

1977

Selected Poems of Abdul Ghafar Ibrahim

Abdul Ghafar Ibrahim

Eastern Illinois University

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SELECTED POEMS
OF
ABDUL GHAFAR IBRAHIM
(TITLE)

BY

ABDUL GHAFAR IBRAHIM

THESIS

SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS
FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF ART

IN THE GRADUATE SCHOOL, EASTERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY
CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS

1977
YEAR

I HEREBY RECOMMEND THIS THESIS BE ACCEPTED AS FULFILLING
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7-12, 1977
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7/15/77
DATE

SELECTED POEMS
OF
ABDUL GHAFAR IBRAHIM

BY

ABDUL GHAFAR IBRAHIM
B.F.A. Northern Illinois University, 1976

ABSTRACT OF A THESIS

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Master of Art at the Graduate School
of Eastern Illinois University

CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS
1977

SELECTED POEMS OF ABDUL GHAFAR IBRAHIM.

Is poetry art or is art poetry? Or what is poetry? What is art? There is art in creating poetry. And there are the poetic elements in creating painting/any form of art.

I have been involved in writing poetry since I was in high school. My first poem was published in 1965. During that time I also received formal training in art. Writing poetry to me then was only putting together words and phrases into ideas and stories. And painting to me at that time was selecting and juxtaposing colors into beautiful pictures on canvas.

Man changes in ideas, ideals and concepts as he grows older. Age and experiences mellow him. He encounters innumerable experiences both personal and impersonal. These experiences help him develop certain talents and abilities in himself.

An artist is not only born but also made. What I project in my thesis is the marriage of my artistic values with my ideas. In this marriage one can interpret my convictions, concepts and philosophy in life. I welcome people's criticism, reception and perception towards them.

I strongly believe that poetry has a lot to offer to the whole civilization of human beings. Therefore art. It is only appropriate then that I explore further the tremendous role that my poetry plays in my paintings. The painting itself creates further dimension in reading and appreciating the contents of my poetry.

My exploration and development of this technique have brought a new horizon to me both as a poet and an artist. From words-poetry, I embark upon visual arts using my poems as the medium of expression. Poetry to me should no longer be embedded in its traditional printed book form. Instead, poetry can be painted on canvas, can be created into sculpture, kinetic art, happening, conceptual art, lettrism.

I call my art, Audio-Visual Art. It is so named because one has to read my poem while seeing the painting. In the process of reading it one gets the audio effect which has now been created into a painting. In reading the painting one starts to visualize the poem. The painting is now in its concrete form. And the piece is an art piece.

I am actually making art of a subject/theme by spelling the name/word of the subject. For example, the subject is the verb " FLY ". What I do is write down the word FLY on my canvas. Fly is painted over and over again with different strokes and colors. In doing it I take into consideration the rhythm, vibration, vitality and energy of flying. I won't stop creating until I have successfully created my own piece of art.

It is not my intention to explain in depth this media. I believe that the meaning in art cannot be fully explained. Art should allow for free interpretation. Failure to respect this belief would leave nothing for the viewers/gallery goers to journey into the meaning of the art. An artist is not a critic. Therefore he cannot put limitations on his work i.e. by explaining everything he means in his painting. Life is full of phenomena. Phenomena is experience. So let people teach and educate themselves in the appreciation of art. I hope that my audio-visual art has something to contribute to the international understanding which is badly needed today.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am deeply indebted to Dr. Ben Watkins along with Mr. Carl Wilen and Mr. Richard Al Moldroski who not only are humane enough sparing their valuable time to advise me in bringing this thesis into being, but also for their initial suggestions which helped to form the basic concept of this thesis. Mr. Harry Avelling of the School of Human Communication, Murdoch University, Perth, Western Australia was kind enough to translate some of the poems into English from the original Malay.

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INTRODUCTION.

The first Modern Malay Poetry was published in 1934. This was soon followed by the publication of other poems by the then new poets who wanted to bring something new into Modern Malay Literature. The innovators' footsteps were then followed by another wave of poets who called themselves The Generation of 1950's Writers whose literary motto was Art for Society or L'Art Engagee. In 1955 a new group of poets experimented with new forms, unconventional to them and away from those conventional forms used by their predecessors. Their effort was openly welcomed by critics who later put them into the category of the Obscure Poets. It was in 1960 that we saw another move by another group of poets. This time they were the Academician Poets so named because they were university graduates. Since they lived in the cities and foreign countries it was natural that they wrote about the city-life with its slum-areas, laborers, prostitutes and others involved in the social and political problems coupled with their own. New voices in Modern Malay Poetry continued to be heard in the midst of the government's drive to bring a better life to the people. Some poets are self-centered as they try to portray more about their dreams, soliloquies, travels and solitudes. There are innumerable ones who try to bring in new forms in accordance with the contents of their poetry. They have no specific motto.

Nor do they have any slogan like those of their fore-runners. It is here that I come into the picture. I do not belong to any generation though according to the critics I belong to the latest generation of Modern Malay Poets, that is the "Now Generation of Poets". I do not believe in labeling people. I firmly believe in the endless effort to bring something new, something fresh from my everyday experiences in confrontation with the ever new, and modernities, in my poetry. I do not expect compliments for my writing, rather I welcome criticism. Only through critical comment am I able to know my shortcomings. Nevertheless, whatever happens, I will continue experimenting with newer forms. This is my only worthy contribution to the young and developing Modern Malay Poetry.

AUDIO-VISUAL POETRY

The alphabet is crucial. Stories are made up of chapters. Chapters of paragraphs; Paragraphs of sentences, of clauses and phrases. Clauses and phrases consist of words, single words. Words consist of syllables and syllables are based on letters.

The alphabet is composed of concrete, individual characters. These characters are strong and when they come together they form a group of separate meanings. The meaning of a poem rests in its individuality.

Each letter has a separate meaning: a = arr, b = baa, c in Malay Language is sounded as cha. The meaning is its sound.

I admire the individuality of the structure of the alphabet. Each part is of use to one's own self, and hopefully to other people as well.

My inclination is to respect. I respect individuals. Objects. Words. Letters. Subjects. Punctuation. Even abstractions and adjectives. I respect the negative and even more, the positive.

A poem is a song.

It is created out of new clauses and phrases. In fact it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that a poem is a completely new set of clauses and phrases and nothing else.

People often say that the peculiarities they find in my poetry are deliberate. I deny that. The unconventional way I deliberately arrange my words and lines is not perversity. It is an obligation imposed by poetry itself.

The forms are a way of creating something new. Of course novelty for its own sake is meaningless, but it does give promise of revitalisation and originality. Without experimentation we are tied to the old forever. The old is not always bad. The new is not always good either.

My poems are essentially a form of communication. I communicate with other people by letting them know what I am like. There is no reason why I should behave like other people. I do not claim that my method of showing myself to other people is the best way.

But I refuse to be blamed for acting as I do. If a person breaks a law, all right - arrest him and fine him. He will pay up willingly, so that he can commit the same crime again. Finally people will say: " Let him go. He has done nothing wrong. He knows what it is he is doing. " New laws are made. Now it is the person who does not do that thing who is arrested. This happened with the classical Malay mystic Hamzah Fansuri and it happened with the radical Indonesian poet Chairil Anwar.

It also happened to Muhammad Yasin Maamur. He broke the rules of traditional Malay poetry and dared to publish the results in Majalah Guru (The Teacher's Magazine) in 1933. Majalah Guru was a strict adherent of the traditional norms. Muhammad Yasin Maamur was its senior editor.

He regarded poems as experiments. The readers said that he was bringing something odd into Malay verse. The highly experimental oddity was finally recognised.

This happened to the French poet Apollinaire (1880 - 1918) as well. He wrote poems about rain which looked like falling drops of rain. His technique was considered odd, mad, destructive of poetry. Now critics accept his techniques, because they bring form and content into accordance with each other.

A poem consists of three V's: Verbal- Vocal- Visual.

The verbal aspect is the content of the poem. The vocal is its sound. The visual is its technique.

The verbal aspect must be comprehensible. The poet's creative imagination must stir the reader's critical powers of thought so that he can understand the meaning of the poem.

A successful reading will show how important the vocal aspect of a poem is. The impression must be pleasant. The vocal content must be annunciated piece by piece, carefully.

A poem can be born anywhere: on paper, over tv and radio, on slides or in a movie. The technique is the way the poem is presented. On paper a poem forms a definite shape.

Radio and television emphasise the voice. Slides and movies are graphic forms. The term visual covers each of these methods of creating a poem.

I assert a poem must be read, heard and seen before we can fully and satisfactorily appreciate it.

Please don't be angry at me for creating the sort of poetry I do in the hope of developing our literary horizons. Rather one ought to rage at those men responsible for publishing poetry who persistantly murder audio-visual poetry. They are tyrants!

We must dare to move forward in the name of modern poetry. The poems already exist. There is nowhere to publish them.

I ask no other recognition than that.¹

1

Abdul Ghafar Ibrahim, "Audio-Visual Poetry", My Lord Moon Kite, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia: Dewan Bahasa dan Pustaka Press, 1976.

AUDIO-VISUAL ART

My work is aimed at the mind, the eye and the ear. It demands patience and concentration in "reading" it as it is in video art. I am exhibiting the experience of art, not its material form. I would like people to read the ideas behind my work and to discard the commodity values of them.

Things may appear in so many forms but how do they arrive at such a form is more vital. This will take us to the process of creativity. I abhor creation just for the sake of creation. Creation should make the artist to be able to think more creatively and of course originally than simply enjoy for the sake of mere creation. In other words the creation must be valid to one's own intention, conviction and statement of his outlook and philosophy in life.

Because I am a poet, my poems have never seemed to me as things apart, but an integral part of my painting/work of art.

To project the words (verbal) colors too play their part. That is if the base color is blue the possibility of using red on the words is more likely so that the words could become more vibrant, communicative, energetic, expressive and "scream out"! I want the colors to produce drama and get on the message that I want from the painting. The surface treatment must be accordingly to the visual statement. I believe that words and letters when appropriately and cleverly handled as elements of abstract design could become major elements in

visual vocabulary. This is enhanced through the proper execution of shapes and spatial relationship created between them.

My art is not merely to be looked at. It is to be read, heard, experienced and appreciated as real conditions of life and human experience derived from my personal experience and culture. I am not trying to be clever or cute. I am trying to be simple and down to earth in my personal expression.

In art it is not important to ask, what is it? If we believe our work is a work of art, we have to stick fast to our conviction. What is more important in a work of art is not the object but the act of art. As an artist I must account for myself, finding myself, my inside.

Why am I doing what I am doing? I am concerned with my idea. My idea is my visual statement. The visual statement is represented in words: POETRY:

A poem consists of three V'S: Verbal-Vocal-Visual. The verbal aspect is the content of the poems. The vocal is its sound. The visual is its technique. The verbal aspect must be comprehensible. The poet's creative imagination must stir the reader's critical powers of thought so that he can understand the meaning of the poem. A successful reading will show how important the vocal aspect of a poem is. The impression must be pleasant.

The vocal content must be annunciated piece by piece, carefully. A poem can be born anywhere: on paper, over TV and radio, on slides or in a movie. The technique is the way the poem is presented. On paper a poem forms a definite shape, radio and television emphasise the voice. Slides and movies are graphic forms. The term visual covers each of these method of creating a poem. I assert a poem must be read, heard and seen before we can fully and satisfactorily appreciate it. (Audio-Visual Poetry, paragraphs 15 - 20).

It is appropriate that I now take my poems for further exploration. The utmost exploitation is turning my poem into another journey of endless visual experience. One way of getting the visual experience is by making paintings/any work of art from my poetry.

I want people to " experiencing " rather than "viewing" my work. My work is not an individual, isolated work of art. I emphasise on the total art environment, a totality out of art and life. And this experience leads to an audience participation in my work.

There are two ways by which the audience could participation in my work. One is through individual participation. When a viewer reads my work, he consciously or unconsciously transmit my experience into his mind.

The other one is through audience participation. This is done together with the particular artist. I, as the artist concerned perform spontaneously according to the rhyme and rhythm of my poem. In my performance I combine aspects of painting, sculpture, theatre and audience participation.

There is no physical limit as to the medium of producing my work. I could use a floor, a wall, canvas, lumber, stone, concrete, carpet, linen, glass, cord, grass, plastic, fibre glass, in the air, on earth, on water. It could be executed through the media of silkscreen, photography, photosilkscreen, type-writer, video-tape.

As an artist I am more interested in the Idea than in the Technique. In my work I become more of my own creator as well as a performer. I try to get rid off romantic sensuality of painting and bring in the act of Audio-Visual Art.

TYPE-WRITER.

You are an apparatus
like that of a piano
fingers dancing on the bars
ticking one letter after another.

If it is not for you
I won't be able to type-written
and my emotion won't be stirred up.

You are my beloved one
you don't know what jealousy is
your deeds will be remembered forever
by those who make the best use of you.

NONENTITY.

When they say about inexistence
it is not that You don't exist
only that they don't believe in Your being.

When they say about the inexistence
of You, Allah
it is not that You don't exist
as the inexistence is actually You.

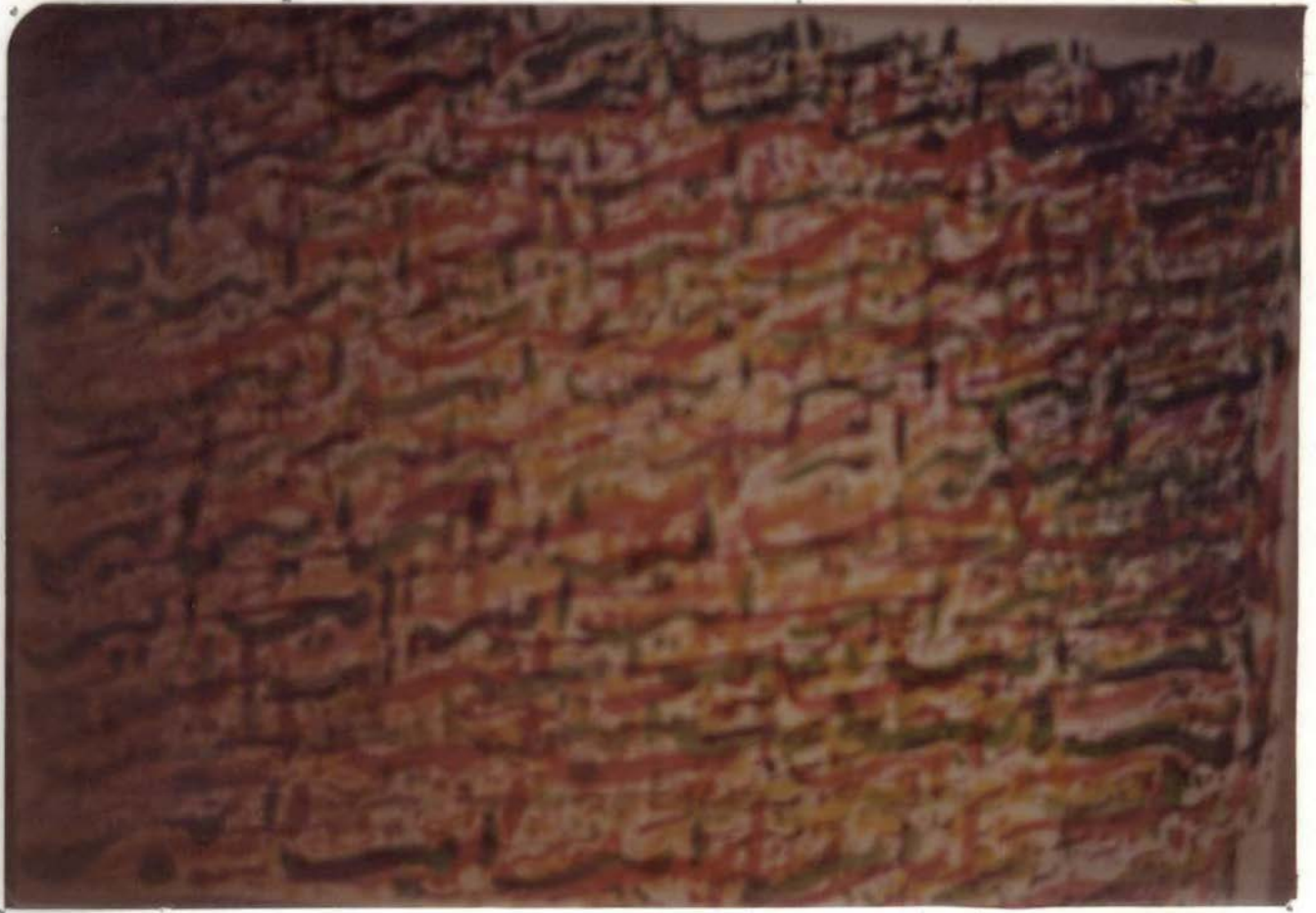
PLATE I

WATER

(Watercolor, done in Jawi, the traditional Malay Language script).

By

ABDUL GHAFAR IBRAHIM



OCEAN.

Life is a surging ocean

It is like a ship sailing through
the middle of a stormy ocean
trying hard to get in control of the situation.

He who is successful in life
is the one who successfully sailed
through this ocean.

THE ON-COMING DAYS.

The on-coming days
let it show our struggle
against time.

Leave aside day dreams
that will only bring misfortune
everywhere
and let us end this episode
that will only bear fruitless venture
in the future.

WORK.

Man is burdened by his work
even during his leisure time
Man is a slave to his routine chores
but he can still make his own decision
this shows how he values freedom.

THE SOUL.

No one knows what is in a soul
nor about its depth.

One may agree with you verbally but not deep in his heart
or may say no which he means yes.

No one knows.

One may be envious but pretended to be friendly.

The soul is like a door
it is up to you to be friendly.

The soul is like a door
it is up to you to be cold or warmth
the final decision is with you.

As though the soul could be seen
it could not
not that it is not there
it is there
it is there exchanging feelings.

The soul inhabits the degree of power
championing it or otherwise
it depends on ones prowess.

TIME.

Time does not wait
does not live in solitude
does not worry.

In its calmness and at its leisure hours
it continues to go ahead
with its time.

Time does not ever run after man
it is only man who is always behind time.

A RAT RACE.

Every one races for modernity
catching up with time
without getting enough rest
with all the worries
with all the dreams
racing with full speed.
There is no time to be cautious.
Look, every one races for modernity
no one wants to be left behind.
When will it stop?

ALPHABATICAL POEM.

W - What?

G - Give

L - Love

F - From the meaning of

F - Futuristic.

Gallery G

Hi-fi H

Intellect I

Jumbo-Jet J

Are the creations - A

Of - O

The damn crazy - T

People? - P

W - War operations

Q - Queen-control

R - Reformation

U - Until the vitality of time

C - Could no longer xerox

T - The zeal of the tyrants.

A CIRCLE.

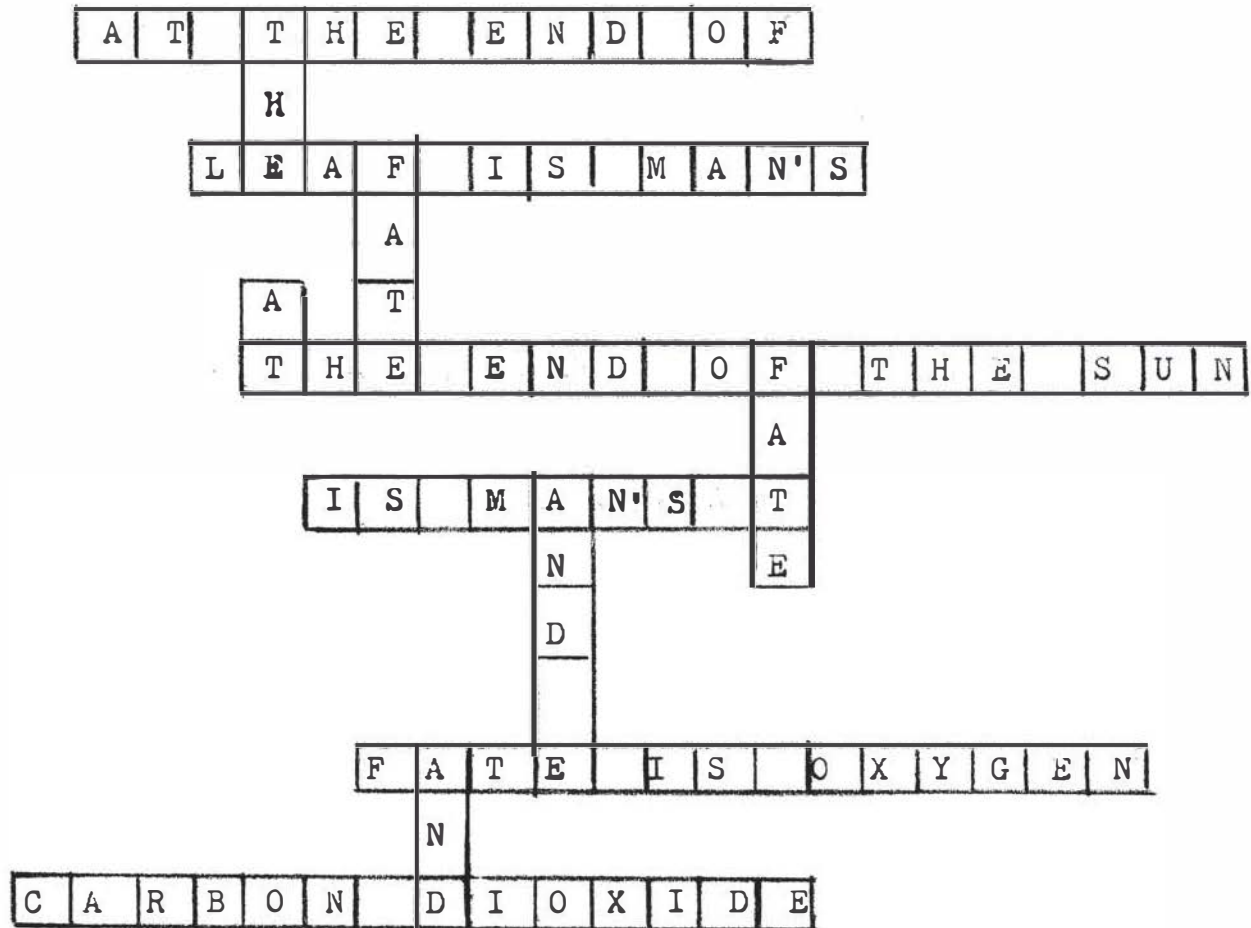
A circle starts from the beginning
and ends at the end
the beginning is its end
the end is its beginning,
to find the beginning
the end is lost
to find the end
the beginning is lost;
there is a beginning to every ending.

A circle is a beginning
is an ending
is a full stop
is the beginning to a full stop
is the ending to a full stop.

MY WORLD.

My world
is against
deprogrammed
Your world
is against
mine?
Earth
Water
Wind
Fire
is
Me.

CROSS-WORD POEM



LA-ILAHA-ILLALLAH (There is no God but Allah)

La-ilaha-illallah	God is not an idol
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not a rock
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not a fool
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not a groaner
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not a mirror
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not a speckled cow
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not stupid
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not bitchy
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not ugly
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not stingy
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not complex
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not divided
La-ilaha-illallah	God gives
La-ilaha-illallah	God sees
La-ilaha-illallah	God grants
La-ilaha-illallah	God understands
La-ilaha-illallah	God loves
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not wet
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not dead
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not verbose
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not weary
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not infectious
La-ilaha-illallah	God is not exhausted
La-ilaha-illallah	God takes life away
La-ilaha-illallah	God gives life

La-ilaha-illallah	God is polite
La-ilaha-illallah	God is patient
La-ilaha-illallah	God is in control
La-ilaha-illallah	God is never jealous
La-ilaha-illallah	God is never inflexible
La-ilaha-illallah	God is never clownish
La-ilaha-illallah	God is never playful
La-ilaha-illallah	God is never in a hurry
La-ilaha-illallah	God is never crooked
La-ilaha-illallah	God is never violent
La-ilaha-illallah	God is never twisted
La-ilaha-illallah	God is never flat
La-ilaha-illallah	God is never square
La-ilaha-illallah	God is never triangle
La-ilaha-illallah	God does not breathe
La-ilaha-illallah	God does not drink
La-ilaha-illallah	God does not eat
La-ilaha-illallah	God does not ever get sick
La-ilaha-illallah	God does not end
La-ilaha-illallah	God is the most opulent
La-ilaha-illallah	God is the most omniscient
La-ilaha-illallah	God is the most merciful
La-ilaha-illallah	God is the most compassionate
La-ilaha-illallah	God is the most kind
La-ilaha-illallah	Your God is your God
La-ilaha-illallah	My God is my God
La-ilaha-illallah	My God is Allah
La-ilaha-illallah	Allah is Almighty.

PLATE II

FLIES

(The noun flies, serigraphy,
executed in Jawi, the traditional
Malay Language script).

By

ABDUL GHAFAR IBRAHIM



JAWI

(Jawi is the traditional Malay Script derived
and simplified from the Arabic.)

What will happen to the Jawi
will be jaai jabi jaci jadi jaei jafi
jagi jahi jaii jaji jaki jali
jami jani jaoi japi jaqi jari
jasi jati jaui javi jawi jaxi
jayi jazi

What will happen to you, Jawi
willbewillbewillbewillbewillbewillbewillbe
will be Jali Ben Jani
taking Jawi studies in the Department of Jawi
writes his thesis on the Jawi
researches in the National Archives
the National Art Gallery
the National Film Industry
the National Palace
the National Mausoleum
the National Museum
the Federal Treasury
the National Library
the National Monument
the National Zoo
the foreign countries

Jali Ben Jani is very proud
he is one of the few people
who can still read and write in Jawi
Jali Ben Jani writes his thesis in Romanised Malay
Jali Ben Jani passes his exams in Jawi
and publishes his thesis:

Jawi Studies

by

Dr. Jali Ben Jani

(Ph.D. Department of Jawi Studies)

CHANGE.

Change Kota Bharu to Ipoh to Kota Kinabalu
to Kuala Lumpur to Kuantan to Kuching to
Alor Star to Johore Bahru to all ours
Change Penang back to Pulau Pinang and Malacca to
Melaka and sungei to sungai and the apple to a mangosteen
Change the Cameron Highlands to - Fraser Hills
to - Port Dickson to - Port Weld to -
Change Malaysian Aborigines into Christians into
Muruts into Melanau into Kenyah into Kadazan
into Bidayuh into Iban into Indians into
Chinese into Malays
Change communal into national
bullets into flowers
change discrimination to just
emotion to reason
slogans to facts
change demonstration into answer
waiting into daring
o.k. to cautious
jealousy into love
Change hard to easy
restless to calm
crampy to spacious

sick to healthy

bad luck to lucrative

Change scowl to smile

quack to doctor

o.k. to NO!!

you didn't to why not?!

no to yes

Change flour into milk poison into honey rocks

to sugar tin to rice rubber to roubles filled to food

Change sandalwood to aloes wood, incense sticks to joss sticks

Change ask to know.

TRANSPARENT THE NEW COLOR.

Blue

Orange

Grey

Purple

make them into transparency transparent the new color
turn the earth into canvas hands into brushes sweat
into water

Blue

Orange

Grey

Purple

mix them thoroughly into transparency transparent the new
color create a multicolor painting with both hands
using this transparency transparent the new color
the paintings that we have now are useless
they no longer could be hung on the walls
the walls have become muted
and are obstacles to the wind of change
so trample down the walls flat on the ground

ding

dang

dung

dang

dung

ding
dung
ding
dang
come on hang the new paintings on the ground and go on
singing
singing
singing
and
dancing
dancing
dancing
blue
orange
grey
purple
dancing
dancing
dancing
singing
singing
singing
to the tune of transparency transparent the new color.

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU

How many times do I have to tell you that art is not a Muhammad Ali/George Foreman fight. Sonny Liston was a champion, so was Joe Frazier, now they are nobodies. No-one remembers who Muhammad Ali beat, only how.

How many times do I have to tell you that I do not believe in literary prizes. I believe in freedom from all systems because systems are parasitic. Art is not a lottery.

You build the system. You make it as high as possible. So no-one can look over it. I can't. I come from the country, from rice fields and rubber trees. Skyscrapers are strange. I like mountains and forests, not high walls and glass houses. I write the way I want to write, you don't like that so you don't like what I write. You want me to write the way you think I should. I refuse. Let me out. You are trying to make me the same as you. A thief. I insist on remaining the way I am. Free to be me.

Animals live regulated lives, in zoos. A plan is a demand in the form of a contract. My life knows no contracts and no promises. I am free from timetables and free from force. To see and be without the limits of a datebook or atlas.

Keep off rotten branches. Look in the mirror. Worry is good.

I must be ready. When I am confused I am pretentious.

The war against the imprisoned self is a difficult one.

I cannot surrender. There is pain ahead, it will not have to wait long.

I grow through suffering. I learn to understand myself.

Given a choice between reality and utopia, I usually prefer utopia. I understand myself better there because I am not forced to find an answer that does not exist. Utopia is the best place to look for truth, because my surrealistic mind cannot fill the canvas of my dreams.

I respect myself and my integrity, so I respect those who speak out and those who stand up for their rights. If you are outside, look in - you'll see my face and that of my friends.

I read to be heard. I have listened but I still have not yet fully seen myself. Study academic problems seriously. Throw yourself into the cauldron of intellectual debate. I am tired. You laughed at me when I ran away. Damn. This is not democracy, it is domography. You want to make me fertile. I am going to take the pill instead. My poems are my children.

Must I stay in the third world so as not to be the same as the first and second world? I am the poet of my poems.

My poems are my first world.

I will not read my poems to those in the street from the seventh floor of my apartment. Nor will I read my poems to the people in the street from my cadillac with windows shut.

Dark is not dumb because it reveals no light. Light is not beautiful simply because it reveals no trace of darkness. Clarity exists somewhere between light and dark. What color is clear?

My pen is my rifle. My bullets are paper. Time is my enemy. I fight for the world of my poems. A world with its own importance and negation.

A rubber tree cannot grow into an oak. They are different.

I have told you where I live, over there. Come and see me when you find time. I love clarity and hate its opposite. I find it as hard to reject another person as I do to accept them.

PLATE III

WOW

By

ABDUL GHAFAR IBRAHIM



WOW.

We are pets, like your women, your husbands, your friends,
ornaments, antiques, status markers and chauffeurs.

You trust us more than you trust your women, husbands,
friends, bosses, chauffeurs.

One day we are going to have a congress we will decide insist
you take the chains from around our necks let us
walk by ourselves play on our own with unmarried
women, especially those whose husbands died in the
war, especially those whose husbands are impotent,
with homosexuals, lesbians, transvestites, virgins.

We want a doggy republic we want to be free we want our doggy
language we want our own flag and a national flower
let us now sing our national anthem

Wow

Wowwow

Grr

Grrgrr

Wowwowwow

Grrgrrgrr

If you pigeonhole our demands we will bite you.

We are bored with your wars, bored with your system, sick of your quarrels, sick of your corruption, sick of your curses, sick of your authority, sick of your slavery, sick of your hypocrisy, sick of your misery, sick of your bureaucracy.

We will march on Parliament and talk to the President and take out our weapons and show them to him and the Honorable Members can see us do it to let them know how we rebel against his system and stooges.

The President and Honorable Members will not be able to stop drooling they will piss themselves so hard their seats will be wet and shiny.

Mr. President, we are shitting and pissing, we are serious.

The President will be worried, the Honorable Members will be scared.

Wow Wow Wow Wow Wow Wow Wow

We are not fooling, we are not obscene, we are not breaking the law, this is a game in the name of
Liberty
Modernity
Culture
Luxury

Nature

Intellectualism

Democracy

Dogginess

We want to teach people how to play artistically, we are
bored with being your playmates, we demand total freedom
for our games, man always imitates us - it is time we
taught him how to do it properly we want the power to
disobey, we do not want to be spectators.

Grr Grr Grr Grr Grr Grr Grr

Mr. President

Call Parliament together

We want an answer.

MY STUDIO.

My studio
by the river
men's memo
women's memo
video-tape
a living theatre.

IF.

If there were no black
Would you be white
If there were no white
Would you be black
If there were no color
Would you make color
If there were no making
Would you make a choice
If there were no choice
What would you do.

VOTE, MEN AND WOMEN OF MALAYSIA.

Vote for fresh water

Vote for uncontaminated oceans

Vote for blue sky

Vote for green grass

Vote for cheap petrol

Vote for a sun you can see

Vote for a full moon bathed in light

Vote for fish you can eat

Vote for courage not words

Vote for actions from the words

Vote for representatives who represent the people

Vote for integrity in the fight against inflation

Vote, men and women of Malaysia.

Vote that the cock shows his spurs

Vote that the hero shows his courage

Vote that the teacher shows his authority

Vote that the investors show development

Vote that the mouth suits the body

Vote that the rice suits the coconut milk

Vote that the hello suits the telephone

Vote that plutonium can see how dangerous it is

Vote that industry can see how it fouls the skies

Vote that modernity can understand itself

Vote, men and women of Malaysia

Vote for 13 months in a year

Vote for one month's bonus every year

Vote for shorter working hours and longer vacations

Vote for less laughter in town and less weeping in the countryside

Vote for free text-books and fewer drop-outs

Vote, men and women of Malaysia

To stop 2 and 2 making 5.

QUESTIONS TO ASK AND NOT TO ASK.

Ask the city who owns it

Ask who owns the city

Ask the man why he's driving a bulldozer

Ask the bulldozer why it is knocking down houses

Ask the house: How are you?

Ask about the new buildings that are supposed to be
built in the rubble

Ask the buildings whether they will ever be old and rubble

Ask the city planner about urban redevelopment

Don't ask about pollution/ we're doing research on it

Don't ask about disaster/ wait and see

Ask the worker about his claims

Ask time about concrete

Ask concrete about its soul

Ask soul about sleep

Ask man why he builds and destroys

Ask destruction about tyranny

Ask tyranny about emotion

Ask yourself how to live

Ask life about birth

Ask birth about old age

Ask the old man does he like wrinkle face

Ask Disneyland where the land of dream is

Ask the land of dreams where the land of peace is
Don't ask what to do/ it is routine work
Don't ask what fate is/ fate is cyclical
Don't ask what man is/ they're all the same.

TURN.

Turn flour into rice

one into many

a thread into a rope

peace into suspicion

tension into understanding

a canoe into a boat

a taxi into a bus

a plane into a train

a beggar into a miser

a richman into a democrat

stay at home into travelling

polling day into harvesting day

a holiday into a working day

reading into a tradition

a page into a book

politeness into where?

loyalty into to whom?

reality into a dream

a convention into a new horizon

a label into a dialogue

a poster into a theatre

a cliché into a quarantine

a style into ?

something established into an experiment
sophistication into antagonism
a question into a welcome
a fault into amen!
an answer into knowledge
a royal mausoleum into communal cemetery
a palace into a museum
slowness into a warning.

BUY SOMETHING AT THE SUPERMARKET.

Buy something at the supermarket

You have no choice

BUY

a day like sunday

grass

a pet

sand

toys

birds

money

a smile

a joke

service

a bribe for your child

demonstrators

water from the well

vitality

confusion

trouble maker

an ideal wife

an ideal husband

a prayer

a lawyer

criticism
an agreement
a vote
an ideology
a government
relatives
what next?

tv/radio/tape-recorder/record-player/cassette-player
a film projector/a fan/an air-conditioner/a fridge
swedish crockery
6" woven carpet/a rug/antiques/posters/plastic flowers
a weekend holiday house/a lottery ticket
newspaper/magazine/glasses/tissue paper/shampoo
false teeth/a wig/imitation jewellery/padded bras

BUY

hypocrisy
an abstract painting
cancer
a medical certificate
a supporter

THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS TO BUY THAT
I AM NOT GOING TO BUY A DAMN THING!

PROGRAM FOR A POETRY WORKSHOP.

1. Cut down the tree and watch it bleed. Break open a conversation and see what is inside. If a critic mauls you, thank him.. If he praises you, ignore him. Keep writing.
2. Let the words fall like natural body juices. Open your legs. Write antagonistically if you want. Keep writing. Say: Go to hell!
3. A poem is nothing special, it doesn't make the poet different from everyone else. The poet is just the same as all the other people. The poet is not a factory whose duty is to produce sterile intellectual paradoxes.
4. Highlystrung words clash. Conflict destroys custom. Fight with grammar. Liberate language.
5. Huh abc. Big mouth.
6. Experimentation not systematisation. Freedom not nostalgia. Melancholy by day. Ignore formalities. Nonconformists must lauch a coup de type-writer.

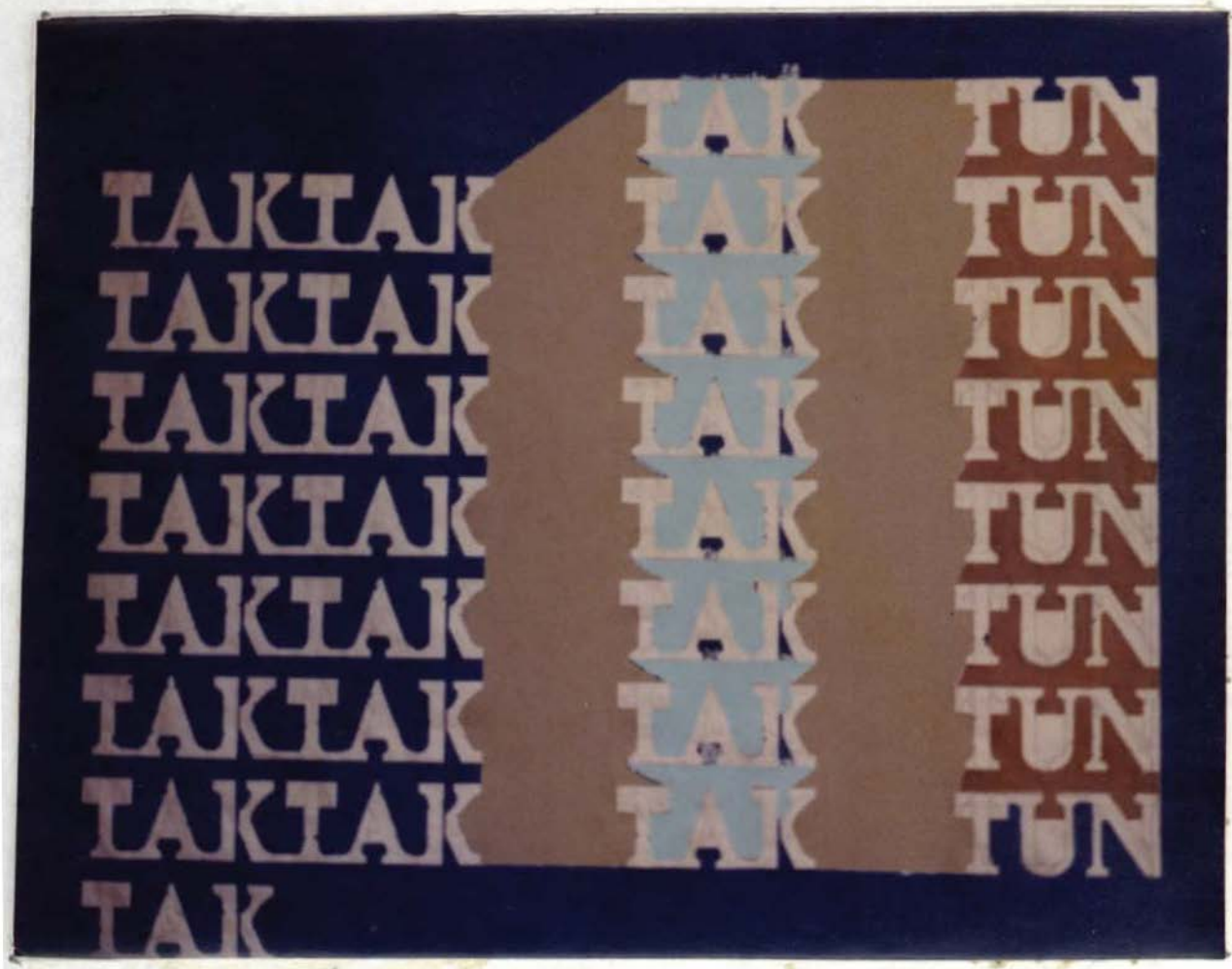
7. A poem is an incomplete book. Someone else must finish it. An incomplete book is a living book. A book is finished when you are.
8. Poems are for the ill-mannered not schools. Look and see things as they really are. Once you're perfect, what else is there to do? Understand everything and you understand nothing.
9. Grief is miserable corpse. Sing brave songs as you bathe your wounds. Artaud was not mad like this, but there is no other way.

PLATE IV

DRUM SONG: TAK TUN

By

ABDUL GHAFAR IBRAHIM



DRUG SONG: TAK TUN.

Tak Tun

Taktak Tak Tun

Taktak Tak Tun

Taktak Tak Tun

Taktak Tak Tun.

Taktak Tak Tun

Taktak Tak Tun

Taktak Tak Tun

Tak

PLATE V

DRUM SONG: DUNDUN CAK CAK

By

ABDUL GHAFAR IBRAHIM



DRUM SONG: DUNDUN CAKCAK.

Dundun
Cakcak
Dun
Cak
Dundun
Cakcak
Dun
Cak
Dundun
Cakcak
Dun
Cak
Dundun
Cakcak
Dun
Cak
Dundun
Cakcak
Dun
Cak
Dun

PLATE VI

FLY

By

ABDUL GHAFAR IBRAHIM

