THE

DIAL

NOVEMBER 1922

St Severin Water-colour
The Waste Land
The Player Queen
Brancusi’s Golden Bird
The Golden Bird Bronze
Doctor Graesler
Two Drawings Pen and Ink
Reflections on the Greek Genius
Three Oil Paintings
Many Marriages
Two Drawings India Ink
Paris Letter
American Letter
Book Reviews:
The Aroma of Evanesence
Two American Poets
A Symposium of the Exotic
Lady Gregory’s Plays
Nineteen-Twentys-Thirties
Briefly Mentioned
Books for Children
Comment
The Theatre
Modern Art
Musical Chronicle

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

CONSTANTIN BLANCU is a sculptor, born in Rumania and now living in Paris. He first became known in this country through the Armory Exhibition in 1913, and was recently the subject of a special number of The Little Review. He has worked in virtually every material amenable to sculpture.

ROBERT DELAUNAY was born in Paris in 1885. Influenced by the works of Henri Rousseau he turned to the new painting. He is the creator of the absolutely pure abstract painting. His influence on the present generation of French painters is everywhere obvious.

ELIE FAURE is the author of The History of Art which was reviewed by Thomas Craven in the February (1922) issue of This Dial. M. Faure writes us that the essay we print this month seemed to him a necessary reply to Mr. Craven's exceptionally keen criticism of his work.

DUNCAN GRANT was born in 1885 in the Scottish Highlands. He studied in London and Paris; the first painter to exercise an important influence upon him was M. Simon Bussy. He has been exhibiting during the last ten years in London, chiefly at the shows of the London Group, of which he is a founding member, and at the Galeries Vildrac in Paris. In Since Cézanne, Mr. Clive Bell has written much of Mr. Grant. Since his last appearance in our pages ADOLPH DEHN has been living in Germany and Austria. The sketches we reproduce were made in the latter country.

Like Charles-Augustin de Sainte-Beuve, SEBASTIAN CAULIFLOWER was born on a Monday. Unlike the author of the Monday Chats, however, he does not, according to the account he sends us, spend the better part of a week preparing his critical articles. His impressions on his native town we publish without endorsement, and only as the "reaction," as he calls it, of a good American.
THE WASTE LAND

BY T. S. ELIOT

Nam Sibyllam guidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis 
vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pauci discerem:
Sibi dimi vi tibi; responsa habebit tua Deus.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergsee
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stumm' aus Litaun, echt deutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

Copyright 1917 by T. S. Eliot. An edition of The Waste Land with annotations by Mr. Eliot will presently be issued by Boni & Liveright.—The Editors.
THE WASTE LAND

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 wohlst du?

"You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
They called me the hyacinth girl."
—Yet when we came back, late, from the hyacinth garden,
Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing;
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.
Od' und leer das Meer.

Madame Sosonsti, famous clairvoyante,
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she,
Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,
(These are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)
Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,
The lady of situations.
Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,
And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,
Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,
Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find
The Hanged Man. Fear death by water.

T. S. ELIOT

I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.
Thank you. If you see dear Mrs Equitone,
Tell her I bring her the horoscope myself;
One must be so careful these days.

Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many.
I had not thought death had undone so many.
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.
Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours
With a dead sound on the small stroke of nine.
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Stetson!"
You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!
That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?
Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!
You! hypocrite lecteur—mon semblable,—mon frère!"

A GAME OF CHESS

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne
Glowed on the marble, where the glass
Held up by standards wrought with fruitedd vines
From which a golden Cupid peeped out
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
Doubled the flames of sevenbranch candelabra
Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
From satin cases poured in rich profusion;
In vials of ivory and coloured glass
Unstopped, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes
Unguent, powdered, or liquid—troubled, confused
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
That freshened from the window, these ascended
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,
THE WASTE LAND

Flung their smoke into the laquearia,
Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.
Huge sea-wood fed with copper
Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone.
In which sad light a carved dolphin swam.
Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene
The change of Phoemon, by the barbarous king
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
"Jug Jug" to dirty ears.
And other wickered stumps of time
Were told upon the walls; staring forms
Leaned out, leaning, hush the room enclosed.
Footsteps shuffled on the stair,
Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair
Spread out in fiery points
Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.

"My nerves are bad 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."

I think we are in rats' alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.

"What is that noise?"
The wind under the door.
"What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?"
"Nothing again nothing." "Do you know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember
Nothing?"
"I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
"Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?"

T. S. ELIOT

O O O O that Shakespearean Rag—
It's so elegant
So intelligent

"What shall I do now? What shall I do?
I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street
With my hair down, so. What shall we do to-morrow?
What shall we ever do?"

The hot water at ten.
And if it rains, a closed car at four.
And we shall play a game of chess,
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said,
I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself,
Hurry up please its time
Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a bit smart.
He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you
To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there.
You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,
He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you.
And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert,
He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time,
And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.
Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.
Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.
Hurry up please its time
If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said,
Others can pick and choose if you can't.
But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling.
You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.
(And her only thirty-one.)
I can't help it, she said, pullin' a long face,
It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.
(Shes got five already, and nearly died of young George.)
The chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.
THE WASTE LAND

You are a proper fool, I said.  
Well if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,  
What you get married for if you don't want children?  
Hurry up please it's time  
Well that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,  
And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot—  
Hurry up please it's time  
Hurry up please it's time  
Ta ta. Goodnight. Goodnight.  
Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night,  
good night.

THE FIRE SERMON

The river's tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf  
Clutch and sink into the wet bank: the wind  
Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.  
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.  
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,  
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends  
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.  
And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;  
Departed, have left no addresses.  
By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept . . .  
Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,  
Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.  
But at my back in a cold blast I hear  
The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

A rat crept softly through the vegetation  
Dragging its slimy belly on the bank  
While I was fishing in the dull canal  
On a winter evening round behind the gashouse  
Musing upon the king my brother's wreck

T. S. ELIOT

And on the king my father's death before him.  
White bodies naked on the low damp ground  
And bones cast in a little low dry garret.  
Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.  
But at my back from time to time I hear  
The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring  
Sweeney to Mrs Porter in the spring.  
Oh the moon shone bright on Mrs Porter  
And on her daughter  
They wash their feet in soda water  
Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

Twit twit twit  
Jug jug jug jug jug jug  
So rudely forc'd.  
Tereu

Unreal City

Under the brown fog of a winter noon  
Mr Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant  
Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants  
C. i. f. London: documents at sight,  
Asked me in demotic French  
To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel  
Followed by a week-end at the Metropole.

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back  
Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits  
Like a taxi throbbing waiting  
I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,  
Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see  
At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives  
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea.  
The typist home at tea-time, clears her breakfast, lights  
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.  
Out of the window perilously spread  
Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,  
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)  
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.  
I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs
THE WASTE LAND

Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—
I too awaited the expected guest.
He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
A small house-agent's clerk, with one bold stare,
One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defence;
His vanity requires no response,
And makes a welcome of indifference.
(And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
Enacted on this same divan or bed;
I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
And walked among the lowest of the dead.)
Bestows one final patronizing kiss,
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit.

She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
Hardly aware of her departed lover;
Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:
"Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over."
When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Pauses about her room again, alone,
She smooths her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone.

"This music crept by me upon the waters"
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.
O City City, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter from within
Where fishermen lounge at noon; where the walls
Of Magnus Martyr hold
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

T. S. ELIOT

The river sweats
Oil and tar
The barges drift
With the turning tide
Red sails
Wide
To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.
The barges wash,
Drifting logs
Down Greenwich reach
Past the Isle of Dogs.
Weialala leia
Wallala leialala

Elizabeth and Leicester
Beating oars
The stern was formed
A gilded shell
Red and gold
The brisk swell
Rippled both shores
South-west wind
Carried down stream
The peal of bells
White towers
Weialala leia
Wallala leialala

"Tans and dusty trees.
Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew
Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees
Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe."

"My feet are at Moorgate, and my heart
Under my feet. After the event
He wept. He promised 'a new start.'
I made no comment. What should I resent?"

"On Margate Sands.
I can connect
THE WASTE LAND

Nothing with nothing,
The broken finger-nails of dirty hands.
My people humble people who expect
Nothing."

la la

To Carthage then I came

Burning burning burning burning
O Lord Thou pluckest me out
O Lord Thou pluckest

burning

DEATH BY WATER

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell
And the profit and loss.

Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell
He passed the stages of his age and youth
Entering the whirlpool.

Gentile or Jew

O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,
Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

After the torch-light red on sweaty faces
After the frosty silence in the gardens
After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying
Prison and palace and reverberation

Of thunder of spring over distant mountains
He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience

T. S. ELIOT

Here is no water but only rock
Rock and no water and the sandy road
The road winding above among the mountains
Which are mountains of rock without water
If there were only water amongst the rock
Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think
Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand
If there were only water amongst the rock
Dead mountain mouth of cavernous teeth that cannot spit
Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
There is not even silence in the mountains
But dry sterile thunder without rain
There is not even solitude in the mountains
But red sullen faces sneer and snarl
From doors of mud-cracked houses

If there were water

And no rock
If there were rock
And also water
And water
A spring
A pool among the rock
If there were the sound of water only
Not the cicada
And dry grass singing
But sound of water over a rock
Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees
Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop
But there is no water

Who is the third who walks always beside you?
When I count, there are only you and I together
But when I look ahead up the white road
There is always another one walking beside you
Gliding wrap in a brown mantle, hooded
I do not know whether a man or a woman
—But who is that on the other side of you?

What is that sound high in the air
THE WASTE LAND

Murmur of maternal lamentation
Who are those hooded hordes swarming
Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
Ringed by the flat horizon only
What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers
Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal

A woman drew her long black hair out tight
And fiddled whisper music on those strings
And hats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled, and beat their wings
And crawled head downward down a blackened wall
And upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.

In this decayed hole among the mountains
In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing
Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home,
It has no windows, and the door swings,
Dry bones can harm no one.
Only a cock stood on the roof-tree
Co co rico co co rico
In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust
Bringing rain

Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves
Waited for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavant.
The jungle crouched, humped in silence.
Then spoke the thunder
Datta
Datta: what have we given?

T. S. ELIOT

My friend, blood shaming my heart
The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract
By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not to be found in our obituaries
Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms

Da
Dayadhoom: I have heard the key
Turn in the door once and turn once only
We think of the key, each in his prison
Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison
Only at nightfall, aetherial rumours
Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus
Da
Damyata: The boat responded
Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar
The sea was calm, your heart would have responded
Gaily, when invited, beating obedient
To controlling hands
I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in order?

London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down
Poi l'ascose nel foco che gli affina
Quando fum c'è chelidon—O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine à ta tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then lie you. Hieronymo's mad again.

Shanthi shanthi shanthi