, in order to provide a few more pages of printed matter, with the result that they became the remarkable exposition of bogus scholarship that is still on view to-day."[26]
4. ^ This headnote can be found in most critical editions that include Eliot's own notes.

3.7 ANSWERS TO CHECK YOUR PROGRESS

1. “The Waste Land”has five sections. (**answer for check your progress- 1 Q.1**)

2. The poem “The Waste Land's” final linecalls for peace with the repetition of "shantih".(**answer for check your progress- 1 Q.2**)

UNIT 4. T.S. ELIOT – THE WASTE LAND - 4

STRUCTURE

4.0 Objectives

4.1 Introduction

4.2 Summary

4.2.1 The Fire Sermon

4.2.2 Death by Water

4.2.3 What the Thunder

4.3 Let us sum up

4.4 Keywords

4.5 Questions for review

4.6 Suggested readings and writings

4.7Answers to check your progress

4.0 OBJECTIVES

After the completion of this unit you should be able to learn about:

- about the summary of Part III, Part IV and Part V of “The Waste Land” by T.S. Eliot.

4.1 INTRODUCTION

Part III of "The Waste Land” describes the inside of a wealthy woman's bedroom and the garbage-filled waters of the Thames, respectively. Part IV eulogizes a drowned man named Phlebas.

In the fifth and final part of the poem, the speaker "translates" the thunderclaps cracking over an Indian jungle. The poem ends with the repetition of the Sanskrit word for peace: "Shantihshantihshantih."

4.2 SUMMARY

4.2.1 The Fire Sermon

Lines 173-175

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.

- In these lines, Eliot vividly paints a picture of someone sitting on the bank of the famous Thames River in London. Leaves have fallen and have "s[u]nk into the wet bank" (174). That's what he's referring to the river's tent's being broken. There are no longer any leaves overhead, acting as a canopy.
- The overall tone, as you might expect, continues to be pretty dreary. But there's a lot of wetness in this scene, compared to the dryness and drought-like quality of earlier sections with all those shadows and red rock.
- The most significant part of these lines comes with the phrase, "The wind / Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed" (175). The nymphs he's talking about are probably the Naiads, or nymphs of the river, according to Greek mythology. This line tells us that the magic is now gone from what used to be a very magical place, a place that inspired poets to write about love and beauty.
- Now, you've just got an empty wind in an empty place.

lines 176-181

Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer night. The nymphs are departed.
And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;
Departed, have left no addresses.

- Allusion alert. The line "Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song" is a line from a poem called "Prothalamion" by Edmund Spenser (1552-1599) that celebrates marriage along the Thames.

- Eliot is suggesting to us, though, that Spenser's Thames was very different than the one of Eliot's time, which is polluted with "empty bottles, sandwich papers, / Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends" (177-178).
- Yeah, we know: Eliot says, "the river bears ***no*** [litter]" (emphasis added), but that's actually a sarcastic remark, meaning that all the litter *is* there now, but wasn't in Spenser's time. That Eliot's a confusing guy.
- But he's not so confusing that he's writing a poem called "The Waste Land" about a river that's...clean.
- The people who've left this stuff behind aren't just the riff-raff, either, but are probably the "heirs of city directors" (180), meaning that even people of privilege have turned to slobs in the 20th century.
- And along with the litter replacing the scenic riverbank, the nymphs have been replaced by these city directors, who sound way less awesome, seeing as how they make the river all polluted and gross.
- Welcome to the Modern World, everyone. Wear close-toed shoes, please.

Lines 182-186

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 bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

- Eliot's speaker claims, "By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept…" (182), which might hint at the weeping that the Hebrews did when they stopped by the rivers of Babylon and remembered Zion, the homeland they were exiled from. Check out Psalm 137 for more.
- But Lac Léman, or Lake Geneva, is also a very important lake western Switzerland, so Eliot could be alluding to that as well, although we don't know what anyone in Switzerland has to weep about. They've got great chocolate.
- If you want to go the more general route, this line could also just be the speaker of this poem being really depressed about the world. The use of ellipsis (…) at the end of this line also contributes to the overall lack of

closure that you get throughout. The speaker is trailing off, unsure of where he's going.

- After this, you get the line from the Spenser poem repeated twice, followed by a sudden mention of "But at my back in a cold blast I hear / The rattle of bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear" (185-186).
- There's something super creepy about these lines, as though some violent person is standing right behind the speaker, ready to do something awful, and enjoy it. Yikes.
- And there's also something eerily familiar…but we'll get to that in just a bit.

Lines 187-192

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.

- A disgusting, slimy rat crawls into the Thames while the speaker is fishing and thinking about "the king my brother's wreck" (191).
- While the rat provides the pitch-perfect image for the decay that's going on in society in Eliot's time, we're more interested in this wreck.
- It turns out that this line refers to an early scene from Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, in which the magician Prospero summons an insane storm to wreck his brother's ship. Prospero takes revenge because his jealous brother marooned him on an island twelve years earlier so that he (the brother) could be king.
- This reference conveys the sense of being stranded, just as Eliot feels stranded and without hope in the modern world.

Lines 193-195

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.

- The "White bodies naked on the low damp ground" (193) could refer to the people killed by Prospero's storm, or actual dead bodies lying along the bank of the Thames.
- Then you hear about the bones that are scattered in a "low, dry garret" somewhere, a garret being a little attic.
- These bones mostly just gather dust, and are disturbed by "the rat's foot only, year to year" (195). So in case you haven't gotten the point yet, Eliot really wants you to know that the Thames and London is no longer the awesome beautiful place that some poets have made it out to be. Now it's got litter *and* dead bodies. Lovely.

Lines 196-202

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 cesvoixd'enfants, chantantdans la coupole!

- Allusions abound! Let's break 'em down.
- The speaker says that sometimes, he hears the sound of horns and motors, which will bring someone named Sweeney to someone named Mrs. Porter in the spring.
- These lines pretty directly allude to a play called *Parliament of Bees* by John Day. The lines in the play describe Actaeon stumbling upon Diana bathing in the woods, drawn there by a noise of horns and hunting. Only here, Sweeney is figured as a modern-day Actaeon, and instead of Diana, we get Mrs Porter, who's bathing in soda water, rather than, you know, a lovely river.
- But the phrasing here is also a nod to a *very* famous poem, "To His Coy Mistress" by Andrew Marvell, which has a line in it that goes, "But at my back I always hear / Time's wingèd chariot hurrying hear." Plus, it's an echo of line 195.

- Sweeney is a not-so-likeable character from an earlier Eliot poem called "Sweeney Among the Nightingales," and Mrs. Porter is from a popular song that was sung by Australian troops during World War I.
- Lines 199-201 are taken from this song, and once again they show a sort of mediocre stupidity that keeps ruining or drowning out the things in the world that are truly great.
- More than any other section of the poem, "The Fire Sermon" includes bits of popular songs to showcase how low culture has sunken, just like leaves into the filthy banks of the Thames.
- Line 202 is written in French, and translates as "And O those children's voices singing in the dome!" This comes from a work by French poet Paul Verlaine about a knight named Parsifal, who has to resist all sorts of sexual temptations so he can drink from the Holy Grail. This line might ironically symbolize the fact that modern people always give in to temptation; they have no resistance or dignity, and this is one of the reasons the world's been ruined.

Lines 203-206

Twit twittwit
Jug jugjugjugjugjug
So rudely forc'd
Tereu

- These lines go back to the story of Philomela, which Eliot alluded to way back in lines 99-103.
- That brings us back to the idea of sex as something horrible and violent, as you can see with the repetition of "so rudely forced" (205).
- And Philomela's nightingale song continues as well, with a few new notes, too—"twit." To be fair, the "twit" sounds might also refer to the moronic twits who populate the modern world. Or maybe that's just Shmoop's take.
- In any case, it's clear that the modern world, with its crappy, polluted rivers, is no place for a beautiful song. So instead of the high notes, we get ugly the ugly onomatopoeias of "twit" and "jug."
- Formally, this sudden fragment also has the effect of refrain, because it's a phrase that Eliot returns to so he can remind us of the fact that beauty

might still be around us, but we're unable to see or hear it (i.e., just as we don't realize that the nightingale's song is actually Philomela trying to be heard).

Lines 207-214

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*.

- We return to the idea of the phony, superficial "Unreal city," which is covered by a filthy "brown fog of a winter noon" (208).
- We hear a story about some merchant (remember the merchant from the tarot deck?) from Smyrna (a port city in modern-day Turkey, now known as Izmir) who is "Unshaven" and keeps a bunch of dried fruit in his pockets. Guess he's a snacker.
- This man asks the speaker in terrible "demotic French" if the speaker would like to join him for lunch at the Cannon Street Hotel / Followed by a weekend at the Metropole" (213-214).
- These two places were notorious in Eliot's time for being secret meeting places where men would hook up with one another sexually. In all likelihood, the puritan Eliot found this kind of sex request disgusting, and is using it here as yet one more sign of how awful Western culture has gotten. There's also a strong hint of racism in the representation of this guy from Turkey.
- Needless to say, we're not meant to look too kindly on this guy.

Lines 215-217

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

- These lines set up the coming scene with the blind prophet Tiresias by talking about the hour when people look up from their desks and are just "throbbing" to get home from work.
- In this instance, you really get a sense of what beautiful poetry Eliot can write. He uses cadence here to help this image flow off the page, rather than relying on more obvious tactics like alliteration or meter.

Lines 218-221

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,

- Enter Tiresias, a prophet from Greek myth whom Eliot calls in his notes "the most important personage in the poem, uniting all the rest."
- As the story (which you can find in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*) goes, Tiresias was walking along one day, and after he saw two snakes having sex in his path, he hit them with a big stick, which turned out to be a huge oh-no-no. The goddess Hera didn't like that so much, so she transformed him into a woman for seven years. Awkward.
- After Tiresias changed back, Hera made a bet with Zeus about who enjoyed sex more, women or men. Tiresias said that women did, and Hera totally freaked out and struck him blind. Zeus felt bad about this, but his hands were tied, so he tried to make up for it by giving Tiresias the power of prophecy.
- Weird story, right? So why did Eliot pick this dude as the most important personage in the poem? It's probably best to hear it from the horse's mouth, so here's what Eliot had to say about his inclusion of Tiresias in "The Waste Land": "Just as the one-eyed merchant, seller of currants, melts into the Phoenician Sailor, and the latter is not wholly distinct from Ferdinand Prince of Naples, so all the women are one woman, and the two sexes meet in Tiresias. What Tiresias sees in fact, is the substance of the poem."
- So Eliot uses Tiresias in this poem as a sort of removed observer who can see visions from all over the world and see how awful the world really is.

He's a universal kind of guy. In fact, it's totally possible that the speaker of this entire poem is actually Tiresias, but that's just one going theory.

- Tiresias is "throbbing between two lives" because Eliot portrays him in this poem as a hermaphrodite, a person who is male and female at the same time. This is what makes him an "Old man with wrinkled female breasts" (219).
- Of course that "throbbing" at the "violet hour" is a call back to lines 215-217, allying Tiresias with these average Joes at their office desks (it's also the hour that Sappho writes about in her poem "Hesperus, you bring back again," to which Eliot alludes here). He's really the everyman of the poem.
- And he can see something. What, we're not sure, so we'll have to keep right on reading.

Lines 222-227

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)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and *stays*.

- Tiresias offers us one of his/her visions, and talks about a young woman being home from work at teatime and "Lay[ing] out her food in tins" (223), while her laundry dries out the window.
- Seems like an everyday image—woman, home, and doing chores. But there's something oddly depressing about it.
- For one thing, she's alone. And for another, she's a bit of a slob (she left her breakfast out? and her underwear is lying around?).

Lines 228-234

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.

- Just to up the uncomfortable ante, Tiresias makes sure to mention his wrinkly old breasts again before telling us that he already knows what's about to happen in this young woman's apartment. This might be because he's a prophet (thanks, Zeus!) or because the scene is painfully predictable.
- Strutting through the front door, "the young man carbuncular arrives" (231). Carbuncular is a fancy word for really pimply, which means this guy's probably not all that much to look at. He doesn't have a very high-paying job, but he's got a "bold stare" (232) and is way more self-assured than he's got reason to be.
- This seems to be another pet peeve of Eliot's: people with no real achievements in life thinking they're totally awesome. For realsies, thank goodness this man did not live to see the days of reality TV.
- At this point in the poem, you also find a pretty strong return of rhyming in Eliot's poem. This might be because Eliot is satirizing the scene as an example of "modern romance," and using a traditional sense of rhyme to show how pathetic and gross the scene actually is.
- It certainly isn't rhyme-worthy, that's for sure. The idea here is that the young man carbuncular fancies himself a classic sexual conqueror (and is as self-assured as a millionaire, even though he's basically a secretary), but he's just a pimply-faced kid with a pathetic job and a boring girlfriend.

Lines 235-238

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.

- The ugly young man decides that it's time to make his move on the girl, since she's probably tired and sluggish after eating her meal. Yeah, super romantic.

- Moving in, he "Endeavours to engage her in caresses" (237). The girl doesn't really want to have sex with him, but she basically says "meh" and doesn't really put up a fight.
- As you can probably tell, Eliot doesn't think much of modern romance. It's all just a bunch of poor, uneducated people having their ugly sex. Hey, he said it, not Shmoop.

Lines 239-242

Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defence;
His vanity requires no response,
And makes a welcome of indifference.

- The guy goes ahead and "assaults at once" (239), loving the fact that the girl doesn't care one way or the other, as long as he gets what he wants.
- The rhyming of the lines is as consistent as anywhere in the poem, allowing Eliot to really satirize the fantasy of heroic masculinity that the young man has made for himself.
- Clearly this guy thinks he's the cat's meow, and since this typist lady couldn't care less, there's no one around to tell him any different. So Eliot makes it clear that this guy's actually a schlub with his ironic use of end-rhymes.

Lines 243-248

(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 patronizing kiss,
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit …

- The gist here is that Tiresias wishes that he didn't have to watch this sex scene as it plays out, but his "gift" of visions isn't something he can turn on and off.
- Tough break, buddy.

- He talks about how in the days of ancient Thebes, he used to prophesize by the marketplace's wall and "and walked among the lowest of the dead" (246), which may be an allusion to the *Odyssey* or the *Inferno*, in both of which Tiresias shows up in the underworld to help a brother (both Odysseus and Dante in turn) out. And did we mention that Tiresias was also given seven lives by Zeus?
- At this point, he gives us one last look at the pimply young man and his roll in the hay with the typist. Now that the young man is finished with his business, he gives the girl a meaningless "patronizing kiss" (247), and just like the blind prophet, "gropes his way" down the stairs because the light is out.
- Tiresias is able to see what's going on anywhere in the world, and as Eliot shows us, this is mostly what it is: bad sex between bad people. A little harsh, don't you think? Well, Eliot didn't seem to think so.

Lines 249-252

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."

- Aw, did you think Eliot was done? No way, he's just getting started.
- Now that the pimply dude has left, the girl "turns and looks a moment" in her mirror, "hardly aware of her departed lover" (249-250). Calling the guy a "lover" in this scene is Eliot's way of sarcastically demolishing the idea of modern love, which in his mind is disgusting.
- The girl is not all that bright, and her brain only "allows one half-formed thought to pass," which is " 'Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over'" (252). Gee, how romantic.
- Eliot is trying to tell us that this girl has no deep thoughts of any kind, and she doesn't even have enough intelligence to resist sex that she doesn't want. She's completely passive in every way, blowing through life like a shopping bag in the wind.

Lines 253-256

When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smoothes her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the *gramophone*.

- In line 253 Eliot quotes from Oliver Goldsmith's novel *The Vicar of Wakefield* by quoting a song in which the main character sings of being seduced and then ditched. Turns out it's a bit of a bummer.
- And that corresponds pretty well to our typist's situation. Now that she's alone again, the woman just sort of walks around the room without thinking, "smoothes her hair with automatic hand, / And puts a record on the gramophone" (255-256).
- The gramophone (or record player) hints at the idea that popular culture is part of what makes the girl's life so passive and superficial.
- If Eliot wrote this poem today, he'd probably have the girl throw on an episode of *Chopped: All Stars*.

Lines 257-265

"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 mandolin
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 Tempest strikes again. Finally finished with the young man and woman, Tiresias quotes another line from Shakespeare's play, which is from a scene of mourning (this whole poem is sort of about mourning for Eliot—mourning for a better time, now lost).
- Tiresias goes on to talk about how he often hears music coming out of bars and "the pleasant whining of a mandolin" (261), which comes with the "clatter and chatter from within" the bar.
- It seems here that Eliot is giving us a vision of the better time in history he often hints at. In this world, the fishermen enjoy their music within a

world held together by religious belief, as Eliot goes on to talk about Magnus Martyr, which is a church with "Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold" (265).

- The ornament of this church is a testament to classic beauty, and Eliot suggests here that even uneducated people are perfectly capable of participating in this kind of world, as long as they are humble and god-fearing, not full of themselves like the young man carbuncular.

Lines 266-278

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.
Weialalaleia
Wallalaleialala

- In these lines, Eliot takes a song from *Götterdämmerung*, the last opera in Wagner's *Ring Cycle* and replaces all the German references with English ones.
- Here's the deal:
- The song is about women by a river, and in the Wagner version the river is the Rhine, and the song is all about beauty.
- In Eliot's version, though, you're back to talking about the Thames, and how "The river sweats / Oil and tar" (266-267), which is not so beautiful.
- Yep, the motif of pollution that Eliot constantly uses to talk about the moral and spiritual pollution of the modern world has reared its ugly head.
- And before you go thinking our speaker has gone totally around the bend with lines 277-278, we should tell you that the "Weialalaleia" part is from Wagner's original.

- It's also worth noting that the form has taken a sharp turn for the short—line, that is. We'll see that trend continue for quite a while, so you might want to think about the effect of that change.

Lines 279-291

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 towersWeialalaleiaWallalaleialala

- These lines talk about a scene from the life of Queen Elizabeth I and her "lover," Lord Robert, the Earl of Leicester. The scare quotes around "lover" are necessary because it's well-known among historians that this was a bit of a go-nowhere relationship for the Queen, just as the young typist's relationship with the pimply guy is going nowhere.
- Eliot got this scene from a famous biography of the queen, *The Reign of Elizabeth*. The book, written by a famous British historian named James Anthony Froude, recounts a moment between Elizabeth and Lord Robert on a barge on the Thames in which they discuss a potential (but obviously impossible) marriage.
- And we all know what Wagner has to say about that: "Weialala," that's what.

Lines 292-295

"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."

- In these lines, Eliot parodies part of Dante's *Purgatorio*, and gives us a few images of the speaker acting lazy and lying down in a canoe as he floats through ritzy parts of London.

- The lines in Dante describe a figure named PiaTolomei, who describes where she's from and how she was killed (on the orders of her husband, no less).
- But in Eliot's poem, the speaker is unidentified, floating, relaxed in a canoe.
- Whoever the speaker is, their tour of London sounds pretty awful. The raised knees on the floor of a narrow canoe, and the word "undid" seems to indicate that this tour was a sexual one, resulting in unsatisfying encounters with strangers all over modern London.

Lines 296-299

"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?"

- Our speaker—could it be Queen Elizabeth, transported to modern times? —continues her jaunt through London, although now she's at a modern subway station called Moorgate (it's also the name of a street). Whether she's on a street or in a tube station, her heart is under her feet, indicating that it's underground, trampled on, or maybe even in (gasp) Hell.
- She mentions some "event" (possibly sex) that happened and made someone else, maybe the Lord Robert, the Earl of Leicester, weep.
- Whoever this someone else is, he promises the speaker "a new start," but she just sits there silently (299). It's possible that Eliot is referring here to the discussion of marriage that supposedly happened between Elizabeth and Leicester way back on that barge ride they took together—according to Mr. Foude, of course.
- Yep, sounds like this romance is just as doomed as the one between the typist and the young man carbuncular.
- For Eliot, the idea of a "new start" was probably a cliché he'd heard enough of, since he believed that the modern world had very little interest in making a fresh start of anything.

Lines 300-307

"On *Margate Sands*.
I can connect

Nothing with nothing.

The broken fingernails of dirty hands.

My people humble people who expect

Nothing"

la la

To *Carthage* then I came

- Another speaker talks about hanging out on a rich-people's beach near the mouth of the Thames (Margate sands), and says that when he's there he can "connect / Nothing with nothing" (301-302). Sounds like an existential crisis to Shmoop—kind of like the one the world is undergoing in Eliot's eyes.
- According to him, people have no ability to "synthesize" ideas anymore, or to think big. All you're left with is bits and pieces of thought, which are like "The broken fingernails of dirty hands" (303).
- This speaker then takes a moment to say that he comes from humble people and expects nothing. By this point, you might have noticed that the word "nothing" is repeated a lot in this poem. Which is fitting because that's exactly what Eliot though modern life had going for it—nothing.
- After another, almost unrecognizable snippet from Wagner, Eliot tosses another allusion our way: line 307, which reads "To Carthage then I came," is taken from the *Confessions* of St. Augustine.
- In the original passage, the saint talks about how much he lusted for sex when he was young. That's why he went to Carthage (an ancient city in modern-day Tunisia), which Augustine describes as a "cauldron of unholy loves" (Book III).
- In this line, Eliot talks about how the modern man, however humble, is tempted to an almost insane degree by the modern world, which throws sex in your face at just about every opportunity. Ever seen a rap video?

Lines 308-311

Burning burningburningburning

O Lord Thou pluckest me out

O Lord thou pluckest

burning

- Eliot alludes to the Buddha's "Fire Sermon," which describes the burning of passion, attachment, and suffering.

- Then he takes a sharp left straight into Christianity, with an allusion to Augustine's *Confessions*. "Oh Lord Thoughpluckest me out" is taken straight from Book V, and they talk about the pain of hellfire that the saint sometimes feels doomed by.
- But why shift suddenly from Buddhism to Christianity? The answer might lie in Eliot's notes, which tell us that he thinks of the "Fire Sermon" as the equivalent of the Sermon on the Mount. Eliot's bringing in Eastern traditions, too, to illustrate the decline of Western civilization in the modern world.
- In Eliot's words, "The collocation of these two representatives of eastern and western asceticism, as the culmination of this part of the poem, is not an accident." To put that more simply: squishing together Eastern beliefs on detachment and Western beliefs on the same was intentional. It means something to Eliot. Any theories?
- And with that, you've got the end of The Fire Sermon. Now that we've got that part covered, it's time to talk about water

4.2.2 Death by Water

Lines 312-314

Phlebas t*he* Phoenician*, a* fortnight *dead,*

Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell

And the profit and loss.

- Welcome to the shortest section of the poem, called "Death by Water."
- These lines tell us that some guy named "Phlebas the Phoenician" is the one who's been killed by water. He's been dead for two weeks, or a "fortnight" (though if he really is a Phoenician, he's been dead a lot longer than that).
- Phlebas is probably connected to the "drowned sailor" from Madame Sosostris's tarot pack, and for Eliot, the image of him drowning is…well…unclear.
- You could say that Phlebas' death is necessary before spiritual rebirth can happen; you could also say that death is death, and that's it.
- When these lines talk about how the dead Phlebas "Forgot the cry of gulls […] And the profit and loss" (313-314), they suggest that Phlebas, now dead, doesn't really worry about worldly things like making money

anymore. Eliot will expand on this idea in the coming lines, so stay tuned, Shmoopers.

- Formally, "Death by Water" is definitely the most organized and structured of the five sections of "The Waste Land." It's spaced as ten lines, but when you read it out loud, you can hear quite a few rhymed pairs in it ("swell/fell," "Jew/you"). The language of the section is also pretty formal and old-timey, since this section is basically like a classic parable or story intended to teach us an important lesson about pride. Don't worry—we'll get there.

Lines 315-318

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.

- Just imagine that hollow, droning sound of the ocean as your dead bones get picked clean by "whispers" of seawater for years and years. So creepy, right?
- The next lines say that Phlebas "passed the stages of his age and youth / Entering the whirlpool" (317-318). This might refer to the idea of "your whole life passing before your eyes" that usually gets associated with the moment right before you die.
- This could further refer to the human brain and how it tries to make sense of your life only after it's too late to do anything about it.
- For Eliot, the same might be true of modern people; it's only after they're on the brink of death that they finally take stock of their lives and think deeply (about just how shallow they really are).
- The image of the whirlpool could be the drain that modern culture is slowly circling around, ready to sink down into darkness forever.

Lines 319-*321*

Gentile or Jew

O you who turn the wheel and look to *windward*,

Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

- The speaker makes a call to people of any religion, whether "Gentile or Jew," and says to anyone who sails confidently over the sea of life (or

"look[s] to windward"), "consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you" (321).

- In this case, Phlebas becomes a cautionary figure for anyone who walks around thinking they're awesome, since there are many people just like them who've died in the prime of their lives. It wouldn't hurt to be a little more mindful of the fact that one way or another, you're going to die someday.

4.2.3 What the Thunder

Lines 322-330

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 now living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience

- Thanks to Eliot's notes, we know that "In the first part of Part V three themes pop up: the journey to Emmaus, the approach to the Chapel Perilous (see Miss Weston's book), and the present decay of eastern Europe." That means that in the coming lines, we should expect allusions to the resurrection of Christ (Emmaus is the ancient town in which Jesus appeared to two of his disciples after he was resurrected), a traditional trope from Medieval romances, and eastern Europe. Keep a weather eye out, intrepid Shmoopoets.
- These lines in particular refer to the moment that has come after the death of Christ, but before his rebirth on Easter Sunday. In other words, the lines mark a moment of waiting and wondering, because we're not sure if any rebirth is going to come this time around.
- Instead we just wander in spiritual darkness, our "torchlight red on sweaty faces" (322) after we've witnessed Christ's "agony in stony places" (324).

Christ is the one being spoken about in "He who was living is now dead" (328).

- We modern folks are in a similar position as Christ, but instead of being dead, we live in a sort of half-death, as "We who were living are now dying / With a little patience" (329-330).
- Our decline is not sudden or glorious, like Christ's; it's slow and undignified. There's something so ironic about that "with a little patience" line. As if Eliot's saying, don't worry, folks, this miserable mess will all be over eventually. Just wait it out.

Lines 331-345

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

- This long-ish section continues with the theme of dry land with no water, symbolizing a spiritual waste land where no hope or belief can bloom.
- Eliot puts this in stark, direct terms when he writes, "Here is no water but only rock / Rock and no water and the sandy road" (331-332).
- In case you can't really feel the dryness of the landscape, Eliot continues like this for a while. He *wishes* there were water, because "If there were water we should stop and drink," but at the end of the day, "Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think" (335-336). Stopping for a drink of water is compared to stopping and thinking deeply about life, and neither can really happen in the "waste land" of the modern world.

- Eliot goes on to add that "Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit," basically meaning that there is no comfortable position you can get into in the waste land.
- It'll always be uncomfortable. If you want to go deep, on a symbolic level, standing might represent standing up for your beliefs; lying might mean becoming cynical and not caring; and sitting might refer to a Zen-like meditation. But none of these options are available in the waste land, which doesn't allow you to do anything comfortably.
- You don't even get the peacefulness of silence, since the waste land is filled with "dry sterile thunder without rain" (342). This image gives us a sense of unfulfilled hopes. We anticipate the rain because we hear the thunder, but the rain isn't coming.
- There's no solitude, either, but just ugly faces sneering at you from crummy "mudcracked houses" (345). In this line, Eliot whips out alliteration to really show you how animal-like these people are, as you can see in all the S sounds in "sullen faces sneer and snarl."

Lines 346-359

If there were water

And no rockIf there were rockAnd also water

And water

A spring

A pool among the rockIf there were the sound of water onlyNot

the *cicada*

And dry grass singingBut sound of water over a rockWhere the *hermit thrush* sings in the pine treesDrip drop drip drop dropdropdrop

But there is no water

- Here, set in from the rest of the text, you get yourself a little moment of fantasy, imagining yourself in a place that isn't so horrible.
- The speaker wonders to himself, "If there were water / And no rock" or even "If there were rock / And also water […]" (346-349).
- At this point, you might want to lean in and say, "Yes? Well what if?" But Eliot just gives you some more unfulfilled images of "the sound of water over a rock" or "Drip drop drip drop […]," before finally pulling the rug out from under you again by saying, "But there is no water" (359). This almost seems like the giddy hallucinations of someone who's been

wandering in a spiritual desert for a long time, and can't seem to find his way out. We're betting those mirages aren't helping.

Lines 360-366

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 wrapped in a brown *mantle*, hooded

I do not know whether a man or a woman—But who is that on the other side of you?

- Eliot says in a footnote that the scene in these lines was inspired by a story that came from one of the expeditions to Antarctica that happened in Eliot's time.
- The story is about how the explorers, caught in the freezing cold, were constantly hallucinating that there was one extra person in their group.
- These lines, though, could also refer to a story from the Bible (the book of Luke), in which Christ appeared beside his disciples during a journey, but the disciples were unable to recognize him (360).
- So when the speaker of the poem asks "Who is the third who walks always beside you?" it could suggest that Christ is still present in people's lives today, but people do not have the spiritual insight they need to recognize him.
- The speaker can only see Christ from the corner of his vision, "When [he] look[s] ahead up the white road" (362). Christ appears in this scene like one of those floating squiggly lines that pop up in the corner of your eye, but which always dances away when you try to look at it directly.
- It's also worth noting that, in his notes, Eliot draws an unspecified connection between this hooded figure and the Hanged Man tarot card from the first section.

Lines 367-377

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

- The speaker hears a sound "high in the air/ Murmur of maternal lamentation" (367-368), which could refer to Mary's weeping over the death of her son, Jesus.
- The speaker then asks about the "hooded hordes swarming/ Over endless plains" (369-370), which might refer to the hordes of rude, uneducated, and filthy people who pollute the modern world, if we're looking at the big picture.
- It could also refer to the troops of World War I sweeping across Europe and destroying everything. These images are followed by scenes of "Falling towers" and the fall of great cities, both ancient and modern: "Jerusalem Athens Alexandria / Vienna London" (275-276). And what's Eliot's favorite word for summing up what's happened to all of these places in modern times? You got it: "Unreal" (377). (He also brings back that violet hour from line 215, only this time it's the "violet air.")
- However you choose to interpret these lines, we know for sure that Eliot's making yet another allusion. This time, it's to an essay by German writer Herman Hesse called *The Brothers Karamazov or The Downfall of Europe*, which appeared in his book *Blick ins Chaos*.
- In the essay, Hesse decries the fact that "at least half of Eastern Europe is already on the road to chaos," a sentiment with which we're betting Eliot agrees.

Lines 378-385

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 toward

Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours

And voices singing out of empty *cisterns* and exhausted wells.

- This waste land sure is a creepy place, don't you think?
- In a strange move, the poem shifts to talking about a woman with "long black hair" (378), which she pulls tight and then uses to play fiddle music.
- We don't know who she is or why she's doing this, but in a really Halloweeny moment, Eliot says that "bats with baby faces in the violet light / Whistled, and beat their wings / And crawled head downward down a blackened wall" (380-382).
- These baby-faced bats might actually represent us, the readers, as modern folks. We've become monstrous in our desire for simple, superficial pleasures, and we just keep crawling down a wall head-first without even realizing that we're heading down instead of up.
- This poor sense of direction seems to infect the rest of the world, too, as towers are described as being "upside-down in air" (383).
- All the while, we still hear that horrifying music of damnation, which comes from "voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells" (385). As you can probably tell by now, this singing is not a good thing, but a symbol of our society's decline.
- And once again, we're reminded that this world is waterless (those cisterns and wells are plumb empty), and the sun's setting (it's the violet hour). We're headed nowhere good in this waste land.

Lines 386-395

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

Coco rico co corico

In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust

Bringing rain

- Now we find ourselves inside a "decayed hole among the mountains" which is filled with "tumbled graves" (386, 388). Here we find a chapel, and thanks to Eliot's notes, we know that this is the Chapel Perilous.
- The what? The Chapel Perilous appears in Arthurian legend and other Medieval romances, sometimes figured as the place where the Holy Grail is kept, and sometimes figured as just a weird, creepy church at which a knight has to hang out while on a quest.
- Unfortunately, this chapel is totally empty, as "only the wind's home" (389). There are no windows, "and the door swings" (390), which suggests that the chapel of hope, kind of like Eliot's hope for humanity, is both literally and symbolically abandoned. It's also extra creepy, since it's surrounded by graves (which is true of the traditional Chapel Perilous, too).
- There *might* be a little bit of hope here, though, because in the original version of the Grail legend, the sight of the empty chapel is actually the final test that the questing knight has to pass before finally drinking from the grail.
- This is the final test because after slaying every beast and resisting every temptation (mostly involving good-looking women), the knight has to confront the greatest test of all—the possibility that there is no God. It is only after finding the empty chapel, *and continuing forward anyway*, that the knight can know true immortality in Christ.
- As the passage continues, it talks some more about dry bones and images of death. The final images you're left with are those of a rooster crowing and "a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust / Bringing rain" (394-395).
- There's something promising in both these images, since the rooster is supposed to chase the evil night away with his crowing, and the coming of rain might suggest the rebirth of the waste land.
- We mean, we've been waiting for rain for *ages*, and it's finally here.
- But don't get your hopes up just yet. After all, it's when the cock crows in the Gospels, that Saint Peter denies Jesus Christ (as predicted). That's not exactly a shining moment—could Eliot be alluding to it? After all, it seems like Peter would have failed the Chapel Perilous test, so such an allusion would be in keeping with the theme of these lines.

Lines 396-399

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.

- These lines begin the final moments of the poem, which center on images from India and the religion of Hinduism.
- Line 396 mentions that "Ganga," or the Ganges River in India, "was sunken," meaning that the river was low and dried up, as "the limp leaves / Waited for rain" (396-397).
- There are black clouds gathering in the distance, over the "Himavant," which is both another term for the Himalayas, and also the name of the Hindu god of snow (fitting).
- But even though black clouds usually promise rain, there's something ominous about dark clouds, which usually symbolize danger approaching.
- The uncertainty of what the dark clouds mean is shown in the Indian jungle, which "crouche[s]" in a defensive position and waits "in silence" (399) for what's about to happen.

Lines 400-410

Then spoke the thunder

DA

Datta: what have we given?

My friend, blood shaking my heart

The awful daring of a moment's surrender

Which 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

- Finally, the thunder gets to put in his two cents. We've been waiting with bated breath.
- At this point, the poem shows you why this final section is called "What the Thunder Said." This final section is inspired by a story from the Hindu faith, which talks about how the gods, men, and demons of India asked

their father how to live well. The father answered each of them with the sound of thunder, which was heard as the onomatopoeic "DA."

- Each of the three groups interpreted this sound in a different way. The men thought it was the word *Datta*, which means to give; the demons thought it was *Dayadhvam*, which means to have compassion; and the gods heard it as *Damyata*, which means to have self-control. If you're looking for the original version of this fable, check out the *Upanishads*.
- After we get the first "DA," in line 401, the speaker of the poem tackles the first possible meaning of what the thunder said, and asks us to reflect on what we've given to others in our lives—"what have we given?"
- It goes on to say that "By this, and this only, we have existed" (406), meaning that it is only through charity and giving that humanity has managed to reach the cultural accomplishments it's doing its best to squander. Eliot's clearly worried about what he saw as the growing selfishness that was taking over the money-obsessed modern world.
- Also, whatever giving we might do in our lives "is not to be found in our obituaries / Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider" (407-408). Here Eliot's once again calling on his buddy John Webster's *The White Devil* to help him make some meaning. He's referring to lines in the play which say, "…they'll remarry / Ere the worm pierce your winding-sheet, ere the spider / Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs." Once again, we have some imagery of death and decay.
- But the real gist here is that we shouldn't give in order to be recognized as awesome people. We should give for the sake of giving.
- And we shouldn't wait until we're dead to give things away in our wills, "under seals broken by the leans solicitor / In our empty rooms" (409). If we wait until we're dead to give things away, the only person to take them will be our lawyers, since everyone else will have already abandoned us.

Lines 411-417

DA

Dayadhvam*:* I have heard the key

Turn in the door once and turn once only

We think of the key, each in his prison

Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison

Only at nightfall, *aethereal* rumors

Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

- At this point, you hear the thunder for a second time, and this time you hear it as the word *Dayadhvam*, which means "to have compassion."
- Eliot's notes tell us that he's alluding, once again, to a line from Dante's *Inferno*, in which the speaker tells us that he heard a horrible tower being locked up…while he was in it.
- In the waste land, though, our speaker hears the sound of a key turning. In fact, we all hear this symbolic key, "each in his prison" (414).
- Eliot's notes also allude to the essay "Appearance and Reality" by FH Bradley. The essay suggest that thoughts, feelings, *and* external sensations are a private matter, because each person experiences the world differently—from a different perspective, one that's inaccessible to anyone else.
- Based on the previous lines, we're thinking the prison he's talking about here is our own egotistical selfishness, our own, singular way of looking at the world.
- Modern people like us only tend to think about ourselves, and even when we do think of others, we do it just to think more highly of ourselves as "good" people.
- Alert: another allusion's afoot. The mention of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* further develops this idea of selfishness, since Big Willy's Coriolanus was, in the play, a great solider who acted out of pride instead of duty.
- In the modern world, it's tough to say if we actually know what real compassion is, because we can never get past our own concerns (we're all too busy thinking about our own prisons and keys). It's possible that we couldn't be compassionate even if we wanted to, since we lack the spiritual knowledge to do so. No wonder Eliot would refer to the ego as a prison.

Lines 418-423

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

- The thunder rumbles for the third time, and this time you hear it as *Damyata*, which means to have self-control.
- If you're asking Eliot (and we are), one of the biggest problems with the modern world, apart from our selfishness, is the fact that we don't really resist temptation anymore. If we want something, we just go out and buy it, then move on to the next thing.
- The lines that follow seem pretty happy, though, describing the speaker at sail on a calm sea and a heart responding "Gaily" to an invitation.
- It seems to Shmoop that the most important word in these lines is "obedient," because Eliot is telling you to be obedient to something greater than yourself, some higher ideal or higher power. Whatever it is, just don't go around assuming that your happiness is the most important thing in the world, because then you'll have ignored what the thunder said.

Lines 424-426

I sat upon the shore

Fishing, with the arid plain behind me

Shall I at least set my lands in order?

- The speaker returns from sailing to "upon the shore / Fishing" (424-425), which refers back to lines 189-192 when the speaker was fishing on the dirty canal.
- The "arid plain behind [him]" still suggests that there hasn't been any sort of rebirth in the land, even after we've heard the thunder's message.
- But hey, the speaker thinks it's about time he set things right ("set my lands in order"). Still, it's one thing to know what's right; it's another thing to go out and do it.
- There's another, less optimistic way to read these lines. When you set your affairs in order, after all, you're getting everything ready for your death. So in these lines, Eliot might be trying to make you think about dying, because this might be the only way to get you to stop thinking so selfishly. It's easier to do the right thing when you realize that you're just like everyone else, and that there's no point in trying to have more possessions or more fame than others, because everyone dies anyway.

- It might not be what you want to hear, but when has Eliot *ever* said something someone wanted to hear?
- Ah, but Shmoop can't stop there. What is perhaps most important about these lines is the introduction of one of the central figures of the poem: the Fisher King. Who's that you ask? Well, allow Shmoop:
- The Fisher King was a common figure in grail legends and Arthurian romances. Legends have it that when the knight Perceval (or Parsifal, if you're gonna get French on us, like Verlaine, to whom Eliot alluded in line 202) was on his Grail quest, he stopped by a castle with a wounded King—the Fisher King. The Fisher King is almost always wounded somewhere in the general area of the groin (infertility, much?). When he suffers, well, so does his kingdom, with matching infertility (hence, the waste land, or "arid plain").
- It's a great honor to be the knight who finally heals this guy, and that honor went to Perceval, who also happened to be the knight who was innocent, pure, and plainly good enough to find the Holy Grail.
- What does all this have to do with "The Waste Land"? Think of it as an allegory of sorts. The Fisher King's lands, which really, really need to be set in order, what with their being barren and all, are representative of modern society, which could also use some serious help. If only the modern world had some sort of Perceval, who was able to heal the King's wounds, and to, by extension, heal the land.
- It's pretty interesting to note that in this case, it's the Fisher King who appears to be the one who's able to set his lands in order and get things growing again.
- But will he?

Lines 427-430

London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down

Poi s'acosenelfocochegliaffina

Quandofiamutichelidon—*O swallow swallow*

- At this point, the poem sends out its final cry and throws out a nutty series of references to things from all kinds of different times and cultures.
- It all starts with "London Bridge is falling down" (427), which is part of a familiar nursery rhyme, but just plain creepy when inserted into "The Waste Land."

- In this case, it's a useful symbol with which Eliot can depict the collapse of Western culture.
- Line 428 comes again from Dante's *Inferno*, and it talks about a poet who's burning in Hell. It translates to "he hid himself in the fire which refines them."
- Although the line brings up the image of hellfire, it might actually be hopeful, because fire in this instance can be a purifying or "refining" thing as much as a destructive thing. Maybe Western culture is going through the burning it needs in order to rise again to greatness?
- Line 429 brings you back to the myth of Philomela, and translates to "When shall I be as the swallow?" This might refer to Eliot's own desire to transform into a bird like Philomela so he can fly away from the brutal modern world and go off to sing his songs somewhere else.

Line 430-431

Le Prince d'Aquitaine a la tour abolie

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

- Line 430 is in French, and translates as "The Prince of Aquitaine in the ruined tower."
- This image continues Eliot's use of crumbling towers as symbols of crumbling civilization (remember that allusion to *Inferno* in line 412?). The line comes from a sonnet called "El Desdichado" by a French poet named Gérard de Nerval.
- Line 431 might actually be the most important line in the entire poem, because it basically sums up everything Eliot is trying to do by writing "The Waste Land."
- What do we mean by that? Well, he has taken broken fragments from a culture that was once whole, and is just piecing them together in order to "shore up" his ruins.
- In other words, he sees himself standing in the middle of a waste land that's littered with pieces from a glorious, high-cultured past, and in writing this poem, he has collected these broken pieces and piled them together in a sort of testimony, which he feels is the most he can do now that Western culture is broken.

Line 432

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

- This line is taken from a play called *The Spanish Tragedy* by Thomas Kyd. The subtitle to this play is "Hieronymo's Mad Againe," and the line "Ile fit you," comes from the main character, who's asked to write a play for the royal court and replies something along the lines of "Oh I'll give you a play all right!"
- He ends up writing a play that leads to the deaths of the people who've murdered his son. In this case, Eliot might be sending out a message of rage to Western culture, saying, "You want a poem? *Here's* a poem!"

Lines 433-434

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

ShantihShanithShantih

- The poem closes with the repetition of the three words the thunder said, which again mean: "Give, show compassion, and control yourself." These are Eliot's final words of advice to his audience, and it's advice he wants us to follow if we're going to have any hope of moving forward.
- What's fascinating about this is that Eliot has spent all this time talking about the collapse of Western culture, and now he seeks the rebirth of our civilization by turning to the Eastern culture of Hinduism (or even Buddhism in "The Fire Sermon").
- With that said, Eliot concludes the poem by repeating the word "Shantih" three times. Shantih is a sacred word from the Hindu faith (it ends each *Upanishad*, and it translates into English as "The peace which passeth all understanding."
- The final repetition of this word might be Eliot's way of saying he's gone as far as his words can take him. In the end, there might actually be a mystical peace that's out there, but it's probably something that exists beyond all human understanding.
- For such a depressing poem, "The Waste Land" actually ends on a slight note of hope, pointing us toward non-Western religions as a way to restore our faith and to start acting like decent, unselfish human beings again. Well, at least that's something. Maybe we're not so doomed after all.
- Maybe.

Check your progress – 1

1. What is Part III of "The Waste Land" about?

____

____

____

2. What is Part IV of "The Waste Land about?

____

____

____

3. What is Part V of "The Waste Land" about?

____

____

4.3 LET US SUM UP

In this unit we went through the summaries of Part 3 (The Fire Sermon) and Part 4 (Death by Water) and Part 5 (What the Thunder) of The Waste Land by T.S. Eliot.

4.4 KEYWORDS

1. **Magnus Martyr:** reference to a church in London, in honor of St. Magnus
2. **Moorgate:** a district in East London
3. **Mylae:** a battle in the First Punic War (between Carthage and Rome)
4. **Philomel:** a reference to Philomela, who was raped by King Tereus
5. **Starnbergersee:** a lake outside Munich

4.5 QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

1. Write the summary of lines 433 to 434 of "The Waste Land" by T.S.Eliot.
2. Summarize lines 400 to 410 of "The Waste Land" by T.S.Eliot.
3. Give the summary of lines 315 to 318 of "The Waste Land" by T.S.Eliot.

4.6 SUGGESTED READINGS AND WRITINGS

1. Ellmann, Richard (1990). A Long the Riverrun: Selected Essays. New York: Vintage. p. 69. ISBN 0679728287. Retrieved 20 September 2017.
2. "The Waste Land as Modernist Icon". www.sfu.ca.
3. Hart-Davis, Rupert (1998) [First ed. published]. Halfway to Heaven: Concluding memoirs of a literary life. Stroud Gloucestershire: Sutton. pp. 54–55. ISBN 0-7509-1837-3.
4. Eliot 1988, p. 498
5. Book royalty deal: Rainey, p. 77

4.7 ANSWERS TO CHECK YOUR PROGRESS

1. Part III of "The Waste Land" describes the inside of a wealthy woman's bedroom and the garbage-filled waters of the Thames, respectively.**(answer to check your progress – 1Q1)**

2. 2. Part IVof "The Waste Land" eulogizes a drowned man named Phlebas. **(answer to check your progress – 1Q2)**

3. In Part V of "The Waste Land" the speaker "translates" the thunderclaps cracking over an Indian jungle. The poem ends with the repetition of the Sanskrit word for peace: "Shantihshantihshantih."**(answer to check your progress – 1Q3)**

UNIT 5. T.S. ELIOT – THE WASTE LAND - 5

STRUCTURE

5.0 Objectives

5.1 Introduction

5.2 Analysis of "The Waste Land"

5.3 Let us Sum Up

5.4 Keywords

5.5 Questions for Review

5.6 Suggested Readings

5.7 Answers to Check your Progress

5.0 OBJECTIVES

Once you go through this unit, you should be able to know about:

- the analysis of "The Waste Land" by T.S.Eliot.

5.1 INTRODUCTION

The Waste Land is arguably the single most influential modernist poem. When it first appeared in October 1922 some hailed it as the breakthrough poem of the age; others hated it for its classical approach and academic appeal.

Check your progress – 1

1. When did "The Waste Land" first appeared?

____

____

____

2. What kind of poem "The Waste Land" is?

____

____

____

5.2 ANALYSIS OF "THE WASTE LAND"

WHAT'S UP WITH THE EPIGRAPH?

"Nam SibyllamquidemCumis ego ipse oculismeisvidi
in ampulla pendere, et cum illipueridicerent: Σιβυλλα
τιθελεις; respondebatilla: αποθανειν θελω."
For Ezra Pound
ilmigliorfabbro.
Um, what?
Actually, it's in Greek and Latin, and it refers to a very famous, very old text—Petronius' "Satyricon." The poem refers to an Ancient Greek oracle, Cumaean Sibyl, who was granted immortality by Apollo, for whom she was a prophetess. Eventually, she really reallyreally regretted this wish (immortality is almost never as awesome as it sounds), because she just grows older and older and never dies. So, in this quote from the poem, the speaker asks Cumaean Sibyl what she wants most, and she says that she wants to die.
Yikes. Now there's a hint of what's to come, right? In a poem that's all about the spiritual and cultural death of the Western world, it only makes sense that we would begin with the life of an oracle that is utterly without meaning. And the classical allusion reminds us that we're about to read a library's worth of references to the greatest hits of Western literature. The epigraph's telling us to buckle up.
And that last part, about ilmigliorfabbro? That's a dedication to the poet and critic Ezra Pound, who help Eliot edit this poem within an inch of its life, until it became the masterpiece that you're reading today.

SYMBOLISM, IMAGERY, ALLEGORY

Water Imagery

For a poem about the desert, "The Waste Land" sure has a lot of water flowing through it. And what we're supposed to make of all that water is not always clear. Yes, the waste land is dying from lack of water, but the drowned sailor has also died because of too much water. Water becomes

most important in the later stages of the poem, when Eliot focuses more and more on the barrenness of the land, where there "is no water but only rock / Rock and no water and the sandy road" (331-332). It's here that water becomes a symbol of the fertility that the waste land no longer has, and without this fertility, there can be no hope for anything new or beautiful to grow.

Line 4: The "spring rain" comes to bring new life to the landscape; but all it manages to do is "sti[r] / Dull roots," suggesting that nothing new will grow out of the symbolic waste land.

Line 24: This line draws the first connection between the dryness of the land, the lack of water, and the spiritual infertility of the modern world.

Line 47: "the drowned Phoenician Sailor" appears in the tarot cards that the fortune-teller, Madame Sosostris, is dishing your way. He relates to the English myth of the Fisher King, whose wound causes the land to stop producing new life. The drowned sailor in this case might represent the terrible curse that has fallen over Europe as a whole in the 20th century.

Line 55: The warning to "Fear death by water" would suggest at first that you need to avoid dying like the drowned sailor; but fortune-tellers are always full of tricks, and you need to remember that there is a second way to "die by water"—that's if you don't have enough of it. So this warning could also refer to the spiritual drought that has fallen over the waste land.

Line 125: This line comes to us from Shakespeare's The Tempest, and it refers to a guy who drowned and has been underwater for so long, his eyes have turned into pearls. Remember the warning to avoid death by water? Well the turning of eyes to pearls also might symbolize how modern souls have become hard and lifeless. Everything's got a modern parallel in this poem.

Lines 312-321: The entire "Death by Water" section of the poem deals with the figure of Phlebas the Phoenician sailor, whom you were warned about by the Tarot pack. Here water appears to us in the form of a whirlpool (318), sucking Phlebas down into the darkness. At this point, the poem asks us young folks to be a little humbler, since Phlebas was once young and proud, too, and that seems to be what brought him to a watery grave.

Lines 331-359: Eliot gives us what is maybe his most sustained description of the metaphorical waste land of this poem. The most recognizable characteristic of this place is the lack of water. Eliot constantly uses the lack of water in connection with infertility, which conveys to us the sense that the modern world cannot produce anything new or beautiful. Lines like "Here is no water but only rock / Rock and no water" (331-332) drive home this point. When the narrator fantasizes about a better world, he also does so by thinking "If there were rock / And also water / And water / A spring" (347-351), the shortened pattern of the lines almost makes it seem like he's getting delirious with the thought of water, which would bring symbolic health and rejuvenation.

Lines 395-397: The lack of rain has made the river low, and the "limp leaves / wai[t] for rain" the same way that modern people (whether they know it or not) wait for something to give them new spiritual life.

Fire Imagery

For a large portion of this lyric, Eliot utilizes fire to depict the ghastly experience of living in the advanced world, a.k.a. the waste land. You can see this in lines 308-311, where the speaker begins shouting about the "consuming" and asks for the Lord to simply allow him to kick the bucket ("Thou pluckest me out"). Later in the sonnet, however, there is a slight indication that fire may really be a reclaiming or sanitizing thing. This indication comes generally from another reference to Dante in line 428, which is written in Italian and signifies, "he shrouded himself in the fire which refines them." The likelihood that fire can be "refining" gives us some expectation that the entirety of the social fiascoes we've endured may prompt something new and great. Be that as it may, it's an obscure expectation, best case scenario.

Lines 82-84: At this point in the sonnet, we get our first immediate picture of fire. However, the picture hasn't yet taken on the centrality that it will have in "The Fire Sermon" and forward. This is on the grounds that from the get-go in the ballad, Eliot's pictures are much grayer, with little life in them. He holds off on making us consider Hellfire. The "flares of the seven spread candelabra" (82) in this occurrence serve to show the sparkle of the gems in an extravagant, traditionally lovely room, which Eliot

investigates to show how the magnificence of the past has been destroyed in the twentieth century.

Lines 108-110: The significance of these lines is extremely vague, since it is hazy whether the picture of the lady spreading her hair out in "searing focuses" is something worth being thankful for or terrible thing. The following line (110) recommends that a specific wonder in this current lady's red hot hair "Gleamed into words, at that point would be brutally still," which may imply that the fire of her hair is excellent, yet when we attempt to place it in words, the significance jumps up for one moment, before kicking the bucket like a glinting fire. This could speak to Eliot's perspective on great magnificence in the cutting edge period. At the end of the day, Eliot could be contending that regardless of whether great magnificence had the option to exist today, it would show up for a second before getting snuffed out.

The Fire Sermon: Surprise shock, the fire symbolism becomes the dominant focal point in "The Fire Sermon." This name is a reference to a lesson that the otherworldly pioneer Buddha used to instruct individuals to oppose their common hungers for sex, power, and material belongings. For this situation, fire speaks to the yearning in present day individuals that can't be fulfilled. Everything we do is devour, expend, devour without ever truly considering any bigger issues encompassing all our utilization.

Lines 308-311: Out of no place, you all of a sudden read "consuming/O Lord thou pluckest me out" (308-309). Yowza. In these pictures, you get a feeling that the speaker of the ballad needs to be hauled out of the universe of unsanitary wants. He wouldn't like to pursue sex and material belongings any longer, yet needs to be "culled out" from the world by a more powerful like God. It's an extreme method to end an area of the lyric, yet on the other hand, Eliot's truly extraordinary with regards to carrying on with an increasingly tranquil life.

Line 322: The "torchlight red on sweat-soaked faces" is the picture Eliot uses to open the last area of the lyric. The waste land is obviously hot spot with no water;however the notice of lights additionally has Biblical associations with the period following the execution of Jesus Christ: a horrible demise, yet in addition an image of resurrection.

Line 428: After utilizing fire as an image of desire and otherworldly condemnation, Eliot really utilizes it in a conceivably positive manner in the last lines of the ballad. Citing from Dante, he composes a line in Italian which interprets as "he concealed himself in the fire which refines them" (428). This line recommends that fire may have the ability to refine or clean something as opposed to pulverizing it. Possibly for Eliot, resurrection can happen simply in the wake of something like—allows simply state society—has been totally decimated or "caught fire."

Zombie Crowds

To be fair, Eliot never actually uses the term "zombie" in this poem, but his descriptions of modern people going about their daily routines definitely feel zombie-ish. This might be because he usually describes these people by drawing from the Inferno and Purgatorio by Dante, two poems that describe the inner workings of hell and purgatory. You catch a glimpse of this type of crowd when the speaker observes in lines 61-63: "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." Like it or not, Eliot's basically slamming anyone who's content to go about his or her daily routine without thinking all that much about their lives. This sort of undead life represents the spiritual poverty of modern people, who "are now dying / With a little patience" (329-330).

Line 56: The fortune-teller Madame Sosostris tells you that she "see[s] crowds of people, walking round in a ring." This ring no doubt refers to the rings or "circles" of hell, which Dante describes as being filled with people who know they've got no hope of ever getting out. Can you guess whom Eliot is comparing these people to? You got it: pretty much everyone living in the modern world.

Lines 62-68: Here, Eliot really sinks his teeth into the zombie crowd image, describing the crowd of people that "flowed over London bridge, so many" (62). Again, he's referring to Dante's vision of hell. You can get a real sense of the despair Eliot sees in modern people, especially in the "Sighs, short and infrequent" that come out of them, who "fi[x] [their] eyes before [their] feet" (64-65). This idea of keeping your eyes on the ground in front of your feet is supposed to make you think about how you're always just worrying about the next thing to do. Modern folks

never tend to lift their eyes to think about life (or even the world) as a whole. This is something Eliot would love for us to fix, but he's not all that optimistic about our chances.

The Thames River

For Eliot, the Thames River is a spot that has been deified by English verse for quite a long time. In any case, in the advanced world, the Thames is only an unsanitary, contaminated conduit whose banks are loaded up with litter and vile rodents (175-188). How wonderful.

Contamination's a picture that surfaces in different places in this ballad, as well, as with the "dark colored mist" that spreads London in physical and otherworldly earth (208). By and large, the contamination speaks to the demolition of things that were once incredible. The entirety of the items that dirty the banks of the Thames are additionally dispensable things that were gotten by present day culture, similar to sandwich papers, containers, or cigarette butts. These things all leave hints of individuals who are drinking and smoking—instead of skipping and wedding and poeting, as in ye former times.

Lines 173-186: Eliot opens "The Fire Sermon" by portraying London's Thames River. In line 176, he cites the incomparable English writer Edmund Spenser, a man who once composed love melodies about how wonderful and rousing the "Sweet Thames" was. In current days, however, Eliot just discovers "void jugs, sandwich papers,/Silk hankies, cardboard boxes, cigarette closes."

Yeah, we know—he really says that "the waterway bears no unfilled jugs, sandwich papers" (accentuation our own). However, our man T.S. is getting his mockery on. His Thames stream is route filthier than Spenser's. Did your mother ever stroll into your room and state "Goodness. Sure is perfect in here. You certainly shouldn't tidy anything up"? At that point you know precisely the tone that Eliot is receiving.

The contaminating of a once-motivating stream is associated with the ethical contamination that has influenced a once-rousing progress. Possibly the most discouraging picture of this lost enchantment comes in Eliot's line, "The fairies are withdrawn." This line proposes not just that

the Thames has lost its previous excellence, yet that the waterway has lost a feeling of fanciful greatness that it can never get back.

Lines 266-269: When these lines talk about how "The waterway sweats/Oil and tar," the depiction comes directly on the impact points of a wonderful pictures of "Ionian white and gold" (265). So essentially Eliot's giving you a feeling of how wonderful the world could be, at that point hitting you in the face with a picture of how monstrous it really is. He additionally discusses the contamination of the waterway by slipping into the type of a prominent melody, drawing considerably even more a correlation between natural rottenness and the ethical contamination of popular culture.

Keys and Prisons

These images show up mainly in lines 412-415, but they're pretty key (pardon the pun) to understanding the huge beef that Eliot has with modern people. Basically, what most of his anger boils down to is people's selfishness. In this sense, people live inside the private prisons of their own self-interest and ego. With nothing to live for outside themselves, these people spend their entire lives trying to fill the hole created by their lack of spirit or compassion, and they often do so by buying a bunch of stuff or taking advantage of other people, young man carbuncular-style. In either case, Eliot thinks people need to change the way they behave; but they won't be able to do this until they change the ways they think and feel about the world.

Lines 413-417: When he writes that "We think of the key, each in his prison" (414), Eliot means that each of us is trapped—either willingly or unwillingly—in the prison of our own selfishness and self-interest. He refers to this as a prison because he really believes that deep down, people's selfishness makes them wish for deeper connections with other people. Modern people have forgotten how to make these sorts of connections, though, because there's no unifying culture to bring us all together. So, we all just continue doing our own thing and feeling lonely, assuming there's nothing we can do about it. Oh well.

Thunder

Thunder springs up generally in the fifth and last segment of the ballad, apropos titled "What the Thunder Said." It takes its importance from the way that thunder for the most part symbolizes the happening to rain, but on the other hand is draws on Hinduism. The three thunder applauds that sound in lines 400-423 fundamentally retell the tale of how thunder, the dad of divine beings, men, and evil presences, revealed to them that so as to live well, they'd need to rehearse the three DA-s (which obviously is the thing that thunder seems like). These words are Datta, Dayadhvam, and Damyata, which mean giving, empathy, and restraint. Eliot feels that on the off chance that we can get familiar with these three things, we'll at any rate be vastly improved off than we've been for the last while. It's while discussing "What the Thunder Said" that Eliot most straightforwardly instructs us to get over ourselves and start contemplating others.

"What the Thunder Said": Yep, the last segment of the sonnet has roar in its title, so you presently it's going to be huge. Returning to the picture of water, we can consider thunder something that guarantees that downpour will before long come. In any case, we can likewise consider thunder something that is going to bring pulverization. It's the ideal picture to show how Eliot's not so much sure if society will improve or continue deteriorating.

Line 327: Eliot interfaces roar to the period of spring, which may imply that Eliot's associating roar to the probability of social resurrection. In any case, on the other hand, we have to recollect that Eliot begins "The Waste Land" by discussing what a terrible season spring is; so the picture probably won't be so encouraging.

Lines 341-342: At this point in the sonnet, Eliot is attempting to undermine any possibly recovering things about "The Waste Land." On the one hand, he says it's infertile, however not all that desolate that it's quiet and serene. No, there's consistently thunder blasting to demolish your feeling of quiet. In any case, does the thunder bring precipitation? Naw, it's absolutely this extraordinary sort of thunder that just continues making commotion: "dry sterile roar without downpour" (342). Sheesh, Eliot, we get it as of now. Ain'tnothin' great comin' down the pike.

Lines 400-423: This end segment of the sonnet brings out significantly all the more importance in Eliot's thunder picture, which he associates profoundly to a story from the Hindu religion. As indicated by this story, thunder makes the sound "DA," which we should hear as three diverse da-words in Sanskrit: Datta, Dayadhvam, and Damyata. These words intend to give, to have empathy, and to have restraint. For Eliot, these are the three things we should consider when we hear thunder, since it is in the event that we pursue these directions that the thunder will give us the otherworldly "water" we have to revive our reality.

Popular Music

As much as we might all love pop music, Eliot uses it as an example of how crummy Western culture has gotten. Pop music symbolizes how mass culture tends to take objects of very important social value and utterly ruin them (like Dan Brown using the great works of Leonardo da Vinci to write a bestselling thriller—Eliot would not be down with that). Eliot is really, really not cool with art that's simply popular, because he believes that great art can sometimes be over people's heads, and that the majority of people don't have the good sense to appreciate it. So they just run back to their iTunes Top 10 and download whatever's catchy.

Lines 128-130: In these lines, Eliot quotes lines from a popular song (from his time) called "The Shakespearean Rag." The lines "It's so elegant / So intelligent" are said with total sarcasm, since stupid people have basically taken something that's actually intelligent (Shakespeare) and turned it into a song that drunk people like to sing. The word "rag" is especially suitable for this type of criticism, since it refers both to a popular form of song and also a cloth that wipes up filth.

Lines 199-201: In his notes, Eliot admits to lifting these lines from a ballad song he heard from Sydney, Australia. In reality, this version of the song is actually one of the cleaner versions that Australian troops sang during World War I. Again, popular music tends to insert itself in Eliot's poem as an interruption, a type of modern noise that's always drowning out meaningful thought with nonsense.

Lines 266-291: Eliot takes a song he would have respected—from a Wagner opera—and fills it with his own lyrics to show how the great accomplishments of the past are pulled down into the mud and filth of the

modern world, which is defined mostly by unthinking mediocrity. Everything is so horrifically average in this modern world, and the forms of popular music convey this sad fact better than anything else.

Tarot Card

These fortune-advising cards go back to the 1400's, and Eliot appears to be persuaded that they contain some important pictures for understanding such's the matter with the cutting edge world. They're additionally associated with the topic of prescience that Eliot raises a few times in the sonnet, likewise through the figure of Tiresias, the visually impaired prophet. The tarot pack is related in this lyric for the most part with Madame Sosostris, who may really be a cheat. In any case, Eliot feels that the pictures contained in her cards, similar to the falling pinnacle or the suffocated mariner, are useful for outlining the decrease of Western culture.

Lines 46-54: The cards show up right off the bat in the lyric when the speaker seems to plunk down with a "well known clairvoyante" named Madame Sosostris. The lady draws six tarot cards altogether, which are: the suffocated mariner, the Belladona, the man with three fights, the Wheel, the one-looked at vendor, lastly a card that shows a man conveying some obscure item despite his good faith (the implications of the pictures are unloaded in the "Outline" segment of this module, so head on over yonder for the scoop). To be perfectly honest, the speaker of the sonnet doesn't appear to be all that intrigued with Madame Sosostris, proposing that she should realize how to abstain from getting a cold in the event that she knows the future so well. In any case, then again, the symbolism of the tarot pack returns to medieval England, so there's little uncertainty that Eliot discovers something extremely important in its cards. Truth be told, he thinks exceptionally enough to utilize a considerable lot of these pictures all through his own perfect work of art.

Line 55: from the start, it may appear to be great that Madame Sosostris doesn't pull the "Hanged Man" card, yet for reasons unknown, the hanged man is really an individual who should be relinquished before ripeness

and life can return to the land; so the nonattendance of this card is in reality awful news for anybody trusting that culture will resuscitate itself.

Lines 209-210: It's not entirely obvious, however the appearance of a "Symrna dealer" in this sonnet affirms the presence of a "one-peered toward" or indecent shipper in Madame Sosostris' predictions. This character comes into the lyric to symbolize avarice and debasement.

Lines 312-321: The whole fourth segment of the sonnet, "Passing by Water," discusses the suffocated Phoenician mariner, who was prior pulled from the Tarot pack by Madame Sosostris. This figure of the mariner proposes that in any event, when water is available in the lyric, it just has the ability to murder. Additionally, the seawater that suffocates the mariner isn't equivalent to the freshwater that vows to take life back to the waste land. You could decipher the suffocating of the mariner either as an image of all out fate, or as a trace of trust in resurrection later on, contingent upon whether you're a glass half full sort of individual.

Lines 427-430: In the end lines of the sonnet, you have both the picture of London connect tumbling down and that of "The Prince of Aquitaine in the demolished pinnacle," the two of which bring to mind the pinnacle struck by lightning, which is shown on one of the cards in a tarot pack. The picture speaks to the fall of an extraordinary figure or some likeness thereof (either distinct individual or human progress), and it doesn't offer generally excellent news for individuals who need to discover trust in the completion of "The Waste Land."

FORM AND METER

Emotional Monolog, Refrains, Mixed Meters

We have a speaker considering recollections and current encounters in an individual, regularly philosophical way, which implies that for quite a bit of "The Waste Land," we're perusing a sensational monolog. What makes "The Waste Land" not quite the same as an ordinary sensational monolog (like Eliot's previous ballad, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock") is that the speaker is continually moving between various characters, societies, and recorded minutes. This gives Eliot's ballad an all-encompassing quality while likewise making it divided. It's difficult to

monitor who's colloquialism what, however there's no uncertainty that for a significant part of the sonnet, they're conversing with us.

From time to time, you'll discover a rhyme or a reliable meter; however these minutes are continually passing. It's fitting, however. What great would consummate rhyme and meter do in a ballad about the disorder and rot of the cutting-edge world? We get the feeling that perhaps the speakers attempting to assemble the bits of a major, social riddle, however we never entirely observe the general picture that the pieces should make. Also, hello, possibly that image doesn't exist any longer.

Disturbing Meter: The Specifics

The second piece of the ballad begins with a sound and invigorating scramble of clear stanza (a great English meter): "The seat she sat in, similar to a shined honored position,/[…]/Held up by principles fashioned with fruited vines" (77-79). These lines pass on a legitimate feeling of the exemplary excellence they're depicting. Be that as it may, this excellence and meter rapidly self-destruct, inevitably prompting the discussion between the two ladies in the bar, which is by all accounts just too "low class" to fit any wonderful structure (139-172).

In different pieces of the sonnet, Eliot embeds prominent melodies from his time, yet for the most part as instances of how low culture has overwhelmed the sublime rhythms of exemplary meters. The general impact is by all accounts a sonnet that is continually attempting to recapture an organized, refined style, yet continues getting drew once more into low culture. Sort of like how you make a decent attempt to watch a scene of News Hour with Jim Lehrer, yet you generally end up watching Nancy Grace.

Notwithstanding his frame and meter, Eliot hauls out pretty much every beautiful system in the book so as to pass on his thoughts regarding advancement in this lyric. Generally speaking, he needs to give us a feeling of what it feels like to live in the twentieth century, and he accepts that the principle sentiment of this time is a feeling of negligibility and sadness, joined with an absence of conclusion.

How can he make that sense? By utilizing an easily overlooked detail called enjambment. That keeps each line feeling like it's incomplete.

Recall the initial two lines? "April is the cruelest month, reproducing/Lilacs out of the dead land, blending" (1-2) leaves us holding tight each line, with those participles hauling out the sentence. Eliot additionally wants to utilize the ol' ellipsis to pass on this equivalent inclination, similar to the case in line 182, where the speaker "plunked down and sobbed… ."

Be that as it may, he doesn't stop there. Another severe component of current presence is the awful similarity that appears to decide each day of individuals lives. You know, that terrible inclination that life isn't going anyplace specifically? Eliot passes on this most in his portrayal of lady visiting in the bar in lines 139-172. What's more, he particularly passes on it through his utilization of the hold back of "Hustle just a bit PLEASE ITS TIME." Every time you read this, you are helped to remember the way that this loquacious Cathy has most likely heard this expression a huge number of times, which implies that she's presumably spent a major piece of her life squandering ceaselessly the hours at the base of a jug of sherry, instead of progressing in the direction of any kind of objective.

With Eliot, you additionally get consistent updates that magnificence that may in any case exist on the planet, however sadly, these lovely abstains fail to be noticed. Recollect that onomatopoeic abstain of "container"? That reveals to us that Philomela (who speaks to exemplary excellence) can't be comprehended by present day individuals, since current individuals do not have the instruction or the great sense to perceive what they're hearing.

At its heart, this sonnet is a structure unto itself. It's pieces, stories, implications, and pictures. Every one of these things get hurled into a wonderful blend to develop another structure—one that Eliot finds appropriate for the wreckage that is the cutting edge world. The explanation Eliot draws on all these beautiful structures, conventions, and gadgets is that his sonnet is intended to resemble a Wikipedia of sorts for Western culture (however he would've loathed Wikipedia). He's trusting the assorted variety inside the lyric may help revitalize the lost regard for high culture that plagues advancement. That is a difficult task, however, and it's your call whether Eliot gets this going.

SPEAKER

What we have here, is an inability to impart.

Yep, the speakers are one of the significant things that make this ballad so hard to peruse, since they're continually moving with no kind of sign to the peruser. In the opening stanza, we appear to get notification from a lady named Marie who is thinking back with sentimentality on her beloved recollections. Afterward, we get notification from somebody sitting on the bank of the Thames River and grumbling pretty much all the litter, later still we get a lady visiting inside a bar. The one speaker who appears to be fit for possessing every one of these speakers, however, is the visually impaired prophet Tiresias, whom Eliot called "the most significant personage in the ballad." Since he is a prophet or "diviner," Tiresias can control us through any scene that is going on anytime ever, anyplace on the planet.

Eliot most likely puts such a great amount of significance on Tiresias since this character enables Eliot to dominate the spot, giving us a cross-segment perspective on present day Western culture and how it piles up (not all that well) against the enormity of the past. Likewise, Tiresias' dreams come to him in little spurts, which enable Eliot to cause his whole sonnet to appear to be divided and separated. It's up to you, the peruser, to attempt to assemble every one of the pieces, in light of the fact that our cutting edge world never again references the exemplary anecdotes or clear good measures to understand everything as far as a bigger entirety.

SETTING

Where It All Goes Down

It probably won't appear it from the start, however the title of this lyric is dead-on. This lyric is set in "The Waste Land." But even a speedy look at the ballad can reveal to us this isn't truly valid. The setting really appears to fly everywhere, from an extravagant chalet in the Swiss wide open to a bar in London, from the banks of the Thames River to some anonymous, desert-like spot. In any case, the setting of this sonnet isn't only a physical spot, yet a psychological and otherworldly scene that is dry, barren, and by and large dreadful.

Folding your head over this thought of a "physical spot inside your head" is extremely critical to understanding this ballad. At the point when you attempt to picture the setting of this ballad, it's ideal to consider the "bone-dry plain" (425) that Eliot depicts in "What the Thunder Said," a rough, sandy place where nothing will develop. The waste land is likewise a spot loaded up with litter, and not simply the sandwich papers and cigarette butts of lines 175-180, yet the wrecked sections of great (for the most part Greek, Italian, and Roman) culture. In this setting, you can picture the visually impaired prophet Tiresias grabbing his way around the desolate desert and getting the parts of great culture, while he continues being ambushed by net "dreams" like the catty lady talking in the bar or the youngster carbuncular having cold sex with the typist.

So how would we comprehend the various strict spots this lyric is by all accounts set in, likewise with the lady in the bar, or the youthful typist's loft? Truly, these are likewise part of the sonnet's setting, and they will in general happen in London; yet in general, they structure some portion of a bigger otherworldly scene, which Eliot sees similar to all of Western progress in the twentieth century.

As far as social setting, you can't deny that World War I is incredibly, present all through this ballad, despite the fact that Eliot's references to it are typically circuitous. This may really mirror the manner in which that individuals experiencing shellshock regularly experience difficulty recollecting a fight zone in light of the fact that their brains have shut out the frightfulness of what occurred. The general tone of depression in this ballad, joined with the portrayal of the waste land as a desolate, grimy spot, would have been perceived by most perusers in Eliot's time as the front lines of World War I, which totally pulverized pretty much everything in specific pieces of Europe, copying huge glades and woods and deserting just an interminable scene of mud, soil, and cadavers.

The demolition of World War I had a huge impact on Eliot, yet in addition the entirety of innovation. All things considered, how could Western development keep on accepting that it was advancing when the entirety of its supposed advancement prompted the passings of more than ten million individuals? World War I left a physical, however profound vacuum all through Europe, transforming it into what Eliot's waste land.

SOUND CHECK

All in all, this poem sounds like what it is: a sophisticated meditation on modern society written by a very, very educated man. If you read the beginning aloud, you can tell right away that nothing gets resolved in this poem. One thought always leads to another because there is always a final word that keeps each line from being finished: "April is the cruelest month, breeding / Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing / Memory and desire, stirring" (1-3).

As you go on, you get a sense of the historical and cultural ground this poem is trying to cover, since it suddenly throws in lines like "Frisch weht der Wind" (German) (31), "Et O cesvoixd'enfants, chantantdans la coupole!" (French) (202). Overall, the sound of the different languages has a "Tower of Babel" effect on the poem, constantly reminding you of the fractured and disconnected nature of modern society.

WHAT'S UP WITH THE TITLE?

Indeed, the principal thing you'll need to recall about the title is that it's "The Waste Land," and not "The Wasteland." A senseless qualification, possibly, yet it is anything but a distortion to state that the greater part of understudies typically get this title wrong on tests or papers, since PC autocorrect will attempt to make it single word. Stinkin' autocorrect.

On a representative level, "The Waste Land" alludes to the profound and scholarly rot of the advanced world. All through the ballad, the picture of a waste land gives us that, as indicated by Eliot, twentieth century culture is only a desolate, desert-like world with no genuine saving graces, as, by any means. In particular, the waste land is fruitless, and along these lines unequipped for allowing anything to develop. This barrenness symbolizes the otherworldly and scholarly passing that has occurred in current society, where it is incomprehensible for any new any desire for confidence to develop—or any great workmanship either.

This emblematic scene springs up at a few early focuses in the sonnet, however it is for the most part spoken to by the "bone-dry plain" of "What the Thunder Said." In this area, you truly get a feeling of the "mountains

of rock without water" (334) that Eliot has been discussing since as ahead of schedule as line 24: "And the dry stone no stable of water." This scene is at times substituted with other upsetting spots, similar to where the speaker sits adjacent to the Thames River and watches a rodent "Hauling its disgusting midsection on the bank" (189). In any case, generally, "The Waste Land" for the most part alludes to a dry, desolate spot that is cleared by unforgiving breeze and always shaken by "dry sterile roar without downpour" (342). No water, a whole lot of nothing workmanship, no nothing.

The speaker considers himself to be a solitary figured meandering over this waste land, getting and filtering through the wrecked parts of a culture that was once great and is currently similar to Las Vegas on a Sunday morning. All through his movements, he gets bits of Greek fantasy, Shakespeare, Dante, Wagner, and medieval English legend so as to attempt to comprehend his issue. In any case, none of these pieces are sufficient. He keeps on yearning for otherworldly recharging in a land that appears to be bound to stay dry.

ALLUSIONS ABOUND

You'll presumably never discover a lyric progressively pressed with references to workmanship, culture, and history than this one. The thing is for all intents and purposes made up of lines from other artistic works (see the "Inferences" segment and the "Rundown" to get a feeling of exactly how insane broad these references are). In addition, you've likewise got Eliot's trademark bleakness, which he some way or another figures out how to pass on with probably the most perfectly composed verse you'll at any point read.

Eliot is particularly on his game when he's expounding on residue, bones, and wind, a trio of pictures that he'd almost ideal two years after "The Waste Land," when he expressed "The Hollow Men." Only laugh spread from ear to ear" (185-186), or "I will give you dread in a bunch of residue" (30).

TOUGH-O-METER

There's simply no getting around it; Eliot's "The Waste Land" is presumably one of the hardest (if not the hardest) bit of writing you'll ever experience (except if you attempt Finnegan's Wake). The scope of Eliot's references, joined with Eliot's difficult refusal to disclose anything to you in clear terms, imply that you need to place in a huge amount of study time (with accommodating examination notes, wink) before this ballad is going to begin meaning something—anything—to you.

In any case, have confidence, this lyric isn't troublesome coincidentally, and it's not troublesome just to be, well, troublesome. Eliot needs it to be troublesome on the grounds that he is so tired of how the cutting edge world attempts to make everything in life so natural. iPods, microwaves, Google—the extent that Eliot's concerned, these are on the whole just things that make our cerebrums more fragile and flimsier, despite the fact that we may believe we're getting progressively effective.

To put it plainly, Eliot needs you not to comprehend this sonnet, in any event not from the outset. He needs to baffle you so much that you'll visit your nearby library and attempt to make sense of what this sonnet implies, and gain proficiency with a lot of compensating stuff all the while. What's more, on the off chance that you snap this sonnet close and state, "It's excessively hard; Eliot's a twitch," well at that point Eliot's glad to lose you as a peruser. No doubt about it—fella's a colossal big talker. In any case, he's just a highbrow snot since regardless he has faith in the intensity of the human cerebrum, and he lacks the capacity to deal with individuals who squander that power on thoughtless amusement and simple perusing.

INCIDENTAL DATA

Becoming weary of every one of those red pen denotes your instructor makes on your expositions? Well T.S. Eliot, perhaps the best artist of the twentieth century, got almost 50% of his showstopper cut away by his companion, Ezra Pound. It doesn't make a difference how incredible an author you are, people; you'll generally need to manage editors. (Source.)

Obviously, Ezra Pound gave Eliot the epithet "Old Possum," and Eliot really utilized this name in a book of youngsters' sonnets about felines,

called Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats. We're thinking about whether Pound was referencing T. S. Eliot's. looks or night owlish propensities. Likewise, Eliot's book of rubbish section about felines, in all honesty, was the motivation for Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber's great melodic, Cats.

In 1986, Eliot's face was put on a 22 penny American stamp. Be that as it may, sheesh, they should've discovered a superior image of the person. Perhaps that is the place the moniker originates from.

HOTNESS RATING

Without a doubt, there's a temptation scene in this sonnet (i.e., the typist and youngster carbuncular), however nobody's more irritated by sex than great ol' pretentious Eliot. He truly appears went crazy by the entire thought of sex, and not many peruses are probably going to feel scandalized by finding out about Tiresias' "wrinkled dugs." Grossed out, perhaps. In the case of being the outcomes satisfaction or crying over it.

5.3 LET US SUM UP

In this unit we went through the analysis of "The Waste Land" by T.S. Eliot.

5.4 KEYWORDS

1. **Ganga**: the Ganges River in India
2. **Himavant**: Sanskrit for "snowy." Probably refers in this case to the Himalayas.
3. **Hofgarten**: a park in Munich
4. **Magnus Martyr**: reference to a church in London, in honor of St. Magnus
5. **Moorgate**: a district in East London
6. **Mylae:** a battle in the First Punic War (between Carthage and Rome)

5.5 QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

1. Write the analysis of "The Waste Land" by T.S. Eliot

5.6 SUGGESTED READINGS AND WRITINGS

1. Pound 2005, p. 33.
2. Wilhelm 1990 p. 309
3. Eliot 1986 pp. 109–10
4. Wild goose chase: Eliot 1961
5. North, Michael. The Waste Land: Authoritative Text, Contexts, Criticism. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 2001, p. 51.
6. Eliot, T. S. (1971) The Waste Land: A Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts Including the Annotations of Ezra Pound Edited and with an Introduction by Valerie Eliot, Harcourt Brace & Company, ISBN 0-15-694870-2

5.7 ANSWERS TO CHECK YOUR PROGRESS

1. The Waste Land first appeared in October 1922. **(answer to check your progress – 1Q1)**

2. The Waste Land is arguably the single most influential modernist poem. **(answer to check your progress – 1Q2)**

UNIT 6. AUDEN – A SUMMER NIGHT, IN MEMORY OF W.B. YEATS, MEMORIAL FOR THE CITY, A SHILLING LIFE - 1

STRUCTURE

6.0 Objectives

6.1 Introduction

6.2 About Wystan Hugh Auden's Life

6.3 Wystan Hugh Auden's Work

6.4 Let us sum up

6.5 Keywords

6.6 Questions for review

6.7 Suggested readings and writings

6.8 Answers to check your progress

6.0 OBJECTIVES

After the completion of this unit you should be able to learn about:

- W.H.Auden's life and work.

6.1 INTRODUCTION

Wystan Hugh Auden was an English-American artist. Auden's verse was noted for its expressive and specialized accomplishment, its commitment with legislative issues, ethics, love, and religion, and its assortment in tone, shape and substance. He is best referred to for affection sonnets, for example, "Burial service Blues"; lyrics on political and social subjects, for example, "September 1, 1939" and "The Shield of Achilles"; ballads on social and mental topics, for example, The Age of Anxiety; and sonnets on strict topics, for example, "Until further notice" and "HoraeCanonicae".

He was conceived in York, experienced childhood in and close to Birmingham in an expert white-collar class family. He went to English

free (or government funded) schools and concentrated English at Christ Church, Oxford. Following a couple of months in Berlin in 1928–29, he went through five years (1930–35) instructing in British state funded schools, at that point made a trip to Iceland and China so as to compose books about his voyages.

In 1939 he moved to the United States and turned into an American resident in 1946. He educated from 1941 to 1945 in American colleges, trailed by intermittent visiting residencies during the 1950s. From 1947 to 1957 he wintered in New York and summered in Ischia; from 1958 until a mind-blowing finish he wintered in New York (in Oxford in 1972–73) and summered in Kirchstetten, Lower Austria.

He came to wide open consideration with his first book Poems at the age of twenty-three of every 1930; it was followed in 1932 by The Orators. Three plays written as a team with Christopher Isherwood somewhere in the range of 1935 and 1938 manufactured his notoriety for being a left-wing political author. Auden moved to the United States mostly to get away from this notoriety, and his work during the 1940s, including the long ballads "For now" and "The Sea and the Mirror", concentrated on strict topics. He won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry for his 1947 long lyric The Age of Anxiety, the title of which turned into a mainstream expression portraying the advanced era.From 1956 to 1961 he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford; his talks were prominent with understudies and personnel, and filled in as the reason for his 1962 exposition assortment The Dyer's Hand.

Auden and Isherwood kept up an enduring however discontinuous sexual kinship from around 1927 to 1939, while both had briefer yet increasingly serious relations with other men. In 1939, Auden began to look all starry eyed at Chester Kallman and viewed their relationship as a marriage, yet this finished in 1941 when Kallman would not acknowledge the reliable relations that Auden requested. In any case, the two kept up their companionship, and from 1947 until Auden's demise they lived in a similar house or loft in a non-sexual relationship, frequently working together on show libretti, for example, that of The Rake's Progress, to music by Igor Stravinsky.

Auden was a productive author of writing papers and audits on scholarly, political, mental, and strict subjects, and he worked at different occasions on narrative movies, graceful plays, and different types of execution. All through his profession he was both dubious and compelling, and basic perspectives on his work extended from forcefully cavalier—regarding him as a lesser figure than W. B. Yeats and T. S. Eliot—to firmly positive, as in Joseph Brodsky's case that he had "the best personality of the twentieth century". After his passing, his ballads got known to an a lot more extensive open than during his lifetime through movies, communicates, and famous media.

Check your progress – 1

1. When did W.H.Auden educate?

____

____

____

____

2. Where was Auden conceived?

____

____

____

____

6.2 ABOUT WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN'S LIFE

Childhood

Auden was conceived in York, England, to George Augustus Auden (1872–1957), a doctor, and Constance Rosalie Auden (née Bicknell; 1869–1941), who had prepared (yet never filled in) as a preacher nurse. He was the third of three children; the oldest, George Bernard Auden (1900–1978), turned into a rancher, while the second, John Bicknell Auden (1903–1991), turned into a geologist.TheAudens were minor upper

class with a solid administrative custom, initially of Rowley Regis, later of Horninglow, Staffordshire.

Auden, whose granddads were both Church of England clergymen, experienced childhood in an Anglo-Catholic family unit that pursued a "High" type of Anglicanism, with regulation and custom taking after those of Roman Catholicism.[He followed his adoration for music and language incompletely to the faith gatherings of his childhood.He accepted he was of Icelandic plummet, and his long lasting interest with Icelandic legends and Old Norse adventures is clear in his work.

His family moved to Homer Road in Solihull, close to Birmingham, in 1908,[10] where his dad had been delegated the School Medical Officer and Lecturer (later Professor) of Public Health. Auden's long lasting psychoanalytic interests started in his dad's library. From the age of eight he went to all inclusive schools, coming all the way back for holidays. His visits to the Pennine scene and its declining lead-mining industry figure in a large number of his lyrics; the remote rotting mining town of Rookhope was for him a "holy scene", evoked in a late ballad, "Love Loci".Until he was fifteen he expected to turn into a mining engineer, yet his energy for words had just started. He composed later: "words so energize me that an obscene story, for instance, energizes me explicitly beyond what a living individual can do."

Instruction

Auden went to St Edmund's School, Hindhead, Surrey, where he met Christopher Isherwood, later well known in his very own privilege as a novelist.At thirteen he went to Gresham's School in Norfolk; there, in 1922, when his companion Robert Medley inquired as to whether he composed verse, Auden previously understood his occupation was to be a poet. Soon after, he "discover(ed) that he (had) lost his confidence" (through a steady acknowledgment that he had lost enthusiasm for religion, not through any conclusive difference in views). In school creations of Shakespeare, he played Katherina in The Taming of the Shrew in 1922, and Caliban in The Tempest in 1925, his last year at Gresham's.His initially distributed sonnets showed up in the school

magazine in 1923.Auden later composed a part on Gresham's for Graham Greene's The Old School: Essays by Divers Hands (1934).

In 1925 he went up to Christ Church, Oxford, with a grant in science; he changed to English by his subsequent year, and was acquainted with Old English verse through the talks of J. R. R. Tolkien. Companions he met at Oxford incorporate Cecil Day-Lewis, Louis MacNeice, and Stephen Spender; these four were usually however misleadingly recognized during the 1930s as the "Auden Group" for their common (yet not indistinguishable) left-wing sees. Auden left Oxford in 1928 with a second rate class degree.

Auden was reintroduced to Christopher Isherwood in 1925 by his kindred understudy A. S. T. Fisher. For the following scarcely any years Auden sent sonnets to Isherwood for remarks and analysis; the two kept up a sexual kinship in interims between their relations with others. In 1935–39 they worked together on three plays and a movement book.

From his Oxford years forward, Auden's companions consistently portrayed him as clever, unrestrained, thoughtful, liberal, and, incompletely by his very own decision, desolate. In bunches he was frequently obstinate and oppressive in a comic manner; in progressively private settings he was restrained and bashful with the exception of when sure of his welcome. He was reliable in his propensities, and over the top about fulfilling time constraints, while deciding to live in the midst of physical disorder.

Britain and Europe, 1928–38

In late 1928, Auden left Britain for nine months, going to Berlin, incompletely to oppose English severity. In Berlin, he previously encountered the political and monetary distress that got one of his focal subjects.

On coming back to Britain in 1929, he worked quickly as a guide. In 1930 his previously distributed book, Poems (1930), was acknowledged by T. S. Eliot for Faber and Faber, and a similar firm remained the British distributer of the considerable number of books he distributed from that point. In 1930 he started five years as a schoolmaster in young men's

schools: two years at the Larchfield Academy in Helensburgh, Scotland, at that point three years at the Downs School in the Malvern Hills, where he was a much-adored teacher. At the Downs, in June 1933, he encountered what he later portrayed as a "Dream of Agape", while sitting with three individual educators at the school, when he all of a sudden found that he cherished them for themselves, that their reality had boundless incentive for him; this experience, he stated, later impacted his choice to come back to the Anglican Church in 1940.

During these years, Auden's suggestive advantages centered, as he later stated, on a glorified "Change Ego" as opposed to on singular people. His connections (and his ineffective romances) would in general be inconsistent either in age or insight; his sexual relations were transient, albeit some developed into long fellowships. He stood out these connections from what he later viewed as the "marriage" (his assertion) of equivalents that he started with Chester Kallman in 1939, in view of the one of a kind independence of both partners.

From 1935 until he left Britain right off the bat in 1939, Auden filled in as independent commentator, writer, and speaker, first with the GPO Film Unit, a narrative film-production part of the mail station, headed by John Grierson. Through his work for the Film Unit in 1935 he met and teamed up with Benjamin Britten, with whom he likewise took a shot at plays, tune cycles, and a libretto.Auden's plays during the 1930s were performed by the Group Theater, in creations that he regulated to fluctuating degrees.

His work presently mirrored his conviction that any great craftsman must be "in excess of somewhat of an announcing journalist". In 1936, Auden went through a quarter of a year in Iceland where he assembled material for a movement book Letters from Iceland (1937), written as a team with Louis MacNeice. In 1937 he went to Spain meaning to drive a rescue vehicle for the Republic in the Spanish Civil War, yet was given something to do broadcasting publicity, an occupation he left to visit the front. His seven-week visit to Spain influenced him profoundly, and his social perspectives developed progressively perplexing as he saw political substances as more questionable and upsetting than he had imagined. Againendeavouring to consolidate reportage and craftsmanship, he and

Isherwood went through a half year in 1938 visiting China in the midst of the Sino-Japanese War, taking a shot at their book Journey to a War (1939). On their way back to England they stayed quickly in New York and chose to move to the United States. Auden spent late 1938 mostly in England, somewhat in Brussels.

A significant number of Auden's ballads during the 1930s and after were roused by unconsummated love, and during the 1950s he outlined his enthusiastic life in a celebrated couplet: "If equivalent warmth can't be/Let the all the more cherishing one be me" ("The More Loving One"). He had a present for kinship and, beginning in the late 1930s, a solid wish for the soundness of marriage; in a letter to his companion James Stern he called marriage "the main subject."[29] Throughout his life, Auden performed altruistic acts, here and there out in the open (as in his 1935 marriage of accommodation to Erika Mann that furnished her with a British visa to get away from the Nazis), at the same time, particularly in later years, all the more regularly in private. He was humiliated on the off chance that they were openly uncovered, as when his blessing to his companion Dorothy Day for the Catholic Worker development was accounted for on the first page of The New York Times in 1956.

United States and Europe, 1939–73

Auden and Isherwood cruised to New York City in January 1939, entering on impermanent visas. Their takeoff from Britain was later observed by numerous individuals as a disloyalty, and Auden's notoriety suffered. In April 1939, Isherwood moved to California, and he and Auden saw each other just irregularly in later years. Around this time, Auden met the writer Chester Kallman, who turned into his sweetheart for the following two years (Auden portrayed their connection as a "marriage" that started with a crosscountry "special night" journey).

In 1941 Kallman cut off their sexual association since he couldn't acknowledge Auden's emphasis on common fidelity, yet he and Auden remained allies for a mind-blowing remainder, sharing houses and lofts from 1953 until Auden's death. Auden devoted the two releases of his gathered verse (1945/50 and 1966) to Isherwood and Kallman.

In 1940–41, Auden lived in a house at 7 Middagh Street in Brooklyn Heights, that he imparted to Carson McCullers, Benjamin Britten, and others, which turned into a well known focus of masterful life, nicknamed "February House".In 1940, Auden joined the Episcopal Church, coming back to the Anglican Communion he had surrendered at fifteen. His reconversion was impacted halfway by what he called the "sainthood" of Charles Williams, whom he had met in 1937, and incompletely by perusing Søren Kierkegaard and Reinhold Niebuhr; his existential, this-common Christianity turned into a focal component in his life.

After Britain pronounced war on Germany in September 1939, Auden told the British international safe haven in Washington that he would come back to the UK if necessary. He was informed that, among those his age (32), just qualified staff were required. In 1941–42 he showed English at the University of Michigan. He was required the draft in the United States Army in August 1942, however was dismissed on medicinal grounds. He had been granted a Guggenheim Fellowship for 1942–43 yet didn't utilize it, picking rather to educate at Swarthmore College in 1942–45.

In mid-1945, after the finish of World War II in Europe, he was in Germany with the U. S. Vital Bombing Survey, concentrating the impacts of Allied shelling on German resolve, an encounter that influenced his after war fill in as his visit to Spain had influenced him earlier. On his arrival, he settled in Manhattan, functioning as an independent essayist, an instructor at The New School for Social Research, and a meeting educator at Bennington, Smith, and other American universities. In 1946 he turned into a naturalized resident of the US.

In 1948, Auden started spending his summers in Europe, together with Chester Kallman, first in Quite a while, Italy, where he leased a house. At that point, beginning in 1958, he started spending his summers in Kirchstetten, Austria, where he purchased a farmhouse from the prize cash of the PremioFeltrinelli granted to him in 1957. He said that he shed tears of happiness at owning a home for the first time. In 1956–61, Auden was Professor of Poetry at Oxford University where he was required to give three talks every year. This genuinely light remaining burden enabled

him to keep on spending winter in New York, where he inhabited 77 St. Imprint's Place in Manhattan's East Village, and to spend summer in Europe, going through just three weeks every year addressing in Oxford. He earned his pay for the most part from readings and talk visits, and by composing for The New Yorker, The New York Review of Books, and other magazines.

In 1963 Kallman left the condo he partook in New York with Auden, and lived throughout the winter in Athens while proceeding to go through his summers with Auden in Austria. In 1972, Auden moved his winter home from New York to Oxford, where his old school, Christ Church, offered him a house, while he kept on spending summers in Austria. He passed on in Vienna in 1973, a couple of hours in the wake of giving a perusing of his sonnets at the Austrian Society for Literature; his demise happened at the Hotel Altenburger Hof where he was remaining medium-term before his planned come back to Oxford the following day. He was covered in Kirchstetten.

Check your progress – 2

1. What was the name of W.H.Auden's father?

____

____

____

____

2. What was the name of W.H.Auden's mother?

____

____

____

____

6.3 WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN'S WORK

Work

Auden published about four hundred poems, including seven long poems (two of them book-length). His poetry was encyclopedic in scope and

method, ranging in style from obscure twentieth-century modernism to the lucid traditional forms such as ballads and limericks, from doggerel through haiku and villanelles to a "Christmas Oratorio" and a baroque eclogue in Anglo-Saxon meters.The tone and content of his poems ranged from pop-song clichés to complex philosophical meditations, from the corns on his toes to atoms and stars, from contemporary crises to the evolution of society.

He also wrote more than four hundred essays and reviews about literature, history, politics, music, religion, and many other subjects. He collaborated on plays with Christopher Isherwood and on opera libretti with Chester Kallman, and worked with a group of artists and filmmakers on documentary films in the 1930s and with the New York Pro Musica early music group in the 1950s and 1960s. About collaboration he wrote in 1964: "collaboration has brought me greater erotic joy . . . than any sexual relations I have had."

Auden controversially rewrote or discarded some of his most famous poems when he prepared his later collected editions. He wrote that he rejected poems that he found "boring" or "dishonest" in the sense that they expressed views he had never held but had used only because he felt they would be rhetorically effective.[42] His rejected poems include "Spain" and "September 1, 1939". His literary executor, Edward Mendelson, argues in his introduction to Selected Poems that Auden's practice reflected his sense of the persuasive power of poetry and his reluctance to misuse it. (Selected Poems includes some poems that Auden rejected and early texts of poems that he revised.)

Early work, 1922–39

Up to 1930

Auden started composing sonnets in 1922, at fifteen, for the most part in the styles of nineteenth century sentimental writers, particularly Wordsworth, and later artists with country interests, particularly Thomas Hardy. At eighteen he found T. S. Eliot and embraced an extraordinary form of Eliot's style. He discovered his own voice at twenty when he composed the first lyric later remembered for quite a while gathered work, "From the absolute first coming down". This and different sonnets of the late 1920s would in general be in a cut, subtle style that implied,

however didn't legitimately express, their subjects of forlornness and misfortune. Twenty of these sonnets showed up in his first book Poems (1928), a flyer hand-printed by Stephen Spender.

In 1928 he composed his first sensational work, Paid on Both Sides, subtitled "A Charade", which consolidated style and substance from the Icelandic adventures with jokes from English school life. This blend of catastrophe and joke, with a fantasy play-inside a-play, presented the blended styles and substance of quite a bit of his later work.This show and thirty short ballads showed up in his initially distributed book Poems (1930, second release with seven sonnets supplanted, 1933); the sonnets in the book were for the most part melodious and gnomic interventions on sought after or unconsummated love and on topics of individual, social, and regular reestablishment; among these lyrics were "It was Easter as I strolled," "Fate is dull," "Sir, no man's adversary," and "This lunar beauty."

An intermittent subject in these early ballads is the impact of "family apparitions", Auden's expression for the incredible, inconspicuous mental impacts of going before ages on any individual life (and the title of a sonnet). A parallel subject, present all through his work, is the differentiation between organic advancement (unchosen and automatic) and the mental development of societies and people (willful and conscious even in its subconscious aspects).

1931–35

Auden's next enormous scale work was The Orators: An (1932; reexamined releases, 1934, 1966), in section and writing, to a great extent about legend venerate in close to home and political life. In his shorter sonnets, his style turned out to be increasingly open and available, and the overflowing "Six Odes" in The Orators mirror his new enthusiasm for Robert Burns. During the following scarcely any years, a considerable lot of his lyrics took their frame and style from conventional melodies and well known tunes, and furthermore from sweeping old style structures like the Odes of Horace, which he appears to have found through the German artist Hölderlin. Around this time his principle impacts were Dante, William Langland, and Alexander Pope.

During these years, a lot of his work communicated left-wing perspectives, and he turned out to be broadly known as a political writer in spite of the fact that he was secretly more undecided about progressive legislative issues than numerous commentators recognised, and Mendelson contends that he elucidated political perspectives mostly out of a feeling of good obligation and halfway on the grounds that it upgraded his notoriety, and that he later lamented having done so. He by and large expounded on progressive change as far as a "difference in heart", a change of a general public from a deterred brain research of dread to an open brain science of love.

His refrain dramatization The Dance of Death (1933) was a political event in the style of a showy revue, which Auden later called "an agnostic leg-pull." His next play The Dog Beneath the Skin (1935), written as a team with Isherwood, was comparably a semi Marxist refreshing of Gilbert and Sullivan in which the general thought of social change was more conspicuous than a particular political activity or structure.

The Ascent of F6 (1937), another play composed with Isherwood, was somewhat an enemy of radical parody, incompletely (in the character of oneself decimating climber Michael Ransom) an assessment of Auden's own thought processes in taking on an open job as a political poet.This play incorporated the main form of "Memorial service Blues" ("Stop every one of the tickers"), composed as a satiric tribute for a government official; Auden later revised the lyric as a "Men's club Song" about lost love (written to be sung by the soprano Hedli Anderson, for whom he composed numerous verses in the 1930s). In 1935, he worked quickly on narrative movies with the GPO Film Unit, composing his acclaimed stanza critique for Night Mail and verses for different movies that were among his endeavors during the 1930s to make a generally available, socially cognizant art.

1936–39

In 1936 Auden's distributer picked the title Look, S-tranger! for an assortment of political tributes, love ballads, comic tunes, reflective verses, and an assortment of mentally extraordinary yet genuinely open stanza; Auden loathed the title and retitled the assortment for the 1937 US release On This Island). Among the sonnets remembered for the book are

"Knowing about harvests", "Out on the garden I lie in bed", "O what is that sound", "Look, stranger, on this island now" (later updated variants change "on" to "at"), and "Our chasing fathers".

Auden was currently contending that a caftsman ought to be a sort of columnist, and he set this view in motion in Letters from Iceland (1937) a movement book in exposition and section composed with Louis MacNeice, which incorporated his long social, artistic, and self-portraying critique "Letter to Lord Byron". In 1937, in the wake of watching the Spanish Civil War he composed a politically drawn in flyer ballad Spain (1937); he later disposed of it from his gathered works. Voyage to a War (1939) a movement book in exposition and refrain, was composed with Isherwood after their visit to the Sino-Japanese War. Auden's last coordinated effort with Isherwood was their third play, On the Frontier, an enemy of war parody written in Broadway and West End styles.

Auden's shorter sonnets presently drew in with the delicacy and fleetingness of individual love ("Danse Macabre", "The Dream", "Lay your resting head"), a subject he treated with amusing mind in his "Four Cabaret Songs for Miss Hedli Anderson" (which included "Come clean with Me About Love" and the reexamined variant of "Burial service Blues"), and furthermore the ruining impact of open and authority culture on singular lives ("Casino", "Younger students", "Dover"). In 1938 he composed a progression of dim, unexpected anthems about individual disappointment ("Miss Gee", "James Honeyman", "Victor"). All these showed up in Another Time (1940), together with lyrics including "Dover", "As He Seems to be", and "Musée des Beaux Arts" (which were all composed before he moved to America in 1939), and "In Memory of W. B. Yeats", "The Unknown Citizen", "Law Like Love", "September 1, 1939", and "In Memory of Sigmund Freud" (all written in America).

The funeral poems for Yeats and Freud are incompletely against brave proclamations, in which incredible deeds are performed, not by novel prodigies whom others can't want to impersonate, yet by generally customary people who were "senseless like us" (Yeats) or of whom it could be said "he wasn't sharp in any way" (Freud), and who became educators of others, not sensational heroes.

Center period, 1940–57

1940–46

In 1940 Auden composed a long philosophical lyric "New Year Letter", which showed up with different notes and different ballads in The Double Man (1941). At the hour of his arrival to the Anglican Communion he started composing dynamic section on philosophical subjects, for example, "Canzone" and "Kairos and Logos". Around 1942, as he turned out to be progressively OK with strict subjects, his section turned out to be increasingly open and loose, and he progressively utilized the syllabic stanza he had gained from the verse of Marianne Moore.

Auden's work in this time delivers the craftsman's impulse to utilize different people as material for his specialty as opposed to esteeming them for themselves ("Prospero to Ariel") and the comparing moral commitment to make and keep duties while perceiving the compulsion to break them ("In Sickness and Health").From 1942 through 1947 he worked for the most part on three long lyrics in emotional structure, each varying from the others in frame and substance: "For the present: A Christmas Oratorio", "The Sea and the Mirror: A Commentary on Shakespeare's The Tempest" (both distributed in For the Time Being, 1944), and The Age of Anxiety: A Baroque Eclogue (distributed independently in 1947). The initial two, with Auden's other new sonnets from 1940 to 1944, were remembered for his originally gathered release, The Collected Poetry of W. H. Auden (1945), with the majority of his previous sonnets, numerous in overhauled versions.

1947–57

Subsequent to finishing The Age of Anxiety in 1946 he concentrated again on shorter lyrics, remarkably "A Walk After Dark", "The Love Feast", and "The Fall of Rome". Many of these evoked the Italian town where he spent his summers between 1948–57, and his next book, Nones (1951), had a Mediterranean climate new to his workanother subject was the "consecrated significance" of the human body in its common perspective (breathing, resting, eating) and the congruity with nature that the body made conceivable (rather than the division among mankind and nature that he had underlined in the 1930s);his ballads on these topics included "In Praise of Limestone" (1948) and "Commemoration for the City" (1949). In 1949 Auden and Kallman composed the lyrics for Igor

Stravinsky's drama The Rake's Progress, and later teamed up on two libretti for shows by Hans Werner Henze.

Later work, 1958–73

In the late 1950s Auden's style turned out to be less logical while its scope of styles expanded. In 1958, having moved his late spring home from Italy to Austria, he stated "Farewell to the Mezzogiorno"; different lyrics from this period incorporate "Dichtung und Wahrheit: An Unwritten Poem", a composition ballad about the connection among affection and individual and lovely language, and the differentiating "Woman Kind", about the mysterious unoriginal conceptive nature. These and different lyrics, including his 1955–66 sonnets about history, showed up in Homage to Clio (1960).His composition book The Dyer's Hand (1962) assembled a large number of the talks he gave in Oxford as Professor of Poetry in 1956–61, together with reexamined adaptations of expositions and notes composed since the mid-1940s.

Among the new styles and structures in Auden's later work were the haiku and tanka that he started composing subsequent to interpreting the haiku and other section in Dag Hammarskjöld's Markings. A grouping of fifteen sonnets about his home in Austria, "Thanksgiving for a Habitat" (written in different styles that incorporated an impersonation of William Carlos Williams) showed up in About the House (1965), together with different ballads that remembered his appearance for his talk visits, "On the Circuit".In the late 1960s he thought of a portion of his most vivacious lyrics, including "Stream Profile" and two lyrics that thought back over his life, "Introduction at Sixty" and "Forty Years On". All these showed up in City Without Walls (1969). His deep rooted energy for Icelandic legend finished in his stanza interpretation of The Elder Edda (1969). Among his later topics was the "religionless Christianity" he gained mostly from Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the dedicatee of his lyric "Friday's Child."

A Certain World: A Commonplace Book (1970) was a sort of self-representation made up of most loved citations with editorial, organized in order request by subject.[56] His last exposition book was a choice of articles and audits, Forewords and Afterwords (1973).[9] His last books of section, Epistle to a Godson (1972) and the incomplete Thank You,

Fog (distributed post mortem, 1974) incorporate intelligent lyrics about language ("Natural Linguistics", "Aubade"), reasoning and science ("No, Plato, No", "Unusual yet Providential"), and his very own maturing ("A New Year Greeting", "Conversing with Myself", "A Lullaby" ["The clamor of work is subdued"]). His last finished ballad was "Antiquarianism", about custom and immortality, two repeating subjects in his later years.

Notoriety and impact

Auden's stature in present day writing has been challenged. Likely the most well-known basic view from the 1930s forward positioned him as the last and least of the three significant twentieth-century British and Irish writers—behind Yeats and Eliot—while a minority see, progressively conspicuous lately, positions him as the most noteworthy of the three.Opinions have gone from those of Hugh MacDiarmid, who called him "a total waste of time"; F. R. Leavis, who composed that Auden's unexpected style was "self-guarded, liberal or only irresponsible"; and Harold Bloom, who stated "Close thy Auden, open thy [Wallace] Stevens," to the obituarist in The Times, who expressed: "W.H. Auden, for long the enfant awful of English verse… rises as its undisputed master." Joseph Brodsky composed that Auden had "the best personality of the twentieth century".

Basic appraisals were isolated from the beginning. Checking on Auden's first book, Poems (1930), Naomi Mitchison expressed "If this is extremely just the start, we have maybe an ace to look forward to." But John Sparrow, reviewing Mitchison's remark in 1934, expelled Auden's initial work as "a landmark to the confused points that win among contemporary writers, and the way that… he is being hailed as 'an ace' shows how analysis is helping verse on the descending path."

Auden's cut, satiric, and unexpected style during the 1930s was generally imitated by more youthful artists, for example, Charles Madge, who wrote in a ballad "there sat tight for me in the late spring morning/Auden furiously. I read, shivered, and knew." He was broadly portrayed as the pioneer of an "Auden gathering" that contained his companions Stephen Spender, Cecil Day-Lewis, and Louis MacNeice. The four were ridiculed by the writer Roy Campbell as though they were a solitary

undifferentiated artist named "Macspaunday."Auden's propagandistic beautiful plays, including The Dog Beneath the Skin and The Ascent of F6, and his political lyrics, for example, "Spain" gave him the notoriety for being a political artist writing in a dynamic and open voice, as opposed to Eliot; however this political position incited contradicting feelings, for example, that of Austin Clarke who called Auden's work "liberal, fair, and humane", and John Drummond, who composed that Auden abused a "trademark and promoting stunt, the summed up picture", to exhibit apparently left-wing sees that were in actuality "restricted to common experience."

Auden's takeoff for America in 1939 was bantered in Britain (once even in Parliament), with some considering his to be as a disloyalty. Protectors of Auden, for example, Geoffrey Grigson, in a prologue to a 1949 collection of current verse, composed that Auden "curves over all". His stature was proposed by book titles, for example, Auden and After by Francis Scarfe (1942) and The Auden Generation by Samuel Hynes (1977).

In the US, beginning in the late 1930s, the disconnected, unexpected tone of Auden's customary stanzas got powerful; John Ashbery reviewed that during the 1940s Auden "was the cutting edge poet". Auden's proper impacts were so unavoidable in American verse that the blissful style of the Beat Generation was halfway a response against his impact. From the 1940s through the 1960s, numerous pundits deplored that Auden's work had declined from its prior guarantee; Randall Jarrell composed a progression of papers putting forth a defense against Auden's later work, and Philip Larkin's "What's Become of Wystan?" (1960) had a wide impact.

After his demise, a portion of his lyrics, quite "Memorial service Blues", "Musée des Beaux Arts", "Displaced person Blues", "The Unknown Citizen", and "September 1, 1939", got known to an a lot more extensive open than during his lifetime through movies, communicates, and prevalent media.

The primary full-length investigation of Auden was Richard Hoggart's Auden: An Introductory Essay (1951), which inferred that "Auden's work, at that point, is an acculturating force." It was trailed by Joseph Warren

Beach's The Making of the Auden Canon (1957), a disliking record of Auden's modifications of his prior work. The main orderly basic record was Monroe K. Lances' The Poetry of W. H. Auden: The Disenchanted Island (1963), "worked out of the conviction that Auden's verse can offer the peruser stimulation, guidance, scholarly energy, and an extravagant assortment of tasteful delights, all in a liberal plenitude that is special in our time."

Auden was one of three competitors prescribed by the Nobel Committee to the Swedish Academy for the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1963 and 1965 and six suggested for the 1964 prize. By the hour of his demise in 1973 he had accomplished the status of a regarded senior statesman, and a commemoration stone for him was set in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey in 1974.The Encyclopedia Britannica composes that "when of Eliot's passing in 1965… a persuading case could be made for the attestation that Auden was surely Eliot's successor, as Eliot had acquired sole case to amazingness when Yeats kicked the bucket in 1939." With certain exemptions, British pundits would in general treat his initial work as his best, while American pundits would in general support his center and later work.

Another gathering of pundits and artists has kept up that not at all like other present day artists, Auden's notoriety didn't decrease after his passing, and the impact of his later composing was particularly solid on more youthful American writers including John Ashbery, James Merrill, Anthony Hecht, and Maxine Kumin.Typical later assessments depict him as "ostensibly the [20th] century's most prominent artist" (Peter Parker and Frank Kermode), who "now unmistakably appears the best artist in English since Tennyson" (Philip Hensher).

Open acknowledgment of Auden's work strongly expanded after his "Memorial service Blues" ("Stop every one of the tickers") was perused so anyone might hear in the film Four Weddings and a Funeral (1994); subsequently, a flyer version of ten of his lyrics, Tell Me the Truth About Love, sold in excess of 275,000 duplicates. After 11 September 2001 his 1939 sonnet "September 1, 1939" was generally coursed and every now and again broadcast.[60] Public readings and communicate tributes in the UK and US in 2007 denoted his centennial year.

By and large, Auden's verse was noted for its complex and specialized accomplishment, its commitment with governmental issues, ethics, love, and religion, and its assortment in tone, structure and content.

Remembrance stones and plaques honoring Auden incorporate those in Westminster Abbey; at his origin at 55 Bootham, York; close to his home on Lordswood Road, Birmingham; in the house of prayer of Christ Church, Oxford; on the site of his condo at 1 Montague Terrace, Brooklyn Heights; at his loft in 77 St. Imprints Place, New York (harmed and now removed); at the site of his demise at Walfischgasse 5 in Vienna; and in the Rainbow Honor Walk in San Francisco.[90] In his home in Kirchstetten, his examination is available to people in general upon request.

Published works

The following list includes only the books of poems and essays that Auden prepared during his lifetime; for a more complete list, including other works and posthumous editions, see W. H. Auden bibliography.

In the list below, works reprinted in the Complete Works of W. H. Auden are indicated by footnote references.

Books

- Poems (London, 1930; second edn., seven poems substituted, London, 1933; includes poems and Paid on Both Sides: A Charade[49]) (dedicated to Christopher Isherwood).
- The Orators: An English Study (London, 1932, verse and prose; slightly revised edn., London, 1934; revised edn. with new preface, London, 1966; New York 1967) (dedicated to Stephen Spender).
- The Dance of Death (London, 1933, play)[49] (dedicated to Robert Medley and Rupert Doone).
- Poems (New York, 1934; contains Poems [1933 edition], The Orators [1932 edition], and The Dance of Death).
- The Dog Beneath the Skin (London, New York, 1935; play, with Christopher Isherwood)[49] (dedicated to Robert Moody).
- The Ascent of F6 (London, 1936; 2nd edn., 1937; New York, 1937; play, with Christopher Isherwood) (dedicated to John Bicknell Auden).

- Look, Stranger! (London, 1936, poems; US edn., On This Island, New York, 1937) (dedicated to Erika Mann)
- Letters from Iceland (London, New York, 1937; verse and prose, with Louis MacNeice)(dedicated to George Augustus Auden).
- On the Frontier (London, 1938; New York 1939; play, with Christopher Isherwood)(dedicated to Benjamin Britten).
- Journey to a War (London, New York, 1939; verse and prose, with Christopher Isherwood) (dedicated to E. M. Forster).
- Another Time (London, New York 1940; poetry) (dedicated to Chester Kallman).
- The Double Man (New York, 1941, poems; UK edn., New Year Letter, London, 1941) (Dedicated to Elizabeth Mayer).
- For the Time Being (New York, 1944; London, 1945; two long poems: "The Sea and the Mirror: A Commentary on Shakespeare's The Tempest", dedicated to James and Tania Stern, and "For the Time Being: A Christmas Oratorio", in memoriam Constance Rosalie Auden [Auden's mother]).
- The Collected Poetry of W. H. Auden (New York, 1945; includes new poems) (dedicated to Christopher Isherwood and Chester Kallman). Full text.
- The Age of Anxiety: A Baroque Eclogue (New York, 1947; London, 1948; verse; won the 1948 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry) (dedicated to John Betjeman).
- Collected Shorter Poems, 1930–1944 (London, 1950; similar to 1945 Collected Poetry) (dedicated to Christopher Isherwood and Chester Kallman).
- The Enchafèd Flood (New York, 1950; London, 1951; prose) (dedicated to Alan Ansen).
- Nones (New York, 1951; London, 1952; poems) (dedicated to Reinhold and Ursula Niebuhr)
- The Shield of Achilles (New York, London, 1955; poems) (won the 1956 National Book Award for Poetry) (dedicated to Lincoln and Fidelma Kirstein).
- Homage to Clio (New York, London, 1960; poems) (dedicated to E. R. and A. E. Dodds).

- The Dyer's Hand (New York, 1962; London, 1963; essays) (dedicated to NevillCoghill).
- About the House (New York, London, 1965; poems) (dedicated to Edmund and Elena Wilson).
- Collected Shorter Poems 1927–1957 (London, 1966; New York, 1967) (dedicated to Christopher Isherwood and Chester Kallman).
- Collected Longer Poems (London, 1968; New York, 1969).
- Secondary Worlds (London, New York, 1969; prose) (dedicated to Valerie Eliot).
- City Without Walls and Other Poems (London, New York, 1969) (dedicated to Peter Heyworth).
- A Certain World: A Commonplace Book (New York, London, 1970; quotations with commentary) (dedicated to Geoffrey Grigson).
- Epistle to a Godson and Other Poems (London, New York, 1972) (dedicated to Orlan Fox).
- Forewords and Afterwords (New York, London, 1973; essays) (dedicated to Hannah Arendt).
- Thank You, Fog: Last Poems (London, New York, 1974) (dedicated to Michael and Marny Yates).

Film scripts and opera libretti

- Coal Face (1935, closing chorus for GPO Film Unit documentary).
- Night Mail (1936, narrative for GPO Film Unit documentary, not published separately except as a programme note).
- Paul Bunyan (1941, libretto for operetta by Benjamin Britten; not published until 1976).
- The Rake's Progress (1951, with Chester Kallman, libretto for an opera by Igor Stravinsky).
- Elegy for Young Lovers (1956, with Chester Kallman, libretto for an opera by Hans Werner Henze).
- The Bassarids (1961, with Chester Kallman, libretto for an opera by Hans Werner Henze based on The Bacchae of Euripides).
- Runner (1962, documentary film narrative for National Film Board of Canada)
- Love's Labour'sLost (1973, with Chester Kallman, libretto for an opera by Nicolas Nabokov, based on Shakespeare's play).

Musical collaborations

- Our Hunting Fathers (1936, song cycle written for Benjamin Britten)
- An Evening of Elizabethan Verse and its Music (1954 recording with the New York Pro Musica Antiqua, director Noah Greenberg; Auden spoke the verse texts)
- The Play of Daniel (1958, verse narration for a production by the New York Pro Musica Antiqua, director Noah Greenberg)

6.4 LET US SUM UP

W.H. Auden was a British poet, author and playwright best known as a leading literary figure in the 20th century for his poetry.

Synopsis

W.H. Auden, also known as Wystan Hugh Auden, was a poet, author and playwright born in York, England, on February 21, 1907. Auden was a leading literary influencer in the 20th century. Known for his chameleon-like ability to write poems in almost every verse form, Auden's travels in countries torn by political strife influenced his early works. He won the Pulitzer Prize in 1948.

Early Life

W.H. Auden was born Wystan Hugh Auden in York, England, on February 21, 1907. Raised by a physician father and a strict, Anglican mother, Auden pursued science and engineering at Oxford University before finding his calling to write and switching his major to English.

Auden pursued his love of poetry, influenced by Old English verse and the poems of Thomas Hardy, Robert Frost, William Blake and Emily Dickinson. He graduated from Oxford in 1928, and that same year, his collection Poems was privately printe.

Career Success

In 1930, with the help of T.S. Eliot, Auden published another collection of the same name (Poems) that featured different content. The success of

this collection positioned him as one of the leading influencers in literature in the 20th century.

Auden's poems in the latter half of the 1930s reflected his journeys to politically torn countries. He wrote his acclaimed anthology, Spain, based on his first-hand accounts of the country's civil war from 1936 to 1939.

More so, Auden was lauded for his chameleon-like ability to write poems in almost every verse form. His work influenced aspiring poets, popular culture and vernacular speech. He stated in Squares and Oblongs: Essays Based on the Modern Poetry Collection at the Lockwood Memorial Library (1948), "A poet is, before anything else, a person who is passionately in love with language."

After moving to America, Auden's work shifted away from political influences to instead reveal more religious and spiritual themes. Another Time, a collection that debuted in America, features many of his most popular poems, including September 1, 1939 and Musee des Beaux Arts.

Accolades followed Auden, including his 1948 Pulitzer Prize win for The Age of Anxiety. Though best known for his poetry, Auden was also a distinguished playwright and author.

Personal Life

Auden wed Erika Mann, daughter of German novelist Thomas Mann, in 1935. The nuptial did not last, as it was a marriage of convenience for her to gain British citizenship and flee Nazi Germany.

Auden, ever the avid traveler, visited Germany, Iceland and China, and then, in 1939, moved to the United States. On this side of the pond, he met his other true calling—his lifelong partner, fellow poet Chester Kallman. Auden eventually became an American citizen.

With his health waning, Auden left America in 1972 and moved back to Oxford. He spent his last days in Austria, where he owned a house. Auden died in Vienna, Austria, on September 29, 1973.

6.5 KEYWORDS

- **Aberrant:**different from the norm
- **Axioms:**fundamental principles
- **Bacillus**: a disease-causing bacterium

6.6 QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

1. Mention the works of W.H. Auden.
2. Write a note on W.H. Auden's childhood.
3. Briefly write about W.H. Auden's life in United States and Europe.

6.7 SUGGESTED READINGS AND WRITINGS

1. Partridge, Frank (23 February 2007). "North Pennines: Poetry in Motion". Independent.co.uk. Retrieved 2 December 2016.
2. The Times, 5 July 1922 (Issue 43075), p. 12, col. D
3. Auden, W. H. (1994). Bucknell, Katherine (ed.). Juvenilia: Poems, 1922–1928. Princeton: Princeton University Press. ISBN 978-0-691-03415-7.
4. Davenport-Hines, Richard (1995). Auden. London: Heinemann. ch. 3. ISBN 978-0-434-17507-9.
5. Auden, W. H. (1996). Mendelson, Edward (ed.). Prose and travel books in prose and verse, Volume I: 1926–1938. Princeton: Princeton University Press. p. 138. ISBN 978-0-691-06803-9.

6.8 ANSWERS TO CHECK YOUR PROGRESS

Check your progress - 1

1. W.H. Auden educated from 1941 to 1945 **(answer to check your progress – 1Q1)**

2. Auden was conceived in York, England. **(answer to check your progress – 1Q2)**

Check your progress – 2

1.W.H. Auden's father's name was George Augustus Auden. **(answer to check your progress – 2Q1)**

2. W.H. Auden's mother's name was Constance Rosalie Auden. **(answer to check your progress – 2Q2)**

UNIT 7. AUDEN – A SUMMER NIGHT, IN MEMORY OF W.B. YEATS, MEMORIAL FOR THE CITY, A SHILLING LIFE – 2

STRUCTURE

7.0 Objectives

7.1 Introduction

7.2 A Summer Night

7.3 In Memory of W.B. Yeats

7.4 Memorial for the City

1.5 A Shilling Life

1.6 Let us sum up

1.7 Keywords

7.8 Questions for review

7.9 Suggested readings and writings

7.10 Answers to check your progress

7.0 OBJECTIVES

After the completion of this unit you should be able to learn about:

- A Summer Night, In Memory of W.B. Yeats, Memorial for the City, A Shilling Life are written by Wystan Hugh Auden

7.1 INTRODUCTION

A Summer Night, In Memory of W.B. Yeats, Memorial for the City, A Shilling Life are written by Wystan Hugh Auden.

7.2 A SUMMER NIGHT

On a warm June evening in nineteen thirty-three, W.H. Auden experienced what he later called a "mystical vision", probably the only such event in his life. Having settled happily into teaching at the Downs School, Malvern, he had acquired a penchant for sleeping outside

under the stars whenever he could. One night after dinner, he was sitting on the lawn with three colleagues. All of a sudden, while talking casually, he felt "…invaded by a power, and, though (he)consented to it, it was irresistible and certainly not (his)….". Although no alcohol had been drunk, he felt his colleagues' existence to be of "infinite value". He had a vision of agape, the selfless love of one's neighbour. This poem is a celebration of agape, and the physical beauty of the boys around him.

In the early thirties, Auden's work underwent a dramatic shift in style: where he was previously obscure, he was now difficult, but more compelling. Poems of this period are marked by a new lyrical, dream-like quality. A trope from this time was the idea of a cleansing, revolutionary flood-a powerful metaphor for political upheaval. This theme had been developed in two poems previous to this ('PaysageMoralise' and 'O what is that sound'), and formed a private argument with himself, which concluded with a vow to "…rebuild our cities, not dreams of islands…". The opening stanzas of 'A Summer Night' might suggest that he has now abandoned the socio-political concerns that he had recently tried to introduce, and that he was satisfied with his circumstances. This is not the case, however: the poem considers such problems ("…what doubtful act allows/Our freedom in this English house…") and tries to provide an answer, foretelling that soon revolution will bring dramatic upheaval- but that when this revolution is over, agape will prevail and play a part in the re-establishment of civilization. The goal of the poem is reconciliation; even in the first line, opposites are reconciled-Auden lies out on the lawn in bed. It may seem at first to have an improvisatory air, but there is, in fact, a complex structure, directed towards its reconciliatory cadence. With Vega "…conspicuous overhead…"and his feet pointing to the rising moon, one senses that Auden feels more like a citizen of the universe than merely of a school in Malvern. Love is focussed down to "…this point in time and space…" and that point in space is "chosen" and "lucky", a place of work and sexual desire. In stanza three, he is metaphorically discovered and drawn out by a dove-like light that is tellingly divine. Symbols of worldly woe are rendered tame-"… lion griefs…on our knees their muzzles laid… Death put down his book…". He learns in stanza five that he is glad to look in eyes that return his glances, and, for the first time

in his career, he associates love with conscious choice rather than simple instinct, perhaps because he feels it might last: he knows he will wake to speak with one "…who has not gone away…".

Like its opening line, the poem moves in and out. In stanza six, the focus rushes out to the six cardinal compass points, guiding the poem into subject matter of a grand scale. The moon's ascent of the "…European…" sky is the main device illustrating this theme; to her, churches and power stations are indistinguishable. She is symbolic of something above petty earthly concerns, much like Auden and his followers of agape, who enjoy their freedom in blissful ignorance of the political situation in Poland. Disturbing current events such as Moseley's British Fascist Union rally created a pressure that no private world would be secure against, but Auden has rendered the scene of this poem static and timeless. It is a place set in "…allegorical mode, as a Peaceable Kingdom"; as Samuel Hynes put it, in which one could lie secure on the lawn, free to enjoy "…the tyrannies of love…". The "…creepered wall…" protects Auden's private world of amorous love and "…kindness to ten persons…", which is a world without time, and hence without fear, grief or death. References to a definitely placed world (Oxford/Big Ben/ Wicken Fen) heighten the sense of disparity between this very private realm and the public world.

Auden now proposes that social revolution will come, and that the delights of agape will become part of what will transform the world. He hopes that his garden experience might be parental to the whole change. The flood metaphor is startling –having been long concealed in the dreamy form of a river, it will now reveal its true size and vigour. When the flood subsides, wheat-an image of fruitfulness and the rebirth of civilization- will appear in "…shy green stalks…" through the black mud. The lyrical love Auden has discovered will play a significant part in the re-establishment and "…calm/ The pulse of nervous nations…".

" A Summer Night" is a complex fusion of revolutionary musings and genuine, mysterious sensations, weighing present harmony against future change. It is, perhaps, the climax of a series of poems hinting at his fundamental dissatisfaction with society, but above all, it is testament to his own joyous epiphany-his discovery of agape. A desire for the

harmony of his present, private world to transform the public world of the future pervades the entire poem. It is a touching and convincing argument.

W.H. Auden, "A Summer Night" (June 1933)

Out on the lawn I lie in bed,
Vega conspicuous overhead
In the windless nights of June,
As congregated leaves complete
Their day's activity; my feet
Point to the rising moon.
Lucky, this point in time and space
Is chosen as my working-place,
Where the sexy airs of summer,
The bathing hours and the bear arms,
The leisured drives through a land of farms
Are good to a newcomer.
Equal with colleagues in a ring
I sit on each calm evening
Enchanted as the flowers
The opening light draws out of hiding
With all its gradual dove-like pleading,
Its logic and its powers:
That later we, though parted then,
May still recall these evenings when
Fear gave his watch no look;
The lion griefs loped from the shade
And on our knees their muzzles laid,
And Death put down his book.
Now north and south and east and west
Those I love lie down to rest;
The moon looks on them all,
The healers and the brilliant talkers,
The eccentrics and the silent walkers,
The dumpy and the tall.
She climbs the European sky,
Churches and power stations lie

Alike among earth's fixtures:
Into the galleries she peers
And blankly as a butcher stare
Upon the marvelous pictures.
To gravity attentive, she
Can notice nothing here, though we
Whom hunger does not move,
From gardens where we feel secure
Look up and with a sigh endure
The tyrannies of love:
And, gentle, do not care to know,
Where Poland draws her eastern bow,
What violence is done,
Nor ask what doubtful act allows
Our freedom in this English house,
Our picnics in the sun.
Soon, soon, through the dykes of our content
The crumpling flood will force a rent
And, taller than a tree,
Hold sudden death before our eyes
Whose river dreams long hid the size
And vigours of the sea.
But when the waters make retreat
And through the black mud first the wheat
In shy green stalks appears,
When stranded monsters gasping lie,
And sounds of riveting terrify
Their whorled unsubtle ears,
May these delights we dread to lose,
This privacy, need no excuse
But to that strength belong,
As through a child's rash happy cries
The drowned parental voices rise
In unlamenting song.

Notes

After discharges of alarm

All unpredicted let them calm

The pulse of nervous nations,

Forgive the murderer in the glass,

Tough in their patience to surpass

The tigress her swift motions.

7.3 IN MEMORY OF W.B. YEATS

He disappeared in the dead of winter:

The brooks were frozen, the airports almost deserted,

And snow disfigured the public statues;

The mercury sank in the mouth of the dying day.

What instruments we have agree

The day of his death was a dark cold day.

Far from his illness

The wolves ran on through the evergreen forests,

The peasant river was untempted by the fashionable quays;

By mourning tongues

The death of the poet was kept from his poems. But for him it was his last afternoon as himself, An afternoon of nurses and rumours; The provinces of his body revolted, The squares of his mind were empty, Silence invaded the suburbs, The current of his feeling failed; he became his admirers. Now he is scattered among a hundred cities And wholly given over to unfamiliar affections, To find his happiness in another kind of wood And be punished under a foreign code of conscience. The words of a dead man Are modified in the guts of the living. But in the importance and noise of to-morrow When the brokers are roaring like beasts on the floor of the Bourse, And the poor have the sufferings to which they are fairly accustomed, And each in the cell of himself is almost convinced of his freedom, A few thousand will think of this day As one thinks of a day when one did something slightly unusual. What instruments we have agree the day of his death was a dark cold day. II You were silly like us; your gift survived it all: The parish of rich women, physical decay, Yourself. Mad Ireland hurt you into poetry. Now Ireland has her madness

and her weather still, For poetry makes nothing happen: it survives In the valley of its making where executives Would never want to tamper, flows on south From ranches of isolation and the busy griefs, Raw towns that we believe and die in; it survives, A way of happening, a mouth. III Earth, receive an honoured guest: William Yeats is laid to rest. Let the Irish vessel lie Emptied of its poetry. In the nightmare of the dark All the dogs of Europe bark, And the living nations wait, Each sequestered in its hate; Intellectual disgrace Stares from every human face, And the seas of pity lie Locked and frozen in each eye. Follow, poet, follow right To the bottom of the night, With your unconstraining voice Still persuade us to rejoice; With the farming of a verse Make a vineyard of the curse, Sing of human unsuccess In a rapture of distress; In the deserts of the heart Let the healing fountain start, In the prison of his days Teach the free man how to praise. This elegy not only combines beautifully the traditional elements of elegiac poetry and innovations of modernity, but also celebrates the power and value of poetry to survive the loss of an accomplished poet and remain a source of hope to humankind, even as poetry cannot intervene in politics and "makes nothing happen". Poets die, people suffer the defeat of a great political cause after struggle and life goes on in its worldly ways. Nevertheless, poetry does remain a powerful affective and commemorative power to move people, make them remember loss and pains not with rancor but with sweet sadness. The elegy is not so much a lament over the loss of Yeats as the attestation of the eternity of the poet through his work to which Walter Benjamin ascribes "after-life", the supreme literary power, in his essay "The Task of Translator" (1923). This is evident from the fact that Yeats finds mention only in the title of the poem, not anywhere else. The poem was written in January 1939, one of the most turbulent periods of Europe, coupled with a phase of Auden's life that was full of disappointment. In 1939, Spanish Civil War ended with the fall of Barcelona, and for a liberal Republicanism like Auden, it was a great loss of a cause and cause for huge disappointment. It is in this period that Auden began to be skeptical about the efficacy of poetry to impact politics and affect the course of life in general and became more so in the years to come. The poem in its three sections shows a wide range of metrical variations, following the

conventions of pastoral elegy and also bringing in the remarkably modern metrical elements of free verse. There are echoes of unevenly long dactylic lines in the first two sections, interspersed with free verse as in the line "The | dáy of his | déath was a | dárkcóldday" (6). The third section, however, consists of trochaic meters with emphasis on the first syllable of the elegiac foot. Classicist though Auden was in taste, he employs blank verse to create effects of chaos and disorder. Since the death of Yeats is the subject of the poem, and Yeats functions in the title as the point of reference and only once more occurs in the 3rd section, all pronouns like "he', "his" and "him" assume simultaneously the function of exophoricdeixis (making reference to person existing outside the text) and cataphoricdeixis (making reference to unspecific person until of course the person concerned is mentioned in the 3rd section as "William Yeats"). These two modes of deictic functions interact through homophoricdeictical references (ubiquitous references that are semantically self-sufficient) of space and time. For example, in the first section the clauses and phrases like "He disappeared" , "The day of his death", " his illness", "his last afternoon", "his body", "his feeling failed"; "he became his admirers", "he is scattered" and "his happiness" contain exophoric third-person deictic references until the reader has come to the lines "Earth, receive an honoured guest:/ William Yeats is laid to rest" in the third section. Thus, until then these remain unreferenced in themselves and become cataphoric only after one reaches the third section. However, as these are inflected in terms of the ubiquitous homophoric references to places and time references, the exophoric "he" undergoes a strange transformation. The transformation is from a bodily and mortal authorial self into a self-sustaining textual authorial self that survives death together with his texts, precisely because, as Foucault has already explicated that the author's ontology is but a textual projection in psychologizing terms ('What is an Author' 110). In keeping with the convention of pastoral elegy, nature reflects the tragedy of the occasion in the first section; hence the snowy weather seems appropriate for the funerary occasion. As a temporal deixis winter is homophobic, but it is inflected in terms of the simple past tense of verbs within the commemorative framework of the elegiac narrative. Because "the day of his death was a dark, cold day" we

find interesting metaphorical exchanges between time reference and the mortal author in metaphors like “the dead of winter” and “it was his last afternoon as himself. Here the homphoric winter and afternoon, despite their pastness, invest in the mortal self – a self in its pastness – its homophoric self-sufficiency. Just as winter and afternoon, as a season and a time of the day in the annual and diurnal schemes of time respectively, are applicable to all years and days, similarly the dead poet acquires ubiquitous status in the commemorative schema. Further, in the following lines another series of metaphorical exchanges occur between the dead poet and homphoric references of place as the death of Yeats becomes the trope for the fall and dissolution of an embattled city, possibly Barcelona: The provinces of his body revolted, The squares of his mind were empty, Silence invaded the suburbs, The current of his feeling failed; … Even as a city falls, it does not vanish from knowledge or memory. In its pastness and its ruins it is remembered fondly like Athens or Alexandria and is considered still self-sufficient in beauty and significance. The ruins of such ancient cities become self-referential and homophoric. Similarly, the poet, although dead, is not forgotten and consigned to oblivion. For this reason the poem declares: “He disappeared in the dead of winter…”. While death is tellingly conclusive, disappearance offers possibilities of reappearance and entails an ambiguous status of presence. So, the poet is epistemologically alive, as it were, in the readers’ reading of the poems. Thus, the funerary mourning calls forth a commemorative agenda of keeping alive the poet through reading his poems: By mourning tongues The death of the poet was kept from his poems. This is in fact the commemorative logic of the elegy underlying the exchanges between exophoric, cataphoric and homophoric references, so that what is effected is the transformation that “he became his admirers”. This is a clear deviation from linguistic rule, and a stylistically significant proposition in that it is richly ambivalent, suggesting death, mutation and survival in the reading of his admirers. Now he is scattered among a hundred cities And wholly given over to unfamiliar affections, To find his happiness in another kind of wood And be punished under a foreign code of conscience. The words of a dead man Are modified in the guts of the living. . In the densely metaphorical lines cited above, “the poet is

scattered among a hundred cities”; he finds “his happiness in another kind of wood”; his “words are modified in the guts of living” . The lines involve unusual choice of words that amounts to lexical deviation, but are perfectly structured if we closely look at the syntactic parallels between the main clause of the sentence that runs into four lines, and the other sentence: […] he is scattered among a hundred cities And wholly given over to unfamiliar affections The words of a dead man Are modified in the guts of the living. The passive constructions, which are parallel, establish semantic equivalence between the subjects “he” and “the words of the dead man”. This helps the transformation of the poet into a diffusive textual presence, and it also gestures towards the Christian meaning of Eucharist, which is all about the trans-substantiation of bread and wine into Jesus’s flesh and blood. In this way Auden’s poem performs the conventional role of the elegy to argue for the immortality of the deceased. Once it has been successfully done , and in the second section the poetic power to survive has been established, there follows an incantatory address to the poet.

7.4 MEMORIAL FOR THE CITY

The poem is divided into four sections. The first section shows us the crow and the camera looking on the battlefields of Homer's and our own time. Auden reminds us that amidst all this pain the "crime of life is not time." "Our grief is not Greek," rather Christian, for we are to pity but not despair before death.

The second section explores the growing secularism of Europe. It begins in 1075 with the papal controversy between Gregory and the Holy Roman Emperor out of which comes a new sense of Europe as a whole. The poem moves to focus on concerns with Muslim invasion ("infidel faces"), the Crusades ("suspicious tribes combined/ To rescue Jerusalem"), and Scholasticism ("disciplined logicians"). In 1517 Luther stands up against the practices of indulgences-- "the machine that so smoothly forgave and saved/ If paid." But the Reformation also brings with it growing doubt. The Renaissance focuses more on human concerns and struggles, as "the groundlings wept as on a secular stage," and the Enlightenment forces

Nature to confess "that she had no soul," the French Revolution of Mirabeau and the reign of Napoleon both examples of the search for "the Rational City." Romanticism follows with Nationalism's divided loyalties "[g]uided by hated parental shades." The last stanza perhaps describes the conditions of WWI, where the loyal die without any other faith except the city.

The third section returns to the present divided by barb-wire. Modernity has no image to admire--"no memory, no creed, no name." Humanity (Adam) is still waiting on the City of God.

In the fourth section, weakness speaks, recounting almost boastfully its accomplishments in a list of mythical and historical events. (Most of these references can be looked up with a good search engine online or in an encyclopaedia.) Weakness stresses that it is not impressed with the claims of the city, but will wait to see her judged at the resurrection.

Questions

1. Why does the poem open with Julian of Norwich's stress on the bodily life?
2. What is overall logic or structure of the poem's argument?
3. Why end with the boasts of weakness?

Check your progress – 1

1. What are the four parts of the "**Memorial for the City" by W.H. Auden?**

____

____

____

____

2. Who wrote "Memorial for the City"?

____

____

____

____

3. Who wrote "Summer Night"?

____

____

4. Who wrote “In Memory of W. B. Yeats”?

7.5 A SHILLING LIFE

A shilling life will give you all the facts:
How Father beat him, how he ran away,
What were the struggles of his youth, what acts
Made him the greatest figure of his day;
Of how he fought, fished, hunted, worked all night,
Though giddy, climbed new mountains; named a sea;
Some of the last researchers even write
Love made him weep his pints like you and me.

With all his honours on, he sighed for one
Who, say astonished critics, lived at home;
Did little jobs about the house with skill
And nothing else; could whistle; would sit still
Or potter round the garden; answered some
Of his long marvellous letters but kept none.

The poem Who’s Who of W. H. Auden is structured in a way in which we could say that the poem itself looks like is giving us someone ‘s information (like a bibliography). The interesting point here is whether the author is talking about one person or more than one. Simple words like he, him and his give us a sense that the author is talking about just one person, because the words are in singular. Although believing that the poem talks about only one person makes perfect sense, if we look at the title of the poem we could question that idea. The title of the poem (Who’s Who) it’s actually like a question. The author wants us to look up

to whom corresponds does details that are given in the poem.

Going back up, it look just as if the verses give us some biographical information. Furthermore, the kind of words and phrases used in the poem are like a biography of an important person. This is true if we think in the archetypes of an important (famous) person. A famous person is well-known by people, people know their background, their achievements, what they do and what they don't; just like in the poem. This idea is sustained by lines like: How father beat him, how he ran away (this could be some background information of a person); made him the greatest figure of his day (which could be an example of an achievement of an important person), etc. Apart from this, if we see a complete view of the poem, we will notice that all the lines are a list of the facts mentioned in the first line, which the author says that could be all found in a shilling life.

One last detail that I want to point out is a comparison that the author presents in the last line of the first verse. Here Auden talks about how the person which he is talking about in the poem, (assuming that is probably an important person) he also has suffered for love, just like us. This detail about the poem, makes us readers identify with the person, or the poem itself that is being presented. The author here uses a different tone from the rest of the poem. I think that this impact in the of change tone in the poem is attributed to the word weep. This word weep takes us into the poem, and makes an emotion evoke from the reader. And not just the tone itself, but also the comparison that he made, saying: "…like you and me", made the poem feel like if it was a real experience. This sensation of reality in the poem comes from the idea, that the topic of love is a well-known topic by people and a lot of the people in reality have felt love whether being the results happiness or crying over it.

7.6 LET US SUM UP

In Memory of W. B. Yeats

William Butler Yeats died in winter: the brooks were frozen, airports were all but empty, and statues were covered in snow. The thermometer and other instruments told us the day he died "was a dark cold day."

While nature followed its course elsewhere, mourners kept his poems alive without letting the poet's death interfere. Yet, for Yeats himself, mind and body failed, leaving no one to appreciate his life but his admirers. He lives through his poetry, scattered among cities and unfamiliar readers and critics, who modify his life and poetry through their own understandings. While the rest of civilization moves on, "a few thousand" will remember the day of his death as special.

In the second section of the poem, Yeats is called "silly like us." It was "Mad Ireland" that caused Yeats the suffering he turned into poetry. Poetry survives and gives voice to survival in a space of isolation.

In the third, final section of the poem, the poet asks the Earth to receive Yeats as "an honored guest." The body, "emptied of its poetry," lies there. Meanwhile, "the dogs of Europe bark" and humans continue their "intellectual disgrace." But the poet is to "follow right / To the bottom of the night," despite the dark side of humanity somehow persuading others to rejoice in existence. Despite "human unsuccess," the poet can sing out through the "curse" and "distress." Thus, one's poetry is a "healing fountain" that, although life is a "prison," can "teach the free man how to praise" life anyway.

7.7 KEYWORDS

- **Bumptious:**arrogant
- **Circumstantial:**indirect, based on circumstances rather than direct evidence
- **Concupiscence:**lust; strong sexual desire

7.8 QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

- Write about "A Summer Night" by W.H.Auden.
- Write about "In the Memory of W.B.Yeats" by W.H.Auden.
- Write about "Memorial for the City" by W.H.Auden

7.9 SUGGESTED READINGS

7 Auden, W. H. (2002). Mendelson, Edward (ed.). Prose, Volume II: 1939–1948. Princeton: Princeton University Press. p. 478. ISBN 978-0-691-08935-5. Auden used the phrase "Anglo-American Poets" in 1943, implicitly referring to himself and T. S. Eliot.

8 ^ The first definition of "Anglo-American" in the OED (2008 revision) is: "Of, belonging to, or involving both England (or Britain) and America.""Oxford English Dictionary (access by subscription)". Retrieved 25 May 2009. See also the definition "English in origin or birth, American by settlement or citizenship" in Chambers 20th Century Dictionary. 1969. p. 45.See also the definition "an American, especially a citizen of the United States, of English origin or descent" in Merriam Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition. 1969. p. 103. See also the definition "a native or descendant of a native of England who has settled in or become a citizen of America, esp. of the United States" from The Random House Dictionary, 2009, available online at "Dictionary.com". Retrieved 25 May 2009.

9 ^ Jump up to:a b c d Smith, Stan, ed. (2004). The Cambridge Companion to W. H. Auden. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. ISBN 978-0-521-82962-5.

10 ^ Jump up to:a b c d e Davenport-Hines, Richard (1995). Auden. London: Heinemann. ISBN 978-0-434-17507-9.

11 ^ Carpenter, W. H. Auden, pp. 1-12.

12 ^ The name Wystan derives from the 9th-century St Wystan, who was murdered by Beorhtfrith, the son of Beorhtwulf, king of Mercia, after Wystan objected to Beorhtfrith's plan to marry Wystan's mother. His remains were reburied at Repton, Derbyshire, where they became the object of a cult; the parish church of Repton is dedicated to St Wystan. Auden's father, George Augustus Auden, was educated at Repton School.

^ Burke's Landed Gentry, 18th edition, vol. I, ed. Peter Townend, 1965, Auden formerly of Horninglow pedigree

7.10 ANSWERS TO CHECK YOUR PROGRESS

1. The poem is divided into four sections. The first section shows us the crow and the camera looking on the battlefields of Homer's and our own time. Auden reminds us that amidst all this pain the "crime of life is not

time." "Our grief is not Greek," rather Christian, for we are to pity but not despair before death.

The second section explores the growing secularism of Europe. It begins in 1075 with the papal controversy between Gregory and the Holy Roman Emperor out of which comes a new sense of Europe as a whole. The poem moves to focus on concerns with Muslim invasion ("infidel faces"), the Crusades ("suspicious tribes combined/ To rescue Jerusalem"), and Scholasticism ("disciplined logicians"). In 1517 Luther stands up against the practices of indulgences-- "the machine that so smoothly forgave and saved/ If paid." But the Reformation also brings with it growing doubt.

The Renaissance focuses more on human concerns and struggles, as "the groundlings wept as on a secular stage," and the Enlightenment forces Nature to confess "that she had no soul," the French Revolution of Mirabeau and the reign of Napoleon both examples of the search for "the Rational City." Romanticism follows with Nationalism's divided loyalties "[g]uided by hated parental shades." The last stanza perhaps describes the conditions of WWI, where the loyal die without any other faith except the city.

The third section returns to the present divided by barb-wire. Modernity has no image to admire--"no memory, no creed, no name." Humanity (Adam) is still waiting on the City of God.

In the fourth section, weakness speaks, recounting almost boastfully its accomplishments in a list of mythical and historical events. (Most of these references can be looked up with a good search engine online or in an encyclopaedia.) Weakness stresses that it is not impressed with the claims of the city but will wait to see her judged at the resurrection. (**answer for check your progress- 1 Q.1)**

2. Memorial for the City was written by W.H.Auden. (**answer for check your progress- 1 Q.2)**
3. A Summer Night was written by W.H.Auden. (**answer for check your progress- 1 Q.3)**
4. In Memory of W. B. Yeats was written by W.H.Auden. (**answer for check your progress- 1 Q.4)**