

4, Heol Cattwg,

Whitchurch,

Cardiff.

30th September, 1962.

Rosh-hashana, 5723.

Leshana tova tikah taevu.

Dear Stephen,

Forgive the way this message mine doth roll —
Full well from key to tape, from tape to scroll.
Those implements of mine do not fit think,
That I, all blotless, should now write with ink.
As happens, well according to those rules,
We know not, pity us, the bouncing fools,
That have decreed, that I, by grace of God,
Like a ploughman, homeward, schoolward daily plod.*
But their appointed guardian tell me did,
That in my soul some dormant Goodness hid.
So fated by the stars that shine and gleam,
And follow me in zodiacal stream,
I prepare to earn my quotidian loaf,
Along with cad and teacher, friend and oaf,
For thus the Fates, with that unerring knife,
Enscribed the wid'ning circle of my life,
This part of which I soon will thankful shut,
Before Miss Atropos my dirty string doth cut,
One Gordian knot of which I know expose,
Like soiled linen on a line of clothes.

Apotheosis sure is not my lot,
But why a prefect, well who knows, God wot!
Pressed in this vile Industry, I fully scorn,
My brain's subjected, sadly all forlorn,
It wears a crown all built and prick'd with thorns,
And stead a Bay its pain my head adorns.
Subjected to this horrid Fate of Fate,
To labour hotly, sweat, and meditate,
In unhealthy, —wholesome, proper State.
Thus I endure the dreadful threat and net
Of heavy forcéd labour work and sweat —
Which like unto the mighty dragon's Flame,
Which bold Saint George (thou wast the name?)

Did bravely turn then, and so bravely tame,
To rescue safe the last, sweet lifting tress,
That last fine yarn from that soft, web-like dress,
Does like the menace of the master's whip;
Inanity of our smart master's quip,
That snarling cracks about his fevered lip,
Does all some ill, and none it e'er will soothe,
Though some be hairy men and some be smooth**
Because the flow of lucre was but poor,
And singing Dives came not round our door,
To curl her nuptial veil with smoothest stealth,
And bless our house with high-voic'd, lilting wealth,
In order to secure this Good for most,
I the lesser took a teaching post:
To take but a simple fraction of my time,

For study still must occupy my mind.
Though Spirit be the fullest food of Man,
And Divine that the holy gap can span,
For sure thou wast the gap, thou wast the plan,
Between the beast and lesser, lower stream,
That lesser, lower, and the human scheme,
The artful Dives, golden with the sun,
A thousand summerlongs, that swiftly run,
Hold's o'er the transcendental firmest sway,
For neither sceptre , orb are made of clay.
Now, quickly to surmise Saint ~~Chris's~~ realm —
Sure all was well with Hornung in the helm.
Before the smoke of nine had left its cowls,
The stench of old Boulogne had wretched my bowels,
And nigh the brackish water of the Flux,
That we, on this, the puked up midden shore of mucks,
Are wont the merry English Channel call,
That we may claim its heritage and all
That does its kingdom in this scundom find —
As dirty as our sweet, sick English mind.
From puddled Folkestone on the Flux we went,
In one, one wing of Mercury, through Kent,
And sped through drizzled England on the Wold,
Where bulldozers o'er oldé worldé rolled,
Till London whose variegated males,
Kindly drove me back to gurgling Wales.
But fortune's final stroke did catch her boy,
And glibly cast into his lap some Joy.

For Fortune in her exasperating ways,
 Let out my mother sick on two small stays
 To lurch on pointless geometry, swing
 The graceless motion of one crippled limb.
 ...But a sun will come, to dry this washing mine —
 But let it come before it breaks the line.
 This message in epist'lar form of Pope,
 Has with it kept, of some reply some hope.
 Communication must two folk join,
 So my one hope, my friend do not purloin.



- * From Elegy in a Country Churchyard - Thomas Gray.
- ** Oxford University saying - n.b. Jacob & Essau.
- *** Webster - contemporary of Shakespeare - Duchess of Malfi

With B. of A. They're
 C. of L. L. J. J. J.
 — Rough quote from ~~Allen~~,
 "Clocks cannot tell the time of day
 till they tell us for what to pray."

to explain away the other 15/- . I, therefore, started at the beginning of the evening to look for £5. Then I received another call from the chairman saying that he may as well have the full £10 which I had been expected. Calamity strikes in numerous chords and a mental organ goes out a general wench! I have now just found the £10 put into one of my books, and have also found another £1 by the way! Relief - I look beside a mind torn between admission and concealment, concession and protesting!

I have just returned from Leeds where I visited the people who took me from the ferry to the Alps. There, the atmosphere would have suited you: in society + my friend Wendy speaking French to her friend from Geneva and Claude Keens-Soper, a young lecturer of political science and military history, speaking also in French, while I dined with the son of a publisher; French books littered the house a short film of the family's journey in France was terminated by French-stuffed olives.

The general atmosphere was always a stimulatingly intellectual atmosphere, except at Keens-Soper's flat in Harrogate, where you will to be released from the jettisoning intricacies of prudence, order and nicety and consideration of a petty, boisterous and ungrateful society, would have been satisfied: on the floor was a potter-cam-painter from Dartrey, alternately reciting his own compositions of German poetry, and picking cable out of his great black beard to feed to his dog on his hand navel. I was lying on the couch reading both parts of Louis Macreid's "Eclogue for Chrismas" while Wendy ~~and~~ de Kussett and Pamela de Lucy chatted in another corner, to the accompaniment of Keens-Soper and his Swiss

secretary Geneviève, writing an essay for the Cecil Peace Prize, while making "improper" remarks as to the reasons why he has bought an estate car, rather than a saloon (because he is tired of founcing of the back seat at bracing women on the steering wheel, or castrating himself on the gear-lever).

Tornography apart, though I can't think why, I also am trying to crowd out from between the cushioned sides of the steam-press which lines my trousers in an orderly and peot, Japper, fashion to vie with all the athes, some of whom have also been lined, themselves, as well as their pants, in the luxuriously guiding machine. The problem is, that after it is over, what one operates the machine, and even if I were to find the polished catch of butter to release me, the parts of the machine might snap back and injure my knee and leave me cold.

Talking about cold, the weather here is symbolically cold, and a positive allegory - full of leaves are being driven against the window-pane.

Trouble at school because I refuse to buckle under to a kind of pedantry, Philistine to the extreme. (wee weent! bochevent! All down the side of my subtlest points, my shrewdest remarks, the most authoritative quotations, pleasantest turnings of phrase.

Keeping ties with America and France, yet remaining patriotic, I shall this evening see a French film with an American friend from Boston via Boston, and my English girl friend Bronwyn (white breast).

Have seen a new art exhibition at Leeds:

↳ it orphism or zoomorphism,
Talism, cubism or some other boob-ism,
Realism or some big-money steal-ism,

Professionalism, expressionism or some other Successionism
Purism, divisionism or some other schism-ism - ?

The greatest sage is the catalogue page

To say its cubism, roundism or well phrased prism-ism.

But I say its surrealism or even paintbillism

But I'm so allowed to just

I've got a catalogue

You've got to find the bog

And that good enough for us.

Symbolism, futurism or even fauvism

Are all quite possible schools

While classicism, lyricism by every sound empiricism

Is just for aesthetic fools.

Abstractionism, naturalism and deconstructionism

Are all for the public's-leave suction-ism,

While I know ~~that~~ not

What coveted spot

Is reserved for "Die Brücke", constructivism, "Blame Reiter,"

"Neue Sachlichkeit", naivism, "San Francisco school" primitivism,

"Hermann-Gruppe", impressionism "Pont-Aven" dadaism, "École de

Paris", neo-plasticism, - impressionism, classicism, "Bauhaus"

spiritualism, "Jugendstil", suprematism ...

Anyway its better than anti-Semitism -

But - such -

not much.

Letter was written Nov. 5. ¹⁹⁶³ posted Feb 3. ¹⁹⁶⁴

Such has happened - will write again!

These moves rather more quickly than I have.

Always your friend,

Arthur L. Fleming.