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Recommended Citation

Paul Douglass. "Reading the Wreckage: De-Encrypting Eliot's Aesthetics of Empire" *Twentieth Century Literature* (1997): 1-26. <https://doi.org/10.2307/441860>

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Reading the Wreckage: De-Encrypting Eliot's Aesthetics of Empire

PAUL DOUGLASS

Many of the works of the Ancients have become fragments; many works of the Moderns are so in their inception.

—Friedrich Schlegel, *Athenaeum*, Fragment 24

Home is where one starts from. As we grow older
The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated
Of dead and living. Not the intense moment
Isolated with no before and after,
But a lifetime burning in every moment
And not the lifetime of one man only
But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.

—T. S. Eliot, "East Coker"¹

It has seemed natural to find a wide gulf separating the poet of *The Waste Land* from that defender of aristocracy who later described his views as "classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and anglo-catholic in religion."² As many studies have shown, however, Eliot's writings exhibit a substantial continuity of conservative and reactionary beliefs from about 1914.³ The aesthetics of the jagged and the juxtaposed that Pound and Eliot had adapted from T. E. Hulme also form part of this continuity.⁴ Though its formal innovations appear "revolutionary," *The Waste Land's* aesthetics are of a piece with modernism's reactionary character and reflect the cultural politics of the British conservatism Eliot had adopted. The de-encrypting, digging up, and decoding of the poem's fragments and allusions—its dry rock and intertextual archae-

ology—also lead to familiar ground: Eliot's gravitation to the British empire as "home." Finally, *The Waste Land* may be seen as part of a British literary tradition of "reading the wreckage" that goes back at least to Edward Volney's *Ruins* (1791).

Eliot's and Pound's use of fragmentation is qualitatively different from that of Joyce, Woolf, and H.D. I do not argue that fragmentation is an *inherently* reactionary aesthetic technique. Indeed it was associated with a liberal politics for Volney and Shelley. However, Eliot's and Pound's techniques of interruption and layering take on an opposite political coloration when their primary effect is to block access by the uninitiated, and when the initiation process must actually *precede* the aesthetic experience of a "modern" consciousness of complexity and contradictoriness. To put it another way, the aesthetic goal of Eliot's and Pound's major works becomes didactic, whereas the goal of Joyce, Woolf, and H.D. appears to be more truly "experimental," in the sense that they try—successfully, in my estimation—to evoke and explore a modern human consciousness through an aesthetics of disruption. Some political ideology inheres in all aesthetic practice, and "modernism" contradicts itself here, as in many of its other aspects. But since Eliot's 1922 poem has been so often taken to typify modernist aesthetics, it is important that we notice the consistency between his politics and his chosen form, even if that form has other possible implications.

There is little doubt that Eliot's identification with right-wing Anglo-European culture matured long before *The Waste Land* was published. He had been attracted to reactionary politics when he encountered Charles Maurras's work in the aftermath of his temporary "conversion" to Bergsonism. Maurras had amplified French fears of racial degeneration through the Action Française, and his political agenda was later implemented by the Vichy government, leading to his eventual imprisonment for life as a traitor. As Peter Ackroyd points out, the *Nouvelle Revue Française* of March 1913, a publication Eliot would likely have read, described Maurras as "classique, catholique, monarchique," the trio Eliot would employ in his Oxford syllabus of winter 1916 and then later to describe himself (Ackroyd 41; cf. Schuchard). I agree with Kenneth Asher that "[T]he Maurrasien inheritance provided Eliot with a dominant intellectual framework that he retained throughout his life" and that Eliot's essay on Machiavelli in *For Lancelot Andrewes* (1928) was actually a covert defense of Maurras (Asher 8, 54). Like Maurras, Eliot was drawn to the idea of a blooded aristocracy rather than an aristocracy of ability or wealth. Unlike Maurras, he came

to understand that, in order to promote his cultural politics, he must veil his deepest beliefs and even present himself as consciously nonpolitical (see Asher 84 ff., 133).

Eliot was clearly thinking about how to gain acceptance in the British aristocracy from at least the time of his marriage in June 1915. In March of that year, he writes his cousin, Eleanor Hinkley, "Do tell Aunt Susie that the Miss Rhyss' are the most charming persons I have met in Oxford—certainly the most *aristocratic*," and in a chatty tone he goes on to lament that "a cultivated aristocracy is sadly to seek even in England, but God knows it is far better here than in our Slater-ised society." Samuel Slater was the (English-born) founder of the American cotton manufacturing industry. The desire to escape identification with such mercantile Americans and be accepted in an aristocratic realm—even a debased one—seems to motivate Eliot's differentiation, in this same letter, of various Oxford and Cambridge acquaintances. He says he has met two Irishmen, who "rather raised my opinion of the race," and several Indians, whom he prefers to the English, though he reports that "Bertie" (Bertrand Russell) "says [Indians] give him the creeps." He ranks himself above the overserious Cambridge and Oxford students, the best of whom he compares to "the clever Jew undergraduate mind at Harvard; wide but disorderly reading, intense but confused thinking, and utter absence of background and balance and proportion. I should expect it to be accompanied by a philistine aristocracy" (*Letters* 91–92).

A further insight into Eliot's desire for acceptance in elite circles may be gleaned from a letter to his mother in 1920. Eliot described meeting American writer Maxwell Bodenheim:

I told him of my history here, and left him to consider whether an American Jew, of only a common school education and no university degree, with no money, no connections, and no social polish or experience, could make a living in London. Of course I did not say all this; but I made him see that getting recognized in English letters is like breaking open a safe. (*Letters* 392)

One may well imagine the feelings Eliot aroused in Bodenheim with this counsel. Eliot's own sense of isolation probably dates from before 1915. He had relatively few friends at Harvard, where he had adopted, after 1908, a more and more Laforguan aloofness (Ackroyd 33–35). Once in England, Eliot may have tried too hard to impress. When he visited the Morrells in the summer of 1916, he made his hosts ill at ease and put them off with "ostentatious learning," according to Lyndall Gordon (83). Aldous Huxley described Eliot in 1916 as "just a

Europeanized American, overwhelmingly cultured, talking about French literature in the most uninspired fashion imaginable" (qtd. in Gordon 83).

Eliot's awareness that he was himself a "safe-cracker" clarifies his reaction to Bodenheim in 1920. As David Spurr observes, the desire not to appear philistine may help explain the anti-Semitism in poems like "Burbank With a Baedeker: Bleistein With a Cigar" (Spurr 272):

A lustreless protrusive eye
Stares from the protozoic slime
At a perspective of Canaletto.
The smoky candle end of time

Declines. On the Rialto once.
The rats are underneath the piles.
The jew is underneath the lot. . . . (CPP 24)

The interruptive "On the Rialto once" forecasts the jerky compositional strategies of *The Waste Land*, which also mixes anti-Semitic attitudes with historical pessimism. As many have observed, Eliot shared such prejudices with Pound, whose condemnation of "usura" ("Canto 45") formed part of a Jew-paranoia that grew. Pound spuriously attributed that bigotry to Franklin:

Remarked Ben: better keep out the jews
or yr/ grand children will curse you. ("Canto 52")

A similar note is struck in Eliot's slightly milder remark in *After Strange Gods* (1934) that in any ideal community "reasons of religion and race combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable" (20). Ironically, Pound would later (in 1942) describe *After Strange Gods* as a work that had not "come through uncontaminated by the Jewish poison" (*Visiting Card* 22). In a letter to J. V. Healy in 1940, Eliot sought to rationalize his singling out Jews: "It should be obvious that I think a large number of free-thinkers of any race to be undesirable, and the free-thinking Jews are only a special case" (qtd. in Ricks 44). In the same letter, Eliot compares liberal Judaism to "a mild and colourless form of Unitarianism." It may be that Eliot's anti-Semitism is mixed with antipathy to his father's religion (see Ricks 44, 47, 28n). Anthony Julius convincingly argues that anti-Semitism is integral to Eliot's poetry, a fact that should properly leave us both "appalled and impressed," and that anti-Semitism formed part of Eliot's identification with Europe (40, 16).

In 1920, at any rate, he had no intention of acting as a sponsor of an American Jew. Nor would he settle for being perceived as merely a

"Europeanized American." He had already mulled Henry James's fate in a 1918 obituary, saying, "It is the final perfection, the consummation of an American to become, not an Englishman, but a European—something which no born European, no person of any nationality, can become" ("In Memory" 1-2). Like most of Eliot's seeming compliments, this one bites back. To become "European" is to have no nationality—to become *no one*. Eliot spoke of the European tradition as Matthew Arnold defined it: as a great intellectual and spiritual "confederation" whose members shared "a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another."⁵ Arnold urged England to seize the leadership in this confederacy, and Eliot seems to share his implicit belief that all universal perspectives are rooted in local turf. As Terry Eagleton has said, Eliot intended to "re-enact the Jamesian experiment," merging with "established English culture"—but Eliot would not wait, as James had done, to embrace conservative British life publicly (Eagleton 16-17). In January 1924, he described himself as "an old-fashioned Tory," saying, "I am all for empires" ("Letter to the Editor" 95); and by April of that year he had applauded T. E. Hulme as "classical, reactionary, and revolutionary"—and antidemocratic (*Criterion* 2: 231). He would shortly call Hulme "the most fertile mind of my generation" (*Varieties of Metaphysical Poetry* 82).

Hulme's remembered brilliance seems to have underscored the British postwar malaise for Eliot, during the period he was writing *The Waste Land*. George Gordon, who worked to establish English as an academic discipline in England and helped write the Newbolt Report of 1921, described how a "gloom" had settled on the fraternity of scholars and artists:

. . . they felt they didn't matter, and some of them could hardly bear it. The good ones got over it more or less; the conceited ones sulked; but some have never recovered from the awful suspicion of that time that literature was futile. (qtd. in Baldick 104)

The loss of Hulme haunts *The Waste Land*, and this sense of loss clearly came through to critics, who immediately characterized the poem as an encapsulation of postwar angst. In the *New York Tribune* of November 5, 1922, Burton Rascoe admitted confusion, yet still found the poem "readily understandable" as an expression of "the universal despair or resignation arising from the spiritual and economic consequences of the war" (Gunter 3). Gorham Munson said simply: "It is easy to see that in part 'The Waste Land' is a poetic equivalent to *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*" (July 1924; rept. in Grant 203-12).

This familiar history of *The Waste Land's* reception may also be read as part of a prolonged, self-dramatized British *Götterdämmerung* that had begun in the eighteenth century. By the traditions of *translatio studii* and *translatio imperii*, culture and empire were believed to move like the sun, from east to west. The notion that Europe was in decline, rendered by Berkeley in 1726, was already circulated widely by the 1750s:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts. . . .

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its sway. . . .
(Berkeley 4: 264-65)

These sentiments would receive a liberal romantic twist from Edward Volney as the eighteenth century closed, and thereafter the theme's popularity would grow. Much late nineteenth-century British writing dwells on the gloom epitomized in 1 Corinthians 10.11: "we are those upon whom the ends of the world are come." George Bernard Shaw wrote that Britain was "in an advanced state of rottenness" (Lester 3, 5), and James Froude remarked that Horace described in Rome "what we are now witnessing in England—fields deserted, the people crowding into the cities. He noted the growing degeneracy. He foretold the inevitable consequences" (Froude 8). The crowds in King William Street in *The Waste Land* symbolize degeneration as well as enervation (cf. Pick) and are inseparable from a xenophobic and anti-Semitic attitude that was widely distributed in the English-speaking world. Joyce's Stephen Dedalus reacts against this paranoia in the character of Mr. Deasy, who says, "As sure as we are standing here the jew merchants are already at their work of destruction. Old England is dying. . . . Dying, he said again, if not dead by now." Stephen responds that such views of history are "a nightmare from which I am trying to awake" (Joyce 28). On the other side of the Atlantic, these images resonated with a readership worried about the "American empire." That theme is satirized in Fitzgerald's portrayal of *The Great Gatsby's* Tom Buchanan, who has imbibed racialized Spenglerian paranoia: "Civilization's going to pieces. . . . Have you read *The Rise of the Colored Empires* by this man Goddard?" (13). It is also, sadly, a theme Fitzgerald reinforced in the "flat-nosed Jew" Wolfsheim, who regards Nick with tiny eyes

and "two fine growths of hair which luxuriated in either nostril" (69-70).

The Waste Land's version of this reactionary response derived its power from traditional literary forms: blank verse, *terza rima*, and Chaucerian and heroic couplets. By juxtaposing these honored forms in a jagged, nonnarrative structure studded with artifacts from the Indo-European literary tradition, Eliot had found the elements of a modern aesthetic of wreckage, one that Pound had already groped for when he published in the third canto of his drafts of 1917 a translation of a fragment of the *Odyssey*. After *The Waste Land*, this passage became the whole of "Canto I"; later cantos followed out the path. Modern literature would emulate archaeology: the antique showing through the contemporary, the papyrus and the klaxton. It would replay the lessons of the ruins: "Palace in smoky light, / Troy but a heap of smouldering boundary stones" ("Canto IV"). And as the fumbling responses of early reviewers show, in Eliot's and Pound's hands such images demanded "de-encrypting."

The hieroglyphic character of *The Waste Land* was the key to its success, as Conrad Aiken saw in the very beginning: "The poem succeeds—as it brilliantly does—by virtue of its incoherence, not of its plan" (161). *The Waste Land* not only invites us to decode, it also is unreadable without a key. Frank Lentricchia argues that this event in modern aesthetics is actually an endlessly decipherable one, because "however we construct it, [the poem] . . . suits our sense of ourselves." And yet, he continues, "Eliot after *The Waste Land* will continue to be another matter: an event unabsorbed because, in the context of Western values, it is unabsorbable" (286). But this traditional division of early and late Eliot misleads. *The Waste Land's* cryptic style is not infinitely decipherable, unless we wish to ignore its impact on the fashions of poetry and the habits of reading that ensued. Nor should we divorce the poem from the growing professionalization of English studies and the British political backlash of the 20s. The elegiac attitude toward high culture evoked by the poem's images is ritualized in its technique. And together, these images and technique reinforce reactionary views.

The Waste Land's technique is famously fragmentary and syncretic. It claims to mimic the anthropology of Frazer and Weston that Eliot cites in the poem's notes. Just here, we find an important parallel between modernist writing and the modern museums that collected artifacts of primitive and "high" culture. *The Waste Land* offered a "modern" perspective on that material, one that had been conditioned by Durkheim, Bergson, and Levy-Bruhl. The poem's exploded structure

suggests relations among units of myth plucked from their contexts—what Levi-Strauss has called “mythemes”—and those relations reveal a metastory.⁶ To create its effect, the poem employs quotations, vignettes, translations, and paraphrase as effective equivalents for physical artifacts. *The Waste Land* thus rehearses a scholarly obsession with ritual and with the “pre-logical” faculties of primitive cultures; it also parallels the museum in placing its “artifacts” in contexts that diagram their relation to a superior, if disintegrating, European culture.

The Waste Land's mixing of vegetation ceremonies and Christian legends shows cultural bias. For example, as Harish Trivedi has pointed out, Eliot introduced the vocabulary of the *Vedas*, *Upanishads*, and *Geeta* from a Christian angle, substantially altering and misrepresenting his sources (45, 62). This warping of the content also involves *technique*. Just as Frazer employed comparative juxtapositions in *The Golden Bough*, *The Waste Land* juxtaposes myths of Osiris with Indo-European myths and history to express and rationalize Western anxiety. The poem valorizes the prelogical mentality as the origin of art and the potential salvation of a culture in danger of drying up. As David Spurr says, it offers the postimperialist poet an opportunity to envision Europe as somehow “united with its colonized other in an idealized mythic identity” (272). I simply assert that *The Waste Land*'s cultural biases are a matter of form as well as content, for the archaeological method being mimicked—of reading the fragments—constitutes an approach to history and culture that is emphatically not value-free. Archaeologists and collectors imported fragments of other cultures to set up in museums and drawing rooms; the poem also “exhibits” objects that, like the Elgin Marbles, were torn from context, bringing antiquity—e.g., the Punic Wars—into dialogue with the war generation's despair: “That corpse you planted last year in your garden, / Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?” (CPP 39).

Such juxtapositions reinforce a reactionary perspective on history that involves other stereotypes; for example, those of the Middle East, found in countless images in magazines and books—swarthy men and women in open desert, kaffiyehs on their heads; women keening in mourning:

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 (CPP 48)

These Middle Eastern touches, along with the passage from *Antony and Cleopatra* ("The barge she sat in, like a burning throne") harmonized with an Egyptian fad created by the Tut discovery of 1922, to which I shall turn momentarily. "Art deco" was soon born in a 1925 Paris exposition heavily dominated by the "Isis Collection" of Leon Bakst, and *The Great Gatsby* (1925) was published with an art deco dust-jacket that Fitzgerald particularly liked. The popularity of Egyptiana may have been one minor factor in *The Waste Land's* mystique.

But the strongest appeal of the poem lies in the familiar tune of imperial decline it plays, a melody that Lord Byron had acknowledged was already "trite" in 1812:

We can all feel, or imagine, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires, are beheld: the reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation.

(*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Byron's note to 2.1)

With telegraphic brevity, Eliot evokes those reflections in *The Waste Land*:

What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers
Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal (CPP 48)

Eliot's note to these lines makes clear their place in the iconography of empire. He quotes Hermann Hesse:

Schon ist halb Europa, schon ist zumindest der halbe Osten
Europas auf dem Wege zu Chaos.

["Already half of Europe, already at least half of Eastern Europe is
on the road to chaos." (my translation)] (CPP 54)

Though Eliot left out Rome, whose fall into moral decay Gibbon had described, these lines rework Gibbon's theme, which had been revived for the Romantics with Volney's *Ruins*. The poem reviews the fall of empires through a deciphering of their hieroglyphic remains, inscribing on them the contemporary anxiety of imperial decline. Eliot's artistic evocation of such fears gained power precisely through an aesthetics of "encrypted" meaning that required both digging up and decoding. Through psychological deftness and indirection, the poem offers us the thrill of metaphorically reading the wreckage ourselves, as we sift through literary layers, textual fragments, allusions. It invites us to contemplate the ruins of the civilization in which we live,

to muse on time and history, obviously, but also to notice familiar processes at work in our world: moral decay, invasion by barbaric "tribes," the corruption of the (imperial) center.

As Byron noted, such a reading of ruins already had a long tradition in 1812. The Romantics had particularly savored it—including Byron himself, as in *Don Juan*:

the eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles. As the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages, while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing wave.
(*Don Juan* 15.99)

The Romantics also anticipate the moderns in their sense that ruins signify their belatedness, their inadequacy, in lamenting of which they will write great literature. The Swiss painter of Byron's era, Johann Heinrich Fussli, had memorialized this theme in "The Artist's Despair Before the Grandeur of Ancient Ruins" (cf. Springer 6-7).

A major poem in the tradition of wreckage reading is Shelley's "Ozymandias," written after Shelley visited the British Museum with Horace Smith. A statue of Ramses II inspired Smith to attempt a sonnet, which he titled "On a Stupendous Leg of Granite, Discovered Standing by Itself in the Deserts of Egypt, With the Inscription Inserted Below." Shelley then wrote his own version. As with titles, so with poems; where Smith plods, Shelley is crisp and allusive. But Smith's sonnet is instructive because it makes manifest what is latent in Shelley's:

In Egypt's sandy silence, all alone,
Stands a gigantic Leg, which far off throws
The only shadow that the desert knows.
"I am great Ozymandias," saith the stone,
"The King of kings; this mighty city shows
The wonders of my hand." The city's gone!
Naught but the leg remaining to disclose
The sight of that forgotten Babylon.
We wonder, and some hunter may express
Wonder like ours, when through the wilderness
Where London stood, holding the wolf in chase,
He meets some fragment huge and stops to guess
What wonderful but unrecorded race
Once dwelt in that annihilated place. (126)

Smith has set up a city sequence like *The Waste Land*'s "Jerusalem Athens Alexandria / Vienna London." Smith's sequence might read: "Luxor London [???]." British culture—erased—takes its place in a

cyclical history: "The future can but imitate the past, / And instability alone will last" (Smith 42).

Shelley's version emphasizes the power of the artist over the ruler. Parallels to the British nation and its empire are left undrawn, as Shelley gives tyranny a "visage" and invites us to attribute Ozymandias's fall to moral failure:

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away. (375)

For both Smith and Shelley, the vision evoked by Ramses II's statue is a warning and a challenge. On one hand, it speaks to the hubris of the state, leading, in Smith's case, to a premature elegy on the British empire. On the other hand, it partakes of Volney's liberal politics:

Hail, solitary ruins, holy sepulchres, and silent walls! . . . What useful lessons, what affecting and profound reflections, you suggest to him who knows how to consult you! When the whole earth, in chains and silence, bowed the neck before its tyrants, you had already proclaimed the truths which they abhor, and confounding the dust of the king with that of the meanest slave, had announced to man the sacred dogma of EQUALITY.
 (Volney 19)

Smith's evocation of an already-forgotten England derives from Volney, whose hieratic speaker says: "Who knows . . . but that such may one day be the abandonment of our countries?" When the listener responds, "At these words, my eyes filled with tears," he is exhorted: "[I]nterrogate these ruins! Read the lessons which they present to you!" (Volney 26, 27).

The Waste Land plays upon this register of cultural and historical readings—though with a huge difference in political and philosophic intent. Volney cited the pyramids as an example of government waste (54). Eliot has other observations in mind, although Volney and Eliot

may not stand so far apart as first appears. We have had a tendency to ignore the ways in which Romantic radicalism succumbs to imperialism, and "Ozymandias" certainly does not preclude an Anglo-Eurocentric faith in white racial superiority (cf. Leask 79, 90). Nonetheless, Volney espoused a forward-looking liberalism that he believed the ruins at Palmyra supported. For Volney and Shelley, those ruins demonstrated the failure of elitist and aristocratic nations and the dawning of a new, revolutionary era of reason and equality. Not so for Eliot.

Similarities and differences between Eliot and Shelley sharpen when "Ozymandias" is compared to the following passage from "The Burial of the Dead." This passage stands distinct, as a tessera in the mosaic. It mimics in blank verse—most lines are pentameter—the sonnet form, complete with a final "couplet." Here, Eliot strikes a note in a register of time-worn images, echoing Shelley in both *form* and *content*:

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? (CPP 38)*

Eliot sought to associate these lines with numerous biblical passages.⁷ We know also that it includes lines originally drafted for "The Death of St. Narcissus" that refer us to "grey rock" (*Waste Land Facsimile* 91). Eliot changed the color, and, as Guy Davenport has said, he undoubtedly sought to evoke the ancient city of Petra, which had been discovered by Burckhardt just in time for Shelley to use it as a setting for "Alastor" (Davenport 17). Petra, now part of Jordan, was a flourishing trading city in 400 to 200 BC, and its rose-red cliffs became a romantic symbol of fallen empire. Petra traded with the Phoenician Empire, to whose fall Eliot also alludes: "You who turn the wheel and look to windward, / Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you" (CPP 38, 47).

While Volney and Shelley interpreted the ruins of Palmyra as inspiration for reform, *The Waste Land* finds "no relief" in the red rock of Petra. The rocks suggest no thoughts of progress, and the poem finally envisions "shoring up," not starting anew. Volney's liberal method of reading the ruins has been subverted, and the overall mood resists and condemns "progress." In both the images evoked and its fragmented patterns, *The Waste Land* suggests a conservative view of history. We arrive at this view by imaginatively *working through* and assembling the bits and pieces. And because the poem is not interpretable without acquaintance with its allusions, we are encouraged, if we care enough to pursue the "meaning," to adopt the cultural values being mourned. With image after image, allusion after allusion, *The Waste Land* powerfully evokes the betrayal and besiegement of waning empire, themes treated explicitly in the final section:

We think of the key, each in his prison
 Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison
 Only at nightfall, aetheral rumours
 Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus (CPP 49)

Hemmed in by traitors, contemptuous of the rabble, Coriolanus dies because he compromises for peace rather than fighting on. At best, *The Waste Land* seems to suggest a private liberation from an individual prison ("Shall I at least set my lands in order"). Eliot's contemporary, Georg Lukács, would describe this as modernism's regressive ideology because it denies the efficacy of political action for social progress; and though Lukács's defense of socialist realism as superior to modernist "isolationism" falls short, he has nonetheless correctly identified Eliot's cultural politics.⁸

The concluding lines of the "red rock" passage also reinforce themes of entrapment and betrayal. They come from the opening of the first act of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, in which a ship brings Isolde, with her ill-fated escort, Tristan, back to marry King Marke of Cornwall. "Frisch weht der Wind der Heimat zu" sings a sailor hidden in the rigging of the ship, thinking of his Irish sweetheart. These words unleash an emotional response in Isolde that will lead her to her own and Tristan's undoing. In the same passage of *The Waste Land*, Eliot quotes the opera again. "Oed' und leer das Meer" comes from the opera's third and final act. Dying in Brittany, Tristan now awaits the return of Isolde. The opera underscores the crushing disaster of this reunion when Isolde arrives just in time to clutch Tristan in her arms as he dies. King Marke arrives too late to relieve the suffering lovers, and Isolde sings out her broken heart and dies. These allusions make a

pattern: the ruins of Petra; Coriolanus's downfall; the failure of the Arthurian dream, evoked in the desolate ("Oed") and empty ("leer") sea; and Tristan's and Isolde's histrionic demise. These images help orchestrate Eliot's version of what I have been calling the British *Götterdämmerung*.

There is also a talismanic function that the failures and collapses portrayed in *The Waste Land* and "Ozymandias" have served. They encode certain fears in order to exorcise them. They lead us to ask how an imperial culture can avoid the doom of all previous empires. The answer seems to be: by being morally just. Since empires are invariably founded on injustices, the task is impossible. All that can be gained is a temporary stay of execution. This may be prolonged (so some believe) if one reads the wreckage of past empires continuously and is sobered thereby. Laurence Goldstein summarizes: "Ubiquitous in literature as in geographical location, ruins were a means of mortifying in the public those worldly desires which caused the great empires, like Persepolis and Egypt, to decline and fall" (3). After Volney, ruins became fixtures in Romantic gardens, a predilection spoofed in Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*. *The Waste Land* might serve such a talismanic function, though its implication that the "fragments" cannot be clearly read, but only jumbled together in some possibly arbitrary order, leaves us in a different moral universe from Shelley's and Volney's. In Eliot's world, we are only enlightened in the sense that we more deeply understand how lost we have become under the curse of history.

Eliot claimed to make a direct connection between the rituals of curse removal, Christ's martyrdom, and what he calls "the present decay of Eastern Europe" (CPP 53). By placing the "decay" at the eastern margin of Europe, the note echoes the "east to west" stereotype of imperial corruption. The "decay" itself is racialized in such phrases as "Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant" (CPP 43). The name "Eugenides" lightly evokes "eugenics," playing off the era's hackneyed Spenglerian fear of Western decline. Such elements allowed *The Waste Land* to reflect British frustration with fumbling democratic institutions, and the consequent xenophobic desire to "purge" infiltrating elements (like those Indians who revulsed Bertrand Russell) whose immigration stemmed from those colonial endeavors. To retain colonial lands meant such headaches and nightmares. Through many allusions, but especially to those of the Grail rituals, *The Waste Land* clearly dwells on a Western sensation of being "cursed." Of course, one requires a guidebook like those for Alexandria and Luxor to perceive such a "message" in the poem.

But that was precisely the intention. Though *The Waste Land's* *bricolage* and ventriloquism first felt like a Punch-and-Judy slap in the face, literary scholars soon came to recognize it as balm for their gloomy fraternity, for it gave a scientific air of "modernity" to traditionalist notions of literary canon. That air wafted from the anthropology and ethnology to which Eliot alluded. Better than this, the poem's allusions constituted a web of shibboleths and secret handshakes that demanded initiation for the "ephebe." An elitist poetic enterprise would provide ample opportunity for Poundian scolding at the ignorance of readers: "The thought of what America would be like / If the classics had a wide circulation troubles my sleep!" (Pound, "Cantico del Sole"). At the same time, *The Waste Land's* and the *Cantos'* carefully arranged disarray would guarantee that the texts proved indecipherable to the uninitiated. As Alan Golding puts it, a New Critical reading of *The Waste Land* showed, above all, that only a "pro" could do criticism (78).

A professionalized elitism harmonized with the era's strong reactionary politics. It brought the agrarians to embrace the poem, after they first balked. And it fit the British conservative conviction that imperial survival was a matter of skill and will. Lord Curzon had written thus in 1907 (Bennett 356-57). And in 1914, James Bryce wrote that, like Rome, Britain's triumphs had come "by force of character" (54). The role literature played in this public handwringing and exhortation has been explored by Patrick Brantlinger, who believes that the modernists' "radical critique" of Anglo-European civilization led naturally to imperialism and fascism (269). Eliot shared intensely in the anxiety over the impact of democrats and liberals on a degenerating British culture. As Asher has said, "[T]he antidemocratic animus of Maurras, Eliot, and the southern New Critics at least, placed them all in sympathy with the losing side in their countries' civil wars, giving rise to theories of historical and literary decline" (158). In allying himself with those who prescribed rule-by-the-few, he subscribed to a vitalist theory of political dominance—a theory of *raw energy* and virility. For example, Eliot praised Wyndham Lewis as possessing "the thought of the modern and the energy of the cave-man" (*Egoist* 5 [September 1918]: 106). This fetishizing of primitive energy typifies a reactionary respect for raw power and imposed order in the face of social deterioration. Disintegration provided the unifying theme in Eliot's Clark Lectures at Cambridge in 1926, in which he described the history of poetry as one of "progressive deterioration . . . since the thirteenth century. If I am right about poetry, then this deterioration is probably only one aspect of a general deterioration" (*Varieties of Metaphysical Poetry* 227).

The lack of cohesion lamented in *The Waste Land* was also an obsession of the instigators of "English Studies" (Stanley Baldwin, George Gordon, and I. A. Richards) after the release of the Newbolt Report. The report envisioned literature as a source of cultural unity, and Eliot's poetry and criticism were drawn into this Arnoldian struggle. His notions of tradition and "impersonality" actually played a major role in colonialist literary study. I. A. Richards's *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1924) and *Practical Criticism* (1929) laid the foundation for a British scholarly enterprise that Chris Baldick accurately describes as "expansionist" and "colonizing," and which led to a "reversal" in the course of English criticism, turning it in "a profoundly conservative and obscurantist direction" (225, 234). It is true that Eliot claimed to regret that *The Waste Land* had become a touchstone of the literature curriculum and a fashionable cultural artifact. He also rejected Richards's crude polemic that "poetry can save us."⁹ But Baldick rightly points out that when Eliot reacted against Richards, "he was reacting to what in many ways was a brainchild of his own" (158). *The Waste Land*'s lamentation of a European "Heritage Lost," together with "Tradition and the Individual Talent," affected many colonial literatures and their criticisms. Promoters of English as a discipline, like Richards, tried to align its methodology with that of the classics, which it was replacing (Ashcroft, Griffiths, and Tiffin 3). Certainly, modernist classicism altered the American literary landscape. As Eliot put it in 1925: "Neglect of Greek means for Europe a relapse into unconsciousness" (*Criterion* 3:341-44). And the later Eliot wrote, "But we can at least try to save . . . the legacy of Greece, Rome and Israel, and the legacy of Europe throughout the last 2,000 years" (*Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* 124).

It is ironic that Eliot was admired in India and Egypt as a *critic* of empire. In Egypt, many believed that *The Waste Land* had been written in the 40s or 50s as an attack on Western culture (Shaheen 151-52). With anti-British and anti-French feeling running high in the Arab world of the 50s, Eliot appeared as a hero attacking the rottenness of Western civilization. This celebration carried a price, however, for Arab critics emphasized the *formal innovations* and *impersonality* promoted by Ransom and Richards through the New Criticism. Rashad Rushdi, a professor of English at Cairo University during this period, was a particularly powerful advocate whose "blunt support of form and blind attack on content," according to Mohammad Shaheen, negatively influenced the whole Arab literary scene of the 50s and 60s (155). Egyptian literature was shaped by imperialism's aesthetic backwash, Mahir

Fareed concluded in his study of Eliot's reception among Arab writers (192). In India, Eliot was revered for having included Hindu concepts and Sanskrit words in *The Waste Land*, but enthusiasm has waned as it has become clearer how those sources were used (see Trivedi).

The theory for Eliot's aesthetic practice, provided in "Tradition and the Individual Talent" (1919), claimed that aesthetic effects were "catalyzed" by the juxtaposition of images, the poet being "a bit of finely filiated platinum" (*Selected Essays* 17). This pretension to a "science" of literary creation is heavily indebted to Bergson and James, and its theoretical base is cracked, as I have argued elsewhere.¹⁰ But cracked or not, it still epitomizes the modernized aesthetic Eliot bequeathed. And whether poets believed in the alchemy of the "objective correlative" or not, one could hardly ignore its power to evoke a modern sense of *disaster*. The aesthetics of sifting through the rubble reinforced convictions of western victimization by ineluctable processes of decline. This sense is naturally not unique to the British political climate of the 20s, but that era was one of increasing duress for the British imperial core. Through Hulme, Eliot had located a method of composition that expressed the British mood of living in the empire's twilight days. Hulme's technical innovations and insights seemed somehow validated, for Eliot and Pound, by his death in the Great War, which is strongly present in "The Burial of the Dead." Paul Fussell has even argued that the poem is primarily a "memory of war," presumably as experienced by a noncombatant (325-26). But other events also contributed to this validation of Hulme's politics and poetics as central to *The Waste Land*.

Independence movements in India and Egypt were already hot news in November 1922, when a typical pamphlet warned the British public that Gandhi's moral authority might prove well-nigh irresistible, carrying the revolt far beyond India's borders (Wellock). This sense of imminent loss of yet another colony had been reinforced earlier in 1922 when Britain had recognized Egypt as a kingdom under the rule of Fuad I. In November, the tomb of Tutankhamen had been discovered, and it became a flashpoint for conflicts between the French, British, and local authorities. While the tomb played a minor role in the push and shove of Anglo-Egyptian politics, it took center stage in British and American press coverage of the period. The Tut discovery illustrates how well *The Waste Land's* aesthetics of wreckage embodied the politically and culturally reactionary emotions of an upper-class and upper-middle-class British readership watching things "deteriorate."

At first, the political implications of the Tut excavation were eclipsed by its sensational richness. Commercialism ran rampant, and patent offices were swamped by applications for Tut trademarks as a flood of fake Egyptian relics was released on both sides of the Atlantic. Potboilers like F. M. Burns's *Tut-anhh-amen* and Mary Gaunt's *The Mummy Moves* appeared. Cambridge students declared a holiday, opening the mock tomb of a ruler named "Toot-an-kum-in." In 1924, the British Empire Exhibition featured a supposedly accurate reproduction of the tomb; 200,000 people crowded the exhibition grounds on opening day, most of them seeking unsuccessfully to catch a glimpse. By this time, however, they could read in the newspapers that politics had overtaken the excavators.

Howard Carter and Lord Carnarvon had entered the tomb on November 26, 1922, just three weeks after Egyptians had gone to the polls for the first time, and just after *The Waste Land* had appeared in *The Criterion* and *The Dial*. We know now that they first entered the tomb unsupervised, and therefore illegally, stole some objects, then published a cover-up (Hoving 89 ff.). They also offended the local and world press by awarding on January 10, 1923, exclusive news rights to the *London Times*, thus forcing Egyptian newswriters to ask the British for news about antiquities discovered on their own soil. H. Rider Haggard would remember feeling relief on being told that the *Times* would send someone else to Egypt to write about Tut, since the "world's press is furious with Lord Carnarvon and the *Times*," and the whole thing struck him as "a sordid quarrel" (253). Haggard did eventually travel to Luxor in 1924 to cover the Tut story. In December 1922, five major articles appeared in the *London Times* on Egypt, more than half of them about the politically volatile situation. In 1923, Tut and independence were major stories. In archaeology as in politics, the issue was control.

British and American excavators considered themselves the saviors of Egypt's history. They had some reasons. The scholars that accompanied Napoleon to Egypt in his campaign of 1799-1800 saw Arabs burning mummies as fuel (Manniche 98), and Twain joked in *Innocents Abroad* that Egyptians burned "mummies three thousand years old, purchased by the ton or by the graveyard" to power locomotives (2:386). Trade in Egyptian artifacts and relics goes back to the Roman empire at least. But the modern business in stones and bones still shocked with its crassness. Flaubert delightedly described visiting in 1850 an Egyptian dealer in antiquities whose wares, including mummies, were stacked casually around his barren dwelling. Flaubert

was encountering a culture thoroughly controlled by an ancient tourist trade in "stones that so many people have thought about, that so many men have come to see. . . . Think of the number of bourgeois stares they have received!" (170-71). This commercialization was, naturally, driven by European money, and the desperation of the Egyptian people might have excused their venality. Flaubert saw families living in tombs, having fashioned doors out of coffin lids (174).

Yet the white trader in antiquities—like E. Wallis Budge, a rip-off artist, according to Brian Fagan's *Rape of the Nile*—was seen as an Alan Quatermain or Indiana Jones; his Egyptian counterpart was portrayed as a smelly, illiterate, carious Iago (Fagan 295 ff.). Despite the prevailing view that British and American excavators were noble and unselfish—and that modern Egyptians were gutless, thieving, backstabbing opportunists—the Tut case aroused discomfort about British behavior. *The Star* editorialized in 1923:

There was something inherently indecent in the original plan of rifling a tomb and unwinding the mummy of a dead pharaoh in the interest ostensibly of science, but in reality of the first, second, and third rights of publications. . . . But it becomes amusing when specialists in archaeology fall to quarreling among themselves over the spoils like pariah dogs over a scratched up corpse. (qtd. in el-Mallakh 90)

Arthur Weigall, a former Inspector General of Antiquities for Upper Egypt who had been instrumental in constructing doors and grilles to protect the tombs against further desecration, suggested in 1924 that the British public would not have allowed Egyptians to "dig up our Kings in Westminster Abbey" and cart off the remains (23). Earlier, in the wake of Carnarvon's disastrous decision to give the story to the *Times*, Weigall had written a letter of warning to the excavators:

[Y]ou found a tomb in a public place belonging to the Egyptian government . . . a discovery belonging [to] . . . an Egypt seething with hatred of England. . . . [You have] behave[d] like brigands sworn to secrecy—in fact, to the native mind, like *thieves*. (qtd. in Hoving 163-64)

Perhaps Carter was the more stung by this criticism because he had in fact already defiled the tomb, covering up his illegal entry after he and Carnarvon had spirited some minor objects out of the crypt. In any case, he exacerbated the problem by becoming completely intransigent, and finally shutting down the tomb in protest of Egyptian "interference" with the Anglo-American excavation efforts.

Within four weeks, in April 1924, Zaglul Pasha had locked Carter out and come to visit his people's tomb, cheered by thousands of Egyptians shouting anti-British slogans. The tomb, unfortunately for Carter, would become the first that a European excavator had wholly lost to the Egyptians themselves. In the proud 1930 edition of the British Museum's guide to its Egyptian collections, there is absolutely nothing to show for all Carnarvon's and Carter's work:

At [Tutankhamen's] death he was buried in the small tomb discovered by the late Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter, which was found almost intact and full of a marvellous treasure of objects of art and use of all kinds *now in the Cairo museum.* (*General Introductory Guide*, 358 [my italics])

For the first time in the modern era, the spoils of archaeological work had been completely denied to a British excavator. Carter's folly had made the newspapers across three continents on a weekly basis throughout 1923 and 1924.

The Waste Land had captured the hubris and confused gallantry of such British late-imperial moments, as it presented both the decadent state of a culture and its romance of a lost origin buried in antiquity. Most of all, the curse motif presents a strong parallel between the Tut story and *The Waste Land*. Five months after entering the tomb, in April 1923, Lord Carnarvon died. Rumors of a "curse" ("Death shall come on swift wings to him that toucheth the tomb of the pharaoh") sprang up immediately and have refused to die. Fear of occult revenge was so strong that two days after the news of Lord Carnarvon's death, the *Daily Express* ran this headline: "Egyptian Collectors in Panic / Sudden Rush to Hand Over their Treasures to Museum / Groundless Fears" (April 7, 1923).

Arthur Conan Doyle fed curse fears that spring of 1923 by crediting them (el-Mallakh 95). There were other corroborative events. One 1924 article told of the death of Professor White, of Leeds University, who returned from Egypt bringing with him many apocryphal books, some previously unknown, procured from a Coptic monastery. His suicide note read, "I knew there was a curse on me, though I had leave to take those manuscripts to Cairo. The monks told me the curse would work all the same. Now it has done so" (el-Mallakh 126). Thomas Hoving, former Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and American organizer of the Tut tour of the 70s, lamented that the curse is as well known today as Tut himself (229). Perhaps there *was* a curse on the tomb, for Carter died without completing his catalog, and the

Tut artifacts lie disintegrating in Cairo's underfunded museum. But the Tut excavation had discovered not a single document—and certainly no curse (Hoving 365).

Curse texts are a rarity in Egyptology. One of the few actual tomb curses was found on the mummy case of Khaph Amen, a high priest whose tomb was discovered in 1879:

May the cobra on my head spit flames into thy face, and may thy head be in the place of my feet. . . . Such a curse is the vengeance which is hidden in my body throughout all eternity, and which shall overtake whomsoever disturbs my body in its tomb. He or she shall have no grave, and after an arduous journey shall be attacked by wild beasts, and his or her bones shall be left to be washed by the falling rain. (el-Mallakh 129)

This describes a disintegration and silence that fascinated Eliot and Pound, and to which they repeatedly alluded in myth and legend—Kora in Hell, Osiris, Phlebas the Phoenician, Philomel, Titus Andronicus, and the Fisher King. An unmarked grave haunts Ulysses in Pound's "Canto I": "our friend Elpenor, / Unburied, cast on the wide earth." As whispering currents pick Phlebas's bones, his life is rewound like thread onto the spool, and he spins down the drain: "As he rose and fell / He passed the stages of his age and youth / Entering the whirlpool" (CPP 46). And the final section of *The Waste Land* pictures a chapel yard with grass growing "over the tumbled graves" (48), a foreshadowing of "prayers to broken stone" of "The Hollow Men" and of "old stones that cannot be deciphered" of "East Coker" (CPP 58, 129). All these are signs for an erasure that echoes Shelley's and Volney's melancholia without their revolutionary fire.

Reviewing the history of Eliot's aesthetic innovations, which still command my strong respect and fascination, I am struck by their largely negative impact. *The Waste Land's* content and design affected the development of literature throughout Britain's former colonies—including those of North America—in ways that recall the curse it seemed to exorcize with its "Shantih shantih shantih" (CPP 51). That word is now remembered by generations of students as "the Peace which passeth understanding," a translation that wrenches the complexities of the Upanishads into an orthodox Christian notion of grace (Trivedi 47). Take such gestures and multiply them into the patterns I have tried to describe, and you seize the thing that caused Irish poet and critic Tom Paulin to say that Eliot's notion of tradition is "an artificial and polemical construct that . . . still weighs like a nightmare on English literary studies" (290).

Like many others who were educated in a new critical atmosphere, I have puzzled over why Eliot's work defined "literary modernity" for so many and for so long. Though the work of broadening our sense of the modern has proceeded apace, it has always followed in Eliot's wake. Eliot's genius for mimicry of British mannerisms, attitudes, values, and shyness gained him acceptance in Britain and popularity in America, where a British mien made for successful lectures and readings. Pound once said that Eliot had "arrived at the supreme Eminence among English critics largely through disguising himself as a corpse" (Chace 221), an allusion perhaps to Eliot's practice around 1922 of applying green powder to his face before attending certain parties with his literary contemporaries (Ackroyd 136-37). Through this cadaverous makeup, he apparently sought to merge with—as he mocked—a culture aware of its clock running down. Eliot resented incursions of the "clever Jew undergraduate," with his lack of discipline, his "philistine aristocracy," and his *American* bent—like Maxwell Bodenheim. As Edward Said has observed, the colonial personality models itself on the imperial one, and Eliot had worked consciously on his persona, including especially its class consciousness and resentments (74).

And despite his ironical tone, Eliot had also worked hard at the defense of Englishness and empire implicit in his aesthetics and explicit in his criticism. By 1918 he had formulated the pattern of elitism in which he sought to take a place: "[T]he forces of deterioration are a large crawling mass, and the forces of development half a dozen men" ("Observations" 69). Already he had embraced the belief he later expressed in "Little Gidding" that "History is now and England" (CPP 145). By creating a poem encoding imperial curses, and by making it function as a sort of journey through the catacombs of classical literature, he refashioned the aesthetics of empire for a "modern" age. We live and write in its aftermath.

NOTES

¹ *The Complete Poems and Plays: 1909-1950*, 129. Hereafter cited in the text as CPP.

² T. S. Eliot, *For Lancelot Andrewes: Essays on Style and Order* (Garden City: Doubleday, 1929) vii. Eliot announced in this introduction that he would be publishing three "small volumes which I have in preparation: *The School of Donne*, *The Outline of Royalism*, and *The Principles of Modern Heresy*." None of these was published, though the last title evolved into *After Strange Gods* and the first has now been resurrected as *The Varieties of Metaphysical Poetry* (1993), listed under Works Cited.

³ For example, John Harrison's *The Reactionaries: A Study of the Anti-democratic Intelligentsia* (New York: Schocken, 1966), while it is a piece of 60s academic radicalism weakened by its tunnel vision, nonetheless charted a course that William Chace would follow with *The Political Identities of Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot* (1973), a careful exploration of the reactionary heart of modernism. Many others have now described and commented on these continuities, most recently Kenneth Asher in *T. S. Eliot and Ideology*:

The difficulty that has beset Eliot scholarship from the very beginning is how one fits together the Eliot who led an apparently apolitical aesthetic revolution and the Eliot who abruptly (or so it seemed) announced himself to be classicist, royalist, and Anglo-Catholic in 1928. (160)

⁴ It is true that Hulme and Eliot had imbibed Bergsonism, and that *The Waste Land* reflects an intuitionism that remained integral to Eliot's poetry and criticism, as I have argued in *Eliot, Bergson, and American Literature* (Louisville: UP of Kentucky, 1986). At the same time, *The Waste Land's* aesthetics fit in a tradition that cannot be divorced from his cultural politics.

⁵ Matthew Arnold, "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time." Rept. in *The Critical Tradition*, David Richter, ed. (New York: St. Martin's, 1989) 382-96.

⁶ See Claude Levi-Strauss, "The Structural Study of Myth," a chapter in *Structural Anthropology* (1958, trans. 1963). I have benefited enormously from David Spurr's discussion of these topics, not only in the article listed below but also in his *The Rhetoric of Empire: Colonial Discourse in Journalism, Travel Writing, and Imperial Administration* (Durham: Duke UP, 1993).

⁷ Ezekiel 2.1; Ecclesiastes 12.5; Isaiah 2.19; also the journey to Emmaus, which Eliot claims provides one of three major themes in "What the Thunder Said" (CPP 53).

⁸ Georg Lukács, "The Ideology of Modernism" (1956). Rept. in *The Critical Tradition*, David Richter, ed. (New York: St. Martin's, 1989) 597-611.

⁹ This is Eliot's verdict in a review of Richards's *Science and Poetry*, published in *The Dial* 82 (Mar. 1927): 239-43.

¹⁰ See "Modernism and Science: The Case of Pound's *ABC of Reading*" *Paideuma* 18 (Spring and Fall 1989) 187-96.

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