

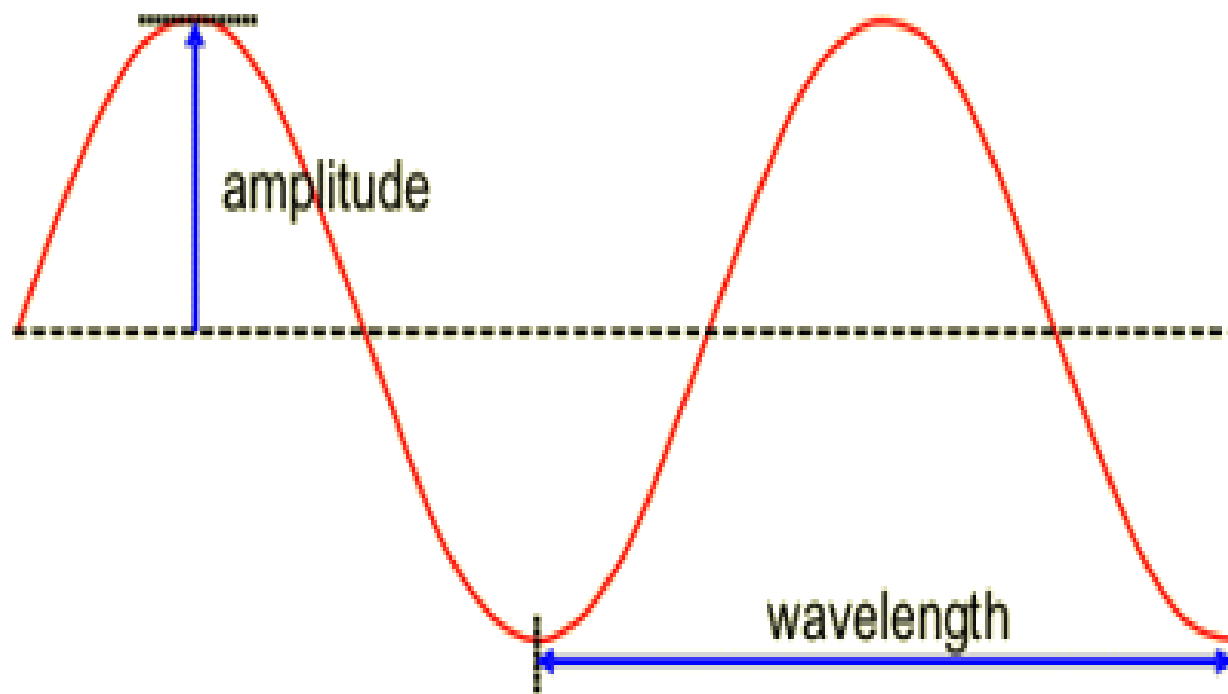
T.S.Eliot, Four Quartets and Exile

'We all have regrets, fears and hopes
and a need to come to terms with who
we once were and who we might be.'











Tom Eliot at 10, in 1898.



Burnt Norton House



Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.
If all time is eternally present
All time is unredeemable.

What might have been is an abstraction
Remaining a perpetual possibility
Only in a world of speculation.

What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.

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What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.
Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose-garden. My words echo
Thus, in your mind.

 But to what purpose
Disturbing the dust on a bowl of rose-leaves
I do not know.



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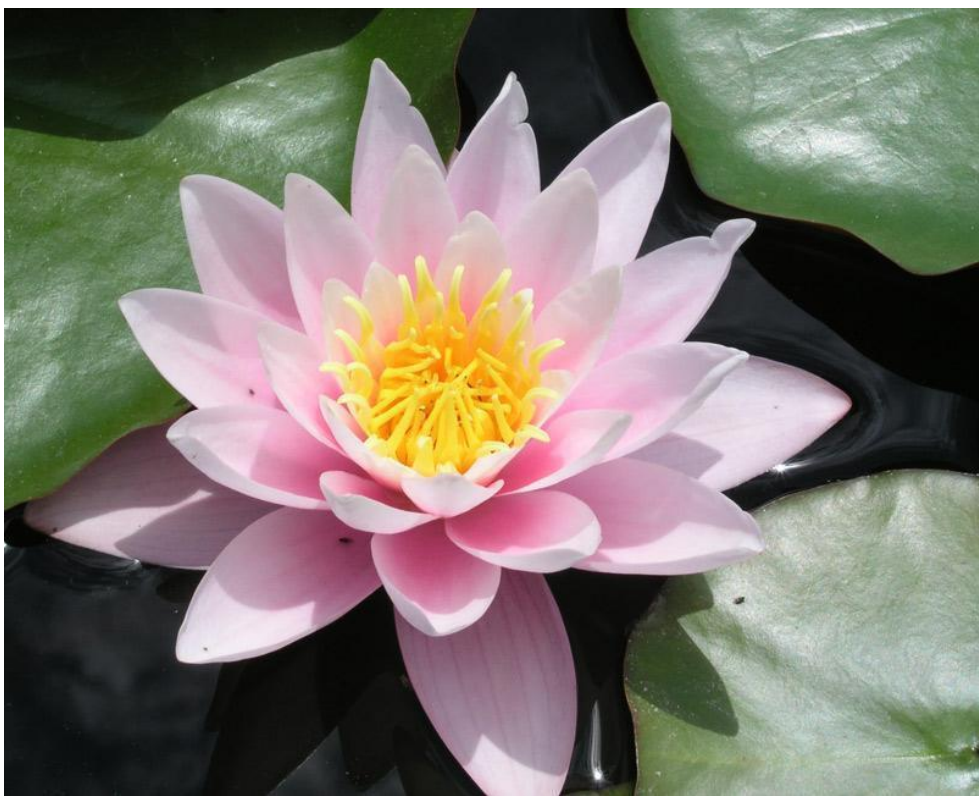
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Time past and time future
Allow but a little consciousness.
To be conscious is not to be in time
But only in time can the moment in the rose-
garden,
The moment in the arbour where the rain
beat,
The moment in the draughty church at
smokefall
Be remembered; involved with past and future.
Only through time time is conquered.

Sudden in a shaft of sunlight
Even while the dust moves
There rises the hidden laughter
Of children in the foliage
Quick now, here, now, always—
Ridiculous the waste sad time
Stretching before and after.

Dry the pool, dry concrete, brown edged,
And the pool was filled with water out of
sunlight,
And the lotos rose, quietly, quietly,
The surface glittered out of heart of light,
And they were behind us, reflected in the pool.
Then a cloud passed, and the pool was empty.







WARRICK HOUSE, WEST COVE

BATH
IN
TIME

In my beginning is my end. In succession
Houses rise and fall, crumble, are extended,
Are removed, destroyed, restored, or in their place
Is an open field, or a factory, or a by-pass.
Old stone to new building, old timber to new fires,
Old fires to ashes, and ashes to the earth
Which is already flesh, fur and faeces,
Bone of man and beast, cornstalk and leaf.
Houses live and die: there is a time for building
And a time for living and for generation
And a time for the wind to break the loosened pane
And to shake the wainscot where the field-mouse trots
And to shake the tattered arras woven with a silent
motto.

O dark dark dark. They all go into the dark,
The vacant interstellar spaces, the vacant into the vacant,
The captains, merchant bankers, eminent men of letters,
The generous patrons of art, the statesmen and the rulers,
Distinguished civil servants, chairmen of many committees,
Industrial lords and petty contractors, all go into the dark,
And dark the Sun and Moon, and the Almanach de Gotha
And the Stock Exchange Gazette, the Directory of Directors,
And cold the sense and lost the motive of action. (Eliot)

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon
Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse
Without all hope of day!...
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave. (Milton)

Dawn points, and another day
Prepares for heat and silence. Out at
sea the dawn wind
Wrinkles and slides. I am here
Or there, or elsewhere. In my
beginning.

Old men ought to be explorers
Here or there does not matter
We must be still and still moving
Into another intensity
For a further union, a deeper communion
Through the dark cold and the empty
desolation,
The wave cry, the wind cry, the vast waters
Of the petrel and the porpoise. In my end
is my beginning.



The Dry Salvages, a group of rocks, with a beacon, off the N.E. coast of Cape Ann, Massachusetts. Eliot boated to them as a boy.

Pastimes and drugs, and features of the press:
And always will be, some of them especially
When there is distress of nations and perplexity
Whether on the shores of Asia, or in the
Edgware Road.

Neither plenitude nor vacancy. Only a flicker
Over the strained time-ridden faces
Distracted from distraction by distraction
Filled with fancies and empty of meaning
Tumid apathy with no concentration
Men and bits of paper, whirled by the cold wind
That blows before and after time,
Wind in and out of unwholesome lungs
Time before time and after.



Little Gidding on the
Cambridgeshire/Northamptonshire border

What we call the beginning is often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from. And every
phrase

And sentence that is right (where every word is
at home,

Taking its place to support the others,
The word neither diffident nor ostentatious,
An easy commerce of the old and the new,
The common word exact without vulgarity,
The formal word precise but not pedantic,
The complete consort dancing together)

A condition of complete simplicity
(Costing not less than everything)

The enigma of sin and suffering is resolved:

When the tongues of flame are infolded
Into the crowned knot of fire

Within its depths I saw ingathered, bound by love in one mass, the scattered leaves of the universe: substance and accidents and their relations, as though together fused, so that what I speak of is one simple flame. (Dante translation)

Since our concern was speech, and speech
impelled us

To purify the dialect of the tribe

And urge the mind to aftersight and
foresight,

Let me disclose the gifts reserved for age
To set a crown upon your lifetime's effort.

"... Only by the form, the pattern,
Can words or music reach
The stillness...."

-- T. S. Eliot, 'Burnt Norton V', *Four Quartets*