

T. S. ELIOT

THE WASTE LAND

A FACSIMILE AND TRANSCRIPT
OF THE ORIGINAL DRAFTS
INCLUDING THE ANNOTATIONS
OF EZRA POUND

EDITED BY
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FABER AND FABER

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*First published in 1971
by Faber and Faber Limited
3 Queen Square London WC1
Reprinted 1972
Printed in Great Britain
at the University Press Oxford
by Vivian Ridler
Printer to the University
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Preface, annotations and extracts from
letters and poems by Ezra Pound
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ISBN 0 571 09635 2

ISBN 0 571 09634 4

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THE WASTE LAND.

By

T.S.Eliot.

"Did he live his life again in every detail of desire, temptation, and surrender during that supreme moment of complete knowledge? He cried in a whisper at some image, at some vision, - he cried out twice, a cry that was no more than a breath -

'The horror! the Horror!'"

CONRAD.

HE DO THE POLICE IN DIFFERENT VOICES: Part I.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

First we had a couple of feelers down at Tom's place,
There was old Tom, boiled to the eyes, blind,
(Don't you remember that time after a dance,
Top hats and all, we and Silk Hat Harry,
And old Tom took us behind, brought out a bottle of fizz,
With old Jane, Tom's wife; and we got Joe to sing

"I'm proud of all the Irish blood that's in me,
"There's not a man can say a word agin me").

Then we had dinner in good form, and a couple of Bengal lights.

When we got into the show, up in Row A,

I tried to put my foot in the drum, and didn't the girl squall,
She never did take to me, a nice guy - but rough;

The next thing we were out in the street, Oh was it cold!

When will you be good! Blew in to the Opera Exchange,

Sopped up some gin, sat in to the cork game,

Mr. Fay was there, singing "The Maid of the Mill";

Then we thought we'd breeze along and take a walk.

Then we lost Steve.

-("I turned up an hour later down at Myrtle's place.

What d'y' mean, she says, at two o'clock in the morning,

I'm not in business here for guys-like you;

We've only had a raid last week, I've been warned twice.

~~Sargent, I said, I've kept a decent house for twenty years,~~ *She says,*

There's three gents from the Buckingham Club upstairs now,

I'm going to retire and live on a farm, she says,

There's no money in it now, what with the damage done,

And the reputation the place gets, on account of a few bar-flies,

I've kept a clean house for twenty years, she says,

And the gents from the Buckingham Club know they're safe here;

You was well introduced, but this is the last of you.

Get me a woman, I said; you're too drunk, she said,

But she gave me a bed, and a bath, and ham and eggs,

And now you go get a shave, she said; I had a good laugh,

Myrtle was always a good sport. ~~kept me white.~~ *kept me white.*

We'd just gone up the alley, a fly cop came along,

Looking for trouble; committing a nuisance, he said,

You come on to the station. I'm sorry, I said,

It's no use being sorry, he said; let me get my hat, I said.

Well by a stroke of luck who came by but Mr. Donavan.

What's this, officer. You're new on this beat, aint you?

I thought so. You know who I am? Yes, I do,

Said the fresh cop, very peevish. Then let it alone,

These gents are particular friends of mine.

-Wasn't it luck? Then we went to the German Club,

43 We and Mr. Donavan and his friend ~~Joe Lohy.~~

Found it shut. I want to get home, said the cabman,

We all go the same way home, said Mr. Donavan,

Cheer up, Trixie and Stella; and put his foot through the window.

The next I know the old cab was hauled up on the avenue,

And the cabman and little Ben Levin the tailor,

The one who read George Meredith,

Were running a hundred yards on a bet,

And Mr. Donavan holding the watch.

So I got out to see the sunrise, and walked home.

*Must be in the shadow of the
watermark
Please. Squeeze brown ruin
Say kid who tie y'
Down*

*couple of laughs (?)
real
good (?)*

Gus Kunitzsch

* * * *

April is the cruellest month, breeding
 Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
 Memory and desire, stirring
 Dull roots with spring rain.
 Winter kept us warm, covering
 Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
 A little life with dried tubers.
 Summer surprised us, coming over the Königssee
 With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
 And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
 And drank coffee, talking an hour.
 Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
 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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

weht
~~Mein~~ Frisch schwebt der Wind
 Der Heimat zu,
 Mein Irisch' Kind,
 Wo weilst du?

"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.

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,

Madame Sosostris
 "Oo' und beer das Meer."

~~King~~ ^{King} King

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 look in vain
For the Hanged Man. Fear death by water.
I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.
(I John saw these things, and heard them).
Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,
Tell her I bring the horoscope myself,
One must be so careful these days.

z

z

Unreal
Barthika City / I have sometimes seen and see
Under the brown fog of your winter dawn
A crowd flow over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.
Sighs, short and infrequent, were expired, ~~exhaled~~ ~~expired~~ ~~exhaled~~.
And each one kept his eyes before his feet.
Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the time,
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Stetson!
"God who were with me in the ships at Mylae!
"That corpse you planted last year in your garden, ear?"
"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 due to men,
"Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!
"You! hypocrite lecteur, - mon semblable, - mon frere!"

held
fixed
man

Blake:
Two often used

(J.F.)

yet?