

## ANTON SMIT



“Late yestreen I saw the new moons lie, Wi the auld moons in hir arme...” he bellows low with a feigned Scottish accent, tool in hand and a twinkle in his eye. Spoken verse, the echoes of emotive lyrics and the rasping of sculptures in

progress is customary sounds emitted from the studio. Larger than life, Anton Smit is the embodiment of poetry; an apt term for this sculptor, derived from the term for “making” Anton forms his own language through sculpture, the manifestation of his passion for expression and his profound faith.



*DISCARDED – ANTON SMIT*

## **The Weary One**

The weary one, orphan  
of the masses, the self,  
the crushed one, the one made of concrete,  
the one without a country in crowded,  
he who wanted to go far away, always farther away,  
didn't know what to do there, whether he wanted  
or didn't want to leave or remain on  
the hesitant one, the hybrid, entangled in himself,  
had no place here: the straight-angled stone,  
the infinite look of the granite prism,  
the circular solitude all banished him:  
he went somewhere else with his sorrows,  
he returned to the agony of his native land,  
to his indecisions, of winter and summer

*Pablo Neruda*



*SALT IN THE LITTLE SALT SHAKER AND OUTSIDE ALL THE SALT IN THE WORLD – ANTON SMIT*

## Ode to salt

This salt  
in the salt cellar  
I once saw in the salt mines.  
I know  
you won't  
believe me  
but  
it sings  
salt sings, the skin  
of the salt mines  
sings  
with a mouth smothered  
by the earth.  
I shivered in those  
solitudes  
when I heard  
the voice  
of  
the salt  
in the desert.  
Near Antofagasta  
the nitrous  
pampa  
resounds:  
a  
broken  
voice,  
a mournful  
song.

In its caves  
the salt moans, mountain  
of buried light,  
translucent cathedral,

crystal of the sea, oblivion  
of the waves.  
And then on every table  
in the world,  
salt,  
we see your piquant  
powder  
sprinkling  
vital light  
upon  
our food.  
Preserver  
of the ancient  
holds of ships,  
discoverer  
on  
the high seas,  
earliest  
sailor  
of the unknown, shifting  
byways of the foam.  
Dust of the sea, in you  
the tongue receives a kiss  
from ocean night:  
taste imparts to every seasoned  
dish your ocean essence;  
the smallest,

miniature  
wave from the saltcellar  
reveals to us  
more than domestic whiteness;  
in it, we taste finitude.  
*Pablo Neruda*



*TIE YOUR WEEPING IN A CHAIN - ANTON SMIT*

## **About me**

She used to wear the chains of gold  
and now her chains have changed.  
She loved those ankle bracelets...  
until she felt the pain...  
of those chains around her ankles,  
her feet are bound by two  
the sound just goes right through her...  
what's a prisoner to do?  
She's a prisoner of her own accord  
her life was going fine...  
until her friends around her...  
were of the other kind.  
The chains of bondage have no key...  
there are no chains of gold...  
because without her chains, you see,  
it would be against the rules.

*Carol Natoli*

**ANDRE NAUDE**





Having read the following statement by British artist Catherine Parsonage, I found the content so appropriate that I took the liberty to quote it verbatim.

Parsonage states:

*“My painting has an inherent, self-critical instability. It does not take it’s status for granted and consequently it swings schizophrenically between concepts and*

*styles. My lack of commitment to one particular path is an attempt not only to understand the possibilities and limitations of making a painting now, but also the difficulties of communicating anything in our increasingly unreadable present.”*

In my endeavour to image the text of Eunice Basson’s poetry, I chose to avoid the literal interpretation and do what Parsonage states.

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## LEIBOOM



en só die roosbome net  
bokant die ogies snoei,

want ook my aard  
het ek aan jou nagelaat.

Eunice Basson

## Leiboom pa

ek is,maar ook nie dood nie  
ek is nog altyd by jou:

waar jy blaai en lees deur geliefde boeke  
wat ek vir jou nagelaat het,  
my kantaantekeninge in potlood  
nog altyd duidelik en skepties  
soms selfs in akkoord met die skrywer

voel hoe my hande in die grein  
van die houtwerk lê  
wat ek vir jou gemaak het:  
in die skaakstel met sy kastele  
en bord waarop ons menige  
biskop en ridder laat sneuwel het

ek reis nog altyd saam met jou  
na satara of 'n ander deel  
van die wildtuin waar ek steeds  
die veld en blomme vir jou oopvou  
in die sekelbos en maroela  
die vleiloerie en trou pant

jy het nog al my dagboeke  
waarin tyd en plek die doen en late  
van my wêreld gerig  
en ek die een en ander opgeteken het:  
die general se verjaarsdag op 3 april,  
eugène marais se dood

my mansjetknopies lê nog altyd  
in jou kas, my skeermes en kam  
hou jy net vir die hou,  
soos die muntseëls van die vlieënier,  
die vlootsoldaat en mynskag  
wat nooit na die Noorde gepos is nie

ek is nog altyd by jou;  
soos wat ek jou geleer het  
om 'n veter te strik,  
só sal jy my steeds na-aap,  
die tuinslang só oprol,

en só die roosbome net  
bokant die ogies snoei,

want ook my aard

het ek aan jou nagelaat.

Eunice Basson

## LYNETTE TEN KROODEN



*Without the mirror that the natural world  
presents to us, we will no longer see ourselves,  
and we will forget who we are.*

**Wangaari Maathai**

*BAOBAB – LYNETTE TEN KROODEN*



**NASIONALE KRUGER WILDTUIN**

*“V Punda Maria*

Tot by die noorde se kremetarte

Reis ek met my verkyker, sterrekaart

En boeke: Roberts, Smithers en Van Wyk.

Ná die son oor die bome gesak het,

Styg konstellasies hoog bo die suidland.”

*Johan Lodewyk Marais*

*Verweerde aardbol 1992*

## ARS POETICA

Wil my verwysings by voorkeur beperk  
Tot hierdie stukkie versmade suidpunt.  
Die stemme laat spreek van my voorgangers  
en tydgenote. Sulke groot sterre!  
As ek sterre kyk, kyk ek deur die tyd  
terug in teks en in klip en klipkoppie  
tot by die versteende blaar:veer op klip.

*Johann Lodewyk Marais  
Verweerde aardbol 1992*



*KLIPKOPPIE (Sandmerke 2)*



*GROOT STERRE (Sandmerke 1)*



*VERSTEENDE BLAAR (Sandmerke 3)*

### **REIS OOR AFRIKA**

Vannag is my kontinent 'n donker  
onbekende wat onder ons verby  
skuif, waarbo die halwe maan en eenkant staan.  
Onder my sien ek verlate ligte  
daar ver, eenkant, en hoe aan die bopunt  
'n stad aan die Middelladse See brand  
en in vae kartelinge verdwyn.  
Ek kyk alleen oor die groot, groot niet uit  
en sien my woorde klein soos 'n eiland  
weerloos en dof in die stikdonker nag.

*Johan Lodewyk Marais*  
*PLAASLIKE KENNIS 2004*





*AFRIKA NAGHEMEL – LYNETTE TEN KROODEN*

**MARCH 1979**

Weary of all who come with words,  
Words but no language  
I make my way to the snow-covered island.  
The untamed has no words.  
The written pages spread out on  
Every side!  
I come upon the traces of deer's  
hooves in the snow  
Language but no words.

*Tomas Tranströmer*

*Swedish poet Nobel Prize winner for literature 2011*

*From March 1979 "Collected poems 1987" Translated by Robin Fulton*

*MAJESTIC – LYNETTE TEN KROODEN*



Sometimes the joy of paint, canvas and the empty art world makes me as weary as a poet with language but no words. Then I escape to the solitude of nature.

## **Flenterverlange**

die hunkering diep hier binne  
span soos 'n boog....

die wit son in die Karoo  
brand die lusern droog  
die dam is leeg en  
hard soos wit kalksteen,  
die fontein het opgedroog....

en ek verlang na jou  
wat baie ver maar sag is  
soos die reën.....

### Vreemdeling

....iewers het iets losgekome in my...  
....en tuimel,,,af in die  
oopgaan van elke dag en  
toemaak van elke nag....iets  
wat verlangend huil in die  
verte en in die verskiet....

### Vreemdeling

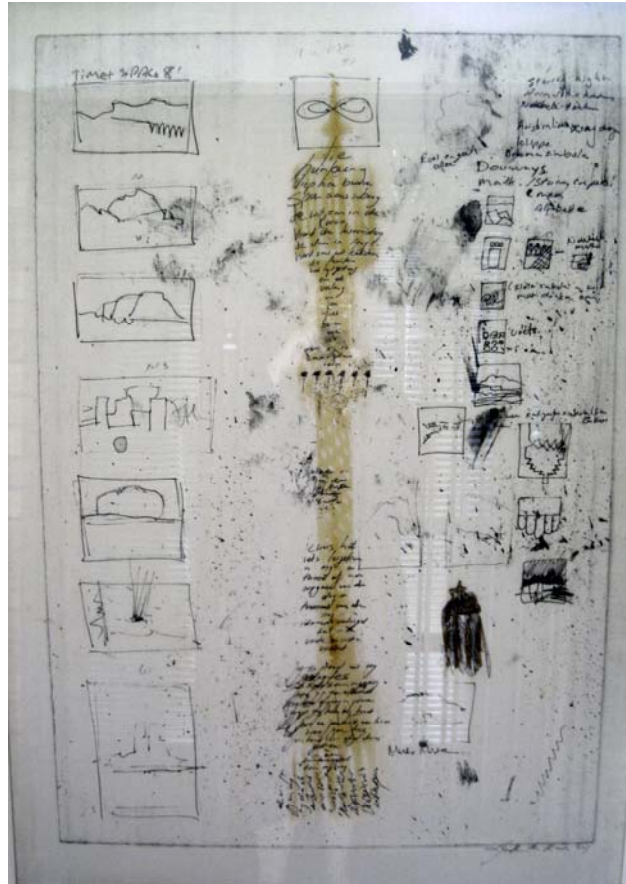
jy is nooit uit my gedagtes  
so seldsaam ingepag  
gee jy aan alles vel  
my lewe gly weg in joune  
gryp my, hou my hart...

ek kom van jou nooit weer los nie  
ek wens jou hier  
jou hand vir altyd skuinsgedraai  
in warm winterweefsel  
teen my wang...

jou stem...uitasem/bondel  
energie self

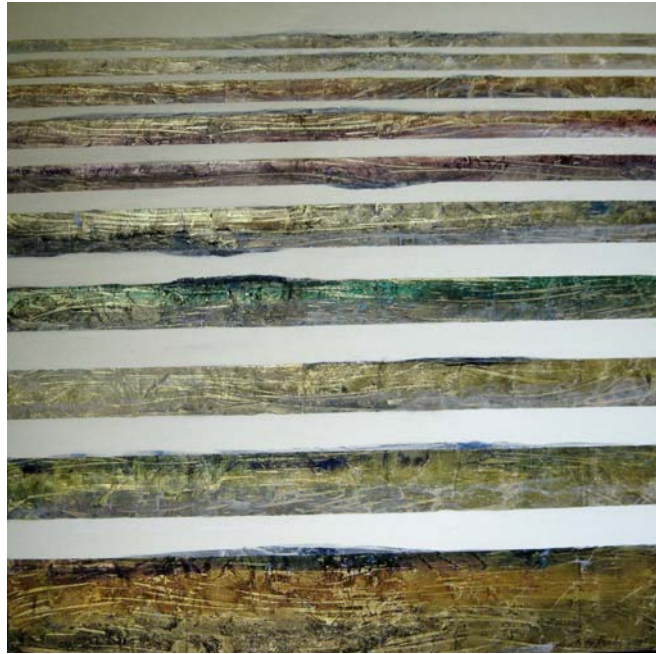
Antjie Krog

*FLEENTERVERLANGE – LYNETTE TEN KROODEN*



(Ek het die drie gedigte deel van my gedagtegang gemaak terwyl ek op reis was in 'n ver plek.  
Dit neem die vorm aan van 'n minaret vanwaar die verlange oor die liefde van die hoogste torings  
besing word )

*HORISONNE – LYNETTE TEN KROODEN*



In my soeke en reise het ek al baie dae teen kameelspoed en op die rue van sagskommelende kamele gesit en teken en wonder. Die lugspieeling van die ewige ontwykende horison was altyd teenwoordig. My reis na Timboektoe en die Sahara woestyn was 'n lewenservaring van tyd en ewigheid.



*HORISONNE 1 (cont.) LYNETTE TEN KROODEN*



*HORISONNE 2 (cont.) LYNETTE TEN KROODEN*





*HORISONNE 3 (cont.) LYNETTE TEN KROODEN*



*HORISONNE 4 (cont.) LYNETTE TEN KROODEN*



## **Horisonne**

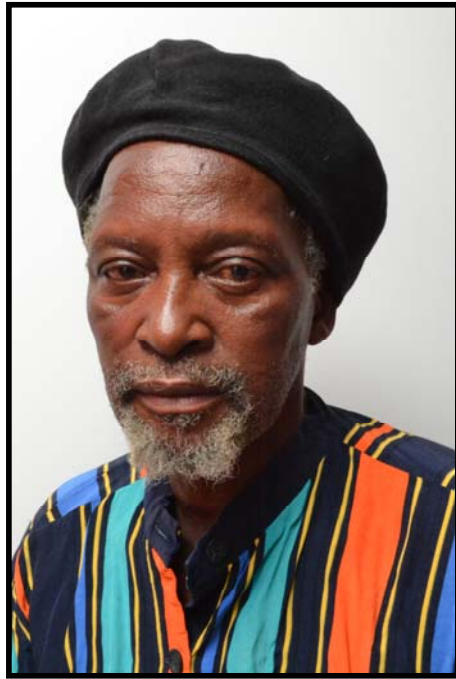
In my soeke en reise het ek al baie dae teen kameelspoed en op die rue van sag-skommelende kamele gesit en teken en wonder. Die lugspeelinge van die ewige ontwykende horison was altyd teenwoordig. My reis na Timboektoe en die Sahara woestyn was 'n lewenservaring van tyd en ewigheid.

## TIMBOEKTOE

Die stad anderkant die Nigerrivier  
is die eindpunt van die karavane  
van Tghaza en Taoudenite  
se soutwerke diep in die Sahara.  
Drie honder drie en dertig heiliges  
se verwaaide grafte in die *medina*  
aan 'n wildedadel vasgemaak is.  
Nou lees 'n man met leersandale aan  
In 'n stokou manuskrip van tye  
toe koopliede en bedevaartgangers  
maande lank deur die duine getrek het  
om die gang van die sterre en die wind  
soos 'n kameel se leisels los te knoop.

*Johan Lodewyk Marais  
Nomade 2011*

## **LEFIFI TLADI**



**“I Don’t need Inspiration, as perspiration is my life”**



### ***MIRROR-MIRROR***

You capture the journey of light in full flight  
What a mighty fighter of doomed darkness, you do not wallow  
in the mire of blind perceptions,  
Because you know that a broken mirror does not equate broken  
images  
Because you fed the prism of Arts Conscious.

*Lefifi Tladi*



## GLASS

### MY CUP

Through you, I fulfil my five senses  
The texture of your surfaces have broaden the perception of my palms  
And my fingers ooze the piano in me.  
the red of my wine eliminated the optic songs  
That come along with a simmering sunset and as I smell that aroma yes that aroma  
My olfactory sense can now capture that smell that adorns my humanscapes after the  
rain  
and the tongue is now a pallet for connoisseurs and elevation of tongue consciousness  
The pitch of your timbre made me appreciate my internal keys  
Think I am in Tune  
CHEERS

*Lefifi Tladi*



## TROLLENS MYSTIC

### **TROLLENS MYSTIC**

Through a labyrinth of sanity a channel for the elevated  
Those who can dare read the palms of timelessness true magicians of the soul  
Who create create creators full of pure vision beyond the Mambo-Jumbo of  
contemporary eye  
What a temporary con throttled by wisdom vision, seasoned by committed and over  
stand mantic blues played by trolleys mystic.

*Lefifi Tladi*

## JUDITH MASON



*A million eyes, a million boots in line,  
Without expression, waiting for a sign.....*

*Column by column in a cloud of dust  
They marched away enduring a belief  
Whose logic brought them, somewhere else, to grief.*

*The Shield of Achilles – W H Auden*



*EYES RIGHT – JUDITH MASON*

## The Shield of Achilles

*W. H. Auden*

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She looked over his shoulder  
    For vines and olive trees,  
Marble well-governed cities  
    And ships upon untamed seas,  
But there on the shining metal  
    His hands had put instead  
An artificial wilderness  
    And a sky like lead.

A plain without a feature, bare and brown,  
    No blade of grass, no sign of neighborhood,  
Nothing to eat and nowhere to sit down,  
    Yet, congregated on its blankness, stood  
    An unintelligible multitude,  
A million eyes, a million boots in line,  
Without expression, waiting for a sign.

Out of the air a voice without a face  
    Proved by statistics that some cause was just  
In tones as dry and level as the place:  
    No one was cheered and nothing was discussed;  
    Column by column in a cloud of dust  
They marched away enduring a belief  
Whose logic brought them, somewhere else, to grief.

She looked over his shoulder  
    For ritual pieties,  
White flower-garlanded heifers,  
    Libation and sacrifice,  
But there on the shining metal  
    Where the altar should have been,  
She saw by his flickering forge-light  
    Quite another scene.

Barbed wire enclosed an arbitrary spot  
    Where bored officials lounged (one cracked a joke)  
And sentries sweated for the day was hot:



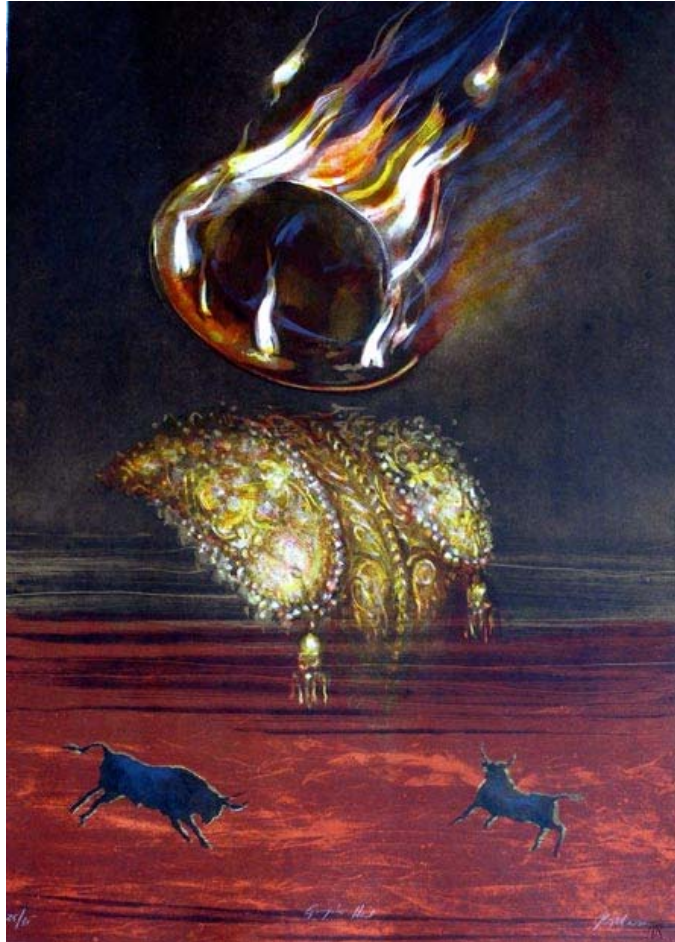
A crowd of ordinary decent folk  
Watched from without and neither moved nor spoke  
As three pale figures were led forth and bound  
To three posts driven upright in the ground.

The mass and majesty of this world, all  
That carries weight and always weighs the same  
Lay in the hands of others; they were small  
And could not hope for help and no help came:  
What their foes like to do was done, their shame  
Was all the worst could wish; they lost their pride  
And died as men before their bodies died.

She looked over his shoulder  
For athletes at their games,  
Men and women in a dance  
Moving their sweet limbs  
Quick, quick, to music,  
But there on the shining shield  
His hands had set no dancing-floor  
But a weed-choked field.

A ragged urchin, aimless and alone,  
Loitered about that vacancy; a bird  
Flew up to safety from his well-aimed stone:  
That girls are raped, that two boys knife a third,  
Were axioms to him, who'd never heard  
Of any world where promises were kept,  
Or one could weep because another wept.

The thin-lipped armorer,  
Hephaestos, hobbled away,  
Thetis of the shining breasts  
Cried out in dismay  
At what the god had wrought  
To please her son, the strong  
Iron-hearted man-slaying Achilles  
Who would not live long.



*GOYA'S HAT – JUDITH MASON*

## Goya

Francisca de Goya y Lucientes  
met kerse op die rand van sy hoed  
staan wydsbeen oor die omboorsel van 'n donker eeu  
donker perde  
my beminde  
mondblind en die skreeu van ontsetting  
'n dooie klip in die kop die kop  
van 'n hond wat oor die aarde se boggel loer  
en skryf sy swart skilderye  
op rou pleister van sy huis se mure  
die huis van die dowe  
maskers onder 'n verrotte  
tuimelmaan  
my beminde

swart soos bloed  
swart soos brood  
swart soos moord  
swart soos teregstelling  
wit soos die vuurtong vlerkende  
uit die bek van die geweer  
die bul versmoor in sy eie bloed

die lewe is kalk vir die blus van die beendere  
uit die swart gewelf blom 'n karnaval  
van kreupeles veroordeeldes die oopvlerkende optog  
van geeste sy hand onthou  
onthou die hand nog  
hoe dit was om gedienstig te wees aan die sotlike koning  
en vertraagde prinsesse  
die bajonet in die vryheidsvegter se derms  
die kroning van die sardien die hand onthou  
onthou die hand nog  
die slanke lêlyf silhoeët  
die bleek vlees en die donker driehoekvag  
om die hemelpoort  
van Maria del Pilar Teresa Cayetana  
de Silva Alvarez de Toledo  
la Duquesa de Alba  
my beminde

sy maja in rooi en swart en brokaat  
donker perde in die nag die nag  
is 'n gepeupel in prosesie  
swart soos slaaploosheid  
onse god is 'n muil  
'n monddowe verblindende kreet  
'n muur van donkerder vuur

dit word gesê die poësie voltooi  
wat die geskiedenis nalaat  
so swart soos die dood  
my beminde  
my beminde

o ek is so bly ons lewe in tye van vrede

Breyten Breytenbach  
Die Windvanger

## HELENA HUGO



Photo courtesy Hanneri de Wet - LEEF

South African labourers have been an ongoing theme in my work and the core messages of diligence, pride and the importance of being employed is what drew me to the poetry I have chosen.

In my work, I try to present the South African worker as an individual with reconsidered status and value and I try to remind the viewer of the significance of every job and the role it plays in a society and economy.

The importance of work for survival, the elimination of poverty and ultimately perhaps even the eradication of crime is obvious, but the value of work extends even beyond our tangible environment. Being able to work has a major influence on our psychological well being. It has statistically been proven that work can give a person a sense of dignity and value. It is also possible that the idea to do one's work to the best of one's ability may elevate even the simplest of jobs to something to be admired.

We live in a country where struggling with work shortages and an added constant influx of work seekers from neighbouring countries is a very real problem. Yet, although I used the poetry of poets not residing in South Africa it seems as if the ideas and feelings resulting from such dilemmas have always been and remains universal.



*WORK IS WORK – HELENA HUGO*

## **My Father Teaches Me to Dream**

*You want to know what work is?  
I'll tell you what work is:  
Work is work.  
You get up. You get on the bus.  
You don't look from side to side.  
You keep your eyes straight ahead.  
That way, nobody bothers you—see?  
You get off the bus. You work all day.  
You get back on the bus at night. Same thing.  
You go to sleep. You get up.  
You do the same thing again.  
Nothing more. Nothing less.  
There's no handouts in this life.  
All this other stuff you're looking for—  
it ain't there.  
Work is work.*

— Jan Beatty, Boneshaker, University  
of Pittsburgh Press, 2002



*WORK SEEKER II – HELENA HUGO*



***Somebody said it couldn't be done,***

*□ But he with a chuckle replied □ That "maybe it couldn't," but he would  
be one □ Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried. □ So he buckled right in with  
the trace of a grin □ On his face. If he worried he hid it. □ He started to  
sing and he tackled the thing □ That couldn't be done, and he did it.*

*Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that; □ At least no one has ever  
done it"; □ But he took off his coat and he took off his hat, □ And the first  
thing we knew he'd begun it. □ With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,  
□ Without any doubting or quiddit, □ He started to sing and he tackled the  
thing □ That couldn't be done, and he did it.*

*There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done, □ There are thousands  
to prophesy failure; □ There are thousands to point out to you, one by  
one, □ The dangers that wait to assail you. □ But just buckle in with a bit of  
a grin, □ Just take off your coat and go to it; □ Just start to sing as you  
tackle the thing □ That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.*

-Edgar Guest



*WORK SEEKER IV – HELENA HUGO*

## **Day Labor**

*Every Saturday when I come to work  
my dirty windows look out on the street  
where very short men wait for jobs  
to offer themselves up.  
At eight in the morning they are standing  
on the sidewalk, their bicycles  
Huffy and Mongoose  
chained to a speed limit sign.  
They wear baseball caps  
and have silver-capped  
front teeth.  
By ten they are sitting in a line.  
On the narrow sidewalk, they wait.  
When their jobs drive up in late model trucks  
the scramble begins--  
knocking on windows, whistling,  
and fingers in the air.  
Only one or two will get it  
out of the fifteen men who do this every morning.  
The rest disperse.  
The hot coffee burns my tongue.*

-Ileana Portillo

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