



ARTIST'S
MARK

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Report



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ANTON ROBERT KRUEGER

THE ABOLITION OF FIRE

Was in the nineteen-twenties when the icon of the crossed out flame first surreptitiously insinuated itself onto gas cylinders.

In the nineteen-thirties, conservationists first put up fascist placards bearing slogans such as: 'all fires to be made in fireplaces'.

In the game parks of the nineteen-fifties, the treachery first came outright full frontal, and imperatives sang 'no fire allowed'.

The nineteen-eighties saw the rise of anti-tobacco campaigns, and the movement gained vigour.

Nineteen-nineties legislation hit:
no smoke in California,
no smoke in America,
no smoke in its colonies.

Then: In the latter part of the first decade of the new century, long after the last cigarette
the last marijuana
the last bit of incense-
had been driven into hiding, the widespread, 'no naked flames' band, took their troubles to the streets. And demonstrations eventuated in a final war waged

against matches
against lighters
against candles
against oils
against flint,
and the subsequent subversion of the people of the fire,
who were all eventually, uneventfully captured by community.

Watered down by dialogue with dolphins,
they too succumbed to the New Age of Aqua.

No fires allowed. Keep from hell's flame.

But: once the system of extinction had been completely effected

And, once that final fire died,

And, once the imbalance of a disjointed environment had proclaimed itself

And all equilibrium was lost

When that vacuum that wreaked havoc and horror had been sated,

When the absence had been avenged

When all stood in ruin,

It was then that the ancient memory of one descended from an Ur.

Prometheus, a first flame keeper, looked deep upon his soul and heard as

clear as day, the voice of his ancestor, who peering out said: motherfucker!

you let it go out! before he, too, sank.

FOOTPRINTS - REVISITED

i dreamed two pairs of footprints

trailing through the sands of time

two sets of steps:

one pair the master's

the other

mine

and I said

but Lord

why when it became most difficult

why when times were hardest

why is there only one pair of footprints then?

why did you abandon me in the hour of my greatest need?

and he turned to me and said: aah, look..., sorry about that...

ABOUT SEX

you knew the stew was hot to touch
 but knew that few of them that wait are served
 so suddenly seductively
 you threw the menu at the maitre d'
 now frequently (too easily?)
 you use the news of reviewed reviews
 to find a proper place to eat

NORMALCY IS NATURALLY BRED

usually using usual heads,
 the same remain the same
 and stay arranged
 by what's unsaid.

the world is thin like skin,
 which covers over
 what it maintains compact,
 and contains the sober.

the veneer
 of the social sphere
 harnesses illusions,
 as it feeds fears
 of impermanence.

and yet knowing that restrictions of structures
 refuse us ruptures and raptures,
 we still respect the surface
 between which we're captured.

THE FAULTY PERSONALITY

Respect the pristined power
of a marble-towered
personality.

It's so high, so right, so pure, so sure,
so always everything in its place,
every shoe laced.

Yet, why so often does it seem,
one's faults and flaws and idiosyncrasies,
define the meat of one's identity?

And what is one to make of the reality
that the devil, quite simply,
has more personality?

FEELING, ALRIGHT!

he finally felt that she understood
-you know how I feel about it, he said
-you do, i'm sure you must, you do, but you-

she cut him short
-but have you, do you ever know how i feel about it?
she said.

-but,
she said- but,
-but, said he,
-but, she said,
he said- but,
-but, said she

It's all too clear that one of us is feeling the wrong thing.

WAITING FOR THE POETS

beer-drinking, back-slapping
foul-mouthing, back-attacking

conspiring to rhyme
the bards are here
and they want a good time

far-seeing, short-sighted
teasing, chirping
chain-smoking
laughing, shouting
smiling sneering

they look like they're thinking
but they're really here for beer drinking

muse-seducing, word-confusing
hip-swaying, gain-saying
lip-loosing, literature perusing,
tongue shaking, genre breaking
rhyming...rhyming...rhyming

yes...

the boys are back
the bards and their beer
are here.

IMPROMPTU

JOHANNES VAN JERUSALEM

IN STEDE

(1)

Stadige stede hurk vir lang rukke
voor hulle opstaan, al die stukke
bymeesterskraap, die geprikkel
skud uit hulle bene, heupe wikkel
en vorentoe tree, die eerste stap:
daar hoor jy reeds hulle vlerke klap.

(2)

Ondergronds lê die eerste kultuur
begrawe, op die lange duur
argates gereken, daarby die bene
toegebou onder generasies stene,
ander organe lankal al die rooi grond
self, opnuut oopgesny, diep verwond.

(3)

'n Duin wandel deur die woestyn,
sy metgeselle 'n kameel en 'n bedocien
in spoorlose stede en droomlose slaap.
In die sagte holte van 'n kaap
vind 'n skip 'n plek vir 'n gehug,
knus genoeg en soos 'n fort gedug.

Anton,
ek waardeer jou
deelneme kwam met
my baie
— en ek het baie
respek vir hoe jy
jou pad geloop
het — soms
opdraand —
Arendie week

Johannes