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BOLT

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| MOUNTAIN | INTO WAVE |

Jon Stallworthy

*Coming into Cape Town on the 8.5 –
WHITES ONLY at the front of the train –
my window filled not with a mountain
but the quaking wall of a wave*

*unleashing an avalanche as wide
as Africa, and moving with the weight
of history – a wave too great
for any blond boy on a board to ride.*

APOTHEOSIS OF A SKI~BOAT

Douglas Livingstone

*Wire-trussed, the immobile
bulk of **Dolphin Girl**,
forty-five-horse twins
cocked upon her slab stern,*

*is jolted, lumpish in
air, solidly clenched
by her steel cradle,
backed into surf, lowered.*

*Suddenly, hair loosened
she is born: buoyant;
wiggling quick hips to
the sea's slap and tickle.*

WOMEN IN LOVE:

THE MINOR CHARACTERS

PHIL JOFFE

"The problem of discussing Women in Love is that the organisation is so rich and close. From the moment the Brangwen girls begin their conversation about marriage, the dramatic poem unfolds – or builds up – with an astonishing fertility of life all significant life; not a scene, episode, image or touch but forwards the organised development of the themes." (1)

Lawrence's fertility in creating minor characters, both human and animal, to forward 'the organised development of the themes' – Mino, Bismarck, Looloo, and the red mare, all play decided roles in revealing the thematic compactness of the 'dramatic poem' – is an indication of his artistic skill in presenting only what is significant. In *Women in Love* the presentation of minor characters subtly steers the readers' attention back to the major quartet of Birkin, Ursula, Gudrun and Gerald, adding to our comprehension of them and of the major themes the novel explores.

Like Macbeth's Porter who is prevented from studying "some of all professions that go the primrose way to th'ever-lasting bonfire", this essay must be limited to only a few of the numerous minor characters who are characterised by the fact that they are all ultimately damned. I shall use Minette, Halliday and Loerke to show how integral a part they play in the organisation of the whole, and mention some of the others only in passing, though the Crich family, Palmer, the rat-like, trapped husband-to-be, and the Breadalby menagerie led by Hermione, are just as finely blended into the metaphorical and thematic whole.

Women In Love (Dies Irae, Day of Wrath, one of the earlier titles makes the point that follows clear) contains Lawrence's apocalyptic vision of a particular civilisation in the last stages of decay, as it fast approaches the end of a millenium. What will replace it is unimportant here – "there will be a new embodiment, in a new way" (2), and whether it will be Yeats's "rough best, its hour come round at last" with "gaze blank and pitiless as the sun", slouching its way to Bethlehem to be born, or not, the change is inevitable.

The two major and opposing symbols of this decay are represented by “the long, long African process of purely *sensual* understanding, knowledge in the mystery of dissolution” (p.286), or the Nordic white race’s “vast abstraction of ice and snow” which will “fulfil a mystery of ice-destructive *knowledge*, snow-abstract annihilation”. The only way out for the individual is to choose “the way of freedom”, “entry into pure single being” and the “perfect union with a woman” (p.64), but the civilisation itself must die.

Without exception, all the minor characters, together with Gudrun, enter one or both of these streams of dissolution, (Gerald and his sister Diana prefer to take the leap into death rather than follow the others in their slower plunge down the Gadarene slope) and with these processes of dissolution in mind, we can turn to the minor characters and see how they embody this vision of annihilation.

As interesting as is the knowledge that Minette, Miss Darrington, or Pussum, is drawn from the real-life character of a particular Bloomsbury camp-follower, her characterisation in the novel extends beyond mere autobiographical recall on the part of Lawrence. Minette is carefully created, she is as much a ‘living’ character as Birkin in the novel, yet her symbolic importance in the pattern is of central significance.

Physically, she is of fair colouring and has short blonde hair (3) (also “shiny yellow hair” (p.71), and is described as a “fair-ice flower” (p.76). Her fairness and the ice-imagery (she withers Halliday with an “ice-cold look”) connect her to one pole of the destructive imagery of the novel. Gudrun, Hermione, Gerald are all blonde and ‘cold’ in their use of the destructive will in relation with others. The colour yellow – masculine as shown in the Catkin scene – is associated with the three females in their attempts to dominate the men in their lives, and Minette, first seen in a jumper of “rich yellow”, wields this power over the subject Halliday.

Aspects of the Pussum continually connect her with Gudrun and Hermione. She has a “curious walk, stiff and jerking at the loins” (p.431) while Hermione moves with a “peculiar fixity of the hips, a strange unwilling motion” (p.16). What appears in muted tones becomes major when we move from Minette to Gudrun. The latter is described by Birkin as a “born mistress” (p.419) and Ursula sees her sister, at one point, as “really like a little *type*” (p.427). Her relationship to the Pussum is made clear in the similarity of their attitude towards marriage and childbearing, revealing the sterility of their lives. Gudrun thinks “one needs the *experience* of having been married” (p.7 – the verb tense here is important), and the pregnant Minette tells Gerald emphatically that she wants nothing to do with having a child.

Both Minette and Gudrun show similar sado-masochistic traits in their relationships with men. Minette, before the more powerful Gerald, becomes "profane, slave-like" (p.73), just as Gudrun, meeting her superior in Loerke, looks at him "with a certain supplication, almost slave-like" (p.483). Gerald accuses her of being ready "to fall down and kiss the feet of that little insect" (p.511). Finally, Minette's promiscuity prefigures Gudrun's ultimate promiscuity with Gerald when she rejects him for the frictional thrills that Loerke offers.

Minette is associated very clearly with the reductive-sensual African way of dissolution, as well. On her eyes floats a "curious iridescence, a sort of film of disintegration" (p.71), they are "stagnant pools" (p.88), and when Gerald gazes at the carved figure of the savage woman, with the small "terrible face, void, peaked, abstracted almost into meaninglessness by the weight of sensation beneath", he sees "Minette in it" (p.87).

When she suddenly stabs the hand of the jeering young man we see the dangerously uncontrolled and over-spontaneous action of the "African-way". There is a certain smell about the skin of Minette "that is sickening beyond words" (like Lear's "the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption" (IV 6) and her immersion in this process of corruption makes her, indeed, "a flower of mud" (p.433).

By the time we reach the point where the narrator himself tells us "there was something curiously indecent about her small, longish, fair skull, particularly when the ears showed" (p.432), we have seen enough of the Pussum not to feel this as unjustified intrusion by an omniscient narrator who has placed his hands "on the balance", but a confirmation of our responses.

The passage reminds us, too, of the animal allusions which Lawrence uses to contribute to the reader's full awareness of his characters. Already told by Gerald that she is "like a cat", we connect our Pussum with Mino's "bit of fluff", that promiscuous cat that needs to be brought under control if she is to be saved. But Minette's "fulfillment lies in her further and further violation", and as she has no Birkin, but a Gerald, who glories in the domination of his subject, she is damned.

Our knowledge of Gerald and Birkin is extended when we compare their very different attitudes to Minette and her Bohemian milieu. Gerald is excited by, and attracted towards this world of sensual disintegration, whereas Birkin is seen as "abstract", "aloof", "somehow evanescent" in his process of withdrawal from his past which he now rejects.

It is in this minor character that the two central modes of destruction and corruption are brought together. Nordic in colour, African in action, she unites both the Northern, icy-willed, and the African, mud-like, sensual processes into one. As Birkin says, "some people are pure flowers of dark corruption – lilies" (p.193), and in Minette, black and white are shown ultimately to be the same. Will-enslaved like Gerald and drawn in reaction to sheer sensuality, or sensuality-enslaved like Minette and drawn in reaction to will-domination, it is unimportant; both represent related aspects of the psychically divided society approaching its end.

Julius Halliday and his London Bohemia are introduced to us before we move to Breadalby, for the two are intimately connected, just as Bloomsbury Bohemia was intimately connected with the Garsington world. Both city and country house partake of the same atmosphere of nihilism and negation.

The name of the cafe, Pompadour, reminds the reader of the apocalyptic "Après nous le déluge!" when the approaching French Revolution swept away one form of society to replace it with another. Similarly, the London Bohemians "live only in the gesture of rejection and negation" (p.65). Gudrun sees it as a "small, slow central whirlpool of disintegration and dissolution" (p.429). This is a little world on the brink of destruction, "the bubble of pleasure" (p.68), which must one day burst.

It is in Halliday's flat that we are introduced to the African fetishes that characterise this world of dissolution. On the walls are "one or two new pictures in the Futurist manner" (p.82), and here we find the pseudo-primitivism, the conscious effort to return to the prephallic primitivism of the African carvings. Just as Hermione's desire to be 'spontaneous' emanates cerebrally, so does Halliday's for this "ecstasy of reduction with Minette" (p.433). The cult of the primitive perverts sex into a 'reducing agent', and Halliday is treated as a pitiable and pathetic character.

Gerald, confronted with the emptiness of existence, chooses death; Halliday, weaker, prefers death-in-life. In his masochistic subjection to Minette he is the 'pure servant' who has the craving to "throw himself into the filth" (p.106) of Minette. Halliday, the "naive", "soft", "degenerate-faced" young man is the "perfect baby" (p.74) who depends on Minette and luxuriates in the punishment she inflicts. He has a "broken beauty" and is like a "Christ in a Pieta", the Christ figure without any strength who is a guilty party in the victim-murderer relationship treated in parts of the novel. Just as Gudrun's struggles against the iron-grip of Gerald's strangling fingers are described as "the reciprocal lustful passion in this embrace"

(p.531), so Halliday lays himself out as a sacrifice before Minette, who is "hard and cold, like a flint knife" (p.89).

From the minor character we move to the major. Both Gerald and Halliday are involved with Minette and Gerald triumphs here, but when he is confronted with the stronger-willed Gudrun, he too is likened to a "child at the breast", and "an infant crying in the night" (p.524). When Gerald moves towards the 'navel of the world' after his defeat, he feels the dread of being murdered and when he sees the "half-buried crucifix" (p.533) we feel the poetic justice of his self-murder by which he escapes his crucifixion in life, being drawn between the Minettes and the mines without anything positive between the symbols of destruction.

It is an aspect of Lawrence's skill that Halliday's Arab servant should be an example of the primitivism for which the group strives. He is "half-savage", fixed and "statically the same" (associating him with the fixed expressions on the African masks and carvings, and perhaps even with the fixed position of Egyptian statues), and Birkin, as the only one conscious of the corruption of Halliday's world, feels a "slight sickness" with the "aristocratic inscrutability of expression" and the "nauseating, bestial stupidity" (p.89). Libidnikov, Halliday's Russian companion, is the "human animal" (p.85), the libido perverted into the pseudo-primitivism of Bohemia, and it is significant that he is seen as a "water-plant" (p.87), a fleur du mal, as the group stands around the wooden carving.

Animal allusions further our comprehension of a character. Another device is the use of biblical, historical, classical and non-classical mythological analogues. When we reach the icy heights of the Tyrol and find Loerke, with his "unformed body of a boy", looking like "a child", a "gnome", a "troll", we are reminded of the Loki of Nordic mythology. One of the legends tells how Loki, a dwarf and a malicious spirit of evil, was chained to a rock by the Gods, and "will so continue until the Twilight of the Gods, when he will break his bonds; the heavens will disappear, the earth be swallowed up by the sea, fire shall consume the elements, and even Odin, with all his kindred deities, shall perish" (*Brewers Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*).

Loki is also described as a "malicious Merlin", and these two allusions blend subtly into the thematic complexity of the novel. Loerke heralds the apocalypse that ancient legend and the modern reality of the novel both predict.

Loerke is physically reduced to a dwarf and is shown as the lurking "rat" "gnawing at the roots of life", the "wizard rat" (malicious Merlin?) that swims ahead into the sewer of corruption into which mankind has slipped. This "mud-child" (p.480) is "a good many stages farther" (p.481) in the dissolution than anyone else and there is "no going beyond him" (p.480).

He is the complete negation of life. Intelligent, an artist, sometimes almost attractive in his power to fascinate, he has the secret of sub-human "extreme sensation in reduction" that women like Gudrun, bored with the Gerald and their limitations, crave. He is the ultimate in the process of reduction we have seen all, except Ursula, and Birkin to a lesser degree, have experienced – an "ultimate creature" (p.508). Even his hands, those of an artist, are "prehensile", like "talons" and "inhuman" (p.476). We think back to Sir Joshua (like Loerke, associated with the eighteenth century – see page 100), a great lizard, a "saurian", one of a breed or species that, because it is fixed and cannot adapt itself to the new, is doomed to extinction.

Loerke is as important as Minette, for he is connected with so many of the characters in fine and carefully drawn ways. His nostrils, "of a pure bred street Arab" (p.478) recall the mindless sensuality of Halliday's servant. Like Minette, he too is contemptuously promiscuous, as seen in his treatment of the homosexual Leitner. But it is when he is seen in relationship with the major quartet that his function as a major foil is most clearly understood.

Like Birkin, he rejects the commonly accepted concept of love, he feels similar distaste for contemporary society (hence his joy in the "achieved perfections" of the eighteenth century). He is as articulate and uprooted as Birkin, and refuses to award Gudrun's "feminine lure the traditional masculine responses" (4). But, beyond the superficial similarities, the radical differences are enormous. Birkin rejects the cynicism and nihilism of Loerke and strives for consummation and happiness with Ursula, whereas Loerke perverts both the natural instincts and the intellectual processes, which Birkin attempts to bring into a balanced relationship.

Loerke is a member of the artistic Bohemia of Europe, just as Gudrun has been associated with that of England. Both are sculptors and in their shared views on art we see the affinity which is to lead to Gudrun's "insidious and traitorous" rejection of Gerald. She is immediately attracted to Loerke's statuette of brute horse and exposed innocence – it is done in "green bronze", the colour we most associate with Gudrun. Loerke's rejection of life allows him licence for all perversion, and this is summed up in his attitude to art: "it has no relation with the everyday world" (p.484) (5), and it is with this that Gudrun "rhapsodically" agrees. By rejecting Ursula's "the world of art is only the truth about the real world" (p.485) and divorcing life and art, Loerke is willing to make art serve the mechanical nullity of industry, as seen in his chaotic "great granite frieze" (p.476), in which humanity is reduced to an orgy of drunken mechanical motion.

(Continued on Page 45)

THE HYENAS - A COLONIAL STUDY

e. wyllie findlay

In central Africa a village called by the predominant tribe of that region **Gwailinga-gwailungu** grew up under the somewhat maligned auspices of an expatriate Administration into a small but prosperous mining-town of about 12,000 blacks and barely 1,000 whites. A harassed officialdom did not think to change its name to something less unwieldy until it was too late; to the eternal chagrin of government cartographers, telephone-directory-compilers and others.

The mine paid its way (just) with the export of lead, zinc, and similar ignoble if useful metals, and employed most souls in the Town. A small hospital (70 beds) handled appendicectomies, Caesars and hernias; and kept the bilharzia, ankylostomiasis, malaria, typhoid, smallpox, V.D. and knife-wound fatalities within reasonable bounds. The number of children increased yearly. Any case requiring greater attention was referred to the large central hospital not more than 100 miles away. There was too, a leprosarium about 40 miles distant; and 350 miles away was the central asylum or nervous diseases hospital. A somnolent little railway station erupted dazedly into shunting and hooting noises at spasmodic intervals whenever there were enough full trucks of ore to make up trains. Passengers were a rarity except for the tiny two-way trickle provided by Administrators proceeding "home" on leave and Administrators returning "home" from leave.

A few garages, the post-office, several stores — the largest of these Patel's Emporium with an all-white clientele, a fly-plagued cafe, the hotel (cinema: once a week), the municipal and government offices, four churches, three schools and the YWCA hostel made up the town's main buildings. The mine lay just out of town to the south with acres of drab corrugated-iron sheds, a tangle of rails, one large smoke-stack and dozens of smaller ones; some impressive steel structures, cables and wheels comprised the overhead workings. A security fence of barbed-wire encircled the whole Mine lending it an expectant air similar to a prisoner-of-war cage but this aura was at once dispelled by the plethora of small and large entrances and rights-of-way which punctured the fence at frequent and irregular intervals and whose gates were bolted firmly open. The whole municipal area was well-shaded by trees during the day and well-lighted at night, there being an energetic town-clerk who believed that plenty of nocturnal street illumination would attract huge quantities of capital and secondary industries (like moths) to the town.

The community boasted a notorious fire-hydrant in the middle of the main-street. Details of its erection were all but lost in the mists of that drowsy Prometheus of a decade which terminated the last century. The town appeared to radiate (like Paris) from this stalwart pillar of municipal foresight; it was central, surrounded by a barbered lawn and the main tarred road that raced through **Gwailinga-gwailungu** split in two (almost with astonishment) in order to encompass it. During the mid-thirties a fire had occurred within the portals of Patel's first Emporium (wattle/flyscreen/tin) and the hydrant discovered to produce as much water as a lost Kalahari sanddune. Patel's was eventually rebuilt (brick/glass/tin) and the hydrant investigated. It was found to be imposingly founded in cement but innocent of any piping system. A vague history evolved. It has been planted by the town's first medical officer in 1897 – an exuberant Irishman who died 4 years later of cirrhosis of the liver. The hydrant apparently was a beloved trophy from his university days (he graduated in Dublin) and it had accompanied him over half of Africa before it and he were finally lowered into the unhallowed ground of **Gwailinga-gwailungu** (the cemetery was not officially inaugurated until 1915 when a member of the newly formed militia inadvertently shot the other, thereby effectively halving the strength of local available forces mustered to counter the Hun invasion hourly expected to issue from a neighbouring territory).

After the fire the Administration had a raw time of it. It was maintained that the original works-order of 1897 could not be found and a categorical denial had to be issued stating that as far as it, the Administration, was concerned the bones of the doughty Celtic medic did not, in fact, repose beneath the uprooted hydrant. After 7 citizen-protest-meetings, pipes were laid and the hydrant replaced with pomp, the local police band and two speeches. But it never produced a drop of water. During World War II and an economy-drive, the municipality quietly exhumed its pipes, leaving the hydrant intact. Every St. Patrick's Night the stumpy, dented but still somewhat debonair iron finger was anonymously awarded a coat of paint and a wreath. The town was content. It had its totem, its claim to eccentricity. Time marched.

Gwailinga-gwailungu had another distinction of which both it and the outside world were completely unaware. The weekly cinema-show in the hotel lounge on Saturday nights was a "multiracial affair" and had been since 1945 when it became an institution. It worked like this: the first 23 rows of benches were reserved for the blacks and a seat on these cost a tickey (this was later doubled to sixpence); then a little gangway of free-space, in no sense maintained as a delicate barrier between the races, provided egress via french-windows on the left to the lawn, and access to the hotel bar on the right; then came 18 rows of cane-chairs at a florin (increasing in time to 3/-, 3/6, 3/8

and 4/- over the years). A bite taken out of the back row of the cane-chair block allowed space for the proprietor's projector, stool, table littered with film-splicing appurtenances and his crate of iced beer. Although the cane-chairs were in no way "reserved", no black had ever been known to sit on them, and no white had ever requested a place on the benches.

From time to time ineffectual protests had been made by the patrons regarding the projector-operator's behaviour during his 2-hour stint with the celluloid. These reached a considerable pitch during that year of Ingrid Bergman psychology films – young limbs, in a series of flashbacks, impaling their playmates on iron palings – the lines of the palings equating those of a ski-run – such tense and graphic Freudian imagery marred by the **schwuck** of the opener; the muted gurgle; the unbearable pregnant pause in the thin electric whirr of the hot, close room; the discreet but triumphant belch and sigh as the tankard was quietly but audibly rested – followed by the resentful creaking and crackling of bottoms in cane-chairs and the dangerous flare of matches as defiant cigarettes were ignited like beacons proclaiming thirst or disapproval throughout the large room. All this, mark you, while a tortured but youthful Gregory Peck struggled manfully with his right hand and, less obviously (see!) with his sub-conscious. It was hell on the socially **aware** and exasperated wives having to shush husbands who behaved like thirsty bulls with sore heads (patrons were not allowed to bring drinks in during a performance).

Months would pass, however, even years without a black customer. Much later, after all the agitators, petrol-bombers and primary-school teachers became respectable politicians with the reins of orderly government (at last) within their considerable grasp, multiracialism became a scarlet banner, a call to arms; and a threatening directive was despatched to all "proprietors of publics places". Mine Host, balding now and with a leather belt measuring 53 inches by 4 that barely corsetted his Saturday-night-earned malty bulk, blandly removed the wooden benches and made the overall charge, irrespective of race 5/- thereby removing cloud-cuckoo-land quite beyond the earning capacity of most blacks who had by now lost interest in the incomprehensibilities of silver-screen life. Besides, various missions now provided free Tom Mix and Hopalong Cassidy on Monday, Wednesday and Friday in the different compounds; and Saturday night was holy anyway providing as it did the week's catharsis.

II

By getting dressed up, liquored up and beating up your wife in the healthy existential expressionism of a free society, not so much in defiance of white paternalism, but to cock a snoot at the older tyranny of tribalism, you could strike a blow for the common man in this interval (which promised to be brief) before the midnight of that same tribalism returned, under another name and not half so sweet, with its crushing authoritarianisms and togaed privelege. A murder-rap

was the only thing that could cost you your life now (being either side of the uppercutting blade or the down cleaving **badza**). Even this risk was halved when, about the early '50s, a headmasterish Administration finally made plain a face which those in the know had cherished for a half-century: If you were drunk at the time (a sort of member of the First XI) the maximum penalty was only 2 years, hard. If you were black, that is. Everybody knew this except perhaps some of the dimmer slickers in the brighter cities who, instead of pleading intoxication, stupidly admitted to politics as a motive, like those fools who applied petrol and matches to a Morris Minor containing an English lady, two female infants and an airedale. Some of those were necktied, alright.

Whitemen of course swung; but that is progress – the whites have an example to set and should be above the natural passions anyway. Besides, they probably get a head start in heaven what with God being a whiteman and all. Often one or two whitemen, from their mother country, would come through the town, stop to have a beer in the high noon heat at the hotel (all the other whites very red-faced and silent at the bar) and pass on to the capital the same afternoon. Afterwards wonderful bits would appear in the day-late daily newspaper about strange fellows sleeping in our compounds, cross-sections of our opinions, and words like liberalism and labour argued about on the pages for days proving conclusively that whitemen are mad – not only divided from one another but intrinsically schizoid. They are being defeated all over the world – a finished tribe. It is still polite, however, whenever one talks to you, to smile and agree enthusiastically no matter how puzzling or preposterous the conversation.

Our own black politicians are different; they do things in style and each has 2 tongues, 1 each for whichever race he addresses. Their secret police keep order at the meetings and tell the young maidens when to strew the palm branches, and there is usually a good rousing hymn before and after the long boring speeches. Yes, **they** sleep in our compounds when they visit us but then we know each other. Their talk is, if anything, even less understandable than whitemen's (except for the clever rhythmic slogans they give out). But as they use longer words and can out-shout any whiteman and are altogether more dangerous, these are obviously the men to follow – they are strong. Most of them promise flatly that, when all-powerful, **their** Administration will make a point of collecting every ballot-paper from the past in order to track down any misguided voters.

Trouble is: there are several People's Leaders, and on the way home at night from the beerhalls when the gangs surround you you have to show them the correct Party Card and take care to have some money left to give them. You have to be alert, I can tell you, all the time, to pick the winner. It is no good waking up one morning, late, and finding yourself the only supporter of a man whose charred corpse was pull-

ed out of a ditch during the night. Some fools have not yet bought cards for all the available Parties, but there is a special ward at the hospital for the idiots. It is all very exciting and better than the irritating solemnities of tribal councils and such; and, too, the young women are now more accessible — some of the gummy old whores are almost starving because of the plenty of fresh free amateurs, some of them from quite unheard of tribes, I believe.

Perhaps nothing beats a soccer-match between the Mine and the Railways or when the Hospital Orderlies take on the Police.

Some whitemen did sleep in our compound once, two or three years ago. They stayed for one night and talked very late with some of the electrical-assistants on the Mine, and were gone by the morning. Not even my own People's Leader knows about this and I will not tell him — it is up to him to ask me — he is a very big man. Whenever I spoke with the one assistant (whom I know slightly) on what was said he answered me very sternly that he had his orders and time must pass before he had to act. As I think about it now, the ones that slept here that night were not truly white, some other race perhaps. My acquaintance stopped drinking or going with women after that night, and he frightened me slightly. Now I know why I have been avoiding him for so long. But there are many jovial fellows about who really care for civilised gossip and are not interested (as I am not) in nonsensical theories of bringing heaven to all men soon. Heaven lies somewhere over there and we all get there sooner or later. Myself, I am for a little merry hell while the going is good. And when the going is bad you can always bar the door, pull the blanket over your head and sleep.

III

At the YWCA, a single storey, drab octopus of a building with various small annexes appended, a recent arrival created some interest. She was the new typist at the station-master's office. She had dyed, very blonde hair, was plump and tiny, and had a mouth like a small O of scarlet, wet insulation-cable. The O would take on various shapes: pear—, elliptical—, and sometimes even square. Her eyes were cliché-electric and she laughed a lot.

She was laughing now, this Thursday evening, sitting in the diningroom, looking up and into the eyes of a short but athletically-built waiter named Saimon. He felt a little resentful and refused to meet her eyes keeping his own on her soup-plate while he beamed delightedly at some joke she had made and which he had not understood. Whitewomen should have a care looking into a blackman's eyes like that. It offended everything. Women were invented to produce a man's children, allow him his pleasure, and to work. He himself was not a harsh man and allowed his own wife a good drunk-up once a month, taking no notice of her vituperation and abuse, and he rarely had to beat

her. She kept the mealiepatch behind his quarters well-hoed and free from weeds; and she was always collecting herbs on her way to and from gossips to add to the evening meal: none of their children had ever suffered from kwashiorkor.

This other-wordly elevation of a mere animal – a woman – to the status of a tribal goddess, deferring to her vacuous opinions, leaping up to light her cigarettes and to open doors was quite mystifying. A young man had even been carrying this one's suitcases when she arrived! The same young man – a fitter on the Mine – now came every evening to see this young woman whose name, so far as he could gather, was Angie, or something. She smelled as all whitewomen did of perfume, rubber and urine. He preferred the heady scent of his own wife – a mixture of animal musk and woodsmoke that not even Lifebuoy could hide. He wondered what this one would be like to love. His eyes flickered to her chest and away. As usual: all padded and strapped up, rigid like a trussed fowl. Their eyes met and something behind Saimon's glistening bony forehead seemed to shatter silently into a million crystalline shards.

Face immobile, he picked up her empty soup-plate and walked sedately but springily on his bandy legs into the sweltering kitchen. As the swingdoor slammed behind him he pirouetted with a shout, clapped his huge friend, the chef, across the shoulders (who mockmenaced him with the soup-ladle) and miraculously landed the soup-plate and spoon at the wash-up man's elbow. Wagging his hips and bowing effusively he waited while the chef ponderously deposited a quarter of lemon, a piece of crumbed fish and a dab of mash (all of equal size) on his snatched up clean plate. He winked at the motherly old whitemissis-housekeeper who made some joke about his high spirits from where she stood supervising things. He did not understand (why do whitewomen keep trying to make the pleasant joke? to show we are not feared?) but nodded and smiled vigourously. Shimmying in his white ducks as if connected to a high voltage wire he juggled the plate dangerously to the swingdoor, composed his face and marched through and back to Angie, again sedately but springily, to place the plate without looking at her, between her knife and fork. She was talking spiritedly now to her table companions and reaching for the tomato sauce. Saimon took up a position against the wall, avoiding the interested and puzzled gaze of one of the other waiters, and lidded his eyes so that he could watch her unobtrusively.

(Friday was Saimon's day off).

Saturday mornings Saimon routinely killed and dressed a few hens in preparation for Sunday lunch. He did this job competently and unthinkingly, moving about slowly in the huge chicken-run, swooping to catch a fowl here, feinting at another there. He had 4 of them

efficiently trussed and slung out and over, beyond the wire, and was about to complete the complement with a fifth when he suddenly became aware Angie was in the back-garden of the YWCA among the vegetables and paw-paw trees, watching him. He was in a pair of old khaki shorts and his bare chest gleamed black, sinewy and silver with sweat. She was in a white blouse and a pair of skin-tight blue shorts and red sandals. He had seen many whitewomen in various shades of undress or halfdress and it had always left him cold. Today it was different. He decided to show off a little, pretending not to have noticed her.

He started lunging about clumsily, shouting "Hi-hi!", creating a fog of fear and feathers in the terrorised and squawking hen-run, rolling his eyes and panting, pretending to make split decisions on which mad-eyed victim to swoop upon next: that one parachuting from the roof of the coup or that one clearing the water-tap in an ungainly steeple-chaser's stride. Angie laughed.

With a silent-screen start Saimon swung to look at her, fixing his gaze woodenly insolent on the delta bulge in the middle of where her legs and her shorts met, and carelessly plucked a frantic bird out of midair as it sailed past him. Angie flushed faintly but continued to smile at him. Saimon held it until her smile became uncertain and about to switch off, the wet, red cable a little tremulous, when he shot his own black and white dazzling grin back at her. She responded eagerly and with relief and the two beamed at one another through the separating net of wire.

Saimon allowed himself to look serious again and, still gripping the crooning fowl and an unused piece of trussing string, let himself out by the rusty iron piping gate. He bowed his shoulders with responsibility: there was important business afoot. He noticed Angie had stopped smiling and that she had retreated a couple of paces as he came from behind the safety of the mesh.

He squatted down beside the other 4 birds, picked up the knife and with a flourish swept off the head of the hen he was holding, at the same time skillfully wrenching a handful of feathers off the still (if not cerebrally, then tissue-memoried) pain-conscious hen. A gout of badly-aimed blood gushed in the direction of the sinkdrain as the decapitated bird fought strongly to break from his restraining left hand and that implacable right hand that was now reaping the feathers ruthlessly in a blurr of action, the down spinning up and about like confetti.

Saimon risked a superior and bored smile over his shoulder and discovered she was gone. He was angry immediately. He had wanted to exhibit his skill. The anger changed to sullenness by the time he finished the second bird. He ended his task and as he was finally scooping viscera, feathers and carcasses together before hosing down

the spot, he was worrying away at a new glimmer of empathy that was struggling to take up its quarters within the confines of his skull.

For the next two days she flinched away from him in a barely perceptible manner whenever he changed her plate. This made him rage silently and he tried to punish her for it by lingering longer and with unnecessary proximity at her elbow. Then he became ingratiating, giving her his flashiest smile and greeting her with a particular warmth whenever she came in, prancing about, pulling back her chair and clowning with the menu. The minute drama was not lost on the other waiters at the hostel. The other white denizens, however, were oblivious.

On Wednesday afternoon, during his usual daily 3-daylight hours off, he made his wife satisfy him while he lay on his bed with clenched eyes, hardly breathing, rigidly holding the vision of that cloth and skin-clad genital Y of Angie's which had branded his consciousness so indelibly on Saturday morning. It did not work.

In the middle of Wednesday's supper, when Angie had not responded to one of his pleasantries, he became abusive and shouted down at her that "she had cheeked" him. The stout housekeeper waddled out of the kitchen during the one-sided noisy altercation and saw a whitefaced and silent Angie staring at her interlocked, lap-nursed fingers and a gestulating and incomprehensibly yelling Saimon, with foamed spit flecking the corners of his mouth. The old lady became very firm and transferred the glowering and muttering little male black Vesuvius to the far end of the dining room and replaced him with a bland and sleepy-eyed moonfaced little waiter (who was slowly dying of nephrosis).

IV

About midnight on the following Saturday night, Saimon heard, from behind the front-garden hibiscus hedge of the hostel, 2 people walking up the street. It was Angie and her young man strolling back through the splashes of street lights from the cinema (Casablanca). He burrowed deeper into the shadow, dirtying his white ducks further. He had not changed from his waiter's uniform and indeed had been wrapped in a cool, glistening and tender glaze (although he had never seen snow) since his plan had sprung, fully mapped into his mind while he had been dealing with the day's fowls. He had handled them gently and with a fragile care, but there had been no audience this time.

On the front porch a low-voiced argument (on the advisability of Angie's young man sneaking with her to her bedroom for a couple of hours) seemed to go on interminably. At last the goodnights were made and the young man plodded dejectedly back down the front path, and out of sight and hearing.

(Continued on Page 33)

5**POEMS BY
CHRISTOPHER
HOPE****A CRAZED SOOTHSAYER ADDRESSES THE EPHORS**

Time, fathers of the windy
Cities, to tighten your trusses,
Straighten topees, apply smiles and allow to harden;
To leave plinth and pedestal and stand by the voorlaaiers; to think
Khaki; time, fathers, to
Allot yourselves a mood.

The pigeons have crashed, please see
Your squadrons are better rehearsed;
Review your many divisions, stifle your pre-war loves,
Visit the neighbours and declare white Christmas every-
Where; fetch in the children;
Allot yourselves a mood.

For they rise like gorge, hunger
Hid behind wind-polished and
Fed faces that conjugate the smile; their dreams piquant
With vistas. The fox gnaws beneath the shirt. Fathers,
As you prepare their food,
Allot yourselves a mood.

FOR OLD FRIENDS

An inscrutable eye is the blind convex shine of the urinal
In the hair of the guy who fiddles near me: he says, 'Où pal,
Just wait till 'seventy-two, ek sê, you just wait!'
Full of beers, shifting from sole to sole, I consider that date.
Some didn't wait, but one night sailed a dry river
Hoping to miss the trees; now they won't see it ever.
Blood and petrol mixing fired the ageing flesh
To ride smack into the circling fists of time, and mesh.
A crew out for a giggle, stoned, dead, before they hit sixty,
Left scrabbling one broken lobster, impossibly red and clumsy.
What were the 'fifties? They were big irons, big times;
They gave scars and lacerations to horsey, handsome jawlines;
Only then was it possible to die, yet not to know that you
Wouldn't be around when a friend applauded in 'seventy-two.

ALL HAIL THE MAHATMA!

He came to defend the rich,
Who defends them now?

Some dun the poor;
Others, undone for
Doing well, retreat
To the Himalayas and meet
There lonely women
Who smell of hotel rooms.

Sweeter than all legal grasses
Springs the cane in the fields. But voices
Gray on Grey Street, and faces
Reflect the complexities of the *raj*:
A becoming figure for the age
In the eyes of those who journey in
Areas grouped beneath the skin.

Speak Mohandas,
We are all your harijans now.

In another time, another war,
Bloodstained canvas. Picture it.
See a small man in brown puttees
Trundle away the wounded who make
The gentle, deprecatory gestures
Of under-water swimmers,
And the reticent dead (gentlemen finally),
Home across the khaki veld to bed.

In this area, motor cars go
Swift and sacred still, Mohandas.
'Elderly European couple seek
Indian driver of sober habits,
No chancers.'

But by a pool at Tongaat
Herdboys meet,
Brown as cows, and drop
Like stones into the water.

In the fields the cane quivers
And slides under the wind's palm;
Hides snakes, mice; grows green,
Uncooperative and taller,
Taller than police dogs.

Christopher Hope

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART

Hedged with sticks, arm tightly hooped in arm,
They grope their way along the pavement
One step away from the after-life; a lately
Formed, barely cordial, entente.

His attack happened massively two months ago
Immediately after a wristy putt;
The rolling ball shuttled briefly in the cup
Then he sank to the green and passed out.

She sat warm and dozy under the dryer when the news came:
Facing her, formidably reflected in the mirror,
A properly anxious Mr. Bert paused to listen,
Delicately fingering a single curler.

It was on an evening plumpened by chords from nestled guitars
That she cradled him home from hospital,
Passed houseboys, sunk in luxury on street corners:
He was heavy in the knowledge of something fatal.

Now he is preserved meat, dry and salt,
Who was always so sleek and martini trim;
This weight she never knew, could not have borne,
When once she shifted under him.

She feels this as they manoeuvre twilight pavements
In a slow patter of brittle feet.
Only the houseboys detect the subtle woman's haunch
That slacks then curdles beneath her skirt.

Houseboy's music lollops before and after them.
The click and thrum of it become
Diagnostic tedium for him; but for the new wife,
Sound an epithalamium.

MR ELIOT : PHOENICIAN

He sank like a stone: dissolved in green, down
To where plump girls lean pleasant back and take
All upon themselves in postures various, profound.

Thinking there may be profit in nibbling reminders, if,
Though lost, changed, forgot – however religious,
No oyster succumbs to such bland artifice.

And la! The merman cleric is in ruins upon the shore,
No dust disturbs no dust at least....
Of his bones are analects made,

He has suffered a sea feast.

Christopher Hope

death comes to SUGAR SUNDAY

Sunday, and shoals of chrome reflections rise
troubling a gull's flight with swoops, with shivers
over the warm tar-swell; sleepy drivers
wrap their minds in slowly somersaulting
infinite green cocoons, entered only
by the saving shrills of children, or a wife's
phlegmatic elbow. Behind such seekers
after the unspoilt bay, the perfect wave,
the velvet sand that mantles whalebones not
sardine-tins, a breathless low-church Sunday;
platitudes of a bald ten o'clock sun
muzzle the roots of lawn-grass, pink roof-tiles
tick and click closer to noon like prayers,
electric intercessions on the heads
of conventional cats clawing empty beds,
rooms, whole sabbath suburbs.

At half-past one in the sugar heartland
a sleeping legavaan snaps up his head,
and a mile away a cane-rat scurries;

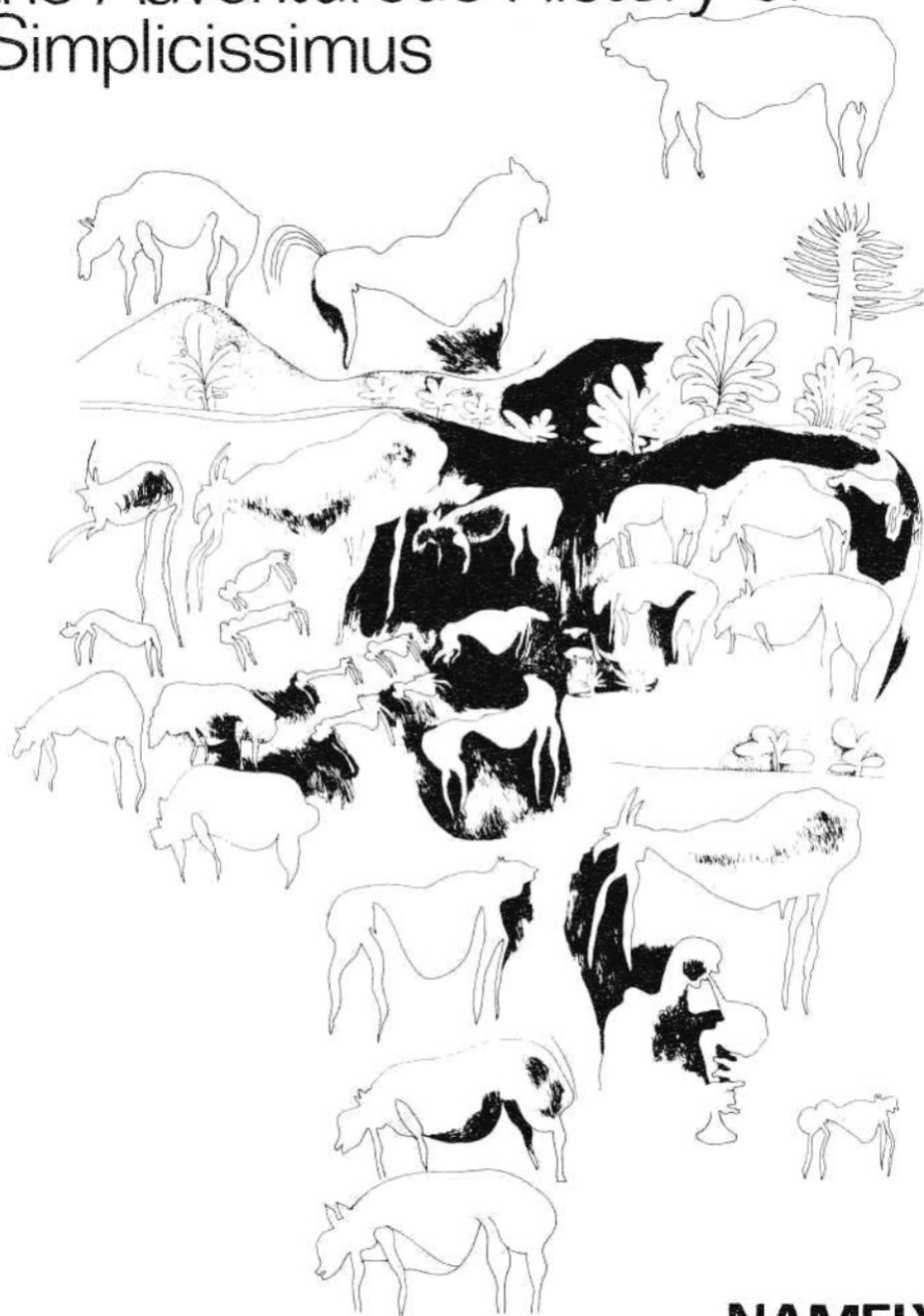
A manager's wife hears the faint steel wailing
but thinks it is her heart and doesn't wonder;

The sky is empty of stray gulls, butterflies,
everything; the wind tears at the blue hole;

Wagon trains of cars pull over and wait,
surrendered to speculating grandmothers;

Down the green tunnel a pale ambulance races.

the Adventurous History of Simplicissimus



NAMELY..

Drawing by Andrew Verster

..... An account of the life of a curious vagabond, of name Melchior Sternfels von Fuchshaim: where and in what guise he entered this world, what he saw, learnt, experienced and suffered there, and also why he abandoned its ways of his own free will.

*An excellent entertainment, bestowing
much of benefit on its reader.*

Published

by

GERMAN SCHLEIFHEIM

of Sulzfort

CHAPTER ONE

Simplicius announces his peasant origins, and ditto education.

In this our time (which some believe to be the last of all times) a new epidemic has made its appearance among the common sort of people. Those who suffer from this illness are people who, what with scrounging and swindling, have scraped enough together to afford a set of clothes in the ridiculous modern fashion, all ribbons – or who, by some stroke of fortune, have otherwise become full-blown and acceptable. And then these persons think straight away of becoming escutcheoned lords and noble personages of ancient family. All this while, more often than not, their grandparents have been hawkers, porters, and daylabourers; their cousins the drivers of donkeys; their brothers beadles and turnkeys; their sisters whores; their mothers bawds (if not actual witches) – in short, their entire family-tree, all thirty-two branches of it, as blotted and as covered with dirt as is that of the pickpockets' guild in Prague. Indeed, these new aristocrats are themselves frequently as black as if they had been born and raised in the land of Guinea.

Now, it's not in the least my desire to be classed – myself – among these absurd fantasts. And yet – in truth I wasn't without frequent thoughts of having maybe a great lord (or at the very least an ordinary gentleman) for a father – I had by nature such a decided leaning towards the gentleman's profession, if only I could have afforded it. But to be serious: my origins and upbringing could well be compared with those of a nobleman, on the understanding that the principal difference won't be looked at too closely. How so? Well, my Knan (for that's how fathers are called in the Spessart) had his

own palace, just like another; and so fine, that no king could have built it with his own hands; and they will perhaps put off the undertaking through all eternity. This palace was painted with loam, and roofed – not with sterile slate, cold lead, red copper – but with straw that in its summer had been bearer of the rich and noble corn. And so that he, my Knan, might make boast of his noble blood and his riches, he had the walls round his castle made not, as is so often the case with other great men, out of stones – stones! which can be picked up anywhere on the road, or dug up out of infertile land; still less with bricks, quickly shaped and easily baked; but with stakes of oak-wood. Which everybody knows is the wood of a noble and useful tree, that bears pork sausages and well-larded hams, and takes over a hundred years to reach its maturity. What monarch could say as much?

He had had his halls and chambers blackened with the smoke of woodfires. Why? Because this is the most lasting colour in the world – and moreover such a piece of paintwork takes longer to bring to perfection than the most admirable work of art. The tapestries were made of the finest web on earth; for she who made them in olden days spun in competition with Minerva. There was only one reason for his dedication of the windows – (to Saint Nixgolass): he had reckoned the age of the flax and hemp from the seed, and had found that such windows cost more time and more labour than the best, most transparent glass from Murano.

In short: the instinct of his station was to believe that everything which had been achieved through much trouble and hard work was most estimable and valuable; and after all what is most valuable is also most fitting for the aristocracy.

Instead of pages, lackeys and grooms my Knan had sheep, goats and swine, each neatly attired in his natural livery; and these would attend me in the fields till I drove them home. His armoury was well stocked with ploughs and mattocks, axes and hoes, spades and dung-rakes and hayforks, and he exercised himself with these weapons daily. For hoeing and rooting were his *disciplina militaris*, a peacetime training inherited from the Romans, and he trained as an officer by inspanning oxen. Shifting dung was his fortification-work – and ploughing was his war. But cleaning stables was his gentlemanly recreation and gymnastic exercise.

In such a way he challenged the whole of the earthround, as far as he could reach; and every harvest he forced a rich booty out of her.

All this I've thought best to state at the outset, making no bones about it, so that no-one will find reason to ridicule me along with the rest of the new nobility. For in truth I don't think myself any better than this my Knan, who by the way had his mansion in excellent country, namely in the Spessart, where the wolves give each other good night.

That I have so far said nothing further about my Knan's name, family and origins, occurs for the sake of brevity; the more particularly as it's here not a question of making application for a title. All you need to know is that I was born in the Spessart.

You will already have guessed that my education was as aristocratic as my Knan's household affairs. And you will not have been deceiving yourself. By my tenth year I had already grasped the fundamentals of the gentlemanly exercises mentioned above. And in the intellectual part of my studies I was comparable to the famous Amplistides, of whom Suidas reports that he was unable to count beyond the number five. For my Knan had, perhaps, a spirit too high and magnanimous for his station, and so followed the normal practice by which the better sort trouble themselves little with study, having their employees to deal with the quill-driving and such-like indignities.

Apart from this I was a first-class musician on the bagpipes, specializing in dirges.

It was in theology, however, that I had not, for my age, any equal in all Christendom. I knew neither God nor man, Heaven nor Hell, angel nor devil, and I knew no difference between good and evil. And by the means of such theology I lived as our first parents did in Paradise, knowing nothing in their innocence of illness and death, still less of resurrection. O assez honorable vie ("Oh honourable ass's life", you may be saying); oh, noble, blessed life which then I led, having no cause to trouble myself with the art of medicine! And you may take it that my understanding of law, and of all the arts and sciences, was of the same complexion. In my ignorance I was so finished and complete that it was impossible for me to know I knew nothing. Once more I say – Oh, blessed life that then I led!

But my Knan would not leave me to such bliss any longer; I must live nobly in accordance with my noble birth; and so it came that he began to introduce me to higher things, and to set me harder lessons.

CHAPTER TWO

The first rung of the ladder; Simplicius' rise to the station of shepherd. He is instructed in his vocation. The lament of a trusty bagpipes.

He bestowed on me the most lordly of dignities, not merely in his personal set-up but in all the world: namely the office of shepherd. He placed under my care: first, his sows; second, his goats; and finally, his whole herd of sheep. I was to watch them, pasture them, and, with the help of my bagpipes, keep the wolf from them. So for that period of my life I was a second David, except that he had only a harp, and I had a bagpipe. Not a bad start in life – a good omen, rather, promising that with time and luck I should one day become worldfamous. David wasn't, after all, the only great man

who started as a shepherd.

I dare say my Knan was counting on such precedents — and to this hour they've never failed to hold a promise of future glory, to my thinking. But let me return to my sheep....

Know, that I had as little knowledge of the wolf as I had of my own innocence — which fact made my Knan all the more thorough in his instructions. He said: "Boay, beh tha keerfoa, an doan tha lave the shipp getten to furr fromnoothir, an pleh tha hoard o tha pipis, soatha than wooluff na coom dohn misschiefis, foor wha that a's an thata-moocheran foorkerleggerid reyskull an thiff, an that aytis menfolhken an katull, un soa the behn owt keerluss, eh ahll goa doost tha toonuc foora." To which I answered with like cheerfulness: "Heh Knono tha moon seh an meh, hoo tha than wooluff lookun? Eh, ahv noon seed un nevirr." — "Ah tha gritt moolnoot," was what he said at that, "tha sa goa beh an foowull ah tha dehs, a woondir is tahmeh wha sud beh coomin a theh; behs ay a gritt boobin, en stull tha doan noah foor woa en foorkerleggerid reyskull behn an wooluff."

* * * * *

And so there I was making music on my bagpipes, drawing a tone from them that would have served to poison the frogs in the herb-garden — and in this way working up a feeling of safety from my enemy the wolf, who was constantly in my thoughts. And since my Meuder (as mothers were called in that country) had declared frequently that my singing made her tremble for the prolonged existence of her chickens, I tried some of that too (so as to strengthen the antidote) — and struck up a song that she herself had taught me.

But I didn't get far with it, for I suddenly found myself surrounded, together with my sheep, by a troop of cuirassiers who had been lost in the forests till my bucolics had set them on the right path again.

Ha! thought I, these are the ones; these are the four-legged rascals and thieves that my Knan was speaking of! For in the beginning I saw horse and man as one creature (as the Americans had the Conquistadores) and I had no doubt whatsoever but that these were wolves. My first thought was to drive those terrible centaurs away, and somehow make them be gone again. But I had hardly filled my bagpipes with air to do this, when one of them took hold of me by the shoulder and dumped me so carelessly on to a farmhouse they had looted from somewhere, that I fell off on the other side, with my bagpipes under me. At this it gave out a melancholy cry, as if it had wanted to move the whole world to compassion. All to no avail, however, even though it gave its last breath to bewailing my ill fortune. I must needs ride a horse for the second time in my life, whatever my bagpipes might have to say about the matter —

and what hurt most of all was that they all insisted on pretending that the bagpipes had made such an abominable outcry because I had hurt it in falling.

And so my nag went off with me, moving at a steady trot like the *Primum Mobile*, till we were in my Knan's yard. The strangest fantasies wandered through my mind all this time. I imagined that as I was now also seated on one of the unknown animals, I too would be transformed into an iron creature like the others. And when this didn't happen, I got other strange ideas: I thought to myself that these unfamiliar beings must be there for no other reason than to help me drive the sheep home, seeing none of them had eaten any, and seeing they were all hurrying, with one accord, in the direction of my Knan's house – and by the nearest way, what's more.

And so I kept looking round in the hopes of seeing my Knan, and wondering when he and my Meuder would be coming out to greet us. But no – he and my Meuder had escaped by the back door, taking our Ursula – their only daughter – with them. They had decided that for these guests they would not be at home.

CHAPTER THREE

Simplicius' residence is captured, spoiled and plundered. How the soldiers made themselves at home there.

It had been no part of my intention to bring the peace-loving reader into my Knan's house with these horsemen, as what followed there was hardly pleasant; yet the nature of my story makes it essential for me to leave to posterity some account of the cruel atrocities that made a sporadic part of this our German war. And in this way I shall be able to demonstrate by my own example how all such ills are often apportioned to us by the Almighty for our own good. Who would have taught me that there was a God in Heaven, if no soldiers had come to destroy my Knan's house, and thereby drive me among people who could tell me that which it was essential for me to know? A short while ago, I couldn't have known or imagined otherwise than that my Knan, my Meuder, and the rest of the household were alone on earth. No man, and no human dwelling, was known to me beyond those which I knew from daily commerce. But soon now I was to hear of the origin of man, and that he must one day leave this life. Why, in form I had been a man, by name a Christian child, but in all else I had been no better than a beast! But the Almighty took pity on my innocence and planned to bring me to a knowledge of Him and of myself. And although he could have chosen a thousand ways to do this, he was looking, maybe, for a course which would also punish my parents for my careless upbringing, and set them up as an example and a warning to the world.

(Continued on Page 41)

Picasso

Guernica and Massacre in Korea

On January 15th 1951, Picasso signed and dated his painting "Massacre in Korea", one of several paintings in which he has directly expressed his feelings about war. "Massacre in Korea" is probably the least satisfactory of these war-theme paintings, and Picasso's involvement in politics and his attitude to the Korean War largely explains why the painting is so arid and eclectic, in contrast particularly to "Guernica".

When German forces bombed the small Spanish town of Guernica in April 1937, Picasso reacted swiftly and furiously. The first sketches for "Guernica" were made three days after the bombing, and the huge canvas was planned and completed in a very short time. Picasso worked at white heat intensity, both intellectually and emotionally totally involved in and committed to what he was doing. Involved not only for humanitarian reasons, because he hates war, but because the issue concerned Spain, and Picasso has always felt himself passionately a Spaniard. "Guernica" is, of course, much more than a documentary and specific record of an incident in the Spanish Civil War; it is an indictment of all wars and of the suffering they inflict on innocent non-participants. Its stark black, white and grey tonal range, and the savage distortion in the drawing creates a frightening and almost overpoweringly emotional statement.

Although "Guernica" arose in response to a particular incident, it doesn't stand isolated in Picasso's work. There are earlier paintings and drawings which relate to it stylistically, and the theme of horse and bull, two protagonists of the bullfight, has occupied Picasso since his teens. After "Guernica" was completed, Picasso referred to it in several subsequent paintings, using it as a kind of sourcebook for future developments. This use of "Guernica" culminates in another war painting, "The Charnel House" of 1945. Here again, Picasso makes a statement about the futility and horror of war.

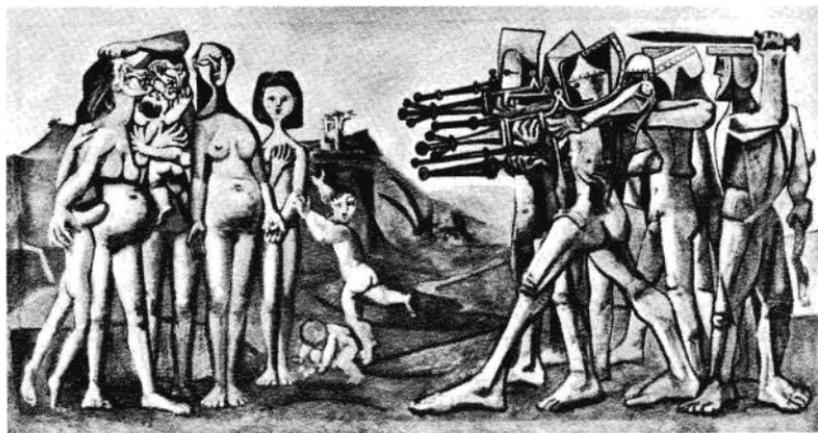
In all Picasso's major works, the working pattern of "Guernica" can be seen. Paintings before the big painting will hint at what is to

come, although the painting itself steps far beyond these suggestions. After the painting is complete, it will be referred to in later paintings which develop certain aspects of it. This process can be seen very clearly in "The Demoiselles d'Avignon" of 1907, Picasso's prelude to Cubism.

But in "Massacre in Korea", this process doesn't happen. "The Massacre" stands isolated, neither implied before nor referred to afterwards in Picasso's work. In the following year, 1952, Picasso painted two large murals for the Temple de la Paix at Vallauris, one on the theme of War, the other representing Peace. In neither mural is there any reference to "The Massacre", in spite of the similarity of theme.

This seems to be because Picasso felt obligated and intellectually bound to commemorate the Korean War. Since the Second World War, Picasso had become increasingly involved with the French Communist Party, which he had joined in 1944. He was closely associated with their attempts to organise international opinion against war. In 1949 he painted the famous "Dove" as a symbol of peace for the World Peace Congress in Paris. He was used almost as a mascot for the cause of world peace. "In Moscow his reputation as a great man was used for propoganda purposes – whilst his art was dismissed as decadent." (John Berger **Success and Failure of Picasso**, p.175).

In November 1950, a few months after the outbreak of the Korean War, Picasso made one of his rare journeys outside France to attend the Third World Peace Conference, held in Sheffield. The



British Government, fearing that the conference was a dangerous form of propaganda, refused entry to many of the delegates. But Picasso, mainly it seems because an exhibition of his recent paintings and ceramics, organised by the Arts Council, was being held in London, was given an entry visa. He was shaken by the immigration authorities' move, almost as much because they had allowed him in as because they had refused his friends' entry. "And I ... What can I have done that they should allow me through?", he asked with anxiety. (Roland Penrose *Picasso: His Life and Work*, p.328.) At the conference, he made a short speech (in French), not mentioning politics but explaining how his father had taught him to paint doves. He ended, "I stand for life against death; I stand for peace against war." (Penrose, p.329.)

Almost immediately after his return to France, he began "The Massacre in Korea". This suggests that he felt that conferences and talking were not really adequate ways for him to plead the cause of peace, and that he should use the means of expression he was best equipped in.

"Massacre in Korea". far more than his other war paintings, is tied to the art of the past and explicitly, to two other statements about war. The first is the "Execution of the Defenders of Madrid (the 3rd of May 1808)", painted by Goya in 1814. Several of Goya's "Disasters of War" etchings, too, relate both to Goya's own paintings and to Picasso's. The second painting is Manet's "Execution of the Emperor Maximilian" of 1868, itself based on Goya's painting. Picasso's work is closely linked to these paintings in its composition, and in the concept of the innocent victim or defender of justice being slaughtered. Picasso obviously set out to link his painting to these earlier statements about contemporary events, and by doing so, to give his painting a significance which, as in the case of "Guernica", far exceeds a specific incident or war. This procedure suggests a lack of inspiration. In the earlier war paintings, Picasso had not found it necessary to draw on the art of the past, but from 1950 onwards, he has begun to do so increasingly frequently.

Picasso painted nude soldiers, wearing helmets, and equipped, not with the weapons of modern war, but with strange-looking rifles. The soldier in command, with his raised sword, looks more like a soldier of ancient Rome than an American G.I. in Korea. This archaizing has the intention of stressing that war is universal and has endured throughout man's history. But it seems strangely incongruous as a statement about a war in which napalm was used for the first time, and in which the Chinese accused the United States of carrying on "germ warfare" in Korea. Less than two months before it was painted, President Truman said that the use of the atomic bomb in Korea had been considered, and at the time of the painting, the Chinese had just launched

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Saimon lay where he was, breathing with a faint hissing — a silent whistle through his slightly bared teeth. The tune was a lullaby he had heard his mother croon as she had loomed over him, a black mountain of peace with twin rivers of milk, when he was a child. His memories and visions receded slowly until he was left, a prone creature with barely any intelligence and perception, expending just enough energy to maintain his metabolism, pulse and breathing.

At 2.13 a.m. on Sunday morning a distant and wakeful dog registered his solitary protest at the silent and indifferent town by barking once. Saimon immediately stood up (stiffly) and bent to retrieve a 13-inch piece of conduit piping and a coil of thin cord.

At 2.18 a.m. he tried the handle of Angie's room. It opened. He did not pause to guess whether she was asleep or awake (she was in fact asleep) but moved on bare feet, a whitish pillar of fluid movement like an ancient cobra, to the bed.

She lay on her stomach, her face towards the slight glimmer from the inadequately draped window, her arms under the pillow. Saimon worked his jaws soundlessly up and down for maximum acuity of hearing and silently raised the length of piping.

Angie opened her eyes and stared straight and uncomprehendingly at the window with its gently billowing drapes. Behind and about 1-inch above her left ear a thousand violins blazed out one long, unceasing, deafening chord to synchronise with the arrest of the descending baton of iron. On the few successive occasions when she was to open her eyes in the future she would be able to see nothing but a seeming curtain of blood wavering fitfully as in a breeze.

Saimon trussed her expertly but without any unkind intent — an obscene-looking little bunch of 2 big toes and 2 thumbs corded and sticking up from over her buttocks. She was wearing blue shorty-pajamas with red polka dots.

He swung her over his shoulder lithely, and by 2.25 a.m. was out of the hostel, tautly shuffling down the quiet mainstreet, not bothering to avoid the yellow puddles of light. She weighed not much more than a bag of mealie-meal which weighs exactly 100 lbs. and can be carried by a determined man (bearing his own, not someone else's) for many miles.

He stopped once after a short detour to urinate on the hydrant (a circumstance which would greatly confound the early morning procession of town dogs), adjusted his burden and made, in the time honoured manner of outlaws, for the hills. He recommenced his sibilant whistling as he padded along. No one of **Gwailinga-gwailungu** was to see the couple again.

V

At 7.45 a.m., Sunday, the waiter with nephrosis and carrying a tea-tray knocked twice at Angie's room and receiving no reply ambled placidly on to the next where another sleepy whitegirl accepted lemon tea (no sugar) at his surprisingly pale hands.

At 8.40 a.m., Saimon was discharged in his absence ("unless I hear a very good excuse") by the old housekeeper. Breakfast was a shambles at the YWCA. Three waiters were missing: the other two who shared one of the laundresses had broken up their happy triangle (hoe-handle and shovel) and were snoring in a lordly and drunken fashion in adjoining beds amicably enough up at the hospital, their bandaged heads lending them the appearance of spiritual twins, which in all probability they were.

At 10.30 a.m., the housekeeper tried the handle of Angie's room. It opened. She paused just inside the open door and called to Angie. Receiving no reply, she stumped in and saw the disturbed and occupantless bedding. She hurried over and, wheezing from a touch of rheumatism, bent and picked the pillow off the floor. She formed her mouth into a soundless yelp when she saw the bloodstains. She looked behind the curtains, the dresser and under the bed then went out and locked the door from the tangle of her skeleton-ring. She then lumbered off, managing successfully the struggle with her ballooning hysteria, to inform the matron who sent for the police.

The trail held to about 5 miles out of town and was lost.

VI

About 5 miles north of **Gwailinga-gwailungu**, Saimon branched east off the main road and, by following cattle-trucks and bush-paths, managed to avoid the large white farms and the little black farms. No one saw him and his load except 1 small pot-bellied piccanin whose eyes went very round from where he peered out of a thicket (he was attempting to snare crows) and who later ran home to his kraal and had to be comforted against nightmares and phantoms when the sun went down. The child was fairly inarticulate and had forgotten the incident by dawn on Monday.

Saimon stopped five times on his Sunday trek: only for water and the calls of nature. Angie did not open her eyes during the journey but she groaned frequently. She was too, becoming febrile as exposure and her trauma allowed various pathogens within her system to proliferate. Once in the late afternoon she made water while still unconscious and being borne bumpily along.

On Sunday evening, Saimon wearily but carefully put Angie down at the mouth of a deserted and foetid cave in the foothills some thousand feet above the level of and about 18 miles from the town. Although no buildings were in sight at all, later he was to become

aware of the invisible Mine's smokestacks during the daylight hours and the faint, very faint, rare hoot of a far train by night. All round him lurked the silent and secretive bush. Even the insects had hushed, if there were any about. The first stars were exploding without a sound brilliantly into sight on the sky – first singly then in groups, clusters, galaxies. It was all so still that he would have thought himself deaf but for Angie's short, noisy, bubbling breathing from where she lay on her side arced backwards like a drawn bow.

He moved over to her and examined her bindings. Both thumbs and toes had bled, coagulated and bled again. The cord had cut one of the latter to the bone. Saimon clucked sympathetically and commenced with difficulty to untie her.

He had known this cave when he was a small herdboy. It was called the Cave of the Hyena. Certainly the hyena tribe were about this district in profusion but no one had ever seen one of the slinking, scavenging predators in or around this cave. A tribal motto had it that "the cave of the hyena knows no escape", a reference to the remarkable tenacity of that creature's jaws – the whole beast appearing to concentrate its considerable strength in its mouth and fore-shoulders which rapidly dwindled and sloped to insignificant and flinching hindquarters, although these limbs too were steely enough in actuality. One impression of the animal can be totally summarised by an old, cunning (but fairly warmhearted) white farmer of that district: "whenever I come upon one of the bastards I don't know whether to shoot it or boot it up its snivelling arse." (He shoots them: they are partial to his new-born calves). But Saimon thought the connection between the Cave of the Hyena and the "cave of the hyena" was too tenuous to follow profitably. Unless some ancient tribal seer had accorded the title prophetically, it was no more than noise.

Saimon managed to cut the final strands of cord by splintering one stone with another and utilising a sharp fragment as a blade. He squatted on his heels and assessed his prisoner watchfully. She appeared to be asleep and quite helpless as by slow fits and jerks her posture resumed a more lax and normal position. He wrestled from a pocket an unstoppered mineral bottle (which he had employed as a drinking utensil on the day's journey) and a dirty handkerchief. He stood up and went blundering a little way down the hill to where a small stream chuckled very quietly. He drank then filled the bottle and soaked the handkerchief and returned to the cave.

He could hardly see her now, shaded by the gloomy buttress of the hillside from the stargleam, but by dint of feeling about he located the enormous contusion above her left ear and began to press the wet rag gently to the wound. Now and again he would break-off, prop her up in his arms and attempt to get her to drink from the bottle. At

last she did and seemed to drain it in a swallow. Relieved, he hurried away for a refill, stumbling and cursing goodhumouredly like a suppliant lover who has just discovered the successful gift for a proud mistress. But she was unconscious again when he returned and he could not awaken her. He then dragged her carefully into the inky cave and went out and gathered tufts of long grass, underbrush and branches, and covered her. His fingers smarting from thorns, his feet bruised and his stomach shrieking silently for its missed daily meal, he lay down a little way from her and went to sleep.

Very early on Monday morning Saimon awoke with an erection. He lay quietly gazing at the dimly huddled opaque mound of shrubbery under which lay Angie. He could take her easily, he thought, at any time; but he had decided to woo her or somehow get her to have him through gratitude or fear. The false-dawn fingered a scant illumination into the cave. He shivered and stood up. He felt well. He checked his matches: 3 boxes he had taken from the hostel's kitchen. He picked up the dry and blood-starched handkerchief and the bottle and went outside. He urinated into the new day, causing steam to rise from the icy ground, then went swiftly down the hillside, past the stream, towards the outskirts of the nearest native mealiepatch that he had skirted on the previous day. Kraal-roosters were beginning to screech with pugnacious energy and reedy independence across the land while nearby, cattle lowed softly, patiently waiting to be turned out to graze.

VII

When the sun stood 3 handbreadths above the horizon the cave had a small but cheerful fire at its entrance. Saimon ducked in holding a broiled mealie, the bottle of water and the resoaked handkerchief. He put the things down and picked the greenery off Angie.

One side of her face and her stomach (between the upper and lower sections of her shorty pajamas) were sunburnt a bright, glaring red. She was in a filthy mess, her hair matted, muddy and bloodstained, and during the night her bowels had opened. He cleaned her up as best as he could, even taking her pants down to the stream and rinsing and wringing them. She was extremely hot to his touch.

At one moment during his ministrations he thought she had awakened. Her breathing changed and although her eyes appeared to be fractionally opened all he could discern were two blood-scarlet crescents between the lids. He became excited and pressed himself on her eagerly and called her name, telling her he loved her. When she made no response he reared back and slapped her face angrily. Her head fell away from him and instantly he became contrite when he saw the new blood well up over her ear and start its slow descent down her

cheek to encircle her neck. He ran for more water and cleaned her up again.

During the morning at various times he tried to soothe her into wakefulness in order to eat and drink but she remained immobile and supine until about midday when he managed to get 4 bottles of water into her (tearing with increasing delight between the stream and the cave) but he became angry again when she fell once more into total unconsciousness just as he held the fifth bottleful up to her dry, collapsed and bloodless lips. He did not hit her again but went to sit just outside where he dozed sullenly all afternoon.

In the evening he covered her up and sat inside the cave gnawing at cold broiled mealies and sipping water and staring at her face until it became too dark to see, then he went to sleep.

The next day was very similar except that her temperature was much lower, shooting up considerably at nightfall. She had eaten nothing but had drunk a total of 6 bottles of water. She moaned a lot less but gave increasing signs of irritation now that the flies had discovered her wound. If she opened her eyes at all during the day Saimon had not seen it.

The next day (Wednesday) while Saimon was away foraging for mealies, 2 herdboys, barely into their teens, who had come up to the cave to enjoy certain homosexual activities discovered the mealie peelings and cobs, the small fire-pit and, on entering the cave, Angie. They whispered a while then attempted to awaken her but could not.

While one kept watch the other moved aside the shrubbery and removed her pants and effected union with her unconscious body. When he was finished his friend had her. She did not stir at all. They replaced her pants meticulously, re-covered her and retired to the neighbouring bushes to watch. The pair saw Saimon return and go into the cave. Then bursting with pride and their tremendous secret the two urchins rushed quietly down the hillside back to their herds.

2 more days passed in this manner. The unsuspecting Saimon would be hardly out of earshot on his way to purloin food when the herd-boys would creep out of the bush, have intercourse with Angie, retire to watch Saimon's return, and then the silent flit down the hill.

Angie's temperature was by now soaring and plummeting to an alarming degree. She cried out often in delirium and there was no doubt death was approaching. She twitched and flung her limbs about and there was no semblance of control over her bodily functions. The cave now smelled like a sewer. A thick pus was oozing from her wound where a cattle blow-fly had laid a number of its eggs. Saimon was in a dangerous and ugly mood. His blazing sullenness glared like twin ruddy searchlights from under his sparse eyebrows.

He never spoke or ran now and his desire for Angie to give herself to him had become a tense, crazed obsession. His movements were mechanical; he behaved without tenderness towards her but without deliberate cruelty either. He wished her to awaken properly and to behold her saviour. He was possessed with the idea of obtaining meat for her, even considering a raid on one of the more distant kraals which had poultry. Already he had stolen a battered old cookpot in which to make soup. But he had to be careful about attracting attention to a thief in the district.

On the morning of the fourth day of Angie's discovery by the herd-boys, Saimon was cautiously nearing "his" mealiepatch when a startled dassie (or rock-rabbit) leapt past him. With a lightening and purely automatic reflex, his right foot lashed out to send the dassie soaring to land stunned and breathless some yards away. Saimon dashed up to it and had broken its neck within seconds.

His mood changed instantly. Triumphantly he returned, running and bounding, singing in a tuneless whisper. He heard a clatter and a swish and dropped the small furry corpse, reaching the cave in a sprint. He could not find anything amiss at first. Eventually he decided Angie was partially uncovered: she must have moved in her fever-throes. He looked closely at her and discovered that her pants were if anything around the wrong way. He knelt and tore them off and unmistakably found semen where there should be none.

Saimon turned grey from the adrenalin-charged homicidal pressures forming in his head. He moved over to strangle the unconscious Angie, when, to his mind came a thought on what actually may have taken place within the cave. He re-covered her as she had been and, composing his face, stepped out and went off down the hill, whistling carelessly, looking steadfastly at nothing. He waited at the stream for a few minutes, spending the time in selecting an 8 lb. rock that fitted his hand comfortably. Supple as a leopard he crept back towards the cave.

He parted the brush close to its entrance and saw, sitting in it, his back to him, a small herdboy who was giggling and softly calling obscenities into its recesses. Saimon was on him and had crushed in the back of his skull before the other lad had looked up from where he squatted over the motionless body of Angie.

Saimon threw the corpses of the 2 boys a little way beyond the cave-mouth and returned to Angie.

She lay there, filthy, violated, legs spread loosely and with the indescribable odour from her suppurating wound and the rest of the cave thickly miasmatic about her. Somehow and to his utter astonishment she managed to convey (despite her comatose state) a totally alien concept to him — that of innocence. This was the first time he had ever become aware of such a startling thing about any woman, let alone this one. Suddenly he loved her, completely and

blindingly. He stooped and gathered her up and close to him. And screamed and let it fall.

To the coating of dust on his skin and over the tattered memory of his white ducks clung gobbets of glistening slime and porraceous matter. Brown blood clots and unidentifiable silver smears provided a glutinous adhesive for leaves and flesh like fowl-feathers, giving to his appearance the illusion that he had lately fallen face foremost into an ancient and unclean hen-run. He noticed vaguely, beyond the giddiness in his eyes and ears, that his stomach was about to rebel at the mess and stench. He had always been a fastidious steward.

He went away from that place immediately.

In the cool stillness of the evening a pair of brindled, dingy yellow, prowling hyenas discovered the corpse of the dassie; then those of the herdboys (there was wailing and a search-party out from the mud-huts that night); then, hackles erect, upper lips lifting, Angie — and dragged them all away. The feast lasted for one-quarter of the moon.

Picasso

(Continued from Page 32)



their second major offensive of the war. The stilted and stylised groups in Picasso's painting, the almost Renaissance-like treatment of the landscape, and the woodenness that is the predominant feeling of the painting indicate Picasso's emotional detachment from actual events in Korea.

In contrast to "Guernica", which used both his emotional and his intellectual resources, here Picasso regretted Korea cerebrally. He made his statement for peace which could be (and was) used for propaganda purposes. (In 1951 the French and Russian Communist parties used it; but in 1956 a large reproduction was hung in the streets of Warsaw as a protest against Soviet action in Hungary). But his emotions weren't touched, and since Picasso is always far more an expressionist than a formal and intellectual artist, the result is a cold and detached painting.

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The first thing that these horsemen did, was to stable their horses; after that, each had his own job to do, and not one of these that didn't mean waste and destruction. For although some of the men started to butcher and roast and boil so that it looked as if a great banquet were in preparation, there were others were tearing their way through the house from top to bottom. I even saw some of them in the privy – you would have thought they expected to find the golden fleece of Colchis there.

Others made great bundles of linen, cloth, clothes, and all kinds of household goods, as if they were going to set up a junk market somewhere; and what they didn't care to take with them they smashed. Some went about sticking their swords into the hay and the straw, as if they didn't have sheep and pigs enough to stick with them. Some shook the feathers out of the featherbeds and filled them with ham and dried meat and anything else that came to hand, and I remember thinking: As if **that** would make them better to sleep on! Others smashed the ovens and the windows, acting as though they had come to declare eternal summer. They hammered down all the copper and tin utensils they could find, and packed them, bent and spoilt, with all the rest. Beds, tables, chairs, benches – all these they burnt, though they could see very well there was plenty of dry wood lying in the yard. In the end all the pots and dishes had to be broken too – either because they preferred their meat roasted – or just because they didn't intend to stay for more than one meal.

Our maid was taken into the stables and mishandled there to such a degree that she couldn't walk to get out again. And after tying up the manservant they made him lie down, forced his mouth open with a piece of wood, and poured a bucketful of dung and water into him – a Swedish bumper they called it. In this way they got him to lead a party off, which then returned with more animals and people, among them my Knan, my Meuder, and our Ursula.

That was when they all began screwing out the flints from their pistols and screwing in the peasants' thumbs instead, torturing the wretches as though there were a witch-burning afoot. Come to that, I saw them push a man into an oven and start a fire under him – even though he had confessed to nothing. They wound a rope round another's head and twisted it up with a stick till blood sprang from his mouth, nose, and ears. In short, each one of them had his own pet invention with which to torture the captured men, and so each captive had his own individual torture. Only my Knan seemed to me then to be more fortunate, for he confessed in shouts of laughter what others were forced to say in shrieks and groans, and this honour was his, no doubt, because he was head of our household.

They had seated him in front of a fire, bound him so that he could move neither hand nor foot, and rubbed moistened salt on to the soles of his feet. Our old goat had then been set to lick the salt off again, which tickled so much that he could have burst his lungs laughing; all this was so comical, that out of companionship (or because I knew no better) I laughed heartily along with him. In such a species of laughter he confessed to what it was he still owed them, and unearthed his cache of treasure — which was far richer in gold, pearls, and jewels than one would expect a peasant to have hidden away.

I can say nothing about the individual fate of the women, maids and daughters who had been captured, because the soldiers wouldn't let me watch what they were doing with them. But I know that every now and then I heard sudden shrieks from some corner of the house. I imagine my Meuder and my Ursula fared no better than the others. While all this was going on I remember turning the spit for someone, and in the afternoon I helped water the horses. When I came into the stables I met our maid, who was so dishevelled that I didn't know her. But she called to me and said in a hoarse voice, like that of a sick person: 'Oh Boay, Boay, tha mun roon weh — oother than troopus ull tek tha withun. Seh tha goas weh fast, tha seys thasel wha baad ah'm....' But more than that she was unable to speak.

CHAPTER FOUR

How Simplicius showed the underside of his heels — and how he was driven about the wood by phosphorescent trees.

It was after this that I first really began to take stock of my situation, and to consider how I could make my escape. And where to? I was far too foolish in my ignorance to have known an answer. Yet I succeeded in getting away to the woods toward nightfall; nor did my beloved bagpipes desert me in this my extremest misery. But once having got so far, where should I go next? Especially as the paths of the wood were as unknown and mysterious to me as that road which leads across the frozen sea — over behind Nova Zembla as far as China. The night was like pitch around me, and I was perfectly safe. But to the dark imaginations of my brain no night could be dark enough, and I hid myself in the thickest of the undergrowth. There I could hear the screams of the tortured peasants mingle with the song of nightingales — the birds had been unmoved by any pity for them, had felt no need to stop singing out of respect for their misfortune — so I also lay down without inner disturbance, and slept.

But when the morning star began to flicker out in the eastern sky I saw my Knan's house in flames, and nobody around to stop the fire. I came out in the hope that I might spot someone from the farm, but a group of five troopers caught sight of me almost immediately.

They started shouting over at me: "Hey! You, boy! Coom 'ere! Devill tek me, an if yer don't — I'll shoot the red blazes out o' yer, so 'elp us."

I stopped dead with my mouth open, for I hadn't the faintest idea what they had said, or what they were getting at; and while I was staring at them like a cat at a new barn-door, and they were kept from reaching me by a strip of bog (which no doubt annoyed them beyond endurance), one of them let off his musket at me. Terrified by the elemental suddenness of the flame that issued from it, and the altogether unexpected crack, which the echo made dreadful by reiteration, I (who had never heard or seen anything like it) fell to the ground instantaneously — I couldn't have moved a muscle for fear — and the troopers rode on, leaving me for dead.

All the same, the whole of that day I hadn't the courage to move from my position. But when it was night around me again, I stood up and wandered straight into the forest — until I saw a rotten tree phosphorescing in the distance, and was inspired with a new kind of fear. I turned round and set off again — till I was stopped again by another glow in the distance — and so I spent the night running backwards and forwards from one rotten tree to the next. At last the daylight came to assist me, commanding the trees to leave me in peace now the day was there. But it didn't really help much: my heart was full of dread still, my shanks were full of weariness, my empty stomach full of hunger, my mouth full of thirst, my brain full of crazy images, and my eyes full of sleep. And I went on in spite of all this, but didn't know where I was heading; the further I went, the deeper I was entering into the forest, away from all human help. In those days I learnt (though without being conscious of the lesson) what the consequences of uneducated ignorance were — indeed, had I been a dumb animal I'd have known better what to do. Still, I was wise enough to creep into a hollow tree-trunk when it grew dark again, cradling my bagpipes with care, and determined to encamp there till the night was over.

CHAPTER FIVE

A short chapter, but so intensely devotional, that Simplicius falls down in a swoon.

I was on the point of sleep, when I heard a strange voice start up — "Oh endless, unquenchable love, squandered upon a mankind so ingrate and reprobate! Ah my only comfort, my hope, my riches, my God!" And so it went on, in terms I could not understand and cannot recall, but much the same substance.

Now this was talk that ought to have had a cheering influence on any Christian person who was situated as I was. But — oh my simpli-

city, my ignorance! – it was all heathen Greek and pedlar’s French to me: an entirely incomprehensible jargon that I could find no footing in, that bewildered and indeed terrified me through its strangeness. Nevertheless when I heard further that the speaker was to have his thirst quenched and his hunger stilled – well then my own hunger, growing by now intolerable, suggested to me that I might present myself as a guest. And so I plucked up the courage to leave my hollow tree, and to approach that voice I’d been hearing.

I saw a tall man: long, grey-black hair fell in a tangled mass on his shoulders; he had a beard (and a wild one), shaped almost like a Swiss cheese; his face was pinched and sallow, and yet not unpleasing. His long cloak was patched in a thousand places with all kinds of material, all overlaid and overlapping; he had a heavy iron chain wound round his neck and torso like Saint William; and to me he looked so altogether blood-curdling that I started to shiver like a wet spaniel. Worst of all was that he had a crucifix, about six foot tall, and this he was holding in his arms, and pressing to his breast.

This, I thought, must really be the wolf now. And in my terror I snatched up my bagpipes, my only treasure, which I had saved from the troopers – I blew stoutly, plunged as soon as I could into music, and let myself be heard in a mode designed to make a wolf’s hair curl. In fact the hermit was more than a little put out at first by this sudden and barbarous music in a desert place: he was infallibly convinced that it was some devilish spirit come to tempt him and disturb his meditation, as in Saint Anthony’s case before him.

But as soon as he had recovered himself he started mocking me as ‘his hellish adversary in a hollow tree’ (I had retired there swiftly) – in fact he had so much self-possession that he came right up to me, the better to pour scorn on the enemy of mankind. “Ha!” said he, “and a miserable scoundrel you are too, to come disturbing the holy without a special charter from the Almighty. Do you think....” I heard no more. His approach filled me with such horror and dread that I lost the use of my senses and fainted away. 

Note: German Schleifheim von Sulsfort is the anagrammatic nom de plume of H.J.Ch. (Hans Jakob Christoffel) von Grimmelshausen.

Further chapters from Peter Strauss’s translation of this 16th Century German novel will appear in *Bolt*.

WOMEN IN LOVE: (Continued from Page 8)

In this, Loerke is Gerald's superior. Gerald has subverted the humanity of his miners to serve industry, and becomes a redundant piece of fine machinery, a "perfect instrument" (p.470). Loerke has the same attitude to man, but is a good many stages ahead in the river of corruption, where he is prepared to remain swimming just where it falls over into the "bottomless pit" (p.481); Gerald, "The Diver", takes the plunge into extinction.

Gudrun's art is reductive — she does only small pieces — and Loerke tells the group he "never did portraits" (p.482) for humanity is reduced to mechanism so what possible interest could there be in the individual? "Art and Life were to them the Reality and the Unreality" (p.504) and primitive art (the pseudo-primitivism of Bohemia) becomes their refuge. They also share the "sentimental, childish delight in the achieved perfections of the past" (p.509), especially the late 18th century. Their art is regressive, either in its reduction of the human, or in its sentimentalising of the past. (This recalls the Bloomsbury intellectuals' attitude when they sighed for the 18th century in which they felt their remarkable talents would have been fully appreciated).

Loerke's dream of fear "when the world went cold, and snow fell everywhere, and only white creatures, Polar bears, white foxes, and men like awful white snow-birds, persisted in ice-cruelty" (p.510) adds to his apocalyptic role, and when he ominously tells Gudrun "your fate and mine, they will run together till —" (p.517), we are reminded of the fate of the young art student model who is cast aside when she is no longer "of use" to him. Gerald's rejection of the slave-like Pussum was inevitable, after he had used her. So too, will be Loerke's rejection of Gudrun, later in Dresden when she will be left with the nullity of her existence, to confront alone the horror of "the mechanical succession of day following day, day following day, ad infinitum" (p.522).

It is fitting that it is Loerke, the symbol of the coming end, who, here, "in the navel of the mystic world" (p.461, the navel which no longer sustains life) should cry, "Women and love, there is no greater tedium" (p.516). Birkin and Ursula, through their struggles, have shown this to be false, and it is Lawrence's artistic integrity that permits these few roses of happiness to bloom among the "pure flowers of dark corruption" which constitute his frightening vision of "the end of the world" (p.192).

FOOTNOTES:

(1) F.R. Leavis, *D.H. Lawrence: Novelist* (Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1964), page 158.

(2) All page references taken from 1963 Penguin edition of *Women in Love*.

(3) It is interesting to note that in the earlier version of the novel, in which she is called Pussum, her hair is dark. (See Modern Library edition, page 73).

(4) Robert L. Chamberlain, "Pussum, Minette, and the Afro-Nordic Symbol in Lawrence's *Women in Love*," *PMLA*, LXXVIII (1963), 413.

(5) A reference to the Bloomsbury aesthetics of Roger Fry and Clive Bell. Their "Significant Form" is in the same tradition.

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NATAL COAST SETTLERS

(From an old record: "582 bales of cotton and linseed were salvaged and sold by auction on the spot with considerable profit")

From the first their object was to barter;
A little land for one with more to offer,
Knives for mealies, turkey-twill for hide,
Ivory each hunter's dream-reward.

They raised no question that they could not answer.
Climate? Species? A breaking down breakwater?
They solved with fortitude the vital question;
Each for himself brought out the best in them.

The cunning coast where savage foaming miles
Subsided into necklaces of shells,
Connived to slip them smiling immigrants
In regular remittance from its wrecks.

Those who left the corseting coastal bush,
The swooning palms to shun the sea's embrace,
With helmet, boot and rifle faced the hills
Of freedom, armed to save themselves.

Their frontiers were bound by what was timely
These pioneers who leave us feeling lonely
While men from whom our searching daylight comes
Confined themselves to Europe's gaslit rooms.

Ruth Keech

A LETTER ON CENSORSHIP

The Editors,
BOLT

Dear Sirs,

I sincerely hope that Professor Harvey's thoughtful and refreshingly temperate contribution to the heated but all too often unpublished debate on local censorship will stimulate further comment by writers and teachers of literature in particular. However, since Professor Harvey ventures arguments outside his academic field I feel entitled to comment on a few of his main points.

The author bases his general support of censorship mainly on his answer to the question of whether or not the majority of people want it. In using this line of argument he is suggesting that censorship is justifiable as an expression of popular morality and of the democratic process as he understands it. If this is the view of the majority of the members of the Board then Professor Harvey's role as a teacher of literature while serving on the Board must have been very peripheral indeed. Why have literary critics on a board of censors if the body does little more than pander to the moral reactions of the least critical readers? Professor Harvey would probably reply that the presence of literary men results in a softening of standards when the production in question represents good art. I would like to know if critics who are not members or ex-members of the board consider that this ameliorating influence has been at all significant or even detectable in more than a few isolated instances. I would doubt it.

On another issue, I would suggest that the author's view of democracy is oversimplified. If democracy in practice was simply the expression of the popular will then a British government would not have abolished capital punishment, the United States would probably not have civil rights legislation or be in Vietnam, and South Africa would not have enforced mother-tongue instruction for Whites or a Black chief minister in a Bantustan. Democracy in action reflects, among other things, the influence of powerful interest-groups as well as popular feelings. The author makes mention of certain clergymen, women's organisations and Mother Grundy but fails to recognise that he was being indirectly used by precisely such pressure groups. Far more people, women, Afrikaners and children included, frequently use that four-letter word without feeling guilty than one could ever deduce from the criteria adopted by the Board of Censors. If, on the other hand, the Board has set itself the futile task of 'moral rehabilitation', Professor Harvey should have said so.

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We will not enquire too exhaustively into the credentials of candidates, but

NO CHANCERS

