

MARCH 1973

11 Sunday 1st in Lent

MARCH

S	4	11	18	25	
M	5	12	19	26	
T	6	13	20	27	
W	7	14	21	28	
T	8	15	22	29	
F	9	16	23	30	
S	3	10	17	24	31

Week 10 (70-295)

Received through the post copies of a magazine which contains a text of mine written in 1969 on a train from London to the West Country. Remember now the basement flat in South London, and her sitting on the bed, stooped and looking at the opposite wall, sobbing quietly, and me standing there with my bag in my hand in the middle of the room. Reading the text now four years later just before leaving to catch another train to the West of England, and her sitting at the other end of the couch in almost the same position: "He left her crying. Five minutes later he returned for his cigarettes. She was crying more. He left again. He turned his snice on and off. Light orchestral music fills the railway station. With his ticket between his teeth he strode to the front of the train. The soldiers on the train had all been issued with ball-point pens, and they had learned to click them to a simple rhythm. All the soldiers in the carriage