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**Allusion in (The Waste Land Poem by T.S.Eliot)**

**A paper**

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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

حَافِظُوا عَلَى الصَّلَوَاتِ وَالصَّلَاةِ الْوُسْطَىٰ وَقُومُوا لِلَّهِ قَانِتِينَ ﴿٢٣٨﴾

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## **Dedication**

Special thanks are due to Allah, Glorified and Exalted be He, for His blessings without which the fulfillment of this research wouldn't have been possible. It is lovingly dedicated to my respectful family and especially my parents who supported me in my study from my first stages in school till graduation.

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## **Abstract**

The research summarizes the use of allusions and tries to reveal the hidden meanings and reasons behind their use. It starts with T. S. Eliot's frame of mind, through an example of advice to a follower. Moreover, it traces the development of his mind along his life. The following part is Eliot and his respect to tradition then how he stands on the shoulders of old writers to produce new ideas. Also myth and Eliot's use of it in his poetry to represent, compare, contrast, and reconcile the past with the present. In the depth of the research stand allusions and their use in the "Waste Land"; the bits of the broken culture. The allusions divided into classical, biblical and literary according to the type of the reference of the allusion. In the end the conclusion gathers the findings of the research.

## **Chapter One**

### **Introduction**

#### **1.1 The Problems**

**Allusion**, in literature, an implied or indirect reference to a person, event, or thing or to a part of another text. Most allusions are based on the assumption that there is a body of knowledge that is shared by the author and the reader and that therefore the reader will understand the author's referent. The word *allusion* comes from the late Latin *allusio* meaning "a play on words" or "game" and is a derivative of the Latin word *alludere*, meaning "to play around" or "to refer to mockingly."

This paper tries to answer the following:

- 1- What is meant by allusion?
- 2-What are the types of allusion?
- 3.What is allusion in literature ?

#### **1.2 The Aims**

The study aims at:

1. Clarifying what is meant by allusion
2. Shedding lights on the types of allusion.
3. Analysis some extracts of (The waste land by T.S.Eliot) and pinpointing allusion .

### **1.3 The Hypotheses**

It is hypothesized that :

- 1.The students face problems in identifying " allusion ".
2. Casual reference is the most commons type of allusion.

### **1.4 The Procedures**

In carrying out this study, these steps will be followed:

- 1- Presenting theoretical background about allusion.
2. Analyzing allusion in (The waste land by T.S.Eliot).
3. Pinpointing the conclusion of the study.

### **1.5 The Limits**

The paper is limited to find out what is meant by allusion and the role of its use in English and the difficulty of producing it. The way being used by(The waste land by T.S.Eliot).

### **1.6 The Value**

It is hoped that the results of this study will be of value to all those concerned in the field of linguistics and teachers whom want to know more information about the subject



## **Chapter Two**

### **Literature Review**

#### **2.1 Definition of Allusion**

An allusion is a reference, typically brief, to a person, place, thing, event, or other literary work with which the reader is presumably familiar. As a literary device, allusion allows a writer to compress a great deal of meaning and significance into a word or phrase. However, allusions are only effective to the extent that they are recognized and understood by the reader, and that they are properly inferred and interpreted by the reader. If an allusion is obscure or misunderstood, it can lose effectiveness by confusing the reader. ( Lennon, 2004: 15)

Allusion is basically a reference to something else. It's when a writer mentions some other work, or refers to an earlier part of the current work. In literature, it's frequently used to reference cultural works Allusion also exists in other art forms – musicians, for example, frequently “allude” to melodies used by other musicians.

The verb form of “allusion” is “to allude.” So alluding to something is the same thing as making an allusion to it.

For example:

1. You're acting like such a Scrooge!

(Bloom 1975: 126)

An allusion is an a reference or mention of person, event, statement, piece of art, history, myths, religion, or popular culture. The reference is usually indirect within the writing. Since the person, place, or thing is not mentioned directly, it is assumed that the reader already has knowledge of what is being referenced. Therefore, an allusion is when a piece of writing tries to hint at a person, place, thing, literature, or art. An allusion is when we hint at something and expect the other person to understand what we are referencing. (Genette 1983:89)

For example:

## 2.Chocolate is his Kryptonite.

In the this example, the word “kryptonite” alludes to, or hints at, the hero Superman. The classic comic book and movie hero Superman has a weakness, and that weakness is Kryptonite. The individual in this example really enjoys chocolate—it is his weakness. The example works because we know that Superman, who is being referenced here, has the weakness of Kryptonite. We then understand, by knowing about Superman, that chocolate is this person’s weakness. (Ibid)

Sometimes allusions are broad enough that everyone can understand, but sometimes author’s use them so that only a few catch them. Allusions work because they carry meaning and understanding that is meant to give more power and meaning to a statement. In the previous example, instead of simply stating that the person likes chocolate, comparing chocolate to Superman’s weakness gives the statement more power and meaning. The chocolate now holds more significance, almost as if the chocolate holds more power over the person. (Ibid)

The most common allusions are to literary classics, such as Greek mythology or famous novels, and popular culture, like famous movies and popular songs. Allusions can occur in everyday life, especially when we reference movie quotes or song lyrics to our friends in personal situations and shared experiences. For instance, when you try something new or travel to a new location, you may say, “Looks like we aren’t in Kansas anymore.” This is an allusion to the famous musical The Wizard of Oz. Most of the time we naturally make allusions to movies, books, and music, but we just do not recognize it as an allusion.( (Genette 1983: 88)

An allusion that references something outside of the text or situation, it is called an external allusion. This is making a reference to The Wizard of Oz when you go somewhere new. Authors, however, can make references to something that has already occurred in the book. This is an internal allusion. For instance, if an author hints at something that has already happened at the beginning of the book, it is an internal allusion.(Ibid)

## **2.2Types of Allusion**

There are six different types of literary allusions with varying degrees of obscureness:

**1.Casual reference.** An offhand allusion that is not integral to the plot.

**2.Single reference.** The viewer or reader is meant to infer the connection between the work at hand and the allusion.

**3.Self-reference.** A reference by the writer to another work of their own.

**4.Corrective allusion.** A comparison that is openly in opposition to the source material.

**5.Apparent reference.** An allusion that seems to recall a specific source, but challenges that source.

**6.Multiple references or conflation.** A variety of allusions that combine cultural traditions in a single work.

Sperber and Wilson (1986: 74).

## **2.3 Characteristics of Allusion**

At its most utilitarian, allusion may open up other ways of meaning to the hearer, since speakers cannot have final control over the meaning of allusions, which led to ostensibly simple description embraces several thorny issues, (Ben-Porat, Z.; 1976:108).

### **1-Allusion is concerned with the shared language**

Allusion is limited through shared language to what might be termed quotation, but often includes alterations or distortion that firmly quoted language does not. Moreover, there limits of allusion is only to the field of rhetoric, and specially to the 'shared language' of rhetoric. Due to this perspective, Biagio Conte, G., (1986:41) views of 'reusable language' which is conserved in the rhetorical memory. It is regarded as the formal language of literary art, dissociated by its disturbing, artificial properties from the virtuously communicative language of the everyday. Kristeva, Julia (1969:5) famously coins the term, 'intertextuality', and states that limiting allusion to the dominion of shared language will serve to differentiate allusion from the larger phenomenon of intertextuality. Although in Kristeva's work, it was allusive of the central interaction of all cultural things, and nothing so limited as the borrowing of literary language. Nonetheless, subsequent critics seized on the term, making intertextuality and allusion virtually synonymous, (Heinrich F. Plett, 1991: 134)

### **2-Allusion is distressed with intentionality**

For some period of a complete dominance under Romantic criticism, writers were outshined by New Criticism's intentional fallacy and were notably stated dead by Post-Structuralism. Thus, it is pointless to speak about intentionality, if writers are dead or at any rate unrelated to the text. Undeniably, Post Structuralism has had little about allusion, but much to give or take about intertextuality,. Conversely, latest critical emphasis on cultural studies has resuscitated the writer as a significant part of the cultural fabric that creates texts, (Ben-Porat, Z.; 1976: 128).

### **3-Allusion is related to the productivity of hearers or readers responses**

Writers death supports productively emphasis attention on areas such as reader or speaker response, as if it were self-created out of the twisted networks of language and culture, and also lean towards making the literary text abnormally autotelic purpose, (Magedanz, Stacy; 2006:1). Productive study of allusion wants us to reproduce the allusive process as communicative, dynamic and very human. Accordingly, authors recited, and could not mine the works of the past for presence in their writing or speaking. But, speakers or readers correspondingly say or write the texts they come across conveying their own cultural, personal, and literary relations to stand in the formation of meaning, (ibid).

## **2.4 Functions of allusion**

According to (Foucault, M., 1979:141) Writers use allusions especially Casual reference is the most common type of allusion to express complex ideas in a simple, accessible way. Think of allusions like golden nuggets that, once found and understood, grant readers a clearer or more nuanced understanding of text. This has the added benefit of keeping readers engaged; someone skimming through a text is liable to miss these brief references.

Writers can also use allusions to attract certain audiences or evoke a specific atmosphere or emotion. For example, biblical allusions appeal to readers with Christian backgrounds; allusions to Greco-Roman mythology can foster a sense of fantasy or epic heroism; historical allusions to war can establish a sense of dread or despair.

Allusions also provide clarity. Imagine trying to explain the feats of hockey star Wayne Gretzky to a baseball fan who has never seen a hockey game. One might say, "Wayne Gretzky is the Babe Ruth of hockey," alluding to the baseball player's legacy to put the unknown athlete's accomplishments into context.

These also some function of allusion

- 1- To expand and enhance the meaning of a text by adding a cover that may not be observable to all readers/listeners.
- 2- To generate a sense of cultural kinship between speaker and listener, since those who pick up on allusions have a sense of being "in the know."
- 3- To add dimension to a work by relating it to other texts.
- 4- To efficiently convey big ideas, or refer to events that would take too long to explain.
- 5- To invite readers/listeners to reflect on the similarities between their own lives and the lives of authors or characters being alluded to.

6- To demonstrate their own cultural literacy, or test that of their readers or listeners.

7- To place their work in dialogue with the work of those who influenced them.

8- To give a credibility to an argument stated by a speaker in a specific context.

Actually, allusion can have the negative effect of alienating readers/listeners, or making the author/speaker seem like a show-off, when an author or a speaker makes use of allusion too frequently, or without making accurate assumptions about whether their audience will understand an utterance, (ibid).



## **Chapter Three**

### **The Wasteland Poem by T. S. Eliot**

#### **3.1 Introduction**

Thomas stern Eliot (1888 – 1965), a modernist playwright, a real critic, an eminent essayist and a recognized and reputed poet, is considered the leading literary figure of 20th century. He has won Nobel Prize in 1948 for his outstanding literary contributions. He is a highly learned representative of his age who knew more than 10 languages and was very well versed in myths and legends. Moreover, he was a strong believer of tradition as his essay “Tradition and Individual Talents (1919)” signifies.

Out of his highly appreciated masterpieces, The Wasteland (1922) is considered the most successful, most complex and most obscure poem that is translated in many languages. This poem sounds over intellectual because of the excessive use of allusions as he has used more than hundred allusions referring to more than 30 writers. Eliot’s allusive technique is far reaching and is very successful for conveying him message effectively. With completely disjointed incidents presented with mastered cinematic approach, this highly structured epic poem was published just after about three years of the end of World War I and depicts the prevailing hollowness of human morality and spirituality.

#### **3.2 Epigraph**

The poem begins with a Greek and Latin epigraph taken from the Satyricon written by Petronius in the 1st century AD. This amazingly stunning satirical parody is the Roman Empire. Chapter 48 of this masterpiece deals with the Greek mythology of the ancient prophet Sybil. This mythical figure was immortalized by Apollo, but she forgot to seek you forever. Therefore, her body wilted until only her voice was left and it was literally stored in a jar. Elliott compares modern people to this ancient visionary and says that modern people live in modern wastelands with a ghostly desire to die, fearing life. This pessimistic attitude is reflected throughout the poem. This poem started very long and was handed over to Ezra Pound for editing. Pound cut out many details and shortened the poem. For this technical assistance, Elliott dedicated this poem to him by writing "Il miglior fabbro" for him. This means a better craftsman.

### **3.3 The Sections of the poem**

#### **3.3.1 The Burial of the Dead (lines 01 – 76)**

The first part of the poem is about Egyptian rituals in which they believe in death for the purpose of rebirth or a new beginning. For some critics, it represents a Christian ritual of burying the dead. This part begins with a reference to Chaucer's prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*. The prologue began with the line "April is the cruelest month," and Elliott began this poem in the same line with a contradictory meaning. He uses this clue to express his disappointment and melancholy at the time. The pioneers of this spring bring more darkness and despair to the devastated barren environment. Elliott also uses the poems of Richard Wagner's opera "Tristan und Isolde" to moan about the devastating and sad state of the city of London. Another very important reference is from Aldous Huxley's novel "Chrome Yellow". This is about a fortune teller named Madame Sosostris. Elliott's Madame Sosostris announces the fate of a modern man and foresaw his death from water. This wise old lady reads the tarot card and tells the man's fate about drowning in water. Here Elliott uses the Tempest Shakespeare's "These are the pearls that were his eyes" line for the marked dead. The next highlighted reference is the allusion of Baudelaire's poem "The Seven Old Men" where he has used the phrase "Unreal City" for Paris. In this allusion he compares London with Baudelaire's Paris in terms of the moral and social condition. For the same purpose Eliot has used the reference of Dante's "Inferno", a religious allegory, also and describes "London Bridge" as Dante's "Gate of Hell". In this part of poem Eliot has used many phrases also to explain the moral and spiritual barrenness of modern man. He has written dead tree for the barren modern values, heaps of broken image for the lost spiritual values, brown fog for the barrenness of the city life and one eyed man for the modern scientifically and commercially developed man. For religious representations he uses red rock for Christian church and son of man for holy Christ. The Game of Chess (lines 77 – 172)

The title of this part of the poem is taken from Middleton's "Game of Chess", and the main plot of this part of the poem is taken from "Women Beware Women" by the same author.

### **3.3.2A Game Of Chess**

The main story is about the temptation of a young woman by a brave woman whose mother-in-law is enjoying chess. To describe the chair in which she was sitting, Elliott beautifully portrays its grandeur, using references from Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra. He also uses a reference to Queen Dido on the ceiling of the Carsage at this point to describe the setting taken from Virgil's Aeneid. Elliott then refers to Milton's Paradise Lost IV, explaining the entrance to the Galant landscape as Milton describes Satan's entrance to the Garden of Eden in the "Sylvan Scene." In the next stanza, Ovid's metamorphoses symbolize the tragedy of his wife, as well as the tragedy of Philomela seduced by his brother-in-law, King Trent. At the end of this part, he mentions Shakespeare's lines from Hamlet. There, the dying Ophelia says good night, sweet scalpel, good night, good night. He again uses the Tempest Shakespeare line "These are the pearls that were his eyes" for the seduced female. The terms Elliott uses in this part to describe modern human crime and mentally empty attitudes include English and French terms. He writes the French phrase "jug" to describe sexual intercourse. The word mouse symbolizes the dead bones of modern people who have invaded and rotted plants, one-eyed merchants who sell abortion drugs, and those who have died spiritually.

### **3.3.3The Fire Sermon (lines 173 – 311)**

The title of this part of the poem is taken from the Buddha's Fire Sermon, which describes mankind burning in the fire of hatred and desire. This is the longest and most complex section of the poem and very well represents Elliott's use of cinematography. Here Elliott takes a modern man pondering the state of society by the River Thames. He takes the phrase "Sweet Thames" from Edmund Spenser's Protalamion, emphasizing the pollution contained to symbolize the degeneration of modern civilization. Elliott then uses the religious reference of the monk Bonibard, using the phrase "Water of Leman" written by Sir Byron on the Prisoner of Zion. The monk was imprisoned for a very long time as a result of the struggle to waive his rights. When he finally learned to love despair, his destiny changed and he was free, but he was desperate and collapsed, so he didn't know what to do with that freedom.

This hint represents the situation of a degenerate and discouraged modern man who had no direction in life. Here he is again called London Unreal City. This is that Baudelaire refers to Paris from seven old men. In the next few verses, Tiresias, the wise good old fortune-teller of Sophocles King Oedipus, is introduced as a narrator in a female closet. That lady is being loved mechanically by a modern man who leaves her without any feelings or emotions just after achieving his objective. Thus in other words that love is nothing but the fire of sexual lust. Here Eliot again includes four verses from Wagner's same opera that was alluded in first part to sigh over the pathetic situation. For concluding this part Eliot refers to Augustine's confession where he prays to save him from the fire of lust. He admits the moral and spiritual barrenness of modern man of the whole world as King Augustus is representing western globe and Lord Buddha is the representation of east. This section ends with the verse "Burning, Burning, Burning, Burning", taken from Lord Buddha's fire sermon where Buddha means to say that the whole world is burning in the fire of lust and hate. This part also presents symbols and phrases for representing scientific development and industrialization. The modern trams are telling about the progress science has made and has ultimately converted the society into highly materialistic selfish and money oriented. Dusty trees are the presentation of degenerated and suppressed nature as the result of industrialization, commercialization and scientific development.

### **3.3.4 Death by Water (lines 312 – 321)**

The title of this part is a kind of fulfillment of Madame Sosostris's prophecy about the death of modern humans by water. Water; a source and symbol of life, regeneration, rejuvenation and purification. It is the source of death for the inhabitants of the wasteland. This is the shortest part of the poem, and Elliott concludes all of his pessimistic themes mentioned in the previous three sections. This part begins with Frebas, a dead sailor drowning in water, as Madame Sosostris predicts. He is representative of modern commercials because Elliott used the word Phoenicia for him. The Phoenicians were around 1500 BC. A successful trader in ancient Greece. Therefore, Elliott conveys the message that materialistic and scientific success leads to death rather than achievement of liberation.

### **3.3.5What the Thunder Said (lines 322 – 433)**

This is the only part of the poem that represents optimism and gives modern people a guide to his salvation from pessimistic, degenerate cultural conditions. Here Elliott took the poetry narrator from the ruined city and brought him to the mountain where the donor said something to him. The title of this section is a symbol of hope and rebirth by providing guidance for liberation. After presenting a hopeful and peaceful scenario, Elliott mentions Dante's Hell and writes, "I heard the key," to reaffirm his guide message. Here he uses the compelling poem "Resurrection of the Broken Cario Reinas for a Moment" in Shakespeare's play "Cario Reinas". From the same Wagner opera, he uses the phrase "boat replied." Next, Elliott mentions "Jeromemus," the protagonist of Thomas Kyd's Spanish Tragedy. In the final part of the poem, the Sanskrit hint from Indian mythology means that Datta bestows, Dayadvam sympathizes, and Damiyata rules. It is mentioned. Also, the last poem of this poem is the Sanskrit word "shanti, shanti, shanti" which means peace.

## Chapter Four

### The Analysis of The Allusion

#### Allusions in First Section "The Burial Of The Dead":

Line 64, "**Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,**". Casual reference

Line 68, "**with a dead sound on the final stroke of nine**". Apparent reference

In line 43 "**Madame Sosostris**" Apparent reference

Line 48, "**Those are pearls that were his eyes**" Apparent reference

In line 49 "**Belladonna**" Casual reference

In line 61 "**brown fog**" Multiple references or conflation

In lines 32, 33 and 34 which are

"**Der Heimat zu** Multiple references or conflation

**Mein Irisch Kind** Casual reference

**Wo weilest du?** " Multiple references or conflation

#### Allusions in Second Section "A Game Of Chess": Single reference

In line 77 "**The Chair she sat in**" Corrective allusion

In Line 98 "**sylvan scene**" Casual reference

Lines 92 and 93 "**Flung their smoke into the laquearia**" Self-reference

"**Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling**"

Corrective allusion

In line 99 "**The change of Philomel**". Single reference

Line 125 "**Those Pearls that were his eyes**" Corrective allusion

Line 138 "**Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door**"  
Corrective allusion

**Allusions in Third Section "The Fire Sermon":** Casual reference

In lines 176, 183 and 184 **"Sweet Thames"** Self-reference

line 182 **"water of Leman"** Corrective allusion

Line 191 **"Musing upon the king my brother's wreck"** Multiple references or conflation

In line 207 **"Unreal City"** Casual reference

In lines 218 **"Tiresias"** Self-reference

Line 221, **"Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea"**,  
Corrective allusion

In line 279, **"Elizabeth and Leicester"**, Single reference

Lines 307, 309 and 310 are allusions from **St. Augustine's confession, who prayed to God to save him from the fire of lust.** Self-reference

Line 308, **"Burning burning burning burning"**. Corrective allusion

**Allusions in Fourth Section "Death by Water":** Casual reference

Line 317 **"He passed the stages of his age and youth"** Single reference

**Allusions In Fifth Section "What The Thunder Said":** Self-reference

In line 411, **"I have heard the key"** Single reference

Line 416, **"Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus"** Casual reference

In line 418, **"The boat responded"** Single reference

Line 427, **"Poi s'ascese nel foco che gli affina"** Casual reference

In line 431 **"Hieronymus"** Corrective allusion

In lines 402, 411, 418 and 432 **"Datta, Dayadhvam and Damyata"** Self-reference

Line 428, **"Quando fiam uti chelidon---O swallow swallow"** Casual reference

**Table (1) The Frequented Percentages of Types of Allusion in all the poem**

Types of Allusion	Fre.	%
1.Casual reference	10	25%
2.Single reference	6	15%
3. Self-reference	6	15%
4.Corrective allusion	8	20%
5.Apparent reference	6	15%
6.Multiple references or conflation	4	10%

#### **4.5 Discussion of result**

The use of allusions in the poem connect this modern story with all of those old stories, to suggest that it is part of those stories, also the many allusions that occur in the “Waste Land” are of mutable perspectives, exactly just like cubism in painting, the expansion is mostly done through allusions. Allusions make it difficult for the reader to comprehend the poem; the difficulty is intended to show the complexity of the modern world. Allusion rouses two kind of feelings either of belonging and this is in case of comprehending the allusion or of exclusion and this is in case of unrecognizing the allusion. Eliot uses allusion to open up the meaning, and this is true to some readers, but it closes down the meaning to a lot of readers, for being unable to recognize these allusions. Moreover, allusions used to show similarities or contrasts between the past and the present which means that life is the same through history. Eliot respects the classical and describes himself as classist so he gave the poem a place between the giants and the great works of Virgil, Seneca, and many others. At the same time Eliot examines the past through parallelizing texts of the past with these of the present and gave the past its true state. The biblical allusions give the poem emotive, effective, and instant feelings that are associated with the origin or clearly the Bible. Through literary allusions appear Eliot’s respect to the old as kind of basis, yet through all types of allusions appear the respect of tradition, but at the same time he examines old traditions by putting them under comparison with the present traditions.



## **Chapter Five**

### **Conclusion**

An allusion is a reference, typically brief, to a person, place, thing, event, or other literary work with which the reader is presumably familiar. As a literary device, allusion allows a writer to compress a great deal of meaning and significance into a word or phrase. However, allusions are only effective to the extent that they are recognized and understood by the reader, and that they are properly inferred and interpreted by the reader. If an allusion is obscure or misunderstood, it can lose effectiveness by confusing the reader.

The use of allusions in the “Waste Land” is highly effective; allusions connect this modern story with all of those old stories, to suggest that it is part of those stories, also the many allusions that occur in the “Waste Land” are of mutable perspectives, exactly just like cubism in painting, the expansion is mostly done through allusions. Allusions make it difficult for the reader to comprehend the poem; the difficulty is intended to show the complexity of the modern world. Allusion rouses two kind of feelings either of belonging and this is in case of comprehending the allusion or of exclusion and this is in case of unrecognized the allusion. Eliot uses allusion to open up the meaning, and this is true to some readers, but it closes down the meaning to a lot of readers, for being unable to recognize these allusions.

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## Appendix I

### *I. The Burial of the Dead*

April is the cruellest month, breeding  
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing  
Memory and desire, stirring  
Dull roots with spring rain.  
Winter kept us warm, covering  
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding  
A little life with dried tubers.  
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee  
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,  
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,  
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.  
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.  
And when we were children, staying at the arch-duke's,  
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,  
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,  
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.  
In the mountains, there you feel free.  
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.  
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.  
*Frisch weht der Wind  
Der Heimat zu  
Mein Irisch Kind,  
Wo weilest 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.  
*Oed' und leer das Meer.*

Madame Sosostriis, famous clairvoyante,  
Had a bad cold, nevertheless  
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,

With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she,  
 Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,  
 (Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)  
 Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,  
 The lady of situations.  
 Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,  
 And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,  
 Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,  
 Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find  
 The Hanged Man. Fear death by water.  
 I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.  
 Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,  
 Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:  
 One must be so careful these days.  
 Unreal City,  
 Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,  
 A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,  
 I had not thought death had undone so many.  
 Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,  
 And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.  
 Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,  
 To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours  
 With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.  
 There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Stetson!  
 "You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!  
 "That corpse you planted last year in your garden,  
 "Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?  
 "Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?  
 "Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,  
 "Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!  
 "You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!"

## *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 sevenbranched candelabra  
 Reflecting light upon the table as  
 The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,  
 From satin cases poured in rich profusion;  
 In vials of ivory and coloured glass  
 Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,  
 Unguent, powdered, or liquid—troubled, confused  
 And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air  
 That freshened from the window, these ascended  
 In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,  
 Flung their smoke into the laquearia,

Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.  
Huge sea-wood fed with copper  
Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone,  
In which sad light a carved dolphin swam.  
Above the antique mantel was displayed  
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene  
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king  
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale  
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice  
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,  
“Jug Jug” to dirty ears.  
And other withered stumps of time  
Were told upon the walls; staring forms  
Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed.  
Footsteps shuffled on the stair.  
Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair  
Spread out in fiery points  
Glowed into words, then would be savagely still  
“My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me.  
“Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.  
“What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?  
“I never know what you are thinking. Think.”  
I think we are in rats’ alley  
Where the dead men lost their bones.  
“What is that noise?”  
The wind under the door.  
“What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?”  
Nothing again nothing.  
“Do  
“You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember  
“Nothing?”  
I remember  
Those are pearls that were his eyes.  
“Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?”  
But  
O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag—  
It’s so elegant  
So intelligent  
“What shall I do now? What shall I do?”  
“I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street  
“With my hair down, so. What shall we do tomorrow?  
“What shall we ever do?”  
The hot water at ten.  
And if it rains, a closed car at four.  
And we shall play a game of chess,  
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.  
When Lil’s husband got demobbed, I said—  
I didn’t mince my words, I said to her myself,  
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME  
Now Albert’s coming back, make yourself a bit smart.

He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you  
 To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there.  
 You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,  
 He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you.  
 And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert,  
 He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time,  
 And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.  
 Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.  
 Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.  
 HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME  
 If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.  
 Others can pick and choose if you can't.  
 But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling.  
 You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.  
 (And her only thirty-one.)  
 I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,  
 It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.  
 (She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)  
 The chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.  
 You *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.

### ***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  
And on the king my father's death before him.  
White bodies naked on the low damp ground  
And bones cast in a little low dry garret,  
Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.  
But at my back from time to time I hear  
The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring  
Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.  
O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter  
And on her daughter  
They wash their feet in soda water  
*Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!*  
Twit twit twit  
Jug jug jug jug jug jug  
So rudely forc'd.  
Tereu  
Unreal City  
Under the brown fog of a winter noon  
Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant  
Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants  
C.i.f. London: documents at sight,  
Asked me in demotic French  
To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel  
Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.  
At the violet hour, when the eyes and back  
Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits  
Like a taxi throbbing waiting,  
I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,  
Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see  
At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives  
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,  
The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights  
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.  
Out of the window perilously spread  
Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,  
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)  
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.  
I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs  
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—  
I too awaited the expected guest.  
He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,  
A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,  
One of the low on whom assurance sits  
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.  
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,  
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,  
Endeavours to engage her in caresses  
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.  
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;  
Exploring hands encounter no defence;

His vanity requires no response,  
And makes a welcome of indifference.  
(And I Tiresias have foresuffered all  
Enacted on this same divan or bed;  
I who have sat by Thebes below the wall  
And walked among the lowest of the dead.)  
Bestows one final patronising kiss,  
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit . . .  
She turns and looks a moment in the glass,  
Hardly aware of her departed lover;  
Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:  
“Well now that’s done: and I’m glad it’s over.”  
When lovely woman stoops to folly and  
Paces about her room again, alone,  
She smooths her hair with automatic hand,  
And puts a record on the gramophone.  
“This music crept by me upon the waters”  
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.  
O City city, I can sometimes hear  
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,  
The pleasant whining of a mandoline  
And a clatter and a chatter from within  
Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls  
Of Magnus Martyr hold  
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

The river sweats  
Oil and tar  
The barges drift  
With the turning tide  
Red sails  
Wide  
To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.  
The barges wash  
Drifting logs  
Down Greenwich reach  
Past the Isle of Dogs.  
Weialala leia  
Wallala leialala  
Elizabeth and Leicester  
Beating oars  
The stern was formed  
A gilded shell  
Red and gold  
The brisk swell  
Rippled both shores  
Southwest wind  
Carried down stream  
The peal of bells  
White towers  
Weialala leia



Wallala leialala

“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.”  
“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

#### ***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  
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 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  
If there were water  
    And no rock  
    If there were rock  
    And also water  
    And water  
    A spring  
    A pool among the rock  
    If there were the sound of water only  
    Not the cicada  
    And dry grass singing  
    But sound of water over a rock  
    Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees  
    Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop  
    But there is no water  
Who is the third who walks always beside you?  
When I count, there are only you and I together  
But when I look ahead up the white road  
There is always another one walking beside you  
Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded  
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  
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  
Co co rico co co rico  
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.  
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, aethereal rumours  
Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

DA

*Damyata:* The boat responded

Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar  
The sea was calm, your heart would have responded  
Gaily, when invited, beating obedient  
To controlling hands

I sat upon the shore

Fishing, with the arid plain behind me

Shall I at least set my lands in order?

London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down

*Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina*

*Quando fiam uti chelidon—O swallow swallow*

*Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie*

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

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

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih