

# THE DIAL

NOVEMBER 1922

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## THE DIAL

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*Managing Editor*

### NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI 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 1886. 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 *THE 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 leading 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, SEBASTIEN 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 aspersions on his native town we publish without endorsement, and only as the "reaction," as he calls it, of a good American.

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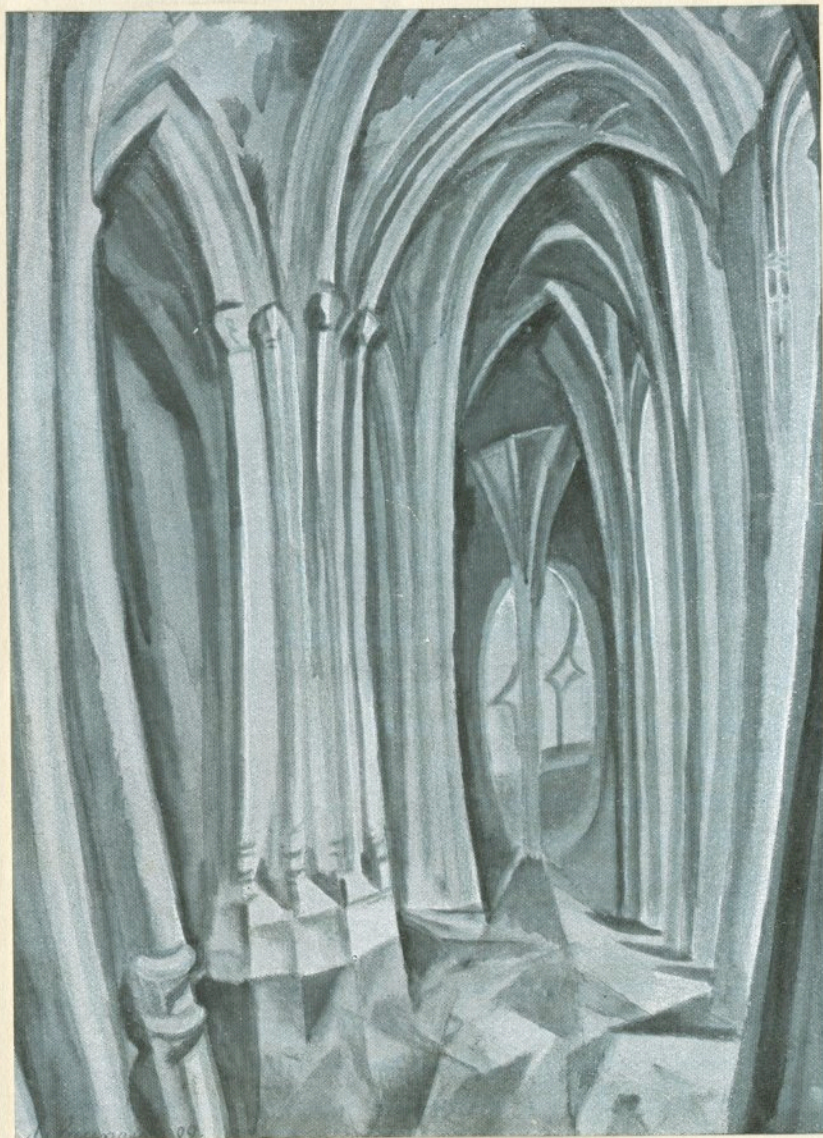
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ST SEVERIN. BY ROBERT DELAUNAY

# THE DIAL

NOVEMBER 1922

## THE WASTE LAND

BY T. S. ELIOT

*Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis  
vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent:  
Σιβυλλα τί θέλεις; respondebat illa: ἄπο θανείν θέλω.*

### THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

April is the cruelest month, breeding  
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing  
Memory and desire, stirring  
Dull roots with spring rain.  
Winter kept us warm, covering  
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding  
A little life with dried tubers.  
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee  
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,  
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,  
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.  
*Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.*  
And when we were children, staying at the 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 1922 by T. S. Eliot. An edition of *The Waste Land* with annotations by Mr Eliot will presently be issued by Boni & Liveright.—The Editors.



What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow  
 Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,  
 You cannot say, or guess, for you know only  
 A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,  
 And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,  
 And the dry stone no sound of water. Only  
 There is shadow under this red rock,  
 (Come in under the shadow of this red rock)  
 And I will show you something different from either  
 Your shadow at morning striding behind you  
 Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;  
 I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

*Frisch weht der Wind  
 Der Heimat zu,  
 Mein Irisch Kind,  
 Wo weilest du?*

"You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;  
 They called me the hyacinth girl."  
 —Yet when we came back, late, from the hyacinth garden,  
 Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not  
 Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither  
 Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,  
 Looking into the heart of light, the silence.  
*Öd' und leer das Meer.*  
 Madame Sosostriis, famous clairvoyante,  
 Had a bad cold, nevertheless  
 Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,  
 With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she,  
 Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,  
 (Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)  
 Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,  
 The lady of situations.  
 Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,  
 And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,  
 Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,  
 Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find  
 The Hanged Man. Fear death by water.

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

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

## A GAME OF CHESS

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



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

"My nerves are bad 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 re-  
 member

Nothing?"

I remember

Those are pearls that were his eyes.

"Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?"

But

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

"What shall I do now? What shall I do?  
 I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street  
 With my hair down, so. What shall we do 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, pulling a long face,  
 It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.  
 (She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)  
 The chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been  
 the same.



You *are* a proper fool, I said.  
 Well if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,  
 What you get married for if you don't want children?  
 HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME  
 Well that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot  
     gammon,  
 And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it  
     hot—  
 HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME  
 HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME  
 Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.  
 Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.  
 Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night,  
     good night.

## 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 de-  
     parted.  
 Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.  
 The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,  
 Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends  
 Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are  
     departed.  
 And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;  
 Departed, have left no addresses.  
 By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept . . .  
 Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,  
 Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.  
 But at my back in a cold blast I hear  
 The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.  
  
 A rat crept softly through the vegetation  
 Dragging its slimy belly on the bank  
 While I was fishing in the dull canal  
 On a winter evening round behind the gashouse  
 Musing upon the king my brother's wreck

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

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

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



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  
 Paces about her room again, alone,  
 She smooths her hair with automatic hand,  
 And puts a record on the gramophone.

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

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

Weialala leia

Wallala leialala

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

Weialala leia

Wallala leialala

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

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

"On Margate Sands.  
 I can connect



## 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.

A current under sea

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

Gentile or Jew

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

## 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

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 carious teeth that cannot spit  
Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit  
There is not even silence in the mountains  
But dry sterile thunder without rain  
There is not even solitude in the mountains  
But red sullen faces sneer and snarl  
From doors of 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 wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded  
I do not know whether a man or a woman  
—But who is that on the other side of you?

What is that sound high in the air



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

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

In this decayed hole among the mountains  
 In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing  
 Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel  
 There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home,  
 It has no windows, and the door swings,  
 Dry bones can harm no one.  
 Only a cock stood on the 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  
 Da  
 Datta: what have we given?

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

*Dayadhvam*: I have heard the key  
 Turn in the door once and turn once only  
 We think of the key, each in his prison  
 Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison  
 Only at nightfall, 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 s'ascose nel foco che gli affina*  
*Quando fiam ceu chelidon*—O swallow swallow  
*Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie*  
 These fragments I have shored against my ruins  
 Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.  
 Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

*Shantih shantih shantih*