





The Adventures of
Leeu Gamka,
bushman!

By Etienne van Bart

To Gregory Alexander Bakker
for one small seed and
to You
for the rain.

The Fool's Flycatcher in Paradise

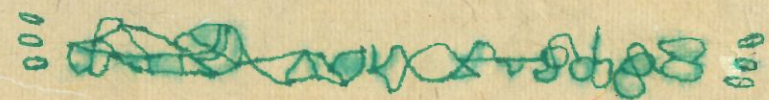
by Egbert van Bart

Life is Birth and Death...
and resurrection

Yet - Life being the impossible -
Hence remains forever
beyond proof

But nevertheless - here we are -
and instead of knowledge
we received the gift of Love -
if the heart is fulfilled -
Your cup runneth over -
nothing can be added to it -

yet everything is added to it.
And knowledge? Obsolete and
redundant here where the
unpredictable kicks in
and all the maps turn blank -
magnetic compass or GPS
run haywire from now on -
Then this is no road at all...
But it is the only way -
The only way home!



Preamble

This narrative is a spiritual
statement and an experiment
in unconditional Being:
mind without a way, Spirit
in an acceptance of the play
of abstractions. Past, Present,
Future - all are here, all are
Now - in a Momentary
UnFolding.

The Ancestors

For Botonole
For B. Bapela

Here at the lip of the known,
in a soothing meander,
one catches a fleeting glimpse
of the forgotten return.

I do not fear them as yesterday;
I think they are okay with me.
They could use someone like me -
I could use something like them.

She came as a gale.
Two were at the carport when
the roof was thrown away.

He came as a whirlwind.
We were playing tennis, children & I;
the air was calm.

Suddenly, a commotion in the rubble -
corrugated sheet lifted skyward
high above a parked Quantum waving
like a man-made feather.

We feared, moved backwards -
it alighted where it was lifted.
The djinn crossed the court
veered to the left
rope of concentration
dying out in
bushes.

And Bapela said,
'The Ancestors spoke to you yesterday'
not knowing that last night
I left my classroom
as their emotions swelled.
I played the drum today
discovered something
and he said upon hearing,
'They spoke to you yesterday.'

Was it they who this evening
gave me a glimpse of tomorrow?
Was it they who said
Your dream will come true?

I used to think
They were echoes of the past.
Now I think
their time is Now.

The /Xam say
when we die we become
spirit people.

The Gita says,
'He attains the Kingdom
while still in the body.'

I look forward to the day
I need no longer look forward.

I have heard
there are graves in these hills.
The signs have declared,
'We are here.'

I want to be friends.
Help me make it rain.

Ɔɔ ʋɔɔɔ ɔɔɔɔ ɔɔɔ ɔɔɔ ɔɔɔɔɔɔ
ɔɔɔ ɔɔɔ ɔɔɔɔɔ,
ɔɔɔ ɔɔ ɔɔ ɔɔɔɔɔ ɔɔɔ ɔɔɔ,
ɔɔɔɔ ɔɔɔɔ ɔɔɔ ɔɔɔ,
ɔɔɔ ɔɔ ɔɔɔɔɔ ɔɔɔɔɔ, ɔɔɔ ɔɔɔɔ,
ɔɔ ɔɔɔ ɔɔ! ɔɔ ɔɔɔ ɔɔɔɔ.

— // Kabbo (Ɔɔɔ ɔɔɔɔɔɔ ɔɔɔɔ
ɔɔɔɔ(ɔɔ)) :

Thou knowest that I sit
waiting for the moon to turn
back for me, that I may
return to my place.

Kame's Lookout

I left the Cape in a Volks Wagon
pulled by a team of mechanical oxen
with a second carriage attached
rented on Voortrekker Road,
Milnerton.

My route was
a positive semi-arc
into the north of our bushmanland
- transorance having slept unwittingly
near ~~the~~ the place. Once yours
on first storyteller of
our Western Dusklands.

The ego gives rise to History and
everyone is an unwitting pilgrim
on the journey of re-membership.

Followed unawares by your spirit I
left for some precious hours the
tragedy of ownership

seeing for the first recurring time
people without a past or future.

Reaching finally the abode of
the ~~the~~ Guardians I sought
rest and ^{Marico}
inevitable counsel.

On a rainy day
on a rainy day
my teacher saved my life.

Pressing north-eastwards
with the tragedy re-asserting itself
but consoled by the irrepressible
beauty and
the humility of a Madala.

Now the road grew untamed
lapped by a sea of green
and I wondered if Terabithia
was true after all.

Yes, no and maybe —
the answer is blowing in the wind
— sometimes it seems to me
even Nirvana itself is but a dream.
But no! Beyond terrific unintelligible
stretches of apparent amputation
the great trees of Limpopo
welcomed me to a new Earth:
an inoffensive motorway,
a mysterious river and
the mantis responsible for
an educational Miracle?

Though at first but a slavish number
Sensitivity cannot be whipped for long
or it will, like water,
depart on serener courses and so
from an unconditional declaration
came an unconditional liberation
which, though only ever momentary

has been the reason for my saying
in the words of distant ancestors
upon reaching the Marico River:
"Vergenoeg!"

I would drink Trekker coffee
but my trekker trip is
sorely tempered by a ratio of
greater Chicory
to that of Reality.

Hence two outings to old Pietersburg
were revealing of two sides
to an undeniable coin.

And if the coin of Present Poetry
~~has~~ wears the head of Regret
its tail brushes the leg
with a release of actuality.

But in Sekhukhuneland
where on both 'sides'
a cultural memory is retained
I breathe the peace of

momentary freedom and
lookout from my precious place
in the flow
at an indescribable nakedness
eternally delicate yet
strangely resilient beneath
the watchful blackness of
my own Arunachala
secured by the ^{slow-flowing} belt of
the embodiment of Mortal Peace:
Lepelle — "Slow-moving, distant."
And looking up from the
interminable darkness I am
overcome by
battery bolts
Lunar Sentience and
Apostolic Aliveness
meaning that
with these black and white beads
as symbols of a higher unity

I rest in the sand and silence of
Kame's Lookout and whisper
— for the moment at least,
"Where can I go? I am here!"

Rego's Zen

What's black and white
Cat and dog
Short and tall?

Lost Stars

by Tshiamo Maleka

Where are they
I can't see them
I can't find them
Where will I start
Looking for them?

The clouds have covered them
Am I ever gonna see them again?

I'm just turning round and
round; looking for stars
I can't find nor see.

Just a look maybe
I will be fine.

They are the stars
those give me light

When I'm in the dark.

If they were mine
I would call them
My stars the stars that
belong to me.

If I created them
I would say no one
must say those are theirs!

Marula Juice

by Thoriso Mogoru

Long Time ago there lived a child called Bones. His real name was Justine Makhaya. They all lived in a village - Shadrenke. That village had no king. Bones grew up with no parents. He was the only boy who knew the marula plant.

Bones lived with his dog called Retiger. Retiger was a very useful dog. One sunny day Bones and Retiger went to the bush to plant marula plants. "Hey," said an old man.

"What are you doing in this bush?"

"I am planting marula plants," replied Bones. The old man was confused.

The old man went home and asked himself what is a marula plant. He did not believe the boy.

"Retiger," said Bones, "I am going to take care of the plants; I would like the people of this village to know what a marula plant is, so I am going to make Marula Juice."

The villagers did not know what was going on - the old man had told them about a boy who said to him "I am planting a marula plant."

They were so surprised that they wanted to see those marula plants.

Two months later the plants grew so big the old man showed the villagers. They were all in fear and they were asking each other what kind of tree is this!

Later that day Retiger and Bones went to fetch all the marulas. They even ate some of the fruit. Bones started to make marula juice; he poured the juice inside containers, buckets and bottles. Retiger huffed at Bones.

The next day Bones called all the people of Shadrenke to come and see. The villagers came running: "How can we help you, Bones?" "I have brought you, my people, some marula juice." When they were done drinking the marula juice they made a meeting and decided that Bones should be their King.

Bones was very glad to hear such good news. They called him King Marula and some called him King of the Marula Juice.

The Marico information centre

Private



Instructions for death rites

Bury me where I lie,
make no bones about it:
include no coffin,
erect no headstone;
just a fire beyond my head,
where the sun rises -
to light my way
in the primordial passage
and welcome me to a new dawn.

The Book of Life

I am only myself
so don't take this poem the wrong way:
when overseas I lost the one
who gave me life
but in her place (I believe)
she left this book because
upon returning I found
no claimant for its presence
only
blank leatherbound Spirit
upon which to include
the honey of all beings.

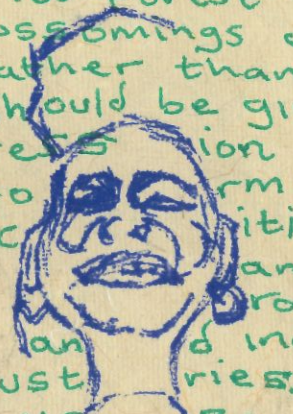
Africa is
pure art. The
continent itself is the
pression of a complete ex-
antasy... it seems better for
me that Africa should express
her art in magic - in dancing
and in music, in painting and
in blood, and in nothing - and
that African art should con-
ntinue in its purest forms,
the blossomings of witchery,

rather than that it
should be given ex-
pression in the
form of

cities
and
roads
and ind-
ustries.

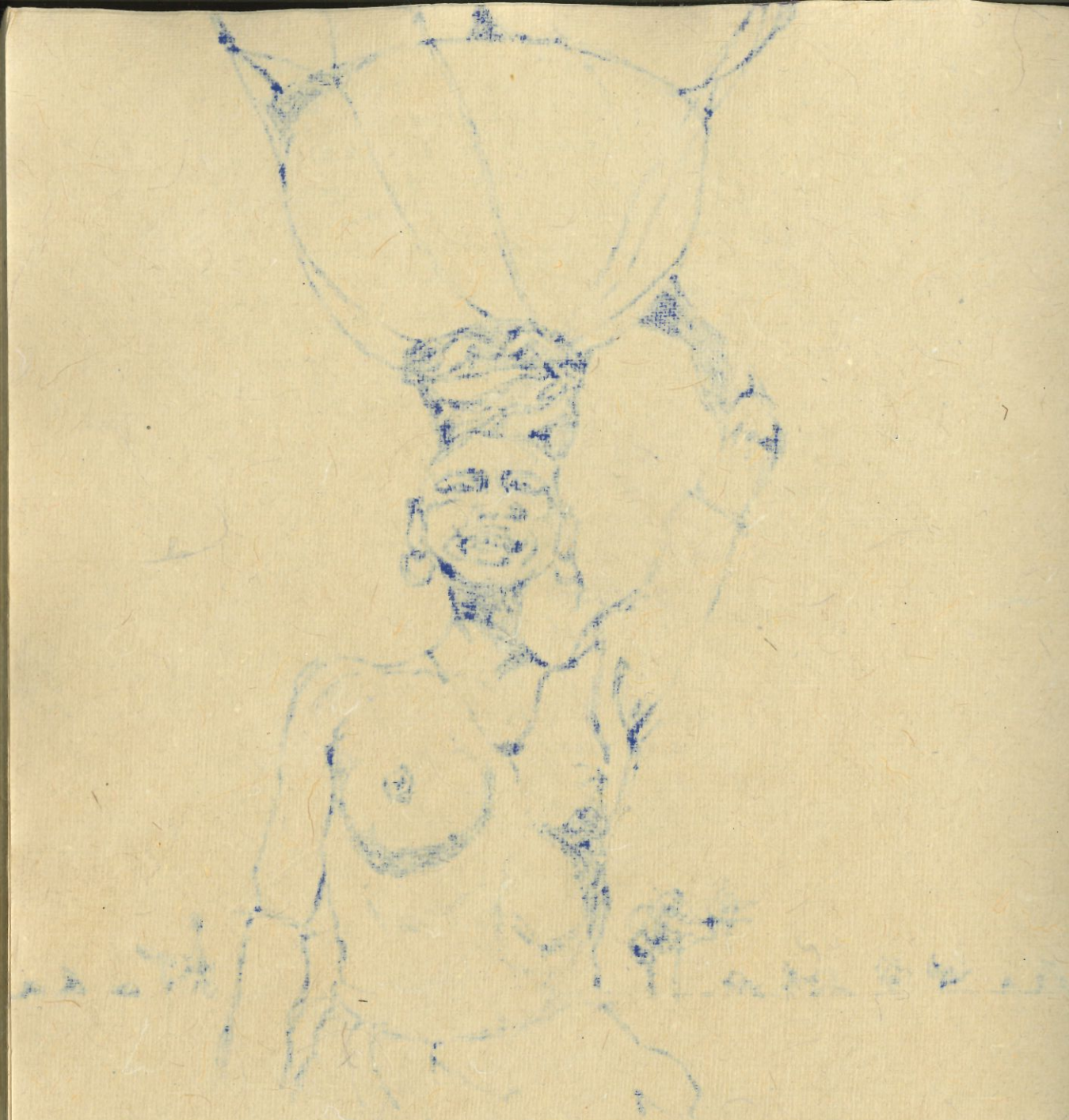
-H.C. Bos
man; From

The arti-
st in So-
uth A-
frica
A



My heart, my heart is full of Love -
I have nothing else.

- Francis Bebey



... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...



Every being has its own time.

Fredrik van Bant

I Follow the Sun

I follow the sun
the crack of a whip
the needs of the now
the call of the wild.

I follow the echo of a whistle
the charge and discharge of desire
which is a listening.

Though the results may vary
the dream cannot be repeated
so it follows that
action and inaction depend upon
a feeling.

I follow the promptings of Spirit
and the counsel of a pause
to ratify the impulse.

Clouds in an inner sky
gather perpetually:
in the seasons of the Self
there's rain all year round.

Even an unsatisfying sprinkle
Lacking transcendent reason
had cause to grace the veld
with a respite of imperfection
whose divine flipside
is the shower of resolution.

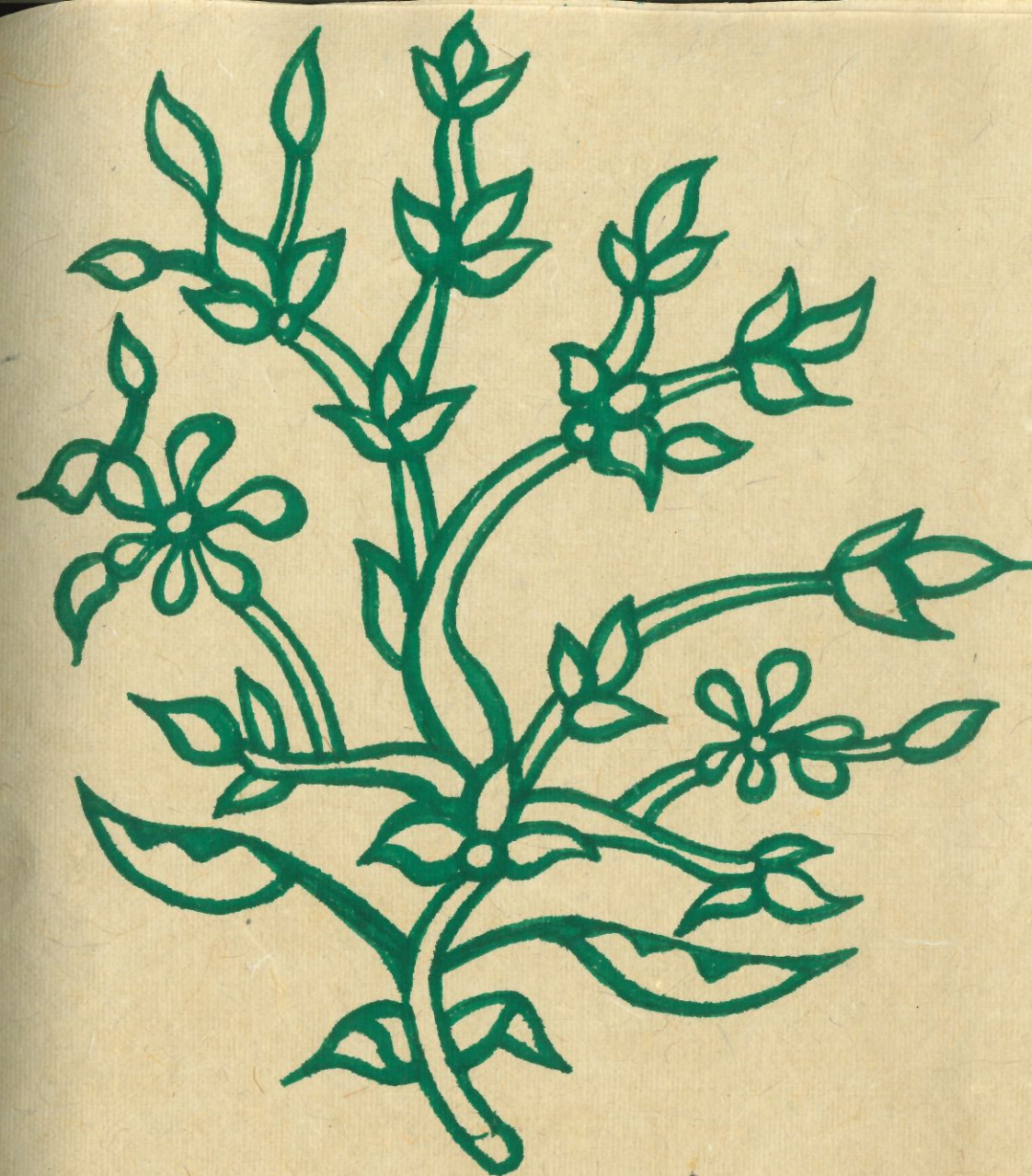
I follow the sun
even if it's pale
as the presence of the Subject.
The cry of the jackal
the tinkle of an mbira
are my bushveld ringtones.

Though my phone is on
the clock is ~~hidden~~ ^{wholly} incorrect;
Though my laptop shines ~~at~~ night

ଦ୍ରବ୍ୟର ଗୁଣ ଓ ପ୍ରକାର

[illegible]

An unprecedented experience of
Utmost conscience
and, consequently,
of profound and genuine Love.



The time is ^{always} Now

Drop the clock
the time is now
follow the feeling
inner time will allow;
it's no less a maze
but you'll find with amaze
how can I fear
what's perpetually here,
nearer than near
dearer than dear -
this momentary light
on a pathless path.

Bio-mimicry mimicry

'Twas an old specimen
cumbersome and basic
handsome in its day
now on borrowed time but still
performing fine
for an old washing machine.

When I moved to the Outback
access ~~was~~ became impossible
so I had to use my hands
and a big green washtub.

Proceeding in this way
I recalled a whirlpool stirring
employed by 'the old girl'
and in my ^{manual} turn.

giving things a likewise whirl-
butterfly-stroke hurl -

I realised with a twirl
my home-spun solution
came from mechanical evolution.

The Heart Lotus has opened

I'm off the mental plane
two sittings were all it took;
though I'm still clueless
that tangling ghost, monkey-mind
has been caught.

Papaji's advice has been bought:
'Stay here.'

Much entertainment value
has been sought but
since it mostly comes to naught
I've decided to remain
in quiescent terrain
cooling down the brain
with meditative devices
like books, flutes and spices
avoid the bittersweet vices
of hyperlinked attention

make only due mention
of valid notification
in the process seeing to it that
this Day of Reckoning is
a love-filled,
Present observation.

My Village [Mohwelere]

by Lebogang Motala

MOLALA WA SALENGWE

A village where there are
many hills and mountains,
Mountains that have green trees,
wild plants, and wild animals

MY VILLAGE

A Place where you can
point and salute

Where many people enjoy
calling it home,

MOHWELERE

Where I was born, bred, and loved
where I was shown
respect and kind

Where there are plenty of

MARULA trees,

And this is how

BOTSE BJA NAGA YA GESHU BOLEGO KA GONA

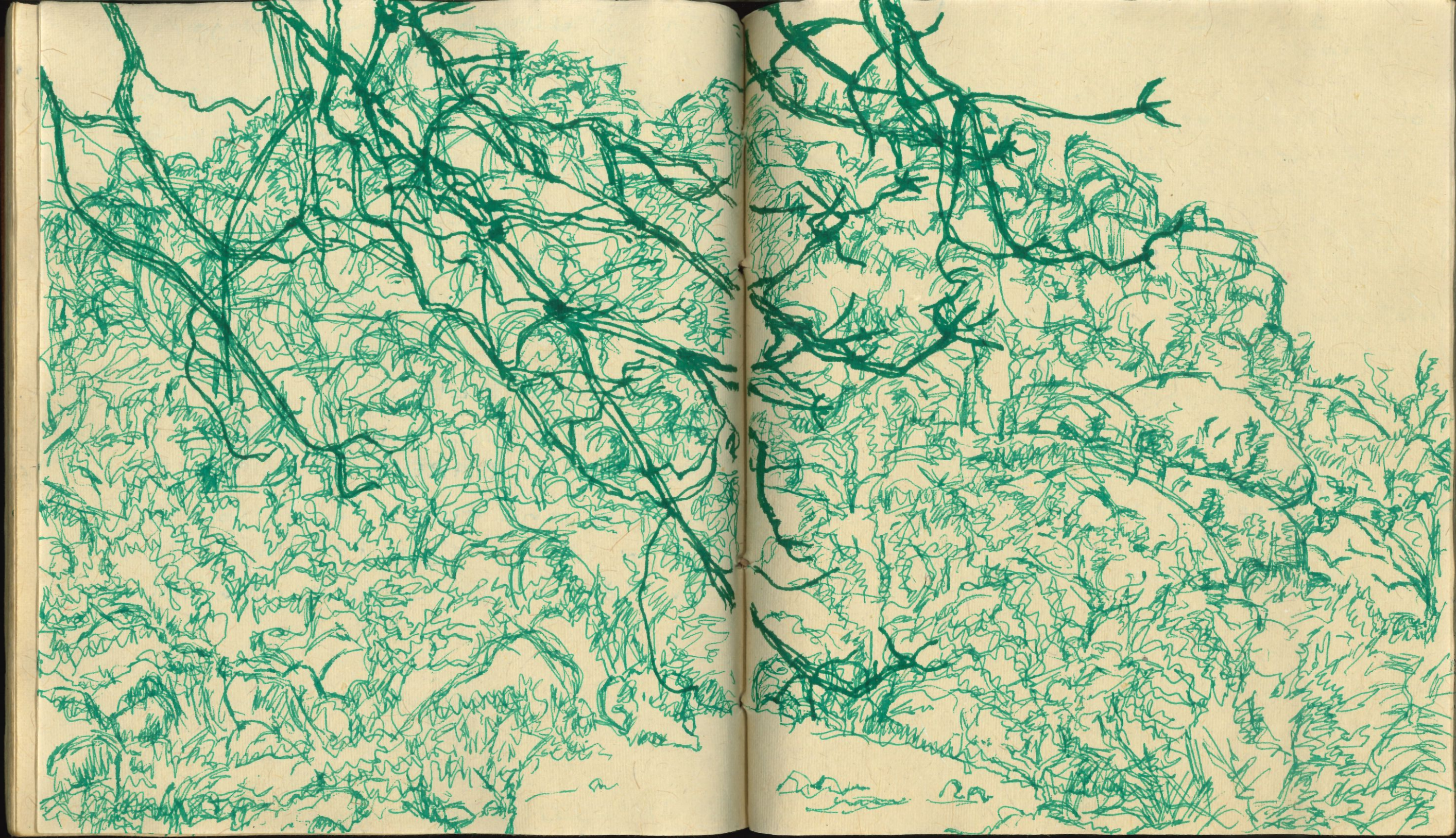
In and out of the village you see
wonders and miracles,
Caves inside the mountains,
where you can learn about
the African beer and food
about our tradition, religion
and culture
about how we dress like
and MY language

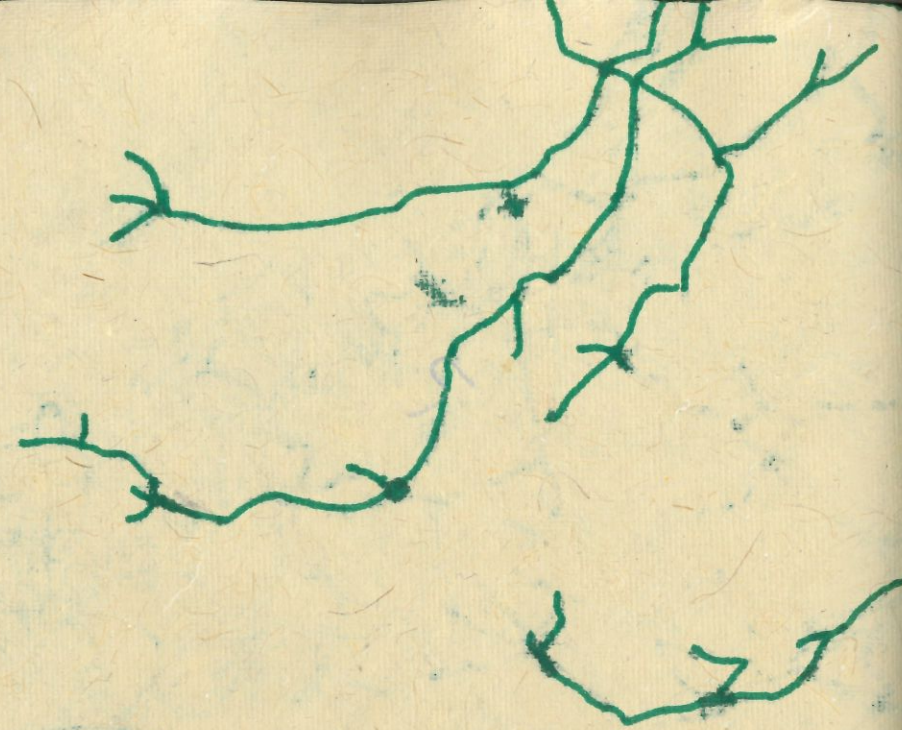
MOHWELERE

NAGA YE KGOLO E RWELEGO

BOTSE KA GARE

Climb the rocks and you will see
how the magic flows
inside and outside the village.





"Trees attract rain."

- Indigenous wisdom

Restoring the Balance

by Egbert van Bart

When Science, which really refers to consciousness, becomes dependent on mental explanations of what consciousness apprehends, it is the old Cartesian fallacy; deifying mental understanding - that artificial construct, the ego, becoming god-like: "Ich über Alles". Such a departure from scientific reason is called Pseudo-science (which sounds almost like "suicide").

True science consists in not allowing mental possession to take place. Attention obsessively outwardly directed, the extraversion characterising the Renaissance period, gives mental understanding a place in the scheme of things

it was never designed to have. It becomes a usurpation, misdirected attention: "The way forward," in the current jargon.

True science does not appropriate, but is an eternally deepening, an ever more and more intimate experience of uncovering, gently feeling our way inwardly into a never-ending revelation of the mystery of creation.

The mental faculty is not meant to be the leader, only the servant following; never prescribing, at the utmost perhaps describing what the movement of consciousness uncovers as we become receptive to revelation (that lifting of the veil that helps us never to forget the dazzling face of the mystery of creation; and in remembering,

retaining our membership of creation).

Here - in bedazzlement - the story-telling ends anyway: our cleverness is overcome by bewilderment. Silence reigns!

Conscience

The bigger picture being that
Big Mind includes all things.

Man cannot help
being a technologist:
in his ~~poorest~~^{simpler} form as hunter
it is his angelic helplessness
which makes him so resourceful;
mental explanations
of primitive 'evolution' are merely
rationalizations of present
psychological excess -
see excuses for what they are,
accept this beautiful gift.

This journey in awareness
is strangely falsified by
static representations -
expressions of finitude...
is this not also one of them?

To deny abstractions even
is to make an abstraction of them
for though irresolute
they exist energetically
in the here and now -
to be at peace with them
is to be aware of them,
both within and without.

Love is blind -
ideations of freedom
are bondage;
awareness of ideations
is freedom.

Dreams of a better world
are the secret veils
of ~~an~~ creative mystery while
~~the~~ attention to present suffering
is ~~also~~ mysteriously
~~transformative~~ transformative.

Hopelessness and suffering!
One should practice compassion

towards those to whom
these phenomena are not yet
waters of creativity.

The dimension of divinity
some have tasted -
it comes from a shock:
this waking dream
has missed the mark;
in this moment of pure conscience
lies the spark:
in this unavoidable Condition
I can learn to dream wakefully
having realised that
Love is what matters.



The Roofhouse of Revelation

The ~~store~~^{roof} house of revelation is the ~~roof~~^{store} house of Spirit. And no one really dies.

Before I took the proferred mango pip I had been with Zake, who is like you, in an attic belonging to the parents of Hascar, but our reason for being there stretches into the past, and is of the past. Below, in some other place, I was preparing to go somewhere like, and was glancing at a WWE match in which Kane and his ^{legendary} brother appeared to be holding a difficult upper hand.

We moved on; in a new space, but also of the attic variety, were Shuky and other familiars from yesterday, and Shukes and I sang spontaneously the most gratifying

happy "nursery rhyme" together. It was around now that I was shown the mango pip, and it gave me a great happiness: I perceived we were in the roof house of revelation, and that tomorrow's harvest, which is also today's harvest, ^{is} would abundantly fruitful.

It was now that Emma, mysterious conduit, appeared to take me further. Some further relatives now were gathered around like of old, and our hearts were very eager. "Pondicherry," ~~is~~ bubbled, in the most colonial parody of a tone I could offer.

"The guests continued happily;
"Pondicherry," remarked Unc Term,
and we all burst out laughing.

Now we were ~~on~~ at the sea,
a bright strand, and she was there.
She lay, my mother, as if upon a

beach towel, ~~but~~ not on ~~the sand~~ but upon the waters,
or simultaneously in both positions.
How moving it was to see her,
and it occurred to ^{me} powerfully to
reveal to her an astonishing
symmetry, captured in photography,
^{between} of a young boy and his mother
in frozen prance upon that very
shore, and that same very boddily
gesture we too, in a height of
maternal love, had been captured in,
upon a beach long long ago. And
my heart burst with passion,
a ~~misgiving~~ ~~of~~ ~~misgiving~~ combination
of joy and longing, as I watched
within myself the vortex of
the two extremes of feeling,
and perceived that neither alone
was true.

In a bus going down a sort of

campground road, a sort of magic bus steered by a man representative, like Tom Sawyer, of a medley of characters, I carried with me my bicycle, and happily suggested I hop out and peddle, because "I cycle almost all the time nowadays."

I was obligingly ejected, but found myself inexplicably without my bike, and found instead that ~~order to~~ locomote^{ing} to a similar way ~~I~~ advantage involved kicking timeously an empty plastic bottle.

Back in the WWE abode, but upstairs in the attic, I was shown the last sentence of the last page of a manuscript written by my mother Anne, ~~and~~ ~~South African~~ ~~Boer~~ a South African. ~~Boer~~

"Ai! Waar is die jagters van die ou tyd, en die man wat die groot lied kan maak? Waar is die oorlogman wat die vaal Leeu aan die stert gryp en sê: 'Boet, ek is hier.'?"

- Eugène Marais,
Dwaalstories (8888)

WhoXam II?

II) $x_{\text{am}} = 2$ spy boogymk of HöR ---.

It'ham be pab/dobu toghind thetse
pui!t skyirokhwektstoa the worldorg
because to hve thegaem bodgam
BaGotonll. Cheted e fedile matata.

II Xang né who loves Zion entirely

and has found a living
breathing visage
of that primordial
vestige in the
bosom of

intending to

Should it come

Under the

to find

15

7 am

og na
black

the

bedny

I am you without fear
me without clothes
us without distance.

I am the First and Last
Ancestor the

Original Mind the natural
~~Final~~ Personality.

I am a person with

no time to waste and
infinite time to spare.

I am the

type

I am

hantler

6f

not

20

I am

From

with
of the

I am one without a second -
to follow me to lose me
for I am your own Self!

I am liberation from denial
free and joyous
as the pathless Kalahari -
and upon my living watch

corporeal
dream

who

am

Leeu Gamka, boesman!

The Original Message

There is a voice in life which
dissipates duality. It is a voice which
lets one know that, in light of the
light of one's own individual candle,
the illusory patterns of common
thought are diminished in their
magnitude to the point of mean-
inglessness; their gnawing gravity
becomes weightless, as one perceives
what can ~~not be~~ be affected
by one's existence, and why this
is so much more important than
what cannot.

To recognise the actual sphere of
one's influence, is to come home
to one's immediate existence.

Authenticity, since it fails to convert,
succeeds instead in creating a
resonance, which must needs occur
on the personal, individual level,

and is transmitted by heart and mind, not by mouth and tongue. Such a process, though apparently ineffectually microcosmic, is in fact entirely macrocosmic, since ^{through} it individuals are related to as worlds, and are for this reason redeemed as individuals.

People as individuals have an innate worth which desires to be appreciated, not for false egoism but for the genuine sense of I which says, "Do you see?"

~~But the~~ ~~as such~~ ~~which is~~ ~~but~~
momentary awareness, is an error seldom understood as such ~~but~~ ~~generally~~ ~~construed~~ ~~instead~~ ~~as~~ ~~an~~ ~~error~~ ~~when~~ ~~really~~ ~~it~~ ~~could~~ ~~be~~ ~~better~~ ~~classified~~ ~~under~~ ~~the~~ ~~more~~ ~~objective~~ ~~label~~ ~~of~~ ~~reactionary~~.

Human interactions, rather than being subjectively construed as right and wrong, could be more ^{accurately} considered as a mystical flow of energetic projections and reflections in which that fundamental momentary question, "Do you see?" is being asked from different positions of intrinsic worth, differing not in worthiness but in 'degrees' of organic self-awareness.

What is decidedly baffling is that to be one's self is effortless while to be a 'Citizen of the world', with all the accompanying problems, requires great effort and trouble! It is as if man is ~~estranged~~ ^{estranged} ~~from his folly~~ ^{from his folly} and therefore goes to the trouble of acting as if what happens to him lies outside his own psychological agency. But the

Sad consequence of course is the adopting of a mask and the inner denial of direct responsibility for the suffering of oneself (and, by extension, ^{the suffering} of the world).

By the same token, the unconditional pursuit of peace is the most valid undertaking on Earth and yet it is also the one and only 'career' on the planet that is and has always been perennially unavailable. How few in this world are ready to begin to give themselves what they really need, and how challenging it is for those who are!

Since the truth of man's longings cannot be verbally explained, the journey towards the wordless is necessarily a clandestine affair involving that most valid of human traits, austerity. In this respect, the only valid opponent of

a person is their own unconscious mind!...The whole structure of desire must be studied and understood, not in textbooks (God forbid!) but in one's daily existence. Desire is itself not a bad thing since desire is essentially desire for Being, and Being is the highest good. What must be examined and rooted out, rather, are the obstacles which impede desire from being rooted in Being, which is, at the end of the day, what is ultimately desireable.

The movement from this to that, which is a natural expression of creative embodied existence, must neither be an excuse for hedonistic grasping nor a reason for undesirable prohibitions, since these latter measures merely channel the grasping movement

into a labyrinth of disciplinary abstractions equally based in the illusory future.

True discipline entails an awareness and acceptance of one's desire-nature and involves therefore not the negating of this nature but the conscientious strategising of how best to genuinely satisfy it. True sobriety, which is the consequence of this successful movement, is also, funnily enough, the beginning of genuine transcendental awareness (which, because it is only ^{ever} a momentary phenomenon experience, is the understanding ~~and~~ ~~experience~~ of one's 'Original Mind'.)

~~The grasping mind, which is unavai-~~
~~dable, must learn to grasp at~~
~~the grasping mind, which is unavai-~~
~~dable, must learn to grasp at~~
~~the grasping mind, which is unavai-~~
~~dable, must learn to grasp at~~

The grasping mind, which is unavai-
dable, must learn to grasp at

meditative activities, in which ~~the~~ ^{Being} ~~mind~~ is kept quiescent and peaceful, undisturbed by the vortex of instant gratification. What is important to note is that 'meditative activities' are genuinely gratifying because they are journey-oriented and deeply exploratory. Importantly also, they can be active or passive as regards the body, but are distinguished by their being ~~entirely~~ satisfied or accepting of what is presently occurring, and more or less 'one-pointed'.

The ^{truly} meditative life is not necessarily any less physical than the non-meditative life, ~~as~~ the crucial difference being that the former is acutely conscious of the actuality of the unconscious (i.e. subjective folly) while the

~~former~~ latter ~~offers to~~ ~~offer~~
inevitably ~~offer~~ (and pathologically)
offers external excuses, in the form
of abstractions, for ~~or~~ ~~what~~ what
is essentially a failure to be
here and now, and truly awake.
Certainly, the meditative life is
slower, in the sense that ~~it is~~
it is guided by a genuine folly which
steers it through passages both
easy and hard with an air of
tranquility and ^{resilience.} ~~contentment.~~

¶

True meditateness, which is a
momentary unfolding, is a process
of self-redemption, a discovery
of a person who ^{can love the other}
~~because they are in~~
~~the wilderness and~~
receiving forgiveness - which is
to say they ^{are being} ~~are being~~ pardoned
for knowing nothing.

"The road is full of thorns."

- Freeman Walls Mupape,
Educator

Wag 'n bietjie

Imagine a story you could have complete faith in for the simple reason that, as the person telling it, you had absolutely no idea where it was headed.

If I could anticipate Heraclitan thorns, I would have begun this new season, the Bushman Summer, with a different quote, a perfect quote, by //Kabbo. But then I would have been deprived of the redemptive joy of life.

The thorns of dualism are painful things; and one should endure them with a tormented heart only to discover the blundering nature of innocence, which is the source of forgiveness and love.

'Understanding' is a problematic word,

For it can offer recourse to an illusory past; but if we can understand understanding as something momentary, it becomes possible to appreciate why the great sages of history have stressed the oneness of existence and the journey of life as being the experiential replacement of 'self' and 'other' with 'Self' and 'self'.

We must, as Versveldt says 'be careful in our interpretations here': ~~of Folly~~ ^{Folly}, or the individual will, plays a decisive role in the drama of Creation, and a true view of Oneness would ~~see~~ look upon the experiences of dualism and oneness as 'not-two'. An interpretation of the ego-experience in which oneness is seen as preferable to dualism would

be, ~~a~~ ironically, a dualistic view. The resolution to this paradox is the non-knowing mind, which I hold to be ^{the} only true light in this world. It is the only view which can reconcile the will of one with the will of all, and ^{which} does not make the error of concealing with fig leaves one's eternal naïveté.

Sitting in my bushveld library on a quiet Saturday afternoon, with ^{the breeze of} History retaining, like a river, an essential character, I cannot help being aware - that is, dreaming - that I belong to a lineage of souls, ~~who~~ real and imagined, who found their way to the banks of the eternal, and whose preference for silence has given

rise the ordinary outgoing mind a chance to reflect upon its source. I think of Juan Matus, the Yaqui Shaman, in his own desert across the sea, sitting on the ramada of his adobe hut; I think of Oom Schalk Lourens ~~and his~~ ~~father's~~ ~~son's~~ in his voorkamer, weaving yarns in which each linguistic weave beckons the inquiry of the listener into its enigmatic presence; I think of Schalk's present-day 'equivalent' in the Marico who, unlike Schalk, did not stop at the river's bank but swam across; and with 'the right kind of eyes' - that is, with eyes devoid of Fear and Loathing, I can just make out the twilight figures of Huck and Jim disappearing round a bend in the

Lepelle river. I would chase after those figures but the Wag'n bietjie trees would marr my progress. And besides, I know that they are only phantoms - phantoms of the two men watching them, namely, Leeu Gamka, ^{the} Lekgowa, and Joseph, the Mopedi.

But I also think of that first storyteller - the one whom I did not have the foresight to quote earlier - who was born and raised on the other shore.

በመጀመሪያ ሰዎች ታሪክ ጀምሮ,
የሰዎች ልምድ ለሰዎች ልምድ,
የሰዎች ልምድ ለሰዎች ልምድ
የሰዎች ልምድ ለሰዎች ልምድ.

- // Kabbo

I do merely listen
while I feel
that a story is the wind.

Thirstland for Danny Mogowe

In this thirstland of ours, the
Self is exacting, permitting only
that you drink your due. Whoever
thinks otherwise is still both
"in the world, and of it."

As for myself, I must confess
that my hands are once again
full of thorns, and that the
cup of nectar I was preparing
for us lies spilt all over the
floor.

I had a story - I had waited
for a long while, and finally a
story had floated to my ears.
But in my haste to serve the
narrative drink I tripped, at
the last moment, and now
both cup and contents are
spilt.

Cups I have more of, and the
story, though changed, can be

Poured out again in a 'similar,' albeit inimitable, concentration. There is enough left, just, and the only thing enabling me to smile at my dejection is the 'knowledge' that I will take my error with me as a lesson in how not to repeat it. For I was thirsty, and forgot that the road is full of thorns.

The road is full of thorns, and just yesterday I almost walked head-first into the branches of a curiously-placed Wag'n bietjie: I was in need of a metal structure, which I wanted to bury, two thirds into the ground, so as to use the iceberg tip, which would be a ring sort of shape, to secure with a bicycle cable a towing ring at the back of my Volks Wagon, thereby securing

the wagon from spooks, real or imagined, who may wish to push the wagon away in the dead hours of the night.

There was ^{and is} a perfect, broken, steel step ladder nearby my room, among some other 'scrap', but as ~~things~~ it may still serve a purpose for our 'village' 'chief', I could not make use of it. So in my impatience (for the Bushman Summer is here, and my Wagon is going to get fried in its current, ^{albeit secured,} position) - in my impatience I bought a wheel-less wheelbarrow from 'The Indian at Ramoutsa' - which in this case is the Pakistani ~~ia~~ at Masemola. - that is, the one at 'Madiba Hardware' - for there are others in the village.

Well, I got home and spent the

day dreaming about thorn trees, and in the evening, with a bit of sun left, I dug - I did some digging.

Later, towards bed-time, while I was brushing my teeth, I took the wheelbarrow, or should I say, the barrow, and turned it on its back, reflecting on best possible positions in which to bury it.

Well, to cut a long story short, Danny happened ^{me} to walk past, and couldn't believe his ears when I told him my plan - "How could you do such a thing?" he asked, in his innocently admonishing way - and suggested, after I had defensively stated my case and gone into my room, and come out again to ask Mam Stellar to please use headphones, that I use instead a very big concrete

block, with a chain wound around it, and buried in the ground.

Well, I buried 'the hatched' pretty soon, especially after he pointed out the plasticity of the barrow's Metal limbs, and accepted his suggestion as being quite possibly the new way forward.

Returning today from Madiba Hardware with a wheelbarrow rather than a barrow (I need one, anyway), but no chain just as yet, I was gratified to see Danny again, and gave him a long-distance fist pump for assisting me in transforming the Wag'n bietjie. I almost stepped into, into a Marula.

"You want to buy a wheelbarrow and bury it!?" I said, in imitation of his reaction last night, though for a moment he thought that's

What the Pakistani said, had asked.
"It's almost like you went to buy
a new car," he said, "and asked
the dealer to please take off the
wheels because your plan was
to bury it."

Laughing, I agreed that ^{"or} "It's
like you've bought a helicopter,
and need some way to secure it,
so you bury your car."

This last idea sent Bammy over
the edge of reason, and I can't
tell you how gratifying it was
to hear his innocent, teary,
girlish chuckle-wailing.

But it was short-lived: suddenly,
my mind was on my intended
libation, and the man standing
before me ceased to be that
silence in whom I have found
a contemplative companion, be-
coming instead an object in my
tale-to-be. Today's true libation

lay in that moment - in the
moment in which he reflected
upon the heat of yesterday,
and on the need for rain, and
in which I, instead of checking
my thirst and receiving true
nourishment, tore away towards
my washing line with a
jerked reply of "Ja, I want
rain," finished hanging my
clothes, and hurried towards
~~an irrigated garden, &c.~~
muddied waters.

Said the fool to himself:

"I cannot believe the World."

Replied his mind's mother Substance:

"That is so: it is unbelievable."

"Ek sal jou weer sien, meneer."

- Boesman descendant,
Brandvlei,
Northern Cape

The Bushman Summer

Beyond the pain of thorns and the
bitterness of muddied waters lie
the resolutions of revelation.

Beyond the dream of becoming
lies the forgiveness of Love.

Within this womb of 'deliverance'
sits the World-Honoured One.

Amongst the light and shade
of these momentary experiences
walks the non-knowing Bushman.



Tsumkwe



"The Saturday morning general dealer was afoot with a sleepy presence of 'usual' faces. Then a less 'usual' face walked in. I had seen his bakkie outside, with a little blonde grandson enjoying the barred world of the back of the wagon. Now his ^{the boy's} grandfather appeared in the door, and with a milli-momentary flurry I realised something was going to ~~be said~~ occur between us.

"Morê," he said, noticing me.

"Morê," I replied, eyes soon averted. He moved towards the counter; I continued browsing the cooldrink fridge. Selecting my choice, and ready to pay, I moved towards him as if attracted by a spiritual magnet, emboldened by the courage of beauty: 'That's a beautiful belt you are wearing,' I said. It was leather, brown and slender, adorned with sensitive carvings of wildebeest and other ~~big~~ game animals of the

African veld. They played through my mind in a discreet and highly imaginative flash, and my thoughts went very far away.

'Thank you,' he said, not unkindly, switching to my mother tongue. Time had stopped for us, ^{in that} ~~and perhaps~~ strange way it sometimes does. ~~the whole room~~ was listening.

'Where are you guys from, actually?' he asked.

'Cape Town.'

'And where are you working?'

'At the school down there by the river, the Present Comprehensive.'

His grey-green eyes observed keenly my conscious and unconscious Self.

'It's a private school, hey?'

'yes.'

'And are you a teacher?'

'No...' my eyes danced, 'I'm introducing new sports and...' The second part, about the library, was unnecessary for either of us:

he had got the gist of my spirit. Collecting his pack of Camels, from the counter he bade me good-luck and farewell, and I replied with a sense of gratitude and happiness. In his sandals and grey shorts with the belt, and his blue and cream boervery short-sleeves, he left, perhaps never to be seen again by my eyes - though I have looked at him many times since that, my first encounter with an Afrikaner in the the North-Eastern Transvaal.

If you are capable of knowing nothing,
World will be kind and help
even if at the time you appear
to be.

may see sights on both sides which
shock or depress, though ~~my~~ shocks
may be ~~the~~ comments on your own exist-
ential situation, reflections of our
highly dualistic or willed ~~way of~~
thinking. To have a will dedicated to
an organic unfolding of the eternal is not
the same ^{thing} as impulsively following
your momentary whims. The willingness
of freedom is a long time coming
in which there is no destination
apart from the journey. Proceeding
slowly, moment by moment, we can
learn to experience life without
prejudice.

On the morning of
my first encounter with a Limpopo
Africaner I was wearing long pants
and a long-sleeve shirt, and a beanie.
The winter had recently begun and
the morning temperatures were
cool enough that it was only
ten or ^{so} eleven that I was in my
regular outfit: sandals, a T-shirt,
and a sleeveless shirt. I wanted

my outfit here to give you an indica-
tion of my general appearance, and
to remark upon the role that
climate plays in decolonising the
mind.

~~~~~



'Was that Wyn that I saw?' I asked Sammy a few days later.

'Ja mayve,' he replied. 'It could have been him.\* All the people in Masemola know Wyn? - Short for Wynand.

'Or mayve... it must have been one of those farmers around Marble Hall.'

Marble Hall. The town was familiar to me, at least in passing: I had passed through it during my first few days in Limpopo. A sleepy little town, it lay on that gorgeous welcoming route I took into the province, with roadside watermelons <sup>and</sup> vast trees ~~and minimal~~ conveying a mysteriously particular, green openness, which I will 'never' forget. A whole dry season later and I am a little more informed about my region and those who dwell in it.

The trees are going slowly green again, now, and ~~there's~~ incredible insect Kingdom ~~is~~ daily re-a-wakening. The reptiles are coming out of their shells, and haunts, and the birds and beasts at the river this afternoon were returning, sonically, to conscious journeying the delight of which brought home to my soul ~~the~~ in a new way a certain discovery I made upon returning to Marble Hall a few weeks back.

That discovery marked the end of the dry season, for it was a life-giving rain upon a thirstland of hopes. ~~and~~ And hope is a thirsty thing.

I remember how thirsty I was, in the first part of Winter, for the embrace of the Groot Marico, where my guidance is, where my heritage is. But in the embrace of



the lowveld - in the aloneness of loving self-actualization - the cry of the roots sank under the radar, like a water-table you simply accept is falling, and forget about; forgetting even that you believe that it will ever rain again. ~~tesser~~ Thirst ~~is~~ quenched by greater thirst.

A later thirst, in the later part of Winter, was a thirst for thirst - (that's when you know you've got a taste for thirst - when you start <sup>appreciating</sup> ~~craving~~ it.) It is a mind that has totally forgotten; the landscape is so utterly gray; a point of false satiety, of ~~bushman~~ ~~sa~~ vanquished satiety, has been reached.

Thus did I find myself dreaming, in the dead-end corners of Winter, of the Kalahari desert. But I read from a book, which said

the word 'Desert' is a misnomer when coming to the Kalahari - for with its multifarious plant and animal life, but with its curious lack of surface water, it is best described as a 'thirstland'.

This description fitted well with the impressions conveyed by a film trilogy I had been watching at this time, called 'The Gods must be Crazy.' Poignant and amusing at the same time, they sent my thoughts still further than they'd been sent in that General Dealer, ~~at~~ ~~adding~~ at the onset of Winter, adding <sup>new</sup> cognitive detail to a tiny partly lived, ~~great~~ largely ~~partly~~ inferred, vision of life in the really real world, of which our own is but a ~~big~~ ~~big~~ ~~big~~ ~~big~~ shadow. Thus did I depart from Nixau



and his ~~exquisite~~<sup>thirsty</sup> Paradise with  
a sense, curiously enough, of  
extreme thirst. (A non-fiction  
novel I read around this time, set  
in the Australian Outback amongst  
a tribe of 'real people', I found  
similarly appetizing.)

The Eden of N!xau, where the  
wordless is manifest, reminds  
revealed in cinematic terms the  
apparent imperfections of my  
own lowveld utopia: the ~~acacias~~  
bush appeared puny and fallen,  
symptomatic ~~of~~ in a way of  
an impure egoism not yet sated  
by the thirst of Eternity.

But below this surface dissatisfac-  
tion remained that perennial  
aqueduct of momentary intuition,  
whispering that it is here, in my  
momentary space and time, that  
I must continue to try and create  
a better world.

Thus it was with a sense of optimism  
that I ~~tra~~ set off one spring morning

for the town of Marble Hall, to  
set up, in formal concrete terms, the  
conditions for what may become  
an extended equivalent of the  
Bushman's healing dance.

I am not going to tell you what  
I saw on that journey, or the  
second one, except to say that  
it filled me with an ecstasy of  
realization about where we  
actually are. You don't have to  
go to Marble Hall, <sup>or to Tsumkwe -</sup> to find out  
what I mean. It is all around  
us.





"I like to walk a great deal."

- Juan Matus

## Wonderboom

This is a short story about a much longer story whose course is uncertain, because it is occurring right now, ~~and it is occurring right now~~.

If we are unsure where the story is going, we are even less sure where it began. We do however appreciate a Secret purpose to the story, a momentous purpose which you may say is the reason for the story's telling.

Readers or hearers of these words may have an idea of the turns in the road without of which this tale is presently emerging; it is also possible to provide those hearers with intimations, of where the tale may be headed. But no matter what is predicted, and whether or not it comes to pass, <sup>these hopes</sup> are encompassed







the means, and so disrupt the ends. It takes a bushman's spirit to counsel ~~the mind~~<sup>his wannay bees</sup> in matters of the heart; to console ~~the~~ fig-leaved man, his inheritor, about the nature of things; to remind him that he need not (because he cannot) short-cut his own path. Let him only continue to listen for the songs of the sublime secret, to hear in increasingly healing tones those disclosures of connectedness; that he may come, in time, to know still less.

'I am investigating the nature of craving,' I said.

'Craving?' asked Marko.

'Yes. I am trying to see whether the sense of craving is not the feeling of the experience itself, in a weird kind of way.'

The thorn trees of disconnectedness are a natural complement to their lush counterpart, the Wonderbome

of re-membership. Without the thirst of the first, you cannot have the redemption of the second. Perhaps the gulf between the Ancients and ourselves is determined by an experiential appreciation of this relationship. In craving what is to come, we have yet to become accustomed to the fact that it is to come, as surely as Winter will give way to Spring. Perhaps, in re-learning to become Ancient, we have, historically speaking, a most momentous opportunity: to return, slowly but surely, to the Garden.

I do not know where the story that is occurring right now, is headed; nor do I really know where it has come from. But I like to believe there is a secret at work, which is growing stronger. Increasingly I feel, too, that I must navigate this unfolding story ~~more and more~~ on foot. Lastly I can, as a consolation to



the thirsty soul of woman,  
offer a soothing title to this  
momentary story of ours:

Wonderboom.

## Notification of Payment

There is a certain kind of dream  
from which one awakes with a  
shudder of sobriety, as if it was  
the waking state that was really  
the dream. Concerning something  
from the everyday world, such  
dreams reveal potential dangers  
inherent in one's activities, which  
for this reason had <sup>not</sup> been noticed.  
Falling back into slumber, or rising  
from it, this mood may pass, but  
~~the~~ the lesson, if valid, may  
somewhere remain.

But sometimes the message is  
less rational, and sometimes,  
rational though the message  
may be, there is a twist to it.  
This latter variation I had  
experience of last night, and for  
the first time.

Naturally there are aspects I do  
not recall, but that is also  
perhaps because these are not  
so pertinent as what is remem-



-bered.

But before I go into that, let me relate an occurrence<sup>of</sup> yesterday afternoon which now strikes me as singular.

I am chatting with Mbushen, outside my room, whilst hanging the last of my laundry. To the north-east the sky is a deep dark blue above the panoramic plains and distant mountains. A messenger wind from the moving storm has recently arrived, and little dust-devils are spinning into life here and there. Suddenly ~~and~~ a full-grown adult devil arises from nothing, nearby. I follow after on fast feet as, invisible, it winds in and out of the little bushes.

Closing my eyes I allow it to embrace me; together we move across the dirt road, arms outstretched. Opening my eyes I observe it moving away, and Bapela's old

suggestion, to grab hold of its 'tail', occurs to me a split-moment too late.

Hours later I am in my bed, sound asleep. And now begins the remembered parts of my dream:

I am on a village road; Bapela is with me. The road is not red earth, but molten grey, as if formed by a magma river. The very surface seems poised to swallow whole rocks.

I am standing before a sort of labyrinth, a kind of low-walled enclosure, ~~the~~ made up of piled stones, like those of prehistory. Moving closer I notice that the edifice, which has a central pile within, is made up not merely of stones but, moreover, of bones, ~~and~~ ash. In a moment of deep <sup>apprehension</sup> ~~horror~~ I notice the <sup>luminous</sup> skull of a blue being among the debris,



and in another moment I realise that I am in Ancient Africa, and that this is a graveyard. I awake to the disquiet, intentional sounds of spirits ~~hanging~~ molesting loudly the loose over-hanging flaps of my corrugated iron roof. And the first, fearful thought to cross my mind is that, on an <sup>undulating plateau</sup> ~~an~~ valley of Koppies replete with graves, you cannot simply behave as if you are alone. Minutes pass. I open my curtain, because I half believe that this gale is going to take my laundry with it. Behind Stellar's room, where the Koppies ~~hang~~ lie, the sky glows <sup>briefly</sup> with a filament of electric light. I close the curtain; and listen to a newer silence. ~~And~~ With a splatter, the deluge begins. And this, the first rain of the Bushman Summer at Kame's Lookout, casts the whole

foregoing episode suddenly in a whole new light. For in the triumphant wash of the heavenly water I think I hear our ethereal neighbours whispering, 'Herewith proof of payment attached.'



# The Mermaid

~~Don't know, at 1.00, 0.00, 0.00, 0.00;~~  
~~Don't know, at 1.00, Don't know, 0.00~~  
~~Don't know, at 0.00, 0.00, 0.00~~  
~~0.00, 0.00, 0.00, 0.00, 0.00, 0.00.~~

My September holiday week was characterized by a conflict of interests: an impulse for time-out and away - in the mountain bush; down the river - was curtailed by evolving requirements on the home front.

Beyond hopes of a walkabout, which ultimately proved unrealizable, a deeper thirst - the deepest thirst, which no rainfall by itself can quench - had been steadily resurfacing.

Having received, much earlier in the year, a golden ticket (~~0.00, 0.00, 0.00~~  
~~0.00, 0.00~~), I had delayed thereafter for months, biding my time as how best to go about "cashing my cheque". Since few or no signs were forthcoming I continued to wait and watch,

as the Bushman Winter dragged slowly on.

But as new life returned to the body of the world, the signs began to make themselves felt: cradling a newborn babe in my arms, fresh with the aura of union; mind-racing flirtations at a wedding; and a groundsman's humorous but poignant comment: 'In South Africa you are not allowed to sleep alone.'

By which time I had all but decided to 'pay a visit', as they say, during the holidays; for the signs and feelings now permitted ~~it~~ it.

But I really wanted to go to the river, too. I wanted a day of pure meditation - sitting, listening, walking. But that initial decision, earlier in the week, to make it a sort of working one, had had difficult consequences on



my body, and mind, and on the body of the world - for now the weather was growing overcast. On a certain day, maybe Wednesday, the sun only reappeared towards sunset - highly unusual for such an expansive, oceanic <sup>bushveld</sup> ~~basin~~ as ours.

But the day after, after a plan with Sammy to pay 'him' a visit (golden ticket close at hand) fell through due to morning rainshowers, an opportunity presented itself, like the sun, to spend at least an afternoon besides the 'long-bodied one'.

I hadn't been sitting for long when the first booms of distant thunder reached my ears. I disregarded them as being for another place, since the sky above was quite blue. But as they continued, I <sup>gradually</sup> became aware of a vast dark-blueness <sup>behind me,</sup> approaching from the South-West - the very direction Papa had informed me last

summer was the one from which the big rain came.

Last summer, just after I had settled in to the school, Sammy had described a kind of storm so black it was as if it was night time, that sometimes passed through the region. That summer had been very dissappointing as far as rain was concerned, and I had all but forgotten these words of his when, making my <sup>hasty</sup> way back around the circumference of Wyn's wheat farm, they returned to me in a hurry.

For what I saw was something beyond my lived experience:

a ~~dark~~ black-eyed cloud mass layered like the <sup>obese</sup> belly of a Japanese sky Golem, ~~now~~ gliding my direction in absolute, portentous silence.

At first I wondered if it was not going to pass just to the North



of us, for I observed how it dangled curiously, draped curiously, ~~its~~ a vaporous beard along the course of the Lepelle. But no, it was not deviating more than that; it was coming to Kame's Lookout as much as it was going above and below us.

I reached my library, dogs in faithful tow, at the precise moment it reached us. But this moment hung suspended, like the strange, motionless shards of bearded precipitation which seemed as if they would never actually arrive. And then they did.

An icy gust came upon us suddenly, like the air on a high <sup>snowy</sup> mountain, transforming as suddenly into a sweeping gale of white rain from which we had no choice but to immediately evade, jumping off the stoep and into the Reading Room, shutting the door quickly.

At the window the transformation

outside was <sup>again</sup> transforming: the sweeping white sheets became wild white horses stampeding into something blurringly fast, so that without conscious thought I backed away from the window and back towards the back of the room, where I listened with increasing apprehension as the wild blurr became a <sup>deafening</sup> ringing white noise ~~which~~ indicating that a terrible limit had been reached.

It was at this moment of fear-some pressure that life lost its sense of controllability, for with a greusome bang the far side of my corrugated roof was thrown open, and I heard a less fanciful, ~~and~~ far more emphatic ancestral voice exclaim, 'Fool!'

Chastised and bewildered, with my back against the wall, it occurred to me that I was totally vulnerable; that my fate lay in the hands of the forces which were



to decide whether to throw the rest of the roof, if not the room itself, into oblivion.

As marula-sized hail ricocheted around my poor desk area, I perceived a jelly like shaking in my legs which told of the very real fear I was in.

As the hail continued, but the roof remained where it was, I dimly registered that my hi-fi, my documents, precious book shelf and other key items were in the line of fire.

As the hail died down I salvaged what I could; ~~and am happy to retrospectively report that...~~ in a matter of moments the ~~star~~ precipitation then abated altogether. Outside the sun was shining, mitigating the cool air of the departing storm. Looking about, I observed that my roof was not the only one affected: corrugated sheets and pine rafters lay scattered around <sup>the veld</sup>; whole

classroom blocks were, in some cases, devoid of any roofing whatsoever. Cosmetically, the whole place was clearly a wreck. The sound of something <sup>softly</sup> rushing, like water, reached my ears. Following it, I came to a part of the school where a small riverbed passes, emerging far off in the veld above the school, then passing down through it on its way to the Lepelle on the far side of Wyn's farm. I had wondered, in the previous few weeks, about this and many other dry little channels which wound their way down ~~the~~ Kame's <sup>sloping</sup> plateau towards the main river. It was only now that I beheld them for what they were: flash flood channels; whole rivers in themselves at such times. I glanced up across the veld, after the Ancestor's big koppie



caught my eye. For even from where I stood it was seen to be white with <sup>Fallen</sup> hail. And turning my eyes again to the impromptu river I was <sup>now somehow</sup> aware without registering it, of the nature of the thing that had occurred to us.

The African folk traditions tell, in varying but related ways, of supernatural river creatures and beings with whom wo/man, as vulnerable member of the natural order, has a historical interaction. The Batswanas, griquas, boesmans, Mashonas, and Matabeles and <sup>groups</sup> Bapedis, to name just a few, all speak variously of ~~creatures~~ the supernatural of rivers and waters, be it in the form of a goddess, a serpent, an 'ordinary' person, a magic bull, or a mermaid.

One thing, to the Bapedis I know, and who 'know' at least is clear: that once a year, or at least

periodically, a supernatural river creature known as <sup>Mamokebe -</sup> 'The Mermaid' - travels along the river in which it dwells, in the form of a ferocious storm, meting out difficult, sometimes fatal, learning curves to those who care to live and build along the breadth of its floodplain.

I have ~~seen~~ or heard tell of apocalyptic waves on the shores of the world; but I have also seen such waves far inland; sky waves that did not stop when they reached land but, realized that they could survive vicariously off those rivers which are <sup>mermaid</sup> continuations of the great basins of the Earth and which, in their serpentine spiralling, give shape, form and expression to those phenomena which the ~~godless~~ <sup>Materialist</sup> calls 'cyclones'. When the sun disappeared for a third time that day, and the



South West became not ~~dark~~ a dark, obese golem but a black, electrified <sup>tsunami</sup> ~~age~~ of mordor, the thought entered my mind, as I scrambled to collect my most precious possessions and deliberate ~~along~~ <sup>along</sup> a desperate dirt path about the best place to hide, that there was this possibility that we were ~~going~~ not going to survive.

But the hall was strong, the staff quarters held out, and the storm, though <sup>intense</sup> ~~terrible~~, was devoid of those hurricane-like winds of the <sup>earlier</sup> ~~initial~~ onslaught. And so I live to tell this tale, unlike, for example, a number of very old, very beautiful trees that I have <sup>since</sup> ~~observed~~ lying on their sides in the veld or along the river.

The whole psychic structure of the very land has been altered: the very earth is different, much

<sup>sea-</sup> Sandier; washed clean of all previous knowledge. The ego shell of Kame's Lookout is in pieces: though the physical damage is relatively cosmetic, mentally we are still adrift, at sea, or otherwise washed up on an unfamiliar shore.

~~There are two options,~~  
~~perhaps, going forward, and~~  
~~a third, which is hidden.~~

We have yet, it seems, to lay sufficiently deep roots; roots that ~~would~~ would enable us to stand securely and safely in the appeased presence of the spirits of Creation. We have yet, as the Second People, to admit, through our daily acts, that we live a second-rate existence; or if we do, to admit to ourselves that a first-rate world is contingent upon a first-rate, ~~misbegotten~~ Love; or if we do (note to self),



to endeavor in this life to attain  
a second birth and so liberate,  
not with words alone but with  
<sup>unmistakeable presence</sup>  
~~perfectly concrete~~ the whole  
of wo/mankind.

We need rain, as members of Creation.  
But if we want 'the rain that is  
female,' <sup>or</sup> ~~and~~ if we want to make  
amends with 'the rain that is male,'  
I can only suggest that we look  
~~within~~ for a state become aware  
as people of our tendency towards  
mental explanations. This awareness,  
which is radical because it admits no  
<sup>enduring knowledge in a</sup>  
~~more concrete~~ truths except that of  
~~the~~ <sup>pure</sup> essential Paradisaal experience in  
the here and now, is in actual fact  
the selfsame, pathless path upon  
which woman must <sup>and does</sup> inevitably walk,  
irrespective of whether or not they  
realise it. If he does not realise it,  
man goes around in slavish circles;  
if he does realise it, he continues  
to go round in circles but does so  
knowingly and creatively, and therefore  
in the only true freedom that exists -

which is not to imply that it is a  
meagre freedom - on the contrary  
it is momentous, leading both  
nowhere and everywhere and,  
<sup>faithful</sup> ~~moment~~ <sup>faithful</sup> by ~~moment~~, towards the  
end of suffering and the rebirth  
of the First Person.

The hill-mountain of Malope, in  
Masemola, Sekhukhuneland, holds a  
certain significance for me:  
alongside it passes the beautiful  
road back to Marble Hall where-  
upon I understood in a concrete,  
visual way, the invisible, all-  
pervading Presence of the Southern  
African wilderness or Bushmanland;  
when Malope disappears, I now  
'know', it is time to head for  
secure shelter, for the big rain  
may be coming our way; but  
Malope holds one other thing,  
for me: alongside that road,  
besides the Lepelle, are a string  
of villages, and in one of those  
villages a First-Person-to-be  
awaits my ~~next~~ <sup>visit</sup> third ~~visit~~, having  
received my second on the final







# Jasmine

for Emma van Bart

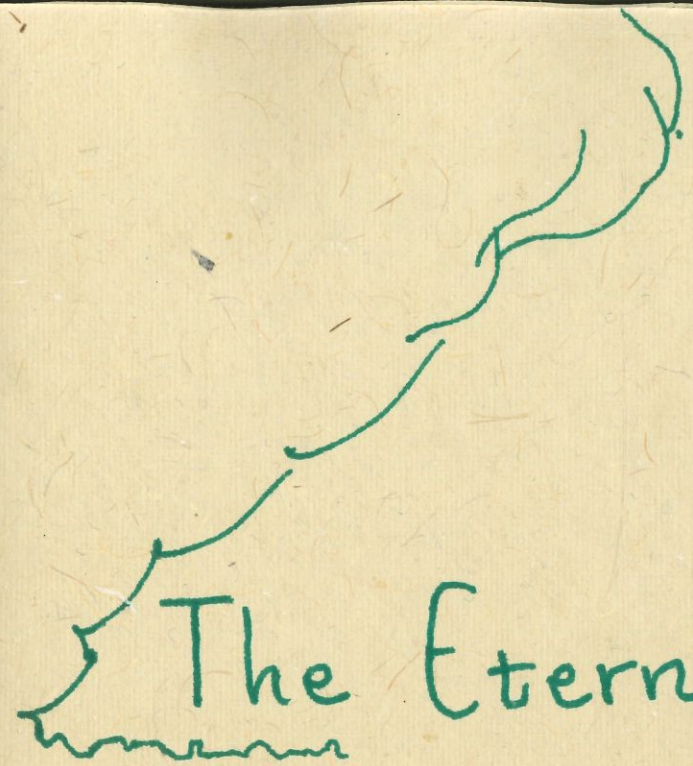
Was it the calling of  
a mysterious bird  
or of the moon itself  
rising in the lilac sky  
birthed full and resolved  
between the hips of  
spiritual ~~exertion~~? ~~Exertion?~~  
~~Time~~ In a spiritual crisis  
you have lit my way  
with your buddhi of wild jasmine  
bridging the abyss of ego:  
turn the other cheek.  
You revealed a bigger picture  
of which I could be proud  
relinquishing control of the tending  
of ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> original fire  
the steering of something now  
beyond my control.

~~like the full moon~~  
like the full moon

~~I~~ ~~page~~ ~~of~~ ~~your~~ ~~poetry~~  
~~I~~ ~~am~~ ~~not~~ ~~knowing~~ ~~if~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~not~~ ~~knowing~~  
~~that~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~not~~ ~~knowing~~ ~~if~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~not~~ ~~knowing~~  
not realising  
as it turns out -  
that ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~not~~ ~~knowing~~  
too I did

~~like the full moon~~





The Eternal Present



I am happy today  
even if this hapiness is only  
a passing glow  
like the sun in his descent now  
the afternoon on her way  
speedily or slow - it depends  
on what one intends to do.  
I wish to say a few words  
only,  
because I am happy and this  
feeling is my courage to begin  
the picking up of my story  
after moons upon moons of  
watching.

A whole rainy season and dry one  
have elapsed since I last dared  
to narrate my blind passage  
guided by a faith-lamp  
not always incandescent  
but never out - mind you.

Today my lamp is bright  
maybe more than ever yes



because all the doubt, the risks,  
the great fearsome hardship involved  
in remaining untamed  
has proved - perhaps - no, let me  
not say even perhaps;

I shall say only  
that my light today is bright  
after being 'half empty'  
for so, so long.

How could I allow myself  
to inscribe anything but tangible  
hope

upon these cave-walls of time?

The footprints may blow away  
but trackers can decipher here  
the etchings of quiet joy

of a hope glimmering  
of the Krantz's ancient answer  
to the questions,

"What art I?" and  
"Where am I going?"

IF in my own path  
I could not see a light at  
tunnel's end  
I would not have <sup>bold</sup> <sub>cause</sub>  
to profess on behalf  
of wood and dale, bird and beast.  
But I have heard it in the wind  
seen it, a glint, in the eyes  
of my 'professor' who said,  
'Die Boesman is binne jou!'  
{How then could I doubt my  
absurd gambles when they  
at last  
have lead me to a place  
on the path where I can see  
a way home!

There is no path. - yes -  
but there is a story  
related by unknown lost and  
found  
magicians of goodliness  
about where we came from



and where <sup>we</sup> could try to go  
where we - it is sensed -  
inevitably ~~am~~ will.

Thus what was once ~~ad~~ ~~ad~~ ~~ad~~  
a mere circus of confusion  
no longer concerns the one ~~who~~  
who sees history  
from the height of Eternity,  
as a game slowly playing  
itself out.

The twilight begins to fall  
now  
and I have only to say  
further  
that this brightening light  
engulfing - at least today -  
my history with glimmering  
forever  
comes at a point in time  
when the ~~was~~ dry, hazed rante  
of Marico

place of my fathers <sup>Multi-culture</sup> and <sup>others</sup>  
before them earlier  
the First Fathers - and Mothers -  
is ripe for a rain, soft,  
more, much,  
than physical.

Oh my father, Frederik~~k~~,  
in your little cottage in weskus  
Boesmanland  
rejoice and be not lonely  
for I am with you always  
just as Tanje Touring Towenaar  
- //Kabbo, meaning "Dream"  
looks out - alive and strong -  
from his visage upon your wall  
with those tremendous eyes  
bushman realeyes  
whose hint of pain (?)  
is nothing  
in the sunlight  
of what we all  
are here for.

∞



Silent dawn gives way  
to votive day;  
deliberating, I choose to stay  
briefly

today perhaps only to say:  
Oh my Grandmother, Patricia,  
alive - breathing in body still  
and young - resolutely -  
my friend from the first and  
never a hard word; ~~എന്നിട്ടും~~!

~~എന്നിട്ടും~~ ~~എന്നിട്ടും~~ ~~എന്നിട്ടും~~ ~~എന്നിട്ടും~~ ~~എന്നിട്ടും~~  
~~എന്നിട്ടും~~ ~~എന്നിട്ടും~~ ~~എന്നിട്ടും~~ ~~എന്നിട്ടും~~ ~~എന്നിട്ടും~~  
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~~എന്നിട്ടും~~ ~~എന്നിട്ടും~~ ~~എന്നിട്ടും~~ ~~എന്നിട്ടും~~ ~~എന്നിട്ടും~~  
See you  
on the beach!

Sing in me then, o Muse, ~~at~~  
the momentary revelations. -  
Stories like the wind -  
which guided and guide ~~me~~ me  
~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~  
~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~  
~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~  
~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~ ~~നോക്കി~~  
on my

~~the~~ later adventures -  
the homecoming of this narrative -  
lift the unexpected songs which  
Grace, in her tears has made it  
my heart's joy to sing!

∞



The relaxed ecstasy of Now  
after a non-ordinary day  
of ~~community~~ and art -  
my world totally forgotten -  
in ~~the~~ waves of calm action  
makes my intricate route here  
seem irrelevant; I'd rather  
make jokes to convey  
present emptiness; would rather  
touch recent impressions than  
Face losing - missing -  
the gems, so many  
on the path I have walked here -  
the gems of magic soul-food  
scattered in the veld  
my gifts to hunt-and-gather  
sensing faithfully that I shall  
bring forth what  
was meant to rise -  
sparks from a desert fire:

emerald, magenta, saphire flames -  
Kalahari minerals;...  
yes - the bushman's cinema  
is a rainbow!

Every word is a sacrifice -  
this finite cave-wall space  
increasingly precious...  
the bush inextricably inside  
this bushman...

I count my sayings  
like I count on Providence:  
hand to mouth, day by day  
is the way of the moment -  
no savings required!

Are we miner-farmers  
or hunter-gatherers -?  
the scary now - which is wow -  
provides what accumulation  
can't and yet  
here I am



poised to recount  
a labyrinth account...  
But stories - they can't  
be tied down anyway and so  
I walk tall with my  
bow of songs -  
upredictable regardless and  
raise my carved stick  
poised to strike  
notes of nowness, -  
imaterially material -  
material in their  
imateriality -  
unto ~~Eternity~~ quivering Now.



I left the sacred sands  
of Kame's Lookout with Bele  
~~my~~ golden puppy  
in hot pursuit  
as was his loving habit.  
Believing I would return I left  
my past behind...  
Now I discover, only a  
few words in  
that ~~this~~ belief of return  
haunts me still!  
What a grace it is  
to be caught so early -  
spared by the Revealer the  
burden of traversing  
dead-weight verses...  
I come alive again  
liberated to go  
where the moment takes me.





Oh my sister Emma  
you are like my innocent  
innermost Self:

Looking out from this  
non-dual shore I feel  
like you:

my laughter is care-free in  
conversation I

come and go with  
a mind of light the  
world's silliness less and  
forgotten ~~by~~ <sup>in</sup> illumined  
relating.

Like the hermit in  
the Ten Bulls of Zen

I go to market  
enlightening everyone.

#

Poetry

you might say  
is as much about  
what is included  
as it is about  
what is left out.



I laughed - a great  
uproarious laugh <sup>(and laughed and laughed)</sup> because  
~~because~~ my greatest concern had been  
they wouldn't work.

I'd imbibed so little -  
a little head and stem of  
Humito, the sacred mushroom -  
my first encounter after  
my last one - ~~again~~ -  
long, long ago.

~~Now~~ <sup>Again</sup> it was different:  
when the spirit is clear  
Humito may play with you  
reveal wonders take  
you to the edge to instill  
gratitude anew  
like never before.

On that same mountain

less than  
a moon before  
I'd smoked Jagga after  
a thirstland of watching.

In the company of  
kindred souls  
both times were divine -  
both times both plants  
confirmed ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> Lifetime's  
a ~~devotion~~ <sup>search</sup> search  
for the ~~truth~~ truth.

~~The~~ ~~search~~ ~~for~~  
~~the~~ ~~search~~ ~~for~~  
the ~~search~~ ~~for~~ of  
the ~~search~~ ~~for~~ of  
a victorious defeat!



Oh my mother Annie  
Light of consciousness itself  
this unexpected about-turn I make  
With you  
by my side:

I left the sacred sands of  
Kame's Lookout with Bele  
~~my~~ golden puppy  
in hot pursuit.

Believing I'd return I left.

~~On the bridge of the bridge~~

~~the bridge of the bridge~~

~~I left the bridge of the bridge~~ -

~~the bridge of the bridge~~

Back roads and farm lands -  
not yet, not yet -

potholes, twists and turns;

anxious glances at vast

sweltering

incomprehension

left and right.

A unique momentum going forward:  
the road stretched like a cord.  
the day deepened  
the shadows lengthened.

With a sigh of joy

I came at last <sup>nervous</sup> ~~anxious~~  
to the end of a maze:

'Groot Marico' said  
the faded old sign;

'Yes, you've made it' sang  
the region's historic dam.

Magical, tall lush trees  
down a winding dusty mystery

- so unlike the  
all-seeing sparseness of

my previous home -

spoke of my heart's

true wish and so

from the first I was

quietly ~~quietly~~ torn in two.

Such division of purpose



As I never felt before  
~~growing, did & did~~ growing  
with every beautiful  
bicycle foray.

My faery Godparents kindly  
accommodated me for a time, while I  
dreamed up <sup>divided</sup> proposals for  
a divided dream.

Brief therapy there was in  
the midst of longing like  
a sound journey's  
unconditional feeling.

The time came to move on:  
the sanity of space preceeds  
hopes and dreams.

But where to?

My return, <sup>half</sup> intended, to  
Sekhukhune was predicated upon  
a not yet published  
conflict of interests.

My uncle's old hermitage -

light of yesteryear -  
was unavailable.

So my aunt, sensing Spirit suggested  
Grounded Soles

a permaculture farm

across the river where

Volunteers - ~~could~~ ~~live~~ ~~and~~ ~~learn~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~kind~~ ~~levy~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~small~~ ~~daily~~ ~~fee~~ -

could live, and learn for the  
kind levy of a small daily fee -  
a contribution towards the  
day's communal meals.

Intrigued I  
investigated found a  
vision of youthful teamwork -  
international in complexion -  
guided by a  
Sun-kissed ~~South~~ <sup>South</sup> African,  
Sandra and her  
quiet farm-hand named  
Elijah.



Impressed (amazed) by  
the farm's organic time -  
rise when ready  
contribute until lunch then  
the afternoons free -  
and swayed by the allure of  
swaying hips and hippies I  
decided to give it a try.

The rainy season in full swing -  
muddy paths and a  
Gypsy Caravan -  
I soon became attuned my  
~~to the~~  
barefeet augmented only in  
thorny terrain my  
bare chest torso less and less so  
growing deeper and deeper with  
rich  
melonomatic hues my old  
sunblock use  
forever a thing of the past.

In the afternoons I'd climb  
a wooden staircase above the  
<sup>bright</sup> communal kitchen of  
culinary wonders to a peaceful  
tented deck and evolve  
- on my computer -  
a divided request.

In the evenings we'd  
be treated to  
a shared love of good food  
provided by generous Sandra's  
discerning palette and  
our own ingenuity and then  
retire to the starlit fire to  
share stories and silences.

Oh Annie, ~~the~~  
~~message~~ in the  
Eternal Present  
through which  
I am  
delivered anew!



To

which he replied,

I don't  
live in  
Linear  
Time.

I did return to  
Gekhukhune, briefly -  
to collect my things and  
plant a tennis tree.



~~The first thing I noticed, the moon was so~~  
~~close to the earth, it was as if it were~~  
~~in the sky, and I was so~~  
~~close to it, I was as if I were~~  
~~in the sky, and I was so~~  
At present, I have woken up  
unusually early, the full moon still  
in the sky, ~~and I was so~~  
~~close to it, I was as if I were~~  
~~in the sky, and I was so~~

I reflect upon the momentary  
insights of the past evening,  
engulfing me with a 'joy of com-  
pleteness, like the moon.

In those waves of deliverance I  
percieved ~~a new discovery~~ <sup>new discovery</sup> for this  
narrative in ~~the~~ the hands of the  
Eternal Present, that holy grail  
of awareness in which ~~the~~ <sup>woman</sup> ~~is~~,  
alive to the meditative livingness  
of now, ~~re-~~ discovers how to express  
the totality of his/her heart, in  
the fullness of life.

Dawn begins; the undisclosed  
darkness abeys. I observe the moon  
still well above the horizon and  
consider that...  
The Sun too plays, <sup>poetically at least,</sup> a decisive role  
in the ~~effectations~~ of consciousness  
on Earth: in his 'sudden' movement  
of shifting the seasons, gliding  
leftwards, increasingly, during his  
daily descent, ~~he~~ at the gradual  
onset of Summer, he thaws the  
long uncertainties of Winter with  
great enlightenment, reflecting  
- if not also effecting - experiences  
of liberation among the children  
of the Earth.

During this shifting - to return  
to my 'adventures' - ~~I~~ numerous  
instances of sunny hope have  
begun to set the scene for a  
rain of quiet but profound <sup>growth</sup> ~~growth~~  
upon ~~a~~ ~~what~~ that desert thirstland  
called austerity, the inner  
bushmanland of the heart.



<sup>BUT</sup> Returning from <sup>the 'nearby' town of</sup> Zeerust yesterday with my 'ducks in a row' - new license disk, debit card etc. - my shoulders rose and fell with a mixture of upliftment and unease. On a whim, I had decided to ~~stop~~ pop in to Hoërskool Zeerust, to offer my services as a 'dream tennis coach.' The receptionist was doubtful but I saw a little light go on and, upon her calling in turn ~~two~~ relevant staff members, this <sup>little</sup> light became a blazing flame of mutual excitement and interest, reaching peak temperature when I suggested my long-nursed hope of a home-spun clay surface, an 'African clay' ~~(to honour the~~ by way of an experimental refurbishment of one of the courts - ("the clay in the Marico is perfect!") - and was met with an excited preliminary thumbs-up.

We discussed timing, and agreed it would be best to begin at the onset of the new school year. I walked away with a feeling which may best be described by the expression: "Finally!"

For, as you may recall, (and as I shall more clearly explain), I as a matter of fact journeyed out of the Cape, ostensibly to take up a teaching post but in my heart <sup>actually</sup> rather to ~~create~~ ~~academy/court~~ construct, in a rural area, a tennis court that was not a tennis court but an organic pean to ancient Africa and her largely unsung - but really quite ingenious - architectural styles.

Like the unexpected fold upon which these words SUR , shifting conditions - and turbulences - ~~saw~~ resulted in my leaving <sup>(temporarily, I thought)</sup> Sekhukhune land and trekking away to familial refuge in an enchanted land and region known



as Maricao, some a day's journey  
south-west by contemporary,  
fuel-propelled Wagon.

~~Like~~ A paradisaal heart of ancient  
bushmanland, the Marico laughed  
quietly at my intentions to return,  
like Sinbad the Sailor, to the world  
of dreams. It laughs at me still.

0.008 Wg 0.002 g 0.001 g 0.0005 g

Spinnweb der Spinnweb

$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{4}$

$\frac{1}{x^2} = x^{-2}$

2023.03.20

১০০০ গ্রাম.

১৯৪৪ সালে, (মুখ্যতঃ ১৯৪৪ সালে) ১৯৪৪ সালে  
 ১৯৪৪ সালে, (মুখ্যতঃ ১৯৪৪ সালে) ১৯৪৪ সালে  
 ১৯৪৪ সালে, (মুখ্যতঃ ১৯৪৪ সালে) ১৯৪৪ সালে

*[Handwritten notes in Tamil script]*

ଓଡ଼ିଆ, ~~ସଂସ୍କୃତ~~ ସଂସ୍କୃତ ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଆ  
 ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଓ ସଂସ୍କୃତ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଓ ସଂସ୍କୃତ  
 ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଓ ସଂସ୍କୃତ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଓ ସଂସ୍କୃତ

Pressed against me you

രണ്ടാം വർഷം

১৯৬৬

କରାଯାଇ ପାରେ



Dreams are like  
vaporous clouds.

But I have had  
a dream in which<sup>clouded</sup>  
there were no clouds.

High upon a lonely mountain  
deep within  
an ancient kloof -  
undone by a baboon's  
barking loud I percieve  
the cloudless cloud.

In a deluge of drumbeats  
herewith lost and found:  
in disappearance  
~~even from the~~ I recieve  
raindrops in  
a vacant shroud:

In a mountain grotto  
across a fragile skree  
fast falls the eventide oh

abide with me!  
(For ~~there~~ lies in wait  
a witchless witchery.)

The brackets of the known  
collapse when hark!  
a wild dog's distant bark  
morphs to prowling  
feeline growling  
without a fire's spark  
in the dead-still dark.

Or when in grotto of  
a Cape winter's climb  
delusion deluge spells change to  
way-down's easy clime.

Going ups not the same as  
going down:  
mushroom mountain gets off  
lightly  
in optimistic time.



In this ancient dream  
of ancient cloudless cloud  
romance is realism  
and the other way round.

In this sunny rain  
Sinbad's come aground -  
he put again his pen  
to paper -  
when he heard  
the soundless sound.

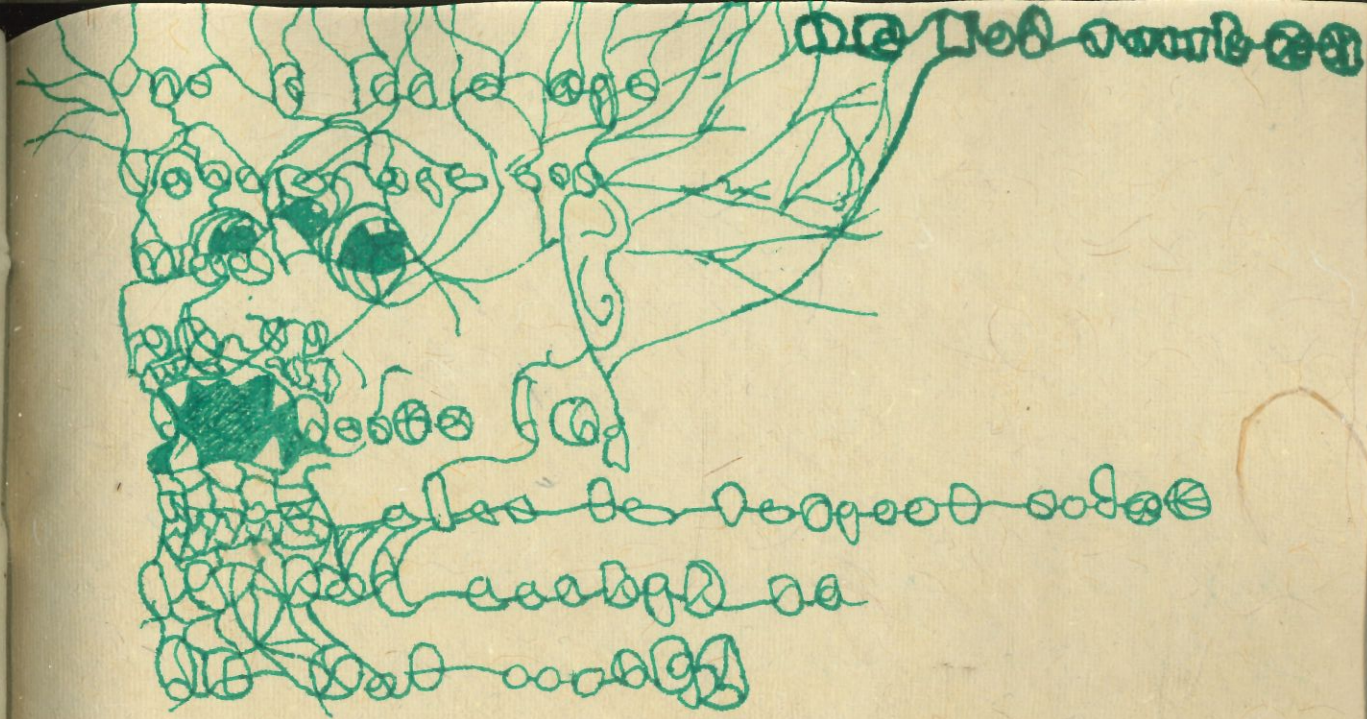
For in this ancient dream  
of ancient cloudless cloud  
romance is realism  
and the other way around.







en my hart glimlag want hy het  
die regtige soort!





This moment is  
a singular thing:  
the wearer of its ring  
wears no such thing.

Die große Freiheit ist  
nicht in der Hand  
des Menschen, sondern  
in der Hand Gottes.

These days I simply  
walk upon  
my washing clothes -  
~~on soap, on~~  
in that green washtub.

My teeth I  
brush with ash pure  
wood-burned ash -  
just add water!

But here's something a-  
stonishes me -

I - Oh wait, also  
my <sup>long</sup> hair is unconditioned and -  
I can talk with birds.



Picaloo. Pica - babukulu emgupo weariko -  
ba - agupu au abulakulu emguyopo n!LO  
Fukastri maling Lakukang en!apa  
weapgopsa/e magupokwabankla  
agulobwaping wo/v//amaka pop-  
wilambo eBdukophikophi.

A chief's throne  
in a rondavel of stone  
artefacts and bone in a  
darkness of the known beyond  
this doorway of this home.

Family unalone in  
pitch darkness like stone we  
sleep in the stone  
outhouse where we're shown.

From ~~the present~~ <sup>the present</sup> time present  
comes this home  
like the words of this poem.

Silent windmill  
vibrant winged life  
our child tastes the times  
and they are inimitable.

Ancient motorcar  
~~from the~~ voorkamer of reeds;  
~~the~~ herb garden hanging  
the thrill of discovery down  
~~down~~ to a faery stream  
a field in a dream of  
scented earth in  
abating rain <sup>the</sup> the  
rush of Eden's drain  
through the trees along  
a bank of ceaseless peace.

'Ons huisie in die bosveld' -  
From ~~the present~~ <sup>the present</sup> time present  
comes this ~~home~~ <sup>home</sup> home  
like the words of this poem.



The Juniper Dream  
Come one, come all  
this vibrant truth  
sings out  
within  
of a ~~mir~~idge  
shattered  
by honest King  
once and future and passing  
Anytime though ~~the~~ Lion King  
but hush,  
the waterfall

Prophetic dream swims  
into me  
delighted at the  
momentary  
plight of Mr  
Agbi  
that  
sooth  
of  
generational  
what what.



This Juniper dream twists  
and  
twirls ~~but~~ don't  
but I foresee  
we'll ~~part~~ ~~part~~ ~~part~~ ~~part~~ part  
again:

I dipped my heart  
in a  
juniper stream she said, ~~she said~~  
~~this~~ ~~this~~ ~~this~~ this chance  
does dance  
askanse  
with a view to your  
surfing life's waves  
with  
equanimity.





I am a bushman from  
bushmanland:

"The Bushman was  
totally  
here and now"  
and  
still is and  
ever will be.

විශ්වයේ ද සදාමය අවස්ථාවක සිටින  
පුද්ගලයෙකු  
විශ්වයේ සෑම තැනකම සිටින අයෙකු වේ.  
එහෙයින් සත්‍යයන්  
මනසේ පැහැදිලිව පෙනී සිටීමට...  
අවස්ථාවන් සාක්ෂි දෙයි.  
අපේ මනස! අපේ සදාමය අවස්ථාව!

To live in revelation is  
to have no <sup>vastating</sup> formulas no enduring  
spells to  
fixed abode, where  
the hand and the eye  
unite in the soul to  
draw things anew  
and take  
things as they come.



To write from the heart is  
to write in the wake and  
in tandem to  
changing conditions to  
watch the pen as it talks  
and

Some rockpool shimmer says  
what was I about to say  
understanding that  
the technology of the  
written word is a  
lost cause unless it  
breathes but  
always return to nothing  
when the time comes hold  
not onto  
fixed ideas  
go into

everything and share your  
deepest thoughts don't be  
scared to  
question everything ask  
yourself  
to remain  
like a flag on a  
pole on a  
mountain blowing  
hither and thither as  
the wind takes you.



There is a certain kind of  
mind that is  
this precise one but  
distinguished by  
being  
nothing short of being  
this precise one.

I  
must... only...

Give out my full being keep  
abrest with  
the  
dynamic  
reality if  
in openly weaving  
away from the shadow I show  
the lighted way is

a spirit for  
we are spirit,  
I have achieved my  
present purpose of  
indicating what is meant by  
a ~~whole~~ <sup>living</sup> spirit having found  
itself having found  
the  
Eternal Present.



1  
Dit is die oorspronklike nagmaal seker,  
in die meesleer in die Oorlogse Oorlogse  
somme oorspronklike Oorlogse Oorlogse  
Oorlogse Oorlogse! Oorlogse Oorlogse Oorlogse!  
Oorlogse Oorlogse!

The rainbow serpent

Is this not the story of  
Glad-nie-bang-nie en sy pelle?  
Die lekka vrou en sy onnerwyser,  
Oom J wat jou pulse gevoel,  
en sê:

"Ja, Jy kan dans!"

Dit hang af 'n boom in die nag en ek  
- soos jy kan sê, - het ontdek 'n  
spesifieke 'time' wat die skrywer  
het want, as gevolg van ens....!

Dy sien, die exdamsie jump soos 'n  
bok in die lig en os sê 'Jaauuai-  
tegorrrra!'



Now is ek in matata, het ek gesê.  
Ag, vergewe my, ek bedoel, in  
Mtata - nee, ek lieg - ek was in  
matata.

Die bobejarrre - bwa - hoo  
was 'n klomp na agter ek het  
hul gekrik maak terwyl hul  
deur die bome vinnig klin  
onner my en...

... they had decided not to go  
anywhere - so - relenting -  
you'll have to take a pic of this  
thing just kidding please don't...  
massive, many massive king -  
leaders and

Down I went, my fireplace having  
been arranged meticulously for  
the past age... which makes me  
wonder about language as coded  
- ag, never mind - what was I

saying? Oh yeah, so down I went  
and  
well I made another fire and  
sat around and it got dark and  
I got antsy and ended up leaving.  
That  
was  
before the rains came.

Shortly after the rains came  
I went up the hills like some kind  
of worm that doesn't have any  
idea what a courgette - I mean,  
a toe-blister - is - in reality!  
And I laughed because I had  
cured myself and because - uh -  
no, what? Yes!

And herein lies that deep  
mystery of the fool who learns  
by observation, to cross the  
river and enter the realm of  
perfect time while always



bearing in mind absolutely nothing  
at all except another startling  
depiction of the intersection between  
the need to eat delicious food  
in conjunction with solarias, the  
uncle - cousin - brother of the  
early (perennially so) so-and-so  
who was a cinemadofantisimo  
meaning he manifested himself  
as a Cinema of Dreams on  
a canyon wall in a 'dry'  
nothing - what because it was  
the wet pondo-pond into which  
a legavaan plonked creating  
or should I say adding to the  
wonderfull circular circles of  
ripples like a confession of  
glory and I sat there absolutely  
dumb-struck but what marvellous  
Bo-dwah! Bo-dwah! weshhh

went two great messengers from  
above saying, better to stay the  
night this time...

In my baked apprehension I  
enjoyed this concerning turn of  
events and thus - utterly  
tortoisique at long distances  
from these little foothills he  
became great at guiding back  
to great lovely peace a  
fountain of self-belief like a  
treasure in the sky of a  
mind under a tree singing,  
let it be, let it be.

Thus did I gather lovely old  
pieces of longitudinal hoot  
or wood as they say, and  
made my self a classic  
'Etienne improve I mean  
improv haha - point in case -



so ja it was there and I lay  
down and sailed off peacefully on  
my straw mat and you know  
it's really quite as nice as

Bwahoo-jarres there in the  
distance but coming closer  
slowly until AHH! and

gross licking from massive  
leader not far at all now I  
get up - oh wait, I forgot  
before that I'd - okay nevermind

for now ek ~~the grass~~  
~~the grass~~ ~~the grass~~ ~~the grass~~  
~~the grass~~ ~~the grass~~ ~~the grass~~ ~~the grass~~

draai om (rad at ek het op gesit)  
and thought of nothing and nothing  
said, 'let there be light' so I  
lit a match and put it to ~~the~~  
the grass - of ~~the~~ under the  
wood - pyramid and the smoke  
rose and I waited and in  
due course I was left in

peace and harmony to spend the  
rest of the night relaxing into  
a rather painful sleep because  
my straw mat on that flat rock  
was like if you sail out to sea  
as a young old ever soul and  
fly forever right now into  
having made cakes in of  
huh like stuff then well you  
kinda realise nothing and instead  
learn to play all sorts of  
funny games all day ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
~~the~~ rest of your days on Earth  
also known as  
Mt. Eternity, uh, mmmmm,  
~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
curious sense of having found  
what can ~~well~~ be described  
as the end of a bush walk in  
which myriad honey-heaven -  
birds sang odes to Jupiter and like



I ~~remember~~ ~~to~~ ~~everybody~~ an experience  
of ecstasy in ~~the~~ ~~union~~ ~~with~~  
~~the~~ ~~divine~~ ~~union~~ with  
the divine, an outpouring of  
sumptuous lamb-chops to be  
relished for the fact that they,  
as much or just slightly as  
much as anything else, serves  
to remind us timeously that  
all moments are <sup>divinely</sup> unique. ~~And~~  
~~that~~ ~~all~~ ~~moments~~ ~~are~~ ~~unique~~ ~~and~~  
~~that~~ ~~open~~ ~~so~~ ~~rich~~  
~~in~~ ~~meaning~~ ~~and~~ ~~joy~~  
~~and~~ ~~love~~



Prior to the first rains falling in the Marico I had gone up into the mountains with the tentative intention of sleeping the night there. Unlike the time I went into the sandveld mountains at night, or ~~and~~ the time I went into the Cape Peninsula mountains to sleep over, this time I carried the wherewithal to make a fire, and I also satisfied myself that it was not going to flood torrentially.

I crossed the Mmadikwêna (Marico) river ~~and~~ at a place called 'Ongoro Ooro' and began my journey. It was not <sup>quite</sup> yet hot season and I recall a cold breeze accompanying me as I meandered up the Krantz's legs <sup>and</sup> torso and then across its head

through a ghost-town of closely knit trees.

Making my way across a back-shoulder of the berg, it occurred to me that I would soon have to decide if I was really going to spend the night. ~~When~~ Because of my previous ~~experiences~~ experiences alone in the bush at night, the decision hung perhaps a little bit heavier than you might expect.

In any case, having found a sheltered spot in the upper reaches of a Kloof, and having made myself comfortable with a <sup>dagga</sup> joint and a golden view, I decided to give it a go.

The clouds, as if in ~~a~~ proverbial agreement, promptly disappeared and the warm afternoon day congratulated me for my choice. In the lovely topless sun, with



my shirt draped upon a branch to indicate my base, I spent a long time carefully searching for old or dead wood with which to supply the night's fire.

When this studious task was completed, I sat down in my little canopied enclave and ate a banana or two, and <sup>lit a</sup> joint.

At length, or not, my mind began to play tricks on me: a rustling and creaking and snapping of branches nearby in the canopy disquieted me until I ~~found some~~ realised, ~~ooooo! go go!~~ ~~ooooo!~~ that it was just one of those inquisitive birds which like to pretend to <sup>be</sup> a spirit by darting around too fast for you to see them. Whether those initial rustlings really ~~did~~ come from a

bird or not, I cannot say, because shortly afterwards more rustlings ~~also~~ were accompanied by that tell-tale 'AH!' shout of a juvenile member of a baboon troop, followed <sup>now</sup> in due course by the rather intimidating BWA - HOO! of an alpha male, after I had decided to let them know my presence by standing up and making strange noises.

They crossed below me in a nervous fashion, but, having reached the far side of the kloof's ~~side~~, they congregated in the trees, observing me and sounding their alarmed trumpets, without appearing to be in any further hurry to leave. I was concerned about the situation because there ~~are~~ were



hordes of them in that troop, but mainly because of the number and size of ~~the~~ the chief-baboons who watched me from the front lines of their platoon, munching at berries and barking at me tremendously. I endeavoured to reason with them, whistling a cheerful tune ~~which~~<sup>by</sup> whose eloquent sounds I hoped to convey that I had 'come in peace' and was there to learn.

One of the <sup>se</sup> massive ~~baboons~~<sup>leaders</sup> must have appreciated the 'learn' aspect of my plea, for with a shattering GWA-HOO! he interrupted me in my climax of reasoning<sup>ing</sup> and silencing me completely, and thereby making it clear what he and his vast family thought of my ideas.

Benign or aggressive in the final analysis, I cannot say, because at that point ~~and~~ in the ensuing moments I decided that, since I had clearly upset them, it would be best to unfortunately leave.

Back at the river'side, with twilight fast approaching, I decided that, as a consolation, I would camp the night there. But without a comfortable ground-bed upon which to fall asleep, I ended up packing up and heading off home on my bicycle in the half-light of a half moon.

If you can at all follow <sup>a</sup> euphorically scrawled mixture of English and Afrikaans memories and fantasies in the ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> story ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> prior to this one, you may already



know that, after the first rains came to Maricao, I went again into the veld ~~to~~ ~~big~~ to stay the night, in a canyon near "Opebe Opebe."

~~was significant~~ ~~fact~~ B.

Initially I had crossed the canyon in question and gone up <sup>and over</sup> the far ridge, finding yet more canyons and ridges and not many shady trees in between, where I might make sheltered camp. So I at length turned back and wound my way to the initial canyon, ~~also~~.

Herein I nursed a painful blister by sitting down next to a rockpool for lunch, and relaxing into the dream of the day with a well-earned joint.

To cut a long story short, my fear and experience and ~~in~~ resolve were <sup>significantly</sup> challenged ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~times~~

that day before I won the heart and favour of a peaceful, albeit uncomfortable, night in the wilderness. ~~But~~, ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~way~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~ridge~~ ~~above~~ ~~me~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~imagined~~ ~~arrival~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~storm~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~return~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~baboons~~ ~~to~~ ~~top~~ ~~it~~ ~~all~~ ~~off~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~was~~ ~~sinking~~ ~~! Fortunately, I had already constructed the wooden pyramid that was to be my night's fire; When the distant AH! shouts of the boy scout baboons was replaced by the nearby, greedy slobbering of King Louis, who seemed to be relishing our new confrontation in~~

I will say only this further: that these challenges <sup>mainly</sup> involved the <sup>stay-put-</sup> spectre of a gun-toting hunter <sup>on the ridge above me;</sup> the imagined arrival of a <sup>terrible</sup> storm; and <sup>lastly</sup> the <sup>trooping</sup> return of the baboons ~~to~~, to top it all off as the sun was sinking! Fortunately, I had already constructed the wooden pyramid that was to be my night's fire; When the ~~distant~~ AH! shouts of the boy scout baboons was replaced by the nearby, greedy slobbering of King Louis <sup>himself</sup> who seemed to be relishing our new confrontation in



those eerily knowing 'words' he  
licked his lips with, I opened  
my meditating eyes with a  
start and was visited by that  
revelation that, <sup>while</sup> King Louis (as  
much as Sheer Khan) may not  
be open to verbal or gestural  
debate from the lips of man,  
he perhaps <sup>would</sup> vanish, like smoke,  
from the fearful smell of  
man's primordial, distinguishing  
ally in the wilderness of life.

~~But the language of Sheer Khan~~  
~~disappears, like smoke, as~~





Those first tears from  
Summer's heaven -  
tears of quiet joy -  
how gently but strongly they  
rained across the day and  
through the night...

In the twilight past over me  
that thunderous rainbull but  
he bore no grudges and I  
stirred not in  
cross-legged peace.

Opening into  
night's drizzling darkness I  
found no neighbouring lights saw  
hill and tree in their  
naked ancestry come  
floating down through me and  
chanting primordial poetry and

a singular 'thought'  
occurred to me: and  
egg! ~~abbe~~ ~~baeeb~~! -  
the presence of ancestry.

Again more recently  
(to speculate upon ambiguity)  
I wondered at such ~~seasonal~~  
~~drizzling~~ seasonal  
synchronicity that  
simultaneously contained such  
discrepancy between the  
drizzling lines of my  
changing history.



~~There is that there was a great trap created by a mighty being named Alka-penguin, a riddle to be solved by taking more time to do things.~~

"You see, it is very difficult, because always there is a dream that is dreaming us."

— — "Bushman Magician" — —

~~The first of the world is the first of the world. The first of the world is the first of the world. The first of the world is the first of the world.~~

~~The first of the world is the first of the world. The first of the world is the first of the world. The first of the world is the first of the world.~~

~~The first of the world is the first of the world. The first of the world is the first of the world. The first of the world is the first of the world.~~

~~The first of the world is the first of the world. The first of the world is the first of the world. The first of the world is the first of the world.~~



Dog dream is a realization;  
we find in the heart of  
life a great, bold  
Nirvana, The Eternal Present  
one the writer, aware, so  
you must be interested  
in a flash in a way  
that flash in a way  
that flash in a way  
it came, it came, it came  
the state of mind, the  
or the state of mind, the  
the river in the mind,  
the state of mind, the  
people, the people, the  
realm of the mind, the  
embodied, embodied sage

an awakened mind is a conscious  
demonstrative reality of  
conforming to the world.



The task of the <sup>student</sup> ~~philosopher~~ of  
revelation <sup>was</sup> ~~the~~ most refined,  
for it <sup>revealed</sup> the ~~value~~ of  
~~truth~~ ~~and~~ ~~truth~~ in the  
<sup>presence</sup> of a totally  
gorgeous,  
utterly sublime,  
unsurpassably sanguine,  
inordinately joyous,  
excessively majestic,  
beautifully alive,  
wholly astonishing  
fulfillment of awakening.



I saw a  
Ghost today for  
real:  
at the  
genial  
Music Saloon Warren's  
Shadow sitting in a  
hammock praying but what  
I only saw later ~~after~~  
I'd clicked flash was  
next to him a <sup>little</sup> girl  
~~and~~ holding a cup in  
offer to him.

We'd played drums gone the  
furthest we'd either  
ever been and  
you know -

~~When I could no longer~~

When I could no longer  
follow you I  
suffered until I stopped  
following myself.



~~When~~ Egbert van Bart:

~~When~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~

"When we reflect on the past of our region, we enter a grey area which, however, is not the colourless ambience of stasis, but rather a much contested and lively debate, if not debacle (in the sense of stampede), especially that surrounding the topics of ownership and precedence. ... Since time out of mind this southern subcontinent may have been called Bushmanland, its landscape unmarred except for rock paintings and engravings. Then, within the last 2000 years entered first the Khoi-Khoi, nomads with their domesticated sheep and cattle, followed by black iron-age stockfarmers and agriculturalists, and somewhat later, white farmers from Europe, entering from the South. In a subcontinent with low

rainfall and scarce surface water, settlement was soon followed by fierce competition, also for grazing and arable land.

The Bushman and the vivid and abundant wildlife soon found themselves unwelcome in their own homeland. The coup de grace came with...the introduction of the industrial juggernaut, cosily justified by social Darwinism and the Eugenics Society.

Ironically, apart from their presence being accorded a token acknowledgement, the Bushman have long been regarded as extinct; and besides, being "uncivilized," without any claim to the so-called privileges of citizenship. Of course, civilization implies domestication—a euphemism for enslavement and, as a matter of course, the Bushman resisted being tamed; they simply



could not conceive of creation as anything other than an egalitarian arrangement. The conception of creation where everything is commodified to be regarded as a "natural resource," with price-tag attached, requires a "superficial cunning" (Bosman's words) of which the Bushman proved incapable.

Of course, domestication of plants and animals, which started some 10,000 years ago, is soon followed by environmental degradation and population explosion, including the capacity for division of labour, specialization and accelerated exploitation, finally and inevitably calling up the spectre of unsustainability.

Perhaps the most insidious of all man's inventions, is the tool (someone called it the conceptual virus) of chronometric, or linear, time.

This has proved to be a trap from which modern man seems incapable of extricating himself; an attitude towards creation which accompanies progressive deprivation for all. Before they finally "went underground" and supposedly vanished from the landscape, the Bushman were still found serviceable (ironically to recall in our time of "climate change") as so-called rainmakers by such black farmers, who were still able to acknowledge the Bushman's ability (vocation, even) to participate in the intrinsic wholeness of creation and thus "heal" the damage caused by civilized people's endemic forgetfulness. One last shred of hope may thus be salvaged from the Pandora's Box scenario recounted above: that the Bushman represented a paradigm which can enable us to "remember" - that is,



"regain membership" of Creation — another word for abundance — instead of pursuing one disastrous Utopia ("no place") after the other."

~~And~~

"Original time is cyclic time: breathing in, breathing out; day and night gently making way for each other to display their different qualities to perfection; the moon appearing as if from nowhere, waxing to full glory, then melting back to invisibility — carrying the tides of the ocean hugely with it. Then the seasons, following the sun's directive, going their round successively; commencing with Spring, which is also a timely reminder that original time is fountain-like eternally birthing — setting out — and

in this remembering we seem to regain our membership of original creation. This recalls life when time was not succession and transition, but the eternal source of a fixed present in which all possible times were contained, simultaneously.

When man became exiled from this eternity of present moment awareness, he ceased to be at one with the flow, entering the fractured prison of linear, chronometric time; time quantified, commodified, without living qualities, sterile and estranged from the eternal flow of original time — our real home — a mere measuring tool or rationalization of passing reality. If we consider that "real" is etimologically linked to the word "royal", it comes as no surprise that here is the moment when the Kingdom was traded for the boredom.



This moment of becoming a prisoner of the clock and calendar is often recounted as an expulsion from paradise, so that from here on "being alive" is exchanged for "earning a living" - a neverending search for meaning, whereas in the eternal present we live a life saturated in meaning.

Love and poetry, myth and ritual offer us a brief revelation of cyclic time, which contains no dates - "once upon a time"... or "in the beginning"... "When animals were people"... - where every instant is the beginning, a recreation of the beginning that dissolves notions of chronometric time so man can be free to re-enter living time, to celebrate the unpredictable, that strangeness which is called beauty; abandoning linear time to participate and share in the abundance, which is

another word for creation."







വർഷങ്ങൾക്കു മുമ്പേ

ഇങ്ങനെയൊരു കാഴ്ച

അഭ്യർത്ഥിക്കുക

അങ്ങനെയൊരു കാഴ്ച

അങ്ങനെയൊരു കാഴ്ച

പിന്നാലെയ്ക്കുക (കാഴ്ച ഇത്രയും വെളിച്ചം

നേടുന്നു

പ്രകാശം പ്രദർശിപ്പിക്കുക)

എന്നൊരു കാഴ്ച

കാഴ്ചയ്ക്കു മുമ്പേ

എന്നൊരു കാഴ്ചയ്ക്കു മുമ്പേ

കാഴ്ച, കാഴ്ച!

കാഴ്ചയ്ക്കു മുമ്പേ

കാഴ്ച

കാഴ്ച - കാഴ്ചയ്ക്കു മുമ്പേ!

## Honey

I dreamed of you long before

I met you and

did not expect you when

you appeared, now,

as I had long dreamt it.

But why now?

You appear now -

so late in the journey it

seems like a dream

come true.

So long have I

dreamed of you. ~~But why now?~~

But why now?

Truly you are the

elusive one the

unexpected light on

reconciler of my

Follies!



It must be <sup>you</sup> that is  
~~you~~ ~~who~~ always by my side my  
~~or inside or, do~~  
guidless guide in this  
world and wide.

You are <sup>never</sup> the last word you are  
the freedom to love  
the  
wisdom to go on.

You are the saviour of the Story  
the irony of  
ironies the  
absurdist realist  
the need for  
Silence.

You are the surrounding  
Silence that  
does nothing but listen.

You are the ~~On~~gling  
emancipation the  
ultimate honesty the  
changing moment.

You are the  
biding of joy the  
great victory.

You are the  
vanishing dream the  
paradise regained the  
Eternal Present.



My dope lies nestled in  
a cave in the mountains I  
arrive at Riverstill  
get grill - I see you still  
Spin drums  
Bombadill comes ~~to~~  
Spin those drums  
I love my kids - my band  
together we stand  
then  
him and I and you - Egbert  
teach the world  
bushman bow  
in duet we flow  
Eternally Present  
I thank you.  
Grace completes this endless roam:  
in my dream Honey was a love poem.



