

PomPoenPoëzie

ou la poésie de la courge

Promenade Sans Bouger
 Stationaire Wandeling

Performance Conferentie Conférence

Pique-nique hivernal Winterpicknick



en Kattekot Bénéfice

LISE DUCLAUX 13 JANUARI 13 - 13:13PM
Herman Teirlinckhuis, Uwenberg 14, 1650 Beersel B.

Pompoen poëten vergadering
PompoenPoëzie
Pumpkin poetry

Late, very late (for it was originally to be held around harvest time, a sort of a rounded abounded and astounded thanksgiving for the soup... the fruit of our labors, the crowning of the literary squash season, the crème de la crème of vegetable poetry... but it all got shoved further and further back so as to end up at the beginning of the following next new year... even before Art's Birthday in fact...)

Lise gathered her notes around her, as well as printouts from the e-mail traffic concerning the development of the pumpkins and their close shave with an attack of somnambulist snails, along with other vermin and insecticide provocateurs... which we resisted, since the whole operation was conceived as a natural and (pro)creative process... as well as food for thought and aesthetic inspiration... especially the flowery bits... Yes, let me explain: the pumpkin patch was not just any old pumpkin patch as we might find in the back yard of any country bumpkin, say Charlie Brown,- no, it was a pumpkin patch artistique one might say... Lise being French there is no way around that anyway... but also considering the tradition, the painterly as well as the literary... Consider strolling through Monet's garden on a blustery afternoon, holding a copy of *Fleurs du mal*, *Illuminations* or *Slaughterhouse 5* while the various blushing lilies and vegetative japonnoiseries wave at you, smiling, as you pass... (in fact IF /Baudelaire Chimères..)

Such an effect was needed for this pumpkin patch, and so a wide range of flowers were considered to aid this endeavor – the choice falling on varieties one might find about and around a kitchen garden: Rocket, Cosmos, Digitalis, Sunflower and Thistlebrush, a whole entourage of herbal remedies and interesting flavors to whet the poetic appetite.

POM- POEN

PAUKESLAG

daar lig ~~g~~en alle Patatten

PLAT

0 _____ 0

voor razen violen celli bassen koperen **triangel**

Dommels PAUKEN

~~Kruipen~~ razen rennen **razen RENNEN**

STOP!

drama in volle slag ~~frage~~ ~~slakken~~ werpen zich op eerlike
~~pompoenen~~ het gezin wankelt de fabriek wankelt

de eer wankelt ligt er
alle begrippen **VALLEN**

HALT!

stop.....

Once the summer got well under way, these plants created a riot of colour and forms so that the pumpkins could discreetly grow... at least at the beginning, since later in the season it is not really an apt description: there is hardly anything discreet about a pregnant pumpkin in autumn... from a distance one might mistake a gaggle of pumpkins thus as a road crew doing it's best not to get run over...

Probably also the reason that a host of snails, usually hanging out around the cat's breakfast area, decided to mosey down the hill to have a closer look... Now personally I had not yet seen a raid by snails on pumpkins, but I guess sometimes they can't resist, and before I took good notice they had already turned one of the poor pumpkins into what looked like a cross between Swiss cheese and a sculpture by Richard Deacon... it is thus that I learned that the life of a pumpkin is not all squat and plain sailing... in fact I came across articles about pumpkin thefts, pumpkin raids and wanton pumpkin vandalism, senseless destruction of pumpkins in the night, pumpkin tossing competitions with extensive technical equipment to fire them way yonder into the blue sky (typical American over the top exaggeration...)

So one might say that the life of a pumpkin can be quite dramatic, a far cry from the placid reputation they might have... and the presentation of the poetic interpretation of these experiences were to be the introduction to further investigation and an appeal: for it seems there are no more wild pumpkins... they have become wholly dependent and so we have set our sights on the (re) creation of an autonomous pumpkin, which, once achieved, will carry the name of HT.

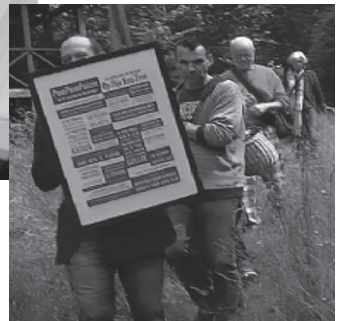
(selected poem?)







ChaosCollector's garden
don't ask where it is,
and certainly not the name
bien fait, non fait mal fait





PompoenPoster

As end of season act we managed to present the Pompoen Poster to a gaggle of friends, in the garden where the Pumpkins were born and nurtured... another step towards the realization of the DK-ultimate 'inconceivable catalog' which should have been on the rails by now... but pumpkins are slow and methodical... (are they?)

further investigation...

