

**MEDLEY: DEC.1965, circa 22nd.**

one song running into another, the things we did. Last summer where our revels were ended & a new phase arrived: what cacophonies of sound, what sights I saw (& more must?). At once the Bard & G.M.H., that early bird of youth! So eclectic, in a manner of speaking ... Tonight at 6.25 the big pull is towards my Newfoundland -- only Donne had found the knack & I drawn to ye olde Mitre Inn (Tuxx Tavern) for the pleasure of your company, girl. Shall spend money & maybe find one bird, but the aching pleasure will not prolong itself beyond a rhapsodic climacteric (?) in Macdonald's empty flat to which I have the key & where these discursive double-thinks are being committed to paper. Loneliness will gnaw at the heart in the after-hours -- agony that after the dream of consummation flesh forces the spirit into redoubled energy to flow back into the stream of chaos which strangely is the only sanity in a world of mirrors & a wilderness of walls. As I take it Keats says. Sweet though in sadness let me ramble on: where ended?

When Largo Johnson tempted Norks into a bibulous Oudemeester orgy after that terrifically disciplined probationary teaching period: Jan. 1--26. He was going to "hook", eventually did, apparently to Sal's disgust & family sneers. But wasn't Noreen's wedding just as dry? With Boete Bal Intaka -- Joe, thou sodomist, timid but arrogant black diabetic, swiller of soetes (Libertas Red Muscadel) & reckless feckless Opel Kadetter! -- we found nothing in Caleste St. of a Sat. evening with Desiree F. & a screaming kid in tow. Go gamble with Tony Tobias who nips over to Clare St. to pilfer radios.

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That rather peremptory but entirely lovable number (no, sweetheart suits the ethos better) called Magda -- to whom in midyear was born then a bonny baby boy & it being top secret that the flesh had torn -- o agony! So complete a change was ne'er seen in so incomplete a man. Once again -- a steadying habit, women. So sprout our theories & man to man we influence each other. He first put me on/to Carol Hiles, in effect & and I have much to thank him for ("Carol, let me show you nature in the Gelvendale bush"). That night, then, in a half-built house of a posh area: teasingly vague? Whoever comes here to feast his venerable eyes on my graffiti will find a scatology of the highest artistic order: these thoughts are respectfully set down in memory of the oddly contrasting characters who people & are to people its pages.

How many of these holier-than-thou bourgeois from older parts of town then realise in the St. Lilia Crescent of today that virile germs from this flailing phallus spray-painted the brickdust of raw walls with their  
through  
jagged plaster [with] a deliberate avoidance of Carol's tufted target? There do we blot words to be careful, & understood with more various delight than vicious vicarious lewdness. Leitch's affirmative, o Canada emigrant? So many have ministered unto my needs, now alumnus oxoniensis.

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

How it lasted this 2nd time through neglect & insufficiency. Ah, cruel nights against a wall, a pylon upright, later in bush where

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my one foot was. Never formal as it had been before: just plain carnal knowledge, sensuality for sensuality? What attraction for a kid hardly out of school? Not mind, surely; maybe instinct after that first melodramatic kiss on a garden bench. Where did I receive an Easter card? Episode at Erasmus -- F.L.'s sojourn, brief but breezy.

Potty Basterman schemed the voluntary removal from Ma Rousseaus at the end of Feb'65, the place too small for a language teacher's load of compo. & letter books in any case. So: [ch] ciao, when will I see you baby. This meant a bus at night -- not me, uncle. That fracas at bra' Harold Sadsack Blignaut's (bless his pseudojazz alto sax soul) pad where Norks having spent lavishly in R96.70 style at month's end played bad cards with a chick (Yvonne Davis? staff nurse, Livingstone) got sour & cursed wife Mercy, termagant -- reason -- & sourpuss by turns, in [St] Martin Street of a Sat. night, passing out soon after. Boss Harold, away, wakes yours truly of a bleary Sunday morning with what were in all fairness quite gentle rocking slaps, walking out uncle. So [he] I trot out limp apologies over there, distressed that gravy-fingered Darryl & pug-nosed Andre are biting on jags of fractured waxworks -- goodbye to Someday My Prince Will Come & all that, Miles in sy moer in, die Here hoor my! Stepped on it, perhaps justifiably so. Or so Lox equivocatingly implies, off on the back of the scooter to St Philip's morning service, the hills from which you get a clear day's grand sweep of Indian O. in Algoa Bay. And I betake me to me packing of suitcases: travelling, people with small intelligent libraries.

Pops up Mrs Erasmus, Ettel, yes, at Gertie's with the Sunday club in their Veeplaats bliss. Oom Agues (Eggs? cleaning G.G. Volkswagens,

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those black-death-beetles, on monthly p[lay] & tattered paperbacks from the Baas) had shown me round to a mean, grotty shebeen & while we are imbibing a syrupy White Port, me large and generous in mood & money, the string of kids pipe up. So Beetlestone Rd goodbye, & thank God I lose my traumatic fear of Madoda's gigantic calloused toes glowing ominously through the amber poison. All fetid breath, iconoclastic I go like wind.

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

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[a] strictly fun. Helpful at times. Yet all have problems. Staff vignettes:-

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

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

Dudley Nagan, brother of the helpful Winston P., enigmatic, taciturn swinging keys at lunchtime, has Ford for Lizette, who must have put him on often if she could give minute's notice to Myburgh just after I left & two weeks later turn into a bonny crackling baby what everybody thought was a liver complaint: savvy? Sorry about that, Dud: [but]after all you did go along wi' me ter Bobby Braak's hotel room to help the ball roll, didna ya ... but there 'tis. To wed or not to wed if the woman's socially prominent, or to go to a nunnery? Ralph Simon who had returned from a spell in Ghana picked me up in front

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of Erasmus' gate every morning in his grey Volkswagen, & there sat Lady L. cool as a cucumber, dishing out advice preposterously, her Maiden-form Girdle squealing madly & Lovable Bra at bursting point as she shifted her hogbody horizontally & felt the cool of brandybreath on her folds of napeskin, letting me pass with an unintentionally acid observation: hell, you youngsters! Ah, so? Easy, baby: a woman is a sometime ting. Less of a waddling duck than Una, vulgar in her attempt to be prim, a prig (smug, scrupulous, offensive I mean) & a busty matron of a woman, self-righteous & niggling, a fookin' prude & showoff. A bloody pregnant pterodactyl, to be mawkish. Let alone the fools: we learn from Freud that the most offensive people, these who sin in the way of arrogance & superciliousness,

and

are the weakest characters. They probably have something to hide, & vice or folly (crime or snottiness, as it were) are their defence mechanisms. The jargon of psychology fit these misfits, hallelujah!

As I said, Ralph Simon, Springbok (Coloured, E.P. & Subarban C.C. of Sidwell in the vintage years) cricketer, then with an ample marriage spread, idea to get out like most of his colour & brain of ambition. In the mornings we picked up Ivan Potgieter at the foot of Russell Road. The slightly-built churchwarden wielding his cane of terror reigns as horse-nosed Winston J. reported during the Hammond St. days of Pearl & kaalplate passion buying Evening Post -- to digress, how many magical half-hours in an un-lit corner out of nippy air with The Girl have been more fleeting? Ivan, then: his well-meaning snide remarks through business-like specs, his thin face beaming, a child who had been reared with utter propriety, maybe nurtured with hopes of the St. Philip's ministry like Jimmy D. would have been: imagine the matronly care with which the genteel shit was wiped gingerly off the face of the chequered tiles, the toy icons for electric trains at Xmas, matins or vespers in lieu of Tom Mix at the

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Avalon, polishing candlesticks or carrying flowers instead of bashing at a football or breaking Dutchmen's windows in summer with a high exhilarating loop of [x] swung spinner. Still, an efficient man of unflinching integrity, typing the papers for 8D & E set up by me.

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

De Doncker, I take them arbitrarily, of community charity & jaunts to the council slums selling cut-price corned beef for kwashiorkor-combating enterprise like Cafda, now from memory slipped. Socialite Eisteddfodd organiser & wiry pinched features, nervously energetic, easily annoyed, gallstones in her vessels: hit-  
Kupugani  
ched in a late effort to a respectable folksy panjandrum [called] to whom she did not quite lose (not virginity: these are people about whom the thought of sex would be ridiculous) her name -- their flowery bourgeois villa fron-

ting in the main road is called Donbru in typical syncretic fashion of Kleurling hibroughism. With her, travelling is a hazard: teacups & cartons of milk, boxes of apples always being shoved all over the seat. Madam (in her working gear [of]& scrupulously clean domestic science temple), say the social prodigies which the keen eye can already see as swelling the baby born two years hence, leg. or illeg., with a marked bias to the latter, Madam is funny today. Strict. So goodbye to any hope of attracting attention to the tense of the English Verb or its mood: those insectlike little [minds] brains are humming with cakeflour formulas, sauces  
sweetmeat [suaces] & how many hours at what temperature. Can I have the 8C girls, Mr Nortje? Of course, madam, of course. No, I'm sure: was only going to go over some Shakespeare, actually.

elusive

Like the grey illusive ghosts seen by Richard III in a recent film at the Scala (with a bloodily splended Olivier -- who wouldn't now want to see his brilliant stage Moor!) they come before the mind: Millie Johns nee Naidoo, Stan Bouver of Bethelsdorp whose father used to be my boyhood barber under the great & raided figtree, that Caledon bungler of a woodwork master Christie Carelse with a Cresta, to C.T. the quarterly pilgrimage, he on honeymoon as his disparaging colleagues facetiously put it, I on pleasure of a more general kind, Jardien J. the Imam with Cairo French, Gordon Smith the con man cum C.T. tripper by Kombi cum Truth School philosopher & hockey team coach, [cum] long-time adulterer & raffle swindler, italics man with the cool facade whose finger was largely esoteric in Abrahams factotum's tuckshop [fracas] fiasco: how many apples & peanuts have I eaten, how many toffees confiscated because of the beastly Noun! And Meyer separated from a no-doubt harsh wife with the widow in waiting down the road with Progressive Party passion; George Govindasamy thrashing the crawling schoolboys on their unwilling way (o

Clifford White of Stuart Township, thy goose is cooked, how sad poor dad) & spouting geography at leisure; Peterson bookkeeper your booming voice could drown all knowledge of a clear ringing noon!, dominator of staff confabs, wearer of double-breasted black suits with shiny buttons, anachronism of schoolmasters, eater of marmalade, thou mastering-me God!

A hobo was discovered preparing breakfast in my grot one morning, said Mr Fat-bellied Abrahams who had a contract with the Chief to sell samoosas (triangular curried mincemeat & onion pasties one of which I yearn for now through mouthwatering visions of those odorous days when I tried to behave like an advert for a crash diet as has been said of winning Sandie Shaw, pop girl in Disc Weekly, & 3 cheers for Proby's hirsute crucifixion) & bruised fruit. Earning fatter for cleaning the school than I do for disseminating knowledge, the fat bastard comes scowling into the lockless room of a sunbeam & dust mote afternoon to announce the cleaning squad. Can't you see this pile of books? And what about these broken windows, tatty meshes, dirty walls, makeshift shelves you fookin' buggler of a lazy Malay beldame, eh? [Don't] You can' speak to my like dat, mus speak to Mister Myburgh. As for the Big Man, he's beyond words: never so insouciant a uninspired, uninspiring man at the top in yer life, uncle. Beetle-browed, physically ample, feet pointing outward, bending like a hunchback to endorse your sick leave, asking little & dammit all getting it; anything but a bulldog, sending round bits of paper to sign about this, that or t'other thing: usually exams. Can tell you where to go (so-&-so House), who to see (why not try the Dept.,Regional Rep, dislike these gentlemen myself but in the circumstances ...), but never lift

a finger if he can help it. Ineffectual: the kind of geezer who needs to be behind a desk all the time to keep it between the two of you. A man in a job, not for it. At weekends every available minute goes to the Hobby: repairing cars. What did Rammie say? Piston Ring Club. A cruel jibe, perhaps, but genuine: M. would infuriate any dedicated man. With a failed son & one of those big-boned Kimberley types, a prim wife who wouldn't be seen dead in a public bus. Again, more's the pity: a man certainly with an above average brain, even if like F.L. Erasmus & perhaps Paterson's N.C. Fischer the degree was gotten correspondence-wise. His niche carved comfortably for life, let the patient Meyer grow gray hairs or so. And the plucky blokes who stood up & fought from the back row never got to the front line: Dennis Brutus kicked out for wasting his energy, now in the bag of God. Harry Jeftha mercifully & R.I.P. opted out via a brain haemorrhage. Philip Oosthuizen grabbed his pension & boozes with juveniles like Gorilla May. And a cocky pipsqueak in an easy chair, to bungle on endlessly. Go west, young man.

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

Arthur Renze, social studies. Smallish, sharp-featured, not dynamic, but competent. The Alabama & other drinking places where hob-nobbing on a reasonably decent basis is easy with the likes of you: talk of sport or violence, angle for women, get rosy, take home your pay & sit tight on your spirit -- mind shut 'cause you've hit your groove & the grease not too gritty: Your wheel runs blithely, boy, only your wheel ain't turning. Big Brother is never on holiday, isn't he ever so vigilant & devoted. But he gives you plenty, he's a good man. Aw, he's not too bad, look at New Brighton & those poor spooks. Siva Moodaley, W.P.'s sidekick (ex) who

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got mad when I never turned up for a farewell party: too much like a swansong, sorry about that. Suave, polished, gleaming dark Aryan in an impeccable pure wool cloth with purple buttons & black elastic-sided Chelseas. With Supiah Muthian, their banana Pontiac obscuring the street so I couldn't see Miss Hiles passing the gate. Nevertheless, remembered for Mercy-inspired (how she ruled she thought, they sought a venue & she exacted her price, the shrewd bitch) parties which one knew could never turn into a spontaneous Bacchanal[ia].

Memo: Helen Smith in rainbow angora one night, game girl preferring the back of a 3/4 ton pick-up van when she could've had front, then the bottles of booze from Perl Road drive-in which was one of the salutary features of weekends & holidays in P.E. out of which later developed that estranging squabble over five bob. In typical Frenchie style I misjudge the way the wind is blowing & angle myself with The People. These two

Olivia

okes have this Payne girl & another on an easy-virtue string & with Helen who was really very nice about my indulgence (ugh! Tetzels take me for a 1000 years) set up by the blaze of rather damp willow branches with the potables flowing over scorched chicken & all, Norks burst out lyrically (a raucous lyricism is to be excused as Boswell would say I imagine of Dr J.): Beatles, the Big People, Siva on[x] Harold's one-string guitar. And with these two groups aloof, an insidious tension builds up. What lasted for me about the fiasco of braaivleis was the girl's tenacity of purpose: don't SPEAK to me when drunk! Result of sedation: a Sunday repentance which for anybody but Joan wouldn't have got off the ground at all: an authentic, deeply-felt despair & disgust at always managing to hurt other people where they seem least vulnerable.

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It seemed, or seems now, certainly, an off-shoot of my originality passion. To dig out the truth becomes a religion, whoever it may hurt. Or is it that inability to be content with half-knowledge &, by association, the failure to be negatively capable. Reader, see the self-disgust in

I lie down, smelling my feet.

Lox liked it without really getting to grips with it. A brief affinity gave it life. Resolutions about away from Joe Intaka & his cronies, asceticism, on turning-point after mid-year & hearing of Jesus. I was going up & telling myself to make no mistake about it; she sounded pleased, also wanting out. Joan, of course, was gone already: never to be forgotten. Shall it be noted impersonally then that four birds exhibit the remarkable one attractive feature: quiescent natures which my being wants to draw fire from in its esemplastic pilgrimage. I mean a letter not sounded which is nevertheless THERE. Paradoxically, the least attractive is the most beautiful & satisfying, & ironically most distant. No, you need not guess; I sit here delving into origins & effects while her kindness is for all. Gertler, one reads in the New Statesman of which the Jesus G.C.R. takes a copy, Gertler suffered one of these agonising relationships. So did Keats, afraid to offer his Fanny a crust-&-water existence though a critic unkindly but perhaps trenchantly speaks of the sensuous boy's romantic immaturity (visions of La Belle Dame Sans Merci?). Yeats in his mellow years regretted the gifted Maud Gonne with poignant sorrow & W.Sh. had his stretched  
Dark Lady crisis. I'm in everybody's bag, here. Be tortured on the heart's rack, you half-Semitic bastard, so the gods can have their satisfaction. Are lit driving me nuts: precisely why I finger the dark for your wan love, looscious.

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

Too detailed, not cutting away the inessentials, again. The passion: to catch every nuance, milking situations, nursing symbol clusters for a

rusty truth. Can she ever not tire of my weary gaff about reality.  
Try to toughen up this week with Xmas looming & an empty flat.  
If I can resist a[n] strong impulse not to pursue the hungering de-  
sires for liquor & an odd bird from secretarial classes happening in  
the Turl, how much more then not to communicate, to shut down the  
station or at the least to warp the wavelength so she has to grope  
blindly like [me] I sometimes do ... I have travelled too far together. She  
shall remain mute with the ball in my court, maybe abandon the  
game. I should say "match" -- is it? Numbing doubt in the brain  
that seethes: at the back of everything floats apprehension in a  
sea of speculation --- how shall it be with you once here. In a  
never-ending stream I keep on

and then came George. Ambrose, your fine red & black silk  
tie occupies a revered hook behind the door of Room 1, Staircase  
2. You suffered a breakdown of the frayed nerves, dear Georgie. Brought  
me genital balm (Tong -- chinese tiger springing in the new year & with  
open-ended Noeleen Solomon I wish you a very happy Xmas serene), you  
brought brandy, gin, sweetmeats, photographer, reporter, mad wit, moral support,  
o graduate primogenitive, ardent revolutionary sobbing at the table over irre-  
trievable sins against Verwoerd & Vorster, o thou alumnus Belvilliensis,  
hoy!! Never shalt thou enter Oxford poeg-eyed, or not like a dog with  
paw in air shall Regents batsmen ever be given out again.

Introvert, unhappy background with passenger father, irresponsible  
brothers, hard-working mother. Undiplomaed, to be rudely thrown among  
amorphous masses of amoebic adolescents -- ah, but fortune frowned, harsh  
dame. How many times have I put an Owen Haupt or Brian Barrath  
over the wall, when you merely dismissed them from memory. Yet clings  
the leech to thy spirit when my mind is moving in stratospheres!

Seeing a known man on a Sunday bus the morning after, you take his precocity to be a blithe hangover. Even the night punctuated by his extrovertly pungent learned discussions is not taken amiss: we are lulled by the sleep of generations & the social overlay into questionless acceptance, marking only in memory the exaggerations. Then to my desperate idleness leaps that Cape Herald van escapade, a chinaman's gun pointed at the sweet lifers, & an innocent episode underlines the fact of a very thin line between madness & sanity: we look for what? After clandestine cell-formations (Ambrose George: Elsie's River branch) comes the round-up shock. Somebody with electrodes at his genitals blurts it all out & the game is up. Neville Alexander of German scholarship fame, & brilliant doctorate on Hauptmann: talent on ice for so many years. Fikele Bam put away for 15. Your hot tears flow from the lacerated inside. Marcus Solomon tells you of their fat dossier stamped Ambrose G: o, how many more hours till the squad car squeals in front of the cracked walls of your place of work?

You get up in the murk of a winter morning, pulling on your shirt, will it be today? Why food, breakfast, good morning mom, love, feeling, concern? Isn't it all over ... Yet the heart cries not & the soul moans. Flowing back from the cold coffee ... One night, two, five times with a

girl at near-dawn discussing bright tomorrows. the Elsie's River [sunlight] growing redder & the bursting sun then flushing the sand hollows & time to resume the temporarily dreary. The house must be cleaned & college for your tribe on Monday. Resolution --- destroy!

east

For what but destruction, I say it as brothers on the outside would. DAB's story told at high school about the notorious Treason Trial which dragged interminably on. The political net went wide, & roped in the cream of the black crop: a plethora of fertile suggestions about the

foolproof method of dismantling the Voortrekker Monument, Pretoria:  
symbol of all that is loathed about the laagered Powerful People.  
Destroy or dismantle: a matter of time. There's no choice, really. Who  
would not go with Conrad when he asserts that no one of us in this  
world would prefer to rot rather than to burn. The all-consuming flame,  
the flesh's salvation. Flame of Godly humility burning steadily; flame  
of social participation, your being here to [make] shed a little light on  
everlasting darkness, flame of the phallus to perpetuate the flame. The  
three-tongued burning of a vision: in this let me be ever steadfast, o  
Father, "old Artificer" -- vide Joyce. Let Dedalus journey, Circe permitting.

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

To tell much more needs oodles of paper, acres of patience. I

lies

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

Dismissing after perfunctory perusal the follies first, for the vices  
are many. Durban Rd, then, no. 239. This the letter to you which may never  
be read, but the fact remains is that I wrote early telling of comfy  
arrangements we had come to: free board[ing] & lodging, though later  
with the likeable ma more infirm there came a quid for the washer-  
woman. What kind of man, this Lawrence? Strapping, Karate-keen (he got  
me in with Mackay Tennyson & some of their staff for a few weeks: that  
part of my life is woefully unpaid, commitments unmet), confident

& often cock-sure, good to his frail eating-like-a-bird wife, sleeping in bioscope, secure in the knowledge that he had taken her there, firm with the kids, mover behind the scenes, a committeeman (E.P.Rugby Union from which he apparently appropriated ample funds for house-building; golf; school bodies; ratepayers group; charity -- Kleurling Dove Club as off-shoot of all-White Rotary with Bhana, Umley & other Indian luminaries of mammon standing) of prominence with a bent, a decided flair & in fact a penchant [pongshong: decided taste or inclination] for brinkmanship & no doubt practised in oneupmanship. Balding, barathean-blazered, he adored to relax in his lounge, kicking his [shoes] sandals off & donning shorts. Carries a gun for the thugs swarming in the backwoods of Gelvandale where no.5, Hillcrest, stands towering like a concrete & glass colossus among an incredibly squalid & drab & God-forsaken sprawl of two-roomed economic housing shacks: the heart of Katanga [of] & its [work] ethos of knives & petty gangs (vide Big Brain & the Naughty Boys) in dirty bandannas flapping from foreheads & swinging from low-slung pockets.

The bargain was this: I should provide son Noel with the full benefits of my learning. This afternoon chore after a sweaty day's work became a sad chore: the bloke was morose, suspicious, obtuse, self-willed. Rather dash down Durban Rd in the red Zephyr 6 than appreciate Oliver Twist. Pitt, Johannesburg & Gelvandale High chief, gave books fawningly, but then a subsequent inspection at the school where good men like Gordon Jenneker had been denied the post brought out that Pitt was a slob frequenting a notorious shebeen along with some of his staff, the soup-house's doyen, in fact. Somebody got the boot, that time, for sheer irresponsibility, Merkel was demoted. But, on. This guy was the most after one had tussled valiantly with the inadequacies

of other little sizzling (with trivia) brains like Goessain Kamish's or Yogambal Pather's or Gasiena Brown's or who have you. The other kids, Joyce & the sexy little young one who was found going to beaches & houses when she should have been in school & given a helluva hiding by the indignant Lawrence, Zita. A frivolous sprite, rather likeable, & very capricious. Miss Barley, Joan, comes to teach Wilfie the piano every week, to the extent that on Tuesdays supper must wait for the lesson to end. Since feeling is first.

Pulling out at this time; so successful the abst[ention] & sacrifice that the little charming silver ring with the square green centre stone

inence

acquired from Johanna [--] one summer would have seemed too large for my little finger. Exercises in the morning , ma with my glass of milk (even this formality dispensed with on the assumption that only solids still hunger pangs), teaching 8.05--2.00 without a drop or crumb passing the lips. You work better, the hollow in the body & the flowing saliva make you feel so much a man. Go off tea & sweet drinks completely. Then one Sunday in Gelvendale drinking sweet wine with Alan Rousseau the developing albino -- boom! Weight up, fingers thick, grog blossoms all over a distorted face: so much for resolutions --- let it go says my nature. What would she think to see me now, you wonder.

big

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

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

Hendricks & barren wife, tipping Gerard with your boorish countenance, Mary Whitebooi dumpy & virginal, advert for universal suffrage -- here you are all unceremoniously lumped together & let the mirthful obnoxious charivari proceed; for the illustrious end of this chapter is to be [that] Helena's spreadeagled plump arse on Ian's throne of white & black enamel: English doors so rarely locked.

Lox in the foursome & for all the brandy we put away in such prim company may congenital angina pectoris nevermore burden him with Livingstonian inefficiency on Fridays taken from Spring Industries. To thee also, comrade, in dear friendship, I extend greetings from the pierian springs nocturnally! To Summerstrand beach where on moonless nights I lay in backseats between thighs creased and hard with age, not wanting consummation for all the world. No D.H.L., no Frieda: no love, no sin, as it were. To fruits of the country, sweetmeats, mince pies millions of Rizo peanuts; to balderdash, poppycock, eyewash, & indeed to all birdshit conversation with intention intrigue; to Orion, illustrious huntsman of the firmament, to Triton wreathing his horn in the briny deep & old randy Neptune with a trident pose in the nether's underthrust, to my mad old mother in the fecund earth, to Apollo the golden lyricist singing of it in a magical transfiguring after-moment when they have all gone not into Vaughan's blessed light but into outer limbo where the Sane People live; to mad wild sessions at Boeta Bal's pad of orgies where Noeleen's orgasm was ruefully frustrated by a preceding womb-scrape & Big Head himself complained of shoving numbers after draining too many opiates in the downstairs son-op run by Afrika & his grovelling syndicate; to a dry wedding at Perl Road where I twisted with Frieda but didn't know of the frug yet: to all I say hello & to all goodbye!

Must be mentioned, also, Fugard --- that blood-knotted dynamo of tongue

& good cheer and just bloody lovely drinkmanship.

A further point of friction with Erasmus was his old friend Werner. George & Jan Coetzee had this East London thing & they shuttled up & down from Cape Town. George would let his [B]eatle be contacted from Bellair's phone & boom! would go everything. Wildcat schemes about orgies as if I had all of the p.e. female population taped. The old brown Borgward Isabella (such CARS!) would rattle & drone & Jan would moan & fume endlessly about his Griqua lawyer's drunkenness & inefficiency: here's a bastard who could easily pick up 100 quid a day doing buggerall, & what is the result? Hell, so gou as die fokken jong sy oe oop maak hoor jy "Where's the Limosin bottle? Jesus, ek't nog nooit so 'n donerse dronklap in my lewe ontmoet nie, het jy al, Dick?" George, imperturbably improviser, wherever you may be at this given moment, 3.30 Dec.a.m. 23, whether or no yellow jaundice has carried you & thousands of Limosin empties & pheno-barbs into forgiving oblivion to which your face was turned in those sleepless high-pressure nights, sweet cantankerously, Blende-clapping George, George of the Athlone attorney's office, brilliant George Werner of Wynberg Magistrate's Court fame, bane of officials & cracker of interminable blue jokes, Geo ("dink jy dan ons is kaffirs!" -- baboons) of the scintillating memory, may thy days be filled with the nourishing distillation & a boiled egg or two, courteous Geo of the frizzy top & [x] Cornelius George of contacts to burn, Werner the dean with Wheatley the manager, o my lovely C.G.Werner B.A.whose true testimonial may have been so decisive & George [!] smiles knowingly while uncle Dick pours another & Nortje readies himself ravenously for Mrs B's massive meal. So

were some of the bleary blue Mondays occasioned: a shirt in a satchel, four samoosas for lunch. Sleep at the widow's , & once I almost shelled out R50 to buy a share in E.L. company. Mistake or felicity? Jan's Strand business was going bang but he knew his onions, or so it seemed until I saw him operate one morning with the bookkeeper Pillay in a very crowded patio room all ledgers & documents. Mr Adonis has a sheep farm near Bredasdorp. They lose it all gradually in various ways: frittering, fumbling, drink, ill health, pernicious legislation, lack of educational background, inability to cope. They lose it all, & their sons grow up in cities & leave the soil untouched. They become comfortably entrenched, get hitched to girls either of circumstance or social standing; bring up [child] a generation which can never know the quiet scope of a weightlessly clambering spider among wheatstalks, or a frail but surpassingly beautiful instant of insight. Kinsella in Encounter for Jan.'66 -- how that swings.

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

On one of these jaunts quite accidentally was Carol collected & whisked way: when comes one of these stark drunken moments I loathe. On a Summerstrand sand dune the truth is bared in the salt air. Do I just HAVE to tell her right there about the incompatibility -- that she's a stopgap for the running sore of lust & with the others just here for a time, able to go to hell? Why, sir, you have sorely abused me. Then the marvellous glimmering tears. Whoever comes thus far & hath not mercy on a woman's pearly tears, the devil punish with diabolic tortures! I cannot take you

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home, honey; I aim to swing with the crowd. So Carrie saves a bad situation altogether; soon again we are joined, no hard feelings, then? It's all right, only for a time. Has she realised it from the start, that her lover is here but only for a year because vide Trini Lopez the cost of love's too dear? The wry resignation is perhaps the great leveller in the women I have courted & adored, & may turn out to be the saving grace of the woman who is my lost half: that gracious readiness to be content with her searching wanderer who will come to drink deeply at her ultimate spring & quench his aching loneliness. Glad I am that it is instinct: she shall never know it, for once must be enough the first time when love at the lips is touch as sweet as she [can't] can bear, & never be it enough. Meanwhile, the woods are lovely dark & deep.

The C.T. trips are legendary. At March-end by Cresta in the company of Myburgh & two ageing ladies which included that Gloria Brinkman piece-de-resistance from Beverley Lounge & the grand babies-in-the-bath finale at the end where I little teacher in Bonteheuvel was taken & the worm fed sweetly, grazing on the lips & straying lower among pleasant fountains & sweet bottom grass of our lying youth. The utter euphoria of post-act fascinates me: here lies your little fairy animal now curled in your man-breast, & without a hint of self-consciousness you touch her & you feel she is you, you are the one real thing among images, reflections, whispers & echoes. Sense of fulfilment? -- I might plea that the words are inadequate. Cigarettes are tastier. Air is alive with a strange newness, objects assume meanings so freshly benevolent, new relationships appear to open into the future: there I am quaffing milk in the dawn,

arguing mightily with bus conductors, losing my way through Green-haven happily: a man now for all seasons. Not all roses, however as a thumb in the door jamb proves: didn't she tell me to be good! Then  
(before this!)

[p] contused (prolapsed, said Eustace Roman) haemorrhoids, & days later the ruddy berry drops into the pan & thar she blows, moving nicely away from Erasmus-Basterman's flash table meantime.

In the interim Max P. my stepfather passes on: a heart attack away from home. I should mourn on a cottonwool pad, by gad! Mom in straits, & since this is going to blur things a bit & I'm not sure whether [its] the record's been set straight, let's pause for a fag while again I must accuse myself of too much deliberation, looking too far into the sea.

There is a rather imperious Potty (mom with them after Vivien's husband is knifed to death in his own front yard) [tel] goading me away from books for I am very conscientious & careful to impress at this stage. Come round & talk to me sometimes, in his off-hand way. The compleat golfer with his Renault 403 & tight-fisted swing from an antheap back of the railway track, caddies in proliferating attendance for the fringe benefits. Katy Cavalla cork-tipped & pregnant (again?) Gertie to the embattled rescue at 1 with "tjee daar tee!" Eggs pissed thick as soetes on Sunday, & have I considered the pros & cons of this new move. First [buil] lay foundations, man. Why all this learning? Query: had we been set up in dagga-soaked Katanga, who would have written for my guardian angel such above-average & often splendid lyrics as Third Person, Away So Far Indeed, the Chelsea Set? The gods have sent me into these outer worlds to search out that lost half currently under the [name] initials J.C., but (deservedly?) due for a sea-change into something rich & strange. Should I have added rather on something in the nature of Ode To A Punctured

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Spine, Being Lucubrations On An Unfortunate Township Incident, from an invalid's bed? For one woman who bore me, to whom I can at best be an[There] emotional juggernaut & a material crutch, or as I envisage it through Apollo for one woman who must bear with me mine, & through her, [all] for all, the whole which however I roar against & wittily disparage & taunt I am inseparably part of? Rada Naidoo had point in her long-since remark that the bane of our society is its retrogressive pattern:--- are we going to make up our minds to inject new life, or is it going to be a repeat formula: propping up an ailing existence & eking it out with occasional blood transfusions while under a broken wing a new life is taken in & there's a general hoping for the best? Quien sabe? But I have decided, the decision until further notice is irrevocable.

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

I told Joe Intaka the rest, but I don't know what he's done to his B.A.--- a case of being wary of the fellows with the robes & accoutrements: good perhaps for fitting on, telling Carol in the locked room with the key in a pocket the graduation story -- then stuffing her full of goodies at the appropriate moment of academic orgasm: ooh. Briefly, that the emotional leaning on me hurts: so limited are the stocks that in these tense days with the

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Bomb hanging all over us it is difficult to see how anything but a pooling of spiritual resources can make a relationship work. All fell wide of the mark: I remember discussing the case of Jimmy & watching the look of enigmatic blankness suffuse his shiny ebony skull.

The picture of a solo suffering woman is rather pathetic because she is loyal, humble, reverent, God-loving, law-abiding, hard-working & maybe most important she has had a rough ride all along. Tragic in that she wants to give love more than anything & through some fatal quirk her right-hand son is unable to take it. The picture of her pulling out her best for my friends on that fab '64 day-trip, her going through rain, her coming [to] after me for her happiness: o God!, & even as the words are on the page it seems I would rather have this part of the past wiped out or neutralised somehow, as if the hurt on both sides is enough now. Even in this crisis of doubt & scepticism I pray that all may go well with her & that something happens which will enable me to alleviate the distress she must be going through with Susan on her hands. By herself, yes, she would make it & more, of that I am certain. But not with the weight. For the girl one would wish better. She shaped up well at first, but a spoilt child rarely survives, yet [ & ] given half a chance she could have leapt that hurdle as well. Never a hope: victim of circumstance & easy living. But not to be unkind. May God deal so that she finds her way in life: with her my thread is rather more tenuous. In the name of the Father, the Son & the Holy Ghost: after all, my creed whatever I shall say hereafter -- thus let it stand; & immediately inside here flows a fresh surge of confidence. Safely, then, through the mountains: this passage has been painful & the bankrupt sale watch which I picked up at a 1961 sale is nudging 6 a.m. Such hours have we spent to chronicle the trivial & not so trivial: out of dross the gold of years. How hours ago the flesh was aching.

Is there then the pattern dogging (or marking, rather) this one life -- I mean that in her reply to my one perfunctory note after 2 months of England

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she can scrawl on the tattered aerogramme in her hopeful misery:  
happy Xmas my son & hope you had a great birthday. This greatness of spirit, magnanimity, charitableness, call it what you will: has it been the illuminating facet of the diamond, the rainbow sparkle through which rich beams of my soul have shone? The charming ability, no, the lovable instinct to turn & smile, sweet though in sadness? Questions & questions at the crack of Oxford dawn with a gas fire low & warm. How shall I find it till you are near ... you tall & graceful spirit, administering angel through my serpentine words & emotions, it all.

Kadett trip to C.T. for a lark told & retold: 36 hours of rollicking bliss that May weekend. How many brandies can the maw sustain? It seems we drank & drank, but never of course to match the terrible quartet of mid-64: four minds shall not forget a whirlwind & maelstrom effort of incredible hobnobbing virtuosity --- a bedtime story to make offspring proud of dad's wild-oats days. Gladys Fischat, a spoilt cat, Margie demanding sex imperiously from a plastered Lox, Noeleen nonplussed & empty as a spent cartridge, Norks out for the count --- enter Joe to say "buzz off", the most famous last words Clare St. is likely to hear in many a moon. Then morning, cheque & change, mothers & sons again, going to Durban? Snotty Joe bursting in with the glutinous threads all over his tweed, & to top it off a puncture in a dimming pass; to come back spent & face an

spy

immediate eviction: goodbye to all that & now the turning to Bal, the [he?] who loved me, with a vengeance featured so prominently. That revel broke up some two months later with news of his Kroonstad beldame's impending arrival, but meant rather to be the spanner in me works: I had certainly set the poor boy on edge more than he thought possible. The figures

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move back into memory, some shuffling almost unrecognisably, others as minty as the day of arrival: Ray Townsend & wife Lorraine whom I imagined I could send up, just as I imagined with the girlie from Rucky's shoe store (Miss Vanboom, if I may call upon your worship, Geo. Werner) & recently the Turl barmaid with the send-off slimness. Cheese and sliced polony, cigars (Ritmeester Juniors) & brandy punished. The topic? E.P. Clement with Joe's super job & Ray's suave candour. A trip to in-law Blundens once so nearly catastrophic, but that first-night, that premiere a la Joe's could've been far worse. George Bennett & cronies, where are you hiding yerselves ...

Raven-haired Helen, your face of dusk would ne'er have launched a 1000 fishing smacks or even 10 skuitjies out of the Swartkops River coves, but suddenly there was I & you were around to hear of Milestones. Go along tight & get close to people then you reassuringly find they have their own griefs of the heart -- the one inaccessible, one ungraspable point of affinity. Intelligent, informed, perhaps more so than your dear cousin (ouch! & help!), but didn't I tell you NOT to speak to strange men? Good while it lasted: you shall be in Zambia soon, girl, & onto Canada, & there you are.

That night in the small hours so drugged that I crawled into the kitchen & in my blind torpor heeded Mother Nature's call on the kitchen floor: Norks, thou shitter in kitchens. Realising (stench was horrid & thank god no sleepers awoke) the faux pas, I scooped the excrement in its thick brown gobbets into the kitchen scoop & did a double-quick cleanup, pants full of dry manure strands (what had I eaten with all that brandy?) the day after I washed it. Laugh, Uncle Joe, laugh baby. Soon after that came my third C.T.jaunt. This time, disenchantment, George pissing on the bed & Blende displaying displeasure too often. A barren, jejune show, this one: empty

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stages, Francois out of town. There were Raymond, & Ian Erntzen to compensate. Uproarious moments, no real gemlike flames burning. The wandering Jew returns to the welcome fold. And to Carol, back for a one-night stand, ending with an almost comical nullity. For her that hour in a room must have been astoundingly wearisome, & yet she was loyal to the end, parting with "thank you for a charming afternoon".

The Mshloko party -- again fiasco but with great beneficence, chicken & booze, at Mavis Pather's. There the break & then the creeping loneliness of months of waiting. I had known just after the C.T. return of the award & set my face towards Jesus from the start: astonishing the energy I poured into the effort with grim determination. For I knew then that I wanted out, there could be no other way. Lox knew it alone for some time. With the woman you hedge & stall. Jimmy proffered every assistance. Joan was confident, so outrightly assuming the passport a fait accompli that it was ridiculous, hey! Courage & encouragement from many sources, but as time moved nearer, the gradual estrangement from friends, aunt Suse Syce's quidnuncy "Nee Artur, dji gaan net daar annerkant om 'n Wit meid te trou!" -- Danny Williams can vouch for this, can't he not.

[Resign] Leave granted after quibbling, then passport problems which a few visits to Robert Fischat, Kleurlingraadslid, which left me pounds poorer & frantic telephone calls to Pretoria set right. Tell Mr N on behalf of Mr F, in the bag. How much Liebie had not gone down this drain God alone knows. The Greens saw me more than it would care to acknowledge. And then there were the letters: my God, a small fortune in postage fees -- Gavin Williams (Stellenbosch matured); W.P. Nagan (Fort Hare vintage) whose curriculum vitae was the turning of the screw on a past already fading away:

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Mr J.C.Christie, friendly chief; Senior Tutor; Tutor for Admissions; Williamson & Burrow, passport correspondence; tax settlements; Geneva worries via contact; desperate cablegrams (one £1 at least redeemed of that): all the international smallpox & yellow fever paraphernalia. And at the end of it, here in 4A Southfield Rd, Oxford, in front of a gas fire, solus in Macdonald's flat, fit as a fiddle, having gone through at least 20 Gold Leaf cigarettes lit with Brymay matches, half rueing the cost of living, facing a comfortabel shit & liking nothing better at the moment than a quick warming of the cold bedsheets, a bit fuzzy after filling innumerable pages of an 8/9 Spicers journal with a rather readable & he hopes, interesting scrawl -- here at the end of it all with Xmas 2 days away & a trip to London in the offing, here sits K.A.N. writing away determinedly, glad in a way that money has not bought him love, & that love is still to arrive, the moment looked forward to  
eager  
with [great]anticipation; & so for now, vale.

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

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

4/1/66 & I am back. Briefly, I didn't get Tim Lewis' lift

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to London, took a coach instead & moved supremely into 44A Bensham Grove, Thornton Heath, Croydon, to a real old S.A. welcome from the Smiths. Martha (short, stout, bespectacled, loveable, ex-Sunday School at Sidwell's St James' of the poor-life days), said James Davidson from Canada, is disappointed in her sons. Here steps up a fine homeboy from Jesus, Oxford who classically had come up the hard way.

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

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

Both sons have English girl-friends. Linda is a refugee Jewess with the thickest calves I have ever seen: unstable &

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threatens to commit suicide after Clive & I return from Croydon because he's grown disenchanted & in fact loves a bird called Gill who I later to my chagrin find rather annoying when she asserts her little emaciated wheat-haired self. She laughs with an irritating catch to her voice, between a choked gurgle & a gnu's grunt, so niggling & imperious. Clive is ecstatic about this little silly bitch in a [gri] fatuous animal way:-- query: to be white for a black boy is the catch, to be smooth-grained & inaccessibly nordic the trick?

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

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

St. Paul's at T.Heath on Xmas Eve I entered with scotch under the belt as a buffer. Can I take the empty ritual & the pious fraud any more? Whiteley (Rev.) at Jesus Chapel had asked me to read John Five II-IV so many times, & what should be my attitude? Is there anything to replace the aged symbols? bread of life & heaven on which we used to feed because it was meat indeed, or the

shining cup which could make the old ladies return down the isle stately & reverent with glory in their eyes? It took an hour to treat a thousand habitual communications, & I wondered whether the Smiths had gone backstage while we stood waiting outside at the end of the show, Clive bland & Linda looming. She bought me 25 Stuyvesants, Mrs Smith 2 pairs of cheap socks with orange stripe to show the toeline.

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

Haig Whisky is 70 [degree symbol] proof, but I don't fancy Albert's taste in wines: curacao, peach brandy with a stinging sweetness, & cloying liqueurs, sherry which is creamed & not fino, very dry & light & spirited like Amontillado the dons have at their short sherry parties in the Michaelmas Term or that you can sign the book for & bill to battels in the Graduate Common Room. Maybe I am imagining things, idealizing as in art again. I told Joan writing to her from Bern's Edith Grove, Chelsea basement flat where I spent Sunday night. The boys drink moderately, & only once I punished it. Better stay than expected, I must say. Grenville

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took me round Soho & Regent Street, Trafalgar Square. Impressively vivid grass painting by Vincen v. Gogh in the National Gallery just opposite Nelson's statue on its high (bronze?) column looking out to sea in that timeless way. Turner is full of splashes of light, while Constable is the gloomy, brooding landscaper. Surprise that I shd. enjoy Turner more -- in poetry certainly my taste is not light at all. Then up the Haymarket to Rayner's pub where we debated having lunch & settled for double Bocardis & Diaquiris instead. (I was ordering a triple Diaquiri with water on N. Year's Eve when Clive & Gill -- people are still people maugre the annoying habits -- wanted light ales & lemonade: -- such reserve?) At a Leicester Square cinema we took in King Rat with Segal, Fox & Courtenay & John Mills: rather good, directed by Bryan Forbes who acc. to the Observer Colour Supplement drives an £8,000 Mercedes & feels great about it. Man of talent, like Dick Lester, John Schlesinger.

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

Here meet everybody: the slender & dainty Harry from Ceylon who argues [with] sophisticatedly with his Brit. Guianese bird about the merits of coconuts & bananas. Bernard her brother wants to date Linda, the other girl who came along for Xmas lunch yawns & later insists she is NOT West Indian or Latin American, but emphatically Br. G. Meanwhile the stomach must be surprised to have so many edibles & potables stuffed into it: raisins, almonds, fruits, sweetmeats, curries, mango chutneys, pickles, roasted chestnuts, roast turkey, beef sandwiches, rich brown gravies, pickles of cauliflower & gherkins, oodles of spaghetti, rice, aap-in-'n-koolblaar, the works. Topped off with creams & plum puddings, iced cakes with their

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stuffed black innards, coffees & teas, help! Antacids to be sucked to be rid of this cloying phantasmagoria, screams belly. You lie on your side so as not to puke. I think of you in the nestling room's dark, reviewing the past & tempted to write, which means going downstairs because here there's weak light high in the ceiling & people at sleep.

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

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

What is yellow & [gres] has 2 paws? Answer: a paw-paw, & thoughts of Werner's mustachioed smile take me back to where

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I was on the point of paying my ticket to Oxford when the same day I had to rush to get my thing. How soon? Immediately, I said to the counter hand in his blue airways uniform. That night a lightning telling of what's to come whether unsure or not the next day. Party of drinks at 41 Beetlestone with Lox & Carrie. The [ba] luggage must not exceed 44lb. Oudemeester for Winston, & cigarettes.

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

Gertie gets lost in Norton Park. It's my mother & me, wrong grammar or not. I'm booked on the 12.05 flight to Johannesburg, Boeing 727. Carrie arrives, & two women, tearless as I wanted it, see me swing [thi] onto the tarmac through the gates & up the gangway with sun for the last time strongly just off zenith & the country's weather moving into a booming summer, wind fresh & furling the flags on the balcony, mac. slung over my shoulder & S.Afrikaanse Lugdiens bag dark blue in my tan clutches; I can smell how sweet I smell. So long to the land, & not without nostalgia, for though all thy piteous mercy [fall] fade away, not for thy failing shall my love so fall (Guido Cavalcanti, circa Dante). Then up & out of sight

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& the Orange River is a winding grey ribbon far below while we wing into Kimberley & this Afrikaner is liberally telling me to be nice & kind to our country in my travels, & how are not we just all the same people though the room at the top may be shut for the moment. Do nothing till you cross the Limpopo.

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

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

Boeing 707 is bigger, goes up before you know it but with a slightly unnerving jar of rubber & metal as the huge bird lifts herself off the tarmac & heads for the welkin. The pilot is saying in both official languages but gradually with a preponderance of English that we are now flying at 36,000 [symbol for feet] at a speed of 660 m.p.h., & it seems as if you are in your lounge with a scotch on the rocks. The food's not bad except that it suffers from being too clean & hygienic in the spotless plastic plates. There are perfumes, cologne waters, powders, brushes and all mod. cons. in the toilet.

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Below you glides the African darkness. All darkness is dark. Lusaka at the end of 1965 is a 45-minute stop where Portuguese serve in the airport bar & those central africans with the ebony smooth skins, matted glossy hair & sloping strong-boned foreheads stand at attention in khaki briefs in the foyer. The airport is alive with lights, men service the machines which have to carry people into the outer world. We are doing our best to see you safely on your way: it seems to me now a nostalgic unspoken deeply-felt love. Men keep our aircraft in readiness, nothing must go wrong; it is as if we are all become pilgrims of one sort or another, walking back to the 'plane as it waits to be off in the night again, searching her way in the dark relentlessly among swarms of spectating stars in their fierce dispassionate brilliance.

Las Palmas for cheap shopping in trinkets & souvenirs. My ears have gone worryingly deaf: I hear my fellow-passengers' conversation dimly, the world of droning sound seems faint. Cottonwool comes out of aluminium foil. Gonna be alright, I imagine. Palmas near-dawn: already a world apart. Alone on that seat stretch I myself out, disfiguring a fragile [window] porthole blind. Everything is taken with dignity, a nobly quiet[escent] acceptance that we can't cross here or go in there because some of us have transgressed against humaniy. (In the crew & the S.A. hostesses this becomes poignant). A flaxen-haired bloke from Potchefstroom was talking to me at Madrid & I thought of this. There was an excruciating moment when, transferring the Afr. Idiom, he asked me (of my academic life) in which direction I was going! You feel sorry now for making them all out to be flaming dirty devils, supremacist bastards & apartheid pigs. You know them. You are growing up.

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Sun rising in the air is impossibly beautiful, is in a word exquisite. The light rose & blood-red glint[s] on the silver wing-tips & the pilot is saying you may have noticed the Ikeya-Seki comet to your left, but who's bothered anyway. There lies the staunch rock, Gibraltar. I miss it from my side & remember how I got terribly scared of having a shit at Palmas because the aircraft might be moving any minute & those stodgy types were [perk] brightening up in the mirrors (I did finally let loose the S.A.S. grub down the bung-hole, my God, it must have taken me less than 60 seconds, and no haemorrhoidal after-effects: you know, where you sit & press & groan usefully & half pleasurably until the hanging grapes retract & the throbbing subsides. Fold the paper double, never know what these mingy scowling Portuguese are up to.)

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

Below crept up on us the green fingers of country & the patchwork of brown & green fields, quite quaint. Fasten your seat-

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belts & refrain from smoking -- here comes Heathrow Airport. Hundreds of planes & people about, huge buildings & wet weather while the bus conducts us towards customs & health. I scan faces. No sign of a welcoming committee.

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

I settle back & swill Oudemeester in the exasperating traffic jams. Countryside in a most lovely blowing autumn at about 12.30 on a crisp morning with an [d] indecisive drizzle & golds & browns of country leaves. The sidewalks are shoaled up with them. Tread softly in your cindered pasts. I think beautiful, you have arrived, 54 miles later. How much? Only 11 quid? Here, take 12. Sip of brandy? No? Right, thanks a million. There the black cab goes & I step into the porter's lodge roughly 3 weeks late. Senior Tutor comes up to my room with an initial cheque & £5 coupon book. Explains & so on, & I run into Winston Nagan bearded & hollow-cheeked coming up the stone steps -- "what the hell's happened to you" he had written on a sheet. Not to worry, uncle, Nortje's around now, well away, he's gonna watch it now.

Saw Gavin in Trinity, had drinks, in top form Party that night, Winse with a chick from U.C.T. called Sandy Berman, hook-nosed & all. Princ. sees me 2.15 next day: tall, gangling, dainty as he said of an Indian girl there also. In the morning Duncan Smith had taken me round college & down to the Isis, o softly flowing Thames, bear with me until

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I end my song.

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

In the Roebuck we eat peas, lamb chop & chips which is going to with everything from now on: 6/6. Started on Wordsworth & I'll end Anglo-Saxon, Dr Bateson notwithstanding. I came in through the back door at first, didn't I. Actually, next time I aim to let you in on the C18th secrets of successful hobnobbing at the Mitre Inn, alias the Turl Tavern, down the road off the Broad & going into the High. My bank, Westminster, was undergoing a facelift opposite the corner where this one-way street curves round a building. Jimmy's generosity went there, I am glad to say, if not all at least a substantial sum. It is time to make good the self-promises.

You learn to accustom yourself to many things. One new thing that didn't take a lot of getting used to was English bitter. The name is an epitome of the language's inner sincerity. It appeals, though Guinness (is good for you) is much darker & bitterer, forms a creamier froth & is stronger. Real Best bitter or Double Diamond [is] or M & B (Marvellous Beer) is light brown & mild, filling & delicious on an empty stomach. In a new place you don't haggle over

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prices, varying from a Tankard from 1/11 for awfully watery Three Flowers Keg at Norbury one night to 2/4 in some posh places in Soho) -- it looks ignorant & embarrassing. The trick is to take out a note or half a crown & check the second time. The first time I find myself smelling the atmosphere of the pub & sizing up the crowd & not looking at the change because how deeply I fear inadequacy or hints of cheating by the barmaid.

The Turl is a celebrated establishment. Jesus, Exeter & Lincoln lie in Turl Street, but there's no doubt that it's in Jesus Place. We have sing-songs there when rosy & it's all taken in great spirit. The Welsh are strong here: Davydd Roberts has a habit of getting limply sloshed & giving forth with a number which begins "saucepan zwah!" or something. He explained (or was it Rod Morgan) about the saucepans nailed up at Cardiff Arms Park -- it's a moving drinking & Welsh rugby song. The boys offer to buy quite freely, & I remember Francois warning me gravely that here nobody offers to stand you one you have to stand your own. Many such myths have been shattered, but then one can argue that Oxford is a city of bells, towers, colleges & drinking fraternities. A pinto is the order of the day, but nobody overdoes it except maybe on special occasions like breaking up is hard to do where in Andy James' room up Staircase IX we got raucous of an afternoon with Day Tripper in the background, Tim Edwards pounding [an open] lid-off piano, Dave Morris getting glassy-eyed & baby-silly & beer being spilt & glasses broken. You open a 13 oz. Pipkin & the brown frothing liquid releases itself whoosh! with an exhilarating burst & there goes a good half-pint which is what a careful man must be satisfied with. Later that night in trooped Pete Jones, D.A. Bartlett (he's the king in his serious way)

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& the boys while we listened to Evans' Undercurrents. I was to see Andy in London again, Middlesex, but didn't.

Some guys live in, like me, others are in digs, like Ian. The average day: scout wakes you at 7.50 for 8.15 breakfast: cereal, toast & egg or fish or sausage, coffee. Newspapers (Telegraph, Times, Daily Mirror which has 15 million readers & since 1/3 of the pop. is under 25 has just started a Big Crusade for Youth which I see this morning a Cabinet Minister has applauded) which it is tempting to read [,] but important to scan if you are to start off well in the Meyricke or Bodley or Camera or Eng. Faculty. Round 9.30 you dig out books & get going on Wordsworth or Beowulf. Coffee in G.C.R. is free, so, feel like another?

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

At 4 you'll find the Buttery opening to let the gentlemen have toast & tea. Honey on buttered hot toast is sumptuous, but fattening. Then there's that awful sandwich spread which [feels] tastes like you're having your fill of vomit -- ugh! I said to someone the English students eat like ten kaffirs put together, each of them. That is why they

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tend to be stocky, [& ha] particularly their women? Birds, actually.

At 6.30 & 7.15 there's dinner, a formal affair with a High Table for dons & luminaries, Latin grace against which the voluble spirits rebelled in a recent J.C.R. meeting, silver chalices in which you can get beer, & 3 courses: soup/bun, meat cut or chicken wih green & roast or mashed potato or boiled, & dessert, brown gooey college pudding with viscous syrup or cream concoctions which appeal enormously to the bellies of a million hungry welshmen. And boy, do they gobble it up; Jesus, they put it away so it just isn't true, you've got to scramble for yours. But they have tables. I share with Peter Donovan, Jan Wamer, Viqar Hassen, Bob Barnes & Richard Oberman & two others the corner graduate table, for technically we are all undergrads.

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

They like the others ask what S.A. is about but as I

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

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

Viq[u]jar is Pakistani, tee-totaller, gets plenty of letters from home & interests himself in the foibles & whims of the table members. "You  
in  
look sleepy, Arthur," he chants [with] the Indian quartertones, & meaning "You poor bum, been boozing again." If one cannot rejoice about his joie de vivre, at least one cannot object to its absence. He seems self-sufficient enough, & so does Richard who is on this Eng. kick with me. We see John Burrows together on Fridays, which reminds me that

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right now I should be beating hell out of Dream of the Rood, & am rambling right round the bend.

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

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

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

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which indicate a modus viv[i]endi or a modus non moriendi, to live or to die, & the method.

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

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

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

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

Haven't I seen Bernice Kaplan, Brutus' ex-concubine, in her

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

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

For now, enough. We shall meet again. A poem is brooding, & we need felicitous remarks which spark insight because I am emphatically not a prose man. Just to say that I came back into residence on this day of our Lord, the fourth of January, 1966, having had breakfast at Georges in the market & at 8.30 pm. as the college clock chimed am heading with a cigarette into the nippy air for the G.C.R. so as to economise on the use of heat & light in room 2, staircase 1.

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Charities: sophisticated business now. Oxfam. e.g. from Observer 2/1 -- Anybody still feel hungry? Answer is bleak: about 1/2 the families in the world. Because hunger didn't end on Xmas Day. I like the epigram at the foot of it. You can never give too much or too little --- only too late. Shades of Gerontion's "she gives too late"! It has its satirical tinge: folly of lateness.

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

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

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

I have thanked the Smiths, & today posted to Southampton an entry for the Arts Festival in March '66: Away So Far, Absence, New, In J.C. Bar, Separation. Before Xmas tried Durham & they would not have it. One becomes immune or at least indifferent to

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rejection slips. Maugham has died in splendour on the Riviera. I have after all this billing under the Cape Herald picture which resulted from George's wild night: "Looking intense, alert, & sophisticated, Mr Arthur Nortje poses for the camera. We hope that in two years' time he will return to S.A. as an Oxford graduate." Great day in the morning, Bernard Jongebloed! There's a lot of gaff about Ambrose which amply illustrates the state of Kleurling journalism: "Mr Ambrose Cato George ... nearly burst into tears when he heard his best friend was leaving him behind." One of Port Elizabeth's most outstanding & brilliant scholars --- meaning me? Och, you're joking.

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

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

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

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

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C20th revelation of human animality (lust & brutishness), but its exploration seems to be coming round to Shaw, Chekhov, Brecht, their starting points (Eliot's returning to the beginning?). The bond or affinity bet. 1 mind & another is a lever which can change the world very interestingly, a profound spectacle.

My last meal was 3 tasteless cold scotch eggs at 1/9 each from the Welsh Pony, Jan. 5. 54 hours & about ten one-spoon-of-sugar coffees later, tummy is not complaining much, though there is an unattractive packet of Mebos sugar-fruit among the old cardboard & relics in the bottom drawer -- Winston's gift one Sunday. I feel I can be strong? With you as my mirror I get that illusion. Pilkington's ad. in the Friday Colour Supplem. (Telegraph -- Right) inspired what should have been three lines. In the morning I ticked with McCaig's acute senses: bull & goat

steady

both seen as lechers, one huge & bovine, the other [cool] & subtle. When last (poet is the third of the trio as he rapes the scenery with his ravishing words from the sly computing mind) did I [ta] stand on the ground & surveyed the air, smelt the salt sea as the four winds made the twelve seasons whisperable? After coming back from a walk along the Cherwell beyond Isis which we skirted. Cuppers, the regatta preparations afoot at Henley now. I maybe must get down there again.

Losing observation, rather than/Blunt imagination, hones it ... to new perceptions of inertia? Losing focus & edge, eye lacks bite, is

the same

it, the ear unheard melodies, looney tunes of an age which in [one]issue confuses fashion with taste. The delicate grooves & giveaway ridges are dull at the depraved fingertips, sated with contact, insensible to textures. They grip & thrust with practical necessity. Suppression of the self makes fashionableness banal. Taste is discriminate expression.

[thrust & grip smothers the texture]

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The Battle of Hastings was won by William of Normandy in 1066. It is conjectured that Odin would have held sway, otherwise, & perhaps a good thing. Certainly I should not be in swinging England now, scheming a poem while I scratch out symbols. Speak of depravity, you who love debauchery: secret, sombre things entice (Sympathetic Horror).

Donovan, leaning back in the red armchair (G.C.R.) & closing his eyes against the harsh (imagined: histrionics) light, told me standing with this black coffee behind a chair, he's spent five days in Bath. Shades of Austen: 20/30 yrs ago he would have struck a perfect [Wood] Sir William Elliot pose -- supercilious; effeminately silly under a mask of [dis] presumption. Maybe Bath was salutary ... Hope so for future breakfasts.

Godfrey, little Indian, meddles in the stratosphere. Engineering. I said before you meet them all here. Nice bloke, speak-when-spoken-to. Arthur Pudley will be fuming again about the wives & birds swarming in G.C.R. lunchtimes.

Watching the box, & now the poem's energy dissipated I'm afraid, you [sud] gradually get insight into what we mean by England is a more cultured society. An amazing invention: they had a rather ridiculous puritan attacking gambling in 24 Hours on Friday night. I look forward to tonight's delicious BBC-3 takeoff. "The President & I discussed this in Washington ..." Hilariously funny: one can respond in a way that Verwoerd makes impossible. He dislikes black skins perhaps because it is instinctive in us to want to discern the dirt. It has been bred  
touch  
even into fairly fair Norkes -- that [twinge] of vague primitive revulsion. A twinge, should I say, is a sharp pang.

No complaints [of] about the year's first week, it fairly flew. Only perhaps you've come to dominate my writing so much that there's a poem for your 22 six weeks before it's due. Burn quickly like a good fire, and do not cast restless shadows.

May be able to get onto Beowulf before Chaucer, though the grammar still has me in a half-nelson. I wouldn't like you

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to mistake my conceit.

< **Losing Focus**

friction

Losing focus and edge, rather than  
blunting it, hones imagination  
to new perceptions of inertia.

Inadequate senses betray my talent  
for capitalising on ambiguities.  
A black skin is the giveaway clue.

I squeeze from discoloured glands  
the terrible meaning of glum juices.  
The world is regarding me with a bull's eye.

K.A.N.: 7/1/1966

So sorry to throw away the potentially fine

"... ignorant of delicate grooves when  
thrust & friction smother[s] the texture ..."

Gaffe!

No: tempted to spoil it for the crime of the time: prurience. After st.  
2 (A black skin), add

xxx Offensive crisis comes when  
ignorant of delicate grooves  
thrust & friction smother[s] the texture.

K-A-N

12-liner

Notes -- emendations? VERY fastidious, bloody bugger.

xxx Offensive crisis actually comes  
when ignorant - - - .

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10/1

Sleepless for 30 hours or so. Anglo-Saxon, seeing but hardly absorbing. Broke Wed-Sun. fast (milk, coffee & mebos between, with plenty of Gold Leaf at 2/3 ½ for 10) with chips, vedge, sausages at Welsh Pony. Donovan -- venturing chess, I lost. In the zero morning I don me donkey jacket & off to get remnants at MacDonalds. The repair men are still at the ceiling: pipe disaster. Under the bed what do I find but a pair of misshapen shoes -- those where the woman's toe clefts show so abjectly. Ah, so? Jan. & Feb. Playboys complete with Hefner's randy philosophy & a host of writers ranging from Tynan to Jean Shepherd interviewing the Liverpool lads. The still come out great. Walking back: there was Joan's airletter nestling in the pigeonhole for N16. Again I feel large, quirky, at ease with the world, like a classic hangover. Still at it.

Hers was a cameo.

"I really liked the poems. They make me feel good. Arthur, are you sure you really love me, or [x] are you just building this up in your mind? It really is very flattering to me to know that you've felt this way for so long. But Arthur, love can be very painful at times. When one loves somebody very dearly, one inevitably gets hurt; do you realise that? I've found out that the best way to be happy & to keep happy is to play it cool. No close attachments -- no heartaches afterwards. Don't think that I've got a heart made of stone. Maybe some day you'll find yourself a girl who deserves your love. I don't deserve it. You've been very kind up to now."

The word is MAYBE. Baby.

Inspiring: I like such challenges to reply, opened with a superb evocation of insouciance; factual, rambling, witty in a dry way, urbane & playing it cool. Until that piece-de-resistance. "Friends: fine. Rose by any other name." But it took about six cigarettes to say well. Relief --

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a little classic. Disturbing thing now is a vague sense of unease, developing neurosis. So bitty something appears, an elastic anxiety which will engender dreaming. I felt power in my brief prose. In better form, this morning's fey spirits, for example, I should dash of a spirited reply in verse sinewy with sweet song, firm as roused breast. Now a sense of hurt inflicted.

Fired off quickies to Mom (sorry about that) & Lox, the latter rather good: spontaneous writing. Xmas anecdotes, Smith Snr. made larger than he is, to amuse the home boys. Sure C.M.R. will like it, --- I can hear them chuckling.

She wants to be sure. Because she loves her dad very much. I can see that. Spoke home & I said it must have been lovely. Nevertheless, now time to press on. Hilary looms, there is Chaucer to be dissected. Sleep seems distant.

11/1? Or 13.

Ending another 10, are the carcinogens settling in for attack in the lush oxygenated alveoli of the respiratory sacs? No idea: I know that to run a clean finger across the light-sherry of the foil is to feel the grooves & ridges of the flesh on the smooth & tingling grain. Tashkent: an irony in headlines. Shastri dies making peace.

Yesterday's letter still sends ripples outward: reconsideration of this central relationship, & [therefore sign] all others. The germs of anxiety cling tenaciously. Express it to whom?

Pete Jones & Dave Morris are back --- now only for Garner and Bartlett to start the charivari. We dined at the Pony. Ian had lamb and I stayed off beer. A dry season till March? I can't locate a Terylene shirt -- at Smith's still? Grenville's 21st in Feb, (hers 24th). But how

must I reconsider when Beowulf wails. After that wakeful marathon, I slept for 15 hours together: a salutary idea, greatly cathartic.

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At last pinned down, from French

- a) FRISSON: a pleasant sensation (pleasurable) -- thrill, quiver, shudder, chill, tingle of gloom or fright.
- b) MANQUE: (lack of) -- unsuccessful, through failure of self or frustration by circumstance.
- c) DONNEE? a given set of circumstances

Paradoxical delight -- frisson. Novelist manque. Interruption: Greek myth I think of (Daphne?)

Grown human like a reed turned by the gods. Being that breaking the tacit-ness in the escape from lusty pursuit, your cry is heard by the gods & an ironic solution offered: the nymph becomes a reed, safe but unknowable, dead to the realm of quiddity. Surely this is no improvement in quality? A crescendo of quantitative voice, shrilling for a release from pain of bondage; a bird snared, to reduce to one, from the upper regions; a sylph condensed to water, in my fire condemned.

grown human like a reed the gods have turned

Germ? Let's think, a fag I need.

So: India's neutrality smashed: dying to [keep] your peace in a cool strong world. Cool hard, weak cool ... FEY spirit. hold

Bird of the air [in] narrowing spirals/drawn down to treacherous vortex. by coils

Bird from the radioactive air

has come to perch on my keening palm. hand flight  
how I have watched with desire of lust: harm  
beyond pursuit so young & warm. //stood waiting for that sweet descent.  
If so long  
Clear your eyes on windless days  
would find among the leaves a tremulous soft flame  
sylph, gone with a swift glance in those  
silver whispers to be never expressed.

The gods change everything but need a vacuum,  
so sensitive are their instruments, so delicate volatile?  
the mutable we supply [from the cool weak world]

What can I feed the bird to keep it warm.  
give to - - - anxious bird

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Landladies & birds are not in love

anxious & lonely

Landladies do not love birds.  
What could I give my anxious bird,  
hidden in the garden, to keep it warm?/ among the leaves  
(Of course I took my hand along with me.)

I wish I could say a black cat  
came stealing in the night ...  
It was simpler than that I lost it.  
It felt underprivileged, & took flight

the matter  
or I am still giving [it] much thought. -- better: mental expression.

You'd think that no-one wants to have  
a bird I watched on windless days,  
but it seems that love  
can be expressed in drastic ways.

several

K.A.N 1/66

Grown human like a reed turned by the gods  
her thighs divide the [thrust] waters as they thrust  
down to the swallowing sea-deposit bed:  
away from pursuit of lust.

a god

sheath?

In a cool world dying to hold your peace  
[is now expressed affinity?]: unseals anxiety  
reveal

how [are] should your lips unseal to me  
the soft flame of anxiety

painful flame " a soft anxiety  
hurting " " -- deep affinity

never so poignant to demand expression.  
expresses that the heart desires its truce.

heart

how should your lips (unseal) with grace release  
that soft flame of anxiety?

The force that binds has made your lips unseal  
secrets too dark (deep) to hold at home!

burn alone

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. all should I  
At dusk & at bleak moments I shall feel  
the guilt of having drawn you from your dreams.

the  
You speak [of] pain of love you don't deserve.  
Bird of the radioactive air, you feed  
on words I thought would never let you starve.  
Some kindlier god should turn you to a reed.

starve / deserve

Since once & saying yes how many (words)  
desires  
poignant words & hours did I spend  
watching in radioactive air the birds  
to let in narrowing coils my one descend.

watching poised the one bird among many  
until in narrowing coils it should descend.

It feels I have inflicted hurt  
luring  
snaring you from the cool regions (to starve)  
safe  
no more that poised delicate creature  
but a new being exacting loyalty.  
one come to exact my " .

to be

direct

### **For Lal Bahadur Shastri**

drift  
The petals are drifting on the holy river  
the waters thrusting down to the swallowing sea:  
in the palm of the old artificer  
the little sparrow is resting totally.

Tins of ghee, purified butter, were poured over the sandalwood bier as  
it burnt -- B.B.C. 1 showed other sequences.

12/1: Chaucer in his time was robbed twice of amounts totalling 20  
nicker; & more eventually, had a rape suit brought against him,  
later withdrawn. From Richard the 2nd a pitcher of wine per day; from  
Henry IV, a butt per year. Complaint To My Purse? Why ...

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**TO FIND AND DO**

          hard      cool  
In a [cool] world [still] to hold your peace  
is how expressed infinity?  
          eyes  
How should your [lips] with grace release  
that soft flame of anxiety?

The force that binds made your lips unseal  
secrets too dark to hold at home,  
who have granted always we are real  
friends, giving love an improper name.

Since once and saying yes how many  
poignant words and hours did I spend  
watching the one bird among many  
until in narrowing coils it should descend.

It feels I have inflicted hurt  
luring you from the safe regions to be  
no more that creature poised and delicate:  
but one come free to find and do.

K.A.N --- 13/1/66

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**CHELSEA VISIT: 1**

mists

Dim among [shrouds] a starfish floats, the sun  
of London autumn, leaves with everything.

[rasping]

The wind has found its [tatty]orphans nooks,                    trembling  
though some, soft with the weight of rain, are trodden  
pulpy in the concrete of embankment.  
I scan a lacing shower pearl the water.

Occasional surprise, that gold eye's blinking:  
quite sharply comes the light off surfaces.  
One would have thought the moon the more capricious,  
but nightscapes lack such wry diplomacy.  
In the King's Road sunday traffic  
pursue their reasonable functions.

Cold of an unknown purity cannot swear  
a man from tropical Africa in more firmly:  
crisp to the soul air's essence filters,  
my hushed breath wreathes affirming tacit answers.  
Rain, as I find, is not at all perpetual.  
What other introduction one expected!

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**TWO**

The seven wonders of the world are so  
far out of the mind's reach that I wonder  
how many kinds of beauty are extant,  
who shaped the nature of this sheltering island.

Swans drift sullied on the ebbing river,  
or stand with black webs in the mudbank.  
Gulls squawk among their smutty majesties:  
Where is that legendary grace gone now?

That girl in her Chelsea rooms,  
(or should it be because I found her  
living with a man and grown more slender)  
that scruffy slut in a grotty flat!

Uneasy I should feel to think that you  
but for some random judgment or appearance  
should appeal no more: till I consider  
it's what I make you makes me love you.

K.A.N 12/65

**III (for the record)**

I have fled with my wounds the colossal crises  
of places with their pyramids of questions,  
grandeur of theory temples, stinking tombs,  
& opulent squalor of too much sunshine.

With fetid thickets blurring in the distance  
I come upon the sun above the river.

stress?

To have stayed among proliferating weapons  
from this desirable intimate beauty?

What does not go but for some grace?  
The arching rainbow arcs a problem spectrum.  
I seek no answers, cradling your muddied face,  
so far together have we come from home.

--- Draft: too thick.

pyramids, temples, tombs.

My modus operandi is the A stress iambic.

Note (12/1): Chaucer's Troilus & Criseyde (greatest?) is a revelation, or  
deserved classic --- witty, unpretentious, poignant. In addition, A.C.Baugh's  
1964 Pennsylvania edition is, for my money, unrepeatable. A solid tome,  
fine paper which won't let ink run, thoughtful, resourceful: a pleasure  
to work with. Were only all Americans like Baugh!

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**Leftover**

A good fire burns quietly,  
(it has) having an understanding with the air.  
I have started to know an affinity  
I imagined unknowable with her  
in that backyard of S.A./where an animal is grateful for a small mercy.

---

Tragedy: hamartia vs determinism, Greek & Shakespearian. Isn't Chaucer saying -- right, chaps, let's take a look at this here medieval idea of courtly love? See, now I told you it just does NOT work in that cherished way.

**15/1**

At Scala, Swedish (Bergman's Devil's Eye) & Italian (Monicelli -- Mastroianni -- Organizer) shows for 3/3, best value in town. Splendid, with Ingmar laughing slyly at Don Juan & sending up God at the same time; Mastroianni the agitator who never gives up, sadly let down though he is by the shortcomings of the group he leads: evocative camera work in slums of Turin.

Bergman week sometime in Feb -- want to see Wild Strawberries. "Woolf" at Playhouse too expensive & perhaps one has to dress up. I shall have to wait for classics of practical value re studies.

Essay on Rood promises something.

No mail? Off smokes for 3rd day but interminable cups of coffee. At lunch today the question is: women or no women in the Common Room? Jean's wife made the butt of attacks in private, mainly by Arthur Padley, compulsive talker & sometime cynic. Oberman & Womer in this bag, all capital gents. Towards: the tragedy of Troilus. Yet

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love's inevitable, a matter of choice. Though of course there's cool, as we have been sharply reminded recently. She's gone to do it now, I mean fluffed the exams, & packs for home, or next time I hear got stoned at a party again. It's all in there to be coaxed out by blithe blandishments, Nortje, so just keep on. One of Bergman's jokes in DEVIL is that the more innocence there is the clearer the prospects for fine sin. Exciting justice.

21/1

R.G.Hampshire Leitch wrote a scabrous letter yesterday: delightfully coarse and prickly prose full of quaint scatology & scurrilous [att] invective. So he's free to come at last! Staying over on the icy isle 9-12 April, when as I said replying I should be relatively free & solvent: it would look like Regent's Prk, then, at Easter. Glad for him to be away. Doreen must feel marvellous. Like Francois, a friend for life through all our quarrels & Liebie reconciliations. Must tell it all some-time: lunch now, I shd. nip down to the pub in college for a turkey sandwich, but Mac. & the boys might be on the pinball machine & order me a pinta Bass: been off for some weeks & kicked fags in the bargain, going for a week. Target: I'm sure to get back ON for Ray's brief sojourn. There's no point in worrying about it now already.

Work: satisfactory. Class III has the minimum of philology, thank God! Dream of Rood, a reasoned bit of religious verse with a calm eloquence all its own -- not bad for an essay on Monday = I've got to dig from the Radcliffe Camera bowels or the Bodley labyrinths this essay by Woolf, R on Doctrinal Influences in the poem. That's for the afternoon. Wonder who'd be in the pigeon-hole: if it's a blue airletter, it's sure to be Joan; indescribably painful for just a few minutes if not. But then

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consider her exams: being selfish. In Encounter for Feb.66. Ionesco says if I speak of myself it is to isolate a personality, but perhaps even so my motive is vanity. Freud & dreams: is the best modus operandi indifference, & the best modus moriendi Zen Buddhism, existential?

In England I remain virgo intacta, & have come not to mind, it would be bad for a Manchester bitch to seduce me on the night of summer ball. It will come in time, but how deeply disturbing can autoinspiration be! The flesh, greedy for assertion & eager for action, will not obey.

23/1

Letter from DAB, still kardexing. Wants to come away, but speaks of imponderables, intangibles. The religion kick is wearing off: he admits that he is still much alive & kicking, complains of time, impotence. Sends a bitty verse with a memorable phrase, our "siberia of avarice". Always pulls out something. But as I critted on Jackboots, Knuckles, Sirens (Ibadan, Mbari, 1962) --- there is a rhetorical largeness & generosity of gesture which results in savagely heaped images powerful in themselves but destructive in effect, a negation [of] or nausea, if I may coin a phrase. One feels revolted & the verse suffers;

hor

the poet is vomiting chunks of raw truth, undigested & [ter]rifying.

Bess Head in Bech. He says like her I assume a great knowledge in my reader: this seems true, writing for an elite, keeping me route of access open for the minority who want to venture here. Says of my verse it's tightly organised & rich.

Tom Turner seen by Winse -- must tell him this. Frank Landman is keen about him coming. Can do, be valuable.

Sat. night: BBC-3, a great way of satirically summing

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up the chief events of past week: a great skit on Sinatra & other holy cows. Malcolm Muggeridge exhibits a basic honesty, an unwavering desire to strike to the root of life. He has the uncanny ability to bring out the best & worst in his subject --- gravely whimsical, white-haired, cultured, admirably time-worn, rugged, craggy with moral strength.

A Man For All Seasons is by Robert Bolt, about Tom More & his king Henry VIII, adulterous potentate! About this, I don't know enough. I was going to read Henry Living's Nil Carborundum in the same Penguin when it struck me forcibly that mod. drama is not to be appreciated in text -- leave that for the classics.

At the Playhouse, Albee's WOOLF, which I shan't see. Reasons: money, you have to get a black tie on or if I've not said so before at least I'd not feel well dressed if not formally garbed, attired, apparelled. Then, it seems more important at this juncture (shades of the venerable J.J.R.) to get on with the basic texts & now on Chaucer & finding the OE

absorbed

not too bad. Wanderer in fact [thrilled] me for some hours in Biblioteca Bodleiana this Sat. morning: the magnificent sustained passage where he ponders the fate of the vanquished race --- strangers with barbaric customs have superseded the excellent warriors ---, warns in splendid verse against boasting & premature pride. A man must be silent & restrained until he can prove himself. Finish it in Meyricke tomorrow? I prefer working in Bod. or Radcliffe Camera, growing beyond the narrow confinements or post-breakfast din of Welshmen in their garrulous provincial bliss: I start to see why Londoners feel superior.

Red Desert (Antonioni) is on at Moulin Rouge from Sunday. With money appropriated from the coffee (3d per cup now) coffer of the G.C.R., I could fit it in, but during week. A little pilfering never did anyone harm, & how else shall I practise my maantjie sensibilities. Don't lose the art.

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Saturday hall at 7pm with cold ham and serrated lukewarm chips has been one of my more dismal experiences. Britain has [therefore sign] done 2 things: made me start to become selective, betokening an upswing in taste; [ditto marks] self-confident. I truly begin to feel equal to the place, can swing its slang with Dick Oberman as if I've been around for years, can laugh with bad breath, not work for days, attend Colin Williamson without ciggies (a week today?), be assured in second hall with members & dons without tie. A black turtleneck sweater from Marks & Spencer keeps out cold with remarkable comfort.

I write, but the drafts only proliferate.

She doesn't: this hurts me because I promise not to look for an air letter but secretly want to find one. And yet, if she writes, it means I have to reply, waiting again: how time passes, as The Wanderer poet points out! I live from one pleasure to another, it is almost all I can do to [sto] restrain myself from gaining excess poundage again, but at least the dry spell is lasting well beyond the fortnight. Last year in Jan. there were greater pressures: remember I was working after the 19h, & yet somehow it was dry, smokeless [,] in my Gelvendale-South End zone, one meal a day & no grumbling. What achievements I have been capable of, what intense denials! Only with her; & yet, yet at odd moments after satisfactory work it is as if Joan isn't really necessary to me, or rather that whatever happens I would [ge] recover swiftly. Psychological needs are not pushed aside this easily, I'm afraid: in England now & within reach --- it's like Troilus, poor boy: the more Criseyde encouraged him, the fiercer burnt his desire for her. So don't spoil me if you don't mean it, honey.

Would I bring it upon myself by aggression, however?



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filaments, fragments, grains, filigrees, always broken  
pieces, threads, frayed ends, tatty hound's-tooth: the G-strings of meaning!

**Philip Toynbee: Observer Jan. 23<sup>rd</sup>**

Impersonally Speaking: Snapshots, & Towards A New Novel.

Alain Robbe-Grillet.

No emotion whatever, only episodes, anonymity, still lives, landscapes.

The coffee-pot is on the table.

Flat incidental statement, though total objectiveness unattainable.

R-Grillet: "Let us restore to the idea of commitment, then, the only meaning it can have for us. Rather than being of a political nature, commitment for the writer means to be fully aware of the current problems of his own language, convinced of their extreme importance, and desirous of solving them from within.

"Before the work there is nothing & no certainty, no purpose, no message. To believe that the novelist has 'something to say' [is] that he tries to discover how to say it, is the gravest [fault].

"I don't transcribe, I construct. That was already Flaubert's ambition: starting from nothing, to build something capable of standing on its own feet, without having to lean on anything whatsoever exterior to the work ..."

For me, unlike Yeats painstakingly sketching in prose & then translating it into poetry, stripping the prose clean or filling the skeleton out with meat of meaning, as the case may be; let the emotion find its own direction, &

trust to that inner voice testing & hearing new sounds & phrases as [if] come through the brain's wind tunnel. They stand up to the poem or are rejected, but the advantage is that they clash with what already exists, the time or idea which has set the poem in motion, & throw up by turmoil a rich humus which may or may not

they

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fertilise things under two conditions: the poem must turn out to be

a) new

b) autonomous. These are vitalising criteria. Then, only then, is message clear.

Medium precedes message, just as essence in existentialism follows existence: first I AM, then I am SOMETHING. Quality or quiddity is acquired afterwards, like moral colouring. First for the Greeks comes air then they speak of pneuma. Fire (Heraclitean), soul. R-G agrees & disagrees: "The world is neither meaningful nor absurd. It quite simply is. And that ... is what is most remarkable about it. All around us, defying our pack of animistic, domesticating adjectives, things are there. [Adj. enemy of Noun -- D.] Their surface is clear, smooth, intact, without false glamour, without transparency.

"I oppose that humanist viewpoint which is like a bridge thrown between the soul of man & that of things, --- above all, as a token of solidarity. In life, the expression of solidarity appears primarily as the systematic search for analogical relationships. Metaphor, in fact, is never an innocent figure of speech."

Toynbee answers that a "merciless" sun is an exaggeration (idealization?) the artist assumes his audience is aware of. What do I feel? --- that contemporary society drives us, overdrives us, to selfishness through specialization. Other people's areas concern us but vaguely, it is as much as we can do to get on with our own lives (hence: illusion that a man can care for anybody in addition to himself), advance our own interests; we cherish private ideals if it has been possible for us to love at all.

Still, all ideas [sprout] bear their seeds of self-destruction, just as Thanatos is a necessary corollary of Eros for homo eroticus, there

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is the never-ending tug of war with now the one & now the other in the ascendant. Remember the cynic who believed anarchically in nothing but total annihilation. Toynbee feels, rightly, that R-G is guilty of philosophic attitudinising in literary practice where he shd. & indeed tries to advocate its negation.

D. Copperfield on BBC-1 Sunday afternoon, but the J.C.R. is in a sweet mess. Some (Welsh?) bodies got tight & smashed the small room's windows, broke cups & crockery in the old fireplace, left the pad in a mess, infiltrated into the G.C.R. & (delicious naughtiness!) quaffed the medium dry amontillado & some port in the bargain, walking off daintily with 1/2 doz. crystal glasses: a stir for the staid organizers of graduate well-being. The porter I learn will now be instructed to lock at 12 each night places where one used to have free access. I pilfer coffee funds modestly, these dastardly gentlemen imbibe quality wine! Who can now leave his door open. Graham Greene, his new book serialised, Comedians, says nowadays fidelity is not expected from anybody. Not until the spy comes in from the cold, that is, shot getting over the wall but falling gorily but at least falling free on the other side.

As they say, there are opportunities for shrewd people in Britain, it's becoming a criminal's haven. So is the world, for that matter: the F.B.I. it appears swells its arrest & conviction figures & tells huge blatant statistical lies: where, after all, did Kitty Genovese smother terrifyingly in her blood from scissor wounds while several balconied onlookers refused to lift the telephone & call help?

But we have survived these calamities: no age has not had its critics of doom & speakers of decadence. Eating my

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toasted boil-egg sandwich at breakfast I asked the grad. table about possible action against the college vandals. Is it symptomatic of under 21's, this wanton destruction? Frustration? Immaturity? Pressure of desirability in mod. soc. to be up there with the free & corrupt & autonomous & sex-permissive adults? Someone suggested the weekend boredom of Oxford, lack of birds stifling the organs of "voort-  
this  
planting", but [are] falls victim to Whitehorn's point that we equate adequacy in life with sexual success, increasingly. (Article on Indira Gandhi, now the world's most powerful woman after Shastri's death.) We tend more fervently to see hormones in stones, she says, crooks in the falling brooks ([brooks] broeks? tell Leitch this!!). Some of the men said to be tolerant, but I disagree strongly. They should just be fucked up good & solid: there is much point in Scotland now in returning the birch to the forefront of the magistrate's court, for pain is clearly the best medicine.

Sellers & Loren in Millionairess at 7.25, & Yeats is on (Horseman Pass By --- another phrase for indifference to the man but attention to the [resul] product of his action) at about 10; hope not to miss. I had hoped to get onto Parliament of Fowles today, but at least I have been reading consequentially & making these notes for your eyes. What should come is the result of my walk to Winston's place up the Banbury Rd. Coming into the Bardwell I met the Nigerian with the tribal slashes on his cheek: Oyi said Winse was out for the weekend. As I expected --- it was partly to dissipate energy & not feel like stuffing it all in again: form so far has been good, so keep it.

Jonty Driver is out in Osney --- must see sometime about the verse. Gerald who lives with Vince Ellis in north[e] Oxford has what one could call a gaunt, scrofulous face. Scrofula: also called the king's evil, is T.B.

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I still cannot honestly say I know then what scrofulous would  
be, but isn't it a lovely word ...

\* Thomas Kinsella ("Ode To Autumn" --- while thy hook spares ...) in  
Encounter. David John Lines (They Forgot ... might as well burn a  
man with the afterbirth). Edwin Muir, about degeneration & disinte-  
gration he writes with a pre-war ('45) sincerity slightly out of  
touch & favour now but coming across with agreeable strength.  
seriousness

Donald Davie writes poetry with donnish but solemn [con]  
Not owlsh at all is [Ren] T.S. Eliot, 1928. In N.S., Seamus Heaney, the four  
winds flay, which made me bold about seven wonders & may lead to  
seven deadly sins: pride, envy, avarice, lechery, gluttony, wrath, sloth.  
Waking up in July, Captown, with a thick feeling, debauched. Dennis says  
the Encounter staff made him feel like a poet once more. Now in Sunday  
Times a surprisingly beautiful, loose & flowing but finely-chopped thing by  
for

Michael Ayrton, [called] Pierre Bonnard, who is having an exhibition in  
London this month the critics are raving about. Picasso, one learns, however,  
had acute qualms about Bonnard's validity in C20th painting. Will  
notch new talent as we proceed, I'm sure. I wanted to note the Dada  
idea -- all anarchy & revolt. Because, the theory goes, Max Ernst &  
all the colourful crew found themselves trapped in a society they  
were powerless to change. Creation by destruction, it was an influen-  
tial 20s pop movement with exciting nihilism & reportedly some  
brilliant collages. The line of revolt runs from de Sade through  
Nietsche & Baudelaire, where it crystallises as ennui and breeds "Sym-  
pathetic Horror": To eerie, livid, troubled skies

Tempestuous as your destiny,  
What need responds, what thought replies?  
Speak, you who love debauchery!

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**23rd January, 1966**

Eyes troubled me, blur seemed ominous in room of smoke with The Millionaires on (Sellers superb, Loren excellently fiery after a dilatory start to proceedings: films about rich people threaten to bore me silly: fortunately these are Italian & English, not Hollywood). Visions of going blind suddenly with that dull throb in my left temple: o god, will I ever survive blind groping? Let Macdonal smuggle me sleeping pills Pal, the last favour you can do me ...! Or gulp whisky on an empty stomach & drop dead, whatta imagination! This morning.

**24/1**

woke up o.k, so why complain? For a horrible instant you realise how many things in life you have left undone, you yellow kleurling bastard, & frantically you pray, god save me, I'm gonna [put on a grubby mac] tomorrow & do it, not slouch around aimlessly in a grubby mac hating the world.

The Yeats thing superseded by a taste for Baby Doll, with a [wl] well-done Carroll Baker & a bonkers Malden & a simple-minded Eli Wallach. Score by Tennessee Williams: why are these crazy characters, sex perverts, lunatics of various colours, simpleton buck-toothed or hare-lipped Baron Samedi negroes, all so unbelievably morbid? Because I am in England & do not believe in crumbling mansions in the middle of cotton plantations? Faulkner could make his area live & seethe, but Tennessee rather overdoes it. Move north with Arthur Miller, intellectual more mainstream & less sombre about man's fate. How can we extend the free area of totality & universality without sacrificing the direct & concrete for a vagueness & diffuseness? Yeats says in Byzantium, out of nature.

Maud Gonne formed a 30-year suffering. Elegantly describing the passion that spawned the beautiful verse over the years when the moon's kindness was stiflingly egalitarian & gazelle were trapped in great fine houses, she said: "Poor Willy, so silly!" At that moment one felt moved, a result not

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a little occasioned by Dr O'Connor's booming, cultured, warm approach to the past, his sympathetic smiling at the foibles we have forgotten for the most part & his appreciation of the poetry those of us who do NOT prefer Baby Doll remember. Boy from Sligo's terrible beauty.

### 25/1

Max Perkins: big, shyish, gamely trying. He has something to say & a way of saying it --- Summerfall, it's sap pours away. That's good verse, that is. Lox Rousseau wrote, Points to ponder with humour. Yvonne Davis who was piped by a drunk C.M.R. in Joe Intaka's lounge ("Ja. God is gonna punish you," she says spreadeagled) is leaving for Canada with Babs Davids ("yoh, Noks, he zoeks me, ekse!") next June. Elroy Schoeder has passed 4th Medic, George (Ambrose) tried to skolly a lift to C.T. when Neffie & Rita came down with Tommy Adriaan. Dirty Dick is going to wet the thighs of someone called Florrie --- e's been at it again, the gaunt bastard. Alan is happy that Noeleen is pregnant, & presumably won't have spots knocked off 'im anymore, or frequent the Markham Hotel round Military Rd corner (there we used to get over-the-counter & rush to Fairview).

Max should show me some crystallised stuff. At the moment too diffuse & indecisive. One could learn, he's that kind of appealing phraser.

The chap from Ceylon, red-tinted lips with a tan dainty chiselled soft face like pale sandstone. Smallish feet up next to the fire, he was looking for his pipe when I got him interested in S.A. stratification socially. They stole 2 towels consecutively in the palace, & now somebody's removed the 10/- in the coffee coffer -- ye devils!

Jeremy brought Oxymoron in just now & Max seemed awed by

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my sharp crit. -- I struck form, as Leitch would say. Engaged Phil G. & Dave Bartlett interestingly in conversation of the arch type --- Norks in action. The beer match is coming off some time this term: all drunk, it's gonna be a scream dad. Blessa mah soul what's wrong wid me.

I had no coffee after all, telling Jeremy & Max about Punch (the Ceylonese fellow) & the joke about last night nine coloured chaps died. Why? Their bed collapsed? Ah, surely not the one that never gets cold bec- the inmates of the house work different shifts? A good night, actually. I feel stimulated again; that's fine.

Gavin Bantock, 26, New College grad, schoolteacher; Christ, a mod. epic of 7000 lines. Robert Graves, he says is pretentious, can't say that I disagree, & Pound is the century's greatest, can't say that I agree. What I like is his positive "verging on simple utterance". You need not apologise for it --- didn't R.G. Leitch tell me this last June over that first can of Liebie with Neffie & spouse letting fly madly in the kitchen of no 5? No, don't be apologetic. "Poets are such scruffy individuals, they're connected with this beatnik idea, beards & jeans & the rest of it, I want to be more conventional, I want poetry to be more professional, I think it should be much more rigorous, disciplined ..."

You must first learn the rule before you can discount them, first know before you can forget ... This applies with anything.

You don't wait for inspiration; you make it. Hard work. Point seems taken from Eliot essay, about keeping your arm in, getting on with the job so that you are ready for the luck when it arrives. Helping yourself you find God is a fellow-traveller & a boon companion.

The craft & the art. First learn the craft. Cf. yesterday's R-Grillet.

Proximity of suffering & happiness: the more you can suffer the more happy you can be, bec. you can accept plenty of misery, you are

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prepared for more. Hurt can degrade & humiliate, but is usually beneficial when happening to people who can suffer.

MORAL of DESPAIR: Happiness is not wanting to be anybody else.

What is the meaning of being here

What is the meaning of being

What is the meaning of

What is the meaning

What is the

What is

What

is?

People drank in disgust as they looked at the state of their shoes.  
Except for O'Shea in his working muck. Frankly sexual snip: I want to say in an exercise: who has seen your two beige blossoms, silky fur? Well, that's getting on with it, not so? That fookin' revving engine of the night; just see Chaucer suffering again viciously when I get sleepy in the Bod at 3 like this afternoon.

26/1: The perfectly objective air letter, probity its central principle  
It failed. Norks refuses to suppress his buoyant spirit. Somebody must take the initiative.

27/1: A day behind. Written many people: Smiths, Clive up in Preston;  
Richard Hamer of WUS who flew me over from p.e.; J; D;  
Listener/Observer (!!); Willy in Scarborough Ontario asking  
after James; Lox; boom boom boem. Not seeing that crew much.  
On with Venus & Adonis: cf. Geo. Werner with sclerosis:

Graze on my lips, & if those hills be dry  
Stray lower where the pleasant fountains lie ...

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So Geo. quoted wrongly, but he remembered to associate the unforgettable "sweet bottom grass" which follows two-three lines later in Shakespeare's brilliant love-poem. He says the taste is nurse & feeder of the other 4 senses -- at such moments you answer with your naked soul because he strikes to the root of honesty. You respond totally to Shakespeare: I can laugh heartily at his youthful excesses because a) he is laughing himself, an arch 27-year-old; b) what was to come, far from being unsure, was to be our everlasting joy, the one compelling memorable experience where the Adjectives justify their presence. I said to Arthur Padley, steward of the Graduate Common Room who is taking up an assistant professorship in Canada after July, 'I had rather [to] be spoken shit to by the Bard than by any other bugger on the globe. There is that marvellously bawdy joke where the editor quotes from a contemporary play: "If an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear". Moisture: fertility. The sea image? Horses are strong in the poem, Adonis disdainful, Venus a nymphomaniac to out-class Irma la Douce hopelessly. What is more, she has poetry in her soul, really. 3.30, actually should be sleeping. There was the tendency to go & see Antonioni's Red Desert after a morning translation of Fall of the Angels, but I couldn't decide upon whether to drink two coffees to keep awake & read Beowulf, or relax with Sh. for the intervening hour. So I slept till 5.30 instead, shaved & went into the Lodge to sign off [Sat] tonight's supper. With most of the men on a limb or away from the weekend ennui of Oxford, Mr Hall treats the rest of his clientele rather shabbily: machine-cut chips (serrated edges: a well-fried chip said

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one of the young bucks the other day should be able to stand on its own leg), a small tomato which Donovan makes two in [payment] exchange for my college pudding & custard, other nights he gets it gratis or Hugh Wyndham or Dick Oberman or Keith Chiappa (who was saying how he cut up a corpse recently). Cold meat slice with the rind of fat white & measly (like blotch of measles) on the cold plate, a few dons huddled at high table at 7 p.m.-- dreary and flat as fizzless soda. Go into Woolworths, or the covered market between [S] Market & the High Streets, & get yourself some apples with the saved three bob. Coffee after coffee, with some money taken away by Norks again: one believes that money should not be spent on unimportant items such as food. Buy books, culture.

At breakfast one can not eat butter, cut down on toast & coffee sugar, survive the day. I have found how delicious it is to have corn flakes without sugar. Milk has a sweetness  
liquid  
which, when you smell the lid after [it] has been gently simmering, you get deliciously. Not smoking. But then, for bad breath it is essential to see the college doctor or nurse at Staircase 18 bet. 9.10/9.40 on Wednesday mornings, I told Bob Barnes reclining in his short version of the black gown in the G.C.R. (They gave me free Welfare State N.H.S. suppositories, a whole boxful, at Boots the dispensing chemists, last time). Check my teeth, doc, go my gums, uncle. Wanna kiss that bird when she arrives. Besides, mumbling to mask the fetid emanation is speech-defecting, whatever the manufacturer of Listerine oral antiseptic say. A gargle for me.

Hull: Labour's almost unbelievable t5000 majority. Go tell

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it to the country, all agog.

British Council in Wellington Sq. if I can make it  
after two hours' sleep. Things may pop from now on; it means that  
you have to keep your end up. Be bold in love, says Shakespeare.

N. Statesman (hereafter N.S.) has this fine Philip Oakes poem  
on the time of the month for a menstruator. Local pain, the woman  
says, is at least a reminder that the moon is not entirely  
redundant yet. It shall please me to reach these columns in verse.  
But may I be sitting on me arse in a p.e. backroom a few  
years hence & pore lovingly over my lucubrations in Britain, all  
the Liebie time rueing my fate to be a house-maker for the  
ravishing cuckoo? But you, I shall never rue. Because I lay  
thinking you with your beige blossoms bring out the best in me.

We must henceforth but mention in passing: Beowulf is to be be-  
gun with. Bergman is coming again, & Burton in Spy ... Cold (Super).  
Both should be super scale in scope. Long have I wanted to see  
Strawberries, Something is going to suffer, nevertheless. I always  
think of HER during those ingenious little French plots. The measure  
of a great aesthetic experience then is that it reminds me  
of you with pleasure rather than nostalgia: the sense of absurdity & de-  
lightful reciprocal exaggeration is uppermost in the mind. To work.

**28/1**

Joan: an afterthought. You were 21, & gently upbraided me [with]  
brackets ('perhaps you thought I'd be 22'). March 22 now, after getting  
back from supper with Jonty, Maeder & Winse in Osney, across the Isis, &  
Henry 6 Part One, with John Dover Wilson's experiment in biography.

in

actual fall  
beauty sleep



**Sunday 30th: SUNDAY**

More than on other days, the Oxford bells. They live in the background, slip forward into resonance, or fade into the mists, or on a clear day they go silent like now in the morning before boiled eggs & being buried in the Sunday papers. First time seeing sky again.

Winston to talk about plans --- how to stay on. Suddenly after the 5-min. exercise I knew I'd better enjoy Shakespeare completely (Poems done -- Phoenix & Turtle: love & constancy are gone so bury truth & grace), will not have the chance to immerse again in life perhaps. Timon of Athens: here is Apemantus, misanthropist treated sympathetically by a first uncynical Timon. The opening scene with artisans is one of the good ones where you feel this is going to be a flesh-&-blood drama, going to move you deeply, maugre the corrupt (putative) text or editorial complications.

A lyric, who but ... I love. In general because it makes me a man of action. In particular because you bring out the best in me, you can let me express it & preserve what's noble & not yet hackneyed by worldwear.

False note, forcing it. Open sky & wind over dry ground, wisps of white & shadow patches in the big sun --- this menaces freedom. Where is the frisson, unique excitement of cloud quarters?

No more adjectives but beige and willowy.

New Discipline when one does not, like Mr Nehru of late (& unlike Caesar of "lean & hungry" fame who wanted men around him), like fat men: diet at first & then eat only to allay hunger, not to accumulate unsightly (is it vanity?) lard or nurse a health hazard. From Monday 31st:  
Breakfast: a) butterless toast -- 1 slice (2 halves) -- dig this.  
b) soupladle of cereal (corn flake, puffed rice) + one of milk: great without sugar. [&]  
c) whatever goes + coffee with one spoon of sugar.  
[butterless, sugarless, within reason]

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Lunch in hall, or turkey sandwich with soup in bar, optional. How you feel, but negative here bec. once I give in it's in extremis. Work hungry (not that a crash diet is advocated) & stay awake. Half of the world's millions do so. Ask Oxfam.

(Plot: promise yourself honeyed toast at tea -- mouth-watering! Deighton's cookstrip would stick to the ribs!)

DINNER -- the real sacrifice. Feel the pinch by having, & see this works!:

- a) soup without the bun or sop to dip into the steaming bowl;
- b) main course. Always potatoes (fried [f] with brown tempting crisp edges; mashed white in a steaming heap as you lift the silver lid of the hot bowl; boiled without glaze but least tasty; chipped on Saturdays --- here sign off and buy 1lb of apples in the covered market: good ones, not penny pippins thrown on stage by crusty Victorians in their gross stupidity). EAT 2 fried or boiled, less if great helpings of beans or peas are available. Let the Nottingham man, Bermudan, American, Pakistani with his fish assortment or the Australians (do they never stop considering themselves, chauvenists!) gorge themselves & wash it down with beer in college silver, I desist & resist.
- c) Keith Chiappi, Donovan or Wyndham can contend for my dessert, stuff the college pudding & molasses or glaze fruit all in their fat mathematical bodies, their Beowulf maws. Coffee afterwards, perhaps, for the flesh is ever craving while the soul winces. Pamper him with at least an instant Maxwell House, paying 3d (which steal back with interest later that evening), 1 spoon of sugar religiously.

The above ought to work like a charm. The nub is lunch. But on Sundays Winston wants me around. Today his rather fine curry was delicious. I ate [xa] unusual consideration for Gary (California), Jonty Driver, & his bird, a sweet thing with smallish tits, in white calf-boots, smoking Benson

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& Hedges & saying "yes Jonty" as if he had her by the balls, Annie from Barrow-in-Furness, oop north. [N] wants to go into Business Admin, one must get a good second to find money for a further course here. Or it is possible to teach in Sweden. Try WUS, they may have something. For now, get on with it. Just to note how Jonty looks leaner with his broad Sam Browne leather belt, is less of a verbally forceful bloke than I thought, wants to return to SA, is cut up by the loss of Annette, that ex-chic, Rondebosch, night he went to bed early with a cold, I in Elsie's River. Again, Nortje's impulsion to take initiative. I shall see the college Dr about bad breath on Wednesday, what he suggests. Then all the Welsh swine will hear my eloquent bellows across the inner Quad of a drunken Friday night, & shake in their brogue boots.

I [wil] attack this situation & when people respond I feel strong. It is the contradiction of spirit that when they do not react I feel glum. I can see what there is I don't like, the smugness, the dinginess, or British Council's drab genteelness, indifference most of all (not reticence, not taciturnity, restraint, but deep apathy), a total failure to respond, to be moved. It is heart-breaking, the dead soul. It is worse than camp, the craze for making the ugly beautiful, reversing trends, rehearsing continually life's paradox. I want to stand outside all & spectate, not [see] hawking or participating, no profit or praise. Just look: impersonal, like Robbe-Grillet says.

Winse dropped in interruptingly: impulse lost? Ate apples, chatted up S.A., my tongue thick with sputum again, mouthing badly. (Always like this when I write or want germ out.)

### **31/3**

Burton & Bloom at super: <hi rend="underline">Spy Who Came In From The Cold.</hi> The spy who loved me ... Spy with my face. Bleak, tense, holding power. Burton earns the credits from Time & other high areas. Cogent, dignified, an actor for many seasons, saying at one stage I hate anything that wants to rock the world. Le Carre's best-seller pretty closely followed by director Martin Ritt: beautifully shot sequences. Minor casting great, esp. Oskar Werner.

**Knight's Tale** -- Arcite to Palamon, the romantic assertion debunked & [the] love-need asserted, in consummate strokes by Chaucer. The quotes are famous:

a) Thyn is affecciou of hoolynesse,

And myn is love, as to a creature; ...

b) Love as its own justification, with the right to overstep morality:

A man moot nedes love, maugree his heed.

He may not flee it, thogh he sholde be deed,

Al be she mayde or wydwe, or elles wyf.

And eek it is not likely al thy lif

To stonden in hir grace; namore shal I; ...

<hi rend="underline">1/2</hi>

Trenchantly Ch. says of the sick knight: he who vomits rather than shits has something wrong with him. True: vreet vs suip (Afr).

"Wry" means expressing distaste: have I been presumptuous?

Must see Tom Turner & Richard Hamer (WUS) At Ch. Ch. next Tuesday: could be vital.

Every day you learn. E.E. cummings (may I feel said he) to whom feeling is first --- I only much later woke up to the primary use of "to feel" in order to wholly kiss in lieu of studying syntax of things --- wrote of Chaucer, beautifully. The sonnet

honour corruption villainy holiness

riding in fragrance of sunlight (side by side ...

It suffers from its quaint cleverness, the concluding couplet dense & unscannable. It went rather well at first reading. The kind of poetry I want to write is seriously concerned with crucial issues, fate, destiny, the concealed emotions. Chaucer has this thing, the way I interpret him, about not taking ourselves too seriously, while at the same time not demeaning our achievements, spurning the past & sterilising the present by indifference & hating the future with sad impotence. We must accept destiny: our nobility depends on how aware we are of what is inevitable or what comes to pass: the best antidote is flexibility of spirit. Let

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the soul be resilient & all shall be well with us. Does [on] Ch.  
give one the uneasy feeling he is being smug sometimes, faintly  
supercilious among the aristocracy of C14th England. Forgive it him.  
He can write

Ther saugh I first the darke ymaginyng  
Of Felonye, and al the compassyng; ...  
The smylere with the knyfe under the cloke;

a most magnificent descriptive effort in a tale of memorable lines.

### Sat.5th February

Thurs. at Moulin Rouge: Orson Welles magnificent as W.R. Hearst in Citizen Kane,  
with Gassman supporting funnily in Love & Larceny. Idea of the press giant  
whose empire in Florida crumbled under him bec. Rosebud, his second  
wife, left him stranded with his indecent riches. Great Welles, tending though  
it did to outdo itself in camerawork at times, the iconoclastic imagery.

Today: Moreau in Liaisons Dangereuses, which the Oxford Mail critic  
has panned over Vadim's rehash. But I should see it to judge, & in any  
case there's a Buster Keaton (General) which ought to be good. Otherwise,  
I work hard (spent 9--1 in Bodley) & sometimes get lonely, nobody com-  
municating. Need the air down Walton St., & not to eat temptation, going  
easy on money since later it may come in handy. So far so good. I  
mean the asceticism, no boozing, wenching, smokes. Just Old Eng. & Mod. Lit.  
(if stopping at 1900 A.D. is going to be mod. at all). There's a fine passage  
in BEOWULF where the poet says that he who does good works among  
strangers will earn their praise.

Image: you hog your memory, hearing small metallic brushy sounds in  
the electric fire. Into my head came Poinciana, Jamal's poignant version remind-  
ing of that 1965 winter in C.T. with Ian Erntzen.

Memory merchant, I hog my emotions  
of being alone which will never end

since no love is final

no passion total

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Always Moreau, is fine, maugre that quite common round face. Gerard Philipe? This was his last. Vadim introduced it wittily. A french essay in seduction, great background jazz (Monk & Duke Jordan) used intelligently, or woven into fabric of pretensions about objectivity in liaisons (this is the DANGEROUS idea, that one can be entirely free of jealousy twinges -- so inevitably you are going to compare yourself). Funny in great bits, as when in a crowded cable car a young buck turned to his companions & says of a taciturn chick, "she's an introvert", whereupon (unintentionally, because of subtitling?) somebody says "no, she's English". Laughs all round. Appreciative audience (bec. here you don't have to stand up to God Save The Queen at the end?), you could hear delicate laughter floating from the rear at appropriate moments.

Sample lesson: the man takes step one. Girl takes the second step. Never speak of love. It destroys the idea of friendship or understanding. Def. from the days of Pearl in Berry's Corner, Sidwell: love is mutual ". Did we understand then, in primary school? I was worried about MUTUAL, but sort of deduced the gen. meaning, so then it was all taped.

Keaton: this was historical bec. had not been to a silent movie before. Marceau wouldn't adore this or feel threatened: since the screen uses images in a direct & almost intimidating way, it is not really miming. They got the hoarse bellow of the train on, but no voices. Theme: 1861 Civil War, & here was scope for the hapless little man regarded as inadequate until he saves the day, but more by accident than intention. But one ought to see a full-length Chaplin: little men moving fast & flinging pies about need genius in their souls to make one realise how close tragedy is to comedy, how they are one quality stretching along & continuum of the human ethos, in fact!

6/2 Mounds of loose-grained rice, lemon slices, spiced peas & juicy chicken [ate] top the plates off in Boardwell Rd digs: apart from Winse, Jonty, Gary the Californian, Maeder Osler (Ex-Nusas prez., like Driver), the inevitable bird.

Cats & birds, man? Cat among the scarce pigeons, dabble in paradox.

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TV: at Anglesea a new power station from nuclear power. Parson spoke in Meeting Point. Saw Womer this afternoon wearing a dog collar, & I'd imagined he was a theologian only as pure researcher. American Christian Democrat: from Grapes of Wrath country, but here the bastard has to behave himself.

Jane Russell, Dick Egan, Lori Nelson, all the old faces. And remember Gilbert Roland with Shelley Winters thrilling the '58 crowd at the Alpha if p.e.'s Kempston Road, that flea-house where thug pettiness was rampant in the foyer but you [ha] squeezed your girl's tits hotly in the dark, looking sideways & asking what's happening? (Janet Thomas once in the Avalon, god knows how I brought THAT off; once again -- there are no impregnable fortresses, only badly attacked ones. Philipe in "Liaisons" yesterday.)

Tomorrow is Ingmar Bergman week at the Scala, & hang all else!

7/2 --- **Summer Interlude** : Mai-Brit Nilsson, & a French semi-farce about who stole the corpse, Gallic charm etc. About Interlude: Bergman's enchanting essay in the cycle of seasons. The ominous owl at summer's end.

Tense recrudescence  
of quenched interiors:  
you gather it bit by bit, the past/recrudesce: to be raw again,  
to build [into] the beautiful affection. break out afresh

patterns  
& sequences  
tense/quenched/ interiors

recast ...Tense interiors

of quenched sequences  
stir from the ash of fire imagery

old faces shake their hairdrops in my mirror)  
(The weather is different now. )

Nilsson says in a beautiful scene with the clown of the ballet school: I feel like a painted puppet on a string. And if I cry then the paint runs. Moral: no use crying. A tap is shown, huge & steely, dripping water. Agony of discovering the bubble can burst is offset by the

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liberating of the spirit which has found itself in the new knowledge, the reconciliation between sets of things: this is the sacrifice. As in Wesker's ROOTS. One supposes that the theme of duty in Jane Austen is the same idea of carrying on with what's to be done & thinking about the drudgery afterwards. Affirmation that the here and now is all that matters, Sh's "readiness", the Scout's "be prepared", i.e. do not ever presume upon the rest of the world, it has the right to surprise you. B. says through uncle Erhard: no, in the long run nothing matters. Here it is wise to learn, comparing 12th Night's supreme song: "What's to come is still unsure / So come kiss me sweet & twenty, / Youth's a stuff will not endure."

9/2 --- was the famous 7th Seal, about a knight's search for identity & meaning. Without embarrassment Bergman uses medieval atmosphere & heavily ominous symbol (terrible scene of [pa] plague-ridden people stumbling under huge wooden crosses across the scene, lashing each other, swinging billowing censers, monks scowling from under their cowls, destroying mirth immediately []), the camera coming to rest on the scorched grass behind them in a sunbreeze). The knight (Mac v. Sidow or Gunnar Bjornstand?) plays chess with death, who finally comes to fetch them. Many more brilliances than this world dreams of, but somehow the theme not sufficiently worked out, a failure of subject rather than art or craft? Bibi Andersson of Devil's Eye was in this one too. In the long run, someone says, nothing matters.

On Friday the 3rd film, Wild Strawberries 1957 (75 was '56), there should be another valuable & informative lesson on love & what can diminish it.

It was that magnificently alive squire. But do not presume that bec. in the long run everything is meaningless, we do ... No! Interlude. Well, it is worth repeating. What the Squire does say is: It's hell with women, and hell without. So? ... Tone false again, note it.

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11/2 --- Got yesterday's date wrong again. It was 10.

When J. sends poems, straight to London Mag., 30 THURLOE Place, SW7. In Feb '66 they carry C.J. Drivers 3: an African chant ("scented like blood") which has its conventional blackfolk moments, an inane love song ("it is a most private place", all about brittle glass & breast, my woman), something of a fragment which lives up to its name. Did Jonty write "Continuation", & where did he pounce on the felicitous toughness of thighs that thunder, seen in a 1963 CONTRAST (London Mag is a rag to some of the good Contrasts designed along same lines) ...? Questions that bother.

Let me [get] purge from my ineluctable soul --- I like solidly intellectual professionalism of the Encounter variety, no pissing all over the walls of the mind or cucking in the holes of where grey matter should be. Livingstone is a poet contributing regularly. Ted Walker must be a fellow-traveller, perhaps Brian Jones in not the Manfred Mann lad: he writes of sluts & schoolgirls becoming sensual & desirable when his wife is absent. Lowell on Sunday Morning: does he go too flat?

Separate paragraph for a great poet. (Wallace Stevens is the ultimate insurance executive & philosophical poet, we hear from the venerable Times Literary Supplement. Aesthete -- another pure poetry disciple is Christopher Middleton, whose deep fear of imposing emotionally on his reader makes him my hero for the nonce: Camp title Nonsequences of his latest anthology, sub. titled Selfpoems -- I had a glance at Parker's in the Broad opposite Blackwell's, & it looks great, that slim smallprint volume) For the Union Dead & Dennis [b] loves Imitations he says in his letter, stands in Parker's window next to Auden's new About The House. E. Blunden, standing with his pint of foamy bitter across Richard Burton (up with Taylor for Faustus -- I go to the 5/- dress rehearsal at Playhouse on Monday coming as I wrote to Clive Smith in Preston) & looking quaintly homely-English, got more MA kudos (!) than Robert Lowell, at the Sheldonian Theatre where I had Latin mumbled at me last year at £30 for ten seconds. Enid Starkie is Maurice Bowra. She

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wears red petticoats, it is rumoured; is called "flamboyant", -- it is all so much FUN, I am sure, what a bloody lark. The voters never come back, who listens to the lectures anyway. Oxford moves at its own venerable greystone pace, & why not, pray? The system has withstood the assault of 700 years. All you do is facelift. Christ-Church with glinting brownstone, contract to a local firm. But that road through Ch. Ch. meadow is never going to be sanctioned, not while places like All Souls have more money than they can cope with.

And that eyesore of a railway station? I want to walk down there in the soft rain. The softness of English rain is endearing & is enduring. It makes me newsy & alive, in a glancing way. Superb letters make people happy. One's art absorbed there, not so? I mean to Dennis -- about poetry -- to Joan -- about love -- to Francois or Lox -- about general -- to Leitch -- about the wisdom of absurdity and Kleurling indomitability -- I spend hours carefully chiselling, paring, elaborating, balancing words so that they give pleasure, for I love The Beautiful, which now to me means more what I have or how I can respond that is original.

No flies or flees in Oxford. An obsession with originality can grow into a neurosis of honesty. She is now my main area of growth, an emotional nourishment, spiritual sustenance, though not yet manna. What do you mean -- brittle glass!

Bergman speaks well, saying that art in contemporary society is insignificant. He creates now only to please himself, putting the urge down to an insatiable curiosity about the world. I enjoy however what he has done. At the time of [St] 7th Seal & Interlude he was a BELIEVER. He imagined that life could be made to work. He caught moments when, brilliantly, it did work & we were all surprised & not a little pleased, that pleasure when the common concealed strings are touched setting up a resonance in the void. Bergman has been valuable, & maybe is only growing more guarded, believing still, but masking it now because

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she, the soul, demands her eventual deception. She wants to come in from the cold.

Wife of Bath's viable philosophy: And after wyn, on Venus moste I thinke. She rejects pursuit of perfection in her great preamble. Why should I crave it, keep myself strong & create wrong impressions.

Blues are sharp sometimes, but one can flatten the fifths to get art out of it. Nonsequences which are unquenchable.

Burroughs has followed up *The Naked Lunch* (remember Lennon's quip about greedy blighter?) with *Nova Express*, which *New Society* scrutinises in review, knocking the Joyce-plus druggery, thuggery & skulduggery. No doubt this weekend is going to see much thunder from the solid night & in fact from radical quarters as well, for who can tolerate Joyce + Miller, Henry? And a dash of Mailer-Kerouac? I have *Finnegan's Wake* down for next vac, but so help me God Burroughs ain't ever comin' in for consideration. The Irishman & Dubliner was the great fiction artist of the C20th novel, and *Portrait* has its brilliance sustained [by] in honed prose such as we are rarely to see again; to speak only of the smoking pith of a sliced bun is to focus on the rich imagery of that dogsbody which kicks off superbly with Buck Mulligan in the shaving mirror. Or is it old buck -- I read *Ulysses* with great pride in winter of '63 at Dorwen, walking across where Hewat Training College stood in the background into Rust Street to Francois & certainly the odd vrottes. A thing on Joyce, like an early Coltrane.

For lordynges, soth to seyn, that am not I.

Colin Williamson been made Proctor. To get all OUP publications, not bad. Isis carries a fine parody in a cartoon where a proctor nicks an unwary undergrad. attempting pursuit of a junkie down the Turl. So far Colin speaks nothing of farming me out, has put me on to Henryson & the wee drop of the strong stuff manner. With Satan's fall which I labour over in the Bod, a pungent mixture.

Did strictly NOT feel like working, though I knew that once started, an aspect captures attention & leads you on. But squeezed out some hours in the Upper Reading Room. That librarian -- smiling. A bloke in there wanted

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a window wide open. A girl appealingly looked at Norks as he strode in with Kleurling purpose. And so on.

I try to clarify too much.

Peter Donovan & Ken Noguchi are found discussing the world's  
when

booming population in the G.C.R. [after] I return from a first & probably final Thursday Night at 1 Wellington Square, which down a dingy street is where the British Council offices are. At least I saw London Mag. & got the address there, paging through while after the BP film on colourful Trinidad & Tobago the girl in charge, British & properly enlightened but from one of the provincial colleges, organises a brains trust. The idea appeals to assorted Indians, West Indians, Nigerians in the room. A small thin Sikh in a pale blue-faded turban speaks sickly phrases while I pore over Ian Hamilton's idea of Middleton. Colonial enthusiasm from all sides, with the occasional progressive voice. The huge moot questions. E.g., emancipation of women (snide jokes here!), space research & down-to-earthness (the U.S. is feeding India again as before). England is knocked by her stepchildren; some perceptibly more nasty than others. It's all been done before.

Noguchi, from Tokyo, plays squash, the Oxford game of games. And Viqar Hassan, the neat tall Pakistani, had his boiled eggs brought up to his room: his knee was hurt & he made the most of it. Jan Womar wears pinched jackets. Arthur Padley suffers from sensitive tummy, in addition has an unhealthy pinkish complexion underneath the grey-silver hair. Dick Oberman as I saw him fall into the new G.C.R. rocking-chair this morning is a fat, almost ungainly pommy-Christian bastard who pays lip service to progress. Hugh Wyndham wanders into the common room in search of free coffee only to find me there waiting to flog the till intelligently (how else see so many Bergman's?): late at night. Keith Chiappa -- perhaps the Bermudan is the most likable of the lot -- eats my flan or my college pudding so can't complain, & can he put it away, dead. Doug House of Canada borrows my ballpoint in Hall. Punch & Godfrey are tops. O Leitch, once more has Kleurling ineffableness triumphed! 3 cheers, Ball[e]!

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At 2.15 a.m. to bed.

12/2 -- Victor Sjöström as the professor who collects his memories into a pattern of sanity again on the day that he is honoured with an hon. degree: great flashbacks [to] of frustrated love (Bibi Andersson of Devil's Eye & later as the impish young animal in the back of the car: "I am a virgin that's why I'm so [self-confid] 'impudent!') [possible] cuckolding suffered but treated with academic sophistry to keep the peace & maintain life's even tenour ... WILD STRAWBERRIES has been most interesting.

I learn to recognise his style. The opening is like Devil's Eye, a brief cameo narration before the credits move across the screen: the man with his back to us at the desk is writing in his diary about the crux of our relationships with other people: (it requires effort because) it is based on criticism. Comparing ourselves all the time, measuring our own performance, indicatively or subjunctively, against what we see before us. So he admits to being rather lonely, & and then soon after he [go] retires to bed this frightening dream where in a post-nuclear blast world (almost -- so masterfully Bergman exploits the grey shells of houses, a man you touch who collapses in the gutter & [his] melts liquidly away, a clock without hands, a hole in the middle, ticking away to mock your heartbeats) a hearse ambles round the deserted corner, lurches against an iron lamp-post, the black horses pull away straining, the huge cart-wheel pushes you against a grey wall & a coffin falls in the gutter: a hand reaches out, a cuff-linked white sleeve, you grasp it, it is yours, the face is yours, you are saving yourself & you almost cannot bear the anguish of recovery ...

Throughout the day the Professor is reminded at stages during the journey of how smug & self-satisfied & hypocritical he has become. Ingrid Thulin, great as his daughter-in-law, flays him masterfully, tells him coolly how he has arrogated to himself the right to like people as if they were the housecat. His housekeeper is very surprised when the taciturn old codger apologises about something, & he asks, Is it so rare to hear me being sorry? Again, as elsewhere, the message (and the understated ending

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caught me unawares I should say) seems to be that reliving the past is helpful catharsis: it allows us to face the future more confidently, if not with utter complacency.

But does it work like this in life? No matter: I had rather see a Bergman film now than any other film. Through A Glass Darkly should be more gloomy, by the sound of it. Strawberries has its calm optimism; I should think it a picture of maturity graced with hopefulness about the future, despite dark hints concerning God & women.

Several fine performances from this gifted Swedish group. Gunnar BjornSTRAND, Max v. Sydow again (at petrol pump?), Mai-Brit Nilsson. One has to learn to know them, I may have the parts all wrong.

Next week: Serge Eisenstein, Russian efforts. Perhaps I could drop in? The supporting French shows are good to middling entertainment, a bit light & shallow after the Swede, which they show first.

Satyajit Ray yet eludes, & Hiroshima Mon Amour? Have seen a Fellini (La Dolce Vita) & Jean Luc Godard (Wages of Fear), Teshigahara (Woman in Dunes) & Kurosawa (Harakiri), Monicelli (Organizer) & of course Lester, Schesinger (Darling), Richardson, etc. No Americans -- maybe we are being biased. All those true-blue lads need not be base fellows out to make money. E.g. Kazan? Kubrick?

Desperate to note details. Which means empty-headedness. Pericles done at a finishing canter, sonnets up, -- I hope to consume some so that there's no essay rush. Satan is treated rather heroically in Genesis B, I note in the essay [that] the ominous Cain-Abel relationship of fraternal jealousy when the Chief of the Baddies complains that his hands are tied, "for God knew (the bastard) that there would be trouble between me & Adam, if ..." Message clear.

Justified also when you have been so honest. I said I should have written back a month later to show how casually I regarded her, but I found it saved nervous energy [to] not to pretend I could treat her coolly. That, it seemed to me on my way to the Bod after posting it, had been something to warm the cockles, tickle the pink prawns.

### **Weekend**

One's personal affection for a wrist watch, noticed only when it has gone wrong. The Burgana 17-jewel Swiss-made super de luxe electronically tested antimagnetic waterproof diamond-tooled stainless steelbacked machine had stopped when I returned from the customary Sunday night hot bath in the Old Quadrangle bathroom-toilet (the Palace with its 5 graffiti traps & hothouses with steam rising into the lampshades -- I saw Dave Bartlett rubbing his naked body dry talking to Jerry over the steaming wall & a lad ironing his shirt next to the washing machine: place is all yellow soap, Persil & muddy sporting togs at week's end). This watch bought in C.T. opposite the Parade at a bankrupt sale in '61, way back in dem days, man! It holds a delicate place in my affections. Jimmy's brother Eric & wife honeymooned at our Wynberg flat that September. I remember it lost one minute during the first 24 hours, but one goes on stubbornly believing that £3/19/6d must be a great scoop, & faith has worked. Only once it was "set right" by a bloke in the Athlone Hotel one Sat. afternoon in '64 [aft] when I celebrated that remarkable Phil. Ed. scrapethrough, & the meddling did it more harm than good: it behaved erratically more frequently after that. Thought to chuck it in Britain, but not so easy to part with trusted friends. I knew to put it 5 mins. ahead the night before & be 2 ahead the morning after at Mrs Halford's so that there was always time in hand for that trudge up to Klipfontein Road via Thornton. These days its 8--10 mins lost per day. Where do the minutes fly? Ask Jove, the saucy knave! It is bootless chat to discuss time, we must remember that time is merely a way of measuring movement. It is motion that is the modus vivendi of matter. Still, I love the delicate craftsmanship that went into it -- the three scarlet stars above the black miniature writing on a white-metallic background, & the castle insignia on top. The strap fraud was soon exposed; water splashing on it & wrist sweat of a Belleville summer's day left marks of cheap decay: green sulphate deposit.

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The "chromium" coat (how it flashed in the sun!) has long since faded & the Z-shaped links now lie dovetailing unpretentiously. Only one weak half-link fell off, & so early in its career as to scare me. Pattern: 12, 2,4,6,8, a peculiar 1 [triangle], well-understood golden dashes in between, fine exclamation strokes. What work must have gone into it. The result of millions of years of evolution! Heart-links of genera, species, phylums & biophysical subdivisions, classifications. A wrist watch, timed by vibrograph. It has stopped, in the morning when I put it on my arm & snuggle it under the shirt cuff, it ticks again, wanting the warmth. As I pick it up, even now, the fantastically delicate end-curved second hand points & moves haltingly, wanting to go, to please the warm fingers that hold it, that has loved it long without naming it. My slender sweet thing, flaked, faded, battered, glass-face scratched against maantjie walls (in Noeleen's backyard one night in rain having Vanessa X against the wall -- a nasty scrape being drunk & reckless, over roughcast, God!) -- lo ... Though all thy piteous mercy fall away, / Not for thy failing ...

#### 14/2

Walk up the Banbury after breakfast & dealing with the Sunday papers. It threatened to snow, cold white glinting grains drifting in the air & a grey sky: fine [dust] peace-giving cold. Winse not home, so I crossed into Walton St. & walked around among the C19th red-grey cottages which become dilapidated towards what would be the Northern fringe of Oxford. Plenty of side-street pubs which I feel guilty about not trying; you hear cheerful sounds coming out of there when you're off the drink for a while (6th quiet week now, for fags just made 4 & am gonna do plenty more). I looked down Little Clarendon Street but the prospect looked too much: some burly types slinking around down at the canal! Instead I continued [over] past Gloucester Green, the coach station, & [into] over the Hythe Bridge. The grey water flows strongly here. Further on happens Oxford Station, like Salt River after a long period of neglect, an

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eyesore of decrepit cracked-wood shacks painted cream in the best colonial manner, complete with serrated canopies of wood & (the usual?) [sy] chalked apology for delay. I'll stick to the warm coach journeys.

Home leg is wide up the St Ebba's neighbourhood, when you come into the Carfax again & [C] cross into Market & a coffee in the G.C.R., usually free & empty most of Sunday. Oberman was away for the weeknd (Nottingham) What I can be glad about it is that the people I love are not within seeing distance, so stoic: he has naturally more temptation to nip home for the weekend, & Sunday night returns can be bluesy in that case. So I asked about the Gascoigne lecture I missed the other day at Faculty, and how the weekend was. For him that mood where you laugh humbly without being present, or try the occasional [f] low-key remark. [I]

I am glad she is far away whom I love.

Love? It is perhaps presumptuous to speak of love. You presume on other people, pace those ideas that other people need to know. Muggerridge & Patrick Campbell were pulling Barbara Cartland apart in BBC-3 about romantic do-goodiness, isn't it. NOT like that, asked Malcolm with wry persuasiveness, & one felt [w] one could go on living hopefully while there are Muggerridges who destroy what they cannot define or perfect, malicious as that too can become. (But a preferable scepticism).

And can one really carry the emotional burden [of] for more than oneself? It seems unjust for me to want anyone to take care of my heart, as they say, so that the rest of me is free. [To act] Free to do what? Why released? To act purposefully? Here is where D.H. Lawrence must be given the lie, admirably male as that sex theory has proved in the past. I love a woman who increasingly defies it seems being pinned down by the sift-sei formula. She accepts me on her own terms but will not  
respect  
divulge the rules, except that in [terms] of sense & sensibility she [wa]  
friendship to love.

prefers

Man must love. Okay, but from now on let me be tacit. I need not impress her with my strength as I have done, but neither must I want her shoulder like a baby or an emotional coward. There is no such

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thing as total stoicism. But neither is there finality. So working within these limits of sanity, one should, one in fact MUST show a controlled response, have calmness which is not apathy but a recognition that love [is] like art in the contemporary world is a) disposable

b) defensive.

Do not hope to rescue it from the tyranny of time or sequence.

judge

Beg the indulgence (as Sh. did at the end of Tempest) of the [jury] & the jury, say it has been in [que] inverted commas, you didn't really mean it. Afterwards. Enjoy it while it lasts; over the seas there is nothing you can do but wait through the see-saw moments, operate between the [lim] upper & lower registers.

Garbo season at the Moulin Rouge. I donned the donkey jacket, left 40 minutes early, going up the Headington-London Rd fairly briskly. The supporting programme had good-looking, brash-athletic-American Robert Taylor, a naughty Vivien Leigh, Maureen O'Sullivan & Barrymore (Lionel). I left midway through for late supper (which I decided to miss after all & feel the hollow at 1.00 now), [much] against my will, it turned out so well. Suppose funny because when that scout walked in & said you can call me "Scatters", sir, just like I was back to that morning when Rose walked in -- end of term I should tip the old cockney dawlin'. She must think Norks a stingy young bastard as well as a Kleurling! But Oxford's changed since then, though slowly. Those "types" are a bit rare moving these days, everybody's more or less [anglin] towards a good second & the chance to specialise.

As for the "Queen of the Screen", let me say at once that the title, on the strength of NINOTCHKA alone, is eminently deserved. Greta Garbo: one didn't think that people like Moreau could be effortlessly bettered, but she is incredibly creative; that artistic integrity & a refusal to pander & pamper that tremendously IS. In a moment I shall drown what's superb in a plethora of superlatives; must follow her wherever she's going. As her lover, Melvin Douglas was [Amer] fine, he was inspired.

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Bob & myself went round to the river on Saturday afternoon. The trees are still bare & the Cherwell emerging strongly under Magdalen Bridge, birds among the undergrowth & refreshing English air. Max Perkins was out with the Jesus men on the Isis, their cox hurling instructions & the swans supremely indifferent against the bank. The lads with megaphones; boats will soon be done up. The men puffing manfully in their sweatsuits down Christchurch Meadow -- spring is (about to be) here.

My hands frozen, I buy 10d worth of Bramley cooking apples in the covered market & wash them down with coffee, a detestable sourness; before) Sh's Sonnets found a delightful Juvenilia volume on Austen, with Love & Friendship (letters), & the enchanting History of [Roy] Eng. Kings from Henry IV to Chas.I, in which she uncharacteristically declares her hatred of the scheming Elizabeth, but one suspects partly with her tongue in her cheek as she always does. Early, but already the delicate precision is evident, -- to read her I confess is an agreeable & sensible experience.

Sonnet 18 is the one Ruth Henry (then Rousseau) read onto tape in the small middle room of S Rust St, Easter 1961, Lox & the clan there. I can hear her enthusiastic voice at a moment of seriousness: Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? ...

<hi rend="underline">Monday, 14th February</hi>

Morning jerks at 7.40, breakfast at 8.20, newspapers (Mirror, Guardian, Times) & Shakespeare with Robert Henryson's Testament of Criseyde, a follow-up to Chaucer. Tute with Jack Burrow at 12. Mag. from WUS.

Advice given as ideal relationship arrangement: never complain, never explain. It had worked.

At the O.U.D.S. Playhouse in Beaumont St, bearded Richard Burton in the final dress rehearsal. You sensed he was holding back all the eloquent magnificence of that resonant Welsh voice, but good. At the end the lads & birds refused to let him go, & he came forward to tell a joke about a drunk friend. Taylor had a walk-on part as Helen of Troy. Tonight's opening will see the fire.

Playhouse is smallish, cosy with heaters behind the slats of wood

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panelling -- a theatre for intimacy rather than grandeur.

One likes Burton -- his sincerity, the humility in his gestures.

<hi rend="underline">15/2</hi>

Serge Eisenstein's double. Battleship Potemkin is a silent, full of rough power, maggots crawling over carcasses of sheep in a ship's hold, & the monocled surgeon saying "pshaw! they're only dead maggots!" Revolution.

The full-scale Alexander Nevsky, set in C13th Russia caught bet. Mongol & Teuton, is superb for its time, & without Marxist bias -- the fervour is all rousing Russian folk. An undergrad. in front of me was annoyingly snickering, a kid who was doing it bec. he was unsure of how to react to a film of this type: up in the Welsh fastnesses his stocky Calvinist mother must have told him all's bad that's Red.

Note the natural treatment of love as a social phenomenon which works most interestingly on a personal level: it came out fresh as folk art & as spontaneous.

<hi rend="underline">17/2</hi>

Letter from Joan (J.M.C.!) & C.M.R. -- Ambrose refused permission to go to U.C.T. bec. facilities exist at U.C.W.C. He sent clips about brain drain, mainly to Canada (Parle, M.A. -- on exit!)

She says Happy Valentine's Day! Thanks for the card.

Going skiing with her friend. Swims, play tennis -- those bones grow stronger.

I've got her out of hey! (for time being?) but what about crazy! & "even showed ... etc" -- Bye for now, I've given enough, not to overload: but dammit I'm gonna ask some questions about their getting thick. It's what Leitch would admire, the intrigue.

Lox wants to tour at the end of '67 -- the world. And it's all quiet about that new date: thighs unwet, skeleton unsexed?

Garbo again, given the turgid romantic setting, the Parisian extravagance of Camille (galloping consumption, Cukor directing) -- so

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excellent an actress I'm not likely to see again in my lifetime. Robert Taylor, charming & debonair as the poor boy with love but no money, & a fairly acidulous Barrymore as the rich flummoxed Baron -- who loses out? -- no, Cukor lets, out of Dumas' novel, Greta die, & even death comes greatly to her. Allowing for the romance aura, she is extraordinarily skilful at occupying the mind, and a really delightful deep-toned voice, chiming through the soul when at poignant moments she plays it intense. In the 2 films so far, I detect STYLE, which at once stylises & identifies her & unfortunately makes her rather more predictable, so that one concludes logically: if in Marie Walewska (more) & the other film her low-key, small-voiced, lost-tone pathos & the raised profile oddity of manner persists into cliché, then the element of surprise will of course be gone. Even then, her virtuosity would still leave her queen of the moving image, a very beautiful woman of remarkable finesse.

Doctor's Dilemma -- I did it with Dennis in that 1960 X session which proved historic, just before he was kicked out. Shaw (why have I never regarded him seriously?) now seems to be richer than I have ever thought, & one resolves to go back to him in a crash holiday session, Pygmalion & DD having been all (no Ibsen either, so when am I going to get through the Henry VI & 8 histories + Sh's earliest as I have decided before touching anything else?). Shaw says through Sir Paddy Cullen (Felix Aylmer? -- superbly father-figure, philosophically) that there can be 2 things wrong with a lad: a cheque,  
a woman.

Bogarde, as Dubedat, has both wrong -- he is a poor unscrupulous artist, & an immoral one (bigamist? -- unclear at this distance). So he cannot get a blank cheque to continue in this way, as it were. Again, the expected winner loses the girl, in this case Leslie Caron, not one of my pet actresses. How does a poor struggling artist support such a gorgeous wife? Sample question. But mainly it is Shaw's retained dialogue (Asquith sensibly directed) that crackles wittily -- "My plans for the season are simple -- I am going to die", or Dubedat holding the eminent

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physicians of London at bay with revolutionary morality. Here Robert Morley as Bloomfield Bonnington (Goodbye, Goodbye, Goodbye!) was great as the imperturbable stimulator of the phagocytes. Minor portrayals which have become a pleasant feature of British film-making.

After twelve -- left Joe Likari, the Maltese, in the G.C.R. -- will check in the morning whether he left the coffee till undisturbed. This is a matter of honour to me, after all it was I who concealed that silver bit into a mound of copper in the corner of the black box -- intrigue, jou kleurling! Nevertheless, at 11.55 I changed a 6d into a 2/- piece + three coppers (one of which was a thruppenny bit -- Joe was reading a paperback on Ethics) & had meself a cuppa. mixing milk crystals with cold water. Jean Genet, behold thy disciple.

Also, have I not hidden that pint Guinness (dark stout!) in a corner, to be garnered when term's at an end? Already 3 pints of milk in cartons are stashed in the wall cupboard -- o do not curdle for my [sour] pilfering escapades. Oberman, Womer, Padley & Godfrey India invited me along to the Turl, but no penchant yet. Boy, wait until the drought breaks ..! The white cupboard.

### **Sunday 20th February**

Observer's Gilliatt in usual lucid form, hitting Kit Marlowe a hard body blow: Faustus (discussing Burton's tenacious talent which despite years of Hollywood won't die) is a massive hoax, an arabesque portal & within rusty machinery abandoned by the crew & old orange peel. Title: "Hallowed Trash". Kit, she says, was tossing a huge joke at God -- Pope burlesque.

So everybody came out kind for Dick.

Afternoon walk to further parts of town. [&] Red bull with gold horns on blue waves: Oxford's coat of arms. You stand on the town hall steps & look at the Carfax. St Aldate's is full of Sunday tourists. I was going over folly bridge into Abingdon, then saw a naughty

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youth (saucy knave) toss somebody's rickety old bike into the Isis, flowing strongly [past] by. Grey water, reflecting sky, but the sun burst through in a sharp moment: one's eyes are almost used to the intimate greyness. Reminded of C.T. at Easter, rainsun, sunrain, but no, nothing can ever equal that at Wynberg or Lansdowne, looking into the light. Swans here black-webbing the stream.

At the Moulin Rouge (cfd) -- Marie Waleswka. Was I not in the mood, or is it that Garbo seemed to wear off, but during the opening scenes her brilliance had become a customary efficiency, even lacking lustre. Still, the story picked up interest, with Boyer in one of those deserted huge C19th palace rooms explaining with weary wisdom how he had missed it somehow: military victory but spirit's defeat -- not being able to get close [to] enough to the warmth.

Gaps in the story made it sag, the subject spanning so many years. Still, I hold her great.

Rutherford as Miss Marple by Christie: trickery, nice touches of Brit. old lady (headline-conscious): good fits of pique & [pout] lip-pursing. Those senna tablets I had taken force me back to Jesus early. Now off to Silken Skin & PASSENGER, to report later.

For Jack Burrow, oral aspects of Beowulf, after 700 lines translated last Frid-Sat, a fine finishing spurt.

<hi rend="underline">Monday 21st</hi>

Scala -- Truffaut, & Munk's last.

Francois Truffaut's SILKEN SKIN is clear, clean-cut, intelligent in its  
?

crime passionel class: at the end Françoise Dorleac (beautiful!) shoots her unfaithful husband -- very sensitive portrayal of an intellectual who happens to be also a man -- in a cafe, with shotgun. The airline hostess (Dorleac? -- more likely; she was good; the title seems to come from a great moment when he removes her nylon stocking from the suspender pre-coitally) finally tells him the affair won't work; she'd irritate him too & then it would drag on painfully as with his wife, whom he takes with quiet-burning passion even as she is proceeding with divorce,

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& after the pleasurable flash the relationship is the same: crumbling. Jean-Louis Richard collaborated with Truffaut: he does seem to be one of the finer talents in French films. You got those clear, sharp black & white shots: it started off at an interesting brisk pace & you felt it was at least going to be good.

Understatement can be just as boring, said Tynan once, yes: but in Beowulf e.g. it's one of the strengths of the epic, esp. where humour of self-luck against monsters is concerned, the hero's wryness & modesty. Well, I haven't seen Belmondo, but Mastroianni is coming in 8 1/2, & early next week[s] there's Ray Charulata, hailed as a masterpiece, so next week is going to be marvellous, I can see that.

Passenger has been delayed. The manager was out front to explain, but recompense was perhaps unexpectedly good: Eisenstein's last work, fragmentary. A documentary (the people are the heroes!) on the Mexican revolution in 1910, but it cut out at the uprising after some splendid work giving insights into the lives of the Mayas & the Aztecs before Cortez & after, the main scene being of wedding arrangements on the festival of Corpus Christi. Early on, though, the most creative shots in the love-approach of an Indian girl, with river scenery, mangrove roots, a fibre hammock above the water, & as the youth converges like every other girl she half shields her eyes with her forearm, half smiling at the edges of her mouth. Then the camera moved on Eisenstein's masterly [cut] editing or luck? I take it the former.

Munk's unfinished film was about a Pole-Jew relationship in one of the better concentration camps. State-subsidised -- in parts one felt it was too consciously arty, & in any case do you find people who in subjection behave like this? I walked out into a very unEnglish hailstorm, sitting here now with steam rising from the black pants I've worn for about [sev] eight weeks now -- not to worry. Wrote the Smiths about April 1-14 holiday, & Bern.

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Working strongly, through 2 nights now -- essay work. This after I broke the drought for Dave Bartlett's 21st. When I got up there after Bod on Tuesday evening the joint was jumpin' with all the Jesus luminaries + Turl & Wheatsheaf extras, & champagne with sugar cubes to kick it was bubblin' all over, about 20 botts. or so.

Everybody got pissed as a rat & the next thing there was singing, I knocked off a 1/4 scotch, some brandy, missed hall & Bradley junior dean was down in the bar to calm the boys down, tankards of beer spilling all over, glasses breaking after a stormy quad march to the rousing tune of we won't be bugged about. Back to Maantjie with revenge! Ian Mac first put David Morris to bed & then the 2 cars were off to Whyteham's, where Ian told me they went the next day to apologise. I remember drinking heavily & collaring Max Perkins intellectually, coming home with Greg. Jephcott after some more brandy at Jerry Davies -- who gave me a Dylan to read written by his father: whatta time! Next day, no dice, no get up, a helluva babbelaas so I think well fuck it I'm going down to the Turl: a pint of bitter, a half, & we swing like a bastard again; bed me down once more. That bird in the Bod -- been making eyes at everybody, why should I think at me specifically. Nightshift, but it went o.k. -- Colin satisfied. I've got this thing for Jack done too, am reading (or about to) Henry 8, to write on Wyatt & early Tudor. If to finish with a bang, not a whimper. This, needless to say, is Saturday. Monday is the 28th of February, & it ain't no leap year. Should write D, but somehow not. Glad that Smiths heard from Jimmy, but he seems to have renounced me. And I have debunked myself -- what is there to believe in. Grenville wrote about his career tribulations, a rather funny letter: he deserves to give himself better -- got talent, yes.

#### **Sunday 27th FEB.1966**

I have perhaps put unfair pressure on you, desiring you to be explicit. Much taken up with matter of time, energy (totality, finality).

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A passenger is a person in transit, passing through -- about whom it is impudent to ask too many questions. A wanderer, traveller, one in a sense out of time & place.

Chrysalis: the golden (chrysos) resting stage, was jotted down when I thought I could not presume to write any more, a kind of Lycidas for Milton effort; the revival is a retouching of it & giving Draft 4, to all intents & purposes the final one, giving it to the Journal -- but called simply POEM

rod of                      Memory merchant, I hog my emotions  
                                 of being alone which will never end  
as fursounds brush the rod of steady fire:                      metal fire?  
                                 the snug bur vibrates in mental centres.

Not only at dusk or dim moments, but beyond  
swift seconds I have no vivid wishes  
which thrust through the murk of time  
and absolute philosophies to triumph wholly.

Shields of bone, the moist glands, membranes  
bulbs of flesh and hair roots breed again,  
propagate themselves, protect, renew: I am  
the fragrant air in the golden cocoon that is vacant.

K.A.N  
27/2/66

**Wormcast**

Over grass and among the stiff brown crosses of seed  
cocoon roll with the wind to be humus  
now that the moth has emerged.

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There are fewer & fewer butterflies  
as we bear a greater assault on the eyes

Tongue in its warm lap lies so tight  
it cannot speak with sweet breath late (at night).

You grow bit by bit, & by a piecemeal process learn to cope with your anxiety neurosis, restless impatiences & loneliness; As Gide says reportedly in "Silken Skin" (the film), each of us needs one other person to believe in. I cherish this ideal in you, but also remembering through the brown ales that man is an aspect of developing matter, & he has now reached the crucial stage of being his own problem: how to cope with what he has arrested. Responsibilities.

Saw Winse, & surprised that he, so nonchalant mostly (except on his leftist politics), should want to get married to an Indian bird from East London whom he has known for some years. The relationship has always been somewhat uncertain & inconclusive, until she recently wrote ("out of the blue") from Durban where she is studying; except that she spells apology with 2-pps, the letter's style is remarkably like Joan's: non-committal, factual but unconsciously trifling, tacit (e.g. "be good" instead of the explicit keep away from other girls & if you can't play safe). "This will probably surprise you, coming from me ..."  
By the looks of it she wants him to want her, & he does. Wants to get to U.S. after Brasenose, get married ("I've had a good innings). -- sorry about casualties like Maeder Osler & Alan Murray: but

Here he walked in, & its going to be very factual. Had an emotional problem. Naturally I showed him the note in the making, then we discussed Kleurlo-Indian society in p.e. deeply. Jesus bar, telling Boston District 6 anecdotes, then swung into the Brasenose pub-buttery for brown ale (red-brown, sweetish & he was on Guinness. We spoke long & happily -- in the Turl he was worried about the fact that I thought I was pulling the wool over his eyes on Sundays: didn't want me to feel that way. Very drunk, he told

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of unhappy family background, ostracism from the community on both sides, life in no-man's-land. Likes me so helluva lot -- true. Consequence: soberly I bring him into 1,ii for sobering up, he promptly throws javelins onto the green pile carpet -- I manage to keep his hair out of the japie accumulating in the sink (lunch: spaghetti bolognese, supper: BNC peanuts + potato crisps). As I [wipe] clean the carpet, he struggles out of his jacket & lurches forward. As Frenchie says, never pick up a drunk man from the ground if he's safe. Cover him with blankets. Half through the night I'm forced to shit in the sink & stir the solids down with my index finger. In the morning he's awake. Back at lunch after my tute & we go down to the Union to get last week's Cherwell, a good issue for J. & C.M.R. Then I take him in to see the great Scala double: African Queen & Charulata.

Bogie was marvellous as the white-trader-in-Africa, set off very funnily against the spiritual side of things with [xx]Robert Morley as a great missionary. There's this frantic scramble for a cigar butt that Bogie absent-mindedly (suggestion of imbecility by director Huston?) tosses away: Katharine Hepburn in bush boots pumping away at the flimsy old organ: it breaks up in chaos with Mr B looking unkempt, very dirty & flatulently funny at high tea. Morley dies rather beautifully & now Bogie swills gin, the 2 "discover each other -- refreshingly, only a suggestion of sex here, not the crawling lot again! -- & there's the tremendous scene where afterwards at breakfast, the primness broken with the tissue one believes, the inexperienced Katharine says "what's your name, -- dear?" to a man who up to now had been nothing but Mr Allnutt, with a zing & a missionary zeal, crocs sliding into the river hungrily. Unbelievably  
ribbon

Bogie grins through his stubble, above the dirty [scarf] round his faintly gawky neck & says "Charlie". She's Rosie -- there were hoots of laughter. All ended happily, but by then [,] even the marry-us-before-you-hang-us bit could not get in the way of what, had

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been hearty entertainment.

Like *Woman Of The Dune*, Satyajit Ray's masterpiece -- & one hates to apply language to this brilliant work of art which is so closely about life, it had something in me fearful & broken for some time afterwards, an awe of the spirit -- must rank as the best film I am likely to see for a long long time. As with the best things, the actors are probably unknown outside India. Certainly not Ray Kapoor Indian pops. The subcontinent has one hold on my mind. It is a profoundly stirring film riddled with unexpected & unassuming irony. Where even Bergman's genius fails to conceal the tracks of art, Ray works with unbelievable subtlety. You are not dragged in to witness anything, neither are you asked to understand. I found myself riveted visually & mentally to the screen, grudging my eyes a swift glance at the clock. Startling beauty ... but why attempt the idealization of words to make it better or worse. Reconciliation in the 3 stills of the end, the hands of husband & wife reaching out, linking, and yet half-paralyzed by a [kn] new knowledge which has to be assimilated. It is not so simple to start something new. There is always the black residue, the waste that remains & kills, even the abortive unfulfilment has an aftermath.

In the Prince of Wales they sell cheaply (1/11) an exquisite (?) bitter with a milkiness running through the liquid & a soft texture on the tongue. I must have some more of it when o.k., but not this afternoon -- it's

**March 3rd:** & after a night-essay on Sir Tho. Wyatt I'm to see C.W. at 11 instead of 10. Why despair yesterday? Afterwards like now it seems so fine. Then "8 1/2" (Scala), later report.

But two pints of milky bitter meant the night in limbo. I had wanted to work. There was Mac in the Col. Pub. & he said o.k. Anne the Scots chick is waiting: [for] so in the Roebuck paid 6/6 for a meal an hour after Hall's one + a meat roll afterwards.

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Wonder why you diet?

Then adjourned to the Turl, invited them up to 12 for a prelim. novel reading. While they sat and made love in my corner chair, I dug out poems & read early extracts from 4A Southfield Road. The toilet episode raised chortles, needless to say.

Next day it was up a midday: lush life.

Election: March 31.

Beatles at Shea Stadium, but I could get to work immediately afterwards. On TV they don't come across well, what with 60,000 teenagers shouting their lungs hoarse. They still appeal, there's no doubt about that, & always seem to have accepted the end of the day to arrive. Marriage, the one way out, easing off. Jak wants to wee-wee, dad Ringo! That part of it is tied up taunting with Crawford & Rust Street.

### **MARCH the THIRD**

8 1/2 FELLINI: about Mastroianni making a film, or wanting to, while at the same time there's wife trouble. Cardinale co-acted, but here was a series of faces & fantasies of childhood. I said to Jerry Davies down in the bar that this experimental stuff couldn't get me the way La Dolce Vita did, though the film, like a self-parody, says so itself. You want to kick another cripple into the world, foist a mutation on the public, the place is already riddled with casualties & discards & rejects. Why add to the muddle? Well, begging the question, isn't it? We must create, must be prepared to fail, it seems, just like we must risk love & be ready for frustration.

The Turl, & pissed again like a rat after the knockout sherry up in Obers' room. I had spoken a load to crap to O.B. & Bob Smith down there, had tried to soothe a baleful Davydd Roberts, poor Welshman, [said] mixed Afrikaans with Peter Lamming from Natal, laughed with Chris Pont & Dave Hughes, finally fell into bed round 12, thoroughly soaked & not having slept for about 36 hours.

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**5/3**

Lunch with Nagan & a Stellenbosch researcher, at B.N.C., a beer & a walk Univ. parks with Gary, the Californian. He played Tchaikovsky in the music room, getting artistically emotional, blowing hot, like. Nice lick, & we're to take tea with the Boer: some guy I hear, & Winse has set me up as a sort of automaton about to walk a Jesus first: Harold Wilson & Lawrence of Arabia must be quaking in their boots: they were here & with 10 hours a day did it -- I'm all for a third or so, man, & thanks.

Tidied up some writing, & tonight I've no doubt it's the Turl, what with Phil Garner & his '49 Daimler around.

Pissed, but not as a rat. This place Dave B. knew down Binsey Lane a few miles out of Oxford, a country pub like Dudley's but cosier, with 2 brown boxers & a black cat. Low-ceilinged, those black gleaming old rafters & the white plaster, you crouch going out through back to the modern, tiled gents. Discussing the Ghana coup, army or Nkrumah? Dave said he's a cynic, but I pointed out how all positions are bound after a time to be hackneyed poses, man has been going for so long

After I sat to ham & egg sandwich salad at the Eastgate, one of the posher places down the high. Ian had Anne along, she said how my eyes light up when I make a point, & Pete brought Dave along. Mac. was [xx] sitting deep in comfort tycoon-like behind the wheel on the way back after we kicked the idea of a London club at 1.30 on Sunday a.m. -- the next logical thing was for Bartlett to steal into the G.C.R. & rifle the cupboard of port, rather than the J.C.R.'s Sunday night keg of beer for the meeting. That smooth roomy Daimler was purring for the getaway outside college but it was thumbs down till Pete Jones rang up the night porter at the Mitre: we sat down then to a quick scotch & ginger ale. Easy. I thought I'd come home broke, but nuts.

7/3 so yesterday up at about 12 I was in with Phil back from Birmingham & Bristol. 2 pints, lunch at Winses, Lionel Opie & Elana (St Hilda's, attempting Ph.D. in Zambian Politics & a good bet, also Scots but with Russian admixture) got us away for tea. Steve Kano

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had gone out after relating about Jill & her Tony dad; a clash is threatening with Oyi the upstairs Nigerian -- We said it had been a food issue, how many bobs in the gas stove. Therefore glad not to be in digs.

You had these fossilized M.A. types with a Dean Bradley Jnr. outlook, settin' tight, saying little, [glan] looking blankly through specs at their fossil birds in sweaters. And a pregnant wife vreeting much better. A look at a 12th stone church, I climbed up into the pulpit. The types left, Winse got a little rosy on Lionel's sherry -- & started a fierce attack on Portuguese colonial policy directed at a remote newcomer come to find out whether one of the blokes was at the cottage. The five of us had this chicken which had been soaked overnight in white wine, & Norks went to town on Lionel's Luxembourg cigars. Like Leitch he is in his expressions, this interested me. Medic, doing research, & a Harvard chair in the cottage next to the clavichord, plenty of traditional charm, dark & thatched. Jonty Driver had left with this deep [jol] honey-haired sinister type who was saying nothing: Christ, where does Driver connect these tatty kids.

Should I have performed Bush College high jinks? Afraid not, Lionel, old man, afraid not. Instead I volunteered to help dry the dishes, answering questions with great perspicacity (Leitch, you'll be proud of me yet!) & discretion. So next time I'm not invited along. I can see that already.

After genning up via Tolkien, I had issues with Obers, and Jack Burrow was very interested in the case for BW's christianity,  
rip  
though of course Dick must sense by now how I want to [pull] that facile argument to shreds, non-practising as I've been here. (Dennis Whiteley the chaplain walks past me in grave unconcern, white-robed.)

The Bod, then some good hours: Elizabethan sonnets for Thursday, & I realise I haven't written to D.A.B. for weeks. No news from Canada either, but I've said to Williamson how love is the supreme oxymoron.

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8th & last week of term, & each time I see successful people, feel the urge to be, too. Cracking day today, & probably the same till that essay for Thursday's over with The Princ's collection, but were having none from Tutors: apparently Dick & I inspire confidence. In all likelihood, then, a rumble after Thursday, then work & maybe Leitch in London over Easter: haven't heard from him. But guys like Tim Lewis of Univ Challenge can get a bit silly when tight. In the Turl tonight after Bod. I found myself at odds, & in addition this Newcastle man from B.N.C. was informing me that the bitter I was drinking is normally called cat piss up north, so he was on the verge of getting me a beautiful Newcastle Brown. Some time.

16/3 --- After Thursday's last tute, a reading list as long as my arm, the critics on Shakespeare. Titus Andronicus, King John, 3 Henry 6s, Henry 8 to go, but after a fine collection, & none coming up except the BW essay which I'll come back to do [for] before Trinity Term opens.

The Elizabethan society had cancelled their meet, on Thursday night tight with Womer & Baxter-Jones in the Turl, I was chatting up a bespectacled bank clerk called Janet, the boys applauding. And so after Christie & the Senior Tutor, the rumble in Steve Simpson's with a keg of Lizzie beer: raucous until Dean Bradley entered pompously, looking through that squint. Leitch should hear this, an imitation would be inimitable from him, pursed lips & all. The boys flattered the fat bastard at once. Chris Pont & Garry Davies gathering around concernedly. Collectioners late were getting progressively pissed: in Andy James I fell asleep after Monk & Miles, beer negotiations breaking down, Mac being busy preparing for finals. The Turl again after Winse came down into the Jesus bar with this unforgettable Poomidevi things, so we swung through more booze, deep talk through Turl noise as only it can get on a Friday night full of scabrous Welshmen. I inflicted further bits of "novel" (this!) on Winse & Mac who came into the Turl looking imMAC[c]ulate in a check brown suit: we ate (again for me) at the

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Chinese place next to Long Johns, where on Sat. afternoon, after 2 or 3 absorbing hours in the Turl again, Winse sipping Mackesons & I on bitter as usual, we were eating chips, baked beans & sausages among the narrow tables.

There was the party at Vincent's upstairs on Sat. night, & it turned out to be quite a thing. I had emptied 1/2 gal. pipkin on my ace practically the afternoon, & lay under the rugs until people started floating in & I edged in near to the cider. Met there a Welsh Londoner, name of Diana Glyn-Jones, Ph D now in anthropology, whose sceptical coolness, first regarding Garry Fuller (B.N.C.) attracted Norks in an inimical kleurling intellectual mood. Approach of opposition: later she was refusing dances & saying that's beautiful to a line of my poetry. She writes too, but from what I could gather, hoary stuff, & I told her so, & made a calculated exit after the booze had run out, on the well-known [k] Capie principle that booze takes priority over women. Said I might run into her at the Union sometime -- when I join. Perhaps even to be invited up to an Iffley Rd flat? [for]Her ideas & the fact that I'd monopolised her time the whole evening, mixed with the fact that lack of booze had me in a frustratingly suspended state, kept me awake for half the night, so that I feared delusions & hallucinations as Nagan lay snoring on the floor where he sleeps from time to time to keep his back muscles in trim.

Already, after she told me of her anthropological [app] researches a poem with a title was in search of matter, & today it finally worked itself out: Strange Affections, with the ending needing polish. On Sunday, when Winse had to prepare curry for Opie (he said, reluctantly I feel, bring Norks along if you like, & said never was there a greater transformation, this after I had had shorn off by a queer-looking

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joke-making barber the 4 1/2 months growth, sending J.M.C. the picture from the 2/- Woolworths booth) Samoo Pillay ex P.E., turned up with Pat Coopoosamy in a grey leather van, ex-Avalon usher. We followed Opie's tomato Peugeot to the villa, after a morning chat in Steve Kano's (Sierra Leonian) pad downstairs.

16/3 Opie went to get guests at the station. First we sat out the last half hour at the country pub, Winse relating to Samoo the old & pressing emotional problem, S. in turn saying with distaste how as the brew was weak piss: everybody laughed. Opie returned with three S.A. Republic chicks; the Canadian one who turned attention on Samoo gave him the impression she was falling for him. We moved with the delicious smells of chicken curry with herbs & condiments (Winse had found a Chinese thing with tang) rising from the kitchenette. Elena had been ditched, or at least for the time being was absent, & for our part the grog shops were shut. Dead Oxford on a Sunday afternoon. At Crawfords we had to return at 3.45 p.m. while the staff sat chowing upstairs. Eventually Pat found the bile-yellow & excrement-soft beef curry not up to par: Samoo & Winse were discussing trade unions & socialism, the new realists. Nortje sat in the corner busy with some solid steak & kidney pie. On the way back to digs Winse thought of London.

Grub at Coopoosamy's after the panel van had started leaking petrol & someone leaning out the window at an Uxbridge traffic light said -- think you'll find you have a gas leak, mate. A bit of pushing: afterwards we took trains. Winse & I finally pitched up at Bern's Chelsea flat at about 11.25, just in time to find Mike Laseinger doing the finishing touches with dabs of white paint: they need an extension from the landlady just back from Kenya. Jomo must have pissed her off, I dare say. But the 'phone rang the next morning to indicate an alternative: she'd write, said Bern, & let me know.

The A.N.C. people were kicked out along with a number of

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fringe political groups after Nkrumah fell -- apparently he had bought & given the building to them. Well, the Redeemer fell, like many others in Africa of late: uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Not only for his philosophy, but also for his poetic wisdom do we like him.

We hitched back on Monday after weak beer at Victoria & a chapati with lamb curry at India House, where I am told the L.S.E. people eat. First a swearing truck-driver, then on the A40 with a retiring R.A.F. pilot on his last mission to Aden. Outside the Lambert Arms at 4.00 p.m. on a chilly March afternoon, we were found by a Welsh policeman on furlough & got into town on the Barton East bus. For Winse, with Law Finals looming, back to libraries. For Norks, a reassuring connection with Mr O'Connor, Turl manager, who used to tell me of the atrocities in Ireland. Bastards all over, & that. Ciao, meaning hello & goodbye -- it is the same.

Can't get back to Henry VI at all. Without rest & root, it seems, so what to do but spend money, get soused, grow fat & un-gainly again, destroy what has been built, & then painfully re-enact. Letters yesterday to Dennis, Carrie, who feels guilt about an agonising abortion, Lox, Lena Koch whose address W.P.N gave me on Sunday as a possible Swedish contact for the intended Swedish trip. C. Williamson informs me I could get a college allowance for that. And an afterthought to J.M. Cornelius after the photo of her outside 917 in the snow, thick, woolly, with piled hair & dark specs, that sadly smiling oxymoron of a mouth, sweet though in sadness, & some cards.

She writes to me with increasing warmth, & if this is any indication of how things are going, I'd say they are going well at the moment. What happened in the afternoon is that I went to see a beautiful & poignant film called Shakespeare Wallah. About a group of itinerant actors in post-raj India, [[therefore sign] the appended wallah, or foreigner without roots. Directed by James Ivory, beautiful raga & other music by Ray. Punch from Ceylon,

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(Ukanayeke) confessed next door in the Prince-of-Wales Arms that the film had moved him very much. We picked cocktail onions & olives, smoked Players as he told me of the Sinhalese kings & their elephant drives, or the local Oxford Old Boys club in Colombo. We drank the best bitter one can find in Oxford, an Ind Coope brew with a milky cloudiness in the honey liquid, polished off some pints & came into the G.C.R, where Godfrey Ragasonia was back from London. A sherry, & we ate, the 3 of us, in the Roebuck, where Norks was spending like a bastard in that mood again. Punch looked visibly [sh] moved by the experience of Sh. Wallah, but then, even though in her facial features & some of her gestures the girl was almost J, he must be much closer to something like this. Told of a pact made in Ceylon with a girl, for the sake of the return, be good. Yet here I see him sometimes escorting a not bad-looking kid around Oxford: never trust a man. But what of the other side of the coin: the bloke in Malaysia who descends upon a bird in Winse's block with a deluge of letters, a daily barrage, & boy, the things she does to him! Let be, then, it's really a grand life if you can put up with living like a cynical dog.

Again a film which like Charulata lives in its images. What one may perhaps speak about is the poetical[ly] injustice of the inconclusive end of the affair -- the Anglo-Indian goes sadly home to England, but the whimper of lost love is a nostalgic memory rather than a chilling condemnation of passion: it is what gets me often, so wry & in low key, full of the touches that endeared me to Charulata, the lonely wife, but without the deeper ironies that run through Ray's masterpiece. Still, memorable, so memorable perhaps as to be disturbing.

18/3 --- Last night's TV: Frost, satirist, on travel, that people come back & must have snapshots to PROVE it, EVIDENCE of brave suffering in the rain at camp of catastrophes, the unusual moments. Never mention joy as simply as that.

Times Literary Supplement's reviews of C.S. Lewis in retrospect, the [mo] returning from atheism in boyhood to adult Christianity. The search seems more & more to me to resemble a reassembling of [the] fragments,



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to outface) reality. Joyce --- must take Finnegans Wake to London -- & Beckett for instance: the huge human warmth [tha] & gaiety that shine[s] through their work like a phosphorescent thread. Somehow I must try not to look away; liberation lies in enduring the pain & easing it every so often with dashes of salty humour.

Surprise of the day, McDonald turning quietly to me on a sunlit bench with Dave B. in the inner quad before lunch & adding blandly that he had become engaged to Anne. Joke? --- am to see them after last hall in the Turl tonight.

Note: waited all night after an English flash game in G.C.R. for 1/2 an hour with Peter Silverman, Vince Ellis. But saw Chris Pont & the Maritzburger, Peter Lapping. Later Godfrey Rajasonia brought me a sherry in College, & after he left I was drunk & had meself 2 more + a port without pay. Bubbles on Sat. morning, but Winse & I were in the Turl when Ian, Anne, Olox Bartlett & Maggie Lenox came along.

Jesus College, Oxf. 21/3

Maggie,

Hi. Thought I'd better get these to you before you lose enthusiasm -- taking you up on Saturday. (Not to speak of Sunday: you'd have realised that I didn't want to leave, & maybe I was brusque. Disturber of soul, you, but if I get immersed in work again suppose it'll go away.)

[Some brief histories of 3 poems to be typed.]

Was going to ask you to do only the two (to see how you shape: ain't I being just choosy!) but I thought 2 Women would amuse you. If it doesn't, kick me to hell with knee-length black boots, or smother me in a mustard tweed jacket.

Finally: Ian said you got to the station in time. Hope you made it to town & didn't feel too sleepy today.

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I'll be up until the end of March, & then descend on London for 2 weeks. I'm not sure yet whether to stay with friends in Chelsea or in Croydon.

So there's no hurry.

Ciao, Arthur.

Chilling streams of watchful mortals.  
Timidities, reticences, refusals to speak out, what Den. said in his letter as I got back through wintry spring.

Oxford, 18/4

Dear Maggie:

Thanks for note, a surprise.

Got back o.k., by coach -- my head's in the right place after the initial kick of the country. I mean, no more taxis, just facts.

I wrote more in London than I do here, rather unexpectedly. But am working on the new thing as I can, which means haphazardly. Should be back on BW (sorry, let's just say Old English & get done with it) but I did 8 hrs today so after supper came back & looked at some early views of England again: these may have to be final drafts, since if one keeps on going back the chopping & changing never stops.

Saw Ian & Anne last night, but briefly.

You people sound busy; still, you seem to be a glutton for work. In that sense, hope you get something out of these two. Remember you in my royalties.

Again, single spacing & light paper, if you can.

Luv  
A.

It was Oxford Walk & Foreign Body.

April 18th, & back to the academic mill. London & Leitch were very welcome news. But I may need the weekend, & the BW translation wails in ye olde black satchel. So more later, including the Turl Tavern bits leading up to an almost crazed escape early to the swingiest city of the Western world, as Time Magazine has it, bought at Victoria on my snowy Thursday back, & all in spring ...

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**April 19th or ..?**

Will it be adventure, discovery, or study.

<hi rend="underline">May the Third:</hi> a letter

Dear Maggie

On a gloomy morning, yours was a sharp and lively surprise. Thanks for the poems. Did you get the "Oxf. Walk" efforts?

Some magnificent weather here for days, almost unbelievably good. And today turned out to be very fine as well, despite the early murk.

Right now, thinking of something to say that can be as pleasant as yours was --- but the difficulty of communication; Beckett's "boredom of living"?

I've been frittering away the time with the group in College: it's been good in some ways & detrimental (e.g. work) in others. We play cricket together, go out for meals in delightful country pubs afterwards, get smashed occasionally, gamble at cards in somebody's room, see the flicks in somebody's car --- it must begin to look like a picture of deeper dissolution. Somehow I manage to get over the essay crises & other academic & social commitments.

This term & the coming summer are going to be mine. After that looms the Exam. Schools in May of '67. Period. And then a huge question mark.

I have been elected to the Elizabethan Society, which is a time-honoured drinking club, --- Jesus was endowed by Lizzy 1 in 1571 as you probably know. According to the card I have here, membership will raise me above "ye commone varlets of ye colledge". Ha-ha.

On the night that you are made a member, you have to recite a self-composed funny poem about your first sex experience. But from what I'm told by the time this ceremony is performed the boys are so pissed out of their minds that anything is bound to be funny. So I hope that the number back home who did it to me doesn't mind me using the material.

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Bernstein's a good bloke, certainly. But that's about all I know. Sorry to be a musical barbarian, but maybe I've not tried hard enough to be serious about Ravel et al.

The last theatre session for me was Burton's final dress rehearsal at the Oxford Playhouse. He's a fiercely tender actor, the students wouldn't let him go, that afternoon. Otherwise (and maybe you could credit me with individualism here, rather than sheer perversity) I usually fail to go to theatre because of a feeling that the audience is going to be a bunch of black-tied sweet-smelling hoity-toity's.

Good luck with Gazzo. And happy swimming. We had some raucous May-day punting scenes on the river. Magdalen Bridge on Sunday morning was jam-packed.

No, you shan't be a teenager any more. Sorry about that. As you say, a compromise is best. Your attitudes are refreshingly adult, as far as I'm concerned.

Shall see Anne over the weekend. They are home birds now. Actually, though I'd repay [you] when you come up here. Sorry to have embarrassed you into asking. Included, find .....

Just stop when you find you can't take any more Nortje poetry. Ciao & write: it's good to hear from you. Yrs. A.

Jesus, Oxford.  
23/5

Dear Mags,

It was back to work for me too on Sunday morning, or so I intended. The temptation to return to the flat when I rose at noon was after painful self-debate defeated by the presence here of HIM: I couldn't bear being in the same room with the man after what you told me about his stranglehold on you. Acting seems to me the most primitive & [therefore sign] most basic kind of art, & to witness a great performance is to be aware of a moment of warmth & sparkle & deep generosity (the gift of the artist "that is death to hide") existing in no other area of human activity.

People who stifle expression are loathsome to me. But then,

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again, there are several imponderables. In vino veritas: how much truth could I attach to your statements about feeling embattled at present? Certainly, as the evening went on, & scotch started blurring my personal reserve, I was telling you more & more emphatically about a change in you. A terrible gap all of a sudden. I had wanted to stay clear of you bec. of the existing situation. But it's the weakness in people that I've had a weakness for; not the mushy feminine romantic "weakness" -- I mean the psychic frailty which one detects & wants to defend against the callous judgments & attacks of other people, the "other people" whom Sartre called "hell".

The tenderness I harboured was for those rare child-like facets of your personality. Saying that I'd never do anything you didn't want me to do bec. you don't really have the strength to resist should I or someone like me be persistent & brutal. I stayed away, hoping you wouldn't think I was treating you in cavalier fashion. As the scene in the flat comes back to me now, I feel butterflies in the stomach, & isn't it all rather strange. If you wish to, shall we call it an accident of time & place???

I found that the Jesters, a college glee-cricket side, was having a match at this village called Noke. I should have been working for this morning's tutorial, but how could I ... So went along with the boys: the afternoon turned out to be pleasantly easy, we met the Nokonians in the pub after the match, over beer, & played a set of Aunt Sally, a naive country game, tossing sticks at a doll. We had let the yokels beat us, a tradition -- more beer & a huge tea if they're scoring well -- at cricket, but surprised them by just winning at Aunt Sally -- "Arthur calling Russell [opponent] for one light ale" & "Garner calling Campbell, for ..."

Eventually things were going so well that I got back & just flopped into bed. Found a note to the effect that the Jacari speaker for today couldn't turn up, & asking me ("Yours desperately, Mike Shepherd") to come & read some poetry at Brasenose College. Had to turn this down [rather] hurriedly: not quite in the mood for poetry discussions & things right now. Surprisingly, the tutorial came off beautifully -- I had put in a few hours before breakfast.

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I intended getting this away before lunch, but went down into the college cellar & found the cricketers there. We had a net at the ground after lunch, & I've been standing in the shower thinking that I'd better tear this letter up & write about the weather or something. But perhaps it must stand as it is: a moment when I tried to communicate with someone.

We come to London on Wednesday to play Univ. of L., but I may have to "very / sorry" the notice because of a paper on King Lear for Thursday. An interesting topic she gave me (I mean my tutor at Lady Margaret Hall) -- the concept of justice in Lear:

The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel,  
Poor fool & knave, I have one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee. (III,2)

I've not been doing justice to Shakespeare this term, but I hope to turn in some fine work here.

Tristram Shandy's being done as experimental theatre at the Playhouse this week. Sadly, I missed the OUDS production of Winter's Tale. Could you imagine yourself as Perdita? The individual colleges are tackling various plays ambitiously, but though I do not go to the theatre regularly, I prefer professionals when I do.

Wish I could listen to some good jazz again: the sessions back "home" are what I most often miss. I expect that Coltrane or Parker or Leadbelly would hardly be up your alley, though. Anyway, there's always a first time.

What's on over Whitsun weekend? At the moment it seems as if it's North Wales for me. My pal's dad is a hot shot in the Educ. Dept., & I might as well get acquainted with the influential people: it sometimes pays.

Write & tell me how you're getting on. And don't make yourself sad & wretched, kid, whatever you do. Ciao.

Arthur.

Luv \_\_\_

self-poem: I feel  
dim beyond words & find  
my eyes search symmetries,  
explore the correspondence of her gaze

gazelle at traffic lights, & yesterday  
a swan drifted  
upstream picking morsels from the water:  
a peacock shrilled the summer's strange  
melancholy of leisure  
that brilliant bird, its plumage  
trailing in the grass

if you were fat as a chub I should tickle  
your belly till skies are spinning,  
a plain jane would laugh herself  
tame with weakness, sharing my season.

so  
But love is too complex, you  
were beautiful once when I wanted to say it.

K.A.N May 1966

unclear, nuclear  
lonely at third man

### **And Odysseus Wept**

Pink night-dresses in pink, night, boutique windows  
And every sweet elegant dream such things give rise to --  
Why should I hate them, I've not been deprived of them?

Soft murmurs of terraces, lime trees & lapping of water;  
Slim-ankled Ino, her eyes in the lamp-light like water --  
Why did they look at me, who had never dared pray for them?

The pride of attractiveness burns inside their faces,  
Those who wear like togas their successes,

Why should I envy them, who have also won them?

Apartments where all is clarity -- bathrooms smell  
Of powdered skin, & sponges, & Chanel ---  
Why should I scoff, I who have thanked God for them?

The truth of love, perfection, visions, dreams,  
A face in the morning, joy falling like coins ---  
Why should I bark at these, I who have counted them?

I, with the heart of a lover, heart of a hater,  
Who have taken nothing easy since the day I was born,  
Why shd. I hate the things I have taken, who have paid for them?

The girl in the bar who asks for a table for one,  
A little crazy perhaps, but lovely, her hair hanging down,  
Bypasses me & sits (I'm exact) with a cross-eyed Italian;  
Three seconds later they've soup & a hot conversation.  
I don't even mind she misses out me, perhaps I prefer to watch them?  
I have lived in the waves of the sea, borne up, tossed down.  
Why should I weep at the waves that have saved me & wrecked me so often?

Piazza di Spagna

P.J. Kavanagh

N/S --- 15 April 1966

---

Jesus, Oxon  
8/6

Dear Mags,

In your silence I had nightmares about what I'd said,  
but it's o.k. now you've written to level things out. Very sorry about your  
"bitter perplexity" --- what can we say but 'cheer up'. I'm in that kind of  
wipe-your-hand-across-y-m-&-laugh mood right now.

Because of the strength-sapping summer I've not composed  
poetry. Ephemeral happiness, 'joy falling like coins'. Bluetits are scuffling  
in the leaves, the purple flowers fade in heaps on the edges of the

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empty quad, I've got an essay on Sh's problem plays (Tr, All's W, Measure).

Casualty from Olox's end-of-exam champagne session: just been called in & cautioned by the Junior Dean for dinning in the street. I sat there patiently listening, wordless, Your letter's an antidote!

Broke out in an angry heat rash after a day in the field at Cambridge. What a gas: the team split into 2 groups -- we were rousing up the town in various states of disorganization & missed the coach back. Someone suggested a taxi, & by that time money had become extremely unimportant to the five of us.

Tablets from the doctor, & I've developed a smoker's cough. Bad luck. There's another batch of grads coming off today: one refuses to heed the danger signs. And tonight the Elizabethane Societie Harmonie ...

Had news from Croydon, an invite to spend the vacation down there. We're leaving on a cricket tour next Sunday (19th) --- Dorset. Then I'll be back for a month, hoping to get some essential work off me chest --- that's all of July. And maybe Greece with Ian in August, or Sweden with Winse. What are you planning? May call you when within earshot. Have not heard from Mike & Bern, but that's nothing unusual. It seems that one's best friends are those who appreciate in-person performances. I'll find them & they'll say well Arth we knew you'd know we're still in the same place. No trouble!

What you could do at an odd moment is to ring F[L]Axman 5050 & drop regards to them.

Forget the ricepaper effort, probably they don't sell it here. I've not found any in Oxford. Incidentally, am finding people who want to publish the kind of verse I've written mostly no-pay. But it's still very exciting to find an outlet. It makes you feel that the world is a wedding.

Have you seen the short film on the legendary Albert Hall poetry reading? They had Mitchell, Porter, Allen Ginsberg

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(HOWL) & your idol --- Ferlinghetti. Very good.

Came in on the tailend of a Tuesday night "jazz" session at the Clarendon, down here. Nothing but glorified pops, someone shouting into a mike & deafening guitars so that through the electrified din you couldn't even hear the alto sax getting in his licks. Masses of blond bitches & ecstatic bods, though I was far too sober to stand more than 5 mins. of this curious blank-faced atmosphere.

Don't for Chrissake think I'm a purist: you know I'm not. But now & again one likes a little simple honesty, a little true laughter to light up the ennui.

Whitsun --- finally we went not to Bangor but to Bolton, where a memorable weekend was topped with a magnificent little tea at a roadside bungalow after the golden & bewildering ales of an afternoon swathed in crystal fire of sunshine. Goodbye to the north: do nothing till you hear from me in London. I love that solid city & its silken birds.

You sound pleased about those bunches of hair. I'd really like to see that.

I missed Anne's birthday. Ian seems to be hard at work. The poem is very beautiful. So take those bunches down! (See my  
it  
mark) -- I hope [you] gives you joy. May the waves wreck and rescue you too.

Write me sometime.

Yrs ever,  
Arthur.

Jesus, Oxford: 19/6.

Dear Mags:

I feel completely bushed. On Thursday evening we had the cricket dinner in the pavilion & I was drinking brandy like a king. Then with a huge head & a drumming belly there came the end-of-term collection, a ceremony where you enter a room with assorted dignitaries round a table to hear your Tutors telling your fortune to the Princ, a thin, sly character insults you daintily. Well, Pete was writing his last paper in the afternoon, so Ian & myself got

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hold of some champagne & after we walked into Anne on her way from work we drank some more champagne, only to discover at the Anatomy place that Ian (hold your breath) had actually passed ... The scene went completely emotional. Mac breaking down, Pete stuttering the news over the 'phone to Wimbledon, Anne weeping, K.A.N jumping for joy & offering plonk to anybody in sight --- it was really good value. And if Pete gets through, boy, are we ever gonna rumble!!!

I got smashed out of my tiny, of course, as did everybody except Pete, who's[e] been in this morning. Apparently he crashed the Keble ball, wandered into a room which he thought was a toilet, & promptly walked off with a case full of booze that was lying around. I'm sipping gin & water, trying to recover for cricket against the dons this afternoon. We leave for Dorset in the morning, then I shall have to be back to utter slavery --- my tutors have really overloaded the reading lists this time, so weep for me a little.

Your letter was very funny, bec. I was checking my pigeon-hole in the lodge when, result of the night before, there was a sudden need to rush to the bog (they call it The Palace in college) & I was sitting there miserably when I came across the "load-of-pretentious-balls" bit --- ha-ha. Incidentally, a woman I met vaguely sometime at home writes me a seriocomic letter that really had me rocking with laughter, a thick mixture of peasant religion, love & romantic groans. She says things like -- "Oh Artur [sic] every night I pray for you in what you are craving [i.e. striving] for ..."

About K.A.N, glad you like it. Actually I've always signed my work like that: it was suggested to me by a high school teacher to whom I owe such a helluva lot -- he is now under house arrest in P.E. & is contemplating exit permits for the family & moving to Eng. We've been trying for years to make him pull up the roots, but he was much more involved in the movement than most of us. From various sources I learn that things are worsening with my earth mother. May God bless the child.

Yes, of course you can have all the originals: you deserve them. I shall get the others to you when I've hunted them down among the myriads of papers in desks & drawers. I was mildly surprised to see you typed self-poem. It was something I'd abandoned, a "nonsequence" (as I think I explained) for private perusal. Thanks

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all the same. I haven't been treating my Muse with the greatest of decency this summer, but then poetry comes by such fits & starts. Some time ago I jotted down the second stage of Affinity, but let it go at that. Then, looking at it again this morning while searching for the originals, I dropped everything & found that it came out like this. It's for you --- I hope you like it. The fact that one's written a poem once more leaves a pleasant tingling in the nerves: I think I shall walk down to the Turl & drink a scotch by way of celebration. About the punctuation, there's only one comma. It just happened as I wrote.

Hope Reading weather's as good as you wished for. It's sun-rainy here, the type of day I adore. It reminds me of Capetown & one brilliant Easter.

Apart from collections, no exams for me. My finals come up next year (June '67). Officially, I am now what they call a Schools Man, that is a man who needs to work 3 terms flat if he has hopes of a reasonable degree. And boy, that piece of paper can make it or break it for a man. To me it matters less since I have a degree already, but if you'd seen Mac last night you'd know what I mean.

Well, enjoy yourself, & write to me sometime, kid. For now, it's ciao.

Luv,  
Arthur.

**Footnote to "Kan"**

The Eng. equivalent is the affirmative "Can", like in "can do".

Jesus, Oxford.  
3/7 -- 11.45 p.m.

Hoy Mags!

Out of term college gates shut at the ridiculous hour of 10.30. I was out in the Turl for a pint or 2 with a lad called Thorlac Turville-Petre (the famous intellectual family, if you don't mind!) --- he's awaiting his Finals results & has a job lined up in Sweden, £200 a month. I ran into him after getting back from up north this morning with the firm purpose of not touching "the

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most fantastic things in the world" (booze & ciggies --- birds apparently uncatered for in this idiom) even before I got your letter --- & thanks anyway for the timely warning. The thing you learn very quickly at Oxford is that you have to force the diplomatic drink upon yourself at times --- meaning that I intend to end up either in Canada or Sweden eventually, & as I said T-P is someone to cultivate as a contact. Besides, he's a good lad, & that, as we say back home, is something.

Sorry about the long introd.: what I was trying to say is that at this unearthly hour the guy below me whom I believe to be a Prof. Dobson is busily typing some thesis or other. As I was attempting to fall asleep (& I should after 4 1/2 hrs on the Pines Express from Manchester, after missing breakfast in a desperate chase to the Bolton Station & a taxi across town) I thought of Affinity's concluding lines, ending with word reticences. I thought I was writing in the dark, at the time, & maybe I tried to cover the doubt up by spouting generalizations (your statement about what my poems say & what the poet himself says is very interesting). I lay thinking how it all started to fall into place --- I mean the sheer intuition of "timidities" & "reticences:", bec. you said in your letter: "Thanks for the poem, I can say no more." It's a sudden moment when I felt strangely that I'd been right in writing what I did, & of course it makes the poem so much more valuable as a personal record of a particular moment that mattered to me:-

Love at the lips was touch  
as sweet as I could bear, .../and once, etc.

The cricket tour needs a verbatim retelling, so I shall hold it over; I'm much more excited by the thing I wrote in Lancs. which I'd like you to type --- it made my week, up in Bolton, it really did. I shall be working in Oxford (mentally) until the end of the month, & then I want to see more of London. If you are around, &, also, if Peter McPherson or whatever his name is is not demanding

all your attention, I shall be glad to occupy some of your spare moments --- pardon the conceit, of course, --- let's have a meal somewhere, & a chat, o.k.?

I suppose I have to say this to get it off my chest (been fretting about it ever since I got in this afternoon, though): had, at the same time as yours, a letter from Canada, the kid whom I respected (is the term now outdated??) & loved very very much for a long time, & for whom Your Absence & Repentance & many other things were written. I made the mistake of reading your news first, so that when I got to Joan's aerogramme it was depressing --- I was thinking how the hell did you ever get involved in THAT effort, boy ... Still, isn't it a bit unfair: S.A. women hardly have a chance to be intelligent. It reinforces trenchantly your point about growing beyond the grasp of people you are familiar with. But how can you make them see the present incompatibility? Except by being plain bitchy, & it's not in my nature to be ... Period.

Chelsea Visit: no, rest assured, it wasn't you or anybody you know. My first trip to London turned out to be rather a surprise, again needing in-person explanation. Don't know why I gossip so much with you --- it's as if one's found a way to speak all of a sudden, & my mind whirls with things to tell you. It doesn't sound as if you're consciously trying to be "literary" or "intelligent-womanish" either, which is what so many people I'm in touch with try to do, & usually the ones in my academic circle. If there's something I'm glad about, it's that you did not end up at Oxford. Yuttatata!!!

Shall write you a more graceful (Oxfordian) letter when the mood strikes. Yours was full of glancing liveliness. Ciao (everybody up north calls me "luv" --- so it's in order). And luv.

A.

<title>Poem: In North England. Edgworth, Lancashire: 2/7/66.</title>

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**9.30 a.m**

Agenda:- there's been a mix-up with the allocation of rooms for people who come to Oxford conferences. The scout who cleans my room [Rose Tompkins] blew in here as I was struggling into my gear, so I told her to piss off & ask the Princ. about the arrangements. There's a bloody huge list up in the lodge saying clearly who's in his room & who is not. A bit of a mess-up, but there's cricket on telly at 11, & it looks like another day of sweet relaxation.

What I hate now is the routine chore of bundling up the laundry. I've never got beyond washing some socks in the sink & hanging them up in front of the winter heater, though there's a Hotpoint down in the palace in college & an ironing board, or the local launderettes. I just don't have the enthusiasm to stand around reading novels while the machine is whirling away full of powders & things.

Millions of letters to write, too, & apart from that I feel like getting some poetry out again. Was planning a short novel for this vac. --- but where's the time? I keep on coming across things I want to read. "In the middle of the road of this life / I found myself in a dark wood": Dante's famous opening lines to the Divine Comedy.

The sentiment is returnable -- look after yourself, also, as you said.

Ever: A.

Oxford: 21/7

Maggie sweets,

Despite the thunderings of damnation, there does seem to be hope in the air: the afternoon papers claim victory for sterling, the great invincible £, tottering on the brink of a catastrophic fall, rides the storm out once more. What a ruddy miracle, or is it merely that the gnomes of Zurich are highly pleased with our (I must at this stage include myself, since I dig Brit. bitter, use petrol & the telephone) long-sufferance? Nevertheless, whether it's by design or by accident that London can keep on swinging, thanks for the cheque from the

Nat. Provincial --- it was saucy of you, I'd forgotten about it.

Money is a casualty of the summer. I've not been working a stitch, & there's an inverse proportion somewhere; mooching around with Thorlac [Turville-Petre] & the group, or what's left of it. Over-spending: I've been racing through the lettuce, like, after I got back from down-there-on-a-visit. O tempora! O mores (Cicero), I know not what, o dark dark dark ... Been getting sleep at all strange hours, searching as it were for a continual change --- & so allow me to pause to suck a Rennie's, me guts are rumbling.

College is swarming with Americans. They have a conference (the Eng-speaking Union) which ends on Sunday. The lads find it great sport to take these rather naive women into the pubs & chat them up in a super-duper way. Most of them are grads. of places in Texas & Calif. one has never heard of before, so one doesn't really have to pit one's wits in conversation, but it does sharpen the woozy mind to bring them down a rung or three. Some of them are good lookers: Jules Saul was moving around with one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen in my whole life, & she showed a lively brain on the occasions that I spoke with her. It turned out to be a fatal fascination --- she's gone to Stratford & the poor guy [i] wants to propose, having told his girl-friend to pee off. As for myself, I just keep on remembering that it's here today & gone tomorrow, like in the world of pop, happy valentine & bye bye blackbird: so take it easy, dad. Cool.

Oxford itself is full of tourists peering into ancient chapels or examining the honey-coloured sandstone architecture specially scrubbed down for them. Here & there you find genuine human beings. I went to a C17th church across from the Bodley with a drama student (Guildhall?) who wanted to do some brass rubbings. She had some interesting points of view --- for a rare afternoon we were talking about something other than Vietnam or S.A.

Among several surprises awaiting me was the A-Welsh Review with my poem (On The Train, circa '64) in it, but they messed it up in such a vital spot that it's hardly worth letting you have it. "Saint" for "same" --- what stupendous irony. I don't quite intend a closer acquaintance with them Pearly Gates yet, &

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besides I've not started me harp lessons, so how can they canonize me so??? Still, I'm in very good company: you should see the poem Verlaine And Rimbaud, it's the most brilliant piece of writing on the celebrated homosexual theme that I've come across.

And a rap over the knuckles for my dear typist (viz. "things" for "thighs" in Sea-days) -- the malaise catches, no? Or perhaps I did err in the script you had, but I'm almost certain the error is a Digby Wills one. Anyway, I can edit it by pencil before sending it to Black Orpheus (Nigeria) or somewhere. The others are perfect, the super type again making me feel that the poem is somehow more deep and meaningful than it is.

Happy holiday. Anne (had lunch with them on Sunday) asked me about a tent you people need for continental camping. Made enquiries with likely people, without luck. I shan't be going Greek this summer; instead, I think it necessary to go & cool my heels in Croydon, with the occasional weekend at B & M's, who have moved by now to Highgate. You can ring them at MOUntview 9855. Anne was in fits about your swooning, which K.A.N duly embellished with surrealistic detail. And I am given to understand that penicillin apparently has no effect on the consumption of [a] reasonable quantities of alcohol, so maybe the frantic loo-searching links up with a Freudian syndrome: you wanna watch it, now!

Lenox -- of course I should like to see you again, too, & you know it. But baby, everytime it happens (like your voice over the 'phone that night) it makes me go tender & I have treasonable thoughts. I'm fighting bec. it won't do to create fresh difficulties: you are committed & I am vulnerable. There are, however, areas in which we will probably continue to converse fruitfully, so I was teasing you a little about the realistic side. Bern, who overheard, afterwards gently chided me for, as she said with her neat smile, "mental cruelty". In the seriocomic business of living it seems difficult at times to separate the two elements.

Feel free to discuss lit. & crit. whenever you wish to. I'm no pundit, & new views are always welcome. One prefers, like Beckett, an

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eloquent fool to a wordless genius. Your little essay on Wittig & Picard was illuminating: I had glanced at the N.S. article briefly in the hurry to get onto the August Encounter. Take it on holiday, there's something by Mayne which entertained me this morning, & as a result of the article on translating poetry, I am rushing out to get a copy of Ezra Pound, whose translation of Guido Cavalcanti is famous (Should all thy piteous mercy fall away ...). P. was one of the excitements of my intellectual life. He is eminently worth a re-read.

I have been cleaning out my desk, & trying in the process to rescue some incunabula from oblivion -- the poems are S.A. in setting. Starting with Burning of Letters. The usual process, but don't strain during your last week.

Generally, things are, as they say, going for me now, & that's just fine. There'll be no time to reply, perhaps, but send me a card or so wherever you are, & do enjoy yourself. Ciao.

Yrs, Arthur

**Culture Note**

**Inadmissible Evidence** --Osborne at the Playhouse, Mastroianni superb in **Divorce -- Italian Style**: Scala.

Jesus, Oxford: 4/10

Sweets:

Patterns reveal themselves in a manner that fascinates me. Here I'm sitting at 8.10 waiting for breakfast places to start opening, much the wiser for what amounted to a week's extended adolescence in the big city. What I'm wondering afterwards always is how I could beef myself up with all those goofballs, messes of pottage, pots of messages, etc! tch! tch! If I hadn't told you 1/2 the story, when I called yesterday, perhaps my prose would be more palatable. Anyway, even if I distort the detail a bit, you can admire the poetic rhythms I manage to exploit in what follows.

Travelling without luggage, so to speak, one needs fewer reservations: it was a blessing in a sense that you couldn't make the Tally Ho tavern the week before. Thereby hangs several tales. The main result was that I ended up at a bigoted semi-national S.A. party & suffered such an acute depression at finding myself

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ensconced by parvenus, popists (kick the pope! for all I care about that scrofulous bastard), pseudo-intellectuals, dimwits, hysterical women --- it was phantasmagoric. So, this past weekend, aching bitterly for excitement, I decided to case a few Highgate joints. For one thing, nearer home base means one can drink more fiercely, giving that demon full rein. For another, Karl Marx lies buried somewhere there, doesn't he?

Anyway -- proceed to pub no. 1. Nortje, neat in casuals, feeling spry & arch, meets this painter. Conversation, guarded at first, in the best Oxf. manner, finally warms into mutual understanding of sorts. Eventually I gets meself "invited round", as they say. So we set about various roses, [e acute accent] sauternes, burgundies, & so forth, & oh what a lovely time, ducky! Don't say so!...

Back again. Mrs Bird's sausages are nice & salty, succulent so you can feel you've had breakfast. My hand feels considerably steadier, The whole system is beginning to appear, once more raiding the superbly ridiculous letters column of Time Mag, "ane, ert, & ept". Do you know that French saying, the more things change the more they remain the same" Plus ça change ... (plea sah shong -- yes, that's it)

Your critical appreciation of my work, while not entirely valid, (& I've got a suspicion about being superficially defensive here), I find valuable. It is possible, of course, & sometimes desirable, to trim one's sails according to the taste of one's audience, though I've not been worried overmuch bec. I'm not publishing. You're dead right when you say that one should push oneself in this direction. It's better to become ambitious once one's got beyond the flash-in-the-pan phase, & it seems to me that artistically now I'm solid & strong enough to pursue my own policies, as it were. In any case, if overnight fame were to arrive suddenly, I'd probably be more surprised than anyone else -- I've always worked best from an outsider's position: to become cosily rich & celebrated would ruin me as a poet. I'd have to drag out a miserable existence as a Bushman-Bourgeois, enough to turn Tshaka & my Jewish uncle in their graves!

You forgot to send me Period, but your remark in parenthesis ("sick") is wonderfully apt. Hi beautiful, what'er you doin' tonite? ... Yes, what you describe as "splashin around" is in fact what I call giving the poem it's head, letting it propel me under its own impetus. It's but the vague idea that I go [back] to the desk with. Lately it becomes a bit of a ritual, debating with myself whether what I want to say at a

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given moment is worth saying. If the emotional impulse is strong enough, it usually forces itself through the crust of learning, experience, scatology, & what have you, the way a baby pushes itself out into the weary, stale, flat & unprofitable (hie thee to a nunnery!) world. Period!

Glad you like Philosophy. I'm running out of titles for poems, so you can expect some weird things coming up. And No Blues is a new beginning for me. Could I image something like "the women of my age" before London in particular & England in general? No; but I've been doing my homework & learning fast. I've started picking out the important detail. What remains to be learnt is how to make snap decision

- 1 A bum is a bum is a bum. Right.
- 2 Do pass the poems around to that bird -- don't be stingy, my darling. Furthermore --
- 3 Introduce me with due deference, appropriately, & not mincing your words. Extol my romantic soul, my raffish good looks.

And so forths.

But for Pete's sake keep that philosophy don at bay! (the pun is unintentional). You must have been embattled with the 2 of them going S. Africans  
their proverbial guns, as [we say] of my pedigree say.

I expect to be seeing Ian, Pete Jones, sometime. Meanwhile I'm beetling off to the library to see about some books I need. Later during the week I hope to get some poetry to you. But you've been perverse & censorious about Period, tuttyface. Bill, Newcomb, the artist bloke I met, got pissed as a newt, stood in the centre of the room with his bells & materials all dangling down, declaiming from the original draft in a stentorian voice. Then his wife ups at me with my bottle & crust in a corner, hugely amused, throwing out the words with a fine gusto of disgust -- "a poet as randy as a rattlesnake". Whereupon she cuts herself a generous slice of turkey. Still, plus ça change. (Plea sah what?

There are no more sacred cows, & the thought gives one what the French call a FRISSON, a pleasurable tingle laced with irony.

Once more then to the breach. Again, the pun's not intended. I mean work, that elusive document which will tell the big shameful lie K.A.N merely "passed through" these venerable doors: it was so hard to take the rough edge off him. Plus ça change, plus c'est

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la même chose. But -- poco a poco ...

Take care of yourself, too, you're a great kid.

Yrs truly,  
Arthur.

P.S.

Where we start differing is the fact that you like "animals around".  
I don't, but that's another story. This should've gone yesterday. Little  
facts keep on impinging. Ciao. A.

5/10 -- to Rosemary Spira: Philosophy & two Plaths, with a note.  
Dennis 10/10 -- Phil, No Blues, London Impressions, Up Late.

12/10 -- M. darling,

Terribly rushed: essays, letters of application, & other kinds of academic  
skulduggery. My tutor obliged me with a B minus on Friday's collection, not  
bad going considering it was my 1st formal Oxford exam. Next time you  
write, remind me to discuss a film called The Knack, which I saw tonight  
with Irma la Douce ([the] no, I mean the double itself).

But before I go for the week's 2nd tutorial, the duller of the 2, some  
things to get off my chest -- sorry to burden YOU! It's Casualty & something  
else. Thing that's happening is typical, I guess: meaningful noises are being  
made in my direction & I don't want to hide some of my meaner stuff.  
Just close your eyes tight while you're typing.

Casualty is an attempt at cool disgust when I slouched around  
in a the-hell-with-it-all mood. Fading Light should soften any "sick" im-  
pact. They're an odd pair, anyway. Almost a travesty that they are about  
the same woman. Plus ca[ç cedilla] change, see ...

Ciao, Yrs ever -- Arthur.

P.S. keep originals if you wish, though I can't see you digging my invective.

Jesus, Oxford: 12/10  
[Dear Joan Cornelius]

Hi?

Well, you people do seem to be enjoying yourselves immensely, from the  
looks of it. I know that kinda wild feelin', when things are happenin' all over  
the place, so much so you eventually get to do your letters in instalments,  
touch up here & there, read in snatches & operate piecemeal. Life becomes  
bitty, then. Or, as the Italian expression (poco a poco). Cool.

And tell Judy, Dianne (?) & those other kids it's greetings from  
merrie England. Period, with XX kisses.

Me. I'm just back from London where I more or less lay low for  
a coupla weeks, wrote an essay, threw in the odd bacchanalia, (saturnalia

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if its in weekend terms, like). Everyone was busy working, so it grew a bit dull at time, but after I shifted scene from T.H. (10 miles south of the City) to the northern side of town (20 mins by tube from Traf. Sq.[]), but by now probably I've got you confused), they did improved markedly. I left T.H. bec. of a one-sided quarrel. Mr Smith was doing all the talking & I was assuring him with nods & signs of assent that he needn't bother to serve notice as I hadn't been a paying customer anyway. (His wife was away on a holiday visit to S.A. --- this seems to explain the brusque grumpiness which so surprised me. It was more than half funny.)

Moral of the story: persistent experience teaches me that when I am on my best behaviour in a new environment I am likely to get kicked out or hurt in some other way. Resolution: never try to be at your best, anywhere. Does this kind of logic make sense? It shouldn't, but there you are.

Oxford is the same as ever it was, prim yet garish, prissy yet [booming &] alive. I'm joining that famous institution, the Oxford Union, tomorrow. You can pay something like £11 & become a life member. I don't want to be that vain, however, & besides I probably can't afford it. It is worthwhile to be with the in-people, though, for a term or 2.

Just had my collection result back this morning. Got a B minus, not bad considering this was my 1st formal exam at Oxford, & I'd dropped off the night before under a load of ales topped off with a triple scotch & soda. But I should stop nattering --- most probably a B minus & the rest of it don't mean a thing. You seem to be much more excited about some of your new ideas & ventures, & so am I, in as far as I am capable of judging from across the Atlantic. What pulled me up sharp was the entry, "conversational French" -- wha!!! Still, maybe the girl's got confidence beyond my actual knowledge, isn't it? Wanna watch it with the rum & cokes then, ducky, if you're gonna get through all them goldarned things.

I'm remaining on the Jacari (Joint Action Committee Against Racial Intolerance) issue, probably very inactively. Trouble is I'm strictly not (& you're so bristling with clichés these days that why should I apologise for mine!), strictly not what they call an organization man.

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Like -- I've got this batch of Jacari membership-for-the-term cards lying on the table. 2/- each. In the end I'll simply throw them out the window & pay the £2 or so out of pocket. Not surprisingly, the other side of the coin is more promising. You are obviously thriving as the A.S.U secr. & [W] W.U.S. rep. (I just receive their voluminous mail & dump it somewhere till I can hazard a swift look), & this is pleasing. Or perhaps that's just an impression I get.

About badminton: I wanted to play soccer, but me finals are commin' op --- no good to sport around too much. Playing as such wouldn't be bad in terms of time consumption, but the lads usually sit tight in the pavilion or come back to college afterwards & head for the bar. For the moment, I'm on fruit juice & off ciggies. Watch me this weekend. Cool.

I'm in college again, same room. Hunting for digs, second only to suffering a waiting period at Oxford Railways, is the boringest thing in the book. I was fortunate in being able to stay. Jesus is right bang in the middle of town, back[ed] of Marks & Spencers, front of Barclays. Next tutorial tomorrow, but that shd be "today" since I see its 3.30 a.m. by the underwater Services clock I brought back from London (tell you how a lad bet me a/c pinta brown ale I wouldn't throw me watch in the river Thames at Isis?)

No, haven't read Shute at all. Saw On The Beach once, in a flea-bitten bioscope back of a factory in ole por' elizabeth. Some hours ago saw thing called the Knack (& who has it), with Irma la Douce. Fine double. Enjoy your homemaking, & givvus a thoughtifyoucan.

Ciao. -- Arth.

Oxford -- 25/10.

Maggie baby,

Got your letter -- very perceptive -- & the poems, which in retrospect don't look as brilliant as I thought they were. Maybe it was my mood: poetry, even one's own poetry, is, like booze, bad on an empty stomach.

Things are what they always are during term -- but that's begging the question. Tell you all about it when I get to London over the weekend. Out of the blue the painter bloke I met, Bill

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Newcombe, sent me an invite to an exhibition of paintings (Bill & 5 [other] colleagues -- Kinetic? Op? Pop? Mobile Art? Don't know!!!) on Mon. 31st, & tells me I can have the spare room if I wish. Most probably I'll be with Mike & Bern overnight, though: being with Bill after the private showing is sure to be suicidal in terms of liquid consumption & abstrusely jocular discussion.

I'm thinking [in terms] of getting enough work done for next week's tutes so that I can leave here on Sat. & return Tues.

Sorry about the seeming breakdown in communication. Bloody embattled, as always, grimly clinging to shreds of self-respect. So far, miraculously, I've managed to keep off the grass, as it were. Yrs -- Arthur.

P.S. If at all interested[, I could] in a natter on Sunday, can drop Mike a message? Say where & when to meet you, [&] we should be able to fit in the long-promised stint at Kentish Town's Tally Ho.

Oxford 7/11

Mags baby --

Rushed, but hope delay hasn't wrecked your budget. Thanks all the same.

Finally decided to WORK now. Tons of letters to answer. No verse -- yet.

The show was a rave. Bill Wyman of the Rolling Stones turned up quietly, in an executive grey suit. And beautiful girls were serving champers, if you'll pardon me calling that lovely hubbly-bubbly liquid "champers".

Guy Fawkes night, 1st in college bar & later in Turl Tavern -- a gas for Jesus. Outa mah tiny winy. I mean, hell, old girl!!

But more later, when time. Ciao -- Arthur.

<hi rend="underline">Footnote</hi>

Pay bearer [pound]1-0-0, or the equivalent in gold bullion, etcetera et cicero.

Rosemary Spira: Americans In Town, Assessment, Separation, Chelsea.

Dennis: 11/66 -- Cosmos, Affinity, Grim Place.

Zeke: 11/11 -- Americans, Grim Place, Strange Affections

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Gerald Moore for Penguins: Autopsy, Philosophy, Up Late, Letter from Pretoria C.P., At Rest from G.P., P. in Absence, Transition, Apple-eating, Affinity/Maggie, Burning of Letters, Song for Passport, [xxxxx]Chelsea 1.

Jesus: 8/12/66.

Hi Octopussy!

Thanks, belatedly, for yours -- all I can say at this late stage is I enjoyed the eloquently spun narrative about Kate's flat, the London soirées you attend: these wild shenanigans in Greek cafés. By the sound of it your powers of persuasion are undiminished & your way of making the scene unimpeachable. Period.

I come again across your idea of an animal's essential being. No, I've never tried to pin the essence on paper --- I take it you mean 'dog' as 'dog' & not as man's faithful friend -- unless one can include under this the female of homo sapiens, in which case I admit to having reflected on a particular intensity of sexual experience, thus:- (ACT).

One can never match in words the complex of physically crucial [emo-] sensations, emotional tautness & the one rare moment in waking life when the mind is in total eclipse. I am attached to this little vignette mainly bec. it expresses the resolution of a tender loneliness which I've not since equalled. (My verse has improved in other directions, yes). And though the experience was unique, of an unrepeatable time & place I mean, it was the 1st time I had insight into a physical relationship -- that in the nature of things the woman is the earth mother & I but the natural instrument: the bird's eloquence is hidden, gliding above the grace-note of the water.

It was good to see the Rilke again, though this kind of writing is untranslatable. Remarkable for its time, as you say, & yet not so remarkable: there has always been an undercurrent of rebelliousness somewhere. The other thing is that Eng. is probably the poorest of languages in true rhymes, & the translator of/t version you sent me was probably at [some] pains to impose some sort of form on the original. I'd love to reply with one of G.M.H.s Terrible Sonnets, in which the economy of expression is astonishing without being eccentric, but that'll have to wait, because

I had a letter from Gerald Moore, who is editing an anthology of Afr. Poets for Penguins. He's taken 2 of the Mbari prize-winners (Black Orpheus 1962). Now he wants some more contemporary stuff, & I've sent off some scripts to him, thanks to you mainly. Don't go yelling your head off, though -- these offers have a habit of mysteriously dying out. I'm waiting on more news. Incidentally, sweets, my London contact (Dennis Brutus) finds he likes Affinity for Maggie very much.

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He goes on about 'wonderful freedom of structure['] etc', If they take this thing, I hope you don't mind me keeping the title the way it is. The pun on 'for' in the bracket was unintentional -- usually poems are addressed 'to' people who for one reason or another one has thought about much.

New Contact, an Oxford mag., printed one of my things last week. It was a lost weekend anyway. Reason, --- one of the lads had come upon some hashish (little powdery golden nuggets in [an old] crumpled envelope, very expensive, very sinister). Gareth Baxter-Jones asked me that, since my room would be least conspicuous, to roll [of] a 'joy blast' for an hour or so. Well, I wasn't too sure about this arrangement, but for a lark I sat in with them. Hash, like S.A. dagga, is non-habit-forming. Well, it was good shit, that lot -- after about 10 mins. I was floating 8 miles up, with thoughts too luminous to recall. The quiet elation was of course followed by the usual depression, like with alcohol, only the tongue tastes bitter & there's a harsh dryness against the palate. Material for a future story: Nortje & the Jesus Shit Smokers. (At this juncture Maggie, aghast, swallows 2 purplehearts.)

I'll have to borrow your copy of Herzog when I come back to London -- something I've evidently missed is Bellow. So, I don't know how true your indictment of 'Establishment figure' is, not until I've read some. Been grappling madly with Pope, Dryden & other unsavoury gentlemen of belles-lettres. After term ended [at] last weekend (2 horrible little blue-stockings from Somerville came to drag me out to tea with them -- the N.Contact editors -- yich!!) I started repolishing some notebook poems. They all have a period flavour -- my Capetown college days when I was brash, naive, salacious, & cynical as the young John Donne (no comparison!) who could swear hat nowhere lived a woman both true & fair. Brief notes, for your eyes only:

Slip of a Girl was all that remained of a disastrously futile attempt to write a longer poem about the failure of love in the face of fresh developments. Hardly more than word-play. Which is not true of Soliloquy -- revolution propaganda if I hadn't struck upon the idea of a sly colloquial manner married to a mock complaint to the trad. aloof mistress of romantic verse. It ends in argument rather than in decision or resolution of the problem -- at the end it still seems me speaking all the lonely time.

I am surprised & delighted to find how fresh some of my ideas have remained. In other places I've tried to remove some obvious discrepancies & archaisms, but it's best not to have tampered too much. Replace one wrong word for a weak 1 & the flavour of the poem vanishes.

<hi rend="underline">Synopsis</hi> is just that. With Exception I've spoilt a somewhat superb

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opening by having to find a last line. But the best effort of that period was undoubtedly Search. I've been much obsessed with his idea; this is its earliest airing. All my guts, gore, frayed nerves, muddled dignity, desire & dumb numbed anguish of humanity went into it. What I had to leave out is perhaps even more NB than what remained e.g.

What troubles the flesh leaves the bone  
sorry. Is it heart's desire, or what? It is  
loneliness, believe me, despite the attachment  
of muscles, cling of tautened sinews ...

Well, I must stop nattering. My birthday is on 16th Dec., a Friday, but we intend to carry it into Sat. as well. I'll be moving into the flat with Phil Garner, whose buddies (Davydd & Steve) have gone home for Xmas turkey & Yorkshire pudding with their respective mummies. Someone has given us the recipe for chilli con carne, & we intend cooking this up in a huge pot. The drinks (sorry for polite terms!) are on me, it is generally agreed. If your attentions are not required in London, why not come along. Anne in any case will still be around at Ian's flat.

We won a thrilling match at Twickers on Tuesday, didn't we? 8-6. A South African led our boys: at other times we would have diplomatically avoided each other, but in rugby we are united. Viva la Oxford! 3 cheers, chaps.

And ciao. Sincerely,

Arthur.

: the inevitable happened after a beer & chicken lunch in the

local -- Phil suggested a scope. We saw a 'horror' (very mild) & a thing called See You In Hell Darling [my 1st Regal show] with this quizzical

Whitman bloke lumbering about like a [pleased] gorilla. Janet Leigh always looks desirable, though. Dialogue was the standard New Wave Americanese e.g. get the hell off my back for leave me alone, & the fires are out for the war is over.

Top Of The Pops on college telly & The Girl From Uncle, with the regulation 2 pints to round off the day. It's 10.30 p.m. -- got to get some kit & books packed.

This should've been off, but since I started writing to you I no longer do journal entries on significant episodes: usually you hear all about them. So all I have to do now is copy the letter out. A recent-happening summary. News.

Yrs -- A.

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Dear Arthur,

You probably don't remember little Susan, but I think of you often. I hope you found the books I left for you -- but, then, maybe the porter is interested in lit.crit.!

Hope you are well & still studying furiously. You must be nearly finished with your studies. Still going to Canada? Do drop me a note if you have a spare minute or two.

Susan (Beth) Eustace,  
Xmas/New Year 1966.

Cosmo, for the Heinemann's deal: 3/1/67

London Impressions, Period, Transition, Assessment, Casualty, Strange Affections, Fading Light, Midnight, Ciao, Song For A Passport, Continuation.

Jesus, Oxon: 3/1/67.

My Lady:

I found your card amusing almost to distraction. I'm laughing not so much at the American extravagance & sense of occasion as at the knowledge that the writer must have been exceedingly sloshed, hammered, plastered, pissed as a coot & silly as a dodo to write an inscription like that. Fabulous message! The thing is on the mantelpiece, in the process of becoming a Maggie Lenox classic, & everytime I turn that way there's another quiet chuckle coming up. When do you have your birthday? I feel this lovable absurdity just begs a reply in similar vein.

By now you must have recovered from the more traumatic experiences of the weekend. I hope your visitors were genial people, but then you hardly need coaxing to make other people feel at home. I should tell you how I enjoyed Friday evening. It was simple, clean (?), unhurried, somehow contriving to be both light & serious. But any present study in depth is bound to spoil the effect we came away with. 'Super' or 'great' would be facile generalizations: it was all over good simply & warm, i think [,] ... i said to the ceiling.

Oxford, as I say to correspondents upon getting back, is the same as ever: crowded, busy, self-sufficient. I've taken 8 quid out of the bank & have one left. There are eating problems. My first impulse is to dash into the Roebuck at 7 & order plaice, chips & vedge -- not to be bothered. Usually, however, I meet someone in the lodge or round the corner who's been to the Roebuck last night & wants to vary it a bit. I say well look I reckon I wanna go eat in the Roebuck anyway seeing as how I

dig plain Eng. cooking & you get plenty on your plate & you needn't tip the waitress & they're all nice friendly & randy old maids & the barman & the chef between them obviously ... If it's a bloke who goes to chapel before Sunday breakfast, by this time we'd have parted silent company. More usually it's one of the lads & I'm dragged off to some joint like Crawfords -- mass-produced conveyor-belt grub with po-faced women in blue overalls dishing up out of steel bins & a grim witch waiting at the cash register: 4/10 plus a penny for S.E.T., & off to squeeze in at one of their ridiculously small tables I am, finding David Morris or Mike Harris hunched over shepherd's pie & baked beans. places like Crawford's -- huge room full of grubby tables, crumbs, & an air of niggling poverty -- give me the creeps.

Waiting for news from Cosmo. He's doing the selection for that Heinemann's deal. Haven't heard from Penguins yet; presumably they're also recuperating after the Yule celebrations. Keep you informed, though. -- A great deal of the credit should go to 'my typist' if these things become real, which at present they threaten to do. I doubt whether I could've got those scripts prepared (by myself) with which Cosmo is feeding magazines in a publicity bid. Probably I'd never have bothered anyway. I'm looking through the pile in the drawer, & it occurs to me that I'm going to have difficulty trying to patch together some of the old ones, unless you've kept the originals of poems as different as At Rest From The Grim Place (is that in fact the title?) & Philosophy ... [etc] And Act exists in this mutilated version: so can you get ± 4 copies [""] The worrisome thought is that if you move house or get married blissfully or find the poet has departed this life suddenly you may be saddled with a fair-sized cardboard box labelled something like 'Nortje: INCUNABULA'.

The cleaning-up operation begins slowly. I have the wastepaper basket next to the table in the centre of the room: both bars of the fire are on, wanly orange. -- The window panes are misted over with cold January dew. Work requires effort, as will gather. I'm being ruthless with the Xmas cards & birthday wishes: somehow I find it the greatest fatuity to harbour them for more than a few jolly days of euphoria & turkey leftovers. Long before the holly wilts over pub lamps & the come down to gather dust in the attic (even my prose is suffering a post-alcoholic lack of originality, so acute that I can't help in this section but throw in the towel of apology), long before that I'm tempted to give seasonal sentimentality the boot. But every time I dip into a desk or shelf, up comes a load of cigarette coupons saved against a rainy day (how on earth am I gonna make 5000 or

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some such gargantuan figure?) or a forgotten letter from Penzance or a dusty invitation to one of the innumerable weekly functions held by (student) international organizations of all persuasions & descriptions. The Inter-Varsity Christian Union requests the pleasure of Mr --'s company. That one was coffee & cream crackers followed by a film show, I see: Christ In The Outer Hebrides. By jove, glad I missed that one! But wait. The JACARI cordially invites Mr -- + A.N. OTHER? By golly, that was a close shave! And so on, et cetera et cicero.

Actually, I was the Jesus rep. for Jacari 2 terms running, but it proved to be a bit expensive. I lack the drive & naive confidence to ever be an organization man. Some fellows can go around in the corniest manner hawking tickets or huckstering membership cards, booklets, magazines. I simply paid the membership monies out of my own pocket, discarded them the same day & handed in a mythical list of Jesus College members to the secretary. Nothing easier. To lecture & beg never appealed to me all that much: either you're interested or you're bored. You do it or you don't.

I've kicked the tobacco habit in the meanwhile. As for booze, well, I'll wait until the 1st Lizzy meetynge of Hilarye hys terme before deciding, methinks, e'en though ye Masteres of ye Poxo Bosome may deem it most unsemely thus to deprive the poore Anatomie Syphilisatiome of your sweetest wines moste cunningly extracted from that base villain, Philop of Spain. Period, from (Hereinafter) Mastere Laureate Perversions.

I think anyway the important thing is not to go nuts over the next 5 months: strong people have been known to crack up completely. Sho' 'nuff, I want a good degree, but I'm not banking too much on that. Some guys have come back already & the strain on their faces is barely concealed. Losing sleep. Glad now in a way that I took it very easy indeed last term. Not to be a heap of cinders by Easter, hear me what I say baby. Trouble is: if a man's not been through the thing himself, who can convince him of the pitfalls?

That's getting fatalistic, though. Plenty of water must flow under the bridge. There are poems to be written yet, new faces to be met, avenues to be explored, rhetoric such as this to be checked & pared to new intensities, the intellect to be tested in fresh & startling ways. In Donne's words -- The new philosophy calls all in doubt  
The element of fire is quite put out.

A brief retrospective. The New Year's party was in Richmond, with David Bartlett's friends. To my amazement I discovered later that most of the beautiful dollies around the place were off-duty air hostesses. It was the kind of situation you have wish-fulfillments about in the cinema now that airports & all manner of flying machines have become focal points in our civilization, the hard currency of dialogues. I had to scuttle back to Kentish Town the next morning, an hour-long crawl across the drabber part of town. Just as well the person in question didn't turn up, enabled me to nurse my sore feelings in the cavernous Jazz Room of the Tally Ho, to which Ian & Olox came on Sunday night. The music was fine, the vases went down with relish, eventually we left for coffee at Bern's, who'd returned tired from Dublin that afternoon. Mike was straggling behind in Wales, having left the ferry at Holyhead. And Norks was just too deadbeat & weary to care much about the foibles of the world or think back on what had been sombre, bizarre, funny, frigid, late, quick or fantastic in love & death.

I'm trying to remember whether there's anything I particularly want to remind you about, but as it seems there's not, I'm signing off. Had this phantasmagoric half-dream about Iris Murdoch & M. Muggeridge being bitchy to each other. Almost as if Hieronymus Bosch were to paint Edna O'Brien as a medieval bunny.

I also, Madam, remain your Ever-Obedient Acolyte:

(Mr) A.K. 1.4.3

Note

I remembered some of the lines from your Friday-night poems: rather unusual for a quick dispassionate look. Got any more? Modesty to throw one's genuine efforts away simply, but at other times can be due more to a kind of thoughtlessness: do not [let] hesitate to let me have a glance.

A.

9/1 Maggie honey --

Sure, I'm snowing you under [3 batches of poems]: I know that, & feel a wee bit guilty about the unconscionable time I've spent reworking these scripts. But so sleepy now 5.30 a.m. Monday.

That terrible urge came over me on Sat. night at about pub-opening time. But I bribed your lord with titbits of food, doses of telly, endless cups of coffee, & back numbers of Encounter. He survives still, an alcohol[ic] virgin of 1967.

- NB -- 5.30 or no, I shouldn't have started explaining at all, but packed the stuff off summarily. 'Cos I find I want to communicate now, ideas popping in me noggin & all that. Settle for some notes (spoiling you, kid) --
- 1) Near-mad was an actual & frightening experience last year in Oxf. when I came as close to breakdown as I'm likely to come, I suppose. The ironic black umbrella is for conformity -- don't dirty the mirror, like.
  - 2) J.P.G.R. is a draft I'm abandoning. Writing it during a particularly boring lecture on Milton's language. Genuinely I do feel like this. Music's element of fun (saw Bernstein conducting Shostakovich) -- why purge it? Or decry? I'm being the pompous one. John Cage, on fact that life's not about improvement or order-out-of-chaos, but life's for the living, simply. But remind us to discuss, getting too rich here.
  - 3) The unhealable wound is JOY CRY's best thing. Perhaps not original, I can't tell at this remove. But other aspects now catch my eye. Like to comment? It's organized, as you see, in 1/2 rhyme.
  - 4) Apartheid -- mum's the word. Simple: no sarcasm, just facts, as they say.
  - 5) Collage leads (improbably?) to the laager ending. The main joke is one I never tire of flogging, about this Nigerian guy saying 'de white man he love me as a brudder, but not as a brudder-in-law'. Sorry to tell it again. Love: A.

<hi rend="underline">Time's Man of the Year</hi>

Life -- 'you gotta live with the nitty-gritty, man!'

'swooping through the slalom gates in Chile'.

To R.G. Leitch -- Newcombe at Croydon West, 'The Times', Poem for Kitchen.

<hi rend="underline">Sunday Night 5/2</hi>

My darling,

After a quiet scotch-&-hot-orange down in the college cellars I retired to the box & BBC-1's much ado about buggerall. Maggie Smith was doing a fine Beatrice: flinty, funny ('civil as an orange') & perceptive to Robert Stephen's romantic come-on visibility. The respective merits of leading actors are arguable, of course, but Sh. leaves us in no doubt. I spent my term with the Bard at Lady Margaret Hall -- the sweet old spinster with the ginger tom in a large room overlooking gardens, a box of Senior Service at one's

elbow: it was she who first opened my eyes to the fact that in the great comedies the heroines hold the floor -- Katharine, Rosalind, Beatrice -- with the suggestion that after courtship ends in marriage the tables are slightly turned, the shrew is tamed. One imagines that this is part of the Sh. magic -- he at once pleases female vanity & does justice by the male need for domination. So M.S. had a great time taking the pee out of poor Benedick, & Dogberry was big joy ('comparisons are odorous') in the sub-plot farce, but Much Ado is otherwise not my favourite comedy. As reading it's bitty -- Sh. probably depending a lot here on what his actors would do with his throwaway lines, & the N. Theatre production was what one may call unexceptionable: faint praise. Still, there's little that can really ruin Sh, & if you saw it you may have thought different. It's just that I saw no point in flourishes like those muddy Nubian slaves; & Claudio was unimpressive, though one must admit that he's one of those sudden-switch characters -- the repudiation scene is much more powerful than this hinted at, & to make the reconciliation that follows work within the credibility gap needs an actor of courage & mettle.

I stayed on for Eamonn Andrews & the Sunday night people, settling in with a hamburger off the street (dining on Hall in the company of High Table on the Sabbath requires changing into a formal suit of clothes, & I protest against that). Everybody, including an American-accented casting producer who started going on about lovely James Dean & ended up levelling stagey moral questions, tried once again to knock Jagger, who was sitting next to a sympathetic & protective Eamonn, coping coolly & quite calmly refusing to belt out one for Goddie up there in them clouds. With his thick but expressive features & his puzzlement at the press & showbiz ballyhoo, Jagger strikes me as one of the interesting modern figures -- not only in pop but in the whole philosophy of rebellion concerning society & its precious morals. I feel guilty putting it pat

--

like that: yesterday I saw a stunning film called *The Family Way* [with] you might have seen it -- with a Bill Naughton script about northern slum life & a very convincing ending, the camera moving away from a family group composed as for an old-time album. The father (John Mills) has spoken man-to-man with his newly-wed son for the 1st time, & as the honeymooners go off he collapses into a chair under a weight of sweat & half-sad tears. 'What's wrong, dad?' says the other son, the mother standing by. 'Life', he replies. 'At

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your age it's all laughter, but at my age it makes me bloody cry' I remember this bit of northern cri de coeur because Jagger (& I'm not saying 'Mick', to avoid the sentimental familiarity) was telling those middle-class comedians about the gulf between the generations, something he said was not true of the Continent, while Terry Scott was wittering like a silly old ass about the alleged immorality of Let's Spend The Night Together. (I remember also your anecdotes of Continental life in some Tottenham Court Road pub)

A final point that's relevant: it seems to be that the realism impulse has come from the north, largely -- one might start with the Beatles (& Mary Quant?) & go on to Huyton & working-class principles, though Harold Wilson's not the same stocky force anymore, & politicians, even Labourites, need to go conservative once in power. But enough of that: I think I've thrown out plenty of pabulum for you to chew on. This week there's an essay on Dr Johnson. Great man, who deliciously ruined the novelist Samuel Richardson once with his remark: 'Sailing down the river of reputation, he is intent on tasting the froth at every stroke of the oar.' A man also of critical integrity, for R. had once bailed him out of the debtor's prison, and J. personally preferred R. to Fielding, who ironically struck the C18th critics as a creator of bawdy characters. Of the 2, Fielding in fact was probably more of a fogey.

The other essay is going to be something on Dickens: my Tutor suggested Crime And Violence. I'm not relishing this one, but that happens all the time: when I get going in the morning I'll work up an interest. Last week I worked on Jane Austen -- she's been a favourite ever since I laid hands on Pride & Prejudice. My task was to defend her credibly against the serious charge that she commits the fundamental condescension in the life of her novels, which tacitly accept the class system then at its height. For another thing, reading her work you'd never have evidence that either the Battle of Waterloo or the Fr. Revol. was then topical. The attack is leftish & stiff, including a hard-hitting Arnold Kettle, but even he acquits her, & I took my cue from there. Experiencing Austen is like the love-letters I used to write from C.T. to P.E.: some subjects were just taboo, but we could converse profitably in other areas. Actually, I picked up a stray idea in one of the commentaries on J.A. -- her concern with the problem of women in her society -- & developed it

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rather: the intense tenderness that one comes to feel for Anne Elliot (Persuasion) who cannot speak her love bec. it is socially infra dig for a woman to do so. She waits around painfully for a glance, a gesture, an approach, for any indication.

Persuade ME to stop. There are things besides lit. crit. -- D'Oliviera [& the MCC], Malta, the U.S. Navy rebuff at Capetown, the flaming Red Guards (god bless Chairman Mao!) in the Year of a Thousand Gaudy Posters. Your view about 'bamboo slits' was reading wry sex into a political metaphor, & was delivered as a quick left/right to the body. No -- you probably saw that I'm moving away from the pattern of conformity I've been falling into. Watch it develop. All I've got to do now is complete my interrupted karate training, acquire a taste for rice & raw fish with seaweed garnish, & buy black pyjamas with stitched-in booby trap.

Last weekend in North Wales in fact I spent a dry time reading Zen at night & revising Death Pains Me Now by day in front of a log fire with the grey sea bellowing into a distant headland. The poem is a mixture of Buddhist ideas & my feelings about Lenox. The Zen belief is that one should take the world at face value -- do not judge or try to change what's already there: all thought is subjective, & it was Maeterlinck who said that intellect is that part of a man that enables him to comprehend that the world is incomprehensible. But saying

Give me: significance, let me transmute you.  
is inevitably to debase your history, both as woman ('you, the touchstone') & as woman ('already another man's'). The crisis is about inspiration. I refer to Rimbaud, whose brilliant & sensation-ridden career as a poet ended abruptly when he gave up at 19, retired to a queer's sordid existence in 'acquired London, & later died of the carnal disease in Ethiopia. The haiku set was scribbled on the back of a J.C. calendar coming back in the family Corsair from Carnarvonshire.

Davydd Roberts was going home for his 21st. We had hitched the 250 miles to PWLLHELI (don't even try to pronounce it, baby) & I'd brought some formal gear along for the 'do'. It all turned out disappointingly, though. Mr Roberts in an M.P., very Welsh, smoked a briar, doesn't drink (he toasted his son with a glass of water & poured for us from a bottle of cheap Sauternes as if it were a vintage Chateaufeuf du Pape), & reads Hansard with a

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dose I suspect of Patience Strong. I had for one thing to keep on the right side of him bec. he's an Education man & could prove a useful contact if I want to teach here, which I increasingly want to do now to avoid the prospect of a pokey joint in the Canadian wilderness with killer whales prowling all about, grizzly bears hugging me affectionately. And his wife (Celtic Languages Grad, Alpha Beta, Class of '35 & and all that) regaled her son's girl-friend, her daughter's boyfriend & myself alternately with tales of Taliessin & the doings of the shrewdly dopey yokels. All the time she had these 8 cats (pardon my primitive fears!!) padding & miaowing around, nosing the cream puffs, sniffing your ankles, scratching the furniture & pissing in the sink. Big joy! Davydd refusing to go into the local bec. of possible small-town gossip -- there I was, high & dry, observing in my Bosom Buddy such a radical transformation it just couldn't be true. The town was cosy, the air fresh, the weather average rainy, the food pedestrian. I had taken some stationery along, & I was

about

going to tell you [all this] it all, but by the time I got back I had written [to] neither to you nor to anybody else. Mulling this over in the car, I happened upon the haiku opening, about the inability or the unwillingness to write one true letter, just one sentence maybe, which wouldn't depend on any personal judgment. Hence 'Unless I can write' etc which goes on to 'you are / Recoverable' -- but this is 'to judge', against Gotana's teaching when on the mountain he meditated the golden flower & smiled slowly. 'Recoverable' here is the wish -- 'I wish you could be yourself again, be free to express yourself'. But the insight must remain 'invisible' & the flame 'shapeless'. Writing a letter is to give substance & form to thought & opinion -- haiku is a spontaneous zesty feeling.

At three in the morning I find it difficult to be eloquent about this. Anne's been telling me about a 'phone call to you. It seems wrong to come upon you like that at a crucial moment. Still, as F. Madox Ford or maybe some other bloke said to some source of inspiration of his -- 'Thank God I met you'.

Last night we went on a boozing jag: Ian Tweedie, his wife Joyce, Phil Garner, Pete Jones, Anne & myself. We started in college, went off

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to White's, swung across to the Turl, emerged singing I Should've Known Better up Helen's Passage, cornered at the King's Arms to enter the blue-joke period, jested & noshed up the street in the White Horse, & ended up boisterously in the Turl, haven of dipsos & beery wit. Then we roused up the college folk, knocked off a gallon of cider, & returned to Pete's flat, with various gains & losses of personnel having occurred. By this time we were cruising at a sedate 20 m.p.h., with occasional bursts of up to 60 m.p.h. -- Jones on the difference between metatarsals & metacarpals, Nortje on geomorphological theories: when is a Piedmont plain not a peed mouth plain? And so ons, & so forths.

Glad you're doing what you want to do again, sweets. A Night Out -- that almost sounds like me at weekends -- who's it by? Our lads are planning 'Live Like Pigs' for the summer. (The printer boobed, put Barden for Arden)

Try to face the 9-5 business coolly -- the little things that make the biggies possible, etc et cicero (again). What I mean is that I'm scared you might go into a terrible depression, & lose your grip. Gritty-nitty: what I do is me. Full stop.

I was hoping to get some more scripts out, but if you move I'll have to get onto the Crane, Norman et al. fan mail unless you leave an address. Penguins are paying me £4: you'll have to come & get Oxford's best meal for that. Grim Place & Up Late, 2 for the anthology. Tell us when.

Ciao. Arthur.

Schiller -- 'All art is dedicated to Joy'. The profoundest problem is how to make men happy.

Lately I find 3 areas of incongruity for making a joy-blast:

- 1) science -- the religion of fact
- 2) imagination -- fantasy, the Morgan-gorilla problem
- 3) pretence: the bourgeois thing.

Academia in May,  
Life Studies 1967

Wanted: Young female, of smallish proportions, humour, knows Ouspensky, can discourse on New Statesman-like literature, hold own with amorous poets, work well & efficiently. Draumatic experience a recommendation. Apply 'Laureate, J.C., Oxford (exc. Sundays, when owner lying in). Weekdays ring Lodge 49511: interview.

Hi -- the ad's for a swinger this coming Sat. evening in the Grad. Common Room & environs. Could be sweet if the weather allows. Guests are free (Oxon. grads. are too

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pompous, apparently, to organise themselves -- 'free' applies to women only in this case). No cover charges, it all goes down on Battels, that delightful credit system applauded by generations of boozy, cocksure gentlemen. Good thing too, bec. on acc of little me bein' out of shekels, doubloons, nobles, tanners, angels & all manner of corrupt coins & metal traffic. They're catering for something like 80 whizz-kids, which is ambitious -- the last session was by no means a rave. This one could be a winner since it's being arranged by the west indian on my staircase. Natural flair, calypso drive. Energy of sun & lush life. Blah blah blah. George is calling it a prelude to the massive end-of-schools, end-of-term affair now in blueprint. About that I'm sitting tight. If I unleash all my rhetorical powers you still won't understand how relieved I'm going to be breathing a last sigh in those gloomy rooms down the High Street.

You'll gather that life is not desperately exciting at the moment. But then that is to beg the question. The american poppet I wrote CIAO for (take away the O & what have you?) last summer, passed through London on her way from Frankfurt to momma's warm bosom & poppa's Ford Mustang in Boston. Her sister (yich) & room-mate (yow) came along to see Oxenford (hmm?). That was one sexual encounter that was frankly a drag -- worse than when some body has the curse & you're lying in bed all randy & hateful, hogging the blankets & dreaming of breakfast, for one.

Last weekend too Mingo (Tally Ho sometime) came up in his Cortina. Olox Bartlett had turned up on the Friday night with a fairly lively bird from Richmond -- English in the non-'oh-so' sense, which was refreshing apart also from the simple fact that she's intelligible, pretty (non-pejorative) & full of humour. Boston, I'm sorry to say, compared badly. We played incomprehensible games like cricket & football instead of comprehensible true-blue games like baseball; we sat in the sun with ales on a chessboard; we spent Sunday lunchtime at a venerable inn called The Trout (I was excommunicated once for lobbing crockery into the  
below  
water [under] the weir where the chub come up for crumbs, but they must have changed the management). I sobered Mingo up discreetly down in the bar before he returned -- don't ask a man to drink AND take a naive bird back to London ...

During the week, including Friday night, I'm fanatically teetotaler:

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the contrast is perhaps remarkable for its sheer contradictoriness. On Sat. Man must have Drugs to appease the terror of loneliness incipient in 60 working hrs. of [on] his own company, as also to bolster the phagocytes. I was amused last week when Dusty, not a nasty cat at all & one of the original hash men in this borough, came in to chat about sugar consignments & grass revelations. One of the college committeemen, slightly out of his cranium & fresh from The Turl At Closing Time, had an idea that Dusty was making rather a pest of himself: whereupon a raucous ridiculous ha-ha quarrel ensued, etc. tch! tch! During which yours sincerely quietly slipped back to Chaucer & co. Period?

I suppose I have to jog your memory about those pomes. Bad form; or you must be wading in masses of paperwork & rushing to rehearsals & classes. (Drauma?) So many times Jules & the others have been asking to see the Ireland poems -- you have the ferry one -- & I've said 'any day now'. I might even post this in the morning & come back from the Bodleian to find that batch in the mail. Still, it's a tonic keeping in touch with you anyway -- you're the kind of person I at any rate prefer to spend time with in a well-wrought manner rather than seeing briefly over coffee or chatting up sporadically in some shapeless crowd. The image has been distorted a bit: I don't know whether I'm just being sensitive about off-work impressions & the figure one cuts over weekends.

Got to get some more work done. Let us know a bit before Saturday whether you can make it. You can go back on Sunday morning if you've got to hotfoot it back to an afternoon rehearsal. Or maybe the show's running already & you can't have Sats., I don't know. Tell me all the same.

There's some more work here, if that's possible.

Ciao now, & luv -- Arthur.

5/5/1967.

Hi kid:

I'm feeling the strain a bit -- it's Friday nite eleven & I've been getting in about 10 hours a day all week: I just saw a white haze in the Bodleian & decided to ditch the tomes for a minute in favour of a coffee & whatever conversation was offering in the Grad. Common Room. Still, it's been a hugely satisfying week: I upended the usual revision-term schedule by starting out in the middle-period -- Chaucer & Shakespeare. Have you

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ever read the 'Troilus', the 8,250 lines of it. Strikes me on re-reading Bk II as containing one of the most intelligent discussions, psychologically penetrative, of just what goes on in the mind of an aristocratic (Criseyde is the daughter of a Trojan priest in Chaucer's version) woman -- & for that matter a female from any social class -- at the thought of a projected liaison, in which she will be concerned to keep up social appearances, the mistress's or true-love's 'honour' in the Courtly Code. Sh. when he came to treat the story characteristically adapted it to his own brilliant ends -- whereas the C14th Criseyde is excused her infidelity by the poet on the grounds of female frailty & insecurity in a world ruled by men, Sh. (notoriously, do you think?) not only makes his Cressida a categorical whore (pun on 'war') but sees Helen of Troy as a vulgar strumpet & rants against our common bestiality; rather awkward of the bloody fellow, I'd say -- but then I'm being facetious. There's Tempest, which I've just read again, & Winter's Tale: virtuoso performance about which I might get the chance to say my bit during the early half of June.

By the time Sat. comes [a]round I feel I've deserved a relax. I might go down to our Pavilion tomorrow afternoon for an ale & some exercise & sun (if there's any to have). But during the week I picked up a book I've been dying to read again, Empson's *Some Versions of Pastoral* -- though someone's gonna end up looking all skinny & pale & hollow-eyed from spending too much time in gloomy interiors feeding on intellectual pabulum!

I'm glad you're home, & sure you're enjoying it immensely. You might even want to stay, in which case I'd forgive you. Myself I feel the isolation sometimes, as if the ground beneath me had been cut away, but it's a straight choice bet. isolation here & isolation plus a waste of my powers in the Cape of Good Hope, which some Portuguese sailor aptly named Cabo de Tormentoso. Uprooted, a bloke can take it as it comes. With a bird, I think it's different: but as a woman of independent means & intelligence you might feel that things worked for you in Canada, & that I'm talking through my hat. Not that I wear one.

When I remember the things done last summer term: life isn't what it used to be. No joy, as we say, 'bad news'. But I reckon it's all for the best, to fall back on a cliché for the moment. There's always a party going somewhere on a Sat. evening, if one's so inclined -- there's a session in lounge-suit class in college tomorrow night to which I've been invited, though I find the idea of being

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served food by other (& in Oxford 'lesser') human beings, repulsive. There is also the occasional romantic episode, stopping short of the full-scale involvement-with-college-female thing which I've managed so far to avoid. Flirtations here are frankly a drag. Which again means that you steer clear of places like the Oxford Union or the 'great' Newman Rooms where it's the IN thing to appear with an aristocratic mini-skirt hanging onto your elbow.

What am I grumbling about? Boredom. You must be seeing a lot of action down there. Do Brian & Co. still have their group going, or has marriage clipped your dear brother's wings ... What's his wife's name again? -- Rather nice chick, I used to like like her when I made my (ostensibly-to-collect-poems-typed-by-Joan) visits to the Villa. And how's Wendy doing? Sweet kid, but you mentioned ages ago that she'd ploughed J.C. or something. And Avril, madcap, give her my love too, will you[?].

You don't happen to have seen a certain Mr Louis Rousseau? If you do, pass on my regards & a few grumbles -- he wrote me a roarily funny letter, the 1st I got when arriving, but since then there's been a remarkable silence, as if old Arthur had suddenly assumed an importance which put him beyond borders  
the [pale] of Hotnot understanding. Se vi' hom ek wag op 'n briefie, oraait? The Finnans too -- are they still in the vicinity?

Your trip back must have been o.k., otherwise how come you're reading this? Anyway, Ralphie's married now, isn't he:- & I'm having a quiet chuckle again at my own folly. What was concrete about that insubstantial pageant was  
a  
that I felt [that] pressure of inspiration -- weren't you discreetly my Muse in some undisclosed way? - & paging through some old notebooks & notes towards Capetown novels I came across poems which even now stand up to fair scrutiny.

Of course, lest I forget (which Baasskap forbid!) what's the political scene like? The course here is such a cramped one, & the scene happens in London anyway, that I've not found time to do more than attend talks given by eminent exiles -- & which exile is not 'eminent'? -- recently Albie Sachs, Dennis Brutus, at Brasenose College, centre of Jacari (Joint Action Comm. Against Racial whasit). Tell me, I've never asked & never really known, apart from the instinctive feeling of solidarity: what are your politics in respect of the S.A. scene specifically? Nothing you say is going to prejudice me, so come up, as it were. It's a bit on the heavy side

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for a holiday thought, I agree -- defer it if you wish. Right now I'm so busy in my spare moments planning this Canadian stint that I've not thought deeply enough about my own position as a son or at any rate a foster-child of The Beloved Country. Considering some historical tragedies, I'm not too keen either. -- Am I being ungrateful?

If I'm going to get in some sleep, though, it's certainly not going to be on that bewildering question! Pass my love to your parents, to Michael, & to whoever happens to be around. As for yourself -- well, it's best now to say simply that I'd like to see you again.

Ever -- Arthur.

[TERM THOUGHTS]

For a birthday -- 24th -- a card (in rococo):

My Lord,

I trust by the time this note is in your hand that you will have indulged in your orgiastic revels & inebriated celebrations & will be well on the way to recovery.

May I offer you my best wishes on this memorable occasion for many long & felicitous years to come.

I remain, Sir, Your Obedient Acolyte  
Maggie Lenox.



**NEWCOMBE AT CROYDON WEST**

The dealer in shirt-sleeves told his assistant Jenny  
to serve champagne to a tall supercilious lady.  
Middle-aged Americans in sneakers,  
peering closely, noses to the gouaches,  
jostled the dainty natives, & a Rolling  
Stone in executive grey arrived  
without a murmur among the objects d'art.  
Upstairs against the ebony panels  
under the chromium lamps a woman stood  
deciding to buy Bill Newcombe's watercolour.

A small posh opening in the arcade  
with suave young professionals, he the self-taught  
veteran shown in Paris,  
Sydney, Moscow, San Francisco, New York,  
props himself on his stiff leg, looking bland,  
back now, still in exile, on an island.  
[Vancouver was the first one: Across the strait, with a view of Vancouver  
he built sand castles, trapped birds in his boyhood,  
cut timber before the war, [gave up] creating  
those weird spindly shapes which sang

pulsing the lyric of the standing  
along the [mobile] blood. The Royal Air Force birch peeled clean & white  
claimed for a space of time his gift [of invention] OR -- for a time his gift of  
invention

Hence experience is learning:  
violent  
no [rough] punctures, [or] interrogation rooms,  
surrealistic phalluses or soup tins inspire him.  
There are no birds, guitars, or flowerpots.  
His flimsy tumbling squares  
seek each other at normal moments  
where line & tint converge,  
the anguish being level with the eye / yet not concealing any of the gaiety.

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Tonight the private view goes on too long:  
he grumbles sceptically, blames his Welsh wife.  
Nervy, she shakes her rose[e acute],  
offering me a cigarette.

iron twinkling  
From an [steel] pit close to the [glittering] stars  
he peeped tinily into a hell of flak,  
the lights bouncing between long stretches of dark.  
Or he tattooed the visible sky with smokeplumes  
cooped in the belly of a steel dog  
till shrapnel studded his ribs with scarlet jewels.  
But it is 20 yrs later or so that I hear  
the story in bits & pieces.  
We are drinking Spanish sauternes  
in the top flat of a brick house, Highgate, London,  
& winter returns to the landing:  
the owls hoot at night.

Now that I travel away I remember  
the soft greys of autumn, the ambers of autumn,  
the quickness of seasons, [occasions that change, changed situations]  
the din that rises from the lobby where  
a Pakistani in a dressing-gown  
natters over the telephone,  
& our wine-rich laughter while  
over the cold fields the thick air settles.

wizened?  
complete with

In retrospect appears his face, / puckish wrinkles [at the [x] underwritten]  
underwritten by the grey  
[His leather mask has wrinkles & a] goatee:  
though I [can] have also seen at dusk  
thin leaf-blades of [the] his eyes observe austerely  
the feeble warmth that now is alone available.

one  
To survive [we] must choose the possible.  
(he meant perhaps) Oxford -- 12/66

(may he have meant)

the merest wisp

**NIGHT FERRY**

Origins -- they are dim in time, colossally  
locked in the terrible mountain, buried in seaslime,  
or vapourized, being volatile. What purpose  
has the traveller now, whose connection is cut  
with the whale, the wolf or the albatross? What does your small mouth  
tell of supernovas or of chromosomes?  
There are ivory graveyards in jungled valleys  
rainbow treasures, harps that sing in the wind,  
fabled wrecks where the dead sailors sleep & a cuttlefish  
sleeps on a bed of old doubloons.

Black bows

cleave water, suffer the waves: finding the wet  
deck funnels, [seasurge] covered cargo, lifeboats  
roped mute above the seasurge, pit-pat beats  
the heart against the rail:  
my flesh of salt clings to its molecules.

Oily & endless, the stream is a truth drug. Pick  
up signals from vast space, gather a ghoulish cry  
from an astronaut lost for ever, his electronic  
panels blipping danger signs. Below  
crushed like the foil on a Cracker Barrel cheese pack  
a nuclear submarine no longer muscles  
into the thunderous pressure. Is it the infinite  
sound I hear that's going where? & to  
whom can the intelligence be given? who are you?  
Not only this, but also  
between us the sensory network registers  
potential tones, imaginable patterns,  
for there are destinies as well as destinations.

Screw churns through the superstructured  
centuries of shut night, washing waters:  
waves dip away, swell back, break open

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in froth swaths & moon cobbles.  
A snatch of Bach that intervenes  
fluently pours through the portholes of my ears.  
Boat on the Irish waters though I hear  
poignant voices, whisper of snow, spring forests,  
that set up plangencies & issue oddthought.  
With the ephemeral melody transistored.  
Your eyes also seem to feature.

O are you daylight, love, to diminish my mist?  
Siren, or the breeze's child, forgetful  
while reaching through my bones?  
In rest rooms people crowd, sleeping, fug-  
postured. Anyway of whom do I think?

I find an empty bunk, bend  
under the muffled light, lie  
in half-sleep, knock knock goes  
the who's there night -- a to-fro bottle tinkles.  
It is the seasway, wavespeak, dance of angles.  
Listen & you listen. Those are bilge-pipes.  
Some are nightounds, far from bird cries. Or a shark's snore.  
The radius of consciousness is infinite, but seesaws.

Obscene are the unborn children, insane are the destitute mothers  
I do not think, who have known them, disowned them.  
The contours of cow dung, or snow in the cold hills  
crisscrossing earthwards, or zigzag catgut  
stitches on chest incisions -- these are the merely  
straightline rhythms, level planes, the simplicity ratio.  
Then there's you  
who must somewhere exist to be regarded  
as needy, needed, nightbound -- a cherished enigma.

K.A.N  
Liddell Gardens, Kensal Rise, N.W.10---4/67



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to pay a 1/- fine for non-returning  
between neat tables I thought  
nortje you are a liability. Check  
again under authors by name:  
I am not there nor my volume of meditations.

Fog on the brain. I was tired, despising  
the birth of nerves, the soft bones  
that harden to a dome. I should have felt  
my way like an octopus through grey traffic  
had not a spill of light suffused  
[some unessential qualities.] extraordinary happiness.

Despair is temporal now at teatime  
walking past an ochre church or owing  
Blackwells money for last year's books. I carry  
philology, accident hooked in my biceps,  
meeting squash players in track suits, dons & other  
Oxford gentlemen. Meet me  
(last night the Antlers, today is survival,  
tomorrow the Playhouse, Judy, a scope  
or tea for two & one in the pub after 10)  
when the sun is dead in February: I  
have seen miracles

Oxford 1967/2

#### **EPISODES WITH UNUSABLES**

1. At dawn I rise to water,  
smelling the stucco & my shoes, leaning  
into a wisp of air through shafted sunbeams:  
it is another relief to be alone.

My liquid drops ammonia jewels  
smoking in a net of grass,  
Such a brief while the art of scintillation

lives in a miniature rainbow, the spring  
tells me that all my words now,  
my winter phrases, my wrought sentences  
are dead as the thin conversation of evenings.

11. Tomatoes sprout in the garden, green  
lettuce, the cool potatoes of the earth:  
seeds we had thrown there, through the window,  
through the door where you  
stood ready to make love, guarding my movements,  
accepting my muscles, & I was thinking  
how we were two, meshed in a kind of tenacity.

We have not watched  
the sun shrivel the skin & eat[ing]  
the juice of the unusable.  
We have been locked in sleep, you have been fearing  
the third growth, the fruit of nature.  
I have groped in the rubbery darkness,  
your cry has shattered all my integuments,  
the total ecstasy has laid me waste.

I have loved you. We have not seen  
the patience of waiting the seeds suffered  
the weathers they withstood in their infinite wisdom,  
the tiny roots that felt their way into life.  
the tendrils that clung.  
Your hair fell over my eyes,  
your aching beauty held me rooted.

**Ditty**

As in a song sane men surround  
your wild heart simpletons would tame  
though struggles are for multitudes.  
They (sane men) cast you out unsound.

You've ascertained old order ends.  
(or merely starred in violent dream  
where you bizarre ran axe-amok!)  
To nordic law your lunacy offends.

Reducing to essentials (if you may:  
headline statistics anyhow are such)  
find multiple indictment you you you  
rebellling against civilizing THEY.

The red-mad you your own shrink from  
observes [the] black flock as first a blur  
assuming life when, howling Jekyll axed,  
the Hyde survives to tell of what's to come.

You meanwhile feast on old refrains:  
please don't believe the earth is round,  
that exegesis can be found  
for writing on the wall, Samson in chains.

K.A.N: Port Elizabeth 1962

**RECOVERY**

Empty houses are the grief beginnings  
to those who've wanted to be reconciled.  
Slickly the chances slip beneath  
hands which waste the golden hours  
under this brooding quiet sky.

From you & you I bear these memories  
of tenderness & violence, quick bright laughter.  
An autumn day with milky cloud

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returns the scenes, now edged with wisdom.  
Room of ash & brandy fumes.

What is love but hunt  
for peace from restless longing, throngs  
of desolate desires. -- What is love?  
To love the stranger is one's only way,  
to be alone is thus our destiny.

Capetown -- 1965/3.

### COMPARISON

Sight is a miracle where early pearl  
vistas [translucently] unfurl under blue translucence.  
Dawn, still & eloquent, unbends the curled  
tendrils of day in my black man's presence.

Light grows through venetian blinds,  
points diamonds from the bevelled mirrors,  
or jewels contoured lawns. The blond  
sun kisses the lady on the terrace.

She emerges between the flowering pillars  
where purple blooms cascade, then  
her white throat's hollow glitters, her  
spaniel smells the insouciant milkman.

His share of town or mine is  
home to guilty feet that tread  
transparent  
home through this [pathetic] loveliness:  
[so what's opaque do not presume dead.]"weave a garland for his head."

Light bars through willow meshes  
or needles cobwebs; the sharp-angled sun  
batters spangles from metal & glass  
where rust & violence have allowed reflection.

Slow return is through stone-wet streets  
swept politics-clean in white man's rage.  
I almost learn to adore the [the] dew-sweet  
glimpses of grass among township garbage.

Yet what of the night that passed  
within your ambit, gracefulness?  
Though rubbed ways assault its poise  
my love has been ubiquitous.

April 1965 -- Port Elizabeth

### **REFLECTIONS**

Fogged morning, clockwork city  
of sewers & towers, smoke & sirens.  
Sad weather  
engenders sombre reflections, reflects  
in campanile bell that conveys the hours.

I am not infinite  
shuffling my feet over cobbled  
public squares where pigeons open  
those flitting ranks that close behind me.

Skies change from opalescent  
to their usual inscrutable blue,  
then the shimmering turquoise water  
lies under the hill of houses  
despite the wealth of statesmen.  
Or the lifting veil reveals  
familiar buildings of glass & concrete,  
no face or word or happy miracle.

Images shape but so often  
mind stirs to ruffle the water;  
grey ripples lip the sand, spume clings.  
Gradually I let slip my disappointment.  
Wherever flotsam relaxes  
black bacteria renew the action.

1965--p.e. (Erasmus: Durban Road)

**Repentance**

Black tide of life where green germs feed  
creates in me wide streams of thought;  
problems, regrets all synchronise  
to bow my skulking morning spirit.

Where have I wandered from what's believed  
& whereto curved strange energies [?],  
& which new sin does conscience choose  
to focus on when light arrives?

To see these faces is to see your face,  
and what brown-lovely limbs I clasp  
survive in tight-eyed dreams alone.  
It's for your honesty I long.

My search concerns the true & real,  
sincerity, your touch & feel  
& so I squander love because  
of somewhere I can never travel.

p.e. 1965  
one of South End High School's Mondays.

<hi rend="underline">TEACHER'S FINAL</hi></title>

Capricious wind of spring. The school  
under repairs, the lock's removed [,]:  
this door that bangs incessantly.  
The smoked glass rattles, I feel  
flags of medium air wrap round my limbs.

What started as  
the wide bay's boomerang curve,  
a patch of sunlight [of] on the velvet sea,  
leapt alive in the blood's lyric:  
some hunger flamed to tell  
my meaning here, my going hence  
to earn more purpose than this narrow world

[page 172]

affords its children.

The mob troops out, the lusty bell has freed them.  
Outside they traffic with toffees & apples.  
Gulping minerals, they din,  
& one brings in a chair,  
explaining to sir the door's a nuisance,  
does not expect it won't be long.

I light a cigarette, tap  
the plain end on the sill,  
make firmness for the lips which half  
in rue & half in pleasure curl.

What should remain but destiny,  
a little gust sweeping dust across cracked playgrounds?  
And there I've walked, & now again I see  
white-topped breakers fly their spindrift,  
homing in to the hard land, dogged.

Rousseau, Beetlestone Rd  
8/1965 -- [Durban Road, p.e.(Erasmus)]

### **CATHARSIS**

The flesh, soft & debauched, finds  
darkened room its harsh miasma:  
bloodless air assumes awareness  
of terror, regret -- enough's enough.  
O so the self-disgust descends  
on lids in unsedation, [x] shamed  
my lashes glitter with the dark tears.  
Can the sour mouth smoothly [word] speak  
love, the bloated tissues kiss you sweet?  
For this the limbs lie quivering,  
the soul at near-dawn sweats.

Once our two hands touched in truth  
& that enough was insufficient:  
bent fingers set this down to find

[page 173]

the helix of your healing tendrils.  
Opposite action springs from the excess:  
(Hegel, historian, pardon my conceit):  
out of the aftermath shall I  
hold to a discipline, be meticulous.

For goings & comings may spawn new perils,  
heart may suffer fatal estrangements.  
Believe the rose dawn's promise:  
your image is the one thing real,  
to you is my whole being given.

Clare Street, Korsten, 6/65. Joe Intaka.

### **TRANSITION**

Aqua-clear, the bracing sky,  
& morning breathes cucumber cool,  
invests the leaves with gentle airs.  
My final spring grows beautiful.

Most lovely, not yet being lush,  
athletic grace of limb & bud.  
I stand self-empty, ascetic  
in this my land of wealth & blood.

For your success, black residue,  
I bear desire still, night thing[!].  
Remain in the smoky summer long  
though I am gone from green-flamed spring.

Gelvandale 8/65

**Returning**

known  
The train clangs through [flat] landscapes  
of sand & thicket screens;  
water, glimpsed, glints among reeds.  
Mind brims with seasons & scenes:  
revived  
[sifted] from dross of living  
those that I'll  
are [people to] remember,  
whose pride [have] has been in giving  
flame to a mass of embers.

Darkness comes and goes,  
assuming shapes of terror.  
[Yet] Dawn now shows the ash-trunked aloes  
grey-green with an ancient air  
& shooting scarlet flowers.  
O golden land: my people  
you beg the rain of mercy:  
travels can make me forget it.

Green patina[s] on copper rock grew  
under the blue & looming mountain,  
sweethorn's white barbs brilliantly  
pierce the sky's luminescence.  
And though the throat goes tight,  
whatever glory the heart can  
muster day or night  
shall be for every man [:].

Because with [an] an infinite eye  
I see those varied faces,  
this laugh, that voice, complaint or praise.  
the summer sky  
So lest I forget these years:  
through whose rooms I have walked,  
whose hearts I've occupied,  
me may fortune teach from them  
to keep no love aside.

K. Jan. 1967. p.e.







[page 178]

except your glance, or smile, a teardrop gleam:  
to shape a true line I strained all nerves.

The wrought phrase, the precise innuendo  
come from elsewhere, the beautiful evocation  
dies with your shadow, vision fading  
in the borderland between love and friendship.  
'I can only say ...  
we stood in the zoo at Phoenix watching an oryx  
remembering perhaps the dodo.

pleasurable music

Have you learnt? What do you know  
of my exodus from Kalahari, drinking from a gourd,  
eating thin lizards, with the riverbed dry  
red  
& the [big]dunes groaning with smallpox corpses  
& the black sun beating through the travelling blind  
air & the blond invaders coming on horseback  
along the empty valleys when the drums  
went silent?

You do not know:  
you get up at noon & go to bed at midnight.

#### **Warbaby: 24**

Consider having been born in a year / of hardship in a semidesert town:  
a curly baby of the ostrich belt / 24 chicken eggs in a calcium shell.  
I must have been one hell of a sweet brown bundle  
to the women who fussed, the grandfathers who smoked  
pipes on the porch, too old for anything.

The two-toed bald-arsed birds in the backyard  
swallowing nuts & bolts from my uncle's jalopy  
they knew nothing of secondary industry.

That was anyway a sympathetic / introduction, offering biography: now  
the wind whistles off the western sea  
& the weather of wales is rainily grey.

Pewhos ('by the side of the marsh') with Davydd Owen  
Goronwy Roberts -- Plas Newydd, Phewheli, Caernarvonshire

**One for Joan**

work  
Strange twinge, the [art] of memory: it serves  
in retrospect)  
to glimpse the soft underside by accident  
discovered in your darkness. You have climbed  
lithely upon my bough, emitting radiance.  
display remorse that burns through the breakfast paper.

Obliquely as a butterfly is seen  
through leaf-screen I first followed you at angles:  
the camera of the heart adds to free movement  
an element of involvement, skin [that] tingles  
still skin still tingles

spawned is a tender [poignant]  
The hunger [feeling in hollows] sentiment  
that vaporizes the teardrops in their [bald sockets] cradles  
crucible CRUCIBLE

& makes a virtue of absense, operates  
modestly as a dancer does to music that I won't perish.

Strange twinge, the wound of memory, where scar  
tissue grows over the hurt. It had those teasing letters  
keeping my love alive coy delays  
awakened to love, the waste is dead for a rainy day  
that moved despite emetic through my system.

Call it persistence, or consistency  
of attitude that now knows consummation:  
a fallacy  
originating [the long belief] your far  
eyes study me, my child [will] breathe your life.  
may?

And I am coming home although the clock  
ticks away this intricate survival:  
your wallpaper is monochrome around me  
but also you present a unirhythm. END: strange twinge 7/67

Arthur Nortje: Kensal Rise, Liddell Gardens

N.W.10

---

With Arienwynn, Bill ('sweet william') in limb hospital, poor angel. He smokes  
Sun Valley self-rollers, throws her sandwiches back at her in frustration. Delightfully  
wizened with a dry sense of humour. But the footnote is surely in the wrong place!



[page 181]

returned

[and up to] Plymouth as I made ready to sail  
the shorter distance to America.  
It is your triumph I should sing, [who] having known  
the geography of your youth, the [lush] sweet  
islands across the equator of your love,  
the warm coasts of your limbs, the spring rains of your mind.

one-way route

Oxford: 5/67 --Maggo. Lenox

### **And You Shall Remain Anonymous**

Not to Stella as her Astrophel  
but from some Asian foxhole, or a deep  
gold mine in the honeycomb of hell  
where first I shook the cobwebs from my sleep:  
more than beauty is your smile, your glance,  
your flesh that's snared & yet disperses dark.  
You live in the silent medium, you dance  
through numbing eras which the heart must mark.

Allegiances that pre-existed are  
now focussed on by violence or decay.  
The moment that the scald heals or the stars'  
fragments reassemble, there is this  
softly  
wish to greet you [newly] at the window:  
and you shall remain anonymous.

K --5/67

earlier

other smiles dissolved upon my brow





[page 184]

**IMMIGRANT**

Don't travel beyond  
Acton at noon in the intimate summer light  
of England

to Tuskaloosa, Medicine Hat, preparing  
for flight

dismissing the blond aura of the past:  
at Durban or Johannesburg

riots

no more chewing roots or brewing [trouble]

Bitter costs exorbitantly at london  
airport in the neon heat  
waiting for the gates to open

Big boy breaking out of the masturbatory  
era goes  
like eros over atlantis (sunk  
(eros over atlantis  
in the time-repeating seas, admire [my] our  
tenacity)  
jetting into the bulldozer civilization  
of Fraser & Mackenzie  
which is the furtherest west that man has gone

A maple leaf is in my pocket.  
x-rayed, doctored at Immigration  
weighed in at the Embassy  
measured as to passport, smallpox, visa  
efficient  
at last the [xxxx] official informs me  
I am an acceptable soldier of fortune, don't

tell the Commissioner  
I have Oxford poetry in the satchel  
propped between my arm surplus boots  
for  
[and]as I consider Western Arrow's  
pumpkin pancake buttered peas & chicken canadian style  
in my mind's customs office  
questions fester that turn[s] the menu  
into a visceral whirlpool. You can see  
that sick bags are supplied.

[page 185]

Our portholes beyond the invisible propellers  
snow mantles the ground peaks over Greenland.  
What ice island of the heart has weaned  
you away from the known white kingdom  
first encountered at Giant's Castle?  
You walked through the proteas nooked in the sun rocks  
I approached you under the silver trees.  
I was cauterized in the granite glare  
on the slopes of Table Mountain, I was baffled  
by the gold dumps of the vast Witwatersrand  
when you dredged me from the sea like a recent fossil.

Where are the mineworkers, the compound Africans,  
your Zulu ancestors, where are  
the root-eating, bead-charmed Bushmen, the Hottentot sufferers?  
Where are the governors and sailors of the  
Dutch East India Company, where are  
Eva & the women who laboured in the Castle?  
You are required as an explanation.

Glaciers sprawl in the jagged valleys,  
cool in the heights, there are mountains & mountains.  
My prairie beloved, you whose eyes are  
less forgetful, whose fingers are less oblivious  
must write out chits for the physiotherapy customers  
must fill out forms for federal tax.

Consolatory, the air whiskies my veins.  
The metal engines beetle on to [the] a further destinations.  
Pilots voice reports over Saskatchewan  
the safety of this route, the use of exits,  
facility of gas masks, Western Arrow's  
miraculous record. The flat sea washes  
in Vancouver bay. As we taxi in  
I find I can read the road signs.

Maybe she is like you, maybe most women

[page 186]

deeply resemble you, all of them are  
all things to all poets:[x] the cigarette girl  
in velvet with mink nipples, fishnet thighs,  
whose womb is full of tobacco.  
Have a B.C. apple in the A.D. city of the saviour,  
& sing the centennial song.

KAN7/67

## WAITING

The isolation of exile is a gutted  
warehouse at the back of pleasure streets:  
the waterfront of limbo stretches panoramically --  
night the beautifier lets the lights  
dance across the wharf.  
I peer through the skull's black windows  
wondering what can credibly save me.  
The poem trails across the ruined wall  
a solitary snail, or phosphorescently  
swims into vision like a fish  
through a hole in the mind's foundation, acute  
as a glittering nerve.

Origins trouble the voyager much, those roots  
that have sipped the waters of another continent.  
Africa is gigantic, one cannot begin  
to know the strange behaviour furthest  
south in my swastikaed xenophobic department.  
Come back, come back, mayibuye  
cried the breakers of stone & cried the crowds  
cried Mr Kumalo before the withering fire  
mayibuye Afrika

swastikaed

Now there is a loneliness of lost  
beauties at Cabo de Esperancia:  
all the dead poets who sang of spring's  
miraculous recrudescence in the sandscapes of Karoo  
sang of thoughts that pierced like arrows, spoke  
through the strangled throat of motley humanity  
bruised like a python in the maggot-fattening sun.

[page 187]

you with your face of pain, your touch of gaiety,  
with eyes that could distil me any instant  
to essence  
have passed into some diary, some dead journal  
now that the computer, the mechanical notion  
obliterates sincerities.  
[The] new amplitudes of sentiment has brought me no nearer  
to anything affectionate  
this magnitude of thought has but betrayed  
the lustre of your eyes.

You yourself have vacated the violent arena  
for a northern life of semi-snow  
under the Distant Early Warning System:  
I suffer the radiation burns of silence.

It is not cosmic immensity or catastrophe  
that terrifies me,  
it is solitude that mutilates,  
the sunbeam that reveals ash on my sleeve.

K.7/67

### **TWO WOMEN**

Behind the counter, an on-the-prowl  
Miss Modern. Strident high heels  
rip, rip, rip at air or wood:  
what is it to which she fails to kneel?

Perhaps men stud their floors with nails.  
Ask her if you want to be impossible;  
beware  
[avoid] direct thrusts though, she'll wax sarcastic.  
Her conversations are confined to the till.

Coups you attempt from a distance  
backfire -- she forks your ego bare like a bone.  
Hate her guts? No, sorry, that's up her alley;  
she's strictly speaking a tigress on the phone.

Darkness should hone her sharpness then  
when falling shutters signal her home.  
But pounced on by night, isn't she rather  
terrified by the stars, lampooned by the moon?

K. 1962.



seeking to dislodge the high & half-sweet fruit.  
Look at me, scarcely recognizable:  
beige with suburban mildness.

At the asphalt's edge  
I emerge from remembered depredations  
exulted over  
under lamp-posts in summer, by winter braziers.  
And  
[How]then already I caught glimpses/at entrances & exits/  
of worlds beyond the fug  
induced by aspirins in coca-cola  
or butts on the newspaper pavement of General Motors.

So, disenchanted as a salamander  
I graduated from the ghetto. Others  
never broke through the petrol rags.  
They lived to bruise a world  
distinguished by its rite of punishment  
while I dreamed to reconcile  
the face of my sylph with the urge to destroy.

She, my fairy desire, a girl of class.  
she hardly pretended to notice, having notions,  
but reappeared on the balcony, smiling indulgently  
with that Lux-scrubbed look, & mischief  
like a green scent about her, I imagine  
for distance can distort the senses;/ & geography is written thus/-  
'the trees in my country are evergreen.'

The brown leaves are falling [here] now in England,  
but proud with height along the autumn hedges,  
grown  
[now]as tall as the sun  
with its red eye in the west  
                  now  
I move though it is [here] with more of wisdom.

**COUNTY KERRY**

**I. The Green Eyes of the Fairies, seen through Guinness**

Moriarty shifts Harp lager, tells  
of the [10] twenty-and-a-half-pound salmon hooked on the Caherciveen  
side of Lough Currane, & how the gillie  
caught his pants on the second fly while thrashing out  
to gaff the fish that fought. The waterworks man  
tilts his black-booze glass over his lip  
so that the cream resolves into cobbles. Conley's  
foreman parks the tractor while the boss  
comes through in a Donegal tweed. He calls  
two pints, & a third for the harmonica player  
prancing in wellingtons, bowing his head with a black  
eyepatch over the eye -- remember Homer  
was totally blind, who drank  
from an amethyst cup, & sang.

I am muddied in Guinness. The silt pulse  
throbs warm along the blood, richer than words.

wistful

The earth-rich [smell of] peatsmoke spirals  
twistingly up the black brick, drawn  
by cold March air into the star-seeded evening  
now descending on the lake, or coming  
up the road from Killarney, or over the seabird bay  
with the tide at Ballinskelligs sweeping in.

Soft & sea-green eyes, the light  
pierces through wrinkles in a lounge of sound.  
A girl's innocence becomes lucid, her look  
behind the counter at the Lobster Bar  
is deep also, like water, conceals  
fairy tales, & tales of  
cairns & castles, sailors & tribes, saints,  
& knights in the bleak stone towers who hear ever  
the wind skimming from mountain  
ring to mountain ring, the ringed kingdom  
is never skyblue in the western drift

of mist bred in the sea & borne on the salt air.  
Old men talk & their eyes are green  
& young girls laugh & their eyes are also  
green. I echo you, Yeats, Sligo bard.

## **II. Valentia Island -- Main Impressions**

Halfway towards the lighthouse on the headland  
it's teatime if you've taken the noon ferry  
& come up from the pier along the [slate] walls / of slate, shale of the ages.  
The afternoon nudges you back, the stunted trees  
stand like fossils in the afternoon sun. The Gaelic  
word for telephone is telefon.  
They are here too, the intruders,  
& the landscape has them merged.

The man bids us sit down & shortly there / after with a tray his wife follows.

David Angus is a retired  
I.C.I. director. You can meet  
Dorothy Colleen Carnegie, Burmese harpist  
settled in a teahouse, & their youngest  
boy is learning to play Segovia.

Along a lip of the sea below the hill  
someone is building a summer retreat  
with Chinese mats & delicate bric-a-brac --  
an empress here, in jade, a swordsman there,  
a college emblem, Oxon. '38.  
A trim woman is seated, smoking,  
her small round head erect, wearing a silver sandal,  
her crossed legs bronzed, a beautiful symmetry.  
There are seashells in the walls, bones hollow & white & whorled  
at rest on the windowsill, or stirred  
to a calcium tinkle under the wind's finger.

## **III. Chess In The Butler Arms**

Some orthodox procedures as we drink  
off polished tables, American tourist class.  
You notice a blonde in minitartan:  
a chromium diaper pin's revealed  
as her coat's[falls] brushed from the opal button open;



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Also remember the long-lost  
Cabo de Esperancia, also  
patience & beauty, all that is possible:  
luminous, blood-sprung, man-bred, violently  
schooled in the zones of danger, to decay  
susceptible, you also will be man-  
handled [cruelly with the rubber gloves,  
the boots will tramp a tunnel through your heart]  
if not careful, if prone to see  
the Kerry kingdom as a mere vacation.

Not without light do I go, not only  
nerveless in back seats, limp in rat corners,  
dredged from the mudbed, globulously staring  
out of seaweed mound at deadening [heavens] skies:  
magpie  
but also the jackdaw calls, the sweet air whispers,  
in the husky alcoholic dawn there is something missing  
always, that I hope to find again.

Jules, Ian

K./Waterville, Ireland, 4:67 (with Olox,

Max, Anne)

**MUNDANE MONDAY**

through  
Half-wind [of] London leaves in summer time  
with floating sky  
pursues a conventional interest, & I  
follow my mind to its psychoboundaries.

The ice-cream man is ignorant of  
telly aerials sprouting from the chimneys.  
The ice-cream van plays pop & lolly music.  
The dollhouse of his soul sprouts  
candy floss like fungus.  
He is a sugar [square] daddy, the flower children  
laugh at his sticky fingers, & they chant  
Die thy lame id  
Die thy lame id

clover

They garland him, sweet-william & roses  
In the offices of corporation lawyers  
phone  
Dow Jones is having frantic [trunk] calls made  
[& the Industrials are frantic]

because a hippie crying gurdyloo  
spills a pail of petals over speculators  
from forty-four floors up, another basket  
of Rosemary & rue for the policeman  
they [we] call it herb o'grace o'Mondays. Play  
the cello with his night stick. It is everywhere  
the enemy of sense  
drives us to liberation. Who do you think  
invades the London Stock Exchange  
but Jesus & the love disciples

Herb. Grace

This is Hoovermatic.  
He & the salesman are plied with tea  
as they ought to be  
& when they wake up from their lunacy of commerce  
will certainly be delighted to see  
the luminous abstract on the enamel  
surface of the washing machine  
& will not try to sell  
                  people of the east  
electric clocks to the orientals[:]  
No little surprize will they exhibit  
(the TV Producer & his Cameraman)  
when the room booms with acid rock.

room

[place]

Around this [day] an orange painting flares  
alcoholically, if you are  
an ancient artist, fugitive in a bottle.  
At least you said something, come  
through the flowers out of your hothouse days  
we will break the glass cage gently.

The Lord Mayor rode through Buckingham Palace  
                  brutal

Road in ermine & terrible decorations.

He couldn't understand why

[people]

children/ the [children] in the park sang [Strawberry Field] Penny Lane  
to drown the national waltz. Because we cannot  
allow the presidents & ministers  
to hold the people incommunicado

[page 195]

in etiolated toilets.

Now it is over, goodbye again.  
The light of the east with queer ballistics  
shoots through my head as I push my neck through the rooftiles.  
There is nothing to see but sunfall  
on suburb pavements.

K. 7/67 -- Kendal Rise.

### **DRIVE**

Gulls hover in spring's ease above  
a stream that mirrors silver, lingers;  
air also cannot slip between  
the smooth wheel & my soothing fingers.  
Glass curves against the motion's airstream,  
green tint filters glare & sunsplash.

Desire haloes the fog of lovespeech.  
Calm glides along in plunge & rush  
where touch & gesture make their contact.  
Brush shows colour bursting lush  
along the road's electric shoulders.  
Rapture crackles in your bloodstream.

[xxxxx]

upslope where keen air[s] cuts fiercer  
shall I again unsheath a flower?  
Stream that rapes your lips of murmur  
takes the question, leaves no answer.  
Ecstasy burns you to a cinder;  
heights film your swimming eyes with wonder.

K. 9/63 -- Kromboom Road, Crawford.

### **wine women song**

Dry fingers drum  
impotent music  
on walls without doors.  
Waiting insulated kills  
the flowers of the sense  
that in black lava bloom[,]  
and words are not electric drills

or lack the mushroom  
thrust & texture.

The sensual monster  
must spurn 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:  
[What] 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 tentativeness.  
What you preserve through feminine affection  
I need not fear I've lost through separation.

Nortje: 12/65

### **Notes Towards A Poem For Her Birthday**

She said avoiding a dog in the road  
one afternoon she'd turn nineteen:  
that suave swerve unnerved me long  
after she released the clutch 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 like 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 & smoking I have wondered  
how an agnostic physiotherapist  
would respond to a religious  
[delivery] of iambs in [traditional] pentameter.  
massage

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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 voyeur, the quiet observer,  
a man called 'lucky' to be with such a chick,  
toting a lens at Nelson or saying  
'nothing 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 my memories from what is now  
a fascination bound to be lifelong.

It is a wistful thing to find no world-wide  
affiliations, no timeless affinities  
after the meal has been eaten, the carafes cleared.

any orator  
If I were [Demosthen], if I were Demosthenes, I  
would apply  
the rhetoric of compromise, philosophy, the golden mean:  
o Sybil, I would not have been a Pygmalion  
had you not been so beautiful, & Nandi  
forgive me baby for that Rondebosch fracas that ended  
a fruitful partnership, Inger darling  
that German beer was good while it lasted, I eat  
a frankfurter ever so often (thoughgodknows  
they taste ever-so-awful if I come  
from the upper reading room later than nine)

## **II. Poem-within-a-poem**

Silver plume in the high sunlight  
cannot descend to your knees, your buttocks,  
so thinly the white swathe dissolves  
among those winter elements. Observe.

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

No -- you are not lonely, hellishly  
gaping at Hieronymus Bosch on the wall.  
there is nothing less morbid than a telephone  
jumping shrilly 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 hum along your five-day stubble.

8 at Charing Cross. Step into action  
backing through the lobby, checking your latch  
key and the lights & the oven dials  
off. Your heart beats snug under the white shirt.

## **III. And There She Was ...**

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

Gorgeous. Blue glass, green lights, boutiques,  
music ubiquitous, whirring neon, windows  
glitter, patterned in  
suspensions & dimensions. Note vehicles,  
lanes, signs, an orange scarf, ring finger  
seen from the kerb in a cream Rolls. Engaged  
are the black taxis, minicabs. Me too.

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I glimpse thighs, spy symmetries, encounter  
waves, emotions, perfumes, brandy talk.  
Advertisements ascending & descending in tune with the escalator:  
to dance astonishingly, achieve popularity, have  
excellent breath cool gait  
in a Lovable Bra 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 Prezident's black market  
brothel for Mike Jagger  
Drugs? in Saigon's Evening Standard  
Mr Wilson & Mr Brown find many platforms

in the second that I think think  
the wooden stairs 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 creaking becomes  
unbearable, now a memory of no anxiety,  
when among people or 'alone with friend'

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

I am shapeless as a flame at your mercy  
coming over the river among the lights  
city, your hands are fondling  
my hair, you are my eyes, my wavelength, lifeline.

Arthur Nortje --London '67.

**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 bombed cities corpses gave courage.  
Statues in squares point or gaze  
in pale directions: realize how fortunate  
    who  
we are forgetting, but can turn & remember.

/lg>  
Balloons with pop age faces have burst  
soaring into the high unknowable currents.  
The vulnerable vacuum is of our own making:  
we take the mountains for granted too readily.  
Skyscrapers have addicted us to safety:  
    warm  
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  
    longing  
Out of poignance of awareness the poem  
    its  
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.

[page 202]

### **Burning of Letters**

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

For the old cadences  
I hold my ear attunded.  
A delighted child found this  
opportunity to experiment. Ruined  
my  
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.'d a joke, it seems,  
Blue-assured the sky. And life  
crackles yellow in the murderous flames.

K. 8/65

### **(To My Distant Beloved From) JESUS COLLEGE BAR**

Butter stops when the table shakes:  
the liquid moving like a tongue of oil.  
wring  
I [ru] my fingers then my eyes return  
to  
[from]a laugh: John's stoned. I joined because  
someone's girl is always looking.

With a whiskey 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  
I>huddle, focus attention

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now & then on my speech & usage.  
Enjoy the arrival, & I do myself,  
not half bashful in surroundings  
of neon light in the sandstone room  
& daring conversation  
as Charles the barman draws another pint.  
Relax among people: I am new!  
Not to be crucial

but with you.

Arthur Nortje: Oxford November 1966

### AFTERNOON AT EYNESHAM

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 wispy orange aura.

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

With roast lamb goes flan, then  
the pipe-stem clenched between his nicotined  
teeth, he offers sherry round the smalltalk,  
[We] takes us [down winding paths] to see the ruins,  
filigrees of hoarfrost on the lane-leaves  
blue mist over autumn slopes

under the mosaic.

where Roman bones lie [hidden from the children.]

the night etc

& the knife in

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                      Coming from the country of the jackboot  
attractive island [I now more admire.]                      within a month I have / discovered etc.

Arthur Nortje -- Oxford 1966

**AWAY SO FAR INDEED**

Away so far indeed my love may never  
its  
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,  
when I climb island paths to clearer prospects:  
without your nearness worlds withhold 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,  
and fingers keen for warmth along your cheek.

With dusk descends the wilderness of dreams  
in your quite usual beauty finding rare virtues.  
lovely point  
Your moon's gift is to show my destiny,  
So I shall hold you safe to man's dumb purpose.  
for to some purpose will we seed the dark.

K. Oxford 1966

**THIRD PERSON**

He asks what tree this is what tree  
so trim & slender with its various golds,  
from  
its ambers fading [xx]the eyes but then  
a thrush is delivered out of the leaves.

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

is  
No grey abstraction [as] the sky which keeps  
the laws of the mute transfiguring waters[.]  
Under the shifting mists he links  
his words like pearls about your features.

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Towards your sanity of women move  
accoutrements 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: The surgeon**

The surgeon who observes the wound turned septic  
is blinded wanly 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, defect[s],[there's no skill] 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.

<title> II -- Attempt</title>

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

The nerve that makes the muscle desperate  
is drugged by a desire that I rue.  
The latest disappointment that we grow  
old in the attempt to be united.

K. 6/67,/kg>



[page 207]

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 B52 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  
Raft being banned from London, & de Gaulle  
still in power, selling his dollars for gold  
& telling our boys to vamoose, I mean its 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 finger right on the button.  
Of course we've got all those investments in South  
Africa -- the guilt never wears off there,

w

though now & again we've got to show them we [d]on'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 punters  
a  
who believe that [some] 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 psychodelicatessens  
all over the nation -- what do they KNOW, those kids.

[page 208]

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 U Thant  
was actually quoted as saying Get Out Of Asia!  
That's what you get being generous. Look at the wheat  
we ship to India, the Marshall Plan, the --  
Jeez, & 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 & 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,  
                    had us  
all those shenanigans [scared] up-tight 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.  
                    flyin'  
Like [boatin'], shootin'  
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.  
                    ain't  
For one thing, one guy with one car [isn't]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 Nortje  
Kensal Rise, London

**POEM**

Though being the wanderer, [with] 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 curled 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.  
    sometimes  
But [often]joy peals through, pure as a bell:

'Let you into a little secret. I  
look forward to the news you have  
the poems you wrote & 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 yesterdays.

K. 1965

**INVITATION TO FIND OUT**

    win  
If new worlds [charm] 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  
    tactics  
the [strategy]of the predatory bird[s].

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 heartscape offers no oasis.

You crystallized like diamond to the pressure  
to dazzle foreign markets with your value;  
    well  
no [pod] of peace as during pristine summers  
when silt of limb & lush hair held me rooted[page 210]

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& 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.

K. 9/65

**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, & out of shade  
I stir my sad little self from thoughts  
of Keats under autumn on his sweet little island.

My kind (& I mean homo sapiens)  
weave in & out of unknowing subways  
[across?] under this black square of blond-bossed kingdom  
where summer journeys end in spasms.

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

K.A. Nortje -- Capetown 1963/11.

**ACT**

Bleak 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 creases.  
Your quiver muffles winter worlds,  
I drink this warmth in silence.

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

Arthur Nortje 1964.

**TRAVELLING PEOPLE**

Thinking of yesterday as always now you  
travel, return, hold juice the interstitial  
that  
substance [filling to] nourishes membrane, tissue  
[Desire streams back to a weekend]

Remembrance has a weekend etched  
when bullets wrote the hard initials.

the  
[some] trees you bruised with your initials.

Smoke's bluish-grey trails climb in simple  
wisps from ember's 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 disarray below  
[a moment too early] the castle.  
Memories swirl through my webless fingers;  
torn hands cannot block the water.

K. 9/63 --Capetown

To An Apartheid College

**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.

[page 212]

**TUESDAY morning after rain**

Raindrop jewelled grapeleaf,  
raindrop rainbowed light that moment.  
Gold[ness] floods this doorway early.  
shine

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

Mountains lie blue & jagged open[,]  
land, blond  
[to the master eye, the blond feeling.] in the blond vista 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.  
Bluegum stumps point fingers at the sky.  
House-bound and law-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  
indigenous  
though willows are [resilient as sinews]  
resilient as sinews.

All day I hear the roar & howl of sorrow  
sand  
while [snow] 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 flee [despair] 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 kaffir 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 will be answered  
& wherefore the anatomy of fear.

**FINALLY FRIDAY**

I woke to the glow of curtain  
[this] spectacular lucky morning  
& sky's wide stretch of azure  
calls sparrows from the stonepines.

Lion in the game park sprawls  
lazily across the tourist road  
& Leitch has sold his house  
on the township avenue  
& the radio announces  
the end of black resistance.

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  
trek, 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.  
[Dull] without 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. / Curfew 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. 2/1965 -- Port Elizabeth

### **ON THE TRAIN**

As travel's windstream slits my gaze  
hills run one by one through 1/2-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 pith of fragrant fragments;  
not all is spiked & ugly yet.

Reeds in a stream wave tall, wave-lovely  
& I stand tall with wistful fingers,  
tall as you blowing platform kisses  
with shy lips shut because of knowing.

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Flaming clouds smoke through the azure  
nervous tints of early hours;  
after ninety days almost of summer  
the sun's unkindness still kills their colour.

Train stops in the dawn-warm station.  
You stopped once halfway with a good luck gesture,  
afraid to finalise 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 wan affection to my head endeared.

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

**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/Capetown 1964.

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### **COLD SPELL**

Icy spell traps me after spring bred  
fig's green rags, world's froth of blossom.  
Cream burst to the surface, rain fed  
milk & yellow lilies, I got  
goldenrods when twigs had scraped some  
warmth [& moisture] from winter's meagre budget.

Lush colours pictured September's opulence;  
water splashed joy through my fingers, glistened,  
danced my face in the element's brilliance.  
Hatched things, flocks of new birds fashioned  
fr. country  
hope's emergence, [offered the millions]  
blood's fresh chance to change & mingle.

opened  
freedom's country

But cold spell shuts one in at zero.  
Before the switch could click the chill  
wormed back into the bone's warm marrow,  
froze the thawed thoughts  
[under half-grown feathers]dead until  
is buried in an iceberg  
hopefulness [inherits grime & cinders]  
of arctic yesterdays, & blank tomorrows.

Ironcast sky: against the day I'll carry  
something subversive, ash in a satchel,  
showing I've studied death's business, am very  
prepared to report in heaven or hell  
(barring of course a security leak)  
that grey day gagged it -- spring could not speak.  
granite the elements

K.A.N. 10/63

### **Midnight & After**

'What surprises me Norks 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 steps haunted by wet light.  
Hoarse with despair the clock coughs twelve:  
the dead, already smeared with salve,  
inhabitants of inky ghetto years  
are distant to these gongs of blight.

The pendulum grows sterile. One day spilt,  
another seeps through door-sacks bible-thick.  
Our souls, condemned to their ancestral black,



**FOR CHRISTOPHER GELL**

Has something you wanted to say  
ever paralysed a sky.  
full of people beside themselves?  
is bedside concern to  
There [are distant rehearsals], they wish you [would] die  
suddenly. Slowly you  
[mercilessly I]have won [your]self // you ... yourself  
victories over disease;  
sprinted through heats of desire  
Lungs rotting by daily degrees

are nothing, are exchanged with ease  
for iron ones, resistant of rust,  
unable to be dismembered or  
blasted to artificial dust.

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

But the dead voice filters through  
hot cordons of paralysis --  
have demanded my passport to  
the realm of crystal chalices

Nortje, Paterson High, Schauder Township: 10/60

**CONVERSATION SIMPLEX**

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

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

But these are time's ephemera,  
blooms [untightening, budding] skill. debut of the dahlia, flower ball  
exposure, the worldly  
What catches the eye [one instant's glitt] that edges nearer  
is blown leaf's deathspin in the fall.  
Asked & answered, back to zero:  
when do you want this for, tomorrow? July/ 1963

**SOLVING THE CROSSWORD**

Lithe breathing fingers shut the ballpoint in  
to jot staccato findings swiftly down  
across the baffling 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  
who felt thaw coming (ah, WHAT an aside) [,]  
to bless with ideas on return the freed marrow?  
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),  
toppled 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 [I] ran for the border before start of rain.  
Is murder perhaps (you demur?) peaceful pressure?  
I quite start to believe the death is the answer.

deflect? Left

K.A.N. 1963

**The Same To You**

Last time I made some love arrangements  
they  
materialized & no doubt I  
was flattered if not flabbergasted.

She came beautifully  
ruby-lipped & eyebrow-pencilled;  
green she came & left at  
brown dawn.  
This then, I said, is called  
success.

temperate, continent  
The other evening to tell you of it,  
clean & sober I came finally,

[page 220]

you rising in your casuals, saying  
ooh Arthur excuse me, don't I look awful.

Maybe the call was unexpected.  
I said nothing till you  
came back ruby-lipped and --

ooh ooscuse me Ivy 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 & chiselled facets,  
the luxury summer's [blu] buxom curves,  
autumn's crisp luminescent sunsets,  
winter even with 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.  
Around you wafts all quietness.

And fallible, you go amiss  
& firmly I defend your right,  
for where the shadows cross they kiss  
instead of sullyng 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 complement.

K.A.N. 5/1965



## SEPARATION

Wet day continues. The quieter wind  
courts drooping willows while the light absconds.  
Thrush song dissolves in the subtle  
pulsation of waters. The darkness surrounds,

a black stance at a distance.  
All life to the inner circle's apart,  
further than I can reach at once  
with the heart.

Separation seems all. I remember  
your face so ringed 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 Nortje 1964

[

## Started

first thought went forgotten  
when something went bang  
mind counting the footsteps  
till switch first clicked

but before the event I  
stood weighing moments  
& lived above both  
the darkness & who

flickers these tongues  
a  
in [the] kitchen of silence  
the speechless soul  
expects some ghost through the shut door.

1963

## There Is This Dream

Unravel why the iron demon flees!  
These passing trainwheels slaughtered sleep  
which used to frolic in the brain.

skin  
The wind barbs questions through the bone,  
wants  
[asks]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 lame limbs  
that sleep will never come  
which you in me or steel or rock can't [touch] shatter

So bitterness proliferates  
as I lie breaking wind [& blown]  
swallowing my spittle.

K. 1963

**Serenade to a Sunday Night**

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

This insect sleeps & waits insidiously,  
so sing our ooze-blind eyes; the strain  
hardly matters  
[must wax obnoxious] to the moon since she  
grows fat alone & thus courts famine.  
Now it is Lent, & soon there may be  
bloodshed & uproar in my country.

K. 1963

**DISCOVERY**

Truth dawns. Or what can pass  
as truth a pseudo-dusk in this room's limbo.  
Rain-racks diffuse at evening:  
half-sweet & semi-dust the street air smells.

Misted & arid atmosphere parallels  
intricate self-searching cerebral processes:  
the dry mind with these moist thoughts driving  
vapour over the walls of mirror[s].

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  
mirrorless 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,  
& right or wrong must be deferred.

[page 224]

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 slants 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 money traffic, Friday police, black people.  
The raindrops grope & cling but cannot enter,  
& where my breath is eager scenes are blurred.

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

Drizzle ceases & 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 loins across the parquet.

Who hears the dark drunk heart affirm the rhythm?

K.A.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 nubile

[page 225]

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 Rothmans & [stubs] 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 searing.

Arthur Nortje 1965.

"African Genesis": p. 247. Death is the evaluator. Death moves among the chances, choosing. Out of 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 fish 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 odour of jasmine may scent the night, though hummingbirds hover at the window, 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 outlet between mountain & tree  
looks possible on evening sea.  
Steel & gold ripples compose your face.

Refuge of exiles. I am keeping my soul  
in the house with yesterday's news.

[page 226]

On rock shore, city block, or where you choose  
there's no sad story that 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 grisly  
era in my motherland's been buffered

by a season in England [,] with the roots  
of the rhizome'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 forkful of spaghetti  
eyes you as an ornament whose coolness  
could suit his living-room. An old professor  
yearns to pinch your behind. Young businessmen  
taking tea with your father are distracted.  
They make bad bargains. At the ball  
with (subtle)  
you danced [relentlessly] style. Only I see  
your face is scarred with secrets  
from localities of flesh, the burns & wounds.

Unanswerable, my questions grieve the darkness,  
thought upon thought that crowds out sympathy.  
Up the [aloof]side I have scaled  
that mountain standing in the wintry 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 bowels.  
The first climber perished in that abyss:  
the pitons have been rusting in your thighs.

unclimbable

Your dawn 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.

[page 227]

They have opened your skull with cutlery  
from the coffee-table.  
With a toothpick your mother  
fishes in her bourgeois world, your sister (fences  
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.  
[This negative I hold against the light]  
I [but] notice open spaces when we've spent gaps wherever we have  
time in the grass together:  
scalp & bleak knuckles.

K. --7/67

### Notebooks & Seasons

Mixing in more memories, staple diet. July 1963. That third walking beside you? Shackleton on ice knew a guardian angel. In brown sackcloth & monk's cowl (cucullus non facit) like Christ to the wasted phantasmagoria a hidden traveller. Or the philosopher. Curried beans for supper, always with loose rice -- the grains catching moist[ure] gravy through the fork. Mrs Halford in Kromboom Rd: early that year me from Else[x] River. The sand desert of my city -- mild winters running for the bus in the mornings: to Bellville on the Cape Flats. Gin & torino vermouth on birthdays & Saturdays.

Why did your worm knot tight? Shit & blood. The die is cast -- jacta est alea says Caesar presumably at the Rubicon. Teach us to care & not to care. On Hopkins there's a trace of [alpha sign?] in the paper with a B++ on only two questions, but on Donne there's a straight beta. Chaucer / (gamma) plus. That's not too bad for the peregrinating imagination. 'Extremely good performance [from] quote Williamson, debilitated Jesus don i thingge. Not now the satirical portrait: from Marlowe to Amis (lucky jim) the university wits have done it. One died over a gaming debt, dark figure of intrigue, irreverent poet. Other goes right over Vietnam. American-outward-bound. Go over them, river & sound, wash. Frightful a nightfall folded rueful a day. Ideas impinge like cosmic particles. Chosen to believe in bio: viva me in voce.

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 Marxist or Freudian or origin of species, the fallacy is romantic. Man is not innocent whose big joy is blowing the place up. Bid adieu with 'remember me'.

Platitudes, cliches [e acute]. Silence is golden patience 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 Langenhoven of Oudtshoorn, essayist. Can run so many furlongs in so many seconds. Maybe he gets better feed, less of a bad-weather animal. Jockey cannot communicate, believe me, whispering in his ear. Lester Piggott is led to the water but will not drink: that's horse sense. Puts on too much weight, one day will suffer from kidney trouble. Six sacks you can carry on the moon, in earth's atmosphere one. Ergo the burden is heavier terrestrially, lighter lunatically. An impersonal comment. Pull yourself up by the hair roots (not bootstraps, that's for skid row) & turn yourself inside out. Learn to see in a new way every day. Don't wallow in hebetude. Balls to territorial imperatives, status: psychology's catshit is of by & for the middle classes. Fringe people are the disturbers of the comatose bourgeoisie. Shake them down or shake

them up. Pathos & ethos, compassion & humour. Like Herzog. Bellowing like the sea into the gravestones.

a

They are dead and for [the]moment not a word. The soul that suffers plans it thus. Guilt is a mendicant conscience that begs assuaging. Spit on it like shame. A jet of white through the teeth that hits the asphalt with a fringe foam of bubbles. The sun eats up the germs, evaporates the indignation. It is a joy to the miners, laying the dust. Phthisis & halitosis lead to gangrene. Both hurt, known about.

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 lantern moving in the night. Raining 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 specialization of the great species. But take sugar with a pinch of salt, don't eat the blotting paper neat. Like chewing glass for a drink in the pub: no flavour. Lying days of youth 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. Loneli-  
mind

ness is loneliness for the lost contact. The address of the [soul] changes but the soul remains as it was before. Hate my own company, said Dr Johnson. Drinks tea, bottles of wine, talks like a king. Talks and walks nightly in London with the indefatigable James Boswell. Superb eloquent arrogance, not dogmatically but deliberately. Bek vol tande 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 sauce of telly pours 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 finds; the moist sheath cut from the bone (but hadn't gone north) & the eyelids stitched to a whimpering sun in winter. Jellies the sinews & assaults the nostrils with cooking steam. Death smokes in the nude pith of the coffee cup. O.k., 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 and bad time side by side. Yesterday a lush noon. In winter, mind you, no phenomenon, though the corridors at Bellville 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 on the satchel winking brightly. Golden Arrow bus passes [Athlone] Greenhaven

cropping

in the afternoon. Cows half-buried in grass & crocus swats flies [chewing cud]bovinely, udder swinging with nipples swollen to a focus (there is no udder milk). Tickbirds attending. Cow eats till the eyes look giddy. Bull has dewlap, going up the road drawing cart. Whip cracks smartly through the air, the brown flesh aches & bears it. Emerald blades in the damp [gr] mound. 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 backlash.

Love in the thumping muscle. Either real or imaginary. Angry is the swelling vein.

Life begins in seaslime, is nourished on the compost heap. Humus where bacteria work moderately in the temperate climates. Not hot-headed like the latins. Military dictatorships all over however. The weapon is the single greatest cultural acquirement. Guns not butter. Ask the presidents, chairmen, premiers. Organic matter decomposes regardless. Not knowing death or fear. Do me no favours. Magnetic smell of pu-  
moist

denda juices & [wet] pubic hair. Thighs with a burst of lubricant, ecstasy clutching, the relaxed nostril sniffs casually, wants it once again with muscular motion. Threads of light through the dawn window, still talking. [Slee] Drop off for an hour. Have gained the attentiveness of her soul. Body could bear my stamped image. Milkman heard distantly in London grey. No dustman on Sundays. Lunchtime booze at the Tally Ho. Beer for me, she's vodka & orange. Expensive on the music side: good jazz, tenorman

Scruffy

leads. [Yellow] shirt, born in World War I. Double-breasted grey suit, puckered [dus]shoes: dust of mortality. A blowing man, cat who knows the instrument. Gets you in the heart, not like trumpeter. Trombone too brassily ponderous with inept local youngsters. She must change traveller's cheques to finance us tomorrow. This morning borrowed four quid. Love -- real or imaginary. Sorrow no more pierces the membrane. Happy. Danced till four at Mingo's party, tenement room. Couldn't find the road to Finchley West. Driver tired & sleepy. Call in at cop station. That was Ballards Lane. Said her plane leaves 9 a.m. from Heathrow. No long goodbyes, just waving from the [gate] car. Bruised flesh repairs itself, sleeping past station in the subway nearby. No breakfast. Can't think straight. And that's all you get.

Propagate a scream before you stiffen. Lets darkness lie where flesh can freeze. Rummage in old poetry. Hands buried stones [b] under the harsh gold tide of light which whirls around this room's blurred limits. Blobs of snow blown from the frosty ceiling -- nonsequences? Never zero. Lemon on the table has acerbic potential. Where nest the flies till daylight? They left the dog to smell a ghost. Odour of [wet] damp ash in the night draught: darkest hour before dawn. What if thrombosis strikes the neon? Argon is the pale 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 Frenchy to hospital. Taxi at Mowbray. Was it another time his skull framework came loose & he teetered on his heels [outs]in the outpatients lobby, about to collapse? Near death, had help not come. The wire in the jaw. Took 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 bloom & weed alike. Only the roofs [of] over the rich don't leak. Snapdragons are protected in the gardens. Still, most flowers don't mind. Fresh as dew in the morning when I go to the factory. Don't notice them, smoke [drug] dagga reefer for energy of long hours. Overtime, get bonus. Edworks Shoes Ltd boss gives [the] Xmas presents. Kiddies too at General Motors -- tricycles, beach balls, plastic soldiers. This Friday night see nothing

merchant

[pu] of week's pay. Pay moneylender at gate. Greek at cafe for fish & chips, pork pies, beef polonies. Grass

brown overall

waiting at bus stop in township Friday afternoons. Maybe slip away in five o'clock crowd, [at gate,] loaned in finishing dept [xx] get off at terminus, drink all night in different [bro] shebeen? Korsten, [tou] rough neighbourhood. Next week double. Child by Jutenaig dame, goes to court for maintenance money. Honesty the best police. Stood in the pay queue at 4.30. Thick Manila envelope for bloke in front. Read newspaper over his shoulder, war in Korea. More education. Get married sometime. Council house in the new township. Shopping centre there, own class of people, Morgan the coloured greengrocer. Send kids to school. Rugby on Saturdays, wireless in the back garden Sunday afternoon. Nice times at Xmas.

Raindrops in hibiscus gleamed like paleness of pearl. Pink tint inside oyster shell, but this fierce red is luminous. Intenser than damask rose. Broad open petals, pistils loaded with yellow erotic stamens thrusting

out. [Picked] Plucked whole flowers, squashed them in smooth moisture of girl's pudenda, 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 sack once, bottle store owner said didn't pay for that. Chipped ones at half-price. Thought they crushed all the chipped bottles & made some more from the mass of glass. [Teacher said they m] Read somewhere glass made from seasand. Save bottle money

after a time. Mr Karools [2/-] short that Thursday night. Says if I'm a bright boy at school. If I lend him 2/- give back half-a-crown come Friday. Next week other motorcar assemblies broke. Make money till one man sacked, some don't pay. Too big to beat up. Bought jeans & backdoor shirts anyway while profit. High school then, selling newspapers. General Motors manager, blue Cadillac, left-hand drive. Gives big tip, throws away cigarette after three puffs. Scramble on the pavement. One day fight. Gash in forehead, puffed lip. Blood on front page, take that one home. Guards at gate in blue shirts: run to

whip you, standing in too far for advantage. Sell many that way, first to get done. But must be nimble. Others tell guard. Beware of the broad-shouldered Afrikaner on Fridays. Eagle eye; call him 'Oogie'. Long time ago. Took girl to Alpha Bioscope on newspaper earning. Matinee: Wild Bill Hickok. Later Anthony Quinn, downtown Avalon. Hold clammy hands in the dark, touch [on] tits. Gang leader searches his pockets for money in [the] deserted toilet. Says I took it, smells of wine. Can't say you're drunk, shit-scared. Can't pee any more. [Shit-scared] Like tears, not flowing any more. Men don't cry. Can't. Fortunately find coin rolled up in handkerchief. Didn't go there for weeks. Might find rolled-up not in shoe with knife blade turning in [hips] ribs. Note always dark with sweat when undressing after mother gone to bed [sleeping] with eyes to the wall. Speaking as out of the hole in the coir mattress, thin worrying voice. Afterwards when jacket's a man bought a wallet. Initials, chased leather. [xx] Hardly used it, still work from back pocket, [blazer] inside slot when with lady. Brittle toughness succumbs to society.

Cockerel gathers strength at the throat. Whistle the willow's despair. Abstractions -- effete afoot. Not worthy of backyard scenes. Crime passionel: two men fighting. Roll in the dust, drunk. Otherwise more peaceful. Watch hens skitter to a seedspray. Tide & rhythm stay the same. Grass dies, flesh putrefies. Chicken on the table Sundays. Feathers & blood dripping in the bucket. Plucked in hot water. Black pimples on the arse. Parson's nose for the father, white breast for me. Mr Halford loves the wishbone after playing sofa rugby. Stream of conscience: sorry about cutting so badly. A gash was in those days not simply a gash, said Hemingway. Chicago boat [.] tramps. Also a feast: moveable.

Preventive **[Tea &] Detention**

Pale [wrinkled] teaboy juggling cups & saucers  
 once taught Othello to our class,  
 & a spindly scholar's 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 strands together,  
 [politics] loves & passions that amass.  
 Skin is discoloured [amo] the blowing clouds What's  
 while winter [is] in the [luminous] grass  
 winters in is luminous.

K. 7/63

Glue back the scabs on the scars of  
 old fibs. Throw some ancient trash away.  
 Lily that survived by war & slime al-  
 though the pond has water on the brain.  
 Droopleaf on tottering stalk -- yet there  
 is something repulsive about the waterlily  
 (those that fester?). Even the St Joseph  
 variety has an unpleasant odour. Succu-  
 lent & smooth white, of course -- they grow  
 from tubers.

Then coming home in a sandstorm. One day  
 with Tillyard from Leygonie's library. What  
 thoughts I had down Thornton Road.

Night's coarse-mouthed sensual syllables, the moon's amber fumes, thin willow in starlight. Nature stuff. Feeling pangs of absence, silence, distance. Hideous barking of an iron caterpillar. That's poetically observed. But why preserve? Every man his moments? Eddies tug & suck me dry. In a tornado.

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

Gull shrills against the slicing wind. Scavengers in courtyards, on railway stations by the coast. Wrong train at Bellville, needed shekels from Zadia the bluestocking slamaaier. Tense. Talked about Eliot's reconditeness as a virtue. Flock seaward with the milky clouds. Don't get in the way of the black wind, the arctic breezes on the highveld. Meet you with a glacial politeness in the tall dusk of trees. Drip acid on your knickers (drawers in other words). She is bleached but may one day chew betel leaves. Never knew where she came from. No time for highly-strung pabulum of popinjays. Ronnie

cut

Burton found her amenable & old hawk-eyed Leygonie I swear. Used to [bunk] his librarianship classes. Distrust of books, intellect. Read a good one on occasion.

Chill bone & rotting membrane in a rock pool. Gull's guts. High up they hurl defiance to the wind. So long time spent on old poems, skeletons. Naiveties of feeling can't be passed on. Terribly unsubtle. Young passion's mostly pretentious rubbish. Distance burn pitch black what I left.

No flower wants to be black.

### Poem

12 o'clock room with a smoke umbrella  
screens me from what sad encounter?  
Cold rain by my window weeping.

Wherever I stand there slants shadow  
& should I switch to darkness then  
who would touch me & know I'm human?

Waters tumble & stop without reason  
wet leaves dripping. I cannot connect  
this dry room with that cold rain weeping.

Thus  
[And] each day passes with a little murmur  
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 dewlapped East Eur. jewboy on the plane, & his flight nurse putting down ginger ales on the rocks. Told him me dad 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.

Betty Means of Alamein Court typed one version in thing trying to develop linear. Never got my hand down her bosom. White widow throwing gin parties. Bessie Head out of her mind acting passionate polemical scenes from her novel-in-progress. Assorted whitey liberals nervously laughing. Like that Summerstrand night [I] jived with the boss of Lyons Shirts's daughter, shapely brunette; alert & dishy. Schoolgirl. Sophisticated. They smoke in front of their parents. Freedom that gets to be regrettable. Attaboy! said Dennis. Mixed it up with another time we suppered at Nads' Restaurant with Marsla 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.

Origins should make you blush -- the phrase 'low flame' in Femina & Woman's Life. Mum used to tell my stars out of there. Horoscope. Interesting events on the horizon. Future is particularly bright. Means 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  
pursing  
at Oudtshoorn & smiling wanly with cheerful [puc] of the lips. Turning cup around & around in the palm. Diamond lady, sweet tears. A man in the circle. Lame girl with her little son came often. Dusky Lena who didn't marry prodigal Freddy, the enigmatic son of Hammond St. Put silver coin in the cup turned in the saucer. Grease my palm the fortuneteller agrees. Her

pleasure. Some kind of mystery to me poring over schoolbooks. Tea tasted nice, though; eet sum mor biscuits from Kim Ching the township grocer. Always owe me money Mrs Podgeeter. But never mind can [next] nex weeg.

### VISITING

Bright day turns soft in the summer evening,  
flame burns low in the west where I walk to.  
There is the house, wipe shoes & enter  
with steps the carpet leaves unechoed.  
The silk scarf & the sling bag mean  
she's here. Perfuming for my coming.

Her lounge I sit down to possess,  
& it must sense my presence. Sofas do.  
Miniature waterfall of sound again  
drops from the goldfish gently (these can glide  
serenely in their clouded water).  
I switch familiar music on.

Curled warm, with buried claws & fangs,  
cat's sinuosity is infinite.  
He hears his lady's footsteps on the parquet,  
& unlike me he stretches to the sound.  
Her husky hello though, is not for him,  
& what I care to say she'll make her own.

### K.A.N. 1/1964

F.L. Eramus -- put me out with the morning dust after orgy weekend with Lox Rousseau & Joe  
Intaka c.t. Came back in the rain, puncture on a Boland pass at dusk. Performance after  
performance. Slept there. Epileptic homosexual, blue-black son (blou kaffir, krooskop klong) called Hyacinth.  
Divorced, with designs on girl I knew. Also that stellar mystery the third sex. In the double-bed with  
spring  
him like Chaucer's [summer] birds 'slepyng with open yen'. Nevertheless rescued the swernoot from long-  
range perdition & immediate eviction. Blithely answered from the warm sheets not to worry papa. That  
Ethel  
nun who'd come back [in] to secular life -- already told? [Ma], Potty, golf clubs & football associations --  
whole caboodle should be leapt on from a horrible height. Piss on them Baxter-Jones if you ever visit  
that part of the country. Built posh ten-roomed house with stolen bricks.

Eustace Roman -- doctor, young, tough, compassionate. Helpful. Visited for check-up & offered me a lift back  
from surgery. Gave ten bob to the patient. Contrast with specialist Mshloko, shut up in  
his room at Livingstone quarters. Crashed that one, talk five mediocrities to a standstill on way  
to kitchen. [Dran] Cleaned out all the booze, passed contents of the fridge & party delicacies through  
window. Getaway in Pinky's black Morris to Mavis Pather's. Sing freedom songs there all night. People  
fucking in bathroom. Chicken curry frying in the kitchen & eggs that don't break on the way.  
Classical music in the lounge sitting on pile rugs. Marsla languishing in jail. Or Rom the Rumanian,  
alcoholic erotomaniac. Pinching the ward's medical brandy at crack of dawn. That one disastrous, four  
of us crawling & falling over the chairs on Sunday morning. Carrie puking as Rom delivered a huge  
kiss. Didn't come back again. Hellcats on the loose & bastards on the quiet. Never questioned -- too sharp  
when 'ge-olie'. Combination operation, ma Basson in Southend, Dowerville, Fairview. Veeplaats at Stanley  
Bowers. All over. Box 8002, Schauder Township.

Rousseau clan -- jazz at 24 Stent Rd come Friday. The kid from red something. Basie. Count Basie.  
George, Wally & Florence. Family of 10, at last count. Big daughter big with child when married to

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 [there] Cypress Avenue. Sybil with a smallish hole. Carol with a big one. Pathological jealousy on one hand balanced by the other's fearful nonchalance.

Johnson, Largo. 13 Raphael Crescent sums it up. Lucky devil marries an unlucky angel. Best of luck. Frenchy in Bilston Road after recovery. Hired out house to Peacock, guitarist. Kids dug gaping holes in the garden, smashed gate hinges, cracked bedroom window. Reoccupation after marriage (3rd). Carried to bed drunk on wedding night. Got his bit (as if not before) in the hour preceding daybreak: darkest hour before the dawn.

sentenced

Bunny Jafftha -- how matrimony takes them away -- [punished] by the judge to 1000 punitive weekend hours. Head-on in car at 70 m.p.h. on Pinelands expressway. Frenchy through windscreen went flying. Emergency live operation. Ambulance man first left him for dead.

Big Bill Bruinzy is the voice of God & the face of Gabriel. Lox wants out from temperance sermons. At that time sister [inten] spoke of pursuing a fleeing cricketer to Durban. Summer's inconstancies.

in

Made love on the reams of brown paper on the table [at] back of Atlas cleaners depot. Sang beatles early tawny

numbers there Xmas Eve with [red] sherry after closing time. Suppose can live on own & handle that overly capricious belle, name of Gaynor. Take home from downtown cafe job at night knives bristling on the dice corners, dagga reek scenting the air & honeysuckle. Wilderness of stones: the stony townships. Car wheels spattering from under in all directions, kicked one up against my balls going to school on the hill. One night at braaivleis broke the bridge of her nose when seen with strange guy. [Other time] Lawyer's letter. Other time knocked him about with [a] stiletto heel. Once or [twice] thrice. Ping ping. Pong or pow. Roundabout's lost, again swings. Sister joined battle while ma washed skull in kitchen. Apology, slightly drunk. Wash that gal ride outa muh hmm? Never touched a girl till he was twenty. Strict anglican parents. Pa Rousseau was Tramway official. Fell

truck

out of bus & pensioned. Tyrant in his days. Bought Fargo [van] savings, dream of lost influence, to

going downhill as local political force. Too educated. Sold retail vegetables [on] never-never customers. Mrs Groenewald's had to bail out her son Ampie, arrested for disorderly conduct. Railwaymen's wives in white suburb couldn't pay, bought lavishly all through the month. Cabbages & carrots, crates 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 with my prolapsed haemorrhoid [suffer] squeezing [the]at stool till the red grape dropped in the pan. Or an ingrown toenail, stinking up the tenement. Thumbnail shattered in car door. That wasn't

tiny

suffering. Brought bug eggs with me, [small] white ones hiding in seams of clothing. Slept over there nights on end & infested the place. Pour boiling water over the bedsprings, [cre] rub garlic & ja-maica ginger into the crevices. He liked me, proud of me, godfather. Called him gawfar at table, Answered questions 'gerfidder' in small meek voice. Spoke fatherly to me in bedroom. Take care, my boy. Sons & friends boozing next door. Put on jazz loudly. Speak up & don't pause they said. Make noise with your feet [when] between tracks on the LP. Ma with angina. Pain up the left arm, calling that doctor whom the dachshund bit one day. Frontal attack, not sneaking up. Took Chippy for walks to the dairy. Chatted to Mr Gelderblom on the way. Both gone. All the old-timers. Some fine stories. Son Alan seeing his slut, comes back at three four a.m. Locked out after warning, no key. Quietly piles bricks under the window, taps a code with one slim finger. Not even dog in other room hears. Haul him in, smiling by the light of streetlamp. Do the same for us, [out on a limb].

on the sofa

Sybil in c.t. after that birthday consummation. Virgin; never worked so hard. Dad passed away, old army-style Grimsell. Left some real estate. [Following me] Packing up for c.t. Wouldn't let me sleep with her on train though. Prim as a posie, read old yellow-leaved books on sex published by [a subsidiary] Bible Tract society. Told me having it in pregnancy was harmful to the woman & odious in the eyes of God. Feigning bitch wanted me to marry her. Still at college,

I said, studying for finals after no-work year. Blurted out in front of landlady [that] the whole story. Fortunately was crying & incoherent. Put her in taxi, refused to think for few days. Then got phone call, she saw doctor although I didn't want to go along. False alarm. Funny voice on line, attractive husky [minus] syllables. Women call it some technical name, missing a monthly. Not been worried anyway. Rhythm method [xxxxx] cheapest & safest. All the good times we had with the rough & the turbulent with the temperate. Connie Francis, her favourite singer. Cat who couldn't dig, only scratch. Tremendous generosity. Parker 61 she gave me. Writing this. Once more with feeling is first.

Mr Yon was okay when I returned home from vacation. Tyrone. Later embraced Islam & wed society chick. Wearing kofiah going to Hepworths factory in the mornings. More should be said about this enigmatic chap. The low priest of reticence. Never said anything first in my experience. We will hear of him again if not from him.

James April, recent 90-day detainee. Took 2 soetes to Raymond's from Liberty Bottle Store. Due to see Cosmo Pieterse Sunday. Joke about Cosmo's elegant small glasses with gallon of liebies hidden round corner. He carries on academic conversation bending round the door pouring another round. Spaces them well. Going to England. The persecution & incarceration of the darkie intelligentsia as witnessed by the bourgeois quislings & fellow-travellers under the direction of the Nationalist Party in the Republic of S.A. Johnny v.d. Westhuizen majored in Icelandic. Some guys pulled out of the [figh] struggle early, you couldn't judge them on much. Kept their jobs, out of harm's way. Couldn't ask allegiance in a variegated society. Shocking disparities. Not here [for] the solution. Merely from a never writer to an ever reader: news.

From Crawford to Wetton. Write the journey into a leg of the odyssey perhaps. All for love, real or ...

Suffering is delicious -- an esoteric thing to say, a mystical utterance. Yellow-flowering willow. Painted hollow houses in Bonteheuwel 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 prick off [&]: planted like cigar in corpse's mouth. Stabbing cases at Groote Schuur Hospital -- hundreds [?hav] coming in weekends on stretchers. Broken skulls & ripped stomachs. Cops patrol in threes. At night rocks 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. Albert Lutuli killed [by] [by/at] railway 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. 100 points to the carat. On a birthday card to Joan a jocular message. We shall not cease from exploration etc. Little Gidding. The end is to arrive where 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. Infuriates me sometimes. A little bit of everything said my London pal Maggie. [whom I long pursued.] Hatred too.

Martin Daniels, that slick & easy sailor.

Matter is uncreatable & indestructible. Man may be exterminated or exterminate himself, but as Friedrich Engel's moving essay under Dialectic Materialism in Encyc. Brit. proves, 'motion is the mode of existence of matter'. Heraclites -- all things are flowing.

Sent my neckties from home forgotten in hurry. Surprising long slender box I get. Maybe mamba inside. Almost killed on road Friday hitching with Wakefield. Driver swerving & careering. As result make beeline for Athlone Hotel, pipe for Raymond. Once more with life. Visited J. Villa on way to Louie, promised cinema Sat. night but got drunk & returned from Lou to Lourdes where Bubbles Koch propped up & uncle Herbie Wienan. Stocky little man with smile. Move via Tom Dooley for one & drink 1/2 at Finnan's, talk bull, read poetry, freshly in transcript I must type during week, end up at Frenchy's with 3 bottles. Enter Ivan Lynch with

muchtalk whom I promptly terrorize or attempt to, wind up Sat. morn with huge headache. Round corner after wash spot Pietie & Huddy Jenneker, make can wine, fabricate tales of Shakesp. & Marlowe as lunchtime entertainment to go with Libertas Rooi. Still in form for Woodstock where play records for James O'Ryan & Eleanor Sim. Gin. Gin. Whisk round to pub on corner, murky streets swinging dizzily. 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 fiery, hit someone fiercely, swear disgracefully, generally act miasmically. Refuse supper, lope off to Bubbles (now about 8.30 p.m.), argue with people at the wrong door & on way down Belgravia Road take in the Vollenhovens. Get Peggy to stoep where 'boyfriend' catches red-handed but ignores. Stagger off to Finnans now, remem-

changing  
ber hop somewhere & [swinging]mid-stream into Brand St (bypassing J. whom in any case amin no fit state to take anywhere) lo & behold see Bubbles & pal off to wedding. At wedding locate no booze. Proceed as intended to hop, drink pushed in hand by Ivan. Nice. Broke, bum quid of Martin Daniels peeling one off roll. Boozed all over, dance ends, find self in brother Brian's van working it out vituperatively with Ralph the ferret-faced hopeful, who challenges a brilliantly drunk Nortje to a contest of prestige et cetera ate zozzeroo. Knock on wood at villa door but head that clears can't ask for more. Next thing the tailend of Harry Peacock's party with Lou & Rita Steenkamp. Managed home after that. Ironic apologies to Mrs Halford, a hangover is a hangover -- raging thirst. Could drink gallons! My behaviour I believe has not exactly been exemplary! Still that savage intensity to live in me. Moment I step in says Mrs Cornelius -- what happened to you last night? Backing out of the Ralphy lot I am, not without some ironic laughs, detachment of the sabbath, afterthoughts. Tough outer side. Inside here it burns like hell maybe, so what. O goddy, here comes Peacock feeling seasick too. Well, in the circumstances Ma Abdol 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 Raymond, late for a change. Where at Cosmo's pad on a sunday afternoon Mr Richard Rive deals body blows. Reciprocal process ensues. Last week I boozed, a typical ambiguity. Nortje with his open-ended mind.

Kirsten, dapper dutchman, gave superb 10/10 for imaginary pages from a diary. At Zonnebloem Monday went off without hitch. Those leggy schoolgirls. Weak-kneed & leaden-footed feeling when first facing them.

Taught

Rime of An. Mar there, great experience. Class of girls hanging on to every word. Meanwhile Joan affair's turning out jejune. Ugly word that. Gentle handoff -- man as artist maybe too sensitive. Hated her sense of obligation after I came back. Anyway frid. date collapsed & got pissed at Huddy's, Osterley Rd with Boston & Frenchy, who socked sister J for trying to blow Rita. Walked Sybil home to Wetton, while a

murder

was being committed in the vicinity. Avoid the bushy areas. Walk on main street under light, shop in windows. Stood on windy stoep of New Apostolic deacon. Kissed her goodnight. Clung to me. Passed me some bread, compensating for LP (Dream, Monk's) bought in town last week while lost & confused. Wandered about the shops there, Stuttafords, O.K. Bazaars.

Grad. on 2 May, hire gowns from Markhams. Won't buy one for this grotty ceremony. Picture come out, nice though. Defeated R.G.H.Leitch at chess, 2-0. Jamie perturbed & [x] uneasy. In the dumps. Downright depressed in Cat Lake, canadian north. Or was it Bearskin Lake can't recall. Talk courage into him. Make you feel your own troubles small in comparison. Must write home for dough. Vacuum Oils renewed their scholarship. Time I got £450 in three years. More the fourth, sort of bonus. Hard work paid off.

Marvellous

to think of it in that way. With first payment drawn ran into Liberty Bott. Store & called brandies and strange wines from the shelf. Threw banknotes in the air, couldn't believe it. Photograph taken at the

firm's expense. Claims they never paid him, old Taylor. Took [nice] fine shot, adjusting the lamps. me 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. [Stop] Restrained myself from laughing, that sad & funny springy feeling inside. Teachers' doo-da at end of the month too. Got stinko that great day. 2 other awards. TLSA (Wynberg League, van der Ross & moderate intellectuals, almost Girondist 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 the other, blew 20 quid at one try. [W] Joined brag table fridays at Lourdes. Or piepie willie's with bootleg liquor from the Studebaker in the yard. Pretended to send someone to Dooley's. Went to lavatory for crap & found bloke passing the time there. Always wondered when he came back so quickly, faking breathlessness. Played flash & into early morning. Lost & won massively. Tyrone You always won good money, waiting for good hands. Trick to shuffle deck with [fe] third finger on benny, wild joker. Take 2 or 3 rounds in a row that way. Hansie Korchey drunk sometimes. Arguments at Finnans. Want to hit him with a chair, the old man, had to [give] calm him with aspirins. Sandwiches & coffee afterwards, cleaning up. Played the horses he would on Sats., perusing form cards in Cape Times & booklets from bookies at the course. Bubbles rugby. Hansie the numbers game for Mr Cornelius. Racketeer on the quiet. Carron shooting for cigarettes, sometimes dice for money. Sats., just lazing about, maybe scope in morning. Regent.

Gull wheels & screams the stabbing doubt. Where is the sea now? Pierces the silence over the willow flats. Metal fangs of loneliness which bite[s] Lie in the peculiar grass, smell wild flowers. Bind soil together. Say that part of the peninsula was raised from the sea floor en masse millions of years ago. Pheno-

[xxxxx]

menon of table mountain. Never climbed it, even easter up the pipe track. Strange regret. Like [xxxxx] a desideratum (something needed & wanted) on an incomplete identity. As, can't swim or ride bicyble, though tried often. In dirty creek, ocean, just flopping on belly in frightful boom & foam of surf- Always thought shark there just waiting. Sands slipping under your toes, sky looks bland & the shore dizzy. Get it in pit of stomach too. Fear, don't want to die. Embarrassing feeling, but make joke out of it. Laugh along with others, then can't hurt you. As kid by the G.M. palings on borrowed bicycle. Took my turn down steep embankment. Green palings pass by vertiginously as pick up speed down hill in Kempston Rd. Fell off, grazed knee. Never learnt really, ground coming up fast. Hands thrown forward for shock absorption, out of control. Laughter on the rise above. Stand up with gravel pebbles stuck in painful flesh cuts. Bicycle alright, wheel it back, send up silent prayer, thanks for survival. Dogs too. Scared of canine brutes, any kind from poodle & chihuahua & mini Pinscher to Alsations with their arrogantly powerful movements & those big woolly breeds from Europe. Can survey the scenic coastline with transcended thoughts when in a stately manner looking at local disturbance find man's dreaded best friend there. Forced to tell General Phileas At The Golden Gate From Gormsby. 'pardon but your teeth are in my ankle'. Got chased & bitten by big ones in my time. Inexplicable fear, primitive drive to avoid. Can't kill or destroy on sight as inadvisable with masters around & RSPCA officers. Dog's life, in this respect. Winter ribbons of the flesh. Summer twill, velvet. Thou swell, sang Sammy Davis Jnr. American appendage. Negro jew with one eye in the Rat Pack. Love Sinatra. Love is lovelier the second time around & nancy. Pop sublimated. Autumn fog seen to disperse pain & blur. The damp mirrors mock me. Max Frisch. A wilderness of. Read review. Always keep up with developments as becomes sophisticated man. Sky humps above the asphalt road. Line without further connection. Just comes up in the mind. Like that day I looked at the lawn sprinkler, airy rainbow blown in the breeze, veil of colour through the watery prism. Scan the sky & the light for mystery. Word becomes word in autumn, dead small. Love the sound of April, something hard & sheer & thrilling too. Between times birds eye silent skies. Sparrows & finches in the trees, turtledove in the old stonepine. Sullen steel-roofed day or ones keen blue with malice, clear view to the mountain coming home afternoons, yes. Khaki leaves in the silty gutters. The wind is everybody's agent, the lion has violent judgment. Play ball with all & don't take me or yourself so seriously Macgregor. Cloud blooms by mountain, milk-white. Knife-twist of its poignance in my country. Land that gives the one too much I guess, nothing for the grass roots. Me in the middle section of the pyramid bearing the downweight & adding to the base burden. Metaphor. Men singing in the shower at the baseball ground. Shut-out by pitcher, celebration at Nick Kearns's. Their adam's apples

pulsing, wet strands [bl] over brows. Soaping mostly under armpits, next in concentration on the balls, the dark bush there. Lifebuoy bubbles in the matted jungle. [Lux] Milk-of-sunlight clouds outside the window. Bottom half is frosted for the ladies. Must get a lift. It is too far to go home for me. Sat in a bus upstairs one day & noticed donkey cart at traffic lights. Good Friday -- their bony napes have black hair crosses. Don't feed them enough in the slum though, dogs there emaciated too. Mangy curs. Defiant, defending own territory. Bow-wow in a rough tone. Nerves jump heart beats boom, adrenalin 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 fact is relative science. Politicians are said to be pragmatic. Most take cover in religion, the cloak that conceals the dagger. For life's not a paragraph. Read books but I often wonder, sit up with hand supporting chin, what is the real meaning. [And] Born without choice. Heredity, environment, bundle one inherits. And death I think is no parenthesis. Somewhere I have never travelled cummings in Untermyer's anthology. [Bou] Lent by Mr Greg once,

working

vac. at CNA: philosophical homosexual with the look of an effete aesthete. At Thorogood St then, first year coll.

Music, tried to read books. Rubato, glissando, vibrato. Rhythm, melody, harmony. Boplicity. Crazeology, Moose the Mooch, Crepuscule with Nellie, Little Rootie Tootie, tunes like that. Relaxin' at Camarillo, Bird in sanatorium

in California. Went bonkers. Bird Lives! scrawled in N.Y. subway. Greatist modernist of them all. Don't dig the classics. Bach & Mozart are European folk music. Removed in time [therefore sign] the golden age.

Oh

where has Offenbach gone, where Chopin, Richard Strauss, Russian folk music nearer to the thing at times. But Rimsky-Korsakov doesn't slay me. Love Sibelius, only one I could come to terms with. The

Finnish

soul. Go to Helsinki for sauna bath one day when rich. They cavort on the ice then jump straight into the steaming [sauna] bath. Peer Gynt I listened to once with Lox. Got to [lay] reverently quiet on the bed, hands folded, like contemplative. European ethos in that respect beyond my powers of comprehension. Get Billie Holiday on the turntable, or early New Orleans jazz group with primitive passion. Obsessive horn sounds of John Coltrane. Man who learnt from Bird, Miles too. Milestones, 1st lp I bought for the collection.

And

Roland Kirk: we free kings. Other Rowland, Allen. Late nights in Lansdowne. No grace-notes, just raw melodies reticulated harmonies. Rhythms of that flowing distant season. Flowers of intoxication. Hollywood calls it wine & roses. Or beloved infidel. Good for a tearjerker telly evening with some poppet on the mat, but can't reach you down deep. Forget Malibu Beach, Jack Lemmon's gag-writers. David Frost on BBC has a whole string.

Af-

ter dramatic drama desire lurches to be like that. Eats you something terrible in the heart. Hit the breeze with peace & dignity again, [not] remorselessly as Lear.

Variations on the feminine side. Up in item in Readers Digest. Want your Kate & Edie too (Teetotaler disputes your golf score.) Airline stewardess is a plane jane. One of western arrow from Saskatchewan farm, frowsty. Note 8/4/64, swing between J & S like ion between electric sources. Arcs of desire. Swear off booze again, lose weight. Picture in the mind of free-roving youth, bearded, cool. My own man. Was off smokes for two months. For 18 months like that. Van Reenen always brought cigars along at boozing sessions. Brandy all the way, or soetes in the twilight. Worked at Kenilworth winery. Cooking the books. Boss' car on weekends.

Wife Onah sending kids to call daddy from the hotel lounge. A cracker with women, secretly fucking. She would throw his belongings out. Pants on the apple tree. Shirt by the drainpipe. Suit with empty nip brandy flask in gatsak rattling on the stones, cuff links in the mud. See him at Helen's place when sister's husband working nightshift. Shoving the randy little bitch like ten kaffirs together. Didn't trust him one bit. Schoolteacher, bit of class. He with that group, Colin & company. Donny Bosch who resigned his

post

& drew his pension. Drank it all out in a week, fourteen years' 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 layman's terms. Living like Belch, more or less. Sir Toby goes jug

jug.

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

attacking from the rear wall with an old army sabre, nonetheless first hammer out this problem of marxian dialectic in relation to the categorical imperative. Don't gulp down booze until the cops are well on their way. Continue the discussion at a more favourable time. Temporary disturbance in the locality [prevent] hamper me from bringing to bear on the case all the wisdom of Elijah. Salud. Cup of sweet sherris sack ascends me to the brain, & dries up there all the dull crudy vapours. He is a dullard who doesn't drink, says the corpulent knight. A mere brainless tyrant. Dame quickly.

George Werner, LI.B,B.A. With Richard Petersen, lad who's seen London. Narked at wife. Man with car. Great sing-song there with Rowland, deep into the morning. Hoarse, drinking brandy & mineral from fridge. Choose Allen as your favourite bumslinger towards the latter end of month. Talented art teacher who paints gory canvases. Nailed to wall. Walk in his house with care. Gaping holes in the floorboards. Wires trailing all over the dusty front room. Smoke dagga by the fire in the outhouse. One of those damp cement toilets with long-ago flakes of plaster & spiders in the whitewash tin behind the bowl: eat a baked beans & brown bread sandwich there. Back at George Werner's the blood-pressure story. Had his piles out privately once & never paid the [doctor] surgeon. Pals from old days. Puts first triple down with shaking hands around the glass, then sits back & treats you to the most stimulating chit-chat. Inveterate talker, treasury of jokes. He holds forth, as we say. Couldn't get to like Leitch, another holder-forth. Talkers from different generations, they don't jell. Only me as catalyst. Take it all in. Nortje the suffering jew, half-boesman, getting in side-kicks. Singalong, me top voice. Reach them all every time, varying the interpersonal approaches. If they like you, they like you a lot. Bleeding piles he had in Athlone hotel once, had to sit on wads of blotting paper in his [attorney's] office. Brilliant attorney, paid with chickens & cab rides to court for a week -- in kind. All the murderers & thieves & grievous bodily assaults saved from the gallows. Cantankerous hell-raiser, nonchalant professional. Knew his onions. Exuberant, utterly extrovert Blende[acute on e], decisive wife. Lives for George. They

booze &

fight together. Gets him a boiled egg & a double brandy for breakfast. Phones the prosecutor at Wynberg before taking off for school Mitchie at Welcome Estate provides the magnificent fluid. Bill there for forty quid some months. Nothing but Limosin [Oak]. In the Royal Oak at lunchtime o'booze while the case is on. Goes back & eloquently gets client off or severity mitigated. Bloke belted wife with a brick. Your honour suspends the sentence, Werner turning his head & smiling knowingly. Went down with yellow jaundice after a time. Lying there gaunt & bloodless, skin stretched over the bones in

on

the white sheets reading tome on Native Law. Complaint about medical students crowding about [the] their case visits. Like you're a specimen or something.

(But gauche as they are, or snide, must learn)

His eyeballs yellow & face drawn. Frenchy & me standing at the bed in reverence.

Sunday night at the Ambassador's with Rowland. Daggarookers hanging around. Plenty of good cats, Langa & Sea Point. Gin & redwater. Passing the bottle as vibraphone bells & tinkles, saxman hammering hard.

Cat on guitar broke out with Nutty -- liveliest set of the evening. Night, about 2 a.m. bassist called among 2

Sam came over strongly. Brawl [with a] drunk birds at back of room. Unleashes boyfriends of the liberal jewish university types from the chic suburbs.

Monday this sordid fight with moody Sybil. Frustrated in attempt to knuckle her under by hangdog Bertie Williams & nefarious companions. Walked in before I get there & lay pensively with hands folded

Sybil's

behind peppercorn skull with stinking darned socks & this after I'd given Neffie R2 for them to buy booze & shift it elsewhere. Afterwards Richard arrived & I went to help clear up a matrimonial mess. Got back with everyone gone. Got started & worked up a nice solid rhythm when she pulled up her knick-knacks & said she wanted to go home. Blandishments, all of mine, failed. Poor cock robin suffering in his next, fly [of] hopefully open. Finally told her to go to hell & not come back. Tears, idle tears, how they lure me into pity. But not this time mate. She wanted to make it violent & I just relaxed after a reflex action left hook suggested itself. Other worries on Method Educ. &

something

Principles Educ. projects. Buy J a gift-wrap [book] for farewell. Party there the next night. Expect me to be moved in the circumstances. There goes my heart & here lies I under the [fr] ceiling.

munts

Don't wanna care 'bout no woman the next coupla [mont], man. Crazy. Godda gotout inna da wurl 'n' mix it widda professional. If I think of her generosity, nevertheless it gets me right here. Shopping soon for a grad. suit. That one Ray picked, dark & [sligh] biggish, at Romens. Making a call to his concubine first from Parliament Houses phone booth. See Ismael at lunch in Upper Buitekant Street -- pub there with high bar stools. Can't get to counter on Sat morns. Nice place, watch dart players. Men with [ha] flinty eyes & huge gold finger rings opens suitcase of stolen [tail] suitlengths. Sits there chatting with the goods on his lap. Bids good-day to private dick who orders 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 grotty Elizabeth Bowen, maybe even Denise Robins. Not too much of a faith in her intellectual endowments.

Jimmy's queer rum letter wants to discuss a preternatural (can't say 'homo' abnormal) incident that occurred 3 years ago while at the Wynberg flat. Must go to Canada out of hell's passage. (Turned Helen's prophetic a year later. [Hells] Passage by Hertford & New College, into courtyard of the Turf, Oxford.) A poem

to polish, 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 sand grains piling cloth yet. Southeaster from the sea with [dust], on the threshold, though musk was the morning's aroma among the moon-polished dunes & the cicadas in the mimosa we made love. Leap tall in the sunshine come September. Move out of that house. Wreckage of festivals are flotsam clouds. When girl off the wine, not on brandy stakes, drink this joke in: [bird] on wine billboard saying 'We're having a wonderful wine!' Dry scrawl pencilled below: 'Wish you were beer.' Kaastel Laagerr. Van R. the nervous introvert -- sober. At his broken-down disorganised pad a weekend in April. 4 quarts of Lion Special from Ma Williams round the corner. But got drunk & bought scotch. No wine or brandy see. True to my word. Hardehout no more. Gets me in the piles.

New pop, camp, cool, op & all the in-things. Skipped a light fandango / 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 ... Psychedelic: gorgeous colours & barrage of sound. Cacophonous oriental. Love the flower children. Write them poems. LSD & teac. Leary & Ginsberg. There were sixteen vestal virgins who were moving to the coast. Queer paraphernalia of all experience. Vide Sergeant read

Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. I heard the news today oh boy. Judges who are 'lenient'. Like one (S.A.) put Neville Alexander away 10 yrs, & Dennis 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 dash. From Leeukop to Robben Island, chopping stone. One letter a month, stamped by the sergeant. No. PI 233-7072 is writing to you. Just a note on the inside scene. Crinkly rice-paper with his bold pen-strokes. 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 Red Cross officials. After inspection [sh] made to sleep on the floor as usual. Sneering details in Parliament with little Helen Suzman [as] insists among catcalls & jeers. Big healthy Afrikaner ministers from the Boland & the Free State, Jonkershoek & Platbakkies, Wolwefontein & Klipduiker.

Edgar Carlse & Coenie Poole. Bellville chums. 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 Streekverteenwoordiger, Posbus 10. Gave me leave without pay for 2 yrs. Never go back. Can get a minute's notice. 24-hr job -- Coenie 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 with people exiting to make a new life. Thank heaven for big Canada.

New time on Cape Times: Dr Alexander shaven-headed & barefoot in the witness box. Testifying for a group caught later. Poignant courtroom scene where Nelson Mandela asserts that sabotage plotting sprang not from recklessness but from sober deliberation. Such is autumn's nature.

Sunset, redolent of willow, embered becomes a vision to startle mute lips sad with silhouettes, pain is remembered. Leaves will burn & whirl in the air presently, for such is autumn's nature. Moon & the star Venus evince brilliance, vie in the night sky. Moonsuds, silver basin of. And that more solitary wanderer, the evening/morning star. Smoky clouds of soft grey accentuate the fate of dust. Man is but dust. Must brush himself off. Too long in the desert, or fell into the dry bed of a S.A. river like the joker geographer said. Let him try the Orange at Augrabies Falls or the quiet Olifants at Du Toit's Kloof. Willow leaves dance against [damask] light, nuances for the heart's aubade. Rose glow dawn has brought ascends [across] the theatre of the sky. Rhythms of anatomy. Arpeggio of [lost] love, with the rubato of repudiation, staccato of disaffection with the legato of first sight with swift desire. Metas = black, melos = song. MM. Celebrated initials the world over. Orpheus may have been a darkie. Hence Stokely Carmichael sees the danger of being torn to shreds by the blond bitches, the Maenads on New York streets. Most of them frightened little girls though. Sex Maniacs prowl in Central Park, sometimes doubling during lean periods as muggers. 8 nurses murdered in Chicago. One hid under a bed in the hostel. Bloke tried to slash his wrists, some crummy backstreet hotel. Raped & mutilated them 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 univ. campus over in Texas, Austin. With arsenal of rifles & guns. Picked off the victims at will. Lunatics who can buy mail-order shooting kit. Lee Oswald -- crouching with evil intent in the book depository at Dallas. Telescopic 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. Sanskrit wisdom. Panjandrum like Malvolio. Racehorse with those names. Good feeling to back them at Durban in July when everybody has a flutter. Ride out of Tattersalls in Baakens St. Not satisfied with playing fah-fee all week. Odds 26-1, Number 20 one sunday. Ek het gedroom van kat. Hot shit 34 & 31. Kak & fire. Duifies, waving your arms at the Sutton Rd corner. Parcel on herrings. Doie vrou is dou daai, little girl can't come. [Cop] Dieners raiding Tooi at Vleipost. Fraser Street pull tonight. What's good for the afternoon bank? Well, Mr Sam, I tip monkey. Must come, crossdraw. Feminine endings that trail away melancholily like unfinished business, state Cox & Dyson in their little book. More losers than winners anyway. Smoke-smear of day-lit horizon yawned awake, wide open to clamour. The gold god sun ripens insolently among frail webs of leaves. Ivory bowl of shavings in the blue sky looks like a lather 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. Scribbling poems during de Jager's lectures. Puffy sky. Puffa puffa rice. Tamatie bredie tonight at table. Old malay recipe, Boeber & cookies at mine instead of liver paste, pate de foie gras. Through the clash of our cries as we spring to be free.

### **Scene near[Scene] an Ethnic College**

wild grass

Gull swerves & screams sharp doubt. The [grass blades] curves back from [?silted] asphalt road. The ten-ton trucks one spraying stone the other straw rear on & towering red-brick buildings assault my sight with ranks of tall blind windows [xxxlayer] split along the glass by spying sunbeams.

Lawns continue the narrative,  
scornful in their [stiff aloofness] crewcuts, trimmed / by some hang-dog hottentot  
You hear repeatedly  
the trains that chug through thickets.  
Aircraft in formation, swooping higher  
possess the gift of flight, [beyond] can master peril.  
The jets drill distance brittle the [nordic b] executives,  
stare sedately from a ninth-floor office. nordic, incompatible with me,  
Under the arches I bow through shadows:  
a shrill bird in the air asks of the sun  
o where is the sea now, o where is home?

K.

### **No Change**

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

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

Boots on the [night] door / in the black of night.  
Rest of the world / sleep out of sight.

Heraclitus / lied to us  
on change. No change: / We stay strange. May 1964.

Bitter little letters thrown in the maw of the world only to flutter on the streets afterwards. Prosit.  
What is often thrown away maybe represents a long night's work. A surgical amputation.  
Find difficulty in doing that, discard. Ruthless self-control. Grows & festers like a sore. Hurts you.

Night has gooseflesh for the fair-skinned, but the past has not always punished evil. Let the man reject  
we say. Religious hypocrisy. Be tolerant I suppose, everybody assumed to learn. Does Harry Truman  
sit in America tonight with Hiroshima on his mind? Or Johnson guilty about the maimed civi-  
lians 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. Hokey Texan with the Big  
Father smile. Kenny Jordaan, last heard of in hiding out in the Boland, pops up at Dar-es-Salaam. The  
boys live it up in the night-clubs there, reportedly. Bored by inaction & futile noises from the rest  
of Africa. Nasser in the grip of cold & hot war with Israel. Military coup after military coup. Men  
taking office for a month or a day. Buy chromium bedsteads & all-gold Cadillacs like Nkrumah.

Bitter wisdom of crossing a field as a man. Many moons have crossed & loins lain open since you  
chasing  
were a boy there [kicking] a ball into a fringe thicket & stooping to find a rusty coin or an  
old silver earring, a woman's shoe. Withered grass in the sand field. Crumbly dog-droppings 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 [but] after it has actually gone down, due to light refraction. Bending over  
the horizon out to sea. An [legendary] atavistic feeling flames alive out of the grass or the bright  
water. Primitive ripples lurking in the heart. Feeling as a man only a field here to be crossed.

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

### **Under Lansdowne Bridge**

After the whoosh of doors slid shut  
at [under] L.B. I swim in echoes.  
Who fouled the wall o people?  
FREE THE DETAINEES someone wrote there.  
Black letters large as life stare you  
hard by day in the black face;.

[page 242]

above the long grass & the lush weeds    kukuye grass [& weeds]  
goes the boorish clang-clang of railways.                    to the sandflats

Darkness [A dark breeze] neutralizes this request  
till dawn falls golden & sweet  
though a sudden truck by night  
cornering, holds it in spidery light.    5/64

Into June. Tough emotionally, have no idea why. Seemed that things were finally falling apart [for] with me. [Mild] Attack of schizophrenia imminent; toyed with thought of suicide. Found Bunny in hotel with delightful Blendé 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 on her school staff, not bad in view of the shambles my life was in then. Rejecting institutionalized God, no compensatory afflatus informing my Muse. Nerves on edge, anxiety prone, suffer hangovers during which I am terrorized, cornered, self-trapped in guilt & death-wish sequences, about to be mangled. Troubles of the spirit, a phrase not devoid of meaning. Not death that I fear, but mutilation. To be incapacitated, paralytic in a bed, condemned to the wheelchair, the rack of immobility. Or go blind, casting round me comfortless, flailing & screaming in the darkness. Put out the light, & then ..? Smash the main switch, cut these mortal connections, jam the wavelengths. Slam slam blues.

Fetched Rowland for a session. Werner's client's Volkswagen Kombi. Fucked in Quetown one night with my whole kit & that big Teddy Pillay raincoat on. Someone had it away on the Kombi seat. George undressing 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 at the back, G. snoring away in vest & underpants on the reception room wall bench. Calls R & self his Goggas, counterparts of the Liverpool lads. Kids would shout 'Beagle! Beagle' & the black dog running as came into sight round corner. Straining voice & oiling with brandy. Raucous wild swingers. Clean out the fridge too: wholewheat bread with wads of butter & slurp up half a big pot of piping soup on a rainy Sat. night. Bed down in children's room, Junior & Joanna. Wake up grubby & rough & smelly with flesh of fat & grime, dim eyes in the dark with the icebox rattling a monotonous cold dirge & streetlight through the flimsy curtain. Old furniture standing timeless, suitcases piled on the wardrobe, shadows in the mirrors. Feel way to outside toilet. Newspapers on the floor. Damp wooden seat, G's piss that missed as the tall man stood there swaying with his grey temples. Sit shivering & listen to night sounds, insects in the willow bushes, wind against the sagging wire fence. Pull the battered flex  
i  
cord & a load of black gravel [precy] precipitated into the shit bucket. Make minimum noise, scared of attracting evil spirits that [ha] walk the night across these the old geological formations. Creep back under still-warm blankets.

Johnny Dodds LP on loan from Charlie, a home type with a dandy [x] Vauxhall. Yoga man. Landed at Ma Bailey's on the way out of Greenhaven. Daughter with dullard type white boyfriends. Tried to connect a number there once. Old man looked grumpy & shotgunish. Ma with her brown cheeks & dimple: black wart on [the] side of nose. Brandy-drinker, sitting on edge of bed, full of conversation & local news. Nugatory relatives & an enigmatic son, smallish build, dismissed by Ray as one of these Portavue gangsters on good behaviour in the house. Weed from Josie in Lansdowne. Long talk there presided over by K.A.N. while disposing of a Liebie daintily. Wrap one up for Hassiem but he not home so between rainspells work our way back to base.  
Base requires explanation, part of which has already preceded. One of those truly sleazy joints with R's mum attempting wearily to stamp at least a lower middle-class respectability on the place. Beds down with an old man who visits with old-style manners. See his brown scalp shining. R

affectionately calls him Boeta D. Walls pitted, wallpaper flyshitted, wood rot & ripped holes (for a winter fire with wild inspiration of the artist in chains), unintentionally antique knobby furniture, old studio couches with lumps on one side & airy hollows at the other end. Dusty radiogram -- big model from the fifties with Coltrane solos coming over in superb clarity. The guts & legato leader in the field. 1927 78's & new 45 singles -- one 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 swaai a betere stop. 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 tyre 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, Xonne, 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, 'doing the block' at 1-2 in the morning in mid-sentence. Puked pure yellow wine once, very very neatly in Leitch's toilet pan. Baked beans & corned beef sandwiches, stand round table in the globular flagon  
lar stabbing light. A cough somewhere in the rancid darkness. 3-bottle [can we p] during the course of which fell asleep & we polished off when I woke her 3 hours later. Someday My Prince Will Come -- utterly haunting Coltrane. They played it under the bridge at Toorwater, Ray told me, on a trip. More dagga & breakfast. Sing some harmony a million times to his kid sister & away we go, no nagging can detain, no harsh tone [from grey people] can perturb. Leave the grey people inside. Torrential rain outside. Cops had shortly before visited Josie. Malingered a bit over R's ginormous booze & drug account. My shortness of breath when smoking it too much. Acts like a sedative on the nerves. Involuntary muscles made to relax too much. Air hunger.

Louie the pal with the bleeding toes. Terminal gangrene, going up the leg month by month. Poor bloke boozes like a water rat & violence is his first name. Wife with vitriol in the fangs. Chess with Hassiem. Wife Stella gave birth to baby boy last week. Idiot brother-in-law roped to a [cha] nursery chair. Sits there helpless while they stuff his mouth full of potato crisps & he munches & groans like a weird animal. Not callous -- just scary looking at it. Vegetable existence of the stricken. Cracks your mind open like a hot rock in a berg wind, suddenly snap. Got back to hear that 5 had rung twice. Spring flowers already in the Hottentots Holland Mts. Oh for the panties & the pink! Daisies.

The p.e. holiday was terrific. Ray rang the Wednesday [whi] during practice teaching at Bellville South. Thursday went to fix divorcee case with George in Curly's Kombi. G making love in back as we swung from Windermere slum through Factreton & off on a wild search to Simonstown/Houtbaai. Groping in the dark, hunting dogs at an old farmhouse of sharecroppers befuddled by the tot system. Country tarts giggling in the dark. Back to Landdrost Hotel. Impoverished Eureka schoolchildren, Blendé getting into bus without the cookies. Daisy Daniels of 1962 Largo & Winston Johnson & Houseguard openlegs stick, & little dolly 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 dog-style too. Friday arrive at school when Roy asks about white stain down fly. Late nights & nice times. Wash off hurriedly. Collect bread at college & is trip on? off? Get lift back with bloke who talks about Gestapo & Oswald Kaduk who trampled a young jewish boy to death for oversleeping. Burly Scot is mad about the lunacy of the world. Lunch -- Mrs H hadn't seen me for days & wasn't going to for next week. Throw a coat & shirt into the suitcase as R & R turn up in a car with 6 six-shooters vrottes & soetes gurgling in the way that undrunk wine does. Frenchy casually chatting to Principal Coert after school. Time we've done Frenchman & dragged R with a brand-new raincoat way, only time for Dock Rd boozery & 4 3rd-class tickets. Put away 4 quick botts. between C.T. & Belleville. For a start. Know, dear reader, that it's a 20-minute ride only.

Omgeskik: suip soos a robbies. Nietemin sit ons voort to by Worcester. There Ray passes out, Rowl jopies in the second-class at cousin [E?] Eff's over a Samson comic: it was what I described to bum brother Louie & bitch [sist] wife Eleanor as diced potato in sweet corn. Meanwhile I try to woo to east london koole. Both of us conk out with an unopened bott. Brandy on the railway foldout table which Eff later tells us she gave away to an inquisitive spectator. R & Frenchy recover & indignantly haul 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 skell Moos the errant homo -- 'transmogified vark'. Exhausted we sleep as far as Mosselbaai, where, incredibly, we've run dry. Frenchy dashing over bridge to pub & comes back with Victory Brandy. Mix-up with how much booze we've bought. Found a bottle behind a blanket, one under the bunk.

Sat. morn sat bemoaning imprisonment of friends, while the lovely landscapes rolled by the 3rd-class window. Ash & soot blowing from the engine in front, grit in the booze. Other 2 blokes have turn to rip-roar & humding. This time not even the cops can quiet down the varke; at one stage Leitch was pursuing a maiden from the 2nd into the 3rd, shouting with glee as if executing his karate punches. Finding way to Eff barred, Rowl & I trade insults with the guitar strummer at Middelpaas, high-falutin' swearing unheard-of till then in those bucolic parts.

Train pulls in Sunday 7.00 a.m. Having gone to bed in disarray, reclining or sitting or passed out horizontally at 5.30 after a hoarse shenanigan. Leitch's big boots in the door so after an apprehensive bedding boy & a conductor had tried to wake us, sent a cop in who gets response from me nearest the door as I feel my shoe being gingerly [x] tugged :['Robberg'], with apocalyptic 'Help!': 'Die vark steel my skoen!' Huggle in Stent Rd about bott. brandy found under case as we spilled out of compartment meeting with sighs of relief & dark looks of belligerence on station.

Promise mum to return for lunch but instead travel in Harold Blignaut's car to Alabama Hotel where Alan shacks up with concubine Noeleen. Brandy from Galiema's across the road. & for next 7 days the terrible foursome take provincial p.e. by storm. Dad. Can't begin to tell it all. Highlights follow. Amid protestations, tears, laughs, sorrows & what-nots proceeded the tremendous joy blast of 1964. From Bill Broonzy a sour blast for drunkenness. On the other hand, brief

love

affair with Eleanor le Roux. Conquest of Lox's new staff nurse girlie a cinch if wanted, Alan left-hooking Noeleen in front of about 59 folks & about 8 empty brown overall sherries, littering the dressingtable, where I was stinker. She puked in the bed afterwards. Crowd thinned out uneasily. Gave Alan root-room

for

an hour: planning to get record player. Loss of Monk's Dream bet. Dowerville & A's wardrobe & 3 others, &

thought L. Allen the culprit. Sonny Stitt & Parker [with] an unheard bloke called Joe Castro. Opium 'n the moonlight in Gelvandale. Sunday evening dash to station. So randy tired to fuck Carrie on Allen couch.

1. Lox, Alan, Fr & me lunch hugely in the grand manner at me mom's.

2. visit Louie Allen to tell other 2 of arrangements. Try to arraign Allen over lost LPs.

3. From Alabama to Uncle Potty where raise of R5 + mum's 10/- put us in 2-bottle spirit & malt class at Galiema's &

4. after splitting the remains on an old port in situ, return to Harold's.

5. Say tata at home & get tin of delectables which leave in back of car along with bott. of gin meant for journey.

6. Lox got boozed meanwhile & leans out of car, shouting 'moer!' & 'voetsak!' almost falling out. I

am concerned in a stern way here. Bloke going to the dogs, Frenchman. Blignaut puts up soetes in a big way this last night, but so many people there that Lox [open] insists on me pouring Leitch a triple brandy. Does so himself, swaying around with glass eyes in Mercy Calvert's Highfield Rd lounge. Cacophony of music & wild life, in walk Elinor/Louie, that sneaky combination. In rage pour out all the brandy.

7. Several attempts by Frenchy at 2-hour goodbye speech in the Calvert kitchen.

8. Manage to pick up luggage of R & R at Louie's. Elinor meanwhile is 8 months pregnant but intent on piling into the rickety 1938 Chevrolet. In back of car from under the suitcases I see Ray [kiss] snogging with le Roux & get narked. Nortje on a bender is bad news sometimes.

9. Mercy & the sick babies delay another 4 mins -- train leaves at 8.00 p.m. sharp. Now 7.25 & in a none-too-reliable jalopy ready at every corner to leave us in the lurch as we cross fields because no lights. Precarious journey with 2 blokes in front helping Harold drive by holding onto various nuts & bolts & wires.

10. Inside Rousseau's for quick eats & cheerios. Restraining Fr. from not so much eloquent as long-drawn speeches (last look

time we would [see] John o'Groats in that strong & terrible compassionate face) again, chat le Roux up fairly severely about loose living & work up sufficient steam to snog with her in back of car under more suitcases & parcels. One elbow on the Gin with 12 people & a [pregnant] woman munching mars bars for 2 in front haring down backstreets to the railway yards & warehouses. Frenchy up to the neck in excess luggage notes magnificently that old faithful is [gon] making time as by sheer luck we beat robot after robot.

11. Spill out at station searching frantically for platform coins while a chain service goes on with the suitcases.

12. And what a send-off! Leitch in top form leaping in & out, Frenchman halfway up the platform talking to long-lost acquaintance as steam whistle blows, Rowland family chatting busily & Norks passionately kissing le Roux 3/4 way out the window, with Potty, Gertie & Max in attendance at a discreet & somewhat perplexed distance. All the birds who wished us well, hands waving in the receding light as we crowd a 3rd-class platform while before we get to Veeplaats on the big engine pulling hard in the night Leitch

a) tries to karate a burly Zulu &

b) I discover I've forgotten the gin in the car.

On top of that we almost missed the train in Mossel Bay again while Ray anxiously packs the stuff in new order, anticipating getting back minus the absent member. Last sight of Frenchy hanging onto door rail just making it as train pulls out.

Glad to view the mountain coming into sight again beyond Bellville. TWTWTW.

Practice teaching at Raymond's school get the call on Friday that Big John Rousseau's passed away.

### **For Mervyn: Condolences**

When rain falls silent  
comes the creeping fear:  
speak to John here.  
You turn him with grave intent  
& find the hollowed face meant  
no idle smile but his  
customary holiness.  
The way he came he went.

[You'll] Some afternoons, windy,  
we ridiculed 'Broonzy'  
till we were dizzy  
with power & brandy

/rain is the master of life

But the old bull knew no if / he watered all his lands. / Yours are the last warm hands; /

July 1964

On this Friday died one of the chief figures in my 21 yrs of existence. JJR of Oudtshoorn stock, 1896 vintage & a man to be remembered as master of the house. Fortunes declined, [xxx] & personal power. [Even] In old age a burlesque [paxxt] panjandrum of the 60s, strutting about thundering about thundering expletives & blowing his top. Nobody listens to an albatross, it seems. And should I ever get to Canada (Jamie offers to finance) my first major prose effort to centre round the demise of the giant & the falling from grace of the children in his footsteps. R.I.P. So J the eldest daughter left for p.e. permanently. Rita 'phoned at Sinton. Frenchman sad in the afternoon. We had to gargle it away: elbow-work. Help out with some dough for his flight, least I could do.

Roggebaai Monday with Neville Fransman. An off-booze session again was broken the Friday in Melbourne Rd. at a swinger. Arguing head off at back of car with some stranger. Saw Neville subsequently in the hotel. Says 'I want you to find yourself.' Digs Ramsay Lewis. That afternoon we took over the music lounge, crowding round the piano. Eric Barlow, van Reenen, Frenchy. Pianist from Qtown library. Used to listen to jazz late nights there with the librarian, boozing in back. Films on the wall, old Charlie Chaplin pie-in-the-face episodes, that frantic little tramp. One afternoon after cutting lectures & a morning at Ray's while he was at Sinton teaching. Discovered can of liebie & had me a couple of glasses. Rolled girl called Jean on the couch. Broke my water gently, bit of a fright with her lying silently breathing under me, Jennifer peeping in at window. Round the corner in 3rd another hot Friday lay fucking that staff nurse, Alfie's sister. Miss Pillay. Donny Bosch quietly working it out. Told the

her to piss off [one] Sunday before & carried the belligerence over to [Ra] Leitch's where accused the immortal boesman of having no imagination. Fuck off, pipsqueak, he replied good-naturedly. Deserved it, always blowing up the good things when out of my mind. Told Fr he was a musical barbarian. Make up always. Bottle gin next Friday, drink without character, says Leitch. To Fr. took bott. of back-door Macduff whisky, sat sipping & chatting all night, he through his drinking tube with all that rigging of brass & steelplate round his face. Bump on one cheek when it all came off.

S rang & jettison me after my philanderings. Neglect, the other mortal sin. Priority of booze. Then gets her pal Gwen to ring me & plead 'forgiveness'. Black Ronald with his big hairy cock trying to shove it up her, that big-thighed outside garment worker. New Apostolic, against the faith. She wouldn't let him. Meantime got my big finger up Sybil's snoek in the lounge, listening to records. Say tata to her to her at

eight to find the lads in hotel. Paused for a lion special in the Landdrost. Safe in die huis. Boodle from S to compensate giving Fr last fiver. In shining coils of circuits swing the doves. Sound of wings in flight. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Had to carry the coffin sideways through the door, so

big he was. [when] Put him away for ever that day. Cypress trees [wither] in the cemetery sombrely, a dark vista down the flagstone hearseway. Wilted flowers, old carnations in dusty greenglass bowls. Angel architecture all over. Sea crashing in the distance behind the Malay crematorium. Smoke billowing out of the chimneys. Sand mounds that writhe under the sun's glare. Beyond the fence stand

khaki

the old grey northend jail, massive block, no windows that side. Convicts in canvas shorts & [red] berets with red [hp] rims [trans] trooping past barefoot. Stand on the dry matted laws regarding those weeds. Factory hums [is sp] over the road -- Bus Bodies Ltd, assemblers & distributors. Cars swinging &

left at the roundabout -- New Brighton traffic. Jato the teeming broiling location past Smelly Creek [with] the railway shunting yards. Flamingoes flicking frogs out of the water. Green blanket of algae scum with flocks of birds wheeling. Effluent in the sludgy body, industrial development. Stands of reeds nearer the sea. Estate billboards & wood product factories. Dead body down there in the coffin, clods of earth

plopping

& raining down, dust to dust sifting into the earth hole. Let him down by those white canvas straps. Women bursting into tears afresh. That uncontrollable sobbing the deep [soul] sorrow of the universe. Deep in them

they

have the lifeblood in an unsearchable circuit. Dignity forbids us: merely the pallbearers. Lowerers of the booty of our earth mother. Gives us a time of sojourn here, exacting the relevant price. Let fleshly desire or cerebral arrogance not so enfold you. Vale, under the bursting sun, the white sky.

Mostly the effort takes too much, I mean. But try. Where that time has gone. Ubi sunt, my lonely goodbyes. To [h] write the thing that lasts beyond cheers at the soiree, hammered into the wood like nails. Blue lesion of dead blood on the father's corpse. Pulled out on the icebox shelf at the morgue. Died away from home, collapsing in the stony backyard under the stars. Couldn't crawl back, chill hand stretched out towards the back door. Lay [th] in the room with my bleeding piles [that] day of the funeral. Inherited his cricket bat -- Len Hutton. Willow cannon, springy wood sweetly vibrating on the square cut. Leaning back from his belly in the fluttering white shirt at Bethelsdorp. [Bal] Red cherry [speed] bouncing past gully rolled into a ditch on the other side. Cows & donkeys cropping the succulent grass just staring. Women brewing tea in the pavilion shack. Four more to M Potgieter by the scorekeeper. Me there, proud & anxious, one day in his footsteps. Too late the opter-out: adultery sinner. Slaap uit, home at mealtimes. Afrikaner officers exercising their police dogs in the [xxxx] cophouse yard. Fir trees on the hill, gardens above the sea. Down there past Crispin Hall & the market, CTC Bazaars, shoppers like ants. African women with kopdoek & voluminous dark blue flannel dresses. Selling fruit, flies on the scenty prickly pear peels front of the car park. Three for penny. 2 no 1 Hills Kraal buses passing. Behind there the Greens Hotel lounge -- whites by the side & black by the back. See them potting steadily if you lean over the counter waiting for a gin & tonic. Thick wire grill between in the off-sales dept -- too costly to build wall inside. Separation is all; pay same money. Can't do it in supermarkets either, running expense too high, scare away business investment. Just let them know the score. I sing for you too blondie.

Biduur sunday afternoon. Brag game afterwards. School duty monday, writing out lessons. March of '65 that was. Couldn't even meet me, coming back from university. Potty & Gerty in the new Peugeot. Going places.

Oom [xxx] Aitch pouring cheap wine in the yard end of month. Cleaned black govt. Volkswagens in town, office boy. Soldier from Italy & Egypt, saw action at Tobruk & Alamien. Eating dustbin scraps in Ethiopia. Standing in the swamps directing convoys up north. Promised them houses & cars when they got back from fighting Rommel & Mussolini. Story about the kleurlinge who insisted on going into action boozed. Lance-corporal se moer. Don't blame them with the bazookas & the bombers an ever-danger. Read a novel found in a car now & again. Took him next door to [To] Groot Toon sunday morning after

fracas

at Mercy Blignaut's. Dragged out by Gerty with a distant respect. Day I shifted belongings to F.L.'s. Away guys

The

from Carol & all. Dangerous bus rides, like at Easter. Meskappers rife,[men] of the slightest provocation. erotic instinct so strong. Walking the broad into the willow bush by Beetlestone Road. Fell asleep on the job once. Treated with consummate unceremoniousness when pissed. Wanted broeks off all the time. Walking through Raphael Crescent after lift from school with pock-marked Daphne Bruwer, remembered Baudelaire's Sympathetic Horror. And also a season in hell for me, some weekends. Trying to fight it out, exorcise the evil bewildering [p] ghoul from the banhus. House of bones. What troubles the flesh leaves the roots clinging grimly. Handicapped from the stem up. Can't flower in that country. Take Benny van Vught or Flip Oosthuizen or Cecil Siebritz. Gone fishin'. There was Margaret & there was Prudence. Pearls of wisdom in Maggie's phrase. Volksie with a cracked windscreen, peanuts & brandy at the roadhouse.

Euphoric sundays & blue mondays of repentance. Black tide of life where green germs feed.

Brilliant Brando in Mutiny Bounty. Stoic, cruel, tyrannical Bligh. Believe they had to cut it when Trevor Howard outshine Fletcher Christian who after all has the bigger name. Brando marched on Washington as part of the 200,000 crowd one civil rights summer. Meantime Jimmy & Joan wrote. Checking [Mrs]

Halford's

letterbox with the wooden lid on still bright mornings & one of the pleasures, under the big stonepine & the small willow in its shade. Tell them want to call [the] novel Bastard From The Castle. Saw Neville Krynaw. Coltrane's bitterly dignified & noble lines out of the undeterrable cave of suffering. [come] reeled out like a gutty fish line fast & yelping now & again softening to a smooth legato. Tone of poignance in those barbed-wire runs & breathy whispers of existence in pain & torment under the billy club & the rifle muzzles. Cold chicken & mayonnaise diced potato for late supper, with Colin van Wyk's girlfriend's avocado pear as dessert. Found Robbie's specs in my inside pocket next morning. Barlow pinching a Luiz Bonfa bossa nova in Lansdowne. Trading brandies with him. Tells of research boat in Atlantic. Go

with the diamond boat from Walvis Bay. Lobster as big as a man's arm. Sharks prowl. Put men down in cages. Jerry who got put away for vacuum cleaner pinching used to go diving for lobster at Kalk Bay. Govt boats patrolling. Bloke got the bends once coming up too fast. Nitrogen bubbles in the blood they say. Put him in a decompression tank. Pain acute in the joints of the body.

Eat drink & be merry for tomorrow we diet. Sell them for half-a-crown each in the streets of Athlone. Sunday divers yeah. Got a good reason for taking the easy way out. Day trippers on flip that end of term piss-up where David Morris from Manchester wept after Collection. With fizz of Jackpot pints in the foreground & up staircase 8 in Andy James's room an unholy alliance of aficionados & out-of-town men & Lizzy members with corks popping: life is very short & there's no time for fussing & fighting my friend. I have always thought that it is a crime, & so I ask you, once again. Gotta see it my way.

Lawns running to seed at Bellville Bush College. Grey sand characteristic of spiritual sterility in this apartheid wasteland. If you shake it more than once you're playing with it. I shall add to the graffiti. Trenches are dug where the Caterpillars have cleared the Port Jackson willow. Story about bureaucrats I wanted to write at the opening with the kleurling dignitaries & the white-gloved officers of state & the Noodhulpliga [fast] ambulance unit for the faint of heart in the heat. Unveiling the plaque is Dr Meiring, conducting the attentively hushed crowd to their appropriate seats are the Namaqualand volunteers. No hair on their skulls, can't pull themselves up by the roots. Plaster peeling & cracks in the staircase wall even as the speeches thunder from the rostrum. Can't have an S.R.C. [&] without Rector pulling strings. Won't organize us a party. Got pissed at Eddy [van] Edwards's that day. Massively boozy weekend with Rowl climbing up drainpipes to get the cat off Robbie's roof, Boston & the District 6 buffs turning up in force with a fish [tn] truck. Left bottles of brandy at every house we passed through. Leitch & Hassiem got in on the remains. [s]Sybil [cast] packed off home till van Wyk took pity & down the road after her we went. Bloke at college spoke of a mutton fry on his dad's sheep farm. Passed out against the wall chatting up Ozzie George's daughter in Eddy's yard. Walked round Halford's kitchen displaying B.A. certificate: Univ. of S.A. stamped at Pretoria this eighth day of May, 1964.

Mrs Domingo at Roggebaai [fl] looked me in the eye & said I'd ruin myself in the profession, become an alcoholic like my colleagues. Could almost say she was not far off the mark. Pinched Coriolanus from the school library, pinch of necessity. Denis Adonis was the sheep farm man. Old man is Werner's croney, greeted with the familiar 'Hoe gaan dit ou maat' that G uses to buddies. Weekend we took taxi to brother's funeral in Transkei. Kokstad story. Pallbearer Geo drunk as a lord on cane spirit. Frenchy, evicted from Bilston 43, to reassume [ma] tenantry of no. 5 with the crack in the wall which J.J. mended with cement. Had a hole dug in the garden to burn the rank weeds. Harsh mornings follow nights when sorry I peddle horrible scatology (study of feces & fossil excrement: Gr. skatos, skor = shit in combination) & cornpone, to keep you in memory. What's softwarm now shall stink tomorrow: it is nature's way. Frustratingly elusive thing pinned down eventually in a manner. Love the Lucifer, that is how it is, mumbles the id.

Occasional glimpses of blue are all. Outrageous, as such, our bloody fortune. Harris planted that stupid bomb in the J'burg Station Concourse. Plastic surgery may not repair some of the victims. The rock-of-canyon vivid cloud flames lava-orange as the sun erupts. Horned & lecherous moonscapes bar all knowledge of yesterday's soft sky. Shrapnel litters the theatre of cruelty, bullets flying through the emergency exits. And that is every day & death is every morning, evening & afternoon. Say not the struggle,..Clough, or Cluff/Clow? Drunk in one of those absurd &, as I wrote to J (oh the letters of eloquence!), baffling ways. Anger & disgust pouring out, bitter filth & gore. Passed out in a [lawn in] Bonteheuwel cement yard, fortunately friendly. Could have been ripped to pieces by the shoals of sharks in that section of the globe. Nerves wrecked again:

no more appetite. Napoleon by Herbert Lom, cutting classes with Edgar Carlser. Bernard Lilyfield & the jazz liaison. Thickest lips in Sunnyside, the grossest features in a more than standardly gross face. Grotesquely tall family; brother Antony stands near to 7ft in his socks, plays flute badly.

Got

Old man drives a bakery van. Boston lent me a Horace Silver. [Carried] the black man home in a wheelbarrow once, sleeping boozed in the [I] field behind Hewat Training College. Bertie's car stalled & got on Peggy Brophy's nerves by snogging with her pissed pal. Pat away on the trawlers working the heaving seas & hauling in the snoek. Bertie & I parted company at a gambling joint Peter Wentzel had taken us too in Belgravia Estate. Wentzel called off some gangsters once who apparently wanted to sock George.

But G's own underworld blokes were moving about in the area. Man met a gun.

Paid Syb's wool account out of pocket. Rang me petulantly requiring urgent service. Thick as piss. Make me bilious. Hey hey please get offa my cloud. Sketched in the lounge my heart out over Joan.

### VIGNETTE

no[No,] I'll not call you lovelier  
than she I once found beautiful  
for whom desire grew  
[& loved & loved] keep until  
love turned lucifer:

the aftertaste was acid,  
words spoken like a duty,  
but let me change your beauty  
into the more implicit

K.A.N Aug/1964.

bitterness

A wish for a tacit understanding. Not to gargle the words out or swallow the [ash] down. Spit out the ash & find another fire that to the soul shall be felicitous. Better bet on continued neutrality now: if I am nothing again I can be anything. Speaking to Ronnie Burton on the [Bet] library steps. In thick with the Bantry Bay bumfuckers. Structure with S just caved in & there she has left a meaningless black hole of [Cr] Fairview & elsewhere. Three cheers, chaps. Lost mother too, plying between all these women. Letter

to the

Registrar of the Ontario College of Educ., Toronto. Bloor St, to be more precise. 19th August 1964.

Dear Sir,

I have been corresponding with a number of S.A. teachers now working in Canada. I wish also to emigrate to your country, & those with whom I've kept contact are eager to sponsor my moving there. With this in mind I am negotiating with the authorities here.

This letter is to enquire of you about the educ. prospects. I have completed B.A. (Eng./Psych) & am at present busy with the Univ. SA Sec. Teachers' Diploma. The latter, I believe, may not be valid.

Will I be allowed to do your 8-week summer course?

I am 21 yrs old, Eng-speaking, very keen to offer my services, & equipped to bring about whatever adjustments are desirable.

I should therefore appreciate it if ... Meanwhile I am hopefully going ahead here.

Yrs,

etc.

Jamie & Isaac Pfaff standing by: all looks set to work. I hope to God only make out of myself what these cats & many others are confident I will. Slang from the arrival in Dist. 6 of boatload on Sat. of Negro sailors. Roaring down St Philip St where they chased Boston home at night & stole hat he had taken from a kid Yank (tricksiness here somewhere). That cat's o.k. man. Tells me that Boeta Awie of the crayfish boat had maltreated Siesie Moena of the open arse. She gets her own back on the hawker by lying on her back with everybody at work during the day. Swart piepie saag oppie settee, la[a]t waai die wit jelly tienie boue.

Mist swirls over the upper crags of the mountain in august. Symbol of granite tyranny, the big lock-out. Not far from Parliament & the Public Works [at] up Hanover St past the fishcarts & fruit barrows & doss stick shops lies the conglomeration of slum tenements, muck-filled alleys, cobbled backyards

with water runnels & broken lavatory pipes, spilling junk & crippled cuckstools: terrifically contradictory tones. New furniture, fresh wine, old blankets smelling of DDT & detergent floure rats & cockroaches, bugs & flies, itchy bitches & [mon] grizzled dogs sleeping on the narrow sidewalks. Fierce life of a weekend there. One word for the people: 'colourful'. Govt pressure has shifted them, uprooted, condemned to the grey waste of Bonteheuvel. Never can they despair, those who yet remain, living as deep as the bottom of the bottle, people who've created quite by instinct a unique ethos: stamped by tradition they rise superbly to the continuing changes of face & form. Fiercely partisan, charming, hospitable in a legendary way -- this is their cool. My people. Can never be free. They don't need to, strangely, they themselves are the thing, the very form & pressure of the time.

Dear Diary: we hopped off to a party. Among the cats met was Howard Lawrence, Post journalist. Been inside twice for political confinement. Carried it well. Told me though that he'd break into cold sweats when on the bottle, reliving the physical therapy they deal out. Then gets merrily violent. So tries to hold himself dry, like Sunday morning when the church bells were tolling & our American pals helped in the [ed] irrigation operation. Futile battle. Nowhere else to hide but inside a bottle, daddy, & your enemies can see you there all the time. That commercial: buy your food in glass. See the product. Get canned -- the phrase is poetically unjust.

Wild times disconcert you in the blue haze. Solid drunk four days that followed. Mooching around  
at

the courts with Werner, vlooking moer [to] Godfrey Johnson in the pub: transport snob & bar bum, more hou than hum. Blake Edward's cool script on Pink Panther, nouveau Hollywood. Sat in the Lounge (A.H.) with beer & took a dame's address. Mavis -- never turned up she didn't. In my terylene jacket standing lonesome, so Uncle Sid [sits] calls in for a drink. He of that fabulous Frenchy gem, one who owed money, eyeing him in the other corner, finally lowered the paper & put finger neatly across throat with a guttural sound. Jean offended by the size of cock during coitus interruptus. Hurts a bit, a great deal. Vincent Kolbe at Qtown; Elwyn Williams upon leaving running out of cash. Which ends up at Alex La Guma's in Hazendal, under house arrest, not supposed to have visitors. Boere se poes & so say all of us but in sober daylight I pussyfooted out kitchen door & over the fence in the rain, round Athlone Bridge to make it for the Halford breakfast of egg, sausage & tomato with wholewheat brown bread, thick sliced [f] hot from the toaster, black coffee, & a glance at the headlines of the day. Never got to see Dennis on the island. Heard the report from brother Wilfrid coming to see George on fixing divorce action. Wife won't let him sleep with her, or he withheld conjugal right: garbled story. More brandy.

Carron on board built up from stolen materials at Pietie's new house. Guy who went across the road & to live with randy widow who'd reputedly murdered her husband. Just built a house, [put] set his large family up & started paying alimony from across the way with the greatest bland face on earth. Ou kat is a vuil boesman. That's the way the cookie does what? 'The time to make up your mind about people is never' -- Katherine Hepburn's sparkingly delivered line. Loved her with Bogey in The African Queen. Mass age. Trailing my contorted soul around. Massage it with your physiotherapy hands. The sayers of major things are shoaled up on little lonely islands. In the bath impinged the thought that anyway the New Thing like the old one was going to be equally futile. Must somehow make it work with J, can't believe [that] the feeling that sometimes I don't really need her. Can grasp the yea-saying Nietzsche bit now, clue that Joyce picked up & made a principle. With Werner again -- superb defence in that adultery case at the Native Court. Just glanced through the lobola laws that morning. At 4.00 came out beaming with an out-of-court settlement on the cards. Which led to a heart-breakingly wild woolly weekend. Lucy Schroeder in green slacks, leggy, freckled. Sorry for her -- [to] domineering family, no scope for a

nice kid: from Lansdowne. Played with her hair on the bed. Those household imps interrupted the build-up, playing around in their sweet fierce way, full of nervous energy. Bunny there during the George-Blende half-mock battles, G swinging determined lefts swishing an inch[es] or so past a glassy-eyed Blende's jaw. Jeftha putting it down in that famous one-two way: philosophy that no booze is socially catalytic, booze is just booze there to be drunk. Nevertheless couldn't cope with my brandy avarice. Paid kid in the road a penny to tow him down to bus stop, laughing all the way. Came out there with aching muscles & tired bones. Ronald Yearwood's sheets inch down the bed during the night. Find them crumpled in the foothole next morning. Purple Noon with Delon. The tons of pluck it needs to survive the accidents & ravages of time.

Robbie asleep when I hit there Sunday. No, said Onah, no painting the house now. The Moos the hermaphrodite appeared who had stashed away the killing he made on the jackpot tote at Arlington. At Gibbon Avenue Donny Bost slept in a back room. Curried beans for lunch at four of the clock. An old man came up with a morality talk to 'my sons' with Robs on his daughter-in-law's lap & Frenchman snoring away on the sofa. I tiptoed back to dear old Dorwen, content, tipsy, nostalgic &, as always, bloody lonely. The issues become cloudier except during the [booz] liquored intervals. Barlow full of hops got up in the AH Lounge & swore Peggy Brophy out for a stinking rat.

Alan's dotting habit. Carrie's low-key style. Mervyn's happiness in factual dry abruptness. Neffie's ('nephew' said the green-eyed goose from Heathfield) jocular manner with a serious kick-off the Englishman is reserved & diplomatic ma' moenie lat hy op jou kop kak nie. Paracelsus & the rosicrucians. Joey Swartz passed away & Teddy Rose married. Gerald Jeftha with a white bird in Portsmouth. In the TB hospital met this kind nurse, nowhere to go. Cool receptions from father's friends. Harry got 100% mark in Maths exam.

Told

me off when stumbling down aisle over assorted suitcases of books, Zubeida's & Patty's & John Oliphant's & Lawrence Afrika's, George Julies. China in a bull shop. Marking my incomprehensible equations at the table. Rest of them drawing parabolas on the graph paper. Scored better at trigonometry than at algebra. X & Y too abstruse for me, more so if squared & cubed. Star at geometry, witness cigarettes won off Bubbles at carrens. Mr Syce chasing Chokka Morden [with] through the gate after losing twice -- stick in hand. Double it up always, can't carry out boast. Aunt Soose amused and tough as nails on all falterers. Routing the gamblers from the corner with a broomstick.

Gnomic: Finer features, smooth hair / have I known before / among the fair; / but somewhere, everywhere / I turn you are / florescent, mute / like dark suit. // Sweet bird, slim spirit, / you shall inherit / phoenix feathers / to weather all weathers, // and sylph, so tender, / may your lover / be some salamander. Sept 1964. Which is the furor scribendi (rage for writing) -- does it jell with the furor loquendi (speaking) -- & where is the furor poeticus? -- poetical fire? They are all [go] grown into the light. fo[xx] green:

Wind swings easy with the boughs, sun  
yet lacks the bite of summer in full blood.  
Fields with which I am familiar  
wait for the flowers to turn them green.  
A pale blue sky caps change of season.  
That house appears. Gestures prepared  
I enter, spill the greeting phrase.  
- Long time, since daughter left, no see!  
She's been accepted, wrote yesterday.  
- Otherwise, how are things, okay?  
Relax with this & that, have tea.

They play the tape you sent.  
I lean down to your voice & its new accent,  
I " " , not believing it is you.  
Who stirred the soup -- that ditty-greasy foam?  
Warm husky tones sheathe such sharp longing,  
I laugh, pretend surprise. You've mellowed swiftly.

Smoke of sunset is the day's transition  
which brilliant flamesharp stars succeed,  
& smoky echoes fill this room  
to warm my silence into words:  
foam green, my lost 1/2, you'll return.

Love as usual says John Steinbeck is inarticulate. Sporting Life: Harris/Roberts. Real Madrid trounced WP. O'  
Ryan's firm bankrupt, shares down the drain, sold scooter. Marriage set for Kruger's Day (10/10). Traf  
students

& teacher arrested with discovery of plot to blast Athlone Powerhouse. Spring fashions. While I'm in the  
ruthless mood might as well do away with as much as possible.

### "STATE OF EVIL"

Crocus & mintbush aromas arouse  
sweet childhood smells, flies round the lips.  
That sticky sugar odour's saturation  
clogs your nostrils in the moribund evening.

Bulging clouds glower grotesquely,  
thick with intemperance. Parent bodies  
spawn the lust fumes, the white flagellums;  
more than mirage are the permutations.

Less than miraculous, around, the prospect.  
My swamped feet tussle with weeds whose [good] reach  
shows  
[quaffs]spring's virility in fulsome vistas.  
The flourish is no more than camouflage  
for rusted tins & broken bottles.  
I feel like evil in this bizarre country. 10/9/64. K.

Epileptic dew of Baudelaire's morbid horror. But there is, furthermore, a Fairy Story which follows:-

She urges, whimpering, venom from my body:  
I thud forked thighs with thunder.  
The sky stands opalescent. She  
turns & sleeps with foggy candour.  
Being no remarkable phenomenon  
she represents the multitude.  
My brawn & glands they crowd & then  
to tell with the spirit's plenitude.  
Now not to squander on a lavish bitch  
I spend the sunlight in pursuit of such  
pursuits as are uncommon, much-maligned  
by haters of a man's true mind.  
wishing like some romantic wretch  
to have you always where I am.  
Since you've been gone my little witch  
to turn you princess with a kiss I dream.

K. 4/64

[page 253]

Beer drinkers unite. Others boozing Stellenvale: marital problems & complex motives are unending. Pair of smelly moccasins from Davidson. Walk with them in Mowbray. Frenchy visiting slut round corner from the

Standard, one with loose child; Alan's old flame. Next year next time I saw that column I was on me way to merrie england. <title><hi>LATE SPRING</HI></TITLE>

[A sweet] scent, the taste still falls  
short of [the lasting] perdurable flavour.  
Sunlight diamonds the jade place  
where snails keep their damp vigil.  
In a green tunnel of ordeal  
the warm day's edge is chill.

A fine blind fury of raindrops,  
swansong lashed through the leaves, so  
that winter now dies noble.  
Muddled, the surf swells shoreward  
with boom & crash that slowly  
end in a beach curve, sand-kissed.

Though the heart's a continuum  
& rhythms never in memory only  
often the abrupt silences  
of turtledoves filter from a vacuum.  
Broken cadences in the air  
remind of absences at [va] empty moments.

Wake & wait: dew & opalescence  
conceal the grass, the azure sky;  
dreams perpetrate the promise  
of summer that you made me crave  
keenly, for all your reluctance.  
I cherish these wan beginnings. K. 22/4/64

### INTERIOR: BOURGEOIS

Bored fingers flick the dial  
& studio females purr  
the drama's gripping instalment  
till tense dracula music  
explodes in a shattering climax:  
the sleek commercial classic.  
She breaks away for lunch.  
The box bombards with news  
the ferns, but plants are suave,  
they lend the room composure:  
the aspidistras, the trellised  
creepers, the wandering jews.  
Long ago in prandial tins  
llovo syrups, marmalades  
& guava juice (concentrated) stood.  
Now leaves outlast the rust, though  
suffering insect indignities,  
mobile raids & visits, dustings  
& colour scheme arrangements.  
They radiate composure:  
a kind of interior beauty

K. 21/9

which penetrates the glass cage even  
through the venetian blinds.

[page 254]

Chambers' Etymological Dictionary bought in Std 7, Paterson. After overflow sent from Southend. Wanted to [trav] commute to town every day with Yusuf, Nains, Winny Johnson, Largo & the dagga seniors behind the broken lavatory wall. On the hill overlooking Algoa Bay. Later to walk those cool shady corridors myself. Don't go to that other stony place. Joe Newton gave some fab science marks anyway: on salts, ions, electrodes.

Copper

sulphate. Hard water. Racks of fragile test tubes. Or white salts, later make gas stink with big Wesley from Bethelsdorp in Gordon Jenneker's class. Dreams & multiple dreams, ganglia of the earthworm. First learnt that word there, 'pseudo' blood system. Copulate on their backs, deposit the seed, those serpentine hermaphrodites.

What about the ingestive amoeba dividing? Reproduction by fission. Dissect the frog in biology class. Plant experiments: photosynthesis. Say it isn't so, say it isn't so, that you're gonna take my bus fare shilling from my pocket anymore. Safer with monthly ticket, scrambling for back seat at roundabout, riding to Berry's

Corner,

Can smoke upstairs, no teachers. Except when Davy Pierce keeps back on woodwork. Leant against my model in

of class cupboard & it fell apart. Old bones & rags mashed [up]gluepot smoking up front. What kind of side elevation is that. Drank him under the table at Eddie's party years later, one who died in car crash.

Mythology, roman numerals, metric system, suffixes & prefixes, ancient kingdoms on the map. Greek

colonies in

Sicily, Palestine, the Roman world, Chaldean & Egyptian empires. By the waters of Babylon I wept.

Limpopo, or

cutting [reeds] rushes for the concert in Henry Kaiser hall, in Baakens river. Pennies raining on the stage

stopping

shack

at the bridge passage to wait for applause. Great laughter. Scared to go home in the dark past [xxxxxx] honeysuckle hedge. Said a bull was abroad with fierce horns.

Discussing in George's living room, waiting for him to get home. Leitch persuaded to cut karate class that friday afternoon. Thought-provoking, the meaning of absurdity. Why rebels suffer & [sta] soldier on. Existentialist drive. Well-balanced palaver, neither light nor heavy. Sense of camaraderie enriches as we go away into the night. Awaits his B.Ed results at U.C.T. Walk in there on a saturday & he's sitting with a can vrottes writing massive essay on russian education. Me awaiting UED results. 'Education is an investment in people.' No love, no sin -- D. was ironic in the extreme, but touched a perhaps unsensed vein of truth. Ask of us no allegiance was my later version. kleurlingtak op Suid-Einde. Wrote Jamie. Saw Wilfrid Brutus.

Japie Miller, the company man with a narrow soul. That type bred from the harshland brown farmer. Don't give a damn how they step on you. Started quarrel after hot meeting of directors of Eureka Hotel, engineered wholly by Werner's brilliant planning before the freeloaders moved in, men with money. Sidney Pietersen & Peter the the Belgravia butcher -- owns four shops. Blende got tight & to G's annoyance started "acting" i.e. taking the piss out of the whole lot, with that extended rasping laugh. Broke a plate of savouries in the process & spilled a

bottle

of Viceroy over on the floor. Mr Dalvey the babbie was visited yet again who gets legal advice in return for sweet wine

& malts & spirit favours. Keen deal. Been at it again for a solid week, my god! Terrible gastritis attack in early hours of a September thursday when the Kokstad hockey team visited. Bill, the cantankerous brother whose big boots stink. Wanted to throw chair at me when I fell in love with young daughter Silvie at Kokstad.

Sunday couldn't eat the curried beans. Monday at 7.05 am start on a fresh bott. Gilbey's from Dalvey. Gin & cold tonic plus lemon. Marvellous pick-up.

Leitch says should stay & climb mountain. Harry Jeftha passed away. A Hard Day's Night. Witty, energetic, hilarious.

Said early already how British life looks attractive: proved to be more than just that. Brambell a scream as old man whom they refer to continually as 'clean'. I should've known better on the train, though he sends Ringo off on a wistful, tragicomic walk through the grey riverside slums: tender underdog tones. Tomorrow to fresh fields & pastures new. Selah.

Write Psych. Ed. on Sat. morn, & as Miss cornelius says 'you can't possibly fail'. Ashley Peace in afternoon with Yon & gin slings. Load of records, lots of Ella Fitzgerald (Savoy Stompin) & Art Tatum with Tiny Grimes & Sl-Slam.

Old wine, new bottles. To get trials over with things done is that you want all you love? Those subways where sharp light can't break & darkness hides us all. Whose touch? Can tell your hollows ache with silence.

Focus falls on brutal questions. Blood tastes swell when what you love is rich in redness. Mad jokes break from mouths that pangs won't silence. Blind fingers feel what lips can't touch & nudeness amplifies the question concerning the colour arrangements done. The trial love what sin was done what songs you heard once break from boughs & mountains you question. O destinations & you sleep in silence, blossoms wither beneath your touch where tears for the troubled mother run. With wide detachment wake & break the liquor winds. A flatulent question elicits gales of laughter. Done? Again the beginning at the end

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of love. Slow haze answers after that touch a blur of words assaults the silence. And give me more to quench the touch & let me no more question questions. You made you alone for her: the break comes through the fear of silence, & in your nagging dreams you love to get things over with, hopes done.

Let me oppress you with my expectations. Not too gingerly anyway. Expect not seeing Frenchy in the AH for some time. Smashed a glass against the opposite wall. Leitch always felt the bewilderment that comes with

[in] booze can only be assuaged by this smashing action. Cullis gave Fr. notice to walk. Also pal of his lit bomb

under a chair on Guy Fawkes evening & they blamed the chairman of cause!! Looked cut up about it when saw him on sat. after the psycho trip, which came out tops. This time moving to p.e. lock, stock etc. bar the odd blanket tch. tch. given to Alfie, Andy Abrahams's wayward 'boo' -- shoes & that white club shirt bought [for] via teddy pillay [at] while still in the ruth henry & nandi jordan ambit.

### SUNDAY ATTITUDE

Molten afternoon sheens above houses  
then evening bows among trees.  
In the room I part the curtain,  
full at first of a certain emptiness.

Glowing air & the silhouettes  
of bought bring regret's tinge:  
the difference of distance that is  
that keeps you unteachably strange.

To attitudes of industry  
I turn & betray this silver essence:  
because the enchantment is transient.  
Yet out of sight holds its still presence.

You say - may he mellow  
to be my evening's horizon, the blind  
agonised youth. And I pray you  
sufficiently graceful to dwell in the mind.

For there's the orgy's end,  
& the stream to follow;  
tradition to uphold,  
the given way to go. / K. November 1964.

An illusion that a man can care for someone other than himself. Can't lose this hold on sanity, but told Max Perkins about the lie perpetrated. White Hart Inn outside Oxford on Olox Bartlett's 21st the night I broke that marathon 7-week (no-smoke no-drink plus selective diet) spell. The artist's purpose is to uncover & exorcise such illusion by illustration -- suspect this leans too much on a strong basic thesis, though. Man is as mesmerized by delusion as a bull by the cape. At the moment of revelation -- when he first penetrates behind the cloth of illusion -- the sword is halfway home between his shoulder blades. (From a review of Paul Scott's *Corrida At San Feliu*. Teddy Pillay & Derek Billet passed medic. finals. Notes for J: what was I writing to you about those times? Lawsie's downhill slide. Frenchy's marriage to Rita -- story Dec. 12.

Ray's disappointment at my early departure Dec. 16th. Cruelty of the young generation with a new explanation.

Beatle repeat with Werner. R taking Doreen to festive season Durban. Brian gave lift to G's office & showed me Joyce's engagement ring on way. Politically quiet, except the odd post office blowup. Man in the street is his usual colourful christmassy self. Varsity days over for the nonce (I trow) & responsibilities ensue. Back to that terrible knife-slashing town. Birthday blues on the train. Cutting out -- varsity break-up was non-existent, everyone simply parted friends. 6 minor papers posted & my name's there. You must have lucky fingers, that's all. Mine for yours too, looscious. Roobish, you might reply.

## OPERATION CLEANUP

leaflets

Telegrams of congratulations, business [letters]  
old [po] poetry drafts, examination notes,  
Xmas greetings, [love lines] paragraphs of love  
year that

I clear the room of:[August] ends.

Moments they had of triumph & smiles.  
[&] Graduation picture. The girl who wrote  
she burnt her fingers in molten metal  
touching me. The grammar tragic.

I laugh & crouch to the fire.  
I laugh again as the flames devour  
the starved heart's far-past naiveties.  
All the way from the bottom that hunger blazed me.

Flashes of juvenile genius showing  
here & there through the whorling smoke.  
Calloused with experience, the hands  
cruelly crumple the faded birthday cards.

Correspondence from you, your bric-à-brac  
distributed in the heart's false bottom is

I  
what [one] can't jettison in such hard absence. keen  
It lives with me, commanding a rentable space. K. 1964.

## EXPLORATION

in the barren mornings of winter I try  
to shake out the cobwebs of nightmares,  
to belch that room's miasma. i  
try to laugh & my lips feel dry  
above the heart that thumps regardless. Try

employment agencies, departments, bureaus;  
standing long in the rag-&-bottle queue  
on leaner lean days. Going back  
it fails, my face is wrong. i try  
to visit the lush park of the city council  
with squirrels & fine young [da] whites

under the Board of Executioners sign  
a blond policeman with his leather holster  
in the grounds of their houses of parliament  
in the barren mornings of winter i try / K.1964

Off to see Fr at no. 5, after which a jog to sunday morning ma abdol & some sweets & bland talk  
Or maybe find v. Reenen with the boss van & visit Bunny at new Salt River digs. Day he got quietly  
married. Special friends only, one or two botts. brandy. Can't afford to spend, paying car damages. Man  
with

fibre & spine -- he also couldn't take Ray: funny. Leitch once told me that I was the one suffering  
from the disease of allergy. Torture the essence into an elegy, bleeding in my hole. Poetry as self-  
discovery.

Expression + analysis = discovery. (This note was written in Junior's bed at 8 a.m., both of us children.)  
Balls I spoke calling poetry a defence mechanism. There is no true ME, only marks & things seen from  
angles. The prevailing mask in the main personality. Response to the calamiterror. I am inadequate in  
company or alone. Therefore I choose company, seeing & reliving myself in this other opposite flesh. Exas-  
perating bourgeois timidity in the material sphere, & arrogance of spirit, the artist who is anti-  
establishment. Constant revolution -- the Red Guard of my soul hurling rocks at the [foreign] ambassadors

foreign to this soul, smashing effigies of non-cats, painting slogans as sign-posts of the odyssey, burning publically the pabulum of old perpetrated falsehoods. Or privately: it doesn't matter as long as they go by the boards. Without directly & immediately knowing what it wants. Slum squalor on the sensitivities. When I look at it tomorrow it lies there sham, a fake I can't believe. But now it must be done. Get the thing, anything, to move -- we cannot stand still long here. Not cause the soul seeks, but condition. Which in a relative world it can't get except in passing. That is the moment to catch, the one that passes -- isolate it from its then background & project it into a future one: but essential to do it now. It will tumble from its mental perch, but remains a record of an articulate beginning. Swept away in the end, a spray of blown feathers, moultings. You are growing, call it Process, Hold me responsible, I can answer to your hurt pride or you violent retaliation again & again. True, Freud, the anxiety & the aggression complexes. As from Langston Hughes [the] night comes tenderly after the pale evening where you rest, dark like me. In the dark the eyes can't see; we say the god resides in those places behind the windows of the soul, but it's the devil, the horned goat, demon, the naked Bantoe or the burgling Spook which the eyes failed to [cont] detect, the bloodless boneless ghost which no infrared beam of light can be intercepted by to snap the contact & trigger the defence. Poltergeists of course do not exist, but the devil who flings the empty brandy glass against the wall does exist, abundantly evident.

Two kinds of men from Waiting for Godot: the bald bosses & the grey-haired sufferers who've seen much, one bled dry by the other. AD as they call the present in crosswords. Death rather than pain & indignity, total destruction rather than scotching the snake inside. Hear me, old mother, & save me. Can only be unflinchingly sincere, unstintingly frank against assault & torment, apathy & lethargy. Be so deeply in love with your spiritual degradation that you relentlessly extract the essence. Genet, black saint. One option is as good as another, long as you're convinced & dedicated. Shameless confession is as bad as shameless mendacity, however. There are self & other selves. Title for a volume by a terrified neurotic. They never become psychotics: the protective mechanisms are all stations alert already. Cannot be hit harder beyond this. It is adrenalin that keeps pumping when the heart jumps. Not the mind itself that cracks. Hurrah to the drinking classes of all ages, backgrounds & times. Three cheers for the LSD eaters, let go thy lame id. Bully to the pot-smokers, the distillers of all sweet essences & vapours. The world stands in need of us all.

From diaries & notebooks emerge the secrets. 'The gentle art of self-defence' is in fact the art of self-concealment. Thus I forget myself & lose the kernel fear & the survival thought. Disembodied is the way to be. Id entity is a social vortex. To be nourished in the grime & filth, speak from there where your growth roots are, but do not play the muckraker, the ragpicker. Terror is a taint on the soul. 'To be stripped of darkness is to be made clean.' -- puckish imp Thomas. Step out of the convoluted & folded shadows of your bourgeois-academic clothes. Now. At the moment grasped. While I had this pint of Lion Special changed for a pint of black delicious Guinness & the newly founded Eureka Bottle Store & Lounge, Elsie's River, Cape. George Werner having [bo] ordered it while he discussed with one of the directors a legal point, this was wit. How we got there, god alone knows, but we did. From darkness to some measure of light; hence the bibulous cherub. Winging through the void with the message in the mass age. Though some may consider it is never time to tell the truth. Truth? Death is the only truth, there is that sets you finally free. Back to primordial amorphousness. But at least to salvage the glinting fragments is worth your lonesome stooping amongst the rubble. Long is the escape from delusion.

Man is on his weak-knees before the terrible universe. They twinkle, the stars, we imagine. I am he in all my sense of humour. The laughter vendor with smoke in his eyes. The sad membranes weep between the heavings of the enslaved tissue. Friday night Dec. 4th at Woodstock beach the car got stuck in the sand. Slept till morning when 5 fishers of men came to haul us out of the hellhole at the cost, Blende-inspired, of a 1/2 bott. brandy, much to G's disaffection. That trip to Kokstad with G. & his emBasilment nephew who almost ruined his uncle's work & with his hand constantly in the till, corking debits & credits for lunch, dinner & breakfast. O trip of trips almost to rival that p.e. stint of an awesome foursome.

Where Dennis (Erosion: Transkei) said the land's red wounds gape & rivers dribble towards the sea. In high summer suiping cane spirit 80[degree sign] proof. Green bowl of a town with dusty-brick houses. Aura &

patina of age mingled with uptown youth & lifeblood. St Patrick's Cathedral with that irrepressible lawyer turning round to me & winking from a front pew & the mourners filed ceremonially past the deceased's coffin. Snapped with a beaded Xhosa girl on the road back. Winding undulating views. Gemsbok & sheep in the grey karoo far down. Old ageless krantz & ribbon-water valley. Hot air singing a hazy dirge by the window; screeching tyres along the catwalk passes. Taxi-driver grumpy with overstay. Umtata we saw only in darkness, a baleful African attendant disgruntled in a deliberate way of lethargy filling the tank with petrol. Cut your wheels to ribbons there overnight these days. Air free of malice otherwise. Exotic way the locals say Ixopo, Engcobo. 150 miles from Durban. Rich Kikuyu grass by the river where schoolteacher near end of term simply take day off with bottles of cane from the speakeasy. Honey-haired broads tonguing English as sweetly as you can hear it outside Durban. Black hawk hanging vividly above the cliff's edge from the speeding limousine, dry landscape scarred by brilliant green thorn trees with their white barbs. Mists in the George pass shifting ghostily along the rock walls. Redraw earth of nature's interior.

Thoughts in a speeding vehicle with ripping wind through the window-chinks. The original writing stays in the [&] memory engraved. Limosin brandies galore, a Royal Oak at Cradock. Revert to Liebenstein for guts' sake!! Had a raucous, me an' George. Shook up a town or two. Charl being sent for by the Kokstad High School inspector the sat. morn while writing down the shortest joke in world: boy scouts, girl guides. My permanent contribution to Gs collection of jokes, that one. What is yellow & has 2 paws? he would say. Could it be a paw-paw maybe? Or Lichtenburg & Kakamas. What is green & goes ting-a-ling? Georgie Werner. Strange calculation that a widow on a bicycle has 2 balls below & 2 above the ground & goes at 5 m.p.h. Japie Miller, cantankerous bedfellow [at] -- "how big are the elephants you want to get into this mini-minor?"

Belligerent, irascible, I-am-God, but deadright -- uncle Willie Werner, school principal with the wayward wife. Outie, the other fly in the funeral balm, bellowed hoarsely. Ou pissed on us as we slept on the bedroom floor, 79-year-old goat. Couldn't find the light or the outside door. Finally offered him a double Hennessy by way of expressing solidarity. Uncle Andries at Cradock with the biting monkey was furious. And where in the world are those we desire? Adam Kok must have been a deadright Griqua too, with that shrewd treaty reserving a sizable portion in the centre of town for exclusive Griqua use. Probably bulldozed by Verwoerd & followers later, people of that ilk. But the tenacious act was plain, it was [ar] done with visionary courage.

G forked out £40 to Cavella, ex-flame operating taxi fleet, at Bellville, obviously less than 1/2 the usual. Booi the driver, irked by delay at Cradock, went to cavort at the local barn dance on the cement floor. I myself sloshed down 3 delicious pints of brownhead kaffirbier fetched from the adobe hut of [Witties] one of Willie's sharecroppers at Bokramhoek. Headquarters was the other joint up the road: they owned the whole section east of the railway line & bounded by the river. Bet. the 2 we shuttled mercilessly, the lawyer & I, drinking each dry in turn. Thanks for going Auntie Susie said mock-seriously. Me in form the Sunday morning at the house of mourning. The glasses were out even before we'd scrambled out of Pienaar's Kombi. That Sylvie proposal almost sparked a barney in the heart of that hell-for-leather Fort Harian. Science teacher who owed Ma Fettus half his monthly pay on 29th November in the Storeyville district. Meanwhile the chap with red dust on his collar rim, the Sunday 10 a.m.

look of beggarly dismay engraved on his [backless] chops, was about to inveigh against auntie Girlie & Ma Tuta to open the suitcase of reserves under the brass bedstead. Only upon production of a written promise are they altruistic this time while with gourmand relish I eyed the seven bubbles plopping up from underneath the scum of a brew

delectable [stew] on the primus stove in the corner, gallon tin. Five other bubbles meanwhile

sinking down with aplomb, Pienaar negotiating anxiously in Xhosa. All of which ended in sudden flight through the mango foliage among the mud huts, bottles of cane under the jacket.

Dear old Marianne, whom all the lads in Kokstad love. Half a Johnny Walker dusty with disuse & torn label on a lonely plank shelf. We spent not a dime, liquor being dispatched from all possible corners. On the way back Sister Mack was skelling as usual. But you can't beat Beatle season: he was tops all the way. At Greenhaven we arrived, the weary travellers.

Dropped in on Boston 2 Sundays back, taking along Horace Silver with that beautiful Senor Blues on it. (Been listening to some thumping, inventive & richly exciting Hampton Hap[xxx]. Tubby & cheeky as ever he promised to get my discs from Howard whom I understand during lean periods has the uncomfortable habit of pawning records to one of these dingy ghetto pawnshops. Crayfish season not in full swing yet. They make fine rich curry says Miesies Augustine & Boeta Awie agrees. Rather subdued he is these days

--

police intimidation hitting his barrow boys hard on the jaw, with civic body blow from the municipality. The fruit cars have vanished off the streets in town & you see them now at the corner of Station Rd  
Athlone

tucked round the bend as you come out of Mowbray & jump off the bus making for [the subway].

Coming off the Flats through Rondebosch starts a change of scenery & feeling, swing of traditional atmospheres.  
margins

These sights I miss, too various to enumerate. Along the base & [xxxxxxx] where oaks in rich hillside soils replace the dry rustling umbrella pines & the endless green willow in thirsty sand. Over Athlone Bridge towards the breathtaking mass of mountain sweep from Lion's Head to Devil's Peak & beyond round to Sea Point, the boulders at Bantry Bay. Elation & belief & hope you experience. Beyond the Woodstock bus depots, Rex Trueform, Groote Schuur, Pepsicola & the oldest residential part of town, District 6 (not counting the castle

by the vast new 3-division station). Grime on the walls of toffee & chocolate factories, burnt-out furnaces in side-streets with ash whirling & cinders strewn by the summer crop of south-easters, newspapers shoaled against galvanized fences bearing the chocolate curls of rust which ages & times & the long winter rains deliver. Mongrels & urchins & thin sinewy tough with razory slits of eyes & slick black hair & wristy movements, low-slung belted denims, sat. worst & sun. best & monday bust. Like the weekend shows with 6-bott. cans of neat brandy at O'Ryans, with chicken & jazz & birds, of all sub-beige colours. Each one's slum is to him or her home. Infectious violence of booze & equally contagious laughter & hand-shaking when I'll cancel for another time the left hook I intended to deliver after my knee nudge to the solar plexus. Tarring all with the same brush, that is our uniformity. Only in memory remains the sight of empty lots with piles of broken mouldy bricks -- people steadily being shifted to Laviston hell, named for some old bastard of a paternal bishop benevolently regarding his parish from the safety of magnolia'd Bishops court. The District's artery down Hanover St can't be the same any more: deep down there is fear. Walk 6 or 7 blocks before you get your soul planted into raw earth. Those ways are redolent of legend, rich with story. Prolific life & vermin. Crimson bloodmarks in the streets you leave unquestioned; Boston saw me looking round furtively but assured me solemnly that "they turn this room round regularly once every week".

Long walk from Basket Lane up to the top. On a fine [af] day you can see almost austere mountain pines in their neat sweeps & curves throwing shadows within touching distance, the sun turning west so that the hard rims & conglomerate layers stand out in sharply horizontal seams of grey metallic rock. From the Flats distance makes the wide curved shield a blue-blurred shadow, but that is the oblique view. Against the lower wooded slopes are crowded the wood & iron tenements, the flaky turreted mosques, the rain-washed Jewish shops, the oldest Coloured schools, the sun-splashed spaces in the streets, & the bewildering mosaic of roofs. Droll, hardy, nonchalant, care-free & fanciful people -- music of the klopse at Xmas, all bastards from the castle on the Plein.

Love With The Proper Stranger: McQueen NY: huge towering brick-glass-&-asphalt impersonality. Pity & anguish of the camera through a wire mesh focused on passing limousines. Sent G's keys from Kokstad in a  
from

cigarette box, he'd forgotten them. [On]a liebersteining Sunday at Helen's Frenchy & self proceeded

to Patsy & Anne's, but the former was expecting her trawlerman husband from Japan (otherwise known as [gjal]gaol) at any moment & I wasn't making time on the stoep with Anne at all, so Frenchman & self parted somewhat disagreeably. THE WORDS:-

The words have fallen from their mental perch  
down to the bottom of the cage:  
through the cold bars in the search  
for credibility blown by the breath of rage.  
Dead feathers from my famished lips  
have settled on the page.  
Thoughts dribble from the blue  
sky of memory, soon to die if  
not admissible to something true.  
But stilled mouths must not be  
the pattern of a gloved hand, foot with shoe:  
so take this warm to you.

Another stanza after an unholy spell of quiet. For out of the words I weave ...

After the Bush exam, the good times rolled frenziedly, & the old bit of gut & girth was putt on mercilessly.

Jackson the playwhite locomotive driver, bald red with flaxen sideburns, who's favourite song is What A Difference A Day Makes, sung tenor-contralto. Night after the usual G/B wrangle got Tom in his Volks-wagen to run us out to Eureka. Jack soused slept all the way back, me whispering sweet nothings to his wife with the same responsive success. Thou terrible voluptuous Khoisan, betake thyself to the cleansing berg. So I stayed over this last time & said goodbye in the event of not seeing again. Rescued a 1/2 Liebie where 2 hrs after Leitch had started to recover under the blankets from his graduation at his mother's joint I turned up & once more with feeling lied me to Liberty (Bott. Inc), with a quickie at the rival lounge back of the Athlone Hotel, Mingy Hammond's gin-&-tonic dive, bloke with the articulate discoloured gums & apelike eloquence. Where with Ian Erntzen on one of his shady errands we potted & cracked chestnuts at Leitch's, opened cans of fish for lunch with chopped onion. Pilchards in chilli & tomato, Ian putting paid with relish to the remains.

Trying on one of Leitch's neckties, shaving in mirror with his electric razor. Took piccies in garden, set off for Johnny Coert's without real knowledge about the movements of Frenchman. Sweat-stained & crumpled [sweater] panted but fancyfree in that purplespeckled sweater Colin v Wyk quipped his dog had slept on during on of those nutty sprees. Unable to make it to Halfords for proper attire, I ensconced myself behind the bare trestle. Osmond with schoolmasterly dignity & then Ivan Gaskin with booze in boot pitched up. Cardboard box of hooch with Norks as official barman. News meanwhile that with Neville Franman & witness Jean the wedding couple were running late at the Magistrate's Court. Refusal to perform ceremony but at Wynberg discovered whole that the [civil cere] thing was still possible & some sat marking time at the Naaz with gin while Frenchy got rid of the old clothes & got into new shoes of a queerly popinjay variety. Ray striking form after the brisk 3rd round of brandies, cordial Coert having given us freedom of the pad. Leitch & Osmond get going on some political warring while I coolly got moving with the hardehout, feeding the fires of ideological contention. Easing into a few beers I risked a brandy & then had a vodka liqueur & how! All at once things popped -- here comes the bride in pale blue satin, here comes the groom in slim silken tie for which J.J.s black one had been discarded. New spouse came through the [row] arch of arms, radiant. His 3rd, her 1st.

Champagne opened, poured. Osmond seeing all the guests seated makes speech quoting & unquoting & improvising on the kleurling art of multiplication. Feeling the imagery strained to breaking point Ray in one of his more superbly indomitable mockery-puck moods interrupts & punctuates

wittily. Crowd roars & all at once up jumps one Jasson to play the wedding march with great gravity & [pro] Hotnot hauteur, panjandrum stringing out pompous cliches in middle C which as musical connoisseurs R & self debunk forthwith. Gwaan, ha-ha, gie vir die ouentjie 'n brandewyn daarso. Undaunted Jasson proceeds in his heady way, the bride no doubt nervous at the apparent lack of discipline, but down a thousand & one throats goes the toast & on comes course 1 of a huge [d] dinner. Prime stuff, whereafter the terrible twins dig in on the dance floor, 5 x 5 lobby with the liverpudlians on hard day's whatsit. I hop, twist, bird, frug & cha-waltz turn

cha with the [odd bend] & the eccentric kwela jump thrown in for a frivolos jeune fille name of Freda who[m] had there been a screen of bushes in the yard instead of Coert's chained brute of a canine would no doubt have had the stuffing of her delectable life.

Black River stock, like other known figures of feminine gaiety. That party pint at Peggy's, all-night shows. With Raymond de Soto (waai soos 'n blaar, vide Carrie Rousseau & all-position session) & Gerry Ritters who never bought my cost-price pants at Trueform. With mad Hans Kromhout of Riviersonderend whom we terrorized at Dooley's to Joan-sister's annoyance & solicitations, with Enslie the jazz aficionado a 6-bottle soetes somewhere in the Athlone maze, with Andy Abrahams's wayward bechilded cousin & Freda the cheerful garment worker & Don the baseball pitcher, many others. Then came Victor Sylvester 1936, grinding away dustily & Neville fell into a polonaise & slow fox-trots were executed with souffle bowls in the kitchen. Fin-de-siecle! Ah, so. As I pour another for Raymond the expectable McMillan & his Men blast off with a swinging kadril. Too much, Explains " to Fr the finer arts of fucking as exhibited by the black mamba at Umshlanga Rocks, Osmond trying to fondle a married girl, Rita getting pissed & me taking Jean on the stoep for one of those emphatic worldly-wise talks. Desisting on finding her loyally engaged, I steer the conversation into innocuous channels. Inside it hots up.

Coffee is duly ordered & the leave-taking in the beautiful lilacking evening of the 11th is spiced with talk of a Hout Bay honeymoon. Next day I find it was all a hoax to spirit the couple away & confuse the constant more more drinkers like Leitch & myself, but even more the Jerry Hankeys who might steal the wedding silver & the petit bourgeois inhabitants of the eternal abode at AH. Achmat Osmond at the gate as we press him confesses:- fellows, honestly I've no hooch at my house (nextdoor). So I pissed off, well satisfied in one direction, Leitch in the other. Next morning after letters to correspondents & breakfast who should hoot me out of the road but J van Graan of the Coert staff, Bushman speculator & a grocery shop with one wrinkled sunkist orange in a fly-speckled window, a wistful shrunken wortel dying of exposure in a corner, at whose house when tight on the way to 5 from a session at Ma's or Dooley's Francois would insist on playing his own composition - "Rita". At the back the car's piled with forgotten wedding oddments & a load of vedge for the new wife to stock the Zoppas italian fridge with.

So, surprise: he slips off his shoes & couches supine on the h-p double bed, on the jade-green quilt gazing at the new chandelier pensively, letting out a word here & a fart there, looking as  
the door  
anxious as you could wish. Put your foot on the Zoppas pedal & [it] flies alarmingly past

uncer-  
tain  
your forehead as I rummage for a plump tomato. Rita gives lunch with that darting & [sensitive] manner of the neophyte wife, sensitive as to our enjoyment of the repast. Boston walks in from the nylon polymer plant at Bellville & after preliminary sparring we decide to make a pipe or 2. Down to Dooley bec. Francois must cough up at Abdol, & there once more on the smoky & mellow organ is played the deep blues, after Sluggo & Endless, famed Deltas (Blignaut, Robbie Grimsell, Baz. Brown) compositions. 7-times married artie shaw also played the clarinet, I believe, as my man did in Ruth Henry's time of icebags for the headache

in the morning. Boston, nee R. Yearwood; seedy negro marine came ashore and founded the clan. 4 to go for Frenchy, quips bec. En jy wiet dan. Part of that night the 2 young men sit out at the Royal Standard (where the famous 1961 pub-crawl at Easter ended with Rouss. Inc.).

Francois had stomped to my joint the Wednesday (above was Saturday), the fine [pound sign] 200 imbuia bedroom suite, trolley with removable tray (drinks), floors cleaned by continually harassed Guille (son) & room[s] colour-washed clean light grey -- all ready. The bitch supposed to hang the curtains in place of the smashed Venetian blinds that tenant Peacock's sons had wrecked as part of an unintentional protest that both parents were working & an ineffectual whining woman left to prevent the terrible duo from doing their worst. Gave F the quid & he ambled off to suip, swearing that he'd kill the kid from Steenkamp's dull progeny (old man ran out with an axe towards the wedding car, vloekking moer) & he was telling the Hotel: Stood on a table in the lounge & did, loudly -- whereupon the habitues, including [car]on-&-off sleepers like two-timer Peggy & romantic Helen & Mavis Vlotman of the narrow nurse's cunt, Vivian Silvertown with the [ho] hot voluptuous lips & of course van Reenen hoarsely from a corner & all the lads in unison [rushed] shouted hooray & rushed up to congratulate him on this wise action.

Next morning across [the] to school as agreed. She'd been waiting for him & when he got back full of hops, grapes & juniper berries he went to town on her like no man's business which brought bright tears. She quivered, equivocated, screamed nightmarishly, parried, delivered a diatribe, pleaded. She was walking about at school not saying a word: was it still on was the 64th question. He for his part [took] grabbed cheque & off we hurried on the 4 Sunnyside bus. After he buys us a few brandies we go shopping for a wedding ring & a present & he dramatically collapses, simply falls over backwards into [my] the crook of my arm braced against the glass on a wild onset of epilepsy after his eyes start going round in his head, lips turning a weird blue -- he was biting hard with foam at the mouth, writhing dazed with chemist's assistant I implore for smelling salts, a crowd gathering like Jane Austen's workmen at the Cobb. Chemist rings a Dr Kramer & at 4th floor Namaqua House where we've struggled up he not recognising me so bewildered he as wants air & we take a turn at the pub where one blames it all on not having eaten sufficiently & the tension of the past days. One-two therefore at the Good Hope Hotel. Downs his brandy but slumps half of the way through his lovely lamb chop & greens meat with brown sauce over the counter, pleading for ice. Take me home, Arthur. But first back to the doc who tests reflexes & fires some questions at me & for this charges a quid, the vark. + a hastily written prescription for barbiturates. Diagnosis leads to insistence on new X-ray of how the bones of the cracked skull had knitted after the accident with the plastered (mauled leg) clerk from Gossard's Bra's & Lace Girdles. (His home is my 2nd, after no 5., he insisted the night I finished U.E.D. exams & the Paarl taxidriver took us round in the makings of a rum party: he paid my 12/6 back right there & ordered doubles.)

At the wedding next day Francois imperturbably informs me he'd not taken the drugs. "Makes me too sleepy", in that semi-amused voice which accelerates so that the last few words come out in a sudden sing-song. Sunday [luch] lunch with them & invitation baseball at City Park where turns up Gloria Greeneyes, ex-Ivan Lynch, nice-mannered tall girl of generous giving: could be organized except gone steady with serious guy from elsewhere, a sucker for [marri] wedlock. Went home, slept it off, read a little in the morning, drank Monday afternoon with Raymond & met v. Reenen on way home in the Palace van. Picked up wife Onah & off to Bunny's at Salt River. Early on Tuesday with a handbag of cider & liebies to Ian Erntzen's. He opens the sliding door & there stand 5 1/2 botts Martell, with the folks on a p.e. trip. Miles heard as Mercia opened the door. Ronnie Beer & the cats had hotted up the joint night before. One cat got stroppey & had to be left-hooked out of existence. Terse comment: "All the beds were occupied."

Money was wired to Bridgeton (Mr E. caretaker) so while he bussed to cash it at Mowbray, I lay brandy-warm in Mercia's lap analyzing her as she required. Bigboned & healthy specimen of a girl, Coltrane waxing lyrical on an incredibly warm-toned soprano sax with Dook on piano, 1963 pressing: SOULTRANE. She with the auburnish head of high rich hair took to me. Later I spoiled her for me, passing out on the back lawn on the 2nd bottle of scotch Ian had brought back. A beatnik bloke I'd never seen was shacking up there, & I suspect that instead of poking goats as the inimitable Solly Kruger said to G. Werner in Dorp St, he was riding the mare in the resident stable. Which was nothing original: Largo had done it with ease at Paarl Rock, 1964: she thrived on big juice, I rather liked her in her Gloria Bruckman connection too (that great chat-up out of Georgie Peterson's office into The Other Lounge, back of Frenchy-pal's car -- was it Mr Rossiter? -- with Gloria pissed romantically & me pressing home the advantage with superb form). Cause Mercia was long on breath & not too short on brain -- [x] she suggested I read Ayn Rand: o our tremendous people's daughter. Wo weilest du?

Images: lying at evening in the dewy grass under Ian's window, Fitzgerald floating out or was it Sidewinder, a triple whisky & soda glowing calm & mellow at my elbow. Walking out into the young darkness like me & kneeling over a bench on the patio to throw the classic javelin into a new white-walled tyre. Murky morning of the 16th Dec. Empty tins smelling of curried fish, a sea of coffeecups, silver spoons jangling with the jitters of my nerves, this swartgat beatnik in vest & kaalpiel challenging my authority on God & Isaiah Seven, balls tolling the shrunken minutes to my departure. O city. Ian the moralist grudgingly parting with 1/2 bott. brandy. 10 a.m. when I got back to base with Alfie Grunewald. To think I'd disparaged the bloke (Ian) so badly those years Housey was at Hewat & Largo at Bellville, time I met Leitch through his introduction & wrote long letter from godforsaken Elsie's River saying we must [not] break through the integuments of existence to see what's inside a brandy bottle, or, better, 'n kan vrottes. Ian: involved with safe fringe issues, never really attacking or defending. That

[lunch with] deadright art teacher up the road from Raymond's with Dougie the karate musician of impeccable manners who played Bach & said see me twenty years from now when I read him a poem, Transkei hardegat, & Ross the stocky baster principal at some Elsie's River primary, cheese delicatessen with the kaalgat kids at Dave Munnik's wife from the Boland peasantry getting swaar in the kitchen, conversationes delitables mit polemic in the lounge chronically short of glasses (a fish can will do) & the bird from Grootfontein Dave was secretly in love with: there on the back stoep I was about to pull down Priscilla Tobin's drawers standing in close when brother Jimmy of the terrible Leitch-Tobin controversy came [h] ambling round the corner to say that Hubby was on the lookout for her. Leitch bursting open his middle door with a rugby shoulder as I was about to do the same over there before Doreen got home from work at the German firm. And Osmond first refusing coffee at the professor's house found that it was being lace liberally with rum, ordering too late -- the pot was empty. Where is Bill Baartman, swernoot moving from pillar to post in that broken-down ford? And Zaai with the meat money?

Lunch with Francois & Rita, lift to station in Mr Sofa-rugby's second-hand zephyr. Old shirts & shoes (trusty old Cuthbert models half-soled at Barkssoles with iron tips that carried me miles over the [da] jive-floor at Basson's Nelson Lane night where the fuckers boozed our gins & assored wines to hell & gone in the bedroom with Florence & her salesman husband while serving watered-down white port every hour or so until we burst in, me in the wrong room to find Moena Lombard being fucked with her spindle thighs under the bulk of a huge wealthy Indian businessman from Durban. At some cousin-of-Florrie's party this wild middleleages lifted up her skirts in the middle of a jazzy [kwadri] gee-gay-bop! to reveal a bush of straggly

hair between her thighs, demanding to be fucked till she screamed with harsh demonic delight, the haunting terror of Kubla Khan in the opium dream of Coleridge, die here hoor my.) Miena the maid I poured a sizeable liebo to celebrate the UED result in the Cape Times.

Holidays have that air of ultimate inertia, emptiness & desertion. Arbeid adel, the motto in the workshops of Tokai Reformatory with the delinquent cases, eyes peering from the solitary confinement cages, put in last night for trying to run away. Maantjie's search for physical importance. Old wooden green-upholstered coaches -- 'non-smoking'. S.A.R. Moonfaced goons & layabouts seeing nobody off, just making the scene. Porters & steam dischargers, intimate conversation with the traveller, bags of peanuts, piled suitcases, railway notices, air of nowhere journeying. All are [xxxx] passengers. Springbok stained on each compartment window, shifting your luggage in & getting to know the other fellows. 3.50 & the first gong goes. Last-minute hampers. Two porters threatening to come to blows. Paper cups sold only with coffee even if you want the hollow thing for a forgetful one-two before Bellville. Concrete pillars, glass, overhead architecture sweeping the platforms, brown railway stones under the sturdy sleepers & the steel-polished rails. African nannies in white service bonnets jive a little half-heartedly at the 3rd-class section, off duty just behind the electric unit that comes off & the smokestack on at [Bellville] Worcester. Br-rr-ring! adds to the atmosphere of waiters running around to organize themselves, flags are raised, tested, personnel get into position, last words volubly fly. Shawn (sweet child of Freda/Andy). Una, Serena. Is Arthur going alone? Not with Tylone? No, baby with your big bird's eyes: alone. One man's friend, as Ebbie Bustin said.

Goodbye to Yon was as tolerably polite as one can be to an ultra-polite bourgeois rake. Was o.k. when he still had that bit of lunacy in his soul to poke Virgie Hendricks nightly behind Mr Gerry Finnan's while I mercilessly ribbed Jean the younger who later got engaged to ultra-cautious Roley. (Oubaas, God bless his black Irish soul, reformed drunken son of Valhalla & Cathleen hi Houlihan, bicycle-rider of the Grahamstown Synod, ulcer sufferer & school principal & bon vivant with ting-a-ma-jigs [go] whose pupils went [from] by leaps to bounds.) Played tabletennis at Bush the 6 months he was there in the student's room behind the cafeteria, old one, new one, all in Afrikaans.

on

Quit & went on laissez-faire in Woodstock [with] the strength of Doonie's (Mr Corn, uncle; nephew claimed he turned Joan into a 'rebel') fah-fee racket & business reputation, though denied afterwards that he wanted their help. Taken in by Lawsie, Selwyn, Glyn & other boys & girls in that rebellious mod-rocker group clustered round the Gem Cinema (Midnight Lace with Doris Day, & Joni James singing the party's over at the gin-sling do's) with the Katzenjammer kids & Brockie the savagely violent but locally cultured daggarooker in the background. Called him Hadji on the street/ corners there, very nervously he walked around & bedded down at Selwyn's grandma. Group broke up on in-fighting later.

Earlier c.t. episode with Bubbles & Neville Fransman in Rondebosch multi-racial with Nandi getting the sport of my mad mad mother in the backroom. Coming out with crumpled front of dress & pretentious glinting eyes with tears at being seduced. Day I told her to piss off. Plinking out Upstairs Blues on one-finger piano. Breakfast free the next morning. Fikele Bam who got hauled in on politics sleeping with the best blonde ([p] Zion's daughter, hallelujah at Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur to the resultant son of mixed breed) in the joint spacious rooms & congo chants on the avant-garde scene, what about the bloke who was endorsed out, eyeing his bott. brandy while talking ceaselessly on economic policy in marxist dialectic or touching a delectable tit while Leitch the anarchist throws a gatecrasher into the hedge with rambunctious vigour. Forget his name. Leitch also terrorized wife & neighbours brandishing breadknife on Oujaarsdag, wild with hops in his buttonless bermuda khakis, dik piel hanging loose in the onderbroekies.

[Yom] Yon, throwing his samaritan friends on dog, politely moved to Athlone, smoking State Express 888s & growing a beard. Draai slams la[a]ter, as predicted. Hadjie Tyrone, he of the casual posture. Often

met at Fr's when needed on Athlone connection. Quietly boozing. Deadright in one way or two, but F. called him "a little kak" when he bypassed us in the street without greeting. Made fast friends when I'd introduced him in Belgravia Avene, poking Mary Anderson on late nights. First got on like a house on fire when we shared Halford room, March 1963. Then shitted & pissed on him from a horrible height when Lox, Alan did an August visit & we ended up at Andy's. No more did I hear about the derring-do of the klas girlies at Rabie & Son, or how many coat buttons Mrs H wanted, or how an executive grey suit should be cut. Spoke high-pitched with a nervous patter of the tongue or maybe 5 secs. later a predictable clearing of the throat done modestly) Heh! heh! Ta-ta to Sharifa the moneyed broad & Mary open arse on the bourgeois picnic with Tommy of the business world. Joan (how many of them) Barling, bird that Alan Rousseau passed up. Girl could have made you happy, ducky, said Mrs van Vyver of [t] impeccable credentials as a solid citizen. Let's pots again, like we did last summer.

Imagine here the puckered brows of surprise & pretended distaste. That twittering laugh, ingratiating man. Off & on like a bloody switch. Charm drips off his opal buttons, his chelsea boots. Mrs H, good soul, laughs in unison to keep her boarder happy, felicitously supplying the odds & ends for the sewing machine. Nice [l] woman, served me tea every afternoon while studying. Couldn't find a nicer Old Owen too, & the lovely children. Zooted my pants, esp. the brown one bought at sale, wool & terylene. Good times with him too. Day we met Ashley Pease in town & worked our way with 2 botts. brandy into Athlone, singing upstairs, met J. in Chevrolet (or was it Opel?) & took her  
the

round to Wynberg after potting in Auntie Julia's living-room out of [Brian's] table-tennis trophies. Round to Jimmy's as it was then, or Loma's (downstairs, "don't mess in me jong" at the beach with Frenchman & newlywed Rita) can't remember -- Achmat poked her on off-day who was living with that Malay bok Noreen I true-loved (almost) [at] on a Peninsula sunday tour by bus. Not to talk of others. But after a stint at Leitch's she drove back & he staggered away to Johnson's. Doonie shook me up asleep on a bott. brandy for Andy replacement in the back of car. Got out & vloekked moer. Doonie of course simply drove off & Julia on the Monday didn't know who it was. Wanted to get revenge for some hidden purpose known only at the time. Blunted & gargled it out at Finnans's, wildly provocative statements of love & cruelty. Gambling morosely at Piepie's afterwards.

After Gympie St one 10-bott. brandy Sunday I told him off as a mediocrity, molehill in a flat landscape with no prominence beyond this narrow horizon. Ruthless drunken exposure. Must have subconsciously  
intimidating  
watched Brucky with cracked thick lips munching 1/2 a capon in huge brown hands [chatting up] a girl with stinking armpits & cuddling her in turn, Sergeant with the nuance of a thin mocking smile about his drawn lips purplish with instilling of Woodstock terror in the local fops & encounterers leaning across in a dark corner with his lithe body, Maantjie intrigue [fla] dully gleaming in that [xxxx] all-observing eye, dagga in the broken shed cum bathroom. Almost could disown me in my merriment & lah-dee-whee! in the bus, nonchalantly grinning, faint heart, leave a man in the gutter if he could. Stench of shit alleviated by the afternoon's misty drizzle blowing around  
bony

the mountain slopes, a thin dew on the [crinkly] forehead at the crinkly hairline of Pappy, the younger Gympie trio member, purger of the pankies, fucking up the hadjies. Even laughed himself silly at bloke who was nice to him at Rabie & Son, Pease who lost his posh job after a stint in hospital with a twisted bowel. Wife trouble too, tall, lanky, good bloke who says "fair to mid-ling" upon question of health, said "you-hoo" from the window to one of the daughters. Played piano at party in Melbourne Rd one night, me. At Finnans too, they allowed. Imagined I had soul in fingers. Have it in my gut, [didn] didn't know it then. Bernie Rapin lost an eye in another motor smash I learnt from Mrs F, the best of them all in that or any other neighbourhood. Michael, Owen, Gregory. Asthma troubles in family, & old man just turned at the grave on potables. She flat in chest, some kind of trouble there. Went to visit, with Jean, & the kids. Grub there anytime. Piano. Carron. Books & papers to read. Gave me breakfast for a whole week when Ruth & Louis broke up. Refused

any money. Bought her a carton of fresh eggs & some meat at the butchers, felt so grateful. Packed me when lunch too [whole] I struggled to Maitland in the winter rain. How I arrived (Jamie picked up with Ruth at station) & how I departed! Going alone always, to be met on arrival.

Ottery with Noeleen Solomon whom we fetched Alfie [for] Oliver for to knuckle (stiffies ingegooi) & Maureen from Grassy Park in Wynberg, called Tobias -- Pease's wife's sister whom I didn't bec. bad breath & no preliminary kissing. Came back to a brag game with Hansie & the lads in Athlone. Ashley exploiting his Morris as a warehouse goldmine ltd. Lawsie supposed to bring Eleanor whose whitish skin fair-haired striking youthfulness obsessed the little black devil. Soft considerate feeling towards the beloved -- this Mariam kid Yon was passionate about. Is woe me, ooh-la. Who opened conversations & broke tensions with his wind. Norks the nightwatchman. Ons almal is bruinmense, nevertheless.

Two African blokes on the train & a kleurling on his annual to George who never really got involved in our discussions with bliss juice. Ike & Archie. Liebbies & cigars I bought at Mossel Bay next day: railway's brittle Uiltjies. After my liebo ran out of the velvet-line casing comes Archie's Haig. After 2 or 3 cupsful of scotch we sing raucous mournful spirituals, pop classics & the click song. Saved the best wine for last. Welsh Makanda (never met the bloke but heard of fabulous exploits), cricket at New Brighton, politics: we were growing lugubrious. However, Dutchmen burst in & crassly insisted that Archie's ticket good only as far as Klipplaat. At midnight the train got to this God-forsaken siding, crickets chirping & youthful black-togged grease-elbowed Afrikaners & casual chaps in khaki shorts moved parcels & trolleys about, milk cans clanging in the sheds. At Willowmore the maantjies prancing to the melancholy planging of guitars. Failed in an attempt to fuck either of 2 prison-wardress sisters in the adjacent compartment & took it philosophically even though potted the last bloody liebie with them. Not like the year before I had this randy effort from Worcester Girls' Training when the other lads in the compartment, schoolgoers returning, heard me spray the goods all over the biscuit tin on the floor: told Largo it was the biggest manhole I'd ever come across; could slither around in there swell. Wanted me back in her empty compartment for the night, but left her with one of the other kids, natural leadership have asserted itself after the lion had fed to his satisfaction. Fuck the sibling rivalry; I turned round & went to sleep.

Tided our Klipplaat friend over with Ian's 1/2 brandy & two of us had the remaining slugs into p.e. [&] through the cactus stretches, eyesore slums, Despatch village with weeping willows & scenes at Northend of new construction, renewal, transition, flyover bridge. Out of backyard digs at Thomas I was told in the Renault 403 mom had moved into a little room with Esme, stepsister of Max, erstwhile expert sheetmetalworker man in 10th straigh [xxxxxx] year & losing the battle to survive, greying perceptibly

Her husband Koela, star saxophonist once. Witchcraft had entered the picture with that foot once operated on for Burgher's Disease (non-smoker, ask baster oom Koos at Billy's service station, big on

fahfee gambler, & the man at Zeelie's Butchery or Wilkins, or old grumpy Mr Sam [to] whose fish-&-chips shops the Edworks Shoe man & Denys Edwardes panelbeaters converged at lunchtimes[)] or Mrs Bowles or Sienie Davids or Mrs Malgas or aunt Fette, [or] Charlie Parley long since dead & Sielow having turned respectable from delinquent the law had to cane & Adam with Bessie from Willowmore, & auntie Mary of tiekie tetter (chatta i.e. 'chatter') fame long since passed into Bethesdakerk salvation. Or Mr Fos, breakaway baldy evangelist with backwoods fire mildly in his eyes at pinkster with his Bustins following in wiellage board, [fo] who fixed up all those cars & trucks in the greasy scrap

in metal junkheap of his backyard [at] Durban Road. Foot infected again, wore suede cutoff, limpingly collecting bets from shrinking clientele, on dead man tell no tales, on monkey rides the tiger, on os in die bos & loafer no. 7. Plus vark, maan (kingsize one on seawater), eggs in the basket at the front of the carriage with dooie vrou, fish, ou vrou & slegte meid, pigeons & diamond lady on Mr Bruintjies' soccer field sat. Adcock, small change for a little girl, kat op olifant & skip met a chatta [pert] perd, big house vol buie terwyl die hond herrings vreet & die hoender drink small water, fire-snake for the little boy who shitted in the [x] catpan thirty-six.

Down to Carrie's Atlas depot in Stanford Rd. Kwik Kleeners. Lox told of the marriage at the Georges.

Florrie herself must-married at 16, Miriam at 8 months as Mercy Calvert: Blignaut reliably informed me. Very fine woman, Florrie. Home from home. Wally aggravating my body. Bore him 8-10 children. Lox embraced me. 18th Dec. 1964, fresh from Shatterprufe, full of [ti] news. Let us talk about Mia Lunat & Ray Townsend & the Fairview Blundends & [the Seci] Wattle Road Myburghs. Brach Merriman the poor cur is embossed. Came home to Gelvandale.

Shopped at Wilkins & Percy for cigars, cold meats. Booze at Alabama where they've got taped to one cashier's register 'cases only'. Such are the free-living times. Alan had got married to Noeleen, so shared room with Lox. Alan at Quackie Lavack & shebeen-queen half-sister Joyce. Quackie took to playing sunday golf with Potty & FiL. & their G.M. cronies, but later went nutty again. Block in Gelvandale out front bounded by Martin St & St Adams Drive. Heat & carry your water bath. Joan Rousseau would at once send me home in the rain mit pyjamas. Introducing Liebie to C.M.R. & to Ernest Yearwood, p.e. version of Tyrone Yon, give or take a few eccentricities. Lives with his tart in Gail St on the border of Katanga. Wife Eileen & child constantly either waiting for him somewhere or run away to pa & ma, where they lure him to & then fuck him up now & again. Beverley Hills also, straight up Beetlestone, with churches of all denominations going up. Ernest pretends deafness, or maybe is deaf: handy habit, anyway. Actually bought some booze, unprecedented happening.

Potty with his derelicts -- Katy & her child, orphans & urchins, flotsam of vleipost & berry's corner. Katy smoking Cavalla, cork-tip, bondmaid in all but name, faithfully slogging it out minus any overt or covert desire beyond this narrow plot in Arnold St. Not even a grain of freedom she desires. Sybil Minnie, Janet, Godfrey, Clive, Dannyboy & whosoever else was coming. His riches says the coloured man is his children. Willem Camphor's lot in & out there too. Joey at G.M. who afterwards ran away. Sybil worked at Union Spinning Mills. 3 shifts for the girls. Godfrey the maantjie. Really silly guy, the father used to brawl with pregnant wife over festive season: remarkable transformation. Shoe factory (Bagshaw Gibaud) booked him off with TB money some of which he piled on Tiger Fish in the Durban July & went into woodselling with a GMC truck from Brookway. Deal fell through due to drunken brawling (brother Johnny & Allah caught on robbery job at factory), bad driving by oom Willem ploughing into a cow near to Alice & we lay under the truck all day eating

gave

prickly pears while the local Africans chancing upon the scene [made] short shrift to the dying animal. Bad management, most of all, Like J.J. -- selling on credit. Used to carry those 200 lb bags on me back at New Brighton & Kwazakele, like at King's the chinaman grocers where Louis Prima was always on tape used to tote 200-lb grain & cereal sacks onto the truck & eat the bazella sweets out of the order boxes. Potty went bankrupt & sold the houses he'd inherited from father Kerneels who used to walk me to school from Hammond Street to Henry Kaiser past United Dairies & Rexall Drugs, S.A. Rubber & Fruitall Ltd at the Firestone corner, until I was transferred to St James E.C. Mission with Miss Barry, Miss Pilchard, Mr Radcliffe & Mr Davidson. Sold Kerneels' old lorry too while the old man was still alive. Brother James who was a nutter of sorts living with a woman in Village Board or Perl Road, star medium off-spinner for Violets, Suburban & Eastern Province. Then there was Freddy the youngest son, & booze got both of them. Who worked at Edworks for 15 years then blew his provident fund in 2 months. Dêddê van Schoor the mole-blind mooch with Lavisia; Norman Bustin the star loose forward for Sidwell Africans & E.P. with Kirstiena; & finally Nun with his violente against the crockery or his wife Hannah, whoever arrived on the scene first. Also Norman Lewis, housepainter, who engaged in those regular housebattles with Freddie on the after-Springbok Hotel rounds, or with Karools the Hankienaar who usually beat both

in

Normie & Fred, while at the back Kerneels would lay grimly into Johnny [from] the brown railway over-all with fist or/and with piece of wood.

When drunk Mona smashed every bit of window in the tenement room, hurling rocks feebly  
me mum

through the gaping holes. Bec. [I] wouldn't talk to her -- that's what you get being snobby. Roetie Holland & Arthur Langgraat & Lorna & Patrick & Frank next-door who threatened to send the whole joint up in flame & knocked Lindsay about bitch that she was & almost killed Baby the baby-killer, & Percy Holland's gangrene-leg mother with him singing Elvis Presley & Oupa & Awie & mad black Pieter & his front-row mother & Cunningham raiding the skaal drum of Baroe in the yard  
corrugated

& all the dagga traffic lane between King & us. Throw you shit high up in the foul stone street after doing it in the potty cause the backyard shithouse was locked & the key lost or me mum hadn't cleaned that week & Aunt Louie wouldn't give the key or the bucket was full of the blackest shit you've seen in your life & covered with blue & green-glossy flies.

Baas Piedt, Mr Clements or Anderson, & Toepie. Dad Potgieter, small dapper man whose light green 17"  
Saturday

bottom pants was my [Sunday] pride & joy for a year or two -- also a double-breast black suit with pincer clips at the hips I [pa] got instead of Ken, son of the 3rd marriage. Max & Gerty were the true clan, 1st water; in Jeffries Bay with the fisherfolk Brown at any rate. Pearl Blignaut, daughter whore of the eurokhoisan hierarchy, swiver at Summerstrand like Nadjimoenessa Lombard (for her 5 blokes at high school used Vaseline) & Gladys Fischat, all daughters of the game. The 7--8 hour holy on Sat. nights at Berry's Corner: meeting the crowd & crowding the broads in the church recess or the boeresaal down Reith Street, or alleys off the Greek & Indian shops. Excitement of the sight of swinging hips -- she was thin & belted at the waist, smallish head with hair cropped short. Coming from early close of cricket could catch sight of Patty Simon, other heartaching love. Never made the berry's corner scene though. Eileen & Lois & Evvy & the other broads did. Georgie Damons sometimes.

Lassallie was the papermaster as time went by. Ismael & that cripple bloke on the stoep in love with the [b] betel-chewing girl across the road. Helen was in that area too but seldom seen. Smith, Wally  
of the

Baaitjies the versatile fast bowler, Stella, Percy & [Nay] Ayub Mia fat jowls & who else. Winston J. with his material superiority. Raymond Thomas & Fetteyman of the Mavis Edwards/Maria Parley thing. Richard Thomas. Bustin & Lettie & dull Doreen & Gormie & all. Fay Weelson on the corner, distant cousin.

First lessons in love. Good sport: wiry body, squarish slender legs with skin drawn tight under the nylons; pointed small breasts which made her giggle hotly when touched: how hungry were our vulgar fingers as we attacked in a bunch on the dark back steps. Used the word 'detention' (up to then it was simply 'stay-in' for me) one afternoon coming across the green at Sutton Rd. Pearl. Saw her again coming home latish, no doubt from a clandestine paramour, when Joe Swartz had married sister Thora. That's the night old Bliggie dropped a bollock about heart trouble -- at 79 you sommer pop off. Greeted by gales of laughter & an unforgettably belligerent Frenchy cross-examining the poor bloke till he was so  
excused himself &  
perplexed he went to bed.

Pottie I owe R80 which it is hoped I will pay soon, with no doubt the belief that the high-school teacher will be a lucrative source of tickes & ten-bobs. Who knows. Mom's irked. Who cares about their petty family squabbles anyway. Ask me to give Susan a hiding for [ch] deceit with dagga rooker Chinese bloke. Me? Owe CAD 75 quid loan, contract to teach 12 months. (Did eight & then got out, mate.) This delayed departure as set out in the regular & careful letters of one J. Davidson, working with Indian Affairs Dept in Canadian north. My birth never registered bec. she had nurse Belilie & in those days they just assumed ... Penalised to tune of 2 quid for digging into the Archives at Pretoria. Set ratsbone by the curried porridge of the curator of the house of ignominy, that boerjong chewing biltong & licking snot conscientiously from his beard, boarding the patrolling Saracen at Makapan with frayed black frock coat stinging under the highveld sun, butcher birds impaling bloodworms on the barbed wire surrounding the potato farms. Moer to the flippin' Voortrekker Monument & the grim veld-kornet taking the salute from a platoon of Boerkaddets. Churchill was captured on the lam by de la Rey, ask Pikkie le Grange.

Dove fluttered to the turf when premier released him on Republic Day at Heidelberg. Chickens want to come home to roost, & so forths. Mr Heinz J. Betz who charge us through the neck at Servus Bott. Store in town, take heed. Booze every day, Griffin, Red Lion, Markham Hotel, Alabama.

Battle with insurance people over premiums. Put on stop-order on my pay check, the bastards. Bertie Williams bumping into stationary car. I walked out with bott. Libertas White. Groggy next morning, came this insurance dutchman in shirt sleeves & grey's slax with the blessing of Mr Maree, college accountant. Hair bristling on his thick bare wrists. Just signed the lot to get rid of the guy.

Back at St Philips Xmas Eve night. Ambrose George my B.Sc colleague dronk, who went nuts later. Brother Mervyn gravely drunk behind the altar, serving schweppervescence in the incense bowl. Gaynor too (they shall all be numbered, yea, & remain His faithful soldiers & servants all their lives). Aye, long they jolled in bliss, he calling her doll. With her chipped nails, sores on her  
Balkan

fingers, hook-nosed concubine of Greek cafes; supplies to us of [at] Soubranies & to Mercy of choccies. from Giddy's Snacks. After midnight mass begun the morning glory. The feeble monster of boredom rear

cannot [rais] its gorgon-like head in the midst of [a] 'n kan liebies with frank Sinatra. Te deum & the magnificat, gloria in excelsis. I believe in one booze, the liebies almighty maker of fart  
man

& fight & of all things viable & unviable, & in one [wine] Raymond Leitch, the only-begotten true

son I have met. Had to move the church once they moved the people, dwindling attendance, Syce the sidesman. Group Areas Act -- to the new township in stony limbo. Job Reservation, Separate Universities. Immorality Act spitting up sensational pulp-slush & cornpone heroes like a Sgt Morris who hides in the boots of patrol vehicles on Maydon Wharf to surprise soliciting strumpets. His partner, when the broad has undressed in the bush & pulls him gently down into the grass, whistles a call & as if by magic the boot door flies open & out leaps Morris with the handcuffs. Love you every day, girl. Hearties.

Thomases of Moffat St -- goat, frog, & bones; Janette; Cynthia who sang ghoid & Goid (which the Trinity won't recommend her for) in St Philip's [q] choir out of ultra-refinement & had to resign hurriedly as prudish s-school teacher to marry the parochial dunderhead who put the bun in the oven. That massive arabesque of a house where old Mosenthal storekeeper Ralph rules. Pompous old bitch of a prissy wife die god hoor my. The entrenched families who bulwarked St Ph's in the grand old days when J.J. was strong enough [to] & rash & indignant to knock two offensive boere off the sidewalk up the steep hill -- Barrys, Hitzeroths, Williamsons, Volkwyns, le Granges, Solomons, Peters etc gone the same way. Some to Capetown. Some to Canada. Some to Gelvan Park. new-wave boom-caused shifts in kleurling socioeconomic structure. Private houses of bourgeois proportions going up in Stanford/Durban Rd block stretching to Livingstone H'tal. Sooner

Pisslap & snotrag risen to nouveau riche prominence. Fuck that. [Rather] let there over my dead body to me be delivered extreme unction, last rites. Tradition makes me loathe to condemn but these late-arrived mediocrities shall not find palliation at my hearth, my dear.

If khalifa is authentic then why the hell not Cana's wine or the grub of loaves & fishes for 5000 or 40 days in the wilderness with Satan as attendant? This man Emmanuel was monumental, as Pier Pasolini's Gospel Acc. Matthew shows: the man's angry whiplashing of the temple thieves, hoboos, gamblers & Zion extortionists, sharks & capitalists of the 1st water. Marvellous courage of the gangling jew with as he is popularly depicted nut-brown hanging hair & flowing beard, & those pensive melancholy eyes, the wistful stare.

We shall never turn from these ways despite Mrs Dawson who measures her guests by the quality of the radio, cabinet, fridge, dining-room suite & piano. What do they know of Kierkegaard or of Picasso! Again make mine a liebie there with curried beans & check mate while I kick the cat through the window as Fiela gestures through the keyhole. Roast there a capon on the [stove] primus stove, fry me five eiers in two minutes flat, that never to my gut hath rove

what is not present on the plate.

Hath caused a furore & check mate. Thus Omar Gaaioom, Shatterprufe vintage, Quarto II.

With bead, baubles & furbelow the navel came van Riebeek & his crew to play an away game against the Strandloper XV. Dingaen, turpitudinous murderer of Retief & [the] his skietkommandoes, attaboy. I feel like a slagoffer without Libertas or Liebs or Brown Overalls or Oudies. Greedy eyes of the priest as I drop my cent in & he unctuously blesses the bread of heaven & the vine of life. Blesses also the loot as he covers it with a red cloth -- red rag to a fokkin' bull in jou moer in. Lest [it] my offensive be deemed wholly destructive instead of being a merely conscientious objector to the perfunctory dishing out of Eucharist edibles & potables, I restrain myself voluntarily. Excommunicate me, jou vark. (at this stage the I.O.T.T. Indep. Order of True Templars of which ma & Mierie Gallant are committee members, step forward with wine guitars & duiwels drek with doepa & [ge] borsdruppels, to cure my spleen.)

Xmas at various places: Mr Jones next door for light Red Muscadel & cricket commentary -- Graeme Pollock fails against spin; Harold Blignaut's for miscellaneous hotting up; Ben Lavack for kruis bande (Oudemeester raffia). Barbara Hiles I fondled in the lavatory in the yard, feeling her tit as she tried to Japie. Lox exiting. I slowly follow & in a stuporic voice say tata everyone, goo'night pal. Then pretentiously I stagger up the road towards the big pylon on the corner. At which B. comes running up & "Attie vat my huistoe ek is bang, djong" she pleads ridiculously. "Vat my maar net[d] halfpad asseblief man!" Suppressing a raucous laugh tightly, expecting a half-brick to thump against my ribs presently. What follows is a classical piece of ranting skel in fine Barbara style -- "Jou fokken vetkop! Jy gat sien djy!" Wah la!! Joy to joose I sommer slinger dere by Lavack & greeting nobody pour myself a triple kruisband. Fine finale. Such a night. Once fucked Mary, Noeleen & Joyce sister, on the floor, put pants back on & pissed off for a drinking session. But one afternoon Joyce caught me on the job in Alan's room & sy sê op. On New Year's Eve we started early at Baakens Bridge & worked our way up to the Greens & finally Gelvandale via the Alabama. By 8.00 p.m. at Blignauts turned up many auld lang syne acquaintances.

Skolly collapsed at the bus stop in Hills Kraal, just keels over on this bloody hot day, full of hops (Coach Erasmus' Noel, thickskull, Dickens in afternoon after school, later in year when shifted hers & Ralph Simon picked up in Volksie with that fat hippo whom Dudley Nagan impregnated afterwards -- the family refused marriage: Miss Barley, Lizette.) Elroy Schroeder got pissed mercenarily on gin poured in the kitchen by a rich Indian banana dealer called Supiah Muthiah with a big limousine. Yvonne Davis, perpetually woozy Livingstone staff nurse, got stoned again. In a 12 x 10 room

with

the gravel brick showing through thin paint & a stereophonic hifi the length of a cadillac with booze glasses & reclining bodies all over & kids running between the legs of the jivers & a plate of soggy Salticrax & a settee & matching blue-upholstery chair on which Alan & spouse are spitting, fighting & swearing drunkenly, & agents of all sorts & colours weaving in front of the swaying mass. Schroeder like Alfie Oliver & Winston Johnson: something in me that doesn't or cannot respond. Almost took it into my head to bring something fresh & original to the non-competition by putting in a bid for Audrey Morden, but I guess I gave that one a miss. Mrs Morden & Bertie & Chokka gave chase to the couple when they got married. With sticks & stones.

In between pots I shipped over to headquarters, lit a cigarillo & had me a double gin from the cellars of C.M. Rousseau et cie, Tom-Toms as we call them. Lox stayed home & Joan busied herself with pickled fish awaiting some maantjie suitor. Urvin Coetzee of the red hair was there, sitting on beer.

gets

3-bottle cans of S.A. Chianti: were produced. Alan lefthooks Noeleen over a chair & Elroy [wants] to know, true medical student, what makes his skin turn albino. Liver ailment? Dermatological exegesis follows & is unceremoniously ignored. Claude Petersen from nextdoor floors in a corner

& after a near-barney, Noeleen & Alan collapse from exertion of the conflict & potting resumes. Supiah floors, Siva Moodley follows, then Norks. Very drunk Yearwood walks in & wakes us up. They put him out. I dream of transvestite deviationist when all of a sudden it's dawn with all the doors open. Gollox (Tony Hiles) asleep in [the] Darryl's cot, bum in the air & smiling sheepishly. Vat ek weer in falling among the knees, tits, elbows & thighs of Barbara, Olive, Mercy, Carrie, swedish sax  
jazz blaring on the hifi, a guy on [flute] blowing a nice[ly] Sugar with a full blast Ake Persson trombone solo. Dancing with Barbara on a bloodred morning, sun on the mountain pinnacles. And Blomquist fluting a melancholy Spring Is Here -- that was the finest moment, at the still centre of the turning world.

Then, not unexpectedly, the backlash. More booze gets me truculent: swear moer & thanks for nice times. Mercy puts me out for the meantime. That year all my resolutions worked very well. The last ball was on Sat. 2nd when shebeen queen Joyce opened up the stalls, with snacks & pickles. My 17-year-old, Carol Hiles, was finally got under control in the district by none but me, once again a pathfinder. Joan's hostility & Ma Rousseau's vigilance notwithstanding. Nortje rides the steed

[tiger] & is unlikely to dismount. Saw her at Vinnie Makan's wedding first. Whisked her round the corner after message from Ernest she wanted to see me, & she did the rest. Man doesn't at the time appreciate what he has. Felt great about her, mostly bec. never imagined I was in love with her, & she understood me all the time, never asked awkward questions, never expected anything beyond this one & simple act of love. In the tight irresistible mood had up [tight] against a straddled wooden cable support towering above us, bent knee in the crook of young thighs & her breasts pressed against me, cars headlights punctuating the scene. katan-ga georgies shouting [porn] obscenities out of flying cars. She got called off home & so I did a stint with Mary on the floor at Alan's end of the month bender. She in Noeleen's dia phonous nightie & me kaalgat except for Al's pyjamabaadjie. That crouch of concupiscence, how ridiculous. Saaging away like met & then going boom boom sssh. My thundering thighs carried 50 h.p. into the fray & I almost died with laughter when the big-boned white [she] midriffed bitch pushing 40 leapt away after the moment of truth, entreating me to sleep a while. True Khoisan semitic scion, son of David & Gadidga, I refused, went home aglow at midnight, striding big in the streets. What a night, for who but the true Khoisan sons can combine so hot an initiation into the devious arts of love with so perfunctory an a la carte fuck of experience? The miller snores like a sodden bastard while [M] the clerk [sh] he priketh hard & deep.

Schoolmaster times in a tetrex/tetoran suit bought at a Capetown sale. All very swimmingly on the eastern front. Mr Myburgh & Raymond Uren & Terry Renz & Una Williams & that nutty woodwork master & George Govindasamy & Boet Simon & Stanley Bower & Mr Barth & Mr Dolley the music master & mr vice-principal-adulterer all in good time. And poetry flowed melliflously for you, girl, though hopes & dreams undergo their inevitable changes. Gone are the Pier St lunch hours, gone are the walks on the bush side, to come were the reunions in London. To come were the overseas escapades. The end shall be with women, for out of the hole we came & into the hole we shall go, with here this more than merely lonely sojourn.

### POST-ILLNESS TREATMENT

My first consciously considered fever  
triggered by a wild heart-breaking orgy  
had roots in multiple sources, but they suffer  
alone within walls who are experience greedy.  
Loss of appetite's not indigestion  
but the fury of [fatigued] nerves.

alcoholic

Skull sirens curfew the brain.  
End of electrical activity arrives.  
Aspirin wouldn't quell the din,  
the room roamed, weakened me with sweat:  
and ginger & lemon was kindly given  
with a dash of sugar, the mixture hot.  
I slept. Dreams drew me into struggles  
with mortal foes, with ghouls & monsters.  
Awake with aching muscles  
I search around for an interpreter.  
Eyes that move but slowly in the mirror,  
throat that must have brandy for this thirst.  
O physio the rapist  
explore my flesh no further.

K. 1964/9

### Mrs Halford's Sunday Morning

The egg she cracks assembles  
in a ring of oil at golden [at] heat.  
The portable speaks its Sunday tones  
diligence  
of [reverence] & virtue, music for  
the sabbath mood. The father of the house  
scatters feed for the chickens from the threshold:  
across the line falls his trouser shadows.  
Commercial follows in the sacred station.  
The sausage shoots hot dialogue & squirts  
fat at the probing fork.  
She feeds it with brisk pepper as he turns  
to be the first one called.  
She gently chides appearance, sloppy joe  
thrown over the pyjamas, bad example.  
He tinkles cutlery, awaits the toast.  
Children set off for church who have been fasting  
before the body & the blood they are to get,  
while she conducts her service in the kitchen.  
He who has taken coffee needs another  
unfolding the sports section, & the lunch  
chicken must be seasoned. When at last  
she sits down with a bite, the clock

betrays her to the boarders: one walks through,  
the other staggers in for aspirin.  
She tenders it with water while the kettle  
whines steamy protest & entreats attention.  
What show did you attend? she asks of Arthur  
who drains the effervescence. At the Alpha;  
last night's flick he says was marvellous  
proceeding to the bathroom.  
Slicing polony she yells at Tyrone  
whether he wants tomato with his steak,  
& if the doorbell rings.  
it could be the milkman or an early visitor.

K. 1960

**Windscape**

Airswept slopes of straining weed  
plunge dimly to the dung-dry rocks,  
shore cowers under the bilious sky.  
The oil-scummed green sea heaves & slides  
below my view from concrete heights  
in struggle with the lurching wind.  
Chopping into the curve the white surge  
sprawls among boats in frothing nipples.

Sharp winds with venom flay  
the brittle bones  
or tug in ferocious gusts at clothes:  
Rex Trueform suit from a summer shop  
(what man about town, distinctive style?).  
Around my limbs the wool rags bloat.

Into the lull with movement treason  
I stride braced like a rod, resistance sweet.  
The lash bites back, a plane of grit  
sheers up obliquely. Note  
how eyes squint hard into destiny's balances [x].  
Hug  
Walls & walk flat and  
anticipate but don't look back  
or spit in the sun's pale skimming face.

The street funnels flotsam; air floats, deceptive;  
black wires dirge, then, take this door.  
The wild slut howls for rain  
to soothe her caked & aching hollows.

K. p.e. 1965.

**Poem in absence**

Final honeysuckles flame in hedges,  
wafting orange, plumed; the bitter leaves  
quiver at autumn's crisp, acknowledge  
summer's removal, loss of ease.

Sunset after cloud with rose  
& dusk spreads smokily lonely:  
in the ruined valleys rise  
the earth miasma. Stonily

**Recovery**

Empty houses are the grief beginnings  
to those who've wanted to be reconciled.  
Slickly the chances slip [beneath] away / from  
hands which waste the golden hours  
under this brooding quiet sky.

From you & you I bear these memories  
of tenderness & viol. quick bright laughter:  
as autumn day with milky cloud  
returns the scenes, now edged with wisdom.  
Room of ash & brandy fumes.

What is love but hunt  
for peace from restless longings, throngs  
of desolate desires. -- What is love?  
To love the stranger is one's only way,  
to be alone is thus our destiny.

K. 1965

I hunch in the dark & chill  
bearing desolation & hunger:  
the pain has grown occasional.  
Yet when the rare ache lingers  
I strain towards that miracle  
your exquisite healing fingers. K. 1965

**Affinity(for Maggie)**

[my] my blood mother mourned  
the damp & gloomy evenings of our country  
whose womb hurt with deadweight  
my seeds have fallen in absences  
sunlight dried them like  
spittle on asphalt  
lack of belonging was the root of hurt  
the quick child[,] he must travel  
new views of greening trees alert  
my sensitivities & why  
should I deny them  
my eyes lit up & answered  
to your sweet timidities  
I love your  
reticences

K. Oxford 1966

**POEM**

Memory merchant, I hog my emotions  
of being alone which will never end  
as fursounds brush the rod of steady fire:  
the snug bur vibrates in metal centres.

Not only at dusk or dim moments, but beyond  
swift seconds I have no vivid wishes  
which thrust through the murk of time  
& absolute philosophies to triumph wholly.

Shields of bone, the moist glands, membranes,  
bulbs of flesh & hair roots breed again,  
propagate themselves, protect, renew: I am  
the fragrant air in the golden cocoon that is vacant.

K. Oxford 1966.

Appendix ?

**ADDENDUM**

Reflections of the dead

full lip:  
stir an the [bold] but fuseless [soul]  
dogsbody life as you read  
your horoscope in a coffee cup.  
Take to the air & decamp  
from such a town, [a] this animal, that used  
hero, or the moth around the lamp:  
but what when the seatbelts hang loose  
& the tape recorder slowly spins  
the autoghost [with] nostos melodies --  
through  
you cannot reach the buttons  
pressing for a logical release.

AKN - Hope 6/68: upon the assassination of Senator Robert F. Kennedy in Los Angeles, or just a few days prior. Developing out of a foiled attempt at regaining some sort of logical balance. circumstances of death as of the original poem. On Martin Luther King's [death] by sniper bullet -- IN HOPE BEER PARLOUR, nicknamed "The Snake Pit" by

[page 275]

Kev. Thompson. (Next door to Alice's Restaurant -- vide Dennis "Wife-Stealer" MacNeill, bon vivant of the tall blond slightly gaunt good looks -- Bank of Montreal credentials) And as I roll Courvoisiers on the musty tastebuds: "they lying long shall not die windily ..." Once more strain like shipsale's cheapskate timbers. It's not Dylan ohno. But I coach summat to the children of the affluent world & the bird-eating thin wives of displaced raw-bellied Scots -- remember me McPhedran playing chicken on the Trans-Canada H'way.

### **INTERRUPTUS**

The pure nude in my basement undergoes  
its Augean malaise; the satin flanks  
smeared with the night's oil. Those slopes of flesh  
rising from the ivory / piano of the chest  
mutilate themselves along the black memories.

The blind sun at the window, dexter, feeds  
on mumble words, a skinny cat  
[onomatopoeias] onomatopoeas (sic), & click!  
sinisterly  
a coffin with a cracked lid rests, angled  
in a greasy fusillade of milk cartons.

Transistorized tunnels of time  
lit with electrotrajectories  
dissolve the floor of consciousness, & maim  
the roots of apple trees.  
The universe's now [provoked] gloomed  
calisthenic sense[s] calls for  
circumstances of the soul poem:  
tender not trivialities.                      render

It's the real goods that we get from Super-Valu  
in plastic wrappers makes you  
redundant, baby. Very unordinary  
people now embrace me: [Malibu ...  
[&] old glory of the Newport battle,]  
sanforized-plus-2, suggested retail  
[& whisky max at the copacabana]  
so many dollars. Buttoned down  
& calculated to catch a second glance  
am the crack poet, I, shouting style  
as they cheer in Parma. Iron cutoffs or  
culottes & sneakers, what have you, I guess  
that's life, the April buds breaking  
not for you, maybe  
bec. this sty is unhoney & not even  
snot green in fact no angel  
speaks here with violet minty breath.

But sweet is the night air, magnificent  
pastiche of odours & rumours: / from Montezuma to Vietnam

[page 276]

the messengers of time make easeless way:  
to tell my story in the  
neon-luminous profound  
fleet-footed Adman now bestrides  
the sable-streaked banana peels & rusty Oldsmobiles  
as naked as the new-born Nike missiles  
to all my ex-loves & etceteras.

Goodbye to all that, mamselle  
as I can't burn this much garbage  
with Kennedy's art & Johnson's scope,  
wishing too much myself like erstwhile Arthur,  
the military man was also king.  
Thus Luther died, spake Zara. Thrust her  
out, pure nude, my pristine self, life's  
but a walk

KAN --Hope, B.P. : 4/68

Slowly filling up with pain: sky out there dumb in high summer; beautiful b.c... Go  
around the airport once more tomorrow, butterflying on the new tar stretch. Then  
a logging truck chugga-hugs past, kicking up clouds of dust into the pine forest.

Rubbie-dub Pete screams blue murder & damn. Snippets. Body galvanized into the  
horsepower floor leaks into the unholstery of grainy gauze. Old butts & toffee wrappers  
balled-up in the tray. Go to Chilliwack & fiddle with the go-karts. Laugh him out of court,  
the short-tempered McGoo. Eh, McGoo? Don't get lippy with ME.

Gas up on the crate of Lucky Lager at Alex. Phillips Saturdays. Beer for him, beans for me  
& bully for Alex. I mean he gets corned, the bloke. Poking about in the ashy jetsam of the  
retired fireman's days. Wet & heavy-tongue with the grog, mostly, rum & hot toddies. A  
Meths man  
spark glows beautiful now & then, though. [Rubbiedub} tried to poke a lady corpse [de] of 4  
days' vintage once the bloke was on captain's duty on the red truck. Was driving round  
the block frantic for a hydrant -- pies on fire. Guy looking for tail, poor suffering humanity.

Whether you find it or not it's equally frustrating. Solecism? Couples all over  
the universe. Good bloke, old grizzled bugger. Generous as hell, shrewd as a gecko on a  
rock. Never say die, junk businessman up Wallace. Gertie the goodwife. And Chicko  
the doleful parakeet, accidental death of a pal flushed down toilet by the boss.  
Chicko propaganda? Mexican wintering, remembered on the slides at Xmas. Nearly  
sliced clean through my index finger greedily carving gobbets of turkey. Went home  
swathed in toilet paper, slept & dieted 18 days till Mack Storey won the bet & we  
drank 3 bott. Bacardi at Tilly Laundry's.

64 & crawling on all fours down the hall but indomitable.

LINES

Distance between us does not leap  
with lightning of words, or shoot  
roots whose green fire shakes out flowers  
of qualified colour: the time difference  
throws up arid barriers;  
approaches that are leading nowhere  
console me with an age restriction.

[page 277]

This is to say the deficit of years  
places you in another cradle  
among the diamond-eyed swathed in roses  
that children pick and rub against their cheeks.  
You pose in synthesis  
against my surplus of experience. potato  
lean & hard like a [vegetable] green vegetable  
[vegetable] peeled in saltless sunlight.

KAN Hope B.C. 2/68

Sherill Clark, abortion-prone, to Lefty MacNeill in the Bank of Montreal, downtown  
Hope: "Dennis, I'm pregnant again." Rumoured to read Blake's Zoa in the backroom for  
lunch, which surprised the writer. False alarm, as shown above.

You couldn't get Eric or any Vancouverite who arrived by way of Winnipeg  
or prairieland to understand. Hallucinations are not everything to beer-drinkers &  
beer-label pickers. Tweedledum's real tears are invisible, & it's literal hell for  
Humpty-Dumpty on the Wall before the great crash as well. Presumably we are  
made bilious with incense. So eat bull & drink chicken blood.

Through the maze the fragments enter & the fixed ALARM  
world of yesterday leaks away, evaporates  
in the steamy planet of a pub's bowels.  
What strategy is there in a life of drab weeks  
shoring up in corridors for Saturdays?  
The pure well of ideals can yes glint  
but through the scum of mundane blunders banal blunders  
banal biographies  
clogging the obituary print.

For the disillusioned weep, the anthropoid's  
wry face as worn by captured enemies:  
public  
executed in the street the almond mongoloid  
twisted out a doom [cry] fart for humanity  
grown  
[made]bilious with incense, but the [rifle's] pistol  
crumpled him into a [gory] gargoyle nevertheless.

KAN. 1968 b.c.

Poem

Petrified urbanities of a  
deserted planet zoom through the lenses  
as my arm draws some lover by the harp  
hair towards a gift that's constant.  
Muscle awakens to its ragged ordeal  
alerted by the music activating  
all systems & in capture  
is vibrant in vigil like the blues blower's horn.



**Noon] View from Downtown Hope (or TEMPIS FUGIT)**

Time flies, & anxious shadows  
haunt your face : the stride that grows  
gaunt in [yo] a journey of meticulous miles,  
by sunset panoramas stupefied  
at the corner lapses into smiles.

Met by an antiseptic stare [a void grin]  
a void grin from the unknown  
you pocket pills at cold counters where cold as  
white rubber shoes pass down  
cosmetic aisles, & contraceptives pass  
woman  
hands, & [cheques are handled]a [snaky lady]  
waiting for a cheque to be exchanged  
tries the sunglasses on and  
the green screen of summer spreads outside.

Titration an  
[Wisping the] April sky  
the inconsiderable cloud[s] wisps cannot  
anaesthetize [the] blue opulence[,] but there  
the dusk hill retains its rueful snow[,] :  
for the white wounds will not heal  
though the sun shoots deeper roots.

And what if a day out of hell bursts  
through the mountain chain?  
There's curfew on utopia as the moon  
recedes from view & stars drop into other  
trajectories : thus noon  
finds us invisibly disconsolate.

Therefore give flowers to the dead  
& garland the dying days  
because our philadelphic gestures  
only serve to aggravate a need.

AK NORTJE Hope B.C. 1968.

School with a view, mountain slope right down from snowline sweeping over [t]  
beyond the flat matchwood glass-eyed buildings. Baseball with the kids. Sock it  
to us high & wide before you're grounded or shut out. Edythe Verbeck types her  
paperwork or fidgets over Robbie's (Robertson the prairie Scot, army captain who straps  
the children & deadpans all the time, a Lions International man) morning coffee. Cy  
Verbeck & The Chief having a confab as I stapled exam papers. Nearing the end  
of a first-year journey now. What remains is the strawberry shortcake, tea in the  
staffroom. Maybe a Chinese meal at Home Ec. (FOODS) [if you] for all you know about  
Valerie Hillcox, The Organizer. Thick grotty broad -- spilt boiling water on her nyloned  
leg one day, joking with a lad there. Threatened to make me pay, the energetic bitch. Hit  
a cow in the road once with her inept driving. Big sedan passing me in the snow.

The bare moonlight that haunts an uncluttered sonata is outgeneralled by an appalling [smug] provincialism stuffed with smugness. Ichthyological mutants proud of an unhistorical technology. Never read Proudhom or Bakunin. Fulminate effeminately against the anarchists at Simon Fraser U. Up the black flag, & the hell with the witless gnomes. Evidence : "Al Schmidt, sir, is a Counsellor." Mr Gordon of the blushing skull & thinning reddish fringe to fluff the centre polish, teaches math with despicable lack of communication. Slides around like an escaped fish; eats apples & drives a battered Volkswagen full of progeny.

**IF SURVIVAL ...**

Hot smell of lamp's laquered silver  
torments the moth until deliciously  
it burns through the eros of his frittered brain.  
And the ape's hair in the black desert  
rots the rain-stained sweetness of the flowers.  
In the gullies marauded by summer  
fusillades, & on the wind-swept plateaus flayed  
lie the oppressed stones of our naked years.

It is not love alone that orchestrates  
our planetary destiny, nor old age  
that stumbles into grace & thus narrates  
an idiot redemption. We shall forage  
in the dull pastures of time & [speak] mill dissonant miracles  
our [miraculous energies wheresoever they tend:]  
energies [to] & muck K.A.N. British Columbia 1968.  
in

**fragment**

Rose by [my] whatever name [had sold will sell]  
its cup of scent or beauteous mouth of blood  
red like deep experience, & whorled petals  
drifted in the wind perishingly :  
but less visible the germs breed when as now  
the snow shrinks its soiled mantle. [Walking] / Walking /  
by the laundromat I see the clear windows,  
the loyalty of machines, the potent money  
handled in the Bank of Montreal.

Canada on the mountains of my life  
is written like a runnel down the granite  
though the mudrush avalanche has menaced  
my fragile correspondence with the world.

Nostalgia burns the limbs that wander  
along a pavement of laundromats & poolrooms:  
in a beer parlour men  
with muscle-knotted faces under the steel hats  
spar in logger's argot, miner's jargon  
while the sallow luses din at lit shuffleboards

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& an Indian wino prances from table to table.  
You have to be a card-  
carrying member of the [Di] Legion to get in  
& chat [over] to the R.C.M.P. elite  
over [wore] dim-light [xxx] manhattans & screwdrivers  
not made available by Red the waiter  
[sloshing the] watery foam before all comers  
delivering sloshy to  
So I order a chicken sandwich [&] & stare at the Fraser River  
In my footsteps fall the soft petals.

K. Hope 1968/2

The slaked snake glitters thin sweat through the pores  
Heart that retired the beautiful dowager  
frozen against the substantial heiress --  
both danced to my blandishments, embodied  
the slummed lust yearning for redness  
BUT WITH NO RESOLUTION OF DESIRE

Year of the Monkey

Year of the monkey is declared around  
this trodden jungled globe : include  
the mail in my metal box, the leaflets  
exhorting me the buyer; [&] the smirched dollars  
are stuck in my gullet clog my sockets  
[scald my brain [my soul obscures] & haunts my soul

the price exacted by the bush guerrilla & his enemy the often  
obscure street executioner by extortion blackmail curfews barricades  
agents of ideologies demand a violent encounter so as to combat us in  
the only (confrontation) possible way: death or capitulation. Wheels of  
profit revolve -- turn, turn, turn -- get back. Spinning satanically in Blake  
fashion. The dollar axis. What did I read last night about black studies?  
This doodling, that dawdling. Sin of sloth; inertia or lethargy other names other  
places. Blowup. Prophet of bigger & better delivers a dividend speech to the jubi-  
lant. My words drip like essences but only when not with but through the I  
I see. Diogenes' barrel -- perpetual mike. Gibbous shareholders.

The animal agile in the foliage leaps  
walks, howls, or hangs prehensile  
with bulbous innocent eye eschewing  
the tough web of the ground's realities  
in crossfire caught, own own predicament.  
Circumambient cloud of velvet  
darkness to the senses orgasmic  
is to the soul onerous, weighing  
on my mind & yours equally ill  
with a bonus of blood in this today's  
announced spring where in surplus light  
I am the bull that pounds the dust

goring your ceremonial dress  
in drama of man'slaughter ritualized  
eventually to dribble blood  
staggering to my knees, the black sacrifice.  
dismembered flesh, poor dog  
with the sword driven home:  
the curved horn lies tranquil in the sun  
[to be hollowed out by time]  
the conveyer belt of time  
delivers tinned goods night & day  
bottled products]

#418, 1577 Lawrence Av West, Toronto 15,  
Ontario, Canada, July 7, 1968

Dear MacLenox:

Apt 418 is where it's at -- though mostly we go downtown to get our kicks each time Raymond with elegant sophistry convinces his wife Doreen that I'm a special case. I flew in from Vancouver the same day that school closed for the season -- couldn't get away fast enough after the strawberry shortcake in honour of those dear departed ones & the tearful speeches spiced with (sample) speakers who get up to expound on the subject of sex & started like "It give me great pleasure" & sat down again. All the gross goodbyes & the rush to the airport -- bloke's mother-in-law down in North Van who yakked away while her husband conducted me through a quite fantastic maze of musty tomes & first editions half an hour before my plane was due to take off, with the sedate request that with my (presumably) expert eye I browse through & indicate to him what he had in the collection that was of marketable value. Nice old man otherwise, grumbling about having to sell everything bec. all the family was bigoted about books. Upshot of all the dilly-dallying anyway was that having hung onto the shirrtails we discovered that flight time was delayed.

Mathilda Landry, Nova Scotia spinster who was the hub of social activity in Hope, promptly went to sleep, dreaming of lobster & cognac back on the Atlantic seaboard. Image of the [Q] queen bee (Tilly would have called me a maverick drone were she in the genius class, absent-mindedly mixing her metaphors, but not everyone is a Maglenox) fastening her seat belt, & whatever happened to the royal jelly?

So I heard from the raunchy stewardess that the bar was closing at midnight (Can. flying regulations) ordered a double Scotch-&water with an ice bucket, & prepared for an hours-long siege in the air. At this point I should expatiate on Homer's view of death by water as the most gentle of all deaths, but since we were flying into eastern time zones & gaining an hour each time we crossed a provincial border, there was dawn flaming on the Manitoban horizon before I could balk at the Life article on The New Rock (Jefferson Airplane, as Donovan L says, "gets you there on time"). It was an extraordinary experience.

R. at Toronto where I said goodbye to Tilly was playing his old trick, standing off at a distance pretending not to be there, while I played the counter-attack which is to wait for one's luggage as if with the greatest unconcern. He gave up finally & came over with a broad smile & bear-hug -- I trust that some of the puzzled customers DID realize in sizing us up that we looked somewhat too burly & healthily raucous to qualify as queers. Could see at once he was glad I'd come. Why Toronto? It was going to be a trip to Oxford for an Aug 21 graduation, but then there was a reconsideration of the pros & cons, nothing is to do with the sad performance of Labour in Britain & everything to do

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with buying a car as soon as I pass the B.C. Driver's Test. The North American scene is wholly & utterly geared to McLuhan's extension of the foot, i.e. ownership of something on wheels. To ignore this fact would be to exacerbate my already very troublesome castration complex. Having decided to conserve the money, as it were, I find my already overweening perfectionist proclivities won't allow me to settle for anything less than a full-blooded Mustang Out in a friend's (Capetown) yesterday, which reminds me to tell you of a tavern called Ports of Call.

There's a beer strike on in the province at present. Friends of the Leitch had had a baby, so D sent us to deliver gifts to mother & child. We sat around with "the girls" (the husbands had predictably taken off for the nearest wateringhole) for a bit, sipping vodkas & orange, when I indicated to R that we'd be ruined for life if we didn't slough off the Three-Wise-Men-From-The-East (the Capetonian Ray Jacobs along as well) image. Shucking the golden frankincense of female soiree conversation, therefore, we went in search of the more refreshing nectar (remembering if you please that gods are higher in the hierarchy than mere kings), & the more salutary ambrosia. Tavern after tavern, there was none to be had. Parched, pained & spiritually impoverished, we eventually emerged round the corner from a Metro station & happened upon the Ports Of Call. Who, pray, being in a condition such as that year I elaborated upon facetiously, could at such a time & in such a place resist the siren sound of clinking glasses & nightly entertainment? There is a sailor in the best & worst of men, & he who says me nay is no man. Stepping inside the lobby of the Last Chance Saloon as they saw fit to call it (bouncer in cowboy-hombre outfit, waitress 15B serving us in shimmering bunny-style green satin, & a jug-jazz band making nice bumpkin stuff out front through the cigar-&-highball gloom) we were told at the desk by an oriental lady that we needed tuxedos & could conveniently rent these for [dollar]10 (Canadian) down.

Tatty bloody business! And what a laugh. R's massive hulk in a white tux 7 sizes too small ("Maybe by next week someone would have left a bigger one, sir"), Kobie's with the buttons hanging by tenuous threads swinging along his thigh or fly. In a beige Levis I'd picked up at an Eaton's store sale, white open-necked shirt & a dog-eared tux, I must have looked at least like the leader of that ragtag trio of virile darkies. Thus, disporting ourselves gaily & deftly ordering [a] rum-&-coke in the absence of that more salutary brew called Carling's, we discovered at last what the protocol was about -- the booze in there cost roughly double what in normal conditions it would be. Yes, we opted out pretty soon, but not without several tremendous rib-ticklers from Leitch concer-

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ning the relation bet. management & labour in the establishment. On the Italian side (Irish equivalent in Limeydom) -- mouthing the Eng. tongue somewhat badly they do so affront one, etc -- provided more horse-laugh. Leitch was in devastating form. To get him to really put it on he needs people who can share the S.A. background, & it seems to me that I assist so, well bec. I've kept alive sufficient sections of the mythology to effectively obviate ponderous explanations, though I suppose one must guard against trotting out too much guff! It's finally the broad irony that counts: life is not black or blue & death I daresay is no mere blank.

It seem me speaking all the ... Was pleasantly surprized to find Buck Clayton & a grassroots group operating at the Colonial which is cover-charge free but lacks a responsive audience. One of the joys of life for this aficionado is to find in situ a group of musicians born & bred with the blues. Buck Clayton has become a kind of pukka M.C. in blue suit & is over the hill musically anyway -- he blew a few indifferent solos & I couldn't get into his mind at all. But the sedately handclappy crowd of suburbanites could do nothing to dampen the spirits of the exuberant rhythm section. For some reason known only to himself Clayton wouldn't give the word to Sir Charles Thompson, a dapper little pianist who was making the drummer say things; & the bassist was smiling beatifically up & down the medium-scales all night. Then they had a young tenorman who was taking his music seriously, & really getting to me; until they brought on Jimmy Rushing. From the moment that Jimmy (corpulent as Falstaff & that venerable gentleman's equivalent in robust braggadocio & boisterousness) belted hell out of Who's Sorry Now (it takes the terrible hoarse sincerity of a Mississippi shouter to bring out the pathos crusted over by the Tin Pan Alley sugarcoaters) we were leaning over intently & the waiter had a hard time trying to extort money for the round of rum collins that someone had idly ordered in the pre-Rushing lull.

He capped it with a classic love blues, St James Infirmary: "you can search the wide world over, never find another man like me".

[Due to see Rodge Jones in Ottawa sometime.] ...

Read Hotchner on Hemingway for the second time. Touching towards the end on his paranoia about the FBI. Jake Barnes & the impotence ratio -- but Papa's one of the least complicated writers on love & sex, witness Rabbit in For Whom The Bell Tolls. And I can't help but admire a man who cables David O. Selznick of 20th Century Fox or some other Hollywood outfit after a 50,000 dollar filming rights offer: Change the 50 grand into nickels at American Express & stuff it up your asshole. A noblesse gesture if ever there was one. The running with the bulls at Pamplona bit always gets me. And there he goes & rides shotgun to the pearly gates.

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R's summer school course. Reading Sartor Resartus. Have just done The Naked Ape, nice controversial material after one's umpteenth one among the suburban democrats -- just to keep up in 'n atom. Morris says we simians ideally operate in groups of 100 or less. At best I can count about 15 or 20 naked apes I should wish to be permanently associated with. The sin of pride, of being an "anarchic aristocrat": not many of these around any more. Still, today is Friday, it is raining in Toronto with a touch of summery thunder, & some reasonable living will be under way when Leitch gets back from classes.

I mentioned the rain bec. the weather's been very humid, humidly uncomfortable. Walking around in swimming trunks (I must be the world's worst swimmer, nevertheless) we go downstairs for a dip in the apartment tower pool. After that, there's the steam room (sauna) where in the Stygian gloom we sit sweating it out among the bourgeois types. Tried to start a conversation in there last week with a neighbour, but he was gasping for breath like a fish -- the man on this side of me wouldn't commit himself at all. Sat there clenching his opinions between his teeth, lips shut tightly. Then Leitch & I once emptied the benches, laughing uproariously.

LVV, Macarthur.

28/8/68  
Dear Maclenox,

There was a mail strike in Ontario which irked everybody -- got yours in a neat parcel from Raymond today, along with some interesting miscellany, including to my astonishment a billet-doux from some you-better-believe-it Massachusetts number I chaperoned round Oxf. one idle summer. Shades of the girlies who come up to St Hilda's or St Anne's. Needless to say, your Paris escapades provided even greater hilarity: now that you've cleared the teargas out of your skull & fended off (with creditable success, from your description of the running-with-the-bulls-&-going-to-ground-with-the-bears epic) the assailants of all sizes, smells & [x] (oops!) persuasions, you are perhaps looking back on that debacle with less than regret, & treating your scars with nostalgia.

To give my S.A. friend a chance to get through summer school without my having to help him write the papers, which is not permissible, I left Toronto earlier than I expected to. We'd had more than our share of bibulously brilliant good times. I'd really discovered the true R.L. the 1st time we travelled together -- there were 2 other guys & I was the baby of that fantastic trip, being then still a student among

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masters of the game. But now, on different soil, we had wordlessly exchanged the erstwhile boister-doister stuff for a muted exuberance -- which suited both the seasoned campaigner & the Oxon. gentleman handsomely So: an unfinished symphony rather than a botched sonata; that's how it continues.

I judged that the journey back on the Supercontinental was going to be a bad one from the moment my suitcase slid down the baggage chute at Union Station with toothpaste, shaver, 3 days' change of shirts 'n everything -- don't blame me baby, I'd never travelled on one of those things before. Sunday afternoon too, with no prospect even of sedating myself on scotch or anything of that nature. Tough bananas, man.

What to do? One had best telescope the events as they come to mind. I slept some of the time, talked to a few unlikely prospects occasionally, once went on a midnight odyssey into the entrails dept. of the 35-car CN monster. This last episode proved disastrous as I wound up in a slanging match with a Belle-de-Jour type Jewish French-Canadian. The gloomy cavernous bunk room was packed with bodies, littered with ice-cream cups, brown lunch bags, pop bottles, & all imaginable debris. At some point I vaguely remember chasing after a shy blonde who turned out to be a 16-year-old schoolgirl, which apparently turned me off completely as she smiled charmingly at me across the breakfast aisle next morning, sitting neatly ensconced between momma & papa.

Of course I drank all the way across the prairies (vast they are) into the mountains -- scotch & soda (the latter known in these barbarous parts as "sparkling water"). That & a proletarian diet served by the govt-run outfit turned old Arth (Arfa, dear Arfa, as Pete Jones addresses me) into a model grog-blossom gargoyle. I think my fellow-travellers (!?) must have noticed this but I (superciliously) countered their thinly veiled smugness by striding into the dining-car with dark glasses. These, purchased in T.O., had undergone some torture when the very first day as I rose off the bog seat the train lurched awkwardly & the extension of my arm for support resulted in a cracked lens -- I didn't know this until I had completed the business at hand, resolutely closed the door of the toilet, reached into my pocket, adjusted my collar, brushed my lapels, & turned for home. The world suddenly looked as if it had a kink in it. There is one other writer who can beat that for capaciousness -- Henry James. If you can stand him.

Shared a table with 2 plump nuns -- seems the younger of the 2 always smiled, & always directly at me, perhaps guessing that a Hottentot with sunglasses must be prime material for conversion to the

Heavenly Kingdom. I could see that the senior sister (and strength to her elbow was my dearest wish!) was on the verge of nudging her companion every time that benign glow broke out on her face.

Reconnoitring my own coach at the very far end of the train, came across a Hindi night porter, & we got trading stories, trundling out [cli] spiritual cliches. I should say simply cliches, bec. this bloke unfolded a hodge-podge anecdote about the ghost of his father returning to leave palpable footprints in the ash sprinkled on the death-bed by the priest. A yogi who predicted mysterious happenings. Swami Mahesh biting his toenails in anguish at the sheer illiteracy of his follower, who in the middle of his homily noticed a scrawny-looking Saskatchewan broad passing up the corridor and unconscionably took it upon himself to act as my gigolo. I declined graciously, gave him a pack of ciggies, & borrowed his Bible instead (don't ask me how come a Hindi night porter was reading the Bible, baby, but he was) because previous enquiries had indicated that:

- a) the bar would be shut all night (Sunday)
- b) no literature was available except French dime novels -- I could maybe pass on the French but hardly stomach the pulp
- c) the passengers would be strictly Straight City
- d) the total set-up could be nothing but Minor League.

Result? All I can say to you is that Ecclesiastes is a bloody good piece of literature. Read Ecclesiastes. Quote from the very first chapter minces no words -- there is nothing new under the sun. All, saith the preacher, is vanity.

Which only served to confirm my earlier suspicions. Standing at some grey broad's door, for want of nothing better to do I struck up a conversation, when I'm informed that a plainclothes conductor had threatened to fire the quaking porter if he did not forthwith deter me from entering the broad's room. This plainclothes guy was prowling around in his frayed starch collar sniffing out all the budding immoralists. I felt desperately like tugging at this coat down the line & quoting the Song of Solomon thusly: "I am black, but comely, o ye daughters of Jerusalem." I'd had a shit, a shower, & a shave that afternoon anyway, & didn't want to get my hands dirty. So at supper I downed a double scotch (to the utter amazement of the frontier matrons who were staring) -- imagine my surprise as, pushing back the damp vapid apple-pie I'd sample thought to [try] for dessert, & ordering a second scotch to choke

the CN grub down with, the son-of-a-bitch steward whispers to me in an aside that a Liquor Board Agent had been put aboard & that he'd already committed a mortal sin by pouring me the 1st double. If it were not that I had access to plenty of ciggies in my bunk that night, I'd have been clawing up the walls, thundering through those immense forests with a bunch of loonies on board. For the next 2 days I ignored the scenery totally & in the process spent a bomb in the saloon, boozing among the pretzels in their wooden bowls & the puritans in their staid suits. Being determined not to dissipate all the good Toronto impressions. Tshe shentil arth of shelf-thefence.

Leitch maintained his usual form throughout: I could sense that we'd become almost inseparable. You know the moment, not quite "edgy" but something akin to it in tenseness, when an unexpected gruffness in someone's voice betrays a subsurface feeling not readily available in mere camaraderie. We'd not been soul brothers before. I suppose I'm 25 now & deserve the new standing. R. is unique in the success with which he can take the thick piss out of me -- no rancour. Particularly the Macarth penchant for exaggeration. (I pointed out once in amused self-defence that Dickens wrote great novels by a process of exaggeration ... Most probably the worst odious comparison in history.) \*\*

Should maybe explain that both of us regard ourselves as MAANTJIE: the word means "little man" in more than the ragged-trousered philosopher sense. Intellectuals up from the ghetto espousing a truthfulness to the roots, the roots that nourish & strangle you but the only roots that you have.

Weather was rainy all the way from Sioux Lookout on the Ontario border. Life was definitely looking more serviceable as the transcontinental came into the foothills of the Rocky Mts. -- beautiful birch forest and mountain lake country, rich piedmont valleys & silt-milky rivers & round boulders wet with rain & smooth-pebble layers as the train clangs over [the] towering bridges, & where the soil's been cut to hold the track you glimpse the wealth of what remains to be built here. The Athabasca itself is breathtaking as you approach Jasper.

A startling contrast with Winnipeg which is mid-continent & prairie province: bear & railway shunter country, a little bit too draggy, I suspect.

\*\* Footnote 1: It would be perfectly in order for you to take all of this with a teaspoonful of salt. I like the aggressive manner with which you put the word BALLS! to some statements anyway. Strength to thine elbow!!

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The Canadians themselves probably don't entertain any aesthetic vision beyond one lady's "Ooh isn't that rainbow just [beautiful] gorgeous!" C'est la vie. But the town of Jasper itself caters for tourists, & the Americans, apart from being one of the 2 big bullies of the world, are also the world's greatest tourists. So much for that.

This is where the totem pole culture starts: raven, whale, eagle motifs. The Kwakwilt Indians on the Pacific Coast are your best bet if you're thinking of importing a totem pole for a cottage garden. Incongruous, though -- to me at any rate the Eng. countryside has an intimate beauty which instinctively rejects the massive & ponderous artifice. One must admit however that on Ottawa's Parliament Hill, Victoria in all her regal Hanoverian stolidity makes a fine showing among the bronze lions. I spent a week there with Roger Jones whom I know from Oxf. days & his wife Anne --[A] a Welsh scene. Took in the Who & a Sunday-concerto-in-the-open there, went up the historic Rideau Canal, crossed the border for a Sat. nite in Quebec; but thereby hangs another tale.

Strick's Ulysses in T.O.; Cool Hand Luke at a drive-in; Niagara, rum & diet pepsi in a coffee flask, poetry, the Waverley Dollar Double off Bloor & College streets, two nights at the Suburban Bev, -- the lot, but what the hell i wouldn't be telling you all this crap except there's nobody around here to talk with.

Love,

Sluggo.

P.S.1 Your handwriting, dear Mary, is still in its own class.

P.S.2 Love to Ian/Anne, & all the lads & ladies.

P.S.3 A political note: Humphrey is going to be the next President of the World. But I rarely talk politics bec. my insights there are limited.

P.S.4 Were it not for the existential choice, one would have to be either a recluse or a martyr. Supercilious or Super-silly-ass.

A.

[Y] I work machines  
You seek a  
private bed

The stopped correspondence  
stopt c: i imagine in the imaginary future to come across

**The Alter Native**

I.

[Amber is] The first faint clearing is the amber moon  
a [of] January skylight into the universe.  
But snow crusts the concrete  
sordidness, asphalt slips

under my visceral boots

I bump along the soiled ice  
street that neons cornucopia,  
travelling pubwards with Newfoundlanders  
thin as lizard, who

drive English model cars

& read encyclopedias

There is no-one who can teach me  
when to write a poem

II.

Whether we abort or suffer birth  
sun swings back over mountains  
as the mother aches through her interminable

revolutions:

solstice of this passes and

zenith

(courage to reach your [apex])

equinox of something, love, arrives  
or peace to all people

(in whatever house)

freedom of a swallow

(as long as no inertia)

If you're not yet in the amputation station

I say move

AKN Hope 11/68

**Senator's Mortuary**

Among the viands & threading through the umbilical microphones electronic  
sensors ganglia of the nation that with common adulation greets birth & death  
alike that violence & sensationalism bathes ... Caffeine castrates if you dine late  
to recharge the batteries of action. An Arab stands in the kitchen with his prayer-  
book, the coat of grime muffling his hysteria, the decadent utensil under his  
coat. Fanatically musical are the sharp cracks of a pistol. Follows the crunch &  
crump of struggle, the mass of bodies, melodrama of the media ... Cameras record the  
bloodiness of instant history, journalists lean dry-eyed over their thumping prose.

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**For Robert Kennedy**

And the next fire on the mountain is told  
in the sun's fierce blunder:  
the populous features of the climate's gold  
explosion racket as though the pathfinder  
wind is blowing wild  
but hounds only an adjacent valley.  
A slow death comes upon the neighbour child.

Looking down the torrid vista from  
the pocked black underground  
& speaking free through a silver microphone  
to make mortality & hell known  
this man's seed must bleed.  
And conflagration splinters the metropoli  
and the women who have whelped are widowed.  
America that is

AKN June 1968

**HYMN TO A LENNOX CONDITIONER**

Skin flakes, plaster cracks  
wild & brittle becomes hair  
in my dry throat & raspy  
while wood joints separate  
& fabrics fray  
or the polished surface checks.

Mutely I regard  
the brain that doesn't craze

converted:

in time that is commercially [claim]  
nor hanker after remedies  
displayed in the yellow pages  
or eased along conveyor belts  
or poured through soft machines.

Do not water your eyes  
stealing anyone's moisture to easier breathe  
but abide the harsh crow  
hunched in the needling heavens of snow  
& by night sweat  
in the snarled wire of dreams

AKN 1969 B.C. Hope

**Night Eyes**

Night eyes that won't close  
upon their flowers stare in time  
at windows:  
they are lost & are ridiculous  
riddled with the pale dream.

The dorsal path bends  
into that maze where thoughts swell  
[where the wind cannot pretend]through the wind

[that] fingering the corners & pockmarks of time.

[to scallop mountainous landforms.][  
Out of my seedy folds & breathing hill

under the sheet shrugged by slow  
demotion to the knee,  
the nerves glow.  
Like thin lamps, late, but no  
searching for the stars is there to be.

AKN Hope B.C. '68

**POEM IN CANADA**

The bare night defuses my  
every passion for a star:  
reduced to yawn through windows  
in dull water  
my schizoface scarred like a contender's  
yet [xxxxx] champions  
the soulfully misted mirror.

The true north has not excreted me  
in a terminal moraine at  
this shielded valley.[x]  
[I am not the] The boulder on the slope  
knows its own potential

but I by way of Albion  
made [a] circuitous arrival, had to cross  
Atlantis crumbling like ice floes  
under my bloodied fee.  
[is on the]

Son of the albatross, the native [weeps] thus  
weeps, which has  
nothing to do with new business  
or these majesties of mountains, quiet woods:  
but the gold boss who whips  
the black bull in full view  
of the sun.

From this aurora in the northern light  
I see the Southern Cross conceive its soft nights  
& the bird's cry can't crack / the fortress walls,





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Out of the oven of the sea the wind  
voices its swirling symphonies  
to batter the gulf ports, & onto the lap of the land  
to collapse in a trauma of tears.  
With my satellite eyes I can but warn  
the builders of dykes & the soldiers under their sandbags.

AKN Hope/B.C. 1967/10

I take the path through the night park,  
christmas lights in ribbons through its trees.  
My boots speak with the grass, frost in the air,  
to gauge the nearest way [at hand] across.

[I cannot] Do not reproduce complacent instincts[,]  
nor imitate the world's docilities,  
December child, late walker whose mobility  
no love for self impedes.

History has no purpose to the timid sleeper  
under a tiger rug with snakeskin boots  
responding to the wind. My shut eye's dawn  
arrives before the rosy fingers reach.

With somnambolic blinks & alcoholic  
debentures, it is vivid how I read  
Job to 29 schoolchildren, mark  
the absent bodies. Here is an audible                      audible

wavering circle of faces fleshed & grindstoned  
ripe for banality; I seem to find  
another crowd desiderate, embrace  
the old facilities, the wrecked means.

Amenities available can satisfy  
the native introspector in his [xx] prairie  
winter, in his Rocky Mountain village.  
But save me, hunter & warrior, lord of mediocrity.

KAN '68

Through this room's still odyssey, sunbeams oscillate on winter crystals. "There is a world of pain." Errata of the mind by the random river, oceans away from texas or colombia lives an unteachable experience, once as spring, sporting an architecture that in april will classicize the flesh that i in haiku remembered (Shropshire) with too many syllables -- time irrecoverable. This books of mountains can't even cry read me.

**The Flesh That**

... hungers has come back  
from hell's muskeg interiors  
& love's open land  
to wean itself in daylight corridors / through probity.

Sketching configurations I am he  
who turns now in season as the last  
crisped snowflake settles in the drive.  
Through screened veins I whisper  
revival to the pines, notice  
in a journey through the junk shop  
the grizzled landlord drinking rum & winking.

Upstairs in the apt. through the vents  
the warm air trundles comforting my  
tropicopolitan psyche, & the split soul spilt?  
refurbishes itself among varieties  
of sounds & lights & miscellaneous tables.

So I write again & gather  
copy for the heart's commercial, not  
a wordy song, but some  
what austere  
in flower skies with scarred stars

AKN 1/68 BC/Hope

**DANGEROUS SILENCES**

Dangerous silences can't achieve  
a golden abstraction that is alive  
immediately my formal stance  
in motor windows, chairs & rooms  
is broken in a broad glance  
at water storming through the stones.

Discovery is twice hushed:  
once at birth when what's wished  
arrives & once when death seems  
preferable to mutilation  
though in the cold air we cry  
that life between two holes is a fixation.

Between the snow peaks barred  
cloud blooms against the shard  
of winter sky, to stir with [a silver] [a silver  
etch of sunlight dark reflections.  
On the highway stands the auto metaphor  
that we approached, a service station.

Heard noises are renaissance melodies.  
Back on the road we couldn't choose  
refinements that the maker hadn't planned[,]: ré  
fibreglass hood & firewall insulation  
can be paid for & supplied  
with everything that cushions the vibration;  
silences  
but these make [danger] dangerous, tell lies:  
I see it in your eyes.  
anymore there's no night which is not  
connected to a morning of post-mortem.  
I walk among the washed stones, old self, light  
under heaven, making noises in the autumn.

replenish/revival  
Pause  
these are r. ms  
(out of hand)

AKN Hope/B.C. '68

**Piece for a Tourist**

You travel without eyes, stood at Athens  
disappointed by the rain -- stood seeing nothing,  
by  
survive [with] cool companionship  
diet on cliché:  
do you know water by nature  
water as element?  
Unbeaten by the sun  
under a parasol you trap  
yourself in a lotion skim.  
Hawaii's americanized.

You escape the wind:  
winter becomes a rumour in the sunrise  
the pale fire booming over the hills  
from your glassed-in room  
the Hilton windows  
paradise  
command a view of the [xxxxxx white] beach  
but do you know  
that the sea is your mother?  
You say she is too old.

Still,  
though the sky remains a closed book  
soil  
& the [earth] a surface for your shoes to meet  
[do no] would not let  
the closed avenues hurt me:  
see the water through your eye  
catch a tear in your finger  
it is salt-sharp as life

(draft in Rio Vista: Hope Motel off Trans-Canada)

Who can word my cruel nerves now that your flesh blooms in eskimo country, the blubber of pu-  
trescence. In a room of rocking chairs with Wyeth's stark light & sparse furniture you carry the blood  
of a stranger in your veins at Dawson Creek, Yukon. The game, love, no longer purges. A dead imperative

[page 298]

a dead imperative  
in the sedative urinal  
in the vaporous drop profound

### Draft History

don't go back to the stone land  
whose castles stand abandoned;  
the lions in the underground zoo  
[flea-bitten] hangdog, wearily wear  
the web of hope;  
thorns in their sweat-caked hair / those with mobile bones  
sufficiently articulate  
under the dutchman's stony gaze  
to show a black mane at the nape  
under the [xx] oppressor's stolid pity.  
The keeper of the keys however  
[h] exacts his own intelligence, knows how  
apathy emaciates the jugular  
once muscled in the square, proud in the mountains;  
tapped  
words behind the latticework, was told  
of leaflets in the night  
agents in the bedroom

Houses were marked.

Felled from erect positions, men were down  
breathing their own blood who at the time  
prepared to roll the tumbrils out  
after a thundery summer

that never came [Me crazily] but in reverse. Me crazily  
blowing my mind in a telephone booth  
thinking of possible beauty with an impossible  
voice that lapsed upon  
the wailing of the sirens  
slipping the cordon, going through a hole in the wall of my mind  
where a teargas bomb exploded  
& the ash providing cover as it rained down  
rearward of the road to exile

[It was a descent into the sea]  
Taking the road that snakes out  
in deep spasms, finally it issues  
an exit permit out of the emergency

places -- e.g. find myself at Pompeii, etc.

I emerge above the ground, & yet  
that  
who's happy now [but] isn't  
free & lonely in the bubble sky?

AKN -- Vista, Hope BC '67

**LOOKING**

I. Looking out on patinas  
luminous eyes & scarred hands

beyond these mountains

absolves remembrance

The deep soldier fades in me:  
look at  
the dried-up singers, exiles, those departed  
from yesterday's cities

No charisma of golden leaves  
can laurel sorrows.  
Still:  
under a sparse integument my veins favour  
air that blows through the metal grid  
by warm windows.

November snowline  
descends upon the [hoar trees] canyon  
with glaciated lips

and [to] smothers in a grained silver

aura  
the tawns golds & russets that  
populate the slopes above some  
(romantic name)--  
a greek island, roman villa; wasn't  
Zimbabwe or the miracle we come from  
discovered by the blond giant?  
My father served that sailor[,]  
tilling in the black soil. [(with day labour; beasthard, garden tender)

Ulysses the sun king was transformed

into a master builder]

Who will return me now to  
the first stage of experience ...  
Clouds that float dragoon  
the firs,

father  
transformed Ulysses etc

...

envelop old substantives.  
Vapours drift in random sequence  
from the sea that mothers rain.

This is my temporary valley.  
They tell me  
the people in a small town watch all actions  
absorb the minute's news

may by association  
assimilate my name.

II.

The voice demands to speak / of blood in erstwhile jungles of / somewhere jumping

[page 300]

pulse at curfew:  
night patrols

Could but / I elicit your verbal / magic, or evoke / your flower mouth / make your  
thin & bruised flesh burn again / possible becomes a [drugless] dreamless sleep / a pros-  
pec from the portals / of peace.

From the font of evanescence  
disturb me, poem  
with your glowing bones

Toronto yields me  
sprawling suburbia, flat  
distances  
from high-rise turrets

garish & humid

Beyond this, beyond  
gaze  
on broken countryside  
surveying the ruins  
[Historian] faces among the rubble

I think the soul has  
air pockets      spiritually flatulent  
[filled with spiritual flatulence]  
It is the awareness that's a  
measure of [progress]development  
now in progress

But Joan when I saw you that afternoon at  
the C13th - cathedral  
in classical surroundings  
your statements implied  
complacency in me  
the poison of inertia  
your face a tremulous rainbow  
that voice too naive a passion among  
a tradition of gleaming bronze ornaments

in my circle of friends  
under the smoked-wood walls: M  
you smiled too wanly  
as we rang out our pleasure  
drew yourself in  
being just as hedonistic thus  
in sacrificing yourself gladly  
xx considering such set postures  
a necessary formality  
to provoke displeasure, being you undeniably

[opposition]

Those were airs above the ground / in the English setting:

[page 301]

to live in the world is revolution enough  
as my student who writes poems said  
his contrite body merging with the yellow furniture.  
I think not to hate  
is as much as there can  
be of love

K. Toronto 1968/summer of ...

"As for their common design, that I understood too well to be drawn into any more snares of that kind. The case was altered with me; I had money in my pocket & had nothing to say to them. I had been tricked once by that cheat called love, but the game was over, I was resolved now to be married or nothing, & to be well married or not at all." MOLL FLANDERS.

### **BRONZE AGE AT THE NATIONAL G**

My dark blues, blacksong, harmonises  
little with the local intonation  
until beyond the mall of mod pedestrians  
thronging the summer sale shops, thighs & button-  
down collars with these taverns which  
wouldn't serve drinkers without hamburgers  
I [we] Issue through the gothic legalities  
the glossy squalor  
of towers & national spires, here  
after there  
& enter the art world wombed  
in the gallery's glass & aluminium oblongevity.

Moore in half-rain, Ottawa,  
escaped confinement, standing naked;  
without a pen is to  
record sensations of grotesquerie,  
not what goes on inside the helmet head  
fixing the meticulous machinery  
until the heart's pendulum is atavised  
& the revelation circulates freely.

The bronze age on the terrace comes as  
surprise to the obtuse detourers through history:  
& the anthropologist taking notes  
comes to incidental notice as  
I loom through an arched torso, large  
in my muzzled full-grown blackness,  
he observing what's observable through glass.

Not impotence but sensible distortion  
reigns along primeval vistas  
of pain & muted anguish

[pages 302]

that the tuned hammer shapes, beating  
time [in]to a violent spasm :  
across the road the ashen sky predicts  
rain  
[not much] as these figures watch  
the bomb shelter going up in grey block,  
fortress of the National Arts  
where the monument of soldiers stands already

AKN Ottawa '69

### INSOMNIA

In the night incubator  
protoplasmic lights  
move against the walls:  
sterile traffic

Too much [think] analysis  
will get me nowhere with a whisky brain  
& soda effervescence in the maple dawn  
of Ottawa: cracked toenails, indoor plants, poetic notes  
are common to all latitudes.

I have seen marble & clay,  
xx wondered at carbon diamond.  
Why do I look through the sculptor's skull  
worked smooth in bronze but from the curvature  
descending jawed & angular toward its cavities?  
Neanderthal profile outside the window  
scored with simian claws:  
down in Confederation Square the Detroit Automaton  
roar & scream defiance, flash their steel flanks,  
the fierce saliva flowing through their bellies

K. Ottawa '69

[On the terrace place  
the bulbous body with a phallus face  
reclining in austere regard]

Generation of / hire-purchase prodigals / does not see the puritan ape in conflict / with  
own contortions agonized / standing still very still / in the city box / surrounded by  
ice & electronics. / Generation of / long-haired hedonists, mindless smokers of pot / pur-  
veyors of love, merchants of peace / turning on in pursuit of self / no nirvana in a  
landscape necessarily / hostile to the species: opt out before they've started to dig in.

There is a yes that stops the conversation dead like a shot animal [&] so we  
steadily turn to the hors d'oeuvres, the canapes, crepe suzettes. Interior exploration would  
involve a trip through the entrails. Rarely a minute that affords a supportable flight  
of deadright emotion into the limbo of surrealism. The pilgrim may stumble upon an  
unfinished symphony -- it is his inalienable right in a time of wax museums & soiled  
fingers, blackened bones -- but he's far more likely to find a world of botched

sonatas (deja vu?). Stop go cause & effect transactions recognise the continuity of the expressway only & the red sun that squints over the hoods in the back parking lots cannot complement the dead acres. A moment of free time under the vined lintel with fate hanging inalienably loose like leaves along a brick wall or reflection of trees in water: means nothing to the Metro Torontonion. Do I deserve the wishbone of a chicken. At Niagara they ring up the cash in NCR machines of impeccable vintage. Drink rum 'n coke from a coffee flash in the gardens, screened by cars gleaming in the waterspray sun.

Chicken feathers & bones going down the garbage chute from fifteenth floors issued from the anus of the Italian leaning against a Bloor St lamppost. Neither he nor the lamppost are fat, voluble, or waiting for a lady to come by. Oh me! Oh my! No tryst here, only trashed. The diet pepsi cans in the kitbag of the lifeguard at the pool -- Vizinczey's Hungarian-Canadian-based-in-London memoirs rule chaos in praise of self-glorification -- softly jostle the chlorine indicator as he flicks the pulp page to chapter X. Took swimming lessons once.

## 25

Your career has come full circle at unroads of  
disinterment.  
We watched it end, the process of fulfilment  
in orgasmic  
music, smorgasbord, with tingling rhythms  
that shuttle through the earbones, or that issue  
through [the] portals.

Memento mori now, the dead cat stinks  
in burning agony  
curled like a thread of wool  
in the ashtray of the city.

Streets filled up with snow  
covered with the white mask of December.  
In the short sneaky hours up to dawn  
reaching the middle twenties I  
wake hurt like Satan  
staring with numb regard  
from the lake of truth  
at invisible ceilings.

They meet me with a blank numbness & beauty  
that is surprise as in the hushed park  
on grass blades crystals wait to glitter & melt  
in some sun.

You & the mad dreamer saw  
the days proceed, succeed each other, coming  
to need the bribery of sedatives  
until the psychomotor would refuse

[page 304]

its functioning.

A symptom of disinterest

et cetera ed sullivan

in markets & exchanges suddenly

perplexed the soul

(withdrawal at the bank, too, almost total)

[bankrupted]

in bankruptcy

wrote poems at a school desk, in the

alcoholic lounge, on backs of brown envelopes

to choke down an [impossible] unutterable cry.

The cold turkey on the grill will never

be ready for Xmas. The power [has] failed,

the power failed

Your career has come full circle.

AKN Hope/B.C. 12/67

Notes towards Intersection (Main/Hastings) -- breakfast at the cheap cafe. Grog blossoms in the Sunday rain. Travelling in the high fog of thought, in wry mockery concerned with love, sweet love (Supreme in [dollar sign]3000 worth of jewellery don't spoil it with perspiration odour). Don't ever want to know you too well. Nothing can ameliorate him, slipping across the border of sanity, land of hamburger-coke & assassinations. Mugs. Melt into a thicket of the Okefenckee swamp, welcomed by crocodiles.

### INTERIOR NOTES

Voluptuous sheen of nylon on a thigh  
or winter dream that sunlight soon fulfils  
glazing a snowpeak, the slope's cold runnel beauty  
attract me now, transfigure & convulse.

There are no palm fronds in the breeze  
or cactus-needled sky that's blue & brutal.  
Concealing the field of intimacy is  
coarse vegetation of old age, lush foliage of youth.

I am dwarfed in the middle distance  
between your destruction & your destiny  
xx who found poems in the coastal mountains  
the crab-holes & crow-nests of yesterday.

The crossed-silk symmetries of limbs address  
themselves to apprehensions that are rooted  
in old condolences, goodbyes of flesh  
cooled by the cold conclusions of the blood.

KAN -- 12/67 Hope/BC

### THE ORGANIZATION

We lifting a word from the journals of time  
we signing a personal order for freedom



is more than lissome  
or american-svelte  
(God bless the poms!)

oh if  
I sure as hell could exactly remember  
the blurred child of London  
would it not be  
superbly a somewhere of experience  
like daffodils in rain-changed light  
surpass the wet factor:  
inside  
superlative fictions stride around  
the mind's black plastic box

consider the alternatives while there are  
flowers on the painted motor-cars  
barefoot chicks in the post office lobby  
have breasts pointed on my eyes & those infinity hips  
as I swivel there on a rum double overproof  
among men who never conceive  
the powers of the muse

she seeds me  
through summer doldrums:  
Arth maybe has  
failed the natives on his bearded return  
& serenity's  
dark glasses  
on his gilt eyes settle  
the bitterness ashes & the nullity [light]  
of mechanical tree scenes: big river  
is not my country at all, but the steady  
water of slim valleys  
open

28/8/68 K

Line-A-Day: The Irish dreamer sleeps between / Dallas & Omaha, on his axis /  
revolve our modern fortunes / rotate across our heartland / Families of the earth wait  
amazed: the peasant leans on his hoe speculatively under the revived sky pale  
blue of washed horizon / the feet of the black & the poor in mountainwater & their  
mouths in the store windows.

All my extremities are circumcised.

"After the first death, there is no other" -- A Refusal to Mourn. Following upon  
And the next fire on the mountain is told (For Senator Kennedy), these verses:-

3 Not strange, though so incredibly among  
the glittering viands  
they that fall should die riddled & young  
stupified & unsung they go buried in legend: / Not until dark / can I

See the subtle & faint phosphorescence  
of grime on my soul in its anaesthetic theatre.

2 goes It is impossible to turn back the clock  
in the caffeine hours:  
they shall sleep burdened in earth from the shock  
waves that shake the house & all its towers:  
no more the draped flag  
shall resist the plague of snails or the dead branches  
blossom in a million waters

K

### **FOUND POEM?**

The summer days of winter are  
so much more than June.  
In unaccustomed light [suffusion, I]  
I am going to clean this room.

The whole of November ends  
in this snow world almost musically:  
the eye of heaven & organ Bach blend  
like a benign monument melting through my folds

to balm the lacerations after  
iridescence on the cooling cinder.

K. Hope/BC '69

### **YOU STEAL INTO MY HOUSE, NORM ZIEBERTH!**

Beginning the long climb up / from the sweet bottoms of summer / rain skies meet  
me on the lowland slopes / & splashes of sunlight over the broad water // The blue soul scans / a way stop, this /  
little town's diameter of dumb streets / Once before /  
I came this way & once more / have to learn / you can't go anywhere / stuck here  
to winter with your secrets.

Tomato juice & lemon on the ice / is a somehow start / somewhat strange / among  
the voices of glass / in the Hope Cocktail Lounge.

Bec. no return endows one with more than former knowledge. Should I feel un-  
easy sometime (your sidewinder poem has the exact admixture of love) ... "You steal  
into my house" ... robbing my electronic cocoon. Deserted Linda he did going out in  
the Volkswagen for a pizza with George Superbody. My eyes appraised, saying nothing.  
Landed up & heard from last living with a squaw in Squamish, or working for  
some revenue agency (they iron out the bugs). A terse summary. Yet somewhere on the  
outskirts there will be / someone who would never find this strange. Robert Mac-  
kenzie story felt the cold clutch of time in his hemlock coffin. That priest at the  
service was off beam. Pall-bearers Pete McPhedran, Walter Robinson, Carl Bachinski,  
A Chilliwack cremation: scatter his poor ashes over the Okanagan hills in the  
snow season upcountry.

"A citizen of nowhere, but an animal of the world" - Paul Goodman's Growing  
Up Abroad. "Scrounging for food, sex & love while materially & spiritually down  
& out." Yearning for a bread-&-butter paradise."

ARTIFACTS: A Room of the Motel -- Scrounging in the closet among jackets  
silent fur-collared overcoats, snowshoes, tiepins, amber cufflinks

[page 308]

I can't find last year's tickets  
or see my feet through the vapour / of spring rain

I have pawned your love  
drunk up all my wisdom, former knowledge  
seems to have been invented

the hard core that will not break  
frets at the puzzling footwork / of the dancing angels

the white bull of paradise  
gores my innocuous flat stomach  
until there the gobs of blood knot / mesmeric tangles

skeined veins plead to beg for easement, but  
the staunch bones refuse

AKN Rio Vista basement '67

### **BASEMENT [VIEW] REFLECTIONS**

The man in the basement room is an artist  
is an anarchist  
resolving daily not to speculate.  
He adumbrates internal features & talks  
tough about the blatant expositions,  
lonely as humanity just more invested  
with dragon's blood & the horn of rhinoceros.

The poet spits his words like poppy seeds  
& the pacifist musician goes eastern  
while the sculptor sprawls a concrete cigarette on the plaza  
the plastic artist  
who hands his art to the welders at the factory.  
few

There are [no] dirty conceptions  
that darken the caves where [we] they scat on rain-beautiful afternoons,  
alluding in proportion & diffusion  
(mingle your grapenuts with milkflakes[,] & shake it kaleidosport)

Suggestive, he suggests  
widow in a lace mantilla  
(say the critics)  
marshmallow life where no tranquil death  
can silence the rueing wail except through the black tunnel  
(say i)

where a moment's calm comes like the golden age  
before momentum propels you  
(or does the oligarch demand, the bureaucrat coerce?)  
into a future time so jumbled & vast  
that a shaft of sunlight shatters your patella  
& your hand melts with remorse at  
the smashed spines, the lopped legs, the butchered ears

[page 309]

the eviscerations & national purges  
planned on the green fairways of sunday

Here is a free ticket to the auction  
at conference tables, from Bunnyboy Hefner  
with your key inscribed that will open the gates of the anatomy.  
The circus of the cannibals  
boasts several fabulous animals.

If only you could read between the statistics.  
The ringmaster is searching for my body  
but everytime he ventures underground  
he finds his ears full of sorcerous music & his eyes sprout flowers, &  
he sputters the remnants of his gory breakfast thus  
(like the television cyclops)  
[thus] dirtying the walls to [sa] accuse me  
of blindness, vertigo, buggery, licence ...  
The black dots plot a linear [infinitum] ad  
infinitum / one-dimensional  
The Man absurdly  
identifies with his diamond tiepin  
his [chromium] cigar  
                                  platinum

I must beat his alligator shoes to pulp  
smash his wife's new hairdo with a crowbar.  
[Hot forges bend us under ... the]  
On hot forges we are bent, but genetically no  
chromosome's directive is a message  
to go to [Kore] Vietnam as to Korea:  
the stink of flesh is nature's formula  
but the boys will wear deodorant on Venus  
if we get there, goddess willing  
                                  KAN Hope 10/68

**POISONED (for Carrie Rousseau)**

A woman of beauty has raised  
her hands to her soul,  
with the nightingale lips / she can no more speak:-

But in my philosophy of dreams  
revolve the individual hours:  
the wet wall over which / the sodden mind must climb.   K /69

Walking upon these continents among the rubble of its upheavals, the times shift  
& love decays & the dilatory moon spoofs us through the rain. The weight of summer  
drops earthwards, yellow & jejeune & the sun declines as we turn upon ourselves  
with the character of desperate passion. Towards her & others (rare birds) my fierce  
tenderness. It is the suddenness that overcomes, the caught voice choking on its desiccation.





**SUPERCONTINENTAL, TRANSCANADA**

Travelling iron-line, level luxury  
to equitable coast climes  
through the forest there is no perspective  
no towers on the [wa] lake reflected  
(from where the bronze [stone] plinth mythifies the pilgrim).  
My whisky spills [within its glass confines]  
itself within itself / words waver to the gloss of pretzels,  
no crumbled walls  
where  
[for] only the beaver builds.

An adopted posture, without dogma:  
money in my pocket I have nothing  
[to say]communicable to the wealth makers.  
A [prized] skill  
acquired in London, England  
acts as catalyst, bellows my viability.

Sunglassed, glazed with privilege, I see  
the sun has looked too much upon me:  
I am black & rhythmical, make this music,  
transplanted [& transported] like an export seed  
with Solomon's history:  
& the finitude of the fruits  
that these colonied  
hands have wrought  
north of the boss camps & the slave plantations  
troubles the spirit [an] in odyssey:  
there are those who must return  
to vanquish the contenders in the gates  
& one is me, voyeur  
through the theatre of the polar bear.

Densely settled are the coca-cola cities  
& the [ravens] crows maraud the woods of August:  
the south country has grown so rich  
that the scrag pine ghetto is ungovernable  
fed along the watershed by snow streams,  
inch by inch welfare of the glaciers.

Some spoke eloquently of dreams:  
the flame in Arlington  
cemetery flourished  
& in the rain  
the ashes showered to the laughs of [the] snipers  
& the powerful hustlers looted the media.  
North of Detroit  
in minor league country  
survived a [mo] sedate neighbour  
with improbably bursts of activity from Quebec.

[page 313]

The puritan pioneer  
crowding into the dining car  
or peeling out of the coffee bar  
on the transcontinental train -  
surveys with dour rue  
the difficulty of being a superhero  
& rather brings a moose down at the window  
than being the master of serum monies  
(big brother must inoculate the world).  
The [past?]mother [is] bankrupt, [so it] is destitute, so it seems,  
under a tatty flag empire of islands.  
Injected for her decrepitude  
by the brilliant son of the family,  
with plasma prescribed for the unconditioned bitch[,]  
operated on by the Zurich team,  
anonymous surgeons of mercy  
in the [war] game of nerves between  
Pavlov & the Pentagon.

The second-born was spawned at random  
whose prodigal virtue strung  
a line of flat lights from sea to sea  
driving these spikes through the great cathedral forests  
and impotent to populate the virgin  
patiently waits for a sign.

[end!] AKN

Job's God almost came unstuck  
with the Aryan dissolutions.  
Bildad took up arms in Vietman  
against the troubles of Naboth's Vineyard,  
though the marketplace is doing well enough  
for the plutocrats to be vacationing  
with a sack of hamburgers  
on the oilfields of Alberta.  
[Anyways what's good for General Motors  
is good for Canada.]

KAN Aug.5/1968

### ME TOO

Against your animal I / am an animal confined / to these territories: / stuff your  
jaw with gold & you will claim / honour or fame / or an abstract concession. //  
The arrogance / of the true prince / is nowhere visible tonight. And dawn / sheens upon the  
rainy window / to reveal spring / that jumps along the dirty boulevard //  
Dogwood greets the sky / yellow broom by the wet road: / hemlock in the park offers /  
its needle luminescence of green bud. / Link me somewhere / in the west wind, it is just //  
the autoghost that wants assuaging, / rampantly staring you cold. / Era of the million-  
aire / & of the common man, me, engaging / you: we are locked / in romantic combat, & there //  
is no separate happiness for either ...

## **I - White Xmas**

Dinner solitaire in a Canada resort  
under the ski lift, dusk slopes: mainly  
the valves of existence continue to function  
as if I explore sufficiently, holding true to  
the blood that flows through the walls & chambers  
visiting even its furthest peripheries.

Where it leads to is hard to believe --  
nor have I interest now to resist any demon,  
oppose any ghost, appease these longings,  
escape from the moon at high velocities  
with power thrusts at planned angles get  
the Pelopponesus & Poles into spectrum.

Spill no tears on the silver service,  
the gold-braid menu, the tinsel greetings:  
many have passed here before with an equal heartbeat  
stirring the ice with a swizzlestick, scribbling a postcard.  
Who has no agenda or eyes on the clock  
must alter posture or face deportment  
from limbo homelands where the souls erode  
to the white north where they die: choose which  
transformation it is to be.

## **II**

Mistletoe & the network of lights,  
a charity round of wishes, a gin / fizz.  
The heart's estate withers away:  
"History is full of examples ..."

The year ends in snow swirls, flurries.  
in  
Feelings thawed [through]the long warm shadows of winternoon  
through the frosted glass  
contract against the sky, brush icicles.

My brow pushes at the ceiling, chandeliers  
float into my ears, glass after golden glass.  
Heroic mistake, not to pause  
between the dropping veil & the wall,  
losing sight to time & circumstance.

Old acquaintance, if the lenses [fug] cloud over  
if the umbras invade  
is the rainbow suffusing  
table with candle, [a] Russian novel. Claws of thought  
retract from the torture threshold there:  
elbows dent the oilcloth as my native

**Vocabulary & Epigram**

- phantasm = spectre, illusion in likeness  
climacteric = (noun) a critical point in bodily change e.g. menopause?  
(adj) -- critical.  
fracas = uproar, noisy quarrel (frak'a). Also same: RUMPUS  
flinty = hard, cruel, self-assured in an arrogant way.  
PACE = (pa'se) L. for: with all due respect to (so-&-so, accomp.  
the opinion contrary to his).  
prudish = strictly modest & proper: propriety of a matron  
priggish = smug & scrupulous: likely to offend [therefore sign] invidious  
supercilious = prone to despise others; haughty, disdainful.  
affinity -- relationship by marriage: similarity, attraction, likeness.  
consanguinity -- " " blood  
[chem.] -- the force that binds atoms together in molecules,  
enabling elements to form compounds. Coherence.  
quidnunc = a gossiping busybody [L. quid nunc: what now?]  
fair  
quid pro quo = a just exchange, something for something equivalent.  
obtuse = blunt, stupid, insensitive.  
paladin = a knight-errant  
mandarin = European for a (probably quisling?) Chinese official, potentate  
pullulate = swarm, teem, abound  
epigram = a concise & pointed, often sarcastic saying; a short poem  
expressing an ingenious thought with point, satirically.  
aphorism = a brief, pithy saying, an adage. APOPTHEGM is more terse.

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apogee = the greatest distance of earth from moon or sun.

chrysalis, chrysalid = the golden-coloured resting stage of a butterfly.

Adj.-- chrysalid. [Gr. chrysos = gold]

FRISSON = unique pleasurable thrill (tingle, chill, quiver, shudder) of gloom or fright

MANQUE = (lack of): unsuccessful through inner failure, or circumstance.

atavistic = primitive, REVERSING, throwback into remoter past.

pullulate = teem, multiply, swarm abundantly, flourish.

gravid = distended by pregnancy (e.g. gravid uterus), filled with eggs (tapeworm, salmon roe). Gravid with middle-class proprieties. Portentous, ominous.

soteriology = doctrine of salvation.

surrogate = substitute, deputy.

cynosure = [post held without formal duties. E.g. queen.] Cynos = dog anything that strongly attracts attention or admiration.

litany = public worship: formal prayer & response. Practice.

liturgy = regular religious ritual. Theory. angelic

hieratic = priestly. hierarchy: [priestly] order of angels; echelons.

specious = deceptively attractive (: plausible?) PRECIOUS: worthless (ironic).

anodyne, analgesic = that dispels pain.

acrimonious = sharply bitter, biting, caustic, vitriolic [L. acer = sharp]

C.M.R. "impugn my veracity" - c. 1960.

R.G.H.L. "mitigate your acerbity" - c. 1964.

acrimony, acritude; [a]

acidulous: slightly sour & cloudy

arabesque: in style of Arabs (Moors); fantastic decoration.

soporific, opiate, barbiturate

peccadillo = trifling fault. Punctilio = trifling detail.

pudendal = of the privy parts (L. pudere = to be shy, modest).

peroration = long speech

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sotto voce = under the breath; aside, privately, very softly.  
hagiography = saints' lives, biography of an idealizing character  
donnee = given conditions, basic facts, main assumptions from which you  
[proceed to tell a story, etc  
exordium = introduction of a discourse  
irascible = hot-tempered, given to anger  
wry = spiced with bitterness, ironic statement ...  
exemplum = model; anecdote or short narrative used to point a moral or  
sustain an argument (e.g. medieval sermon).  
precious = valuable, cherished (also ironically), [x] overrefined in style,  
Hence: preciousness (worth), but preciousity.  
pleonastic = redundant, tautological.  
epicene = of or for both sexes  
pettish = peevish, petulant  
asseveration = solemn declaration (asseverate)  
eponymous = giving a name to place or people e.g. Aeneid -- Aeneas folk hero  
disabuse = undeceive, disillusion

"... sugared water being not an uncommon delicacy entire of my [tab]  
table -- that to disabuse the expectations of my solicitous friend is to  
ameliorate the acerbity of remorseless fortune. Nortje, otherwise known as  
Kort Tril Mac Se Se, shall, I insist ..., in exchange for my unbounded  
hospitality --" [here follows the celebrated mock-intellectual a); b;) c;) d;]  
R.G. Leitch, letter from Toronto, 10/6/68.

**Draft 4 Spring Picture In Exile**

emerges out of evocative distance  
because I milk the evidence concealed  
\* in frail correspondences and meek affinities.

Repeat patterns trigger sensitivities:  
the buds that fall away call out  
the slender life of shower blossoms,  
and leaves thrust tenderly towards  
a flux of sky, vitalities of cloud.

Butterflies breed their grubs on the hearth's shrubbery.  
Grave & brooding about love I need  
your woman's eyes to let it settle,  
to send my cocoon of poem  
floating on the waters.

Myself must wander and with wry pride  
slog among the ruins and the crushed roots  
to feel dead sequences burn in the nerves.  
An April return is to snatch whatever  
glimpses of joy can bribe my lusts,  
rendering the bitter twists with tenderness.

When I have given all to  
become the nothing that I want to be,  
like sand-stretch, field of stones or withered grass,  
abortion will have balanced hunger  
the only pain be pulsing sunlight,  
so close are births to deaths, so terse our sojourn.  
K.A.N. -- 3/66

\* change 4, & "beyond frail correspondences or dreams"...?

**Snippets Salvaged**

brash  
Rose flesh is adored, the hue of youth  
till the coarse fingers wither away its petals.  
After summer in the field  
the thorns travel along like truth,  
grains cling to flesh, the clothes are full of seed.

My woman is stone-quiet, is to be / the hard beauty among what seems. And  
her tan is sun-flaked.

Evidence: to be explicit, to provide proof  
Search: in a circle, until again you can recon-  
cile enthusiasm with tenderness, when once  
more, certainty does not elude you.

crystal distance and jewel seconds  
snow fascinatingly beautiful: barbed wire revolving & somehow dandruff.

**10/May -- 66**

my seeds have fallen in absences dark  
sunlight dries them like spittle on asphalt

new views of [gree] trees alert  
my greening sensitivities: and why  
should I deny them ...

they were both dark

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savours the wheatfield crust, its meat,  
& the clenched fist conveys  
a broken loaf to the stilling of hunger.

Condensed through my senses in transfusion  
under overhangs of transparent phalluses  
at expanses of window offering me the mountain  
canary soloes a pure lyric  
agile in counterpoint to  
lips that flowered from the pale phantom  
on a platform  
at the English station: there a polite policeman  
thought we were making love in the daytime  
AKN Hope 1/69

### **Manner of Speaking**

Nails of my tarsals are driven into the snow  
at cold corners. Wheels  
slick the ice.

Pines bend  
with the sky's christmas burdens.

Other times similarly not  
together, such  
as my summer in these virgin woods  
may elsewhere have been a poem to classicize[.]

But here  
memory is implausible.  
Here dead postures are  
inflated in insulating coats.  
My feet wither like lilies in their overshoes,  
blue flowers breathe that seem no longer  
to be your own / as once when / you were brittle as starlight  
somewhere after nightfall.

Such embellishments the zero taste  
compels me to relinquish,  
alcoholic dawns  
reveal skies livid, pain in a river, ice.  
The detumescing voice  
confronts the street:  
Hello? Hello?

Picking up tube tomatoes, weighing  
pros & cons of dietetic biscuits,  
meet adopted smiles, hospitable / faces: what time  
we will be together's not answered  
converge  
in a ripe avocado  
or a steak that silently handled

AKN Hope 12/68

**(People of the Medium)**

Mad & meaningless I couldn't say a word  
returning that Sunday from the snow peaks that grimly  
vaulted in the sun, crystals that bitterly  
glittered on the mountain with the shoaled softness  
of autumn under my shoes: to this room  
I carried an image of that beast machine  
standing in isolation where  
the trail ended at the logging place, deserted  
(erect & steel-majestic as it thrust  
its square solidities above the moving river)  
& Jerry & the girl, an Auckland tourist  
(beautiful profile glimpsed across the bathroom)  
climbed the stiff spikes -- he dared her to the top  
as he catwalked & I watched / from the safety of the jeep seat.

Denny tried

starting the cold engine on a bulldozer  
the miniscus of its iron jaw lay menacingly dead  
against some toppled trunks, caked with stoned clay.  
Whiskey jacks in the fir trees flitting  
reminded me of life things, such as bear tracks.  
Further down in the park at noon the ice sticks  
melted & fell on my shoulders, at my feet  
destiny dropped [the] her astonishing pellets;  
in the sunset forest I lost my way  
hexed in the giant silence of spruce

till a hot-dog brought me out of the gloom  
of another man's country where coffee is plentiful  
at Maple Leaf Roadhouse, the sweeping strings  
of a corny jukebox selection that rocketed  
my trodden nerves into schizophrenic  
choice between  
Stravinsky & Ed Sullivan though I prefer / neither

Discovered I had run in my underground  
apartment out of sleeping pills.  
And as it was Dr Sutherland's day of shuteye  
with Scott's drugstore closed I considered  
confronting Mr Gagnon, the motel manager  
to complain[ing] about the vacuum tube  
buzzing inside my head & the dots & waves it emitted.

But then I knocked on somebody else's door  
till the episode was apparently over  
& the curious peering heads poked  
themselves back in as I passed down the hall, strangely smiling. AKN Hope 11/69



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Chromium strips relinquish gloss  
in spatters of tears:  
steamed windows of the store hold  
more than mute fruit, hold  
bundles of merchandise,  
packages, barrels & bushels of our civilized  
sweat & yet  
the sun declines from its nobility  
mountains loom forward in the rain.

is

Retreat from this orbit [seems] near  
impossible, accept it like that or  
poison  
[steel] the blood, let nerves grow tautly  
barbaric with insanity & harsh  
as the call of the fleeing geese.

AKN Canada/BC Oct. 1968

**(Forecast)**

The carotids cling deeper, there's no blood  
this far north that's worthwhile spilling:  
withdraw & peer into a corner of man[,]  
after the medium's crystal ball goes dead  
& positive philosophy retires under winding sheets  
like a dream, incidental.

Twenty-four hours a day dying,  
full of the stone blues I crane  
with my lean neck through the plate glass  
steamed by the goulash pot & the bean vapour:  
or look around  
the liberal schoolroom of the heart.

Spider web in my tenor's bell,  
horn's mouth that funnels the dust of corn  
standing grey seasons in the wind  
unloaded from the granaries of the mind:  
even laughter is banal.

Skin over sinew tightens to the bone  
& the hollows at the knees show as I rake  
over last year's beer & cracker photographs:  
winter at the motel.

This little room has become sufficient.  
Of love I wouldn't hear when there was love.  
Never bought flowers for someone  
the rather not to excite expectations.  
So be the rain my avowal  
as  
that soon[er] [than] snow comes swirling silently  
the

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out of the night in the lit streets  
this [the] new tenant will be  
dieting for an unborn festival.

K. Hope/BC '68

I  
I lie late  
saturdays

watching  
the room's heat  
waves simmer

at the window inched [open] open by my last [night's]  
hands  
to breathe

night's

and see  
wind-shaped eaves  
of snow

a precarious memory  
on the fir tree

now the blue skies  
melt the icicles

the black crow  
looks for seed

II  
But how melancholy  
are my virtues

at noon  
in the dust

the cobwebs gleam  
as I polish my shoes

III  
Give me your  
inert what-

ever shadow  
when perpendicular

doors open  
(into) a voice

then becomes possible in [the]

the transformer

IV  
accumulation drop  
by drop

of my clouded

talent

as voices rain  
in the sun

[page 325]

or the horn of plenty  
moon fosters

time makes it clear  
water wherein

fraudulent hopes  
in neon sculpture

shd.  
i [should] sleep

### **Water Mellon Man**

Rather ridiculous the thin scope  
of ripe August on the road between  
coast climates[or]& the ringed town of Fort Hope.  
Along the Mennonite farms on the milk run is seen  
the west sun climbing away  
to south solstice slowly as the day  
turns on its axis & we  
turn into sleepless evening's symphony  
at the lit interiors ask for coffee.

Who can be quick to love & who  
studies through the rising smoke of food  
from  
a ramrod minister for Straight City  
is he who laughs at The Man's pale blood --  
& stares through his green lenses at beautiful  
wheatsheaf hair of a woman working the bossbox:  
& he is serene among the billy club phalanx, as cool  
as an april flower, remembering alto sax

solos in a room of undisturbance.  
I think of the fisherman's graceful cast,  
formation of similes in a girl's bones,  
from one to the other in transit now at last  
soul & body now achieve a consummate peace.  
Junked by the billboard men to crown the garbage,  
retired from the circus for his love disease  
rich his eyes who rejected the mafia dollar  
to love sphere music, the flowing beard his badge.

[walks on the water]  
AKN 1969

B.C. Hydro's power failure again. Hilda McPhail supplied the quink. Cleaning out days at school. Next week will be the last. Cupboards are going bare of intellectual food, be sure. My last weekend in the thinscope town starts tonight & put in another grubless week -- could beat the record of 144 hors. This time for Mac Storey. Getting used to the idea of being 135 at the Clinic weigh-in on thursday afternoons. You're a big trier, Norch. Clean the kitchen next week before catching your plane. 20/6/69

**CONDITION**

If at Corfu you are kissing noon  
trailing the shadow of the sun  
like a girl trails a bathing trunk:  
I write of your time & my song.

The more I think of the mundane  
by so much more the rain  
(to say nothing of the season)  
dissipates in ether. Boughs are budding.

Renaissance, everything I see. Include:  
the words here - orient visually --  
contradict themselves in context.  
The paradox is metamorphosis.

You are no failure if no wild success. Too,  
dogwood blooms among the dynamite crew  
building a road to the west.  
A flower falls in the foreman's hand.

Boulders scatter their shreds of snow.  
Long in this vale we have known  
life, but not that we are young.  
My hand pervades the warmth of bedsheets.

The translucent sea of dreams  
floats level with the river of desire. Seems  
anatomies appear & in the seasand  
toes of footprints point towards utopia.

"So if you meet me ..." Have  
some eclectic explanation of  
the test that is touch. All flesh confirms  
the unexpected word, love.

K. Hope/B.C 1969

**ADAPTATION TO THE LAST LETTER**

I also looked at the tables & discovered  
our separation into two orbits of anarchy:  
                                  paths & ideas  
cross.  
          intersecting epistle[s]  
says you were running with the Paris radicals

[page 327]

I was  
horizontal, conservative, from far up  
seeing the small waters snaking.  
they grow

bigger in a dream among  
immense mountains, scabbed, scarred  
to sharp fear as I float  
earthward.

in a transition through the silk screen  
comes

through the trees  
a one-eyed beast vomiting

Famishing journey to  
night-kitchens with the deep-fried [cold] tawdry  
shrimp  
(bitch  
with rum-soaked gums is sleeping somewhere  
no poetry responds)

I fling  
[tawdry] batter to the cats  
cold

Let me too relent: what are the spoils  
of dead meat in my chest?

Somehow the animals  
behind the topology of sofas & chairs  
can surely scent the dawn  
as I totter into the torture chamber:  
am burnt dry, dark,  
fallow again

on the level world  
I mention to  
no-one your  
[no-one] gamuttred overtures

AKN Hope 5/69

Hungover Monday. Kev. Thompson up for weekend with heavy from the coast. Danced "Proud Mary" at Norton's yesterday on bloody marys. Looking in fridge for southegeit about five or six: Pat & Charlie had taken off for one of their tiffs. Agreed to meet Kev. at airport bar 7.30 next Friday. Tied a big one on for the last weekend here. Weight shooting up to 150 again? Chinese grub at Alex's, where found Ken & Betty James. David Ferguson missed two slices of cheese, individually wrapped, & a Fresca.

**VIEW: CANADA**

The neighbour room is crowded, vibrant.  
Rapacious eyes make walls flexible.  
The Negro leans into a vacuum.  
Superman with a cocktail glass emits  
truculent electrons.  
The hostess spears eros on a toothpick.

plastic

Transfix me. No you  
[you] cannot, no you cannot [,]  
wih all the horn of plenty & God's help.  
This room's furniture is spare, adequate.  
I need no bazooka  
to blast an exit.

brave / free

See me transplanted, now at peace, asleep.  
Or in the unpolluted woods awake

clean

to flowing water as a life medium  
when

to ice coma [as] the season turns.

And turns

colours. Dimensions of the mountains.

The leaves cannot be caught in the camera [,]  
or the sea sold in an oil barrel.

AKN Hope/B.C. 5/69

**HOROSCOPE AT LATE CHOW**

He is no fool of April who is king  
of the ninth house, governed by Jupiter.

Spring:

at this table in this town.

The phases of the moon outstare

the ambiguities of fated stars;

I, a traveller, encounter the zodiac,

review the seven seas in the Easter satrapies

& drink in an orchestra of moods.

Food for this man in this world now:

I bury bread & meat in an unolympian

u

mildness of regard at the sh[a]ttered street

shattered

& with deep relish

Adam's apple music makes a fugue

unheard (the melody of swallow).

Throat strings pulse as time recedes

into a rhythmed haze, with

the wash of brandy

in a cola of low calorie  
aspiring not to bring to mind  
today's predictions, or the summer outlook.

To irrigate the wheatland of my stomach  
is the precursor of a rich  
reminiscence  
in the black soil

And the sun goes into gemini  
a jewel in my forehead:  
the devil & I are innocents

AKN Hope/B.C. 1969

### SEA CREATURE

Need variety now  
the oil slick of the night  
washed across your plumes  
clings.

The air beats back your rich crests  
heavily, torpidly in  
the passage of summer;  
nerves in my belly tauten.

You can't fly  
because of Siberia, because of  
death camp computers

They hum vibrantly  
the mirrors glow

At intervals in the desert air  
receiving pulses from a dying star,  
exhausting the oxygen in waiting-rooms  
I need change, continue to  
march through aridities

Need water transformation maybe  
a sipped mary, bloody & tabascoed  
while nocturnes swim  
through a late fug  
my sailor's head  
under the still lamp

Profuse as is  
& lush, luminous  
the morning that bears your aubade

I will not get back through the spume  
to depths of the sensitive shrimp

the black spindrift

Because the poison will not settle I  
need my feet planted on dry soil

& ten fingers

to pluck the harp

AKN 4/69

### PEACE POEM

Relinquish the arrow for the branch:  
You will watch its interaction with the sun  
Harvest flowers from the buds.

unto

And bear sweet gifts [to the] children with beads:  
while we have marshmallow skies  
spring is honeycombed  
in the bell of time.

Since [I] now  
the moon is a slag heap & I gently  
lie on my scorched stomach dreaming  
John D. Rockefeller must be mad  
to spend 400,000 dollars  
on a yellow peasant's death

when

the

a block from [my] doorstep the flowers  
that weathered snowfall & sad neglect  
break through the palings of our sight  
find their way over our walls

The fragrance is all around me  
though the house behind stands deserted.  
Wind stirs the cobwebs & the full moon's ash  
Outside the green shadows dance.  
My hands are full of tranquility.

AKN B.C. 5/69

### Spiders

The spiders in my room run for their lives.  
When I feel alien web-threads  
pass through my jugular  
snare my cage of bones  
convulsions of the blood beat through my temples,  
sweats break upon my brow.

[page 331]

Long ago I sacrificed  
the pleasure of  
entering my room with dewy eyelids  
from being out under the stars.  
There was a time I could come  
home to a book.

Vampire, poisonous serpents are extinct.  
At least, this region's far too northern. Cold.  
Now I turn the key & throw  
my shadow in before me  
or with the shirt knotted round my hand  
trust my sense of touch  
when the dawn is not too alcoholic.

One hair of mine that's touched  
will make the spiders run  
for their lives.

K. Hope 5/69

### **DIABOLICAL POSTURES**

Free of the physical shackles that  
bound wrist to time perceptions

in

bound neck [to] the black noose of routine  
flowers my spirit among impromptu libations.

Rooted divinely I do not write --  
The hell with these gods, with their injunctions.

Thus to be prodigal poisons a subtle  
brotherhood with the best of contemporaries[.]

who [He] is not raucous in the roadway. Neither  
is he nostalgic in the smoky room.

So hanging loose, exploiting the privilege  
I drift into spring, bellied grotesquely.

The body music & emotion is his, a sailor  
who plucks the available flower with his salt teeth.

II

You will have to deliver yourself from shock  
through the birth pangs of the urgent dark

saint of the city. Conceive him sanely  
who will not be quietly desperate in the neon light

[page 332]

Push into the open universe for you can't  
after this long gestation cage the egg.

III

Hangers-on ply the shuffleboard tables.  
Through my head bursts a piece of oratorio.

Winter most probably departs about this time.  
Snow heals slowly on the patient mountains.

What sun will batter the gashed peaks you cannot  
predict. Go forward. Go forward.

We have chosen the President, to find  
his slogans choking the TV dinner.

Some other cities may burn spontaneously.  
In these lines do not search, not search for

a chicken in the pot of golden concord,  
neither prise a bullet from the verse's head.

The couples dance, unearth a rhythm. My  
breath across the room pursues ephemera.

AKN Hope 2/69

The beeswax of fact plugs the ears of the audience:  
but somewhere now the adrenalin threatens.

This being sung, a diabolic posture. Vale.

**Ode to the Sun: for [the SA] fellow-expatriate**

plugged in to God

Remotely strung on the milky ways radius,  
star in your constellation hung  
out like white fur on a photograph -- you're  
nimbus to the divinities of trees.

Summer blossoms to the gods of the sea:  
their gelatinous bladders garbage the rocks  
& their leathery thongs rot in the weed pool[s].  
The oysters they haven't gorged crackle with barnacle love.

And saints of the air are your concern, not so?  
Air base fighter, a flashing acrobat  
    roars  
that [spins]and climbs across the blue blue sky  
to point its phallic impact of smoke-trail [there] fleetingly.

You have come close & are going away on your journey,  
or under my veil of rain rather it is me  
rotating convolutedly with the seasons  
oblivious now to Canis Major or any

[page 333]

dog star under the southern cross  
that bred me in a granite bed: I hauled you  
into the spruce & balsam mountains,  
far from golden in your bilious gas-spitting galaxy.

Those travellers from my native ports  
who write me magnificent letters  
are somewhere in the fastness of a city  
east of here, enjoying the smog of the Great Lakes.

AKN Courtenay, Vanc. Island Aug '67

### NOMINALLY

When Gawain gave his name to knight & lady  
they had him in their power  
which was negative thinking. And as  
Portuguese fishermen were drying cod on the rocks  
the Indians were saying "aca nada" --  
there's nothing here[: it's some historian]

Nominally this is a nowhere place  
being everywhere, being only in product  
tundra or prairie, gold mine or cordillera,  
but when you mention Cartier or Mackenzie  
the pulse beats mythically whether you are  
of the old blooded stock with family / or/  
just a landed immigrant / who neatly masticates  
the pabulum from information bureaus,  
maps spread on the table  
[!] Nootka Sound to Newfoundland,  
pushing aside the cornflakes & the coffee  
while keeping a finger on Louis Riel  
to finish A Short History Of ...

With this royal name from Camelot  
wrapped in the Celtic mists  
I should be wistful, perhaps, shouldn't divulge it.

It is you who cry Arthur! Arthur!  
as if you know who I am\*.  
I have only your name:[as your]  
let's not speak of promises.

K. 8/67 Courtenay

HAIKU for H. Rap Brown (& Stokely Carmichael, & Eldridge

Cleaver & the Black

Panthers)  
Land built on my back  
so that when I'm standing up  
it is falling down.

31/8/67

[page 334]

### Requiem For A Hunter

He stood the rifle upright  
this time equal to himself  
leaned on the stern barrel  
with deliberation

who know  
in what sunlight through the pines  
or details of the dark

his boots  
trampled what [wild]flower stalks  
& how did his sweat smell if it was friday

So now I place ten dollars  
in a white envelope

walk from the washroom's  
privacy to  
the widow's box on the counter

remembering his jowly smile  
the way he called me monk  
& I replied with cardinal  
who knows  
why these eyes around us  
appear anonymous?

K. 6/69

### Haiku

cut grass smelling raw  
springs not on my senses more  
than steel blades that rape

6/69

### Assassination

Balcony above the junk hotel  
has with my beer lounge stupor what to do?  
The murderer is not hairy, neither am  
I too slick with liquor not to rue  
the passing of the sage whose message has  
not reached beyond the telescopic eye.  
Downtown's contemporary polish  
gleams part my trigger finger or my clubfoot:  
in fact the sun that climbs painfully  
by the queer ballistics of rapidity  
becomes a slug that smashes martin luther's  
black & resonant jugular: the barber

[page 335]

above me carefully repeats  
that not a pearl of blood has broken  
my golden skin's immunity. These streets  
commend themselves now even as  
spring jumps on the dirty boulevard  
with green rain, & the snail could eat my flesh.

Fragment rewritten at Cosmo's request. From session in Alice's Restaurant  
one woozy Saturday morning, waiting for Denny. (Closed lives impinge

on conscience now --  
surprise nights, etc.)

### POEM

Rainy afternoon I can't stop loving:  
sudden sunlight through spells of murk  
suffuses my heart with glow of affection  
which brackish 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 lustrous  
than I see it now among ferns & firs,  
you in whose hand my brown one smouldered  
coming 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.

K. South Africa (p.e.) 1964

**Sonnet 1**

Supremely individual, flamboyant, proud,  
insane, & thirsty for a stable life,  
attacked by love's dementia, & predicaments, & loud  
laughter at the skyjackings, world troubles & world strife,  
in cosmopolitan dives of some metropolis  
I know that this is not the universe:  
& how the rain shines through the sun & stars  
explode within a galaxy remains mysterious.

The poisoned spring has bubbled thro' my veins:  
young Venus lay in rags I loved her so, --  
dog of ferocity. The golden road turned blue  
becomes a damp & rampant thoroughfare for sins  
of carnality. The smelly & the raw  
    of turpitude  
crowds that disgust me are also those I adore

NOTE: pages 337 to 350 are blank - manuscript resumes on page 352 and follows on to page 351

**WALKING:** chairman mao went swimming in the yangtze & through features such as Tortoise, such as Tiger president johnson of the u.s. is babysitting & was photographed with beagles on his lawn the corpulent peasant taking exercise is summering in the dacha from the Kremlin air marshal ky in saigon is smoking opium while ho chi minh drinks tea in his underground bunker where the bombers from Okinawa can't take out the air-conditioning out of his ideology meanwhile mr vorster tees off at sharpville golf links fidel castro plays beisbol in his cuba papa doc phoning from the tropical porch in chic shorts is laughing with the voodoo man in switzerland chairman mao went swimming in the yangtze i have just drunk the local carling's beer & eaten the salmon of b.c. now i am crossing the boat channels on courtenay shore between there & nanaimo to the south i am free today to find purple starfish succulently clinging to the rocks of metal colour barnacles crusted on the grey & wizened boulders: i am standing on the rock-spilled coast of canox near features such as oyster, such as driftwood with my stick in the kelp beds where the crabs scuttle in the coarse & damp gravel or sidle among the rocks it was captain cook who heard the carapaces tinkle & wanted to annex the territory i care not for such an imperialist neither for the politics of soured with the giant forests looming in the background & the mountains that prevent the yearning current its access to the sea great plans are being made at peace river & a bridge will join the narrows north & south the fraser has become a thoroughfare i will pay my social debt to schoolchildren at hope a hundred miles upstream from vancouver there to add pollutants to the water in my campaign to clean up canada the b.c. premier if he is still surviving will find i want a viable alternative to raping of resources & etc.

### **COURTNEY ROCKS**

on the treetrunk looking towards the [noon] coastal  
noon  
mountains across the [ebb]tide you can see  
sunlit snow, mauve haze, a pastel day  
& try to capture the soul of august: [real]

listenable music of the crabshell  
in the caverns of the rocks with water trickle:  
you may wonder what the crows  
are doing at the water's edge  
curious by the mudholes of crustaceans.  
Evening boats are resting in the [boathouse] beach-house  
above the empty channels.

In the indian village maybe  
they are busy on the dollar trade of curios  
for tourist shops, mythologies  
of killer whale, of beaver, & of raven,  
of eagle, bear, & salmon. This old totem

bole defies analysis, land creature  
washed nightly by the waters, its white branches  
buried in the shore grass & the seaweed  
draped along its blunt roots. Frail  
cobwebs stir at leeward in the noon breeze  
suspended from dead knots & dead projections:

the white & wasted

[page 351]

limb makes a magnificent / seat for serendipity.

Be an observer, marvel at geology, smoke a cigarette upon a thought of metal  
rocks that are iron-coloured shiny in sunlight, hued like ash or whitened, tan rocks  
the copper boulders, purplish, dark stained stones with wet bottoms of sea treasure  
from gone ages manoeuvred by the sea to crab music & the sky calm, remote, here  
rolls the tuned pacific

From James' cottage, summer of '67