

T.S. Eliot:

Now, as an interlude, before going on to finish by reading one complete quartet, I would like to read-- and this is what I meant when I said that I wanted to read something just because I wanted to and not because there's any demand for it-- a series of little poems called "Landscapes," of which nobody takes much notice but which I rather like.

On the one hand, I'm reassured because two friends of mine, both whose judgment I trust in these matters-- one, a Southerner, tells me that the landscape called Virginia was the best. And another, a Scot, assured me that Rannoch, by Glencoe, is the best. I've had no reports from New Hampshire or Massachusetts.

[LAUGHTER]

And nothing definite from Wales. But I have recently acquired a Welsh godson with a name which I cannot pronounce.

New Hampshire.

Children's voices in the orchard between the blossom and the fruit-time-- golden head, crimson head, between the green tip and the root. Black wing, brown wing, hover over; twenty years and the spring is over; to-day grieves, tomorrow grieves, cover me over, light-in-leaves; golden head, black wing, cling, swing, spring, sing, swing up into the apple-tree.

Virginia.

Red river, red river; slow flow heat is silence no will is still as a river still. Will heat move only through the mocking-bird heard once? Still hills wait. Gates wait. Purple trees, white trees, wait, wait, delay, decay. Living, living, never moving. Ever moving. Iron thoughts came with me and go with me-- red river river river.

Usk.

Do not suddenly break the branch, or hope to find the white hart behind the white well. Glance aside, not for lance, do not spell old enchantments. Let them sleep. 'Gently dip, but not too deep,' lift your eyes where the roads dip and where the roads rise. Seek only there where the grey light meets the green air the Hermit's chapel, the pilgrim's prayer.

Rannoch, by Glencoe.

Here the crow starves, here the patient stag breeds for the rifle. Between the soft moor and the soft sky, scarcely room to leap or soar. Substance crumbles, in the thin air moon cold or moon hot. The road winds

in listlessness of ancient war, languor of broken steel, clamour of confused wrong, apt in silence. Memory is strong beyond the bone. Pride snapped, shadow of pride is long, in the long pass no concurrence of bone.

Cape Ann.

O quick quick quick, quick hear the song sparrow, swamp sparrow, fox-sparrow, vesper sparrow at dawn and dusk. Follow the dance of the goldfinch at noon. Leave to chance the Blackburnian warbler, the shy one. Hail with shrill whistle the note of the quail, the bob-white dodging by bay-bush. Follow the feet of the walker, the water-thrush. Follow the flight of the dancing arrow, the purple martin. Greet in silence the bullbat. All are delectable. Sweet sweet sweet but resign this land at the end, resign it to its true owner, the tough one, the sea gull. The palaver is finished.