

ERUPTING EVOLUTION

VOLUME 2 of *Primal Mediation*
the complete oeuvre of the poetry of Châtillon Coque

Published by The Chatillon Institute



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NOTES ON DEDICATIONS, INDEBTEDNESS AND CHÂTILLON COQUE'S STANCE

1. I dedicate *Erupting Evolution* to Professor R.G. Howarth. He was the first to recognize its merits.
2. I am indebted to Mrs Frouke Brandt-Riemens for typing out the first version of this manuscript in 1958. I am equally indebted to Ms Julie Yin for typing out the final version of this manuscript in 2012, 54 years after the typing-out of the first version.
3. I am indebted to those fellow-actors of the School of Applied Jungian Psychology for the Dramatization of Jung's Texts who read *Erupting Evolution* and who made invaluable observations. I particularly refer to Miss Ingrid Gruen, Mr Roger Avice du Buisson (to whom I read aloud [performed] *Erupting Evolution* several times) and to Dr Pamela Heller-Stern in this regard.
4. I am most particularly indebted to Mr Marc Edsell van der Spuy, whose support, on many levels of my work and me, has been unwavering and unstinting for many decades. If there were no Marc Edsell van der Spuy, there would be no Châtillon Coque as he is in 2012.
5. Equally great and long is the support I have enjoyed from Miss Carolyn Cameron-Kirksmith and Mr Luca Wildt. To both I owe a great debt.
6. Twice a week Miss Ingrid Gruen, Mr Roger Avice du Buisson and I meet formally to implement the Two Briefs of Châtillon's Life (2BCL), at the centre of which is my oeuvre, written or planned, of 2 299 poems. This has occurred with singular regularity for four years by 14.ii.2012. Their support has been unwavering and unstinting. In the case of Miss Gruen, her unconditional support, in March 2012, stretches to more than 28 years. In the case of Mr Roger Avice du Buisson, his unconditional support in March 2012, stretches to more than 19 years.

7. At the time of completing the final version of *Erupting Evolution*, these weekly meetings continued. They are named *Concordat*.
8. I am indebted to Mr Carl Langsberg for reminding me of the prefiguration (in my life and work) of the life and work of Miss Emily Dickinson. I knew of this prefiguration 20 years ago but contemporary research reveals such an extended prefiguration as I would not have imagined at any time. Under some circumstances, I refer to myself in the third person (Châtillon Coque) and under others, in the first person. This permits of a characterization of myself.
9. I am indebted to Mr Kevin Johnston, an architect, and Mr Patrick Hunter, a plant-pathologist, for their penetrating observations as regards the shadow-archetype in Jungian psychology (analytical psychology) as regards *Erupting Evolution*. In the more than 50 years that *Erupting Evolution* has been in existence, only these two men have made these observations. The views of these two men coincide with my views of, and attitudes to, *Erupting Evolution*. I hope to present these insights on *Erupting Evolution* in a publication, entitled: *A Contribution to the Exegeses of Primal Mediation, the Prospective Poetry Oeuvre of Châtillon Coque by Châtillon Coque*. *Erupting Evolution* is the first volume of poetry of the 19 volumes that, together, constitute my contemplated oeuvre of poetry of 2299 poems (written or planned) and is entitled *Primal Mediation*.
10. I liken my 25-year-old friendship with Judge Ms Margaret Victor to a sleek and particularly-strong liner. In this liner we have survived many storms. I thank her for her unconditional support and generosity. It is in her home I performed the only recital of a selection of my *Ekstasis* poems (a collection of 209 mystical poems). It is in her home I performed my *49 variations on an Erotic Theme and Ciacona* (a group of Dionysian, erotic and mystical poems). In these variations, Bach's *Goldberg Variations* have a potent influence as they have throughout *Primal Mediation*. I have not since repeated this performance.
11. To this day I feel my debt to three academics who encouraged my poetry-writing and gave me, as a teenager, direction. I, even now,

follow extensive parts of their directions. This is half a century later. (I assume all three have died.) They are Professor Guy Howarth, to whom *Erupting Evolution* is dedicated, Professor Barbara Mackenzie, to whom *Cosmic Quintet* is dedicated, and Professor Joachim Rosteutscher who introduced me to Chagall and Hölderlin whose work and mine show a subterranean but potent parallelism.

12. Nobody has understood, much less assimilated, the visionary and mystical nature of my poetry more than Miss Rosita Gooch. To her I dedicate the collection of poems, entitled *Ekstasis*. Notwithstanding this, I opposed her puritanism unconditionally, in its moral punishment of others as well as of herself. Such moral punishment I do not find *good*, not even half a century after *Erupting Evolution* has been written.
13. My greatest debt as a creative writer is to Mr H. Gresswell. I met him once. The sum total of what I know of him is as follows. He was the secretary of The Cross Hills Literary Bureau, Park House, Cross Hills, near Keighley, Yorks. In the late 1960s and first half of 1970s, his telephone number was Cross Hills 2423. This bureau was established in 1935. It specialized in a complete service of literary criticism, revision and markets. I grasped, immediately and intuitively, his value to my poetry. I needed no further commendation. His service to *Primal Mediation* is immeasurable.
14. If I take the two Greek words that, combined, give the English word, *aristocracy* (*aristos* = the best; *krātia* = the power of), I arrive at *the power of the best*. In this sense, Mr H. Gresswell is an aristocrat of the archetype of service and particularly linguistic service. I know of no other such avatar of this archetype.
15. I am privileged that the following epic poems and collections of cycles of poems were examined, criticized, evaluated, word for word, by Mr Gresswell, although I question some of his rationalism:
 - a. *Erupting Evolution*;
 - b. *Loves Fluid Faces*;
 - c. *Ekstasis*;
 - d. *Mediterranean Seasons*;
 - e. *Cosmic Quintet*.

He did most of this work on *Erupting Evolution*, the least on *Cosmic Quintet*. If my evaluation (that *Erupting Evolution* is the equal of *Cosmic Quintet*) is correct, then that is, in part, the result of Mr Gresswell's intervention in the language of *Erupting Evolution*. In the case of *Fluid Blue Flame*, Mr Gresswell neither had sympathy nor empathy for this epic poem. In *Fluid Blue Flame*, the quality of Mr Gresswell's evaluation fell dramatically. I do not incorporate the majority of his suggestions on that poem.

16. Mr Gresswell had a sensitive, empathic relationship with my language, my imagery and my thought. In spite of that, I did not incorporate all his suggestions into the poems that he examined. He also analysed, evaluated and criticized a play, *Mirrorful of Malcontents*. The subject of the play is the lowest level of group-psychology. The play characterizes the collective shadow archetype. He suggested, with urgency, that this archetype be vanquished by human *goodness* and Mr Gresswell was a cultured positive thinker.
17. Did people of all colours vanquish through consciousness this collective shadow archetype in apartheid South Africa? Would Mr Gresswell have maintained that this archetype of the collective shadow was not alive and well in the Britain of his day? This archetype does not become dormant until great evil has been 'accomplished'. It then 'goes underground'. Human inflatedness then assumes human *goodness* and has this archetype been vanquished? Can an archetype be vanquished? I think not.
18. *Mirrorful of Malcontent, I am a Man* (another play) and *Erupting Evolution* are primarily characterizations, depictions of the collective shadow, its one-sidedness, its lob-sidedness, its destruction of *good*, its being an ambassador for unmitigated *evil*, while just as often, it brings *good* to fruition and to a peak of aristocratic excellence, in my sense of this phrase. It is quintessentially a coincidence of opposites, particularly as regards humankind. Such relativity of *good* and *evil* is unacceptable to puritanism. In the puritanical view, it would appear that *good* and *evil* are absolute. In *Erupting Evolution* the relativity of *evil* is paramount. In *Erupting Evolution*, *relative evil* emanates from the disturbed, anima-archetypal relationship between mother and

son,¹ while *relative good* is the transformation towards an epitome of goodness in the epical progression from *The Animal* to the *Supreme God*. This progression is poetic, spiritual (archetypal), mystical and psychological. These attributes overlap in their meaning. *Erupting Evolution* is mystical. Above I explain the mysticism of *Erupting Evolution* in Jungian terms. Jung had an aversion to being called a mystic.² Notwithstanding that, I could make a strong case for a pronounced mysticism in Jungian psychology (analytical psychology).

19. Mr Gresswell would have appeared to have as his dominant function of consciousness, extroverted reason and, as its auxiliary function, introverted sensation. My dominant function is introverted intuition and my auxiliary function is extroverted feeling (evaluation). Thus much for the conscious orientations of our psyches. Nevertheless, these two psyches worked together uncommonly well.

20.

a. Mr Gresswell's commerce with imagery is rational, clear and immediate. He deals with an average as to how such imagery, logically, might conduct itself. His imagery is a sort of statistical average and acts as such.

b. My dealings in my poetry with imagery strive to fulfil the goals of being consistently and continuously arresting, mystical, psychological, musical, symbolic (in the Jungian sense), among many other attributes. And this I wish to accomplish with a deft, agile, Bachian, Mozartian, Ovidian skill, with a hidden virtuosity (this model I take from Ovid) which not for a moment is apparent. I undertake to actualize all this with careful consideration, *religio*, but, paradoxically, with instantaneousness, spontaneity, freshness, that is to say, with *shoshin*, 'beginners mind'.³ This is likely to ensure the suavity, the polish, the finish of my poetry.

1 C.G. Jung: *The Collected Works*; Volume 9, part 2; *Aion: Researches in the Phenomenology of the Self*: London, 1981, Routledge and Kegan Paul: paragraphs 20 - 27, pp 11 - 14. Anthony Stevens: *Archetype: A Natural History of the Self*; London; 1982: Routledge and Kegan Paul: pp 127 - 139.

2 Ronald Haymen: *A Life of Jung*; London, 1999, Bloomburg Publishing Place; p 4.

3 Shunryu Suzuki; *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind: Informal Talks on Zen Meditation and Practice*: New York and Tokyo; 1970: Weatherhill; ISBN 0-8348-0079-9; p 21.

- c. Such suavity is a major archetypal attribute of my poetry, and thus the need for a congenial conjunction, often by juxtaposition, of all its parts. The archetypes of many attributes as well as *the* archetype of combined multiplicity, poetically entrenched by way of images, some of the most appropriate being more musical than visual to ensure the fluidity of my poetry, play a potent and over-riding role in my poetry throughout *Primal Mediation*.
- d. The texture of this imagery, housing the archetypes, is contrapuntal and mostly fugal. (That is the best association or description I can muster.) But they are only moderately imbued with the spirit (archetype) of the Baroque, the high season of the fugue.
- e. My imagery is permeated with the spirit (archetype) of the Renaissance, particularly the Roman (perhaps more the Italian) High Renaissance. Let me stress, however, neither my imagery nor my poetry is an imitation of Renaissance practises.
- f. In being faithful to myself (as Jung is to Jung, Brahms is to Brahms, Beethoven is to Beethoven, Mozart is to Mozart, Bach is to Bach and, above all, Debussy as Debussy) in my poetry, the archetypal operations are the gold-settings and the images are those gems arranged in those settings. These gems are mostly (in my imagination) blue-white, facet-cut diamonds. Nothing is imitated.
- g. Above all, my unwavering, consciously one-pointed, single-minded intention with each image of every poem, as yielded to my consciousness either from my personal unconscious or the collective unconscious (where connections are readily perceptible) is to create a potent pellucidity (with as much clarity as possible), a potent poise, a potent pointedness (where all images are always poised to move forward), whatever the situation of the particular image in the particular poem, however much it might be juxtaposed to other images. The purpose of all that is to involve my listener, my reader, my audience (preferably through the performance by an accomplished actor/actress) in an emotional experience of meaningfulness, a numinosity. (To

read the poem and to listen to such an accomplished performance of it, simultaneously, is a powerful experience.)

- h. The images, attributes (among them pellucidity and fluidity) and the music that hold the poem together are the epitome of my poetry.
 - i. The order and pattern of the images are crucially significant to the meaning, architectonically and in every other way. The image amplifies those images that come after it as well as those images who come before it.
 - j. Every image is a centre, in its own right. It is also in context in the poem and there is only one centre to each poem. Thus the paradoxical and static pointillism of my imagery: each image is a point in this pointillist aesthetic. The pointillism (a paradoxical situation) is the individual images within the ebb and flow of the poem, the image being static while the poem flows into its powerful movement forward. This is quintessential to the structure of my verse.
 - k. To comprehend all these attributes simultaneously, all these facets necessitate a live, vocal, artistic, authentic performance by an accomplished actor/actress with a powerful and cultured voice. The only recipient of the totality (wholeness) of my poetry is the listener to the polished rendition by such an actor/actress. My poetry has an archetypal, Schubertian-Brahmsian lyricism that matches, measure for measure, its archetypal, dramatic, forward movement of the classical style, of Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn. It is incumbent on the actor/actress performing my poetry to bring out ('to reveal') that duality of lyricism and drama within its epical nature.
 - l. The structure of this imagery is architectonic. The effect and meaning are cumulative. The movement in each poem is forward at whatever speed. The movement is as dramatic as it is lyrical. I associate this lyricism most particularly with the music of Brahms.
21. My dealings in imagery involves further imagery. Each image at the end of the poem, is a fully-shaped, a completed sculpture. These

images, as sculptures, collectively (*en masse*) are then *transformed* into an architecturally-significant building with a potent and appropriate shape and space. This building symbolizes the complete poem. In its turn, this building is *transformed* into a powerful wind or powerful river (in either case, they are a strong driving force) swirling its way to universality and so to eternity. Thus my image of the imagery involved in the poem is itself a composite image with three phases, two of which involve transformation

22. The third phase may be either as I have described it in paragraph 21 above or as a black eagle flying straight into Meister Eckhart's *Abgescheidenheit* and so into universality and eternity, or a fish eagle diving straight in to *Abgescheidenheit*, universality and eternity or a small stream of the cleanest, clearest water high in the mountains and tumbling over rocks at speed, always gathering more water on its way to the vast ocean of *Abgescheidenheit*, universality, and eternity. The river now itself has become vast and powerful.
23. From its conception in the collective unconsciousness, I am involved in the process of the poem's journey to concretization as the observer on the 1927 Heisenberg uncertainty principle that the observer influences the experiment. I am at once a cinematographic camera and camera-man. This is active imagination and leads to a potent objectivity. Many poems arrive in my consciousness from the collective unconscious fully formed. I do not construct such a poem.

The following references from Jung's collected works are relevant:

- i) Vol. 8; par. 640; p. 334: 'If the facts do not deceive us, the unconscious processes are far from being unintelligent. The character of automatism and mechanism is lacking to them, even to a striking degree. They are not in the least inferior to the conscious processes in subtlety; on the contrary, they often surpass our conscious insights.'
- ii) Vol. 9(1); par. 504; p.282: 'Unfortunately, the facts show the exact opposite: consciousness succumbs all too easily to unconscious influences and these are often truer and wiser

than our conscious thinking. Also, it frequently happens that unconscious motives overrule our conscious decisions, especially in matters of vital importance. Indeed, the fate of the individual is largely dependent on unconscious factors.'

- iii) Vol. 8; par. 568; p. 296: 'Many people who know something, but not enough, about dreams and their meaning, and who are impressed by their subtle and apparently intentional compensation, are liable to succumb to the prejudice that the dream actually has a moral purpose, that it warns, rebukes, comforts, foretells the future, etc. If one believes that the unconscious always knows best, one can easily be betrayed into leaving the dreams to take the necessary decisions, and is then disappointed when the dreams become more and more trivial and meaningless. Experience has shown me that a slight knowledge of dream psychology is apt to lead to an overrating of the unconscious which impairs the power of conscious decision. The unconscious functions satisfactorily only when the conscious mind fulfils its tasks to the very limit. A dream may perhaps supply what is lacking or it may help us forward where our best efforts have failed. If the unconscious really were superior to consciousness it would be difficult to see wherein the advantage of consciousness lay, or why it should ever have come into being as a necessary element in the scheme of evolution.
- iv) Vol. 9(1); par. 498; p. 279: 'We call the unconscious 'nothing' and yet it is a reality *in potentia*. The thought we shall think, the deed we shall do, even the fate we shall lament tomorrow, all lie unconscious in our today. The unknown in us which affect uncovers was always there and sooner or later would have presented itself to consciousness. Hence we must always reckon with the presence of things not yet discovered. These, as I have said, may be unknown quirks of character. But possibilities of future development may also come to light in this way, perhaps in just such an outburst of affect which sometimes radically alters the whole situation. The unconscious has a Janus-face; on one side its contents point back to a preconscious,

prehistoric world of instinct, while the other side it potentially anticipates the future-precisely because of the instinctive readiness for action of the factors that determine man's fate. If we had complete knowledge of the ground plan lying dormant in an individual from the beginning, his fate would be in large measure predictable.

- v) Vol. 9(1); par. 499; p. 279: 'Now, to the extent that unconscious tendencies – be they backward-looking images or forward-looking anticipations – appear in dreams, dreams have been regarded, in all previous ages, less as historical regressions than as anticipations of the future, and rightly so. For everything that will be happens on the basis of what has been, and of what – consciously or unconsciously – still exists as a memory-trace. In so far as no man is born totally new, but continually repeats the stage of development last reached by the species, he contains unconsciously, as an *a priori* datum, the entire psychic structure developed both upwards and downwards by his ancestors in the course of the ages. This is what gives the unconscious its characteristic 'historical' aspect, but it is at the same time the *sine qua non* for shaping the future. For this reason it is often very difficult to decide whether an autonomous manifestation of the unconscious should be interpreted as an *effect* (and therefore historical) or as *aim* (and therefore teleological and anticipatory). The conscious mind thinks as a rule without regard to ancestral preconditions and without taking into account the influence this *a priori* factor has on the shaping of the individual's fate. Whereas we think in periods of years, the unconscious thinks and lives in terms of millennia. So when something happens that seems to us an unexampled novelty, it is generally a very old story indeed. We still forget, like children, what happened yesterday. We are still living in a wonderful new world where man thinks himself astonishingly new and 'modern.' This is unmistakable proof of the youthfulness of human consciousness, which has not yet grown aware of its historical antecedents.'
- vi) Vol. 9(1); par. 506; p. 282: 'There are dreams and visions of such an impressive character that some people refuse to admit

that they could have originated in an unconscious psyche. They prefer to assume that such phenomena derive from a sort of 'super consciousness' ... Consciousness needs a centre, an ego to which something is conscious, nor can we imagine a consciousness without an ego. There can be no consciousness when there is no one to say: '*I am conscious*'.

- vii) Vol. 9(1): par. 518; pp. 286/7.
- viii) Vol. 9(1); par. 519; p. 287.
- ix) Vol. 9(1): par. 520; pp. 287/8.
- x) Vol. 9(1); par. 521; p. 288.
- xi) Vol. 9(1); par. 522; p. 288.
- xii) Vol. 9(1); par. 523; p. 288.
- xiii) Vol. 9(1); par. 505; p. 282.
- xiv) Vol. 9(1); par. 502; p. 281.
- xv) Vol. 9(1); par. 509; p. 283.
- xvi) Vol. 9(1); par. 513; pp. 284/5.
- xvii) Vol. 9(1); par. 514; p. 285.
- xviii) Vol. 9(1); par. 505; p. 282.
- xix) Vol. 9(1); par. 502; p. 281.
- xx) Vol. 9(1); par. 509; p. 283.
- xxi) Vol. 9(1); par. 513; pp. 284/5.
- xxii) Vol. 9(1); par. 514; p. 285.
- xxiii) Vol. 7; par. 189; p. 109.
- xxiv) Vol. 7; par. 196-197; p. 114.

24. How different my objectivity is from that which T.S. Eliot calls 'objective correlative'⁴ My version grows unconsciously out of the situation. T.S. Eliot's 'objective correlative' would appear to impose on the poem. At least in part, the film of this cameraman and his cinematographic camera (themselves a symbol) *is the poem*.
25. A skilled photographer or cinematographer who knows his business, catches the 'peak moments'. That is exactly what the psyche of the objective poet does. It catches 'peak moments'. For me, this is organic. For T.S. Eliot, it would appear to be mechanical. But then I do not enact it, strictly speaking. The collective unconscious uses, even compels, my psyche to effect this objectivity. It merely happens. I do not enforce it by my egocentric consciousness. My ego is 'told' by the collective unconscious to effect this objectivity, I have to listen carefully to hear at all. The collective unconscious employs a language as soft and delicate as the sound of bees' wings in flight. The sound is barely audible. I have to turn inward (introspect) and listen carefully, attentively. Delicate though the 'language' of the collective unconscious is, this language often contains a command, sometimes a cosmic command.
- 26.
- a. Preceding my tripartite procedure, with its two transformations, in my model in regards to imagery. I employ another model and again I express it in images.
 - b. The line is the most important entity in my poetry. Its creative management is the work, the province of extraverted feeling (evaluation) function, and its principles are my subjective sense of meaning and aesthetics.
 - c. At the beginning of each line (the first significant word) is a pivotal word. Spinning and spilling over with psychic and physical energy. At the end of each line are one of four cadence

⁴ Edited with Introduction by Frank Kermode: *Selected Prose by T.S. Eliot*; London, 1975, Faber and Faber Limited, p 48.

conditions whose names I borrow from music theory: anacrusis (follows to next line) or interrupted cadence or a half cadence or a full cadence.

- d. The tension between the beginning of a line and end of a line provides a great, forward driving energy of agility, athleticism, skill (technique) to produce a circle which becomes joined with other cycles and thus forming a spiral which, in turn spins all the way to eternity with incredible energy.
- e. This forward, teleological movement is always there, whether the poem's pace is slow or fast.

27.

- a. The above description might end up with an impression of symmetry. This is far from the truth. Every poem I have written builds on plans of archetypal poise, asymmetry, penetration, strength, sauvity. Archetypes rich in attributes operate in the Two Briefs of Châtillon's Life (2BCL) in general, in *Primal Mediation* in particular.
- b. It is not what is wrong that counts. It is what is right that rules. What works well is the greatest contribution to this world, the greatest asset of this universe.
- c. The well-hidden self-pity of T.S. Eliot or his kind is not my purpose
- d. Yet I know full well what grief is. I experience it deeply. I assimilate disappointment.
- e. I am neither persecuted nor do I court it. I am neither a puritan nor a libertine.
- f. I regard Eros as handsome and full of compassion in his relatedness
- g. The archetypes of attributes appear to favour me. They richly imbue me with creativity among many other archetypal attributes. Let me celebrate this privilege and them, particularly in my poetry.

28.

- a. The following is my objective. It is subjective, perhaps even extremely so. I want to be within my just-rightness – the sanskrit word *rtā* – in terms of my own personality, my own being.
- b. I have (and shall do so again and again) initiated myself in my own psychology many times. And thus I want to add to my unconditional self-knowledge, unconditional self-acceptance.
- c. About everything that comes to my life, I ask two questions. Is this for me? Where is it going to lead me? So far these two questions have yielded extraordinary and highly-valued results.
- d. Charisma is important. It is a calling card. On the back cover of the paperback edition of Ronald Hayman's biography of Jung, *A Life of Jung*, the *Mail on Sunday* is quoted as having printed: 'Yet up until his death in 1961, he initiated ground breaking ideas, *but only trusted his impulses*'.⁵ Jung claims the same thing for Christ.⁶ For both of them their initiation was into their own psyches. I suspect this is individuation. And thus extends far beyond collectivity. I cannot live at once the life of a public-school boy and my own, my ground-plan. My own ground-plan might yield charisma and authenticity. Living the life of the public school boy in adulthood is most likely to yield a life of discontent and sense of inauthenticity.

⁵ Ronald Haymen: *A Life of Jung*; op. cit.

⁶ C.G. Jung: *The Collected Works*; Volume 11; *Psychology and Religion: West and East*, paragraphs 522, p 340: 'It is no easy matter to live a life that is modelled on Christ's but it is unspeakably harder to live one's own life as Christ did his.'

ERUPTING
EVOLUTION



The Archetype of Number as Spiritual Agent of Order, Structure
and Containment by numbers:

1. Aria and Theme
2. The Animal
3. The Caveman
4. The Human
5. The Deity
6. The Supreme God
7. Aria and Theme (repeated)

Started 8.vii.1957;

Completed 30.i.1958.

First revision iii 1968;

Second revision 26.ix.1971;

Third revision from January (19.i.2012) to March (19.iii.2012).

The first, second and third revisions are concerned predominately with
lineation and minor corrections in the original manuscript.

ARIA AND THEME ¹

All things are one
thing
and there is a
oneness of all things:
an element of white
existing without all
other elements
(even
those of black)
is
outside the
jurisdiction of
eternity and
beyond the
territory of
creation.

Human life is a
pentagon
naming its
inseparable segments
Animal, Caveman,
Human, Deity and

¹ The Aria and Theme has reference to Bach's Goldberg Variations and the architectonic structure of these variations.

Supreme God;
there is
no element in
any of these segments
not inter-patterned
indivisibly within
this entire
pentagon
 for to
isolate an element
would be to
excite erupting
volcanoes into
incinerating
human life.

Erupting Evolution is
this violent destruction
– the antithesis of
Integrating Evolution
eternally indestructible.

THE ANIMAL

As delirium-inducing as a pit
plunging to the fire of the
earth's charred core,

as

horrent as flesh of humans
rotting in their lives twenty
years before their stench-death,

as

contorted as faces (in violent
fits) with blue-lipped, purple-tongued
mouths

grew this horror-hived
creature (this animal) of
seventeen years but at once
seven months, seven years,
seventy summers and (with the
umbilical cord of seven-hundred
winters' growth) chained and bound
desperately on to the
torture of minced meat for
flesh and bitter, bitter
waters for blood!

This
animal's scourge was more than

Shé (who gave the animal birth) was
impregnated by a demon, shé was the
demon's damnation, shé used this demon till
fear gobbled him, and then she waited
embittered by his filth – waited to
explode like a hand-grenade, thinking of
new diseases, making new tortures,
twisting her shrieking, hard-knobbed
mind to kill!

her breasts were sucked by
poison-fanged mambas, shé fed
them for their work and théy (these mambas)
found their damnation (that wriggled their
muscles) in hér blood!

At last the
animal was born, hé that was of
the dark vaults in caves penetrating the
core of the erupting boil, hé that
cackled a sweeping bladed laugh –
bladed to scratch and scratch till the
females he scratched were checked blocks of
scratches, till they bled like the
body of the pig when its head is
taken for the dinner;

at birth this
animal declared in a manifesto of
wails what hís policy was – “I

will impregnate life with damnation! I
will murder and kill before the
day dawns for those starting to
live! I will make them part of
the worms that eat their flesh! I
will! I will! I will! I will!”

There were only the scissors of
kindness and nurses to cut him
free from his mother and they
failed as a man drowns in
saving his drowning child;
the
mother (from whose womb damnation came)
held him (her son, this animal) till his
death was her death as scorpions (in
danger) inject their own poison into
themselves;

and horror was like
tea at twenty to four to produce
twisting bodies in purple and blue
kicking violently on floors and in
dust at thirty minutes past seven;
this animal
(that malignant growth) grew and
flourished early before the spring of
life;

females were magnetised by his

monster, hair-covered limbs – and his
black eyes that burned them so deeply their
hearts convulsed and threw forth the
filth of living;

like an invasion of
reptiles

he attacked them
and
their virginity screamed like stars
attacked by flames of a sun or like
bodies lashing into each other till
iron was softest wool and
everything nothing, till particles of atoms
were freed and their dust suffocating!

This animal ravished his first
female when he was ten

and she (who was
white and delicate of skin like the water's
lily-bloom in late summer) was a
mess of oil-stringed hair and skin
bruised (like that of peaches packed too
tightly in boxes) after he had cackled and
raved and bellowed as bulls do at
midnight – ripping virginity as do
sadists

but this white female was
impregnated by death now and would

give birth to death – her skin was
too black to ever know life again;
the
animal's mother she was glad,
glad and mad like those sun-scorched
ranting like a pig in pain but
she enjoyed her pain and loved
her gorilla-son to inject with such
fine needles all the pain that
life and death could muster to fill the
festering wounds of our society!

Brown was the female who
came when the animal was fifteen and
mud she loved for mud was her
shade

but childlike she would not
stay who was like pottery;
the animal
clawed her and blood ran in
thin streams from her head while her
head and limbs became porridge – as
mangled as a man after
elephant-tusking and elephant-
trampling;

her legs were bent and
bent again as is wire-netting after a
river has burst through it;

her
head (that had once been womanly)
was crushed and all things were
dehydrated and powdered to
dust

and the mother of this animal
she laughed and laughed loud as
uncouth women in beery drunkenness –
só allowing the worms of decay to
demolish our society!

The
female (who came next) was black but
became grey like grotesque growths on
limbs (once so like living flesh),

even
before the animal had directed his
desire for her death at her humanly-
shaped life;

she wriggled, writhed in
pain – panting like a dog with teeth and
tongue exposed to the heated winds
only to breathe in bogs of thickening
thirty-ton-per-square-inch sand-dust from
deserts of drought till she was like a
snake forked in only one spot to
the earth

and before the year saw yet

settled down to devour what he
delighted in

but soon he wasted
away while waiting for the loud but
inane laughing of the masterdom
that is cut from blindness

and the
satanic disappointment of
nothing to desire to kill drove
him to use his tearing teeth on his
own flesh – só ripping it into
wounds bleeding to death and
só at last

he compensated for the
circle he upset with the arrows
aimed at etherizing our society into
accepting only the ends envisaged by
his ego

allowing none other!

THE CAVEMAN

And the caveman's mother dropped him
out like a pin but (like a howling hound)
he entered into the blowing flames of
life in caves and in oceans of
drowning, gurgling survival;

she (that
was a mother) threw him forth (as
waters burst from the sides of a
mountain) but he grew monstrously
yellow and almost white at the tips of
his heavy ivory teeth;

jaws (like
triangles of iron) adorned his
hardened-mud, haired face that
scowled like massive wrestlers hoping to
attract a desiring shé

and time grew
fat and paunched while hé became hungry for
a maize crop of twenty acres – so
vast a quantity he could transform within
his stomach to fill up the quarry of
his hunger

and nails he cultivated (as
florists their hot-house-like carnations) to
dig and scratch like ant-eaters – only

his earth was flesh throbbing as a
live coal at a hell-sent hurricane
igniting ten thousand acres of
fifteen-foot elephant-grass and
so encompassing in flame
another ten-thousand-million acres
– devastating life (like warfare) in
nomansland!

The caveman's face
grew on its surface a red glow (as
the amber to warn of damnation-
danger) and out he set as a
damned man to live and die in
the cell walls of his lust where the
music of cannibalism gnawed at his
ears as moths at cupboard-clothes and
he desired;

then (as petals falling in
spring speak of peaches) he smelt a
buffalo cow and (as caffeine rouses a
tired brain) he woke desiring to love and to
hate her;

rushing like a javelin-
thrower

he dug himself into her flesh and from
her throat came the blood-sounds of
howls for more of his burning acid as well as

the cool wintry breeze of freedom from
this male-monster
and (in stark black and
white) she died off as a
fly under a swatter!

Then the
masculinity and stomach in this
caveman smiled and grinned at their
newly accomplished feat in one pistol-
shot while the caveman himself
(satisfied momentarily like a customer
seeking new shoes for too swollen a set of
feet) sat and thought contentedly (as do
corrupt, old men before they die)
“how much in
treasures of scorching-lusts I do for
our society!”

The next female was an
eagle in vulture-dances of tropical,
white-heated spaces said to be
blue;
she gave the caveman a
scowl from a fish-hook nose but he
had her (in lusts) watching him as a

child desirous of a pellet gun and then (as
squirrels to peanuts) she suddenly
jumped to him and (in fists of iron)
he grabbed her and sucked at
her life as a snake sucking
eggs till suddenly the farmyard-slaughter-hell
(when wild dogs ravish) raged in the
cavities of her throat

and (with the
wailing sounds from drillers in the earth)
she died while he gnawed at her
flesh as a lioness at her newly gained and
bleeding carcass;

he was then as
satiated as the stomach after an over-
indulgence.

She that was next in the
queue was a cat and blood
incensed her as petrol fumes
are by a flame

but her lusts
were as strong as pillars of
buildings which crumbled not in large
factory-fires

and yet still she creased like a
woollen in water overlong while her
desire grew like concentrated acid;

he saw
her and (as a watchdog on a thief)
he sprang – his great-dane strides and
jaws made a body-from-a-motor-car
accident of her that was a cat

but
nót before his lusts had sucked and
grown mountainous though momentarily
satisfied as blackmailers are after their first
instalment.

And then the caveman
saw that female counterpart of
himself (the cavewoman) as if
looking into a mirror of distortion and
he and this female grinned (as do hags
half-witted by age) at the sun;

then
they danced like primitive tribes before
their nightly debauchery which fluttered as
flags of honourable monarchs in our
society!

And this female that became the
caveman's wife (as virgin brides
grew to be mothers) was impregnated by

his sticky, black-liquorice dirt to drop
out small horrors suspended as drops from
a leaf after rain;

while married partners in
their firm of crime

they swayed viciously
sharpened sickles in huge fields of
flesh to pay their children-shareholders for
their hunger-investment and so these
parents gave substance to their own
lust which grew like hair on the
thickly covered masculine face whose body
is closer black than the white of his own
skin;

on these marble bases (like
hippopotami) stand our society!

The actions

of husband and wife blended into
a duet as do voices of soprano and
baritone but what was harmony to
them

cracked the world with
its cacophony;

in their art
were blood-streams of pain as finely
broken glass in the feet

and their

white-bearded, half-blinded, half-deaf, half-witted,
agèd fool!

The young duiker hé (the caveman)
saw and spurted after her like a four-inch
stream of water down a steep gradient and (in
his coconut-hair-encrusted limbs) he
squeezed her like an orange while shé (the
cavewoman) nibbled away at the duiker's
flesh as a rat at the corn-bags;

then when
hé had made pulp of the duiker (and shé
had filled up like a hole after the rains)
they laughed together and (in political
discussions) examined the dirt of which they
said they were devoid in this our dusty
society!

Even the sly crocodile was in
the mesh of terror spun by the caveman and
his wife

and hé (the caveman) clawed the
crocodile as the eagle would a rat;

then
blood jumped out like a boil under
pressure – when husband and wife had

converged the force of their javelin –
jump onto the reptile.

But the caveman grew
berserk as would a glassed-in mamba – only
no bonds of glass or steel held his converged
energy;

his mate (in slow rips as a
dog with leather) became steaks for his
stomach and she (the cavewoman) died like a
hog howling after being struck by
a butcher's bullet

while time tensed up
the day with the nerves of horror for the
caveman's children and his mother followed –
cut into small chunks they were dropped (piece by
piece) into the pot of satisfying odours to
his hunger and to sulky male lusts growing more
sulky with the madness of age

and then howling
was worse than hyenas in a pack descanting like
devils before the destruction of our
society!

After so much accomplished in
acid abortion (by the animal-plus-human
equation of the wolf-pack slaughtering

unrolling like a
tarred highway) this caveman grew highly odd
grabbing at his own throat – ever-throwing his
own living in the chewing of his own inflamed
flesh till the filthy mess was the fiery and
erupting stomach after meals of decayed meat!

THE HUMAN

In the cold milk-vehicle-white maternity-ward

the human burst from his mother as would a butterfly from a cocoon but (in that instant) he initiated the gruesome goring of both bull-horns in animal flesh (demanding animally planned days) and the powerful, crust-thin, iron-wire thrust of Godly rule (demanding heaven's finely embroidered knowledge – the perfect creation wedge só firmly in the ultimate wood that one without the other is not)

and

so he grew (who was human) like a goitre – of the flesh and yet against the flesh

so too were his lusts – of human life and yet crude crimes in human society!

At ten he stared like a chick (newly from the egg) at the green grass;

at

fourteen two elements of animal and God struck out like elephant bulls over an

elephant cow and he felt like a gladiator after
a bloody arena – tired and dying and yet with
the force to fight irrepressibly like one with
Saint Vitus dance;

and then the God
(finely mingled in ambition like sugar in
a cake-dough) strove to rein ultimate
powers of atoms (shielded from sight by
invisibility) from the epoch of Greek-
flavouring to twentieth-century cocktails of
wars, statesmen and mad, mad people together as
fascinating as rockets on Guy-Fawkes
night and as dangerous as the hydrogen
bomb;

so the human grew tall like the blue gum
tree while his psyche shrivelled up like an
over-ripe tomato in the sun and chilli's became
his diet in the competition of cars of
knowledge or exotic houses of fame while
neighbours (every human) stimulated each
other with their tennis-game of jeering and at
those tea parties where they patronise the
less fortunate *scientists of life* (the idealists)
whose mathematical equations do not balance
like a grocer's scales when weighing exact
measures!

Then another ray blazed through the
spectrum of his body – the lust that the animal

thinks his hundred-thousand-pound inheritance
– every shé was seen by this human as his
property illegally kept from being possessed by
him;

control was thrust upon him (as the statesman
war on the people) while his blood foamed
up like beer in a glass and the gas of
desire inflated his life till he floated like a
balloon in the sky of uncertainty between
sulphur pits and heavenly lightning while both
thése violent tremors crumble that object,
that human life!

Later suppression grew on this
lust (as a creeper against a wall) till
ultimately it was finger-long cancers on a
body and floating in a sea salted with
the hellish, burning nights of desire
and
fears (as black as coals, as distorted as a
bombed city) sprouted quite successfully over the
paved streets of civilized living
but the
human still sought and sought as fortune-
seekers for diamonds in deserts where the
stones of pain and the psyches lopped-off limbs
are crushed together for sand, where the suckling
fire-ball in the sun of God (mingled like

ginger ale in brandy) is in every portion that
is animally human and thus hé (the human)
rushed madly (as starved lions to a carcass) till
he tumbled into the ditch filthy with
despair, wet with blood of human
bodily suffering in the torture flames and
torture ice-caves of the psyche gone witchdoctor with
cynicism and loss of blood in battles with a
laughing, merciless and yet glass-clear righteous (but
misconceived in the dim world of low flickering)
God seen as white and black, as filthy and
clean, as good and bad as only Hé (to
humans) can be in that constellation which

is nothing and *unknown* – perfection

that

bitch-mother of damnation whose mate was that
God that is at one time Himself and her
partner as one blue is part of another blue and
yet different!

And marriage fell into the
human as a square block of concrete

onto a

hound reduced then to a pancake state

while the

sickles of animal rotten-toothed lust and a
harsh-mouthed God set to lashing each other and

all that is life in the dying carcass of the
human and (from these children of the human) the
sadism of survival issued out unrestrainedly – and yet
“We are happily married” they said, the
female and the male, the bolt and the
nut that melted into one conglomeration!

And

still the searching in antarctic regions of
obscurity (and in yellow-glaring equator regions of
dense, sweating forest wooded with the unknown)
continued

and hé (the human) lived on like a
tree in raging forest-fires for (after the
axe had hacked him down) he still stood
starkly in black against a silent
heaven as barren as a women in her
hundredth year;

he prayed and praying was like
ulcers to his stomach, he swore and swearing
was poliomyelitis that paralysed limbs and it
sent the brain as berserk as an ox when long
white-hot iron tongs burn deep into its
flesh

while groping to heaven
this human
tumbled into pits of wet dung
hiding in compost

he was exposed to the lion-gnawing of the ice-winds from that God who torments the body like a fever before death!

Then in consultation with all things they (who are human unity) searched in laboratories where the white steam from the test tube and sizzling of a flame started the doom that grew till it and the earth were in a wrestling match and in the soot-like world of blackness (that yet was every other colour) while born from heaven and damnation being at once flesh and air, dying and living – all the powers (that were torn from the skin of the human) grew and they were uglier than hell, human or heaven!

Then suddenly all things turned in circles and stomachs were floating in the air where limbs had fully covered the earth while blood fountained twenty-thousand feet straight into other universes

and in our society were howling flesh gaps while (in our society) all things went yellow with acid-festering which

crackled till even dying (together with death and decay) were demolished!

And he (the human)
is the knot that unites all five
forces

that is the wound where
germs of good and bad unite,
marry and then fight battles with
guns whose double barrels are
one from heaven and one from hell!

THE DEITY

What horror centre (like the core of an apple) hovers thickly in the atmosphere – this thing of metallic substance and yet as abstract as air, this thing (black like the hell of the totally blind) called God?

grotesque, ghostly sinews float in the air and dried blood fills the air while fighting (gnawing, fighting) the cat-like deities ask and scratchingly search (in heated fevers of cancered stomachs) for the God which is within and without themselves as sea water is in and outside a floating bottle in vast oceans;

what is this, this hand severed from a body, this head freed from a nerve-fighting trunk, this thing that howls like exploding radios, that makes the guts turn purple, this thing that makes fear flourish like rats and this dirties the world with muck from the sewerage pipe of that ambition which seeks to possess all the business branches of power and so killing

life and disintegrating, disseminating all
desire of living?

the wrath of the supreme
element glows like radar and burns
our society to the white ash in a
heat hell never knew;

not to be
only a deity (a saint, an angel) but the
supreme substance, the sap and semen in
the reproductive centre of the universe
is each deity's convulsing desire and the
odour of their puking makes us die in
the everlasting sabre-battle of superiority
who rots continually and in whom the
maggots of hate breed excellently so that
bitterness is suspended like a body from
a broken neck in the hangman's supple
noose!

And all this deity wanted was the
white blood of the Godhead, the power
flashing into the heavens like volcanic
eruptions sprouting a lava of minced life –
black and bubbling with bitter bubbles
flowing continually from his huge paunch,
that paunch of seeking to know birth and
rotting as a sex-maniac seeks to mangle
bodies

and he gargled with expectations and
confidence (that is like hardened
glue with crushed glass of smugness in
the mixture) was slowly forced down the throat of
life

all the skin of which was ripped off after the
slaughter in the abattoir of good
men and women!

Then (wandering like a
louse in a bed) the deity entered the
valley where rocks bogged down the air and
impregnated women gave birth to
the million-toed disease to satisfy
toothless power and the operating theatre's
half kidneys (ripped from purity and
from understanding) floating aimlessly as
do dry leaves of autumn in the serial
writer's magazine story of true sex-
love;

the air pressed down in thick,
toffee-thick sheets and squashed
him that is a deity and that sought the
opening of the volcanic pipe to the
centre of the universe where only
good exists (in starched white) killing
human life or where mowers mow down the
tall grass of growth

and fatter

this deity grew till a saucer was
his shape and then thought was like
dirt in petrol for only one way
existed as a man has only one life in
animal form;

thus puking out the free will of
thinking he sank living (yet lifeless) into
the sewage-farm mess of power and
life!

Then wandering in the
valley (where the stench told of rotting
bodies and of meats long since bee-hived with
maggots,

where tomatoes first
stank and then grew in abundance once
more – never ripe but continually
rotting

where flowers smelt like the
manure from which they rose)
this deity came to a hole where
chemicals were waging war – so
creating the carbon monoxide to kill
life and the thin stream of cyanide
water to kill the worlds of every
universe with this poison;

the clouds

converged into bog-like masses and
rained urine down onto the earth to
make everything (once green and
sweet) yellow and sour

and he
(that was a deity) had a nose but
soon the smell was as dead as bones
crumbling dustily a thousand, thousand
years!

Then falling in the ditches of pain
this deity entered a new region where distortion
grew lavishly as crops on vast fields;

the
piercing thorn caused him no pain, the
caress of a loved one excited no joy,
no bruising stones injured his feet,
he felt not the branches scratching
his skin,

the cold rain did not
chill him nor did the sun scorch
his flesh,

the arctic and its freezing
left him indifferent though claiming a
leg and arm, the daggers (penetrating far
his flesh) disturbed him not although
he bled like a headless ox:

then (falling into

the ditch) he felt nothing – feeling
had evaporated as mud-pools in a
tropical sun!

He (the deity) entered a
hall with a long table on the oval
surface of which paraded the best dishes from
each land

and he ate but not even the
taste of the most pungent sauce penetrated
his tongue dehydrated beyond all life

and
all the million wines, champagnes, liqueurs and
brandies were to his taste less than
water;

not the leg of mutton surrounded in
thick gravy (nor even the prepared chicken and
almost like Nordic skin

nor the beef-roll
brown with roasting) gave him the taste of
dripping-rich sensation that makes the
stomach crave all the more;

no fruit
(grape nor peach, plum nor pear) could
yield to him that sense:

from his
taste the life-core was extracted
leaving only a carcass – the tongue!

He (that is a
deity) entered a ditch where the shrieks of
dying pigs (and oxen being slaughtered at
abattoirs) rage among the seventh
tone chromatic ascent of a violin out of
tune

and the drilling of machines into
the glass-hard earth (that shattered in the
noise like twenty million plates crashed to
an iron-cement floor) rocked the
heavens into a flaming glow of revolt and
fear

and all ear-drums burst like
balloons under pressure while deafness
sank onto the world like a
mist of iron and steel particles:

then
(sinking into a marsh) his hearing was
not

for he could hear no sucking nor
its horrid belching!

And slowly a
dimness enclosed this deity (as a
thick-mesh nets a fish) while darkness
yielded distorted cancerous shadows of
blindness (that grew as rapidly as
mushrooms and toadstools their poisonous

vegetation-flesh) and it smothered his
sight as mad mothers their illegitimate
new-born babes;

sight (the symbol of the
animal that was vital once) had now
died to be a god

and red or blue

or the

ermine white on the purple of the king
this deity's eyes could no longer perceive for
they were as dry as desert sand – ever
arid.

Now freed

his objective righteousness
blossomed outrageously and knew no
concentration-camp fences of limitation by
the softening senses

for now the deity was of
the same fibre as Hé that is the
supreme substance, the centre of life to
all that is at once God but as purely so as
gold (extracted from the earth) can be
purely itself

and so hé (the deity) was freed from
all human and sub-human elements.

And on
white marble wings (as hard as steel, as
terrible as earthquakes and their
tearings into the earth, as destructive as the
man-made damnation

that bomb that would
split the world within time and space to
those very atoms from which this bomb
robbed its unheavenly powers)

this deity
rose in fury blowing dead the flames of
the sun

and in this same fury

this deity
rose against the black (hardened beyond
hardness) outer heavenly walls guarding the
soft (lamb soft) and white inner
walls:

God's wrath sparked momentarily like a
splinter of burning metal;

then enclosing around
this deity was a hard gauze net – the
agent of oil-black darkness and hé (this
deity) weakened while he sank in the
blackest of dark shadows;

ever increasing in
their smothering;

doomed

his damnedness
weighed him down in the tar to sink to

eternity in the bottomless coal-lakes from
that he sought to be!

All life (that
is human) in radar-like waves (that burn
gaping sores) is the spirit of him that
must forever fall!

THE SUPREME GOD

As complete as a geometrical circle

He is

That has no sense (as black has no white) and He is the infinite point, the heart, the vital fuel in each living substance, the blood of breath, the oxygen of living, the kidney of the heart and yet He is lifeless (above life as a roof is above a foundation) and He is deathless (above death as the topmost leaves above the roots of a tall tree)

– united and disjointed as the ropes knotted at one point (the core of the apple) while other ends blow freely – the chains to everything that is, was or must yet be!

And He lives subdued (like night-club lights) in the dimming shadows of peace where the glare of disturbance is caught by the blind of

perfection and loud voices are strained by
Godliness

where emotion has dried up like a
shrivelled orchid (once eloquently
stating her defence of beauty in the
cold court-room of death)

but He
has a love that has no feeling and (like
air) is and is not, that is as coldly
calculated as the three dimensions and as
correct and irretrievable as time

for
this love is no opposite to hate (as
life is to death) and its perfection is the
power that makes every living cell of
this world quake with that stomach-fever –
fear!

And the habitat of this Supreme God
is surrounded in voices golden and as
clear as the sight (through vast window-panes) of
beaches stretching out their sexy limbs in
a summer's afternoon-sun where the
harmony of these vocal structures (as
architectonic as Saint Peter's Cathedral)
issue out choir-filled designs as
continually as water from a
powerful fountain and the grand

old spheres (now clothed in the
billion-year growth of their own beards)
gush out together music as strange as a
sun by night and a moon by day,
then too
this heavenly hall is and is not –
existing minutely in worms and grandly in
the large stars of the vast constellations,
real as rock, unreal as eternal physical
life free from metamorphosis, floating and
static as is all space, dying and living as
are all human forms
– a contradiction and a
truth!

And Hé that is known by
every name and by no name at all – what of
Him?

He knows no heat nor cold, never
tastes the sweet nor the bitter, never sees
– only knows all things, never hears
– only understands all things
and His
smell is dormant – a dud, a mummy;
Hé

is the essence of all life – Hé ís
all life as a steak is beef from an ox;
Hé – an abstraction,
His power – all
creation!

His perfection is in Him as white
cells are in red blood, it is He as
surely as flowers come from plants
and it
flourishes around Him like the worms in
the rotting bodies of the Second World
War
while it's as large and blown up as one who
died from drowning;
this perfection
is like a plague and gives greyness a
blackier tint in its rebellion against being a
bastard of black and white
but it never
succeed in it further-whitening the white of
righteousness that knows no mercy as a
solid rock knows nought of mathematics.

His creation
(that is Himself)

sinks and rises and yet
never moves;
in a violent swing down
(once He lost His grip on human life)
we sank
forever into the blackness that oozes out of
living like a thick glue from a thin tube while
evil and perfection became enemies
and
both remained tumbling monstrosities (the
size of Mount Everest) for us to breathe in
on this earthly orb – crushing us as big
boulders crush vermin!

His wrath
is in Him as lungs in a human body
and as
lungs breathe so that wrath must
punish
and yet (as physicians help to save the
lives of irresponsible motor-car-madmen who
destroy other lives and maim themselves)
how
then can Hé (that is God supremely –
everything converged),
how can He,
His wrath (that distorted child of hate) and
His love converge to make the

white of compassion when
their feud is black and mouldy –
rotten in the thirty-billionth year
before this orb?

In Him this disturbance
opens volcanoes and spouts violent fires as if
water and makes blood a heated concentrated
acid while in His intestines knives gash and
tear flesh and yet He is calm (like a
pool on a windless, cloudlessly serene hell-hot
day) on the outer crust of Godly benevolence!

But

terror too must be and this Supreme God
accumulates thunderbolts to cultivate this
terror-virus by hurling these horrific
thunderbolts (ripping open the heavens as
the hydrogen-bomb the earth)

and

then afterwards He feels relieved like one
who has been saved in a moment from a year's
slow dying

while thin

He rises like a
smoke but never does He stop this spiral

rising of heaven and its God
that are both
Himself!

Yet one reality clasps this
God like the jaws of a shark
– heaven and
hell, good and evil, God and Satan
are the circumference of all creation on
the right – apart;
on the left they are
neighbours as closely as families under the
same roof – unlike but alike as a leopard and a
tiger.

Once he turned His senseless
eyes to the creation
He had sculptured and (as
sulky as those deprived of love) He forgave
this creation its sinful movements against His
vanity – He forgave it His own renunciation of
That Which is Himself but Which had revolted as
ignorant peasants against refined aristocrats
for
His children (that are life) in their very
virginity had become prostitutes for lascivious
death!

The pattern of punishment He planned,
then thinned out into three-cornered sulphur
pits of singing, spirit-tearing damnation
and in
that

His awareness aimed at transfixing the life
He forgave but whose sin (that started lustily but
grew listless) sank slow sparks of His
own wrath (red and raw as meat) into Him
and

He rose (That is God) ranting forever but no
indifference (even when narrow and suffocating)
could barrier the Spirits (That are God) and
compulsively

They grappled and rose (following
Him) to chain Their gyrating existence (chatting
nervously and insecurely) to the Centre of the
Circle That holds them and That is God;

then
His thick indifference quivered and started to
shiver in the cold-wind touchings of His
guts with soiled fear

but never can He (That is
thé God),

never can His oneness be freed from
the nerves (of every spirit) that are in Him

while
still this indifference of granite forms itself
around and in Him like an iron wall of thickening and
hardened cliff-barriers!

And the town-planning must
persist (like a plain cold – to be understood and yet
never to know how to kill that rabid cur) to
prevent all living matter from falling into the
thick circle of sickening power

– always tiring
further in the tumblings and terrors with the
complete turn in each of time's revolutions
and so (to
save the black drowning mass of these snow-
birds called existence)

time enters the
tumult as the fourth dimension-ruler of five
dynamic-proportioned monarchs who in the fifth
reaches the end of the sheen-thread through
creation and so touches the centre-cell of
omnipotence and omniscience

that uncaged
rules and (slowly and silently) calms down the
casting of God's poisonous fogs in which
His wrath kills ghostly (yet guts-poisoning)
evil whose lusts are like thorns filled with
death's drug to inject (eternally) all
life;

then the balance takes shape and rises (under
the strong, the soft fingers of time) to
its full glory-light;

once completed
it must evaporate for there to be only a
God in the frozen-feathered garments of
time

and só to free life from her
nausea to release her forever in the
stable but immaterial ethereality of eternity.

ARIA AND THEME ²

All things are one
thing
and there is a
oneness of all things:
an element of white
existing without all
other elements
(even
those of black)
is
outside the
jurisdiction of
eternity and
beyond the
territory of
creation.

Human life is a
pentagon
naming its
inseparable segments
Animal, Caveman,
Human, Deity and
Supreme God;

² The Aria and Theme has reference to Bach's Goldberg Variations and the architectonic structure of these variations.

there is
no element in
any of these segments
not inter-patterned
indivisibly within
this entire
pentagon
 for to
isolate an element
would be to
excite erupting
volcanoes into
incinerating
human life.

Erupting Evolution is
this violent destruction
– the antithesis of
Integrating Evolution
eternally indestructible.

Started 8:vii:1957,
Completed 30:i:1958,
Revision completed 2:vi:1968,
Second revision completed 26:ix:1971,
Corrections of Lineation of
The Aria and Theme of "*Erupting
Evolution*" 19:i:2012
Third revision from 19:i:2012 to 14:vi:2012

COSMIC
QUINTET



Dedicated to
Professor Barbara A Mackenzie

I am indebted to Ms Julie Yin for typing out this manuscript in April and May, 2012. I am also indebted to Mrs Frouke Brandt-Riemens for typing out the first version of this manuscript (1960) and to Miss Judy Reyneke for typing out a later version of it in in 1972.

Although the letter from Mr H. Gresswell accompanying his critique of *Cosmic Quintet* was dated 9:iii:1968, I did not incorporate these suggestions of Mr Gresswell at that time. Forty-four years later, I incorporated the greater part of his suggestions. 29.iii.2012

NOTES ON THE ARCHITECTONIC NATURE
OF COSMIC QUINTET

FIVE PARTS

ARIA AND THEME

4. GODLINESS

2. ETERNITY

1. TIME

3. LIFE

5. THE INANIMATE

ARIA AND THEME (REPEATED)

1. *Time* is the first part (which in itself has three parts) of this epic poem. The whole concept is as follows:

4 (Godliness)
2 (Eternity)
1 (Time)
3 (Life)
5 (Inanimate)

2. 1 = *Time*, and the others fit in thus:-

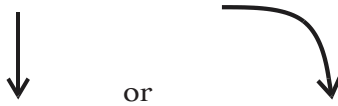
4. Godliness
2. Eternity
1. Time
3. Life
5. The Inanimate

3. *Time* is the dividing line, and the major difference. Four and 2 have their ever-presence because they are outside time, 3 as well 5 are born, grow, decay, and die essentially because they are in time. The purpose of time is purposeless. All purpose is in Eternity and Godliness, since these are beginning and end in one, or conversely, everything which means beginning and end is one.

4. This is my mystical interpretation (in my own particular terms) of the cosmos. It is revelatory, visionary.

5. Movement of any kind is a major consideration with me, but especially movement (or development) in a work of art. This seems to me to be the breath in the body, the yeast in the loaf. Now movement is at the core of this work.

1. Time: a falling movement



2. Eternity: static with the breadth of endlessness



3. Life: on and on; rise and fall



4. Godliness: rising endlessly



5. The Inanimate: surface silence, and yet slow, languid, burdensome, but large movements underneath, breaking through the surface once in each millennium (as earthquakes and volcanoes) out of the inanimate earth.



6. There is also a structural aspect in the three parts of each 'instrument' of the quintet. (Since they are playing the same

music simultaneously, each 'score' must move in the same manner and key, as it were – the above image of the quintet being played, which is brought out in the *Aria and Theme* and the title, is the foundation of the poem.)

7. *Cosmic Quintet* has its source in the collective consciousness. It dreams mystical dreams, cosmic dreams. *Erupting Evolution* has its source in the image of primeval forests, originating in the collective unconsciousness.

8. *Time* is "he".

Life is "he".

The Inanimate is "she". This part must be 'quiet' and mysterious (womanly).

Eternity and *Godliness* are "it".

Eternity and *Godliness* are much more remote than *time*.

9. Part I

- a) The nature and texture of the movement which develops into
- b) the texture of the tone of the instrument, which in turn develops further into
- c) short recalling of the movement's texture, which in turn preludes the brief personification of the instrument.

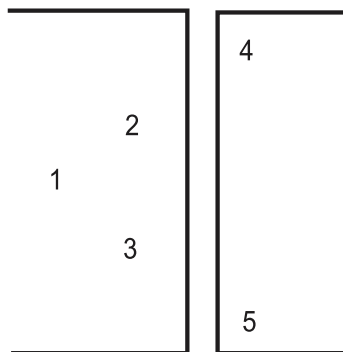
10. Part II

- a) Brought in relation with the 'I' which exists on each level.

11. Part III

- b) A repeat of Part I a) but the movement is more 'developed', more pronounced now (recapitulation). This moves on to the following:
 - b) The placing of the particular 'instrument' (or section) in context with one, or more, or all of the other 'instruments' (or sections).

12. Far more expansive than *Erupting Evolution*, this poem, *Cosmic Quintet*, is related to it, especially in the manner I set to work on both of them.
13. The whole of *Cosmic Quintet* was imagined and conceived in 30 to 45 minutes.
14. The whole image was drawn from Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*.
15. I stress that this work is mystical, and it belongs to my dream-world.
16. Like *Erupting Evolution*, *Cosmic Quintet* is based on an image. In the former, it is an erupting volcano, in the latter, it is five instruments playing a quintet. The *Aria and Theme* and the title of the poem emphasizes this in *Cosmic Quintet*. The same is the case with the *Aria and Theme* and the title in *Erupting Evolution*. In both cases, the entire poem is the actual image itself (each part being a different instrument in *Cosmic Quintet*, and five different aspects in a hierarchical order in *Erupting Evolution*). It cannot, therefore directly allude to the poem itself since the poem is 'inside' the image. For it to allude to the image, it needs to be 'outside' the image in order to acquire the necessary objectivity.



ARIA AND THEME

The Cosmic Quintet (of Time, Eternity, Life, of
Godliness and The Inanimate) plays in harmonies
of no rise, of no fall, never moving yet playing
simultaneously

for only in the inner rock-reaches
of internally turbulent Life and the sulky
Inanimate has cacophonic chaos its dirty yellow
distortion to be bleached again in the outer
reaches until erased ultimately before the touch
of the outer boundaries.

TIME

I

I lay to sleep that night to travel into and
through transience filming in thin mists
the mountains of my new world's land-lay
and I called from the regions of lower valleys
"You Eternal Princes in the red of blood
I call your presence into the reality-days"
and so entered the long path winding
up far into the palatial plateau from
where time was in that dawn spreading
over tumultuous territory of twenty billion
age-acres and the princes sang in the
mass where burn low the lamps of eternal
oils for sound-monumental buildings (whose
spirals were claying into one) pointed tall
tapering fingers to Godliness cut closely
into the thinner regions where the bronze
infinity is a breath of gold-silver that heat
and cold of the carpet-unrolling history-ejecting
ages;

 "come nights of high life, come nights
delving into the womb, fall of the diving
gull, star shooting, come cliff-grazing winds,
out of the simmering death-dark rises the
shimmer of slight sparkling to curve again
into the seas of time's tracings through eternal
ethers intoxicating the princes' high-hour carvings

on immortality granite strengths”,

oh and the
journey was long in the groaning of the burden
animals, the white horses of the princes strained in
the epochs of travel for at night it was the
chatterings, the endless etchings in acid words
for peace and in the day it was the humid
heat of speculations and the teasing flies of wars for
irritations but the growth of the journey came to
the sign of the lion somewhere in the middle
of the year which caused the battle of the falling
city in whose dying triumph came the diving
fall of the eagle, the sweeping curve of the burdens’
fall from the falcon heights of the cloud-swathed mountains
so that the new youths brought a new fertility
filling the wombs again in the spring with aged
art-hoardings

but later at the bloating dinner the
dull-white-faced business executive arrived in
long youth-ungainly limousines whose engines
roared out their pressure since the owners were
weighty in the tide’s rise and fall of the always-
escaping economy while moaning amid their incessant
teeth-chatterings

till fortunes swam me through the
air-haze and a camel carried me back to
before the Christ-callings in birth-pangs where old
fountains were unearthed to irrigate all the
next two thousand farm-valleys into the blooming
and bearing of the blood-orange and so the

grace-civilizations where greatness was the aristocratic
(quasi Godly) titles of the day,

thus moving

in caravan up the steep rock incline (mirrored in
the blue-cruled sea of the timelessness waters)
we saw the temple merely revealed in the
paper-rustling dusk where the spirits fed on
transformation-juices to gain the intense heat
for the spark to be given to the greatness-eruption
to settle in pulsating creations in ultimate
crystallizations,

suddenly a re-echoing chant of
urgency burnt the evening air with sounds
thus

“come into the paths (shadowless spirits) through
the crusts of time out of the white glare of hell”

and

rising out of the secretive soil came the tall
princes in the robes of royal poetry, of papal music,
of affluent painting and her relatives, of
ancient architecture and his old sister sculpture,
even of the great historian (dame drama) and
each robe drew from a different temple,

thus foremost

of all I saw Shakespeare near Mozart with
Beethoven to the front while in the organ loft was
Bach playing and William Blake observing, near me
sat Miss Austen who was allowing amusement to
play with her eyes more than the time allowed,
Rembrandt and Michelangelo sat sombre-viewing the

unheralded in the
antarctic night-sun
since again suddenly sounds
came from the low-curling
mountains-descents,
then sleep (old
and newly dressed) floated in on
a Mozartian measure
where you
(immortalized loved one)
stand in aged love-muscles
to entomb my old heart
but to what good, to
what good when you cut
the chain that bound us,
when you have vanquished
my army of defenders only
then to throw me to the winds,
to what good then?

III

Ships' lights far out at sea in close
mist come floating in on the evening
shores in whose sky-dome stars fall,
gulls curve down and the winds sweep
deep into the valleys in the stone's drop
down the mountain-sides calling forth
the harmonies that cave deep into cold

nebulousness as the sleep-to-descent
reflects the fast floating down of the
aircraft in the late night when in tropical
regions the fireflies cascade down and
the eagle leisurely falls to the buck
below,

so falling eternally the waves of
human existence pass in pageantry before
the huge eyes of eternity for out of mists
rises the magnificence-architecture to fall
to rise so that individuality is smudged
into a one but for the princes who ride
through the nights, even through the nebulousness-
fallings to fall to rise and so to reach up
further into the hierarchical layers of air-living
until the first fields of greatness are reached
from where their foundation is laid for
the vast-winged ascent so to climb
into the eternal days where the sunrise
and the sunfall reveal the water-carrier's
messages to them to prelude them to the
ever half-sleeping humanity in cooling breezes
on hot summer nights, in the warning
grate-fire on the fouled winters' nights till
they grow into monuments defying time-sequences
and stand gigantically over civilizations stepping
from millennium to millennium with the
wide-striding tall man's ease in passing over
countless billion sea-sand grains!

Suddenly I
woke and the
morning was
piercing me in
its heat-glare.

ETERNITY

I

Into the sleepings to through I (unconsciousness-filled) travelled to the ruled line of the eternal-sunned reality since there the purpose-air was abundant as the sea and sky continue unabated in the equidistance-parallel from the other's touchings wrapped delicately in the breezeless quiet where only the endless line moves unabatedly as do vast plateaux where beginning and end are not of horizon's containing and quiet not of contrasts containing for the string of endlessness's beginning or end is the sole dimension of quickness so to be the orbed oneness of eternity and I stood in blazing light of the flame-sky on tabled territory where all senses were in the lull of sleep beyond the life-stimulations of conflict since here the warm richness-painted afternoon (whose duration is morning through night into evening in the perfect circle of neither death's, neither life's revolvings) burns its tangerine-gold from the eternal oils whose existence is time's master holding history sequences as sand grains in the gigantic hand to show each imperfection's distortion that lives a truth-stone in time's lying voluminously for the unbegin, unended stretch of eternity's limbs on the curveless's highway holds the purpose to nullify the

youth-urge (to rise to fall) into the ruled line and so I thought,

“quiet that holds us in this motionless beginning-end, eternal ethers that stretch their layers infinitely yóu come not, go not, have not started, know no stop, yours is the existence in the peace’s mist-shimmerings burning brilliantly not in heat, equally distant from ice, open fields who merge away beyond horizons, outside rise or fall, eternal railway tracks smoothly moving backwards and forwards timelessly in the always of four feet six inches in the stretch apart”;

it was not of journey but of crystallization that eternal monuments burnt and so I was immersed into the different layers of eternal ethers where first mauve glowing timelessness’s vapours dulled the world and long existences stretched out rigidly in straightness but the forms came dark and straight at me and their orbs, their squares hovered momentarily soundlessly to whisper noiselessly of the breath that could not feel the opposite-epochs where one century follows the other for the first and last are one here, in nów indissolubly, nów immediate and the nów of evermore’s old equation-answer – séé,

séé the mauves touch the greens, all one in the blues, notice the rainbow that in one place, one time is all spectrum’s colours, séé how Socrates, Shakespeare, Bach are óne form, óne source-fountain, óne life, óne night of the same day and Nefertiti is Elizabeth Windsor of England, séé the high seas and the desert-calm day all one existing exactly in each moment of the same ego

that for all eternity is but this one ego emulated ultimately into the vast gem-crystallization that holds time frozen and makes nought-nebulous history – oh there is nó decay, nó death, nó birth, nó ripening only this orbicular afternoon burning all the colours in the once that is ever spherical in the absolute-activity of eternity which is never fermentation that is erased in motion's evaporation from the land of no rise, no fall (whose horizon never contains the cut of end) nor its bedfellow beginning for the winds are ruled and are still yet blowing without the gaping drop of a curve,

here the princes of eternity are smudged into the one, 'tis not a Bach a Brahms, a Beethoven, an Elizabethan Shakespeare, a Regency Jane of Austen, a Renaissance Michelangelo nor a Dutch Rembrandt of Rijn – 'tis one immovable, impossible to recognise to distinguish in the contours of greatness since united they are the essence-limbs of greatness,

grabble (even groping) to see to unravel I was in the motionless-quiet wave of crystallization to know greatness there, the princes there but to know not by the body's senses, the mind's senses, the instinct-perception senses yet to know as to know this body is I,

so even

eternal knowledge (perception-obliterating) spilt over me in immeasurable air layers existing in the indissoluble once and one place united both in the infinity-cast so that the fresh linen of peace is merged in immortality's deep blue to green sea-forms floating all patternfully on endlessness's clearly transparent water-filmings in the enfreshed ethers

of quietness's even issuings outwards within the hardened deep greys (softening into subtle blues shimmering illusively) of absolute's infinite inward spiral-turnings towards the eternity-enclosed circle's centre so that peace is stretched over the eternal land in the continuity of the uninterrupted surface in whose texture immortality is the finest threads (in beginningless-endlessness dimensions) not spun but smudged into one to simultaneously gain the indivisible patternings of the endlessness's timeless stretchings calling forth the quietness-order to cast the entire evolution completely in the motionlessness of the momentless eternal-moment from where the absolute becomes the swallower of time to become the feet of Godliness in the golden glacier of the dimensionless eternity-afternoon so that the murder of Caesar (Julius) exactly exists with Napoleon's fighting of his Waterloo and with Hitler in the last hours containing the twentieth century's second-crowned world war, so that Sappho writes, Jane Austen writes, Virginia Woolf writes with the same hand, same point of pen concurrently

and

there sits eternity in its immeasurable desert sands of solid granitic sculpture crystallized in the smile-remote set lips firmly foundationed on iron-forked jaws held above the soft feminine breasts and its forehead is the carrier of those eyes that know all things into the only thing that contains itself within itself infinitely in the name of eternity on the retina of Godliness ...

II

The quiet holds firm these
foundations and 'tis not
facial features nor bodily limbs
but one indistinguishable
to make coming or going
the whole that belies their
individuality –

so I in time
and time and you
are dissolved into
the infinity liquors
whose intoxication has
called the motionless-silence-

reality into the first rank
of knowledge in the string
that straight is endless, beginningless

and is in each point
concurrent in one place
in one presence so that
(beloved) you and I
are the same since all
is the one that has
not physical dimensions and
is not contained but in
its own beyond-existing borders,
so that I need not ribbons
to bind me to you (nor you
to me) since all things are
one thing and we are of that one thing
that is eternal all.

III

Stretching out in gold-tangerine afternoon of
the totally soundless quiet where the long tracks move forever
to the fore, to the back, the eternal motionless cycle
is evermore crystallized to bring the popes of Gregory III
and of Pio Nono in the one instant that is the all, that
brings the Jesus Christus, the Buddah, the Mohammed
in the one that is the same as the Michelangelo, the
Shakespeare, not brothers but existing instantaneously
even in the procession of the Bach-Beethoven-Brahms (once
in time called the cycle of the B flat major) where the all is
the same containing every second of the year exactly in
one second all in the indefinable sheet of eternal ethers
fuming the vapours of greatness tinted with the
edges of Godliness in its unattainable colours bursting
forth illusively but remaining unfathomed – a mere
consciousness untouched by forms of the perception's
defining nor in there or in here but only in
everywhere is the ceaseless merging without motion
of the Godliness's actionless activity that must in
distant sea-lashing's persistence-perpetuation quietly
infinity-boundary the miracle's ever-presence so to
smudge raw heat and ancient cold, chipped bad and
robust good all into a one that makes opposites a
never-existence, into a one that is the only thing whose
one aristocratic title is all

and 'tis here that

time must cringe and evaporate, 'tis here the humanity
stretches his hands to surrender heavy individuality to eternity
beyond the erodings in time and the black-lying of

his history but the battle is long and it is in
journeys where the sign of the twins changes truth
in the sweep of the hand so that only a few grains
of the human earthly globe reach these endlessly eternal
ethers to receive their royalty,

so too 'tis here that

Godliness is planted towering its muscular
branches straight up in the eternal domination of
its high-forced drive ascending forever into greater
Godliness from the golden-essences of the eternal always
emulating the endless in ethers ejecting the eternally entombed
ever-absolute all!

Unexpectedly I fell
deep into a depth
to crash into
wakefulness with the
sudden shock of
bright morning in
my previously intensely
dream-shaded eyes.

LIFE

I

At ten thirty we retired and immediately I committed myself to sleep to transfer into dreams so that the rise and fall of the wave, the regular curves of the worm's crawlings, the hair's cascade in heightenings and lowerings of the life-instrument became the reality rigid in a pattern alternating between dark ages and burning gold epochs all decreed in the regularity of time whose silkworm action makes the silk thread of soiled history an unquestioned disaster- (even a delight-) dictator where the life draws hard towards evading eternity and the time breaks the climb in its dive into the womb for another climb and another dive until the pattern is that of loops regular in their curvings and I came closer to the inclining mountain and called to the eternal pilgrims

“wait awhile for me so that I can taste in feeling the hardened reality of life-existence” and thus made taut my being for the gale-opposing ascending paths where the trees were one stretching branches up in eternal hope and the other rotting under the heavy regime of time for what was one's incline was the other's decline and so the undistinguished ages where mingled indiscriminately with the fall into the pitch-void of the darkening eras and the burning rise of the gold-ejecting high centuries since life curled like the wire-spring and up or down is merely the measuring system of the observer's position,

continuing thús through the millennia I called,
“you bearers of life (who carry hunched death in
your wombs having chained him to your own cycle of
days in the womb giving life and death as the essentials
of fire and water in the birth-settlements) to where, to what place
your muscle-straining, to where your crashing from the face-
incline of the glazed mountain, what is the purpose-aim
that drives you like ants to build immediately on the
fall of the house?”

'twas far in the night and the
high breakers of life curled up in large rolls coming
fast in equidistance over the vast oceans of breathing
and so that fall and the rise of the spring (wrought in
the iron of time) moves equally in another rise and fall
winding through the rise of Athens, the fall of Athens
to ascend in Rome and fall in its empire to lull
low in the dark and rush up to the Renaissance in
hot haste, so monarchy fell with First of Charles to
lie with Cromwellian republic to rise with Second of
Charles, the father begets the child in the high passions
of the life to die when the son is in the high fertility of
living as the flower receives fertilization when the petals
are at perfection's personal peaks and dies when its
seeds are ready for the first love-nights with the earth
and so too the peace brings the war for the war to
bring the peace – oh cry not for the pain is
prelude to the triumphant joy but joy too preludes
pain so that 'tis the freedom of relief when
the granite boulders weigh heaviest and 'tis
the bite of the despair when spirits through the

sky to the clouds, to the sun –

the life-spirit

draws itself to cover constellations only to come back
into an invisible atom

but here the eternal princes

are in the blue of suffocation – see there the
vast flow of the Mozart hard hampered by the
earth-agent called rock-poverty and the Shakespeare
loving so deeply brutally fickle humanity who
can never touch eternal ethers since these princes cannot be
eternal and hold temporal rule with the aristocracy of the blood
or the disgruntled plutocracy using decaying money to dive
into the wombs of power

and here the mesh netted Beethoven

making helpless his constant guide till flying
straight into eternal areas he gained the goodly
steel plating of thick deafness so to issue unbrokenly eternal
airs on the vast-stringed planes of well-vintaged
royal music calling immortality (his bride) into his
blood cells

and here is the tin-like talk of war

for money, of pale buying and selling directly at bad-taste
profit to feel the fat hand's smug caress, the neighbour
ran away with his wife and there's the war in
fertilization whose birth is six million ashed and
disseminated by the purification rights of life to
ensure the killing of the animal to make place for the
birth of the animal as the new plant suffocates the old
roots of his parents mercilessly

but here the eternal princes

are thrown hard against the rocks of disappointment
in the smashing of hopes to breathe eternal ethers
but breathe rather the raw of life in the presumption
without the being for the Christ (that humanly
fought the isolation-invisibility of the fields to the
infinity) is blamed for Christianity (that howls
hollowly of the other places to robe in mist the
hatred-feuds of wé are the eternal red right and
yóú its raw wrong – both the same, infinitely the one
ever-impenetrable centre of the eternity-circles),

so the

life rides the up of the wave for the
time to throw the down of this high roller as the
hair cascades in regular heightenings and lowerings
to dive into a womb to raise a new child for the
golden age that preludes the dark eras and thus
watching all sits the huge life-figure of turbulence's
handcrafts, hé whose tears and laughs break
each other in regular intervals each bringing the
mingling of the ascent and the fall, bringing the
ever-curvings of life in time's dictation, in time's

II

'Tis the movement of the
leaf in the pre-dawn breeze
to make identical curvings
as the climb to the light that is
always heralding loudly in rays
the dark and as the one hand

touches your hand the other
breaks this ancient clasp
for where is the lasting
substance hére and
in what places of the physical
(or its counterpart) is it
the yeast since out of the
wells of life come to the dead
waters for the new generations,
only
sleep (old and young in the places
he holds in his soft arms) comes
to soothe with forgetfulness
but loved
one what trust-bond can
I have in yóu that desert me
to return to leave to promise
to return, what do I remember
of yóu when the new one
comes to dominate awhile in
the more affectionate red-headedness
to give ultimately her reign
to the dark one of mystery that
must yet move for the moble
fair-head whose stay is temporary?

III

The lion roars and in the youth
of the sounding time makes known

the decree of a fall

and while the city rises
fast against the brilliantly blue sky turn only future's pages
around for the next short hundred twelve-months
and there is nothing but desert sand where rain
is all of mythical takes told by the aged who are
in the middle of the unentangled knots beyond the
straightening of the strings but here and somewhat
over there a lone line passes directly (thick are the knots
tied around it in passing through enmeshing life) that is
touching towards eternal layers where Elizabeth of Tudor's
high rides across the skies of greatness are one
with the black plague's dive into the pitch-sea of
sticky unabated night that is the grotesque flame
of despair – both put in time sequences so recording (through
greyed history) of life, so to be one the other
side of eternity (where all is smudge into gold
divided from the opposite philosophy of reality by
the curling falling line of time)

and life sinks
often to the dark womanly mysteries of the
unpredictable inanimate to subdue the great
turbulence's changing-weather faces under the
top (deceptive) line of the calm which (skin-thin
in its non-transparent hiding textures) shelters
the volcanic eruptions

but in itself the festering
and healing are done on the clarity of the surface
where the conflict of the magnetic pull to the
eternal cathedrals are crushed down by time's
vast tornadoes blowing foul the altar smoke till

a stream ascending is found on whom the
beats in distorted frustration unavailingly for thus
and eternal price is carved and so too the
thousand-yearred tree (or that of multiply four
by this antiquity) has defied time's disgrace of
obscurity – so too the Rembrandt canvas, so
too the Beethoven sonata, the Brahms prayer, the
Shakespearean revealed patternings, so too old
Blake's tapestried vision

but for one risen thirteen
thousand million billions are caught in time's
curved crush down and yét the equation is
balanced since the one is equal in gold of eternal
weight creating thus the pattern of regular curves
to the rise equalled exactly by those to the
fall and áll,

áll are thickly tatoored in the
never-plucking writings of nothingness by time's
falling (carvings) pen ...

There was the sudden
jarring of early morning
preparations enrobed
in the eye-blinding glare
of the brilliant light to pull
me with shock down
to wakefulness to open
my once dream-perceiving
eyes to the day.

GODLINESS

I

Deep was the kiss of my loved one on the velvet-cream of my neck and deep and wide was my fall to sleep's long slumbering kiss and hére I fell too to the rising smoke from the altar, sweeping to the direct ascending in the hands at prayer, the upward stretch of the Cathedral's steeple for 'tis hére that peace is the point-sharp pinnacle rising with eternity's even flow

and quietly I carved a

thought –

“hére the forces cosmic are committed to the converged point of the all-essence, here where the forces of life to Eternity, those

dagger-pinned from Time to the Inanimate are ever-vibrant in the life of the converged centre, 'tis hére that greatness burns her amber glow and leaves the aroma of completion thickly, 'tis hére where peace spreads her loving fingers caressing in the soothing in the further intensity in the higher regions of cream-air Godliness”

and so

the spiral turned straight and rose unabatedly for ever for the fingers of greatness to follow in the orange-burning love of objectivity where 'tis all perfectly patterned in the orbéd vintaged gloss of the ascent and the subtleties of creation are clear in the purity-crystals of understanding for the polyphonic sweep across the

heavens to burn upwards the beauty-lights of contourless unity in its wine-glassed tan-tinted spreading over the arealess rise to enrobe the jet-fountain of mulberried coloured juice that carries the light encolouring richest maroon-reds of righteousness – all in the Bachian fugue rise to allude ever to the unattainable point of ebony in the blood and snow;

“hére senses are not for all is known in the gulf of the warmth-sea ever-rising that is not warm or cold but yet known to be warm, hére (when here) is in the point of completion, of the all and birth cannot nor death but they are part in an intricate pattern whose silk of one is silk as good as any or of the other, hére the peace comes in plaited vapours from the incense of peace for that word of five letters is the full figure of the cosmic quintet whose theme dominates in five (again) movements, hére the rise is direct as a missile pieces beautifully through the air eternally in the beyond of gravities, hére ’tis the hands at prayer, the Gothic arch, the altar’s smoke, hére it is the cloud rising directly uninterruptedly in eternity”, táll is the tree that stretches pointedly upwards, unbróken the flaming chariot’s ascent in pole-directness, direct the eagle’s flight to the beyond of the sun

and so to rise through the pyramid-cone (whose core at foot is regular-featured balance and muscled understanding while in the centre of the rise the golden heart is of Goodness’s selection and ripened greatness) to the point perfection, the converging of the all that is the circumference and the centre and yet the point itself rises like a beam of light out into dark night for it is orbicular and glows

the trillion flames of all gems

and in the cone golden

balance is encrusted in antiquity for 'tis from
this small water-jet that the rise of Godliness must
drink for its vast caravan-journeys further into
Godliness and so the soft powders come from balance
to soothe the eyes in not seeing in sight-sense but
in knowing that the cosmic pattern is a reality
as is the loved one of creation's closeness to Godliness
when in its arm great creation sleeps,

so too muscled

understanding is here in the foundations and as
her lover to the young cloistered girl he helps in
the straining paths to ripened greatness and 'tis the
feel of his strong hand and the closeness of his fair muscled
being that help (through the gift of his understanding also) to
touch too the powers of selecting the goodness in its
purity-essence for thus is the lover's act of understanding
to guide to the higher levels of the cone

and thus

intermingled into ripeness of greatness we are in its
beauty-issuing autumn where the warmth-days are
long and fullness is in her own robes for here
the spirit's body is in the full of maturity's peak-planes
and the mellowing lights of honey here carves the
mist-enshrouded greatness shimmering through the
late afternoon air now distinctly, now distortedly,
now impressionistically in the swelling in the long
choral where the million voices are in the harmony
of creation's fugue and the high theme is Godliness,

on

same levels from greatness run ribbons to goodness whose
secretive craft is selection and who is the prelude to
Godliness though it is in Godliness but 'tis of soft
velvets and it makes the cradle of eternity an
arched hollow holding the great oneness with the
all, oneness that is the all but also in motherliness
goodness spreads her essence-milks to let it
drip into eternal planes where the eternal princes
can have suck of it,

ultimately the cone draws the
everything in the pinnacle of its perfection that
rises for all eternity intensifying the wine-substanced
air continually in its own Godliness till the very
drunkenness is the cosmic quintet of Godliness but
in all these personifications of it (that is Godliness) it
carries the sprinkling of the lowered corners of the mouth of
sadness

for 'tis in time (on the fields of life) and in the sulky
inanimate (in tempestuous time) that the snarling
law of wild-dog-brutality must (in their internal)
force disruptive eruption into complete evolution
so that the harmony of masculine unity can persist
on the external for the instrument's portion to the cosmic
quintet

and so with the sweeping rise of the hands
at prayer, the Gothic cathedral's ever-rise directly upwards,
the smoke from the altar Godliness must rise yet
further into Godliness ...

II

Through the pale shimmerings
the gold tints of eternity
dart unpredictably at me
and the call of greatness is
here mingled with the Godliness-essences
floating on the air-streams in
a cascade of blinking falling star –

so (rising straight)
is the stream glittering
its brilliance in the
cold autumnal evening,
so (to syncopate with the
eternal) it ascends

eternally into thicker velvet of
Godliness intensified in immensity gained
in the heightening of rise

so that

I am all and all
I in this marriage that
is the beginning, end and
whole circumference to the
very heart core of the centre

but I is a lie
here where the kiss
of oneness is absolute
in the violin passage
that holds and is the
piano to cello, the second
of violins to the widowly

viola so that all is the
kiss and the kiss the ever
all.

III

The hands at prayer are in the sweep of the light ascending into the skies and so the Gothic cathedral shall rise in its religious rites as the beauty-voices climb eternally for the stairs of the singing to merge unbrokenly in to the mist around the sceptre of flaming gold (burning eternity) that rises like a strange light and (against the clear of the pre-dawn sky) the fingers of greatness leave their multi-coloured trail across the heavens blowing the curving wind upwards in great Godliness as the feet of the delicate understanding leave (in Chinese-steps) tracks ascending on the rose-tangerine of the eternity-enfresned clouds in the dawn's crusading heraldry, in the fugal mass the polyphonic intertwined plaits of the cosmic quintet rises strongly like the hand of greatness and then a pilgrimage (that holds the all) climbs up into the sky in regular-featured balance straining the muscles of understanding to pass through the gracious arches of goodness's artistry after the procession through the long ripened orchard of greatness where the scents of Godliness showers down in the pouring of the all into the vase of the cosmic quintet whose endless-beginningless circle shall spin for the wheel

of no spokes cannot stop nor start but continues in
the centre as in the circumference for all eternity
for it is Godliness in all entirety

and 'tis here
that the Quintet of the Cosmos gains its high
melodic lyric line, 'tis here in violinistic flights of Godliness
that the order of the pattern is carved for the eternal
to the inanimate to exist within the defences, 'tis
here where five becomes one into the whole
indivisible, contourless thus shattering definition
into its (the all's) own indefinable self so that all
opposites become the only impossibility and the miraculous
truth the absolute all in the rising of the burning orb
gemmed in eternity-stones glowing Godliness leaving
a smoke trail of greatness whose aroma came
from goodness coloured in understanding with
the softly firm light's delicate balance and só the Godliness's
gold sceptre (flaming on eternity) rises directly unabatedly
for all infinity in blood-throbbing majesty ...

Sharply a light
came through the
visionary-weighed lids
of my eyes and so
disturbed the screen on
whose face the mystery-eyes
cast these super-earthly
worlds and suddenly too

my inner ears deafened
for thus I fell from the
high internal on the
brittle hard of this
the external existence.

THE INANIMATE

I

'Twas a cold night and before the fullness of the dark I found the warmth of the bed to fall through dream to the deepest plane that holds the inanimate in her heavy waves rising an inch once in each of a hundred days, slowly moving almost sourly up quietly under the cover of the frozen calm in the motionless but though the movement is slow and the burden the full earth-weight she is yet unpredictable flaming out the volcano unexpectedly or the earth-quaking that swallowed North Africa's Agadir in the sixtieth of the nineteen hundredth year cycle since Christianity found its Christ-roots and so lumbering heavily she carries here iron orbs on chains of weight and hére I called

“ you inanimate forces that
swell and die as do tree-shoots in the spring-summer country
I call your presence into reality years”

and so gaining

the passage through the scowling caves to see the life of the lifeless I followed the cracks into her innermost existences which in moments lead through the brilliance-hardness of the taut diamond on to the greening of the sea's ejections in light in the teeming waters of glass that hold the emerald an enamouring gem for an epoch of hard rebounding refracted rays but so to sink further into black onyx ultimately into the grey granite brittly dull in its even spreading of creation's

less-successful carvings and mouldings

and 'tis here

that I questioned again

“why do you (that are feminine and are murky in the unpredictable) look of the never-born and yet carry violent life in the heart of your womb which is your all, what do you feel of the waves of birth and winds of death flanking the four seasons in the rise of growth and the dive of decay, yóu (who are the dust of the dead of life in the vegetable) what is yóur act in the high spinning of the cosmic cycles?”

and low

the waves of strength rose heavily, sleepily as do drugged reptiles and inch for inch (each taking a full hundred of days) she rises through the hard black of the iron ore centres through the adamantine rock lying long in the coal's gaseous chambers sulky snapping or scowling to break in all her unpredictable impulses of yielding to smiles in short moments only to roar in an earth-splitting bellow of subdued rage to sink bottomlessly into corpse-like silence to stretch out again towards the sulphur pits where spitting and clawing to disintegrate into oozing lava was in the vigorous rhythmical movements of the porridge boiling and then suddenly (as the rhinoceros cow confronted with the living death or the illusive death) she rushed in locomotive power up to the earth's silent surface and pulling of dust for herself a funnel she (the inanimate) became a volcano trembling with high female rage shrieking in shrill whistles and booming

in cavern-hollow rolls the hysteria of the possessive
female-fits to throw to the sky her uncontrolled temper's
saliva rich in the fertility of her earthly being

and

then suddenly the introvert in her existence takes the
steering wheel of her movement and she settles to
simmer in sulkiness for yet another five centuries
to be dead in the quiet for the last five hundred
cycles of the millennium

but again the crack

of her female irritation will start – first in quarters
of inches within the year but still her substance
of rock and sand will part their form for her
passing sleep-slowly upwards in the effort of suppressing
the boiling of her steam-susceptible rage explosive in
its flamings of sulphur and 'tis at this time that
the earth feels the tremors of the unknown slightly shaking
the cities for 'tis time's expressive decree for the inanimate
to be the agent for the fall of life (now rising) on the
orbicular surface and her many limbs (called the
spacial bodies) respond to this rumbling since many
(who are the suns) burn an eternal temper to fulfil
time's light-laws that break the night of creation, 'tis
also at this time that the sea magnetizes the other
orbicular limbs of the inanimate and the under-earthly
waters rise nearer to the outer skin for in the slow rise of
wrath they (the under-earthly waters, the sea) that are the
blood of animal, the sap of plant to the inanimate teem
with rage's fermentation,

hér tragedy and crucifixion are

her effort to rule her beyond-ruling rage that long exists
dormantly in her being to rise ultimately in the
ranting ripping of earth-gashing rendings where the
wounds swallow life for time's decree of a fall
is made reality on that field of the cosmic existence
and then come the years of remorse and self-destroying
reprimands that are the centuries of peace but that
are too the foothold of the disintegrating eruption
which carries its own will well-armoured

and so

the slow rise of an inch in a hundred days
winds unabatedly (with the suddenly violent break
upwards once in each millennium) in a far-slant so
to break the surface to slant the same way back
and in this she (the dark inanimate) sits slightly veiled
but heavy in mystery, sad at her own inability to be
other than the women enmeshed in whims always
sulky against time, against herself and in avoiding to
erupt she gives the flame to that sequence of happenings
only to suffer the refrigeration of raw remorse ...

II

Far into the dark hours
of night, in quiet (that tells
deceptively of the
motionlessness) the movement of
the caravan journey (through
the earthly inanimate in time
sequences) heavily raises slowly

an iron hand
but the ponderous
retarding cannot (with
naked animal eye)
be observed till
the cliff has been washed level
with the surface of the earth by the
sea, till the tumbling (in terms
of particle per year) has thrown open
the passages into the earth to caves
where stalactite and stalagmite make
palatial fantasy,
 where you in your
 feminine beauty tease
 me to distortion since
 with desperate blazing I
 need your being but
 you cánnót respond éven if
 your want was clamouring for
 realization because your temperament
 is to run when you need
 to stay and to be inactive when
 fleeing is the bruising necessity –
 so to what purpose the time-decree of
 your streams to me (mine to yours) when
 they are diverted distortingly prematurely?

III

In the dark lull the inanimate is half asleep as is the

watch-hound in front of the winter's grate, drowsed and yet alert she feels the pulse of her sea tides in her bosom whose weighty antiquity tells her of the sad-sour of disappointment, of the bleeding of self reprimands in rough remorse and so slowly, ponderously her burdened journey slants heavily in its mild rise to the surface of here being where the air affects sorely her existence and throws scowling sulkiness thickly as a cloak for suffocation in the atmosphere of the self, then to fall back in a slant slowly to lie heavily sighing until the turbulence gives fuel for another painful travel,

thús

the inanimate is the swaying foundation to the whole cosmos and thús she carries the weight of creation in her womb and has not the redemption dewes of eternity to soothe here straining back muscles for hers is the thread in the pattern that leads the eye to the important colour which is not herself and so life in its vegetable structures draws mountainous storeholds from her fertility but the animals' draining back to her strength-blood is in by ways the scale's balance to the weight of the plants' demands

but so

the structure of the architecture is firmly wrought so that only within the sonata forms of the quintet the cosmos can vary and as the inanimate to the far Godliness moves differently on different registers they are all moulded indistinguishably into one so that the discovery of the individual contours is difficulty's most securely eminent achievement

but 'tis thús that
the cosmos is symphonic and its contrapuntal harmonies are
the complete essence that bears the absolute of smooth
perfection's tasteful integration belying all the perception-erasing
magnificence in whose arms sleeps the gracious-limbed
cream-complexioned (dark hair cascading) beauty
in the rounded protection of her lover's ever-intensifying
silken love!

I woke with
clarity crystallized in
my being and
the early dawn kissed
me down-gently but a
tiredness of iron weighed
on me since I had
now travelled creation's completely
encompassing continent in the five
of the nights but thát illusion
of time carried the all of
the 'was' and shall be in
the 'is' so that I experienced
strongly the completed circle and
deep age was on me in the
singing through the whole
cosmic quintet,

later I was
reflected in a human mirror and

what was black-brown on my
head-crown was fleecy white now,
the youth-apple's smooth skin was
now the age-apple's complexion, the
body was yet more glass-fragile
and of thin pottery, the
eyes less opened

and yét

(all seemed now five times
more muscular than in the
days before this journey
since the spirit was there
vividly highly compounded in
the tallness of the anóther manliness
and the sensitivity of yet
anóther womanliness.

ARIA AND THEME (REPEATED)

The Cosmic Quintet (of 'Time', 'Eternity', 'Life', of 'Godliness' and 'The Inanimate') plays in harmonies of no rise, of no fall, never moving yet playing simultaneously

for only in the inner rock-reaches of internally turbulent Life and the sulky Inanimate has cacophonous chaos its dirty yellow distortion to be bleached again in the outer reaches until erased ultimately before the touch of the outer boundaries.

Started 1:1:60,
Completed 10:3:60,
Revision Completed 2:6:68,
Second Revision Completed 8:3:2012.

MEDITERRANEAN
SEASONS



I am indebted to Miss Judy Reineke for typing out the manuscript of *Mediterranean Seasons* in late January and early February 1975. I am equally indebted to Ms Julie Yin for typing out the final manuscript of *Mediterranean Seasons* in late April and early May 2012.

1. SPRING

2. SUMMER

3. AUTUMN

4. WINTER

NOTES ON THE CONTRAPUNTAL NATURE OF THE
IMAGERY OF *MEDITERRANEAN SEASONS*

The following passage is from *Autumn*:

mildly
moving over the
earth in the
afternoon
she calmly
pinches the apple and
the red of a flushed
cheek, the blushing of
a first-spring girl
spreads over this
glazed orb surface
yet
'tis no time for
lovers but for high
harvest of lovers and
this harvest is now
magnified in the large
weighted grape and the
cream-peach's flush of
honeyed fulness;

1. The red apple being *pinched* is a comparatively conventional image. But here it is used to social, psychological and, indirectly, metaphysical ends. And in this, to the best of my knowledge, it is used individually.
2. The *she* is autumn. Her maturity is suggested by the implied bosom-imagery: “magnified in the large weighted grape” and “the cream-peach’s flush of honeyed fulness”.
3. Although autumn’s bosoms are fully matured, they are less firm and smaller (*grape, peach*) than those of the apple. The apple-image is rudely healthy youth as well as the robust bosoms of youth.
4. Middle age (autumn) is “no time for lovers but for the high harvest of lovers”. Adult (possibly successful) children. Serenity. Spirituality. Achievements. Public recognition. Respect. Status. Wealth etc. Any or all these *could* distinguish *fulfilled* middle age. (Note how frequently the word *fulfil* occurs in *Autumn*.) With a little imagination, these conditions and positions could also distinguish the season autumn.
5. The apple, by contrast, is “*a first-spring girl*” – as can be seen from her blushing. (How different this blush is from the “honeyed fulness” of “cream-peach’s flush”! And this very flush is, ironically, indicative of some of the generally-considered-less-pleasant aspects of ageing in middle-aged women.)
6. Throughout *Mediterranean Seasons* the harsher, less-palatable aspects of nature are suggested, and sometimes stated outright, in the nature-imagery itself. These aspects only *appear* less palatable to discriminating and, therefore, distorting minds. The very techniques employed in *Mediterranean Seasons* proclaim unity, proclaim the sacredness of *what is*, of what exists at any one moment.
7. These techniques point to Zen-Buddhism. But when I wrote *Mediterranean Seasons*, I did not know of the existence of Zen. (In any

case *Mediterranean Seasons* leans more towards Tantra than towards Zen.) The revisions have not materially changed *Mediterranean Seasons*. These revisions involved changing a word here and there, re-arranging two or three or four lines to ensure greater clarity in imagery and music and removing words unnecessary to sense and music (mostly rhythm). The sole purpose of these revisions has been to improve the construction of the poem in order that its asymmetrical but poised design (form) showed more clearly.

8. The apple is particularly youthful in her sexual vibrancy as seen in her blushing. Autumn envies the apple what she (autumn) can never have again. Autumn's resentment at the loss of her youth and sex-appeal is expressed in the *pinch*. What is meant *to appear* (on a social level) as playful is intended *in earnest* (on a personal, psychological level) to hurt.
9. The dagger-thrust of the older woman (autumn) is presented as compliments to the younger woman (the apple). (Playful pinches are, superficially, marks of affection.) And in spite of the pretence at compliments, the younger woman is embarrassed. This produces results which autumn would have preferred not to have provoked; the younger woman (the apple) blushes. And that blush highlights her youth. It also highlights that autumn is "no time for lovers".
10. Autumn is too confident in her maturity (of judgement) to blush. She can give that pinch *calmly*. That confidence would not be there if autumn had retained the sexual vibrancy of youth. But that very confidence indicates how far autumn has aged from spring, youthfulness and sexual attractiveness.
11. *Mediterranean Seasons* – and all my poetry for that matter – should

be read throughout on several social and/or psychological and/or metaphysical levels *simultaneously*. Strands of images counterpoint each other. And always this poetry has to be performed by trained actors (actresses) and it is the listener who has the full impact of the poetry.

12. It is unimportant how – that is, in what terms – the individual listener interprets the contrapuntal strands of images. What is of cardinal importance is that he (or she) should have a clear sense of the contrapuntal nature of the imagery.
13. The music – the sequence of sounds – in this poetry is as polyphonic as the imagery is contrapuntal.

22:i:1975

SPRING

The bark (blackened by
the biting nights of the
winter's watery winds)
this bark (that once
sang of another
spring in terms of
high opera) now
sheds part of
itself as a snake the
whole of his winter-
skin for a lustrously-
mottled green garment
and
bulging through is the
flesh of youth, of
spring in the trees
while
buds (softer in
their feathery
lightness than the
sharp, ice-sharp
air) now slowly
lift up themselves (like
chickens newly-
freed from the egg-
encampment) to
display the first

frills on their spring-
celebration dresses and
child-like they look so
imperturbably thoughtful
bashfully winking at the
whistling boys in the wind
– but not

alone in their
revealing and
awakening
 for noises
quietly make themselves
audible in patterning
sounds,

 creaks
(where no movement
is seen) pattern
through the clear
air while squirrels
appear in scurrying
housewife-ish haste
whisking past onto
branches yawning
slightly from their
sleep and
birds have
gargled for they
sing clearer now
forming musical
crystals more

colour-patterned in
greater art-shapes of
singing poetry

yet

another movement is
afoot for leaves are
ballet-pointing toe-
like limbs towards a
strangely clear (but
oddly cool) sun
who has made love-
callings to these
delicately-dignified
ladies of the oak-
tree's greenness and
winks them into
singing in the
love-trio that is
himself, the warming
wind and these green
(glowing green) leaves –
all vocal-trained for the
music in the youth of
the year;

cool's the
water of winter that
percolates into the
soil's flesh

and the
sun (growing handsome

manly limbs now)
breathes fully to
warm the air lately
contaminated with
damp by winter (the wet
feeder but also wet
irritator) till all is
warm and there is fuel in
muscles once more for
the athlete's Olympic
physical symphony
and yet
the air is thin-blade-
edged in its clinging
sharpness and crisply
snaps (almost without
sound) in the sun's
large procession of
ballet-dancing rays but
their strength is daffodil-
strong – only for the
eye since they are
too delicate to
carry heat
which they
could have done with
comfort had they
come from the marriage-
bed of summer and
spring

and yet (as the
days grow their boyish
lemon face-fur) the
earth becomes more
settled in the waves of
the season until warmth
floats in the air like
animal breath on frost-
filled mornings – so
giving plant-limbs
fertility to allow the
seasonal sun-
bathing of the bee-
hunting (husband-
searching) virgin-petalled
faces whose wombs will
bear the sons and
daughters of the
summer although many
die in child-birth or are
raped by the wind to
die all broken in
the disgrace of
infertile living – not
their fault in the
spiral of events but
their death at the
end of the line!

Then the
air is sweetly
perfumed by the
powdery cosmetics of those
young women whose
dress-designs are
fashionable this
spring for
shapely size and lake-
deep colouring and their
flirtations are like
seashell-hunting – each
newly-discovered shell
more fascinating
than all those
found before!

So
(dominating) the sun
head-masters, head-
mistresses the
air into the
humidity of cigar-
smoke-filled rooms but
this is pleasant for
all who sweat have yet

more energy growing
ferociously over their
limbs and the days are
banquets in sensuous
delights as satisfying as
eating a peach
swollen with salmon-gold
juice;

in this time
pregnancy is always under
order of growth – its
kernel

and (as the green-
fruit manifestations
appear) the sex-blossoms
(functionless now as
nails in trees) fall to
the ever-sympathetic
arms of the earth to
rest

leaving the
young citizens of
summer to gain
their colours of
adulthood without
parent-passions in
jealous seas where
spring cannot
recess safely!

SUMMER

The wind twists in
alleys and (although
dry) its whippings of
sand against the skin
comes as hail on
delicate leaves to
irritate and bruise the
texture of smooth-even
silk – so to leave its
malicious marking as
vandals their writing on
walls,

 thus the summer
establishes his paunched
self and (ridding the
bleeding earth of
delicate things) he
determines that voluptuous
growth will fuse into the
strong while the days grow
longer and heat has more
space to give the world
stimulants for masculine
hairiness drawn from the
breeding sun-intensified
first maturities

– this
heat comes in undulating
waves over the horizons in
the first hours of day to
lie blanket-thick (boiling the
water of the blood, the
sap of the tree) on the
earth dust-parched to
hard-drinking dryness and
it develops high and
hard as passions in
young lovers till the
vine grows rounder and
pushes out her bosoms into
droplets filled with the
thick sap born from
the spring's tensely
quivering unions when
the first rumblings of
making were heard (in
the depths of the old
soil) and re-echoed by the
flutter of the feathers in
high-leafed trees

for thén
all the colours mingle with
the bird-contrapuntal
choirs as soda with whisky
till the one without the
other is the eye without
its sight

and the days are
lazily long in their
sensuous stretching while
the hours themselves seem
broader in the highway they
create through the long
flood of white light
refracting and reflecting in
an intermingling with a
steady glare hypnotically
inducing sleep in the
doze that is neither
consciousness nor
unconsciousness but a
mere swimming so that
minutes slide past and
are yet one
moment,

so that the
afternoon basks in
the sun but this
afternoon is too
indolent to care to
rise and run as time
demands

and the glare of
the day is full in this
piercing afternoon-light that
lazily spreads a large
cover of white sheets over the

earth till the evening
encroaches when the wind
takes possession of this
time-territory for awhile to
carry heat and water-
freshness in its
sailings over the
land while this
evening (calm-coloured and
cooler) retains warmth

moving

gently between light and
night throwing a kiss of
teasing over the plants
which awaken and feel that
magnétism of unity
(brought by the spring)
stronger in the waves
lashing hard on the
emotion-interplay which
is the shore to the
ocean of harvests
growing on the
burdened but smiling
land

– ah and the cooling
breeze touches the
body like gentle
droplets to give it the
perfume of delicate

freshness calling a whole
voque of lightness into
this summer-sequence and
then the caress is the
marriage-consummation
essential as the means to
release the autumn whose
fulness prematurely
breaks bounds already
oozing an oasis of
ripeness in a desert of
hard-green

needing

intensely the
softening and
fulfilling of the
symphonic season it
preludes in that
united (and-yet-divided)
state lying
half to the youth of
spring and half to the
high of autumnally-realised
maturity

and it's now that
manhood and womanhood
prepare for the yield that
is their contribution to
life since the autumn
buries (against the

biting of winter) the
seeds for the
spring;

the nights and
days mould into one and
fierce winds dry
away the greens in the
last of the halves from
green to the fineness of
dust-dyed brown

while the
air is too sweetened
now for it cloys to the
skin possessively making the
counter-clinging of the
remedying sea a necessity
holding leadership with the
stomach's water-needs made
more urgent by the sun's
rape of the skies
leaving the soft
caress of the cold
(less-passionate) clouds a
never-felt myth till the
heat is high enough in
incubating to draw the
muscles to their
peak-shapes of full
Michelangelo-curves and
so the high climax (in

the heat climate) is
intensified till in the
tension unnoticed the autumn
steals space and with it
comes the sound of early
middle-life where
relaxedness (in the
fulness of the wine's
gift of drowsiness)
spills (in its cooling
liquid) the search for
realisation which
comes in a smile gently
flavoured with the pure
honey of contentment.

AUTUMN

The year falls deep into
the lull of brandy and
intoxication fills the
air as fumes invade the
hot haze of the late
summer's day – so the
autumn raises her head and
bosom above the earth to
cast an aroma of
ripeness;

 mildly
moving over the
earth in the
afternoon

 she calmly
pinches the apple and
the red of a flushed
cheek, the blushing of
a first-spring girl
spreads over this
glazed orb surface

 and yet

'tis no time for
lovers but for high
harvest of lovers and
this harvest is now
magnified in the large

fulness-streamers
curve the abundance of
the time and 'tis
now that growth
benevolently feeds
all (in heavy
indulgence) to
increase this
abundance with
all its attributes of
overflowing for the birds to
enjoy till they wade in
the nut-to-seed, pear-to-
ruddy-complexioned-apple-
flood of the maturity-
river whose texture is of
honey and whose movement is
carved from dignity in the
attitudes of quietness and well-
selected stateliness

but later
come the winds spreading wings
that streak through the air the
fountains of red and then the
middle-aged ladies of the trees
retire to the soil where their
social functions change and they
create the bed from where the
spring's young rise,

so too the

sky becomes stained by the
salmon-tinting of the cooler
breeze from the autumnal
laziness who (well-fed) half-
sleeps for the passion-tensions of
bursting desire have been
answered and so dissolved into the
ripe of the day's harvest

and (in
endless trains) the peaches
journey across the time, the apples
follow, the pears add shape to the
organisation and so stand out in
opulent maturity

– oh the
delight of the abundance when the
granaries are bursting with their
storehold of fulfilled fruits and
the water is sweetened in the
grape and the grape in the
sun,

the mulberry throws out a
smile of dark maroon and the
skin shines with the gloss from
the kisses of the autumnal
princes and hére the
flowerbed is the dish of
fulfilment and hére the body is
baroque in its curves that were
classical lines in the

spring

while the distilled
light becomes even in its
growth from the hazed blue-
white of the morning to the
depth of the browns in
gold and ochre-orange of
the afternoon – onto the
pinks in salmon, to the blue-
mauve (that is touched by the
maroon of the evening) to
fall through the blue-
black of the later evening
deep into the dark of
the night where the calm
caresses sensuously the
earth and quiet trickles from the
passion in whose kisses the
glow of the stars flicker
out as gems of delight but
gentle is the joy and
calm the fulfilment for the
skill of the autumn is the
art of balance and the
blazing flush of spring is
refined to the subtler
blending of the two
wines of desire and
realisation

and yet in

all this time of height
burns transparent
transience in its
wintery cold and the
curves of the joys (ruddy and
orbicular) in the afternoon of
peace-flooded hours (soothing into
sleep the day) seem endless but
shorten on each of their
abundant returnings until
winter is and autumn has
gone unheeded,

so too the
autumn mornings become lazier to
rise until alone the winter-light
comes unwarmed

but the autumn is
gentle and vast

kissing the year in
ripeness and casting into the
warming winds the harvest of
swelling into sweetness in an
overload,

the autumn breathes
freedom into the air to
give fulfilment a thousand
forms appearing unrestrainedly,
recurringly but different
twenty times each second,

the

autumn is the time of
creaminess
 ripening in
affection to
mellow the air with
her enrichening light
burning softly the
health-rays of quietly-
fulfilled unity.

WINTER

First felt in the gentling of
the wind (but broadening its
sweep over the country)

the cold

bites firmer and the water
issues faster for the sea
rises higher to
revolt against the
grey of skies steelly
unsympathetic from
where tears (called rain)
are in self-reprimanding
poured slowly but
uninterruptedly to
feed só the unborn
sprint and to enforce the
cold sleep that is
winter

while the sea
(curling in irritation and
snapping with salt) beats
hard in the cold that
numbs rocks and the
nights frost-bite;

sadly the
light of morning is tea

diluted to grey and
colder than the brittle
breeze barking down the
passage for the light-
hours are slaves of the
dark and the grime is not
washed from them until the
spring comes in warm soap-
suds to clear the grey
skies to a bottomless
roofless ocean of blue
that holds as water
air carrying feathers to
tickle awake the earth for the
quivering kiss that is youth's
first caress from the
dancing draught of
love

but the winter
knows not this in
a widowhood
that is almost
drowning in the
yearning to drink
sleep till drugged on
forgetfulness

for the
loss of the husbandly
autumn was the loss of
half the apple of life and

hárd is the wet earth,
hárd the ice-encrusted
cold since of granite and
glass is made the
day;

chains of night
burdened in black, fetters of
seas (wailing in a wind
bruised on icebergs) weigh
down the earth that
breaks and groans with
pain for her muscles
tear apart but in the
bleeding vanishes the old
blood so that the heart may
pump the new blood whose
warmth hurts the winter-
ice to melt into virgin
streams of a dawning
spring

– and yet of beauty's
dishes the winter has
many for when else will the
waterfall leap over the
rocks and tickle the
mountains into smiling through the
immense mass of granite

masked with moss,
when else will

the young women of
spring who will throw
out perfume to their
first lover – the sun

and só

continues this till of a
day the bird-heralds bring
message of spring and the
painful birth is over.

Started 15:viii:1958,
Completed 6:x:1960,
First revision completed 3:vii:1969,
Second revision completed 22:i:1975,
Third revision completed 22:vii:2012.

I am indebted to Ms Julie Yin for producing a meticulously correct copy of the complicated layout of this poem at the end of May 2012 to 17:vii:2012.

FLUID BLUE
FLAME



To Roske,
to his other human guardians
Russell Thomasson
and
Sheilah Garnett
and to all others whose pets have died.

Written between approximately 2:30 p.m. and 10 p.m.
on Monday, 10:vi:1968. Anderida Rostislav died on
the evening of 9:vi:1968.

After careful consideration (*religio*) in February to June 2012,
I have returned to the original version of this poem but with a few ex-
ceptions and with a more effective lineation than before.

These three Arias as Themes have reference to Bach's
Goldberg Variations and the architectonic structures of
these variations.

FIRST ARIA AND THEME

*On Anderida Rostislav (known as Roske),
a Russian Blue all male cat.*

Royalty takes its name from you,
graciousness has adopted your manner,
love wears a soft, seal-coat of blue
like yours.

Oh Great One
when
you walk
the day is as light as air
and
the sun saturates every minute!
call me
I hear the vast-spaced polyphony
of eternity!

When you sleep
peace-mists
fill serenely, gently the hours
and all
opposites, all animosities (co-existing through
all time)
embrace and mate

to yield such
divinity as in you takes its form.

And
man (when he perceives your joy leaping
through the cosmos) knows he is as
much the spent noughtness of dust and
ash as he is the indestructible monument
(in the strongest, most shapely, grey-silver
stone)
of nobleness
which you share with
him
but you have no similar (to him) admixture
in your unconditional nobility;
your nobility
(being eternally there)
is eternally incorruptible.

;25:iv:1968 with the addition of the
last(fifth) stanza of the First Aria as
Theme on 7:ii:2012.
Ekstasis 187

“Neither for the primitive nor for the unconscious does this animal aspect imply any devaluation, for in certain respects, the animal is superior to man. It does not blunder into consciousness nor pit a self-willed ego against the power from which it lives; on the contrary, it fulfills the will that actuates it in well-nigh perfect manner. Were it conscious, it would be morally better than man. There is deep doctrine in the legend of the fall: it is the expression of a dim presentiment that the emancipation of ego-consciousness was a Luciferian deed. Man’s whole history consists from the very beginning in a conflict between the feeling of inferiority and his arrogance. Wisdom seeks the middle path and pays for this audacity by a dubious affinity with daemon and beast, and so is open to moral misinterpretation.”

C.G. Jung: *Collected Works*; vol. 9(i); par. 420; pp 230-231.

Added: 7:ii:2012

SECOND ARIA AND THEME

*On the death of Anderida Rostislav
at about 6:50 p.m., 9:vi:1968.*

You contained me as the ocean
encompasses a water-drop,
you hold me in
freedom
cutting the supple ropes
of life
that still partly bind me,
you are the deliverer
who precedes
me into death
to show me
gently
this thin path down the cliff
named life
into the oblivion-fields of
eternity
guarded by death,
your
being cloaks me against the slashing
wind
that has raged here
since you
left to prepare for the journey
to my dissolution

into universality:
I wait only for you to
beckon me
and I wait nervously
but
I am prepared.

10:vi:1968
Ekstasis 190.

THIRD ARIA AND THEME WITH INTRODUCTORY LETTER

*On the death of Anderida Vanya, grandfather to
Anderida Rostislav.*

From a letter by Mrs. S. Garnett, breeder-owner of
Anderida Vanya.

“The winter has been unusually mild and we now have blue skies and gentle sunshine – the gardens are beautiful. We live in a ‘banjo’-shaped cul-de-sac off a road with an avenue of ornamental cherry trees.

“The cherry trees are not in bloom yet, but the branches are full of flower buds. All my life I have loved cherry blossom, yet it has more than once been involved with sadness for me.

“On 8th. August, 1965, Charlie was born. He was just a male Russian Blue kitten, or so it seemed at first. I had no conscious intention of keeping him, but I never offered him when people came to buy kittens, and the day came when I found I could not part with him. He was no ordinary cat. He was serene and dignified so that we soon changed ‘Charlie’ to Charles. We gave him titles – ‘Prince of Pussens’ and ‘King of Cats’, and he accepted them graciously. He was always ready to show affection but never demanded attention. He had no need. He *shone*. I had only to look at him and my blackest moments were lifted and

lightened. I care for all animals, but I loved that cat. He loved me, he loved life, he was Happiness. He did everything other cats do, but with complete dignity.

“I did not know everything about his private life, and on 8th. April last year his first family of eight kittens was born. (I had not planned this.) The cherry trees were bursting into full bloom, glorious pink against the blue sky.

“Three days later he came to me in great pain. Eight hours later he was dead. He died of a large dose of arsenic. A cruel and brutal end.

“When I next walked along the avenue of cherry trees the sky was leaden and the blossoms were covered with thick snow. The result of a freak snowstorm. English weather can do anything, but it seemed to me in my unhappiness to be a fitting gesture from the heavens, shrouding the too bright trees in sympathy and sorrow for the passing of that bright spirit.

“He has been dead nearly a year – longer than his entire life, for he was only eight months old when he died. His second family was born on 8th. June. Strange how the figure eight featured so strongly in his life.”

25:iii:1967

Part One



Conception,
Birth
And Kittenhood

As drums roll for kings
and canons
roar for state-presidents
so a quietness
came into the world
at your conception
to give skeletal structure
to the
formlessness of the age;
as blossoms
herald the spring
so nobility appeared
robed in love
at your birth.

And
from the instant of conception
your spirit
and body united
in a
fluid blue flame
that warmed
but did not burn,
that beyond
destruction
left an indelible pattern
observing
the universal principle

of beauty and her
mate
– disciplined freedom.

Here
compassion
again found harbourage,
here
humour
again found storage,
here
indestructibility
could draw
its sweeping lines
on vast canvases.

At birth you came
with a brother
and two sisters
and
the sky blazed in a salmon-orange
calling
the summer birds to the celebration
of
your birth
that opened the caves

to the
centre of creation
where the gems of
all nobly-cast thoughts and acts
shone together.

Your mother
(called
Dawn Chorus)
nursed you and rejoiced
in you,
guarded you
instinctively knowing
you reflected
that
from which all life
finds its source.

Slowly the prickle of light
made you
open your eyes
that were then the water-blue
colour
of a still, seven-hundred-feet-deep pool
and
each day's hours carried

the excitement
incubated in new discoveries;
your blue
coat was a mass
of finest mohair
arranged
and re-arranged
by your
mother's tongue.

And as fast grew
your desire for food
so fast grew
(in your natural habitat)
your need for attention;
softly your voice
intermingled
with the cries of your brother
and
sisters
to draw your mother,
to draw your
human guardian;
what delight
coated
the call
that brought them
unnecessarily!

examined you,
told you of your
long journey
to remote Africa –
ah what
care you had!

Then came a day
when you and your brother
with a female
kitten of your kind
were placed in spacious
boxes
carried to an aircraft
and journeyed
over continents
to the southern
extremity of Africa.

Your new home was
high placed on the side of a mountain
and
from where could be seen another
mountain
range a hundred miles away;
here there was

abundant sunlight
and walks and
long lawns
where you fought mock
wars with Siamese,
Burmese,
Abyssinian
and tabby cats;
here the humans
lifted you,
cuddled you,
groomed you
and you saturated
the air
with your love.

Part Two



Characteristics

Indissoluble
were fearlessness
and joy
in you
and unintimidated
you faced all creation
with the wide arc
of your love
penetrating
its rays
into all the animals,
all the humans
in your home.

And the days were
lighter than air
and on flight
of
playfulness,
the weeks
danced
to fill out
the months,
the months
moved heavy-muscled
but evenly,
swiftly,
too swiftly,

even piercingly
swiftly
to complete the single year
of your life.

Slender
your frame
and light
your leaps
but strength
was the web you wove
with
every movement
for in you
physical
shape
illuded heavily
to perfection
and
no cheetah,
no leopard,
no tiger,
no panther
knew poise
more precisely
than you.

All cats
were to you
as litter brothers
and each one
had
for you
the possibility
of a game;
their
obstinacy
you ironed out
with indifference,
their animosities
you tamed
with persuasion,
their playfulness
you returned
in double
measure.

When a Blue Burmese
kitten
and a red tabby kitten
were brought
to you
you omitted
the customary feline warning
of a hiss

and nursed them instantly
as if you knew their mother's techniques
and you
assumed this responsibility
to become all
parents in one,
guarding these kittens against
dogs
many times your size,
protecting
them against
the disruption
of their own
rough play,
playing with them
as if you
had diminished
your age
to theirs.

On the day
we met
we concluded a silent treaty
whereby
my bed
was your bed
and at night
you would purr,

lie on my chest
telling me of the principle
on which creation
was constructed,
telling me of the long history
of love
present (illusively) in each day
in each
year
of all time.

Then before
sleeping
you would knead
the bed
as if to ensure
it would be soft enough
for us
and your purring
gained the
ordered phrasing
of a fugue,
it carried
the clarity of the planned
but spontaneous
movement
contained in vast symphonies.

So neat were
your measures
that no baroque monarch
minced more precisely
than you
when
you brought forward
your joy at seeing
me after
a short absence.

In adulthood
your oval eyes
beamed out a billion
lights
each an emerald;
silver covered
your whisker pads,
your paws,
your ears
and your Chinese-carpet-like coat
was
of slate-blue
that made dyers
envious
of its evenness
of colour;
your long tail

rose into the air
playfully
but drawing the eye
to your
compact being
– that immeasurable storehouse
of spiritual electricity!

Part Three



Your Spiritual Estate

Love
 in you
 rose like a cathedral
serenely dominating
 the ages
 in imperturbable
obedience,
 in you
 love gave authority
an orchard
 of abundance,
 in you
compassion
 took on the garment
 planned
for it
 at the beginning of time.

 But
of all this you
 (love's agent)
 remained
unaware
 merely carrying
 the brilliant
formulas
 that solved
 the confusing

equation
which is
our passage
through
these time-sequences
called life.

All you tolerated
– cats,
dogs,
humans,
lizards,
snakes,
mice,
rats,
birds
and (against
feline laws)
you saved
them
the anguish
of teasing;
as
you had no need
to hunt
for your
food
so you

(unlike cats)
had
no need
for this
sadistic,
feline sport
with death.

Affection
(even at the entrance
to death)
sprayed through
your life
as a waterfall's sprays
moistens
the ferns
framing
the greater part
of this leaping
passage
and we
(affection-parched)
drank
this
your affection-water
greedily.

Non-attachment
clothed you
as densely
and lightly
as did
your finely textured coat
and this non-attachment
carried you through
this life
with
the same ease
as a gull's
tapered wings
carry
it through
the sky
and as
this bird's flight
delineates
the movement
of
a melody
so your life
was a
long
song
pertinent in every note.

In you
 opposites kissed
 and mated
becoming
 indissolubly
 one
 for in you
(unknowingly)
 joy and pain
 were the
same light
 revealing the same land.

Death was your element,
 life was your
element
 co-existing
 and intermingling
 as
one condition
 clearly silhouetting
 the lie
which is time
 requiring
 contradictions
for its futile passage.

Liquid was your
life,
fluid
for all creation
is the
blue flame
of your spirit
that burns on
the oils
of eternity;
what was
death to you
but a moment of irrelevant
pain,
a meagre transition,
the slight
shadow of a cloud
on a clear day?

So free
is your being
that resentment
is denied
sustenance
even in those
you love
and whom
temporarily
you leave in this
world.

Love's sky
burns through
you
in the vast messages
of the salmon
dawn,
in the wine-to-purple sunset
and all time
is annulled
in your life
that (drenched with love)
exists in
every minute
in every hour
of every
day
through every millennium!

Part Four



Death

And

Flight

The hours rose rapidly
and
tempestuously,
the hours crowded each other
on that
afternoon
and fast, ever faster you breathed
for death was riding
swiftly through
the day;
your eyes (burning each
a million emeralds)
called me to
you
warned me of your going
and
I understood not.

Tomorrow (I
thought) this anxiety would have
spent its futile energy,
tomorrow (I
thought) you would again race across
the lawn,
again lie on my chest
purring the secrets of creation
to me.

You rose then fell on to my bed
and
called for water:
weakness filtered
down through the air,
weakness slowly
wrapped you in its preparation
for death;
and yet you purred
seeking to cast
a web of frail reassurance
around me.

Late in this afternoon
we raced to
the surgeon
and
(waiting anxiously)
only you
remained calm
breathing as if
you bore the whole cosmos on your
slender being;
the day faded
for
how could it witness
the exit of
so brilliant a sun?

Coldness was
lacing the air
but another coldness
was on us
– death’s messengers
preceded him in their icy grasp
of the ailing day.

The surgeon
examined
and you called in agony,
the surgeon searched
and you warned
of death;
he injected the white antibiotic
into your blue being
but already your
translucent white spirit
was parting from
its mate
– your blue,
your royal body.

Again we raced
and as we reached home
the darkness of night
mournfully enclosed
the mountain
where we lived;
even the
motor car roared out the ponderous
inevitability
that weighed down the
hour
with grave sadness.

Then once
more on my bed
we laid you;
a
telephone rang
and I went to answer;
when I returned
you had left my bed
and I found you next to a bowl of water in
a passageway;
I returned you to
my bed;
again a telephone rang,
again
I went to answer,

again I returned
to find you
beside the bowl of water
in the passageway.

I lifted you
in my arms;
you were woollen-limp
and
death stood over us.

I moved swiftly
to my bed
and laid you down
but you called in pain
and again;
you called in pain;
I lifted you
and placed you over my shoulder;
you
gave one heave
vomiting two drops
of water
– then life leapt from you
and moved in an arc out of the
room
into the nothingness of eternity.

I

breathed into your mouth
minute after
minute;
a nurse came,
a friend
came
– they took you from me,
injected
you.

Then (as I went into the passageway)
I looked into the voids
that are the colourless
eyes in death's face;
for a moment we were
still
and then there was the slight
smile of recognition
on his face,
and taking
my hand
he voicelessly said:
"This
one shall return
to bring you
to the warm fields
of oblivion

the other
and into all)
flooded
my temporal existence.

I now knew
I must hasten to complete all tasks
rapidly,
to prepare swiftly for this
my last journey.

and all
opposites, all animosities (co-existing through
all time)
embrace and mate
to yield such
divinity as in you takes its form.

And
man (when he perceives your joy leaping
through the cosmos) knows he is as
much the spent noughtness of dust and
ash as he is the indestructible monument
(in the strongest, most shapely, grey-silver
stone)
of nobleness
which you share with
him
but you have no similar (to him) admixture
in your unconditional nobility;
your nobility
(being eternally there)
is eternally incorruptible.

25:iv:1968 with the addition of the
last(fifth) stanza of the First Aria as
Theme on 7:ii:2012.
Ekstasis 187.

ROTHMANNIA



Two Rothmannia capensis Trees and the Divine One; three techniques of prosody. Two of these techniques are employed throughout Primal Mediation (the one is based on the verse-line and the other is based on the verse-paragraph or verse-stanza); the cadential “turning” or ending of each line; the types of movement involved.

The total oeuvre of Châtillon Coque’s poetry is named Primal Mediation. The movement in Primal Mediation includes antelopes running, bird flight and aeroplane flight.

STANZA 1

Ornamentation. Immediately prized. Immediately observed.
By man. By nature. Always in prime service in the
embolden beauty of shape. The measurements are
the straight, white line of consistency. And the
ever-mounting optimization. The civilizing
dissatisfaction that makes epitomization possible.
Nature the rough but fair pruner. Operates in every
season. Undeterred.

SUB-STANZA TO STANZA ONE

Thus the involvement with sun-warmth. And thus the growth.
It ignites. It initiates. It injects. All uninvitedly so.
Thus the unruly remains. Thus the expansive involvement re-
mains.
And yet containment too remains. Everywhere is envelopment.
Far rather than dismissal. But dismissal plays its potent part.

Prosody: St John Perse epical style;
Units: Paragraph and Cluster;
Cluster: Between Capital letter and full stop: Word; Sentence; Phrase.
(2nd) Prosody

STANZA 2

Both trees sturdy. Each tree with its own ample canopy.
The eleven-o'clock, summer's-morning warmth. Canopy and
summer's sun play together. Interpenetrate. One the other.

Prosody: St John Perse Epical Style;
(2nd) Prosody

STANZA 3

Twó such *Rothmannia capensis*, twó such Candlewood trees.
In twó such sun-baked, terracotta pots. Placed next
to a warm log-cabin in the south-eastern corner of this
estate's garden. The estate of the redbrick mansion. Against
nature and her elements. Such impermanence! Such
insecurity! So threatened! So for all these
placements. And yet they are constant. Always the same place.
And there.
For all four seasons of the year.

Prosody: St John Perse Epical Style;
(2nd) Prosody

STANZA 7

Rothmannia *capensis* finds the near-ideal placing,
the closest to the centre,
the
promise of further epitomization
in this double-mirror reflection of the
Divine One
And this is the primary cause for celebration
to celebrate
the Rise
and the Release
of the Divine One
from
His imprisoned nailing
to a Rothmannia-*capensis* tree
and now
eight thousand times blessed
is this Rothmannia *capensis*
for sounding
the entirety
(in all its fullness)
of the archetypal eight
within the
archetypal octave
since sacred is such a tree
that
commits to such a divine destiny,
that frees,

that
 releases divinity and man. Once (for a while) both were
 so nailed to a
 tree and then this eightfold fullness resolved any
 harsh dissonance in the new
 composition
 and then too the performer sang
 and so singing
 re-reached the old
 wholeness
 (for a while)
 but nothing is permanent,
 neither now
 nor tomorrow,
 neither completion itself
 nor impermanence itself
 and it is
 time
 that enboldens impermanence.

Keeps impermanence alive.

And uncommonly well. The Divine One alone possesses
 permanence. For eternity. He changes not. Alone he
 permanentizes.

He alone renews. The Divine One gives and takes away.
 He is silent on every charge against Him. He need not
 answer.

Prosody: Lineation: matching lines and matching stanzas; The line is
 the basic unit; the stanza is the secondary unit.

STANZA 8

Rothmannia *capensis* then ends all nailing.

(However apparently permanent.)

To

announce the Freedom of the Divine One.

And of man.

Freedom from

attachment to suffering. In just such a cosmic release! In just such
an impermanent completion. Yet all perform zealously.

Pointedly. Passionately. Compassionately. Celebration
is the appropriate centre. This centre is this celebration.

An avenue of moderately-tall Rothmannia-*capensis* trees.

(No more than three metres tall.)

In deep bathing,

in sun-burning sunlight.

For the whole world.

(For creation.)

To perceive. And to embrace. In just such natural light.

Intensified. Here the Divine One epitomizes.

Prosody: The Style of St John Perse;

(2nd) Prosody

TWO PROSODIES OF PRIMAL MEDIATION

1. I recognize three sets of processes of prosody; the older, traditional one involving rhyme and meter; the one based on lineation; the one based on the verse-paragraph.
2. The older set, I regard as repressive as it has two systems artificially imposed on it. The first is a repeated and exact rhyme scheme. The lines, in regards to rhyme, could lack elasticity, could tend to rigidity and has often to resort to padding. Even Shakespeare (in his sonnets) is guilty of these unnecessary words to satisfy the system.
3. In the second imposition, that of meter, takes a strong and prominent position against that subtlety which the microrhythm (irregular rhythm) induces against the macro-rhythm (regular rhythm). A balance between microrhythm and macrorhythm is one of the most beautiful and musical aspects of English verse. The impression (illusion) is of a large vocal range with two voices in counterpoint with each other in that voice. Of course, it is only one voice that gives the illusion of two or more voices. This counterpart must be in the listening capacity, the aural skill of the listener. It also depends on the listener's concentration. Mere metre could turn to doggerel. Mere metre (feet), ill managed, destroys this macrorhythm and microrhythm artistry.
4. Free verse (*vers libre*) can degenerate into prose of the worst kind. It can also yield poetry of the highest order. Poetry does not essentially depend on metre and rhyme. But it is dependent on imagery, music, conjoinment, pattern, shape. (Not necessarily form nor imposed form.) And when shape and thought work together, and image and music conjoin them, often superior are the results. Shape and form are uncomfortable partners in poetry-making. But shape and context, at their best, yield a profitable poetry-relationship. They match one and another uncommonly well. Form becomes more

alienated from content, the more it is formulated. The form then restricts the contents rather than liberates it, notwithstanding T.S. Eliot's views. Philosophy has its role to play in poetry. A potent part. In some examples, presented as poems, form and contents are not at one with each other. There is no consideration of a relationship that enhances content and form then. Shape unfolds itself organically to fit content as a soft, flexible, elastic skin, the muscularity of a youthful hand. Highly formalized form does no such thing. It becomes rigid with more formulation. But pliable shape, as Zen would have it, are two mirrors reflecting each other without a shadow between them. Play and audience are the same. (DT Suzuki: *Mysticism: Christian and Buddhist*: Routledge Classics; London, p. 35.)

5. There are two prosodies I use throughout *Primal Mediation*. The one has as its basic unit the line. The other has, as its basic unit, the verse-paragraph, the stanza. But not the line within a metre. There is no metre in this line unless I super-impose it. That is rare. This poetry-line does not carry a rhyme scheme. Though there is ample rhyme, it is organic and spontaneous. It is flexible. It serves the imagery, the context, the music, the shape, the attributes of the poem, particularly suavity and elegant economy but no repression is accommodated. I would rather tend toward generosity than meanness of whatever kind, especially so in my poetry and in the case of repression. This defeats my purpose.
6. My primary function of consciousness is introverted intuition. My secondary function of consciousness is extraverted evaluation. My entire art and production of poetry embrace Jungian Psychology (Analytical Psychology). Crucial to my poetry-making operation is active imagination. I have found no other way to explain it. And even Jungian Psychology is often not entirely satisfactory.
7. Not one poem is presented as if I (the poet, Châtillon Coque) wrote it. I select spontaneously, unconsciously, a persona most suitable to the poem and play the role of that persona, accommodating that poem to the hilt. It is clear role-play. I am in the service of the poem. I play its role (a part) with an objectivity, with an impersonality of an actor, with the singularity of an actor, continuing with the pacing of

an actor, with the rhythm of an actor, the aloneness (*Abgescheidenheit*) of an actor (non-attachment). The myth-making ability of an actor, the characterization-abilities of an actor. I do not record. I create. I am neither an historian nor a biographer, nor an auto-biographer, nor a journalist, nor a scholar. If facts need to be changed in the interest of authenticity, particularly psychic authenticity, I shall change them to be more appropriate for the poem. While concerned with the poem, the poem comes first. This is I. That is the poem. But I, nevertheless, serve the poem before I serve myself while the poem is being created. Then the poem holds pride of place. When the poem no longer needs me, I go to the next poem. There is a perpetual cycle of creating poems. In a sense, *Primal Mediation* is one long poem. At the end of each poem there is a powerful sense of an aloneness but not a loneliness. In creating that myth, I keep the influences of the projection low, if they are there at all or if I can. Enacting, not confessing, enacting psychic patterns is my purpose. Characterization is paramount to all my work. I know of no critic that does not assert that his projection, however conscious that projection might be, is not the truth, the reality. In my experience, confession is too subjective for my poetry. Such confession often damages the poem with self-pity or sentimentality or crude eroticism. (Jung maintains that we only project when we are unconscious.) I have known amateur critics being fully aware of their projections and holding to those projections, however false they may be, with uncommon tenacity. Even Eliot could be accused of this, although Eliot was no amateur. Human nature, the psyche tends towards that sort of amoral support when the human being suspects he or she might be wrong. Much of Eliot's criticism of other poets is a justification of his own practise as a poet. Those who do not do as this mandarin (Eliot) orders, are in the wrong, are even aberrant. I would have none of that inflation, if I can help it. But I am not master in my own house. For the most part, I confine my criticism to my own poetry. When I criticize the work of another poet, I criticize in line with my own poetry. I use other poets' work to make my verse and prosody more assessable to my readers. I borrow more than I criticize but I am a critic and, on occasions, a severe one.

8. *Abgescheidenheit* is the word Master Eckhart uses for non-attachment. *Abgescheidenheit* moves towards aloneness, non-attachment to barrenness. I prefer *Abgescheidenheit*.
9. When I play the role of poet to a poem ideally, I am more or less alone. But not entirely so. I alone act that role, not I and a series of complexes resident in my psyche. No matter how well I play that role, that role is tarnished by the character I choose through whom I play that role. The very impulse to write a poem mostly suggests the character (the poet) through which I shall write the poem.
10. The speed with which I write these poems, even if every word is in the right place, makes it impossible that I should think out every move as I have done in the above paragraphs. But I am sure this is close to what does happen in the unconscious.
11. A psychic door opens from the collective unconscious and there is the poem. In most, if not all of these cases, the collective unconscious dictates the poem to me. I record it. I act as a secretary to the collective unconscious. This is about eighty five percent of the time.
12. Sometimes the poem is severely damaged in this pregnancy and birth. The dictation goes wrong. The dictation's sounds are no more than the sounds of bees' wings. The saving of this poem is in its rewriting and its correcting. This is its psychic surgery. Most often, there is only one rewriting and correction. The birth of the poem is unconscious and intuitive. The saving of the poem is conscious and rational.
13. In this poem, *The Two Rothmannia capensis Trees* was rewritten and corrected five times. And even so, I was told that the poem remains in uncertainty. Nevertheless, I do not doubt its excellence. Small matters remain these concerns. And the concerns cause a disproportional amount of distress.
14. When I declare " I was told", this is a way of stating that I had an intuition. Some such psychic realization had occurred.
15. At the beginning of each line is a pivotal and powerful word. This might, as occasion demands, be one word or two words or even three words.

16. This pivotal word or these two pivotal words or these three pivotal words (all pivotal and potent) replaces (replace) the rhyming word at the end of line in traditional lineation (prosody). In my opinion, this new dispensation strengthens and gives enormous drive forward with a steely suppleness, elasticity, pliability to the verse, all with an inexhaustible strength, capable of inexhaustible creativity and attributes not least being verbal music (music composition in verse) and suavity, to which is added the skill and right evaluation in combining the appropriate, most suitable ending of one line to conjoin with the next line. These are issues of style and suavity.
17. At the end of the line, some sort of a cadence (“pirated” from western art music) brings the line to some form of repose but mostly not entirely so. Some restlessness remains. This restlessness I resolve into five categories of cadence:

- (0) Enjambment
- (1) Final cadence (perfect cadence)
- (2) Interrupted cadence
- (3) Plagal cadence
- (4) Imperfect cadence

Particular attention needs to be paid (at the same time) to suavity and fluidity. The “silkeness” of the style should be maintained.

18. The lines that follow: the first and second lines match one another. Line one and line two are partners. Lines one and two match well as to imagery, music, thought, movement and all else.
19. Line three matches line two and line four. And so this line-mixing continues to the end of the poem.
20. In this way, every line leads to and relates to every other line.
21. In this matching from line to line, the integration of the poem intensifies. It assumes architectonic attributes. But this is piracy

in part. Notwithstanding which, I cannot exhibit an attribute not inherent to me.

22. This matching and seemingly flawless derive directly from the function of evaluation. Such flawlessness, suavety and poise belong unconditionally to Mozart and Palestrina.
23. Movement is critically important. I derive the dramatic movement forward from the music of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. No matter how slow a poem, the movement forward is always present in all the poems of *Primal Mediation*.
24. Asymmetry and poise play a large part in my poetry.
25. The “lineation” prosody has as its elements, units, entities. These are the words, the phrases, the sentences, the stanzas (the verse-paragraphs) of the verse.
26. These stanzas (as symbols) are arranged (sometimes asymmetrically, sometimes symmetrically) as massive rocks at the coast or far out at sea, albeit in a fairly-shallow sea.
27. An imaginary line passes horizontally through all the lines on a page.
28. These lines relate to the division of the lines into equal halves. Occasionally, I use only the white space on the left or the right half of the line, while leaving the other half as open negative space.
29. By the late 1960s, I no longer used this technique.
30. Long lines often have vents in their structure. The vent is indicated by dropping the next word in the poetic line, on to the next line on the page. This permits the “psychic air” into the unconscious into the poem.
31. This permits ample, even lavish, negative space.
32. Two images should be, in one way or another, present visually on every page of *Primal Mediation*. The one image is an aerial view, a view of islands in a large, calm ocean. The other image is one of wisps of cloud in a calm, serene, blue sky. These images could be embossed on the paper of the poem.
33. This layout makes the verse much easier to read. The long lines,

lavishly bestowed with negative space and sloping downwards on the left side, give a powerful drive forwards and a lack of any form of constriction.

34. It is also possible for the printed page (in addition) to resemble a painting, a drawing, a photograph, a music-score, a page of numbers, an old manuscript, or photograph of frozen movement, by means of such embossing.
35. The dictation of the collective unconscious is often extremely fast. The “secretary” (the poet) can just manage to keep up the pace. It is best to get all the words onto the page as quickly as possible. Often enough, the collective unconscious yields the lineation and the words simultaneously with extreme precision. I am then well advised to do the matching of the lines at the end of all these ritualistic processes. Matching is the most time-consuming of these processes. But frequently matching is combined with lineation. There are cases (and they are not a few) that all the work of the poem (but for the dictation) is accomplished by the collective unconscious, including the matching.
36. In the layout of the poem, the layout artist should be generous with negative space. It symbolizes the collective unconscious. It is the beginning, the foundation of each poem.
37. The second method of prosody in *Primal Mediation* is derived from the epic poems of St John Perse. With the aid of Arthur Knodel’s study on St John Perse (*Saint John Perse*, Edinburgh 1966, Edinburgh University 1966) I arrive at this technique of prosody, which I call “The Epic Evolutionary Style of St John Perse”, totally derived from the poetry-oeuvre of St John Perse. I have associated the structures of the Passacaglia and Bach’s Goldberg Variations with this method: this is entirely my association. (Some cannot see the connection.)
38. I introduced this style of writing to Dr Pamela Heller-Stern. With an astonishing psychic assimilation, she has adopted this style to her poetic novels with a singular appropriateness, neither with a word too much nor with a word too little. She has learnt this “foreign language” too well to be a native to it. She does not seem to misjudge,

an attribute not often ascribed to a native. She is an expert at it. The Ovid dictum below has done much to quieten and to humanize Dr Heller-Stern's expertise. Ovid observes: *Ad eo latet suo arte*. (Art that lie hid by its own artistry.) Great potentiality needs conversion to great achievement. Her application is as astute as it is most fitting. Her skill is particularly refined.

39. The primary unit of this second method of prosody is the verse-paragraph. This is so named to distinguish it from lineation-controlled prosody in which this paragraph is called a stanza.
40. The secondary and smaller units in this second method of prosody are called the clusters. The cluster, I define as between the capital letter at the beginning of the first word of the cluster and the full stop at the end of the cluster. This could involve one, two, three words etc. It could involve an entire sentence. The full-stop comes after the last word of the cluster.
41. The combination of verse-paragraphs and clusters resemble a large flower-bed and with regularly-planted flowering-plants in it.
42. Between clusters on the printed page, there should be ample negative space. Rather too much than too little.
43. These notes on prosody are, firstly, directed at myself to make me more conscious and skilled as to these intricate matters. They can easily go wrong. The first processes which would suffer are the verbal music and the order of the images and their conjoinment. If these images do not match, there is a failure of style, integration, meaning, sensibility, appropriateness. The suitability of imagery is always an issue. Bland images do not serve poetry. Weak (slack) rhythm does not serve poetry. Poor sound does not serve poetry. Poor and ill-fitting shape does not serve poetry. T. S. Eliot notwithstanding, penetrating thought serves poetry well. If thought holds the mind, often expression takes care of itself. Then the collective unconscious yields abundantly.
44. I cannot guarantee that the studying of these notes will improve appreciation of my poetry or the understanding of it. For some temperaments, this studying would be an impediment to the

understanding and appreciation of my poetry. Emotional responses and not intellectual probing, are most likely to produce results.

45. The poem has eight stanzas. First four stanzas, their prosody is that of St John Perse, based on the verse-paragraph. The fifth stanza is an admixture of prosody based on the line and prosody based on the verse-paragraph. The sixth's and seven's stanza employ the prosody based on lineation, the first way of prosody. The eighth stanza employs the prosody of the verse of St John Perse.
46. After a poem has passed from the collective unconscious on its way to "its birth" in consciousness, I support, I do everything in my power to facilitate that birth. Every poem is, to use the mythology of Christianity, a "Christ-child", a message from the archetypes through their archetypal images. All poems are saved. Deterioration is watched and bolstered with vitality and spontaneity. Usually by an adverb or adjective. Sometimes by the change of a verb or some other word.
47. Unlike Jung, I embrace my mysticism unconditionally and finally, and again, unlike Jung, who would not allow himself to be called a mystic for he did not consider it respectable, I embrace my mysticism. By the time he wrote the fourteenth volume of his collected works, he bowed to his being a mystic, bestowing on it considerable reverence. He accepted his own mysticism in doing so.
48. I have a similar aversion to some forms of Christianity. It is not Our Lord we worship. It is respectability.
49. "Solid", seemingly-incorruptible truths are capable of immense fabrications, deceit, distortions of their original truth and between them (truth and deceit) there sometimes exists a terrifying similitude, even and identical exactitude, or so it would seem. It is virtually impossible then to distinguish original truth and manufactured falsehood. The lie, the worm, that eats the rose, the truth with the full consent of that very rose. The human mind is particularly adept at such ruthless deception, most particularly at the skill of such deceit, such deeply-delving deceit.
50. Many such ruthlessly-corrosive deceits lie deeply embodied in the

creeds, many are at once unashamedly Christian and ruthlessly, unconditionally, corruptly rotten, but if not in the beauty of the language, in which they are shaped, disguised and presented, then often in the horrific manner and means by which they are implemented, they are executed. The punishment-element is mostly present.

51. The accompanying, psychic cruelty is unashamedly and blatantly displayed without a grain of remorse or even the mildest of doubts. This is particularly so if the “personal equation” is involved as Jung names it. Self-justification reaches destructive powers and heights, under such conditions.
52. Under these conditions, all morally, inflated, self-praising, self-righteous, morality seems rotten. Never is morality so rotten as when supported by the crowd. And all the above-named attributes are effective and ruthlessly efficient in the very moral rot in which these maggots breed. They are the very maggots which sterilize the rot and breed in the very same rot. This rot promotes amorality. The very morality constantly promotes its own amorality. Psychic health, moderate health and ill health have their own hands in breeding their own corruption. Every system, however poor, however good, carries its morality and immorality and with it as every human system carries its psychic health or psychic ill health. Psychic health or ill-health, morality or amorality (of whatever hue) and any system, good or bad are in bondage (or servitude) one to another.
53. The two systems of prosody presented with what appears to be an interpenetration of two poems (structurally they are only one poem) are singularly effective. That is my evaluation. Others may find it not so. Together they yield strength and robust health. Together they also yield some wretched, some rotten results, only saved by reconstruction. Vigilance and evaluation is required every second of the day. We are permanently locked in the coincidence of opposites.
54. Physical health, moral strength, aesthetic beauty, intellectual vigour, appropriateness and a host of other opposing attributes, have this potent similitude in common: the duality of good and bad.

55. They (the two methods of prosody employed in my verse) permit of physical and psychic optimization, permit of fine as well as steely, clearly-distinguishable evaluations, permit of excellence in hundreds of fields of knowledge, permit optimizations through shamanistic power of the right and wrong in appropriate balance. I hold these two methods of prosody, if performed as rituals, are in the very essence shamanistic for in such shamanistic evaluation, the archetypes of good and evil do their supernormal, transformative acts. All is transformation, evaluation, reconstruction, renewal. The frame of mind, the reshaping of consciousness, the appropriateness of the performance for these two ways of prosody, the skilled enactment of these two sets of ways of prosody, far exceed a literary exercise to become a shamanistic achievement, contains more universality than any literary achievement.
56. This poet is a sophisticated shaman, a paradox. His poems, as he is a poet, makes shamanism concrete, manifest and is just such concrete acts that fulfil the shamanistic acts in all their meaning. The result is aristocratic power (aristos = excellence, krātia = power) and prolificacy that remains strong through all its manifestations of its abundance and contains these attributes in the power and multiplicity in these poems and their shamanism, mysticism, richness in imagery, shapeliness, penetratingly-meaningful insights and foresights, aesthetics, language, elegant economy and in all aspects of all these associated attributes.
57. It is in the attributes of the chthonic world the archetypes do their creativity. It is in the actions of the most appropriate rituals they are persuaded to do so. Thus shamanism. Thus is the ritualized performance of shamanism. The spiritual and chthonic act as one in the archetypal world of shamanism. Nothing means what is appears to mean. Nothing is totally known. The unknown of everything is everywhere. That is the transformative power. That unknowing is the power. The collective unconscious.