

TWIN SOULS

I left my school 'early,' that is soon after obtaining 10, 0 level passes and my parents being told that I would pass Scholarship A level in biology with my eyes closed, and with the prospect of going to Oxford or Cambridge. Looking back, I think I was suffering from intense brain fag, as I had packed too many 0 levels into too short a time span.

No matter, I have no regrets whatsoever. I would probably now be suffering from high blood pressure, and the rest of my time, 'taking care' I didn't 'over do it,' whatever that may mean.

For a few years I worked with a friend in various hotels as a night porter. I suppose I was trying to find a part of me that had gotten temporary lost. I had as it were, over indulged in education. Some may say, rubbish and that I should be thankful that I had the opportunity to be educated. Yes I am, but too much of anything can drain the creative centre of ones sanity, not to mention the effect that it can have on the psycho/physical structure of ones body. I have written that in hind sight, for if you had said those words to me days after breaking 'free' I would have said 'crap' and that I was sick of teachers, parents, books, parties, people, sex or no sex, and life in general.

My mother and father were very far seeing and did not try to pre - judge my life. They gave me, when I was 21, enough money from the sale of two of their recent paintings, to go to Australia. Plus, as I was under 25, I could obtain a work permit from the Australian Embassy.

Before my departure my mother insisted that I visit her friend a medium, called Ingar Singer who lived in South London. She was a delightful character, bubbling over with life and positive expectations, for all who visited her.

“Edward” she said as she poured my mother a cup of tea, “Take your paints with you. They will help you find your 'twin soul', which you have met in previous lives. Also, I have marked a map of Australia your mother sent me last week.”

“Marked,” I said “How do you mean?”

Ingar opened the map on a side table to reveal what she meant by 'marked.' It was indeed marked with fairly dark spots where she said, 'you will have some future projected encounters.' Regarding a twin soul, I presumed she meant an 'Ozy Sheila.' I was soon to discover it was not as simple as that, but a much deeper level of twin soul was on the cards.

I was delighted to be taken to OZ in an Australian plane - A Qantas, which is an abbreviation of Queensland and Northern Territory Aerial Services, a name which was registered in 1920. The jet was a Boeing 707; they had come into service on the Kangaroo Route in November 1959. Jets I am informed, are of a simpler construction than a piston-engine. Qantas experienced 58 premature engine removals en route, compared with 3 for the jet fleet in 1963. To me that is very interesting because throughout my observations of some parchments that my father had found in a scrap yard, I was beginning to understand that simplicity is a key word. I will briefly mention the central

content or theme. It was soul-healing. Now I have experienced in my life so far, physical healing, because as a 7 year old I had had my tonsils removed. But what was soul-healing?

My first stop after leaving Perth, where I had landed in a 707, was on the beginnings of the Nullarbor desert road, just before getting into the desert proper. Contrary to some popular opinions the word Nullarbor is not of Aboriginal origins. In fact the local Mirning people referred to the area as "Oondiri" which is said to mean "the waterless". In fact, in 1866 E. Alfred Delisser surveyed the Nullarbor Plain and noted a marked absence of trees. Delisser then derived the term Nullarbor from the Latin "nulla" for no, and "arbor" for tree. Hence the term Nullarbor meaning no trees.

It was a large cereal farm, mainly wheat for bread making that Ingar had marked on my map. Not the farm you understand, but the approx location. Dusk was descending rapidly so it was decided for me, particularly as I had as yet not accustomed myself to sleeping alone in the bush. A young woman of about seventeen met me at the inner gate, and I asked if I could camp for the night under some very sparse eucalyptus trees. They were almost saying 'we are the last trees you will see for many kilometres.'

"I will ask my daaad," she said in Ozy English, and turned with a smile on a pair of beautiful soft lips. Who said the sheilas were dried up by the sun? I thought.

Dad came out and said it was, 'fine sport, as long as you don't light a fire and try to make tea in a billy.' He then got chatting about the UK and how his ancestors had come out as POMs = Prisoners of Her Majesty, in the early 19th century. His relation had stolen a loaf from a wealthy house in South Molton. He was one of the 'Turners' he said. I was feeling too tired to probe any deeper, but thought I will ask him tomorrow if they are related to J.M.W. Turner the artist, whose family originated in that area. William's father, a barber, had been born in South Molton in Devon, on the 29th June, 1745. He married Mary Marshall by the curate in St Paul's Church, Covent Garden on the 27th August, 1773. William was 28 years old, and Mary 34. The great Turner was born in very poor circumstances 23rd April, 1775. I know all of these details, because my father had them inscribed on his heart. Now they were growing wheat to feed the Nation and possibly sending some of the grain to make loaves in England to feed the SOMs - Subjects of Her Majesty! A twist of fate, if ever there was one. I came to the conclusion that I was rapidly becoming traumatized by culture shock- and I had only moved a few kilometres from Perth! Perhaps it was jet lag, but I felt dad would have very little interest, even if he was a 'real' Turner. Perhaps in the morning his daughter would be more enlightened?

Being an early riser I hit the sack about 9 pm, preparing in my mind that I would paint between 5 am and 10 am, before the real heat got at me. I will explain a few of the more obvious details about the VW I had bought, second hand, or was it many hands?! - later. For now, sleep was vital. You can imagine my surprise when at about midnight a faint tap, tap, came through to my sleep drugged, slightly airless prone state. It is difficult to keep flies and mosquitoes out of a VW with no air conditioning. I did eventually succeed with the help of the person tapping on my door. More about that anon.

There she was. standing patiently waiting while I put an old blanket around my midriff. I lit a

candle and then opened the door a crack, her simple question was, 'would you like a drink of rum tea?' If it had been her dad, I would have probably sworn, but with two firm breasts peering at me, plus two slightly sleepy eyes asking to come in, what can a man do but say, 'YES.' And anyway, this was safer than tea in a billy! It is amazing how fast one can think, if there was any possibility of dad suddenly popping up out of the night air!

She didn't seem at all concerned, at least that was what I hoped, or did I possibly hope she had given the old man a Mick-y Finn? No she was much too nice for that. I think he was simply knackered from his toils.

The tea was a bit on the sweet side; her firm looking body was even sweeter. Knowing I could cope with the rum tea, I wondered to myself if she had come to let me taste her other creations, when she simply said, "Would you like to play Pelmanism?"

"Nothing I would like better" I said, "It is my favourite card game." A pack of cards appeared almost as if by magic. She is very confident for a 17-year-old country girl, I thought to myself.

At the moment I found that it wasn't all that easy to play that type of game, because after you had turned a card back to its original spot, the candle light played tricks with our eyes. The flickering light from the flame seemed to make the cards move of their own volition. However, as we neared the end of the game, I was slightly ahead, but not by much, when I looked up to see the first four buttons of her thin pink dress had been undone. Also, I couldn't fail to notice when she had come in clasp under her left arm the flask, that her nipples were showing through her dress. Now with the right and left side of the dress getting increasingly more open, her nipples and dress had parted from their tension of pressure and were now free. Like two youthful fawns they appeared to my youthful eye to be seeking the wide-open prairies!

A sudden breeze made the candle flame flicker, which almost synchronized with my racing heartbeat. This was like a cue to her. As her winning cards slipped to the floor, her right hand slowly unbuttoned Number five and six. This was surely a more powerfully winning hand than I had ever played, for she had brought two identical shapes together in front of me making Pelmanism appear to be related to the Dodo. However we must concentrate on the cards, though the effort to do so was more difficult than doing 10, 0 levels!

My left hand was free of my card winnings and was reaching out towards an infinitely richer prize. No, it was not what you might think, those amazing breasts, but it was her face, her eyes that drew mine to hers like a magnet in a science lab.

The view of her body, now completely naked, was like a young body I had seen my father painting when I had accidentally entered his studio. Fresh young and pulsating. Peaches and cream may sound corny, but if you have ever seen a ripe growing peach then you will know what I mean. My father, in his studio, had a piece of boxwood with carvings of monkeys playing in peach trees. He told me that there was an old Chinese legend attached to these monkeys and a Sage, which equals the peach representing immortality. Even that brief glimpse had stirred my sixteen-year mind energy. So, what do you expect this was doing to it at twenty-one? Now however, it wasn't the body that had hooked me, it was this light coming out of her eyes. The light filled first my eyes then like a cool stream it flowed down to my toes.

The deeper that I looked into her eyes, the more I wanted to spread out my hands and caress every part of her poetic body, which I am sure would have been like touching some newly created Greek Venus de Milo. However, I couldn't do it. I was transfixed. I felt that her eyes were caressing my soul. It was as if all of my senses, my ears, my eyes and fingers, including my sense of smell had become an orgasmic pulse, enveloping us both within a soul climax. Was this an echo of 'The Big Bang?' We lay looking into each other's eyes until the Turner-esque sun began to rise.

I have since pondered long over this experience; did we all create like this in Eden, before the fall of energies evolved to take place in the genitals? Perhaps this was what the parchments meant when it spoke about soul-healing, and Ingar's words sempiternally echoing in my head about meeting my twin soul.

Copyright Ron Atkin
WILDFLOWER COTTAGE
ABBOTS BICKINGTON
DEVON EX22 7LQ.

Tel:01409 261480