The creative process in *The Waste Land* is basically an intellective process. The poet analyses the existential situation he finds himself in. This analysis helps him to underscore the immanent contradictions in the ongoing dialectical process. This analysis is inspired by the consciousness of his being and a desire to resolve the predicament he is caught in. He transposes the manifest empirical reality that surrounds him into a certain specific constitution of signifiers which lead to a creative dialectics, a dialectics which plays a mediatory role in the cultural continuum, transforming its inherent contradictions into a revolutionary process of cultural change.

*The Waste Land* has a syntactic manifestation. However, the constituting process of this discourse is not syntactic. The syntactic progression or the metonymic constitution is actually based on metaphoric, paradigmatic choices. This accounts for the free-associational structure of the poem. To comprehend the discourse one has to follow the metaphorically constituted metonymy expressed in the syntactic order and also look for the immanent relations purely at the semantic level which combine signifiers in a non-sequential order.

The constitution of the discourse follows a tripartite division. This tripartite division conforms to three degrees of knowledge: sensation, imagination and intellection. The sensuous - empirical experiences, with distanciation in space and time, are subjected to the domain of the imaginaire where they are reflected upon and finally exposed to the universe of intellection. Thus the articulation of the discourse becomes an intellective exercise.

The paradigmatic analysis of *The Waste Land* brings to the fore the tripartite division of its creative process. The sensuous universe underscores the existential realization; the universe of the imaginaire underlines reflection; the universe of intellection emphasizes the attempted resolution of an existential predicament.
A. THE SENSUOUS UNIVERSE - EXISTENTIAL REALIZATION

The existential realization in *The Waste Land* pertains to human predicament. This is the central concern of this work. Human existence is a challenging and perplexing and often painful experience. It is fraught with contradictions and tensions and that to live with any degree of consciousness is to be aware of unreconciled conflicts clamouring to be resolved. This view is not, of course peculiar to Eliot; it is shared by philosophers, theologians, poets and writers. But this is so central to *The Waste Land* that it provides a point of departure.

The visions of the horror and the pathos of the human situation in *The Waste Land* gives it perennial relevance. The realities of evil, suffering, deprivation, conflict and despair account for the human predicament. Eliot seeks an escape from his existential turmoil. But the more he tries to escape, the more he is haunted by despair at the meaninglessness of his life. He articulates his sufferings and afflictions in a depersonalised manner adopting the artistic principle of objective correlative, leading to conscious obfuscation of autobiographical elements by the poet. But any literary analysis calls attention to human experience that goes into the constitution of the discourse. Insofar as *The Waste Land* is concerned, the poet transmutes the autobiographical incidents into something impersonal through the allusive allegorical method deriving largely from Dante. The personal experiences of the poet gave him the seeds for some of his most powerful images. The substance for his poetic visions were drawn from the most vulnerable moments of his life, touching upon sexual frustration and the sufferings of a temperament too much at odds with the crudities of existence as he found it.

There is a tapestry of personal events related throughout the poem. Opening with "The Burial of the Dead", the events begin in the Hofgarten and lead on to a meeting with Marie Larisch and later with Bertrand Russell. Sandwiched between these two meetings is the poignant encounter in the hyacinth garden. In "A Game of Chess" there are the many snatches of speech from Vivien Eliot and the conversation in the pub, related to Eliot by a maid that he and his wife employed. That section of the poem might almost be called domestic, in view of the origin. "The Fire Sermon" gives us a business engagement ending with "a weekend at the Metropole"; the sordid affair between the typist and the "young man carbuncular", that Eliot may have gathered from talk at the bank; and finally the sense of Eliot sitting at Margate, attempting to put
together the pieces of his life. Memories of Jean Verdenal haunt "Death by Water". Reminiscences of sailing around the Dry Salvages are identifiably autobiographical elements in "What the Thunder Said."

Eliot's father had died in January of 1991. Since leaving America, Eliot had felt estranged from his family. The family wanted him to return and follow an academic career, something they regarded as more substantial than the precarious fortunes of being a writer. He thereafter felt that he had something to prove. His financial position left much to be desired. He was not always happy with the neighbourhood in which he could afford to live. To remedy the situation he worked himself to exhaustion, then went home to face a kind of private hell with his wife.

The existential experiences of the poet in the sensuous universe gave him the vision of the horror and pathos of the human condition. The crudities of existence overwhelmed him. He sought to release his disgust with a world where every dream and aspiration of happiness ended in a bitter disillusionment. His sensuous empirical experiences spurred his imagination to create such a conceptual universe that he dissected the whole world oppressing him. He felt himself commissioned to save others from the spiritual death he had so nearly suffered himself. His spiritual crisis was precipitated by terrestrial misfortunes buffeting the inner conscience. He faced a kind of private hell with his wife which brought his feelings to a critical pitch. He failed to forge a communication link with her, who had turned out to be a neurotic shrew. Communication failed in the attempted sharing of attitudes, moods, emotions and the ways of perceiving and valuing things. This contributed to his solipsistic isolation. Love which offers a kind of redemption, being the closest supposed rapprochement between individuals, was conspicuously absent. Its absence resulted in mechanization of feeling, sterility and emotional death.

The terrestrial confirmation of the spiritual death brought to the fore the difficulties of rising from it. Any spiritual action for regeneration necessitated a conceptual space informed by love, knowledge and faith. But the poet's existential realization of the catastrophic avalanche of human condition thwarted such a redemptive space and time. The widespread spiritual death got juxtaposed with the inhuman abstraction of the modern mind. Life was bereft of meaning and history was shorn of significance. The sexual sterility suggested enactment of intimacies in which a man and
a woman exchanged nothing of themselves save physical contact. The whole human panorama permeated with lust which engendered revulsion. The myriad portraits of the infernal human condition in the sensuous universe oppressed Eliot's spirit and he sought a release by taking recourse to an imaginative and intellectual experience. In other words, he unconsciously subscribed to Kierkegaard's maxim: 'choose despair', for in confronting the chaos, sufferings and afflictions he would be able to defeat it. This marked his movement from the acute consciousness of extreme helplessness to the pulsational force of interacting dialectics resolving the supposedly unresolvable contradictions. His endeavour to understand the design of reality compounded his predicament. He sought the truth by attempting to pierce the veil of appearance to glimpse the reality behind. The unquenchable impulse hurtled him in a quest for salvation, for the final relief from the existential horror.

B. THE UNIVERSE OF THE IMAGINAIRE - REFLECTION

The existential realization of the poet in the sensuous universe gives him the vision of the horror and pathos that informs the human condition. The crudities of existence characterized by evil, pain, sufferings, afflictions, conflict and despair provides him a point of departure. The human predicament is subjected to reflection in the universe of the imaginaire. This reflection is done through the allusive allegorical method, where each allusion represents a condensed intellection. The experiences of the poet in the sensuous universe engender emotions which are objectively represented in their fuller complexity and subtleties through myriad images as sensuous thoughts. The associative structure of the invoked emotions reveals the poem's ultimate intent. The thematic coherence of these images gets established through reflection.

The reflection in *The Waste Land* is to be understood with reference to three major thematic configurations. Architectonically, each thematic configuration constitutes a dialectical ensemble. The first significant reflection pertains to the emergence of complex emotions in the midst of human crisis. Several micro-ensembles from the text help establish the semantic relation in a heterogenous paradigmatic order. The micro-ensembles (A15, A20, A22 to A30, B1 to B8, B12-B18, C36, D1, E1, E2, E5) are organised in a network and introduced into new relationship in a non-sequential order to create an immanent structure of conceptualisation.
The micro-ensemble, "I will show you fear in a handful of dust" (A15), evokes a complex emotion. It invokes the image of the Cumaean Sibyl, condemned to live out as many years as the number of grains in a handful of sand. This ancient seer who, when granted one wish by Apollo, wished for as many years as grains in a handful of sand. She got her wish but unfortunately she had neglected to ask also for prolonged youth and so she withered into a creature shrunken small enough to fit into a large bottle. Thus, "fear in a handful of dust" shows the fear at the clear perception of death for spiritual rebirth in the waste land.

The micro-ensemble, "Looking into the heart of light, the silence" (A20), is a reflection which reinforces the complexity of emotions in the poem. It shows the dreamlike inversion of heart of darkness into heart of light. This inversion took place under the influence of Dante's *La Divina Commedia*. As in hell voices were emitted from the tip of a flame, so in paradise they came from the points of light. In both Bible and Dante, the voice of God, as well as his immediate presence, is presented from a sphere of bright light. Through the fusion of dark knowledge and illuminative vision, Eliot intended to present spiritual experience as embracing both the horrible and the sublime. "The silence" holds the same kind of ambiguous fusion. Paradoxically the silence holds with it an urgency, beyond understanding.

Human predicament is beyond understanding. The search for motives behind emotions can never be complete. Emotions spread out through the mind and their ramifications become lost in the darkness of the unconscious. Knowledge is always incomplete. Incompleteness is intrinsic to knowledge and it is part of the human condition. It is impossible to account for this circumstance. We are all pieces to a puzzle designed so that it cannot be solved, and the major spiritual task of humans is somehow to learn to live with that understanding. But this spiritual orientation always remains elusive and thus there is no understanding. The acute consciousness of helplessness and the inability to cope with mysteries, uncertainties and doubts goad us to read the design of reality. This gets manifested in the anxiety of attempting to read the future or even the design of the present in the tarot cards.

The tarot pack which is fabricated with allusive associations is used for fortune-telling. It involves disparate events drawn from every corner of existence. Through this distorted perspective, Madame Sosostris seeks to create a field of consciousness which
envisions dissolution of spatial and temporal order. "Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante/Had a bad cold, nevertheless/Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe./With a wicked pack of cards." (A22). Here fortune-telling is construed as another facet of the quest for significance. In the very inception of the poem, fortune-telling is introduced through the figure of the Cumaean Sibyl and is carried on by Tiresias. It is intrinsic to the original conception of the poem.

The images of "drowned Phoenician Sailor (Those are pearls that were his eyes, Look)" (A23)/"Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,/The lady of situations (A24)/Here is the man with three staves (A25)/and here the Wheel (A26)/And here is the one-eyed merchant (A27)/And this card,/Which is blank, is something he carries on his back/Which I am forbidden to see(A28)/I do not find/The Hanged Man (A29)/ Fear death by water (A30)" are reflections revealing the poet's existential troubles, that he was struggling to put into order. There is not simply loss (the death of his father and friend) but a material transformation, counterpart to spiritual transfiguration (A23). There is obsession with artificial beauty (A24), quest for material success (A25), endless round of birth, death and rebirth (A26), empathy for Joyce with whom he shared common ground because both had suffered a collapse and were plagued with financial problems (A27), absence of spiritual rebirth or enlightenment because the protagonist has not made the sacrifices necessary for spiritual awakening (A29) and awe of rebirth because, it is a terrible ordeal informed by existential horror (A30).

The caged feeling in the opening episode of "A Game of Chess" evokes a complex emotion. A woman with no specific identity, sits in a room marked by elaborate and fanciful ornamentation. She is never more than a spirit figure whose presence haunts the room. At first she assumes the character of Cleopatra, a regality that wears off as the scene unfolds. With the close of the descriptive passage, she transforms into the duchess of Malfi, and then into Vivien Eliot.

"The chair she sat in, like a burnished throne/Glowed on the marble (B1)", conjures up Shakespeare's description of Cleopatra in her royal barge, and the lady who has no specific identity takes on some of the beauty and mystery of Shakespearean character. But there is no similarity with the queen in Shakespeare's drama who is perhaps the extreme exponent of love for love's sake - who threw away an empire for love. But the life of the unidentified woman is stale and love simply does not exist.
There is the denotation of a cupid in "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) B2." "Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra (B3)" invests the room of the mysterious lady for a moment with an air of sanctity, as if the mind perceiving it flickered from the oppressive hothouse boudoir of marital frustration. The strange synthetic perfumes of the mysterious lady "troubled, confused/And drowned the sense (B4)." For "Flung their smoke into the laquearia (B5)" only reminds one of Dido who kills herself when Aeneas, whom she loves, leaves Carthage. And as if the "smoke" of her death permeates the room only to augment its oppressiveness. "Dolphil (B6)", the symbol of love and charity gets consumed by "green and orange (B6)" flames suggests lust about to be enunciated in the Philomel legend. "Above the antique mantel was displayed/As though a window gave upon a sylvan scene/The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king/So rudely forced (B7)" brings to our mind the brutal rape of Philomel by Tereus, king of Thrace. This evokes a complex emotion and consequently reinforces the caged feeling and oppressiveness of the scene. And this caged feeling gets further heightened by the realization that the world still pursues Philomel who got transformed into a nightingale, as per the story in Ovid's Metamorphoses, feigning worship, ready to violate it if it should be found. This is evident from the micro-ensemble B8: "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 (B9)" reminds us of Lavinia, daughter of Titus, a Roman general, who suffers the same fate as Philomel in Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus. Like Philomel, she has her tongue cut after having been raped. With her father, she achieves revenge as she holds a basin "tween her stumps" - for her hands too have been cut off, that she might not weave her tale into a tapestry, as Philonel had done. "Staring forms/Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed (B10)," conjures the claustrophobic feelings that such visions would bring the protagonist or anyone who shared his consciousness. They evoke the feelings of loneliness, desperate isolation from that which is felt to be real, in atmospheres of unreality. They add to the tone of futile expectancy, from which only the disturbing images of dream can emerge. And that only brings footsteps of madness and death when "Footsteps shuffled on the stair (B11)". It marks the surreptitious approach of Ferdinand as he intrudes upon the duchess at her
evening toilet, in *The Death of the Duchess*. The caged feeling gets final substantiation when - "Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair/Spread out in fiery points/Glowed into words, then would be savagely still (B12)" - fear is imminent in the approaching footsteps. Transformed into Vivien Eliot, the lady assumes a fearsome aspect. She is about to speak, and what she has to say will be tormenting and thus her mane must be likewise. The whole situation, the repetitive experience of being alone with his wife evening after evening, was a terrible ordeal for Eliot.

The neurasthenic apprehension in "A Game of Chess" is another evocation of complex emotions. "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 (B13)" are snatches of the lady's speech signifying commencement of her inquisition, picking, nagging, tormenting and worrying. The poet was all too familiar with this pattern of fretting. Besides its personal relevance and meaning it had a broader significance. "My nerves are bad..." reminds one of "having bad nerves" which is the popular expression for hysteria and neurasthenia, for moral insanity and many other evils, but it "can be evaluated positively as well as negatively". So here one finds ambivalence of value which accounts for the complexity of emotions. The lady implores the protagonist to speak, but he never does - he only muses to himself. There is complete failure of mutual understanding and complete solipsism come with the confession, "I never know what you are thinking". "What is that noise?"/The Wind under the door/"What is that noise now? What is the wind doing? (B15)" reinforce the neurasthenic apprehension. The continuation of her neurotic inquisition: "Do/ "You know nothing? Do you know nothing? Do you remember/ "Nothing? (B16)" brings to the fore the double-edged implication of the word 'nothing'. There is the pejorative sense in which the lady intends it, and the more pregnant import that it carried in the scene in the hyacinth garden where, at the critical moment, the protagonist declared, "I was neither/Living nor dead, as I know nothing." He was looking into "the silence", just as here the male protagonist confronts the silence and boredom interrupted only by the lady's nagging. The neurotic questions "Are you alive or not? Is there nothing in your head? (B18)" signifies a blank numbness on the part of the male protagonist and the acute neurasthenic disorder, emanating from complex
emotions spreading out through the mind and their ramifications getting lost in the
darkness of the unconscious.

The frustration of being able to connect "Nothing with nothing (C36)" gives rise
to complex emotions. It is "Margate Sands" where Eliot was recuperating after his
nervous breakdown that he could connect "Nothing with nothing", attempting to fit back
together the pieces of. The indescribable torment of the dark night of the soul only gives
him the horror of judgement and his journey oriented to a search for significance or
meaning in life, takes him from emptiness to emptiness.

There is the placid discomfort of contemplating Phlebas beneath the sea. "Phlebas
the Phoenician, a fortnight dead (D1)" and "A current under sea/Picked his bones in
whispers (D2)", refer to complex emotions in the wake of spiritual death. Phlebas the
Phoenician whose "bones" were picked up by "A current of sea" got secretly carried to
an unknown destination. The movement of his bones from nowhere to nowhere
consolidates the image of absolute emptiness. This sense of vacuity is the destiny of the
living dead, who participate in real life and real death. Phlebas the Phoenician, who
represents the poet himself, entered the "whirlpool" (incessantly performing the nugatory
transactions of life), the pit of delusion and passed the stages of his age which included
"youth". The vortex of life he entered into brought indescribable torment and sufferings.

The ineffable feelings of hallucination conjured in "What the Thunder Said",
"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? (E5)," evokes a complex emotion.

The travelers to Emmaus (which is a village about threescore furlongs from Jerusalem)
also passed through the waste land of defeat. Just as when Christ appeared to the two
disciples, they did not see that He had risen, here the protagonist's blindness prevents
him from seeing that life may come through death. It may also be argued that the poet's
note on the delusion of the Antarctic explorers demolishes the association of that figure,
"the third who walks beside you," with Christ. Thus the Antarctica episode of the third
figure emphasizes the hallucinatory aspect, replicating the journey to Emmaus. It
represents failure to discern significant pattern in appearance. Altogether the figure
seems to challenge the protagonist, to disturb any inner peace that might come of mindlessness.

The solipsistic isolation of "each in his prison" evokes a complex emotion. "The shouting and the crying/Prison and palace and reverberation (E1)" lead us to the narrative of events that transpired in the wake of the demise of Christ, only to underscore the intensification of solipsistic isolation. Christ is dead, and we who have lost touch with the wellspring of the religious impulse, one of the mainstays of civilization, are dying slowly from the spiritual inside: "He who was living is now dead/We who were living are now dying/With a little patience (E2)." "We" are living dead circling in hell, marching mindlessly over London Bridge. Our death is imperceptibly slow, a falling away from meaning, the ultimate existential angst.

Another significant reflection in the universe of the imaginaire pertains to the discomforts of failed communication. Architectonically, the thematic configuration of failed communication constitutes a dialectical ensemble. Several micro-ensembles from the text help establish the semantic relation at an immanent level. The micro-ensembles (A10, A17 to A19, A22-A30, B7 to B8, C12, B12 to B18, B22, C2, C5, C18-C21, C36) are organised in a network and introduced into new relationship in a non-sequential order to create an immanent structure of conceptualisation.

The first instance of failed communication is evident from "Bin gar keine Russin, stamm aus Litauen echt deutsch", (A5) [I'm no Russian, come from Lithuania, pure German]. This artifice introduces the theme of the disintegration of Europe. The poet seemed to concentrate on the fate of the smaller nations vainly seeking their independences. This intrusive fragment also implies the difficulty of communication, in that whatever may theoretically have preceded it in the conversation evidently called for a protesting clarification. And also, it is the difficulty of communication leading to failed understanding which causes war and subjugation.

There is a failure of humans to understand the message of the prophet in "Son of Man/You cannot say, or guess for you know only/A heap of broken images (A10)." Symbols, idols, are all that humans can know of the Absolute, and so they cannot really answer questions of moment. They must realize that action is the only answer to such questions. They must dare in the face of symbolic meaninglessness.
In the Hyacinth garden there is failure of speech. "I could not/Speak, and my
eyes failed, I was neither/Living nor dead, and I knew nothing (A19)" shows a state akin
to death, when the mind is extinguished. There is a failed communication with reference
to the love-in-the-garden motif between the lover and the beloved, because the
protagonist has reached an ambiguous state in which opposites - death ("neither living")
and the consciousness ("nor dead") - meet.

Madam Sosostris's reading of the tarot cards is no more understandable than the
oracular pronouncements from Delphi. Madam Sosostris with a "wicked pack of cards
(A22)", "Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe (A22)". She makes an oblique
attempt to read the design of reality through cartomancy one form of fortune-telling. She
employs the mechanisms of dream formation. The cards referring to "Phoenician
Sailor", "Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks", "man with three staves", "the wheel", "the
one-eyed merchant", "The Hanged Man" are used by the poet to review certain persons
whom he knew transforming them into tarot figures. All forms of augury (including
cartomancy and horoscopy) are informed by mock-seriousness. Fortune-telling is no
form of communication, rather it is failed communication. Probably the poet may have
been ridiculing slightly his own involvements with deciphering the riddle of destiny,
overwhelmed by the crudities of existence.

The cry of the nightingale is not understood. Philomel was brutally raped by
Tereus, the "barbarous" king of Thrace. Her tormentor cut her tongue so that she could
not relate his crime to anyone. Later when Tereus tried to kill her she turned into a
nightingale. Her cry is a mixture of pain and beauty. Beauty pertains to her intrinsic
being which is beyond violation, and the pain refers to the brutality inflicted upon her.
"Yet there the nightingale/Filled all the desert with inviolable voice/And still she cried,
and still the world pursues,/
"Jug Jug" to dirty years (B8)" signifies failed
communication. Still the world pursues Philomel, feigning worship ready to violate her
if she should be found, mindless of her pain, sufferings and afflictions. Pure songs of
the nightingale cannot be heard as pure by impure ears. "Twit twit twit/Jug jug jug jug
jug jug/so rudely forc'd./ Tereu (C 12)" reinforces failed communication. There is an
absolute inability to identify with the pain, sufferings, emotions and situations of others.
Once again the Philomel motif is brought in the foreground with its aviary symbolism.
Lust and death coincide in the motif, thus giving us a commentary on how the waste land became waste.

The ghost voice of Vivien Eliot carries out an incessant inquisition upon an unresponsive partner. "My nerves are bad tonight. Yes bad. Stay with me./ "Speak to me. why do you never speak. speak./ "What are you thinking? What thinking? What?/ "I never know what you are thinking. Think. (B13)" reveals the inquisition, picking, nagging, tormenting and worrying done by the lady. This reflects instance of failed communication. The lady implores the male protagonist to speak but he never does - he only muses to himself. In the kind of situation in which the lady places her mate, solipsism is complete and speech is to no avail.

If he will not speak, she will attempt to pry into the most personal boundaries of his mind. She cannot succeed, of course, though she can guess what he is thinking. "Do/"you know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember/"Nothing? (B16)" is the continuation of her neurotic inquisition. Here the male protagonist confronts silence and boredom that exists between him and his mate, a silence, interrupted only by the lady's nagging. Here the protagonist's situation is not different from the one in the hyacinth garden where, at the critical moment, he declared, "I was neither/Living nor dead, and I knew nothing." "Are you alive or not? Is there nothing in your head (B18)" reflects a blank numbness on the part of the male protagonist. Here the failure of communication and understanding substantiate the sentiment of living or feeling out of infernal condemnation.

Lil and Albert in "A Game of Chess" do not see eye to eye. The tale of Lil and Albert is an example of failed communication and enhances the theme of solipsism heightened by failed love. "He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you (B22)" signifies a saga of non-communication representing their domestic calamities and pointless marriage which is more of a trap causing tragedy, madness and inevitable spiritual death. The failed communication between Lil and Albert reaffirms the infernalization of the waste land.

"The nymphs are departed/Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song (C2)" signifies the poet's isolation and loneliness in the absence of communication. His only companion is the river "Sweet Thames". In relation to the past the nymphs are no more and their modern counterparts, the lady picnickers "And their friends" have at late season
vacated the premises. "By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept.../Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song (C5)" implies that modern Europe is like a place of captivity where no human communication is feasible and where the soul cannot sing but of sorrow. It is a place also where we are strangers. It brings to the fore the solipsistic notion of being each imprisoned in one's own mind. While the poet is weeping not in anyone's presence, he is singing a prothalamion to a bridal day "which was not long", another oblique reference to the shortness of his marital happiness. And it is only "Sweet Thames" running softly, listening to his song. In modern Europe communication is possible only between animate beings and inanimate objects. The river Thames once contained nymphs and thus had represented life through spiritual rebirth and regeneration.

The typist and the "young man carbuncular (C'18)" who "knows his way with women", enact intimacies in which they exchange nothing but physical contact. There is no communication between them. The young man displays his self-assurance in the most questionable taste, as the nouveau riche of Bradford make ostentatious and gaudy show of their wealth. In the micro-ensemble C19, the actions of physical intimacy between the typist and the seducer are those comparable to insects. The "caresses" of the seducer are "unreproved, if undesired." "Flushed and decided" the seducer "assaults" his prey-like partner who offers no "defence" to his "exploring hands." The seducer seeks no physical reciprocation and rather welcomes the "indifference." Having completed this loveless sex he "Bestows one final patronising kiss/And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit.... (C21)". His theatrical exit underscores the mechanical aspect of the whole act, where no communication takes place. And if at all this loveless sex can be construed as a fallout of exchanged thoughts or messages/, the communication was a total failure. This is evident from the non-chalance of the typist which belies the magnitude of the proceedings, "She turns and looks a moment in the glass, Hardy aware of her departed lover,....well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over (C22)."

"On Margate sands/...can connect/Nothing with nothing (C36)" reveals that one cannot read the design of life. This is a failure of knowing, inextricably associated with the failure to communicate. The poet is trying to fit back together the broken pieces of his life. This fragmentation has been effected, among other things, by the failed communication, which in turn substantiates solipsistic notion of self-imprisonment. In
the end we return to our room, locked in, made a prisoner by ourselves. Solipsism and the unshakeable conviction that there are others with whom it should be possible to communicate remain to the end unreconciled.

Unfulfillment of love is another thematic configuration at an immanent level that informs the associative structure of the invoked emotions in the poem. The reflection on absence of love gets crystallized in the universe of the imaginaire. It gets articulated, through the sieve of intellection, in myriad portraits of infernal human condition. Absence of love takes many forms: bickering, assault, mechanization of feeling, sterility, emotional death. Nowhere in *The Waste Land* is love fulfilled. Architectonically, the thematic configuration of unfulfillment of love constitutes a dialectical ensemble. Several micro-ensembles from the text establish semantic relation at an immanent level. The micro-ensemble (B5, A17, A16 and A21, B12 to B18, C18 to C21, B7 to B9 and C12) are organised in a network and introduced into new relationship in a non-sequential order to create an immanent structure of conceptualisation.

"Flung their smoke into the laquearia (B5)" is a reflection on love which is not fulfilled. The poet draws our attention to Virgil’s *The Aeneid* to part of a description of a feast given by Dido in honour of Aeneas and his Trojan compatriots. There the lighted lamps hang down from the golden ceiling, and the night with flaming torches is vanquished. To this feast Venus sends her son Cupid, disguised as Ascanius, son of Aeneas, and when Dido embraces the boy, he smites her with love for Aeneas. Later, however, when Aeneas leaves Carthage, Dido kills herself in grief. Even in this noblest of all epics, which Eliot took to be the epitome of civilized expression, love fails those who give themselves over to it.

"You gave me hyacinths first a year ago; / "They called me the hyacinth girl (A17)" takes us to the motif of unfulfilled love. "Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden/Your arms full, and your hair wet (A18)," and "I could not/Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither/Living nor dead, and I knew nothing (A19)" reveal the promise of something unachieved. But, there is failed understanding through failed love (as it is a fact undoubtedly of failed love through failed understanding). Failed love is an instance of the inability to solve the quandary of solipsism.

Love is not fulfilled in the longing of the sailor for his "Irish kind" (Irish Child). "Fresh blows the wind/To the Homeland/My Irish Child/Why do you tarry?" (A16)" is
sung by a happy sailor up high in the mast of the ship in the first act of Wagner’s Tristan and Isolde. He is recalling a maiden whom he has left back on the shore.

Love is not fulfilled in the dying moments of Tristan. "Oed' und leer das Meer (A21)" (Desolate and empty the sea) calls our attention to an incident at the castle of King Marke. One evening, Tristan and Isolde are discovered in an embrace, and Melot, one of the King’s courtiers hurtles himself on Tristan, who allows his adversary to stab him. His men take the wounded Tristan back to Kareol, his castle in Brittany, where he awaits Isolde to come and once more heal him. A lookout posted to report any sign of Isolde’s approaching ship sings out "Oed’ und leer das Meer". Ultimately Isolde does arrive, but too late. Tristan dies in her arms, and she joins him in transfiguration.

There is no love between the neurasthenic lady and her silent partner. Her inquisition, picking, nagging, tormenting and worrying as evident from "My nerves are bad to-night. Yes bad. Stay with me./"Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak/"What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?/"I never know what you are thinking. Think (B13)" and "Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head? (B18)" underscore their estrangement and failed love through failed understanding. "I think we are in rats’ alley/where the dead men lost their bones (B14)" signifies the valley of death littered with bones. The snatches of the lady’s speech, fundamentally reflects the typical interchange between her and her silent partner. The silent partner is evidently suggesting that they met in the valley of death and their marriage was disaster from the start and they continued to exist in a state of mutual death.

There is a complete absence of love between the typist and her suitor. The "young man carbuncular, arrives (C18)" to enact intimacies with the typist. He has greasy and brash manners and "knows his way with women". "The time is now propitious, as he guesses,/The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,/Endeavours to engage her in caresses (C19)." The "caresses" of the seducer are "unreproved, if undesired." "Flushed and decided" the seducer "assaults" his prey like partner who offers no "defence" to his "exploring hands". The seducer seeks no physical reciprocation and rather welcomes the "indifference". Following enactment of this loveless sex the typist "turns and looks a moment in the glass (C22)." Her physical being lapses into a state of non-cognition and she is "hardly aware of her departed lover (C23)" who had bestowed "one final patronising kiss (C21)" and groped his way in
darkness. The near-vacuity of her mind only allows "half-formed thought to pass." Her acknowledgement of loveless sex, surrender and also a feeling of good-riddance is underlined by "Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over (C22)."

The depiction of sexual relations without love is completed with direct references to rape and seduction in *The Waste Land*. "Above the antique model was displayed/As though a window gave upon a sylvan scene/The change of Pilomel, by the barbarous king/So rudely forced (N7)" calls our attention to the fate of Philomel, who is one of the major symbols of the poem. The image of Philomel calls to mind, among other reasons, the commentary on how the waste land became waste. Philomel was the daughter of Pandion, king of Athens. Her sister Procne pining to see her after a long separation, prevailed upon her husband, Tereus, king of Thrace, to obtain permission from Pandion to bring her to Thrace. This Tereus did, but on the way from Athens he raped Philomel and, after cutting out her tongue, left her in a lonely place to die. He even raped her a second time, after removing her tongue so that she could not relate his crime to anyone. Later, when Tereus tried to kill her Philomel turned into a nightingale. "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 (B8)" reinforce the barrenness and sterility of sexual relations in the waste land. The world still pursues Philomel, feigning worship, ready to violate her if she should be found. The pure songs of the nightingale (i.e. the cry of innocence and beauty by Philomel) cannot be heard as pure by impure ears. The world remains ready to violate her by force.

The saga of violation continues. Sexual relations violate human spirit. Physical intimacy is bereft of spiritual orientation and thus leads to sexual sterility and violence. "And other withered stumps of time/were told upon the walls (B9)" calls to mind the fate of Lavinia, daughter of Titus, a Roman general, who suffers the same fate as Philomel. She has her tongue cut after having been raped. With her father, she achieves revenge as she holds a basin "tween her stumps" - for her hands too have been cut off, that she might not weave her tale into a tapestry, as Philomel had done - to catch the blood of her violators as Titus slits their throats. Thus, the "withered stumps of time" are the remnants of innocence after it has been subjected to the ravages of lust, and the "other withered stumps of time" are those remnants from multiplied instances of the same crime.
"The awful daring of a moment's surrender (E10)" reveals an attested "surrender" of one person to another in something that was "momentary" and frustratingly evanescent, and therefore not ultimately redemptive. It is clear that an act of giving, so profound that it causes the heart to quiver, is that by which we know we have existed, for only in such moments we forget ourselves, and in so doing are released from being only finite centres. It is a moment of dissolution of the boundaries of the self. But this "surrender" does not take place in the waste land and thus, love remains unfulfilled. But love remains the only hope of redemption, being the closest supposed rapprochement between individuals, the actuality of which solipsism denies.

C. THE UNIVERSE OF INTELLECTION - RESOLUTION

The poet attempts to resolve the existential realizations of pain, sufferings and afflictions engendered by the sensuous universe. This attempt is made in the universe of intellection, after having reflected upon the human predicament. The poet's vision of horror and pathos that informs the human condition and the consciousness of his being constrains him to move towards inevitable intellection. This movement marks his existential transformation and maps out the becoming of his being. He does not succumb to the catastrophic avalanche of the sensuous universe - the world of sense-objects, but transforms his physical reaction into human consciousness by creating conceptual structures of significance at an immanent level. This intellection at the immanent level shapes the creative manifestation of the discourse in *The Waste Land* and also underscores the attempted resolution of existential predicament.

The universe of intellection informs us that *The Waste Land* focusses on negation as a philosophically meditated position. It is a poem of radical negation, urging that every human desire be stilled except the desire for self-surrender, for restraint, and for peace. The poem is most centrally a repudiation of what the world has called "life". Both Sibyl and Tiresias offer a resounding negation: the examined life is not worth living. This negation of "life" is sought primarily because the laws of the thunder - give (be charitable), sympathize (be compassionate) and control (be self-controlled) - have not been met. The non-compliance with the laws of the thunder has translated life into an infernal condemnation. And the only way out of this existential inferno is to seek negation of the self.

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The poet saw the foundation of his problematic situation as one of involvement with things earthly, possibly even concupiscence. "To Carthage then I came (C38)" is an intellation which refers to the poet’s existential realization by alluding to the first words of the opening sentence in the third book of St. Augustine’s Confessions, "To Carthage then I came, where a cauldron of unholy loves sang all about mine ears." Augustine goes on to describe how, before his conversion, in Carthage he pursued a life of sensual pleasure, unchecked by any religious sentiments. For the poet, the result of this sensual pursuit causes endless struggle with reality, more narrowly with the consuming passion of lust; as evident from the incantation "Burning burning burning burning (B34)." The concept of "burning" is from the actual Fire Sermon of Buddha. It is a quintessential conception of reality by Buddhists. Individuals are consumed with symbolic fire i.e., consumed with emotions of attachment, greed, possessiveness that bind them to appearances (which they take as reality). Actually, whether the objects of attention consume themselves, or individuals consume themselves with them, makes no real difference, as both are merely ways of conceiving and stating the relation between humans and their illusions (Maya - the Material Perceivable-Sensuous World), the relation that keeps them in the Karmatic cycle of endless rebirth until they free themselves from it all by practices of detachment. "O Lord Thoupluckest me out/O Lord Thou pluckest/burning (C40)" is the cry for ultimate release because of still felt "burning", the inextricable involvement in which was summed a death of anxiety, torment, confusion and frustration into which it was impossible to peer, to discern at bottom any ultimate peace.

Having understood the causes of his pain, sufferings, afflictions and existential turmoil, the poet transforms his physical reaction into human consciousness by creating conceptual structures of significance. He intellectively apprehends the reasons for "sunken" Ganga (E9) and "black clouds/Gathered far distant, over Himavant (E9)." The images of sunken "Ganga" and "Himavant" conjure up three narratives. The stories of Rishyasringa, the rain bringer, Dadhichi and Bhagiratha, the ancient seers. Vritrasura the demon, had rendered ineffective all the rain-bearing clouds with the result that there could only be "dry sterile thunder", to quote from the poem. To kill him Indra needed a weapon as powerful as vajrayudha and known to be the backbone of Dadhichi. When Dadhichi was approached, he gladly sacrificed himself for the sake of common good in
the spirit of the injunction to mortals, "Datta" (give and be charitable) so that it could rain again. But the protagonist/quester here fails to give assent to the three commands of the thunder. The voice of god Prajapati utters in the sound of thunder, the three cryptic Sanskrit Syllables "Da, Da, Da", that is Datta (give, be charitable), Dayadhvam (sympathize, be compassionate) and Damyata (control, be self-controlled). The quester fails to respond. If he could reply, "I have given, I have sympathized, I have controlled," he could achieve restoration and spiritual rebirth. The freeing of the waters of Ganga (the pristine object of the fertility ritual in Rig Veda) from the clutches of the demon by Rishyasringa must wait because the quester is yet to identify himself with Dadhichi, whose renunciatory Karma changed him into a civilizational epitome of self-abnegation (negation of the self) for the common good.

In response to "What have we given? (E10)", the quester has a negative answer to offer, which denies the means to redemption. And "the awful daring of moment's surrender (E10)" has not been tempered with the acceptance of life but a yielding to lust. Since we live "in our empty rooms (E10)", it is imperative that each, in the most intimate sense, has only himself to give, which means an unspoken gesture that totally opens the self to another, with the implicit expectation or hope that the exchange will be one of understanding. There is no denying the fact that this would be in defiance of solipsism, in fact, solipsistic isolation can be transcended only symbolically or through an act of faith, in as much as communication can never be verified. There is no way to get into the other person's mind to see whether or not we have really been understood. We must rely on what the other tells us, which is to say we must find substantiation in appearance only. Finally, we must have faith that appearance, that what the other person tells us in word or action, is what we think it is.

"Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affinal Quando flam uti Chelidon - O Swallow swallow (E16)" [Then he dived into the fire that refines them/When shall I be as the swallow] is another conceptual construct seeking resolution of the human predicament. Dante in his Purgatory spots the medieval poet Arnaut Daniel (who symbolises the lust of Mr.Eugenides) who voluntarily subjects himself to the purgatorial fire, facilitating his entry into heaven. The seminal idea here is the surrender of the will. The thunder's triple law makes the will more amenable to self-abnegation. This purgatorial fire of spiritual baptism offers transformation of the ravished spirit silenced, the metamorphosis
into an "inviolable voice" like that of Philomel. The swallow rises in suffering to renew the vernal song of her degradation.

"Datta, Dayadhvam, Damyata (E20)" is the triple law of the thunder which proffers the summation of life. Prajapati codifies the laws of human existence. This triple injunction from Prajapati is contained in the Brhadaranyaka Upanishad. It envisages internalisation of the three-fold virtues - charity, sympathy and self-control.

The three-fold descendants of Prajapati, gods, men and demons, were once students at the feet of their father. When they had finished their training the gods said: "Sir, tell us something [good for our souls]'. He uttered the syllable DA, and then asked them what they had understood. 'We understood', they answered. 'You told us Damyata (be self-controlled).' 'Yes', he said, 'You understood indeed!' Then the men asked him, and he uttered the syllable DA, and then asked them whether they had understood. 'We understood', they answered. 'You told us Datta (give).' 'Yes', he said, 'You understood indeed!' 'Then the demons asked him,... and he uttered the same syllable DA, and then asked them whether they had understood. 'We understood', they answered. 'You told us Dayadhvam (be merciful).' 'Yes', he said, 'You understood indeed!'

"And the blessed noise of thunder ever repeats DA DA DA - be self-controlled, give, be merciful. So these three should ever be taught - self-control, charity and mercy." The internalisation of DA DA DA coalesces god, man and demon into one whole. The demon in us is to be merciful, the man in us to be charitable, and the god in us to be self-controlled. The significance that emerges from the conceptual construct "Datta Dayadhvam, Damyata" marks a movement away from the infernal human condition.

"Shantih Shantih Shantih (E21)" is the formulaic ending to an Upanishad which marks the closing of The Waste Land. This formulaic ending is a very significant conceptual structure in as much as its words have a profound meaning and also a function. The poet gives the meaning as "the peace which passeth understanding". "Shantih" in Vedantic thought is the fundamental emotion from which all others spring, just as Brahman is the One from which the Many of appearance arise. It encompasses all emotions and as such its profundity cannot be conceived, it "passeth understanding".
The speculations of the Upanishads differ very considerably, but their main purport is the same. One entity, often called Brahman, fills all space and time. This is the ground beyond and below all forms and appearance, and from it the whole universe, including the gods themselves, has emerged. The great and the saving knowledge, which the Upanishads claim to impart, lies not in the mere recognition of the existence of Brahman, but in continual consciousness of it. For Brahman resides in the human soul, is Atman, the self. When a man realizes this fact fully he is wholly freed from transmigration - birth, death and rebirth. His soul unifies with Brahman, and he transcends joy and sorrow, life and death. Therefore, the Upanishadic speculation centres around various aspects of a single problem: how appearance is related to reality, how the individual is related to Brahman.

This Upanishadic speculation is applicable to The Waste Land. It embodies the speculation (intellection) of Eliot, the poet, upon his human condition as projected through Bradleyan metaphysics of appearance versus reality. The poet composed this work as he was contemplating withdrawal into the hermitage of a Buddhist monastery. Both the meaning and the function of the word "Shantih" require one to read it in the subjunctive mode of closing invocation, as in Hindu ritual prayers. And so the peace with which the poem ends is not realized, but longed for, a peace sought out of anguish. But he has envisioned the conceptual significance of "Shantih" through the triple law of the thunder.