

# John Cale, The Jeweller

Very slowly he sipped his tea, not shifting his glance from the thick double spaced printing he read. Engrossed in his corner, he passed onto the other inhabitants of the room a scrawled insularity of thought. For both passed him by with the speed of light, not unlike the flow of substance, however varied, in the room. He was hardly ugly for his time, and conversation was certainly not lost on him. Drastic measures were called for, and as in antiquity the lonely man was blessed with wisdom to the extent that he could not be. But there in his corner, developing around him like a sun, was a climate of such rare beauty that sight was not needed. And he had begun to notice, as his hearing failed, that mind and matter were in no way connected. "What does this word mean?" he enquired of the solemn waiter hopefully. "Nothing for desert sir", came the reply, "perhaps a cocktail, demitasse or a herbal tea." And as the pattering of the feet faded in the room, for he barely heard them now, his eye slowly began to close. It was rush hour, in Hawaii only 10am. So, turning into his street, he stopped at the drug store and bought an eye patch that soon covered his right eye. Climbing the stairs he pondered what to do next, he would call a doctor and have tests made, eat a meal, and go to bed. And at 1am he awoke from a dream and after fumbling his way in the obsolescent light of his room he found his eye. What he saw astonished him. Where once was tremulous tissue and membrane was now a follicle. But in the deep dark recesses of that sticky occlusion lay the unclosing watchful eye of disgust in its