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Whiteheart: Prologue to Hysteria
by Lesego Rampolokeng
Deep South, 2005 93pp.

Review by Sonwabo Meyi

Into the Maze of the Unknown & Untold

'but the "pot", jeepers creepers mandela's / slippers'

I first met Lesego Rampolokeng's poetry at a writing course I attended at Rhodes University. I got addicted & influenced & the effect still lingers alive inside me every consciousness. This new one is a book of prose. It starts in haze, gets hold of your every living part & lets your mind ride a maze. It picks up momentum and you swim along the poetical rhythm of the drum and bass while the dj scratches the record until it bleeds red yellow green blood.

Lesego is the master of telling the untold and writing that which has never been written before.

He invites us to travel alongside him towards the deepest bowels of his memories & the images he has captured with his eyes are real. There is also sexuality synchronised with a devilish bliss.

As in all his books, he does not fail to show disgust & rage towards the political systems of the world. Moreover, the rap & rhyme intertwined with the vivid images cause your whole internal system to shiver. This book has made me believe that Lesego has a photographic memory. The words come to you like grotesque radical images straight into your imagination making you very afraid excited educated & emancipated all at once.

This one will attack infinite spaces silences through lengths & breadths of time.

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