

BLACKFRIARS

up together multitudes of regulations which are often difficult to discover, and their intended application still more difficult to know. Perhaps then, too, we should be in a position to discern with certainty which are preceptive or only directive rubrics.

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THOUGHTS ON READING 'THE WASTE LAND'

THE mind runs back along its railway lines
Parading memory;
Objects of sense in mathematic rows,
Opening vistas, closing eras,
Like the fluttered pages of a book held in tired hands,
Each page printed in one printed
And decipherable language having common terms
And many footnotes breaking up the pages
Untidily,
Making loop-lines and branch-lines,
Circumscribing history.

Egypt! Egypt! Change here for Babylon,
Medes and Chaldees.
(Stopping at Ur for tea, Madam;
Mind your umbrella in the door.)
Next stop Cnossus. (No, Sir, not Parnassus,
There's a stoppage on the line.)
Egypt! Egypt! All stations to Paradise!

Like a tripper in a char-a-banc
The mind among the remains of men.
Like a hiker eating tinned peaches on Box Hill,
The mind among the stratified Pleistocene.

This is so very Bloomsbury, Mr. Eliot,
This little mind like a lamp in a closed room
Exhausting its own atmosphere.
One cannot outlive these suffocating smells
Or hear the hurdy-gurdy on a winter afternoon
Churning his song:
'The window,
The window,
We pushed him through the window'
No doubt it saved his metaphysics from inanition.
The window was closed, if you remember,
And the light could not get through the dirty panes.

THOUGHTS ON READING 'THE WASTE LAND'

Our mind was stranded on a beach in Sicily.
Honestly I think we might leave it there for ever.
Between you and me, Mr. Eliot, that
Erudite
Recondite
Little light
Has vanished quite
Out of sight.
The harvest-mite
May bite and bite,
But shall not have the joy of harvest.

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The mind his unimaginable ways
Alone down interstellar highways glides,
Star-seeking, as the high lord's herald rides
Guest-gathering for the nuptial day of days,
Compelling them from highways and byways
Of thought-swept roads where never an emmet hides—
The table runs with richness and the bride's
Quiet face awaits the quickness of his gaze.

Poised queen and perfect, dowered with worlds in thrall,
See, high, the bridegroom riding to your hall,
And regimented conquests rank on rank
Charge, marshalled centre-straight; wide, wide the flank
Swerves to your feet, king, queen, fire-kissed, crowned, still,
Bridegroom and bride, intelligence and will!

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O, you who think in horizontal lines,
How many spears of grass point up to God
Vertically?
O, you who live inside a Kantian sorbo-bouncer,
What fun when the ball bursts!
But I was forgetting—
We are all post-Hegelians nowadays,
C'est l'Absolu qui en rit.

BERNARD KELLY.