

အလှူအတန်း

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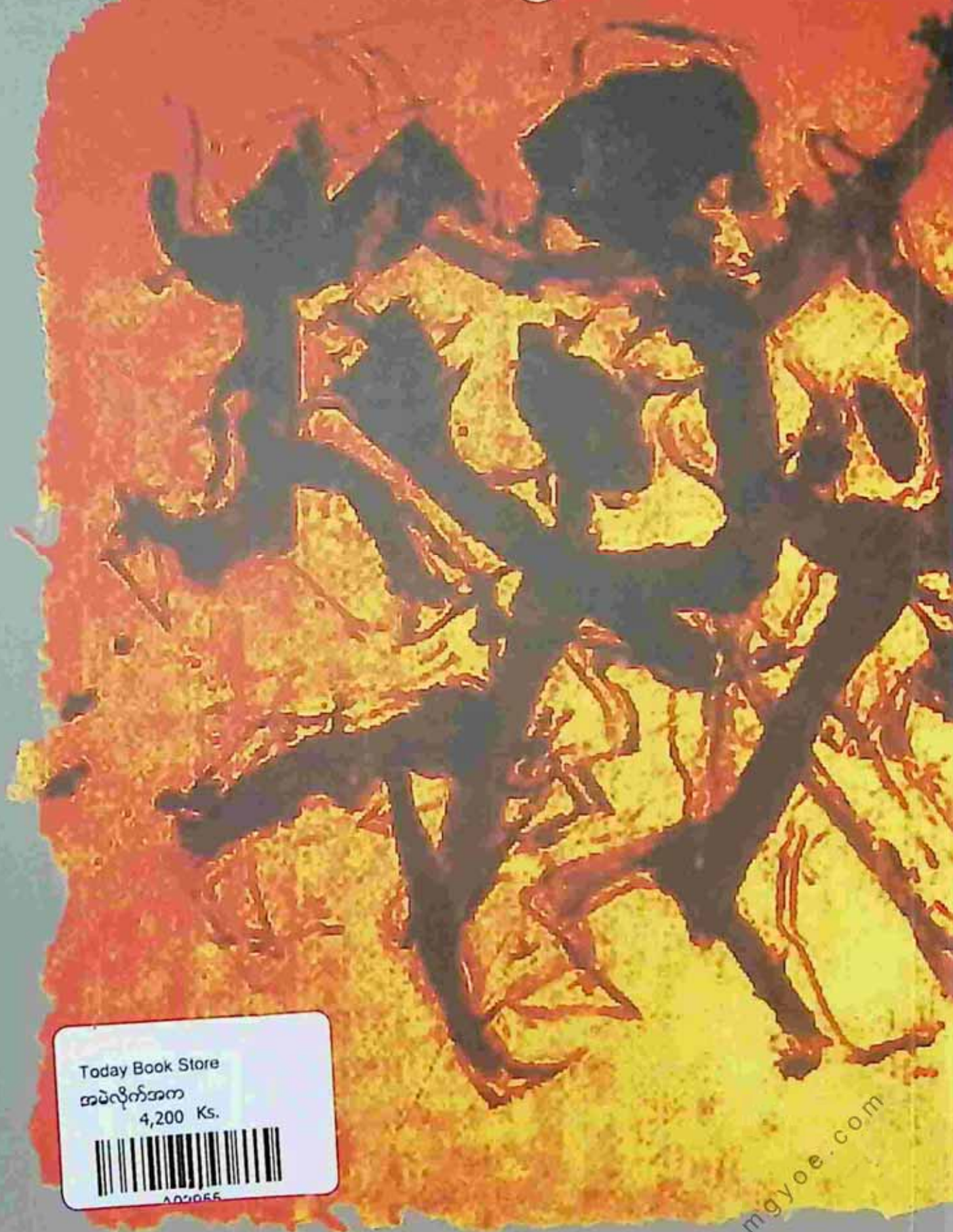
မြန်မာ့အလင်း

မှတ်တမ်းအဖြစ်

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SAMPLE BOOK

# myint moe aung



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SAMPLE BOOK

**vulgus workshop production # 2**  
**duo show**

**a collaboration of vulgus and the eras**

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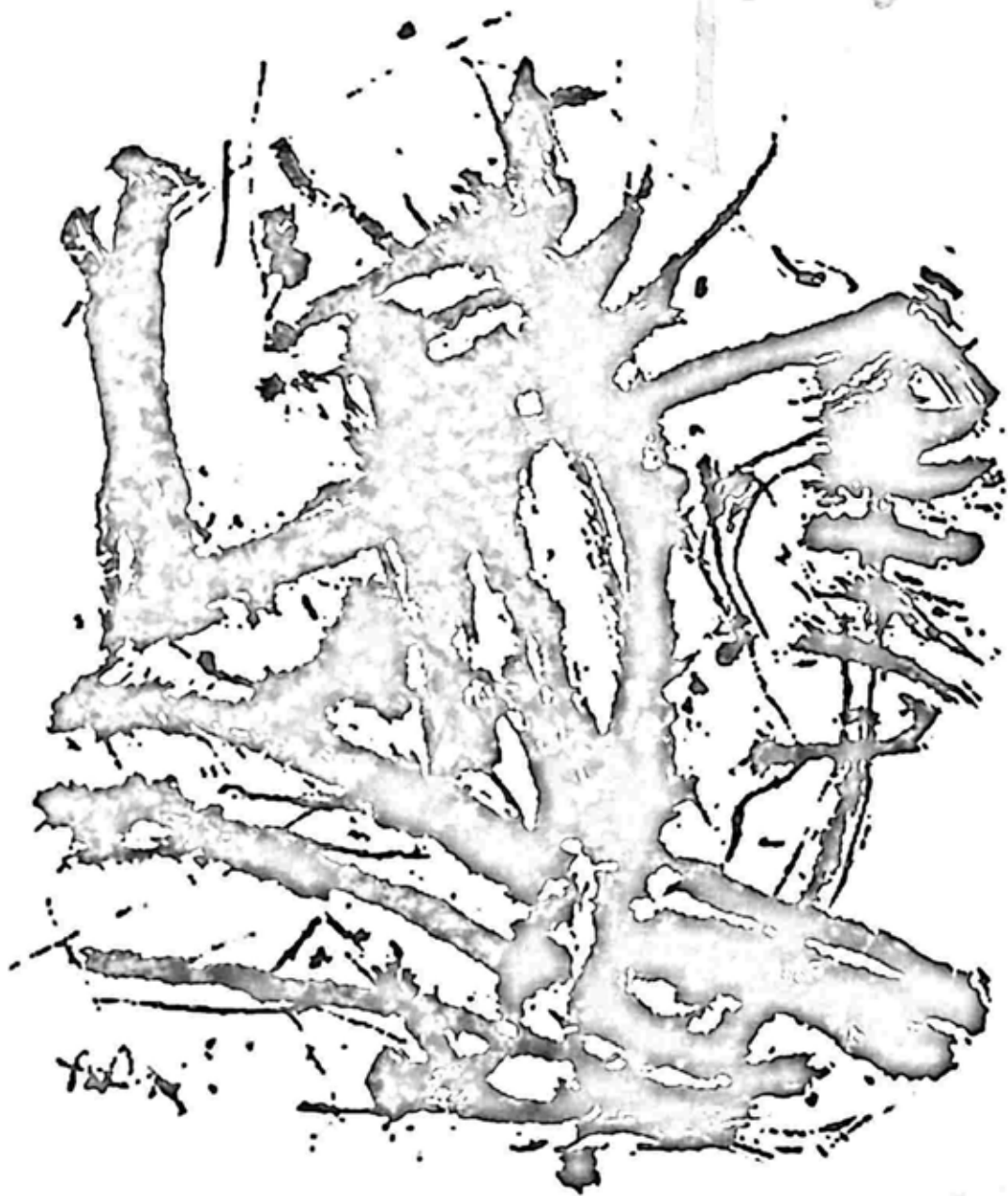
နိကာလများ  
စာအုပ်အစီအစဉ် ၃၅၅



နိကာလများ

အမှတ် ၁၀၄၊ အပေါ်ဆုံးထပ် (က)၊  
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pred



အမဲလိုက်အက

မြင့်စိုးအောင်

myint moe aung



vulgus workshop





predatory dance  
myint moe aung

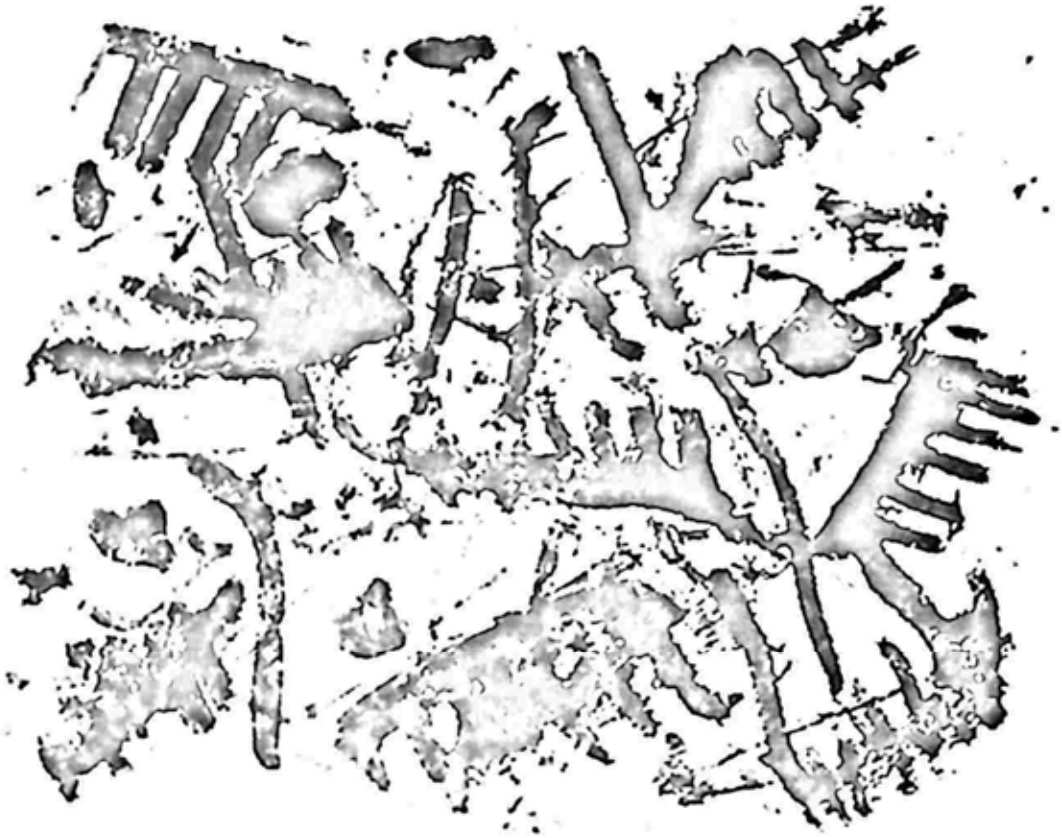
- 9 - the last supper
- 17 - conspiring against night
- 23 - the contaminated fingers
- 35 - the man wih a window
- 45 - crimson roses
- 51 - the plastic skin
- 59 - predatory dance

*Myint Moe Aung*

translated by wynn myint oo



~~the last supper~~  
1990



10 predatory dance

## 1

All at once, a stale odour emanated from inside a freezer, which was a severe shock to him, as in there lay his " hopes ",the daily diet he lived on.

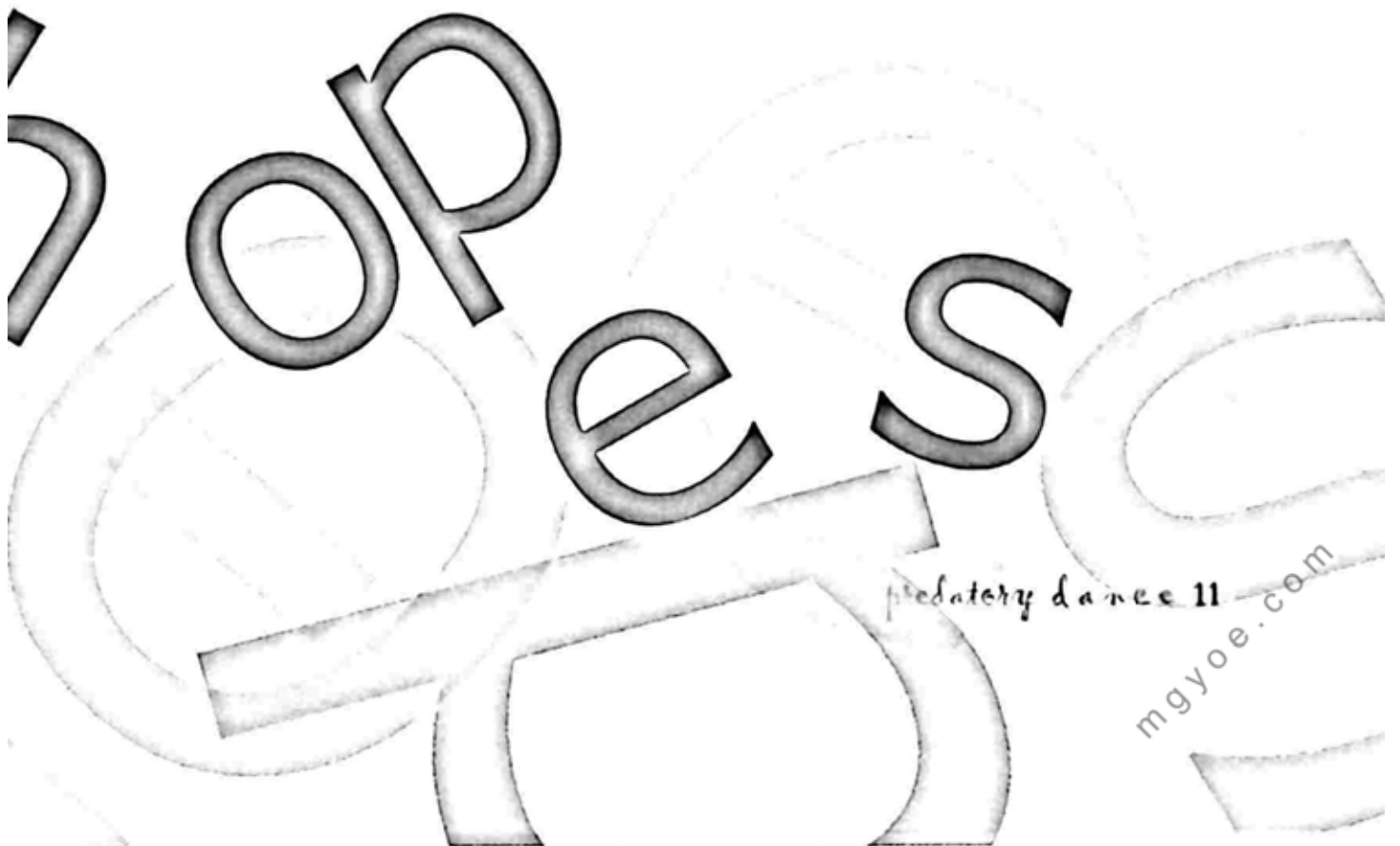
These " " , once lost, were beyond recovery.

Already he had been to the market-places where they bought and sold hope.

There, people were all scrambling to get the rank-smelling bargains,

which they later would lay on their filthy tables and ravenously eat up.

Appetizing though this " food " seemed to these people, the very thought of this nauseating stuff gave him the creeps.





## 2

He popped out from the window,  
only to witness the ruins of his collapsed "palace"  
among roaring flames.  
Everything he had set up so confidently  
had fallen to the ground.  
Sounds of alarmbells came hurrying towards him.  
Even the floor he stood on would give way at any moment.

Overhead, his " " was still in flight  
on a new pair of gold wings, heading for the moon.

But even as he watched,  
it got hit by an arrow of certain hunters,  
and dropped to its death onto a roof of the palace.



## 3

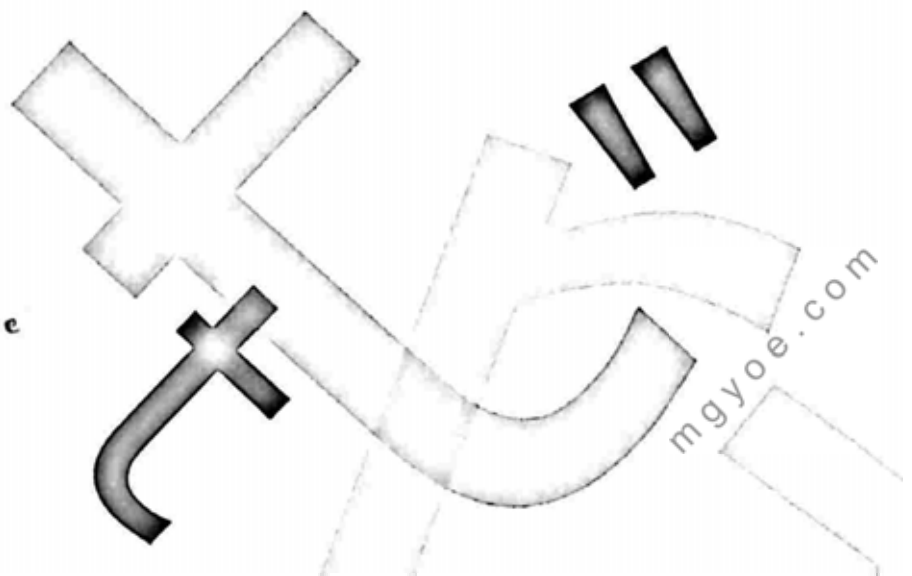
"Dance. Now!", commanded he.  
And masked dreams of his  
started entertaining him with a mad waltz.

Now all his doors had been sealed for good  
so that no sound of alarm could reach him.  
It was as if there had never been  
such a thing as the collapsed "palace".

All he had was a pitch-dark chamber  
with all its doors shut tight.  
All he possessed was this cramped chamber  
where all the clocks had ceased to tick.

Feeling dull, he would stretch himself out  
on a bunk, with a cloud for a bedsheet,  
engaging himself in those worn-out excuses and self-deceit,  
creating futile dreams.

14 predatory dance



## 4

All of a sudden, an ancient tomb burst open before him.  
His comatose clocks at once  
woke up to the physio-time of the outside world.  
And in the midst of smoke,  
a decaying corpse was seen grinning at him.  
It was none other than his own "past"  
whom he had once buried himself.

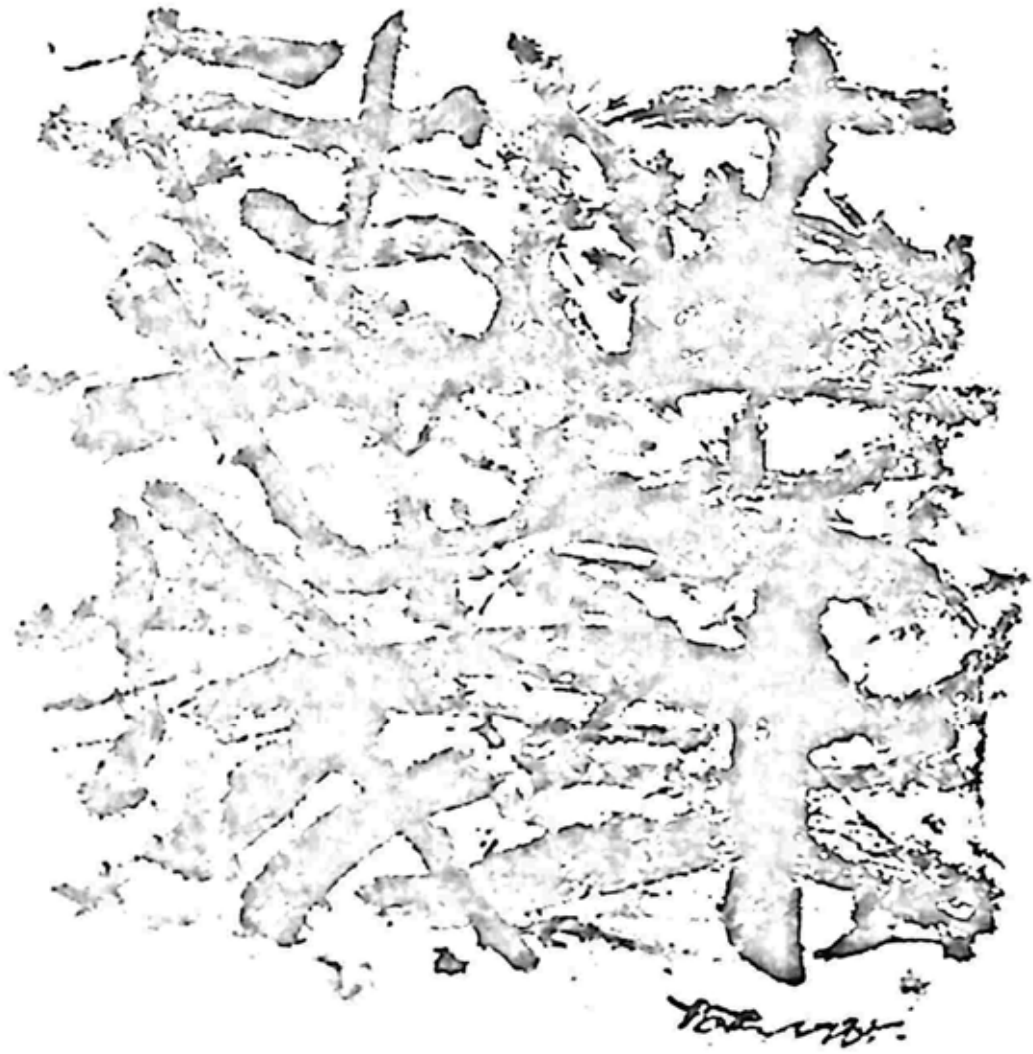
All of this was beyond his power of understanding.  
How come they kept digging up the buried past?  
Why on earth did they revive what had already been dead?  
Anyhow, a blunder of his, the memory of  
which had been haunting him, was here for condemnation.

No use concealing any more.  
The rotten "hopes", the collapsed "palace" and  
the arrow-hit "future"-- all were back here, confronting him.  
His dreams, who had once entertained him,  
now crowded in a corner, crying their eyes out.

Struggling and protesting,  
he felt the taloned fingers of "past", the corpse,  
sink into his throat.  
And from his tiny mouth, out spewed bitter,  
crimson "truth".



conspiring against night  
1990



18 predatory dance

For Night they all lay in wait ■

Having sharpened their wits and bizarre whimsies  
they chased away a nervously standing dusk ■

As soon as Night embraced the earth with  
a welcoming caress  
they burst open their insane whimsies ■

Some, craving for a dress made of the moon's skin  
got their weapons aiming skyward  
from soaring house-roofs ■

Some crammed their own bodies into tiny washrooms  
and gave those an all-night beating and washing  
so as to rid themselves of the monstrous guilts  
that blemished their clear conscience ■

Some had snooped into the magnificent dreams  
created by people asleep  
and got away with what precious jewels they fancied ■

Some floated in the air  
riding on the clouds of cigarette smoke  
they had puffed themselves  
and going up towards the ceilings ■

Others dragged the uncivil Truth /  
who had been shouting curses at them all day /  
off its bed and buried it alive ■

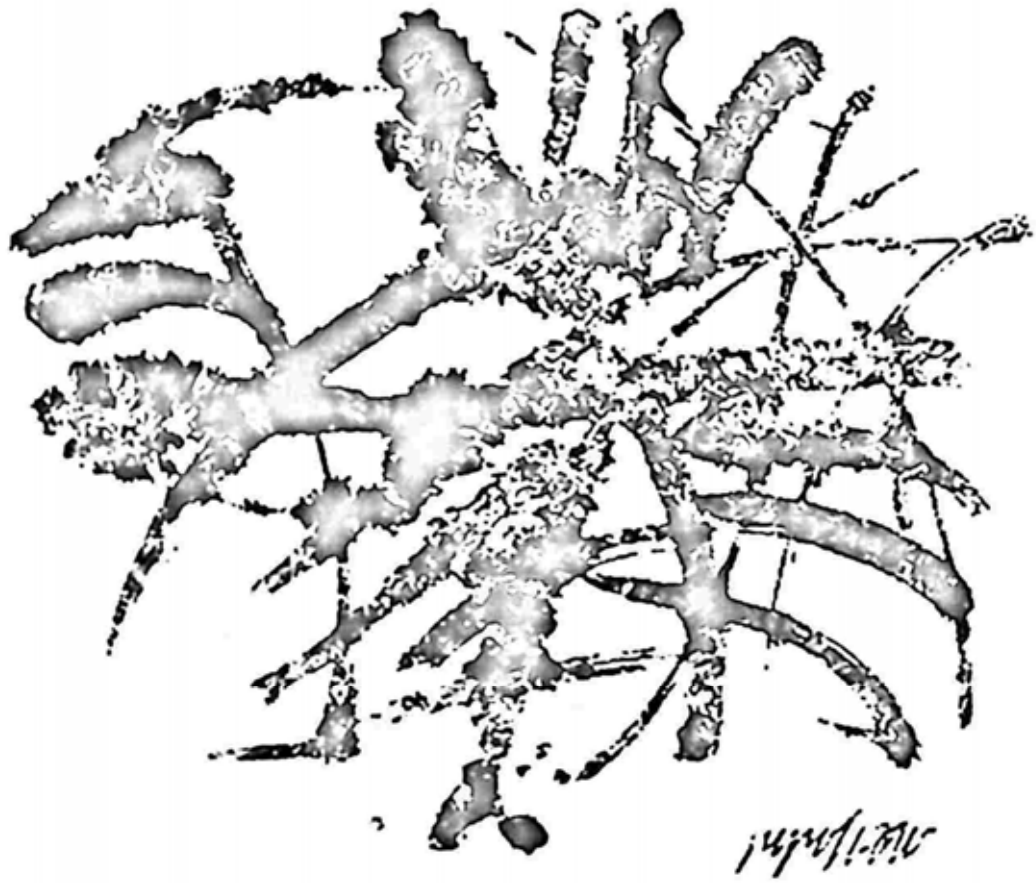
Wounded  
Night fell down in the midst of her assassins /  
got back to her feet /  
and hysterically ran on for her dear life ■

This was the very Night she and I had schemed  
to replant some fallen leaves  
in their original place on branches ■

The next day  
the frowning sun stared down intently  
for he found the earth  
which he had dressed up only the day before  
buried under filth and debris once more ■



the contaminated fingers  
1990



24 predatory dance

↓

When the time came,

*the  
fingers  
began  
moving  
on*

their own accord ■

First they would scratch tables and walls nearby.

**A n d s o o n**

they would tear my body,  
demanding the antidote.

These were **none**

other than  
my own fingers,  
which had got contaminated.

## 2

One day, without prior notice,  
the Creator called on me at my little room.

Although we had no previous dealings whatsoever,  
I found his company quite agreeable.

**" A lovely place "**, he gently remarked,  
looking round the room.

So it should be;  
for I had taken great pains to keep my little room in order,  
which should please him.

And we had a chat.

It was there and then  
that the eyes of the Creator put me under a spell.

How  
piercing  
**the eyes** !  
were ■

With such a pair of eyes one should certainly be able to see  
through anything to the utmost limits.

Yes. And even now he could read my inner thoughts.

" You wish  
you had my eyes,  
don't you ? "

## 3

So it happened  
that  
momentous<sup>a</sup>  
compromise was made  
in the little room of

**mine.**

He said he loved my shapely fingers /  
and if I consented to serve him with these fingers /  
after a period of one year /  
his eyes would be mine ■

*It was a miracle indeed.*

Who  
had ever dreamed of  
possessing ?  
such eyes

The Creator, though a total stranger to me, was certainly

the most magnanimous

**I had ever met.**

## 4

*The very next day*

*I called on*

*the Creator*

*at his place*

**as I had promised.**

Though the place was swarming with people,  
not a sound was to be heard.  
No words were exchanged among these people.  
All went on with their work in complete silence:

Some were busy washing the locks of hair

on  
the  
Creator's  
head;

some were engaged in massaging his great body and limbs;  
and others were occupied with  
applying scented cosmetics to his mighty face.

**H o w e v e r**

they all seemed to be  
in awe of the Creator.  
What on earth made them fear such an amiable Creator ?

I wondered.

## 5

Before long  
I came to the place  
where I was supposed to work.

It was then  
that

**I**

saw  
the  
strange  
stuff.

Strange though the food was,  
the Creator was feasting on it with amazing appetite.

***There I also found people  
engaged in the same chore  
as would be mine:  
they were kneading the food for him.***

Disgusting though the work was, I found it quite tolerable.  
For the privilege of possessing these eyes,  
I was ready to perform even more gruesome tasks.

Thus,  
**willingly,**  
I dug my fingers  
into the food.

6

**A year ,  
the mutually agreed period ,  
came to an end ,  
without a day's absence on my part .**

There was  
just **one**  
**disadvantage:**  
as I had to work for him daily,  
I could not keep my room in order, as usual,  
and  
the room  
was  
an  
**awful**  
**m e s s .**

Still,  
this was nothing to speak of:  
**for now**  
I was the proud possessor of  
his eyes.

7

How mysterious nature was !

Everything

I had seen before was

**mere** <sup>but</sup> **superficialities,**

behind which lay the illuminating absolute realities.

How come I had never guessed that?

Although my sight was still a little confused

**because**

I had not got used to these eyes yet,

I believed

I would soon be all right.

The Creator, with a pair of newly-installed eyes,

kept staring at my fingers.

"Thanks for your reward, Sir " said I.

Then there appeared a grin on his face.

But it was gone in a flash so that I could never discern

what there was behind this grin.

And terrible doubts began to haunt me.