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wrapped up

in the national arts festival, 2009
by Anton Krueger

The whirlwind of the festival feels to finally be slackening its grip... all this time I've been wanting to connect, to go deeper, to talk, you know, properly, and yet all this time it's been a mad rushing about, having to try to formulate thoughts for interviews and meetings with new people & etc... all too soon it's more drinking and more art and more sitting and seeing and feeling and emotions going this way and that and then more people and streets and cars and audiences and shows and laughter and clapping and all the time wishing I could just sit quietly somewhere and really talk to someone and try to listen to them, you know, communicate... But before you know it there are more people, more famous people and unknown people and other people and greeting people who you think you've met before but can't put your finger on where you know them from and then remembering oh they're tv people and actually you've never met them though you've seen them even though they've never seen you... And then it's more parking and reversing and fast food and welcome to this National Arts Festival production please take a moment to locate your cell phone and make sure it is switched off... And still ever wanting to connect, and then kissing on the cheek and lips and hugs and handshakes still wanting to actually talk to someone, but always the same bullshit coming out of my mouth — What shows have you seen? How's your

show going? Wasn't this great? Wasn't that awful? What did you think of - ? Did you also feel a connection with the dead there? And the feeling that there are just so many of them and that maybe this is really the group we can most identify ourselves with? Our largest clan, our biggest family? Not South Africans or men or women or Christians or Jews or this and that, but the dead, that's us? Eventually? And where the fuck did we park the car?... And more loud hailing trying to be heard at the long table over the noise and the smoke and trying to sound clever and getting more drunk and forgetting who I spoke to and hoping I didn't annoy anyone overly with all that wine in my bloodstream, can't remember what I said to Brett Bailey and Mike van Graan... And the foreigners all seeing the really African shows which South Africans maybe don't really watch that much of anymore, and I'm trying to be loyal to everyone I know and to see all of their shows and that, but not quite managing it... Then quickly an art gallery here and some heart stopping film there and an aesthetic experience now and a spiritual one then... And all of these experiences indescribable really, trying to explain, to tell people & to hear of their experiences — but it's just a rush & moving onwards — bye, and then more people and another late night and not remembering how I drove home, sheez, should take it easy, falling asleep during Kafka, and the Dutch play about the

girl with the terribly unhappy home life and learning to sleep sitting up, and then more chatting and waving and calling out and smiling and then another tech and let's get the set and have we adjusted the sound for the gunshot yet? Before you know it, the rush passes and it's let's get a drink and that went very well, or where can we store the desk? Every day a new batch of unknown variables creating new problems to be flexible around... Every production becomes an entirely separate self-sustaining temporal zone all encompassing and sufficient and then all too soon it's the last show and did we ever really get a chance for that real conversation we were really going to have? And where did everybody go and did we ever get to say goodbye? And what was the edge in her voice that time and what did this mean or that and where are all the people I fell in love with and never really got to talk to... And yet also couldn't wait to be alone, couldn't wait for everyone to leave, even though now I miss them and feeling almost heartbroken, like the end of an affair, like a boatride back to the mainland, ten days come and gone like a crashing wave foam, like a storm passing overhead, drenching me in love and irritation, in tears and laughter and various minor annoyances — good days bad days, days swept away, days gone of this forever finished festival.

About Anton Krueger

Anton Krueger produced two plays and two films for the festival this year. His play "Living in Strange Lands", the story about verwoerd's assassin, recently returned from a festival in Buenos Aires, and "In the Blue Beaker" a comedy about suicide was not only written by Krueger but also co-directed by him. He also played a featured role in the production as Dr. Hemming

Bekker. The short films written and directed by Krueger were: "Tuesday" and "Anzan and the Visitors" which were both part of the "cine-mazing" program.

- * first published on [kagablog](#)
- 1. Anton, bearded, contemplates the artfest
- 2. Stills from "Anzan and the Visitors"

