Arthur Kenneth Novtic
MEDLEY: DEC. 1965, circa 22nd.

One song running into another, the things we did. Last summer when
our levels were ended & a new phase arrived: what cacophonies of
sound, what sights I saw ( & more must ?). At once the Bard's G.M.H.,
that early bird of youth! So eclectic, in a manner of speaking...Tonight
at 6:25 the big pull is towards my Newfoundland — only Donne had
found the knack & I drawn to ye olde Mitre Inn (Tud Tavern) for the
pleasure of your company, girl. Shall spend money & maybe find one
bird, but the aching pleasure will not prolong itself beyond a rhapsodic
climacteric (?) in Macdonald's empty flat to which I have the key &
where these discursive double-thinks are being committed to paper. Love.

Lines will grow at the heart in the after-hours — agony that after the
dream of consummation first forces the spirit into redoubled energy
to flow back into the stream of chaos which strangely is the only
sanity in a world of mirrors & a wilderness of walls. As I take it
Keats says. Sweet though in sadness let me ramble on: where ended?

When Longe Johnson tempted Nokes into a bibulous Undineester
orgy after that terrifiedly disciplined probationary teaching period: Jan.
1-26. He was going to "hook," eventually did, apparently to Seli's disgust &
family sneer. But wasn't Nokesen's wedding just as dry? Wth Boet Bad
Intaka — Joe, thou sodomist, timid but arrogant black diabetic, smirker of
soetes (Libertas Red Muscadel) & reckless, reckless Ope! Kedetter! — we found
nothing in Calleste St. of a Sat. evening with Desiree F. & a screaming kid
in tow. Go gamble with Tony Tobics who nips over Blake St. to piffer
racing.
That rather peremptory but entirely lovable number (no, sweetheart suits
the other better) called Magda — to whom in midyear was born then a bony
baby boy & it being top secret that the flesh had torn — a agony! So
complete a change was never seen in so incomplete a man. Once
again — a steadying habit woman. So sprout our theories & man to man,
we influence each other. He just put me onto Carol Hicks, in effect. I
have much to thank him for ("Carol, let me show you nature in
the Gelovandale bush"). That night, then, in a half-built house of a poor
area: teasingly vague? Whoever comes here to feast his venerable eyes,
on my graffiti will find a scatology of the highest artistic order; these
thoughts are respectfully set down in memory of the oddly contrasting
caracters who people our to people its pages.

How many of these holier-than-thou bourgeois from older parts of
town then realise in the St. Libia Crescent of today that virile genius from
this flailing phallus spray-painted the brick dust of raw walls with his
jagged plaster with a deliberate avoidance of Carol's twisted target? Then
do we blot words to be careful, I understood with more various delight
than vicious vicarious lewdness. Leitch's affirmative, a Canada emigrant?
So many have ministered unto my needs, now alunnae oceaniensis.

With the pen that loyally moves, inscribed from Sybil to Arthur 1962
& done as I remember in c.t. Bazaars, C.T. — shall I, I should have to
say then "with no regrets," & indeed with many thanks, girl. Growing out of
it was the agony, & now from the source of gasflame removed to enter the
air which is agent for HER. To fetch ink, so that the instrument may keep
on gliding, then to return through a dark lane at ten, drone & forgetful
& idealistic & still as ever my divided whole. But time & the tortured half
must ever move if motion is still to be matter's modus vivendi.

How it lasted this 2nd time through neglect & insufficiency. The
cruel nights against a wall, a pylon upright, later in bush where
my one foot was. Never formal as it had been before: just plain
carnal knowledge, sensuality for sensuality? What attraction for a kid
handily out of school? Not mind, surely; maybe instinct after that just
melodramatic kiss on a garden bench. Where did I receive an Easter
card? Episode at Erasmus — F.L.’s sojourn, brief but breezy.
Potty Bacterman schemed the voluntary removal from Ma Rousseau at
the end of Feb ’65, the place too small for a language teacher’s load of
comps & letter books in any case. So: Ah ciao, when will I see you
baby. This meant a bus at night — not me, uncle. That fracas at bro’s
Harold Sadsack Blignaut’s (bless his pseudajazz alto sax soul) pad where
Nicks having spent lavishly in R96·70 style at month’s end played
bad cards with a chick (Yvonne Davis? staff nurse, Livingston) got sour
& cussed with Mercy, Termagant — reason — & sourpuss by turns, in St.
Martin Street of a Sat. night, passing out soon after. Boss Harold away,
waives yours truly of a bleary Sunday morning with what were in all
fairness quite genteel rocking slaps, walking out uncle. So he I trot out
limp apologies over there, distressed that gravy-fingered Darryl’s pug
nosed André are biting on jags of fractured warworks — goodbye to
Someday My Prince Will Come & all that, Miles in my noer in, die hère
hoor my! Stepped on it, perhaps justifiable so. Or so Fox equivocating
implies off on the back of the scooter to St Philip’s morning service,
the hill from which you get a clear day’s grand sweep of Indian O.
in Algoa Bay. And I betake me to me packing of suitcases: travelling
people will small intelligent libraries.

Pops up Mrs Erasmus, Ettel, yes, at Gertie’s with the Sunday club
in their Veenplaaats bliss. Oom Agues’ Eggs? cleaning G.G. Volkswagens,
those black-death-beetles, on monthly play & tattered paperbacks from the 
Bra's) had shown me round to a mean, pretty shebeen & while we are 
imbibing a syrupy White Port, we large & generous in mood & money, the 
string of kids pipe up. So Beetlestone Rd goodbye, & thank God I lost 
my traumatic fear of Madoda's gigantic calloused toes glowing menacingly 
through the amber poison. All fetid breath, iconoclastic I go like wind. 

And like water I come. Ache of the search you are drunk on the 
Row's stoop & playing cards you lose interest. Survived that Sunday which 
on Monday meant comprehension for all five Eng. classes at South 
End High. Children, adolescents particularly, notice your bibulous escapades 
& the sky inside remarks jungle the raw nerves of a blue morning. If 
you have to silence the sick thump in your belly hollow, clear your 
throat above a buzz of weekend anecdotes & weakly call for the 
etirely voluntary, doing grappling with Paper 16. Wantly you find words: 
come along now, it's so easy. Falling in love with you's gonna be like to 
king candy from a baby... Stay far from these for my breath stinks of 
brandy... Drag on colleagues, your spirit like lowering skies — and yet 
its remarkable self-sufficiency & even flintiness. A poem comes in afternoon's 
free periods: black tide of life where green germs feed, & where you have 
wandered from what's believed. Una Williams, factotum, types scripts in an 
empty room: former beauty queen, own p.t. mistress, going (to meet the man?) 
in Brazil. Has heart problems in Zambia & tied to Grandma's apron 
strings; one hears that the kind of Morris Mini she drives nonchalantly 
seizes up suddenly at certain mileages. Grown obese, shoulders adipose as 
Maugham who passed on recently on the Riviera said of Lady Jane. So 
insouciant down the curving corridor in a Short sweat shirt & skirt, 
drinking tea, endlessly knitting & chatting, involved (superficially, it ends 
beyond the staff-room). Fun with the novices, but unlike Lizette Barlay's,
strictly fun. Helpful at times. Yet all have problems. Staff vignettes:

Rammy Dorisswami: on slight side, tallish, swarthy, debonair in a strangely dainty mannered way, yet not quite a popinjay. I see him purposefully unwrapping the cellophane, joking about who is to pour Mrs Daphne De Doncker's tea today while he bites firmly into a slender cheese & tomato, discussing an issue from the viewpoint of the latest Financial Times. Others defer to him. Rammy suavely handling his brats, Rammy quietly influential in the staff meeting, Rammy the tough-minded school librarian, R. the imperturbable. In the Junior (cf. Bailey) Staff Room let me introduce you to the following capital gentlemen:

Raymond Uren - frizzy Nippai, Fort Hare, Eng. also, intelligent S. Ender with Latin, a drinking man & a cool cat with a long cane. Lemor Maart, Fairview watchman, a drinking man of thin mien & a sometime wit ("Novels, they say you injured your thumb trying to push your piles back"). Kenny Agoo, designation same, chubby & half-chink, congenial but with mysteriously solo flights of mood, not a much-sayer, making for Zambia & a packet then out. Clive Who in the Dungeon, or have I mistaken buildings, a man with cheque problems & sports organiser, broad-faced, intent. Occasionally:

Dudley Nagan, brother of the helpful Winston P, enigmatic, taciturn, swinging keys at lunchtime, has Ford for Lizette, who must have put him on often if she could give minute's notice to Myburgh just after I left 2. Two weeks later turn into a bonny crackling baby what everybody thought was a liver complaint: sorry? Sorry about her, Dud, but after all you did go along wi me ter Bobby Break's hotel room to help the ball roll, didna ya... but there'tis. To wed or not to wed, if the woman's socially prominent, or to go to a nursery? Ralph Simon who had returned from a spell in Ghana picked me up in front
of Erasmus' gate every morning in his gray Volkswagen, there sat Lady L. cool as a cucumber, distilling out advice preposterously, her Maidenform Girdle squealing madly & Lovable Bra at bursting point as she shifted her hogbody horizontally & felt the cool of brandy/breath on her folds of nappskin, letting me pass with an unintentionally acid observation: hell, you youngsters! Ah, so? Easy, baby: a woman is a sometime thing. Less of a waddling duck than Una, vulgar in her attempt to be prim, a prig (sneering, scrupulous, offensive I mean) & a busty matron of a woman, self-righteous & niggling, a fockin' prude & showoff. A bloody pregnant pterodactyl, to be maddish. Let alone the fools: we learn from Freud that the most offensive people, those who sin in the way of arrogance & superficiality, are the weakest characters. They probably have something to hide, a vice or folly (crime or smutiness, as it were) as their defence mechanisms. The jargon of psychology fit these misfits, hallelujah!

As I said, Ralph Simon, Springbok Coloured E.P. & Suburban C.C. of Sidwell in the vintage years) cricketer, then with an ample marriage spread, ideal to get out like most of his colour's brain of ambition. In the mornings we picked up Ivan Potgieter at the foot of Russell Road. The slighty-built Churchwarden wielding his cane of terror reigns as horse-nosed Winston J. reported during the Hammond St. days of Pearl 6 mouldplate passion buying Evening Post—to digress, how many magical half-hours in an ill-lit corner out of nippy air with The Girl have been more fleeting? Ivan, then: his well-meaning snide remark through business-like space, his thin face beaming, a child who had been reared with utter propriety, maybe nurtured with hopes of the St. Philip's ministry like Jimmy D. would have been: imagine the matronly care with which the genteel shit was wiped gingerly off the face of the chequered tiles, the toy icons for electric trains at Xmas, matins or vespers in lieu of Tom Mix at 8.
Avalon, polishing candlesticks or carrying flowers instead of bashing at a football or breaking Dutchmen's windows in summer with a high exhilarating lope of a swinging spinner. Still, an efficient man of unflinching integrity, typing the papers for 8D & E set up by us.

Of the Big Room will broken cupboards & makeshift chairs, also one Beet Simon, quiet & humorous, well-liked, a good man, a drinking man, an easy boy with an easy outlook. The kind of man you need to lighten the burden awkward at accent but brave about issues & knowing his mind — but too glowing is this, then? You don't need to place him bec. he's always there in the background somewhere, like Dolley in music who feels emphatically that his subject is not dispensable. Both famed for local sports hands out Friday registers & here you go asking Kojie Pillay or Mcnabony Appavoo about those letters of absence of the Prince. ordered on the slip of paper. Otherwise, if not here by Monday, get Mr. Azoo's cane — & now, where were we with 12th Night? (That, by the way, an enormous gaffe — it should have been reserved for Std 8. Still, everybody enjoyed the joking of Malvolio immensely — who does not revel in the delightful delusion of a pompous maniac? Esp. if added to the present mirth & laughter of boy meets girl who loves boy not & love is not hereafter?) Trini Lopez — love for a year, cause the cost too dear

De Doncker, I take them arbitrarily, of community charity & grants to the council slams selling cut-price corned beef for kwishirkor-combating enterprice like Cadle, nor from memny slipped. Socialite Eisteddfod organizer & wiry, pinched features, nervously energetic, easily annoyed, gallstones in her vessels: hitched in a late effort to a respectable folksy panjandrum called whom. She did not quite lose (not virginity: these are people about whom the thought of sex would be ridiculous) her name — their flowery bourgeois villa from.
ting on the main road is called Donbru in typical syncretic fashion of Recurving hibrouhism. With her travelling is a hazard: teacups &
cantons of milk, boxes of apples, always being shoved all over the seat.
Madam (in her working year of & scrupulously clean domestic science temple),
say the social prodigies which the keen eye can already see as swelling
the baby boom two years hence, leg. or illeg. with a marked bias to
the latter, Madam is funny today. Strict. So goodbyes to any hope of
attracting attention to the Tense of the English Verb or its mood: How
insect-like little minds brains are humming with cakeflour formulas,
Sauces, sweetmeat successes & how many hours at what temperature. Can I
have the 8C girls, Mr Nortje? Of course, madam, of course. No, I'm sure was
only going to go over some Shakespeare, actually.

Like the grey illusive ghosts seen by Richard III in a recent film
at the Scala (with a bloody splendid Olivier - who wouldn't now want to see
his brilliant stage Moor?) they come before the mind: Millie Johns née Naidoo
Stan Boucher of Bethelsdorp whose father used to be my boyhood barber
under the greasiest & raised fidgety, that Caledon bungler of a woodwork
master: Christie Carles with a Creata, to C.T. the quarterly pilgrimages,
he on honeymoon as his disparaging colleagues facetiously put it, I on
pleasure of a more general kind, Faridien J. the Imam with Cairo
French, Gordon Smith the con man cum C.T. tripper by Kombi cum
Truth School philosopher & hockey team coach, a long-time adulterer &
raffle swindler, italics man with the cool facade whose finger was highly
esoteric in Abrahams facotin's tuckshop frasas fisso: how many apples
& peanuts have I eaten, how many toffees confiscated because of the
beastly Nawi! And Meyer separated from a no-doubt harsh wife with the
widow sitting down the road with Progressive Party passion; George Govin-
dasamy thrashing the crawling schoolboys on their unwilling way Co
Clifford White of Stuart Township, thy grace is cooked, how sad poor dad) * spouting geography at leisure, Peterson bookkeeper your booming voice could drown all knowledge of a clear ringing noon!, dominator of sniff confab, wearer of double-breasted black suits with shiny buttons, anachronism of schoolmasters, eater of warm gude, thou masterer-me God!

A hobo was discovered preparing breakfast in my grot one morning, said Mr. Fat-bellied Abrahams who had a contract with the Chief to sell samosas (triangular curried mince meat & onion pasties one of which I yearn for now through mouthwatering visions of those odorous days when I tried to behave like an advent for a croat diet as has been said of winning Sandie Shaw, pop girl in Disc Weekly, & 3 cheers for Prissy's hirsute crucifixion) * bruised fruit. Earning fatter for cleaning the school than I do for disseminating knowledge, the fat bastard comes scavenging into the lockless room of a sunbeam & dust mote afternoon to announce the cleaning squad. Can't you see this pile of books? And what about these broken windows, tatty meshes, dirty walls, makeshift shelves you forkin' bungers of a lazy Malay beldame, eh? Don't you can speak to my like dat, wus speak to Mister Myburgh. As for the Big Man, he's beyond words: never so insouciant & uninsired, uninspiring man, at the top in yes life, uncle. Beetle-browed, physically ample, feet pointing outward, bending like a hunchback to endorse your sick leave, asking little & dammit all getting it; anything but a bulldog, sending round bits of paper to sign about this that or t'other thing: usually exams. Can tell you where to go (so-2- so House), who to see (why not try The Dept, Regional Rep, dislike these gentlemen myself but in the circumstances...), but ne'er lift
a finger if he can help it. Intellectual: the kind of geezer who needs to be behind a desk all the time to keep it between the two of you. A man in a job, not for it. At weekends every available minute goes to the Hobby: repairing cars. What did Rammie say? Piston Ring Club.

A cruel joke, perhaps, but genuine: M. would infuriate any dedicated man. With a jailed son & one of those big-boned Kimberley types, a prim wife who wouldn’t be seen dead in a public bus. Again, none’s the pity: a man certainly with an above average brain, even if like F.L. Erasmus & perhaps Paterson’s N.C. Fischer, the degree was gotten correspondence-wise. His niche carved comfortably for life, let the patient Meyer grow gray hairs on.

And the plucky blanches who stood up & fought from the back row never got to the point line: Dennis Brutus kicked out for wasting his energy, now in the bag of God. Harry Tefta mercifully & R.I.P. opted out via a brain haemorrhage. Philip Oosthuizen grabbed his pen & boozes with juveniles like Gorilla May. And a cocky pipsqueak in an easy chair, to bungle on endlessly. Go west, young man.

Not oily, no. Just petrified, those who have to stay. Not in my time shall that land be free. Elsewhere points destiny! quickie now! whispers the bird, & I listened, later to tell why. Meanwhile, of what remained, some words.

Arthur Renze, social studies. Smallish, sharp-featured, not dynamic, but competent. The Alabama’s other drinking places where help-not-being-on a reasonably decent basis is easy will the likes of you: talk of sport or violence, angle for women, get rosy; take home your pay & sit tight in your spirit—mind what cause you’ve hit your groove & the grease not too gritty: your wheel runs blithely, boy, only your wheel ain’t turning. Big Brother is never on holiday, isn’t he ever so vigilant & devoted. But he gives you plenty, he’s a good man. Aw, he’s not too bad, look at New Brighton & those poor spooks. Sirv Moodaley, W.P.’s sidekick (ex) who
got mad when I never turned up for a farewell party; too much like a swansong, sorry about that. Suave, polished, gleaming dark Argyll in an impeccable pure wool cloth with purple buttons & black elastic-sided Chelsea. Will Sopyah Muthian, their banana Pontiac obscuring the street so I couldn’t see Miss Hiles passing the gate. Nevertheless remembered for Mercy-inspired (how she ruled she thought, they sought a venue & she exacted her price, the thread bitd) parties which one knew could never turn into a spontaneous Bacchanals.

Memo: Helen Smith in rainbow angora one night, game girl preferring the back of a 34 ton pick-up van when she couldn’t had front, then the bottles of booze from Peel Road drive-in which was one of the salutory features of weekends & holidays in P.E out of which later developed mild estranging squabble over five bob. In typical Frenchie style I misjudge the way the wind is blowing & angle myself with The People. These two chis have this Payne girl & another in an easy-vitae string & will Helen who was really very nice about my indulgence (ugh! Petzel take me for a 1000 years) set up by the blaze of rather damp willow branches with the potables flowing over scorched chicken & all, Notes burst out lyrically (a raucous lyricism is to be excused as Boswell would say I imagine of Dr J.): Beatles, the Big People, Siva onq Harold’s one-string guitar. And will these two groups also of an insidious tension builds up. What lasted for me after the fiasco of brewleis was the girls tenacity of purpose: don’t SPEAK to me when drunk! Result of sedation: a Sunday repentance which for anybody but Joan wouldn’t have got off the ground at all: an authentic, deeply-felt despair & disgust at always managing to hurt other people where they seem least vulnerable.
It seemed, or seems now, certainly, an off-shoot of my originality passion. To dig out the truth becomes a religion, whoever it may hurt, or is it that inability to be content with half-knowledge, & by association, failure to be negatively capable. Reader, see the self-disgust in

I lie down, smelling my feet.

I C. O. X. liked it without really getting to grips with it. A brief affinity gave it life. Resolutions about away from Joe Intaka & his cronies, asceticism, a turning-point after mid-year & hearing of Jesus. I was going up & telling myself to make no mistake about it; she sounded pleased, also wanting out. So, of course, was gone already: never to be forgotten. Shall it be noted impersonally then that four birds exhibit the remarkable one attractive feature: quiescent natures which my being wants to draw fire from in its cesceplastic pilgrimage. I mean a better not sounded which is nevertheless THERE. Paradoxically, the least attractive is the most beautiful & satisfying, & ironically most distant. No, you need not guess;

I sit here delving into origins & effects while her kindness is for all. Geistl, one reads in the New Statesman of which, the Jesus G.C.R. takes a copy, Geistl suffered one of these agonising relationships. So did Keats, afraid to offer his Fanny a crust. Existence through a critic unkindly but perhaps trenchantly speaks of the sensuous boy's romantic immaturity (visions of La Belle Dame Sans Merci?). Yeats in his mellow years regretted the gifted Maud Gonne with poignant sorrow & W.S.H. had his Dark Lady crisis. I'm in everybody's bag, here. Be tortured on the heart's rack, you half-Semite bastard, so the gods can have their satisfaction. Are let driving me nuts: precisely why I finger the dark for your wan love, boonsions.

Words: how I told her they are liars, each one.

Too detailed, not cutting away the inessentials, again. The passion: to catch every nuance, milking situations, nursing symbol clusters for a
rusty truth. Can she ever tire of my weary gall about reality. Try to toughen up this week will Xmas looming & an empty flat. If I can resist an strong impulse not to pursue the hungering desires for liquor & an odd bird from secretarial classes happening in the Turf, how much more then not to communicate, to shut down the station or at the least to warp the wavelength, so she has to prop blindly like me sometimes do... I have travelled too far together. She shall remain mute until the bell in my court, maybe abandon the game. I should say “match” — is it? Numbing doubt in the brain that seethes: at the back of everything floats apprehension in a sea of speculation — how shall it be with you once here. In a never-ending stream I keep on and then came George. Aubrose, your fine red & black silk tie occupies a revered hook behind the door of Room 1, Staircase 2. You suffered a breakdown of the frayed nerves, dear Georgie. Brought me genital balm (Tong-chinese tiger springing in the new year & with open-ended Noelleen Solomon I wish you a very happy Xmas serene), you brought brandy, gin, sweetmeats, photographer, reporter, mad wit, moral support, a graduate primogenitive, ardent revolutionary sobbing at the table over irretrievable sins against Verwoerd & Vorster, a thou alumnus Belwilliensis, boy!! Never shalt thou enter Oxford poeg-eyed, or not like a dog will paw in air shall Regents batsmen ever be given out again. Introvert, unhappy background with passenger father, irresponsible brothers, hard-working mother. Undiplomaded, to be rudely thrown among amorphous masses of amoebic adolescents, oh, but fortune frowned hard dame. How many times have I put an Owen Haupt or Brian Barratt over the wall, when you merely dismissed them from memory. Yet clings the leech to thy spirit when my mind is moving in stratospheres!
Seeing a known man on a Sunday bus the morning after, you take his precocity to be a blithe hangover. Even the night punctuated by his extrovertly pungent learned discussions is not taken amiss: we are lulled by the sleep of generations & the social overlay into questionless acceptance, masking only in memory the exaggerations. Then to my desperate idleness leaps that Cape Herald Van escapade, a Chinaman's gun pointed at the sweet lifers, & an innocent episode underlines the fact of a very thin line between madness & sanity: we look for what? After clandestine cell-formation, (Ambrose George: Elsies River branch) comes the round-up shock. Somebody with electrodes at his genitals blunts it all out & the game is up. Neville Alexander of German scholarship fame, a brilliant doctorate on Hauptmann: talent on ice for so many years. Fiskele Bram put away for 15. Your hot tears flow from the lacerated inside. Marcus Solomon tells you of their fat dossier stamped Ambrose G: 0; how many more hours till the squad car squeals in front of the cracked walls of your place of work?

You get up in the muck of a winter morning, pulling on your shirt, will it be today? Why food, breakfast, good morning mom; love, feeling, concern? Isn't it all over... Yet the heart cries not & the soul moans. Flowing back from the cold coffee... One night, two, five times with a girl at near-dawn discussing bright tomorrows, the Elsies River east growing redder & the bursting sun then flushing the sand hollows & time to resume the temporarily dreamy. The house must be cleaned; college for your tribe on Monday. Resolution—destroy!

For what but destruction, I say it as brothers on the outside would. DAB's story told at high school about the notorious Treason Trial which dragged interminably on. The political net went wide, & roped in the cream of the black crop: a plethora of fertile suggestions about the
foolproof method of dismantling the Voortrekkers Monument, Pretoria: symbol of all that is loathed about the despised and powerful People. Destroy or dismantle: a matter of time. There's no choice, really. Who would not go with Conrad when he asserts that no one of us in this world would prefer to rot rather than to burn. The all-consuming flame, the flesh's salvation, Flame of Godly humility burning steadily; flame of social participation, you being here to make shed a little light on everlasting darkness, flame of the phallic to perpetuate the flame. The three-tongued burning of a vision: in this let me be ever steadfast, O father, 'old Artificer'—vide Joyce. Let Dedalus journey, Circe permitting.

Yesterday, today, & tomorrow. Mondays' grammar & Tuesdays' setwork. All the time thinking of you, who must be saved & must come to safe. Or always & forever shall I watch the baby being stoned to death. Indignant Edward Bond. Do not make a stone of the heart.

To tell much more needsoodles of paper, acres of patience. I yet do not ask for your indulgence to set me free. That way, madness in a growing soul. But bear with me, I shall show you miracles on this island so full of delightful sounds & sweet thoughts.

Dismissing after perfunctory perusal the follies first, for the rice are many. Durban Rd, then no. 239. This the letter to you which may never be read, but the fact remains is that I wrote early telling of comfy arrangements we had come to. free boarding & lodging, though later with the likely we more inform there came a quid for the washerwoman. What kind of man, this Lawrence? Strapping, Karate-keen (he got me in with Mackay Termynson & some of their staff for a few weeks—but part of my life is woefully unpaid, commitments unmet), confident
& often cock-sure, good to his frail eating-like-a-bird wife, sleeping in bivouc secure in the knowledge that he had taken her there firm

with the kids, mover behind the scenes, a committee man (E.P. Rugby Union

from which he apparently appropriated ample funds for house building, golf;
school bodies; ratepayers group; charity - Kleurling Dove Club as off-

shoot of all-White Rotary with Bhana, Vuney & other Indian luminaries of

mammon standing) of prominence with a bent, a decided flair & in fact a

penchant [pron: show: decided taste or inclination] for brinkmanship & no
doubt practised in one-upmanship. Balding, barratier-blagidered, he adored to relax

in his lounge, kicking his shoes sandals off & donning shorts. Carries a gun

for the things swarming in the backwoods of Gelwoodale where no. 5, Hill-

crest, stands towering like a concrete & glass colossus among an incredibly

squalid & drab & God-forsaken sprawl of two-roomed economic housing

shacks: the heart of Katanga & its worst ethos of knives & petty gangs

(vide Big Brain & the Naughty Boys) in dirty bandannas flapping from foreheads

& swinging from low-shung pockets.

The bargain was this: I should provide son Noël with the full benefits

d of my learning. This afternoon chore after a sweaty days work became a

sad chore: the bloke was morose, suspicious, obtuse, self-willed. Rather dash down

Durban Rd in the red Zephyr 6 than appreciate Oliver Twist. Pitt, Johannes-

burger & Gelwoodale High chief gave books scurringly, but then a subsequent

inspection at the school where good men like Gordon Fennaker had been denied

the post brought out that Pitt was a Slab frequenting a notorious shebeen day

with some of his staff, the Shep house's doyen, in fact. Somebody got the boot,

that time for sheer irresponsibility, Messel was demoted. But on. This guy was

the most after one had tussled valiantly with the inadequacies
of other little sizzling (will triva) brains like Goessain Kamisto or Yogambal Pathen's or Gasieou Brown's or who have you. The other kids, Joyce - the sexy little young one who was found going to beaches 
& houses when she should have been in school; given a hallam's hiding by the indignant Lawrence, Zita. A frivolous sprite, rather likeable, very capricious. Miss Bailey. Joan, comes to teach. Willie's piano every 
week, to the extent that on Tuesdays supper must wait for the lesson to end. Since feeling is first. 

Pulling out at this time, so successful the obstetria & sacrifices that the little charming silver ring with the square green centre stone 
acquired from Johannas - one summer would have seemed too large 
for my little finger. Exercises in the morning, ma with my glass of milk 
(even this formality dispensed with in the assumption. Not only solids 
still hunger pangs), teaching 8.05 - 2.00 without a drop or crumb 
passing the lips. You work better, the hollow in the body & the flowing 
saliva make you feel so much a man. Go off tea & sweet drinks 
completely. Then one Sunday in Gelvandale drinking sweet wine with 
Alan Rouscan the developing albino - boom! Weight up, fingers thick, grey 
blossoms all over a distorted face: so much for resolutions - let it go 
says my nature. What would she think to see me now, you wonder. 

All this must have been said somewhere else. And since this is an 
Oxford notebook, time we get along So 

Frieda van Vuuren came along & I knew again this was going to 
be it. But because of the fascination of the battered Volksie. Shall I ever 
forget that crack in the windscreen running further with every jerk of 
a ludicrously noisy engine, & the mechanic never at home? Gert
Hendricks & barren wife, tippling Gerard with your boorish countenance.

Mary Whitbread dumpy & virginal, advert for universal suffrage—here you are all unceremoniously lumped together & let the unwholesome obnoxious charivari proceed; for the illustrious end of his chapter is to be that Helena's spread-eagled plump ass on Ian's throne of white & black enamel: English doors so rarely locked.

For in the foursome, & for all the brandy we put away in such prim company may congenital angina pectoris nevermore burden him with Livingstonian inefficiency on Fridays taken from Spring Industries. To thee also, comrade, in dear friendship, I extend greetings from the Pierian springs nocturnally! To Summerstrand beach, where on moonless nights I lay in backseats between thighs creased & hard with age, not wanting consummation for all the world. No D.H.L., no Frieda: no love, no sin, as it were. To fruits of the country, sweetmeats, mince pies, millions of Rigo peans, to balderdash, poppycock, eyewash, & indeed to all birdshit conversation with intention intrigue; to Orion, illustrious huntsman of the firmament, to Triton wreathing his horn in the briny deep & old randy Neptune with a trident pose in the nether's undercurrent, to my aged mother in the second earth, to Apollo the golden lyricist singing of it in a magical transfiguring after-moment when they have all gone into Vaughan's blessed light but into outer limbo where the same people live; to mad wild sessions at Boeta Ball pad of orgies where Noelen's orgast was most fully frustrated by a preceding womb-scape & the Big Head himself complained of shaving numbers after draining too many opiates in the downstairs Son-of run by Afrika & his gawbling syndicate; to a dry wedding at level Road where I thirsted with Frieda but didn't know of the fray yet: to all I say hello & to all goodbye!

Must be mentioned, also, Fugard— that blood-knotted dynamo of tongue
A good cheer & just bloody lovely drinkmanship.

A further point of friction with Erasmus was his old friend Werner. George & Fan Groitzscher had this East London thing & they shuttled up & down from Cape Town. George would let his Beagle be contacted from Bellair's phone & boom! would go everything. Wildcat schemes about orgies as if I had all of the p.c. female population taped. The old brown Borgward Isabella (such CARS!) would rattle & drone & Fan would moan & fume endlessly about his Griqua lawyer's drunkenness & inefficiency: here's a bastard who could easily pick up 100 quid a day doing buggerrall & what is the result? Hell, so you as die Föken jong sy sé oop maak hoor jy "Where's the Limosin bottle? Jesus, ek't nog woor so in doonse drommelap in my lewe ontmêre wie, het jy al, Dick?" George, impermeable improviser, wherever you may be at this given moment, 3.30 a.m. 23, whether or no yellow jaundice has carried you & thousands of Limosin empties & pheno-barbels into forgiving oblivion to which your face was turned in those sleepless high-pressure nights, sweet cantankerously Blande-clapping George, George of the Athlone attorney's office, brilliant George Werner of Wynberg Magistrate's Court fame, bane of officials & cracker of interminable blue jokes, Geo ("dink jy dan ons is kaffirs!" - baboons) of the scintillas ting memory, may thy days be filled with the nourishing distillation & a boiled egg or two, courteous Geo of the frizzy top & Cornelius George of contacts to burn, Werner the dean with Wheatley the manager of my lovely C.G. Werner B.A. whose true testimonial may have been so decisive. George & smiles knowingly while uncle Dick pours another & Nestje ready's himself ravenously for Mrs B's massive meal. So
were some of the bleary blue Mondays occasioned: a shirt in a satchel, four samosas for lunch. Sleep at the widow's, I once I almost shelled out R50 to buy a share in E.L. Company. Mistake or felicity?

Fane's Strand business was going bang but he knew his onions, nr so it seemed until I saw him operate one morning with the bookkeeper Pillay in a very crowded patio room all ledgers & documents. Mr Adonis has a sheep farm near Bredasdorp. They lose it all gradually in various ways: jiggering, jumblng, drink, ill health, pernicious legislation, lack of educational background, inability to cope. They lose it all, & their sons grow up in cities & leave the soil untouched. They become comfortably entrenched, get hitched to girls either of circumstance or social standing; bring up that a generation which can never know the quiet scope of a weightlessly clambering spider among wheatstalks, or a jail but surpassingly beautiful instant of insight. Kinsella in Encounter for Jan.'66 - how that swings.

The new house in Gleemoor may never be built, but if it is and I think, Fanie & Johanna are well provided for due to the foresight of Solly K, goatish advocate & poacher into affairs. And the virginius Blende: well, a woman of that calibre will never be at a loss. Enterprising girl, do you agree, Ma Bailey?

On one of these jaunts quite accidentally was Carol collected & whisked away: when comes one of these stark drunken moments I bungle. On a summer strand sand dune the truth is bared in the salt air. Do I just HAVE to tell her right there about the incompatability; that she's a stopgap for the running some of lust & with the others just here for a time, able to go to hell? Why, sir, you have sorely abused me. Then the marvellous glimmering tears. Whoever comes runs far & hath not mercy on a woman's pearly tears, the devil punish with diabolic tortures! I cannot take you
home, honey; I aim to swing with the crowd. So Carrie saves a bad situation altogether; soon again we are joined, no hard feelings, then? It's all right, only for a time. Has she realised it from the start, that her lover is here but for a year because vida Trini Lopez the cost of love's too dear? The very resignation is perhaps the great leveller in the women I have counted & adored & may turn out to be the saving grace of the woman who is my lost half: that gracious readiness to be content with her searching wanderer who will come to drink deeply at her ultimate spring & quench his aching loneliness. Glad I am that it is instinct: she shall never know it, for once must be enough the first time when love at the lips is touch as sweet as she can bear, & never be it enough. Meanwhile, the woods are lovely dark & deep.

The C.T. trips are legendary. At March-end by Cresta in the company of Myburgh's two ageing ladies which included that Gloria Brinkman piece-de-resistance from Beverley Lounge & the grand babies in the bath jumble at the end where I little teacher in Bontehuwel was taken, & the worm fed sweetly, grazing on the lips & straying lower among pleasant fountains & sweet bottom grass of our lying youth. The utter euphoria of post-act fascinates me: here lies your little fairy animal now curled in your man-breast, without a hint of self-consciousness you touch her & you feel she is you, you are the one real thing among images, reflections, whispers & echoes. Sense of fulfillment? — I might plea that the words are inadequate. Cigarettes are tastier. Air is alive with a strange newness, objects assume meanings so freshly benevolent, new relationships appear to open into the future: there I am quaffing milk in the dawn,
arguing nightly with bus conductors, losing my way through Green-
haven happily: a man now for all seasons. Not all roses, however, as
a thumb in the door jamb proves: didn't she tell me to be good? Then
(behind the!)

Contused (prolapsed, said Eustace Roman) haemorrhoids, 5 days later the
muddy berry drops into the pan & ther she blows, moving nicely away
from Erasmus-Basteman's flash table meantime.

In the interim Max P. my stepfather passes on: a heart attack away
from home. I should mourn on a cottonwood pad, by god! Mom in straitj,

since this is going to blur things a bit: I'm not sure whether the
records been set straight, let's pause for a fag while again I must accuse
myself of too much deliberation, looking too far into the sea.

There is a rather imperious Betty (mom with them after Vivien's husband
is linked to death in his own front yard) goading me away from books for
I am very conscientious & careful to impress at this stage. Come round & talk
to me sometimes, in his off-hand way. The complent golfer with his Renault 403
& tight-fisted swing from an antheap back of the railway track, caddies in
proliferating attendance for the fringe benefits. Katy Cavalla cork-tipped & preg-
nant (again?) Gents to the embattled rescue at 1 wth 'tjea dear tee!' Eggs
pissed thick as soetes on Sunday, & have I considered the pros & cons of
this new move. First best lay foundations, man. Why all this learning? Queens
had we been set up in dagga-soaked Katanga, who would have written for
my guardian angel such above-average & often splendid lyrics as Third Person
Away So Far Indeed, the Chelsea Set? The gods have sent me into these outer
worlds to search out that lost half currently under the name initials J.C.,
but (deservedly?) due for a sea-change into something rich & strange. Should
I have ended rather on something in the nature of Ode To A Punctured
Spike, Being Embroilments On An Unfortunate Township Incident, from an invalid's bed? For one woman who bore me, to whom I can at best be an emotional juggernaut & a material crutch, or as I envisage it through Apollo for one woman who must bear with me wine, & through her all, the whole which however I roar against & wittily disparage & taunt I am inseparably part of? Rada Naidoo had point in his long-since remark that the bane of our society is its retrogressive pattern—are we going to make up our minds to inject new life, or is it going to be a repeat formula: propping up an ailing existence & eking it out with occasional blood transfusions while under a broken wing a new life is taken in & there's a general hoping for the best? Quien sabe? But I have decided, the decision until further notice is irrevocable.

There is F.L. & there are plenty of other people informed by him of a prodigal son's flagitious behaviour, probably now propping at the mouth & green at the gills. The break came when they thought they had it all boxed up, now joined with a joint, little sinful wayward Susie kept an eye over & protected from rapacious & narcotic little thinks, piggy banks & post office savings book booming: my dear people, won't you look in for tea; woman tells teacup fortunes, you may be diamond lady with sweet tears: all so bloody perpendicularly out of Jane Austen—don't TELL me!

I told Joe I take the rest, but I don't know what he's done to his B.A.—a case for being wary of the fellows with the robes & accoutrements. Good perhaps for jesting on, telling Carol in the locked room with the key in a pocket the graduation story—then stuffing her full of goodies at the appropriate moment of academic orgasm: ooh. Briefly, that the emotional leaning on me hurts: so limited are the stocks that in these tense days with the
Bomb hanging all over us it is difficult to see how anything but a pooling of spiritual resources can make a relationship work. All fell wide of the mark, I remember discussing the case of Jimmy & watching the look of enigmatic blankness suffuse his shiny ebony skull.

The picture of a solo suffering woman is rather pathetic because she is loyal, humble, reverent, God-loving, law-abiding, hard-working & maybe most important she has had a rough ride all along. Tragic in that she wants to give love more than anything, through some fatal quirk her right-hand son is unable to reciprocate it. The picture of her pulling out her best for my friends on that fab. '64 day-trip, her going through rain, her coming to after me for her happiness: o God! & even as the words are on the page it seems I would rather have this part of the past wiped out or neutralised somehow, as if the hurt on both sides is enough now. Even in this crisis of doubt & scepticism I pray that all may go well with her, that something happens which will enable me to alleviate the distress she must be going through with Susan on her hands. By herself, yes, she would make it more of that I am certain. But not with the weight. For the girl one would wish better. She shaped up well at first, but a spoilt child rarely survives; yet given half a chance she would have leapt that hurdle as well. Never a hope: victim of circumstance & easy living. But not to be unkind. May God deal so that she finds her way in life: with her my thread is rather more tenuous.

In the name of the Father, Son & the Holy Ghost: after all, my creed whatever I shall say hereafter—thus let it stand, & immediately inside here flows a fresh surge of confidence. Safely, then, through the mountains; this passage has been painful & the bankrupt sale watch which I picked up at a 1961 sale is nudging 6 a.m. Such hours have we spent to chronicle the trivial & not so trivial: out of close the gold of years. How hours ago the flesh was aching.

In there then, the pattern drooping (or marking rather) this one life—I mean that in her reply to my one perfunctory note after 2 months of England
She can scrawl on the tattered aerogramme in her hopeful misery: 
happy times my son & hope you had a great birthday. This great 
ness of spirit, magnanimity, charitableness, call it what you will: has 
it been the illuminating facet of the diamond, the rainbow sparkle through 
which rich beams of my soul have shone? The charming ability, no, 
the lovable instinct to turn & smile, sweet though in sadness? Questions 
& questions at the crack of Oxford dawn with a gas fire low & warm. 
How shall I find it till you are near... you tall & graceful spirit, 
administering angel through my serpentine moods & emotions, it all. 
Kedett trip to C.T. for a lack told & retold: 36 hours of rof-
ticking bliss that May weekend. How many brandies can the naur 
sustain? It seems we drank & drank, but never of course to match the 
terrible quartet of mid-64: four minds shall not forget a whirlwind 
& maelstrom effect of incredible hubbubbing virtuosity — a bedtime story 
to make UpSpring proud of dad's wild-outs days. Gladys Fischat, a spoilt cat, 
Margie demanding sex imperiously from a plastered Lex, Noeleen nonplussed 
& empty as a spent cartridge, Noties out for the count—— enter Joe to say 
"buzz off", the most famous last words Clare St. is likely to hear in many 
a moon. Then morning, cheque & change, mothers & sons again, going to Durban? 
Snitty Joe bursting in with the glutinous threads all over his tweed, & to 
trip it off a puncture in a dimming pass; to come back spent & face an 
immediate eviction: goodbye to all that & now the turning to Sad, the 
spy who loved me, with a vengeance featured so prominently. That revel broke up 
some two months later with news of his Knorstad beldame's impending arrival, 
but meant rather to be the spanner im me works: I had certainly set 
the poor boy more on edge than he thought possible. The figure
move back into memory, some shuffling almost unrecognisably, others as
minty as the day of arrival: Ray Townsend & wife Lorraine whom I
imagined I could send up, just as I imagined with the girls from
Ruddy's shoe store (Miss Vanboom, if I may call upon your worship, Geo.
Werner) & recently the Turk barmaid with the send-off sinness. Cheese & shad
polyony, cigars (Rutineester Juniors) & brandy punished. The topic? E.P. Cement
will Joe's super job & Ray's studied suave candour. A trip to in-laws Blundens
once so nearly catastrophic, but that first night, that première à la Joe's
could've been far worse. George Bennett & cronies, where are you hiding yourselves...

Raven-haired Helen, your face of dusk would never have launched a
1000 fishing smacks or even 10 skuitties out of the Swartkops River cony
but suddenly there was I & you were around to hear of Milestones. Go along
tight & get close to people then you reasoningly find they have their own
griefs of the heart — the one inaccessible, one ungraspable point of affinity.
Intelligent, informed, perhaps more so than your dear cousin (ouch! & help!), but
didn't I tell you NOT to speak to strange men? Good while it lasted: you shall
be in Zambia soon, girl, & onto Canada, there you are.

That night in the small hours so dragged that I crawled into the
kitchen & my blind torpor heeded Mother Nature's call on the kitchen floor:
Nolke, then slumber in kitchens. Realising (stench was horrid & heady, god we
sleepers awoke) the flame pas, I scooped the excrement in its thick brown
geobett into the kitchen scoop & did a double-quick cleanup, pants fall of
dry manure strands (what had I eaten with all that brandy?) the day
after I washed it. Laugh, Uncle Joe, laugh baby. Soon after that came my
third C.T. jamut. This time, disenchantment, George posing on the bed a Blendi
displaying displeasure too often. A barren, jejune show, this one: empty
stages, Francois out of town. There were Raymond & Ian Erntgen to compensate. Unprevious moments, no real gemlike flames burning. The wandering jew returns to the welcome fold. And to Carol, back for a one-night stand, ending with an almost comical nullity. For her that hour in a room must have been astoundingly wearisome, yet she was loyal to the end, parting with "thank you for a charming afternoon."

The Moshokos party — again fiasco but with great beneficence, chicken & booze, at Manis Pathers. There the break & then the creeping loneliness of months of waiting. I had known just after the C.T. return of the award & set my face toward Jesus from the start; astonishing the energy I poured into the effort with grim determination. For I knew then that I wanted out, there could be no other way. For knew it alone for some time. With the women, you hedge & stall. Timmy proffered every assistance. Toan was confident, so outrightly assuming the passport a fait accompli that it was ridiculous, hey! Courage & encouragement from many sources, but as time moved nearer, the gradual estrangement from friends, aunt Sue Syce's quidnuncy "Nee Arthur, dig yaan net clear annekeant om 'n Wit meid te trou!" — Danny Williams can vouch for this, can't he not.

Ressign Leave granted after quibbling, then passport problems which a few visits to Robert Fischut, Klaudingeraadslid, which left me pounds poorer & frantic telephone calls to Pretoria set right. Tell Mr N on behalf of Mr F, in the bag. How much Liebie had not gone down this drain god alone knows. The Greens saw me more than it would care to acknowledge. And then there were the letters: my God, a small fortune in postage fees — Gavin Williams (Stellenbosch matured); W.P. Negen (Fort Hare vintage) whose curriculum vitae was the turning of the screw on a past already fading away;
Mr J.C. Christie, friendly chief; Senior Tutor; Tutor for Admissions; William Son & Burrow; passport correspondence; tax settlements; General worries via contact; desperate cabledrams (one £1 at least redeemed of Nat): all the international Smallpox & yellow fever paraphernalia. And at the end of it, her in 4A Southfield Rd, Oxford, in front of a gas fire, solus in Macdonald's flat fit as a fiddle, having gone through close to 20 Gold Leaf cigarettes lit with Bryman matches, half ruling the cost of living, facing a comfortable shit & liking nothing better at the moment than a quick warming of the cold bed sheets, a bit fuzzy after filling innumerable pages of an 8/9 Spicers journal with a rather readable & he hopes, interesting scrawl — here at the end of it all with Xmas 2 days away & a trip to London in the offing, her sits KX4N writing away determinedly, glad in a way that money has not bought him love, but love is still to arrive, the moment looked forward to with great anticipation, & so, for now, vale.

The past shall not be dug up much further. Except that a prolonged period of idleness mesmerised me. Days in the all-white Victorian library chronicles in a p.e. poem, wine & roses of the flesh, ill winds in September & October '65, was it all working? Know how to deceive, men, but watch it now. The carnival is over.

With Largo I quaffed bottles of libertas Red to celebrate the fatherhood of a pal, Styles not selling G.M. Brown overalls any more or Ondies. And Francois Rousseau, where art thou now? Told me curtly not to let Englishmen shit on one's head. "I know he can be very polite & diplomatic," he said in his first communication from the bastioned apartheid country. Such great-hearted spirits in small brown bodies appeal to me & they usually have the wedding rings thrown in their faces when the unearthed graves fly out the door.

4/11/66 & I am back. Briefly, I didn't get Tim Lewis' lift
to London, took a coach instead & moved supremely into 44(b)
Bensham Grove, Thornton Heath, Croydon, to a real old S.A. welcome
from the Smiths. Martha (short, stout, bespectacled, loveable ex-Sunday
School at Sidwell's St James' of the poor life days), said James Do-
vidson from Canada is disappointed in her sons, here steps up a
lice homeboy from Jesus, Oxford who classically had come up the
hard way.

Greenville, young blade after only 6 years here, knowing the
IN crowd & full of young wilfullness in speech & action, he
says at the door after I'm from an essential Odyssey stop at
Lord Napier's on that corner, says "you must be Kenneth Novije".
So I am, with thanks to you, there is Clive Smith about whom I
remember he had a weak bladder & used to pee in the
quarried pews of good St Mark's Mission School a Crawford
St. - there now unshaven & unconcerned, back from a physics
course at a Manchester Technical college. The surprise is Mr
Albert Smith who used to work as White at General Motors,
that sprawling motor Corporation where I used to stand at the
main gate on weekdays with 25 Evening Post waiting for the
director in his lavish Mercedes who tipped you 4/6 & upwards.

Albert is congenial, talkative, helpful by suggesting I get
insured because English funerals are so expensive. His favourite
night is the one with Cyril Gabriels where they two chat up each
other on S.A. politics in a bricklayer's manner: tailor & storeman
letting off verbal tickety bombs. I was in once, & gave it stick.
I mos somma go my gumms blah blah, clear. The black cat
name is Eccles.

Both sons have English girl-friends, Linda is a refugee
Jewess with the thickest calves I have ever seen: unstable &
threatening to commit suicide after Clive & I return from Croydon because he's grown disenchanted & in fact loves a bird called Gill who I later to my chagrin find rather annoying when she asserts her little emaciated wheathaired self. She laurel with an irritating catch to her voice, between a choked gurgle & a gru's grunt, so niggling & imperious. Clive is ecstatic about this little silly bitch in a fatuous animal way:—query to be white for a black boy is the catch, to be smooth-grained & inaccessibly Nordic the trick?

I spent the quiet Xmas getting through 3 Bonds, savouring Fleming's dry satire (a Wilton carpet, X-ray eyes boring to the back of the skull of womanising James, the jetisoned Beretta making place for a PK Walther under the armpit after M calls in the ballistics & ammunition expert): every word of the informative passages. On gold for instance: a brilliant metal, valuable, malleable, ductile, stable in a world of rocking chaos & stock market foibles. Goldfinger, No, Casino. It can take me away from the one who sent two cards which I found on my return yesterday: a) Better late than never; Please accept my apology. Old Hot lips — so who pays any attention to the syntax of things will never wholly kiss you?

b) From me, To you. Is there anything that she wants? Just call my bluff & it's allright, yeh, now.

St. Paul's at T. Heath on Xmas Eve I entered with scotch under the belt as a buffer. Can I take the empty ritual of the pious fraud any more? Whiteley (Rev.) at Jesus Chapel had asked me to read John Five II-IV so many times, & what should be my attitude? Is there anything to replace the aged symbols? Bread of life & heaven on which we used to feed because it was meat indeed, or the
shining cup which could make the old ladies return down the isle stately & reverent with glory in their eyes? It took an hour to treat a thousand habitual communicants; I wondered whether the Smiths had gone backstage while we stood waiting outside at the end of the show, Clive bland & Linda looming. She bought me 2S Stuyvesants, Mrs Smith 2 pairs of cheap socks with orange stripe to show the toeline.

Consolation of hastily singing the immortal carols. They have a simplicity which strips the ritual of pretence & sets the Christbirth in perspective, a stark surprising quality — a cone all ye faithful, while shepherds watched. Though no longer are the shepherds faithful, though Dennis would go on believing in his ill state of undeserved restriction that divine destiny does justify all. Frank Landman in Eltham confesses to no such reservations. We all agree that it is wrong to sneer. Some find comfort & balm at this font, I let them therefore drink the blood & munch the bread or let the palate stickily dissolve it while the chalice comes wondrously — a free country where everybody has the vote, surely.

Haig Whisky is 70° proof, but I don’t fancy Albert’s task in wines: Curacoa, peach brandy with a stinging sweetness, & clozing liquors, sherry which is creamed & not fine, very dry & light & spirited like Amontillades. The dons have at their short sherry parties in Michaelmas Term or that you can sign the book for a bill to battels in the Graduate Common Room. Maybe I am imagining things, idealizing as in art again I told Joan writing to her from Burns’s Edith Grove, Chelsea basement flat when I spent Sunday night. The boys drink moderately, I only once I punished it. Better stay than expected, I must say. Grenville
took me round Soho & Regent Street, Trafalgar Square. Impressively vivid grass painting by Vincent v. Googh in the National Gallery just opposite Nelson's Statue on its high (bronze?) column looking out to sea in not timeless way. Turner is full of splashes of light, while Constable is the gloomy, brooding landscaper. Surprise Rat I said enjoy Turner more — in poetry certainly my taste is not light at all. Then up the Haymarket to Rayner's pub where we debated having lunch & settled for double Scotch & Diagonis instead (I was ordering a triple Diagonis with water on N.Years Eve when Clive & Gill — people are still people manage the annoying habits — wanted light ales & lemonade — such reserve?) At a Leicester Square cinema we took in King Rat with Segal, Fox & Courtenay & John Mills: rather good, directed by Bryan Forbes who acc. to the Observer Colour Supplement drives an £8,000 Mercedes & feels great about it. Man of talent, like Dick Lester, John Schlesinger.

Oy'll smash ya first mate befo' ya can smash me, says an irate stationmaster to a mischievous & half angry man in a trilby & mackintosh. We went by subway from Charing Cross to Victoria, where it's all above ground to the South.

Here meet everybody: the slender & dignitary Harry from Ceylon who argues sophisticatedly with his Brit. Guianese bird about the merits of coconuts & bananas. Bernard her brother wants to date Linda, the other girl who came along for Xmas lunch yawned & later insists she is NOT West Indian or Latin American, but emphatically Br. G. Meanwhile the stomach must be surprised to have so many edibles & potables stuffed into it: raisins, almonds, fruits, sweetmeats, curries, mango chutneys, pickles, roasted chestnuts, roast turkey, beef sandwiches, rich brown gravies, pickles of cauliflower & gherkins, oodles of spaghetti, rice, aap in 'n kooldaai, the works. Topped off with creams & plum puddings, iced cakes with their
stuffed black inards, coffees & teas, help! Antacids to be sucked to be rid of this cloying phantasmagoria, screams belly. You lie on your side so as not to puke. I think of you in the wrestling room's dark, reviewing the past I tempted to write which means going downstairs because there's weak light high in the ceiling & people at sleep.

Sylvia is Grenville's girlfriend & lives in Southend. Lower middle-class with a tatty skirt but preferable to shrill Gill, if at all. Grenville is found with queerly attractive attitudes, but the long night no doubt dissolves these: soon he must find, says his mother, which way he wants to go. Albert spoils the children by giving them everything, she confides catching me coming out of the bathroom. Why don't I speak to them & wield influence? If you only knew. Further, English girls jump at the chance of a non-W husband because they're treated so well. Do you know that English husbands never give their wives their pay-packets & spend their free time hobnobbing in the pub? Oh?

The box got its first concentrated attention from me. There were good things. The Epic That Never Was, the genius of Laughter in a Scene or two as Claudius, a seeming fool who thus fools others. Robert Graves, now greying & wildly donnish, putting on the knowing, very smile of experience & age. Emlyn Williams as Caligula who raised horses above men in a wildly psychopathic gesture. And there was Dame Flora Robson saying how she caked around a 200 lb. dress as a bejewelled Eliz. I of England — enough I should think to cause permanent lumbago without the joke about bending for cigarette butts.

What is yellow & goes has 2 paws? Answer: a pan-paw... & thoughts of Werner's mustachioed smile takes me back to where
I was on the point of paying my ticket to Oxford when the same day I had to rush to get my thing. How soon? Immediately, I said to the counter hand in his blue Airways uniform. That night a lightning telling of what's to come whether unsure or not the next day. Party of drinks at 41 Bealestone with Lor & Carrie. The luggage must not exceed 44 lb. Cumberbatch for Winston's cigarettes.

My last breakfast then after hurried letters to Jimmy, to Joan, where I quote from the Monk-Miles cover notes. A Love Supreme which I bought for Lor as a birthday present last unfortunately to stay unabsorbed. Then poignantly Ma Rousseau silently let the tears roll over her creased cheeks. Some moral in it somewhere, but this is the rush of the young, I think, the cruelty to be away when you think you can make it alone in the world. You are not aware that as she was saying you should start all your foreign enterprises with a prayer, it costs nothing (in Pascal's terms, you reflect... oh, yes, do that, but where's that taxi, taxi, TIME?)

Gertie gets lost in Newton Park. It's my mother's wrong grammar or not. I'm booked on the 12:05 flight to Johannesburg, Boeing 727. Carrie arrives, 2 women, tearless as I wanted it, see me swing onto the tarmac through the gates & up the gangway with sun for the last time strongly just off zenith. The country's weather moving into a booming summer, wind fresh, furling the flags on the balcony, my black bag over my shoulder & 5 Afrikaans-Lusianian bag dark blue in my tan clutches. I can smell how sweet I smell. So long to the land, not without nostalgia, for though all my piteous mercy felt fade away, not for thy failing shall my love so fall (Guido Cavalcanti, circa Dante). Then up & out of sight
The Orange River is a winding grey ribbon far below while we wing into Kimberley: this Afrikander is liberally telling me to be nice & kind to our country in my travels, & how are not we just all the same people though the room at the top may be shut for the moment. Do nothing till you cross the Limpopo.

Compliments & great service from pilots crews & those shapely air hostesses in their dove-grey uniforms. Charm school product says but surely you can’t go into there [toilet] NOW, sir, the plane’s about to touch down. Ok, so it is Johannesburg, De Smuts or Botla. I can’t remember. What to do now for five hours? Try the pub. So I do, getting Time & taking a haircut at five bob, all very international.

You walk around, watch aircraft come & go, look at the sea of metal in the parking bays, go back for a beer or rum saying it’s for you if I’m ever gonna give my heart away, Cilla Black. Then customs, money, changed at Volkskas, the health, people, endorsements. 7.15 is GO!

Boeing 707 is bigger, goes up before you know it but with a slightly unnerving jar of rubber & metal as the huge bird lifts herself off the tarmac & heads for the wellin. The pilot is saying in both official languages but gradually with a preponderance of English that we are now flying at 36,000’ at a speed of 660 m.p.h., it seems as if you are in your lounge with a scotch on the rocks. The food’s not bad except that it suffers from being too clean & hygienic in the spotless plastic plates. There are perfumes, cologne waters, powders, brushes & all mod cons in the toilet.
Below you glides the African darkness. All darkness is dark. Lusaka at the end of 1965 is a 45-minute stop where Portugese serve in the airport bar & those central africans with the ebony smooth skin, matted glossy hair & sloping strong-boned foreheads stand at attention in khaki briefs in the foyer. The airport is alive with lights, men service the machines which have to carry people into the outer world. We are doing our best to see you safely on your way: it seems to me now a nostalgic unspoken deeplyfelt love. Men keep our aircraft in readiness, nothing must go wrong; it is as if we are all become pilgrims of one sort or another, walking back to the plane as it waits to be off in the night again, searching her way in the dark relentlessly among swarms of spectating stars in Their fierce dispassionate brilliance.

Las Palmas for cheap shopping in trinkets & souvenirs. My ears have gone worryingly deaf: I hear my fellow-passengers' conversation dimly, the world of drowning sound seems faint. Cottonwood comes out of aluminium foil. Gonna be alright, I imagine. Las Palmas near-dawn: already a world apart. Alone on that seat stretched I myself out, disguising a fragile window porthole blind. Everything is taken with dignity & nobly quiet acceptance that we can't cross here or go in there because some of us have transgressed against humanity. (In the crew & the S.A. hostesses this becomes poignant). A flaxen-haired bintie from Potchefstroom was talking to me at Madrid & I thought of this. There was an excruciating moment when transferring the M/s. Tidion, he asked me (of my academic life) in which direction I was going! You feel sorry now for making them all out to be flaming dirty devils, supremacist bastards & apartheid pigs. You know them. You are growing up.
Sun rising in the air is impossibly beautiful, is in a word exquisite. The light rose & blood-red giants on the silver wing-tips & the pilot is saying you may have noticed the Ikeya-Seki comet to you left, but who's bothered anyway. There was the staunch rock, Gibraltar. I miss it from my side; remember how I got terribly scared of having a shit at Palmas because the aircraft might be moving any minute & those stodgy types were peering brightening up in the mirrors. (I did finally let loose the S.A.S. grub down the bung-hole, my God, it must have taken me less than 60 seconds, and no haemorrhoidal after-effects: you know, where you sit & press & groan woefully & half pleasurably until the hanging grapes retract & the throbbing subsides. Fold the paper double, never know what these wimpy scowling Portuguese are up to.)

The Spanish sierras are jagged & majestic through the cloudgaps. I just took cloud to be ground-snow, thinking 'boy, this is gonna be a tough winter & I'm barely out of one. Poor fool. Madrid has more flair in that steel & concrete & glass mass than most other places & Spanish girls have jet-black hair there, are short & masculine in gait & apparently in outlook. Result of an austere life? If these were hand-chosen, few of Spain's women can be really beautiful. Perhaps they have other qualities. There was more to buy here, but I dropped the idea of getting burdened. In a drizzle we took off, soon came Bay of Biscay & Tennyson's wrinkled sea crowning below our eagle. As usual, quipped the pilot, rain & mist at London, otherwise all right.

Below crept up on us the green fingers of country & the patchwork of brown & green fields, quite quaint. Fasten your seat-
belts; refrain from smoking—here comes Heathrow Airport. Hundreds of planes & people about, huge buildings & wet weather while the bus conducts us towards customs & health. I scan faces. No sign of a welcoming committee.

Declare anything? Genital balm (Tong, in you noer in!) is all. Chalk it, dad, so I'm swinging out, free & alive now. The place teems with turbaned Sikhs, Indians, West Indians, Kleinde - but nobody for me. What now? Well, look at it this way: England's been good to you, so be good to an Englishman. Taxi! To Oxford.

I settle back & swill Oudemeester in the exasperating traffic jams. Countryside in a most lovely blowing autumn at about 12:30 on a crisp morning with an indecisive drizzle & golds & browns of country leaves. The sidewalks are shone up with them. Tread softly on your cindered pasts. I think beautiful, you have arrived, 54 miles later. How much? Only 11 quid? Here, take 12. Sip of brandy? No? Right, thanks a million. There the black cab goes & I step into the porter's lodge roughly 3 weeks late. Senior Tutor comes up to my room with an initial cheque & £5 coupon book. Explains so on, & I run into Witten Nagan bearded & hollow - checked coming up the stone steps—"What the hell's happened to you?" he had written on a sheet. Not to worry, uncle, Nafije's around now, well away, he's gonna watch it now.

Saw Gavin in Trinity, led drinks, in top form. Party that night. winged with a chick from U.C.T. called Sandy Berman, hook-nosed & all. Prince sees me 2:15 next day: tall, gangling, dainty as he said of an Indian girl there also. In the morning Duncan Smith had taken me round college & down to the Isis, a softly flowing Thames, bear with me until
I end my song.

Emerging from New, not to be crucial but with you. That was for J.C. Pub, where this bloke slightly building was more senior than the rest of his crowd comes up on Friday evening Nov. 5th, takes my tankard & says are you joining us for a pint of bitter? What is this? He introduces himself as Ian Macdonald, & I meet the Dave Burtlett circle: Phil Garner, David Morris, Mancunians; a very lively lot, rauccous & uninhibited. Straight I swing into festivities (Guy Fawkes, god bless you! I pray fervently) having seen my Tutors during the week, Police settled, soap & handkerchiefs & boot polish & Brylcreem all in the bag is a 2/- Woolworth photo series off to correspondents. Green light is on, it's time to get sloshed & have a stash & a bash.

In the Roebuck we eat peas, lamb chop & chips which is going to warn everything from now on: 6/6. Started in Woolworth's & I'll end Anglo-Saxon, Dr Bateson notwithstanding. I came in through the back door at first, didn't I. Actually, next time I aim to let you in on the 13th secrets of successful noddenobbing at the Mitre Inn, alias The Turk Tavern, down the road off the Broad & going into the High. My bank, Westminster, was undergoing a facelift opposite the corner where this one-way street curves round a building. Jimmy's generosity went there, I am glad to say, if not all at least a substantial sum. It is time to make good the self-promises.

You learn to accustom yourself to many things. One new thing that didn't take a lot of getting used to was English bitter. The name is an epitome of the language's inner sincerity. It appeals, though Guinness (is good for you) is much darker & bitterer, forms a creamier froth & is stronger. Real Best bitter or Double Diamond or M&B (Marvellous Beer) is light brown & mild, filling & delicious on an empty stomach. In a new place you don't hassle over
prices (varying for a Tankard from 1/11 for awfully watery Three Flowers Keg at Notbby one night to 2/4 in some posh places in Soho) it looks ignorant & embarrassing. The trick is to take out a note or half a crown & check the second time. The first time I find myself smelling the atmosphere of the pub & sipping up the crowd & not looking at the change because how deeply I fear inadequacy or hints of cheating by the barmaid.

The Turf is a celebrated establishment. Jesus, Exeter & Lincoln lie in Turf Street, but there's no doubt that it's a Jesus Place. We have sing-songs there when rosy & it's all taken in great spirit. The Welsh are strong here: Daiydd Roberts has a habit of getting lingly sloshed & giving forth with a number which begins "Saucepan zwoah!" or something. He explained (or was it Rod Morgan) about the saucepans nailed up at Cardiff Arms Park— it's a moving drinking Welsh rugby song. The boys offer to buy quite freely, & I remember Francois warning me gravely that here nobody offers to stand you one you have to stand your own. Many such myths have been shattered, but then one can argue that Oxford is a city of bells, towers, colleges & drinking fraternities. A pint is the order of the day, but nobody overdoes it except maybe on special occasions like breaking up is hard to do where in Andy James' room up staircase IX we got raucous of an afternoon with Day Tripper in the background. Tim Edwards pounding an open lid off piano, Dave Morris getting glassy-eyed & baby-silly & beer being spilt & glasses broken. You open a 13 oz. Pipkin & the brown frothing liquid releases itself whoosh! with an exhilarating burst & there goes a good half-pint which is what a careful man must be satisfied with. Later that night in trooped Pete Jones, D.A. Barlett (he's the king in his serious way)
& the boys while we listened to Evans' Undercurrents. I was
to see Andy in London again, Middlesex, but didn't.
Some guys live in, like me, others are in digs, like Ian. The
average day: Scout wakes you at 7.50 for 8.15 breakfast: cereal,
toast & egg or fish or sausage, coffee. Newspapers (Telegraph, Times,
Daily Mirror which has 15 million readers since 1/3 of the pop. is
under 25 has just started a Big Crusade for Youth which I see
this morning a Cabinet Minister has applauded) which it is tempting
to read, but important to scan if you are to start off well
in the Meyricke or Bodley or Camera or Eng. Faculty. Round 9.30
you dig out books & get going on Wordsworth or Beowulf. Coffee
in G.C.R. is free, so, feel like another?

Lunch in Hall is by coupon, hot course or cold cuts. Miss
Jeanine Hunter, lovely & disturbing, has lunch there. Not bad. Usually if
not after something substantial, you go down \*TV\* into the pub where
you'll find a woman helper with soup & turkey rolls, meat pies, cheese
& bread. These sell quickly, so be fast. The group is usually there in
while Bill Hammond, grandson of presumpuous impotent retainer,
sews whisky in hot orange & schemezily calls you Sir! He's the
one who goes around switching all TV out of term & locking rooms,
& I wonder whether he doesn't steal college silver.

At 4 you'll find the Buttery opening to let the gentlemen
have toast & tea. Honey or buttered hot toast is sumptuous, but juttifying.
Then there's that awful sandwich spread which feels tastes like you're
having your full of vomit - ugh! I said to someone the English students
eat like ten kaffirs put together, each of them. That is why they
tend to be stocky, particularly their women? Birds, actually.
At 6:30 or 7:15 there's dinner, a formal affair with a
High Table for dons & luminaries, Latin grace against which
rival spirits rebelled in a recent J.C.R. meeting, silver chalices
in which you can get beer, 3 courses: soup/bun, meat cut or
chicken with green or roast or mashed potato or boiled, 1 dessert,
brown gooey college pudding with viscous syrup or cream concoctions
which appeal enormously to the bellies of a million hungry welshmen.
And boy, do they gobble it up; Jesus, they eat it away so it
just isn't true, you've got to scramble for yours. But hey, here
there are 2 Peter Donovan, Tim Warner, Viggo Hasson, Bob
Barnes & Richard Oberman & two others. The corner graduate table,
for technically we are all undergrads.

Donovan is like Barnes an Australian, & the two are worlds
different, not only distinct as mathematician (they say he's brilliant) &
theologian, but in humility & arrogance. If a man has something,
O.K. he can be haughty, but in private. Peter is so ridiculously su-
percilious, coupled with a croaky Australian accent like Sydney
cockney his disdain is noisome to many, they pity him as a mixed-up
kid when he looks up suddenly through his spectacles with a bland
suspicousness (I like that!). He reads Punch & makes precious,few concessions to old dear England & refuses to touch kippers.
"What's that stuff?" he said at breakfast one morning. Find out,
pal. Bob is quiet, helpful (I wore his cap to Matriculation in
the Sheldonian Theatre last term; I had his white bow-tie, one of
those Oxon. absurdities) humane, unfussy. He's in a college house in
adjoining Ship Street.

They like me; others ask 'What S.A. is about, but as I
said to Mac. — no better knowledge than first person, concrete. To realise what turpitude & violence you must be on the spot. How can I explain you get knifed to death for a cent? Or explain Blankes Alleenlik, Slegs Vir Blankes on a park bench. Donovan is self-righteous about Australia's role in Asia. With his well-bred sensibility Robert would never understand apartheid in practice. It's that way with the emotions too. Felt experience sprouts from real contact, love is steeped in a flesh & blood affinity, an indispensable nearness in the absence of which as I said in separation you are totally strange & alienated & only find perhaps the loose threads & the wasted grains — the fabric becomes untouchable in both ways.

I had supper in the Rustic Grill with Ian one night, a nice Madras duck curry, though the first time I went there they served an execrable oily omelette as if to say we specialise in Indian food & you can eat English elsewhere. Great bloke, Ian, everybody says. For some reason they adore him here; I'm not sure I do that. He drinks careful half-pints, is scrupulous about money & goes out with Jeannine, Alan Rogers with her secretarial pal. (From Penzance, incidentally, Alan sent me his Cornish Xmas card, warning about the penalties of overindulgence over the period.) American boy, tall & expressive.

Viggar is Pakistani, tee-totaler, gets plenty of letters from home & interests himself in the quibbles & whims of the table members. "You look sleepy, Artur," he chants like the Indian quarter-tones, meaning "Ye poor bum, been boozing again." If one cannot rejoice about his joie de vivre, at least one cannot object to its absence. He seems self-sufficient enough, & so does Richard who is on his Eng. kick with me. We see John Burrows together on Fridays, which reminds me that
right now I should be beating hell out of Dream of The Rood, am rambling right round the bend.

Richard is open, witty, intelligent, not free-thinking, however. Through the delicious quips he is very much rooted in English tradition, smokes a pipe, likes sherry, has a degree from London School of Economics. A fine travelling companion, but a bit edgy about perceived competition. He wants badly to criticise a coming essay for Jack. But you know the old Nokes — never to be flustered beyond a blush of recognition. The poet is objective, too vain to let pass anything of himself which he finds is trite or threatens sentimentality. All battles with the prodigal irresponsible self must be private. Do not disturb. Will you say with others that this is strength of character? You do not know that I am hell-scared of ghosts, poltergeists, avenging gods & other malevolent spirits of nightshades & the deep, my friend. To be lonely during the day is bearable (Hemingway vide The Sun Also Rises). But at night it's a different thing.

Were it not for Bob, I'd be strongly tempted to stand up & shout in the second quad where they'd fine you fiver bob for every step on the grass: pommy bastards! There's this other bloke with the fat face who hogs grub at supper & is smug as a Cheshire tommie, the shifty sonofabitch. Moer moer moer & Scram—boom boom boom.

Robert v. Reenen's sprawledwood has really become the rage for a time in the college pub, my signature tune, as it were. Do they pick up your mannerisms & hold you like an insect under the glass? A way of rapprochement, by the way; I do believe that I made friends by some business of personality rather than patronage. Mr O'Connor who manages the Tui thinks so, & Tony the slender cockney barman. Not that it bothers me one way or another, just — interesting to find out little things
which indicate a modus vivendi or a modus non moriendi, to live or to die, & the method.

Out of term you go & eat at night: at the Welsh Pony serves very reasonable food at very reasonable prices: sausage, 2 wedge, chips heaped with everything at 4/6. Or in the Tum you can get a ham sandwich at 1/-, scotch roll (boiled egg surrounded by mince with breadcrumbs) at 1/6 which is a bit expensive, a cheese roll for 10d. Or Long Johns, home of the long-haired.

Prices may vary ± people change, but so far I like it very much here. You can be anonymous if you want to, you can go to Soho ± upstairs to the models leaning out of tenement windows if you wish to rediscover the secrets of what Leitch will ground earthiness called the tortuous labyrinth, I chortled when he said in a letter he had visions of Norrie pursued through the dark college grounds by a venerable ghost, the flesso of pink gin awash in my gatsak.

One could say much else. There is Mr Hall who once you downed a bitter with him of a Sat. night would send you extra blankets if you needed them — short, thick-set, dapperly bespectacled. There are the two Frees, porters ± better distributors to pigeon-holes. In N16, sweets ± that's just dandy. Must it not all come back to you? This then, above all; to thine own self be true.

Winston gave me the textbooks he had used. After these cleaning-up operations ± mentioning that I saw Tony Driver once (he's at Trinity) ± we went to a jazz ± poetry show in the town hall off the Carfax, our nerves are now ended. Tomorrow to the Bodley ± pastures new up the hill where the grass is lush but one needs strong teeth.

Haven't I seen Bernice Kaplan, Brutus' ex-concubine, in her
Chelsea flat? I rushed there after frantic 'phone calls at 11-per-minute, expecting to carouse & unashamedly hog her flesh. She was, however, living with a S.A. chap called Mike busy on an (economics?) thesis. Robin Farquharson is there at the moment, a big geezer with slightly childish mannerisms who may conceivably have become romantic with Suzy, then Ben's American colleague at Nana Morhome's Crisis And Change (London) office, the little inart girl who's from Boston & told us that one day, broke, she took off all her clothes & jumped into the Seine for £1 to win a bet. My god, would I had watched that spectacle of small tits cleaving the lovely waters of Paris: isn't that the place you say you fell in love with one April?

The visit, though without a college scarf I got a lift in the afternoon to London, aborted. There was this bosomy kid who brought home to the groovy basement her enigmatic, slow-speaking boyfriend & said loud enough for me to hear: do you think I'm a pubic performer. No, baby, but it sure would be unexciting to watch. Easy come, easy go: she was gone when I stayed over last Sunday. Ben said, of course, changed my ideas completely after being there an hour (Mike stutters but his phallic must work wonders on that number), I could come back anytime I wished to, it was a matter of getting the bed from upstairs.

For now, enough. We shall meet again. A poem is brooding, & we need felicitous reminder which spark insight because I am emphatically not a prose man. Just to Say that I came back into residence on this day of our Lord, the fourth of January, 1966, having had breakfast at Georges in the market & at 8:30 as the college clock chimed am heading with a cigarette into the nippy air for the G.C.P. so as to economise on the use of heat & light in room 2, staircase I.
Charities: Sophisticated business now. Oxfam, e.g. from Observer 2/1 — Anybody still feel hungry? Answer is bleak: about 1/8 the families in the world. Because hunger didn’t end on Xmas Day. I like the epigram at the foot of it. You can never give too much or too little — only too late. Shades of Gerontion’s “She gives too late”! It has its satirical tinge: folly of lateness.

Point to ponder: the concessions which to be appealing one must include as the piece de resistance of an opening gambit, a proffered sacrifice in order to gain the advantage of attention, as if were an antidote to boredom. All tricks to deceive our world-weary selves. At the Vietnam—America conflict table will it be too late?

I liked Dennis’ letter to Robin. The buzz over Rhodesia & rebel Smith: an opening to the left? In the same issue of the Observer someone writes trenchantly about the fact that Ghana & India had administrators, not settlers as in S.A. or Rh., so there are White Africans as well as Africans. Now I shall have to say blacks & whites — it’s more definitive.

Stole a point or two from D.A.B.’s letter as I always cannot resist from doing.” Did you know you were much in my thoughts on the island? His was Robin in Table Bay after the Stomach shooting escape incident when they had brought him back from Mozambique, mine to J. is England & equally true. Frank Landman has suggested I try to influence him about setting away, but will he even, will they allow him? May wants to take the family into Africa. Fragments return.

I have thanked the Smiths today posted to Southampton an entry for the Arts Festival in March ’66: Away So Far, Absence, New In J.C. Bay, Separation. Before Xmas tried Durham & they would not have it. One becomes immune or at least indifferent to
rejection slips. Maugham has died in splendour on the Riviera. I have after all this billing under the Cape Herald picture which resulted from George's wild night: "Looking intense, alert, & sophisticated, Mr Arthur North poses for the camera. We hope that in two years' time he will return to S.A. as an Oxfrod graduate." Great day in the morning, Bernard Fungebroid! There's a lot of gaff about Ambrose which amply illustrates the state of Kearning journalism: "Mr Ambrose Cato George... nearly burst into tears when he heard his best friend was leaving him behind." One of Port Elizabeth's most outstanding & brilliant scholars - meaning me? Och, you're joking.

Dixer Gossamer: electronically tested 3-feat, not to be used after March 1970. WANTED, but not desperately.

In Oxford the ratio of men to women is drastic: 10 to 1. Or this you believe to keep yourself at bay, particularly now that Johnson (Virginia) & Masters have let out their post-Kinsey study of the sexual process (Time, Jan. 7, is the sensationalising Mirror of the British Day). Prelims, Excitement, Orgasm, Resolution: the classic poem of the flesh, sounding like a Beethoven Symphony at the end: Resolution! Food for Cassandra, who's just been made a Sir in the Queen's New Year Honours.

Stretches of Anglo-Saxon, past few days. Picked up from the 31/12/65 N. Statesman, Bryden's neat piece in retrospect:

[A Patriot For Me] Osborne's real dialogue emerges between individuals; not pursuing their private interior parallel monologues. Reed finally becomes himself when he discovers someone he can talk to openly, without guilt; for the first time he encounters a society to which he can give his loyalty without contritement. The beginning of self-fulfilment, it seems, is to find one other person whom you can treat as trulyfully as yourself. It is also the beginning of progressive drama (dramatic progress 3). Unnerved by the