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Rubriek vir skeppende werk

Litera is 'n rubriek vir die publikasie van skeppende werk in al die tale wat gewoonlik in *Literator* gebruik word. Die Redaksie wil daarmee 'n geïntegreerde beeld skep van die verskeidenheid nuwe skryfwerk wat Suid-Afrikaanse skrywers kan bied.

Die Redaksie kan met vreugde aankondig dat 'n kontantprys toegeken gaan word aan die beste bydraes in die loop van 'n jaar. Een prys sal toegeken word vir die beste bydrae deur 'n debutant en 'n tweede vir die beste bydrae deur 'n meer gevestigde skrywer.

Skrywers word daarom uitgenooi om korter skeppende werk voor te lê vir plasing in hierdie rubriek. Dit kan gedigte of kortverhale wees, maar drama- of romanfragmente en eksperimentele tekste is ook welkom. Bydraes word deur die redaksie gekeur, maar geen korrespondensie kan daarvoor gevoer word nie. Vier kopieë van elke bydrae, in dubbelspasiëring getik, moet voorgelê word. Die naam en adres van die insender moet regs bo-aan die eerste blad van gekramde tekste en op elke los vel vermeld word. **Verstrek ook 'n telefoonnommer, faksnommer en e-posadres waar u bereik kan word.**

Stuur alle bydraes aan die Hoofredakteur, *Literator*, Buro vir Wetenskaplike Tydskrifte, Privaatsak X6001, Potchefstroom 2520.

Section for creative writing

Litera is a section for the publication of creative writing in all the languages that *Literator* usually caters for. Through this section the Editorial Board want to present an integrated image of the diversity of new writing by South Africans.

The Editorial Board is pleased to announce that a cash prize will be awarded for the best contributions for a specific year. One prize will be awarded for the best debut contribution and one for the best contribution by a more established author.

Writers are therefore invited to submit shorter creative work for publication in this section. Poems and short stories are welcome, but also plays and novel fragments and experimental texts. Contributions are refereed by the Editorial Board, but we cannot enter into correspondence about the work submitted. Four copies of each contribution, typed in double spacing, should be submitted. The name and address of the author should appear at the top right of the first page of stapled text and on every loose sheet sent in. **Please include a telephone number, a fax number and an e-mail address where you can be contacted.**

Send all contributions to the Editor-in-Chief, *Literator*, Bureau for Scholarly Journals, Private Bag X6001, Potchefstroom 2520.

Reglement: Litera-pryse vir kreatiewe skryfkuns

1. Die Redaksie van *Literator* ken jaarliks, uit geld bewillig deur die Nasionale Kunsteraad, twee pryse toe vir die beste bydraes vir 'n kalenderjaar in die rubriek "Litera".
2. Hierdie pryse sal bekendstaan as die Litera-pryse vir kreatiewe skryfkuns.
3. Die waarde van die pryse hang af van die grootte van die toekenning deur die Nasionale Kunsteraad.
4. Twee pryse word toegeken, een vir skrywers wat reeds 'n bundel in die betrokke genre gepubliseer het, en een vir skrywers wat nog nie 'n bundel gepubliseer het nie (d.w.s. wat as debutante beskou word).
5. Die Redaksie bepaal aan wie die pryse toegeken word, en die Redaksie kan buitebeoordelaars gebruik om met die beoordeling behulpzaam te wees. Die beslissings van die Redaksie is finaal en geen korrespondensie sal daarvoor gevoer word nie.
6. Die Redaksie behou hom die reg voor om vir 'n spesifieke jaar of vir 'n spesifieke kategorie nie 'n prys toe te ken nie of om 'n prys onder verskillende skrywers te verdeel.
7. Die name van die skrywers aan wie die pryse toegeken is, sal bekendgemaak word in die eerste uitgawe van *Literator* van die daaropvolgende kalenderjaar.

Rules: Litera Prizes for Creative Writing

1. The Editorial Board of *Literator* yearly awards two prizes for the best contributions for a calendar year in the section “Litera” from money granted by the National Arts Council.
2. These prizes will be known as the Litera Prizes for Creative Writing.
3. The size of the prizes will depend on the grant received from the National Arts Council.
4. Two prizes will be awarded, one for writers who have already published a collection in the genre concerned, and one for writers who have not yet published a collection (that is, who are regarded as making their *début*).
5. The Editorial Board determines to whom the prizes will be awarded, and it may appoint external judges to help with the evaluation of contributions. The decisions of the Editorial Board are final and no correspondence on this matter will be entered into.
6. The Editorial Board reserves the right to make no award for a particular year or in a particular category or to divide a prize among different authors.
7. The names of the authors to whom the awards have been made, will be published in the first issue of *Literator* of the subsequent calendar year.

Sanko Lewis

Ons lê mekaar in gelas
soos klip en klei
pas my hard jou sag,
ingewortel soos boom
en grond.

My hande vat groot
(arend en das)
jou kurwes vas.

My lippe tas lig
(suikerbek en blom)
jou kruine rondom.

Mariëtte van Graan

Lente

jy ontvou
soos die lente van 'n duisend septembers
ek vou my hande
om die kringe van die maan
om jou te begryp
maar jy gly saggies deur my vingers
soos die spore van slange in woestyne
ek volg jou met my vingers
oor die strepe van 'n kaart
maar jy vloei weg in swart ink
soos bloed deur die hart
ek gryp my bors vas
en binne krummel alles
soos droë brood –

tog, sou jy eendag terugkom
sal ek my hande na jou uitsteek
met my hart daarin.

Mariëtte van Graan

Transendentale subjek

gooi my terug in die water
ek wil dryf en onbewus wees
want my asem maak die spieël dof
en ek voel so asof ek
fenomenofokkenlogies
iets belangriks vergeet

Leendert Dekker

Vergeelde portrette I: Album

Dit denken aan u wil zuiver zijn

J.H. Leopold, Scherzo

My oom Petrus wat boeke vergaber
het gaan loer in 'n kis op Zoekmakaber,
maar hy't holderstebolder
gerol van die solder
toe daar iets binne sis: "Kom nie naber!"

Megalopodus moorivierensis

T.T. Cloete met sy groot Doppervoete

Peter Blum, *irgendwo*

Hy flits blitsend tussen wilg en poppelier,
klits met 'n angel, zits op 'n lier.
Op terneergesiene skoppers
kruip hy snags uit sy doppers,
dans by dop-'n-Coke om baardangelier.

Drii ouw' Sinte: Brandaan, Marco, Diiderik,
moest op reis wel eens Bols door een giiter mik.
Daai klein Skôl van Ermerve
heef hun pret steeds bederve:
Taal-firsakint ontleetde hij iider hik.

Portret van 'n kleinseun

“Hoeveel raaisels,” peins jonge O’Henny,
“skuil daar nie in die oog van ’n hen nie?”
“Ja, maar, Ouma se kind,
hoeveel skuld en ook wind
spuit daar nie uit die skag van ’n pen nie?”

Een-Saam

Een toer door Album en Smartlap:

Hier zijn: (1) Sar el k’Amen zijn mummie;
(2) zijn laslappendeken en dummy;
(3) zijn voet (och de triestigheid
van de honden d’r ietsigheid!);
(4) ’n siamees op de loer naar zijn chummy.

Leendert Dekker

Vergeelde portrette II: Donderwolk

Uit die bloute van ons hemel sak 'n wolk op my af,
'n dik donderweer, swart soos die graf.
'n Trop wrede duiwels ry daarop.

Met apologie aan Ch. Baudelaire: La Béatrice

Ter Inligting

Hy was leier, maar nie van Die Rigting,
en sy lot dien vir almal tot stigting:
hou jy nougeset boek,
is dit moeilikheid soek;
indien nie, kry hul tog die Inligting.

Toe ons leraart, ou doemenies Boeksak,
sy drie tekste verloor uit sy broeksak,
soek hy wild heneweer
hoe hy gaan konfronteer –
kry net sente in Baba se doeksak.

Hoekom Pieter bekend staan as Skietpiet?
Dit is eintlik 'n lange verdrietlied.
Op 'n dag daar in Dallas,
by gerammel van ballas,
het hy mooi mos vir J.R. loop skiet, siet.

Da was iemal a try-for-white vroutsjie.
Spiel moes touch moet a lilywhite outsjie.
Toe die Law interfare
wat daai djop reseveer,
sê sy: "Why, ek hou die skap an a toutsjie."

Die Hollandse volk het lank uitgesien
na 'n lyfspreuk (die oue is uitgedien),
tot 'n gryse volkskenner
eendag kom met die wanner:
Spreuke 26 vers 17.

Jansie Blom

SMS

Dí tál wát álmal désdá prát
Ís té óndýdílik spóátrát
N krtr wrd dí wrdí stds
Dí ánvál óp my ó té wréét

Víníg knák dí dýmpí króm
Óm wóórdí óp skérm té vórm
Én bóótskáp vróér pér bríéf gépós
Bái vínígér ás vlíégtýg trýn pért vós

Sékóndís ná dí bóótskáp lánt
Ís dí ánlóópbán skóón vír ántwóórthánt
Óm blítsíg bóótskáp trúg té stúúr
Óm ás híróglíéwé ná té túúr



Chris Walton
University of Pretoria

Spirit of equity

“Is the door locked?”

“Yes.”

“Who’s got the keys?” Jim continued.

“I have, of course”, said Simon.

“And why should *you* keep them? Who said it was your job?” asked Mary.

“Our former chairman gave them to me before he left us, with the full consent of this Executive Committee”, retorted Simon. “Of course, we can discuss this and other responsibilities later, but let’s keep to the agenda.”

“Hear, hear” came the assorted reply.

“John, are you keeping the minutes as usual?”

Pen in hand, he nodded.

“Well, brethren, are there any apologies?”

“I object to the use of gender-specific language in this forum”, said Mary curtly. “If we’re going to change society, we have to start here. And we won’t change the way we think unless we change the way we speak. It doesn’t matter that I’m the only woman here. It’s the principle of the thing.”

Everyone groaned except Tom, who muttered “I doubt it”, then added something about the time of the month.

“I heard that, you sexist bastard ...”

“Brothers and *sister*, please,” continued Simon, “let’s begin this meeting in the spirit our chairman would have wanted, if he were still here. I ask again: are there any apologies?”

“Only our former colleague who – well – succumbed to a tempting offer from a rival syndicate, so to speak”, said Jim.

“Absence does not constitute an apology. In his case, it’s too late for apologies anyway”, said Simon.

“Bloody obvious he’s not here since we all know the little bugger is dead.” Tom had always been a bit of a cynic.

“*Language*, Tom. In that case, let’s move to point one on the agenda. It’s our task now to appoint a replacement for said colleague on this Executive Committee. Are there any nominations?”

“Who says he has to be replaced?” asked Mary. “Shouldn’t we first consider whether or not the maintenance of our core activities requires it? Is it essential for our immediate operational needs? Besides, if you’d appointed me to the Committee proper by now, you’d already have a quorum.”

“Mary, you know that you are quasi *ex officio* given your – *er* – status, *vis-à-vis* our former chairman. And if *he* had wanted a mixed committee, he would have created one.”

“He meant to, but he just didn’t do it in time ...”

“*I doubt that.*” Tom’s whispers were drowned by more groans.

“Besides”, she continued, “it’s unfair discrimination to exclude applicants disproportionately from certain designated groups like, well, women.”

“Please, brothers and sister”, implored Simon. “Mary, you know our constitution, and we must keep to today’s agenda. That’s the rule. So let’s get down to choosing a successor for our departed colleague.”

“I saw it, you know”, said Philip. “Nasty sight, him lying there in the field with his guts spilling all over the place. Threw up proper I did, I can tell you.”

“Serves the bastard right”, said Bart.

“Let’s not cast the first stone, brother”, warned Simon. “We must look forwards, not backwards. Do we have any nominations?”

“Well, I think we should first discuss the basic job requirements”, continued Mary. “What are the essential competencies for the post? And do we have a framework for the evaluation process?”

“Thank you, Mary, but aren’t we in danger of getting bogged down in bureaucracy?”

“Nonsense”, said Mary, “you’re the only bureaucrat here, anyway, *brother* Simon.”

“Joe and Matt are the only possibilities”, said Bart. “They’ve both been involved since the beginning, and since the loss of our chairman and the defection of our, *well*, departed member, potential replacements are a bit thin on the ground.”

“I agree”, said Philip, “Joe and Matt it is.”

“You conniving buggers”, gasped Mary, jumping to her feet, “you’ve been planning this all week, haven’t you? And to think I could have believed all your mealy-mouthed words about democracy, equality and the great bloody society. I’ve as much right to stand as either of them. *Been around since the beginning* indeed. Joe will lick anyone’s arse to get his foot in the door ...” Tom giggled something about contortionism and mixed metaphors, but Mary ignored him – “while Matt’s useless for anything except making the tea and sandwiches.”

“Lovely tea he makes, though”, said Bart.

“And smashing sandwiches”, Andrew piped up.

“Funny *you* should say something at last”, Mary sneered at Andrew, “since you’ve fancied Matt’s sister for months. What did he promise you? Get me on the Committee and I’ll get you in her pants, was it?”

“Mary! *Enough*”, shouted Simon.

“Oh, it’s mister bloody assertive now, is it? We’ll see about that” – but she sat down anyway, and Simon resumed business.

“So: Bart nominates Joe and Matt. The constitution does allow one executive member to nominate two candidates, but we’ll need different seconders for each of them. Are there any other nominations? Sorry, Mary: put your hand down, you know you’re not

a full member of the Committee. No more nominations? OK, do we have a seconder for Joe? – Thank you, Philip; and Matt? – thanks, Andrew. Now let's draw lots."

"Lots? Draw *lots*?" asked Mary, "This is a mockery. Before we even *begin* the selection process, we must consult our diversity profile, make reference checks, draw up a shortlist, and subject the candidates to a rigorous interview."

"Lots is fine by me", said Philip.

"Me too – me too – me too", they all replied.

"Lots it is then", said Simon. "And John, don't minute Mary's outburst. Just stick to announcements and decisions."

"Hah!", she exclaimed, "if only that's all he was writing – everyone knows he's working on a biography of our chairman so he can get his version out on the market first, with himself centre-stage. You always did think he loved you best, didn't you, *didn't you*."

John stopped scribbling, looked up at her, said nothing, then smiled wanly and scribbled on.

"Lots it is", continued Simon. "Calm down, Mary, we all know how important your role has been. No one's doubting that" – Tom raised his hand and opened his mouth for an "*I do*", but Simon glared at him, so he put his hand down again – "but we've always done everything by lots, and it's as fair as anything. So here's two sticks. The long one's for Joe, the short one's for Matt ..." Simon's voice trailed away as he turned and fumbled with the sticks. He swung round again and asked: "Anyone object if Andrew does the honours?"

"No", mumbled everyone except Mary.

"All right. Choose one stick, Andrew."

Andrew moved nervously to the front, – *typical bloody Simon, getting me to pick a stick when all I want is my own in Matt's sister*. He almost chose the one on the left, but thought he noticed Simon smile, and so chose the other instead.

"Joe it is, everyone", grinned Simon, brandishing the long stick as Andrew moped back to his seat.

“Any objections? Put your hand down, Mary. None? Good. John, please minute all of that.”

“Now”, Simon continued, “We still have to elect a new chairman.” He looked at Bart expectantly.

“I propose you, Simon”, said Bart limply, but could get no further as Mary jumped to her feet once more, crying:

“No, no, no, NO. I can’t believe it. You’ve really had it *all* planned, haven’t you, *you bloody men*, and after we’ve suffered at least as much as you. He wouldn’t have wanted it this way, I tell you, and I knew him better than *any* of you, how dare you, *how dare you*, I’ll put a stop to this. I’ll go and fetch my sister. I’ll go to his mother, I’ll ...”

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

“Sod this meeting”, said Simon Peter. “Let’s go and change the world. You stay here, Mary. Everyone else: follow me.” And he took the keys that had been given him, flung the door wide open, and strode out. They all followed him, except one.

And Mary wept.

