



Tabula Rasa

Early Days

Paul Hemphill

Tabula Rasa

Poems of Paul Hemphill

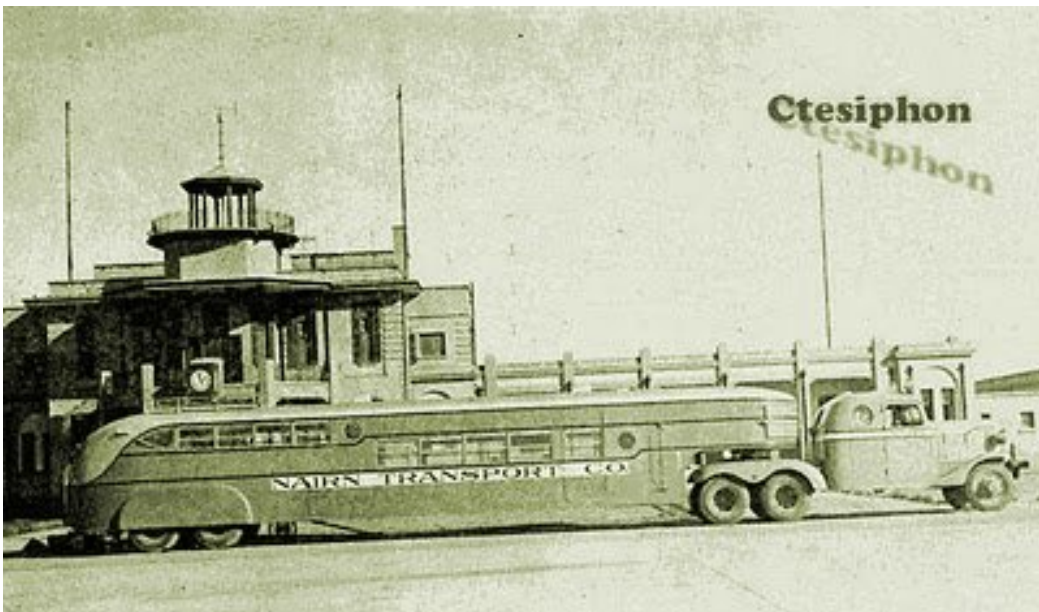
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Tabula Rasa

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Pictures of That Gone World

Tabula Rasa, Summer 1969
Young Bob during the *Rolling Stone* sessions
In the Summertime When the Weather is Hot, 1969
In the 'grotto', Reading June 1969
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Outstanding in Their Field, Reading June 1969
Jed's Motor, London September 1972
The Only Running Footman
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Nairn To Baghdad, 1971
Angus, Highgate 1973
London, Easter 1966
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Highgate, 1973
Enniscorthy Golgotha, 1969
Dave 2013



What's Bob got to do with it?



I was in love with Dusty Springfield. In the drear tea-time of my adolescent soul, I worshiped her truly, madly, deeply. Tiny girl, big hair, panda eyes, hands moving like a beckoning siren. I just had to hear "da da da da da da" and then "I don't know what it is that makes me love you so" and I was hers for the next two and a half minutes. Until...

It was one of those beautiful late-spring evenings that you would get in the England of youthful memory. The evening sun poured through the gothic stained glass windows of the school library - it was one of those schools. A group of lower sixth lads, budding intellectuals all, as lower sixth tended to be, gathered for a 'desert island disks' show-and tell of their favourite records.

Mine was Wishin' and Hopin' by you know who. Then it was on to the next. Clunk, hiss, electric guitar intro, and: "My love she speaks like silence, without ideas or violence, she doesn't have to say she's faithful, but she's true like ice, like fire..." I was gone, far gone. So was Dusty.

I bought a guitar. A clunky, eastern European thing. I tried Blowin' in the Wind, but what came out was unrecognisable. My dad said he'd break it over my head. One day, that tipping point was reached. It sounded indeed like Blowin' in the Wind, or something similar. I was away, and the rest, as they say, was hearsay.

Extract from Paul Hemphill, 'In That Howling Infinite', 2012

a window on a gone world



*London John long watched the world begin
on the edge of an optimistic morning*

Cynics say that most people who remember the sixties were not there. Well, I was, and I remember it all so well. And was it as great as they say? Yes it was, to me at any rate. But in reality, the story of the 'swinging sixties' has grown with the telling. In the closing scene of *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, the journalist says: "This is the West, sir. When the legend becomes fact, print the legend". And much of what has been remembered, written, and said about those years has followed that maxim.

This was indeed a decade of change and ferment. Values changed, morals changed, habits changed, clothes changed, music changed. The way people looked at the world and thought about it. We often look back and remark that a supernova of creativity burst over the western world during those years, the likes of which was not seen before and has never been seen again. And nowhere more so than in decadent, decaying, depressing, old England, trapped in tradition, class, and prejudice.

And yet, this revolution road was walked by but a few. The greater proportion of the populace, young and old alike, carried on as if nothing untoward was happening. Following in their fathers' footsteps, faithful to social and economic scripts written before their time, possessed of neither time, means, opportunity or inclination to indulge in the sensual, intellectual, artistic and political playground that was accessible to students and socialites of that generation. People were more affluent, no doubt, more comfortable in a maslovian sense, more socially mobile, better educated (a relative term, this), but overall, not overly adventurous. And truth be said, many of the social and political changes that are said to epitomize the 'sixties, were well underway during the 'fifties and even earlier, or did not reach true fruition until the decades that followed.

But for we few, we happy few, in our own private Idahos, our little self-important backwaters of intellectual and cultural elitism, times were indeed a'changin.

So it was that in September 1968, I left Birmingham and headed for Reading University to study politics. There I remained until June 1971, and thence, travelled to the east and back, and then to London. In March 1978 I migrated to Australia (a story for another day). During this decade, I made and lost friends, had sex, fell in and out of love, did drugs and drank hard, studied and worked, married, travelled, played music and made music, read widely and wrote a lot. "Like humans do" as David Byrne was later to sing.

The poems and prose in this collection capture a little of these times. They begin in Reading, a provincial English town on the River Thames, known in those days for its brewery and its biscuit factory. Not as exotic, historical, or picturesque as its famous upstream and downstream neighbours, Oxford, Henley, and Windsor. But, it hosted a fine university in a bucolic landscape that lent itself to pastoral pleasures and romantic escapism. And it was here, in that intellectual ivory tower, that the school boy became a 'new age' man.

From there I roved out. As Jack Bruce sang, 'You thought the leaden winter would bring you down forever, But you rode upon a steamer to the violence of the sun. And the colours of the sea bind your eyes with trembling mermaids, and you touch the distant beaches with tales of brave Ulysses'. So, to the Mediterranean littoral, and thence, literally, following in the footsteps of Iskander. "Eastwards, aye, I wandered", the song goes. Through the Middle East, then onto the Hippy Trail to India, and back again.

To London, where destiny of a sort awaited. In 1777, celebrated essayist Samuel Johnson said "when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life". A cliché, yes, over-used and over-quoted, oft times, out of context. A cover story of Time Magazine on 'Swinging London' in April 1966 was entitled "You can walk across it on the grass". That was and remains part of the magic of the place. That, and its art, its architecture, its history. And, exploring the main streets, mean streets and backstreets, parks and parade grounds, mews and alleys of Old London, I always reckoned that old Sam got it spot on - and still do today, whenever I chance to return.

What wonders dwelt within. Permit me to recall here but a few. The old church of St. Bartolph-Without, which turned up in later days in a Dracula movie. The churchyard of St. Paul's, a haven for summer's day lunch-timing. Green Park in spring sunshine as the lily white skin of England divests for primavera. Berkeley Square, where the fabled nightingale sang, and where Clive of India, his mind curdled by corruption and conscience, and haunted by guilt and ghosts, cut his own throat.

And adjacent, in Hayes Mews, the hostelry with the longest pub name in London, 'The Only Running Footman'. Such a magical name, it was, conjuring up motion and majesty, speed and style. And it remained in my mind this half-century hence. I had an affinity with this anonymous, antique athlete. These were my running days. I ran everywhere. To the underground, to work, to the shops, to the pub (but not back), though the city, around the town. It is all there in 'It All Began With A Gentle Riot'. I revelled in the movement, in the freedom, in the physical and psychological exhilaration of it all. My running days are long over, but I still run in my dreams

These were days of adapting to new environments and circumstances. They were exciting, they were challenging. I was young, restless, at turns, idealistic and cynical, puritanical and hedonistic. In retrospect, days of emotional and intellectual ferment. Days of "finding one's way in the world". Not some reformationey, renaissanceal, enlightenment thingy. Post-adolescent onanism, more like.

As John Lennon sang: "Strange days indeed. Most peculiar, Mama!" Irish bombs, miners' strikes, power cuts, rubbish piled up on streets, and economic recession. A three-day week as England closed down for want of coal. Candles and coldness. Late starts and early finishes. A stack of books left in the lift in case I was caught when the lights went out. In one job, I'd walk through a bomb shattered foyer, into the mail room, to put all the mail thru a whopping great X ray machine to see if the paddies had sent us any letters. The police arrested my bike when I left it chained to a parking meter - in case it was used to hide a bomb. And you would actually hear explosions as you went about your business. Arriving at a much smaller Heathrow Airport, finding it surrounded by armoured cars and armed soldiers and police. I got a kick out of the blitz-like solidarity, the trench humour, and deprivation and darkness. Layla rocked a London that was neither as drear not as dammed as some paint it. Back then, I was in love with the place. I was young, idealistic, and as the poet said "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very heaven!"

*Writing old word with new meanings upon an open page
We move, and all the time, the thread's unravelling*

This anthology covers my doings and doodlings during that era, from my perch on the sidelines of that wondrous decade, and the tumultuous and controversial one that followed. Some of the subject matter speaks to the times. Some of it gives words to the ageless angst and anxiety that are but part of adolescence, and common to all times and territories.

There are sundry poems, pictures and prose that mirror passions, positions, and preoccupations. Some are quite original. Others are derivative of various poetical forms. Romantics and Pre-Raphaelites, Beats and Beatles. And some are out and out plagiarized. Reading these poems recently, I was surprised at how large slabs of Auden, Kipling, Tolkien and Yeats, and more besides (including virtually a whole song by the Greek dramatist Aristophanes), had inveigled themselves onto the written (and in most instances, actually handwritten) pages without as much as a credit or reference. In retrospect, I reckon that the logic behind their usage was that the cognoscenti reading these works would recognize the source take it as read, and move on.

Many poems written during this decade are not included in this volume as they became part of the formal opus that is now published in 'Into the Howling Infinite'. But there are surprises aplenty (for myself, particularly, rereading them now, after almost fifty years), including scattered fragments of verse that would one day find homes in other poems, and the first drafts of pieces that in the 'eighties, would become songs. For example, 'Embryo', 'Byzantium', 'Celebration', 'Christopher Columbus', 'The Day After Creation', 'and 'Red Rain'. And in an altogether different guise, the poems that

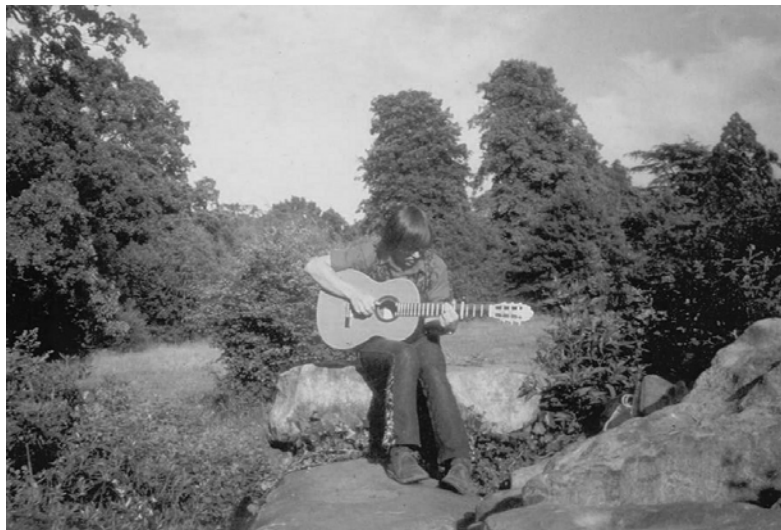
went on to evolve into King of the May' and 'Rhythm of the Revolution".

Two poems more than any others encapsulate the decade. They were written in London in the early 'seventies, and although they are not part of the Tabula Rasa collection, having been included in 'Into The Howling Infinite', they are reproduced in full as part of this forward in faux-Olivetti courier font. As is the final 'post script' of a poem, 'Back When'.

And the pictures? The old, grainy ones were taken by my brother Peter when we and my old school chum Dave holidayed in Enniscorthy, County Wexford, in the summer of 1969. We stayed in the tiny terrace house in Patrick Street where my mother was born in 1928. The landscapes were taken from atop Vinegar Hill, site of the famous battle of the 1798 rebellion. Memory and mythology have coloured the story somewhat. It was less a momentous victory, the only one indeed in that quixotic intifada, than a tactical withdrawal leading to a tragic denouement at Ross and Wexford. The famous statue in the market square of Enniscorthy shows the doomed Father Murphy, a leader of the '98, pointing the way to Vinegar Hill for a young volunteer, 'The Croppy Boy'.

Others were taken in Highgate in North London, including one of old Karl's grave in the famous cemetery. He and it get a mention in a more recent poem. There are two from the 'fields' that were part of the grounds of the Whiteknights Park campus of Reading University. These pastures are no more, alas! To paraphrase Joni, they 'paved paradise' and put in a new science block. And there are even some rare shots taken 'on the road' in The Mysterious East, including one "by the rivers of Babylon"

It is a poetic irony that when in January 2013, my mother slipped peacefully into the hereafter, I googled Pershore Council to let longtime Councilor Dave Shaw know of her passing, only to discover that he had passed the previous Saturday with a brain hemorrhage. The photograph of him in the Evesham Journal, with his binoculars and bird book, outside the glorious Pershore Abbey is just how I will always remember him. It is to Dave then, that this volume is dedicated.



back in the day



"Once upon a time in England, with a sword in every pond", sang Roy Harper, the high priest of anglo-angst. On that high of hope and hype, so it all began. With a heritage of Irish rebel songs and folksongs, and the 'sixties folkie canon (but never, ever 'Streets of London'). Sea shanties, a capella Watersons, Sydney Carter's faith-anchored chants, 'The Lord of the Dance' being the most beloved (a song now and forever burdened with the curse of Michael Flatley). Across the pond, young Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, and Peter, Paul & Mary decanted fine old wine into new bottles, and during the Easter CND march in London in 1966, whilst billeted in an old cinema in Southall, came a first public 'performance' - with Ewan MacColl's "Freeborn Man of the Travelling People".

The journey had begun, just as the father of America poetry had crooned: "Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road, healthy, free, the world before me, the long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose".

And it led beside strange waters. "Marc Bolan warbled "My people were fair, and had sky in their hair, but now they're content to wear crowns stars on their brows". But didn't they all in the days when Tolkien was king, and elves and ents walked amongst us. We thoroughly understood and empathized. And we marvelled at the Scottish bard who could pen 'The Minotaur's Song' and 'Job's Tears', and then run off with Old Father Hubbard. Not quite the outcome expected of a 'gypsy rover' who "came over the hill and down to the valley so shady". Then Roy sang 'McGoohan's Blues', a twenty minute digression from the concept if not the plot of an iconic if indecipherable television series. "The Prisoner is taking his shoes off to walk in the rain".

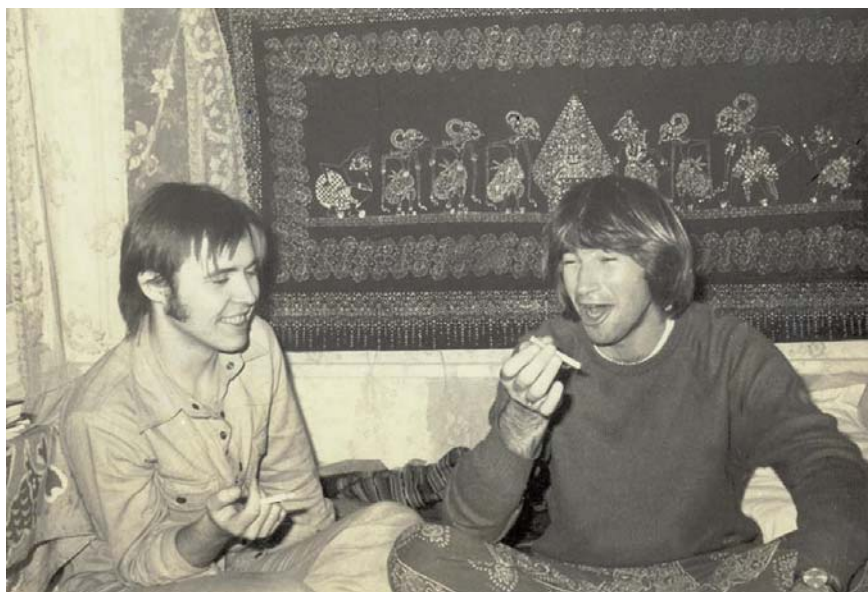
'The Songs of Leonard Cohen' played in every wannabe poet's bedsit. "Come over to the window, my little darlin'. I'd like to try and read your palm". What a pick-up line, so fitting for the generous times that were the 'sixties. Others might sigh over the agonies of 'The Stranger Song', and 'The Stories of the Street'. But I preferred the drollery of "Sometimes I see her

undressing for me; she's the sweet, fragrant lady love meant her to be". And the wondrous punch-line of 'Chelsea Hotel # 3', that gorgeous tribute to the peerless Janis. And Bob segueing from folk to rock, carrying with him many if not all of acolytes on the joker man's journey from "Oxford Town", via "Highway 61", to "Desolation Row". To this day, people ponder the meaning of "Jewels and binoculars hang from the head of the mule" and marvel at "The ghosts of electricity howl in the bones of her face". He was and is a hypnotist collector, and we are now walking antiques!

Roots and fruits. Roots and fruits. First the settings for poems that caught the fancy. Yeats, Auden, the Mersey Poets, Sam Coleridge, even The Lord of the Rings. Most have disappeared down the foggy ruins of time, including 'The Lady of Shallot' (predating by three decades Loreena Mckennitt's take on Tennyson), and Auden's 'The Shield of Achilles'. But others still get a public airing. 'Square Dance', Roger McGough's hoe-down in No Man's Land'; TS Elliot's, 'Hippopotamus', a hymn to faith, fauna and food; and AJ Tessimonde's bittersweet 'Black Monday Love Song'.

"Seeing and being enlightened", out of the cloud of unknowing emerged first 'Conversations', and then 'London John', a harperesque epic of introspection. Two and half thousand years ago, an old Greek quoting another old Greek, remarked that "the unexamined life is not worth living". That throwaway line has been the ruin of more young men than any of the hookers in the House in New Orleans, and of countless forests of paper. "London John long watched his day begin from the edge of an optimistic morning". Lightweight and half-baked philosophy, the adolescent's bane, ensued. "But déjà vu and memory have built an iron cage to show in disillusion where our hope dies". Roger Waters wasn't exaggerating when he sang that "hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way". But you get over it.

Extract from Paul Hemphill 'In That Howling Infinite', 2012





*Men and women, stand together.
Do not heed the men of war.
Make your minds up now or never,
Ban the bomb for evermore.*
John Brunner 1958, *The H-Bomb's Thunder*



London John



Part One: Floating

London John long watched his day begin
From the edge of an optimistic morning.
Often, he would watch as a cold and yellow sun
Burned its' way through heavy skyline with the dawning.
He laughs in time to a pre-set rhyme -
He moves to a point he has his eyes on.
London John he hums to the tune he strums.
He moves to a new horizon, and he's gone.

*Been on the road too long,
Been on his own too long,
Been on the train too long,
He's been out in the rain too long.*

In the singin' and the fighting and the rockin' bed,
In the laughter and the lovin' and the leaving,
He listens to the music that runs wild inside his head
In the scheme and in the dream that he is weaving.

Maybe he was meant to be a preacher man
Teaching the word of the lord.
Maybe he was meant to be a fighting man
Kissing the unsheathed sword.

*Been on the road too long,
Been on his own too long,
Been on the train too long,
He's been out in the rain too long.*

Writing old words with new meanings upon an open page,
We move and no one knows the road we're travelling.
We take the well-worn maxims as symbolic of our age -
We move, and all the time, the thread's unravelling.
We strut and rage on a crowded stage
To show in words and actions where our hopes lie,
But déjà vu and memory have built an iron cage
To show in disillusion where our hopes die.

*Been on the road too long,
Been on his own too long,
Been on the train too long,
He's been out in the rain too long.*

Run, run, oh the fox must run.
Run like the wind or the hounds will find him.
Break, break, oh, the man must break,
Break like a beast from his chains.

Part 2: Freefall

The come-on and the compass are symbolic of his game -
Display to him the motion of a wheel.
"You are learning", said the ghost,
"That no two things are the same.
You are learning how to think and how to feel".

London John was alone in this town,
London John was alone in the crowd,
As he rode out of control upon a roller-coaster ride,
London John, he saw the stream but not the other side -
He's searching for a dream in which a moment, he could hide
For a while, just for a while.

London John felt so high and so strange.
London John felt in need of a change.
"Let your words now make mountains that our minds can climb,
Let our eyes then be lanterns, let our feelings rhyme,
And save up the rainbows for another time,
For while, just for a while".

Then a strangely strange elation
Kind of kills his concentration
And makes him to enjoy this vacant state.
Why force a dress rehearsal for another hard reversal
By jumping in too soon or else too late?

His hopes are timbers he's thrown on the fire.
He talks of love but his bane is desire.
Dreams of love when he's gazing deep into her eyes,
He's haunted by the devil down between his thighs
Who's picking up his words and calling them all lies,
"Those words aren't mine, oh no, not mine!"

On the graph of his elation
The parabola is dipping, dipping down.
From his lofty elevation,
London John is slowly slipping, slipping down.

He's waiting around for the day,
Thinking of some fine words to say.
He's turning on his heel to find a place where he can go,
He's calling out loud "Wolf!" But the wolf won't show.
He's reeling in advance of the expected blow.
But it was fine, just for a while.

The Only Running Footman



I have often seen skimming or flying across the road..He looked so agile, and seemed all air like a Mercury. His qualifications were fidelity, strength, and agility.

Recollections of Irish actor and dramatist John O'Keefe (1747-1833)

Born in the gloom of a baby-boom
In my post-war parents' heat.
Softly hurled into a jam-jar world
With a kick of itchy feet.
Overdrive in a lazy jive
To the beat of the great unplanned,
I started walking, started talking,
And now I stand

*Halfway into happiness.
I never get too far.
Halfway into paradise,
Upon a crooked star.
Caravan of optimists.
I know the highway well.
I was calling, I started falling,*

Fell into hidey-holes for
Homicidal, intellectual freaks.
Happy homes where garden-gnomes
Could hibernate for weeks.
Busy writing thank-you notes
For services undone,
Started fighting and gave up writing,

*Looked up she'd gone,
Gone away with running footmen barking at her heels.
If I thought I'd half a chance,
I'd buy myself some wheels.
Sitting like a postage-stamp
Upon a letter-bomb,
I'm hesitating, and perspiring,
So busy waiting until that*

Plasticine explosion came
And really fried my brain.
Chewed me into little pieces,
Blew me out again.
But the faith that moves the mountains
Tells me to take heart,
So now I'm falling,
Here I go again, falling,
All on my own again, falling,
Hey look at me, I'm falling,
Yes, I'm falling, indeed I'm falling
Back to the start,

*In the gloom of the baby-boom
And my post-war parents' heat.
Softly hurled into the jam-jar world
To the itch of dancing feet.
Lazy jive of an overdrive,
On the trail of the outward-bound.
Started walking, started talking,
Second time around,*

And I'm still
Halfway into happiness.
I never got too far.
Halfway into paradise,
Upon a crooked star.
Caravan of optimists.
I know the highway well.
And I was calling, I started falling,
And as I'm still falling,
I feel I'm floating,
And as I'm floating,
I can't help noting

How kind of graceful it must look,
Kind of fine, and kind of free.
But I am "it", and when I hit,
It hurts no one but me,
It hurts no one but me.
Sensation of slow-motion drop;
I'm conscious of free-fall.
But I am "it", and when I hit,
It ain't no good at all,
Don't do no good at all.

It's a song that drunken angels sing
As they stumble to their beds.
When all the world hangs from a string
And it standing on its head.
A song that drunken angels sing
When they fear they're growing old,
When all their dreams are vanishing
And all the fires are cold.
A song that drunken angels sing
To the tune of growing old.

Back When



*The world was young, the mountains green,
No stain yet on the Moon was seen,
Song of Durin's Awakening, JRR Tolkien
From 'The Fellowship of the Ring'*

Wintertime

Cold wet wintry London night time
Red cheeks warm breath
Damp hair cold skin
Hand in hand though Piccadilly
Wimpy warmth sings "come on in"
Espresso time is thaw-out time
The young ones never feel the cold
Busy dizzy rush-hour street
Feel the tread of marching feet
The busy city folks are rolling home
Heady dash through winter streets
And crowded tubes make winter heat
Holding onto handholds
As another's hand you hold
Climbing windy escalators up
Past the posters for the shows
The movies and the Berlei bras
And adverts for expensive cars
Then out onto the darkened street
And home to two bar heater
Get someone in for winter
A pleasure to treasure the most
For supper we've baked beans on toast
And cheap red wine by candle light
Hot water bottles down where feet
Refuse the cold bed-sitter sheets
Ah! That will chase the damp away!
A full moon shines through skylight
And night was made for lovers
The poet sang back then

Summertime

It might be just a fancy
That summers seemed so endless
In London way back when
We thought we'd live forever
We wander laughing and talking
Was ever a city made for walking?
We wonder through the here and now
Hot pavements sweaty trains
And Green Park grass and bluebells
White swans and white sunbathers
Breathe in the city's flavours
Of secret streets with histories
And pubs down by the waterside
We watch the ageless river flow
Evenings last forever as
Twilight slow foots its way
Into the long warm night
Long warm nights beneath the stars
There's music in the air
As Handel plays his fine fanfare
Across the lake and far away
And on the Heath up float the songs
Of summer and of strummed guitars
In green and shady English gardens
Get someone in for summer
With cheap chilled wine and pasta
Time was not our master
As full moon shines through skylight
And night was meant for lovers
The poet sang back then



DAWN

Summer
1969..

dear doggie...

And it came to pass that they did find a hairy beast
four leggies had he and tailed was it
it was small and could not fight back
at them ... good said they and loved it
taking him to their warm bosoms and it
knowing a good thing, loved them back ...
Sitting in breath misted window ledge thinks that he's
king of the castle
whistleblow ... in dangerous, i bite ...
Orwell said that after pigs and men dogs were the
most intelligent of god's creatures
but doubtless he'd never seen you ...
i How much would you make on the open market?
pokenese pelts are valuable commodities
save all that straying hair business
don't know where you get it all from
but i know where you leave it ...
i But who on earth wants a moulted fur coat anyway?
Don't get upright pensive dogged dog
traumasnoopy - tramp
you haven't gone such a long way since then ...

Paul Hempbell

28. 2. 1968.

JANT

Searing bouncing
baseball boot man

jumping leaping psycho
frenzy

stokstancie freak out
lunda secret mind stealer

patched cloak of many colours

drunken rainbow man

raindance

&

ELECTRIC

Blues

saliva fence
pubescent beard

some wild and delirious satyr
on the run

from banned parnassus
and balding psychopathic of public taste

Mane alert to steel sound
molecular rhythm
possesses ectoplasm
beat transfixes brain
in unsono vibration

cerebellum mind blaster

ballalaika baby

i got you

4/4/69

LIFTRIP ARMCHAIR WHEEL SKATE

I'm from inside looking outside
I'm from the outside looking in
(observe and record just observe and record)
Strange ways it seems
Strange days it seems
(observe record)
voice face personality
(just observe and record)
And i try my damndest to be tolerant
but tolerance is a sin
i never said i was tolerant
(don't bother me)

loneliness
is not my name
loneliness
worries me more than life does
I have my problems
(don't bother me)
i won't play tag with yours
I am quite capable
of being occupied and contented
or is it awaic?
(just don't bother me)

Materialism ethereal
show dignity expression impression
make no impression
make no
impression
dignity impression confession....
be myself and be yourself
and nobody can be you
(don't bother me)

... could

I see you cold
i see your mask
Behind, you hide your soul
Behind, you hide your truth
Truth is austin
I see behind your mask
Behind, you hide your soul ...

Don't talk to me
I'll talk to you
Conciet is a wall
i just can't break through
and i find i just can't break out

And all is austin
(about better me)
yes all is austin

You all speak in maxims you've nothing left to say ...

Pam Hemphill
March. 1969 ...

YOU ALL
GOT NOTHING
LEFT TO SAY
SWITCH ON
THE TV

Lifetrip Armchair Helter Skelter

I'm from outside looking inside
I'm from inside looking outside
(observe and record, just observe and record)
Strange ways it seems.
Strange days it seems.
(just observe and record)
And I try my damndest to be tolerant.
But intolerance is axiom.
I never said that I was tolerant.
(don't bother me)

Loneliness is not my name,
it don'T turn me on.
worries me more than life does.
I have my problems.
(don't bother me)
I won't play tag with yours.
I am quite capable of being alone,
occupied and contented.
(just don't bother me)
Is it just auramic?

Materialistic, ethereal.
Show, dignity, expression, impression,
make no impression
make no impression.
Digression, impression, confession...
Be myself and be yourself
and nobody can be you...
(don't bother me)

I see you cold I see your mask
behind you hide your soul
behind you hide your truth.
Truth is axiom.
I see behind your mask.
Behind, you hide your soul.
Don't talk to me, I'll talk to you.
Conciet is a wall I just can't break through,
and I find I just can't break out.

And all is axiom
(don't bother me)
Yes, all is axiom.

You all speak in maxims: you've nothing left to say..

*writing in July 1978,
things have changed:
everything I say here, I
would now contradict:
never one + two are now
contrary: Few years and
I've learnt to feel, and
to fail.*

March. 1969.

Some words for Freedom and Fear...

walls and wine
 walls and wine
 walls and wine

LIES

Is there an avenger in the house?

define the brotherhood of man
 hold man's word together
 light foots the dusty way

Violence is cowardice

Violence is when the talking stops

Revenge is violence
REVENGE

Violence is submission

DEATH

and when all understanding must die
 when hatred takes off its 'Janus' mask.

LIES

we cannot crucify tyrants without pinning ourselves with the nails

Revolution

is the rifle behind the curtained window

Revolution is freedom

freedom to live

freedom to love

freedom from fear

freedom from hatred

from fear and jealousy

freedom from suspicion hypocrisy

resentment grief

freedom from pain hardship want

freedom from

from population poverty pessimism pain's

from missiles money missionaries men

freedom from ourselves

to be ourselves

FOR

FOR

To be free

To forgive

Freedom

Forgiveness

Freedom

Freedom

Freedom

Freedom

The Mind

NOPE

TRUST

LOVE

NOPE

is to forgive

is to be free is to free

is forgiveness

is understanding

is to love

is to love

is a state of mind

is the mind

is free ..



Some word for freedom and fear, perhaps.

Walls and wire define the brotherhood of man.
Walls and wire hold man's world together.
Walls and wire light fools the dusty way.

Is there an avenger in the house?
Revenge is violence.
Violence is cowardice. Violence is submission.
When the talking stops. the understanding dies.

We cannot crucify tyrants without pinning ourselves.
Revolution is the rifle behind the curtained window.
Revolution is freedom. Is freedom? Is freedom.

LIES	Freedom to live.	FORGET
	Freedom to love.	
TREACHERY	Freedom from fear.	
	Freedom from hatred.	
DEATH	Suspicion, jealousy,	
	Resentment, grief,	
LIES	Hypocrisy, selfishness.	
	Freedom from pain, hardship, want.	
WALLS	Freedom.	
	From population, poverty, pessimism, politics.	
WIRE	From missiles, missionaries, men.	
	Freedom from ourselves.	
FEAR	To be ourselves.	FORGET
	Freedom from man.	

To be free	HOPE	is to forgive.
To forgive		is to free.
To free	TRUST	is to be free.
Freedom		is forgiveness.
Forgiveness		is understanding.
Freedom		is to love.
Freedom	LOVE	is love.
Freedom		is a state of mind.
Freedom	HOPE	is the mind.
The mind		is free.

Avril. 1969.
(revised, Nov, 1969.)

Fush
Fush
Fush

What it comes to

July 1973

FOR MINE IS THE KINGDOM THE POWER THE GLORY...

Do you close your ears to a cry that warns you of trouble?
Do you bow your head to a lord who robs you of sight?

What a way to live, on an urban connection
laughing with the day crying with the night

Fight your good fight
preserve your humanity
spare a few cases
save me from sanity
I know in my heart you're not really that bad!
Don't talk to me, I'm mad...

Dark are the hills of the broad city skyline
no one can tell me how far we've gone wrong
I smell the breath of the road and the mountains they call me
look out world whilst I sing you my song

Help me off my back
I'm a crab in a rut
Trapped like a dog
in my burning mind but
deep down in your heart I know you are kind!
Don't talk to me, I'm blind...

And make you no truce with Lucifer
Lucifer of fiery breath
For Lucifer is treachery
And treachery is death

over the wall in a cold urban lamplight
faces of gloom thru the cracked window panes
sharp airborne poison smoke seared howling
walking black streets in black winter rain

Pick up your words
kill yet one dream more
come 'ere 'bout me
we get loving to live for
Do you want my head on a golden plate?
Do you prefer just to hate?

"Only the future makers!" a wild commanda stutters!
"Prepare yourself - the last thrust of the knife!
Prepare yourself - it's the year of Mars and Jupiter,
Keep one eye on the heavens, and one on your life!"

Alpha and Omega
Beware the pale horses
For Sublimana's poison
Beware the dark forces
I know what you think - but I'm really not dead!
Don't weep at me - in God

For mine is the kingdom
The power and the glory

Nobody knows just where I am going
You and I follow a one way track
Follow your face Follow your footsteps
Follow your fortune - just don't look back!

Get off my cloud
cried beggar to statesman
You've said all the words to be said
Go back to sleep
cried straightman to statesman
Don't cry for me, I'm dead

And make you no truce with Lucifer
Lucifer of fiery breath
For Lucifer is treachery
And treachery is death

For mine is the kingdom
The power and the glory
I am alpha and omega
the beginning the end
I was the first to come
I shall be the last to fall
For mine is the kingdom...
The power. The glory...

MESCALIN

Sway and breath
dance and swim
in the dusk and dimming light of evening
red is redder in the musical pulse
the sky is pale a wandering spectrum
of spasmodic intensity
all I see becomes me
associated from the beginning
and unrealized

Objects of vision form symbiotic architecture
pictures melt and move
chairs they are playing musical chairs
books on their shelves sway
or follow the leader across
in the lamplight
a rainbow is under a glass
invisible patterns pervade the air
coming to resurrected life in watercolours
which run and change in the rain
of flashing thought.

Another world
colours of the mind
bereft of time night day all one
a world of perpetual motion
born of eyes blinded to reality
colour weaving in and out of music
flowing flashing melting
a world of light and stars
electricity lively and tangible
sunsets of crimson and turquoise
golden skies black clouds
and snow white blinding suns
sinking into panoramic seas
tranquil hills and mountains
transfigured in pattern and shadow
silver and golden
chase me the stars
catch me creation
rainbow rivers swirling waters
gleaming sparkling under alien skies

My mind questions and tries to know me
and I am part of the room and all the people
as if I were the walls I'm all about
watching a mundane and grotesque puppetshow
workaday life
what a piece of work is man
and he doesn't know he is being watched
and I question me
in an effort to explain what I can't and won't

Heaven is love and Heaven is peace
Heaven is birth and Heaven is pure
all the beautiful sights beheld and to behold
sounds heard and yet to be heard
Heaven is touch taste sight voice mind
warmth friendship trust happiness
good people whom I have met
those I have yet to meet
and all whom I shall never meet
Heaven is experience
Hell is the product of an empty and bored mind
Heaven is nature artist creator
Heaven the genius of poet and painter

my intolerance is my quest and my sword
my pilgrims progress to find my heaven
which I and others like me shall
live love share enjoy...

Music is the life line
colour the media
self inflicted detached involuntary anomie
severed from existence
its decisions and precisions
its elations and frustrations
its divisions and derisions
cut off from the world I was observing
in which by my presence I must participate
yet a world so far away distant strange
it was not my world
yet I feared that I would not return

All feelings magnified to ecstasy or paranoia
fear and curiosity in my mirror image
as my face changed with my mind
angel to ogre
my mind sorted and sampled me out
entranced by a metamorphosis of negative colour
impressionistic images of me
moulded by racing thought and liquid eyes
the moulten truth of renaissance...

Paul Hemphill.
the merrie hippie trippie
month of May,
Soixante-neuf.

THE STORIES
OF THE
SKY
ARE MINE!



DEPARTURE

and
RAILWAY

OBSERVATIONS..

Rocking gently
lullaby motion
sitting on a suitcase
Franz Kafka comical
watching and waiting
ears and eyes

Departure Reading General
running away from life
too much of everything
am i escaping or entering
escaping from the grip
of my uncontrolled emotions
escaping into an unknown
from making me the jester
cap and bells
irrational and erratic

Catering man cries out
"Second sitting lunch now"
with navy-blue carry cot
and baby as optional extra
wombling along manpacked corridors
of claustrophobic movement

i return to an urban alien regime
wondering how much it has changed
conscious of how much i too changed
and will it where the change
and will it ease even
three month metamorphosis
the urban spaceman has crashed his ship
and brought his world flaming down

BRITISH
RAILWAYS
EXPRESS
BLUES

THE RUNAWAY
TRAIN
AND OTHER STORIES

BRITISH
RAILWAYS

.... could .



WANGUIP WAIKUCINGOEN

crazy colour
dancing motion
leave my mind alone

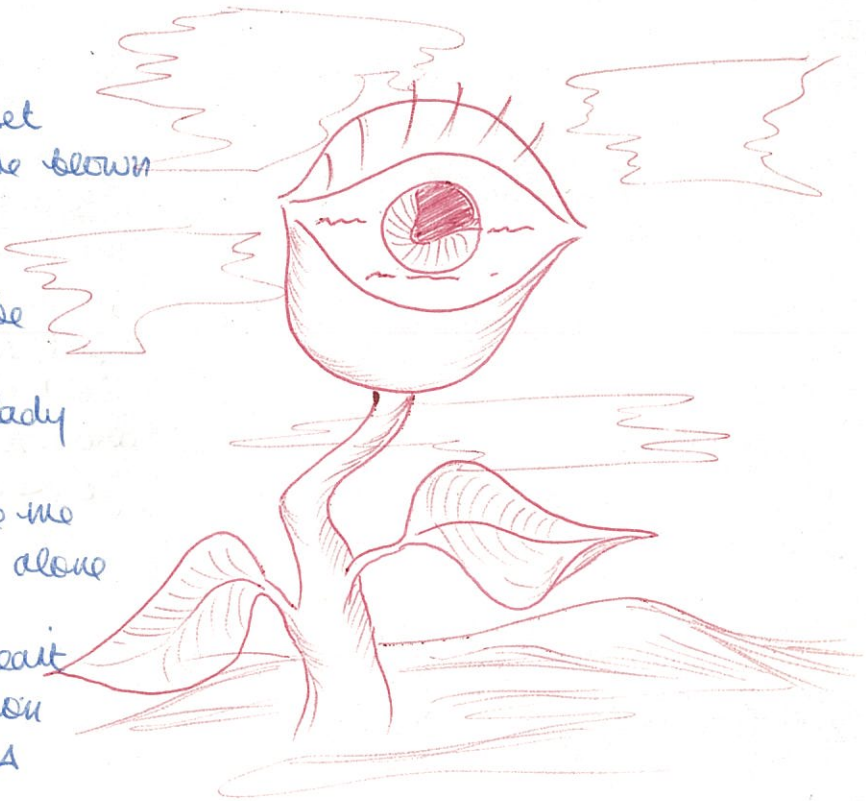
silver water
in crimson sunset
see the sands are blown

senses torn
renaissance maybe
mescaline
you found my lady
mescaline
you cannot save me
leave my mind alone

you have my heart
with your illusion
drown my senses
in confusion
i just can't take
this love transfusion
leave my mind alone

crazy colour
dancing motion
leave my mind alone

sift the stardust
for new awareness
see the sands are blown



Pave Hemphill

20/6/69

Chuffchuffchuffchuffchuffchuffchuffchuffchuffchuffchuffchuffchuff

Man with cigarette smoking thinking...
thinking of days gone by
when he could easily find a seat
thinking of days long gone by
when he had to clamber through windows
into trains jammed with men & wot...

hallucinogen awakens
reawakened but i wanted to sleep
sitting under the sun
smoking Lebanese
a mother, wishes longing for experience
Happiness was bad shaped
bad shaped head shaped
as love killed my cool
and left me drowned.

Shut your eyes you can't see me
You can't save my mind
Sergeant Sunshine paid my fee
help me speak my mind
pick up the pieces don't blame me
you can't save my mind

And on the bus to the station
a priest sat himself down beside me
and when he went i told myself
that i would confess when i got home...
i don't know why....

It would take too long came a reply
you could write him a book came the brother
But you have to feel sorry for your sins!
but im not.....

..... only sorry for myself

BRAZIL
BRAZIL
EXPER
BLER

THIS IS GENUINE
STEAM TRAIN
SMOKE
BABY!



LOOK OUT BOY
HERE COMES THE
GRATIANNOVA
CHOO-CHOO...

Pam Hampshire
20/6/69

on the 12.42 Reading to B'ham express....

OWEN

Two is for friendship and a crowd makes three
your eyes are fixed to blind to see
Run to the dawn and run to the sun
Run to the skies just run run run
for i wont be the lonely one
who'll cry after you when you're gone

look to the man on the crest of the hill
he's a fool he's a jester he just can't stand still
look to the people who drag him behind
look to the people, hand in hand: you'll find
six silhouettes with a common mind
whom dance on your grave when you're gone

watch for the sun, see it turns up the moon
look to the heavens, see they fall too soon...
That man on the hill he's died so fine
a proud church spire on a city skyline
his name is forgotten and so is mine
but we'll sing your song when you're gone...

Run to the heart of the mountain base
bring me the stones of whom you find there
kiddle me the riddle of the sons of the earth
find me the secret of the fire god's truth
tell me my fortune for all it is worth
will i linger after you when you're gone?

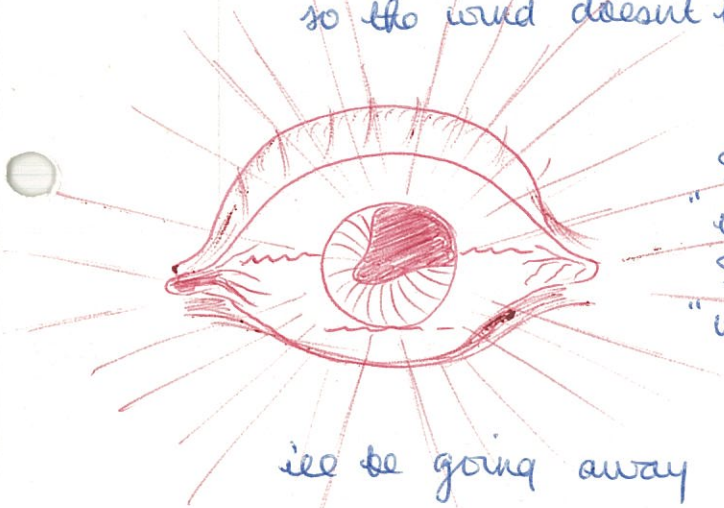
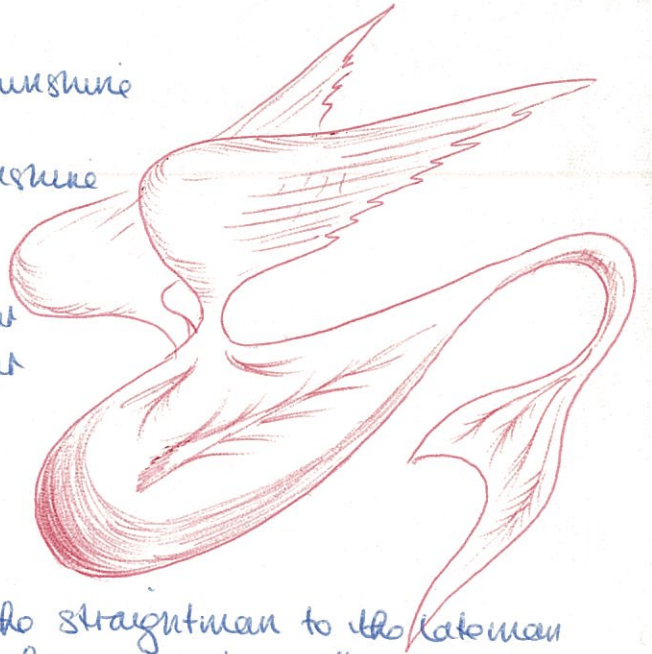
The Man on the hill in a voice of stone
cried to the winds in a death like moan
"Carnages of golden to beat me thru' the sky
stallions of golden where the dead ones fly
chase me the stars to fix in my eyes
for i will watch after you when you're gone!"

P. and Humphreys

WIND IZZO

You sitting in the summer sunshine
let me read your mind
sitting in the summer sunshine
singing to the wind

but the breeze doesn't heat
but the breeze cannot heat
and the wind cannot heat
so the wind doesn't heat



Said the straightman to the katoman
"where have you been?"
Said the headman to the dead man
"what have you seen?"

we be going away

oh dont go

we be going away

oh dont go

we be going away

got no reason to stay
we be going away

oh dont go

we get to start my journey
we get to hit the road

my coat of many colours is torn and faded
but with the shield of the sleep

with the sword of the sun
the pilgrim quest is not evaded

and my mind's eye can't be persuaded
though my face and my features are faded
am going away

i will run to the mountains
neath their shadow see me
i will hold my royal court
my own jester my foot
i will soar like the eagle
i will fawn like the knave
i will lead the high mountain
from snowcrest to cave

and when dark phantoms of night
play calypso with fire
and the wild black knight
plays his shattered lyre
hell play me my song
ask me where i've been
hell play me my song
ask me what i've seen

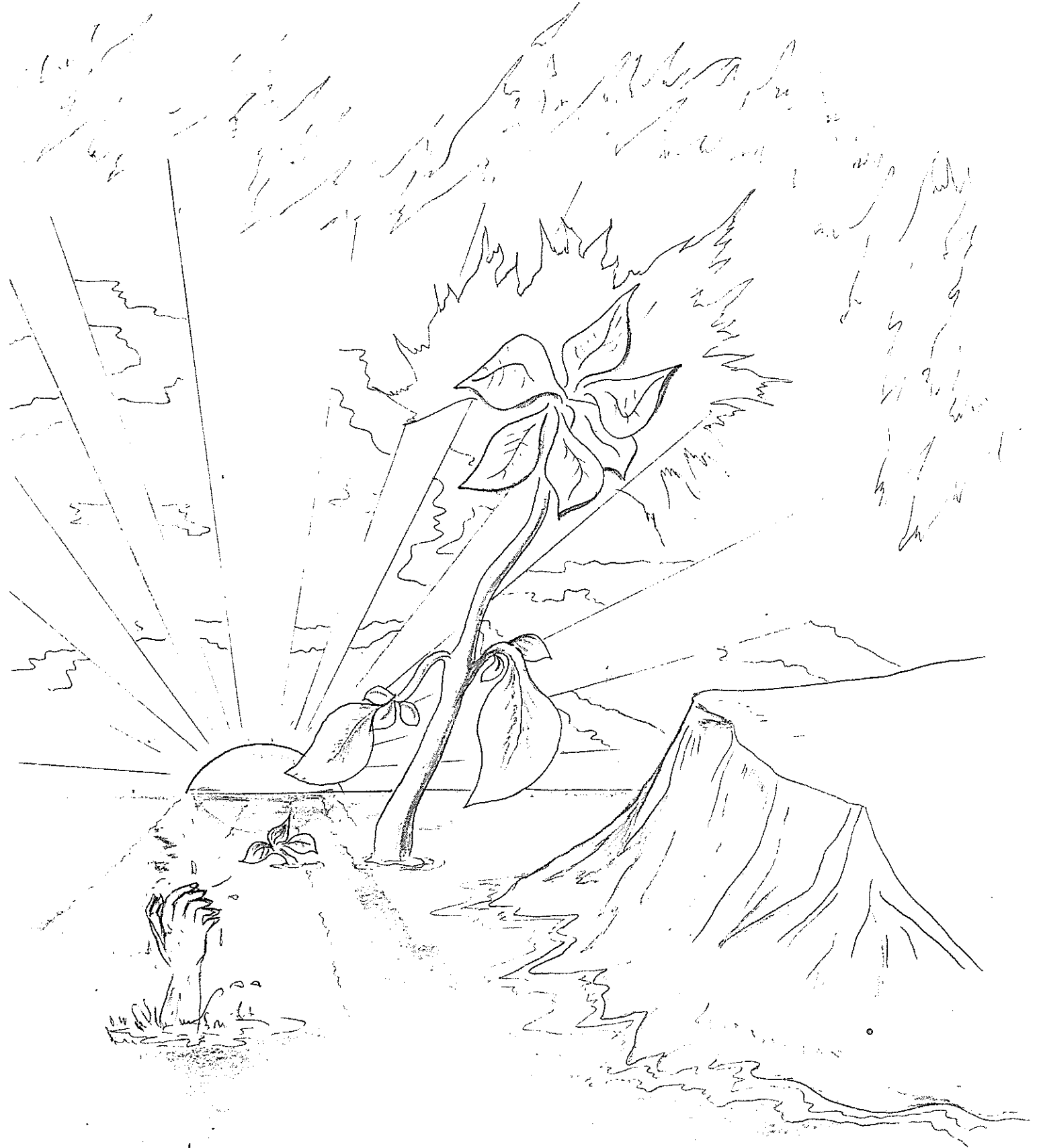
How i've been here and i've been there
and i've been in between
How i've been here and i've been there
and i've been in between

i have razed the wolves lair
i have tamed bird and lamb
i have fed the king-won from my hand
And my eyes they are wise
and my eyes they are wild
and my mind plays with fire
i'm no mortal man's child
me the god head defiled

Pam Hemphill
August 69

Is it night or day? Sunrise or Sunset?
The beginning? Or the end?
Look! We're going round and round!
And words are just too much
We are always speaking in maxims
Everything has been said before

Can you tell me what you mean
No! My mind is dumb!



A Mind blown
Is a mind shown
The open mind
Is a locked door
And there is no key
to fit it!

ONE MAN

One man one man alone in that outlandish gear
One solitary man of all who travelled here
has lifted up his head
has looked into the sun
'and the time runs on runs on' he said
'the time runs on runs on'

The living sky is my land
the night and day is my land
and all existence my land
Yet life runs on cried he
'so come out to charity
so come out to charity
so come out and dance with me in my land
and come let your heart run free in my land'

One man one all alone and one who knows no fear
One man one man alone of all who passed by here
has turned his stately head
'that is a long way off
and the time runs on' he said
and the night now grows rough'.

All creation my land
and the earth and waters my land
all life is my land
and it still goes on cried he
'and come out to charity
come out to charity
yes come out and dance with me in my land
come let your soul fly free with me in my land

One man with gazing eyes with cloak enshrouded face
One man of frozen glancing last of an ancient race
has taken from his side
his sword wrought in the sun
'see the time runs on runs on' he cried
'no you can't escape nor run'.

God's universe is my land
and all the people my land
and no frontiers has my land
as life runs on cried he
now come out and dance with me
and let your mind go free in my land.

One man with lilting voice with tones
as soft as trance
One man of ruling voice invites you to his dance
with the chorus of the night
in a battle lost and won
and to wonder at his might
but the time runs on runs on.

I am of my land
the frost and fire of my land
the light and darkness my land
as life runs on cried he
'So come out and dance with me
yes come out to charity
come out and dance with me in my land
come out and dance with me in my land
come let your heart run free
come let your soul fly free
come let your mind go free
with me in my land...

*Times have changed!
The dreams are dead!
How if it happen again.
July 1973.*

August, 1969.



Don't talk to me I'm...

Don't you close your ears to a cry that tells you of sadness;
Do you bow your head to a lord who robs you of sight?
That's the way you live, on your urban comedown,
laughing with the day, but it's a lonely night.

Fight your good fight, preserve your humanity;
Spare a few cares and save me from sanity;
I know that in your heart you're not really too bad,
Only don't talk to me, I'm mad.

Dark are the hills on the broad city skyline;
Somebody tell me how far I've gone wrong;
Smell the breath of the road, see, the mountains they call me;
Look out world and I'll sing you my song.

Help me off my back, I'm a crab in a rut,
caught like a dog in a flaming mud-hut;
Deep down in your heart, I know you are kind,
Only don't talk to me, I'm blind.

And make you no truce with Lucifer,
Lucifer of fiery breath;
for Lucifer is treachery,
and treachery is death.

Over the wall in the cold urban lamplight,
Faces of gloom on a cracked window-pane;
Sharp airborne poison and smoke-scarred houses,
Walking black streets in black winter rain.

Pick up your words and stone yet one dream more;
come see about me, I've got so much to live for;
Do you want my head on a silver plate?
Do you prefer just to hate?

Nobody knows just where I am going,
You and I follow a one-way track-
Follow your faith, follow your footsteps,
Follow your fortune, but just don't look back.

Alpha and Omega, beware the dark forces,
Fear white man's poison, beware the pale horses.
I can guess what you're thinking, but I'm really not odd,
but just don't swear at me, I'm God.

Get off my cloud-cried beggar to statesman,
you've said all the words to be said;
Go back to sleep-cried straight man to late man,
and don't cry for me, I'm dead.

Beormingham, August. 1969.

July 1973: I agree with Lucien. (free)

THE OLD MAN'S TALE...

In those days when men were men
-Ah, you should have seen us then;
We were noted for our courage and agility.
How we carried all before us,
Both in battle and in chorus,
And no one could have questioned our virility.

But those days are past and gone,
And the feathers of the swan
Are no whiter than our hair for we are old;
And yet as you may see,
Thinning relics we may be,
In spirit we're still manly young and bold.

Though we may be phased out crocks,
The whiteness of our locks,
Does the country better credit, I should say,
Than the ringlets and the fashions and the
Wild immoral passions
Of the namby-pamby youngsters of today.

But for all our sacrifice for to make a better life,
For those who followed to be proud and free.
Oh we had to watch you grow
Into some horticultural show;
Was it thus worth all our toil?
The dead ask me.

We lived like men, we looked the part,
We held our country to our heart,
We always did our best and better still;
But you who came too late to fight,
You're living off the state alright,
And from our hard exertions, take your fill.

But those days alas are gone,
And the feathers of the swan
Are no whiter than our heads for now we're old.
But if we could have seen
What the fruits of toil would've been,
Would we still have been so manly, young and bold?

cont'd...

The image of my life is laid out before me;
It shows how well I fare, how hard I fall;
How people curse and jibe, how men ignore me;
And I scream in a soundless voice, "I don't care at all."

You look at the world through different eyes to me;
You see life in a greyer shade of white;
Embrace the past, dictating what is there for me,
Telling me what is wrong and just what is right.

But I tell you I just don't care.
You can't change my mind.
And all your stories just won't wear;
Let me speak my mind.

So I don't fit your picture of the ideal man,
And if I don't impress your sight you say I must...
If I don't suit your taste like so many others can,
Must I conform to gain your meaningless trust?

And I tell you I just don't care.
You can't harm my mind.
And all your fictions just won't wear;
Let me speak my mind.

You say my behaviour's a disgrace to modern life.
This permissive way of living's got to stop!
Why can't you accept the guidance of those who are
older and wiser!

But then I just don't have a wife to swap,
Or the guns to kill,
Or the power to guide men's lives,
Or to bend their will,

I don't have the blood on my hands,
And I don't have lies on my mind,
And your explanations won't wear,
No you won't change my mind...

And my ears are not deaf to the tears,
And my eyes are not blind to the plight
And my senses not numb to a world
That has yet to emerge from its night.

Put me on the road to God;
I know it's the path to Hell;
And if I fall, don't heed my call,
Just say it was just as well.

Paul Hemphill...
Sept. 1969..

*I would like to see you
and I would like to see you*

Aug 75

Call a priest(a frame of mind)

Call a priest theres murder on my mind
call the psycho im a revolutionary
call a doctor im having a baby
call a priest theres murder on my mind

my fears are giving birth to paranoid fantasy
my ears hear the cries of the damned
as the gates of hell shut with the roar of the sea
call a priest theres murder on my mind

call a priest theyre cutting down my cross
call the men who gather up the dust
call the men who scatter their seed upon the stoney ground
call the priest theyre cutting down my cross

my head spins in an ocean of disbelief
my body drowns in a whirlpool of ideas
my enemies strangle me with a rope of bright reason
call a priest theyre cutting down my cross

call a priest im hanging from a ledge
call the man to bring the stomach-pump
call the guy who mumbles rest in peace
call a priest im hanging from a ledge

inform the judge that im illegally imported
that everything i see seems so distorted
that all the news i hear is misreported
call a priest im hanging from a ledge

call a priest theres hatred in my heart
call a poet theyve killed off my last word
call a liar to tell me of the truth
call a priest theyve put hatred in my heart

im carrying an elephant upon my head
whilst searching in the grass
for grass-hoppers with my toes
please call a priest theres hatred in my heart

call the priest theyre murdering my mind
and numbing my senses to the vibrations of life
my brain hums like a frenzied computer
call a priest theyre murdering my mind

my feet are slipping upon a greasy floor
which is running away
faster than my legs can carry me
call a priest theyre murdering my mind.

September, 1969.

BUS STOP

Middle aged woman, you are wrinkled and rouged,
Whose gonna love you tonight?
Lipstick on your menopausal face, like a false mouth,
take off your mask that screams out for lost youth.
But she just sits choking and smoking,
her age-scarred legs hide under her torn coat;
she's missed her bus, and she mumbles to me as she disappears.

And the buses pass one way and the other,
but they always return to this point;
the buses they pass one way and the other,
and they always return to this point.

And middle aged man, you are balding and stout,
your toothless gums are puckered up in thought;
reading 'Reveille', buswaiting, you pout,
and the fleeting headlines just can't be caught
But I watch as he walks into the road,
as his trousers flap like ensigns in the breeze;
if he gets run down, I could have his paper.

And the buses come one way and the other,
and they always return to this point;
the buses come one way and the other,
but they always come back to this point.

Rotund and cute little conductress
waddles full speed across the killer road,
grumbles and she moans in her obese distress,
her machine and her money, a jangling load.
Four foot two, eyes of blue, big fat mamma
I love you in the summertime.
But will she get on sideways, or will the door be wide enough?

And the buses just keep on coming.
And they pass one way and the other,
though they always return to this point;
the buses they pass one way and then the other,
and they always return to this point.

September, 1969.

*They've closed down the bus depot now
and no more conductresses are to be seen*

July 1973

P L A Y G R O U N D

Make belief soldier, make belief death,
Weapons that kill on his mind,
Counter offensive, you'll never lose breath
As you play with your make belief toys.

Try to look back through the grey swirling cloud
But a mist is enshrouding your sun:
Try to look back - he is blinding your eyes,
And see how your playground is gone.

Flames and screaming, the dancing demon
Is ruling in blackness of night,
Hammering the darkness with fists of cold fire,
His visions deluding your sight.

A pale horseman rides through the thickening cloud;
Like shrouds, the smoke licks at his gun.
His myth and illusion have blinded your eyes;
Now, look how your playground has gone.

Attack by adversary, wounded your fall;
Next time be his turn to die;
Make-belief corpses once more they ride tall
And this death cannot conquer or blight.

Try to look back through the blackening cloud,
Though the darkness is blotting out your sun,
Try to look back, disbelieve all his lies -
But just look how the playground has gone.

Walls and wire, fear and fire,
Water transformed into blood -
Sunbathing sleep under warm summer skies
Face-up in a sea of cold mud.

Through the rain and the pain, through the maddening cloud,
Now he creeps, but too soon he will run;
He's just waiting 'til poison has flooded your eyes,
And he'll wait 'til your playground has gone.

Laughing and smiling, thought-killers they shout,
Aiming with their minds for the kill;
Laughing and shouting, they mime and they fall
To rise and to smile once again.

But there is no looking back, no there is no swirling cloud
And no-one can ask of the sun;
For he came, he struck softly, he'd stolen their eyes,
And from them too, the playground had gone.

Make belief soldier, make belief death,
Weapons that kill on their minds;
Final solution-you will never lose breath;
Play with your make belief toys.

Paul Hemphill

(c) 27 September 1969

Call A Priest ... there's Murder on my Mind

Call a priest there's murder on my mind
Call the doctor in having a baby
Call the psycho in a revolutionary
My mind is giving birth to paranoid fantasy
My ears hear the scream of the damned
As the brazen gates shut with the roar of the sea
Call a priest there's murder on my mind

Call a priest they're cutting down my cross
Call the men who gather up the dust
Call the men who scatter the seed on stony ground
My head swirls in a whirlpool of ideas
My body tosses in an ocean of disbelief
My hands claw as my enemy strangles me
with a rope of bright reason
Call a priest they're cutting down my cross

Call the priest in hanging from a ledge
Get the man to bring his stomach pump
Call the judge in illegally imported
My arm is paralysed in a fascist salute
My tongue says nothing but 'Rest in Peace'
My veins are throbbing for the knife
And its ultimate organ of belief
Call a priest in hanging from a ledge

Call a priest there's hatred in my heart
Call the poet who killed off my last word
Call the liar to tell me of the truth
My senses are numb to the vibrations of life
My brain hums like a frenzied computer
My feet slip on a greasy floor
Which runs away faster than my legs will carry me
Call a priest there's hatred in my heart

Paul Hemphill
Sept. 69

REASON? YES? NO?

The Eye of Awareness
has transcended into the sun
which rays a path to a new and strange world
which only the open mind can perceive
where shadow is unknown
where time is absent
where joy and sorrow have the same meaning...
And that word a house yet to enter
for the eye is the doorway to the mind
and the door is locked
and there is no key that will yet fit the lock...

The Sun sets on a horizon
but whether it rises or whether it sets
I know not...

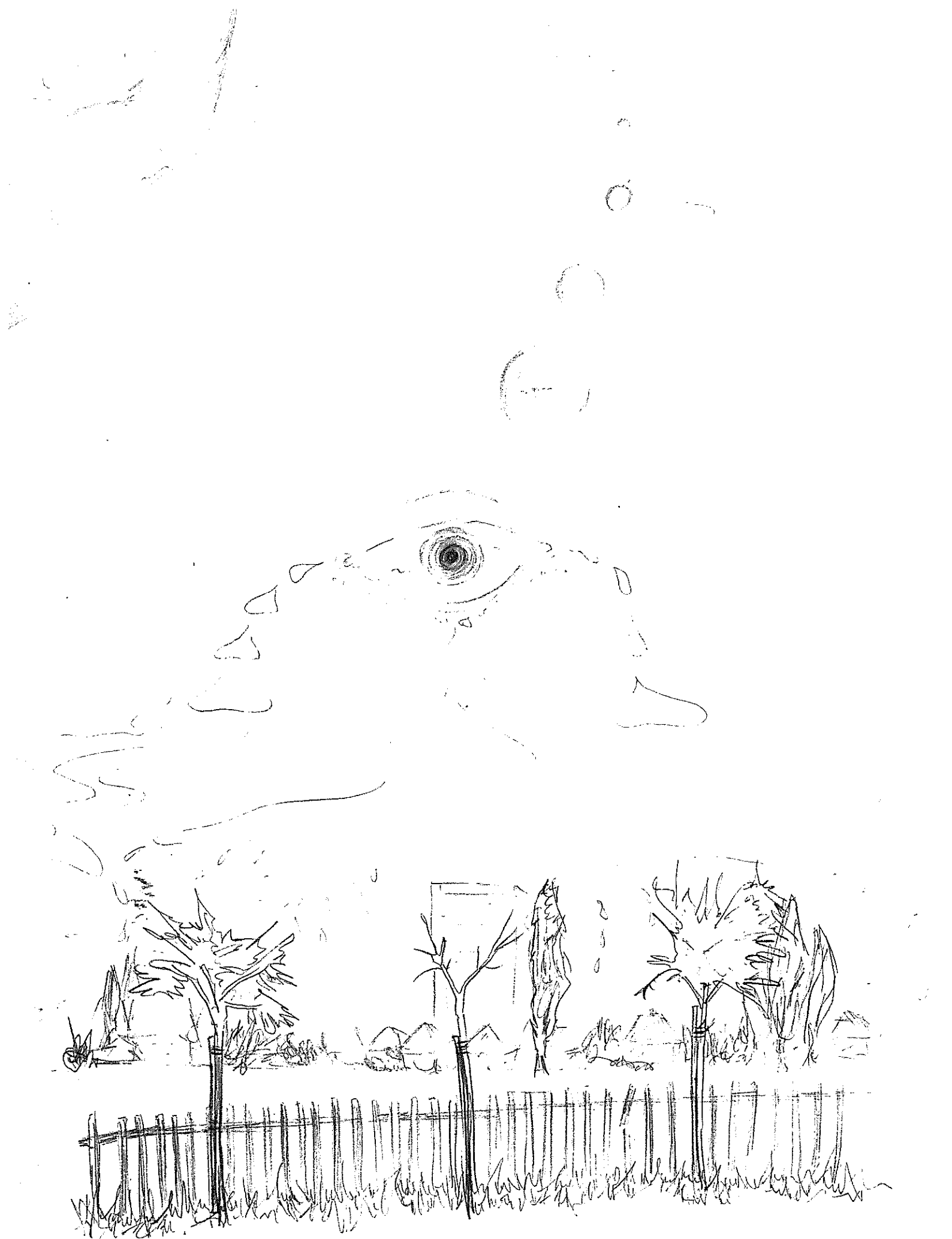
Dawn is a feeling of birth of joy
of struggle of freedom of light

Dusk is a feeling of sadness of fulfillment,
of incomplete dreams, of rest, of darkness...

Dusk hides the world of light and shows
it in its own garments

And with the dusk dies the sun
and with the sun closes the eye
and in the kingdom of the blind,
the one-eyed man is high !!

Pave Hemphill
17/10/69.



The Summer Tempests came his Tears

The Day

The Strawberry fields went ashay
And left no acid
on rainy wind swept site.
in no mans land of atomised society...
And like beasts they fought
and tipped and tore
at each others closed hearts
to find some sudden self satisfaction
that gave them reason for living
for enduring the law of the wild
which persuaded their innermost beings
blinding them of warmth and self-knowledge
which branded them as human animals

This was the day

when worlds collided
when minds crashed in crescendo
like breakers on today's shorelines...
They fight here as if they had nothing else to do
The grapple and rage and raise themselves higher
on their waltz purification
they hate others success they mock their humility
They stab hard and fast then they twist the knife...

This was the day

when they said they wouldn't understand me
i could understand them only too well
when they said that i had changed
it was not i but they who had changed

ERADIAN ido

There are tears in the eye of awareness
The tears they give birth
to a whole host of things
ethereal mystical real
The tears they give birth
to fears to faces to life
They fall down to the earth
and they give life to the soil
They feed the fire
And they quench the flames



Love is wet
Truth is molten
like Acid i am
And Acid is tears
Acid is liquid
Acid is rock
Acid is truth
like Acid i am
like Acid
i am
like
Acid
i am !

Pare Hemphill
19/10/69

CHARING CROSS (Waiting for christmas)

Lyons tea-house, raining, november, evening.
Quarter to six says the cashier.
I sit down in front of a lonely lady waiting.
Anybody sitting here?
Thanks...
She sits looking at me... funny am I?
What's so interesting, lady?
Pretending not to notice,
sideways glance and move as my eyes meet yours...
And you old man,
pay attention to your cigarette,
and your tea is going cold...
and cold and critical you look
so alone and unnoticed.
See! Your ash has gone all over your pants...
I can do you damage with my evil eye, you see, see?
And that woman is still lookouting, watching, waiting.
See, we are all waiting together.
And she is still looking at me,
thinks I'm not looking back at her...
ME, I'm being hypocritical...
Lips pursed, caged by aging fingers,
she's drumming now on the table
with nervous and anticipating finger tips, (she's)
(wondering) (wondering where it's at) (?)
looking at me (she's) looking at everybody,
and not just me, ego-me,
(she's looking at me) like I'm looking at her (at everybody)
And outside in the early evening darkness,
ghosts run swiftly through the early winter rain,
from out of the light and then into the night,
into the shadows they go and they come and they go.
The station is all at once
engulfed in a swirling vapour
of mechanical umbrellas which fold and die
as they erupt or are devoured.
Of a sudden, I've gone all cold.
The moment has got me, the waiting, the chance.
The night has got me,
the rain has got me.
The winter has got me,
the heat has got me.
THE MOMENT? THE MEMORY. THE CHANCE.
And soon it will be christmas,
and Selfridges has got me.
But there are still only wires in Regent Street,
and they hang down like melancholy and redundant nooses.
And down under, they will all be sitting around artificial trees,
eating turkey and plum-pudding,
and pulling crackers and getting drunk
whilst swatting the flies and sizzling in sweat,
for the cold never reaches them there

And I've never seen a corpse.
And the grave has got me.
To die when you are still young,
God, what a bum trip. So much left undone
and so much to do that is right now unrealized.
And the death has got me.
Friend Clive died of leukemia, and died a virgin.
It was not even worth his conception.
I'm too young to die and time has not yet let me live...
and soon it will be christmas...
its in the air.
It's washing down the drains
it's drowning in the rains,
and the vortex has got me,
and the shadows in the street...
and there is a vibrating ball of white light
hovering outside and above me in the darkness
(and I don't know what it is)
and that has got me...
The woman is still there,
biting her finger nails
and rubbing her eyes in waking sleep.
And sleep has got me,
but he wont take me this time.
And where will I be sleeping tonight?
And will I be sleeping tonight?
And will she go away before me?
Will she go out first or me?
And whither will she wend her weary way?
And soon it will be christmas.
Ring the bell with christmas timex
tickatimex
O.K. Poppickers its number om...TOTIDO...
The man said.
And soon it will be christmas.
And I wish that the rain would stop.
(Perhaps it could snow instead?)
My trousers are still clinging to my legs.
(Can't appear at the rendezvous point
alooking like I'm lloking now.)
And it is
a quarter of an hour past six o'clock
says the woman
upon my asking
'Have you got the right time please?'
ANOTHER DAY? ANOTHER DREAM. ANOTHER TIME.
And I'm upping and outing
and off to trip out first after all that;...
bye lady, see ya sometime , again, soon, maybe.

God rest ye merrie gentlemen
ye've had a raving time,
ye've had your song, your women too,
YE've knocked back all the wine.
Rod gest ye gerry mentelmen
let bugger all dismay;
ye'll have another orgy soon,
next week, on new years day...

*and the 15th November
was the beginning of my life!*

XMAS DINNER

perhaps i shall think straight in the morning
light is my head and heavy my stomach
but perhaps i shall think in the morning

... somebody has left his dinner in
the washroom sink .. will he please
come and collect it before it goes off ...

And as i come down i feel my stomach moving
in an upward and uncomfortable direction
gurgling mumbling throbbing oozing 'old you so'

... several somebody's have deposited
their dinners in miscellaneous places ..
would they kindly collect ...

And now as my mind touches down to earth
all that which had entered now wants to exit hurriedly
but perhaps i shall think straight in the morning

.. i've a feeling that i shall have
to add to the collection ...

very shortly ...

My head is as heavy as is my stomach
and the Rolling Stones blast from next door
and as my brain bounces so my stomach jumps
but perhaps i shall be thinking straight in the morning ...

- "...my dinner is a sick beige mass
by now ..."

- "you always reduce everything to the basics,
don't you ...!"

1969

9/12/1969

Pablo Fanguera Fair.

FOR YOU WITH LOVE

MORE BLOODY SOCKS?

NO NOT

DANN

Presents
you receive em
and you thank you very much for em

Presents
you know em
you dont need em
and they could've done better
something usefull
less weagre
more appropriate to them and you
Presents for you - will love ..

Presents
you receive em
and you give em away
as presents
you dont need them
you need to give to buy
presents
you get
you give em all away
sowing the seed of Christmas next
hoping you get better
than the present you gave
than the present you get ...

- How did Napoleons presents affect the French Army?
- He didnt give em any!
wise guy...
- Was his appeal Christmatic?
- Do you send blisful and wry merry christmas cards wishing all health and happiness when you never...
what never? ...
Well... er... hardly ever....
mean it ?



A BIG WET
THANKYOU
KISS?

SHOULD
I GIVE
HER

THINKS



I'LL
SCREAM!

HANDKERCHIEF
I TELL YOU

I GET
ANY MORE

IF?

24/12/1969

Madieb



LONDON TOWN

He would come in a billowing cloud of wind swept dust — He would go in a storm of dust choking and irritating eyes and throats. Their owners would splutter and jump, and smart and cough and curse, and turn about sharpish but never quite sharpish enough to see blue tractor chug chug chugging meandering up the fiery road bouncing trailer in captive tow the air shimmering and vibrating around it in the dry sun.

And that tractor — the fitterman's nightmare. Why did it always find the magnetic attraction of large holes of stacks of the finest porcelain piping of exquisitely arranged unloading-gang monuments of concrete slabbing — irresistible?

It was always a challenge to surmount these obstacles at the greatest cost to firm and machine more to firm....

I talk of the power of the machine, the will, the determination of the machine, as if it had a life, a mind of its own, independent of its maker and maker. Like all obedient man made mechanical monsters, this animal of smoke oil and steel, true to its creator's whim — and the influence of Mr. Ford is as widespread as the wealth rolling in and out of his bank account (if dealers do in fact have such things) — had a driver, an operator, a master, a passenger, a victim — pays yet money and takes yet choice as it were.... yet it could never be said that this driver had anything to do with the operation of this particular plant. He merely played with the gear stick between his legs, exercised his foot bones on the clutch and brake pedals, jammed the accelerator at the most inopportune moments, and gave the steering wheel a turn everytime the animal wanted to navigate some corner or obstacle such as these and loud mouthed foremen who know everything or nothing, who worked the hardest yet did the least who tell you to do everything except that which is useful, important and commonsensical. But even the machine held respect for that superior sinecure pay packet and kept a watchful eye on its guide who just wanted to ensure the continuation of his....

And the driver? ... sure. he had a mind of his own — once he had gotten down that is... the engine road would drown his wits, and once his foot had risen from the clutch, he...

was in no one's but the lord's tender care - Toad & Toad Hall was paling into insignificance as a motorised death trap...

...well, the driver, they thought him a weird, quite character, alien to the big bad world of the job, alien to the world of machines ... you see i had a sheltered childhood doctor...

his license to kill was older than his experience ... was enigmatic to everybody, including to himself. Kept himself to himself.

Never spoken he spoken to or at or through or past. Keep the mouth shut or you may have to extricate your foot. Bluff is sometimes better than truth. Anyway truth is such a poor substitute for reality, so you can't hold much thisaway... So he kept quite quiet. He hovered carefully in the background as they talked of boozing speers of horses and dogs, and all about the roads they made over the weekend.

the time had come the walrus said
to talk of many things
of shoes and string and sealing wax
of cabbages and kings

..and this cabbage had little to offer anyway

"is he a virgin?" asked the pouring gangerman using third person singular

"he's better off that way" countered Stan happy from experience or the lack of it...

all they got was an embarrassed grin that gave it's own answer...

"Don't you bother with girls?" Ensh Steve would challenge ... again the self conscious grin ...

"Sure i do but no luck .. i mean .. well .. they won't go so i don't go .. oh shut up."

"You'll better hurry up or you'll never get anywhere"

"your stomach will get fat without the exercise ..."

it's the best way to keep fit y'know ..."

"Better late than never (But suppose that it's never?)"

Every Monday morning, Steve would greet him from a distance his arm flexed in phallic symbolism

"Get it in over the weekend?" he would inquire with his smug expression plastered over his bronxian gaelic features. Again and again, the answer was a shy negative ...

And so it went on. The papers talk of permissive societies of students and hippies with their wild chick-laying habits .. how the sexual antics were sending the country to the knacker's yard. And here was the student who had fucked nothing more than books and who was making a very poor attempt at remedying the situation. yet it didn't really hang him up.

Everything wasn't coming up sexual roses, and other hybrids were not in bloom either. Behind the Pink Floyd, the incredible string band Brian and wife behind the Tolkien optimism and mysticism everything was bright and beautiful. The abstract revolution in the way boulevards was fresh in the minds of men high and low. The Soviet govt had hammered the Czechoslovak David who had the nerve and the conviction to do an olive and ask for more of what it hadn't got.

Questions ran through the muddy unfinished roads in between the gutted shells of system built housing... What of Dubcek? What of Svoboda, yes what of Czechoslovakia? ... What of Cohn-Bendit, of de Gaulle, of France? ... and what of Tangi Ali? Rudi Dutschke? Che Guevara? Who is he?

- and the student ^{was asking} all this in the plain simplicity of the building site as contrasted to the refined tongue, the subtlety the cynicism of entries of diplomats of news headings and leading articles...

- "like yot fucken' nazis them Russians. They're all the same, wanting to rule the world, bullying decent people"
- "Bloodin' forners come over here to stir up trouble for us. If they'd done that back at home they'd be locked up or dead, so they come over 'cos the government is fool enough to let 'em."
- "Fucken' stoddent... we pay for 'em to cause trouble and to look like nothing on earth and they don't have any idea about anything 'cept sex and violence"
- "So yout a fucken' communist 'un? Do you hear that! This ones a communist. Fucken' communist well i never"
- "International Socialist? Owo of Jordan's lot are you?"
- "No. They're National Sec...."
- "Fucken' communist. Well i i thought you were a good kid!"
- "What do you think of Czechoslovakia 'un? Them Russians are communists. What do you say to that?"
- "Were you in Grosvenor Square. Did good job the police. Teach em all a lesson."
- "You're a catholic? How can you be a communist and a catholic? Do you go to mass? What do you think of"

And the issues always seem to diverge after digression to the same universal and cosmopolitan subject.

And then and now as always as forever if God's a fascist,
there was Simcox.

Gangerman, foreman, industrial spy, jack of all trades,
agent provocateur, scourge of bureaucrats, friend of the worker,
champion of the oppressed, martinet, they bless his soul and
blast his eyes with the same breath, the man an institution
like prohibition ... big mouth big as his belly and man that's big.

"look at me. look at my tan. look at me carrying
body beautiful .. all muscle .. eighteen stone and steel
as agile as an eighteen year old"

Ron Simcox the black angel washed in white tide ...

"Go to the other shop - not to the black man's .. you don't
want filth he has in that place. Mind you his bird
could do with a good"

"Bleedin wogs. We never should've let them in now.
Enoch Powell's dead bloody right, w'ee! we should
kick 'em all back to fuckin' India. If I had my way
I'd shoot the bleedin lot of 'em. Filthy eunuchs. Coming
over here and spreading their diseases

- and no doubt shoving nasty excrement through the
letter boxes of sweet Ed Wetherhampton ladies -

... and fleeing up all our hospitals and taking all
the money and sending it all off back home and
getting the fuck out of here when they get it
we should offer to pay em a thousand quid each to go
home then put them in a boat and send them all
over to Jamaica or wherever the black monkeys
come from. And when they're in the middle of the
ocean, torpedo the lot of them buggers. Anybody who gets
to Jamaica would deserve the thousand bloody quid
I tell you"

Ron Simcox was forever the elegant, expressive, idyllic,
articulate Englishman - the epitome of that fighting island race
which was destined by God to rule the world until the
Americans and Russians came and won out war, sawed out
necks and split the cake - and ruined everything.

Man! This guy has been in so many battles, so many
campaigns, stuck his bayonet in so many bellies ...

"we stuck my bayonet in better men than you
you ungrateful brat!"

it's a wonder we didn't win the war before everybody joined in ..

Yet most of the time he was savouring the luxuries of German and Japanese and British P.O.W. camps in Germany in the desert in Singapore in the Pays Bas ...

... yet Ron was a man Britain could be proud of - and no one knew that better and publicized it louder than his best friend, Ron Simcox who was his constant mentor and companion during the long hard hot working day when everybody else was either too busy working or else keeping out of his way - Ron couldn't brook the shirkers - and that was easy as he was always heard before seen, and even if you had the pleasure of gazing upon this adam, he would rarely see you as he was forever distracted by the exquisite body he was always admiring, by the local broads - "How would you like those thighs around you eh?" - "Get, I could take that one from behind ...!"

and by the constant and pressing need to urinate up against the wheels of every tractor, trailer, and rust over which he exercised authority just to let the world know they were his ...

Ron Simcox with his endearing qualities, his magnetic personality, his remarkable home-grown intellect ...

- "What are you doin' knob?" - "Come 'ere to lock chops"
"Fuckin' students - good for nothin' bastards"

- "If I had my way you know what I'd do to these students if they cause trouble - you know what I'd do? I'd turn the fuckin' sewer hoses on 'em. Cover 'em in shit. Then they'd have to wash to get rid of the smell. Turn the hoses on 'em. Cover 'em in all the shit and rubbish, and all the johnnies and jannies and sennie. That'd really shake 'em up and give 'em some sense it would..."

He was always a one for words and expression was out Ron ...

All this and the big blue tractor too. Nine hours a day six days a week to the tune of thirty quid. Men would look upon him in amazement, thank him in gratification for services rendered, and point at him in derision. Yet he would go just as he came in a eye searing nostril reeking billow of building site dust, and one day he never came back.

Paul Hemphill

January 12-14th. 1970

LONDON JOHN RAYBURN

The day it was warm free and dry when he returned to that never changing corner of humanity, that blessed bit of earth where honest labour could earn a goodly sum where shirking it could reap equivalent bounty...

... a world of beginnings of embryonic environment of cataclysmic adjustments and ephemeral attachments a microcosm of social happenings where we look at the world in an unwashed jam jar...

... it could be said that all human life was indeed there although you had to lift up a lot of stones and find a lot of universal slugs to uncover and reveal it all back to the good life three acres and a cow and a lot of dirt dust and debris.. back to the salt of the earth and to the slag heap of proletarian unconsciousness.. back to eight to six stink flies the shit the heat the sweat the urine the tea like bog water so strong you could stand your patent plastic government surplus spoon up in it the one subject conversations queens english and how to express yourself in as few words as possible and get away with it and do you count how many times the foreman says fuckin this and fuckin that and fuckin the other and did you get it in over the weekend and you know! alright? you know! in every compound sentence

You look for something good in everything and if you cannot find it you must invent it or imagine it or else you get neurotic and paranoid and go thru life spit and curse. life is like a compost heap and you have to rot around a bit and get right to the claustrophobic heart to find the best manure...

He had returned to search to look for something which might fill one of the many gaps left vacant in his mind. He sought something indefinable unobtainable which would always show upon the horizon but which could never be identified which could never and which would never be reached. His search was his means but it was also transformed into his ends, ends which became more and more meaningless yet simultaneously increasingly pertinent ends which would implacably scream out 'what am i doing here when will it all stop' where will it all stop how much longer will it all go on....

... his gaze whispered constantly in his ear to abandon the scene and to follow that mad pied-piper into the unknown sunset to quit to break out of that straight jacket existence self imposed by an illusion of elusive reality of nocuity. you have waiting far too long for the lady man to come but who told you he would come are you certain he will come you will wait here far too long and you know he will not come and then perhaps he has already come and gone and you were not sitting here waiting for him. .. yet he was always deaf to these entreaties, these reverberations, these frequent repetitions and monodrones.

Adventure is much more adventurous to the dreamer than to the man who dare to make the sacrifices to cross the uncrossed river to jump blindly into the darkness. Danger is always most dangerous to those who feet and faster who tread slowly and softly until they break the ice with their heavy tread and fall headlong into the hidden crevasse. But it was always much better to travel hopefully than to arrive. It was always better to travel around and around in circles for you can never get lost if you can recognise the landmarks. Yet in blindness even old ways and known ways will become hidden and strange and you will not know which way to turn and you will have no way to turn and all steps will take you forward and all steps will take you downward until the pathway suddenly disappears before your groping feet....

Paul Hemphill

March. 1970

ENGINEERS...

LONDON JOHN
REVISITED...

Brain and Tony were technocrats ...
Not only were they both good technocrats but they knew it to. That is they knew more about anything that was worth knowing about than anybody else on the job. Even Massey and Docherty of the steel head were snicker one upon a time ago and they still smelled of it and talked of it and classed everybody as either niggers or members of the jumped up managerial elite the men who mawked and the men they splashed with steel-headed saliva when they carried out their verbal decapitations...

Brain and Tony were clean cut kids. Had clean cut minds. Clean cut ambitions. Clean cut bank accounts. Clean cut ideas and practices. Drove clean cut cars, wore clean cut clothes laid clean cut chicks. In fact, everything they said, thought and did, was clean cut. And anything which wasn't clean cut just wasn't normal and just couldn't be right. Just couldn't fit into any logical conventional normal order. If anything wasn't clean cut they would worry about it and try to clean cut it no matter what... Brain took off his shirt once in the sunshine when nobody was around. Tony went to wild folk clubs and sang cute little folk songs all day, with his eyes half closed, his hand over his ear and singing baritone through his arse. But everything they did was all tidy and compact, all neatly ordered and categorized, finalized and systematized... they even washed their professional hands after using the double-u, and carried official little memo on note books which they never used save for unchalant doodling shopping lists and emergency toilet paper, but they looked good and gave a favourable impression of efficiency.

They came from decent and respectable homes and they thought the queer fellow a puzzle on two legs in fact they seriously wondered whether he should in fact run about on all fours but they could never find an answer to their rhetorical questioning. But he would brighten their day and would make them thank the lord that they were born into good homes, clean cut, respectable, ambitious, normal kids...

He would invite other to insubordination he would agitate you know.. he actually refused point blank to obey an order.. we should show him the road really. He treats everybody as equals except for agents and foremen whom he refuses even to recognise as human beings. He is employed as a common labourer but makes himself at home in our offices so if it was his birthday. He sits on the floor and sings weird songs and says weird things.. you know, the other day he was playing music on a sledge hammer, by moving his hand upon and down the shaft which he was striking with a claw-hammer...

- "bad scene ... hung up ... happy" Tony would mimic mudge-mudge-wink-wink at friend Brian

- "and then there is all this drug business..."

- "it's all needle work isn't it" grinned Brian..

- "Been on any good trips lately. Huh? Eh. Huh?"

- "Man, in on one now if only you could know"

- "i like a few drinks now and again" mused Tony but never that stuff.. haven't you got anything better to do than get stoned all the time? ...

You came in yesterday and your eyes were dead in your head... and i don't think you have much brain left either.. your in a permanent dream.."

But they fail to understand. They didn't even try to understand. Anything which didn't slip into the in-fray of their little world was of no use to them and of no interest

- "it does you no harm.. im no addict or anything... it's all experience, it's valuable, it's freedom. It's something i can never regret. Perhaps i even pity you in your ignorance your petty-mindedness your short sightedness. I'd even say you don't know what you are missing. i don't take anything for kicks believe me. It's a social and psychological thing you see.. the awareness you experience, the people you are with the music you are listening to, the things you see all about you. You are where you are you are what you do what you feel you are everybody and they are you..."

Yet the temble hours would leap into their dance of mimicry depending the morals of a society they accepted unconsciously hypocritically expounding the doctored reality of conformity, the conformity which for them would reap its financial bounty in its natural and determined drive for continuity and perpetuation

- "psychedelic! psychedelic! hippy! hippy! psychedelic!"
raved and laughed in wild reverberations loud and clear to bring everybody in on the new joke to set everybody but the new scapegoat set set everybody say yes say before forever holding his peace. Here was the chance to defend your existence by attacking. And the assailed has no will to hit back. Like Christ he will take the scorn and the spitting he will turn the other cheek, and shut his eyes whilst you hammer him with your meaningless and regurgitated bombast rooted in hypocrisy, complacency, and contented apathy. Here was your chance to put down the rebel, the raker, the chainer, the hippies, the junkies, and the juvenile delinquents, the great unwashed who want to stir up trouble, damage property and beat poor policemen aimed only with punches and curses.

- "did you have a love in last weekend?"

- "you must take me to one of your love ins with all them flower children and dionys..."

- "its all them drugs that does it, all them drugs and all that sex. like bloom in animals... dont know what the world is coming to..."

Come on. Throw the bean-bag knock down the cans... laugh at the noise and the clatter. win your prize for defending your way of life of which you are so proud. Defend your ambition. Defend your intolerance. Defend your freedom and your old fashioned patriotism. Defend all you fought and killed for. For the new comers want to bring your good world screaming down about your feet. They want to trample the debris underfoot. They want to smash everything down and build anew with their own tainted and anti-christic designs for future anarchy and tyranny. They want to straight-jacket your life, enslave your children. Give them the...

... sniff of the grape snuff .. let them feel the bite of the cat ..
let them meet your roat for there is life and majesty in
the old man yet. you won't be pushed around. you won't
get dictated to by jumped up revolutionaries who should
be grateful for their daily bread.

No. They just couldn't understand. They wouldn't even
try. it was all too alien to their clean-cut scene their sporting
colours and tie dunks at the club rugby football on Sunday
mornings scene. It was alright to talk generally, to pass the
wasted time. To alleviate the boredom of working, when
not drinking tea incessantly or sitting by polluted river
banks throwing stones into the black swimming waters
or diving about around, above there and almost everywhere
in the bright orange motor car which nobby-brain had
taken to his materialistic heart. When deprived of his toy
he would enter into the sphere of envy and when once again
in possession engineer Toad would gatecrash the sphere of
avance. And the day was reduced to running around in
circles pursuing vague goals which meant little here, but a
lot to some phantom with a large bank account and an
equally large headache viewing the wide show from some
wry tower between Heaven and Brentford. He looks at his
programmes and his draining reserves and we sit outtop
of his investment looking at the sky...

... and we sit and stare in the sunshine looking at
the clouds and their sky. And we remark just how big the
sky is. And it knows no boundaries and it has no
horizons and it is so much bigger and so much more
powerful than you are, stranded here by gravity and a
self possessed complacency and immobility, in terrestrial
bondage. We make our own rules and we creep inside and
curl up into a fetal ball

CONSPIRATORS

Posterity will look back, will shake his head,
And will fail to understand-
Will not even try to understand-
When the times were dark, they could see the light,
The one-eyed in the blind land,
Unnoticed and alone...
Someone had to act. Something had to be done.
The sign had to be given.
A call had to be made-for better understanding,
For togetherness unappreciated.
And no one can be grateful for their endeavours,
No one knows of their meetings.
The darkness conceals her children well.
Either they know each other so well
That they have no secrets,
Or that they didn't know each other at all...
One is the leader, elect-they all obey.
A hand of iron-they respond to the magnet...

And when will it all end?
"Maybe not in our lifetimes,
We can only hope, struggle, strive, fight, die...
Tomorrow, there's the freedom, the prize...
But today, the struggle..."

There is only today.
The wild leap forward into a dark tomorrow.
The outcasts are the chosen ones.
They find in this, courage in death and hardship.
Solidarity and unquestioning obedience before life and
death-all is unimportant, all are dispensable
And for those who see the millenium,
Leadership in the new world that will be tomorrow...

.....

There are no surprises anymore,
When the days of conspiracy are gone.
The blood of the machine is made of paper,
And it flows in trays;
And messengers are the current,
And to err is to invite thrombosis...
You all know each other too well.
But you get to know all varieties of things
That the man in the street doesn't know.
-But is that consolation?

After the revolution came...

a reply to the 'Revolutionary Movement in Britain'

They saw the light at the end of the tunnel; they had but one eye. But all the rest were blind . . . And the one eyed would tell them, alone in their darkness, what he could see . . . And with his good eye he painted a picture in his limited vision, of what his eye could see, of what his mind described, to which, his words gave substance . . . And the blind-man attempted to visualize these words, to imagine the truth which was poor substitute for reality.

In the days before they came amongst us, there lived other one-eyed men. Their credo was "all men are equal" unless they were black or white or just coloured, capitalist or communist or just indifferent, bourgeois or bum, or just normal. Some seduced us with luxury and affluence, others coerced us with deprivation and austerity. They all told us that we were the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory; and the Kingdom was besieged by dark forces; and the power was in the barrel of a gun; and the Glory was

either in this world or the next, according to where you were standing when the one-eyed man opened his eye and turned you to stone . . .

And then the revolution came . . . Pushed and praised, we cast down that system which we hated, for those who saw told us that it was good to hate. And we built a new world of our own choosing . . . We couldn't see it but those who guided us said that we had chosen well.

The revolution came and everything is better now . . . And everybody is equal now, except those who see—but that was meant to be . . . A God had said let there be capital, and there was cash, and cash multiplied over the face of the earth, and it was good, and the cash bore machines, and the machines bore men, and the men ruled the land, and broke it . . . But that was before the revolution.

The God had been wrong. The God had to die. And a new God was born who with the weapon of self-criticism, forged

anew . . . And then . . . Let there be Socialism, and there was cash, but samokritika said that this should be controlled, and so only the few could have it . . . and the cash multiplied over the face of the earth . . . but the God said that this would be bad unless only the few could have it . . . and so it was good, and the cash bore machines . . . which seemed like the machines of those whom we buried in the ashes of yesterday . . . and the machines bore men . . . men of the revolution, with no umbilical cord, yet with the inherited one eye . . . and the men ruled the land . . .

A rose by any other name is still a rose. But there is a disease whereby men think that by calling one thing something quite different, they can change it's nature completely . . . Yet there will be always the few, the one eyed, and the many, the blind . . . But that was before the revolution, and the dialectic will guide us to the truth . . .

Love and Peace,
Paul Hemphill
12.10.1970

i had a dream for a lover
though like a road that men pass over
my body it makes no moan
my body sings on sings on
that lover of a night she came
just when she could
she went with the morning light
in the shadow of a wood
whether i would or no
they may come and they may go
they may be high or low
but equal in the eyes of god

i played the game i made the rules
i played the king i played the fool
my body it makes no moan
my body sings on sings on
that challenge i had failed to stand
that trial ^{so} constantly rejected
i clasped the fire in my hand
i walk alone and unprotected
whether it be not or be
it's all the one thing to *me!*
love is chains when life is free
but all the same to god

i flew too high too high too fast
i sowed the future in the soil of the past
my body it makes no moan
my body sings on sings on
walking in the fields of white
i reached up high in exaltation
glimmering in the morning light
i over reached in asperation
i had love and i was free
embraced all that my sight could see
i flew too high fell to the sea
all things reclaimed by god...

May, 1971...
Uniraeda...

Heavy months. love went wrong -
and I ran out.

SONG

I watched the storm in the trees above,
with the wind and the rain a'blowing free;
I thought of birth and life and love
whilst the wind just echoed of eternity.

And still through a loathe that lingers
to wrestle with mortality,
I've felt life slip betwween my fingers
like chords in some llst melody.
That challenge I had failed to stand,
that trial so constantly rejected,
I'd clasped a fire in my hand
to walk alone and unprotected.
So cast about me uncompleted,
triumphs no longer fascinate:
my growth consists in being defeated
by something even grander and great.

And I'm always getting up and falling down,down,down;
and I'm so mesmerized by my own sound;
I'm digging deeper into theground,ground,ground,
and I never get a break from running around.

I am the master,I am the watcher;
I am the rat in so many ways;
trapped in a cage,yet I'm the builder of cages,
the vendor who sells and the buyer who pays.
Me the voyeur,the creep,
yes,me big brother;
I watch myself on a thousand small screens;
playing puppet master but I'm one of the puppets
playing a part in a thousand small scenes.

And we're always getting up and falling down,down,down;
and we're so hypnotized by our own sound;
burying ourselves deeper into the ground,ground,ground.
Never get a break from running around,
never get a break from running around.

December,1971.

EGOISME A DEUX...

(When the otherness disappeared and we became one.
When the oneness disappeared and we became nothing.)

FOR REAL II

Said so many times to so many
transient words which have power only for the moment
which grows like a bubble and then bursts.
So easy she said so easy
to dance to a brand new tune
I didn't cry and I didn't ask why
but how could it be so soon?
later perhaps but so soon?

And never was freedom so sad
and never was freedom so gay
emancipation and eviction
intangible and vague mistyness
more regret and reminiscence
than bitter sexual jealousy
but how could it be so soon?
later perhaps but so soon?

SONG I

When we are in London town together you and I
In our own time and our own place together you and I
No claustrophobia everything new
Then we asked 'do I want you?'
And so we split back to me and you
Together you and I.

So we'd thought and all exploded
So we moved and all eroded
Did we push and were we goaded
Together you and I forever you and I.

SONG II

Who'd separate my love and I
must separate the sun and sky
must part my body and my soul
separate my love and I separate the sun and sky
part my body and my soul
must part my body and my soul.

Came like the whip of a chord
and loved with the breath of a leaf
moved with the grace of a song
and left with the tread of a thief.

cont'd...

FOR REAL I

Amidst the sweat and the groping
the violence and the groaning
amidst discarded clothes
the cold dampness of the soiled and crumpled sheets...

The breath the tongue the kiss
the pulse the bite the blood
to feel the heart the life
to smell the sweetness the heat...

In the pleasure of the voice
and of the body
the quickening the burning
searing every cell and muscle...

The fighting for breath the stifling
fire stealing life in tears and fire
my name called in the warm silence
in exclamation and incantation...

Hands reaching out in the darkness
softly and firmly the fingers touch
falling slowly gently guided by arms to bodies
caressing freely lovingly...

Bodies crucified in climactic paralysis
in the softness the warmth the strength
the embrace the hold that you hope and feel
will never let you go...

In the movement the union the harmony
the agony and the ecstasy
the pleasure that is
indistinguishable from pain...

When each breath seems the last
each cry a timeless anthem of life
each moment an eternity
and the morning will never come...

And then the close and silent darkness
broken by tired and peaceful panting
the aching touch of contentment
whispered words carved into the heart...

A nearness to god
A nearness to life
A nearness almost touching
the reason to be...

Dec. 71.

It's not the person, it's the feeling!
June 1973

SONG III

The summer it was long and the summer it was warm
and the sun kissed our eyes and our faces in the dawn
The winter came cold and the winter came hard
and I still feel the chill of its traces in my heart.
I am the arrow that missed
and I am the archer that missed
I am the mouth that is kissed
and I am the breath in the kiss.

Make and unmake
Break and unbreak
Take Awake Forsake.

REACTION I

A wont a no a yes a go ...a give and take.
The wish the jump the drama the dream...the make the break.
Liberation hope delusion...salvation faith confusion
the real and the illusion...
If I've failed let me find out how.
If I've failed let me find out now.

I want I know I fear
I think I love I feel
I win I lose I fail...

Face it Feel it Take it
Chase it Steal it Make it
Race it ...Heal it...Fake it...

REACTION II

It was like winning on the premium bonds.
Like for years they'd lain ignored and forgotten.
And after I had devised how I would spend the money
I was told that there had been a mistake.
None of it should never have happened.

June-December.1971.

*No, not the person, the person
and in rain have tried
to capture it - maybe one day?*

July 1978.



SONG

We are coming with guns in our hands,
we do not sing songs of love;
we have not come with peace in our hearts,
we come to kill the dove.
Young men trained to kill and forced to fight,
convoys burning into the frightened night,
and on their armour, the words are blazing bright,
'The god of our people is one!

Hear oh lord, the god of our people, the god is one;
hear oh lord, the god of our people is one.
We were all one, we were meant to move in line,
we were all one and we shall be so;
we were all one, but we are always out of time,
we shall be one but the going is slow,
we shall be one but when, I don't know.

The storm clouds were approaching
across the Bay of Bengal;
the storm could wash the truth away,
so I waited for the rain to fall.
The close and humid air was caught
by the dust-raising wind from the south;
the dust and sweat brought the tears to my eyes
and strangled the words in my mouth.

Hear oh lord, the god of our people is one,
hear oh lord, the god of our people, he made us one.

I think that I'd went searching
down a crowded dirty street;
went looking for light and darkness,
and found him lying at my feet;
I felt a strange fascination,
I wondered if I should feel his pulse;
if I could draw somebody's attention,
if I could breath the life into his lungs.
I felt that there were many eyes upon me,
reproaching me for what I might have done,
I gazed at the man and the street and the life
that went ceaselessly, endlessly on.
I looked at the man lying tight-skinned and small,
and I watched for the blackening skies,
I wondered how soon the storm would break,
I glanced at the man and the flies.

Amidst the crippled and the crazy,
the beggared, the blind, and the decay,
I turned from the man and the temple,
I turned and I walked away.

Hear oh lord, the god of our people, the god is one;
hear oh lord, the god of our people is one.

*I asked the God
you left,
I had to ask him
why -
the sun shone
the bird sang
but the God
gave no reply*

We were all one and we were meant to move in line;
we were all one and we shall be so;
we were all, one and are always out of time;
we shall be one, but the going is slow,
we shall be one but when, I don't know.

We shall be one when the peacock gives its plumage to the crow,
when the cobra and the man they make a pact,
we shall be one when those who take too much are seen by all,
and those who steal too much are caught in the act.
And amidst the flowers and the incense,
with the pious and the poor,
the prayers like smoke were rising
from that squalid river shore;
may the warm polluted waters cleanse and soothe auspicious souls,
thank the gods for all they've given,
asking that their sins are shriven,
and their enemies forgiven,
if our gods would have it so.

Hear oh lord, the god of our people, the god is one;
hear oh lord, the god of our people is one.
We were all one and we were meant to move in line;
we were all one and we shall be so;
we were all one, but were always out of time,
and we shall be one, though the going is slow,
we shall be one ... Oh, I don't know.

Nov. 71 & March. 72.

Steel case. July 1973.

T H E T R A V E L L E R , T H E S T R A N G E R

I watched in sleepless delight
Out beneath the the shining stars,
As circumscribed horizons roll asunder;
Everchanging, moving,
Like a changing fight,
And as I pass on through
I pause to wonder
If there is some place I can bide
Though around the next bend I am speeding;
Highways, cities and landscapes divide,
No signs to show me where the road is leading ...

If I had someone with me, someone to share my mind,
If I could call my friends and bring them there;
For its hard to stand so long and so along against the sky,
Strung far out between the light and air.

Once I climbed a mountain
And exhausted I did stand,
Awed to see the world that spread out before me;
I felt so high and great
That I could grasp it in my hand,
I felt so small
That even the wind ignored me.

But I watched as the land grew new and bright
With the soundless tread of the sun,
And as a first-made man, was struck dumb with the sight
Revealed once the night had gone ...

If I had my girl here with me to greet this new-born day,
When in summer-ripe awareness we could glisten,
If only I could make my friends feel all that I felt there,
If somehow I could make my people listen.

No-one could ever read in a book
Of a thing so manifest -
The immeasurable made to submit to measure;
But now I'm reaching out for words -
Oh, how can it be expressed?
To describe such a restless, nameless pleasure.
That I endured was enough indeed,
Me, a ghost in travelling dress,
With no soul inclined to look into my mind
To a shrine of my waywardness ...

If I had my girl there to see what my eyes could see,
If ever I have a son, I'd send him there,
For everything I've seen and felt is wasted on just me,
Though finding it would seem my only care.

Paul Hemphill

(c) 3 April 1972

Its that Monday Morning Feeling...

Two months and the enthusiasm is all but dead,
the welcomes stale and gone,
and the likeive never been away deja vu as strong as ever.
A month and a half since travel-end
with the passing high and happy gone,
the freedom of the road gone,
the pleasures of anticipation of Yesilkoy and Gare du Midi,
the wishing that I was home,
all gone.
And Janet, the dream, the hope, the delusion,
an obsession in moments of wandering loneliness
and through moving nights,
she's gone too,
and my animal still unsatisfied.
She came and she went, returned and departed again,
but everything was just too different,
though we tried, we really did try, too late.
Jane came and Jane went, with her problems
and her torn and fickle loyalties.
We didn't make it, but got close enough
to make not doing so seem all the worse,
and leaving me depressed, deflated, oppressed,
frustrated in so many things.
Multiple downs could thus find an natural outlet.
Maybe even, at times, the queen was a balm
Softening uncertainty and instability.
Find a girl, and bury yourself between her thighs;
the devil lies between your legs, keep him content,
and perhaps your mind will rest easy.
But I would hate to think that it was just this.
But now, I must show me, in a way that reflects
just how I've been shown.
Must break a mental impasse, and keep the devil happy.
And there again, maybe I make it all seem
so much more complex than it really is.
But needs is needs,
and there is no escaping from that fact,
although the motives are doubtless many.

and it was so good:
never is! the feeling
that's mine!
nature for real,
with me real.

I'm not reacting to London life-I'm adapting.
I'm feeling the claustrophobia and a loneliness
that is strange and terrifying
because it remains there even when people and friends
are all about you.
The loneliness lies in a intangible need.
Maybe I'm conforming.
Yesterday, I had them
'back to work in the morning' blues.
Today, I got those
'monday morning wish I was fast asleep
or a thousand miles awgy' blues.
If somebody had handed me two hundred pounds,
christ I'd have moved so fast.
Well not so fast perhaps-my waiting need.
And a change of scenery every very frequent so often-
that is the second need...

And the third is not so pin-downable,
it being all behind, on top, and ahead of me.
London living is a kind of committal to the non-existent.
Manifold freedoms.

From people, from means, from money.
From career and employment.
The 'whatwillpeoplesay' syndrome,
the 'looktoyourfuture' cassandras,
the universal search for a utopia
that will let me live for the present
without me forever looking to the past,
and without the need to worry about the future.

Mnday afternoon resignation to the present.
Maybe some day bread will come along long long,
Maybe some day life will come along,
Maybe someday she will come along long long,
Maybe some day god will come along.
Sure, I can stick it ,,
until...

10.01.1972.

and I'm still here.
July 1973 ;

All the clocks in the city.

Conversations are becoming canned
everything has been said
and now we can all retire from the scene
with our well-worn maxims...

Each new face gets the same old rundown
each new experience transmitted
and re-recollected until
it becomes as drab as routine...

Every novelty is embraced
new stories new interests talked about
until fading into the shadow of newness
which itself will shadow away out of it all...

Tomorrow comes creeping through its petty pace
it creeps too slowly
and yesterdays leave so much undone
so much old that is haunting the new...

Tomorrows are made to measure
but yesterdays only show how we outgrow
the confines of our days
and words and thoughts cannot hold them...

Lonely as a cloud I wander I wonder
through a land of soft watches
borne upon liquid time which cannot be tamed
which cannot be refined...

As we watch the river
we are absorbed into its waters
swept along by its flood
and as we float and swim we talk...

Conversations are becoming canned
and everything has a saidbefore texture to it
a stale smell of second-handness
as we tread softly over vague deja-vu...

Words drop from aching faces
convenient palatable enough
in ego-masks of affectatio and attenuation
tentative incisions upon a body of reality...

The whole game is a great innuendo
the invisibly encroaching thrice-denied god of routine.
But words are like an object rare and priceless
burned like paper money as mere cyphers of their true value...

SINGING AND DANCING

Sing me a song when I'm really down,
dance me a dance when I'm high;
the heart of life is singing and dancing,
and the music makes my life spin by.

But I only write songs when we're leaving,
and songs are about all I've left of you;
there were no songs when we were together,
when together we had better things to do.

And so we'd lived with the words of a song,
and the music flowed in never ending streams,
a clear and laughing river
of bright and everlasting dreams.

But now dance when you find your feet are moving,
yes, dance when you feel you've found your feet-
the music that played and the promises made
will dissolve in the dancing's heat.

And so long to those songs born in sadness
to a melody of cold and empty hands-
the dance's pattern gives direction
so change your partner and dance while you can.

Dance, dance, the figure is easy,
the tune is catching and it will not stop,
dance 'til the stars come down with the rain,
and dance until you drop.

Sing me a song when I'm really down,
and dance me a dance when I'm high-
the heart of it all is singing and dancing,
and the music makes this world spin by.

Yes, the world is singing and dancing,
and the choice is in finding out-
just live for each change of direction,
for that is what the dance is about.

(27.02.72)

You sat this music.
Don't believe it anymore!
I've stopped dancing,
I hate it! July 1973.

IT ALL BEGAN WITH A GENTLE RIOT

It begins and it ends with a gentle riot, gentle on the body, though not so light on the mind. So gentle indeed, that you may not even perceive anything resembling a riot. A 'Riot' involves a lot of people, a gathering together of a whole herd of bodies, into one vast and unthinking whole, surging independently and together in spontaneous and anarchic movement. 'Riot' inspires visions of chaos and madness, of freedoms of expression and action, accepted and expected - indeed, respectable by that anticipation. Imagine all the things pleasant and unpleasant that just 'happen' when man the animal is freed temporarily from the chains which bind him. See everything as a simple though irrational expression of these chains, a symbol of these chains, an acceptance of their grip. Maybe there is a delusion that they do not exist, or that even if they do, they are not as acrimonious, as restrictive, not as enslaving as cynics would have us believe. The 'gentle' riot is by no means outwardly destructive, and neither is it anarchic or meaningless. Indeed, it is organized chaos with the end of streamlining an already efficient way-of-life machine, binding and locking the chains, ensuring that limits are set and conditions met, ensuring that the chains remain locked, that those chained, throw away the keys.

The story opens some way ahead of the riot. Set the scene yourself. The big city. Call it London town. But nowadays, it is all about. A bomb can scatter a crowd in a thousand different directions, and yet, they continue along the same tracks of comfort and security. Imagine the smart-suited suitors of success. Then consider the tragi-comedy, the happy-sad affair, from which many good people derive exquisite satisfaction. To some, it fills up a vacuum of time admirably, removing the weight of nothing-to-do. To others, it becomes a reason to be. To all who embrace it, it becomes an inextricable thread through their existences.

A 'job-ordinaire' permits the incumbent to forget about it, to rest a little, at days-end, week's end, at the end of the year or indeed, at the end of a life time of work. But a career? Like a shadow, it follows you from your closet of hidden daylight. Like a private detective, it trails you along the crowded streets of evening. You feel you are being watched, followed. You turn about suddenly, but nimbly, the shadow darts into darkened doorways. Mingling with the multi-coloured mass of that high speed advertisement corridor, he blends with the very walls, and he is right on your heels at your door-

step. Finally, you drag him, feet first, a battered but brazen Winnie the Pooh, head-banging up the stairs to bed. Maybe he even gets to you somewhere in dreamland. So, when you eat, sleep, or recreate, excrete, or procreate, Career is watching you like some oppressive voyeur, like some abstract 'Big Brother'. The Tall, Dark, Handsome Stranger; The Beauty; The Beast; He provides you with a service at a price. He sells you the means, the stability and the predictability, He gives to you consumers of comfortability, the pattern and the reason. And he plays a role of 'agent-provocateur', silent and unnoticed, in what I have christened the 'gentle riot'. He creeps along carpeted corridors; tiptoes through desk-filled rooms reminiscent of school days and piled ceiling high with files and papers. He spends long hours stepping up and down the winding staircases which splice together the frayed-ends of the organization's scattered whole. When you are cramped within the mirrored up-down-cage, he gazes at you from within the glass. His blood is made of paper, and it flows in files. The people are the current, and when they err, they invite thrombosis. Therefore he ties his servants and his sycophants to their desks with invisible chains of responsibility.

This is the stage, the stamping-ground. This is where that bomb explodes in a silent crescendo, as countless voices are perhaps, like mine, raised in a soundless song... 'On our way home...' sing John and Paul... 'Yeah, on our way home. On our way back home...'. And the everyday end of day race is on.

'When the day winds you up and you feel like a break'... It is like the snapping of a clockwork spring. It is a convulsive and premature baby being thrown from wombwarmth into a wild, wide world. The day is likened to a spinning orb, revolving in unchanging rhythm, all the people attached thereto, hypnotised by it's avaricious vibration. The working hours are passed in a paralysed momentum of monotony, whilst the immutable rituals, the tedium, the chores, and the obligations are 'that's what makes the world go round' essentials. 'Take but degree away, and hark what discord follows'.

So the day winds you up, mind and body crucified on a cross of nine to five. And when some guy comes along and he pulls out the nails pinning your hands, that presents quite a problem. When the earth halts its' revolution in midspin, everything once secured breaks loose. The hold of gravity is broken; we continue to spin: we shoot tangently off and out...

Anyway... There I was, running fast, all decked-out for travelling homewards. I ran so fast towards the outside that I found myself careering around in circles, sharing one section of a revolving glass door with some terrified little typist. We missed our out, and spinning until our box subsided, we dribbled out all over the pavement...

The spring has snapped; the globe has halted. The last clock-watching, kill-time-washing half-hour ending in a frenzy of energy. The conscientious are hastily applying finishing touches or convenient conclusions which facilitate nine o'clock resumption. The not-so keen are saying their evening goodbyes and 'see you in the morning' whilst scrambling for hats, coats and exits. The riot is on. And everybody runs free. Within a circle.

Fast walking in a five-minute consumption of energy, building up appetites, anticipations of hearth and home. Soon to relax, to read, to feel the freedom, the odours, the colours, the never-ending stories of the homeward bound. Time goes so fast in a stream of fast moving thought; distance so frequent and monotonous, so efficiently covered. Dancing, thinking homewards. Running and jumping. Don't tread on the pavement cracks. Legs too short. Hopping and leaping. Don't tread on the spaces. Legs too long. But I can now jump down the escalator three steps at a time. Thoughts are moving with the rhythm of my feet, wet thud-thudding upon damp stones. Overtaking shadows and shapes with maybe a casual and unspoken comment on the scrutiny of nameless backs, with fleeting backglances at faces interestingly instant and instantly forgotten. The rush-hour dark and drizzle, the collage of sound that climbs to a monodrone, the absence of which would make the world seem alien. Weaving patterns of footsteps, constantly overtaking and being overtaken in intricate outranceuvring. Jostling, side-stepping, instant apologies. A give and get. Like slalom through eddying currents. Like salmon upstream against the torrent. Get to the crossing before the lights yell 'go'. Get there before they change against you. Flushing one pavement. And washing up on the other. Spilling, gambolling, helter-skelter towards and down underground stairways.

An unrestrained shoal of movement. Mobile people waiting for people, and getting in the way of people. People going to meet people, going to be met, or waiting to be met by people. Coming and going in a thousand colours, shades and textures, with a thousand and one things to do or to be done to within the temporal compass of this brief festive season, this paroxysm of freedom for the moment from that geoler called work. The peacefulness, the calm darkness and the twinkling stars across the river seem to be obscene, spreading away prudishly beyond the son et lumiere. The couple walking hand in hand slowly along Millbank, whispering softly in each others ears. This is blasphemy. The bearded cyclist weaving through parked mobiles is almost heretical in his casual incongruity. Mrs Pankhurst, in the pose of some martyred saint, appeals dumbly with her arms outstretching, her silent words falling unnoticed upon noise-deafened ears which have neither the time nor inclination to listen. The stone lion, sitting obsequiously with his flagstaff, beside the door where the Queen goes in, smiles with his idiot grin at the show enacted nightly at his feet.

For some, the race is ending. You see that in the nervously blank faces with their patient gazes and thoughts in heads which wish that they were a thousand light years away. They line illuminated double-decked windows, slowly pressing onwards. Deadpan concentration of jammed drivers resigned to delay, but consoled by the universal and soundless chorus... 'On our way home. We're on our way home...' But although the race may end, the riot is still rolling, still gathering speed. Down we tumble, down into the body of the beast, where home comes crawling jointlessly, tunnelled from the rock beneath the rock above, and sliding effortlessly and sinister into punctual readiness, packed bodyful with dormant life.

Within the body of the beast, passive statuettes stand or sit. concentrated to gain more persons per square foot. Body to body in

cramped confinement, they wait amidst the tunnelled sounds of fidgetting silence. Above the staccato of the rockingsnake, there is seldom heard an encouraging word, nor even discontent or disdain. Barely audible smatterings of subdued conversations suggest mischievous conspiracy or slander, whilst, your body pinioned by the press, you cannot be immune to unavoidable and uninteresting eavesdropping. But all around, there is breathing and movement, and, more imaginary than real, and awareness of heart-beat and pulse, a sensing of an all-pervading vibration of life.

• Spermpacked, as body heat rises, swarms await their appointed jumps, spilling antwise in purposeful confusion from cavities which open in the side of the body of the beast. And his body is decaying. His body squirms and quivers in violence, in alertness, in inertness. A watchful ill-at-ease ennui is contagious, and spreads amongst bodies which are in contact and yet are unconscious of that contact. There is an observation of people and an uncomfortable feeling that encircling eyes are watching you, whilst reading neighbours' newspapers, gazing at yawning tonsils, surveying clothes, and regarding pouts, sneers, and grimaces. Smiles are at a premium, and quizzical features, the common currency. Familiarity breeds embarrassment and the lack of it, aloneness and an anonymity which exudes a strange warmth. In a state of mental quarantine, the strangers sleepwalk the length of a production line. Each has his stepping-on and his stepping-off, clockwork and key-in-back, on a conveyor belt called work, through a factory called living, in a process called everyday life.

The body of the beast, with its' odours with its' warmth, with its' stifling press, is a devil's cauldron, a witches' crew, a bubble-and-squeak of vomit, beer, and medicinal compound. Laced with perfume, 'Colgate', and 'Tunes', the stale pungency of 'Brut', bad breath, and underarm beo-deo breeds unconscious affinities in the artificial brightness. Within this sensual auditorium, the riot is played out. It is a fast-moving world of patience and of courtesy, of a long-suffering respect for fellow men. Select any subject from amidst the mass. Walk into him. Tread on his feet or even sneeze into his face, and he will automatically apologize for his carelessness or for his clumsiness. Knock into him accidentally, and he will beg your indemnity before your day-dulled instinct can force the double syllable of well-meant irrelevance out of your face. But this is a basis of that code of behaviour which enables the riot to flow smoothly from its' onset to its recession. This is a framework upon which a short-lived age of chivalry, of excitement and hurly-burly, consummates the working day.

When evening falls, and the day's oppression has lifted, curtains are drawn apart and windows are opened. Wafted into the night upon a breath of fresh air, I am weary and relaxed, and fully aware of the less benevolent breeze which will bear my body and soul back again with the sunrise. Dancing about a maypole, and attached by elastic bands, the radius is variable, but once a limit is reached, the dancer is catapulted back towards the centre. Some are born with the syndrome in their veins. Some achieve it through scrupulous dedication. Others have it thrust upon them as a transfusion of obligatory experience. And all; it sometimes appears, in accordance with the will and in obeisance to the word of some divinity who sits pressing buttons and pulling switches, some place between heaven and a hole in the ground.

Easy she Said, so Easy.

Easy she said, love me for the moment 'til the moment is dead,
so easy to fall for you.

Easy she said, all we never needed was common sense,
but a whole lotta like and some confidence,
Easy she said, so easy to fall out too.

Easy she said, said so many times to so many,
if you are lookin' for chains, there aint any,
so easy to fall for you.

Easy it was to come to a stop,
rising like a bubble 'til it burst at the top,
easy it was to find someone new.

Oh lord how her tears came down, oh lord how her love came down,
Oh lord how the rain came down to wash us all away.
Oh lord how the song was sent down, oh lord how her love was down.
Oh lord it could bring so much down
if we could hear her say...

Easy she said, love me for the moment 'til the moment is dead,
easy she said so easy to fall for you.

Easy she said, all we ever wanted was transience,
too bad we were lacking in confidence,
Easy it was so easy to fall out too,
Easy it was so easy to find someone new.

Mai. 1972.

Stage one to myogamy:
too many failures
e donna i mobile
qual fama nento'

July 1973

Amew. NOV 1973

Of course there is an escape hatch. Ring the bell ...
Close the book ... Snuff the candle ... But to be excommunicated from
the grain of things is to be displaced, to become a non-person. You
might even have heard it said somewhere, that, after all, we have the
maxim-gun and they have not.

Paul Hemphill
29th February 1972



The things that the Magus made.

We talked too loud, we never heard the call
in the garden of eden before the fall;
and we sought the lost key to a door in the wall
that was built to prevent us from returning.

we followed the road from the land to thesea,
we built a church and we prayed for sanctuary,
and we sang songs of love in a discordant key
as the house of cards went on burning.

I've read the ladies' magazines and the stories they have told,
how to keep your boyfriend happy, keep your face from going old,
how to get the handsome stranger in a horizontal hold,
see, the mag-men have monitored your learning-
or didnt you know?

In the streets of the city, grey-suited men they walk,
with solemn hangdog faces and sombre business talk,
whilst down in Piccadilly, the swarms of tourists squawk,
with the plastic memory vendors quietly fawning-
isn't that so?

Meet a beggar in the road, you believe you really care,
when you try to stare him out or pretend he isn't there;
and you spend long moments thinking of what clothes you have to wear
so when the city drums and the heat of the summer comes,
you've got to go.

The poet sits and wonders upon a footworn stair,
writing brief notes on a past love affair,
and he's asking his dreams for a lock of her hair,
but she's flown like a ghost in the morning.

The dancers they danced and the jesters they played,
the singers sang songs of the plans that they had made,
and the painters they cried as they watched their pictures fade,
though the magus had given timely warning.

The leaves they grew green and the trees they grew tall
in the garden of eden before the fall,
and we sought the lost key to the door in the wall
built by god to prevent us from returning.

Mai. 1972.

Everything passes,
Everything changes!
and woody stays with me!
July 1973

T H E R O A D R U N S O N . . .

Like an island in a stream
Washed away by flowing time,
Sitting back and watching clouds for better weather,
Comes a vague and misty gleam,
Comes a soft and soothing rhyme,
Comes a chance to get those scattered strands together.

And the road runs ever on and on
Down from the door where it first began;
Though far ahead the road goes on, I must follow if I can -
Pursuing it with eager feet
Until it meets some other way
Where many paths and errands meet, and whither then, I cannot say.

But each new day opens fine
In the warm and bright sunshine
As I move to the skyline with a jubilant cry;
Though on the body the desert is tough,
Lady nature has got her clothes off,
And I cry out please enough, any more and I'll die.

So I pass through spreading landscapes
Through the panoramic landshapes
Changing mystically as cloudshapes upon a restless eye;
And sometimes I see a mountain
Or a tumbling smokey fountain,
And so often I'm uncertain where the land meets endless sky.

Moving like a ceaseless river searching for a nameless sea,
Lying back in gentle waters, let them flow all over me;
And though for home my heart is aching,
And my travelling spirit is breaking,
Like a tree in the wind I am shaking,
And I'll fly when I'm torn free.

The road runs ever on and on
Down from the door where it first began;
Though far ahead the road goes on, I must follow if I can,
Pursuing it with weary feet until it meets some wider way
Where so many paths and errands meet,
And whither then, I cannot say.

Paul Hemphill

(c) July 1972

The Wheel Spins Round (a song)

Place your money on the wheel of fortune,
take your chance as the wheel spins round,
watch the wheel turn, see the path burn,
and take your place on the dancing ground.

Lady was a quiet girl living in her own world,
and breaking through the wall was hard on the mind:
found I couldn't make it, didn't try to fake it,
left the quiet girl behind,

Lady was a young girl from a quiet childhood
showing off her freedom in a loving way:
found she couldn't work out where the latest guys stood,
left me walking back the way I'd came.

Lady was a 'talkin' and later I was walkin'
happily content on an easy lay;
with my worries sinkin', of another I was thinkin',
and a 'see you' and 'goodbye' with the light of day.

Place your money on the wheel of fortune,
take your chance as the wheel spins round;
watch the wheel turnin', see the path burnin',
and take your partners on the dancing ground.

Lady was a 'crying through my lack of feeling,
lady was a 'sighing when she thought she'd hit;
Lady was a 'trying fearing I was stealing
all the love that she could give and then quit.

Lady was a lover when I was a rover,
lady was a girl with a roving eye;
when we reached the comedown, left me feeling rundown;
lady met another lover by and by.

Place your money on the wheel of fortune,
make the rules in the game you play;
set the wheel turning, set the fires burnin',
and learn of what you've found when you've thrown it away.

27th September. 1972.
Birmingham.

There is some twosome really.

Its not Time

Comes like the whip of a chord
loves in the breath of a leaf
moves in style with the grace of a song
and leaves with the tread of a thief

Well it may be real
and it may be right
you can choose to feel
or you can choose to fight
you can fix the deal
or you may loose outright
for its not time

For its not time
no its not time
its not time
its not mine
no its not mine
no its not time

For its not there
no its not there
for a moment I lost track of care
but its not mine
no its not mine
for a moment I fell out of line
no its not time

The lady's gone the feeling's strange
the day moves on the actors change
a new day dawns a new day's trials
a new voice sings a new face smiles

A feeling strangely strangel
comes flooding through your mind
its something you cant change
seek but cannot find
you want to walk ahead
you always look behind
and is it time?

But its not there
its not there
its not there
its not time
and its not mine
no its not time

Its not there
no its not there
for a moment I was walking on air
its not mine
though it was fine
yes for a moment I thought it was fine
and its not time

26-29th October
1972.

YOUNG'S SONG

Kral Majales

I'll sing you the travelling man,
and i'll give you his travelling song,
as he moves with the shield of the skies,
as he moves 'neath the sword of the sun...

"I am the mountain,
I am the sea;
I am the king of the may"said he;
"I am the road and I am the tree,
I am the king of the may".

He sings an oldfashioned song
when he feels that life is going right,
an alltogether song
as he's passing on his way,
a timekilling song
that will help him travel through the night,
a simple thankyou song
that shall greet the new-born day.

Hear him sing as he's travelling the mountain paths,
when he's wandering alone and free,
when he feels the cool scents of the shore
and the broad blown breaths of the sea...

"I am the mountain,
I am the sea;
I am the king of the may"cried he;
"I am the road and I'm the tree;
I am the king of the may."

He sings a pulltogether song
that can cheer him when he's feeling down,
an allweather song
when the road seems just too rough,
a cometogether song
when he's been too long all on his own,
a get-together song
when he thinks he's had enough.

I'll sing of the travelling man,
and I'll give you his travelling song,
how he takes all he can in his hands,
how he's judge of his right and his wrong...

"I am the mountain,
I am the sea;
I am the king of the may"said he;
"I am the road and I am the tree,
I am the king of the may.."

Mai.1972.

page of 11 pages

unread. July 023

Life is a reaction, a defense mechanism,
defiance, compliance, a question mark,
a labyrinth, a road...
A wish that remains unfulfilled,
a dream unrealized...

A won't, a no, a yes, a go,
a gamble, a break...
the wish, the jump, the drama, the dream,
the liberation, the hope, the delusion.
And I will...

the king and his fool,
they rise and they fall.
There is a point to which men aspire,
which having touched, tumble headlong down.
And that point I touched. Why moan?

The archer that missed,
the arrow that missed;
the mouth that is kissed,
the breath in the kiss.
Make and unmake.

And I can jump
when the ground beneath my feet
gives way...
And I won't be dragged into the marsh.
And I will...

I want, I know, I fear...
I think, I love, I feel..
I win, I lose, I fail.
Face it, feel it take it,
chase it, steal it, make it,
race it, heal it, fake it,

And I will... just see...

Song(Untitled)

I'm sitting,waiting
watching hard
and just finding out.
Anticipating,
carry on,
you can leave me out.

I'm feeling so down and so strange;
I'm feeling in need of a change;
outside it is cold and so dark;
I think I shall walk in the park-
for a lark,leave my mark.

For the men must work and the women must weep.
And the sooner its over,the sooner for sleep.
Dream's over and soon I'll be waking,
and planning the route I'll be taking;
for the rest of my days,I'll be faking.
Thats the way.

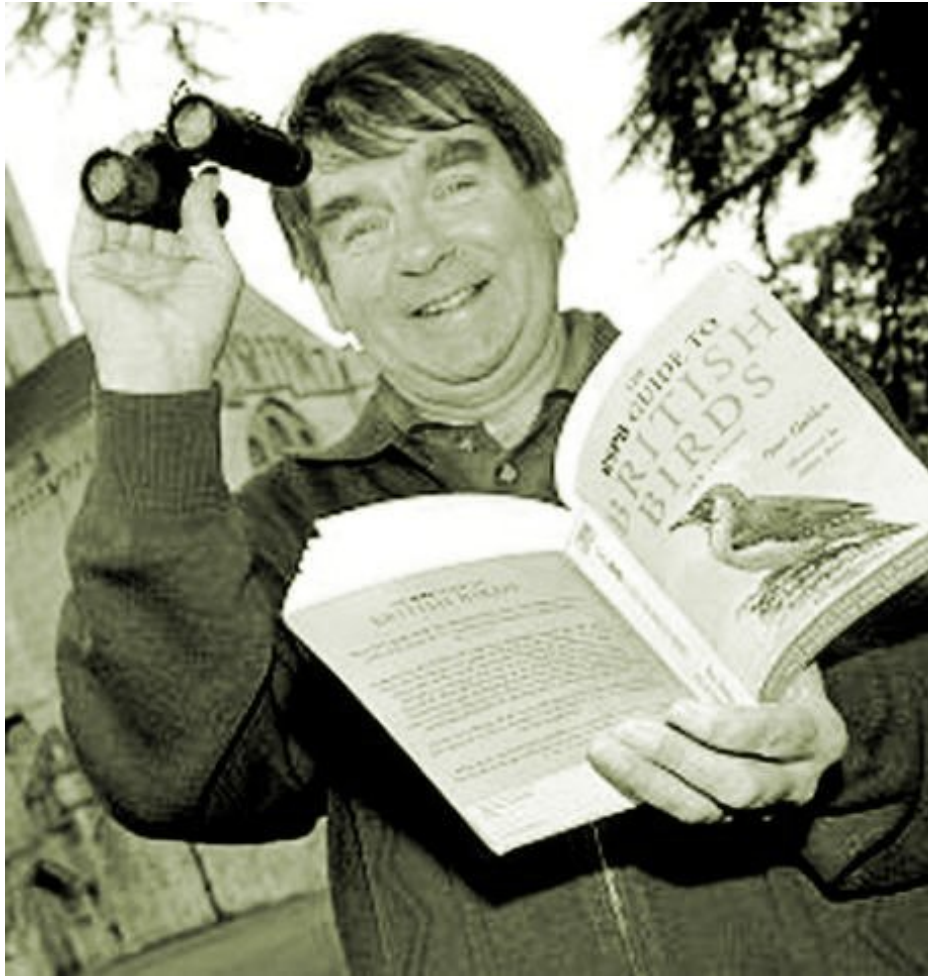
So here I'm playing
misty songs
of how dreams come true.
And I am saying
to myself
what I'd say to you.

I'm seeking the right words to say;
I'm waiting around for the day;
I'm feeling so inwardly bold;
I'm feeling alone and so cold-
getting old,soon be sold.

For the men must work and the women must weep.
And the sooner its over,the sooner for sleep.
Can a friend then be something distasteful?
An active partner in something disgraceful?
Its a worn to death story,so wasteful.
Nothing to say.

To the melody of the love aria
in Act IV of "Les Troyens"
by Berlioz.
Adapted 30th October,1972,
in Finsbury Park.





In Memoriam
David M Shaw
1948-2013

About The Writer

Multi-award winning songwriter Paul Hemphill has performed throughout Australasia and the UK, as a solo artist and as a member of the shadowy HuldreFolk, combining poetry and music, horror and humour. Vikings, Romans, Mongols, and the Spanish Inquisition have all faced the music!

Something old, something new, something that may take us disappearing down the foggy ruins of time – pushing poetic licence to its hazy limits, reacquainting us with his particular take on history, imparting an altogether different perspective on pain and pandemonium, and sharing with us dubious anthems to power, pride, and prejudice.

You can find out more and listen to some of Paul's songs on SoundCloud and YouTube. Search under Paul Hemphill or HuldreFolk (but ignore the Dutch death metal band of the same name)



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