

Thursday, 29 August 1963

Lovely chat last night about your ice-cream and my red bikini – hello! *Child*. And then did you go off and have an erudite conversation with the other man in the sitting room? What do you think of my “application”, which has not yet taken shape – though I have been enquiring all over – to get a bursary to go overseas? Today I no longer feel like going. But some time or other I will have to. I have never had a single opportunity, even took Afrikaans Lower for matric because back then my father was a SAP: just work, work, work my whole god-given life away, for little pay and even less thanks. It’s so abominably unnatural, and even if it carried on like this for another hundred years, I would never be able to adapt to it. Am I really made to read that rubbish, to waste my precious eyes on it until I am blind, I am so visually attuned! I can’t TAKE it any more. I only want a few months or a year to go, and to do or think or see something worthwhile, to feed this impoverishment with good art, a more natural life.

And if there is NOTHING that I MUST have and can’t get, I see no point in going on. I reckon I’ve tried long enough now, André, without love, without an education, without any form of emotional security, even if this was just the kind of financial security that enables one to buy certain things, a measure of serenity. I’m not self-pitying, also not bitter, just TIRED. They are ongoing, these things, threatening to take away the little light (talent!) that was granted to me. Because it can indeed be taken away.

Every grey day is deadening. And after this tirade I want to show you how your love carries me through these things. Do you know how I show it?

Perhaps just the fact I’m still alive.

Love, beautiful moesie-naked-man.  
Cocoon.

Castella

Saturday, 31 August 1963

{Found out Aug. has 31 days.}

~~1 September Spring Day~~

My darling André,

Thank you for your letter that was tucked so dearly into my door when I arrived home laden with parcels, it's very sunny in the street, perfect for a day in the veld or on the dunes. If the white Volksie was here we could drive out to Stellenbosch or Paarl, or Hout Bay?

Did you get Thursday's *despondent* letter? Your letter this morning is very clear and I fully understand how you feel, my dearest little treasure. And yet ... Abraham [H.] de Vries, for example, was here last night, phoned me at the office to meet him for a drink; I waited for him until 5:30 and then I left because I was expecting Marjorie and Jan at home. But he kept waiting for me (in the wrong place!), until seven o'clock. And came here afterwards. He was supposed to go to Bill de Klerk, but cancelled his appointment; naturally we spoke about you too; he says he hears about us everywhere and interrogated me: "I hear you've parted ways?" But your photos are hanging here large as life and I couldn't help talking about you a little bit! And this is *consequence*.

I told you on the phone and in my letter about Jack's visit, and what I'd said to him, that he wants to come and see me, and his reaction. Since then I haven't seen him again and when I placed a friendly call to him yesterday, he asked me: "How are the matrimonial plans going?" That, too, is *consequence*. And the consequences are growing, and the consequences *in* us, so that perhaps later you won't be able to save *anything* over there in Grahamstown. If it was *only* an adventure for both of us (because it is *also* an adventure) everything would of course be less complicated. But I will stay with you. Because I must and because I will and because it can't be otherwise and because you are my precious discovered treasure and because you love me. "The moment you are influenced you are corrupted." That's what [Leo] Tolstoy says, and for that

reason, I guard you and me like a lioness guards her cubs. And perhaps for that reason Jan was making fun of me last night, “Good heavens, Ingrid, when I mention André’s name, your expression changes!”

Dear treasure, we really must *laugh* more, about this *chaos* too that we’ve started in literary circles, because it’s actually funny in certain respects. Why did Abraham *have* to see me, wait for me for two hours, cancel his appointment with Bill, and come here?? Of course, I invited him to stay over here (what would people have made of *that*?) as my house is open to any “brother or sister in suffering”, the homeless and the displaced, the artists. But he went and stayed over at Ivor Pols, “because I don’t want André to be cross with me”. As if André can’t trust me ... but, that was a joke.

Come in September. Maybe your suggestion is in fact just a way of living, an art, then we’ll go away, without anyone knowing, and come back with secret secrets. And perhaps it’s a challenge. My whole nature (and yours too) flies in the face of secret-keeping, because we must share and because we are wilful – but maybe we can if we must.

I want to *see* you. I dreamt about you all night long, and about L. We were somewhere on a wonderful beach together, and wanted to try and get to one another, but we were almost hostile towards one another. It was terrible! And in reality I haven’t *once* felt: You were so much poison in me, etc. For me you have only ever been light and love, in spite of everything. I don’t *want* you to misunderstand me in this respect. You actually “gave me back to life” (do you remember that first weekend?). Do you remember that brandy afternoon in Clifton? Ag, do you remember everything? I love you so much. And I need you so terribly, too much. Now I’m going to make myself pretty and get tanned for September.

*Darling.*

Many thanks for cheque for castle and for telegram this afternoon.

Cocoon.

ps: Again today, my André, the slender possibility of our moesie-child is out of the question –

Temporarily.

IJonker.