

II

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams
 In death's dream kingdom
 These do not appear:
 There, the eyes are
 Sunlight on a broken column
 There, is a tree swinging
 And voices are
 In the wind's singing
 More distant and more solemn
 Than a fading star.

Let me be no nearer
 In death's dream kingdom
 Let me also wear
 Such deliberate disguises
 Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves
 In a field
 Behaving as the wind behaves
 No nearer—

Not that final meeting
 In the twilight kingdom

III

This is the dead land
 This is cactus land
 Here the stone images
 Are raised, here they receive
 The supplication of a dead man's hand
 Under the twinkle of a fading star.

Is it like this
 In death's other kingdom
 Waking alone
 At the hour when we are

The Hollow Men

1925

Mistah Kurtz—he dead.

THE HOLLOW MEN

A penny for the Old Guy

I

We are the hollow men
 We are the stuffed men
 Leaning together
 Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
 Our dried voices, when
 We whisper together
 Are quiet and meaningless
 As wind in dry grass
 Or rats' feet over broken glass
 In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without colour,
 Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed
 With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom
 Remember us—if at all—not as lost
 Violent souls, but only
 As the hollow men
 The stuffed men.

Trembling with tenderness
Lips that would kiss
Form prayers to broken stone.

IV

The eyes are not here
There are no eyes here
In this valley of dying stars
In this hollow valley
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms

In this last of meeting places
We grope together
And avoid speech
Gathered on this beach of the tumid river

Sightless, unless
The eyes reappear
As the perpetual star
Multifoliate rose
Of death's twilight kingdom
The hope only
Of empty men.

V

*Here we go round the prickly pear
Prickly pear prickly pear
Here we go round the prickly pear
At five o'clock in the morning.*

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion
And the act
Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

Between the conception
And the creation
Between the emotion
And the response
Falls the Shadow

Life is very long

Between the desire
And the spasm
Between the potency
And the existence
Between the essence
And the descent
Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

For Thine is
Life is
For Thine is the

*This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.*

TRISTAN TZARA

1896-1963

*From Dada Manifesto 1918*DADAIST DISCUST¹

Every product of disgust capable of becoming a negation of the family is *dada*; the whole being protesting in its destructive force with clenched fists: DADA; knowledge of all the means rejected up to this point by the timid sex of easy compromise and sociability: DADA; abolition of logic, dance of all those impotent to create: DADA; of all hierarchy and social equation installed for the preservation of values by our valets: DADA; each and every object, feelings and obscurities, apparitions and the precise shock of parallel lines, can be means for the combat: DADA; abolition of memory: DADA; abolition of archeology: DADA; abolition of the prophets: DADA; abolition of the future: DADA; an absolute indisputable belief in each god immediate product of spontaneity: DADA; elegant and unprejudicial leap from one harmony to the other sphere; trajectory of a word tossed like a sonorous cry of phonograph record; respecting all individualities in their momentary madness: serious, fearful, timid, ardent, vigorous, determined, enthusiastic; stripping its chapel of every useless awkward accessory; spitting out like a luminous waterfall any unpleasant or amorous thought, or coddling it—with the lively satisfaction of knowing that it doesn't matter—with the same intensity in the bush of his soul, free of insects for the aristocrats, and gilded with archangels' bodies. Freedom: DADA DADA DADA, shrieking of contracted pains, intertwining of contraries and of all contradictions, grotesqueries, nonsequiturs: LIFE.

Proclamation without Pretension²

Art goes to sleep for the birth of a new world
 "ART"—a *parrot word*—replaced by DADA
 PLESIUSAURUS,³ or handkerchief

The talent WHICH YOU CAN LEARN makes the poet a druggist
 TODAY criticism balances no longer launches resemblances
 Hypertrophic painters hyperestheticized and hypnotized by the
 hyacinths of muezzi's of hypocritical appearance
 CONSOLIDATE THE EXACT HARVEST OF CALCULATIONS
 HYPERBROME⁴ OF IMMORTAL GUARANTEES: There is no importance there
 is no transparency or apparancy

MUSICIANS BREAK YOUR BLIND INSTRUMENTS on the stage
 The SYRINGE is only for my understanding. I am writing because

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1. Both Tzara selections translated from the French by Mary Ann Caws. This is the last section of Tzara's *Dada Manifesto* 1918. 2. Published in 1918. 3. A large prehistoric marine reptile. 4. A play on hyper (above) and hippodrome (a racetrack for horses).

it is as natural as pissing as being sick

Art needs an operation

Art is a **PRETENTION** heated in the TIMIDITY of the urinary basin, **Hysteria** born in the **Studio**

15

We are seeking upright pure sober unique strength we are seeking **NOTHING** we affirm the **VITALITY** of each instant the anti-philosophy of **Spontaneous** acrobatic

In this moment I hate the man who whispers before intermission—
eau de cologne—bitter theater. **CHEERY WIND.**

20

IF EVERYBODY SAYS THE OPPOSITE IT IS BECAUSE THEY ARE RIGHT.
Prepare the geyser actions of our blood—submarine formation of transchromatic airplanes, cellular metals numbered in the leap of images

above the regulations of the

25

BEAUTIFUL and its control

**It is not for the runts who are still worshipping
their navel**

The Mirror of a Moment

It dissipates day,
It shows men the thin images of appearance,
It robs men of the possibility of amusement.
It is as hard as stone,
Formless stone,
The stone of movement and sight,
And its brilliance deforms all armor, all masks.
What the hand has taken does not deign to take the shape of the hand,
What has been understood no longer exists,
The bird was confused with the wind,
The sky with its truth,
Man with his reality.

ANDRÉ BRETON

1896-1966

Free Union¹

Woman of mine with woodfire hair
With thoughts like flashes of heat lightning
With an hourglass waist
Woman of mine with an otterlike waist between the tiger's teeth
magnitude
With teeth like a white mouse's spoon on white earth
With a tongue of rubbed amber and glass
Woman of mine with a tongue like a stabbed communion host
With the tongue of a doll that opens and shuts its eyes
A tongue of incredible stone
Woman of mine with eyelashes like the strokes of a child's writing
With eyebrows like the rim of a swallow's nest
Woman of mine with temples of slate on a greenhouse roof
And mist on the window-panes
Woman of mine with champagne shoulders
Like a fountain of dolphin heads under ice
Woman of mine with matchstick wrists
Woman of mine with fingers of chance and the ace of hearts
With fingers of mown hay
Woman of mine with armpits of marten and beechnut²
And of Midsummer Night
Of privet and scalare³ nests
With arms of sluice and sea foam
And of mingled wheat and mill

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Woman of mine with flare legs
With movements of clockwork⁴ and despair
Woman of mine with calves of eldertree pith
Woman of mine with feet of initials⁵
With feet of keys on a ring with feet of Java sparrows⁶ drinking
Woman of mine with a neck of imperaled barley⁷
Woman of mine with the throat of a golden vale⁸
Of rendezvous in the very bed of the torrent
With breasts of night
Woman of mine with breasts of marine molehills
Woman of mine with breasts of rubbed crucible
With breasts like the spectre of the rose⁹ under the dew
Woman of mine with a belly unfolding like the fan of days
The belly of a giant claw
Woman of mine with the back of a bird in vertical flight
With a quicksilver back
A back of light
With a nape of rolled stone and moist chalk
And the drop of a glass just drained
Woman of mine with nacelle hips
With chandelier and arrow-feather hips
Like scapes of white peacock plumes
Of imperceptible sway
Woman of mine with buttocks of sandstone and amianthus
Woman of mine with swan's-back buttocks
Woman of mine with springtime buttocks
With the gladiolus sex
Woman of mine with the placer and platypus sex
Woman of mine with the sex of seaweed and oldtime sweets
Woman of mine with the mirror-like sex
Woman of mine with eyes full of tears
With violet-panoplied and magnetic-needle eyes
Woman of mine with savannah eyes
Woman of mine with eyes of water to be drunk in prison
Woman of mine with eyes of wood always under the axe
With water-level eyes the level of air earth and fire

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Vigilance

In Paris the tower of Saint-Jacques¹ swaying
Like a sunflower
Sometimes runs its brow against the Seine and its shadow glides impercep-
tibly among the tugs

1. Both Breton selections translated from the French by Mary Ann Caws. Published in 1932. 2. The French word is suggested by the sound of *mown hay* in line 19. 3. A species of tropical fish that includes

4. Word play on a mechanical (clockwork) time fuse (*flure*). 5. Also a botanical term for fast-multiplying cells at the tips of roots and branches. 6. Birds of the finch family, often kept in cages. The French word's primary meaning is cankers (of a boat's seams). 7. A play on pearl barley. 8. A reference to Val-d'or, a place in Saint-Cloud near Paris, or possibly a town in southwestern Quebec, Canada, where gold was discovered in 1909. 9. A poem by Théophile Gautier (1811-1872), which was the subject of a 1911 ballet by Sergey Diaghilev (1872-1929). 1. Only the tower remains of the Parisian church of Saint-Jacques-de-la-Bouche, one of whose patrons was the medieval alchemist Nicolas Flamel (1330-