or lack the mushroom
thrust & texture.

The sensual monster
must spur Apollo
to be his own master in the ageless
putrefying terror of the sun
& the moon’s vicissitudes.

The skull acquires grey hair
& the heart’s a coral island in the tidal ocean.

Mandragora is brandy
Venus any
girl you swallow
Sleeping pills for
the sweetest dream.

goodbye to the song

Identification 23
Clocks in the ambient air of Oxford towers
chime with a steady difference of seconds.
Those harmonies inform my midnight sinews:
Sounding like echoes are confirming answers.

The softer rain has washed the muscles quiet
through searing years in the giant’s country
or wrenching moments of the heart before
you gathered me with fortunate unknowing.

Glad for my happiness you say; it seems
destiny makes a big-boned girl its messenger.
I save the sweet cup, grateful for your love’s balm:
the vintage is too exquisite for one with silence.

Long history would blur illumination
which is your gift to me identified.
Joys mingle in the retrospective present
where two streams meet & eyes are drawing level.

I sit & weave the twin strands of love’s fabric,
remembering that often in that absence
your voice reached me so vague my instinct shuddered
to amplify the sounds, find their nuances.
Reports of outcomes & decisions now
lie buried with our pristine detachment.
What you preserve through feminine affection
I need not fear I've lost through separation. 

Notes Towards A Poem For Her Birthday

She said avoiding a dog in the road
one afternoon she'd turn nineteen:
that snare swerve unnerved me long
after she released the clutter of feelings
which hatched our fluid friendship.

We must have been too young for affinity
beyond an attachment of poetry to type
(I confess being utterly baffled by machines,
& she drove the Vauxhall expertly
at sixty words a minute).
I mentioned how there had been Yeats & Maud Gonne:
she said isn't it interesting, then twenty.

Delay in departure is a true moment
of anxiety. (Times are advanced
on tickets to get one there early.)
Quite out of character she glanced
away. Her eyes shone wet pearls as
they regarded mine with their sad curiosity.

This poem is well-meaning & irregular
for a girl of double-two whom I forgot
to send a card last year. (She was forgiving)

So smoking, I have wondered
how an agnostic physiotherapist
would respond to a religious
delivery of lambs in traditional pentameter.
The words are not enough,  
the arrangement is a deadness.  
One needs the hands to heal  
the raving inevitable flesh. P.S.  
If this is not getting too serious:

'Something there is that wishes you  
all you would wish yourself.  

K. 1966 - January.

TRIO
I. Circumstances
City, your lovely daughter  
became my admirer, so if I acquire  
you it is simply an act of affirmation.  
I will not be the voyer, the quiet observer,  
a man called 'lucky', to be with such a chick,  
toting a lens at Nelson or saying  
holing like English pubs, No, I can tell  
a stodgy pint from an ale that sets the soul  
right, I can point to your history  
& add many memories from what is now  
a fascination bound to be lifelong.

It is a wistful thing to find no worldwide  
affiliations, no timeless affinities.  
after the meal has been eaten, the carafes cleared.  
If I were Demosthenes, if I were Demosthenes, I  
would apply  
the metric of Compromise, philosophy, the golden mean:  
0 Sibyl, I would not have been a suygnation  
had you not been so beautiful, S Nandi  
forget me baby for that Reutbergel fiasco that ended  
a fruitful partnership, Inger darling  
the German beer was good while it lasted, I eat  
a frankfurter ever so often (though God knows  
they taste ever so awful if I come  
from the reading room later than nine).
II. poem

Silver slunks in. The high sunlight cannot descend to your knees, your buttocks,
& thinly the white cayote dissolves
among those winter elements. Observe.

Frost glints on suburban pavements
after the Yule celebrations. You walk back.
Where are the clinking glasses, the jutive hands
in rhythmic thighs? Remember these your footsteps.

No - you are not lonely, hellickly

gaping at Hieronymous Bosch in the wall.
There is nothing less monied than a telephone
jumping shilly into life like a wired nerve.

You kill The Transistor, Shake
Vitalis over your hair, spray
Old Spice under your armpits, sing
Auld Lang Syne to the tingling rhym along your five-day stubble.

& at Charing Cross, Step into action
backing through the lobby, checking your latch
key is the lights & the over chals
off. Your heart beats snug under the white shirt.

III. And They She Was...

City, calling.
A 'clear calm night.' Stars that pierce
the skin with tiny glitches. Veins
breathe. My bones are naked.

Gorgeous. Blue glass, green lights, boutiques,
voice ubiquitous, whining neon, windows
glitter, patterned in
impressions & dimensions. Not vehicles,
tones, signs, an orange scarf, ring finger,
seen from the back in a cream Rolls. Engaged
are the black taxis, minicabs. Me too.
I glimpse thighs, spy symmetries, encounter waves, emotions, perfumes, brandy talk.
Advertisements descending, descending in tune with the escalator:
to dance astonishingly, achieve popularity, have excellent breath, cool gait
in a lovable box.
The Ten Commandments at the Odeon by Tony Sunday.
Armstrong Times — tonight the scheduled raids
by bombers based in Guam have been Buddhist
Throws petrol over cancelled saffron
banana that’s electric of the President’s black market brothel for Mick Jagger.
Drugs? in Saigon’s Evening Standard
Mr Wilson & Mr Brown find many platforms

in the second that I think think
the wooden steps bear on
into dark & up into underground light
through the deep machinery driving the non-stop cargo.
Late at night & on public holidays
that lonely cracking becomes
unbearable, now a memory of no anxiety.
When among people or ‘else, with friend’

I am funneled, surrounded, swallowed
into the metal cages; we are rising
into the air at last, out the slow wind
that combs the ropes of thought to ribs of sand.

I am shapeless as a flame at your knee,
Coming over the river among the lights
City, your hands are finding
my hair, you are my eyes, my wavelength, lifeline.

[Name Not Listed — London '57]
Poem for a New Year

One middle spine of land directs our waters:
a point, if one considers rain is utterly
promiscuous, snow is unsentimental.
But valleys have always drawn us from concealment
into the warm laps of rivers. We have started
our finest enterprises in the open.

The work has continued in the dark; thus
they are proud with reason, our valid achievements;
in the bombèd cities corpses gave courage.
Statues in squares point or gaze
in pale directions: realize how fortunate
we are forgetting, but can turn & remember.

Balloons with pop age faces have burst
sinking into the crisp unknownable currents.
The vulnerable vacuum is of our own making:
we take the mountains for granted too readily.
Skyscrapers have addicted us to safety;
Strobe lights explode the old lamp of the soul.

I must write you a letter on the road
saying take care because you are my mind's nurse
though going about the hospital as usual.
Out of fragrance of awareness the poem
reveals itself with healing purpose, for we are
impatient strangers once we've been with each other.

There is one link of the heart with a woman's
belief in what rejects or can deny
that man is an aspect of matter in motion
When warriors won't be brought to conference tables.
My frail scope is to hope for this,
that love may knit the fragments & shreds together.

K. 1966
Burning of Letters

We were bewildered to be part
of history & the general change.
It's a matter close to the heart
...years flare orange
...surrendering their rich smoke to the wind:
...I smell the smouldering cambic, batch in hand.

For the old cadences
I hold my ear attuned.
A delighted child found this
opportunity to experiment. Ruined
...in a world of knives, I watch him idolize
...butterfly cinders from our flimsied land.

To me, having been half
accepted & discarded, what it means
is total loss where now I hunch & laugh;
you, p.s.i, d a joke, it seems.
...blue-assured the sky. And life
...crackles yellow in the murderous flames.

K. B/65

(To My Distant Beloved From) JESUS COLLEGE BAR

Bitter slops when the table shakes:
the liquid moving like a tongue of oil.
I feel my fingers then my eyes return
...a laugh: Jove's stoned. I joined because
Someone's girl is always looking.

...W/1 a whisky in orange am I
handsomer than Englishmen?
Memo: to glance
at the price list, to study
...hidden sources superficially,
...as gentlemen drift in from squash or dining.
These who have taken me into their horseshoe
huddle, focus attention.
now & then on my speech & usage.
Enjoy the arrival, & I do myself,
not half bashful in surroundings
of neon light in the Sandstone room
& dashing conversation
as Charles the barman draws another pint.
Relax among people: I am new!
Not to be crucial

but with you.  


AFTERNOON AT EYNSHAM

Eynsham in crisp November comes
over the bridge where cars pay fivepence.
16th century, The Elms
is an Anglo-Saxon teacher's castle,
thick-walled, with black beams, logs
blazing in a wispy orange aura.

He clumps about in brown boots,
tossed s flaxen, fluffy where
Aelfric the cat has purred against his sweater,
or sturdy youngsters rubbed their noses.
The eldest one peeps in
& runs back flushed, reporting to his mother
he's seen 'the people'.

With roast lamb goes flan, then
the pipe-stem clenched between his nicotine
-teeth, he offers sherry round the smalltalk,
He takes us [down winding path] to see the mine,
filigrees of hoar-frost on the lane-leaves,
blue mist over autumn slopes under the mosaic
where Roman bones lie hidden from the children.

Tea with strawberry toast & a Player's.
They will drop us in the High Street as the sun
curves dim & low behind [the brownstone buildings] St. Hilda's College.
I have discovered an
attractive island [I now more admire].

Arthur Novtje - Oxford 1966
Away so far indeed my love may never
grow actual in your home despite that need:
the waiting numbs the heart with winter wishes,
the sea between could render me its eunuch.

Tenderness keeps, now that knowledge deepens,
through absence you are grown so dear & real.
The dross of thought sheds, snow leaves from dim regions,
like presences in air, it's what you breathe.

When is your arrival? You arrange your hair
in distant places, silent to surprise me,
while I climb island paths to clearer prospects:
without your nearness worlds withheld their treasures.

Keen edge of winter cleans the flesh like truth,
air with cold purity becomes your agent.
My hands bleed for your limbs, land of my own,
& fingers keen for warmth along your cheek.

Will dusk descends the wilderness of dreams
in your quite usual beauty finding rare virtues.
Your morns gift is to show my destiny,
So I shall hold you safe to man's dumb purpose.

for to some purpose will we seek the dance.

K. Oxford 1966

He asks what tree this is what tree
So trim & slender with its various girds,
it's amber fading to the eyes but then
a thread in delivered out of the leaves.

The sight of autumn paints the changing tones
on silver ash & birch, the crisp notes spin
in showering moments when the wind
is air which melancholy stirs to motion.

No grey abstraction like the sky which keeps
the laws of the mute transforming waters.
Under the shifting mists he tinker
his words like peals about your features.
Towards your sanity of woman move
accompaniments along, thus granting you
protection while he wanders in the seasons.
The loyal rain shall weave a filigree.

late
The first fruit in your mouth, he comes,
the long exile from your still flower,
to strip you into naked intensity,
then warms you into his spring & lifelong lover.

Dead Drafts: I - The surgeon.

The surgeon who observes the wound turned septic
is blinded wankly in the scalpel gleam;
his vitreous eyeballs whirl in the laser beam
that pierces retina & sears the optic.

In Latin euphemisms find renewal,
sweet fool, your limp hands hang by your pelvis:
almost demolished by the paradox, he delves
the millionth time into the pith of the jewel

which we call flesh, for whose flawed colour,
wrong proportion, defects, there's no ethical brittleness
no wonder drug exists. We have the virus
of prejudice in the blood, ravaging ash in the air.

Don't take the diamond for the diamond light,
the wax impression as the seal of time:
what character the palimpsest assumes
depends on what's erased, which time of night.

II - Attempt

The detached house of my mind is full of maps,
life, geographies, of debt & credit, pieced
calendars, gems or mantelpieces,
& litanies I've borrowed from dead lips.

The nerve that makes the muscle desperate
is dragged by a desire that I rue.
The latest disappointments that we grow
old in the attempt to be united.
Artie-baby-sweet, my dearest,
my how you confuse me. Realize
you have had me in a state of nearly total
outpour since you left me limp last summer.
I thought I understood you then, until—
well, until you laid me on the electric
my stopwatch by the nearest swimmingpool.
It would’ve been better in the water
where the stuff coagulates & it’s hygienic.
I bled a little, but that was okay, baby-love,
no matter how dangerous, you would never
do anything but the kindest. Yet I still
keep wondering ‘just how come!’ You’re good for me—
wouldn’t it be grand if I could be the same
for you (I mean ME, not this image
you have of me). Oh it’s terrifying
because I’m convinced I shall disappoint
you terribly, & disappointment
is awfully frustrating. What to do!

America: Epistle II

Some folk go to London or something ridiculous
like that, but, lovey, listen:
I wrote to you in Korea, but I guess
you must have left for your marvellous time in Vietnam.
I was saying Soldier on until I could
come & get my kicks in, get my kicks in.
So here’s the scoop, don’t yell too loudly (bitte):
in approximately three weeks I’m heading across
the Pacific via Honolulu to help you knock hell
out of those VC with their damn black knickerbockers.
Yep, that’s the truth! And boy
they tell me those broads at Saigon
love it in all sorts of Kama Sutra ways
(though I don’t dig all that bitig round the neck!).
Anyway, haven’t we always believed
that a fat-bank-balance can make any scene?
True-blue Stars & Stripes
Meanwhile, you simply must do well.
Take out those bridges, oil plants, anything.
But I hope our leader doesn't decide to wipe
Hanoi out, at least not till I arrive.
If you will be up north, do you think we could go
to Peking together in a B62 from Thailand?
If only for a few minutes - I would be terribly happy:
we could always come back to Indonesia
(oh please say yes!) it's not asking an awful much.
It will cause a few problems, primarily 'moral',
but you decide for us, dearest America!

Anyway, as I was saying
my parents have decided to postpone their trip
over to Europe for a year, as my father
has too much to do this fall. And what with George
Raff being banned from London, t de Gaulle
still in power, selling his dollars for gold
& telling our boys to vamos, I mean it's hardly
worthwhile while the feeling runs so high.
Also the Russians are having their 50th B-day

So if they bring out their megaton rockets in Red Square
we've got to be having our fingers right on the button.
Of course we've got all those investments in South
Africa - the guilt never wears off them.
Though now I again we've got to show how we don't
stand all that apartheid crap in respect of our seamen.
Then I am sure that Brazil, Argentina,
Chili, Peru - those Latin babies are with us
all the way, since Castro grabbed the Havana casinos.

But I really don't see along with those Pentagon punks
who believe that big mean somebody
is working against all our plans.
Well, at least they want to deliver, but
those pacifist vegetarians, pot-smokers,
who make the scene at psychodelicaleises
all over the nation - what do they KNOW, those kids.
Well, Berkeley's American (again, I'm sorry!), but
how do you figure out those apes round that circular table
across the river in New York? This guy V. H. Quant
was actually quoted as saying Get Out Of Asia!
That's what you get when you're generous. Look at the wheat
we shipped to India, the Marshall Plan, the -
Jeez, if they have the nerve
to tell us we can't look after our 20 grand Negroes.

All over the world, America, they ask
about you, you must come and meet them.
I'm thrilled about your possible positions
on both sides of the Atlantic & Pacific,
though actually I thought at the time of Monroe
you had given up the idea completely;
& Joe McCarthy did make a bit of a fuss,
all these shenanigans stood up right for a time.
Yes, you must come - no backing out now!
Would you be coming during the summer?
The Costa Brava is just gorgeous then.
Like fishing, hunting?
The Man of the Year is notorious for it!

You don't know how much I need to talk with you
America. Somehow I fear
there's an enormous gap, intelligence-wise.
I'm not afraid if you aren't.
Things are really in quite a turmoil round here.
For one thing, one guy with one car was too great.
For another - well, I'm not complaining.
I mean, who has anything approaching
General Motors, Dwight Eisenhower, or Time Magazine?
I love you, America. I'd like to say
leave the brainwork to the computers.
Don't study too hard, drink too much, or play around with too many girls.

Arthur Notte
Kensal Rise, London
4/67
POEM

Though being the wanderer, not by you I pause for what you often wonder at, disclaim.
Yet day can't be its own & light won't come without your total presence through the hours.

The clear pain of the spirit curved with question sows on the darkness sparks of sharp awareness.
Have you denied the knowledge when you stress to love more than to like you is my sin?

I'd rave against this cool snob, wish her ill, were all response so lukewarm, turn my back.
It is the coward's way to get out quick.
But sometimes joy peals through, pure as a bell:

Let you into a little secret, I
look forward to the news you have,
the poems you write & write & gave & give to me to take & to enjoy.

My heart deceived itself, for what was play
around your rose fresh youth has now grown passion.
So draw me closer into The one haven, out of harm's way, rootless yesterday.

\[ INVITATION TO FIND OUT \]

If new worlds win your mind why should I stay
nailed to the image of a gracious angel?
Informed with love, unconscious of pretence
your flesh to me was rainbow but you've learnt
the strategies of predatory birds.

Sweetness is out like a light in this our age:
the metal element pervades your picture.
Smooth as a stone or ice your heart has no accustomed holds for warm exploring fingers.
Your wasteland landscaped offers no oasis.

You crystallized like diamond to the pressure to dazzle foreign markets with your value;
no part of peace as during pristine summers
when silt of limb & lush hair held me rooted well
& hazed me into deep untraveled regions.
Yet I have absorbed your total spectrum.
to find you strange becomes a self-indictment.
Attitudes harden; from amorphous cloud
I drop into a muscular arrogance
preparing now to grow an iron beak.  

At Mowbray Waiting
A big red bus among the orange others
makes splash of colour here on this Cape Town
afternoon under the groaning mountain.
Sun bakes me browner where skin lies naked.

On gravel runs the tiny tense laughter
as wheels scatter crackles, s out of shade
I stir my sad little self from thoughts
of Keats under autumn on his sweet little island.

My kind (if I mean homo sapiens)
weave in & out of unknowing subways
sweating under this black square of blond-bossed kingdom
where summer journeys end in spears.

Awaiting my turn with this blood-red giant
above the roar of engine, I hold
a five-cent passport to Athlone desert:
I have not been to London to announce my freedom.

ACT

Blank times I breathe like this
face smothered in your shoulder.
And hair? desire moistens
strands at the lips they live in.

Surrender disarranges
love into scented ashes.
Your quiver muffles winter worlds,
I drink the warmth in silence.

You are what tenderness is left
& I so grasp with tendrils
that a bird cry’s secret eloquence
slides over the fleeting water.

Arthur Nortje 1964.
TRAVELLING PEOPLE
Thinking of yesterday as always now you travel, return, hold pulse the interstitial substance fitting to nourish membrane, tissue.
Desire streams back to a weekend Remembrance has a weekend etched some trees you bruised with your initials.
Smoke’s bluish-grey trails climb in simple wisps from embers’ orange past the dusky buttress of my temple. Furthermore they swell & break against the ceiling’s peeling plaster.
Nostalgia strikes the light for people travelled somewhere who were caught in disappearance below the castle.
Memories swirled through my webless fingers; torn hands cannot block the water.

Sequence of five: MONDAY travelling again to Bellville
If one could go on travelling then one could keep on loving and one could continue sitting
While rain creeps by the window.

The wind now sings to me nothing.
The dunes behind me shelter you, trees & the steel sky do the same.
If one could go on travelling love would never be the same if one could go on travelling.

My stone has rolled to a standstill
in the hollow below the hill:
it gathers the moss of loneliness since.
The rain creeps by in silence.

K. 9/63 - Capetown.
To An Apartheid College
TUESDAY morning after rain
Raindrop jewelled grapeleaf,
  raindrop rainbowed light that moment.
  Goldfish floods this doorway early.

Girl brushes a man's arm.
Man says morning is lovely.
  They go. I pass. Clouds Sky smiles.

Mountains lie blue & jagged, open.
  to the master eye, the bland feeling in the bland vistas of the summer sky.
  I must learn to love in secret.

WEDNESDAY blessing
Visitor from another land
will think that sand is snow,
& she who has still to go
will think that snow is sand.

Stonepines scent the air with autumn fragrance.
Blue gum stumps point fingers at the sky.
House-bound & paw arrested I
cannot leap to life in Spring for instance.
Mixture of death here & death going by,
  seen by the birds who fly away
to Europe or America.

Here
machines destroy
green-luminescent willows
though willows are resilient as sinews,
resilient as sinews.

All day I hear the roar & howl of sorrow
while sand piles up like snow along these furrows;
the roots hang loose like nerves exposed.

St. Christopher, patron saint of travellers,
bless this girl also, my love among others;
let her walk taller than sunflowers, show
her to follow a snowdrop that follows snow.
THURSDAY: South Africa
Cold ones huddled in blankets round fires
Watch runaway days flash by like meteors.
Glad that you’re able to see despair in the closing door
Through the gap in the I lean among shadows at evening where
evening silence keeps sinister hold of the evening voices of stars.
This swollen moon in kaal air
Is strangled by the boughs. Whose prayer
Will hold back the blind vicious war?
Tell them if you pass there
What we speak & how we would be answered
& wherefore the anatomy of fear.

FINALLY, FRIDAY
I woke to the glow of curtain
Spectacular lucky morning
& sky’s wide stretch of azure
calls sparrows from the stonepines.
And the voice of the world said to my Coloured education,
Go now, brown man, go & find me
In Rome the eternal metropolis
Paris under the Eiffel tower
London by the Thames, New York,
Toronto, further west, a continental
Isle, the soul’s great odyssey, returning
to Cape Town under the mountain tomorrow
Where the world will be a wedding.

K.A.N. February 1964
AT A DEMOLITION SITE
Chunks of swollen sky gaze
through walls where windows were
lure to your former eye.
Dust billows there among abandoned cobwebs
the holes yawn wide
to music of electric drills.
How deep they bore into the idle skeleton.
Weave your way through spectrum crowds:
bloated daylight watches vaguely.
These tremors are the city ripples
accepted without shudder.
(In all with suffering my torpid) people
Shop in the baasskap markets
& wend their cattle ways to bus stops.

My dry husk heart has emptied its sheathed germ
because this route to my being’s disused.
Yet sometimes a wry remark
emerges from the throat. Among this rubble
edge uneasy thoughts along the road-blocked
mind in early dark, Curling on actions, the loss of voice or...
ban on contact/or some other fear
which grey dead weather can make so bearable.

K.A.N. Z/1965 - Port Elizabeth

ON THE TRAIN
As travel’s windstream slits my gaze
hills run one by one through 15-light,
girls in dark drapes, cactus-breasted,
barbed wire taut about their rock loins.

Not all is tough except when the bell
of movement hammers loose our contact,
leaving a pitch of fragrant fragments;
not all is spiky & ugly yet.

Reeds in a stream wave tall, wave-lovely,
I stand tall with wistful fingers,
tall as you blowing platform kisses
will shy lips shut because of knowing.
Flamingo clouds smoke through the agray nervous tints of early hour
after ninety days almost of summer
the sun's unkindness still kills their colour.

Train stops at the dawn-warm station.
You stopped once halfway with a good luck gesture,
afraid to finalize your freedom,
not responsible for what should follow.

Wherever I go, follows longing,
& still I am the same & so are you.
And you, my darling, are in this soft sunrise,
your warm affection to my heart endearing.

DELIBERATION
Wine makes me lose her love
among new curves & hollows &
I slip the hold when crowded.
Sober & aware.
her presence is acute
I wrestle it alone.

She has no angles, contours
or mathematical data:
& what image can so
haunt one, yes, with all of it in silence
she makes me her quiet companion.
The turn of day is gradual.

K. 1964: p.t. to p.e.

K. Copeland 1964.
COLD SPELL

Icy spell traps me after spring breed
Fist green rags, world's worth of blossom.
Cream bursts to the surface, rain fed
Milk & yellow lilies, I get
Goldendrobes where twigs had scraped some
Wartime mixture from winter's meagre budget.

Lush colours pictured September's opulence;
Water splashed joy through my fingers, pittered,
Danced my face in the element's brilliance.

Hatched things, flocks of new birds fashioned
For country hope's emergence, offered two millions
Blood's fresh chance to change & mingle.

But cold spell shuts one in at zero.
Before the switch could close the chill
Nursed back into the bone's warm marrow,
Hopeless thoughts' dead, until
Hopefulness fades in an instant
Of arctic yesterdays, & bleak tomorrows.

I郎cast sky: against the sky I'll camp
Something subversive, ash in a satchel,
Showing I've studied death's business, an art
Prepared to report in heaven or hell
Screwing of course a security leak
That grey day gagged it— spring could not speak.

K.A.N. 10/83

Midnight & After

'What surprises me Norke is how you churn them out one after the other'— CMR at a
Harrower Road bus stop on the way to The Hill & St Philip's Youth Club, biscuits & tea.
The din abates, smoke disappears,
cement stops haunted by wet light.
House will despair the clock coughs twelve:
the dead, already smeared with salve,
inhabitants, of inky ghetto years
are distant to these gangs of blight.

The pendulum grows sterile. One day spilt,
another seeps through doors, sock thick.
Our souls, condemned to their ancestral black.
Contorted now by coins stalagmites
can hardly be as stunning in their guilt
as
on varnished beds which white hats would ignite
can hardly be as stunning in their guilt
as soft rain is which agitates
like destining the honeysuckle's heart.
Mist, ice-pure, films the window-panes
on which my mind my finger draws
the hieroglyphics of strange laws.
Anatomy of dark becomes an art
that in silence penetrates upon the rain.

K.A.N 1963

BEM

Rainy afternoon I can't stop loving:
sudden sunlight through spells of muck
suffuses my heart with glow of affection
which broachish water cannot dilute.

Safe. We have safely come through the mountains.
Here the glass-smooth sea breaks soft in cream-thick waves,
or drizzle illuminates the moment like jewels.
Under my groin melts the gold sand, foam-wet.

I have not seen your face more luminous
than I see it now among ferns & firs,
you in whose hand my brown one smoldered,
driving through tunnels out of bleak places.

Landscapes pass in sequence, yielding beauty,
& beauty of the kind which keeps through seasons.
Through loveliness, enduring, we learn to be
inspired by spiders, to be heroes in darkness.

Arthur Nortje 1963

P. 3. Which broachish ceespool's rock must can't debate
FOR CHRISTOPHER GELL
Has something you wanted to say ever paralyzed a step?
Or of people beside themselves?
There are distant thoughts, they wish you would die
suddenly. Slowly you
meanlessly, I have won myself
you... yourself
victories over disease;
sprinted through beats of desire.
Lungs rotting by daily degree
are nothing, are exchanged will ease
for iron ones, resistant of rust,
able to be dismembered or
blasted to artificial dust.

Delicately limp feet ascend
the cradle stairs of ambition;
sacrificial roads end dead
at the corrugated iron partition.

But the dead voice filters through
hot corridors of paralysis—
have demanded my passport to
the realm of crystal chalices.

Nordje, Paterson High, Schaefer Township: 10/60.

CONVERSATION SIMPLEX
-When do you want this for tomorrow?
Inkmarks die below her finger.
Chic woman taking tea, the
girl who used to
bash out stuff about blood & hunger.

Here on a Chevrolet's warm flank,
nursing looks like a natural,
milked words to come out
restricting speech to what's aloof or blank.
leant eighteen years of polished female.

But these are time's ephemera
bloom's unlightening budding skill.

What catches the eye is instant light that edges nearer
is blown leaves deathspin in the fall.
Asked: answered, back to zero:
when do you want this for tomorrow?  

July/1960
SOLVING THE CROSSWORD
Little breathing fingers shut the ballpoint in
to jot staccato jottings swiftly down
across the balking print around the palm.
Eyes dim; queer words begin to swarm
within the pulp within the cranium.
If the axe can't hack the frozen bone
will fifty defect to the left like Romans
deflect? Left
who felt than coming (ah WHAT an aside).
to bless will ideas on return the need narrow?
Half-shattered I mistrust both fog & corrosion
which, varied, derive from the same kaffir water.
Skip it, skip across. Think what associations
down has - bird-birth (yellow colour, some hope),
topped god, the failure & humiliation;
brain sleeps on soft cushions of dope.
Hence the fingers propel me in any direction:
what is the question & how is the clue
numbered which hints at the real information?
Old symbols revolve in my heart again -
wind led to depression refuses to dwindle.
I ran for the border before start of rain.
Is murder perhaps (you demur?) peaceful pressure?
I quite start to believe that death is the answer.

K.A.N. 1963

The Same To You

Last time I made some love arrangements
they
materialized & no doubt I
was flattened if not flabbergasted.
She came beautifully,
ruby-lipped or eyebrow pencilled;
green she came & left at
brown dawn.
This then, I said, it called
Success. temperate, content.
The other evening to tell you of it.
Clean & sober I came finally,
you rising in your casuals, saying

Oh, Arthur excuse me, don't I look awful.

Maybe the call was unexpected.
I said nothing till you
 Came back rubylipped and -

Oh, excuse me. By, I must
 Leave for some you know some
 Earlier appointment. Honestly.

Later maybe yes will I come. K. November 1963

ALL SEASONS YIELD YOUR FEATURES

All seasons yield your features:
Spring in its green chloroform, faceted,
The luxury summer's buoyant curves,
Autumn's crisp luminous sunsets,
Winter even will icicle nerves.

Distinctness is your purity
Though not distinctness to be envied:
Rather a pale moon's clarity
Where chill stars chatter overhead
With her at the brim's tranquillity.

Away from skindeep bliss
I've made my destiny to reach.
More voices here become more anxious,
every crisis adds a touch.
Amid you wafts all quietness.

And sulliable, you go amiss
& firmly I defend your right,
For where the shadows cross they kiss
Instead of sullying the light.
Love multiplies by minuses.

Reflections therefore represent
dreams which wander in the mind
Whatever the season sent.
And all the points of hope I find
Are meant to be your supplement.

I.M. 6/1965
INITIAL IMPULSES (Absence of Love)

Initial impulses about:
that quick spark fades. The effort
consumes the warmth & forces beauty
into an alien world.

Across the abyss the heart may be
but the bind will never hold;
for often it's been found
that the heart is not a void
but barren ground
where roots have struggled & died.

Failure is not the heart's fault
have I heard it said by her
whose grace I much remember.
For once in my youth I felt
most fortunate to write
my love on her sheet of white.
And now, now who knows whether
because of her eyes & hair
a palimpsest is made
by one on the heart's same side? 5/65
That puts me in the shade?

Brief Thunder At Sharpeville

Because one death does not make a summer
there are black hands in the sky that clamour,
faces that coolly stare from the (Concrete) gloom.
Of my kind are many willing & able
(you being ready) to call you Oppressor
to suffer the truncheon, the puzzle
the jackboot.

Patrol this line where that swarms with people,
I being one of them. Meanwhile the sky,
grown grey with waiting, rumbles impatiently.
Clouds steel themselves for battle, which is common,
& clouds can never quarrel without weeping.

A squall of blobbing rain. Short argument,
Stuttered out like gunfire; thunderstruck
So air is damp with smoke's soil with blood.
Black streets I notice, so not with terror.
I came out living. Of me there are many. 4/1964
Wet day continues. The quieter wind
cants dropping willows while the light absconds.
Thrush song dissolves in the subtle
pulsation of waters. The darkness surrounds,
a black stance at a distance.

At life, the inner circle's apart,
further than I can read at once
with the heart.

Separation seems all. I remember
your face so rimmed with shadow
it hurt my every awareness.
Perplexed, I wipe the window.

Rain drones on & the bird sleeps
wordless. The thrush continues & the tree.
Only that inward poignance craves
nearness & meaning, totally lonely.

At no moment have I believed
that the lost song's dead, though.
And I have often breathed the sweet
air, after rain, reminiscent of you.

Arthur Noyce 1964

There Is This Dream

Unravel why the iron stamen bleeds!
These passing trains wheels slaughtered steep
which used to forge in the brain.

The wind bares questions through the bone,
yet me to ask what colour is,
or else how tough can granite be,
whose god is right, & why the sky has rainbows.

Tonight there is this dream
buried in the same limbs
that sleep will never care
which you in me or steel or rock can't shatter.

So bitterness proliferates
as I lie breaking wind & storm.
Swallowing my spit. 1963
Serenade to a Sunday Night

Behind her arch white marble face
the moon's cold marble gleams like post
I think, a stagger through a fairy space
between the trees of dormant forest
where moonbeams drench the earth with sleep.
Where spider bows to lamp's gold weather
is he the old god's black bastard son?
gossamer threads leaf & wall together.

This insect sleeps & waits insidiously,
so sue our cog-blind eye; he strain
must in due proportion to his moon since she
favors fat alone & thus counts fasting.
Now it is bent, so soon there may be
bloodshed & uproar in my country.

_1963_

DISCOVERY

Truth dawns. Or what can pass
as truth, as pseudo-dust in this room's limbo.
Rainwater diffused at evening:
half-sweet? semi-dust the street air smells,

Misted & avid atmosphere parallels
intimate self-searching cerebral processes:
the dry mind, with these moist thoughts
vapors over walls of mirror.

Oppression & deprivation
have become more automatic.
Truth is more grim to tell because
there are very few celebrations. — are restricted.

Passing from this the secure
world to the insubstantial
mirrored world my life moves
restless as waves in their surge for freedom.

The foam of weakness clings
to stones & other debris.
While thoughts strain to resolve themselves falls night,
e right or wrong must be deferred.
Because, considering all
has no finality.
We pass to opposite sides
of the same door, seeking each other.
K. March 1965

Poem

My vacant self confronts the window.
Day's rain stains its wires
over the cape of silence.
Above the bowed & huddled houses
manoeuvre the endless veils of cloud:
tissues that drift & fade but never surrender.

Gutter trickles gain attention
& fresh probes of the glass distort my view
of merry traffic, Friday police, black people.
The raindrops grope & cling but cannot enter,
& where my breath in eager scenes are blunted.

My deepest life when rising to the throat
blows hard against dividing surfaces,
swarming my love of vibrant strings
because the cold makes vapour of what's vital.

Driple cease & the evening wind
walks along windows clearing the drops,
The last few ones a streetlight diamonds.

For dusk has intervened: I draw the curtain
& shift my numb lumped boins across the parquet.

Who hears the dark drunk heart affirm the rhythm?
K. N. April 1965

ABSENCE

The moon be thanked for what
last night's surrender released
within her clasping limbs.
Numb in a morning body my bleak
find is a weary drizzle.
Life's ache throbs up from zero.

I flatter a casual
acquaintance Sometimes
or entertain numbly
Strangers completely alone in this same
house where now pan's oil ambushes albumen,
water strikes icy aluminium.
The yolk quivers, the leak's irreparable.

You would have opened windows, touched steamed mirrors.
Stood pensively musing how many Rotarians & Stuyvesant stubs it would take to fill one silver ashtray.

Sublunary illusion lacking
I slurp coffee very realistically. In summer days are long & in your absence seeing.

Arthur Norway 1965.

"African Genesis": p. 247. Death is the evaluator. Death moves among the chances, choosing all the cosmos would come only chaos, out of all the collisions of ray & gene, purposeless & senseless, changeful & unevaluated, would come only mediocrity's wriggling mass, but death steps in. And death chooses the fiery from the faint, the pointed from the pointless... Death stalks the first eggs, the seedlings, the foetuses. Death is a leopard that sees in the dark. Death is a goshawk, a glacier, a serpent, a wind from the desert, a dispute among friends, a plague of locusts or viruses or radioactive particles or cosmic disturbances. Accident proposes, death disposes. We should all be lost in the wilderness of chance had not death, through a billion moments of choice created the values of the world I know, though the odours of jasmine may scent the night, though hummingbirds hover at the windows, though I ponder a thesis or try to comfort a child. Death fashions life.

But it is time that has made possible the union of accident & value.

ARRIVAL: CANADA

Three weeks in the new place an outing between mountain & tree
worlds possible on the evening sea.
Steel & gold ripples compose your face.

Refuge of exiles. I am keeping my soul in the house with yesterday's nerve.
On rock shore, city block, or where you choose
there's no sad story but I'd wish to sell,
Amorphous like you, that being nothing
I can be anything imaginable
staring over Georgia Strait with still
the posture of acquired nonchalance.

You cannot initiate me now
while the reticulated summer fearlessly
plants its presence before the eye. The girlish
ears in my motherlands been buffeted

by a season in England with the roots
of the Rhinome's underside in earthly contact.
You are the leaf, the newer fact
of being, are the process to complete. Courtenay, B.C. 8/67

EXPOSURE

You carry news from distances to
people in the home town who enquire.
Macpherson with a handful of spaghetti
eyes you as an ornament whose coolness
could suit his living-room. An old professor
needs to pinch your behind. Young businessmen
taking tea with your father are distracted.
They make bad bargains. At the ball
you danced reminiscence style. Only I see
your face is seamed with secrets
from localities of flesh, the burns & wounds.

Unanswerable, my questions grieve the darkness,
thought upon thought that crowds out sympathy.
Up the shelf side I have sealed
that mountain, standing in the winter's straits.
They should have built a lighthouse on the ledge
where I bivouacked a night or two.
At the top there is nothing
but a hole that leads back into the bowl.
The first climber perished in that abyss;
the pistols have been resting in your thighs.

Your damp hair is dishevelled after midnight.
Make up your mind & cry;
Cry to the city, the hard walls, whoever wants
the details at the cocktail party.
They have opened your skull with cutlery from the coffeetable.
With a toothpick your mother feeds in her bourgeois world, your sister hustles you into confessions.

They want your life. The unborn children need your life. My knowledge is a tale of disillusion merely, a parody of self in shattered mirrors.

The negative I hold against the light

I tent notice open spaces when we're spent time in the grass together:
sculp & bleak knuckles. 

K. 7/67

Notebooks & Seasons


Why did your worm knot tight? Shit is blood. The sky is cast-pectra atop also says Caesar presumably at the Rubicon. Teach us to care is not to care. On Hopkins there's a traced as in the paper with a f**k on only two questions, but on Donca there's a straight beta. Chaucer (gamus) plus. That's not too bad for the peregrinating imagination. Extremely good performance quote Williamson, dilated Jesus don't things. Not now the satirical portrait: from Marlowe to Amos (lucky pin) the university wins have done it. One died over a garnishing debt, dark figure of intrigue, incompetent poet, goes right over Vietnam. American-outward-bound. Go over them, river & sound, wash. Frightful a nightly filled useful a day. Ideas impinge like cosmic particles. Chosen to believe in bio: viva me in vore.

Brothers hence to suffer together. Marat in 1808 who died by the knife in the bathtub, dead arm draped with pen in hand over side he took. Sade looking on, performing his plays at Charenton. If it is Marat or Freudian or origin of species, the fallacy is romantic. Man is not innocent when big joy is in blowing the place up. But adieu will remember me.

Platitudes, clichés. Silence is golden patience is a virtue. Simply pay your social debts. We cannot hope to improve the stock, but certainly learn to classify it. Like breeding horses according to Longchevroux of Choutteau, essayist. Can run so many fulling in so many seconds. Maybe get better feed, less of a bad-weather animal. Jockey cannot communicate, believe me, whispering in his ear, Lester Pigott is led to the water but will not drink: that's horse sense. Puts on too much weight over day will suffer from kidney trouble. Six sakes you can carry on the moon, in earth's atmosphere one. Ego the burden is heavier terrestrial, lighter humanitarian. An impersonal comment. Pull yourself up by the hair roots (not bootstraps, that's for kid row) & turn yourself inside out. Learn to see in a new way every day. Don't swallow in he-bone. Balls to territorial imperatives, statues: psychology's catshit is of by s for the middle classes. Fringe people are the disturbers of the comatose bourgeois. Shake them down or shake
them up. Pathos & ethos, compassion & humour. Like Herweg. Bellowing like the sea into the gravestones.

They are dead & for the moment not a word. The soul that suffers plagues it thus. Guilt is a mendacious conscience that begs assuaging. Spit on it like shame. A jet of white through the teeth that hits the asphalt with a fringe of foam like bubbles. The sun eats up the grass, evaporates the indignation. It is a joy to the minerals, laying the dust. Phthisis & halitosis lead to gangrene. Both hurt the innocent.

Communication exacts a sacrifice. Cards on the table not close to the chest. With a bottle of something, a molotov cocktail perhaps. Must say yes with the rest; a few of them there are. Rare men, a lament moving in the night. Rain in radioactive showers against the thick air. John Lennon, of my youth, does it in popular verse, but not too psychodelicately. Expand the mind, nature's latest specialisation of the great species. But take sugar with a pinch of salt, don't eat the baking paper, neat. Like chewing glass for a drink in a pub: no flavour. Lying down on it, when it doesn't matter much to me. It will, with age & grey hair on the rocks. Still, truth in germ. Nothing is real.

1963. July, third week. School closes & reopens, endless process of learning, never-ending experience. Loneliness is loneliness for the last contact. The address of the friend, changes but the soul remains as it was before. Have my own company, said Dr. Johnson. Drinks tea, bottles of wine, talks like a king. Talks & walks nightly in London with the indefatigable James Boswell. Superb eloquent arrogance, not dogmatically but deliberately. Where vol turde was unheard of then. TV spoils it, listening to the cool medium dialogue, what's happening out there. Letter writer to the Vancouver Sun says they sit like puddings in their living rooms while the sauces of jelly pour over them.

Mid-year cold in the Southern Hemisphere. See stars at night differently there. Revolution of the earth going round the sun. Seasons — a man for all times, the moist cloud cut from the bone (but hadn't gone north), the cyclone stitched to a whistling sun in winter. Tellies the sinuous coffee, assaults the nostrils with crooked steam. Death smoke in the nude path of the, Ex. Ok, no more stuff like that. Echoing Joyce, trying to camouflage. Cold or empty are the southern days of my childhood landscape. That is not all of the truth — good times & bad times side by side.

Yesterday a lunch noon. In winter mind you, no phenomenon, though the corridors at Bellevue College are cold & you stand in the car park among the shiny pastel roofs, warm metal. Or on the concrete steps with a Pepsi & sandwich. Smoke a cigarette after lecture in front of a tall Sunny window, catch in the satchel winking brightly. Golden Arrow bus passes Athol Greenhoe in the afternoon. Cow half-buried in grass & circus swats flies, already got positively, under swinging with nipples swollen to a focus (there is no udder milk). Tiek birds attending. Cow cae till the eyes look giddy. Bull has developed, gone up the road drawing cart. Whip cracks smartly through the air, the brown flesh ache & beat it. Emerald blades in the damp ground. Soil fertile & climate one of the best. Good country. Nation of farmers who went guerilla to defend it from the Victorian imperialists. But we were a problem from the start: cross-breeding leads to trouble as the Victorian editor of Titus Andronicus said pointing to the pink splotches on the tadpole born to the queen. Jumping nerve which shrills at the back of the

leads. No shirt, born in World War I. Double-breasted grey suit, puckered dress shoes? dust of mortality. A bleeding man, cut who knows the instrument. Gates in the head, not like trumpets. Trombone too brassily ponderous with inept local youngster. She must change traveller's cheques to finance us tomorrow. This morning borrowed your pond. Love - real or imaginary. Sorrow no man pierces the membrane. Happy. Dance till we at Ming's party, tenement room. Couldn't find the road to Finchley West. Driver tired & sleepy. Call in at cop station. That was Ballards Lane. Envied plane leaves 9 a.m. from Heathrow. No long goodbyes, just waving from the gate. Car. Burned flesh repairs itself, sleeping part station in the subway nearly. No breakfast. Can't think straight. And that's all you get.

Propagate a scream before you still. Let's darken tie where flesh can freeze. Run across in old poetry. Hands buried stones & under the harsh gold tide of light which whirls around those blunted limbs. Blobs of snow blown from the frosty ceiling - sequencers? Never zero. Learn on the table has aerobic potential. Where rest the flies till daylight? They left the dog to smell a guest. Odeon of damp east in the night draught: darkest hour before dawn. What if tuberculosis strikes the neon? Aragon in the blue spark jumping the vacuum. But I can't move my hands are stone. Shelve the thoughts of the last seven hours & bleed them later for a satisfactory poem. You are a maker, not a writer. Went out to help Franchig to hospital. Taxi on Mowbray. Was it the other time his skull framework came loose & he teetered on his heels out in the outpatients lobby, about to collapse? Near death, had help not come. The wire in the jaw.

Tick him to get some air, watching warily.

Shining grass & rain rinsed air, sweet spring. Rain that shields the feelings, something to think about. Favourite theme, symbolic of universal connection - rain on bloomed weed alike. Only the roots of over the rich don't leak. Snapdragons are protected in the garden. Still, most flowers don't mind. Fresh as dew in the morning when I go to the factory. Don't notice then. Smoke dregs staggering for energy of long hours. Overtime, get bonus. Edukets Shoes Ltd boss gives Xmas presents. Kiddies too at General Motors - tricycles, beach balls, plastic soldiers. This Friday night see what a month's pay, Pay moneylender, Greek, at café for file & chips. Pork pie, beef pot pie. Grass green, grey, over-tall, waiting at bus stop in township Friday afternoons. Maybe slip away in five o'clock crowd. Get off at terminus, drink all night in a different bo shebeen? Korsten, 8 rough neighbours.


Shopping centre there, own class of people, Morgan the greengrocer. Send kids to school. Rugby on Saturdays, wireless in the back garden. Sunday afternoons. Nice times at Xmas.

Rainsdrops in daisies gleamed like paleness of pearl. Pink tint inside oyster shell, but this fuses red is luminous. Intenser than damask rose. Broad open petals, pistils with yellow stamens, thimbing out. Plucked whole flowers, squashed them in smooth moisture of girl's pretend, playing house as child in hidden bushes by the lake. Collected wine empties there, men drinking after work, kept in sacks under bed in mother's room. Found rat dead in a sack once, bottle stone owner said didn't pay for that. Chipped ones at half-price. Thought they crushed all the chipped bottles & made some more from Huang. Teacher said they Read Somewhere glass made from seaweed. Save bottle money after a time. Mr Karrof spoke that Thursday night. Says if I'm a bright boy at school. If I land him 2d give half-a-crown come Friday. Next week other motormen assembler broke. Make money till after a time. Mrs Karrof slept short that Thursday night. Says if I'm a bright boy at school. If I land him 2d give half-a-crown come Friday. Next week other motormen assembler broke. Make money till...

Big tip, throws away cigarette after three puffs. Scramble on the pavement. One day fight, God in forehead, pulled lip. Blood in front, takes that one home. Guards at gate in blue shirts: run to


Prevention of Detention

Pale, pudgy, teaboy juggling cups & saucers once taught Othello to our class; a spindle, scholar; imprisoned because winter is in the brilliant grass.

Liberal girl among magnolias born was set to clipping dahlias in the prison yard, her blond locks shorn. Winter is in the shining grass.

Twine the tattered straws, together, poetizes love & passion that美元. Skin is discoloured as the glowing clouds while winter is in the shimmering grass. Winters is luminous.

K.7/63

Glue back the sears as the scars of old fires. Throw some ancient trash away. Lily that survives by war & time although. The pond has water in the brain. Drooped leaf on tottering stalk - yet there is something repulsive about the watery (those that factor?). Even the St. Joseph variety has an unpleasant odour. Sweet leaf & smooth white - of course - they grow from tubers. Then coming home in a sandstorm. A day with Tillyford from Leggonia's library. Wasn't thought I had down Thornton Road.


There are in that country wing-nunmurs of disorder. Pipe-dream, the Kimberley hole filled up with rainwater. Bush grew on the plugging slopes again. Blue diamondiferous volcanic pipe. To scramble in the gravel our forefathers sold everything. Sifting clay & day out.

Gull shrills about the slicing wind. Scavengers in Courtyards, on railway stations by the coast. Wrong train at Bellville, needed shackels from Zodie the binhocking Shesheenie. Tense. Talked about shift's recklessness as a virtue. Flock seaward with the milky clouds. Don't get in the way of the black wind, the arctic bees at the highveld. Meet you with a glacial politeness in the tall dust of trees. Dispirit on your knickers (drawers in other words). She is bleached but may one day chew petal leaves. Never knew where she came from. No time for highly-strung paulinjas. Ronnie
Burton found her amenable & old hawk-eyed Leggimie. I swear. Used to bring his librarian ship classes. Distinct of books, intellect. Read a good one on occasion.

Chill bone & rotting membrane in a rock pool. Gulls guts. High up they hurled defiance to the wind. So long time spent on old poems, skeletons. Naivety of feeling can’t be passed on. Terribly unseemly. Young fascim’s mostly pretentious rubbish. Distance but a blank what I left.

No flower wants to be black.

Poem

12 o’clock room will a smoke umbrella
screws me from what sad encounter?

Cold rain by my window weeping.

Whenever I stand there slants shadow
& should I switch to darkness then

Who would touch me & know I’m human?

Waters tumble & stop without reason,
not leaves dripping. I cannot concert
this dry room with real cold rain weeping.

They each day passes will a little number
which we dissect each day, destroying;
those whose minds sleep in cement cells
are strange to those who rattle floorboards.

This side of this room is silent
Whenever I stand & wonder why. K. 11/63

Show me an old man’s poem (‘old flame held steadfast to each darkness’). Boasting to strangers.

Like the thrombotic devalued East End jewboy on the plane, his flight nurse putting down ginger ales on the rocks. Told him we’d died was of the chosen people. Drank whiskies, Canadian Club. Knew it would come round to that. Praise Zion & hosannah! Tata to him at Calgary airport. Never saw so much flat land in my life. Prairies.


Like that Summersand night & jived with the boss of Lyon’s Shirts’ daughter, shapely brownish, alert & dinky. Schoolgirl. Sophisticated. They smoke in front of their parents. Freedom that gets to be respectable. Attitude, said Dennis. Mixed it up with another time we supper at Nach’s Restaurant with Marnie Pather (jumped over the barbed wire gate that night after lock-out by the landlord). Or in Parsons Hill, lady who sent a £10 guinea cheque in sympathy when I got through high school first class, name in the newspapers. Died of cancer afterwards.

Origin should make you blush - the phrase ‘low flame’ in Fenina & Woman’s Life. Mum used to tell my stars out of there. Horoscope. Interesting events a the horizons. Future is particularly bright. Now that Summer is about to break with full force. Wear dark spectacles. She tried to read but the tea cup reading clients couldn’t understand literary chit-chat. Gazing far away into girlhood at Oudthorn & smiling wanly with cheerful flapping of the lips. Turning cup around round in the palm. Diamond lady, sweet tears. A man in the circle. Lone girl with her little son came often. Daisy Lena who didn’t marry prodigal Freddy, the enigmatic son of Hammond St. Put silver coin on the cup turned in the saucer. Grease my palm the fortune-teller agreed. Her
Fl. Enrume and me out with the morning down after only weekend with Lee Roman and Joe Polmarovesia. Steep climb on the dam, 'round the hill, and down the river. The other morning I didn't feel it. But today, the climb is steep and the river is cold. The other morning was a bit brisker, but today it's just right. The dam is a bit higher, and the river is flowing faster.

We arrived at 9 a.m. and the water was calm. We set up camp and began our ascent. The river was flowing smoothly, and the air was crisp. We camped in a clearing, where the river was calm and the sun was shining on our backs.

We spent the afternoon fishing and exploring the river. The water was clear and the fish were biting. We caught a few small fish and enjoyed the peaceful surroundings. The river was flowing gently, and the sun was warm on our backs.

At sunset, we headed back to camp. We set up a campfire and sat around, enjoying the warmth of the fire and the sounds of the river. We talked about our day and shared stories of our adventures.

In the evening, we went for a short hike along the river. We took in the fresh air and the sights of the river. We saw some deer and a few other animals, but they were too far away to photograph.

We spent the night in camp, listening to the sounds of the river and the stars above. We fell asleep to the sound of the river and the warmth of the fire.
that garage mechanic said to own a smart car. Till someone saw him driving a different one every day. Got Smart - just testing them. Riding around on weekends. Memorable sessions in Cypress Avenue, Sybil with a smallish hole, Carol with a big one. Pathological jealousy over one hand, balanced by the other's jealously nonbearing.

Johnson, Larry, 13 Raphael Crescent sums it up. Lucky devil marries an unlucky angel. Best of luck, Frenchy in Kilston Road after recovery. Hired out house to Peacock, guitarist. Kids dangle gaping holes in the garden, smashed gate hinges, cracked bedroom window. Reoccupation after marriage (2nd). Carried to bed drunk on wedding night. Got his bit (as if not before) in the hour preceding daybreak, deaden hour before the dawn.

Bunny Tolka - how matrimony takes them away. Prosecuted by the judge to 1000 punitive weekend hours. Headed into Car at 70 m.p.h. on Frielsdown expressway. Frenchy through windscreen went flying. Emergency live operation. Ambulance man first left him for dead.

Big Bill Braunzy is the voice of God. 5 the face of Gabriel. Lax wanted out from temperance sessions. At that time sister met him. Spoke of pursuing a fleeing cricketer to Thunder Summer's inconstancies. Affair. Made love on the rear of brown paper on the table. Back of cleaners' depot. Sang beatles early numbers there. Xmas Eve will be rather. Sorry after closing time. Suppose can live on own & handle the overly capricious belle, name of Glamor. Take home from downtown café job at night knives busking on the dice corners, dagga neck seething the air & honeydewickle. Wilderness of stones: the story townships. Car wheels spattering from under in all directions, kicked up against my balls going to school on the hill. One night at branciew's bistro the bridge of her nose when seen with strange guy. Sometimes lawyer's letter. Other time knocked him about with stilltoke heel. Once or twice, Ping pong, Ping or pow. Roundabout's last, again swing. Sister joined battle while we washed Skell in kitchen. Apology. Slightly drunk. Wash that god! ride out much harm? Never touched a girl till he was twenty.

Strict Anglican parents. Pa Kemuse was tramway official. Fell out of bus & pensioned. Tyrant in his days. Bought Fargo stock with savings, dream of test influence going downhill as local political force. Too educated. Sold retail vegetables & never never matter Mrs. Greenwall's had to bail out her son Ampie. Arrested for disorderly conduct. Rainwater's wires in white suburb couldn't pay, bought lavishly all through the month. Cabbages & carrots crated of grade A tomatoes. Second van crashed into mountain near c.t. on holiday. Went back to selling penny apples & peanuts. Green stones in the kidney eventually. Renal obstruction. Me will my prolapsed haemorrhoid squeeze the at stool till the red grape dropped in the pan.

Or an impromptu toenail, sticking up the toenail. Thumbnail shattered in car door. That wasn't suffering. Brought bug eggs with me, small white ones hiding in seams of clothing. Slept over the nights on end & infected the place. Pour boiling water over the bedsprings, rub garlic & jamacca ginger into the crevices. He liked me, proud of me, godfather. Called him gangster at table. Answered questions 'godfiddler' in small voice. Wore fatherly to me in bedroom. Take care, my boy. Sons & friends bugging next door. Put on jazz - loudly. Speak up I don't pause they said. Make noise with your feet between tracks on the LP. Ma with angina. Pain up the left arm, calling that doctor whom the dashhund bit one day. Frontal attack, not sneaking up. Too Chippy for walkers to the dying. Chatted to Mr. Gelderblom on the way. Both gone. All the old-timers. Some fine stories. Sam Alan seeing his suit cover back at Three four a.m. Locked out after warning, no key. Quietly piles brick under the window, taps a code with one slim finger. Not even dog in other room hears. Had him in, smiling by the light of streetlamp. Do the same for us, son. Sybil in c.t. after that birthday consummation. Virgin, never worked so hard. Dad passed away.

Army, style Grimself. Left some real estate. Packing up for c.t. Wouldn't let me sleep will her on train though. Prim as a posie, read yellow leafed books on c.t. Published by adventures of Bible Truth Society. Told me having it in pregnancy was harmful to the woman's emotions in the eyes of God. Feigning bitch wanted me to marry her. Still at college,
I said, studying for finals after no-work year. Blotted out in front of landlady the whole story. Fortunately was crying & incoherent. Put her in taxi, refused to think for four days. Then got phone call, she saw doctor although I didn't want to go along. False alarm. Fury voice on the line, attractive husky voice syllables. Woman call it some technical name, missing a monthly. Not been worried anyway. Rhythm method cheapest & safest. All the good times we had with the rough & the turbulent with the temperate Connie Francis her favorite singer. Cat who couldn't dig, only scotched. Tremendous generosity. Parker bi she gave. Writing this. Once gave, feeling is first.

Mr. Yun was okay when I returned from vacation. Tyre. Later embraced Islam. Wore society chick. Wearing hijab going to Hepworth factory in the mornings. More should be said about this enigmatic chap. The low priest of reticence. Never said anything just in my experience. We will hear of him again if not from him.

James April, recent 90 day detainee. Took 2 sets to Raymonds from Liberty Bottle Store. Due to see Cosmo British Sunday. Folk about. 

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From Crawford to Watton. Write the journey into a leg of the odyssey perhaps. All for love, real and suffering is delicious - an esoteric thing to say, a mystical utterance. Yellow-hueing willow, Painted hollow houses in Bentheuwed sands. Wire fence painted green around the borders. So cops can come in & quell riots. Killed a man there, one of many, left his head on doorstep. Sliced another's pock out & planted like a cigarette in corpse's mouth. Stabbing cases at Green Schur Hospital - hundreds come in weekends on stretchers. Broken skulls & ripped stomachs. Cops patrolled in threes. At night souls whistling out of the dark. Shifted from their centuries-old city habitations. Argue they would have died anyway, the statisticians. Coefficient of correlation's mysterious to myself & the stable citizens. Man must not only endure, man must prevail - Faulkner winning the Nobel Prize speech. Until killed by train this year in which I write.

Time does not change us. It is we who alter time. Grasp this, essential as patience. Tried all ways to express the relationship. Diamond is true diamond in the light. Rarely you find a good stone one of unflawed quality. Too brittle for cutting or too dark or too small, too many points to the card. On a birthday card to Joan a jocular message. We shall not cease from exploration & Little Gidding. The end is to arrive when we started & know the place for the first time. Beautiful passage. That wasted too, for the most part. Not that kind of mind, she hasn't. Injunctions me sometimes. A little bit of everything said my London pal Maggie, when I long to please. Hated too.

Martina Daniels, that slick & easy sailor.

Matter is moveable & indestructible. Man may be exterminated or exterminate himself, but a Friedrich Engels' moving essay under Dialectical Materialism in Енег. But, proves, 'motion is the mode of existence of matter'. Heretics all - things are flowing.

Sent my necktie from home forgotten in hurry. Surprising long slender box I get. Maybe mambo inside. Almost killed on road today, hitching with Makefield. Driver swerving & careening. As result make bee line for Alhambra Hotel pipe for Raymond. Once more with life. Visited J. Veal on way to Louise, promised Cema Sat. night but got drunk & returned from Lou to Louder, when Bubbles Koch popped up & uncle Herbie Wiener. Stocky little man with smile. Move via Tom Dooley for one & drink ½ at Fiman's, talk bull, read poetry, freshly in transcript J must tape during week, end up at French's will 3 bottles. Vodka. Enter Ivan Lynch will
much talk when I promptly remove, or attempt to, wind up Sat. man with huge headaches. Round corner after wash spot Pietie & Huddy Templer, make in wine, fabricate tales of Shakesp & Marlowe as luncheon entertainment to go with Liberace Roto. Still in form for Woodstock where play records for Jack Ryan & Eleanor Simkin. Gim Gim Gim. Whirl round to pub on corner, muddy streets swinging dizzyly. I pass out but come round minutes later, trying to throw self off Lawsie's scooter or some such acrobatics. Volkswagen misses my head by inches in process. I get home, noisy, hit someone fiercely, swear disgracefully, generally act misandrically. Refuse supper, step off to Bubbles (now about 8:30 p.m.), argue with people at the wrong door's on way down Belgravia Rd, take in the Vollmohoven. Get Peggy to step where 'boyfriend' catches red-handed but ignores. Stagger off to Finsbury new. Remember hop somewhere & changing midstream into Brand St (by-passing J. whom in any case am in no fit state to take anywhere) to & behold see Bubbles' pad off to wedding. At wedding locate no booze. Proceed as intended to hop, drunk in hand by Ivan. Nice. Broke, bum quid of Martin Daniels, during one off roll. Boozed all over dance ends, find self in brother Brian's van working it out vituperatively with Ralph the jet-faced hopeful, who challenges a brilliantly drunk Nortje to a contest of prestige et cetera et cetera et cetera et cetera. Knock a wood at Villa door but head that clear can't ask for more. Next thing the tail-end of Harry Peacock party with Lou & Rita, Steenkamp. Managed home after that. Ironed apologies to Mrs Halford, a hangover. Suggests as hangover - raging thirst. Could drink gallons! My behavior I believe has not exactly been exemplary. Still that savage intensity to live in me. Moment I stop in says Mrs Cornelius - What happened to you last night? Backing out of the Ralph, but I am, not without some ironic laughter, detachment of the sabbath, after thoughts. Tough outside. Inside here it burns like hell maybe. So what. 0 godaddy, here comes Peacock feeling seasick too. Well, in the circumstances, Ma Abdel is the best venue for reparations to the infinite soul. Take 2 on the premises, go back to play Miles Davis. Lunch with Harry another Soetes, off to Raymund, late for a change. Where at Cosmos pad on a Sunday afternoon Mr Richard Rive deals body blows. Reciprocal process ensues. Last week I bought a typical ambiguity. Nortje with his spooned mind.


Grad. on 2 May, hire gowns from Markhams. Want buy one for this spotty ceremony. Picture came out nice though. Defeated R.G. H. Leitch at chess. 2-0. Tania persisted & was uneasy. In the dumps. Dormily depressed in Cat Lake, Canadian north. Or was it Beavuk Lake can't recall. Talk courage into him. Make you feel your own troubles small in comparison. Must write home for dough. Vacuum. Oil's renewed their Scholarship. Time I get £50 in three years. Make the present return best of bonus. Hard work paid off. Merriweather to think of it is that way. Will first payment drawn near into Liberty Bell. Store & called bookies with strange wines from the shelf. Throw banknotes in the air. Couldn't believe it. Photograph taken at the
Arm's expense. Claims they never paid him, old Taylor. Took too fine shot, adjusting the lenses. No young & smooth-skinned, trace of a beard in wisps of hair curling from chin. Sculptor's neck chin up, eyes bright. Smile played on taut excitable lips. Restraint myself from laughing, then said a funny springy feeling inside. Teacher's do so, end of the month too. Got stinko that good day 2 other awards. TLSA (Wynberg League, van der Ross & moderate intellectually, almost Girondot versions), best area student. East Cape, Port El, municipality 1961. Chicken feed the one, 150 quid for three years. Board & lodge out of there. Handy peanuts; other, blew 20 quid at one try. Joined drag table fridays at Lowdown. Or pecpie willies with bootleg liquor from the Studebaker in the yard. Pretended to send someone to Dooley's. Went to laboratory for crap & found bleke passing the time there. Always wondered he came back so quickly, taking breathlessness. Played golf into early morning. Lost 5 won massively. Tyron & always won good money, waiting for good hands. Trick to shuffle deck with 3rd finger on boney, wild-joker. Two or 3 rounds in a row that way. Hansie Korschem drinks with third finger on boney. Wild jokers. At Finlay's. Want to hit him with chair, old man, had to give Calm him with aspirine, Sandwiches & coffee afterwards, cleaning up. Played the legacy well on Sat's, pensing form cards in Cape Times & booklets from bookies at the course. Bubbles rugby. Hansie the number's game for Mr Corneilus, Racketeer as the quiet. Cannon shooting for cigarettes, sometimes dice for money. Sat's just laying about, maybe scope in the morning. Regret.

Gull wheel's screams the stabbing sound. Where is the sea now? Pierces the silence over the million flats. Metal jongs of loneliness which bite. Lies in the peculiar grass, smell wild flowers. Bind soul together. Say that part of the Peninsula was raised from the sea floor on massive millions of years ago. Phenomenon of table mountain. Never climbed it, even ester up the pipe track. Strange regret, like a desolation (something needed was wasted on an incomplete identity). As, can't swim or ride bicycle, though tried often. In dark creek. корен, just fopping in belly in plightful boom's foam of sun. Always thought shark there just waiting. Sands stepping under your toes, sky looks bland & the shore deep. Get it in pit of stomach too. Fear, don't want to die. Embarrassing feeling, but make joke out of it. Laugh along will others, then can't hurt you, As kid by the G.N. palling on borrowed bicycles. Took my turn down steep embankment. Green paling pass by vertiginous, as pick up speed down hill in Kempten Rd. Fell off, grazed knee. Never learnt really, guard coming up just. Hands thrown forward for shock absorbtion, out of contact. Laughter in the rise above. Stand up with gravel pebbles stuck in painful flesh cuts. Bicycle alright, wheel it back, send up silent prayers. Thanks for survival. Dogs too. Scarred by the canine blues, any kind from possum & chihuahua & mini Pincher to Abal不在乎 with their arrogantly powerful movements & those big woolly breeds from Europe. Can survey the scenic coastal with transcendental thoughts when in a stately manner looking at the local disturbance find men deadened best friend there. Forced to kill General Pollock At The Golden Oak From Gosnoll, 'panda, but your teeth are in my ankle.' Got chewed a bit bigger by big ones in my time. Irrepeable fear, primitive drive to avoid. Can't kill & destroy on sight as inadivisible with masters around & RSPCA officers. Dog's life, in this respect. Winter ribbons of the flesh. Summer twill, velvet. Then small buzzing Jimmy Davis Jr. American appendage. Negro you with one eye, in the Rat Pack. Love Simons. Love is lovelier the second time around & honest. Pop sublimated. Autumn fog seen to dispense pain & blur. The damp mirror mock me. Max Frith. A wilderness of Read review. Always keep up with developments. Be a sophisticated man. Sky hump above the asphalt road. Line without further connection. Fast comes up in the wind. Like that day I looked at the Cairn sprinkles, airy rainbow blazed in the breeze, veil of colour through the watery prism. Scan the sky & the light for mystery. Wind becomes wind in winter, dead small. Love the Sound of April, something hard & shear & thrilling too. Between times birds eye silentelier, Sparrows & jincher in the trees, tufflecove in the old upines. Sullen steelroofed days or ones, blue will make, clear view to the mountain coming home afternoons, yes. Bush leaves in the sily quillers. The wind is everybody's agent, the rain has violent judgment. Play bell with all & don't take me or yourself so seriously MacGregor. Cloud blooms by mountain, walk while. Knife-fool of its poignance in my country, and that gives me too much I guess, nothing for the grass roots. Me in the middle section of the pyrami'd bearing he downward & adding to the base burden. Metaphor. Men singing in the showers at the baseball ground. Shut-out by pitcher, celebration at Nick Keeners. Their admi's apply.
pulsing, wet strands of hair over brows. Stomach mostly under wraps, next in concentration on the balls, to desk. Book there. Life-buried bubbles on the melted jungle. Middle-of-sunlight clouds outside the window. Bottom half fixes for the ladies. Must get a lift. I try to go home for me. Sat in a box uprigh
to one day. I noticed donkey car at traffic lights. Good Friday - their bags. Napes have matted hair. Crosses.

Don't feed them enough in the shun through, dogs there associated too. Many cried. Defiant, defending
own territory. How does a tough. Nerves jump heart beats boom, adrenaline pumping furiously. Get
past if you're lucky or not scared.

Littered remnants of cloud at horizon, after the sun breaks through. Light again in the valley. Regret that
my people do not know the mechanics of the sky. Neither do I - all facts is relative science. Politicians
are said to be pragmatic. Must take cover in religion, the clock that conceals the dagger. For life is a
paragraph. Read books but I often wonder, sit up with head supporting chin, what is the real meaning.
Born without choice. Heredity, environment, bundle one inherits. And death. I think is no panacea.

Somewhere I have never travelled cuminings in Untermyer's anthology. Let out by Mr. Gregg once, wroti
vac. at CNA: philosophical homeliness with the look of an octopus aesthetic. At Theogard St, then, first year coll.

Music, tried to read books. Rubato, glissando, vibrato. Rhythm, melody, harmony, polyphony, orchestration, Moore the
March, Crescendo with Nellie, Lility Rockie Trotte. trees like that. Red army at Moscow, Bird in translation
in California. West Bankers, Bird Lives! Scattered in N.Y. subways. Greatest modernist of them all. Don't
dig the classics. Bach & Mozart are European folk music. Removed in time; the golden age. Oh
where has Oblivion gone, where Chopin, Richard Strauss, Russian folk music nearer to the thing at
times. But Rimsky-Korsakov doesn't stay me. Love Sibelius, only one I could come to terms with. The Finnish
soul. Go to Helsinki for some bath, one day, when rich. They crient. in the ice then jump straight into the
steam. Both. Peer Gynt. I listened to once will. Les. Got to be generally quiet on the bed
hands folded, like contemplative. European ethos in that respect beyond my powers of comprehension.

Got Billie Holiday on the turntable, or early New Orleans jam group with primitive passion. Obsessive horn
sound of John Coltrane. Man who learnt from Bird, Miles too. Milestones, let up I bought for the collection. And
Roland Kirk. We four Kings. Other Rowland, Allen. Lake nights in Lassbourn. No grace notes, just raw melodies
articulated harmonies. Rhythms of that flowered distant season. Flowers of intoxication. Hollywood calls it wine
2 roses. Or beloved infidel. Good for a temper key telly evening with some poppet on the mat, but can't reach
you down deep. Forget Mahlon Beach, Jack Lamon's gag writer's. David Frost on BBC has a whole string.
A series of dramatic drama a desire lurches to be like that. Eats you something terrible in the head. Hit the breeze
with peace & dignity again. Not remorselessly as Lear.

Variations on the feminine side. Up in item Reader's Digest. Want your Kate & Edie too (rocket derriere on your
golf score). Airline stewardess is a plane jame. One on western arrow from Saskatchewan farm, fromat.
Note 3/4 hit, swing between 5 & 7 like ion between electric sources. Arts of desire. Swear off booz again.
lose weight. Picture in the mind of free-roving youth, beard, cool. My own man. Was off snookers for two
months. For 18 months like that. Van Reenen always brought cigars along at bowling sessions. Brandly all
the way, or soles in the twilight. Worked at Kembrook winery, soaking the books. Boss' car on weekends.
Wife Onah sending kids to call daddy from the hotel lounge. A cracker with wive, secretly fucking. She
would throw his belongings out. Pants on the apple tree. Shirt by the drainpipe. Suit with empty nip.
brandy flask in gatebag rattling on the stones, cuff links in the mud. See him at Helen's place when
sister's husband working nightshift. Sharing the ready little bitch like ten fellers together. Didn't invlove
one bit. Schoolteacher, bit of class. He was that group. Colin & company. Donny Bousk who resigned his post
& drew his pension. Drink it all out in a week. Drank a year's sweat. Sing puppy love (can't buy me) in that
Renault van. Driving to Ma Williams for brandy. Sometimes early in morning two of us talking at the
shebeen. Discussed 12th Night once in Eugenie's terms. Living like Belch, more or less. Sir Toby goes juy-jug.

Who can last without the google? Kenny Jordan never drank during the week. When I think of the values
& principles & philosophical systems we discussed amidst such apocalyptic scenes of gangster chaos, a
world of violence: bricks flying through glass, table overturned on other corner, boats smashing against
skull & ribs, bread knives flashing in the dim, electric light, broke wielding an axe & another

Choose Allen as your favorite drumslinger. Towards the latter end of month. Talented at teachers who paints gay canvases. Nailed to wall. Walk in his house with care. Gaping holes in the floorboards. Wiper trailing all over the dusty front room. Smoke dagga by the fire in the out-house. One of these damp cement toilets with long-angle flak of plaster & spiders on the whitewash tin behind the bowl. Eat a baked beans & brown bread sandwich there. Back at George Werner the blood-pressure story. Had his pils at privately once a never paid the doctor. Puts from old days. Puts first triple down. Shaking hands around the glass, then sits back & treats you to the most stimulating chit-chat. Invertebrate talker, treasury of jokes. He holds forth, as we say, couldn't get to like leading another holder. forth. Talkers from different generations, they don't jell. Only me as catalyst. Take it all in. Notice the suffering jaw, half-bossmen, getting in sidekicks. Singalong, we top voice. Reach them all every time, varying the impersonal approach. If they like you, they like you a lot. Bleeding piles he had in Athlone Hotel once, had to sit on packs of blotting paper in his abdominal. Frizzled attorney, paid with chickens & cab rides to court for a week—in kind. All the murderers thieves & gnores bodily assaults saved from the gallows. Caustic laugh, hell raiser, nonchalant professional. Knows his mines. Entrepreneur, utterly extrovert. Blendé, decisive wife. Lives for George. They boozed fight together. Gots him a boiled egg & a double brandy for breakfast. Shows the prosecutor at Wynberg before taking of Joe School. Mitchie at Welbome Estate provides the magnificentsaid. Bill there for forty quid. Some months. Nothing but Limosin. In the Royal Oak at Junction it's boozing while the case is on. Goes back & eloquently gets chant off or severity mitigated. Bloke bailed wife will a brick. Your heroine suspends the sentence, Werner turning his head & smiling knowingly. Wets down with yellow jowls & after a time. Lying there gaunt & bloodless, skin stretched over the bones in the white sheets,reading time on Native Law. Complaint about medical students crowding about their case visits. Like you aaram or something. (But gauche as they are; or smile, must learn.) His eyebrows yellowed, face drawn. Frenchy's me standing at the bed in reveresce.

Sunday night at the Ambassador with Rowland. Dagoes hung around. Plenty of good cats, langa & Sea Point. Gin & redwater. Pissing the bottle as vibraphone bells & tinkle, saxman hammering hard. Cat on guitar broke out with Notty—liveldest set of the evening. Night, about 2 a.m. Must call Sam Game over strongly. Brain burning drunk birds at back of room. Underlies boyfriends of the liberal jews. University types from the chic suburb.

Monday this involved fight with woody Sybil. Frustrated in attempt to knuckle her under by hangdog Beca. Williams & niggerous companions. Walked in before I got there & lay pensive with hands folded behind pepercorn shall with stinking clamed crooks this after I'd given Nuffie £ for them to buy boozes & shift it elsewhere. Afterwards Richard arrived & I went to help clean up a matrimonial mess. Got back will everyone gone. Got started & worked up a nice solid rhythm. When she pulled up her knickers & said she wanted to go home, Nuffie-keens, all of mine, failed. Provoked robin in his next, fly & hopefully open. Finally told her to go to hell & not come back. Tears, idle tears, how they drove me into pity. But not this time mate. She wanted to make it violent's I just relaxed after a relief action left hook suggested itself. Other worries on Metted Educ. & Principles Educ. projects. Buy I a gift wrap for farewell party this the next night. Expect me to be moved in the circumstances. There goes my heart & there lies I under the ceiling.
Don't wanna come 'bout no woman the next couple munts, man. Crazy. Godda got 2nd unna da wad 'n mix it widda professionals. If I think of her generosity nevertheless it gets me right here. Shopping soon for a grad suit. That one Ray picked, dawg & shaggy big girl, at Romans. Making a call to his concubine first from Parliament Houses phone booth. See Israel at lunch in Upper Brutelast Street -- pub there with high bar stools. Can't get to Counter on Sat. morns. Nice place, watch dart players. Men with 2 plasty eyes & huge gold finger rings opens suitcase of stolen suitlengths. Sets there chatting with the goods on his lap. Bids good-day to private dick who says some kind of vodka with lemon. Esoteric anthropology of snowflakes - no need for that reading the Dead. Should get her Dubliners like the copy Sheila Robertson gave me with Outsider at the Race Relations Institute. Will wind up with a ghostly Elizabeth Bowen, maybe even Denys Robins. Not too much of a faith in her intellectual endeavors.

Jimmy's queer run letter wants to discuss a preternatural (can't say 'home' abnormal) incident that occurred 3 years ago while at the Wyndham Flat. Must go to Canada out of hell's passage. (Turned prophetic a year later. Heir Passage by Herford's New College, into courtyard of the Tiny, Oxford.) A poem to poet, notes to translate, nails to cut. Horoscope in Personality, just for a laugh. Or really waiting for the bird to get ready. Purple afternoon behind the bulked mountain. Haven't spread the table cloth yet. Southeaster from the sea with on the threshold, though music was the morning. Army among the moon-polished dunes & the cicadas in the mimosas we made love. Leap tall in the sunshine come September. Move out of that house. Weezage of festivals are flotsam clouds. Wine off the vine. Brandy stokes, drink this jive in: on wine billboard saying 'Wear having wonderful wine!' Dry scrawl pencilled below: 'Wish you were here.' Kaastel Langen. Van R. the nervous introvert - sober. At his broken-down disorganized pad a weekend in April. 4 quarts of Leon Special from Ma Williams round the corner. But got drunk & bought scotch. No wine or brandy see. True to my word. Handshout no more. Gets me in the pile.

New pop, camp, cool, op & all the in-things. Skipped a light jambangbo/Turned cartwheels on the floor/ I was feeling kinda seasick. And the crowd called out for More. O the room was humming harder as the ceiling flew away... Psychadelic: gorgeous colours & barrage of sound. Carpsophenous oriental. Love the flower children. Write them poems. LSD & tea. Leary & Ginsburg. There were sixteen vestal virgins who were moving to the coast. Query paraphernalia of all experience. Vide Sergeant Pepper's Lovely Heart Club Band. I heard the news today oh boy. Judges who are 'lenient' like one (S.A.) put Neville Alexander away 10 yrs. & Denis with the bullets in his gut. Over in London Mick Jagger & Keith Richard. Hullabaloo brought last minute suspensions. High treason & drugs. 4 amphetamine tablets in jacket pocket. 12 months for attempting a freedom clash. From Leeukop to Robben Island, shopping store. One letter a month, stamped by the sergeant, No. PI 223-7072 is waiting to you. Just a note on the inside scene. Crinkly nice paper with his bold pen stroke. Studying law there when not filling up the barrows with chopped rock. Table Mountain in the distance. Deceptive looking out to sea - think it's near. Go over by ferry. Say you make bed for the Red Cross officials. After inspection, made to sleep on the floor as usual. Sneering details in Parliament when little Helen Sisman insists amid calcar & jeers. Big healthy African ministers from the Botland & the Free State, Jonkerman & Platboekies, Wolwefontein & Kleinmaler, Edgar Carstoe & Connie Poole. Bellville church. Putting the pressure on Roux about discussing new teaching regulations. Can't belong to political party, organizations, can't open business or transfer without CAD permission. Die Streettreeenbaadorer, Posts 10. Give me leave without pay for 2 yrs. Never go back. Can get a minute's notice. 24-hr job -- Connie called it a lot of guff. All those guys out there being found guilty. Waited 3 months for passport. Exit visa easier. Boats & planes loaded
weekly will people exiting to make a new life. Thank heaven for big Canada.

News item in Cape Times: Dr Alexander shaven-headed & barefoot in the witness box, Testifying for a group accused killer. Poignant courtroom scene where Nelson Mandela asserts that sabotage plotting spring not from recklessness but from sober deliberation. Such is autumn's nature.

Savant, redolent of willow, embroiled becomes a vision to startled mute lips said with sobbryutter, pam is remembered. Leaves will burn & whirl in the air presently for such is autumn's nature. Moon & the star Venus avenge brilliance, vie in the night sky. Moonsuds, silver basin of. And that now solitary wanderer, the evening morning star. Smoky clouds of soft grey accentuate the jet's dust man is but dust. Must brush himself off. Too long in the desert, or fell into the dry bed of a SA river like the joker geographer said. Let him try the Orange at Aughrabie Falls or the Olifants at Du Toits Kloof. Willow leaves dance against December light, nuances for the heart's outside.

Rose glow dawn has brought ascends above the theatre of the sky. Rhythms of anatomy. Apogee of love, with the rubato of repudiation, staccato of disconnection with the legs of first sight with swift desire. Melas = black, melas = song. MM. Celebrate initiative the world over. Orpheus may have been a darline. Hence Stokely Carmichael sees the danger of being torn to shreds by the blind bitches, the Maenads on New York streets. Most of them frightened little girls though. Sex Maniacs prowling Central Park, sometimes doubling during lean periods as mugger. 8 nurses murdered in Chicago. One kid under a bed in the hostel. Blake tried to slash his wrists, some crummy backstreet hotel. Rapists & mutilators then all. Spectators on the balcony in N.Y., not so much as pick up a telephone. Maniac stabbing girl repeatedly with cutting scissors. Lonelier we get. Guy in the uni. Campus lower in Texas, Austin. With arsenal of rifles & guns. Picked off the victims at will. Lunatics who can buy mail-order shooting kit. Lee Oswald - crooning with evil intent in the book depository at Dallas. Teleoptic sights on the rifle. Blood all over the president's car, skull smashed. Kinda conspiratorial: silence him swiftly.

Juggernaut, Vishnu: relentless destroyer, object of devotional sacrifice. Somewhat window. Pandemonium like Malvolio. Received with these names. Good feeling to back then at Durban in July when everybody has a flutter. Ride out to Tattersalls in Beaufort St. Not satisfied with playing golf all week.


Duifies, waving your arm at the Sutton Rd corner. Paired on hawings. Dottie vief is doo dea, little girl can't come. Op Diemuir raiding Toot at Vicipet. Fraser Street pull tonight. That's good for the afternoons bands. Well, Mr Sam, I tip monkey. Must come, crosshatch. Feminine endings that trail away melancholy like unfinished business, state Cox & Dyson in their little book. More losers than winners anyway. Smokc-smear of daylit horizon yawned onwards wide open to clamour. The gold god Sun ripples insolently among tall webs of leaves. Ivory bowl of shavings in the blue sky looks like a father of moon diminished that relinquished night. Stars are the losers like blown cinders: majorities must be

Misery is knife-deep & poverty is skin-thick. Gloomy morning follows a dark dawn. For-vumbling poets = de Taja's lectures. Pulpy sky. Pulpe purrfa rice. Tamatie Breidie tonight at table. Old Malay recipe.

Boeber's cookies at nine instead of liver paste, pate de foie gras through the clash of our crises as we aspire to be free.

Scene headlines an Ethnic College

wild grass

Gull swerves & screams sharp doubt. The grass blades curve back from asphalt road. The ton-on-ton trucks one spraying stone the other straw rear in to towing red-brick buildings assault my sight with ranks of tall blind windows behind Lager split along the glass by spying sunbeams.
Laws continue the narrative, / Scornful in their stiff, aloof grace. / Crewcuts, trimmed by some hangdog butch at
You hear repeatedly
the trains that chug away through thickets. / Aircraft in formation, swooping higher
possess the gift of flight, beyond our master pencil. / The jets drill distance brittle,

nervous, incompatable with

'Jeopardy' execusives,

state sedately from a ninth-floor office. / Under the arches I bow through shadows:

a shrill bird in the air asks of the sun

0 where is the sea now, where is home?

K.

No Change

Leaves lose no colour / this or any / season in / (se winter's funny!)

good hope Cape / Peninsula:
bare boughs are rare here.

Boots on the white door / is the black of night.
Rest of the world / sleep out of sight.

Heraklitus / lied to us

on change. No change / We stay Strange. May 1964.

Better little letters thrown in the miss of the world only to flutter on the streets afterwards. Proof.

What is often thrown away maybe represents a long night's work. A surgical contemplation.


Night has gorged for the jవar-skinners, b the past has not always punished evil. Let the man regarding

We say: Religious hypocrisy. Be tolerant I suppose. everybody assumed to learn. Does Harry Truman

sit in America tonight with Hiroshima at his mind? Or Johnson guilty about the maimed civii

ians in Vietnam or the brutalized public who can enable H. Rap Brown to say that violence

is as American as cherry pie? He eats his Wheaties in the morning. Hickey Texan with the Big

Father smile. Kenny Jordan, last heard of hiding out in the Boland, pops up at Dares-Salaam. The

boys live it up in the night-club there, reportedly. Bored by inaction's futile hoarse from the rest

of Africa. Master in the grip of cold of hot war with Israel. Military camp after military camp, New

taking office for a month or a day. Buy chromium bedsteads 8 all-gold Cadillacs like Knowah.

Better wisdom of crossing a field as a man. Many noms have crossed a town lain open since you

were a boy there keening a ball into a fringe thickest 8 stopping to find a rusty coin or an old silver

carving, a woman's shoe. Withered grass in the sand field. Crumblly dog-topping in a

patch of field lilies. Go back there after the game. Stand & wonder at the sun that sets alone

in its damask aura. See it next after it has actually gone down, due to light refraction. Bendering

over the horizon out to sea. Anaeological ecstatic feeling flames alive out of the grass or the bright

water. Primitive sipper lurking in the heart. Feeling as a man only a field here to be crossed.

Pet dogs mauled their mistresses in Durban. Always thought they were dangerous.

Under Longdowne Bridge

After the whiz of doors slid shut
Of ONES L.B. I swim in echoes.
Who landed the wall o people?
FREE THE DETAINED by someone wrote there.

Black letters large as life stare you
hard by day in the black face;
above the long grass & the bush needs
goes the brown, clang-clang of railways.

darkness
At dusk breeze neutralizes this request

 till dawn falls golden & sweet
though a sudden truck by night
cornered, holds it in spiderly light. 5/64.

Into June. Tough emotionally, have no idea why. Seemed that things were finally falling apart for me. Wild attack of schizophrenia imminent; toyed with thought of suicide. Found Bunny in hotel
with delightful Blenda wearing her butterfly-shaped spectacles. B. off to Roeland St for weekend
on a rainy day, taking tobacco for the cell boss. Cancelled an intended visit to S, chatting with
B there: a tonic for the beleaguered soul. Wanted me to meet girl at her school shift, not bad
in view of the shambles my life was in then. Rejecting institutionalized God, no compensatory
afflictions informing my Muse. Nerous on edge, anxiety prone, suffer hangovers during which I am
terrified, cornered, self-trapped in quill & death-wish sequences, about to be mangled. Troubles of
the spirit, a phrase not devoid of meaning. Not dear that I fear, but mutilation. To be incapacitated,
paralytic in a bed, condemned to the wheelchair, the rack of immobility. Or go blind, cas
ting round me confused, flailing & screaming in the darkness. Put out the light, s then...? Swap
the main switch, cut these mortal connections, jam the wavelengths, slam slam blues.

Fetched Rowland for a session. Werner client & Volkswagen, Kombi. Fucked in Questown one night with
my whole kit & that big Teddy Pillay raincoat on. Someone had it away on the Kombi seat. George
unwinding coolly, with a blanket on the floor. Bird pissed as a coot, wanting it all inside. Second
only to the all-night stand in the lawyer's office a block away from the hotel. Servant girl who'd
had her fallopian tubes cut & knotted, said to open her let the back of G. swimming away in vest's
underpants in the reception room wall bench. Calls R & sell his Goggas, counterparts of the Liverpool
kids. I'd shout 'Beatle! Beatle!' & black dog running as came into sight round corner.

Straining voice & sighing with branding. Rambous wild swaggerers. Clean out the fridge too: whatever
bread with wads of butter & slurry up half a big pot of piping soup on a rainy Sat. night. Bed
down in Children's room, Junior's room. Wake up grubby & rough & smelly with fleck of fat &
grime, dim eyes in the dark with the inbox rattling a monotonous cold ding & streetlight through
the slinky curtain. Old furniture standing timeless, suitcases piled on the wardrobe, shadows in the
mirrors. Feel way to outside toilet. Newspapers on the floor. Damp on wooden seat, G's piss that
missed as the tall man stood there smoking with his grey temples. Sit shivering & listen to night
sounds, insects in the willow bushes, wind against the sagging window pane. Pull the battered lid
of a load of gravel precipitated into the shit bucket. Make minimum noise, scared of attracting
evil spirits that walk the night across these old geological formations. Creep back under still-warm blankets.

Johnny Dodds LP on down from Charlie, a home tape with a dandy & Vauxhall. Yoga man. Landed
at Ma Bagley's but the way out of Greasenut, Daughter with dullard type white boyfriend. Tried
to connect a number there once. Old man looked grumpy & shotgunish. Ma with her brown
cheeks & dimples, black wave on side of nose. Brandy-drinker, sitting on edge of bed, full of
curiosity & local news. Nutty relatives & an enigmatic son, smallish build, dismissed by Roy
as one of those Portwine gangsters on good behaviour in the house. Weed from Josie in Lismore.
Long talks there presided over by K.M. while disposing of a Liebie dakinely. Wrap one up for Harries
but he not home so between rainspells work our way back to base.

Base requires explanation, part of which has already proceeded. One of those truly sleazy joints will
R's mum trying to stamp at least a lower middle-class respectability on the place.
Sats down with an old man who visits with old-style manners. See his brown scalp shining.
affectationally calls him Boeta D. Walls pitted, wallpaper flyshitted, wood rot & ripped hole (for a winter fire with wild inspiration of the artist in chains, unintentionally antique knobbly furniture, old studio corners with lumps on one side & airy hollows at other end. Dusty radiogram - big model from the fifties with Colihine solen coming over in superb clarity. The quits & legate leader in the field. 1927-18% & new 45 singles - once was Anna (go to him).

Blew a long John in the cuckhouse & then as it was out on its tail the Malay Boarder arrived to swear a better step. Fine for me to come back in after so many lonely years. Discovering the soul of the black philanderer. Philos means love. Last time at Berry's Corner near the type factory. Laughing my head off. The objects in sight grow smaller, the more you smoke, ridiculous miniaturization. Next year at Summerstrand or Shelly Bay or Eskimoland, with Lox, Pinky, Xanme, Carrie & the crew. Sitting looking at a ray of sunlight broken up in a leaf filigree: far voices at a car with open doors. Massive depression anxiety when over, but that not exceptional.

Running along the railway line from Athlone with Leitch. Rowland gets increasingly active as he boozes, being the block at 1-2 in the morning 'in mid-sentence. Puked out yellow dry wine once, very very heavily in Leitch's toilet pan. Baked beans s corned beef sandwiches, stand round table & the gloomy stabbing light. A cough somewhere in the rancid darkness. 3 bottles apiece during the course of which I fell asleep stopped off when I woke 3 hrs later. Someday My Prince Will Come utterly haunting Colihine. They played it under the bridge at Toowater, Ray told me, on a trip. More daggs breakfast. Sing some harmony a million times to his kid sitter & away we go, no hangover can deter, no harsh time from young people can perturb, leave the grey people inside. Torrential rain outside. Cops had shortly before visited Josie. Malingered a bit over R's ginormous boozes s drug account. My Shortness of breath when smoking it too much. Acts like sedative on the nerves. Involuntary muscular made to relax too much. Air hunger.

Louise the pel was the bleeding toes. terminal gangrene, going up the leg mouth by mouth. Poor black boozes like a water rat s Violence is his first name. Wife will visit in the fangs. Cheese with Haeism. Wife Stella gave birth to baby boy last week. Idiot diarrhoea. Law roped to a nursery chair. Sits there helpless. While they stuff his mouth full of potato crisps & he wushes s glasses like a weird animal. Not Callous - just scary looking at it. Vegetable existence of the stcreen. Under your mind open like a hot rock in a bony wind, suddenly snap. Got back to hear that S had many times Spring flowers already in the Hottenbots Holland Mrs. Ola for the painter & the pink! Dairies.

The p. e. holiday was terrific. Ray rang the Wednesday. We duly practice teaching at Bellville South. Thursday went to fix divorce case with George in Curly's kombi. I making love in back as we swung from Winterton down through Factretton's off on a wild search to Simonstown / Houtbay. Grouching in the dark, hunting dogs at an old farmhouse of sharecroppers befuddled by the fat system. Country farts giggling in the dark. Back to Land Hotel. Improved Eureka school dinner. Blondie getting into his without the cookies. Daisy Daniels of 1962 Langa & Winston Johnson & Houseguard openlegs stick, 1 little jobby. Lucy the girl to meet. Richelieu all afternoon. Got pissed & gave Daisy the works on the couch after G. & B. had retired. Wanted to go destylage too. Friday arrive at school when Roy asks about while I'm down fly. Late nights & nice times. Wash off hurriedly. Collect bread at college s is trip on? off? Get lift back with Robie who talks about Gestapo's Oswal Keddel who removed a young Jewish boy to death for overstepping. Budy Scott is mad about the lunacy of the world. Lunch - Mrs. H. hadn't seen me for days so wasn't going to for the next week. Throw a coat s shirt into the suitcase as R & R turn up in a car with 6 six-shooters Vitkiss s sober gurgling in the way that undrink wine does. Frenchman chatting to Principal Coetzee after school. Time we've done Frenchman's dragged R with a brand-new raincoat away, only time for Dock Rd brogery s 4 3rd-class tickets. Put away 4 quick bolts between C.T. s Bellville. For a start. Know, dear reader, that it's a 20-minute ride only.
244. On a train, a robbie. Nicer, sit ons vont to ' by Worcester. There Ray passed out. Rowl's jowly is in the second-class at cousin Eff's. Over a Samson Comic: it was what I descried. To the brother Louis & bitch wife Eleanor as diced potato in sweet corn. Meanwhile I try to woo two east London. Both of us come out with an unopened birth. Brandy on the railway folding table which Eff later tells us she gave away to an uninterested spectator. R's French recover is indignantly hand us off to our own pad & have their work cut out to confine us for the night, which is when we start to call the bedding boys & conductors alike by a term used to coined to shod Moll the erant homo - 'transmogrified vark'. Exhausted we sleep as far as Mellebaa, where incredibly pierce our day. Frenchy dares over bridge to pub & comes back with Victory Brandy. Mix-up will how much boozed we'd bought. Found a bottle behind a blanket, one under the bunk.

Sat. worn sat beheading imprisonment of friends while the lovely landscapes rolled by the 3rd-class window. 10th's heat blowing from the engine in front, quit in the boozed. Other 2 blisters have turn to rip-roar & screaming. This time not even the cops can quiet down the vark; at one stage Leitch was pursuing a maiden from the 2nd into the 3rd, shouting with glee as if executing his Karate puncher. Finding way to Eff barred, Rowl's I trade insults with the gutter strummers at Middelfraas, high-falutin' swearing unheard of. Kill them in those brutish pants.

Train pulls in Sunday 7 a.m. Having gone to bed by discovery, rocking or sitting or pressed out horizontally at 5.30 after a horse shenanigan. Leitch's big boots in the door & after an apprehensive bedding boy & a conductor had tried to wake us, sent a cop in who gets a response from we nearest he door as if I feel my shoe being gingerly & rugged. 'Good to see you with apocalyptic 'Help' & 'Die vark steel my shoe.' Hooliga in Front Rd about both brandy found under care as we spilled out of compartment meeting with sighs of relief & dark verses of belligerence on station.

Prise nunc to return for lunch but instead travel in Harold Bagnato's car to Abalern Hotel where Alan shakes up will concubine Noelle. Brandy from Galvama's across the road. For next 7 days the terrible journey to pacific p.c. by storm. Dad. Can't. Begin to tell it all. Highlights follow. Amid protestations, tears, laughs, storms & what not proceeded the tremendous joy blast of 1964. From Bill Boomgerv's blast for drummer. On all other, brief love affair with Eleanor Le Reux. Conquest of Leo's new stables, which opine a cinch if wanted. Alan left-holding Noelle in front of about 59 files & about 8 empty brandy overall showing, letting the doorstep where I was shiner, she pucked in the bed afterwards. Good thinned out activity, George Alan not now for an hour; planning to get record player. Lot of Muley Dream beat. Dewervile & Anyworld 4 + 3 others, thought L. Allen, the Capt. Sunny Still & Artie, with an unheard crack called Joe Castro. Optimus 10 moonlight in Galvama's Sunday evening. Send car to station. So Sandy tried to pick Carie on Allen coast.

1. Leo, Alan, Frs. we lunch hunchly in the grand manner at me mom's.
2. Visit Louis Allan to tell 2 of arrangements. Try to arrange Allen over best tips.
3. From Abalern to Uncle Potty where raise of RS & mun's 10/- put us in 2-bottle spirit & malt class at Galvama's.
4. After splitting we remain on an old post in site, return to Hazelth.
5. Say data at home 1 get tin of delectables which leave in back of car along with both of gin were meant for journey.
6. Leo got buzzed meanwhile & beans out of car, shouting 'noor!' & 'voetsla!', almost falling out.