NAKED UNFOLDING

VOLUME 4 of *Primal Mediation* the complete oeuvre of the poetry of Châtillon Coque

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NAKED UNFOLDING PART I

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TRAGEDIES, TRAUMATA, TRANSFORMATIONS,

TRIUMPHS, AND TENDER TOUCHES

From 12:x:1958 to 12:i:1960

DEDICATED TO MISS ROSEMARY WATSON

• ------

_

Indomitably domed spirit of man your towers are endless in their reach to the skies of the undefeated burning lights in the desert areas of dark centuries, spirit whose death is the heart and kidneys of nothingness!

Not today, not tomorrow, not within creation shall your pulsating life dim its healing triumphant candle-burning and the prayers of greatness (issued in the cathedral of eternity) still rise (like delicate but distinct perfume) to the God of immortality!

> 12:x:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches I

I feel that tender hand when I wake late at night and I feel it pulling me closer to the warmth of the love of someone distant the hour before;

there are the words (flittering down like autumnal leaves) falling gently on my ears and telling me of their dancing beauties at the bottom of the lake in their delicately dressed ethereality, telling me of the intimate seconds that concentrate eternities (beyond time) in their small stud-boxes, telling me of unity as beautiful as golden loops in the early morning's sun-serenity.

I sleep once more to wake later and the someone distant once (then breath-consciously close for a few moments in the dark) is again as remote as the year ten! But the tenderness

of the centre-most moments has

something of birth-freshness in them!

13:x:1958

Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches II The cool (cooling) streaming wind (flowing minor-mode flood-styled over the last quivering glowing of the hell-day in its hissingburning of an infuriated global heat radiator) comes in tidal waves to provide iced-lemonade or cold soda and whisky in the evening for pleasure in leisure of our heavily-worn bodies.

> And the guillotinebladed light melts to soft cotton dabs picked from the cotton-fields of relaxed standing in cool air under a peachpink sky whose mirror reflectors put the world under the soft lamp-shade of throbbing rose deepening to maroon and then to purple and his wife – transparent black.

And so we start to feel air-borne again and our skins once more borrow from milk its creamy texture of velvet richness-softness;

within

this hour we revive and breathe yet again after a tension-spanned ride in the sky of brittle blue-white metalclangings with the furnace burning for metal-melting.

So delicately tender are these inner petals of the day's flower, so wine-intoxicating the honey of these colour-tinted hours isolated from night and the white of day!

> 14:x:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches III

To the Nun Who Attended to the Household of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII

Dear Sister Pascalina!

it is

only théy (who the quiet moment extends into the firm hands of protection) who know the

satisfaction

whose brother is love, whose mother devotion, whose castle endless loyalty

and you (lady

to Our Lady)

have now the golden circle completed for the life-carpet to him who from Saint Peter to now is part of another cycle that is filled with life-waters from its source – the other Lord-Master!

wé do not know,

cannot know what titles you now carry but their duration is eternity!

> 14:x:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches IV

To the Late Kathleen Ferrier on Hearing the Recording of Her Singing the Brahms Alto Rhapsody

Out of the dark of the night, within this hour she has come to show me the rings on her fingers, to hold my hands and bring to my soul's brow the lips (softly impressing their worlds of gems in gem-caskets) of my beloved Johannes Brahms

and as her voice the rhapsody reincarnated my soul (in the sublime light of the heaven of music) spread its strong honey-gold-feathered wings and span the ages of beauty within that moment!

> So the voice of no human heart sang what only exists where blood-life is deathlessly present for the very sections of the hour's seconds!

> > 7

She has never died for where she first sang this creation in Leeds her voice continues into the billion beads that each bear in their bosom a year!

> 2:xi:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches V

In the colder streams of daylight the murky reality of last night turns to show a clear (less water-paint-smudged) pattern of the relationship bound in feelings of gold chains;

re-instated

in beautiful looking caskets of blacker ebony whose softer mahogany reflections show the shining of a tender light radiating from soft (grassgreen soft) cream-milk textured neck and flame-lined arms;

from the

light of ember-burning and soulintoning longing (not lustfully) eye-head-lamps the guide to a softer pillow of understanding is found!

'I love you, love you – even adore you but I come only once a hundred days in ten hundred years!' Yet the image carves itself relentlessly on the much-tattooed soul and the heart beats prestissimo ballets to the regular sound of the sculptor's working-music!

'Oh it's a dance – a wild-child dance. vou love me – I love you ten thousand. thousand million, million billion times in the dance whirling in the windy love-flame! and I notice the beautiful arms and neck around my neck a cloak has draped of no ordinary velvet in golden-maroon royalty and my fingers are ringed too now with super-ordinary diamond-clinging king-seals so sign love-decrees in the iron-strong soft-arms and

milk-cream swan-neck's absence!'

12:xi:1958

Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, алд Tender Touches VI On Seeing Photograph of Brian de la Harpe's Parents' Farm, 'Bester's Vlei', in the Fouriesburg District of the Orange Free State

In the glowing warmth of the golden ball I linger but momentarily in the mild passages of the mind on whose tracks the inner eye wanders to wheat fields in their carpet-shaped greenness, to pools whose topaz entreaties rise to gently touching, gently listening willows!

> And oh the people! their laughing movements, their racing enjoyment to my senses throw the stimulants for living in the way their mouths decree (in smiles) the creed of love and living in undiluted early-sun-simmering frosted-spontaneity!

Then into the far mountains emerges my mind and

there the blue solitude flows over my body as a morning mist (over the night-scented earth) casts its awaking peace of consciousness – of consciousness of life!

> And all this to me came concentrated in the protective covers of but a photo-album and to the north it my mind carried on the eagle wings of imagination's creation!

Life I love and I live to love the life it lastingly lays in the moment of unperturbed unity with its rich limbs of the nature-horse and its rider – man!

> 15:xi:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches VII

I am here including two poems which are not dated, but it was at about this time that I saw Tamara Toumanova and Vladimir Oukhtomsky dance in Cape Town

To Tamara Toumanova

One short intensely-created moment we waited and then she darted through the night like fire-flies at midnight and the air was breathing a flaming of emotions so lovely in their flowing frocks, in their tireless spin of endless dancing of miniatured painting – each added to the dominating masterpiece whose colours fill the spirit with a drunkenness – a drunkenness with the beautymovement that intertwines like the twenty thousand colours of a gem.

> And she danced on until each moment, until each minute inch of the building was glowing with a thousand lights reflecting the spraying movements of

a million-symphonied gestures – and on and on she danced till all were dancing, eyes were dancing, racing into the very orbits of beauty's earth!

This woman has more children than older Solomon of other times for each dancingnight is a birth to her!

> Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches VIII

To Vladimir Oukhtomsky

He danced with the virile movement of a prince's command while to the lady he acted a mediaeval-armoured knight and there was a firmness born of a steady foundationed foothold in the granite of the balletart.

> The tenderness and heated breath of the lover he in the velvet strong-draught gives to me in a long-breathed drink that drenches my soul in the richest well-barrelled wine.

An artist he indeed is and thát with all the titled and medalled array.

> Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches IX

Is it this time the true garment of rainbow hues? is it this time the love unquestioning and indefinably rising into an oak? is it this time the warmth of a summer's sun on an afternoon-clear-skied garden of blooms holding the pregnancy of moments with oneness, of moments intensely breathed into the two then (but one now) lunged spirits?

Is the redder glow of cycling through the wind of loving to flourish its trumpet-callings on our cheeks?

Shall the touch of the hand make the eyes burn low their oil-lamp flamings in messaging thoughts dressed in gold?

Shall the shapely

head rest on my being as the winged moth on the night-light of the lamp?

Shall I feel the breath falling on my swan-feathered neck of white even when you travel far and my fingertips will they stretch out to you in the night then?

> Who can tell? who can know? it's not yet our time to realise this sublime!

Is it possible I understand your laugh and you my dance? is it possible that we are not desert strangers in deserted places? is it possible that together we fill the empty jar of the many moments with the honey of meaning something?

> The answer is locked in the drawers of tomorrow but shall that answer answer our expectations?

> > will it

be eternal bonds in endless woods passing over suffering pain

or

will it be a severing of that limb from you and from me that is now slowly growing for you and for me?

> 16:xi:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches X

Afternoon at 'De Waterhof'

Softly, softly falling these words steadily stand mist-enshrouded in my mind's old Cape-Dutch house on that summer's afternoon late when Brahms played his sonata there and César Franck sang in his spirit from a prelude through a choral to a fugue's many voices!

> Oh how I now treasure that pleasure carved in old oak but as soft as the child's face against my face!

I hold that beautiful shell in my hands now and when it opens the colours will cast as many shades as the poet's, the pianist's poem-sonata mind – golden shades, black-prince rose shades whose depth is draped in a scent from another star, whose form this orb calls the perfection Goddess.

> It has not passed and my silver-capped head and well ploughed face has not harmed the essence of that epic afternoon of that Cape summer; no the matured vision has a womanly beauty now and shall grow to mother herself a Jesus Christ for beauty's redemption!

That vision that afternoon in that Cape-Dutch house has filled another empty jar with purified honey wine!

> 19:xi:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XI

But to feel your breath in the air radiates my heart into glowing warmingly through the night air-flight, but to feel the hand's soft resting wakens my mind's loving into a spring of another year cycle whose summer is your love dressed in the garments the spirit gave as a duke's due.

> Neither now nor on the morrow or its successor does it matter for what is breathing in these other years is freed from birth and death's various commanding demands.

Tomorrow I may not see you for tonight I die in the very middle of it but the important letter has already passed and it is only another occurrence of nursery importance!

Oh the roses are quite beautiful, no they're only dead to that woman because she died with them, no of course not – I have not seen you since our childhood and I am ninety six next month!

We have lived

for

we kept everything and lost little concert travels into só mány orbits of só mány new worlds – yes we have lived and still do live, strange that we (who did not try) should have the golden medals – perhaps we trusted too much and did not die in cynicism though we drank of it quite thoroughly! It was the loving that gave the many birth pangs – loving that throbbing blood of joy!

> 20:xi:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XII

Indeed

friendship is not bought by years but given in a multitude of matured moments and time is not one of the pillars to that Gothic architecture nor does the passing of the intimate instant end the waving willow-leafed streamers floating in half encircling dances around the head in the other time that

is not sleeping not its adversary – awaking!

> Oh and the glow of emerald depth, of clear but grape-opaque delight is the air of my breathing when you are my host and companion in the Renaissance palazzo of that rebirth into the deep red velvet, into the soft silks of that distant Flanders in our mind's world where love is spun into many yards!

There are not many gaps in the chains of golden living that bind the spirit into spirit-beauty but even those edged cliffs you have covered in a bridge of eyes beaming the laughing fires of unity, in the hair of bubble-bursting champagne crowning the countenance in its loving honey, even in the hands of touch-tenderness sired by fearlessly rock-foundationed firmness and I have in you a princely patron for when the warm winds of the summer-intense living have wearied my face into her paler adornments the jewels you then place on her radiate a new lustre whose muscle-harbouring strength transcends bondage!

> 25:xi:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XIII

'Tis the Monologue of a Young Girl Whose Streak of Grey Among Black Hair and Sad Eyes Show Her Spirit to be Thrice her Age

For you I most suddenly died at twenty minutes to two o'clock this afternoon and my death appears eminently on the early edition of the late evening newspaper in which there was also a small column of how you went game-hunting and accidentally (because they actually flew in front of your rifle) shot a half dozen other summer-feathered sky-free birds who graced this Mediterranean area with an antique beauty once but now are buried in the sepulchre near the old senile mill.

> Of course we were such an entourage of fools for we knew all well there had been other deaths for those who listened to your voice

and paid you with your feeding of their souls in the full consent-light of mother heart and father mind in other times.

Well, we did not learn – oh no, instead we preferred to risk (bare-footed) the romantic gravel path up the steep side of the mountain and have a truly bloody mess for it!

Yet there was a tenderer triumph for us, for me for bitterness tried her worst but fell flat on her stomach and shrivelled up into small pebbles and then too the pain mellowed the wine twice as fast and twice the mellowness mingled into the juice and though difficult to avoid getting into your arc (and a fight for lung-fuel to but transcend it)

it has

given the eyes a new library of wisdom while the mouth now curves into the smiles of a more incisive diagnosis for the greater sympathy administration to others who too have these sharpened pine needles in their flesh and do not have the surgeon to remove them.

But what is more strange to my sight of the pattern of matters is that I do not find the poison within me to stimulate the growth of my hate for you –

no, I have no great difficulty in jumping from the one cliff to the other

and perhaps your loneliness unwantedly sucks the pity-stress from me for your pity is so metallically clanging in its colours.

I'm not being noble not in that procession and I am lonely too but my loneliness has the kindness from a nun who in her devotion gave devotion to the music of sound-and-words' abbey and its flowering has given it the other-worldliness that drapes tenderly loneliness as a cloak over her creative shoulders.

No I am not smug either – how can I be when pain is in every meal I eat?

though all suffering is but a passing stab to irritate the growth of a pearl

these knife-plunges

do leave their scars!

I wonder how the other birds survived your playings?

and do they retain their feathers?

I wonder does it give you a grandeur scent – all this, does it give you spiritual domination from your cruelty-encased castle?

but the heart of my question is what cancer (old child) eats at your spirit so vehemently?

> I know not, probably never will but these mysteries have other powers, other forces which we know not, have not heard about,

cannot fathom into calculation or understand in microscopic thought,

we do not know these elements ...

> 26:xi:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XIV

On Parting

There is in the music of moment-unity the hidden dissonant ring of future parting, of future lemon-sour in the sweeter gold-reflecting drink

and, oh, now you have gone, the Florentine curtains are hanging heavily and a slight dust settles in the drawing-room of my life.

> Then I meditate, then I travel into the night and see afar the small million throbbing star-lights of the darkened city-heaven and oh how your voice then glides to me singing in the reminiscent keys of so many beautiful symphonic concerti where you conducted while I the solo lyric-song strongly flowed out like a stream passing from a narrowly carved miniature of grand gateways to the

tunnel whose inner chambers fondle in their love the coronation thrones of our affectionate deepening-rose pearl lustre in golden chains binding the particles of intimate seconds that cover the whole of our many worlds with their soft enshrouding transparent night light.

I long to place my royal seal to the soft life-vibrating unity-moment of your decree, then, oh, then do I breathe antelope-fast in the fast-dancing thinking of those nerve-thrilling flights we are yet to display in the water-clear heaven of our oneness, in the warming sun of our tomorrow's constellation!

> 27:xi:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XV

In the deep of the night I stretch out my hand and my fingertips touch tenderly in soft dancing movements your sleeping arm while outside I know the dark vale is aglitter with the city-festivenight-light-rejoicings

and so the hours weave into the pattern of the cloth that shows the many scenes from the nightly empire

that issues out the soft singing melody from a remote symphony.

> And now close to me I hear your sleep-talk's inarticulate intermezzo, I feel your breath across the pillowfields like the warm fruit-reddening, fruit-ripening winds of the autumn aura, like the sun flirting with the virgin flowers of earliest spring.

And as the hours grow closer to day your hand goldentwines mine with its ever-feeding waters -

oh royal one

whose domain is my heart!

Then sleeping away on clouds of slumbering, lumbering softness across the sky of dream-creation I wake to find you gone and the coldness of your once warmth-vibrating place fills my shivering being with the numbing drug – isolation!

And now I sleep on, sleep into many sleep-worlds searching and always hoping for yet another rebinding with your spirit in yet another region yet to come

and somewhere in your

being

(I know)

there are inner eyes who too are searching these now lost bonds, who too mediate these future things.

> 30:xi:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumpbs, and Tender Touches XVI

To walk slowly out of life, to gently move outside its orbit is the sugar of that sweet dish, is the fresh rain to this dust-dry earth!

> Oh to fall quietly into the soft eternal-sleepscented, eternal-unconsciousness coloured linen of the death-bed and there remain the many million billion year-cycles of life yet to come is rarest rich privilege!

And this longing grows in me as a city from a village whose tendrils only grow stronger with the minutes, the hours, the days and the years – the many life-cycles; to pass to that eternal unheard symphony, to that sleep of oceanless,

of landless

dimensions is the thrilling desire in every atom of a particle that exists in every fibre within the architecture of my body, mind and spirit!

> 30:xi:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XVII

Oh now I long now to transcend the many, many valleys of time (my love) with you and dance again the minuet and the stately gavotte,

oh how I

would hold you to me (my love) in a thrilling million years of sunned sea-warmed love and there sit under shade-showers of aged-smiling pyramids,

of columns

of grace-giving pillars of old Athens while to my heart you give the fertile money of the love bees in their buzzing harmonies!

> Yet in the lost oceanic worlds you now dwell and I see no more of you than of the unearthly-light-reflecting water-dropping gems of the deeplyburied caves in the inner-layered dark worlds of this orb.

Will not tomorrow race to me now and chariot your swan-self to the palazzo of my living once more?

4:xii:1958

Trageдies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, anд Tenдer Touches XVIII I stretch out my hand in the centre circle of the night and I found you not there; later that morning they told me you were buried earlier that day.

> We pass on, pass on and enter rooms phantomly, leave rooms suddenly, make silver circles, make golden circles, break them and then create copper ones.

In quarter portions of split moments I feel you but that is all and now I pass on.

Yet we have loved in certain rooms and loving was in some of the messy mangoes we consumed near the pools of muddy rain-water on cooler afternoons in mid-summer!

> 7:xii:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XIX

On the Beautiful Peach-Coloured Light in late Evening

Glowing, gliding, golden-edged dusk flowing on the light-flowering course from the distant heaven-source of cloud-shaped forms

> do not yóú go, do not yóú cease! stay yet an instant to garment us in the caressing colour-cameo moments given once each other decade to hold the distilled beauty for the life of that one cycle!

Peach dusk, you have entered the inner chamber of my being and there dominate; do not now leave me

prime-ministerless!

Never must your ring leave my finger, never shall your flame-warm radiating breath of throbbing colour's creation pass from the cells of my blood and being!

Flow on, sing on, dance on, this moment has in it a whole civilisation, has in it a rounded millennium and all its ages are written on the hands of my spirit to be as a living history!

> 21:xii:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XX

There is no hour like that. there is no rain (that so feeds the plants of mellow moments) like your love whose language soars through the clear air on warm mornings when we are walking in woods with César Frank and Bach, when in the beautiful lace garments of other ages we walk in galleries intimately making golden binding threads with the many paintings of these other times!

And I (my spiritual guide) do give you my hand like a small child in the middle of the night, give you my love like a small son when thundering lightning shakes his child-spirit with tiny fears, with minute pains.

> And oh not in the time-houses of

art's beautiful street in the historic city of our wines (sound-mellowed music) shall we know the end of the bridges that lead us from one horizon to another!

Tomorrow, oh tomorrow we'll be in the drawing-room of oneness and there we'll sing one million duets and play sonatas together through these worlds into other worlds, there we will swell music into symphonies unheard but whose harmonies belong to the beauty-orb's innermost caves buried deep into its earth,

we'll sail on the endless clouds of happiness and with marvel's thread shall our wings be embroidered and on their sweeping curves we shall air-dance in the loving-light of the sun whose gift is the wing-watering of us with the soft sun-ray beauties that make us grow into eternity's ever-

there (of music's servant)

ripening autumn-fruits where endless life is the leaves caressing us, where the bees of timeless life give us many a visitation!

> 21:xi:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXI

Passengers in an Aircraft of a French Airline Miraculously Escaped Death when their Aircraft Crashed near Vienna on Christmas Eve, 1958

How great is not God! they who but read of miracles off the white plains and their black markings did they know that on the day Christ was clayed into human form there would be a burning miracle flaming through ages in the very brain of our existence?

No! yet miracles of yesterday are married-bound with today and her child – tomorrow!

> 21:xii:1958 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXII

There is no end to their passings, they know no rest, there is no end to their feet, they know no standing!

> We see them only in the half walking at the railway station, talking in the park but yet the human throbs in them as a pain in flesh in its alternatives of flame and ice proportions!

They

(part of one beading) are each a unique pearl, they carry the twin-pregnancy of contradiction and truth in the one womb (same time two wombs) of their existence,

they are

plural and singular in the exact instant

and these two are as much one as the trinity of the Christian God-believer.

It's only in the half that

we know them, it's only in the half that I know I and you know you for

you and I are thus much part of them as of the unique I and the unique you.

What's the thread that beads us all? it is the plural and singular – birth, dying,

love,

hating

on

one rail track,

on

the other

life but

yet one is the very heart of the other and the other the very brain of this heart!

> 3:i:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXIII

They (who know not these paths across the broken-glass-sharp rocks of the love-cliffs) are not pruned for the pregnancy of life

but I (in my cutting) received the festering of death and (in isolation) died yesterday morning while the traffic in the street below was at the peak of it's tight canning – the pruning of life carried death for my worn soul!

> It started when I had had my first spring blossom and was preparing for the sterility since no mortal would fertilise my spirit.

Then of a morning one stood in the doorway to my existence and advised other remedies,

other ointments.

I listened, gave consent with the ease of eating in hunger hours, found myself cut into cube-inch and square-foot chunks and thrown to the pet vultures who grinned peevishly.

And after this pruning I caught the cold and died rapidly a week later!

But now I live in the centre of a curtain-of-eternallife-draped treasure-room where the faint breezes fan my spirit so that delicateness can flourish on my cheeks and beauty sea-horse ride in the ocean currents of my smiling spirit's visage

dying in life I found life, falling prey to the deep-welltrap of death I transcended his lofty skyscrapers!

8:i:1959

Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXIV The young boy yearningly leaning on the balcony-perched rails in the aura of pensive thought is enshrouded till his face is so mist-clouded into Impressionism's image-fading contours

that eyes only extract the mind (curtained by the facial features) from these features.

> But the mind – ah, there's the tank of tense acids running close to a violent flame!

What journeys through Erlkings-ish night must it yet travel into the hell of an African Congo's primeval darkness, what scars must yet gash their gurgling grippers into that spirit-flesh, what nights on the night-rack of time's basic maturing process?

> These things we know, these things we expect in the windwing's flight

but our

consolation is the conservation that time has on life's soul-soil erosion and we know

too that in another time he shall be a tree,

a blossom,

a

fruit and ultimately the marvel of a seed growing into another tree in another time!

> 21:i:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXV

Oh early night of burning – gold clouds stretching in diamond-cut symmetry across the further heavens you have in your peach pulsating cloud dunes of the closer areas bird-caged my spirit for the song sung of your womanly beauty.

> And in your floating queenliness is the gem-tempered light whose beams are locked in lockets of love and life.

Now in this moment I have lived through the full circle of love, marriage,

pregnation,

birth and growth with its ultimate final seal of the manhood-womanhood unity once more in the fullness of the wines from the grapes of your season.

> 21:i:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXVI

In Homage to Johannes Brahms

The spirit whose wings spread from the gold of one horizon to the deeper blue of another, this spirit whose birth came forth out of the clouds in their pink-peach reminiscent spheres, this spirit whose ointment-voice has come to spread the veil of perpetual loveliness over the wounds of life, it is this spirit who was and is vet to wear the diadem, the sceptre and the ball of time's sole emperor in all the dancing through the ages on whose vastly paved floors he blows his honey breezes dropping gently (here and over there) the petals spun in the ancient Flanders of God's fibre and embroidered

in the old China of noble greatness.

Nor is this soul ever to be of death's entourage for in the caskets of exquisite wood it mellows forth into the richness that is the continual gift from the life-radiating second within the beautiful gem of each hour so that the mountainous sea of this voice can wash over us the other ages in the full oratorio of eternal life.

And so the days grow on into years,

into many a million years in the harbour of this timeless country whose smiling ruler-creator has bestowed on this our world the ever beauty-patterning carpets, the finely mellowed draughts of honey for we only live in our reliving into the birth of these monuments of his mind's design.

> Now let us sing in the concordat between voice and magnificent music of the mellow greatness of our master in the molten gold of his marvel – the miracle of his mind!

Now let the psalm of our lips glitter in the evening among the stars of timeless life.

Now let us lift our spirits onto the green-growing grasses of the paths he gave us in the flood of his sea-swelling symphony!

Now,

oh now let us listen and in listening become particles of his ever-present spirit

for if ever a red blood-redemption was sought

in this it is

radiating like a light shining undimmingly through the days and their nights (in the pattern their unrolling sculptures in stone) from one burning eternity

to another –

endless enthroned

He is our beauty-breathing

Godly King!

26:i:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXVII The Silvered and Wrinkled Spirit...

It is late in the year and I'm so old,

so tired; now I wait only for the closing of the heavy curtains to the living rooms of my life.

> I see the winter has dropped its first snow-message of deep sleep which cuts the fetters, those iron-chain fetters welded well together in the nine narrow months to birth.

Close the windows, draw the curtains and leave the milkman a note to bring no more fluid, warn the butcher, oh don't bother about friendly flowers or the priest's prayer – 'tis not necessary... Now I can go oh now

Now I can go, oh now I can go to my home, at last the cycle is sealed the curriculum completed while the cross carried and the crucifixion suffered, at last... at long... last... at last...

27:i:1959

Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXVIII From the dark of the dim night I emerge slowly into the now half-lit territories between light and night and there

(filled with the clear exquisite ether) I see the castle-country of my now-starting second life!

> Bathed in wine-drenched music, scented in The ember-clear contralto notes of a Kathleen Ferrier I (in this matured harmony) enter the Michelangelo-mind's cathedral for my coronation at the clear hand of one that is three in B – Bach, Beethoven, Brahms.

And now the ring of blue-diamond eternity adorns richly my finger, my

robes flow into the folds of vintaged immortality while caressed gently by smiling shiningly-dark-haired winds of wide freedom,

now (oh now)

my triumph

rings clearly its church-chiming bell-messages into the bright mountains' sun-frosted air where purity is the preserver of these peaches!

> 31:i:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXIX

On Reading of the Death of Michael Hawthorn, the Well-Known Ace Driver

As heavy hail onto fine crops the whys fall wilfully in my mind? for the man made but thirty thread-thin cycles into the middle of manhood and there the scissors acted in acidic acknowledgement to a death whose desire had roots in birth.

> Could not another who needed the nil of this sleep have sought death's heart? could not another go who locked doors to light, who built bridges to night? could not another be the right one for this flight?

Why he (who has a flaming and mortal heart) was sensitively framed into the glowing of courage?

But was this pleasure (he gave)

leisure

taken from the days of living too wilfully? did he have the equation equal between breathing and it?

As heavy hail onto fine crops the whys fall wilfully in my mind now as when I started their cycle after the naked message.

> 5:ii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXX

The light (new from the cone-cocoon) has flooded the room,

the house,

the

land and now the long night is submerged into the sinking world of murky swimmings in unknown seas of darkness where the horses of death hard-ride through the wayward country-side of the ocean's foundations.

> And the grey light (diamond-clear in the light bounces of its light mists) softly descends in a triumphantly tender clothing of all this our earth.

Later the sun's gold will spray into our lives and his molten streams will fill the crevices with the reflecting colours of warmth whose waged war 'gainst the zero-cold is zealously clad in the renunciation of the night-mire demon-monastery! We now know the light deliverer has come unnoticed but firmly to cage the dark horses and their black coverings.

> 6:ii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXXI

An Elegy to Janie Lewack – a Coloured Man who Died in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, on 7:i:1959

Now you have laid your head into the sand of the earth,

now

you have drunk of the rest-juices from the sleep-fruits,

now your life is life without death and your death but a tin-hollow name lying in all its voices.

> Now freed are you from your thirty-eight crucifixion nails! the kiss of the prelude to symphonic infinity cools your sweat-from-pain brow and the dagger of death is dislodged from your deeply-pierced mind.

We weep

but it is only to

be as the kernel of your joy, we rejoice in our mourning for you at the feast of which the wines are made in the minds of the Gods of unity!

7:ii:1959

Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXXII A prince of these tall territories! the Moses-rod is roundly clasped in the leader's hand of his spirit and so through the desert of life his eye had stayed thé star-seer – even through the marvels of Red Sea's open passages into the new worlds of his spirit's Israel!

> And now they are alone – in this moment they have been orphaned while the barrenness in the womb of their life nów is unto a Table Mountainous tribute to hím whose sea journey through elemental storms to eternal shores is (in triumphant trumpeting) ended.

And my clearly ringing prayer rises up in this their wild-night wilderness in a throbbing asking for another burning heavenly body to succeed him the tall prince of these territories!

> 7:ii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXXIII

Twelve at Night after a Cooling Summer Shower

'Tis dark into the night and the gentle dancing rain has come and gone to make a mirror of the road where now the street lamps (in their quivering glow) reflect long streams of transparent light through the air's scent (made from the instant of the water-rain's contact with dust-dry soil) falling onto these soft-smooth tar ways that intermingledly orderly do take many turning courses and carry with them the tall lamps and their light-radiating gem-through-the-night-sparkling

orbs.

I believe now in a castle and a princess, in a ball to be held where a prince will fall in love with her; I believe now in shapely chariots and white

horses with liveried servants

who will carry charm and beauty there, who will travel through the territories of these lights in these

very streets!

8:ii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXXIV On the Nature of Death

Slowly the soft earth (damp with tears) is thrown into the thick of the grave from where no breath shall ever rise again and there in that rift into that earth has fallen the last of the physical structure.

> Slowly too the night has come and creepingly taken the earth from the light so to mourn in night-black the end of the long series of disintegrations, so to give the last line to the long chapter and I am sealed into silence.

The flowers feel the rumblings of the doom and quiver in the quiet dark of the dead;

the dove's iced body has feathers flickered by the last wind of the dead, the organ choral of the burial booms soundlessly in the turbulence (unseen) of the death pangs piercing poisonously into the air the acidic accident of death,

the dead cry of the end has closed the nostrils and ripped raw the red eyes!

> The night has come but the moon has broken her orbit and the sun's been obliterated, time's turned turgid and space set solidly in silence and even the flame has stayed frozen in the air for 'tis the dumb creation of the dead.

Now? what now? what is to be the thing to whom we shout a swollen birthcry in the next instant, what flame is to be now ignited into the flowering of another accident of another life of another orb's existence of invisible reality?

Tomorrow we'll know for 'tis a long avenue of tall tomorrows since tomorrow's morrow will be the birth-death of yet another unknown living in yet another future existence; or will kindness conquer and this death be thé death – the end?

> 11:ii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXXV

As clear as the slight water drops from the silent roof in the middle of the night

her voice sings dancingly through the rooms gliding through the wide open doors and windows like the air-embracing perfume of some evening-soft lily-pink-petalled bloom growing among green laws of peace in their cascading over the vast gardens of beauty's design.

> And like the breeze of coolness in the late evening she sweepingly flows across the long drawing-room floor in the sun's early-evening river-bed reflecting peach-pinks and pouring through the skyward windows and doors (in similar movements) her voice illuminates the night with songs of the spirit.

> > 71

And we who hear her remember her in another time when the spirit is freed from the body for its flights into its own sunned (yet sapphired) sky!

> 11:ii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXXVI

I the beauty-built yacht of time's design! no storm shall ever crash crackingly my royal glide over all seas, over all the ocean of light, not even the high breakers or dark doubt

since I

can know no death

for

I sail to those eternal shores where my life burns with a sun brilliance for each fragment of the frail second, for each trillion years of the geometrical circle in the evolving of the heaven

heightening the innermost mind (insulated from age by the impenetrable fibre of a divine-existence) into experiences so constellation-enormous that the everlasting seems atom-small in their shadowless vicinity!

> 14:ii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXXVII

Have You (oh God) in this hour opened Your heavens to drown us in the music of Your host? have You revealed to us the pinnacle of perfection, have You this moment shown the heart of all creation to us?

Truly

Hé has shown us a vision whose message (written in resounding piano notes) vibrates eternal life into our blood,

he has opened the caves to the subterraneous palaces of beauty's Mediterranean-containing

thousand-colour-reflecting

gems flaming out the music-message of emotions as enormous as eternity!

And the ecstasy (from his fingers) etherises us into the timeless sleep where the reality of greatness is in the full perception of our now-perpetually-perfecting senses! Can it be that in this one all these forces are knotted into one existence, into one deathless spirit?

> Royal Majesty! soul-soother through my thirsty ears, my guide, my father, even my king in the light from your music-sun I felt the powerful forces within each constellation. within each plain and know them united now in the harmony of your spirit as will not again happen in the circle of time!

What is there but to ask for your hand on my head in its healing habits, to ask humbly the moment of your music-voice to awake a rare blossom in my inner being, to ask for your arm-encircled love from out of your music-making Michelangelo monuments rising up like mountains in the middle of the night?

> 15:ii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXXVIII

Yesterday I was born; today I am half way between that birth and tomorrow's death. What ought to happen has differed from that which has drama'd into existence

Most rapidly I looked down, went on with the letter dated a day in February, finished it, closed the pen, walked out and never returned again.

> The boat has left the harbour, the messenger took the message and then did not re-track his way, we then went for a walk and passed over the flooded river which we have never crossed again.

There was the marriage, the stabbing sticks of birth pangs, the death of the husband, then the lover and the accident which meant all truths changed. The completed moment, the passing is not the only death,

a greater death is that which looks back over time's destruction!

The expected pattern is not, yet the other dark (unknown) gateways are open since saved they are on the eternal-life level!

> 17:ii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XXXIX

To Doctor Elsie Hall

Gracious lady

gliding on the air of endless charm late in the summer of music's ripened fruit-crops

you

bring to us the glowing breath of another sphere from where your life builds bridges to ours through all time and its space – it's a prince's cloak you rest gently on my shoulder with your monarchical hands.

> Let us not forget the inner essence you have drawn from out music, let us not lose sight of the lighted gem-light which is your star in the heavens of our earth, let us not forget the well mellowed wine we

tasted in your drawing-room.

You dó wear the ring in the marriage between this life and other worlds where poetic music is the eternal air.

> 16:iii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XL

On Doing No Work

In tired movements of a nottoo-tired hand I feel the guilt jump (in Great Dane strides) at my particular life!

> Lost in a mud-stream of thick detail I am smothered into nought's empty circle – 'tis this that fills me with fiery confusion!

Lóst, lóst, lóst, oh lóst! found and nèver found again! lóst, lóst, lóst, once more! nów found in the pearl of a moment and I soar in the sunned sky of triumph.

> 23:iii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XLI

My cage cracked and in an inward-outward contrary motion of a night-flight: I transcend the horizon on vast wings into the orbit of your world and flying straight I firmly entered the muscled arms of your engulfing love, then there

your flame-kisses made me a prince in fiefdom to you – my monarch!

23:iii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XLII Oh Brahms!

through the night of endlessly cool air you wash me in the sprays of music mellowing my mind into its minute cavities, making me love as the rain the dry earth.

> Transparent and glowing (with the clarity of a raindrop) my soul swells into symphony and I sing my remote reminiscent song through the quiet of the night.

Oh you, you are my lover leading me through autumn woods, summer fields and spring orchards,

through the caves of beauty's formations in her sea visitations,

over the

mountains reaching far into the heart of the silent spaceless

(even eternal)

night of grandeur.

And I am a prince whose royal life is in tender nobility enshrouded existing beyond the erosion of time.

> 7:iv:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XLIII

Two were perched prominently on different levels and from their half-climbed-mountain-positions they surveyed several hundredthousand life-acres.

> A red bloom had opened between them and was given one to the other;

the higher-positioned asked its return and half-stretched a lazy-limp hand to half-receive this small entity, this rare red gem;

the

lower-positioned, the giver stretched nine of the thirteen units between them but the would-be receiver's hand remained lifelessly where it was – beyond the reach of this flame-flower;

the

higher-positioned merely found the blood-flower an amusing object without money-value. The higher-positioned turned and evaporated, the bloom crumbled into particles – parts of thousand billion parts, the night came and no more could be distinguished of this territory, its

actors

or its history.

(forty three years later)

The one once higherpositioned, the one once too indifferent to receive the red bloom requested,

now

lonely lowly uselessly murmurs madly of moments murdered (life lured into lurid lanes) and all being astray.

> 26:iii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XLIV

The clouds were clothed in the first pale peach colouring of an unseen sun and rising straight (until they spread their headdress-cascades) were the silent observant pines,

the open sky itself heralded the first of light in the earliest of day,

while to the far the mountain rose in mist-blue but contours distinct as it stood an unknown, uncharted continent on the map of the sky,

then to the valley below my sight glided and met with the million flickering glow-worm dancers of manycolour-throbbing city-stars who had been (and still were) forming the patterns of the city lights-on-night the very air was distilled and purified by its icy edges and life-awaking caressings.

> Within that moment I experienced eternity

this instant throbs through time on the breath of Godliness!

> 8:iv:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XLV

for

On Considering the Loss of Sight in One Eye of a Distinguished Scholar.

The earth has crowded the deep shaft, the one blind has closed forever, the chapter finished is forgotten or smudged in memory.

What now is is another – well-barred, door-locked, century-parted from the other –

the envelope sealed

was open then closed and forgotten in a library book until greyed into ashes when the house flame-fired straight out of existence!

> 8:iv:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XLVI

I am so old again, I know not in what century I am now but I know the heavy harvest-crop of the time and it is richer than all the cream of all human milk-joy for the sublime now throbs in my spirit-blood as the eye (my agéd eye) shines with a clear joy at the new-born.

> Speak not of it! death is a kingdom! death is the joy-privilege of an ocean-great, of a continent-powerful prince!

The symphonic patterning in the air is the carpet through the last heartgate into the city of wisdom's architecture and infinite delight-light!

> 15:viii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XLVII

On the Personality of God

God is contained in and is all things, God is the inner centre core of throbbing life in good,

evil is a myth never

seen

for

God is good and all things – that makes evil an eternal not.

The black and white in the cycles of creation are neither 'right' nor 'wrong' contained nor in good-bad structures created but are in balance by Life and Death both God-good; this is all.

> 21:viii:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XLVIII

On the Personality of Nefertiti

High-headed most harshlessly proud rises thirty-four-centuries-dominating your queen-Goddess head for you (who be of woman) are born pyramid-great and stand as a living history of that time who breathed greatness but none so ocean-colossal as the inner wealth-tapestried rooms of your personal mystery mocking time into a flaming fury with eyes that tell ten thousand things ununderstood!

> 21:iv:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches XLIX

To Boerneef (the Afrikaans Poet): On the Personality of His Poetry

You ride high into the night and dance not on the stones of great desolation

for

the smoke-black of the inner room's creation is now aflame in the globe of your mind-life where time is curbed into timely timidness and you are the master of that hound holding the heat of love-rings, hate-flames, tender-tears in threaded pitch-black frustration for the atmosphere of our poetry-existence!

> 29:iv:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches L

On the Miraculous Escape of the Dalai Lama

Who shouted that scream that miracles died in the morning of the world – who? And now in wrinkled old age has not another Christ made another Christianity breathing with life by another miracle? The highway snow-capped with winter became an untimely spring and the trees gave unnatural birth to their autumn children-fruit for him to feed that out of inner circles in the deep caves of life comes slowly but undisturbedly unfolding an unreal reality! Who will doubt the blazing orange revelation in the desert evening sky?

29:iv:1959

Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches LI

On the Personality of Jane Austen

Needle-sharp she dives ruler-straight into the essence-personality of life and the human-life within its contours for there she detects the creation-workings in folly's shoes and nature's tracks forming their pattern on the fields and woodlands clothing cleverly the orb of the human mind and the air-atmosphere of its workings in designs and architectural constructions amusingly created and by her recreated (remirrored) to give it to us as a gallery of Rembrandt van Rijn canvases existing in another equallymountainous-in-the-old-eves-of-time climate and country and her

symphonically-satirically sculptured statues (if slightly bodily) are high riders in the horse-chase of pulsating deathless life and its timelessly-medalled honours!

> 1:v:1959 Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs, and Tender Touches LII

NAKED UNFOLDING PART II

_____ • ____

RHAPSODIC RIDES

From 17:iii:1963 to 18:i:1969

DEDICATED TO Elsie Hall

• ------

In appreciation for ALL the Music she has played to me at Chester House, Rondebosch, Cape

Praeludium

The high ride is one sweep of the eternal gold across the greatness-sky and in it is the rise of vast Godliness reached only through the martyrdom of the mind at the old shrines of the world to free the spirit once more in the swift ascent of these Rhapsodic Rides that burn on immortality!

> 7:ii:1960 Rhapsodic Rides

An Apology to Miss Rosemary Watson

Not the all time can so crack the brittle-jet-fragile bond of the air in the atmosphere of two human entities as the isolating ice issued from a nerve-devoid-of-life mind in that moment creating conflict.

> This dying has in it eternity and to bridge the torrents of that leaping river takes more than one store-room of autumn-harvested graciousness.

But you goddess-rule over vaster graciousness-granaries than all eye-perceptible pyramids together – accept now this flaming supplication in the burning aroma of a high-towering prayer-apology from your servant-priest.

> 18:v:1959 Rhapsodic Rides I

On the Personality of Late Autumn

Already deep into the long year the sun laughed for the last time before the white-night of the sleep-dark and tall the whimpering oaks gazed up for the last lover's day with him (their king) who through their agéd children (old a day, a month, a year outside the clock's time) he stretched his long loving fingers to play in shadows with their lighter greens running slowly but undisturbedly into older yellow and wrinkled brown and the air was clearer then than when youth was the fashion of the nature-day clearer in this shortened hour salvaged for warmth-infiltrating life-joy.

> 18:v:1959 Rhapsodic Rides II

On the Personality of a Winter's Day in Amsterdam

Weep rivers of grey-entwining sky! weep

for

this hour has opened the murkythick tomb of the day's fond light and the widow is weeping in black already at half past nine in the dying morning running on to the redglowing fear of midday but to ultimately die into the smoke of undilutedly-blackened night once more; for this day weeps its own premature death and its thickly-salted tears flow down in a white water to reincarnate an old grey Amsterdam-day!

> 19:v:1959 Rhapsoдic Riдes III

On the Personality of the D Minor Violin-Piano Sonata (op. 108, no. 3) by Johannes Brahms

Rich as blood, golden as autumn the music-waters swell thickly the veins in the deep earth's beauty-under-waters and the world is ripening into a blazing evening-afternoon sky calling out strange bird-songs whose wings span across the horizon like some pattern-wealthy carpet of late-afternoon sun-shafts from timeless regions and so the violin fills the room till the air is glowing with burning emotion while the children of old Dutch masters walk in this room* – rich with life as the miracles of birth and the walls are eternity's lovers while playfully the light-dance (graciousnessspraying) makes velvet-rich the light and its delight-rays,

then rushing rapidly the sweeping rises across the heavens like some stately king of the air calling the night stars to his vast obedience, mysteriously whispering the secrets of creation to the silken air, and warmly the evening sky greets the royal procession with a high-held glass

filled with the glowing red-black

wine of beauty's life-dust and so endlessly, timelessly they move on and on into the sky till all time and space sings into eternity's ever-far, ever-glimmering caves!

> 28:v:1959 Rhapsodic Rides IV

*Living-room at de Waterhof.

On the Personality of a Mystical Visitation from Tant Euske

In the dark of ages unwombed, in the rift between the break-crack of day and last breaths of night (where time burns amber) she appeared, clasped chainedly my hand and we wandered out to the summit from where we looked back over the flat of the desert in brown-red orange-brown dust early-light-glowing and the cloud-birthless sky was deep in the metal-glaring night-blue ember-glowing crevices of the space ravine; we smelt slightly (and heavily) the perfume in the fast-blowing-overdesert-sands wind of blazing infinity!

> 3:vi:1959 Rhapsodic Rides V

On the Personality of the Graciousness of My Dear Friend, One Edna Burt (née Macbeth)

Like the burning filament in the glowing globe throbs out your graciousness through the honey-thick texture of the deep mist-night and its darkness of worldly (even earthly) living for

such is its night-light that fascination surrounds it in her warm cloak to harbour life in the cold dead of the sleeping hours and their winter length while we (the nature-moths) come to be enamoured by these fascination-scents and live to cross twenty more such icy seas of the deep snow's winter-nights by its grace-life-giving!

> 8:vi:1959 *Rhapsodic Rides VI*

On the Particular Personality of the Elegant Finger'd Sun-Shafts Through Tall Pines Streaming Stream-Running-Continuously in the Winter Mornings' Older-Textured Air onto the Shivering but Health-Blooded Soil

Deeper and deeper they athletically run down in long passages of golden ribbons across the warmth-absorbing iced ground and the pines majestically state soundlessly the rapid passing of the topaz autumn-era and its fur-moss-surrounded barrel-streams of maturity-pulsating wine from the burning honey'd sun,

so enclosed in

the silks of this large-fruit-swollen orbed moment in the pearl cycle of the natured degree

> I live centuries from old Egypt to the endlessness's-blazing-skied eveningcountry of ages in their supreme all-life-mirroring crystal-centring velvet Godliness.

> > 12:vi:1959 Rhapsodic Rides VII

Softly the kiss falls like gentle pollen on my eyes and the hand (carved in the old world) surrounds mine in a wealth of crystal rays that form the rainbow of love in my petal-soft, my petal-velvet heart now aquiver at the breeze-gentle touch of your deep-love-illuminated lips and hand.

> And through the long night we swim in the deep clear love-pools – alone and united as two pink pearls in the right of a queen

and your breath down my neck is the first warmth of the first spring day, your hands holding my head (cascading long locks of love-awaking gem-glittering lights) are the opening shells of the poet's mind where the wealthy peach is intermarried with royal mauve and gently-cooling blue, your lips such instruments of silent symphony!

And now the day is an hour away: grip me into your branch-arms before I must fall to the ground from our sleep-cloud for who is the prophet who sees the painting of tomorrow? this moment past, who knows? but eagle-wings carry you to summits which in time-future I shall wearily eternally by-pass.

> 13:vi:1959 Rhapsodic Rides VIII

To Dr Elsie Hall on her Performance of the Bach Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, the Brahms E Flat Major Rhapsody (op. 119, no. 4) and the Bach Choral 'Thy Love Mortifieth Us'

Through the arches of ancient cathedrals she dancingly leads us (red robed) and what airs are air-borne in our admiration-garlands fall on her timeless shoulders like light rays at dawn!

Oh beloved lady – first in all the land of music, you come like a diamond-gem out of the deep cavities of the earth's treasure hoards and sparkle through twenty-million nights and days to fill time with the orange blossom scents of music's bride!

> 13:vi:1959 Rhapsodic Rides IX

Once I vaguely floated past and saw you in luke-warm currents too dull to be more than a mere life-fish and forgot you like a pin in my sea-rides from Ophir to equator through the blue-iced Mediterranean and over the long-limbed beaches of the woollen-warm Pacific

but now I notice a new rock in the polar dark and it's breathing hotly through the ice-night of the cold while its white-in-black natural-array (unnatural to my eyes) pulsates,

yet I know these shapes are earth-real and momentarily I see the majestic wide-winged white bird in the endlessly deepened blue sky hovering over this half-disguised half-spied rock in the horizonless night and the strange call of a night-gull heralds the spring-birth of a lately-conceived personality.

> 19:vi:1959 Rhapsodic Rides X

Throbbing heavily into the thick of the night air we swing into the huge branches of timeless forests and from far comes the strange love-call of the highly feathered bird who bids the sweep into the right arms and often-trickling kiss of my white skin, vibrating like some autumnal leaf

while far off comes the thin stream of violinistic song from the affectionate night whose love embraces like the gentle water the mirror-smooth rocks and now heavily the broad song of the river tells of the thousand lovers –

oh twice loved one, hold me in the fold of your quivering arm or this air-filled deepening-gold sunset of highly-strung love shall snap my vibrating heart singing its magnificent melody on the high mountains standing like some soldiers against the throbbing lights of the dancing night-sky and now see how we travel over the seas of the vast plains and reach our love-hands high into the night!

> Thrice loved one, come and dance and let us triple the waters

of kisses over the brow, the arm and the breast; sweep away onto the tree heights to dart over oftappearing firefly lights in the dark of the love-perfumed night and so fully swell our richly feathered bosoms out into winds winding the ancient tapestry in the poetry of the union when finger-tips touch so to rise to the very mountain summits from where the territories (bluemoon alight) are the eye's heavily draped royal robes in one climbing of the rock-incline in the glazed dark!

Yet broader runs the river of this world and its faery creatures fill time with richly wooded parks in the rising smoke of greatness and to the end we are in the open heavens flying timelessly into the thick-winding whirl of the silent singing star-symphony!

> 23:vi:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XI

The Prize for the Final Victory of the Several Days' Financial Bull-Fight was for Him a Motor-Cycle.

Sleekly-lined she is dressed in the black evening gown of her owner's pride and stands horse-powerfully to be as a statue of speeding beauty to him!

> 25:vi:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XII

Your fingers (quivering in their athletic muscles of lines curving into suggestions of perfect circles) lift high my face glowing now mysteriously in the newly-uncovered sapphire-emerald (even diamond and deep amethyst) soul-hoards and thickly (as the cooling rain on the fever-heated day) the seal-impressions of your ember lips burn themselves into my transparent petal-textured flesh.

> Then closer the angle of your arms (high-breaker beautiful in wind-sweeping curves) enclose my being that is the casket of my oil-burning love and

> thus golden-locked my life burns its constellations of love in the curve of your chest-heaving existence.

Yet now calling from the innermost dark of the frost-night I beg (more beggarly than any of my line or blood cells): do not destroy thís with those mad flames dancing their horns into the thick of the black for their drunken feast is on the endlessly fire-howling fir-gum of envy and mouldy jealousy intermingled to be the glass-crashing torrents of every-freezing possession and its bitter streams of usurped dominance!

> 2:vii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XIII

To Tant Euske

I felt the lips of your kiss pass over my rounded brow and (deeply) caves opened where the seas of music swelled high into the fantastic shapes of rock forms draped in other-life suggestions for (oh great queen of these high seas) I know you have come again from out of the night and stand there regally arrayed in the drop-like gems drawn from music's deep-earth-contained blue pools

and now it'll be chariot rides across the sky and sea voyages to the distant lands of your vast domain since spring and summer are your eternally-attending servants whose spirits are high-built castles of greatness!

> 6:vii:1959 *Rhapsodic Rides XIV*

Quietly (when all was dark and slept the prince of the hour) you travelled one and a half thousand miles to bring a visitation not given in five of your year cycles and warmly we were one for the contour lines (which contain you and barrier me) were smudged into obscurity.

> And so we lived on red-soiled farming estates and in old Cape-Dutch houses through the long night too short for our flooding delight but time rang death bells and before the hours of day away you raced leaving again the half-built ruins of five years' moss and grass unchanged!

And through the gluing cold of the day's birth-hours I searched in wandering, in shouting for your warm-blooded being but all I saw was the wall and all I heard was my own footfall surrounded in the hollow echo of my own voice.

> 6:vii:1959 *Rhapsodic Rides XV*

Mysteriously it streams in from out of the warm night and in low and high shapes phantomly appears the poetry of the hour while we sweep up into the star-world and hear from the ancient Greek theatre's symphony the remote song filling the night with the blue drops that reflect glitteringly the dancing heavenly lights – then in swelling choirs we enter into the soft breezes and through the great gate of the unknown's earthly, wealthy gemmed world.

> 6:vii:1959 *Rhapsoдic Riдes XVI*

This very evening we went to dine with an art gallery of princes and our hostess was a lady who in queenly graces commanded them to their various creatings so that within seconds each particle in the air was a music diamond surrounded in the gold telling of greatness.

> 21:vii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XVII

The Triangle of the Timeless I

Ι

Deep fountains have opened in me and in the deep earth's water-veins my roots are foundationed to rise high into the sky in music's tree and these openings of the caves (shafting down into the dark of the earth) are its mulberry-to-gold fruit!

Π

Both bride and bridegroom in one as red and blue in mauve to purple and dual is the existence highway in its parallel double-carriage-way for 'tis wife to muscled music and husband to profusely beauty-permeated poetry!

III

And now on the vast mountain ranges in the fast blowing winds of eternity I stand in the thickening dawn of a new time where death is no agent of existence for let a proclamation be written in the spirit blood that birth and death (and the eternal good and eternal evil) are but specks of dust here.

> 24:vii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XVIII

To Mrs Peggy Goodwin on Presenting me with T.S. Eliot's Translation of St. John Perse's 'Anabasis'

Graciousness was deep in the red of the wine and she gave the glass in the curve of kindness so as to be the light for a new journey into the long island of beauty's shapes where the mind may drink mildly from these waters in their deeper essence of vitality vibrating well in the dawn of another being's new world looming on the shore of the poetry continent.

> 30:vii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XIX

To Doctor Elsie Hall and Miss May Mukle on their Playing of Brahms's Cello-Piano Sonata in F Major (op. 99, no. 2)

We walked in the oak's shade of music's avenue and there met them – they (and with them) came their Great Dane dogs whose long strides in fast runs were the dictations from Brahms's music-air

and the beauty of movement came dancing in the greying time of their mastery and now gold-edged in the fullness of the artistry-day

for 'tis in

this day that we have been with two princesses whose blood-house was mellowed by the chieftain Johannes.

> 12:vii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XX

To Doctor Karl Tober

Let us not forget that all are not of the same fibre: the spirit's aristocracy are few to the nought circle and they who hold territory are in isolation surrounded.

Like a flame-torch running fast through the darkest of night hís energy blazed out into a dark heaven-light-devoid sky suddenly and of that moment the landscape of art's territory came into the circle of light and into the clarity it gives the eye for

'tis a land of high mountains and deep valleys with the gold of men's minds and imaginations particular gem-stones hidden in deep-cut caves

and then too in the rich of this pearl mellowed light his tangerine glow reveals time's own heritage-gifts.

> 21:vii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXI

Oh hear you not the call from the ancient monastery, from the broad river of a song sung in the old days in the castles by the minstrel when all the world was clothed in the beauty of night forms? Do you not feel the pulse of the other-worldly air in the low glow of the chapel when near the altar passes the greatness in her saintly robes flowing in the beam of light cast from white Godliness? Do not you know this hour is the flame of the candle which shall lead us to the meadows where the pilgrims ride to the Canterbury of the mind's martyrdom for the blessedness of the inner creations which are in us like tapestries from the East?

> 25:vii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXII

Coolly as a dream from the unknown timeless space her eye's sparkle told of the tale that was faery-borne but had its first tapestry-existence in the old world of Solomon whose kingly wisdom she spread freshly over us as the breeze brings the spring orchard into our breathing for this is a process of the spirit's territory while understanding is her law and the low life beat of compassion her heart's ticking of the fullness of time.

> Touched by the night-beauty of greatness she carries it in her womb to be the bringer of the new seasons of another cycle of life-blood.

> > 5:ix:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXIII

A beam of direct light from the sun-path casts in its ray to lead us to the steps leading to old Greece's temple and there at the altar we were in the incense draped of a Priestess and Music's monastic High Priest to give us power for the high ride on white horses over great seas so to reach the heavenly-bodied continents where we would stand on the high mountains of timeless greatness in the flame-light of eternity!

> 16:ix:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXIV

On Rameau's Gavotte and Variations in A Minor

The lady comes slowly from the lower regions of the banquet room on the arm of her knight and in front of His Majesty sinks into the homage-act and then hígh-headed swan-necked she travels away now hear the music coming from the stately pavane and there they are for here the spirit is royal commander and out of the night comes the call of ages who are filled with this timeless light of clear revelation and now here they (who are wrought in the silks of greatness coming from the spirit's Flanders and the mind's China) come while there their

steps are neatly embroidered on the floor of old history to be but a monument of moments magnificent in the mellow golden honey of the time-matured ages

who in long

noble procession lead on and on to the vast areas where the high lord of the spirit's domain calls the regally-robed nobles for the great day's grandeur-display!

> 21:ix:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXV

Majestically the eternal call comes on golden wings to wave the flame of the spirit into a high blaze reaching up far into the night of existence as a Godly guide for the footfall-tread of the ages that weave time's territory into the architecture of tumultuous history.

> 26:ix:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXVI

With the chop-sticks of childhood she eats from the rice bowl of fantasy and lives unbrokenly in her China-garden of exotic hours crystally beautiful in their butterfly-dancing and Buddha-praying for undisturbed is her cosmic dream that rests always afresh on the earth as the dawn in the East.

> 27:ix:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXVII

On the Expectation of and Speculation on the Mystical Coming of the Prince of Good Fortune

How will you come out of the night of the future to claim the old land of my heart which your gentry owns? Or will you come in these passages through which we in deep dream live when all is but the passing painting in the fantasy-eye of that who wills ages and the contents of ages? Will you come of a sudden and call me from one night dream to another dream glowing in the quiet of the night's thick dark, in the mystery of the unhuman hours? Or am I to expect your visitation in the moment's break of the mind in the day when the God-hours of deep night and the endless existence on the óther sleep-textured time are caught as one in the knot of a speedily passing vision drawn deep from the remotest inner recesses of being?

> 5:x:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXVIII

Come, cool prince – come and spray your soft, soft-dripping soft-scenting evening evenly over the landscape level in the lilting light dance; come and we'll sail on the river to the sea-castle where burn the hundred palace lights of the spirit's high-domed home – wait not!

come now -

nów we are a quivering in the breeze of expectation, oh evening weaver, come sweeping across the clouds of the sky in your salmon tinting, in your making undisputedly this the tall mosaic panel in time's design!

> 8:x:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXIV

You have come! you have come on the sweep of the laughing wind in the high laugh of the year's high day, you have come and thrown the crystals of good fortune into the air of the happiness-sun and breathed a breath thick in the clear gold of love on my blood-living cheek to fill me with strawberries of dreamings in oceans and spaces filled with the sap of high-life's wine wells;

you have come and taking my hand drawn me to pyramids' tops to see the acres of flowering experiences scenting out heart-beating intensity in her creating of a warm summer's day whose hours spell out perfection!

> 19:x:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXX

The tall kiss of your timelessness burns its ageless happiness into my inner life where the pyramid stands as a monument of the history unravelled in my travelling through time into the very centre cores of the greatness whose smile is the sun from the Godly onto the earth of these living moments!

> 19:x:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXXI

On the Recurrence of a Mystical Experience, First Experienced During Dr Elsie Hall's Playing of Bach Works in the Diocesan College Chapel, Cape Town, on Sunday, 8:vi:1959, with Particular Emphasis on the Prelude and Fugue in C Sharp Minor (No. 4, Book I)

Through the altar-burning of the heaven-facing candles the fugal pattern sang itself out over all the ages so that the robed God was revealed to us in all the gold-throbbing glory of his burning greatness and we breathed no longer since in thát time we were filled with the essence-substance of eternal waters: for on the divinity-heavenly level of thát hour we transcended the darkened iron barriers of time into the deathless-lifeless silk-silent (but eternally burning) spaceless air of the infinite landscape from where the drama-trilogy of present and its cliff-towering guardians (past and future) are deeply drawn In the countless flow of epoch cycles!

> 17:vi:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXXII

George has completed the cycle of his second medical story in the building of becoming a healer, a doctor

and

now we'll watch the architecture of his medical studies become silhouetted against the sky of success until in the sixth year-cycle the roof is reached – then shall the house to hold his ambition be completed!

> 22:xi:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXXIII

A Vision Drawn from a Performance of the Beethoven G Major Violin-Piano Sonata (No. 10)

The ages came to stand quietly and the command of the Lady and her Retainer sang to cross over the mountains; for in the western sky of greatness they form a beauty-cloud draped in the blazing sun-colours of monarchical Beethoven flames whose tips reach to the heavens and there give out warm eternity in soft powder-dust particles – oh princess and nobleman, yours have been cool kisses on my glowing forehead!

> 23:xi:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXXIV

Oh royal spirit's prince, I have come riding across the ages and bring the candle-throbbing wealth of all eternity to place in peace-offering in your gracious lap so that now all time, aged time stands still at my homage-flight;

and all

farewells are now dissolved in the glowing light of our eternal presence thát shall burn even through the nights of earthly living till again we sit on the thrones of beauty's greatness!

> 25:xi:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXXV

In the light break between the clouds after the rain-day when the sun fills the visible streak of the sky's world with paling yellow to peach colouring I stretch (in long rolling vineyards at the feet of masculine mountains) my fingers far out to you and (in the burning yearning of the early evening fire) pray for your coming, recalling older times when in your arm's surrounding me we had wandered along these paths surveying the farm of our years of living in union to become one but now nothing came...

yet the antique intensity of the thoughts stored in this time now blaze in me and memory is delicately robed in time past for even the tears (to which it gives birth) carry in them the radiating lights that were cut from the deepest of gem-drawn rays hanging in that time in the air when our voices interplayed in the intricate patternings of inner soft-talkings.

> 4:xii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXXVI

The longing wakes in me (now far into the dreamily sleep-filled night) to touch the curving muscles of your arm and sense your warmth-breath near my face, to feel that arm and its symmetric hand embossed on my back in the surrounding of your gentleness, in the deep flame burning from your urgent love!

> And though I call loudly through the flaming skies of ancient telepathy I hear not your footfall on the path below in your coming to chain into one the 'I' and the 'thou'.

The memory, the inner re-embrace of your pulsating being I crush passionately into my lonely night travels searching tirelessly, restlessly for the bond that shall call you irresistibly to me!

> 16:xii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXXVII

The desperate needing of your seldom-touch burns me to aridness with nervous longing's wild blazes in the deepened night and on the day's human-packed beaches when loneliness gnaws me to rawness for

it was once an almost title for our oneness – yet now the pale remote burning of a dying ship's light on the fading horizon is our love's remnants.

Come, you who carry the heat-infuser my blood needs, come and sweep me away onto the afternoon cloud of soft touchings where the contours of your breathing and mine are smudged to fade into one dream-existence!

> 19:xii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXXVIII

I have felt a new rumbling in my old womb and there are new voices, new mysteries in the time for a new miracle shall unroll itself over the forests and fields of history.

Mother, how do you know, how do yóú know these unknown patterns in the thin thread of sheen-thread human living?

Because (my child) I was not born in mortal womb's blood – 'twas only my body, through the many beaded ages I have come in different forms as mother to Messiahs (even as a Mary for Christians' Christ), I have been the bringer of the redeemer-message under the early sign of the water carrier.

What (mother) am I, who I? what sign on my forehead?

All those I touch touch immortality for I am not an ego that must pass through the operation cuttings of death and deathliness,

my 'I' is

the ever-breadth of eternity – not a one yet one since I am thé point, the híghest point in the pyramid of peace!

> 22:xii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XXXIX

To Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II of England

Last fortress, last castle! Royal Majesty of ancient England! You, the last fortress, the last castle of constellations' grand nobility, the last large torch in the encroaching night of chaos, the last scroll whose vast arm sways order for the global forms of human existence!

> Oh, Your Majesty, we call to you in cold nights for the guidance that your being exhales, for the torch You give to see these mountainous paths, these cliffs to turbulent seas!

Nów it is known that our Queen is of nobility enrobed, that our Queen has the early glitter of graciousness in her hair, that our Queen has brought the kiss of greatness even in the dawn of her reign.

> Through the morning-mist of the future the new lands of new continents loom (sometimes clearly, sometimes dimly) where You shall walk and the old womb of England shall give new birth!

Thus the fugue of this age shall unroll its vast self and You shall weave Your nobility-theme endlessly, timelessly into great clouds that in the sun's tinting make their guidance-glidings through the night-sky for your peoples!

> 27:xii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XL

Ludwig Van Beethoven's 'Missa Solemnis' – Time's Monument to Eternity

The fall into the gaping ravine, the rise to the moon-rimmed clouds, the winds blowing through time's thin robes, the sea's touching of all lands, the full creating of the God-encrusted magnitude, the night-peace of sleeping sheep-fields, thús in great triumph's mirror this pageant climbs from thís spirit's deep God-washed sea-caves for on hís time-broad shoulders rests heavy immortality!

> 27:xii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XLI

On Receiving a Christmas Card from One who had Not Written for a Considerable Time

Clear (as a silver song on the breath of the quiet night when I lie and half-listen to the silence) your card came, like the silence) your card came, like the kiss of dew on the warm evening, like the sudden scent whose origin's unknown in the summer's night-garden it floated in on the cooling breeze, on the refreshing spray

and the finely intricate fern of our friendship (whose roots draw fertility from five years) stretches out a new night of touching spirits' finger-tips.

> 28:xii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XLII

To Tercia

Little princess, when you dominate us into dancing your tune, when you pounce on us dazed by five-o'clock morning sleep, when you make faint each one with sharp-shrill shouts you guess not that you burn deep your own brandings into slaves.

> 31:xii:1959 Rhapsodic Rides XLIII

Ludwig Van Beethoven's String Quartet in C Major (Op. 59, No. 3)

They pull in power-fingers the strings which must again vibrate the infinity-air into a glow of the Godhead in whom triumph runs as blood, in whom the heart beats out the mysteries folded deep into the landscapes of the lowest mindregions;

who can deny it, deny these testimonies that come phantomly from these immeasurable harmonies to sing greatness into reality?

> 1:i:1960 Rhapsodic Rides XLIV

I have no death-fear but that it comes when preparations are still so suspended from completion for who shall deny my royalty now near the end of the caravan-journey through evening's heaven and the night's hell, who shall deny my crowns which were created in the burning of volcanic craters, in the eveningdecorated clouds, in the heater's electric burning into flesh, in the powdering of spring's pollen on floating petals?

oh that thát sleep would presently come and (in the freshness of clean sheets) coolingly cover my limbs so to throw me gently on the soft pillows of ever-dreamings in the mild floatings of the tender rise and fall within the warmth-waves of freedom's vast estate!

> 3:i:1960 Rhapsodic Rides XLV

Can it be? can it be that I am in the lap of fate-destroying Beethoven, can it be that again a fifth symphony's to be enacted on the very flesh-existence of a being, what strange calls come thick and fast from this high-sea-stormed music, what is this new texture in the air, who can tell of this future tale, when shall we know the decree, when the clear revelation?

> 3:i:1960 Rhapsodic Rides XLVI

Illusively I again hear-touch your existence but remote, isolated are your visitations (beloved) and single the calls that the low heated radio in the mystery-ship of my being records suddenly in the unexplored continents of the historical dark but who are you, what your incarnations, you who lurk momentarily in the music forests of high Beethoven and stately Brahms, who breathe heavily in Bachian beyond-time-vintaged countries?

> 10:i:1960 Rhapsodic Rides XLVII

The Triangle in the Coming of Long Love-Elongated Yearning

Ι

Still I love you quite uncalled for, still I am consumed in the furnace of my attachment that no iced waters from you has even subdued, still the remote decree gains land between us!

> Insensible was the title to the chapter for our groups in blood could not mingle (Montague and Capulet) but still I hope with high-heart-beating intensity, still I break down the old architecture of my being (part for part) in half-waiting, half-despairing for you.

If only you would come and touch my inner being with your scents as you promise how great then the display of our creations in the fireworks of the old night sky.

12:i:1960 Rhapsodic Rides XLVIII II June was the first month of unity opening out the inner territories hidden far into the being's draw – never open beyond the moment.

Coming coolly the year expanded over the risings and fallings until late it drew together the two half-arches' longing into a vast gateway encrusted in the statues of hope – yet all only remained 'hope'.

> 12:i:1960 Rhapsodic Rides XLIX

III

As a rocket-star moves suddenly into the darkened night-sky so your love has come and stands immediately ahead on a cloud burning the blames of eternity from the cone of endlessness as a torch to lead me through the distilled air onto the greatness's places where your soft kiss enrobes me to stand with each century's wonder-princes, since from your mind (my dark sonnet) issues the air that confers on me a nobility decree!

> 12:i:1960 Rhapsodic Rides L

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