

ANOTHER VIEW

Poems-: Impressions & Sketches

by Robert Angus,

'I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows... If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.'

- *The Tempest, Act 1.*

Index

	Page
1. With Possibly a Masterpiece	3
2. Mantis	4
3. Man with Musket	5
4. Animal Farm	6
5. After Kinsey	7
6. To Die Is	8
7. Balaam	10
8. Funny Old Codger	12
9. Bosch 's Garden of Worldly Delights	13
10. Village Store	15
11. Sign Here	16
12. Embedded in his Window	17
13. Under the Cork-tree	18
14. Peace	19
15. Round the Next Corner	20
16. Samson's Strength Amazes Him	21
17. Lord George & Jenny	23
18. Daniel Cast into a Lions ' Den	25
19. Swango Revisits Chau Doc	27
20. Case for the Defence	28
21. Charity (A Tune)	30
22. Juju	31
23. The History of Susanna	33
24. Laser Device	34
25. Directive	35
26. Home	36
27. Essay	38
28. Engineer	40
29. Uta-Napishtim	42
30. Salvage	44
31. Samurai	45
32. The Shulammite & the Shepherd	46
33. Dichotomy	48
34. 4 Roads	49
35. Garden	51
36. Park Scene	52
37. Bullfight 1901	53
38. Cruise-Bug	54
39. Devil Cat	55
40. Mouse	56
41. For 7 years Nebuchadnezzar Ate Grass	57

WITH POSSIBLY A MASTERPIECE

TOMORROW he has promised to surprise me with a valuable *out-of-this-world* EXTRAORDINARY **silk Indian** (with pictures) **prayer rug**.

He's swept his collection of machine-made GIM-CRACKERY swiftly into his carpet-bag: has closed the door with silent oriental adroitness & vanished.

All my period reproductions (obviously sham – **'quite unable'** my husband says **'to illuminate us!'**) must be fitly rearranged or disposed of.

His carpet-illustration will be of a branchrooted Fig or Mulberry (*widespreading over the whole rug surface*) Type of Tree. . .

The enlightened Gautama - about to depart from his home - will genie-like spring up from under my feet & startlingly enliven my sittingroom...

By this time tomorrow if asiatics are to be trusted – I'll possess (**at minimal price** - *no- questions asked !*) a unique & irreplaceable masterpiece.

Note.

Tomorrow he'll surprise me - since he sees I'm not the sort to care for tinfoil or rubbish - with a decoration for my house which even Buddha would find acceptable. I'll not ask him how he got it: I'll be eternally grateful to him - whatever his methods - for giving me the chance of possessing such a priceless object.

MANTIS

Her thin legs are elegantly jointed.
Her arms (raised fervently) carry 2 saws
& a double row of hooks.

She PRAYS motionless.

The victim (singing to himself) trundles
- *is he drunk?* –
(**step casually by casual step**)
towards her.

This splendid leaf-green insect
has translucent pink wings,
& her bloodred eyes swivel
- gleaming in a sharp hammerhead -
360 degrees.

She gobbles in tiny mouthfuls her useless mate.
[Jehovah , I suppose, created her **deliberately**
but his reasoning escapes me.]

& very quickly
(*happy as a lark*)
she abandons her children.

Note.

Fabre doesn't *directly* judge this insect. He simply catalogues the details of her excellence. He states she has an imposing & majestic manner, & standing perfectly still (her threatening forelegs armed with an extraordinary arsenal but raised apparently in prayer) she happily guillotines, *snap*, any unnoticing bee, locust, wasp - even her no longer required mate - stupidly aiming to wander past her.

MAN WITH MUSKET

He's the soldier in the red
Coat with wide-striped blue
pants wears a deerskin & white
gloves has brilliantly polished boots &
is never (rarely) without his musket

He's fully programmed
ceaselessly seeks the enemy
aims his weapon accurately

& when the assigned cannonball
commandingly whistles him
he'll **running** respond happily

Note.

Here's one of an army of brightly coloured lead soldiers (infantry) which boys like to move around, mixed up with ancient artillery, or carefully placed in laboriously built fortifications, guaranteed to strike down cheerfully any distinguishable enemy, & equally cheerfully welcome whatever the gods in their wisdom have arranged for warriors generally & particularly for this one.

ANIMAL FARM
(Coup de grâce)

Let's run this film backwards. *Start at the end.*

BOXER (sole hero of the piece) stands foursquare
in the glue-cart pondering.

'At the next bend'

Squealer asserts 'is heaven-haven [**bespoke pasture**].

The air

[**no need tomorrow to work harder**] is richer than the grass
& will quickly mend broken wind & tired limb.

For it's you, dear horse [**it's not the pigs, alas!**]
has ploughed the field, built the windmill, endured grimly
frost & thunder: hail, ice, bolt & spear
of misfortune!

BOXER - behind bars - starts to grin,
expose his gums, hunch crippled legs to kick or rear:
Suddenly remembers '*Sheep certainly are out - **pigs in!***'

Note.

This begins with a flash to the end of the story. Here the honest old
hardworking horse - no longer useful to them - is being disposed of by
the pigs. The pious hypocrite Squealer gets under Boxer's skin,
but the ancient horse stifles his rage when he sees the hopelessness
of the situation.

AFTER KINSEY

Since the moment when I astounded read him
I've been mooching helpless
up, down - *one of his hired itinerants*

NOTING, PEEPING . . .

People who continuity act the innocent
- *no need for psychiatrist to tell you!* –
are easily stripped
& the panorama of obscene longing plainly exhibited.

Their decoded thoughts (incoherently mumbled)
are forthwith dragged from tomb-darkness
to a dazzling light to be dissected & conned on.

* * *

Today *completely the scholar* I find it impossible
to return
except in delirium
to that comforting place
where bees happily buzz & birds ignorantly sing:

Note.

Now that so many mental & emotional problems have ceased to exist,
I sometimes regret the loss of the feeling of comfort which in early
days evidently depended on a kind of total ignorance.

TO DIE IS . . .

To die (they say) is like putting off an overcoat
or a piece of armour, & retiring quietly
or even joyfully to some other place...

With increasing age however, *unless suicide is intended*
It's advisable to call in an accountant to study
The books: **the debits & credits**. To urge him to come
without meandering as quickly as the facts permit
definitely to a conclusion. He cannot be expected
to say *where*:

still less **how**:

but with bankruptcy impinging,
& so many figures Jumping & shouting, he SURELY
(with his computer & other machines) can predict **when!**

I admit that anyone can easily be run over, or blown up
in the street, or swept away by a hurricane, or hijacked
& lost in an airplane –

but all these are irrelevancies:
your accountant must be instructed to ignore them
& stick to his books!

SOCRATES, I remember, WAS CAREFUL ABOUT DETAILS.
After taking the poison he touched his limbs & said:
*'When this potion reaches up to my heart, either my spirit
will rise up - from my feet to my head - & so spring
out of me, & (**having looked around** will suddenly depart
or undreaming it will sleep - wonderfully at its ease –
FOREVER!*

But unscientifically he spoilt this excellent deduction
by adding irrelevantly (**a moment before he died**) :

*'Crito you must remember we owe a cock to Aesculapius.
Do not on any account neglect to repay him!*

Note.

There should be a kind of joy in the preparation for death but existence is a matter of debits & credits. To come quickly to a correct appreciation & understanding, It is necessary to call in an accountant: not in order to discover where or how, but simply to know when. Accidental death should be ignored. Socrates is said to have welcomed death hopefully; but the memory of a small debt (just before he died, according to Crito) was of particular importance to him.

BALAAM

Intending to curse Israel
Balaam quickly
 rising early
 saddled his ass.

In a corner of his mind
he privately pictured the reward
Balak had promised.

3 times
 threatening with his sword
 the angel of the LORD
 terrified the ass...

The animal hastily withdrew
into a field. Passing through a vineyard
he crushed Balaam's foot. It here being
impossible to pass or turn
the animal fell flat.

VIOLENTLY on each occasion **Balaam**
belaboured him...

(Compassionately the LORD
opened the creature's mouth.)

Grinning with pain
 -glaring at Balaam
 the ass asked:
 '3 times you've hit me.
 What have I done to you? '

Addressing Balaam
 (on behalf of the ass)
 the angel said:
'The animal has saved your life!'

Balam
 stroking him
 carefully listened
 to Jehovah
 & blessed Israel.

Note.

There's something odd about Balaam's haste to curse Israel. He apparently rejects the large reward proposed, but hurries to Balak without waiting for Jehovah's instruction. As in Rembrandt's painting, the ass is at the centre of the action. Balaam, in this glimpse of him, fails to impress as a prophet & seems less intelligent (as clearly indicated by the angel) than the ass. Rembrandt plainly shows the animal's frustration & anger.

FUNNY OLD CODGER
(Beach Scene)

Surely he must like donkey-rides, Punch-
& - Judy shows, ice-creams & candy-floss?

When
drummers & buglers pass undoubtedly this puny
infant will spring to life, dash gladly after them?

He surely
will love cricket with hosts of kids on the sands?

Boldly
he'll dash into huge waves darting over or through
them?

'That's my brave boy!'

* * *

HE'S PUZZLED. He stares wordlessly
at me ... but I easily read the thin twitch
of his lips:

'Silly old codger!'

Note.

It's natural to long for one's child to be virile, courageous, determined
& able to fit into a generally acceptable pattern - but the child of
course (though speechless about it) may prefer an entirely different
pattern.

BOSCH'S GARDEN OF WORLDLY DELIGHTS

Creation.

'The heaven & hell shall be created
in one sphere.'

*(God has pronounced it. A plan lies
on his lap.)*

**'The elliptical disc - EARTH - shall provide
2 DOORS**

*- one indirectly leading to heaven,
& the other
directly to hell. '*

Eden.

Vermilion fruit hangs at tips
of yellowing trees.

JEHOVAH (*Christ*) introduces Eve peacefully
to Adam

**Frogs rats & lizards die instantly
in Eden**

*caught & swallowed swiftly by cat
or bird*

Bees like birds distantly swirl
& vanish

*– tiny creatures - hundreds - swarming
& circling.*

**Wisely tick-tacking like God's clock
continually**

*the solitary owl predicts the imminent
disaster . .*

Bosch's World.

Nakedly frolicking men & women chatter
feverishly

Riders riot - *a zodiac?* - on lion goat
bull & bear

**Goldenhaired waternymphs - lilies
in lilypond -**

*whisper urgently together or happily
beckon them.*

In forefront of stalls longbeaked spies
gaze greedily
amazed at the frenzied gyration
of the horde.

**Everywhere private parts playfully exhibited
cease to be private.**

*Fanciful desires excite the actors
endlessly.*

Hell.

Multitudes struggle with envy pain
gluttony & hatred.

Lunatic armies, engulfed in flames, perish
in bitumen slime.

**Frantic victims wallow – hundreds - with bodies
darkly presented**

*- ripped by spear, slashed by knife, or torn
by dog or devil .*

Hieronymus Bosch, fiercely filled with righteous
Godlike joy,

busily destroys all of them rapidly
- burns or drowns them!

Note.

It is said that Hieronymus Bosch paints a world which obviously is directly opposed to the kingdom of heaven & is evidently evil throughout. Bosch speaks in symbols & metaphors: a fascinating world of monstrous formations, full of wit, surprises & multiple meanings. Out of the lunacy which he sees largely surrounding him he creates from inner depths a lively astonishing world which he himself, we understand, has rejected.

VILLAGE STORE

When next the bell Jigs, & the dust
flies over the shelves & settles
among the cheeses, I propose we slip
into the dark: let the customer (in absence
of assistants) **question himself & sort out**
without charge **whatever** damn him **he pleases!**

He can surely make himself pots
of tea (not to mention 35 different
varieties of soups) ... & choice large packets
of macaroni can be dished *selectively*
with the cheese, followed by currant roll,
plum-duff, Xmas puddings, or whole groups

of ready-mix... *Alternatively:* frozen fingers, chips
with salad, *plain* or with HEINZ ketchup. This
customer may of course turn out as daft
as yesterday's idiot (*mongolian, was he?*) **had**
a clawed hammer under his coat: again & again
waving his weapon. threatening me & the girl (*just 15*
& *quite obviously wetting her pants in her fright*)
to hand him our 17/6 - SUM TOTAL reposed in the till.

Nobody will surely criticize us for taking off
-there's the-bell ! - OPTIMISTICALLY (but no testimonials)
TO SOME GODDAMNED 'couldn't be worse' OTHER SITE!

Note.

Here is one of those oldfashioned shops in which almost anything can
be bought. At sight of what appears to be an entirely untrustworthy
customer, I suggest we clear off to some other site which surely,
however Godless, couldn't be worse than this. (The seventeen &
sixpence suggests that this scene has been dragged up from the
fardistant past.)

SIGN HERE

The army hastily arrived determined to see
we followed the faith.

Papers were thrust in front of us.

Large black type shouted from the bottom:
'SIGN HERE.'

Some smaller print (almost impossible to read)
stated the regulations.

My stubborn old Grandpa refused
- 'a matter of principle' he said - to sign such papers.

He was immediately beaten & at a nod from the commander
shot from behind in the head.

A bevy of children
scurried like rats down alleys & round corners.

Bullets aimed at insurgents
bounced into them. Some of them presently recovered
(luckier than grandpa) in corners of the hospital.

Our new commander quickly assembled the people.

He said to them: '**Liberty & happiness**
to all who've signed & are willing to work
will be restored *instantly!*'

*

*

*

MY DEAREST DARLING OLD GRANDPA – *silly old man!*

(still unburied though 2 hours dead)

CLENCHED HIS TEETH & SIGHED BITTERLY.

Note.

The army marches like a stream of ants, obliterating the surroundings
& destroying all but the faithful. Grandpa, definitely not one of them,
stands in the way & is quickly removed. The children, frightened &
ignorant, are either chased into oblivion or converted. The army
commander is afraid that Grandpa could never be converted! Fools of
this kind are better dead!

EMBEDDED IN HIS WINDOW *

He has a mad look ... he's schizophrenic.
His hydrahair (dried-up after heavy sweating)
curls, graywhite, circling a crooked ear
& flat nose.

His eyes stare wildly
from thin layers, craftily coloured,
of expensive glass.

They search hourly
(he never sleeps) the way-down dark floor
- each chapel & transept - where maybe *unbroken*
the beloved body of his brother hides.
God the Lord YAHWEH surrounds him... above,
below & beside him...

Permanently imprisoned by the artist
he's here safe above the altar.

* Cain's face in a cathedral east window.

Note.

There is a growing sympathy & many excuses for Cain, who is thought to be mad - a divided personality. One feels that perhaps the memory of his crime, & his separation from God who is nevertheless close beside him, & his perpetual imprisonment in God's house, will in themselves be a sufficient cure for him. [But perhaps these Cains are too numerous & too diverse for such simple treatment, & maybe Abel should be consulted.]

UNDER THE CORK-TREE.

Whenever I could I went to bull-fights, wrestling or boxing matches & enjoyed nothing better than bloodily mixing it with bover boys at soccer battles.

My great-great grandfather was stuck (according to grandma) like a prime fat pig at Agincourt.

My whole family has proudly carried (they say) pikes, halberds, shillelaghs & various steel or iron bludgeons at every (*you name it*) confrontation.

But **now** (*black sheep bitterly disgracing the clan.* - **exchanging birthright for pottage** I've torn my card & sit friendless -. sniffing & planning a kind of pastoral Nirvana:* *an erewhon of flowers & suchlike* - of the sort the idiot bull** Ferdinand under his cork-tree looked for.

* The extinction of desire & passion. But perhaps Cockaigne would be better. 'An imaginary country, the abode of luxury & idleness

** A simpleton. Incapable of ordinary reasoning. One who refuses to take orders.

Note.

The reader will remember that the bull * Ferdinand, sitting under his cork-tree, succeeded in avoiding the perpetual struggle which was supposed to be his natural heritage. The author of this piece gets nothing but contempt for daring to believe in a plan for a similar way-out happiness. (* **Ferdinand**, by Munro Leaf.)

PEACE

Here I lived
 here I died
 I'll be buried here

Trees encircle me & my dog
 he sleeps at my feet
 what else do I need?

Note.

This fellow dreams he's king of an infinite space. He lies happily dead with his dog at his feet.

ROUND THE NEXT CORNER

It's at my own back I hear the engine throbbing
- & *nowadays* the rocket whistling.

A vast
metropolis - larger than any Marvell could
foretell - surrounds me.

The eternity is moment
to moment ... no desert, but **replete**; & so
stuffed that my (**yours too?**) ears sing!

Getting, *contriving*, **keeping** have filled entirely
my near-30 years...

I make no complaint
on account of the preservation of virginity
or for emptily doting on eyes, lips, breasts.

It's no marble vault but a filthy ditch I
continually think on - **& me dead as a nail!** –
that somebody *someday* **somewhere** will casually
fling me in.

Note.

A reminder of Marvell's fascinating poem about frustrated love & associated images. In this piece the pressures - with eternity close by - are not due to deprivation but to too much rather than too little, & to the constant fear that a miserable death may be near at hand.

SAMSON'S STRENGTH AMAZES HIM

I had nothing in my hands. The lion crouched *roared*
& sprang suddenly at me.

He was very soon limp in my grasp.
(I had him by the throat.)

I flung him under a bush where bees
busily looking for food
hastened hopefully to search him.

I too had come
to search out the woman I imagined I loved.
(She turned to my friend & quickly forgot, me.)
I took 30 foreskins of her former Philistine companions
in Ashkelon.

All these people were increasingly my enemies.
Once with a Jawbone I scattered them.
A thousand lay dead. **A heap here a heap there . . .**

NEXT

I'll forever remember it
I TOOK 300 FOXES - **JACKALS** -
& TYING THEM IN PAIRS BY THE TAIL
I PLACED TORCHES BETWEEN THEM
- a circus act wildly rushing a flaming destruction!
INTO THE PHILISTINE CORNFIELDS.

The rest is in pictures:

The Gaza gate, at the top of the hill above Hebron...
The slow growing of the 7 locks of my hair again...
My returned strength swelling & urging me...

* * *

I spy Jehovah high up in his heaven

my guide my eyes

directing me.

The lad has my hand in his hand.
He says to me: 'Here are the pillars!'

(3000 DEAD AT MY DEATH

- praise be to God!

ARE MORE THAN I SLEW IN MY LIFE.)

Note.

Manoah's wife had an altogether different picture I think of her son SAMSON. 'A Nazarite from the womb, dedicated to God...' actually he was devoted to wiping out Philistines & casually pursuing harlots. (He loved Delilah but she appears to have been a lover of money & a deceitful slut.) In a sense he's a child, quite delightful... He's a splendid destroyer, like Genghis. Pleasant as a friend & incredibly strong, but not quite - as Delilah guessed & proved - invincible & indestructible.

LORD GEORGE
& Jenny

I first saw Jenny by a stream in the gardens
(Kensington). A multitude of birds sang
& a family of rabbits played nearby.

She had on a blue
see-through dress, & a portly **unpleasant**
bandylegged dandy - George - pretending to gaze
at the birds & the rabbits constantly *very*
thoroughly examined her.

His expression was fixed & his face
was a mask. . *I afterwards heard the mask was*
constructed by a Mr Aeneas (theatrical maskmaker)
& was used by Tobias' assistant, the angel (you
remember) *Gabriel . . .* (Perhaps it was Raphael .)

Anyway, this damned cheat George, who previously
thought every woman a whore, very delicately
approached & polite words astonishingly dribbled
between his teeth through the fixed aperture
which stood - apparently since yesterday –
for his mouth.

Jenny was a dancer, devoted to her art, but she
had no experience - I could plainly see - of
pimps or archangels.

* * *

Max says they got married & went off together
to a fairytale hut in the wood (quickly bought
by George for the purpose) & lived there for
6 months 'inexpressibly happy' he says.

You remember that at this point one of his much-
prized - one of his earlier whores - tore the
mask from his face.

which in the hot sun melted in minutes at
their feet, leaving his underface as
angelic as the other.

* * *

An unlikely *bloodily*
Incredible **tale**, don't you think?

Note.

The villain, George, in Max Beerbohm's *Happy Hypocrite*, is (like a criminal in a fairy story) undoubtedly a scoundrel, but it's possible to like him & admire him. One can even believe that he's managed to change himself fundamentally & will presently be capable of an unselfish & perfectly genuine love affair. The statement that with the mask gone his inner face resembles his outer is not necessarily unlikely or 'bloodily incredible' (we hope).

DANIEL CAST INTO A LIONS' DEN

Darius raised Daniel over the princes & presidents.
They immediately drew up a decree.

***'For 30 days no petition shall be made to man
or God but to thee, O king.'***

3 times every day Daniel blessed Jehovah
& prayed for the restoration of Jerusalem.
The presidents reported this matter

'the breaking of his unalterable law '
to the king .

Darius himself accompanied Daniel
to the den of lions
& sealed the stone.

The king passed the night sleepless & fasting.

***No instruments of music & no women
were brought to him .***

Very early in the morning the king rose
& hastened to the den.

With a lamentable voice he called loudly

'Is Daniel's God able to deliver him from the lions?'

Daniel sitting among the lions replied

'God's angel is here beside me.

***The lions' mouths have been closed;
These beasts have done me no hurt. '***

Darius himself drew Daniel from the den.
His accusers were cast through the aperture
at the top & immediately

'or ever they reached the bottom'
the lions mastered them .

Darius made a 2nd decree.

***'Everywhere my servants
shall tremble before the God of Daniel .'***

He is the living God & steadfast forever.

He delivers & rescues

He daily works his signs & wonders

He has delivered Daniel this day from the jaws of a lion.'

Note.

The AV declares that Darius 'laboured till the going down of the sun ' to deliver Daniel. He is naturally as amazed as the reader would have been to see his friend sitting comfortably among the lions. Then King Darius wrote to many nations in their own languages,

'Let all men every where tremble before Daniel's God. Having shut the mouths of my lions with signs & wonders he has delivered his servant Daniel!'

New Year '75

SWANGO REVISITS CHAU DOC *

'There's an old man, Swango, has come to the door. He has your manifesto in his hand. (He looks about 5 ft high. Is evidently inquisitive. Is wide-eyed. Has a white tuft for a beard.) He says he has a question to ask you.'

'Let him speak up. I'm not bothered about questions. Abe Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson, Longfellow & Whitman clamor in my blood. His question will be simple for me . What does he want?'

'He appears to have lost something. Probably it's nothing important. Not his family, his house, pigs, chickens or his buffalo. Could be, I suppose, his well-bucket? I'll ask him.

'Look you here, friend - grandad! Swango's busy composing. He's producing another manifesto, not unlike the one you have in your fist.

'So what
(*speak quickly: use very few words*) is the question you urgently want the adviser to answer?
If it's not land you seek - not cash, rice, seeds, tools or equipment - ***what else can you bloody well possibly want?***

* Swango's manifesto (Christmas '70 - New Year '71) is printed (back page) in *Vietnam Inc.*

Note.

Swango's aide cannot expect his master - with the great weight of US history constantly in his mind- to worry about the loss of pigs, chickens or other similar possessions of the peasantry. However he assures the old man who has a question for Swango that the adviser is producing a second manifesto which should solve all problems & satisfy any normal person's needs.

CASE FOR THE DEFENCE

Counsel : First you must describe the person; second you must say where he was, at what time; third you will tell the Court what he said & did.

Witness : Most of the details slip my mind. He had black hair & a big nose. I cannot remember how he was dressed, or whether his eyes were black or brown, or how tall he was.

He was usually out in the countryside, miles from his village. As for the place - it depends which incident you particularly want to know about.

Counsel : Quite so. The prosecution will seek to show that politically he was far out on the left, that he was against the existing government, that he was clearly a troublemaker & no doubt a communist.

Witness : Until you mentioned it, this idea never occurred to me. The man was obviously fond of people & specially of children. In fact he himself looked like a child & spoke like a child. He liked to think he could say whatever he wished to say. He frequently objected to what he described as doublefaced doubletalk.

Counsel : For example?

Witness : I refer to useless concern about the hierarchy : about questions of order, status & appearance : & particularly of wealth, superfluous wealth.

Counsel ; You must be careful of several statements you might make.
Things that sound splendid to the proletariat (and even to the jury) are anathema to the government. What was that story about the woman with five husbands? Or of that adulterous bitch - should have been punished instantly?
See that you avoid such accounts: & do not fall into obvious traps they'll dig for you. The heart is never superior - you must continually remind yourself – to the requirements of the law.

Witness : When you say that, I realize

it's impossible to defend the man. I cut myself in two : one half agrees with him, the other denies practically everything he says. It's not me in the dock; but I see that the police, the prosecution (& presently the government itself) will very soon begin to have disagreeable thoughts & will arrange, . when the dust settles, to see that my ideas are corrected.

Counsel : I'm glad you understand it as we understand it. There's not the least need to incriminate anyone or to create anxiety . . . Throughout the working days in each week the defendant very properly sprang to help his fellow citizens. Correctly described his actions will be seen as admirable. Whatever else he did or said must be ignored or forgotten.

Witness : Certainly! I agree that many of his deeds & sayings were evidently illegal & irresponsible. I have already diminished them or forgotten them.

Note.

Some witnesses can remember photographically; I myself usually fail to notice the precise physical details necessary for identification. I can see that even as a witness there is a danger in attempting to represent favourably this defendant's ideas & sayings. No doubt some of them can be corrected. Probably it's best – more comfortable - to forget the rest. (One of the witnesses says that this defendant went about villages preaching to the people & healing sickness & disease. Various witnesses declare that he called continually for a change of heart.)

CHARITY (A tune)

I have this matter continually in my head. Very like a tune - brass, woodwind, lutes: flutes - the backing is persistent, excellent...

Since the text requires it (& *anyway* my body is despicable) it shall **definitely** be burnt...

I will omit the next paragraph.

Nobody without (the tools can remove a mountain or understand -with or without faith - the mysteries you speak about. *

Although you have stated the problem, have argued it logically, I understand not a whit of it!

I prefer
to be a child seeing darkly –I will never put away my childish toys! (the 'in part' can never vanish, it will never be done.)

The people are happy - they dance to flute, woodwind - they speak in chorus, the drums are banging & the lights flash...

They enliven the broken-hearted, the poor & the lonely.
What else can they do?

Note.

Although I cannot forget the music of St Paul's phrases, I have to admit that the argument is completely beyond my comprehension. I shall always stick to my toys, understanding very little of what I see. Perhaps this kind of childish happiness -*what else am I able for?*- will be contagious & helpful.

* The reference is to verse 2 in the first epistle to the Corinthians, chapter 13

JUUU

The ferocity of the attack
demolished the entire village.

Today Ilyushin arrived
bang over the centre.

He hawked

Safely

In&out roundabout roundabout

rocketing/diving.

Pockets of ants

staring-around looking-up falling-flat

were sliced/butchered.

Important persons (2) were eliminated

operator of maternity clinic

foreign body in charge of infants

300 others.

JUUU

unharmmed

assists at the look/see

GOATLIKE.

Bulldozing horns

stirring the rubble

toss up

daynight night&day

odd limbs

jigsawbits.

Red

international.

+

supervising mass ceremony

buries them.

JUUU

back on wooden plinth (jobdone)

COUGHS WOODENLY.

Patiently awaiting similar Ilyushin
he states blankly:

***'They'll build it up hopefully:
endlessly he'll knock it down again!'***

Note.

The title in two bits suggests a primitive force overwhelmed by a power against which the natives have no defence. The source of this power is no doubt a mystery to the creatures it destroys; but the Local deity does as much as he can to help his people, although he knows that whatever they rebuild will undoubtedly be knocked flat again. ['Ilyushin' of course can belong to anybody anywhere.]

SUSANNA

(The Apocrypha)

The AV says '*The two old men were inflamed with lust for her*'. The RV, noticeably delicate (preferring **love** for *lust* says '*Their minds were perverted...they forgot justice & judgment*'.

The translators happily together state 'This wickedness came from Babylon from ancient judges *who governed the people*'.

They both *marvelling* approve the excellence of the interrogation, the sudden conviction with the required stoning.

At the trial they declare '*These wicked men, wishing **even here** to be filled with her beauty, command her veil to be removed*'. Tintoretto heartily agrees with them.

Equally he admires the interesting curves of the woman. He carefully arranges the coils in her hair. . . His intricate study of the light & shade in the woodland delights him!

The two ancient ghosts (cautiously peering round the screen) will shortly fade from the garden?

Carelessly Tintoretto pushes them aside.
He ignores them.

Note.

This is a comparison of the several portraits involved. Two are provided by the AV & the RV, & the third by the Tintoretto painting. Naturally the artist observes the beauty, while the writers stress the injustice & stupidity. Each in his own way reduces & crushes the old men effectively.

LASER DEVICE

There's not a hole anywhere
(tank airplane satellite submarine)
his enemies can hope to hide in.

Crawling & begging
(dogs searching for bones)
they'll be longing for peace.

He's the original Genghis
(*Kha-khan & Power of God on Earth*)

delightedly staring *magnanimously grinning.*

Note.

This device (*Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation*) definitely puts the US a stride ahead of the USSR. It's capable of turning flesh into mush & instantly annihilating incoming missiles. Laser penetration (**4 terrawatts in amplification**) can disintegrate absolutely any offensive object whatsoever. (All enemy midgets will now seek safety in permanent peace.) The potential of this weapon is accepted as the ultimate in superior weaponry.

DIRECTIVE

'Your belongings are circled, **zoned**.
Pack your baggage (infants, dogs, cats);
pile up the carts, Grandad!

'Forget the rice. Let all scavengers
grow happily fat. Let rats & mice
like zanies swell helplessly on it!

'Attend to instructions: in a matter of hours
(**3 at the most**) flocks of obliterating birds
- *rocketing* - *stuttering* - will burn up your hut, son!

'Agitate your family; quickly stir up your friends;
concentrate your mind; firmly fix it on vital interests.
Not a bomb shall be aimed at anonymous persons
- **only at you, Pop!**'

Note.

This piece is a warning that the impending air-strike calls for immediate & concentrated attention. The leader of the people about to be attacked is a simple old man who must eliminate any vagueness from his ideas of the intention & consequences of such an assault.

HOME

'Here's your share '

brusquely he stared at me
he was stuck for words

'take it & go ! '

I was footloose
everything was free
& at once I fled.

Just-so Buddha from his banyan departed
Elijah in his chariot
God from his tree.

I ate my own & somebody's money
(but I ate no corn
& certainly no husks).

Reciprocally & quickly
you'll say it
'a multitude of harlots devoured him! '

Thinnest of things it was then
mere wraith of me
received his note **urgently**

for in a mess desperately
my austere parent
stooped he wrote to me .

'Nobody's life shouldn't be burnt ' he uttered
'mere stink mere smoke
USELESS to ashes !'

Clearly his fences were down
. . . pigs bewildered , cows moidered . . .
curs were in his yard .

'Return Instantly ' he begged he persuaded
'there's a calf a ring & a suit here
(**he forgot to list the kiss & tears**)
rightfully to your home ! '

Note.

In the *Prodigal Son* the compassionate father is so full of love for his son that he is prepared to forget the waste & futility in his recent behaviour. In *Home* the father (so the son thinks) has an overriding need for the boy's help on the farm, & therefore he says that nobody's life should be regarded as expendable or useless .

ESSAY

Schoolmarm says Go to the gallery
when its next wet & there write
your essay in room 3. five paces
to the right of the door from room 2
clearly marked between hals & rembrant
is a super picture of an aristocraticly
longnosed in wig & ruff with sword
& garters knight by van dyke.

I want you
she says to think of him as if he was
your father. imagine him at peace in his
baronial hall having Just come back from
a bloody (never use the word *bloody* except
properly) war. he has his right arm
lovingly around you. youre 6 at the time.
& hes telling you of all the infidels
(*no never say **sloshed*** used only by illitrates)
hes overcome. & the rich splendid booty
hes taken.

many of his ancestors - imagine
theyre yours too - hang around him admiringly
staring down at him. **hes the plum**. the piece of cake
youll say. is richer bolder brighter. has done in
(as your put it) more than any of them.

I want you
she says to draw a big lesson will stead
all your future when you write of the guts &
the acts behind them. the gogettingness you'll see
in the face - could have been your dads - which
the allseeing painter has ~~notched~~ seen in him.

('notched' is crossed out but kept.)

Note,

This is an instruction from his schoolmistress to a very small boy to go to a picture gallery, find a portrait by a famous artist of one of his imaginary ancestors, & then seeing it in the terms she has already laid down for him – write an essay about it. Here, written in his own language, he recollects some of the instructions & encouragement given him.

ENGINEER *

Is a man who understands
exactly how the object works

When he sees that no progress
is possible on account
of the construction
of the object

he returns *slightly non-
plussed* **not desperate**
to the drawingboard

Picture him as a man
sticking together the bits
the pieces of some other
man

bones muscles nerves

BRAIN

The animal drags a Machine
(the machine breaks down)
the animal staggers

dies

ENGINEER is excited
he revises the plan
produces a hybrid
(man - animal - machine)
no nerves no bones no BRAIN
(*jigs with nuts & bolts*)

STEEL

'This creature will work **nonstop**
& will last FOREVER
will sow reap copulate
while I smoke & sleep'
he grinned

* genetic

Note.

A genetic engineer is a man who knows that **nothing is finished**, that frustrations - DEATHS OF IDEAS & deaths of species - will inevitably bring in eventually astonishing new creatures. These creatures will be ideal for what he as an engineer must know needs to be done. 'They'll be mechanical - just nuts & bolts but entirely stable & indestructible - **perfect for the job!**' he grins.

UTA-NAPISHTIM *

The message 1 received from the gods was as follows:
PREPARE FOR A DELUGE . Construct *at once* a LARGE ship .
Fill it with whatever you value. *Cattle, servants, craftsmen,*
any members of your family you wish to preserve. Maintain
an aviary of birds, for these are my personal servants.'

(‘Never be niggardly in beasts for offering or sacrifice.’)

At this time I could see no sign of a catastrophe.
Nevertheless I thrust into the ship all the more agreeable
of my kinsfolk . Every kind of animal I packed into it
(It was in 3 storeys & each hold was ENORMOUS) . I saw
that in the end there would be nothing but chaos,
emptiness ... I commanded my sons, ‘ Take serpents, insects
& sea-mammals, & arrange them in the holds with the animals
which are already collected. ’ **

Day & night, *night & day* - many days we resisted
the hurricane ... Endlessly the rain , swollen to an ocean ,
urged monstrously at us... Nobody prayed, but instead
we all of us - *men , insects , birds , mammals & reptiles* –
fought desperately . . .

On the seventeenth day the sea
calmed herself . On the twentieth the water began to sink.
On the fiftieth a mountain appeared , & on the hundredth
the mud , *the lowlying marshes* , surrounded us emptily ...
Tradition mistakenly declares that we released
a dove , swallow & raven (I threw open the window
& sunlight - *direct from the gods* - beat on my head .)
Immediately - **who would wait for a word ?** - we streamed
from our prison . . .

THERE WAS NO LONGER ANYWHERE A SINGLE
ANTAGONIST. We drew a map. Everything was shared.
I commanded everyone - all the animals - to sit appropriately
in the necessary ranks . . . At the centre of this multitude
I built an altar. *I cast down reeds, cedarwood & incense,*
& at once (with full agreement) drew from the crowd by lot
the required sacrifice ...

. And when the gods smelt the goodly savour
they gathered ‘***happily rejuvenated like flies***’
(Gilgamish says) over the sacrificer.

* He survives a deluge & remembers It .
In the Epic of Gilgamesh the Flood is described
in the 11th chapter (80 - 160)

** There is unfortunately no description in Genesis 6
of the arrangement of the cargo in the ark .

Note.

One feels that a mixture of a number of vague details can be given of the Gilgamesh & Biblical accounts of the Flood , since these & other stories , derived from traditional recollections , should not be swallowed instantly as statements of fact . The tale of Uta-Napishtim has an odd but lovely ending , with a dream of shared happiness . (In the AV there is also clear indication that peace & happiness are possible .)

SALVAGE

There's a hoarse shout.

So eager for the money
with rattle of chain
blowing of whistle
we - efficient - PUT THE BOAT OUT.

Jo Hulbert, Ed Smith, Vince Brown
(myself with some others)
- *no heroes* - nevertheless not a goat
or rabbit we'd have let
being properly paid drown.

The sea was a mountain, their boat
stiff-whiskered, stuck & afright
(*mouth open ... cargo belched ...*
blasts on the siren) could as barely
as the crew in that swirl float.

We saved (with Behemoth tied to his floor)
every jack of them!
& stuffed them swinging by rocks
through a gashed sea
ASTONISHED to the shore.

Whereupon **not to us** but to the Lord
they gave thanks - *penniless*.
Whilst Jo, Ed, Vince & myself
were speechless at such a nothing
who if any can afford?

Note.

These are dedicated men, but they look for the rewards of salvage, rather than for simple congratulations for effort & merit. Who anyway can afford such altruism?

SAMURAI

His face is repulsive but delightful.
He knows (*his thoughts are etched **instantly** on it*)
precisely his wants.

His wide single-line lips are tight.
The black pins (his eyes) in their snail-grey ponds
shout a series of impossible feats
soon - **eureka!** - to be realized...
Nobody has ever gainsaid or corrected him.
It's a villainous portrait.

*Even an Octopus
in action is less implacable.*

*A tarantula
or mantis definitely more lovable !*

With his sword in hand (& his last-ditch sharp knife *
locked in its cupboard) he'll proceed UNSTOPPABLE FOREVER
his thin lips malevolently grinning.

* For final use, *hara-kiri*.

Note.

With 'delightful' at the beginning & 'malevolent' at the end, this is a complaint that such ruthless & dedicated persons (not in the least restrained by destruction & death, including their own deaths) not only exist, but are sometimes admired.

THE SHULAMMITE & THE SHEPHERD

(*Ghosts?* No one can tell who they are.
They sing separately. They appear on the hills,
in the woods, in the city. They never meet.)

*In the presence of the king the Shulammitite
dreams of the shepherd:*

'I long for his love. Each night I search
the streets for him. I have never found him.
When I find him I shall hold him fast...'

The shepherd calls to her:

'Lo, the winter is past, the rain
is over & gone. Flowers appear
on the earth & the birds are singing...'

The Shulammitite whispers:

'The beams of our house shall be cedar
with fir for the rafters. He shall lie all night
like a bundle of myrrh on my breasts...'

The shepherd remembers:

'Her twin breasts are two young roes
feeding among lilies. Her lips are scarlet threads.
How fair she is! Her eyes have ravished my heart...'

The Shulammitite sings:

'I am the rose of Sharon & lily of the valley.
My beloved is mine: he shall lie with the lilies
till the day breaks & the shadows flee...'

The shepherd begs her to come to him:

'Come to me here in Lebanon!
Let us look from the tops of Amana, Shenir & Hermon,
over the dens of lions & leopards...'

Deeply disturbed, lying by Solomon, the Shulammitite dreams:

'I sleep but a voice wakens my heart .
I rise to open the door to him. *My beloved has gone !*
I call to him: **he gives me no answer.** I shall never find him! ...'

The shepherd fears they will never meet. He says:

'Set me as a seal upon your heart!

*Many waters cannot quench our love, neither can the floods
drown it. Let us search the house! **Let us give all we
possess for it...'***

Solomon remembers an urgent message from Hiram.

He, rises from his bed & dictates an immediate answer

He has forgotten the woman.

Note.

The Shulammitte is said to have been an innocent from the country 'thrust into the king's harem'. Continually dreaming of her shepherd lover she imagines she will find him & bring him home. (Solomon for the moment remembers the quiet loveliness of the concubine.) The shepherd in Lebanon longs for the girl, declaring that their love can never be vanquished. She too - certain that not even death can separate them –begs him to come quickly.

DICHOTOMY

My house is divided like two persons
determined never to know each other.

Catholic & Protestant the two ends (as if
one were a church & the other a brothel)
are opposed violently.

Actually they're
inextricably mixed. Hymns & prayers
proceed from the brothel: licensed revelries
(called festivals) are frequent in the church.

The archbishop who noticed nothing odd *
yesterday had tea & cakes here.

He put his hat
(rather carelessly I thought) on the bottom
of a fat lady who was resting for a moment
on a visit from the brothel to the church.

He said importantly, as if addressing the entire street:
"Friends - brothers - **this castle** [the bishop
evidently was quoting someone] **is a pleasant seat.**
It nimbly recommends itself to our gentle sense."

... & taking up his hat which discreetly covered
the unnoticed bottom he hastily, dear chap, departed.

* Perpetually living in the midst of a totally
illogical conflict the simplicity of his
attitude seems natural.

Note.

These two arms of the Church, though in many respects alike, are
deeply divided & refuse to work together. The Archbishop (like
Duncan) thinks his situation a happy one & his surroundings
excellent. He fails to notice - sometimes astonishingly - anything he
prefers to ignore.

4 ROADS *

4 roads (not rivers) surround my garden.
There's no **Tree of Life** here – certainly not **Good & Evil**. There are no animals except bees & an occasional fieldmouse.

Obviously not Jehovah - & clearly no other God – has the slightest wish to walk in it.

It never seems necessary to hide under or behind a bush, or to discuss matters concerning ourselves or the garden, or to think of a reply in an argument or quarrel with him.

There's a rhododendron walk, another full of magnolias... We have an avenue of tulip-trees... Scarcely any effort or digging is required: there are no annuals: everything's perennial, permanent.

Apples,
pears, plums abound. On a wall of the house are two peach-trees a grape & a nectarine.

It was Donne
who said 'In order my own Eden may truly be considered paradise, I've brought a snake into it.' **.

His mind must certainly have been warped.
He speaks frequently of graves, recollections, desires & death.

In a methodical garden, brilliantly ordered,
what's the use of devils, discussions, upheavals
- sweat, thistles or tears?

The AV (genesis, chapter 2) says: 'And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.'

* * *

GARDEN

I'm surrounded by people with splendid gardens.
Tiny bulbs, big bulbs (crocuses & daffodils) elegantly march
in unison brilliantly. They stroll contentedly
through small glades, under big trees, close to artistic
lily & goldfish ponds. Soon the crabs, peaches
& cherries will astonish them redly & richly.

Daily

I examine my own garden critically: Occasionally
a tree or shrub engages in a stifling quarrel
with something or somebody.

(Lime-haters wither.

Newcomers are froststricken. *Is it possible this poor
place of Mine will ever hold up it's head again?)*

But each year in midsummer an envious neighbour
leans suddenly over the fence. He stares at the flourish
of orange, crimson & blue. Exasperated he shouts loudly:
'Who the devil has stirred up this ridiculous mishmash here?'

Note.

I suppose that in a way I'm jealous of their formally artistic, elegant
gardens. Probably a garden to them is no more than a side-line to be
occasionally exhibited & surprised by. I watch my own garden
continually & anxiously. How the devil can I help these wretched
plants? It's astonishing that so many have survived. My neighbours'
carelessness infuriates me endlessly!

PARK SCENE
(A plot in the cat-house)

He brings me lumps of horse or bullock or cow.

He regularly hoses my floor & never fails
to stroke my head or pat my bottom
affectionately (when certain I'll permit it).

He wears black trousers, big boots, a silly hat.

It's not possible he can get closer - can thump his chest,
or brandish long arms & fat fingers, or roar frighteningly.

Cautiously he'll pull my whiskers slightly;
& certainly (dear odd little man) I like him, I like
his round stomach, his smooth face & big ears,
his black eyes & his muttonchop thighs bulging.

But when daily stupidly he bends over my watertank
(his back & tiny legs bent, his hat toppled
over his eyes) something - somebody - shouts,
& someday I'll flatten, **I'll crush him...**

Chasing him in-&-out,
up-&-down, round-&-round -**squeaking, squeaking.**

Note.

Evidently my keeper cares quite deeply about me. He vaguely sees I'm a lion, but has idiotic ideas about himself. *Imagines he's a gorilla!* I often feel close to him; but when he looks feeble like a mouse, I have a powerful urge to flatten him.

BULLFIGHT 1901

*What is it Pablo remembers?
A crowd swaying & shouting?
A bull bellowing? The skilful
planting of pike or dart?*

Pablo recalls a colorful
-brown black green yellow & red-
circle of dots & splashes.

The bull advances *cowlike* ...
The matador vaguely threatens him ...

The picador sleeps on his horse ...
A Guernican head blindly stares at the sky
Screams dies

PABLO *day by day* **GROWS SQUARER FATTER
OLDER...** His bull grows thinner
- dots & squiggles.

*'When was this bullfight you continually
dream of
- a tiny kid on your father's knee –
clapping & shouting "OLE! OLE!?"'*

Note.

In this painting Picasso sucks all the ferocity & energy from the bullfight: only two details - the dying horse (indicating a genuinely ferocious bull, as in *Guernica*), & perhaps a ripple in the colourful spectators - retain any of it. Pablo as an infant must have been as excited or terrified as any other child, but he seems unable later – except in rhythmic dots & splodges - to recall anything much of the early fear & excitement.

CRUISE - BUG
(Doomsday Cousin of doodle)

Doodle

(flying close to the ground
under the radar

skids blindly over my house.

He has pigs' eyes & sharks' teeth.

I think he has a tape in his head.

He appears

- tick tock -

to be blankly aimless

(whistling casually ...

grinning carelessly ..).

A message comes from behind him

(200 miles - the place of his origin)

'Here's the spot !

SCRAMBLE & DESTROY

Disintegrate the house.

Cut it to bits!

*

*

*

Presently

with paralyzing roar

Cruise-Bug enters .

*(House gone home gone people gone
friends gone*

children gone

ALL

everybody

GONE NOW! ...)

Note.

When doodle swooped & cut his engine over my house –3 seconds
grace - I prayed & **terrified** hid. When **Cruise** enters (followed
by big & BIGGER brothers) **who'll survive?**

DEVIL CAT

It seems that everyday *near enough*
my devil cat brings a friend of mine
- mouse tit robin -
into my house *banging the trap*

He puts the bird – fluttering - **down.** . . .
Watches the mouse - *-impossible mission - run.. . .*

His yellow eyes *striped & moonlike* fiercely stare into mine.

He positively growls

-surely you've heard a cat growl?

He hides under the table & *very angry* defies me.

* * *

BUDDHA BE PRAISED!

Tomorrow he himself will be the tit or the mouse

(dodging the instant stroke)

urging & fluttering

desperately running...

Note.

In face of robins tits or mice he's definitely **TOTAL** master - *thrilled & delighted!* He's grandly too stupid to imagine himself as robin tit or mouse.

MOUSE
(Enemy in the house)

With bent tail he runs with sudden stops.

He's an insolent creature ! Scrounging & creeping,
nosing & nibbling, he spoils whatever I own.

His pinblack eyes swivel. **Transfixed** he stares
at the tigerlike cat on my lap.

Carnivorous beast!

With teeth & claws flashing he springs on the mouse.
Squeaking shrilly for help (*whose help? **my help!***)
mouse is dragged through the trap.

Painfully I hear him

- *think I can hear him - torn minute by minute*
piece by piece in defence of my house !

Note.

'This fiend, breeding furiously, will steadily destroy' - the cat says –'all our possessions. Surely we've a right to defend & preserve whatever we own?'

**FOR 7 YEARS KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR
ATE GRASS WITH BEASTS IN THE FIELD.**
(He thereafter acknowledged God's majesty)

Before this tribulation the king said to himself:

'Strong as a tree I reach to God's heaven.
His birds safely dwell in my branches,
his beasts comfortably hide in my shade.'

A voice, resounding above him, decreed:

'King Nebuchadnezzar shall eat grass like an ox !
His nails (sharp as eagles' claws) ,
his hair (warm as birds' feathers)
will **year after year** sustain & protect him. . .'

Afterwards Nebuchadnezzar declared:

'At my trial's end I returned to my kingdom.
I sit with Jehovah now in my palace
- his servant upheld & forgiven
humbly eating & drinking.'

Note.

To clarify his position the king observed: 'I Nebuchadnezzar praise & honour the heavenly king who walks with truth & justice. Having overthrown those who walk in pride he rules heaven & earth forever.'
[Rescued by his counsellors & forgiven by his creator, Nebuchadnezzar begins at last to understand himself.]