

THOUGHTAUDIO



THE WASTELAND

Written by TS Eliot 1922

Narrated by Michael Scott

Produced by ThoughtAudio.com

—

Adaptation by Garcia Mann

œ

Copyright © 2016

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

rTA0032

THE WASTELAND

*With my own eyes, I saw the Sybil of Cumae hanging in a bottle;
And when the boys said to her: Sybil, what do you want?"
She replied, "I want to die."*¹

¹ The original introduction:

"Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis
vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent:
Sibylla ti theleis; respondebat illa: apothanein thelo."

THE WASTELAND

I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

April is the cruelest month,
breeding Lilacs out of the dead land,
Mixing Memory and desire,
Stirring dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm,
Covering Earth in forgetful snow,
Feeding A little life with dried tubers.
Summer surprised us,
Coming over the Starn-berg-er-see 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.

I'm not Russian at all,
I come from Lithuania, a true German.

And when we were children,
Staying at the archduke's, My cousin's,
He took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened.
He said, Marie, Marie, hold on tight.
And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

THE WASTELAND

What are the roots that clutch,
What branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish?
Son of man
You cannot say, or guess,
For you know only
A heap of broken images,
Where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter,
The cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water.
Only There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different
from either Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Fresh blows the wind
To the Homeland
My Irish darling
Where do you linger?

THE WASTELAND



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



Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyant,
Had a bad cold,
Nevertheless is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards.

Here, said she, is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,
(Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)
Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,
The lady of situations.
Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,
And here is the one-eyed merchant,
And this card,
Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,

THE WASTELAND

Which I am forbidden to see.
I do not find The Hanged Man.
Fear death by water.
I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.

Thank you.
If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,
Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:
One must be so careful these days.

Unreal City
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.
Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.

There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying "Stetson!
"You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!
"That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
"Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
"Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

THE WASTELAND

"Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
"Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!

You!

Hypocrite reader! – my double – my brother

II. A GAME OF CHESS

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 seven branched candelabra -
Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
From satin cases poured in rich profusion;

In vials of ivory and colored glass
Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,
Unguent, powdered, or liquid - troubled, confused
And drowned the sense in odors;
Stirred by the air
That freshened from the window,
These ascended

THE WASTELAND

In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,
Flung their smoke into the laquearia,
Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.

Huge sea-wood fed with copper
Burned green and orange, framed by the colored stone,
In which sad light
A carved dolphin swam.
Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene -
The change of Philomel,
By the barbarous king
So rudely forced;
Yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
"Jug Jug" to dirty ears.

And other withered stumps of time
Were told upon the walls;
Staring forms
Leaned out,
Leaning, hushing the room enclosed.
Footsteps shuffled on the stair.

THE WASTELAND

Under the firelight, under the brush,
Her hair
Spread out in fiery points
Glowed into words,
Then would be savagely still.

"My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad.
Stay with me.
Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak.
What are you thinking of?
What thinking? What?
I never know what you are thinking. Think."

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

"What is that noise?"

The wind under the door.

"What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?"

Nothing, again nothing.

THE WASTELAND

"Do you know nothing?
Do you see nothing?
Do you remember nothing?"

I remember those are pearls that were his eyes.

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

But O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag -
It's so elegant
So intelligent

"What shall I do now? What shall I do?
I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street
With my hair down, so.
What shall we do to-morrow?
What shall we ever do?"

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

THE WASTELAND

When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said -

I didn't mince my words,

I said to her myself,

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a bit smart.

He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you

To get yourself some teeth.

He did, I was there.

You have them all out, Lil,

And get a nice set,

He said, I swear,

I can't bear to look at you.

And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert,

He's been in the army four years; he wants a good time,

And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.

Oh is there, she said.

Something o' that, I said.

Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.

Others can pick and choose if you can't.

But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling.

You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.

(And her only thirty-one.)

THE WASTELAND

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?
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,
And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot -

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou.

Goonight May. Goonight.

Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

Good night, ladies,

Good night, sweet ladies,

Good night, good night.

THE WASTELAND

III. THE FIRE SERMON

The river's tent is broken:

The last fingers of leaf Clutch and sink into the wet bank.

The wind crosses the brown land, unheard.

The nymphs are departed.

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

The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,

Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends

Or other testimony of summer nights.

The nymphs are departed.

And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;

Departed, have left no addresses.

By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept . . .

Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,

Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.

But at my back in a cold blast

I hear the rattle of the bones,

And chuckle spread from ear to ear.

A rat crept softly through the vegetation

Dragging its slimy belly on the bank

While I was fishing in the dull canal

On a winter evening round behind the gashouse

Musing upon the king my brother's wreck

THE WASTELAND

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

White bodies naked on the low damp ground
And bones cast in a little low dry garret,
Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.
But at my back - from time to time -
I hear the sound of horns and motors,
Which shall bring Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.

O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And on her daughter
They wash their feet in soda water

And, O those children's voices singing in the choir loft.

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

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

THE WASTELAND

At the violet hour,
When the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk,
And when the human engine waits
Like a taxi throbbing waiting,
I Tiresias, though blind,
Throbbing between two lives,
Old man with wrinkled female breasts,

Can see at the violet hour,
The evening hour that strives homeward,
And brings the sailor home from sea,
The typist home at teatime,
Clears her breakfast,
Lights her stove, and lays out food in tins.

Out of the window perilously spread
Her drying-combinations touched by the sun's last rays,
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.

I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest -
I too awaited the expected guest.

THE WASTELAND

He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
A small house agent's clerk,
With one bold stare,
One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.

The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavors to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defense;
His vanity requires no response,
And makes a welcome of indifference.
(And I Tiresias have fore-suffered 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.

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."

THE WASTELAND

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

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

The river sweats
Oil and tar
The barges drift
With the turning tide
Red sails
Wide To leeward,
Swing on the heavy spar.
The barges wash
Drifting logs
Down Greenwich
Reach Past the Isle of Dogs.

THE WASTELAND

We-i-al-ala le-i-a
Wall-ala lei-al-ala

Elizabeth and Leicester
Beating oars
The stern was formed
A gilded shell
Red and gold
The brisk swell
Rippled both shores
Southwest wind
Carried downstream
The peal of bells
White towers

We-i-al-ala le-i-a
Wall-ala lei-al-ala

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.

THE WASTELAND

"My feet are at Moorgate,
And my heart
Under my feet.
After the event
He wept.
He promised 'a new start'.
I made no comment.
What should I resent?"

"On Margate Sands.
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

Burning burning burning burning
O Lord Thou pluckest me out
O Lord Thou pluckest burning

THE WASTELAND

IV. DEATH BY WATER

Phlebas the Phoenician,
A fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls,
And the deep sea swell
And the profit and loss.

A current under sea
Picked his bones in whispers.
As he rose and fell
He passed the stages of his age and youth
Entering the whirlpool.
Gentile or Jew?
O you who turn the wheel and look to windward -
Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces -
After the frosty silence in the gardens -
After the agony in stony places -
The shouting and the crying -
Prison and palace and reverberation -
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains -
He who was living is now dead -

THE WASTELAND

We who were living are now dying
With a little patience

Here is no water but only rock -
Rock and no water and the sandy road -
The road winding above among the mountains
Which are mountains of rock without water -
If there were water, we should stop and drink -
Amongst the rock, one cannot stop or think -
Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand.
If there were only water amongst the rock -
Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit -

Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit -
There is not even solitude in the mountains -
But red sullen faces sneer and snarl
From doors of mud cracked houses

If there were water
And no rock -
If there were rock
And also water -
 And water
 A spring
 A pool among the rock

THE WASTELAND

If there were the sound of water only -
Not the cicada
And dry grass singing –
But sound of water over a rock
Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees
Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop
But there is no water

Who is the third who walks always beside you?
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?

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 WASTELAND

A woman drew her long black hair out tight
And fiddled whisper music on those strings.
And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled, and beat their wings
And crawled head downward down a blackened wall.
And upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.

In this decayed hole among the mountains
In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing
Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.
It has no windows, and the door swings,
Dry bones can harm no one.

Only a cock stood on the rooftree
Coo Coo Ricoo — Coo Co Ricoo
In a flash of lightning.

Then a damp gust Bringing rain
Ganga was sunken,
And the limp leaves
Waited for rain,
While the black clouds
Gathered far distant over Himavant.
The jungle crouched, humped in silence.

THE WASTELAND

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

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, ethereal rumors

Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

DA Damyata:

The boat responded

Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar -

The sea was calm,

Your heart would have responded

THE WASTELAND

Gaily, when invited,
Beating obedient
To controlling hands

I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me -
Shall I at least set my lands in order?
London Bridge is falling down - falling down - falling down
Then he hid himself in the fire that purifies them
- More Fully

When shall I become like the swallow
O swallow swallow
The prince of Aquitania in the abandoned tower
These fragments I have shored against my ruins

I'll oblige you
Hieronymo's mad again.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantih shantih shantih

The Peace which passes understanding

THE END

THE WASTELAND

Insert

THE END