



The Explication of Mythology and Ecology in Eliot's *The Waste Land*

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Abstract

Eliot's *The Waste Land* worries the twentieth-century Anglo-American culture to uncover the distance of the modern Western countries from the natural world, close to anxiety. However complicated desire to be re-cooperative with natural powers. The poem's dry universe of broken and scattered images mirrors the divided condition of the urbanized soul and its desecralized condition. Eliot realized the spiritual malaise of the modern period humans underwent and the estrangement of the human mind from the natural world. Examining the curial images in the poem demonstrates Eliot's modernist feeling of anxiety that foretells much about eco-critical argument concerning mythic symbols in the poem.

Key words: Modern poetry; Eco-criticism; Spirituality; Modern world; Mythology; T. S. Eliot

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INTRODUCTION

Sacrificial Monarchs, Blessed Union and Unsuccessful Renewal Rites

The Waste Land is looked at like a paradigmatic instance of high modernism functioning in its sentimental method (Barry, pp.83-84). If *The Waste Land* was not available to describe the shattered image of the modern world, what

can do this? A poem which is like science in difficulty is suitable for the complicated world of the twentieth century (Barzinji, pp.5-15).

A reflection upon metropolitan life over the ages, from Jerusalem, Athens and Alexandria, to London and Vienna (l. 375-6), the narrative voice considers the path walkers in the "Unreal Bridge" (60 & 377) that appear to exist in a dormant express: "A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many/I had not thought death had undone so many" (*The Waste Land*, pp.62-63). The quintessential modern condition is experienced, by the poem's first-individual narrator, as a progression of "fragments I have shored against my remains" (431). London Bridge is "falling down" (427), just like the towers of urban areas around the globe, with conventional strengths of fruitfulness battling for acknowledgment among the overwhelming outcomes of the innovative society. Urbanization frequently attempts to distance its masses from the non-human world, while the individual is envisioned by Eliot to be bolted inside the body as though this is a type of discipline. When Eliot says that "We think about the key, each in his [sic] jail" (414), his frightening examination touches such a profound nerve not just in light of the fact that it distinguishes the individual personality or body as a type of imprisonment. It also demonstrates the way that the modern human realises his estrangement in general from whatever is left of nature. Eliot's no man's land shows modernity's disappointment effects, existing both inside and outside the mind and (without it), on the planet, enlightening the existential situation of twentieth-century life and suspecting the ecological disaster is approaching from inside the shadows of the very venture of urban progress itself.

Eliot's "Notes" to the poem clarify the centrality of western mythic history and its scattered customs of recovery ceremonies. For example, Eliot proposes with his first note that Jessie Weston's 1920 anthropological book, *From Ritual to Romance*, recommended "a great

arrangement of the coincidental imagery” in the poem, in the title and the arrangement of the poem. Her book uncovered hints of old vegetation customs in Arthurian Grail written works. The gesture towards nerves around natural fruitfulness and the Grail is looked for when the land is ruined and is expanded when Eliot’s Notes likewise indicate an obligation to the generationally powerful *The Golden Bough* by Sir James Frazer. Both Frazer and Weston perceive a profound social connection – apparently overshadowed by interceding hundreds of years – between the essentialness of the ruler and the wellbeing of the land. The two models confirm the bounty connection through the relationship with the power of a ruler, who typically speaks to the land and its fertility (Berry 1). This homologous relationship then takes into account a mission that could conceivably return intensity to both sovereignty and the land without a moment’s delay. For Weston, the lord, typically injured in the genital area, must be mended with the final goal for modifying is to be re-established to the land; while for Frazer, a ruler’s blood must be shed towards a similar end, before the official’s age or any illness that undermines his imperativeness in such a manner that makes the land end up noticeably weak. I need to investigate further the poem’s nostalgic longing for a lost request of all-encompassing recovery of the individual and the entire environment as paradigmatic of an ecological nervousness that has shadowed expansive scale settlement of public establishments.

In this context, the dryness that marks *The Waste Land* throughout signifies the disappointment of urban rites of renewal, causing a sense of loss that realizes the ordinary scenery condensed to a “flat horizon” (371).

While Eliot presents the Fisher King of the Grail as one key to the poem, he likewise recommends that Tiresias speaks to another person. Eliot predominantly refers to a scene from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* in connection to Tiresias’ double-gendered qualities, because that in this experience the soothsayer turned into a lady after striking mating serpents, coming back to masculinity when he struck them again seven years after the fact. Eliot’s Ovidian Tiresias is past the duality of sexual orientation, fit for seeing through aporia to the antiquated ceremonies that Frazer, and also Carl Jung and Walter Burkert, investigated as a “Hallowed Marriage,” which brings parts of manly and ladylike standards together to guarantee fruitful richness (Lapinkivi, pp.3-13). This custom, used since Mesopotamian times in, any event, was a New Year’s summon for hopeful climatic conditions (Frankfort, pp.295-296). Though Tiresias’s knowledge does not just demonstrate the existing division of the genders towards a more skillful inside and without; in the diviner’s most well-known another part, he plays the unheralded advisor to King Oedipus in Sophocles’s Theban tragedy. The soothsayer here signs the spirit of starvation, torment, or need by indicating out the shame behind the ruler’s

effective run; Oedipus may even have imperativeness, yet his way towards administration is strewn with this flimsy establishment undermines the strength of the domain. Unexpectedly, it is Oedipus’ craving for truth that holds up the mirror to this deterioration from the inside (Berry, p.3).

However, Freud’s understanding of Oedipus’s part bypasses the way that it is a social and natural difficulty that is behind the lord’s journey for truth. Torment has struck the city of Thebes and, as per the antiquated law of comprehensive quality, there must be some archetypal cause behind the physical indication. In Eliot’s *The Waste Land*, individuals have surrendered to the current form of this shadow, the machine-like nature of innovative society giving a background against which its figures appear as though they are the strolling dead, or pinions in a spiritless machine. This is a brighter way the world has been deciphered along the course of horticultural, then mechanical, and advanced unrests. The social endeavour to super the non-human world, to arrange from a “nature” characterized as disorderly or idle is uncovered as the shocking dream of patriarchal development. *The Waste Land* incidentally recommends to its reader a homologous world in which material and typical universes are experienced as one – the broken city of *The Waste Land* reflects precisely the psychic breaking down of the storyteller. Yet, the present day individual no longer advantages from the help once accessible in this mythic vision, since the lasting richness images and cycles of non-human instinct have had their strength appropriated by mechanical forces, with the end goal that the urbanite’s prompt condition and mind mirror each other, as universes broken out of their previous solidarity. *The Waste Land* to a limited extent questions whether reestablishment of mind or land, is conceivable in reality as we know it where the new lilacs of spring bring just pitiless recollections – occasional cycles proceeding to blend something we thought we no longer own it, regardless: “mixing / Memory and desire, stirring / Dull roots with spring rain” (*The Waste Land*, pp.2-4).

The main question driving *The Waste Land* is that the same vibrant one is questioned by heroes of the *Old Testament*, the Grail cycle and the play of Oedipus: “Shall I at least set my lands in order?” (p.426) The poem’s repetitious reference to aridity and the lack of water (, pp.331-359), filthy rivers and a cultural desert of “broken images,” “stony rubbish,” exhausted elements (, pp.19-24). *The Waste Land* reacts to Oedipus and Isaiah’s inquiries in a way that could be viewed as a modern endeavor at custom intended to recuperate the modern mind, if not the land. The consistent summons for new water – starting with the regret in “The Burial of the Dead” that produces the “dry stone,” that there is “no sound of water” (, p.24), and proceeding through to the last area, “What the Thunder Said” – repeat the storyteller’s urgency in a near stupor way. Alongside his reference to the omnipresent

Tiresias, Eliot's poem summons the soul of recovery against all reason is a piece of the poem's continuous strength. However the rituals stay ineffectual, unless we acknowledge the end conjuring of "shantih" (434, truly "The Peace which passeth understanding" in Eliot's note) as an emphasis of immortal truth past the ordinary disaster of a crushed world. Tragically, the harm being wreaked by innovative strengths upon the world leaves minimal moral space for such supernatural expectation, which appears to be regrettably immaterial with regards to an unfurling natural emergency. As current abstract mythopoeia, *The Waste Land* appears to be most persuading when it taunts the desacralized customs of the modern life. The fire and water that ought to function as prompting restored life and move toward becoming rather pictures purge of any conceivably genuine change of the mind: the consuming sun just dries up the spirit (p.25-30) and feet are customarily washed and blessed in "soda water" (pp.199-201).

Tiresias is the prophet equipped for strolling the perpetual "wasteland" of progress without being crushed by its inclination for fate. He is brilliant in line 22, the blind man who sees more than others, who uncovers Oedipus' enormity as his defeat and cautions that the lord's ability – for comprehending astounds like that of the Sphinx – would likewise demonstrate his wretchedness, as it does at the climax of the Theban catastrophe. Tiresias sees the substance of the poem:

I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
Old man with wrinkled female breasts can see
At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
The typist home at teatime . . . (*The Waste Land*, pp.218-222)

Eliot's fortune-teller is a double gendered animal of the sunset who occupies a liminal space, where custom talks with the forces past the objective, betokening risk and also recovery from the crevices between (or past) the signs that make up traditional talk. Tiresias speaks to an emergency in separations amongst night and day, possessing the sundown between universes, and also the night itself. "Evening, bringing all that light-giving day break has scattered," composes Sappho (line 221), reminiscent of the anglers (or today the typists) toward the finish of their day, falling once more into the considerable night out of which they came. This draws our attention towards the regenerative strengths past minor human forces, past the inactivity of the social betray of sunshine soundness, into the murkiness, which is rather some sort of alleviation.

This mythic, more-than-human power, which we may call the "hallowed ladylike," is hazardously rich. It is typically likened with dimness in both regenerative and ruinous perspectives; with birth and demise, and with night, which fills in as her incredible update. Obviously, the sort of entire transformative power *The Waste Land* tantalizingly relates as its supporting expectation must emerge from inside while likewise incorporating natural relations in its domain in the event is to prevail in the

restored fruitfulness of mind and land. Shockingly, patriarchal progress has since a long time ago considered non-human instinct simply the foundation and asset for humankind's accomplishments. The poem uncovered the points of confinement of the mid-twentieth-century anthropological guesses. Educated people, for example, the Cambridge Ritualists appeared to search for those looking for a panacea for the breakdown of confidence in both religious and mechanical dreams of reason, alongside tensions that reparation, the great life, or potentially advance were no longer completely achievable. Be that as it may, the way pioneer wistfulness turned past contemporary states of urban presence – either to extraordinary societies or old rituals – demonstrates the typical and environmental insolvency of its motorized dreams of regenerative forces. Unexpectedly, the creating innovations of patriarchal development can give wealth (agribusiness expanding crop yields, mechanical machine influence opening up the utilization of petroleum products et cetera), yet they harm environmental flexibility and customary connections amongst mankind and the non-human world in the meantime. At last, for Eliot, we are left to sing a "maternal languishment" (p.368), probably with regards to this loss of the consecrated marriage in present-day culture, where land (or body) and mind (or psyche) have turned out to be separate domains that can't be joined together, not to mention mending.

THE LINK BETWEEN CONRAD, AUGUSTINE AND ELIOT'S MEDIEVAL DEMONS

One of the main worries of *The Waste Land* is the idea of debasement, including the bastardization of a culture that no longer values the extraordinary potential accessible using ceremonies of decontamination. *The Waste Land* appears to ask, what is there after the estranged mind meandering lost in the social leave of innovation? Berry believes that Eliot is anguished by the loss of religion's guarantee of restoration and represents the pioneer journey for revivifying strengths from past the limits of the customary domain. I have beforehand called attention to the way the sonnet practices this mission close by an investigation of Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, with both writings looking for new intensity for a sickly world from past the limits of "civilization" (pp.81-100). David Trotter sees that this strain is personally connected to late-nineteenth and mid twentieth-century fears about the prophetically calamitous inclinations of realms, which "rot from the heart outwards, unless they can be reinvigorated by contact with the pioneer fringe, the wilderness zone where human progress meets brutality" (Trotter, p.145). London's stale wantonness required a fix of undomesticated vitality to its dead heart and a voyage from that point to the wilderness offered the shot of recovery (Trotter, p.146). Eliot's unique craving to utilize

Kurtz's last words as the epigraph to his lyric bodes well in these terms; the sonnet's blend of wilderness myth and otherworldly life account mirrors Marlow's voyage, which likewise endeavoured to recount the perils required in indiscriminately tolerating the crippling schedules of urban life, while demonstrating the revivifying energies accessible in the ceremonies of those still personally connected with the nonhuman world around them (Trotter, p.149) Eliot, similar to Conrad before him, appears to be captivated by the threats he finds in wild "nature," particularly when these are intertwined with a generally elusive feeling of family relationship with such a universe of primordial power. However, distance from this world implies that yearning for fulfilling associations with it stay past the domains of lived reality for most current people.

Eliot's sensibility for the tragic future perceives that generic recovery focuses on death and that genuine spiritual resurrection unexpectedly comes when all remnants of our identity are scattered to the (mysterious) winds and profundities of the ocean (as in Phlebas' "Death by Water"). Eliot perceives the advanced longing to come back to "nature" yet considers it to be cut off at the root, or if nothing else just blooming as agony, lilacs bound to blend "[m]emory and desire" as a "stirring [of d]ull roots" out of "dead land" (, pp.1-4). As Sagar states *The Waste Land* critiques a profound western uncertainty "towards the more-than-human world" (p.178). Medieval Christianity frequently that slandered universes of physical nature and instinct such as propensities do not pass on effectively. It is no big surprise that the wellspring of generic recovery stays for the modernized urbanite an obscure, even dreaded, foe, contrasted with the innovative nature with which we are most at home. As to the fructification of a scene laid to waste, old and inaccessible universes remain in as destinations of wish satisfaction. Weston and Frazer's view of traditions, which are made due into more modern writing, turn into the ideal place to discover references to both the lamentable and promising components of recovery. The east in the interim, spoke to by the Buddha's "Fire Sermon" of Part III, generally put resources into the idea of benevolence, the ideal backup for Eliot's incipient religious yearning.

For the plain of *The Waste Land*, life is enduring, while delight is a passing marvel that appears to sustain our detainment in the material world. Eliot's regard to Augustine could reveal somewhat more insight into this part of the ballad and its connection to more-than-human instinct. At the point when Augustine came to compose against Manichaeism – confidence of which he was a disciple for somewhere in the range of ten years – he couldn't in the meantime completely erase from his oeuvre the hints of this impact. Van Oort realizes Augustine's spiritual's existence was "a standout amongst the most critical channels through which the Gnostic religion of Manichaeism has practiced an enduring impact on western culture" (, pp.46-47).

While dissenting excessively, Augustine unwittingly sustained the apostasy. The hero of *The Waste Land* appears in a comparable scrape; aching for escape from the convoluted jail of this exemplified life. While finding the supernatural expectations, he seeks the best case scenario, and inability to conquer this aporia prompts unsuccessful ceremonies of recovery. In this way, at a beachside resort, we bungle, addressed by craving and unequipped for making any association whatsoever, broken, evil and scattered: "I can connect / Nothing with nothing. / The broken fingernails of dirty hands" (, pp.301-303). Isaiah's followers in the Old Testament were similarly helped to remember their spiritual ineptitudes and Eliot again refers to Augustine, concerning a memory of the fallen way of Carthage, "where a cauldron of unholy loves sang all about mine ears" (Note, p.307). What chance have we moderns, even with not a cauldron but rather a data superhighway of enticement?

The keenness of mechanical society once appeared to guarantee that the period of recurrent "devour and starvation" may be over, that material victories over the earth would continuously change a greater amount of the planet to human's aspirations. Tiresias uncovered to Oedipus that "achievement" could likewise be a fantastic hallucination and now atmosphere science cautions us that an expected dominance over the earth is bringing about correspondingly disastrous outcomes. As a piece of eco-criticism, the poem and its nostalgic yearning to cooperate with the more-than-human world into which we are conceived shows how a long way from this condition of "regular elegance" the current, urbanized individual discovers him- or her. Paul Shepard guarantees that the split our progenitors set amongst individuals and the non-human world is disguised with every era, as start customs are decreased to and compacted inside urban procedures of socialization. Eliot would appear to be thoughtful to an eco-psychological instinct like this, as modern people are cut off from wells of recharging once offered in the mythic ceremonies of knowledge conventions or experiential drenching in their condition. However, as the risk that dwells past the city, or in the unconsciousness of the urbanized mind, "nature" keeps on frequenting the modern mind with difficulty to draw people's attention.

That our "environment" is quickly turning into a no man's land in the genuine feeling of the term has been noted as a component of the sonnet's multi-layered knowledge. Robert Pogue points out to Harrison who states that "*The Waste Land* gives up over human progress" spiritual decay and joins the physical impacts of changing the atmosphere by focussing on desertification (p.149). Laurence Buell, in focusing on the abstract custom of the end of the world, sees the poem to a great extent concentrated on this feeling of emergency, notwithstanding going so far as to keep up that Eliot had kept in touch with "one of the principal authoritative works of current Anglo-American writing to imagine a

diminishing society.” (p.288) I see no motivation behind why this ought not to be the situation. It is outstanding that Eliot was at the time frantically in need of treatment and it would have been the poet's part to perceive the disquietude modern society as an example in the meantime. It had as of now been over a century since Romantic artists had enlisted an underlying period of worry about the pulverization being fashioned upon the earth by the modern upset. *The Waste Land* may then be respected, as it is in David Gilcrest's estimation, as “a model of the healing or remedial poem,” which comes to past a crushed scene to keep up a confidence despite seemingly insurmountable opposition that “delivers ultimately from Eliot's faith in poetry” to “make a difference” to all individuals from the human group (p.170). Maybe Eliot's Shantih-like expectation reflects both the chipped way of the estranged present day individual and also a lasting yet indefinable human confidence that some sort of higher or more profound request exists inside the universe and the world.

THE DISASTROUS INDIVIDUAL: TRANSITORY CONSUMPTION IN THE DISAPPOINTED CITY

Tragically, as indicated by Eliot's modern style, modernity devalues everything, particularly our misery and any give up we bring to the table as far as regenerative custom has subsequently turned out to be especially difficult to eliminate. In any case, Eliot has some guidance for us and, in this specific circumstance, calling him the esteemed cleric of modern poetry may not be so distant from reality, regardless of whether we like his recommendation or not. Perhaps, disregarding our urgent need, the custom mending or murdering of the lord flocs because of the debased way of its substitute, the new Actaeon Sweeney (p.198). No genuine give up is made and not exclusively is our offering inadequate, it is not satisfactorily cleansed. Eliot underscores the interminable connection between sex and power as potential panaceas for existential estrangement and in addition the unavoidable disappointment of these addictions to fulfill further wishes. Such anti-moderation ends in destruction whether in bar group or great dramatizations; the primary portion of Part II, “A Game of Chess,” references Dido and Cleopatra, alongside suicide as a backup to their vulgar riches (pp.77-110). Before long, we discover the bar swarm swallowing down lager until the end (139-72), similarly as intemperate in their liberalities and similarly not able to escape human advancement's discontents. The desacralized way of our customs is related with unsuitable sex, which is presently simple delight without any higher affiliation (Albert, pp.142-167; the “typist” and the “young man carbuncular”, pp.231-256). The present-day customer appears, for Eliot, as predetermined as the mythic

Erysichthon to encounter a ceaseless hunger as reward for their transgressions against the characteristic world.

The nature of modern day persuades us to love the body as a site of perpetual, callous utilization; we are welcome to look and feel ever-more youthful, to deny demise every step of the way and to never quit devouring the desacralized abundance conveyed to us by innovatively determined advancement. With a specific end goal to guarantee recovery, the storyteller of *The Waste Land* appears to demand that we should figure out how to set our childish cravings aside. This is believed to be less challenging than done, obviously, in a modern worldview wherein the individual is built up as a basic honour. While the custom breakdown of self is a centre aspect of religion, regardless of whether it concerns vegetative fruitfulness or the more conceptual thought of an existence in the wake of death with a God, the love of distinction in the advanced world makes the loss of our own feeling of self-hellish cursedness. For Eliot, it appears to be conceivable, while troublesome, that this test can be met through craftsmanship, similarly as Parzival buckled down for a considerable length of time to switch his underlying disappointment with the Grail.

The issue that remains is that while Eliot's typical “king ego” may well scream “O Lord Thou pluckest me out” of the fires of life due to the enormity of his crimes, (“The Fire Sermon III).

Modern profound handicapped people, as indicated by *The Waste Land*, are only broken and desacralized. What is the estranged sense of self to do with this close unimaginable arrangement of conditions yet make disaster?

While this risky desacralization is surely integral to the modernity's development of environmental issues, there is something aggravating in Eliot's hinted reaction to it here. *The Waste Land* proposes that through Gnostic/self-denying disavowal of the body, the advanced individual can defeat the feeling of detainment he or she encounters as a vital part of his/her sociocultural limitations. The supernatural quality of such a thought sustains the medieval Christian idea that we are despicable in the body and on the earth. The comfort that Eliot is by all accounts looking for, might be found in a bodiless recommendation of “the Peace which passeth understanding” (note, p.433); yet this regular thought of Grace does little to ease fears that ordinary society will keep on being hypnotized by the desacralized enchantment of mechanically gave plenitude and consumerism. In fact, notwithstanding the mortal delight guaranteed by utilization, which ought to affirm power over “idiotic” matter as it revives the human heartbeat, the modern day divided individual finds himself in the utilization of an ordeal of vaporous amazing quality and disappointed earth. This framework exchanges on customary confidence somewhere else, which offers the unclear expectation that things will be better in that other place where we could be soon. . . . Shantih. In any

case, it likewise conceals the hazier environmental cost of its propensity to demolish the very ground after that it is developed (the earth). A bogus request of authority debilitates its own particular establishments (Berry, p.7).

The practically austere inconvenience with the body, particularly with sex uncovers a strain of Manichaean Gnosticism that keeps on checking postmodern consumerism today. The incongruity here is that, in a time dedicated like never before to the delights of the body, we are awkward with its real substances. The predominant worldview exchanges on an idealistic dream of interminable youth in a city of unending bounty.

The Waste Land shows the shadow of this vision, where the modern city is mostly similar to “a spiritual desert, beaten down by an Old Testament sun that provides no “shelter”” (p.22). The resident is offered a place only “under the shadow of this red rock” (p.26). In this place we may attend a liminal space that shows no optimism or assistance: “I was neither / Living nor dead, and I knew nothing, / Looking into the heart of light, the silence” (pp.39-41).¹ Exactly similar to Coleridge’s *Ancient Mariner*, we are bounded by the sea, water everywhere, but they were thirsty; the next line is in German, means “Empty and waste the sea” (p.42).

This is an effective picture of the inconceivability of otherworldly recovery in the machine time of individual estrangement and at last uninspiring (and unsafe) utilization. The strain between similitudes of convincing aridity and sought after fertility denote the entire poem, as it has the advancing undertaking of far-reaching scale settlement human advance. Without access to a truly regenerative segment of generosity, Eliot shows that we walk around an “Unreal City” (p.60) as living dead. Londoners stroll along, eyes down and mumbling, for the entire world as if they were crossing the River Styx rather than the Thames. The author’s note demonstrates that he is referring to Baudelaire’s *Les Fleurs du Mal of 1857* from (the opening lines to (“The Seven Old Men”): “Swarming city, city loaded with dreams/Where the phantom without trying to hide greets the bystander.” Lee Rozelle clarifies it, fall of the urban space increases out of the “loss of a unifying organicism” that shows the modern imagining of “a mechanical and soulless cosmos” (Rozelle, p.02).

Eliot perceives in the intrigues of modern efficiency a depersonalizing power that can squash the artist’s soul similarly as it changes nature; both internal potential and the external world turn out to be such a great amount of grist for the factory to benefit from.

The peace that outperforms comprehension may create a propitiatory drive for lost souls, yet it scarcely starts to recombine advancement’s broken pictures into any sort of cheerful natural vision. Eliot forms the pioneer predicament – that Eurocentric culture could

now be viewed as a disappointment because of the tremendousness of its prosperity – and goes with this with a similarly empty serenade. Genuinely mind perplexing associations with a living world, wherein human culture is recognized as a piece of more extensive nature, are past the modern aspirations and dreams, which journey simply after the memory of a comprehensive quality it trusts that has survived “the ghastliness, the repulsiveness” of the greedy history of development. Eliot names the modern man as an “every person” separated from the earth whereupon they depend, distanced and clustered in the jail of its own egoistic world, urgently gripping at intriguing and old guarantees of recovery, of ceremonies no longer accessible to lost urban souls, the living dead who couldn’t recover on the grounds that they couldn’t kick the bucket legitimately (Berry, p.8).

CONCLUSION

In a method that ended up plainly powerful because of its benefit, the earth has regularly been characterized as a mechanical mass accessible for the reasons of progress, made “dead” with the goal that it can’t debilitate the royal honoured position of human (or patriarchal) hubris. Yet, in this sleight of hand, expansive scale settlement progress is the cause all its own problems, giving non-human instinct a role as an adversary in a perpetual psychodrama. Eliot’s longing to hold confidence in supernatural regenerative strengths drives him to look for his Grail in the disintegration of shape. This is where the liminal puzzles of custom revivify to such an extent that we recover some feeling of an association with whatever remains of nature past the cultivated and distancing propensities for dominance, utilization and benefit. Wiped out and blinded by the stunning splendour and debasement of human advancement, Eliot catches the innovator quandary of a people amusingly separated from regenerative powers by the very achievement of their transformative advances. Set up of this parched leave of the spirit, Eliot as Old Testament prophet looks for typical demise, for formal resurrection into a mystical feeling of connectedness to a world we frantically need to understand as imperative, solid, regenerative and cheerful. In his profundities Eliot remains pulled in to nonhuman nature yet unequipped for reconnecting with it. Perceiving that he was immured by benefit behind the dividers of human progress – practically as though a detainee – he proceeded with this line of thought all through his profession, to later reflect upon the raid of the planet for the sake of a motorized insensitive procedure of modernization. What is more, subsequently we hear Tiresias again cautioning Oedipus that his ability without a moment’s delay turns his hopelessness. In fact, he will find at the summit of his mission might be the most exceedingly awful thing he at any point found, similarly as the Grail of advancement the everlasting you

¹ (Translation is available in Eliot’s note to this line)

and devouring and its technophobic heaven might lead the whole planet towards the bad dream in civilisation's shadow: *The Waste Land* that is as of now there.

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