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Between the years 1955 and 1960, poetry written in French, especially in countries other than France, underwent a profound renewal. During this period, a generation which did not know the War of 1940, and does not share the pessimistic memories of the Occupation, begins to express itself in France. With Existentialism already far in the past, the ideas of Freud and Marx under control, this generation is more detached, more open, even more cynical, more "modern." For the Maghreb poets—who experienced, fifteen years later, the same anguish as the French poets of the Resistance—1962 marks the end of the Algerian War and, thus, the end of clandestine speech. 1954 had already seen the French driven out of Indochina; and around 1960, the republics of Black Africa structured their independence: today, sixteen of these nations produce poets who sing in French. The imperialism of the hexagon is more or less dead and buried, except in certain overseas territories, like the West Indies, where the poets justifiably continue the struggle for dignity.

In the name of all those who have suffered from the "colonial phenomenon," Gaston Miron, in La Batèche, declares magnificently:

La rosée bouge ma poitrine résonne
j'ai retrouvé l'avenir.

The same poet traces the birth of a "new generation of poets" in Quebec back to the years 1950-1953.

For the first time—and even Paris, the great centralizer, the Bonapartist navel of the world, had not yet understood—the principal
trunk of the language found itself surrounded by a forest of brother­
trees, growing without menacing it, but embellishing and reinventing,
according to their fancy, the play of its sap and its foliage. The best
image of this phenomenon was provided by Edouard J. Maunick, who
cites the blazing tree of his native land, Maurice Island, whose branches
touch the sun and take root there.

Today there is still only one French language. But long live the
freedom of a language extended in space, shaken by the first creator
to come, licensed or not—indeed, rigorously manipulated, as in the
Maghreb, for example. Presenting twenty years of Algerian poets, Jean
Sénac, the poet assassinated recently in Algiers, declared: “Through
the charm (whose risks are not underestimated) of a willfully sloven­
ly French, which fears neither affectation nor deflagration, nor calci­
nation, submitted to a different treatment, through a prehension
always beyond syntax, word and sense, the new Algerian poets, in
their attacks from the shell-hole, simultaneously recover both their
roots (unalienated) and their future bodies.” The Moroccans go even
further, relying also, like Mohammed Khair-Eddine, on automatic
writing. According to the essayist Abdelkébir Khatibi, they wish to
introduce into the French language “a personal syntactical movement
(sometimes inspired by dialectal Arabic), a movement itself submerged
in lexical inflation: uncommon words, words invented from anything,
words translated literally from dialectal Arabic. This inflation gives
the texts an architecture similar to that of the quaint little mosques
which endure out of spite in the Casablancan slums. Isn’t ransacking
the dictionary of the Other an act of appropriating his imagination?”

Miron—I cite him again—has said: “If we wish to bring some­
thing to the French world and raise our poetry to the level of great
national poetry, we must know ourselves even more, accentuate our
differentiation and our power of identification. We must continue to
write in a French which is more and more correct, indeed international.
We will then have a poetry strongly characterized by its inspiration
and its sensitivity, a Canadian poetry of French and, if we achieve the
essential, universal expression.” It is not certain that this proposal,
formulated in 1957 by Gaston Miron, has been followed to the letter
by the poets of Quebec. Without going as far as Raoul Duguay in cre­
ating a phonetic language, the most impetuous among them defend
archaisms, borrow frequently from joual or, like Michèle Lalonde,
mock English, the despised language. In Nice, the Frenchman Daniel
Biga, who was too quickly called a beatnik poet, illustrates his con­
fidences-promenades, his tract-poetry, in much the same way, using
quotations from foreign languages or patois. This technique is par­
ticularly apparent in his two works *Oiseaux Mohicans* and *Kilroy was Here*, both published by Editions Saint-Germain-des-Prés, 1970. In Lebanon, on the other hand, the language is very moderate. No doubt the new Black African poets also take liberties with the French, the unitary language above the dialects, but these are authoritatively imposed. They are concerned with recovering their identity, embalming the French language in the flowers of their myths, the odors of a heritage and of exhumed cultures. In their appetite for naming, for musical and cosmic celebration of their native land, they have not had the extra time to entangle themselves in linguistic problems. These poets are missing from this brief collection. Nevertheless I will mention the most prominent among them: Tchicaya U Tam'si (Congo), Valentin Y. Mudimbé (Zaire), Gérard Delisle (Guadeloupe), René Depestre (Haiti), Georges Desportes (Martinique), Edouard J. Maunick (Maurice Island).

Finally, I regret that, among many other nations which are not represented here, it was not possible to also include the French poets of Switzerland, such as Philippe Jaccottet, Jacques Chessex or the vanished Jean-Pierre Schlunegger, with their works rich in substance and solitude.

In poetry—just as in other disciplines—there is no spontaneous generation. Through a single work which he admires, a slightly informed poet will sense the reverberations of an evolving culture. The “long march” of modern French poetry is well known. The modern, sensual soul was born, at the end of the nineteenth century, with *Les Fleurs du mal*, but what a heavy, archaic form the alexandrine of Baudelaire is! Laforgue, more of an “orphan” than the Romantics, gave birth to nostalgia, the sense of exile and of the absurd, endured even physically. Rimbaud created the totally modern idiom (a racing meteor) concerned with the quest for “the cause and the formula.” We owe to Lautréamont an offensive of rhetoric, slap-dash confession in a *roman noir*, delirious collage and mockery of genius raised to the level of art.

In the twentieth century, Apollinaire and Cendrars gave modern language its elasticity, stretching it from daily intimacy to a panoramic horizon. It is useless to insist on the essential breadth given by the Surrealists in their choice of a poetry of conceptual activity, every barrier—moral or other—overthrown in order to excavate, to liberate, the whole man. From then on, even hallucination, even the simulation or the sickness of drug addiction, are means to investigate the unknown in ourselves.

Between 1940 and 1945, there was a simultaneous development of
both a "humane" poetry, close to nature, reacting against the systematic dryness and abstraction of André Breton's friends, among the followers of the poet René Guy Cadou, dead too young—and a poetry of the Resistance, pure and fraternal in the writing of Paul Eluard, Racinian and sometimes "humming" in Aragon—not to mention countless imitators of them both.

Some predecessors remained free of the hold of main currents or schools which were rampant after 1900: the fantasists, the unani­mists, the dadaists and the surrealists, the school of Rochefort. For example, Jean Cocteau, the prestidigitator, changeable and misunder­stood, and Paul Claudel, ponderously biblical, or Francis Jammes, genial outside his pastorals, and Jean Follain, the rustic of the eternal.

I am going to try to rescue from oblivion two poets neglected by a too hurried criticism: Alain Borne, the singer of refusal, dead in 1962, and Lucien Becker, the truest love poet since the disappearance of Eluard. (Alain Borne, Poésie I, no. 25, 1972; Lucien Becker, Rien à vivre, 1947, and Plein amour, 1954).

Let us now consider the poets gathered for this collection of Mundus Artium, a selection made in collaboration with Rainer Schulte. These poets, all younger than forty, represent today not always the best or the most striking, but, rather, the voices which are most sym­bolic of the trends of poetry in the French language published since about 1960.

Rather than analyze these trends in a dry vision, it seems more interesting, as well as more loyal, to patiently stick to each work, adding up its afflictions and its lacks, comparing its falls and its leaps, verifying its contradictions. A reminder of the direct line of descent or an historical brief specifies the thema in which these attempts are set, still more or less advanced, varying with the weight of the work. But this thema moves, ferments, sometimes contradicts itself, repents, reflecting life. Sometimes—most often, we must admit—the themata intersect. We must never forget that the poet asks the questions which are always the same: who am I? where am I going? what does the world finally demand of me? The fundamental human questioning is, today, dense, verified more and more closely, with all the means of an absolutely liberated language.
After 1945, philosophy became interested in poetry. From then on, numerous philosophy professors have become poets. At that time also, the ideas of Heidegger were promulgated in Paris by Jean Wahl. The marvelous Gaston Bachelard psychoanalytically stripped the themes and works of the poets, starting with their components, every Wednesday at the Sorbonne. But what can philosophy make of the poem? What possible connection is there between the kind of thinking which moves naturally to a poetry of definition and the actual poetic statement, intuition, outburst, obscure flare? Can the unjoinable be joined? Following Heidegger, and before Michel Deguy, predecessors like René Char went back to the pre-Socratics, fascinated by their bewildering formulas. The influence of Heraclitus or Parmenides can be traced in the works of Char and his followers, in those texts which convey the thunderbolt, those majestic or raging prose poems, elliptical, threatening, with their short-circuit syntax, where reasoning is stretched like the band of a slingshot into aphorism, where poetry shines proudly in the beautiful parnassian breastplate of language.

Yves Bonnefoy is today the grand master of that poetry which examines the connections between language and being. At his side is André du Bouchet, his colleague who works with him on the publications of Mercure de France and the editing of the journal L’Éphémère. Claude Esteban seems to be, not without numerous slight differences, du Bouchet’s disciple.

In his laconic poems—ceaselessly, on the white page, menaced by the void—Claude Esteban expresses his stupor as he exists, feels his barely useful body, contemplates the wall, the corridors, nature, and finds them insipid, unresponsive. Between our wan presence and the absence of God, what can the word, generally so faithful to appearance, do when one expects being, or at least explanations of being, from it?

The word of the poet, it seems, is an appeal. It pursues “endlessly the masks of the possible.” It crackles with questions whose sharpness is often connected with the fact that it knows the inanity of it all in advance. Man is dominated. As with Heraclitus, the opposition between two elements reigns here: “submissive” earth and “invulnerable” air. A balance between the two allows a niggardly life (“Acte et refus/de l’acte. Obscure/poigne sur l’obscur”). A deceptive freedom...

The poet “standing erect in the open land and the wind” courageously questions. He names. Can we say that to-name is to control
the time of the dream? Naming is not enough, certainly, for it will not save us from anguish or murderous time! And then, isn’t naming an illusion, even if, in the continuance of the species, man can “seize the mortar of words/ the shadow he inherits?” He must be satisfied with this shadow. Proud pessimism. So, the dead “repeat the past of things with attrition.” But a hope for unity, for vague permanence, remains in the future (“Surgir ailleurs comme le blé”). Thus, Esteban believes that “the smile” is “the face of the indivisible.”

This poetry is saved by a revolt, a violence not found in André du Bouchet. Claude Esteban, against all hope, all reason, awaits something from “the land perforated/ by screams” which nonetheless remains “intact.” He begs “the table of the sea” to “have pity.” He believes in a fever, a little forgotten blood, which revives (“La chair, le vieux savoir/ des mains pesant et partageant . . .”) Esteban does not yet completely renounce “the bewildering conjunction of a heart and an expanse, here, always here.” He summarizes:

Promesse danse du dedans.
Pacte profound des choses.
Muscle visible ramassé. Muraille froide.

Complexity of poetic language for which, in my opinion, only the poets are able to account! They try to express the inexpressible. They verify, they ceaselessly control the inner attitude. Presence and absence, of course, remain the imperative poles of philosophical inquiry, even in the poem. However, social questioning and solitude remain the two electrodes of individual consciousness.

What do we expect from the work? That it reveal to us a little of the secret of being—that singular and multiple plasma. That it dissipate the fundamental fogs, and that it illuminate, at least obliquely, that formless seething in us—which also is us. That it indicate unidentified riches. That it change our mental structures. That it be simultaneously perpetual questioning and momentary hope, and that it finally bring us closer to God (at least a materialistic God) through brilliant visions!

In his attempts to know himself and surrender to life, the Belgian poet Serge Meurant observes only a spectacle of “absent celebration.” Above all, for him, it is like a declaration of failure and, especially, of absence. He sees himself always driven back “to the brink of infinite disorder,” almost excluded in an anonymous way. He defends himself by exaggerating a defeat whose negative aspects are repeated with intensity in his favorite expressions, his mots-clés: “lassitude,” “winter,” “darkened sea” or “dark expansion,” “taste of the
dark,” “wind of mourning,” “chaos,” “arid landscape,” “white glance.” With his questing memory, monotonous, he has no confidence in himself. His modesty indicates an assumption of guilt, linked to what childhood traumatism? “Every road/ leads you the wrong way. . . .” He willingly turns his eyes away from the unattractive external world if the internal representation penalizes him. Meurant collides with the dark. But living is also composed of increases in tension. If “life is claimed by terror,” which is not specifically named, from “this same terror,” nevertheless, “the bright flame” will be born. The poet declares to the water: “You will be my cradle. . . ./ you will be my conclusion.” And he dreams of “lying closer to death.” Temptation of suicide and desire to return to the womb?

The poet constructs a triple defense: this negative attitude is savored, not without morbidity, through the exaltation of the rather haggard surprises of fate, their verbal magnification and the vindication of “Die and become!” from Goethe, signifying creative death of consciousness, flux and reflux in daily becoming, and death which holds no terror (“Dans le corps/ le sentiment étranger/ comme la bulle d’air/ dans un métal/ et la mort/ dont l’ombre est nourricière”).

Serge Meurant also tries to translate, to break through the difficulty under the sign of strange, sumptuous nightmare images. The darkness becomes “a slow substance.” The poet endures his own biological impulses (“Quelqu’un se retire/ dans mon sang”). He goes so far as to extol that kind of lethargy and exile (“Je demande à oublier ma langue/ à vivre dans mes genoux”).

Third parry: a hope is born between the presence in oneself and all regret, between what one finds nearby and the mystery, confronting “life, delicious/ trembling/ on the brink of doubt.” Meurant surprises himself by waiting for dawn, a “sacred future.” The light will come, he is almost certain, through the words which he inhabits; he feels a simple cosmic joy in smelling the peaceful fields, winter, under “confined space.” Appeasement is, perhaps, born of this exercise of poetry, magical medium of communication—at least between self and self (“Il n’est pas sûr/ que je règne/ mais je délivre”). It is love which approaches (and closes the lips of the reality-imagination rift), it is the “book far/ from an offered presence.” Truly “far” if it concerns “sleeping/ in the dark/ sand of your arms.”

Finally the beauty of this “voix de femme/ que la neige appelle.” Beside such detached, pure words rises the silence which pardons.

THE SURREALIST IMPRINT: PIERRE DHAINAUT

Officially, there have been no surrealist groups in France since
1969. But, though for a moment eclipsed by the uproar and excesses of poésie engagée, the surrealist fervor, like the phoenix, came back to life, more tenacious, from its ashes. Certain poets follow, more or less, the canons of writing codified by the author of the Manifestoes, as in the extremely erotic and tortured Joyce Mansour (Rapaces, 1960), or the superb Alain Jouffroy (Le Parfait criminel, 1971). A heavy dose of “Yippie” revolt and “cut up” writing have drugged to death the aggressive work of Claude Pélieu, the deserter from San Francisco. The great Thérèse Plantier, who rubs our noses in her homosexuality and authoritarian feminism, often mixes surrealism and realism. The heirs of the most important literary movement of this century are legion—and no young poet can or should be sheltered from the bursts of freedom thrown from the power-house forever in turmoil.

Pierre Dhainaut’s work has been published in the collection of Mercure de France which defends what André Miguel accurately terms “white poetry.” It is a work of tightly controlled anti-lyricism. If Dhainaut himself insists that he has renounced image for the sake of image, and automatic writing, why is he identified with the surrealist imprint? Because his deepest artistic, moral (and perhaps even political) choices are permeated with it.

According to Dhainaut, concerned above all with “the experience of poetry,” language is the principal opportunity for our freedom. Let us restore to it a creative force which will fill the void between the gods and the being of which, Heidegger says, man is “the poem begun.”

Le Poème commencé, Dhainaut's most important book, shows us the comings and goings of restlessness. Man remembers a very ancient happiness. But not much of it remains. Man ceaselessly examines and ponders the same stages, “from egg to hatching,” “from bud to full-blown flower.” Each word helps him to advance, is a “beginning.” To end up where? (With what certainty?) Through the serious play of the “virgin” word, he is concerned with placing us “beyond the ephemeral.” As in the manner of Yves Bonnefoy, but with a less subtle and musical, less luxuriant art, Dhainaut tries to determine simultaneously, on this course, how the poem can be written and where it leads us, describing the threshold of possession of being, a threshold always in view, always brushed against. “I want to go toward my home,” he insists.

This patient advance toward the receding house is combined with the watch for a “presence,” the preparation for the coming of the other in the self. This double movement, inward and outward, recomposed toward the other within ourselves, corresponds to the antagonism between action and dream. How can this dreadful alteration be re-
solved? Pierre Dhainaut specifies: “Language and landscape, finally I don’t know any more which is internal, which is really tangible. . . . It is, rather, a conquest through things. . . . It is reaching the summit where one can leave behind, all at once, the mortal realm.” Here we are close to the “point sublime” of André Breton, that place where life and death and all our contradictions should be resolved. “Erasing each impression,” exhausting “the darkness,” moving beyond appearances, overcoming death, is certainly the spiritual adventure, already attempted by the Platonists; it is the quest for a land of the spirit, for the spirit. It is the will to unite birth and death, to be born to being, “to be nothing but birth” and euphoria, and to approach “pure inspiration.” Through the poem in which the word unfolds the possibility of being we touch the origin. The poet varies much of his wording, the metaphors of his poetic thought. He strives to wed origin to light, he says. Absence and presence are merged in a single ecstasy—in a totally secular mysticism. The reconciliation of life and death fuses them in the same “brazier.” What brazier? What pure inspiration? The poet does not, and cannot, say. He questions, he measures, he has insights, but he knows no answer by heart. This also separates him to a great extent from the philosopher, with his theoretical, categorical speech, more sure of itself.

Pierre Dhainaut is conscious of human ambiguity (“Eclat je ne suis qu’une brèche/ entre l’espérance et l’oubli”) and our limitations. After the leap, the fall. “We collide once again with birth, with death.” Desire, love, is also identified with the word (“Jusqu’au cri me faire toi,” or the Eluardian cry: “Tu viens je n’ai plus de passé”). Let us isolate two significant lines on the feminization of the word: “ah viens brûlante mordre/ achever mon langage mon corps.”

The mad love of the surrealists alone achieves unity, salvation.

Let us notice in the extremely literary writing of Pierre Dhainaut, rather cold with “several words of ice,” the presentation of a slightly monotonous ritual of interrogation, and also some affectation.

Dhainaut defies anguish through the beloved presence. For woman opposes the menacing night with “a soft light, true and terrible.” Let us note the following lines which could be discussed to infinity:

azur des mots chant d’une proue
vagues murailles lentes
où pénètrent mes caresses . . .

Tes paupières qui battent
voici la clé des sources . . .

The conflict is not resolved. The quest, the contradictions, the
drift, will never cease, as the poet, writing objectively, knows: "I live this other contradiction which opposes the belief in salvation with the evidence of its impossibility. The absence of contradiction paralyses. Word and silence, nevertheless together. The secret name will then appear."

**TOWARDS AN EXPRESSION OF DREAM: JACQUES IZOARD, KAMAL IBRAHIM**

"The poet," wrote Marcel Béalu, "seeks another reality of which the reality surrounding us is the sign. He must animate this secret reality, make it visible to everyone and, from the personal, render the impersonal. He does not stop with this metamorphosis of the external world, the currency of the creator of images. His task is more profound, more staggering, if he claims to bring the depths of his intimate being to the surface, which means to describe, so as to make perceptible to all, the monsters which possess him. And when I say monsters, I am thinking about that which is least acknowledged in man, all the archangelic creatures asleep in the depths of him, mixed with swarming larvae and demons."

There are numerous visionaries who sign a pact with the nocturnal reversal of things, from Xavier Forneret to Kafka, from Dante to Henri Michaux, from Novalis to Marcel Béalu. Among the new poets, many are producers of the dream. Let us cite the nocturnal and feverish Jean Joubert (*Saison d'appel*, Grasset, 1973), the elegant Roger Kowalski (*Sommeils*, Grasset, 1968), the occultist Elie-Charles Flamand (*La Lune feuillée*, Belfond, 1968), the venomous Yvonne Carouth (*La Voie du coeur de verre*, Saint-Germain-des-Prés, 1973). On their level, among the most brilliant, are: the Belgian Jacques Izoard and the Syrian Kamal Ibrahim.

Not satisfied with "this noisy and palpable reality which we believe to be our element" (Heidegger), Izoard is committed to the second life, through the powers of imagination—chance in action. He sleeps in the midst of a vast spider web of words. He juggles words by the armful. He rules the kingdom of the dictionary. He seizes first this word, then that—the most kindred or the most antagonistic provided by language, wherever he can reach it, scarcely considering its social connection. Carnival of the word, free time devoted to semantic intoxication, pointed eccentricity ("Child sliced from north to south"), and the taste for covers, masks.

To improve his existence, Izoard enjoys his favorite dreams. He wishes, first of all, to state the body, and he desires complete nudity for everyone. This eater of words extols the body through enumera-
tion, through incessant touching (considering existence as "the empire of the naked hand"), but everything occurs in nocturnal slow-motion. There are so many *mots-clés* in the message which is not always completely clear! The "finger" is always present, the "thumb" with the "fingernail," the "fist," and, generally, the "skin" which leaves "the impression." The "leg" is almost never absent. The "tongue," the "teeth," the important "shoulder," and the "eye" shine and function symbolically (the "glass" or the "window-pane" answer the eye—symbolic sexuality!)—and the word "blood" effects the union. We must not neglect to notice sometimes a kind of fear in the author of his own face.

But one bounces back quickly in the brief lines of Izoard's scant poems! The poet delicately amuses himself as he laces the lyrical with the incongruous, the fresh with the frivolous, and as he swaggers suddenly into cruelty, reconstructs the universe with a whispered desire, endures the words for all his pains, grows old in oneiric experience—this landscape of "ice," for example, or this "stolen fire," no less "cutting" and flickering—, and he grieves with longing for the "time when the blue was bluer." He summons the "pin," the "birds" (in order to prick or dismember which mannequin?) and the "boot," in order to run on which foot-paths? The word "paper" is lord. Touching paper is touching the body, since paper is equivalent to the skin, the "moist tissue," the "cool earth."

Incessant metamorphosis which one can play alone! One wonders from what place, from the heights of what crenel, the poet was speaking, and one discovers that he has taken refuge inside his body ("Here I am in my heel," "These are my arms seen from inside"). He has always sensed himself "felt under the skin." There is another inventory, simultaneously connected to a somewhat adolescent eroticism and to that fascination with the depths of kinesthesia also felt by Kamal Ibrahim. "You live in your leg/ where the blue road runs," writes Jacques Izoard, who enjoys manipulating a kind of gluttonous reversal of reality. The involved eroticism of the poet seems to be acknowledged only obliquely ("The white child lies to arouse/ my ebony pleasure"). There are numerous "children" and "toys" in his poems, as well as quite a few girls, women, and pregnancies. Many of his images should be examined from a psychoanalytical angle ("Gropingly pull the tree/ toward the stomach where you/ sleep"). There is also a mania for the secret, as in the evocation of "the house (which) hides the thumb." And what is designated in the mystery of the "vulgar whiteness?"

With Izoard, a sometimes affected imagination (the elbow "is the head of the arm," "the ankle's name is Mathilda") is the servant of
the "imprisoned word" whose convulsive movements and leap out of "the envelope," we follow with passion.

Although he is a professor of philosophy, Kamal Ibrahim does not offer us his poems as fragments of a class or a lesson.

Into which category does he fit? He is a poet of language, since he often invents his own grammar, creates verbs, fabricates pronominal forms for them, and eliminates articles. Yvon Belaval rightly declares a "bursting of linguistic soil from a germinal thrust!" One might also say that he is a surrealist in his great freedom of imagery or in his recollection of the vow of Antonin Artaud to see "the soul slashed by the body," or the "mind bathing in all the organs." But oneirism is, without a doubt, the most vast territory of Kamal Ibrahim—though he is not too far from the cosmic poets.

Ibrahim, a true poet, with his lively intelligence, asks questions while toying with all the points of reference (from Rimbaud to Artaud, as I said). He is certainly an eccentric, soaring on his nerves, with his roots in the Middle-East: his leitmotiv of raw meat and a certain panic gluttony in Babylone la vache la mort are reminiscent of Egyptian proverbs. We are with him in the insanity of sun and desert: not that of our arrangers of images but, rather, that which can drive one to madness, or kill. Consequently, there arises quite naturally the problem of hallucinations, of the splitting of the personality, along with the exasperated search for the principle of identity: who am I? What is the world, and what does it demand of me? This is the theme of the eternal prison of a single body; this is the precise horror of inhabiting (so badly) a surface delimited (so to speak) by fingernails, skin and sickness; it is, again, so many declarations of absence.

Celui-ci Celui-moi expresses a hirsute sound. It compiles a panoply of very strong images, precise and strange. It soundly thrashes grammar. It exalts a festival of wonders. The menacing naïveté of the poet ends up in the realm of science fiction ("Ce jour-là j'ai vu LA CHOSE/ Et ce que cela veut dire").

It is poetry to decipher enigmas—no longer simply, as a rhetor, those of the famous poetic speech, in all its variations—but a poetry determined to auscultate this body, "this felt Form" which is cold, and which they might "hang." Obsessions of decay, of all the non-places, like death.

There is, in Ibrahim, a sexual appetite to embody, to be united with, the Whole ("La feuille tombe et s'ajoute à moi"), to gather frag-
ments, to sneer at the self or to be ejected from life. The poet is sometimes moved to fatalistic prostration:

Il ne restait dans la grange que le Désordre
Sur l'eau nue à boire tout bas.

At the end of Celui-ci Celui-moi, the astonishing poems of the chapter entitled Page verte represent a kind of agony, lived in advance, in a harsh lamento.

The humor of Kamal Ibrahim is worthy of the great surrealist tradition:

On dirait qu'une épingle illustre par son âge
Traverse un désert en dessinant des trous.

Yes, more and more, "visiting humor." The third book by Kamal Ibrahim, Corps en friche, is based on this thema ("La nuque en panne dérangeait la chance"). Moreover, Corps en friche shatters sentence structure, creates words, gives verbs a quasi-military aggressiveness—or omits them—leaves the poem seemingly suspended and completely open, often made of atomized elements of conjuncture which only a brief panting can join.

COSMIC POETRY: PIERRE DALLE NOGARE

Along with Lorand Gaspar (Sol absolu, 1972) and Jean-Louis Depierris (Quand le mauve se plisse, 1969), Pierre Dalle Nogare shares the obsessions of those who wish to simultaneously go back in time and move toward infinite spaces, transforming the daily into eternal import. But what would the secrets of the geological world—if they were discovered—teach us about man?

For Dalle Nogare, man staggers into man, and he is "a mystery enveloped in movements." Hauts-fonds shows us this anguish, balanced by a steady lucidity, and distanced from all illusion. Entangled in himself, even insulted by his double, not able to be God, asking "the savage questions," the poet leaps out of the I toward "the stellar interval," plodding along, hirsute and barbaric, trying to decipher "the invisible perspective" through the eye of his senses and his will to progress. The rock, seemingly immovable, attracts the human nebula: can it help us to define our "inexact nature?"

In a badly polished syntax, a certain jargon which is, nevertheless, attractive as its obscurity crackles with stars, man chooses to become "mineral." He then finds comfort in seeing himself as "consciousness without origin: a beast of pure presence." In order to kill death, he thinks himself a planet and "names himself Lofty Space." The problem of identity, previously unresolved under the anthropomorphic
mask, again arises when the poet laments, "You so much myself:/ if I am Who then?"

Not having been able to find unity of being—nor to define this unity—man, "falling" from the self, expresses here the anguish of outside-of-being, as he revolves around identification to the cosmos which would, perhaps, define him less abusively, and he continues in his scheme to obtain a reprieve from death—which the mind does not succeed in knowing—through immersion in cosmic unconsciousness.

*Corps imaginaire* expresses, with increased violence and courage, the cosmic choice of Dalle Nogare. He knows that man is only an eternal question without an answer, and that he always feels "decapitated from someone." His miserable duration "in the indifference of origins" continues, without doubt. But it is a tense struggle, passionate aggression (Dalle Nogare, for an instant, heard in himself "a presence higher" than the self; suspicious of the mechanisms of the mind, he proposed: "Let me go more simply into intuition"). Man, then, floats his anxious freedom in the opaque "sterile night." Enraged, identifying himself with dissolving matter, he is the prey of contradictory forces. In order to be able to advance in his duration, man effects his equilibrium by moving to the very end of himself (the internal cosmic voyage)—the self and HE (double and spy)—as far as the countries where the word is set in stone. And the poet himself annotates human progress: "Lived from all eternity, in the future we speak a past which supports us. Our seed perpetuates every living species." What philosopher could better express heredity, continuity, imagination, fate, art?

*Mémoire d'autre* conceals even more the first person singular, too suspect, "I" hiding in "he" or even in "he?"—subject exploded in order to blur the traces in the face of death.

Obscure and formidable forces are awakened, uttered. Through the word, the beginning of the world and of being—and their fall—are created, joined, and projected in the memory of the *he*, who wrote this somewhat anonymous book—again, a substitution in identity in order to escape our destiny as mortals. The only salvation is far under the cosmic breastplate:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Formé d'Eaux et de Feux} \\
\text{Je suis l'Homme-terrain} \\
\text{Soulevé de sédiments} \\
\text{Où déjà stratifié} \\
\text{Je nargue ancienne ma naissance.}
\end{align*}
\]

The most recent books of Dalle Nogare are in prose, always poetic, in an increasingly substantial writing, precise though flamboyant. *Démeter*, a narrative, adds to the cosmic, oneiric and mytholo-
gical incantation of the world, an appropriately erotic and mystical atmosphere. It is a race, lost and furious, to permanent pleasure—a new way to endure: "Que la Terre ruisselle de la Femme: que sa chevelure enterre la mort sous le maléfice: que nous vivions pour l’Eternité dans une haute parole faite d’étreintes et de jouissance: que nous devenions tous Dieu dans la vie."

Erotic hallucination against a background of telluric festival goes as far as the evocation of the sex of a man making love to his brain! In the very recent prose poem, L’Image méconnaissable, the dialogue between Adam and Eve (never really named, of course) is steeped in a certain biblical ambiance, with the use of expressions close to the sacred, like, "bones without age," “miraculously heal the eclipse,” “nuptial procession,” “man-dust” and the “stigmata of the fall.”

REALIST POETRY AND ITS NUANCES OF ENGAGEMENT IN THE WONDERS OF EVERYDAY LIFE: TAHAR BEN JELLOUN, YVES MARTIN

The realist poet has something precise to say, and he says it in a direct and concrete way. The realist poet expresses a world, inner or outer, which is not really modified by the powers or the illusions of poetic speech. He might be rather pessimistic with regard to the imaginary. But there are so many ways to reproduce reality! Among others, according the poet’s temperament, there are his generation, his ethics, or his needs. . . .

The Moroccan Tahar Ben Jelloun, a poète engagé, unfolds a verbal “itinerary” which is, above all, a social and political indictment. We understand that he published his first texts in the combat review, Souffles, in Fez, and its directors were imprisoned under the dictatorship. That review, involved in dissidence, was the seed-bed of all that Morocco has been able to count as new poetic values for about the past ten years.

Tahar Ben Jelloun, like his compatriot Mohammed Khair-Eddine, in his novels (Le Détérreur, 1973) or like the Algerian Kateb Yacine, in his drama, knows how to combine prose and free verse.

Cicatrices du soleil can be examined from three angles.

1. The poet describes the situation in Morocco. Merciless, negative report. “You have known nothing of your country but the warmth of the sun/ acclaimed in the billboards.” All is pretext for bluff or business: “a depraved world; a huge joke.” In this “papier-mâché paradise,” under the “voyeur star,” Ben Jelloun even denounces the “brothel of children for Western homosexuals.” According to his account, “the streets are sold and the air is depleted.” In the two fiercely
humorous poems, “Tanger, porte de l’Afrique” and especially “La Planète des singes,” he jeers at the paternalistic scorn of the tourists, those profiteers of “the marvelous sun of the Club Maméditerranée,” in these terms: “le matin buvez un peu de sang arabe; juste de quoi rendre votre racisme décaféiné.”

In “L’Aube des dalles,” a long poem influenced slightly by André Breton, Ben Jelloun speaks to us of the 1,300 little shoe-shine boys of his own section in Fez, “in the shadow of the bulldozer and error.” He declares war on “gilded mediocrity,” sterilizing fatalism, the sacred, and himself, enslaved. In the poem, “Des choses cet été Marrakech,” he describes the meticulous mechanism of exploitation. In a country which seems “to have been born for slavery,” Ben Jelloun does not cheat with reality: “A people burrows underground/ their backs clothed in sweet grass.” He sees, he states, he understands. “They give themselves to the sun, expecting nothing in return.” Heir to a “catastrophic history” like the others, he accuses himself of a “horizontal lack of concern.”

Certainly this people is not in a position to protest, “fear jostles our memory” (cf. the prose “Au café”); yes, God is dead, and resistance has few odds on its side (“the sky wordlessly swallows wild cats”). For this people knows misery, torture reigns, and the hangmen “laugh at the word and courage/ and are baptised with cold beer.” Everywhere, “corruption is compulsory.”

2. The cold and objective analysis of such a situation is also, in its severity, only an extreme form of diligence and modesty. In the name of a scorned generation, mixing rage and revolutionary consciousness, or quasi-beatnik effusion, Ben Jelloun dares to give a name to his love, himself, exiled to Paris (“Il avait emporté avec lui une poignée de terre du pays/ il la sentait et la mettait sur sa figure/ pour dissiper sa solitude”). Thinking of the difficult problem of communication, especially between scholars and the under-developed proletariat, he exclaims: “May my people forgive me . . ./ You who know not how to read . . ./ You who know not how to write/ may your body and blood tell me my country’s history.” This taste for documentation, for truth, stirred by attachment and tenderness, permeates the poem so much that it dictates, to some extent, its poetic art: “To state everything./ When everything is incendiary flight.” He has to express his ideas about writing, and he thinks simultaneously about the oriflamme of Rimbaud: “To change life,” and about the progressive Eluard’s “ability to say everything.” Ben Jelloun remarks magnificently: “I am what I lack. . . . I create all that is absent in myself. I denounce.” He denounces, certainly, but as a poet, and not as public prosecutor.
His revolt proceeds through the stomach, not through the partisan slogan.

3. Proposals of the poet for social and political change. Anointed by this “baptism of refusal,” the poet does not deprive himself of the dream. He sees the sea rise, invade and liberate Marrakech when soon “the sea salt has dissolved the chains.” He chants his cities while he vilifies the rich. Three beautiful narratives, filled with special essences, colors, write History in advance: “L’Arbre” prefigures the future Morocco, in an extremely humane socialist vision; “La Main,” a narrative about the little shoe-shine boys, ends with the boys cutting off the ankles of their well-shod clients; and, above all, “Les Chameaux,” a burning evocation of the revolt of the desert beasts, is a collective decision, from which we can extract this program of ongoing revenge: “Mais de mirage en mirage, de charge en charge, d’étoile en étoile, nous avons tissé, la toile d’araignée pour votre agonie dans le désert ajouté au désert et le soleil, notre ami, notre complice, ternira vos rêves et coagulera votre sang.

Bavez à présent.”

Yves Martin told me one day that he derides—at least in poetry—the contingencies of politics. And he arrogantly shrugged his shoulders. In my twenty-five years of reading poets, Yves Martin is, without a doubt, the one who has astonished and enriched me the most.

All daily life touched or repudiated by him flows into wonders, compiling the diary of the Paris pedestrian. We have long seen, at the base of the wall of his images, “bitter . . . eternal” childhood, defamed like a tainted beauty. A little before Robert Champigny he brought the era of the Partisan back into style in France: love affairs, memories of Westerns made in Hollywood, abundant presence of objects in the landscape, in the long track of the “songs.”

With Biographies, the joie de vivre is accentuated, crammed with memories, and with “rubbish” burned by a new and lively glance. Surprise: realism slowly elevated to the marvelous and, sometimes, to the fantastic.

Poèmes courts suivis d’un long marked the renunciation of the cantos. Anguish was wed to joy.

The fourth book, Le Marcheur, is a work of completeness. Autobiography is present, as always, throbbing in its brief avowals. One admires the pungency of the image, fruity as punch (“Le steack était bien un peu pâle comme le Seigneur, le dimanche;” “Seul, aucun vin ne pourra jamais le dire;” “Deux seins t’apportent un verre”). The landscape is always grafted into urban description. One does not know
which to admire more, the speed of the writing, the ellipses, the economical setting, the telescoping—here, a science of modesty. Each line of Yves Martin is rich with crackling images, ideas, aromas—as copious as an entire poem by anyone else.

Why are we so moved? Because Martin restores the world for our contemplation, without having betrayed it or vulgarized it with his own shadow. A thirty-four year old bachelor, amateur of beer and whorehouses, he goes on a drunken spree in the solitude of a city, wets his gullet, washes out his eyes, whenever the occasion presents itself (“Toucher une jambe nue ressortir vite”). His truth approaches, closer and closer, the heart of the target. In an urbane despair, it flashes with formulas, always parallel to lost beauty—recovered in himself through the light of the image.

In *Le Marcheur*, as a consequence of a kind of humor (“J’apprends à rire de moi”), we notice a new aggressiveness. Yves Martin allows his anger to explode against the dull bastards who, in their mental atrophy, would deny him his right to malaise. In his games, in the rights of the imagination, especially on a sexual level, the timid Yves Martin tolerates no barriers, and he states it with a certain brutality.

In his unpublished poems, desire is increasingly stressed. (Yesterday, he said: “Little girl, quit kissing that scoundrel’s photo;” but, today, he says: “He will watch them, wash them,/ May they be virgins, medusas”).

Beyond the greediness of the flesh and the glance, farther than the “infante’s subversive face,” the idea of death nibbles at his romantic scheme.

FROM INNER LIFE TO HUMOR:
*JEAN ORIZET, ALEXIS LEFRANÇOIS*

Orizet is the perfect example of a poet easily in control of more than one thema.

In his poetry, one first discovers glowing nature (Burgundian) seen in forests, grape-gatherings, hunts, winters when wood fires lock in oneiric happiness, in the true landscape where things are evaluated “in the hollow of the hand.” Then one notices discreet and sensitive love poems in *Miroir oblique*. Jean Orizet flaunts his several themes. He also makes use of human life—a sordidness à la Fellini, so to speak—at the end of *Grandes Baleines bleues*. But, in the same collection, travel poems (Majorca, Senegal, the Caribbean Islands) dedicated to Blaise Cendrars whirl by at full speed. It is enough to dispel our inclination to label a poet!

The inner life remains the domain, the multiple lens, of Jean
Orizet. We are immediately struck by a certain import of consciousness repugnant to the impulses of the heart, personal appearance, writing, and urgent ethics. The bucolic life alone sanctions an elevated idea of history, the slightly bitter coil of generations, as well as a desire for distance and retreat.

Actually, Orizet describes time; this lord vintner plays on distractions—he talks of other things but then, in spite of himself, he returns his gaze to “the clock of life,” for he knows that our brief destiny is nothing but a “silent impediment to time.” Titles weighted with significance! All kinds of quotations tempt one to either define or conjure the obsession with time in the Orizetian saga: the earth is forever his “accomplice;” in love, the poet declares to his beloved that her body “annihilates death;” the “tomb” itself appears protective, to the extent that it remains something understood, a familiar point of reference. Jean Orizet has learned much from his detailed observation of the changing of seasons; he has meditated on the fate which time imposes on plants and animals. He knows the nothingness of which we are made and the dust we will leave behind.

Orizet strives to remain lucid, to not be weighed down by a sorrowful heart, but neither to refuse the strongest emotion, and to express in the clearest phrases possible that expectation which cannot entrap us—but he does so with his compulsory aristocracy, a casualness without harshness—and thus affirms the ambiguous and consoling sense of this movement, a wandering toward that “same distance, always,” which he cannot call eternity.

In his first collection, Calcaires, the Quebec poet Alexis Lefrançois gave an elegiac vision of inner drama and created “beautiful” poems expressing simple human tenderness, love, child and mother, without affectation. There is artistic pride, that competent power to name, to paint, and to filter! The contribution of tradition since Baudelaire is summarized by: “I know rivers running in the torments of marble.” The words are, above all, decorative, “crystals,” flaming in the darkness. The inevitable nostalgia for a lost paradise, the acknowledgement, without deep rebellion, of that death which erases everything, even the memory of the world, “as if nothing had been,” is expressed just short of absolute pathos. Of course, “a slow disintegration,” a “malaise” in the absence of answers to his questions, was perceived by the poet, anxious not to stereotype too much his stance before the mirrors. He feels the flow of days (“le temps/ le sable seul l’assume”), but rather heedlessly, not yet caught in the trap of that conflict of time and eternity expressed so well by Jean Orizet.

The example of Lefrançois proves that a poet cannot be confined
for long in the frame of a single thema. He escapes it, or he fulfills it. Since his second book, Lefrançois has become a poet of humor. In order to have changed his attitude he must have read Prévert, Quentin. In any case, he cites Boris Vian, Rictus, Corbière, Emile Nelligan, and Michaux. We would advise this poet, who has traveled almost everywhere in the world, to voyage into the works of the true young comic and humorous poets, today: Jean L’Anselme, Millas-Martin, Vincensini.

The collection 36 petites choses pour la 51 appeared only a few months after Calcaires. In order to call to account, all at once, that drugged reality which society administers to us by force, Lefrançois plunges into daily life and penetrates it with the help of “an open language of earth.” He forgoes cultivating “the exquisite nuances of croaking,” art for art. The poet, writing for posterity, which means for nobody, creates a poetry which is nothing but a “lost bet.” But can a man worthy of that name finally consent to live like a smug bureaucrat when he feels pain in his gros os (for gros os)? Lefrançois expresses his claims through sarcasm, in a rather special popular idiom. Here are a few of “Jeremy’s laments:"

ah s’que j’voudrâ
z’être une sandwiche
et pis m’en fiche...
s’que j’voudrâ
marcher au pas ah ah...
s’que j’voudrâ
crier queque chose
mourir debout
avoir la foi ah...

Lefrançois sarcastically encourages himself to envy radiant mediocrity and abandon his “taste for the extraordinary” (sic). “36 trîles, 36 futile little things,” says Lefrançois, to designate the 36 poems he wrote “pour l’auto bus pour l’auto belle,” la 51! In Paris, they would use the masculine definite article: le (bus) 51. The “petite chose No. 6” is a snide mea culpa:
j’avais qu’à pas vieillir...
j’avais qu’à m’coucher tôt...
j’avais qu’à n’être pas
tant porté sur la chose...

Like everyone else, he regrets very much not having followed his Freudian inclination, which means accepting the choice to:
coucher avec ma tante
et devenir mon père
me faire une petite soeur
détourner la cinquante
sur Cuba le vent pis le métro
pis les petits petits oiseaux...

In short, it is fantasy, sometimes a sentimental lack of constraint (he is “kind to marmalade,” he regrets not having seen tomatoes growing in the streets) in the service of a language which is often slangy, always on the surface of the skin, a racy lament with word games and puns (“un entrechat de chat”). Lefrançois has a marvelous time inventing a cheerful glossary. He says “nuaches” for “nuages,” “anglois” for “anglais,” “pis” for “puis,” “gentleman farmère” for “gentleman farmer,” “Kultuur” for “Culture,” “Pollinaire” for “Apollinaire,” “akeukpar” for “(à) quelque part,” “Urope” for “Europe,” “racoin” for “recoin,” “floner” for “flâner,” “luthre” for “luth,” etc.

On the other hand, there is anarchy. Lefrançois systematically opposes established order. He is continually thumbing his nose. Excuse me, boss, for dreaming of a galloping horse, or a chimpanzee in the Congo, living naked in the trees. “I set traps, as proprietor,/ in all the pathways of my soul.” According to him, “some outlaw or other” will easily decide the law in this rotten world. He lashes out at the sterile age, the sickness, the generals, the prison which awaits the poets (of Quebec), the cops, the war in Indochina. “I am a comrade to all rebellion.”

A “bitter tight-rope walker” and a “shrill clown,” as he defines himself, a nihilist about tenderness, a singer of enriching idleness, Lefrançois has but one true concern, metaphysical restlessness:

 où s’qu’elle ira ma petite âme à moi
quand je serai posthume et tout évaporé.

He questions the mechanisms of death: “when the lead will leap,” how will it happen? “I will depart . . . into the grand canyon of my skull.” Beyond death, he knows that nothingness, “that dead-white space,” awaits him. Nevertheless, he pretends to believe that the after-life is better than life, where he is anxious to “tout sçavoir de tout connaître.” Disrespect for the sacred is indicated here by the archaically off-hand writing of the word savoir!

Let us stay calm, however. No nervous breakdowns in public, while “awaiting my death” which will change me into “camembert!”

There is a moral scheme: “don’t scream” when they strangle you, “smother the beast in your glance.”

Despite apprised, invested, nearly digested death (“C’est mort/que je survis”), poetry regains its claims on Lefrançois. The imaginary is within our reach: “Let them allow us to speak. . . / We will
remake Mozart.” Or else it would be enough if a “true prairie” would begin “to suddenly tremble/ to leap to struggle.” Once again poetry compensates for unhappiness by inventing, from some distance, that paradise from which Lefrançois was excluded.

We should notice that love is repeatedly present in this book, a glimmer of light (“Lulu”) which exorcises the absurd and its threats (“Amour ô mon verger navire. . .”). There are also souvenirs of Europe, and a taste for travel and chaotic freedom (“Des pays me montent aux yeux comme des larmes”).

In truth, Alexis Lefrançois is not a weak poet. His poetry is a way of life which retains the right to refuse all dogmatism, from wherever it springs, in the name of the right to joy, sorrow, and contradiction, as in the beloved Dionysiac dance of Nietzsche:

J'ai appris à danser comme on saccage
j'ai appris à ne jamais me retourner.

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Translator Christine Cotton
Serge Meurant

le chaos et l'obscur
tu les affrontes

de ces compagnons
qui te traversent
nait une joie

toute déchirure
ranime un don

Serge Meurant

battu à mort
traversé d'espace
douleur sèche
des ravins

maisons rauques
sans lumière

et le chien de l'hiver
hurle encore
à côté de ta bouche

Serge Meurant

tu cherches
en des gestes anonymes
le poids
d'amère origine

le tremblement pur
Serge Meurant

you face
chaos and shadow

a joy is born
from these consorts
who roam you

every rupture
bears a gift

Serge Meurant

worn out
torn open by space

brittle ache
of ravines

scabrous houses
without light

and the dog of winter
still howls
by your mouth

Serge Meurant

in nameless signs
you seek
the weight
of bitter genesis

pure resonance
Serge Meurant

ce déluge amer
où tremper sa bouche
dans l'épaisseur

où descendre et gravir
le seul instant
illimité toujours

l'eau morné
qui ne jouit
de la sombre brûlure

ton angoisse y jette
en bottes de ténèbres
le temps d'amour dilapidé
la parole fourbue
qui réclame le règne

Serge Meurant

le dormeur en toi s'épouvante
d'être si près de ton destin

dans la veine couché
j'entends le murmure
où pour durer
la neige se resserre

j'entends
le piétinement de cuivre
des chevaux

comme rouille sur les yeux
l'air assombri
la vague du ciel
Serge Meurant

dthis bitter flood
drenching its mouth
in obscurity

falling to well up
sole instant
always boundless

dull water
which refuses
even a sullen burn

there your anguish mirrors
in parcels of night
the time of spent love
exhausted word
which reclaims dominance

Serge Meurant

the sleeper in you
fears arrival

at rest in your pulse
I hear whispers
where snow grows colder
to stay snow

I hear
the brassy stamping
of horses

like rust on eyes
funereal air
billof sky
Serge Meurant

Parfois le corps vole en éclats
avec violence de typhon:
en son centre un œil paisible

parfois la nuit y dépose
l’œuf terrible, sans fêlure
qui doucement oscille
dans ma voix

une impalpable plaie
de lumière dure
s’insinue
dans la rainure du souffle

toujours me pénètre
et me troue
le vent du deuil

Serge Meurant

jouissance
sans outils

le sud domine

ta main volcanique
jubilante
caresse l’envers
c palpable dru
Serge Meurant

Sometimes form explodes
with the violence of typhoons:
in its centre a calm eye

sometimes night lays there
the terrible egg, without seam
which vibrates tenderly
in my voice

an impalpable wound
of hard light
worms
into the groove of breathing

always I am pierced
bored through
by the wind of mourning

Serge Meurant

sovereign
without tools

the south prevails

your volcanic hand
jubilant
caresses inversion
palpably solid
Serge Meurant

tourbillons, cratères
et souffle
en ravages surgis

—embruns de plénitude—

ils rompent,
respirent
le tunnel de ta vie
rampant à contre-flot

l'aimant, les parcelles mâles
au centre attirées
en un mur d'absence scellée
(rempart sur la sauvage étendue):
un creuset vaste
les transmuae,
expulsés en haut,
en bas racinés

sans mesure
la danse des choses
lorsque le regard
ne se dévore
mais s'épanouit
Serge Meurant

whirlwinds, craters
exhalation
in swollen ravages

—sprays of plenitude—

they disperse,
breathe
the tunnel of your life
crawling in counter-flow

magnet, virility
drawn to the centre
plugged into a wall of absence
(rampart over primitive space):
a vast crucible
transmutes it,
expelled upward,
rooted in baseness

immeasurably
the dance of things
when the gaze
is not consumed
but brightens
Claude Esteban

Regard

que le matin traverse
pour meurtrir.

La blancheur est trop près
des yeux.

Tenaille ouverte.

Surgir
tous les pouvoirs du coeur
démantelés.

Claude Esteban

Personne encore sur le jour
avec sa bêche noire.

La terre que l'on a trouée
de cris.

Inaltérée.

L'arbre seul a marché contre le ciel
et dure.

Claude Esteban

A chaque pierre

dans l'éclat
inanimé du jour

la terre découvrant à nu chaque désastre.

Tout fut obscur. Longtemps
la tourbe des journées

36
Glance

that the morning invades
  to injure.

Whiteness too close
  to the eyes.
    Open tongs.

To erect
  the dismantlement of all power
  in the heart.

No one yet against the sky
  with his black spade.

The earth pitted
  with screams.
    Unchanged.

Only the tree walked against the sky
  enduring.

With each stone

  in the cold glare
  of the day

the earth reveals, naked, each disaster.

All was dark. The turf
  of the days
pourrit contre le mur immense
l'immobile.

L'ordre
naissait de l'ordre. Le soleil
accoutumait les choses mortes à leurs
mesures.

L'assaut, depuis. La longue déchirure.

Court Esteban

Droite

et contre le ciel cette saveur des choses
concertée.

Tu parlais
de promesses folles que des dieux
firent au premier jour.

Semailles.

Puis le vent—

Restait à l'homme
de saisir par le mortier des mots
l'ombre dont il hérite.

L'homme
qui ne connait de l'homme
qu'un poids d'os.

Visages érodés.

Sillons.

Leur travail dans le temps
a fait lever cette herbe qui les rassemble
rotted long against the vast
immobile wall.

Order
born of order. The sun
gave dead objects
their shape.

The assault, later. The long gap.

**Claude Esteban**

Erect

against the sky the affected taste
of objects.

You spoke
of foolish promises which the gods
made on the first day.

Sowing.

Then the wind—

Man must
seize with the mortar of words
the shadow he inherits.

Man
who knows of man
only the weight of bones.

Ravaged faces.

Furrows.

Their labor in time
raised the grass that covers them.
Claude Esteban

Mais l'espace
n'est qu'un reflet
dans le tourment infime des contraires.

Lui le seul. L'apparent.

Traversant
l'air de part en part
sans connaître jamais la déchirure.

Il faut
marcher longtemps avant
de voir
décroître les chemins

l'ordre docile dans sa peau.

Surgir.
Surgir ailleurs comme le blé.

L'espace est une main qui s'use.
But space
is only a reflection
in the turmoil of vulgar opposites.

He alone. The visible.

Piercing
the air relentlessly
without ever knowing the cleft.

One must
walk a long time
before
the road vanishes
docile order in the skin.

To rise.
To rise elsewhere like the grain.

Space is a hand that consumes itself.
Claude Esteban

Et lui

L'écho
lui renvoyant

tel fut l'été—
sa glace.

La parole n'a pas nourri
les cendres du

soleil. Comme les
graines
évasives sous
le soc qui ne remue que
la peau morte

toute
la terre attend

citadelle sans lieu

de ses veines
du corps dont il n'a pas
voulu

l'eau décisive.
And he

The echo
reflects

—this was the summer—

Words did not nourish
the ashes

of the sun. Like the
seeds
    evading
the ploughshare that unearths
only dead skin

    all
the earth waits

citadel without roots

from the veins
of the body whose
crucial waters

    he rejected.
Pierre Dhainaut

SPECULAIRE

I

cède
en vain le silence

en ce ravin
le vent ne connaît pas le vent

soudain sans ombre
une porte une glace
avec le temps pour reflets
la clé perdue

acharnés décharnés
puisqu’il n’est pas d’intermittence
à la voix comme à la proie

cet enfant nu l’aube en lui muette

inaccessible
en sa blancheur mouette en la blancheur même

ici pourtant
réduite à ce mot cet os friable

mur abrupt afin que s’ouvre
un rivage
au fracas des lames
Pierre Dhainaut

SPECULAR

I

surrender
the silence in vain

in this ravine
wind does not know wind

•

suddenly without shadow
a door  a mirror

with time enough to reflect on

the lost key

•

gaunt  relentless
since there is no pause
to the voice as to the prey

the naked child  the dawn silent in him

•

inaccessible
in its whiteness  gull even in its
whiteness

especially here
reduced to this word  this decaying bone

•

finally a steep wall which opens
a shore
to the din of the waves
un nouveau mur
visage en larmes

•

rien des branches
est-ce du givre est-ce un rire
entre le givre et le rire
une cicatrice

•

nouées trouées
quelles fleurs quelques pierres
la main se délie l’attente
avec l’attente avec la main

•

un arbre
il s’élève il s’enfouit
tout s’incarne
invisible

•

l’eau la parole
une aile entre ses miroirs
toujours
seule à pouvoir s’aimer

•

sans cesse à vif cet arbre aussi
de gel dans le gel
se heurte à sa propre transparence

•
a new wall
face in tears

•

none of the branches

is it morning frost  is it a smile

between the frost and the smile

a scar

•

gnarls  holes

what flowers  some stones

the hand absolves the wait
with the wait  with the hand

•

a tree
it gets up  it hides itself

everything is incarnate
invisible

•

water  speech
a wing between its mirrors
always
alone capable of being loved

•

always alive this tree
from frost  in frost
pulses forth to its own transparence

•
à proximité du langage
ou bien l'oubli
peut-être une source

•

ce matin
tranchant transparent

ni le billot ni la margelle
du bord de l'air

l'un et l'autre

II

avec l'attente avec la main
mur abrupt afin que s'ouvre
une aile entre ses miroirs

une cicatrice

•

la clé perdue
réduite à ce mot cet os friable

•

un rivage
il s'élève il s'enfouit
de gel dans le gel

le vent ne connaît pas le vent
même

•

quelles fleurs quelques pierres

ni le billot ni la margelle
en vain le silence

•
next to language
or rather the abyss
perhaps a source

this morning
cutting transparent

neither the block nor the rim
at the edge of the air
the one and the other

II

with the wait with the hand
finally a steep wall which is opened
a wing between its mirrors

a scar

the lost key
reduced to this word these brittle bones

a shore
it rises and hides itself
from frost in frost

wind does not even know
wind

what flowers some stones

neither the block nor the rim
in vain the silence
soudain sans ombre
un nouveau mur
cet enfant nu l'aube en lui muette
avec le temps pour reflets
noués troués
cède
•
ici pourtant
peut-être une source
un arbre
à proximité du langage
est-ce du givre est-ce un rire
•
sans cesse à vif cet arbre aussi
puisqu'il n'est pas d'interruption
au fracas des lames
en ce ravin
tranchant transparent
•
rien des branches
invisibles
au bord de l'air
seules à pouvoir s'aimer
•
visage en larmes
acharné décharné
se heurte à sa propre transparence
suddenly without shadow
  a new wall

this naked child  the dawn silent in him
with enough time to reflect on
gnarls  holes

surrenders

•

here especially
perhaps a source

a tree
next to language

is it frost  is it a smile

•

always alive this tree

since there is no pause
to the din of the waves
in this ravine
cutting  transparent

•

none of the branches
  invisible
at the edge of the air

alone capable of being loved

•

face in tears
  gaunt  relentless
pulses itself to its own transparence
à la voix comme à la proie
toujours

•

une porte une glace
entre le givre et le rire

inaccessible

•

ce matin
l'eau la parole

l'une et l'autre
ou bien l'oubli

•

la main se délie l'attente
en sa blancheur mouette en la blancheur

tout s'incarne
to the voice as to the prey
always

•

a door a mirror
between the frost and the smile

inaccessible

•

this morning
the water the speech

the one and the other
or rather the abyss

•

the hand unties the wait
in its whiteness gull in its whiteness

all is incarnate
Pierre Dhainaut

Ce n'est pas le dernier mot, la mort. Tant de contraintes aussi derrière nous. . . . Par-delà ce poème: enfin touchée, l'origine, enfin réelle. Par le poème qui délivre. Être—il suffit de respirer ensemble. Aimant, resplendissant, nous pouvons nous taire ou lire dans le temps l'éternité latente; nous pouvons dans le silence ou la parole, aimant, nous porter vers des îles familières, inconnues. J'écrirai toujours un nouveau poème: il sera semblable au commencement. Il nous ressemble en tout.

Pierre Dhainaut

Temple une voix glorieuse
anime incarne
hors du charnier bruissement déploiement
point de rivage point de cime aucune faille
naissance épanouie perpétuelle
une aube un cygne ordonnant leur lumière
et partout rencontrant l'espace intime heureux
la transparence
un nom se clame un voile est arraché.

Pierre Dhainaut

(Tantôt le sein d'opulentes fontaines, jardin de vie, tantôt le diamant droit dans l'éther, aurore sainte, massif du Chenoua qui se porte au devant des flots, voilier de roche et d'arbres—le massif démâtre ployant sous les combats, brûlures, déserté, désorienté. Cheufa, Si Hammad, Si Daoud, février-avril 1962: souvent, je parcours l'étroit cimetière arabe, ossements nus, stèles retournées, la boue. L'abandon. La mer, en bas, n'est plus qu'un gisant. Mort, ce pays, notre solitude. Balbutiant, je maintiens la confiance, et proie, je prépare un retour: notre retour, passage enfin par-delà l'éphémère.)
Pierre Dhainaut

Death is not the last word. So many constraints remain behind us. . . And through them, this poem: finally formed, the creation, finally real . . . through the poem which speaks. To be—it is sufficient to breathe together. Loving, dazzling, we can either stay silent or we can read into the times its inherent eternity: through silence or words, we can, with love, take ourselves to familiar or unknown islands. I will always write a new poem: it will be similar in the beginning. It resembles us in all ways.

Pierre Dhainaut

Temple a glorious voice animates incarnate outside the charnel house crackling display no river bank no mountain peak no fault in stone perpetually flowering birth a dawn a swan arranging their luminescence the transparence everywhere meeting the intimate, quiet space a name is called a veil is torn away.

Pierre Dhainaut

(Perhaps the breasts of opulent fountains, garden of life, perhaps an erect diamond in the air. Sacred aurora, deadwood of the Chenoua which carries itself in the billowing waves, sailing boat of rock and trees—the unmasted boat giving way to the combats, burnings—deserted, disoriented. Cheufa, Si Hammad, Si Daoud, February-April, 1962: often I cross the narrow Arab cemetery, naked bones, sterile monuments, dust. Abandonment. The ocean, below, is nothing more than a helpless prone body. Death, this country, our solitude. Stammering, I maintain my confidence, and prey; I prepare a return: our return, finally, a passage beyond the ephemeral world.)
Jacques Izoard

Ton corps et le mien sont les saints,
couronnés d'herbe fraîche,
que la saison des rêves
admet sous les tilleuls.
Je fuirai ton corps et le mien
si l'eau ne nous livre plus
l'amadou de sa lenteur.

Jacques Izoard

La maison qui m'accueille ouvre
l'eau pure de l'amitié.
Le seuil, caressant ma voix,
me dit : L'étranger que j'attends
te ressemble, enfant d'automne,
dans tes regards brisés je vois
la nuit, la profondeur du temps
et la maison qui m'accueille,
l'eau pure et son visage,
le sommeil que blesse à peine
un nouveau rêve, un oiseau bleu.

Jacques Izoard

Une foudre légère atteint la margelle
et le puits ouvre ma tombe.
Le lézard a la religion de l'ambre
et j'attends en moi ses ondoiements.
Bientôt des mains vont tisser
(des mains de menthe et de papier)
des fables blanches autour de mes statues.
Jacques Izoard

Your body and mine are saints, crowned with fresh herb, accorded the shade of the lime trees by the season of dreams. I will flee your body and mine should the water no longer yield to us the tinder of its ease.

Jacques Izoard

The house welcomes me releasing the pure water of friendship. Caressing my voice, the threshold speaks to me: I watch for one like you, strange child of autumn, in your shattered stares I see the night, the measure of time and the house which welcomes me, the pure water and its visage, the sleep that imperceptibly wounds a new dream, a blue bird.

Jacques Izoard

Lightning glazes the rim and the pit unlocks my tomb. The lizard has the amber faith and I await his surging rhythms in me. Before long hands will weave (hands of mint and paper) white fables round my statues.
Jacques Izoard

Contre le corps, l’absence
et la maison sans bavards.
Tout refluait vers la clarté
des laitiers et des arbres.
Le conteur, la suie
enfouissaient chaque parole.
Un loup dévorait des pattes
sur la vitre où le gel
est fracas sans couleur.

Jacques Izoard

Ma main au serment léger
pluvieuse épave de blancheur
arrondit l’été qui s’apaise
et recherche un instant de ferveur.
Ma main épouse la plaine
de mon corps près de septembre.
Ne faut-il pas laisser fleurir
les yeux sexuels des pavots
si Orphée reprend son chant,
si ma main à la dérive
trouve sur son chemin
des ombres sans issue?

Jacques Izoard

La tempe du sabot
dort dans le poing de l’œil.
Quelle cruche alléchée
fait sourde panse ?
Qui tue le sommeil
dont le bon grain
nous comble ?
Affût pur des oiseaux
que la main libère.
Jacques Izoard

Crushing the body, absence and the mute house. All receded toward the light of cinders and trees. Recounting the story soot buried each word. A wolf devoured paws on the panes where frost destroys without color.

Jacques Izoard

My hand, damp orphan of whiteness, extends with an elusive oath the summer which declines and seeks a moment’s ecstasy anew. My hand weds the plain of my body at the edge of September. Must we not allow the erotic bloom of the poppy if Orpheus resumes his song, if my hand adrift finds on its way shadows without issue?

Jacques Izoard

The temple of the boot sleeps in the eye’s fist. What aroused pitcher conceives a hollow womb? By whose hand dies the sleep, good grain of our nourishment? Pure bird-stand freed by the hand.
Jacques Izoard

Je lance au fond du puits
la pelote de laine:
le coeur cesse de battre.
Dans ma bouche, un oiseau
retient son souffle.
Mais rien n'arrive.
Rien ne devient bleu.

Jacques Izoard

Le tissu nerveux, l'eau-de-vie
fêtent la campagne et les monts:
quant à moi, je marche
et marche, et serre
osselets ou marrons, billes.
Dès que l'odeur blanche
envahit les tilleuls,
je dors avec des femmes.
Je nourris mon sommeil
de jambes ou de lèvres.
Un chat mange la main
d'un voleur endormi.

Jacques Izoard

Achète un hibou de vin blanc.
Brise la cruche pleine d'oiseaux.
Déjà, je sème et je respire:
deux épaules
ont besoin de fardeaux.
Mets le feu aux rivières,
touche la coque, le tambour,
aime les guêpes, les vacances.
Marche en rond dans le dé,
dans le palais de la tulipe.
Jacques Izoard

I hurl the skein
to the pit bottom:
the heart stops.
A bird clutches its breath
in my mouth.
But nothing happens.
Nothing turns blue.

Jacques Izoard

Nervous tissue, fire water
extol the fields and mountains:
as for me, I walk
and walk, and squeeze
knucklebones or chestnuts, marbles.
When white incense
smothers the lime trees,
I lie with women.
I feed my sleep
shanks or lips.
A cat chews the hand
of a drowsy thief.

Jacques Izoard

Buy an owl of white wine.
Smash the pitcher of birds.
Already, I sow and I breathe:
two shoulders
desire burdens.
Ignite the rivers,
fondle the shell, the drum,
love the wasps, the emptiness.
Encircle the thimble
in the tulip palace.
Kamal Ibrahim

Si tu aimes le désert
Parle dans le Mot
Simplifie la vie
Trempe tes mains dans ces lacs de brume
Où l'air se rétrécit

Si tu aimes le désert
Mange un peu ta bouche
Comme moi
Tu seras tout de corps

Kamal Ibrahim

Cependant que la mort s'arrière
Je déchiffre le Drap qui marche un peu
Je démonte sa peau
Je l'aide à voir CE genou de mots

Kamal Ibrahim

Et je crie et je crève
Et parfois de terre je me veux de l'IMAGE
Et de toute l'image qui semble à moi
Et je crie et je crève
Et l'on stationne quelqu'un devant moi
Et l'on veut me dire que j'ai froid
Et qu'il fait tard
Et qu'il fait moi
Et je tombe
Et je tombe
Et je pouff
If you love the desert
Speak in the Word
Simplify life
Lower your hands into lakes of mist
Where the air condenses

If you love the desert
Eat your mouth a bit
Like me
You will be all body

Even if death retreats
I decipher the slow advancing Pall
I throw off its skin
I help it to see THIS knee of words

And I scream and collapse
And sometimes from earth I demand the IMAGE
And the total image which resembles me
And I scream and collapse
And they place someone before me
And they want to tell me I am cold
And that it is late
And that it is I
And I fall
And I fall
And I burst into laughter
Kamal Ibrahim

La péninsule de l’ombre
Lave à très doux le texte des pas
On dirait qu’une épingle illustre par son âge
Traverse un désert en dessinant des trous

Kamal Ibrahim

Prestige dans un autre Mot
Pareil à l’ombre de la Distance
Je te cherche par la mort du même banc
Je te griffe par les vies
Par les pierres je t’Écris

Kamal Ibrahim

Et moi dans les ruines de l’Ordre
Je pisse le sang dans la tête de chaque remords

Kamal Ibrahim

Je suis une Forme sentie
Par trois images

Si l’eau diverse est de moi
Et si ma main est le rêve que j’assassine

Parce que j’ai très froid on me pendra
Kamal Ibrahim

The shadow's peninsula
Gently washes the text of footprints
One might say that a pin renowned for its age
Is crossing a desert and tracing holes

Kamal Ibrahim

Magic in another Word
Identical to the shadow of Distance
I seek you through the death of the same structure
I stamp you with my signature through lives
Through stones I WRITE you

Kamal Ibrahim

And I in ruins of Order
I piss blood in the face of each remorse

Kamal Ibrahim

I am a Form felt
In three images

If the changing water is part of me
And if my hand is the dream I assassinate

Because I am so cold they will hang me
Kamal Ibrahim

DECOMPOSITION DU MOI

Tu ne dormiras point

Homme ébloui tout de corps
Ne rêve pas si haut
Il y a de la terre

Homme il faut de la terre
Où le corps marchera tout seul sur les méandres

Homme ne casse pas le rêve
On t'a descendu de corps avec la viande du remords

Homme ne dors pas
Il faut de la terre

Kamal Ibrahim

FEU

Martellement d'os près du TEMPS

Il pleut peut-être
Mais ce n'est plus Dieu qui me masturbe en ciel
Quand je m'aime avec moi

C'est une appelée Nature
Un dortoir de malheurs où chiens se lèvent

Parfois c'est la mort égarée qui cherche une soeur
Puisqu’ON A DIT QUELQU’UN
Kamal Ibrahim

DECOMPOSITION OF MYSELF

You will never sleep
Bewildered man all body
Do not dream so high
There is earth

Man you need the earth
Where the body walks winding paths all alone

Man do not shatter the dream
You fell from the body with the meat of remorse

Man you must not sleep
You need the earth

Kamal Ibrahim

FIRE

Painfully bones close to time

It rains perhaps
But God no longer masturbates me in heaven
When I myself love myself

Nature by name
A dormitory of misfortunes where dogs emerge

Sometimes straying death seeks a sister
Since SOMEONE HAS BEEN NAMED.
Kamal Ibrahim

Une boule de cris qui poile à la mort
Et mon désert crâne à toute libellule

Kamal Ibrahim

Depuis la fable et le doigt
Les yeux amendent comme des lacs
Les bruits touchent le sang est bas
Les cris lâchent comme des remparts

Il tonne un rêve qui fronce les villages

Kamal Ibrahim

Avec un jour sur l'épaule
Le doigt colombe le rêve désappris
Le corps se met en silence . . .

Car à cause de la peur qu'on desserre
Les yeux lugubrent un autre bruit
La mort accouche et les draps se répandent
Là-bas l'oeil croûte une envie

Kamal Ibrahim

L'herbe a droit au temps
Les cris fument
L'oeil fibre le regard
Un bruit penche un visage culmine


Kamal Ibrahim

A globe of screams bursts into laughter at death
And my barrenness blusters before every dragon-fly

Kamal Ibrahim

From fable and finger
The eyes form almonds like lakes
Noises touch and blood is low
Screams, like ramparts, let loose

A thundering dream crushes the villages

Kamal Ibrahim

Shouldering the day
The finger erects a forgotten dream
The body falls into silence . . .

Because of unleashed fear
The eyes deaden another sound
Sheets spread as death prepares to give birth
The eye below devours a desire

Kamal Ibrahim

The grass is entitled to time
Screams smoulder
The eye impresses the glance
A noise inclines and a face rises to its summit
Kamal Ibrahim

Les corps sinistrent un kilo de vertige
L'œil fait froid
La terre tonne comme une fleur qu'on déchire
Près du monde l'herbe neige d'une douleur très fine
Les chiens lancent la blessure
A côté du bruit qui circule
Le temps bande sur la peur et la rosée

Il faut se mettre en cri pour ouvrir ce fracas

Kamal Ibrahim

Le sang ténèbre un paquet de doigts
La mort blonde le corps est tard
La bouche verse un cri
Dans le verre hagard
La terre plie l'œil croît
Kamal Ibrahim

Corpses threaten a kilo of vertigo
The eye is cold
The earth thunders like a lacerated flower
Grass snows with delicate pain close to the world
Dogs open the wound
With drifting sound
Time stretches over fear and dewdrops

One must start to scream to cut through this din

Kamal Ibrahim

Blood darkens the packaged fingers
Death pales and the corpse is late
The mouth spills out a scream
Into the ravaged glass
The earth gives way and the eye extends
Pierre Dalle Nogare

L'IMAGE MECONNAISSABLE

Je me souviens me souvenir : je suis en cette pupille d'écume blanche où la Nuit à lèvres closes me coupe la parole : j'ai songé me vêtir de ton visage afin de devenir la source gelée de ton corps : j'ai quitté ma tête pour entrer tel un bâton brandi sur ma face. Peut-être ai-je dit :

— Je suis celui qui voulais crier. Je m'ampute de moi-même afin d'être aussi sûr de toi que je le suis de mon désir. Mais des autres-moi sont venus : l'évidence de la Nuit me devint vivante et j'eus le malheur de me croire ton effigie. J'entends seulement aujourd'hui tes paroles de l'autre avant : il me semble que forcé à écrire par toi, tu es celle qui écoute ton ancien dire : — Je suis le Lieu de la rencontre de chacun de Nous : de par moi, les corps et les âmes se possèdent ou se défont selon mon esprit. Je porte en ma main l'équerre lunaire, symbole de la Nuit et du vivant sommeil : de par elle, je gouverne les marées, j'éparpille les astres, j'ai force sur la croissance de l'Arbre et des plantes, sur la fécondité des Femmes ; à ma seule volonté l'espace s'abolit : je suis le centre du Temps, j'habite la septième solaire qu'un Fou tient en éveil pour l'Éternité. Je suis tour à tour jeune fille, femme, ermite et errant : il n'importe : condamné par le rêve à votre moiteur, voici que j'ouvre à votre regard la prison transparente de l'Eau. Quelqu'un en ce moment baisse les paupières, écoute la mer dans ses bruits à l'intérieur du Roc un être futur fissure sa gangue de cette naissance la Mort engendre une autre semence par moi je suis votre mémoire : non, dit-elle, je suis ta vie immobile.

L'Un de mes moi
A dit :
— J'ignore le Temps.
Tu as fixé
Ma parole en tes yeux :
J'ai lu dedans :
"J'aime à te tuer
Lorsque guidé
Par la tacite
Volonté du sang
Mon corps gouverne
Le tien."

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I remember remembering: inside that pupil of white foam where Night’s closed lips cut off my words, I dreamed of putting on your face so to become your body’s frozen spring: I left my head to enter like a rod brandished on my face. Perhaps I said:

— I am he who longed to scream. I amputate myself from me, to be as sure of you as I am of my desire. But other-me’s arose: the Night became vivid and sadly I felt myself your effigy. Today alone I hear your words of once ago: forced by you to write, it seems it’s you who hear your bygone speech: — I am the meeting Place of each of Us: through me souls and bodies join or split asunder according to my will. I carry in my hands the lunar gauge, symbol of the Night and living sleep: through it I rule the tides, disperse the stars, decide the growth of the Tree and plants, and Woman’s womb: at my command space is annulled: I am the center of Time, dwelling in the seventh sun on which a Madman keeps eternal watch. I am now virgin, woman, hermit, vagabond: it matters not: condemned to your moistness by the dream, I bare the pool’s transparent prison to your gaze. Now someone lowers his eyes and listens to the murmurs in the Sea: inside the Rock a future being crevices its slag: from this birth Death begets another seed: through me I am your memory; no, she says, I am your immobile life.

One of my selves
said:
— I know not Time.
   You fastened
My words in your eyes:
   Wherein I read:
    “I love to kill you
When driven
By the blood’s
Unspoken will
My body rules
Yours.”
L’air
Devint une herbe noyée;
La lente écume
De l’œil
Liait tes lèvres à mes paumes :
Je devins
La violence du Temps :
Qui
De Toi ou de Moi
A pensé :
— Je vois l’envers
De ta tête.
Une alliance
De signes et de
Prophéties
Nous
Tient debout
Dans un deuxième
Visage.
Que la lune
Rend pareil à des fuseaux
De laine?
Est-ce près de cette
Eau
Que délivre
La verdure
Que je pris tes mots
Dans une de mes mains
Pour en faire
Un sacre?
Celui
Qui parle prodigue force
Et apaisement,
Délivre
Toute la Mort
Devant Lui.
Je me souviens
Ce maintenant.
Il y a
Ton absence
Dans le Temps dissous,
The air
Became a drowning leaf;
The eye's
Slow foam
Allied your lips unto my palms:
I became
The violence of Time:
Who
Thought it,
You or I:
— I see the back side
Of your head.
A marriage
Of signs and
Prophecies
Keeps us
Upright
Inside a second
Face.
Which the moon
Turns to spindles
Of wool?
Is it near this
Brook
Which foliage
Frees
That I took your words
Into my hand
To make of them
An oath?
Whoever
Speaks bestows his strength
And soothing,
Frees
All the Death
Within His wake.
I recollect:
This Now.
There is
Your absence
In time dissolved,
Ma présence
Qui vient de toi
Dans la rivière
Où je parlais.
Ta face
Ecoute dans l’argile
Parmi les buis
Et les viviers :
L’herbe
Epie la parole
Sur ces os
Sans âge
Que je suis :
Mon amour
Qui veille dans la Nuit
courante
De sables et de toisons,
Mon amour
Juste avant moi
A l’intérieur du feu,
Je vois
Ton corps changer l’ombre
En clarté froide.
Il neige
Dans ma tête
De longues chevelures,
Il neige
Dans l’œil
Et à l’intérieur
De ton visage
Je vois s’écouler
La lumière :
Nous dormons
Juste après notre mort
Et
La pluie grossit nos poitrines
De sommeil :
Ce mot qui nous
Remplit et veille
Au creux
De l’estomac,
My presence
Which comes from you
Into the river
Where I spoke.
Your face
Listens in the clay
Among the shrubs
And ponds:
The grass
Overhears the word
Upon these
My ageless
Bones:
My love
Who watches in the Night
that flows
With sand and tresses,
My love
Ahead of me
Inside the fire,
I see
Your body’s shadow change
To chilly light.
It snows
Long locks
Inside my head,
It snows
Inside the eye
And in the inside
Of your face
I see the light
Collapse:
We slumber
Following our death
And
Rain swells our chests
With sleep:
This word which
Fills us and keeps vigil
In the stomach’s
Pit,
Qui de nous le fera tomber
   Sur le visage
   De l'autre?
Mon amour la Mer
   Dans la présence
   Du Dieu
   Veille la douceur fusante
D'une colonne de verre,
   Je te vois
   Ici
Je ferme les yeux
   A perdre mémoire,
Je renie Quelqu'un
   Dévasté de par le Monde :
   J'étais, dit-il,
Chair creuse à combler l'illuminé :
   J'étais dormi
Par d'autres sommeils,
   J'étais la fin
A ne plus me nommer,
   A dire l'écorché
Derrière les regards vides :
   J'étais à couper
   La Parole
   Dans un caillot de sang.
   Sur
Un Temps antérieur
   J'ai vu brûler
L'Homme
   Et
   La Flamme dire
   Le nombre :
J'ai dit Demain
   Dans les racines
   Vouloir répondre
   De corps à terre
   Des mots immobiles.
   J'ai vu ma force
   Desceller le présage,
   Entrer dans la Mer
   Afin d'être calcaire :
Which of us will make it fall
Upon the other's
Face?
My love the Sea
In the presence
Of the God
Watches the spreading softness
Of a crystal spire,
I see you
Here
I close my eyes
To lose all memory,
I deny Someone
Ravaged by the World:
I was, he said,
Flesh hollowed out to fill the luminous:
I was slept
By other slumbers,
I was the end
Of uttering my name,
Of speaking the skinned
Behind the empty looks:
I was to cut
The Word
Within a clot of blood.
Upon
A prior time
I saw the Man
Aflame
And
The Flame
Maintain the count:
I spoke Tomorrow
In the roots
Wanting to answer
Body to earth
Immobile words.
I saw my strength
Unseal the augury,
Step into the sea
To harden into chalk:
Quelqu’un
Devenir ma race
En ma coulée profonde,
Miraculer l’éclipse
Du soleil
Et
Toucher le Feu
Sur la pierre.
Tu as
Parlé dans mon sang
L’œil emmuré :
“Toi-Moi-Il”.
Tu es
Sortie de ma bouche
Par l’oubli :
La Nuit tourne
De sueurs blanches
Sa peur mouvante,
Entre dans la boue
Son angle
Et sa clarté :
Tu es
Dans le double
De mon reflet,
Je te vois
Recouvrir l’au-delà
Des terres détachées,
Entrer
Dans la pesanteur
D’une pierre
Paumes désertes.
Je dis
Un corps tombé
Derrière moi
Où
Dehors l’absence
Prédit l’alliance
Des ténèbres
En l’autre plaie :
Je te vois
Me renaître dans la brûlure
Du fossile :
Someone
Become my breed
In my fathomless flow,
Miraculize the sun's
Eclipse
And
Touch the Fire
Upon the stone.
You have

Spoken in my blood
The eye entrapped:
"You-Me-He."
You

Came out of my mouth
By negligence:
The Night spins
With white sweat
Its shifting fear,
Enteres in the mud
Its angle

And its light:
You are
Inside the image
Of my reflection,
I see you

Cover the beyond
Of unbound lands,
Enter
In the denseness
Of a stone
With empty palms.
I say
A fallen body
Behind me
Where

Outside absence
Foretells the merge
Of darkness
In the other wound:
I see you

Bring me back to life
Inside the fossil's flame:
Se fait-elle
Immobile à me joindre,
   Dit-elle
   Autre part
Je suis dans l'autre face?

Je me souviens ne plus me souvenir :
que dis-je?
   —Derrière la Mort un visage
       fait commencer la Mer.
       Non :
       —Quelle Femme
       Peut aimer
       Ce qui reflète,
       Si l'Un
De nos visages
   Est noir
Contre le bleu de l'os?
   Qui de Moi
Vous transmettra
   Le Grand Savoir
   Immobile?
   Je vois
La pupille
   Sur l'autre versant
   De l'œil :
   Je suis
Toujours à devenir :
   Je vous parle
Afin de m'oublier
Dans cette heure
   Où
Le Vide de l'Être
   Se veut
   Forme :
   —Que dites-vous?
Un mot que ma bouche
   Enferme
Et que je prononce :
   Délivrez-moi
Pour que ma vie
   Devienne

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Does she make herself
Immobile to entwine me,
    Says she
    Elsewhere
I am in the other face?

I remember no longer remembering:
what do I say?
    —Behind the Death a face
        begins the Sea.
        No:
        —What Woman
            Can love
            What reflects,
            If One
Of our faces
    Is black
Against the blue of bones?
    Which of Me
Will grant to you
    The Great Immobile
    Truth?
    I see
The pupil
    On the eye’s
    Far slope:
    I am
Ever to become:
    I speak to you
In order to forget myself
In this moment
    When
The Emptiness of Being
    Longs for
    Form:
        —What do you say?
A word which my mouth
    Confines
And which I speak:
    Free me
So my life
    Might become
En vous l’autre mort.
Je
Vous parle
Trop tôt
Dans ma faiblesse
De
Marcher près de vous.
Avant
Que tu sois deux
J’étais Toi :
Ce vertige dans la pupille
Où la blancheur
A jamais brûlante
Te perpétue jusqu’à moi,
Comment écrire
L’évidence d’être là
Et déjà
De ne plus être là?
Est-ce
Plus loin que Toi
Ce pays
De puits éclatés,
De
pierres blanches
Je me souviens :
La Nuit roula ses braises sur le bord de nos paupières. Des pierres se levèrent du sol pour rejoindre les ombres. Je vis ta face vieillir, devenir le crâne :
Celle
Qui dispose un cortège nuptial
Sur
Son corps,
Celle
Qui offre son sexe,
Celle
Qui s’enfuit au loin,
Je
La chasse.
Que
L’Homme
Agenouillé
In you the other death.
I
Speak to you
   Too soon
In my weakness
   Of
Moving close to you.
   Before
You were two
   I was You:
This dizziness in the pupil
   Where the ever burning
Whiteness
   Brought you unto me,
How to write
   The fact of being there
   And yet
   No longer being there?
   Is it
Farther than You
   This land
Of bursting wells,
   Of
Whitened stones
I remember:
   The Night rolled its embers along
our eyelids' edge. Stones rose up from the
earth to meet the shadows. I saw your
face grow old, become a skull:
   She
Who sets a bridal retinue
   Upon
Her flesh,
   She
Who offers her sex,
   She
Who flees afar,
   I
Chase.
   May
The Man
   On his knees
Devant Elle
Ait les mains
Emplies
De tourments :
Que
Son corps
Soit torturé de ses fautes
Et
Entre dans la maladie.
Je rêve
A l'intérieur de toi,
Je
Suis dit dans mon corps
Et
Quelqu'un
Rit
A l'opposé de moi : la clarté
D'une lampe neige
Sur
La Nuit d'en haut.
Tu
Lèves ton visage,
Flottes dans un soupir
Qui
Me noie.
Tu
Parles à l'intérieur
De Moi
Et
Nous formulons
Le
Même propos :
—Qu'est-ce donc
Vivre
Sans se voir
Mouvements?
Peut-être
Sommes-nous de l'étendue,
Un paysage
De craie
Que le sel érode.
Peut-être
Before Her
Have his hands
Filled up
With pain:
May
His flesh
Be tortured by his faults
And
Enter malady.
I dream
Within you,
I
Am spoken by my flesh
And
Someone
Laughs
Across me: the brightness
Of a lamp snows
On
The Night from up above.
You
Raise your face,
Waver in a sigh
Which
Drowns me.
You
Speak within
Me
And
We formulate
The
Single thought:
—What is it then
To live
Without seeing each other
As movement?
Perhaps
We are a breadth
Of landscape
Made of chalk
Which salt erodes
Perhaps
Dans une vase
D'autres Terres
Sommes-nous
Déjà
Deux corps
Retournés à l'au-delà?
—Si peu
De poussières
Pour tant de vides?
Dans le vent noir
Gravir une nouvelle fois
Ma chair :
   Nos poils
Rendent la Nuit
   A l'épaisseur
   De sa glu :
Nos sexes parlent
   Et la mémoire
Se pose sur la Mort :
   Je me souviens :
Sur l'autre bord
   Du Secret
   Une Femme
   Se tient
Debout chargée
   De voler
Ma ressemblance :
   J'ai
   Quitté le Cercle
Pour que la Nuit s'étouffe
Depuis l'orbite
   De l'Eau :
   Je suis
   Entré en toi
Eclairé de salive
   Dans le vide
D'une chambre
Où je suis,
   Dos tourné,
Me cognant la tête
   Sur ta blancheur :
   Je vois
In a swamp
   Of other Lands
   We are
   Already
   Two bodies
Returned to the beyond?
    —So little
Dust
For so much emptiness?
In the black wind
Climbing once again
My flesh:
    Our skin
Returns the Night
    To the thickness
    Of its glue:
Our sexes speak
    And memory
Comes in with Death:
    I remember:
Upon the Secret’s
   Other shore
   A Woman
   Stands
Upright charged
    With stealing
    My reflection:
    I
Left the Circle
So the Night would smother
Starting from
The Water’s rings:
I entered
You
Illumined with saliva
Into an empty
Room
Where,
Back turned,
Banging my head
    On your whiteness:
I see
Personne commencer
A devenir
Ce que je fus :
Je suis
Dans le visage
Et
J'erre sur ta peau
Où
Vrille mon œil :
Ta chair s'engouffre
Et
Ton front écrit
Les cataclysmes.
Tu es
Ridée dans la douleur
Qui scelle
Tes lèvres : je dis —
"N'égare ton silence
Sur quoi je repose”.
Je dis
Ne plus rien dire :
Je parle
Avec ma langue
Entrée en ta bouche.
Mes mains
Ecrivent
Sur ta peau
Ce que
Je ne pourrai jamais écrire :
Il me souvient
Ton ventre dénudé
Et l'œil dans la pupille
Etait un iris autre :
J'ai crié
A devenir le cri :
La Lumière
Entra dans les Feux
Et
Je Vis
L'espace porter
Les stigmates de ma chute
Sur les pierres.
Me reste la blancheur.
No one begin
To become
What I was:
I am
In the face
And
I wander on your skin
Where
My eye spirals:
Your flesh is engulfed
And
Your forehead writes
The cataclysms.
You are
Wrinkled with sorrow
Which seals
Your lips: I say—
“Do not mislay your silence
On which I rest.”
I say
No longer saying anything:
I speak
With my tongue
Inside your mouth.
My hands
Write
Upon your flesh
What
I could never write:
I recall
Your naked womb
And the eye within the pupil
Was an other iris:
I screamed
Till I became the scream:
The Light
Entered in the Fires
And
I Saw
Space carry
The stigmata of my fall
Upon the stones.
The white remains.
Tahar Ben Jelloun

J'ai vu l'aube pâlir
quand le matin a glissé dans la transparence du désir.
Le sable inespéré s'est mêlé au dire confus.
Tout dire.
Quand le tout est un vol incendiaire.

Tahar Ben Jelloun

Un jour le soleil s'est posé au
cœur de l'amertume
les plaies se sont fermées sur l'envol
d'un oiseau
l'oiseau libéré
devint astre du soupçon
Tahar Ben Jelloun

I saw dawn turn pale
when morning slipped into transparent desire.
Sudden sand mingled with confused words.
To say all.
When all is a fire-marked flight.

Tahar Ben Jelloun

One day the sun vanquished
the heart of bitterness
wounds closed in the flight
of a bird
the freed bird
became the star of suspicion
Tahar Ben Jelloun

CICATRICES DU SOLEIL

Déposées sur le voile du regard
elles fument des pensées de sable
c'est la chute
la parure.

Suspendues au sommeil séculaire
elles retournent les racines d'une saison.

La terre
de connivence avec le ciel
retient la mer
délivre l'écume
retourne l'étoile tatouée sur notre front
"le front c'est le Sud."

Un siècle en faux
labouré par l'écriture du ciel
un livre radié de toutes les mémoires :
l'imposture;
l'œil recueilli dans une cuiller
donne au matin
la mort douce.
Tahar Ben Jelloun

SCARS OF THE SUN

Perched on the veil of my vision
they smoke thoughts of sand
the downfall
the glory.

Suspended by centuries of sleep
they turn the roots of a season.

The earth
in league with the sky
holds back the sea
frees the foam
turns over the tattooed star on our forehead
“my forehead is the South.”

The words of the sky
labor with a century of scythes
a book radiates all my memories:
deceptions;
my eyes gathered into spoons
give gentle death
to the morning.
Tahar Ben Jelloun

J'écris pour ne plus avoir de visage. J'écris pour dire la différence. La différence qui me rapproche de tous ceux qui ne sont pas moi, de ceux qui composent la foule qui m'obsède et me trahit. Je n'écris pas pour mais en et avec eux. Je me jette dans le cortège de leur aliénation. Je me précipite sur l'écran de leur solitude. La parole acérée. Le vide plus un fragment de vie ramassée miette par miette.

Ce qui m'unit à ceux qui peut-être me lisent ou me liront, c'est d'abord ce qui m'en sépare. Le mot et le verbe sont ce par quoi je réalise la non-ressemblance et l'identité. Communiquer pour moi c'est aller aussi loin que cette différence est perdue. Je la perçois et la vis à mesure que la déchirure fait son chemin dans un corps, dans une conscience, à mesure que l'anesthésie locale et générale d'une foule est administrée quotidiennement.

Je me donne à l'équivoque tremblement des mots, dans la nudité de leurs limites, et j'affronte ce qui reste. Peu de chose. Me reste la survie de la parole liée et consommée.

Je suis ce qui me manque. Ce manque c'est tout ce qui constitue ma démarche, mon itinéraire, mon objectif. Ce que je crée c'est tout ce qui me fait défaut. Je dénonce. La parole. J'enlève le voile. La parole. Par un texte, un poème, je donne un peu de ma différence, et je coupe une tranche de mon insuffisance pour compléter—de façon purement illusoire—le manque de l'autre.

Et je dis les limites.

Ce qui m'infirme se perd. Je le récupère parfois dans un regard, dans un geste de celui ou de celle qui m'ignore et qui ne peut pas faire autrement que de m'ignorer car l'écriture est un territoire où il ne peut se reconnaître. Et pourtant c'est en ces hommes, en ces femmes que le poème jaillit et déborde. Je fixe cette absence et attends la reconnaissance implicite. Me reconnaître c'est enregistrer la différence même si c'est pour me refouler au banc de l'écriture.

Je cadre le geste dans une mémoire furibonde et entame le dépouillement. J'ouvre la page de mes faiblesses, de mes insuffisances, de mes illusions et de mon écart.

Je découvre la honte.
Tahar Ben Jelloun

I write to erase my face. I write to state the difference. That difference which joins me to those who are not me, that throng which obsesses and betrays me. I write not for but in and with them. I throw myself into the cortege of their alienation. I assault the screen of their solitude. A sharpened word. The void and a fragment of life gathered bit by bit.

I am first united to those who read me, perhaps, or those who will read me, by that which separates me from them. Through words and language I achieve distinction and identity. I communicate by exploiting this difference to the limits of perception. I perceive it and live it as a laceration progresses in a body or mind, as the local and general anesthesia of a crowd is administered every day.

I yield to the trembling ambiguity of words, naked in their limits, and I confront whatever remains. Very little. Only words remain, bound and consummated.

I am what I lack. This absence determines my direction, my itinerary, my objective. I create what is not in me. I proclaim. Words. I remove the veil. Words. In a text, a poem, I provide something of my difference, and I cut a slice of my inadequacy to complete—in a purely illusory way—the need of another.

And I state the limits.

My weakness disappears. I recover it sometimes in a glance, a gesture of a man or woman who does not know me, and cannot do otherwise, for recognition is not possible in the realm of writing. Yet the poem bursts forth and overflows in these same men and women. I define this absence and await implicit recognition to know myself. I must record difference even if it forces me into the form of writing.

I frame gestures in furious memory, and I begin to strip away. I open the page of my weaknesses, my inadequacies, and my distance. I uncover shame.
Tahar Ben Jelloun
LE DISCOURS DU CHAMEAU

I
Etoiles voilées et nuages retournés
dans la mémoire défunte.
Parure de la mort
blanche
nue dans l'herbe.
Des syllabes en décrépitude
tombent.
Ils se souviennent.

II
L'alphabet du soleil serrait
les gorges dans une poignée
d'années dures
pour vaincre et renaître.
Ceux qui vont mourir le savent:
il n'y aura pas de deuil
pas de pleurs
pas de chants funèbres
pas même de prière de l'absent
mais
l'orgueil immense
né sur le flanc des montagnes
et qui traverse aujourd'hui la cité métallique sans nommer
l'ordre qui assassine
sans désigner le lieu secret de la blessure
vous avez pris l'habitude de faire l'histoire
vos cheminées crachent dans le ciel un sang étrange
vos chiens le savent
vous avez peur des chameaux qui affluent d'Arabie
dans leur ventre grouillent des enfants nés sous la tente
Tahar Ben Jelloun

THE CAMEL'S SPEECH

I
Stars are veiled and clouds turned away
in my lifeless memory.
Finery of death
white
naked in the grass.

Old hobbled syllables
fall.

They remember.

II
The sun's alphabet squeezed
the throats in a fist
of hard years
to conquer and be reborn.

They who are going to die know it:

There will be no mourning
no tears
no dirges
no prayers for the departed

but

today immense pride
born on the flank of the mountains
roams the metallic city without naming
the order that kills
without divulging the place of the wound

you've taken on the job of making history
your chimneys spit strange blood into the sky
your dogs know it
you fear the camels that flow in from Arabia
in their belly seethe children born under tents
décidés à rectifier l’histoire et remuer l’asphalte de votre quiétude
décidés à remuer le sabre dans la mémoire honteuse
la mémoire coupable
nous avons appris un chant pour foudroyer le ciel paisible
et nos yeux ont renoncé aux larmes.

III
A-t-on vu comment on opère un homme
pour lui retirer la mémoire
pour le laisser chancelant sur la rive du fleuve
On lui a dit tu n’existeras pas
on lui a soufflé dans les rides : tu existeras sans jambes
sans bras corps levé dans l’oubli
l’homme mutilé croyait à tous les chants
le corps ouvert aux vents
les gens défilaient
ils venaient consigner un peu de leur honte dans le ventre
d’un peuple exécuté
le rire étouffé dans les yeux crevés du vautour
la parole de la terre disait la guerre dans un bosquet de fleurs
la guerre devenue colombe apprivoisée
tente donnant la mort
sous la tente ou entre les dunes.

IV
La vague dansait dans l’œil
humide de la charogne
un enfant—fils d’Abraham—fils de Mohammad—
l’a vu sortir
d’une couche d’étoiles
perdant l’écaill[e cristalline.

Lavé avec le sang de quelque oiseau
l’astre déchu
n’assiste plus les statues.

La pierre noire
agate sacrée
s’est tué.
determined to correct history to break up the asphalt of your tranquillity
determined to rouse the sabres in shameful memory guilty memory
we have learned a song to electrify the peaceful sky and our eyes have renounced all tears.

III
Have you seen how they operate to take out a man's memory to leave him wavering on the bank of the river
They told him he wouldn’t exist they whispered in his face: you’ll exist without legs without arms a body coiled into oblivion
the mutilated man believed in any song his body open to the winds the people file by they’ve come to deposit a little of their shame in the belly of an executed people the stifled laugh in the blinded eyes of a vulture the voice of the earth spoke war in a flower garden war a tame pastel dove gives death under the tent or between the dunes

IV
Waves danced in the watery eyes of the carcass a child—son of Abraham—son of Mohammed—saw them emerge from a bed of stars losing their crystalline scale.

Washed with the blood of some bird the fallen stars no longer aid the statues.

The black rock holy agate is silent.
Vous ne me volerez pas mon plaisir.  
Vous pouvez m’interdire vos femmes, croiser vos filles.  
M’abandonner comme une portée de chats.  
Me faire payer des prix exorbitants vos zinzis.

Vos douches ne me vendangeront pas.  
Vous me masquerez l’écolière, l’odeur de myrrhe des pupitres.  
Vous cacherez ses cahiers de peur que je les érige.  
Vous voulez des murs nets.

Vous ne m’empêcherez pas de prendre de biais, la nuit,  
De jouer avec vos chambres, de vouloir nerveux vos livres.  
J’ouvre les fenêtres d’une maison que j’ai voulu déserte,  
Dingue de chèvrefeuille, légère, vénéneuse comme un ange.

Une casquette blanche. Un air tiède.  
Des yeux souvent invisibles.  
Je n’ose bouger. Frises  
Giboulées des demis.

Un bistrot non figuratif  
De faux oiseaux de Braque  
— las. Les garçons font voile  
Les filles bombardent leurs seins.

Tout est heureux, inutile, éternel  
Par la fenêtre, Diderot regarde  
Dormir les poètes. Le jambon,  
Très rose, palpite.
Yves Martin

You will not steal my delight.
You can forbid me your women, block your daughters.
Forsake me like a litter of cats.
Make me pay exorbitant prices for your rubbish.

Your showers will not gather me up.
You will mask the schoolgirl, the odor of desk myrrh.
You will hide her notebooks in fear of my praise.
You want clean walls.

You will not prevent me from sidetracking you, at night,
From playing with your rooms, from wanting your books nervous.
I open the windows of a house I hoped was deserted,
Asinine honeysuckle, light, poisonous as an angel.

Yves Martin

A white cap. A lukewarm look.
Eyes often invisible.
I dare not move. Foam
Showered on beer.

A nonfigurative bistrot
Of Braque's artificial birds
—tired. Boys set sail
Girls bombard their breasts.

All is happy, useless, eternal
By the window, Diderot watch
Poets sleep. Ham,
Rose-pink, palpitates.
Elle me demande de lui garder
Ses affaires. Un Rilke
Un poche sur la seconde guerre mondiale
Elle est plus grande que je pensais.

Elle revient. Je me penche
J'ai moins peur. Je tremble encore
Le crépuscule. Les couples.

Yves Martin

Quand, au matin, je rentre
Après tant, tant de mots inouïs
Les passantes hésitent, chant, chanson.

Après m'être offert, longtemps écouter
Brûlé, saisi tous les hasards
Dans un repas interminable
Qu'enflammaient l'agneau de lait, l'armagnac.

Risqué une fois de plus
Le destin de la gauche
Caressé tel nom d'artiste
Comme on frisotte une femme.

Quand j'ouvre ma porte
Sur des milliers de livres
Je devine — un instant —
Quelque chose de moins que la vie
Cependant plus intense.
She asks me to watch
Her things. A Rilke
A paperback on the Second World War
She is taller than I thought.

She returns. I lean forward
I am less afraid. I still tremble
Twilight. Couples.

Yves Martin

In the morning when I come home
After so many, many unheard words
Onlooking women pause, singing, song.

After self-sacrifice, continually listened
Burned, seized all chances
In an endless meal
Inflamed by tender meat, brandy.

Risked once again
The destiny of the left
Caressed some artist's name
As gently as fondling a woman.

When I open my door
On thousands of books
I sense—for a moment—
Something less than life
Yet more intense.
Yves Martin

Pourquoi trembles-tu? Ce n'est pas de froid.
On se protège contre le froid. On construit.
On trouve une femme à l'huile féconde, au mors souple.
On a des amis même s'ils n'apportent pas un mot.

Regretterais-tu (ça t'apprendra à mal répondre)
La laisse du chien, la cave à charbon,
Cet hôtel de la rue de l'assomption
Où tu te réveillais — après les gros chagrins magnifiques —
Dans une nuée de fruits, d'écaillées.

On t'a trahi alors, mais sur quelle échelle.
On t'a chassé, tu ne revenais jamais les mains vides.
Tout plutôt que cette chair
Qui ne veut pas donner son visage,
Ne t'attire pas, vers laquelle
Pourtant tu t'avances.

Yves Martin

Aimé la mère. Hâï de la fille. Il allait les tuer.
Aujourd'hui. Odeur de lavande chatoyante. Les arbres émoustillent.
Depuis des mois, il ne travaillait pas, il se préparait.
Dans les squares, il était devenu d'un blond merveilleux avec les gosses,
les vieilles dames.

Le grand amour reviendra du bureau, l'autre laissera ses moucherons.
Il s'était perdu de vue dans les bisous, les biais.
Chaque soir, il ruisselait : épuisette.
Il osait à peine rêver aux culottes petit bateau.

Il les veillera, les lavera,
Qu'elles soient vierges, les méduses.
Puis il descendra fumer la première cigarette de sa vie
Comme on pince une mandoline.
Yves Martin

Why are you trembling? It’s not from the cold.
You shield yourself from the cold. You build.
You find a woman with fertile oil and a soft bit.
You have friends even if they don’t leave word.

Would you mourn (this will teach you to talk back)
The dog’s leash, the coal cellar,
This hotel on the Rue de l’Assomption
Where you woke up—after great magnificent sorrows—
In a cloud of fruit, scales.

You were betrayed then, but on which level.
You were chased, you never returned empty-handed.
Anything other than this flesh
Unwilling to reveal its face,
Does not attract you, yet toward this
You draw near.

Yves Martin

Loved mother. Hated by daughter. He was going to kill them.
Today. The odor of iridescent lavender. Trees excite.
For months, he didn’t work, he got ready.
In public squares, he turned wondrously blond with youngsters,
old ladies.

The great love will return from the office, the other will leave the kids.
He lost sight of himself in kisses, slants.
Every evening, he streamed: scoop.
He hardly dared think of little boat-embroidered undies.

He will look after them, wash them,
Whether they be virgins, medusas.
Then he will go down to smoke the first cigarette of his life
Like playing a mandolin.
Alexis Lefrançois

PETITE CHOSE NO. 17

il ne s'agit pas de combattre
l'asphyxie lente
il ne s'agit pas même de combattre
l'asphyxie lente

on est au centre
de ses os
on est dans la cage
de ses os debout
les mains ballantes

il y a toujours au bout
de chaque route une chambre
ouvre
la fenêtre grande laisse
la nuit
rentrer d'ici
que le jour de nouveau se rassemble
la nuit aura coulé
tout entière en nos mains
demain
qui sait
si nous serons

demain
Alexis Lefrançois

LITTLE THING NO. 17

the question is not of combatting
a slow asphyxiation
the question is not even of combatting
a slow asphyxiation

we are at the center
of our bones
we are upright in the
cage of our bones
with swinging hands

always at the end
of each road
there is a room
open wide
the window let
night
recede from here
so day might gather in again
night entire
will have run through our hands
tomorrow
who knows
if we shall be

tomorrow
Alexis Lefrançois

PETITE CHOSE NO. 14

je viens vers toi comme un vieil équipage
et dans mon sang la nuit tourne
et le naufrage
tranquille et souriant se lève et la mort
en même temps que la lune

je suis un vieux corsaire
j'ai couleurs de la brume
et porte drapeau noir

ô ma dernière course et mon dernier repère
mon espagne lointaine ma terre
sous le vent je viens vers toi
comme un vieux bâtiment

je viens vers toi du fond de mon enfance
oublie l'homme aujourd'hui et demain
je serai cet adolescent que tu n'as pas connu
aujourd'hui et demain je parlerai
pour la première fois
je n'aurai jamais bu sinon de tes lèvres
jamais chanté jamais rêvé jamais vécu
jamais marché sinon vers toi

oublie l'homme
le désespoir hautain qui le porte
et la cendre et la route longue
longue oublie toutes les routes

aujourd'hui et demain
je marcherai pour la première fois
Alexis Lefrançois

LITTLE THING NO. 14

I approach you like an aging vessel
in my blood the night revolves
and the shipwreck rises
serene and smiling
and death at once with the moon

I am an old corsair
I wear hues of gloom
and fly the black ensign

oh my last traverse and last landmark
my far off spain my shore
down wind I approach you
like an old ark

I approach you from the far reaches of my childhood
forget the man today and tomorrow
I will be that adolescent you never knew
today and tomorrow I will speak
for the first time
I will never have sipped if not from your lips
never sung never dreamed never lived
never walked save toward you

forget the man
the proud despair that buoys him
and the ash and the long way
long forget all ways

today and tomorrow
I will walk for the first time
Alexis Lefrançois

PETITE CHOSE NO. 20

sur chaque colline
une solitude haute et blanche
des détresses comme des lames
des escaliers de fer il n’y a personne
à la fenêtre
le fauve est mort dans le regard

des hommes tournent

le tambour nègre de la tuyauterie quelque part
un danseur ivre auquel on lance des drachmes

Alexis Lefrançois

DE CALCAIRES

accord souffle cristal ou rien
ce chant seul où le sang

se prolonge ô ne l’avoir tenu
ni même en songe
n’avoir jusqu’au désert

été ce froid ce pur désert
au bout de toutes choses
et de la pierre
et de nos pas aussi

n’avoir atteint la perfection du cri
n’avoir du sable appris
la parfaite élégance l’orgueil

l’orgueil serait d’avoir conduit
jusqu’à sa transparence
et de l’os et du sang
ce blanc ce nu cet infini
pourrissement

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Alexis Lefrançois

LITTLE THING NO. 20

on every hill
a high white solitude
affliction like blades
of iron stairways there is nobody
at the window
the beast has died from the stare

somewhere

men turn the black drum of the pipe works
a drunken dancer to whom we toss drachmas

Alexis Lefrançois

FROM CALCITES

accord breath crystal or nothing
this song alone where blood extends

oh not to have held it
not even in dream
nor up to the desert

to have been the cold the pure desert
at the end of everything
and of stone
and of our steps as well

not to have reached the perfection of cry
not to have learned from sand
the faultless elegance of pride

pride would be in rendering
to transparency
of bone and blood alike
that pure that infinite that white
decay
l'orgueil serait ce sourire distant
ce dédain lent des choses

accord souffle cristal
ou rien
ce chant seul où le néant
délicat doucement se propose

Alexis Lefrançois
DE CALCAIRES

d'accidentels cristaux sur la stupeur traînant
leur floraison glacée de végétaux lunaires

et ce long désarroi que les gels captivèrent
d'un olivier crispé hurlant sous la douleur

ô tous ces cris très purs comme de lents couteaux

et dans un crâne fou gagné par les calcaires

un nénuphar énorme
promène son oeil blanc

Alexis Lefrançois
DE CALCAIRES

je parle au nom d'un glacial orgueil
au nom d'une élégance haute
plus loin que les colères les clartés et les deuils
qui célèbre son faste dans le croc blanc du fauve
et l'aile du rapace quand il foudroie le jour

et pour ce jeune loup que les chiens enfermèrent
et cet enfant trop doux détourné de son cours
appuyant sur le roc son règne insoutenable

je nomme le mépris serein comme un couteau

118
pride would be that distant smile
that lingering disdain of things

accord breath crystal
or nothing
this song alone where a delicate
void invitingly distends

Alexis Lefrançois
FROM CALCITES

accidental crystals on stupor trailing
their icy florescence of lunar sprays

and that lingering disarray trapped by frost
a writhing olive tree shrieks in pain

oh all those pure pure cries like slow blades

and under a mad skull calcified

one enormous water lily
vaunts its chalky eye

Alexis Lefrançois
FROM CALCITES

I speak in the name of glacial pride
in the name of lofty elegance
beyond anger clarity mourning
that celebrates its fast in the beast’s white fang
and in the raptor’s wing blasting day

and for that young wolf penned in by hounds
and that child too gentle diverted from his way
resting on the rock his insupportable reign

I pronounce scorn of knife-like serenity
Alexis Lefrançois
DE CALCAIRES
quand il aura rendu
son espace à la brume
et à la mort enfin
le pur hommage dû
longtemps lui survivra
ce blanc mépris de cygne
lui que l’exil assigne à n’être plus
sinon sur les reflets
royal
un lent reflet de plus

Alexis Lefrançois
DE CALCAIRES
ni le cérémonial hautain
que seul un roc résume
et ni l’état parfait
où la rose s’éteint
non plus que ces mots-là
laissés sur le terrain
poupées débris lambeaux
des jours anciens
le temps
le sable seul l’assume
Alexis Lefrançois

FROM CALCITES

when he returns
his space to obscurity

and to death at last
the pure homage owed

that white swan-like scorn
will long outlast him

he whom exile marks to be no more

unless in the reflections
one regal slow reflection more

Alexis Lefrançois

FROM CALCITES

neither the lofty ceremonial
that a rock alone conveys

and not the perfect state
in which a rose expires

nor yet these words
left along the ways

puppets tatters debris
of other days

time

the sands alone assume
Jean Orizet

Entre les vagues, le cormoran fête sa vie, mais seul. Que vienne à l’entourer la stridence des mouettes pillardes, au sillage d’un chalutier, et il s’envole, plonge vers de nouvelles dimensions où jamais ne tarit le silence.

Jean Orizet

Ils suivent une laie aux couleurs stagnantes le soleil vient puis s’en va
Ils trouvent le plaisir à hauteur des bruyères où l’œil est un pelage roux
Le ciel se masque et se démasque
Ils traversent le carrefour aux calèches poinçonné de sabots
   La crête bleuit puis s’estompe
Ils se faufilent entre les chênes délimitant des coupes claires,
   mais leur chien s’est déjà perdu
     La forêt se referme avec un craquement sec.

Jean Orizet

Quand les papillons morts planent vers leur fumier le jour glisse en un vaste oubli sur les ailes tièdes des oiseaux.
Jean Orizet

In the waves, the cormorant praises his life, but alone. When strident thieving seagulls come to surround it, in the wake of a trawler, he flies away, plunges toward new dimensions where silence never ends.

Jean Orizet

They’re tracking a dull-colored wild sow
the sun comes in and out
They find pleasure at the level of the heath
where the eye is reddish fur
The sky masks and unmasks itself
They cross the road beaten by clogs
where carriages pass
The ridge turns bluish then shades off
They scamper through the oaks
marking off the area with light strokes
but their dog has wandered off
The forest closes in on itself
with a dry crackling.

Jean Orizet

When dead butterflies soar toward their own manure
the day slides in a vast forgetfulness on the cool wings of birds.
Jean Orizet

Aux heures secrètes de l’hiver,
cerfs, biches et sangliers
quittent leur forêt stérile
pour visiter des jardins où s’entretient la vie.

Le matin, quand il découvre, autour du persil
et des pommiers, cette fourmilière de traces
que la neige immobilise,
l’homme, lieu de partage entre fierté et regret
imagine des battues subtiles
qui le feraient, pour un temps au moins,
meurtrier puis re-créateur.

Jean Orizet

Silencieuse entrave au temps,
ma vie solaire et mécanique envahit le quotidien,
éclaire, puis démonte le rêve
pour se reconstruire dans les jeux d’enfants,
le calme des jardins intérieurs,
là pérennité des vieux ponts

Tout ce qui, jadis, nourrissait les horloges
retrouve sa vraie place:
Le visage des statues s’adoucit sous la lèpre;
la boue du fleuve devient bronze
par la lumière intacte
que rend la ville au jour.

Jean Orizet

Tant que mon pic sera de pluie
je trouverai l’or aux jonquilles

Tant que mon oeil sera mésange
les lisières m’appartiendront.
Jean Orizet

In the secret hours of winter,
stags, does and wild boars
leave their sterile forest
to visit gardens where life goes on.

In the morning, when he discovers, around the parsley
and the apple-trees, this swarm of traces
immobilized by snow,
the man, part vanity part regret
imagines marvelous hunts
that would make him, for a moment at least,
a killer then a re-creator.

Jean Orizet

Silently standing in time's way,
my solar and mechanical life crowds the day,
sheds light upon and then breaks up the dream
to find itself anew in children's games,
the calm of interior gardens,
the perpetuity of old harbors

Everything which, long ago, nourished grandfather clocks
again finds its proper place:
the pock-marks soften the surface of statues,
the river mud turns to bronze
in the pure light
that the city gives back to day.

Jean Orizet

As long as my pick will be rain
I will find gold in jonquils

As long as my eye will be a titmouse
The edges of the wood will be mine.
Jean Orizet

LES VENDANGEUSES

Je vous aimais, sous le masque de fatigue,
comme jamais,
vous, mes noyées matinales
mes vendangeuses de rosée;
un geste à peine expliquait tout:
cette pâleur à l'horizon
l'authenticité des créneaux
et notre ouvrage mené à bien
avec la terre pour complice.

Jean Orizet

Enfant d'orage
une guillotine gronde à ton ventre
le soleil méprise tes crachats
et les arbres rient de ton indigestion.
Mais ils te verront grandir
en fumée ou par gouttelettes
et devenir, peut-être, leur sueur.
Jean Orizet

VINTAGERS

I loved you, beneath a mask of fatigue,
as you never did,
you my morning victims
my harvesters of dew;
the merest sign explained everything:
that paleness of the horizon
the authenticity of the battlements
and our work successfully done
with the earth as our accomplice.

Jean Orizet

Child of the storm
a guillotine grumbles against your stomach
the sun disdains your spittle
and the trees mock your indigestion.
But they will watch you grow
into smoke or tiny drops
and become, perhaps, their sweat.
Jean Orizet

RENDEZ-VOUS

Après la montée dans les terrasses d'oliviers, les pins et les rochers, ils sont parvenus sur la ligne de crêtes au soleil puissant de midi.

Mais les bergers n'étaient plus là. Le toit des refuges avait cédé, par endroits, l'eau de la source devenait brune. Entre les cabanes et le sommet, dressés sur huit pattes filiformes, deux radars les fixaient de leurs soucoupes pantagruéliques.

Ils surent alors que les bergers ne viendraient jamais au rendez-vous. Trois brebis rescapées, alertées par le bruit des pas, sortirent de plages d'ombre creusées sous les rocs, et les entraînèrent derrière elles, comme pour leur montrer quelque chose.

Intrigués, ils emboîtèrent le pas. Après deux cents mètres de marche difficile, ils se retrouvèrent, sans transition, sur une route parfaitement goudronnée. Aussitôt, les brebis firent demi-tour et leur tintement s'estompa très vite.

A contre-cœur, ils se mirent en marche. Lacet après lacet, la route les conduisait vers la vallée. Là, on exigerait d'eux des explications. Ils y étaient prêts. Seule pièce à conviction : une clochette un peu rouillée, trouvée entre deux pierres.
Jean Orizet

RENDEZVOUS

After having climbed past the olive groves, the pines and the rocks, they reached the line of the ridges emblazoned by the middy sun.

But the shepherds weren’t there anymore. The roofs of the shelters had collapsed; the well-water was turning brown. Between the shacks and the summit, standing on eight filiform legs, two radars stared at them with their pantagruellesque saucers.

Then they realized that the shepherds would never come to the rendezvous. Three stray sheep, warned by the noise of feet, emerged from dark beaches hollowed under the rocks, and led them away, as if to show them something.

Intrigued, they fell into step. After a difficult stretch of two hundred yards, they suddenly found themselves on a perfectly paved road. The sheep then abruptly turned around and their tinkling very rapidly disappeared.

They started back reluctantly. Curve after curve, the road led them toward the valley. There, questions would be asked. They were ready for them. The only solid piece of evidence: a slightly rusty bell found between two rocks.
Delfino, Le SOUVRAIN, Galerie Darthea Speyer, Paris, Photo Augustin Dumage.
FOUR ARTISTS IN FRANCE

DONALD MILLER

In December a year ago, one sensed the consternation of the jury for the eighth Biennale in Paris, open to international artists under age 35. The jurors from a half dozen countries met with Biennale director Georges Boudaille, the Paris art critic, for a reception given by gallery owner Darthea Speyer at her home near the Champs de Mars. The disappointed talk was that neither French funds nor a home for the exhibition had been found.

Yet after much work, the whole thing came off last fall at the Musée d'Art Moderne: ninety-six artists had been chosen from 600 dossiers submitted by fifty contemporary art specialists. Although the exhibition is not generally highly regarded and some of the jurors thought the show would be horrendous, the exhibition drew enthusiastic response from the respected critic-correspondent Michael Peppiat, who wrote in the November ARTnews: "They are unequal; some are still-born, others are in their infancy and others still are already going to seed. But no doubt, somewhere in this great bazaar of the imagination, the history of the next twenty-five years of art is being written . . ." Time will judge Mr. Peppiat. It is difficult, however, for a casual visitor to Paris to believe that young French artists are forging a vanguard. Yet there are many established artists, either French or French by adoption, who are currently of great importance in the art world. Unfortunately, too few of them are written about in English.

Pierre Alechinsky, who came to Paris from Brussels in 1951, is such an artist. Although his exhibit in the 1972 Venice Biennale was considered by many to be the best offered, little has been written in the United States about this red-bearded painter, lithographer and writer (except in reviews of his shows at the Lefebre Gallery, New York). Born in 1927, Alechinsky, after art school in Brussels, studied engraving with the print-maker Stanley W. Hayter in Paris, and in 1949, along with Karl Appel, Asger Jorn and Corneille, became a founder and youngest member of the Cobra (acronym for the artists' native cities of Copenhagen, Brussels and Amsterdam) group.
Alechinsky’s expressionist style, in which often recognizable forms are violently changed into strange shapes, has a tortured turbulence suggesting both bizarre nightmares and dreams of gentle fantasy. Not only interested in forms, Alechinsky has a highly developed sense of color which is evident in all of his work. The purest and brightest colors are brought together individually with each plane of pigment adding to the composition with the greatest gestural freedom. In recent years, often painting on rice paper applied to canvas, Alechinsky has designed rows of small scenes in predella arrangement around his center panel. The painter has been interested in long looping lines suggestive of vermicelli. In his recent volcano series, inspired, according to dealer John Lefebre, by his regard for Malcolm Lowry’s novel, Under the Volcano, Alechinsky has had a natural vehicle for his eruptive style.

I recall Alechinsky’s delight one day at the Imprimerie Bramsen mentioning the “rainbow roll” of color that a volcano print with a delicate blue ground possessed. He had great praise for the printer. In his New York exhibit last fall, Alechinsky showed acrylic canvases and watercolors in new combinations. The volcanos had metamorphosed into tree forms, a natural progression.

Also exciting to many followers of French art are the beautifully crafted yet disturbing bronze and marble sculptures of Jean Ipousteguy, born in Dun-sur-Marne, Lorraine, in 1920. Over the years Ipousteguy (the name is of Basque origin) has given his highly personal versions of classic legends, such as Alexander and David and Goliath. His earlier work was in colored concrete and bronze, but since 1968 he has worked in white marble. I have seen him at work with the power-chisel in a Carrara studio. His sculptures in marble have been very personal, with allusions to his parents and the disintegration of the human form. He loves to design segments of matter which look as if they should move but do not. Ipousteguy, probably better than any living sculptor, creates in three dimensions the feelings of fear, hysteria and frustration that beset modern man.

A somewhat similar fantasist is Leonardo Delfino, Argentine-born, but living in Paris, who recently had an exhibition with American painter Sam Gilliam in Rennes, France. Delfino, 45, creates small to over-life-sized sculptures of contorted, often humanoid forms which are intensified by dense black patinas. His technique of casting black-dyed epoxy resin in latex molds is almost as intriguing as the works’ ultimate realization. Many of his metaphors come from childhood memories of South American rain forests. Other conceptions are based on various aspects of human anatomy, the insect and animal worlds. The real-surreal counterpoint of his sculptures recalls the encrusted-
Alain Jacquet, FLORENCE, 1969, serigraphie sur toile, Photo André Morain.
looking paintings of Max Ernst of the 1940s, although Delfino's imagery is clearly his own.

I have been discussing artists who deal in some way with figures. One who does so only indirectly is Alain Jacquet, born in Neuilly, a Paris suburb, in 1939. Jacquet came to art by way of European pop but quickly developed what he calls “mec' art,” or art with mechanical attributes. I first saw his widely reproduced Picnic, done in 1964, at Documenta 4, Kassel, West Germany, in 1968. Jacquet had created a modern restaging of Edouard Manet's Dejeuner sur l'Herbe as a pointillist photo-offset silkscreen on canvas. In this long period when painting and its lack of development have caused much uncertainty and even anguish to painters, Jacquet, after successfully pursuing more traditional painterly methods, has moved as far from painting as painting is from printing.

As an artist who has had one-man shows on both sides of the Atlantic, Jacquet's aim is more than reposing Old Masters in modern dress, or photographing his subjects and having them almost disappear under the imitation of extreme magnification of half-tone printing, as Michael Compton of the Tate Gallery described Jacquet's method in Compton's Pop Art (Hamlyn: London, New York, 1970).

As Jacquet told me in his studio in 1970: “The role of the artist is to make the public see what is about it; things it has never stopped to see or think about. The image is of no importance to me. It is just easier to take a well-known image and to work more freely in it. The structure of it represents nothing special for me, except that it is the best for what I want to do. I consider my work a completely abstract thing. I am not concerned primarily with technique or humor. I am more interested in the dispersal of space.”

Jacquet sees his colored dots as a manifestation of the idea of atomic unity: “As you lose the dots you get the image. And the nearer you come to the painting the more it becomes abstract, finally becoming atomic.” It is but a short step surely from this idea to one of the subtlest exhibits ever held. In 1970, at the Galerie Lambert, Milan, Jacquet had the names of the primary colors written one inch by nine inches long with white ceramic-headed pins at shoulder height on the gallery walls. In Braille. They were there for blind “viewers” to experience the sensation of color from their own memories or thoughts. To the sighted, the white-painted room appeared empty. When I last heard from Alain, he was in the process of having a series of tables produced as multiples (limited edition) featuring backgammon layouts on their tops. “Marie Antoinette played backgammon in the hamlet,” Alain recalled. “In French, backgammon is jacquet.”
Jean Ipousteguy, La Mort du Père, marble and bronze, Galerie Claude Bernard, Paris.
TURNIPS AND
OTHER STRANGERS
ELIAS HRUSKA-CORTES

Thank God they’re gone, he thought, as he turned over in his
mind the last episode of their interminable stay. The People from the
Centro had made it all sound so positive: two poets to do a three-day
workshop at no cost to the school; how could he refuse? Besides, the
whole business had the flavor of giving him a certain measure of pres­
tige. After all, no one had ever done this before at Watsonville Hi.

Watsonville Hi was not difficult to find; the town was small and
the hi-school campus was the only area sealed off from the rest of the
town by a barbed wire cyclone fence with ‘No Trespassing’ signs hung
at various strategic points along its periphery. The poets had arrived
half an hour late; a sure sign of impending disaster in the time-con­
scious mind of their sponsor, Joe Martin. Joe, whose real name was
Jesus Antonio Martinez—a name he detested because it was so foreign­
sounding and for which he had never forgiven his parents, thankless
un-Americans riddled with poverty and ignorant to the last frijol—
Joe was the only teacher of Mexican or Spanish descent at Watsonville
Hi. No one knew his ancestry for sure. His liberal-minded colleagues
thought his aquiline features and dark complexion were characteristic
of people from southern Spain. The conservatives sought to malign him
by accusing him of Mexican ancestry tho they were unable to prove
it. Others, students and townspeople, had sought enlightenment by ques­
tioning neighbors, the police, people in the outlying areas only to find
that even his wife, Cathy, was uncertain. She was a blonde from the
East Coast and had always thought him to be from Mesopotamia
because of his predilection for roast lamb shank. However, his com-
plete mastery of English and his position in the English department had left doubts in her tender mind. Whenever she would question him about his past he would turn red, then white, then blue, then he would squat and turn into a turnip. During their first years of marriage his transformations lasted only a matter of minutes so that at first she did not notice them, but as time passed he became progressively more sensitive and would stay in that state for hours at a time. She began to take note of this fact and to record it in her diary. Cathy’s pleasure in provoking him was related to her vague desire to publish her diary in *Ms.* magazine as her friend Henrietta had. There was so much to tell, she thought. But then, one day, while at the super-market shopping, he had embarrassed her by turning into a fifty pound turnip in public so that she was forced to employ the help of another customer to lift him into the shopping cart and to carry him out of the store. Altho Joe Martin weighed about 150 pounds, the energy expended in the metamorphosis always resulted in a weight loss which was subsequently regained in retransformation. Joe, however, seemed not always to be aware of these changes. The last time Cathy had dared ask him about his ancestry had resulted in a three-day transformation that almost cost him his life when his mother-in-law, unaware of the strange change, picked him up and was about to slice him and cook him in the turnip soup she was preparing. Fortunately, Cathy had walked into the kitchen just in time to save his life and her mother’s anxiety. This had been ten years ago on the first day of a Labor Day weekend. She remembered it well because that was the weekend they had planned to go to Mexico, a place she had read about in travel books and brochures but had never visited. The Monday following, Joe had re-entered the world in time for his 8:00 a.m. class; he had never missed a day and was always punctual. During the course of their married life, Cathy had come to accept certain of his eccentricities tho she never approved of them for fear her approval would encourage him to more extreme forms of behavior—something she had always dreaded. And with good reason. His mannerisms manifested themselves differently on specific occasions and reflected varying degrees of emotional intensity. If he was very depressed, he would shrink to the size of a goblin and hide in a shoe or under a cupboard. Otherwise he would pace his study like a peccary. Once, while driving home from a TGIF party, his nose began to turn on and off like a red lite with the result that the oncoming traffic became confused and turned into a dance of pirouetting vehicles. On another occasion when he was appointed Temporary Secretary to the Consultant of the Assistant Vice President of the Watsonville Branch of the Council for the Pro-
motion of English as a Native Language in Western Afghanistan, he became so excited and elated that when he got home to tell his wife about his good fortune, his words caused feathers to grow on his arms and nape and he developed a flighty attitude to mundane problems for weeks afterwards.

In other respects, Joe was a likeable sort. He was respected by all. His fingernails were well-groomed and always clipped short like his hair. His shoes, always clean and well-polished even on the hottest dustiest days, reflected the impeccable order he brought with him wherever he went. He had daily affairs with grey ties, his favorite color, which he fastened to his Chinese-laundered shirts with a rhinestone clip his mother-in-law had given him before she was swallowed by a whale on her way to the North Pole in search of the descendant of Moby Dick. Unfortunately, his mood and the color of his tie would change at times in spite of the rhinestone clip and cause an unavoidable and glaring contrast of colors. The day the poets came, Joe's tie showed signs of spotted fever marked with neglect; this was the first time in recent years that he had worn the same tie on two consecutive days. And for the thirteenth time in his history of past events, a nervous feeling scaled down his back like the sudden cold shower one feels at the threshold of momentous events, or so he thought.

Having never seen living poets before, neither in captivity nor in their natural state, he knew not what manner of people they were or, indeed, what species or genus.

That morning he heard a knock at the door and it disturbed him to have to answer before reaching the caesura in the Shakespearean sonnet he had been reading to his class. But his firm conviction that fortune would someday knock at his door drew him away from his immediate audience. For a moment he had forgotten that the poets were due that morning and envisioned, instead, the scattered flight of unicorns across the pampas.

"How do you do?" said the man. "We are the poetas from the Centro. Are you Joe Martin?"

"Oh sure, sure." Suddenly Joe felt his hair growing behind his neck and tried to hide it with his coat to avoid comment and embarrassment. How strange they look, he thought. I hope they are not here to make trouble. The man, who looked like Capitan Veneno, may have been Chicano tho he had a salty air to him with that halo of seagulls hovering above his head and that Caribbean look in his eyes. The woman looked like a monarch butterfly; she wore a long purple cape that covered her ankles and carried a shepherd's crook in her left hand. People like these, he thought some more, are usually those who start
riots and commotions. I never should have asked them to come. How I hope they won’t start anything that will cost me my job.

“You’re 29 minutes 45 seconds late. You may as well go to Mr. Pillbox’s second period class in E-3,” he directed.

“Where is it at?” they chimed in unison, “... where is it at / where is it at / where is it at” thru the window and down the hall into the principal’s office went the echo until it landed on Miss Larousse’s desk and she answered that it was in the second drawer on the left hand side.

“Thank you,” said the principal caught in unpremeditated thought.

“To reach E-3 you go out this door, make a left turn at the second row of lockers, go up two flights of stairs, turn right, go past the first staircase to the second staircase, go down one flight of stairs, turn left, go down three doors, turn right, go up thirteen steps and ask the lady in the information booth because I can’t give good directions—that’s outside my field.”

When the poets left they turned right by mistake and walked directly into E-3. Mr. Pillbox was entering the classroom to take roll just as the end-of-recess bell began to ring: it was 8:57 a.m. He later explained that between bells teachers had 4 minutes 53 seconds to get from one class to another and that if you paced yourself right, you could even get a quick cup of coffee and a smoke in the teacher’s lounge before proceeding to the next class.

The crisis and Joe Martin’s premonition almost arrived, in the figure of Solomon Rivera, on the evening of the second day, and threatened to engulf the land, the ocean, and the status quo if the poets had remained beyond the third day. Fortunately, Solomon Rivera never materialized. Solomon was a Chicano Jew who had come from the Bronx with a repertoire of socialist ideas and who now was the successful proprietor of the most bustling restaurant in the area of Watsonville. His refusal to materialize caused a longing desire to lurk in the brain cells of the poets who had gone to seek him out until the longing was discovered and converted into a sigh of relief by Joe who had sought to avoid Solomon’s strange and unconventional ideas and to prevent others from their infection. The mere name of Solomon Rivera would cause Joe to develop an uncontrollable twitch in his ears that on severe occasions would give them the appearance of hummingbird wings and would require him to wear earmuffs to school and to give medical explanations for wearing earmuffs on the warmest days. At the last moment Solomon had decided to remain an omnipresent ghost; thus rendering the crisis invisible. And since Joe believed that what was invisible couldn’t hurt you, his spirits began to rise. They
rose so steadily and gradually that Joe levitated for six hours before he reached awareness of what was happening. But by this time it was too late; a number of people had seen him and would surely report it to the Board authorities and they would surely fire him for unprofessional conduct and levity.

Joe had not wanted to continue in his family’s tradition—his father had been and still was a famous brujo who knew not only how to convert people to stone and to all other kinds of objects and things both of animal and vegetable matter as well as mineral, but also he was one who knew how to control natural phenomena and could make it rain or shine at will; his mother was a curandera from Tegucigalpa known to all as La Chota—Joe had not wanted to follow in the age-old tradition because he feared ridicule and what he wanted most was acceptance. Joe had strived hard for entrance into Watsonville society—he had learned to speak impeccable Shakespearean English, had married an American woman, wore Chinese-laundered shirts, ate hot dogs with mustard and drank Coca Cola—and now after all these years he felt as tho a malevolent wind had come to blow away the leaves of his cover. And worst of all he was helpless to alter the course of events. Once he had met the poets, he tried to think them away, but they remained to disturb his peace for days. He thought for the third time, all his efforts at avoiding conflict had been in vain; if only he had never invited those poets and yet, in spite of himself, a vague smile marked itself on his countenance. On the morning the poets were to depart, he saw a rainbow from his kitchen window that had the unmistakable signs of his father’s art. Now everything had become clear; his parents who had been worried about his disappearance from home fifty years before had finally found him. When he opened the door, his mother, who was also capable of small miracles, greeted him with a light rain that told him his sister, Clotilde, had married El Cuervo, the town priest, and was busy perpetuating the family tradition with her children. Joe had come to realize that he could not escape what he was, and this made him uneasy. Later that afternoon, when the poets came to bid farewell, he was glad to see them go, for he felt the poets had been sent by his parents to spy on him and that the Centro to which they were returning was the Centro de la Tierra from where they had all originated.
Paul Zimmer

ZIMMER RECEIVES THE DICTIONARY OF SYMBOLS

How can I recover from
The dictionary of symbols?
Rose, rod, marvelous rood,
Skull, claw, terrible scythe.
Suddenly I am all symbols:
Slight crook of my spine,
Cauldron of my mouth,
Bramble of my hair,
Scroll of my tongue,
Mándala of my fingertips.
I am so much, mean so much.
Now I respect all marks,
All executed yearnings:
Moon holes in old bones,
Worm notches in wood,
Dance marks of the bee,
Imprints of small births,
Rings, rattles, well-worn paths,
Rain slant, grooves and ruts,
Scratch marks of this pen;
Symbol of habit, habit of symbols,
The striving of all disorder.
My body, the body of
Zimmer yearns
Toward its secret meanings.
ANGEL GONZALEZ: A PORTRAIT
INTRODUCTION AND POEMS

It is in poems like “Nada es lo mismo” (Nothing is the Same), “Porvenir” (Future) “Ayer” (Yesterday) and “Muerte en el Olvido” (Death in Oblivion) that Gonzalez’ poetic vision becomes transparent. He oscillates between ironic distance from the disillusionment in life and a serious concern with the fragility of human existence. When he approaches human situations, it is not with the innocence of a child’s outlook, but with the disillusioned knowledge of a grown-up: oblivion and ashes are the remnants of human experience. “They call you future/ because you never come.” Yesterday is irreplaceable and will never return in its same form but today is just another yesterday. And the poet who—when the afternoon dies in sadness—searches for the image, for the word that carries him beyond the mountain, finds only a voice clad in ashes at the edge of oblivion, timid and daring to express a love that never fulfilled itself. “Remnants of light in the afternoon: oblivion.” And one of his poems says in its title, “Nothing is the same.” Each instant of the river buries the corpse of the previous instant, but the poet must find the word to say that which is “now” before it is too late. What he names crumbles in the process of naming and only the poem remains as the most effective reflection of the moment in the present. Gonzalez shares with other modern poets his intense concern for words, perhaps the only certainty the poet can still work with. Numerous are the poems in which he speaks about words, and the title Palabra Sobre Palabra (Word above Word) was chosen for his collected poems to indicate the direction of his poetic vision. Words inspire in us the enthusiasm to write, to unveil behind words the silences that bring us closer to the “now” even if it be buried in yet another repetition of non-change and oblivion. Man hopes and hopes, and invents words for the hope of his future, while in the meantime months and days go by as another Tuesday or Thursday. Whatever bleak picture might be revealed to us through the association of words reflecting the unchangeable change in human life, Gonzalez transcends that reality by elevating the reader to a poetic level that rises from a sensuous language and opens the mind to a wider, more beautiful humanity.
Escribir un poema: marcar la piel del agua.
Suavemente, los signos
se deforman, se agradan,
expresan lo que quieren
la brisa, el sol, las nubes,
se distienden, se tensan, hasta
que el hombre que los mira
—adormecido el viento,
la luz alta—
o ve su propio rostro
o—transparencia pura, hondo
fracaso—no ve nada.

Los poetas prudentes,
como las vírgenes—cuando las había—,
no deben separar los ojos
del firmamento.
¡Oh, tú, extranjero osado
que miras a los hombres:
contempla las estrellas!
(El Tiempo, no la Historia).
Evita
la claridad obscena.

(Cave canem.)

Y edifica el misterio. Se puro.
No nombres. No ilumines.
Que tu palabra oscura se derrame en la noche,
sombria y sin sentido,
lo mismo que el momento de tu vida.
Angel Gonzalez

POETICS

Writing a poem: marking the water's skin.
Softly, symbols
change shape, are enlarged,
express what they want,
the breeze, the sun, the clouds,
swell up, tighten up, until
man sees them
—wind calm,
sunlight high—
or sees his own face
or—pure transparency, deep
failure—sees nothing.

Angel Gonzalez

ORDER

Prudent poets,
like virgins—when there are such—,
should not take their eyes
from the sky.
And, you, daring stranger
who watches men:
study the stars!
(Time, not History).
Avoid
obscene clarity.
(cave canem.)
And edify mystery. Be pure.
Do not name. Do not reveal.
Let your dark word flow into the night,
shadowy and senseless,
like the moment of your life.
Angel Gonzalez

CONTRA-ORDEN

Esto es un poema:

aquí está permitido
fijar carteles,
tirar escombros, hacer aguas
y escribir frases como:
Marica el que lo lea,
Amo a Irma,
Muera el... (silencio)
Arena gratis,
Asesinos,
etcétera.

Esto es un poema.
Mantén sucia la estrofa.
Escupe dentro.

Responsable la tarde que no acaba,
el tedio de este día,
la indeformable estolidez del tiempo.

Angel Gonzalez

CALAMBUR

Entonces,
en los atardeceres de verano,
el viento
traía desde el campo hasta mi calle
un inestable olor a establo

y a hierba susurrante como un río

que entraba con su canto y con su aroma
en las riberas pálidas del sueño.
Angel Gonzalez

COUNTERORDER

This is a poem:

Here it is permitted
to hang posters,
throw trash, piss
and scribble phrases like:
*Whoever reads this is queer,*
*I love Irma,*
*Kill the . . . (silence),*
*Free sand,*
*Murderers,*
etcetera.

This is a poem.
Keep the strophe dirty.
Spit into it.

The endless afternoon is responsible,
today’s tedium,
the changeless stupidity of time.

Angel Gonzalez

CALAMBUR

Then,

in summer twilights,
the wind
brought an unstable odor of stable
and of grass whispering like a river

from the countryside to my street

that flowed along pale shores of dream
with its song and aroma.
Ecos remotos,
sones desprendidos
de aquel rumor,
hilos de una esperanza
poco a poco deshecha,
se apagan dulcemente en la distancia:

ya ayer va susurrante como un río
llevando lo soñado aguas abajo,
hacia la orilla blanca del olvido.

Angel Gonzalez

TODO SE EXPLICA

La esperanza—antes tan diligente—
no viene a visitarnos hace tiempo.

Ultimamente estaba distraída.
Llegaba siempre tarde, y nos llamaba
con nombres de parientes ya enterrados.
Nos miraba con ojos que le transparentaban
igual que esos espejos que pierden el azogue.
Nos tocaba con manos realmente imperceptibles,
y amanecíamos llenos de arañazos.
También daba monedas que luego no servían.

Pero ahora, ni éso.
Hace ya tanto tiempo que no viene,
que hasta llegué a pensar:

si se habrá muerto?

Después caí en la cuenta
de que los muertos éramos nosotros.
Remote echoes,
sounds unfastened
from that murmur,
threads of a hope
unraveled little by little,
fade away sweetly into the distance:

Already yesterday passes whispering like a river
carrying what is dreamed downstream,
toward the blank shore of oblivion.

Angel Gonzalez
EVERYTHING IS CLEAR NOW

Hope—once so dilligent—
has not come to visit us for some time.

Lately it has been distracted.
It always arrived late, and called us
by the names of long-dead relatives.
It watched us with eyes that saw through itself
like those mirrors that lose their quicksilver.
It touched us with imperceptible hands
and we awoke full of scratches.
It also gave us coins later found worthless.

But now, not even this.
It has been so long since it came
that I even thought:

Could it have died?

Later I realized
it was we who were dead.
Manuel Ayaso, Omnia Quae de Terra Sunt, in Terram Convertentur, 1968, watercolor and goldpoint, Forum Gallery, N.Y.
Andrea Zanzotto

ARSE IL MOTORE

Arse il motore a lungo sulla via
il suo sangue selvaggio ed atterri fanciulli. Or basso trema all’agonia
del fiume verso i moli ed i mari.

Assetato di polvere e di fiamma
aspro cavallo s’impenno nella sera;
a insegne false, a svolte di paesi
giacque e tento le crepe dell’abisso.

Figura non creduta di stagioni
di creta, di neri tuoni precoci,
di tramonti penetrati per fessure
in case e stanze col vento che impaura,

aspettai solo nella lunga sosta;
finestre e piazze invisibili sostenni;
acuti ghiacci avvizziti di febbre
alghe e fontane con me discesero

nel fondo del mio viaggio:
e clessidre e quadranti mi esaltarono
l’abbandono del mondo nei suoi ponti
nei monti devastati nei lumi dei confini.

O ruote e carri alti come luna
luna argento di sotterranei ceselli
voci oscure come le mie ceneri
e strade ch’io vidi precipizi,

viaggiai solo in un pugno, in un seme
di morte, colpito da un dio.
The motor burned its wild blood
for a long time on the road and terrified
children. Low now it trembles at the agony
of the river toward wharfs and seas.

Thirsty from dust and flame
harsh horse it reared in the evening;
at false signboards, at the crossroads of villages
it stopped and tried the fissures of the abyss.

Unbelieved figure of seasons
of chalk, of black precocious thunders,
of twilights penetrating houses
through cracks and rooms with a frightening wind,

I waited alone in the long pause;
windows and invisible piazzas I withstood;
sharp ice withered by fever
seaweed and fountains descended with me

to the bottom of my journey:
hour-glasses and quadrants raised me
the abandonment of the world in its bridges
in devastated mountains in the lights of boundaries.

Oh wheels and carts high as the moon
moon silver of subterranean chisels
voices dim as my ashes
and streets I saw as precipices,

I travelled alone in a fist, in a seed
of death, struck by a god.
Andrea Zanzotto

PRIMAVERA DI SANTA AUGUSTA

Alla pioggia dei monti, dei castelli,
le bandiere cadono in sfacelo;
leggero come scheletro
m'avventuro in questo giorno
che selvoso si versa sul mondo.

Dietro cieche evasioni di ghiacci
e i filtri densi delle paludi,
nell'azzurro defunto delle valanghe
arrestate dal tuo silenzio
arrestate agli inizi del mio terrore,
vacillano le scale dell'inverno;
per un'altra fronte della pioggia
primavera dolce
tuona sui monti

La tua vicenda avvampa
ancora, discendi in tumulto
dalle madide chiome dei paesi
coi torrenti del cielo e delle strade,
e snudi abissi sotto le mura
c sotto i treni
immoti davanti alla sera.

Le voci della vera
età chiara ti fanno
ma gli occhi restano spenti
su questa terra che di te s'estenua
e dal tuo volto vinto da morte
il mio conosco.
Andrea Zanzotto

SPRING OF SANTA AUGUSTA

At the rain of mountains, of castles
flags fall to ruin;
light as a skeleton
I set forth in this woody
day that spills onto the world.

Behind blind flights of ice
and the thick filters of marshes,
in the dead blue of avalanches
arrested by your silence
arrested at the outset of my terror,
the stairs of winter waver;
through another brow of the rain
sweet spring
thunders on the mountains

Your story still
burns, you descend in turmoil
from the soaked foliage of the countryside
with the torrents of sky and road,
abysses bared under walls
and beneath trains
motionless before evening.

Voices of the real
age make you clear
but the eyes remain extinguished
on this earth that is weary of you
and from your death-defeated face
I know my own.
Andrea Zanzotto

SE NON FOSSE

Se non fosse il tuo volto che feconda e fonde l'acqua e i monti e si fonde in sospiri...

Frutti effusi a un crepuscolo di seta, prati che a forza districa dal cielo un azzurro dolore, e gerani lassù tra uccelli comignoli e vette

Come incenso la stanza, trapassata la luna appena sul telaio e tutta accennata per lacrime per palpiti una gioventù sventurata

E il paese nel guscio, è il paese nel vetro dove premo uccelli comignoli bandiere, dove il fiume schiaffeggia la tua guancia algido e fabuloso e il dolcissimo melo già nel velo delle piogge conversa giustamente recline sul tuo cuore

Ancora un tocco a gridi di ghirlande ancora a venti senza accordi a torbide lamiere a ghiacciai spalla a spalla qui sconfiniti. Ancora uno sguardo al giardino al braciere di frane e di vette.
Andrea Zanzotto

IF IT WERE NOT

If it were not your face that melts
and fructifies water and mountains
and dissolves in sighs. . .

Fruit-trees overflowing in a silk dusk,
meadows that a blue sorrow roughly
untangles from the sky
and geraniums high
among birds tiles and peaks

Like incense the room,
the moon
just gone by the window’s hoop and all
shown through tears through flutterings
an unlucky boyhood

It is the village in a shell,
it is the village in the glass where
birds tiles flags crowd
where the river slaps your cheek
freezing and fabled
and the soft apple-tree already veiled
by rain converses
rightly reclining on your heart.

Again a touch to shouting of garlands
again to dissonant winds
iron sheets
to glaciers shoulder to shoulder
limitless here.
Again a glance at the garden
at the brazier of landslides and peaks.
Samuel Hazo
THE MEXICAN PANELS

1. ACAPULCO

Tortillas, locket silver,
    hammocks, mandarins, bikinis . . .
Gringo faces, tanner
    than gum and grim as doctrine,
    banish botherers along.
    . . . serapes, ponchos, stuffed
    iguanas, sabers of Cortez . . .
Beneath the blown umbrellas
    of the palms, an Aztec slings
    her infant to her teat.
    Breast
matches cheek.
    . . . blankets, Coca-Cola . . .
Considering the whole, the ocean
    slavers so discreet a surf.
Condesa del Mar!
    El Mirador!
One quick depression, and they’ll go
    with God.
    Then what?
    The justice
    of the ocean still.
    And nipplemilk.

2. POPOCATEPETL

The sleeping woman of the mountains
    dreams in snow above him.
Followed by twin sons,
    he steers the blade his burro
    tugs.
A twine necklace
swings its crucifixion in the shade
of his sombrero.

Dogs snooze
on his porch, and two pigs.
His woman swings a prairie
hen above her by its head
until the neck goes crack.

3. Cuernavaca

The flowers flower in the sun’s
attention.

Foreign and lost,
I take a cue from that.
Taxco is a señorita waiting
for a dance.

    If I don’t ask
her, she won’t dance.
    So,
I ask her, and we dance.

4. Tenochtitlan

“Thus have I gone away?
Like the flowers that perished?
Shall nothing flourish in my name?
Nothing of my fame here on earth?
At least the flowers!

    At least
my stories!”

    Thus, Huexotzingo.
5. MEXICO CITY

Bloodflowers.

   Floating gardens
   drift ablaze in Xochimilco.

Around Chapultepec, a peso
buys gardenias.

   Elsewhere
   the statues' eyes weep rain
   for the old deaths: Cuauhtemoc
   on his scaffold, Maximilian
   buckling at the wall, Zapata
   shot in Chinameca.

   Frescos
   keep reminding me.

   Painted
   on a ceiling in the Alcazar,
   a wounded boy, who could be mine
   or Mexico's, dives eyeward
   like a human bomb and crushes me.
ISAAC AND ABRAHAM

LAURENCE WHARTON

Near the bend in the Cimarron River four miles from Perkins Corner, Oklahoma, the clay is brighter red and the sand is of much finer grain than anywhere else along the river.

Abraham, the television repairman, stands viewing the remains of telephone lines, and the words and letters flatten out against the sky. The lines had been removed some time ago. He is watching the ghosts of them through his mind: and the letters and words that travelled across the wires were as invisible as the narratives of the parables. For Abraham, of the electric circuits, the words and letters and the lines and the parables are there: whining in the wind of the same fall, and the same wind that streaks the dust and fills the cracks in the dried soil with sand and clay. The left side of his left boot is almost buried by the mixture. He puts his hands into his hip pockets. He looks again to the telephone lines where he had on previous occasions removed key phrases. He had given up the practice altogether, and vowed to concentrate on the hearing of his own thoughts because he can always perceive sensually the circuit crossing and confusion of his own system: and this came to him after he could no longer transmit confusion to the receptors along the lines that were long removed. He thinks of his neighbors, still held by the lines of the parables and their feeble narratives. Abraham believes only in confusion and the electricity that runs throughout his body: blood is parabolic.

The blackjack leaves crack louder as the wind heaves. The sage grass is brown. The colors of the moss are always greener in the fall. The reddish sandstone changes little.

Turning toward the river, Abraham begins to walk, trying to remember his life in the city. He cannot. Behind him is the hill that overlooks the Cimarron and the clay banks of the same reddish color. I allow him memory. I give him vague thoughts of when the birds circled and the clouds meshed to violate the air with storms of lightning. I widen his eyes. I narrow them. I give him now: the air is the same, but
the clouds have given their violence into smoke. Through this smoke Abraham looks onto my hill for his son that will be playing in the clay of the river. With the sound of the leaves in his ears, he listens internally for the confusion in his blood and for Isaac who will be born within three years.

Enthymine is at the side of the house. She is out of the wind. It is her prediction that the child will be born within the three years. Among the sponges and her hands of crackled flesh: the clay told her so. With her potter’s wheel and buckets of water and the large curds of sandy clay, she forms minute jars and flasks without lids. Each new piece whispers to her that child-Isaac will be two months premature.

Abraham walks around the corner of the house taking the wind with him. He looks at his wife’s hands digging into the clay and the forms that tell of the date of birth. The hem of her blouse is melted into the bulk of clay. Her body is covered in the reddish tint of the mixture: she looks as if she will withdraw into the buckets and vanish in a swirl of water. Abraham feels the grinding of the wheel in his stomach. He looks down into his own hands blackened at the fingertips, no red stains, no water lines; only burns, old scars; I have removed the red from his hands, but he knows of the clay. It was the clay that told them to come to this river, to this bend in the river. He thinks the same hands that he saw that fucked the clouds and smoke, and ripped apart the birds on the wires, are the hands of his wife. The confusion he sees through his eyes is the reflection of his blood. He knows that they are too close to the water, but the clay on the hands told of the site. He obeyed. The river that sucks the fingers of the land and spits back clay: you are there Abraham, staring into the river or watching your wife: lying in the shadows of me that spill out over the river and the land; it is shadow, one shadow that covers you and your hands that spill over Enthymine and the unstained flesh: it is the shadow of Isaac not yet there that runs through the clouds that hides you from the smoke and hides the hands that swim over the clay: you Abraham, at the bend in the river, are the links between me and that shadow of lust and of the shade of redemption for the clay of a bad river: you Abraham and Isaac. Walk away now Abraham: think of the hands of your wife: think of Isaac.

Abraham walks away from his wife. The sun through thinner parts of the smoke flashes in his eyes. Pools of dust swim in the wind after his footsteps. He thinks of letters on lines and the parables of truth of lies. The rhythm of his walk is the movement of fire in warm embers. For Abraham, magnetism is heat; clouds and smoke are equal.
II

I have watched Abraham before on his walks through the black-jack clumps of his uncleared land. And the magnetism of the letters has killed all the birds before the king: he ceased always to carry the words of the parables and the lies of narratives in his head: the words and letters remained scrambled in his blood, rearranged to become the phrases that ate the worms that once allowed for the proliferation of birds. I see Abraham seeing the bird myths hunger to die. And what he sees is the literature of my past, and from my past I can throw and have thrown messages to Abraham: to live here on the Cimarron and be removed from the rails and the wires of the city of lines that prohibits drowning or suicide by electricity. I gave them this sandy and difficult land. I gave them the dust that fills Abraham's boots and the stains over Enthymine's clothes. I am the tongue of the water. I walk Abraham in the viscous clay. I allow him to see the prophecy of his wife. To Enthymine I give the clay for the jars. And I allow this man to watch the woman he thinks he loves make those jars. I have changed her name. I have made her too thin. I give words.

Abraham has taken three yards of steps. At the fourth yard I give him the smell of heated fire. I allow him sensations. I provide him the thoughts of his bony wife trying to rid the food he has twice a day of the dirt of her stains. The variety is in the land. There are too many trees to dynamite and the fertility of the land has not been replenished. The selection of death has made tree bark yellow. It is a flattened life and a flattened world. I have always seen this.

III

Abraham crowds onto pillows lining the center of one room. He is in the colors of paint and ambient light. He feels no flesh of colors as Enthymine winds her hand into his pants without loosening his belt or buttons. She smooths out her fingers as he sucks in his stomach. She begins the six hour process that will make Isaac. The ritual or progress resembles a starfish initialing the ocean floor, and Abraham's breath is held like water in stasis between two opposing fish. There is no breath nor water.
He cannot undo his diaphragm to breathe nor can he forget the sensation of water in his groin. Enthymine breathes her face into his. While the shadows of her thin breasts are flattened into the sweat of his stomach, the chemistry between her legs tries to overtake the mechanics of their breathing.

I will watch this for the next six hours. His center of gravity will become a pulsation on every nerve ending to be fragmented and grounded out as an electron on a chemically charged minute compound that will interlace his body in sweat and unsweetened liquids.

He will again be reminded of the smell of the heat of fire.

The river outside has risen an inch. It will rise at least a foot before morning because of the rains.

IV

Isaac played mostly in the clay banks, digging his fingers through the red mixture that made pictures which told him tales. He was beyond the lines of the narratives and the lies of the parables: he saw confusion pictured in the clay.

He had blonde curly hair, already darker than his mother’s flesh.

V

The telephone lines near Isaac’s house had been removed. They were rerouted through his father’s neighbors’ land. As the lines were removed, the new ones were buried; they no longer could whine in the wind.

A particular bend in the Cimarron, twenty yards from Abraham’s front door, has fingers of rock that hold any floating objects coming down river. The drowned especially are held. Isaac was always the first to find the victims, to which he listened, or the first to claim any rare objects that floated and stopped near the doorstep. Isaac was educated by the death and the debris that floated in the river or rested in the clay.

Isaac also set fires that burned out both of Abraham’s neighbors. The volunteers who showed to help fight the blazes thought only of the lightning that once claimed lives and homes. The cause of the fires was attributed to the newly installed cables, since the company had laid them beneath both properties. Abraham was happy that the homes joined the lines of the old telephones: they both were removed from his sight.

One year when the repairing of televisions slowed, Abraham tried farming. He had little success. He plowed the land toward the river so when it rained, he created hundreds of smaller rivers that intersected the Cimarron at right angles. He plowed the opposite direction, but the
rain came harder and his land resembled a series of waterfalls that melted into the swollen river.

Isaac spent most of his energy making each clay deposit left in the furrows after the rain a giant dictionary in which he defined all the words he learned for rain and fire and clay. These words he had learned from the dead and from his drawings in the clay in the river’s bank.

Abraham gave up farming to plant rocks to keep what little soil he had sifted from the sand. Enthymine retired from making the jars and flasks when she became pregnant. Abraham insisted that she never take up the craft again. She did not, although she did teach Isaac the skill. Isaac found his flat drawings more satisfying. He made no jars or flasks.

VI

In his workroom Abraham grafted the needles of nine phonographs onto a double-edged knife blade, forming a mace at the point. The shadows of the instrument on the wall became a cry from his newborn son, conceived in the six hours of pleasure in the fragmentation of his body. In a bath of blood and flesh Enthymine laid open her body a second time for Isaac. Abraham recounted the points on the tip of the blade. At a second recount, he had decided to forego his own fragmentations to that of the red in the sky and the yellow of the bark that he was never allowed to forget.

The time configurations in her stomach ached with the force of hunger and the liquids inside her opened her body like those of her ancestors, the flowers; and the confusion solidified in the form of Isaac. He was born with only nine fingers.

Before he was a day old, Enthymine took the razor blade from Abraham’s workbench and carefully slit the last finger on Isaac’s left hand into two rivulets of blood and cartilage.

The shadow on the wall fell out of rhythm to the metronome of the river that no longer fed itself on the wounds of the land.

VII

Enthymine spent most of her time sweeping the red dust out of their house. Abraham is working again. He sits in his workroom overlooking the land and up the river. He counts and recounts the colors of the transistors and wires, repairing only one per day. The work load is lighter than ever. He thinks the river to be slowly subsiding each year. He thinks forward to the time when the river will be nothing but a recessed bed of sand and clay. I allow him to predict this. I have given them pleasure in Isaac’s self-containment.

Isaac-child grew to be young.
He learned early the craft of making clay solid and the skill of separating objects from rest without breaking his own inertia. I taught him that both were unnecessary.

Once while watching his father at work, Isaac discovered that he could read the thoughts of ink, or glass, or meat. All the colors of the television’s workings had thoughts and language. A language beyond narrative and parable. Isaac understood the colors much in the same way that his father had once read the letters and words speeding on the electric lines and in the same way that his mother predicted his own birth in the clay.

The cables had been buried for seven years by the time that Isaac elected not to read the thoughts of men. He no longer needed to talk. For Isaac, the language of objects became more pleasure than any of the audible words of men.

The child of Abraham found his name in his mother’s eyes, and his image in the words of his father. Isaac listened to fire and learned that smoke and clouds were once separate. He gave up the language of surface to listen to the wisdom of his blood and his veins.

While playing in the gnarls of the blackjacks, Isaac found what his father would not learn for years: the river was to dry and become the wind; and the sand was to blow the rocks away. In the melting of objects in fire and the language of color, Isaac saw what was to become of himself. There were many interpretations given by the yellow bark of the trees. The wind blew through his hair. He snagged his wrist on a branch.

Abraham watched Isaac become young and felt alterations in his own body. He could find no proof for his own sense to interpret.

VIII

I gave to Abraham that lack of contrast.

IX

Once while they were making love, Abraham thought that he felt Isaac between Enthymine’s legs; but he could not be sure because of the phrasal patterns of sex fragmenting in their blood. Enthymine felt that Isaac tampered with heart beats and rhythms that made fish boil in the river. He made her own toes feel like warm liquid. Isaac had changed the flow of her bodily fluids for three weeks. She was frightened into having Abraham strike her in the stomach: her orifices erupted into a violent flow of blood and waters that reminded Abraham of his mistakes in plowing that made rivers in his land. Isaac played in the mixture of his mother’s blood and the clay.

Enthymine tried to neglect the exchange of thoughts that she saw
between Isaac and the food that he ate. She could not. She feared meals because the table glowed with colors and peaks of light that danced from the food into the eyes of her son, like the light that previously came off the river. She saw that Isaac was already transformed into a world of precepts and language that held no symbols for blood or bones, but for the plasma that kept rocks together and the wind or trees on a surface of glass. His language had no words or sounds for words, only light and color that made messages that animals communicate. He was far beyond the simple linear world of narrative action and parabolic truths that lines speak with and dance in: Isaac, half-touch and all eyes, ascends and descends into the world that I have created to violate Isaac’s Abraham.

Abraham was watching the snow fall where the electric lines once were, and thought he saw the identical letters and phrases that appeared the day of Isaac’s conception. He looked down to his hands and fingers for the same vision, but they were mechanically tapping through the rainbow assemblage of wires and circuits. Looking again outside, his eyes saw the same letters, yellower than the snow: Isaac was there; with his arms behind him and his head stretched up staring into the falling snow with blank-cloudy eyes. Isaac had discovered the creation of the letters that Abraham thought he saw: they were only in the eyes of Isaac, dancing as light, seven years old, brought from the dead by the bats and the bark of the yellow trees.

When Isaac ran into the wind with his mouth open catching the snow, his hands spewed a trail of black gnats against the blowing whiteness.

Isaac knew the consequences of his thoughts would not be read in the light that I danced for him on his food nor on the wires that he created for his father to see: Isaac knew that Abraham was the cause.

The fire that drives blood builds the crystalline snow.

On the Cimarron, the vestiges of the sun hide within ripples and beneath sand colored by bad water and red clay.

I contract in the water, ritualizing the sounds of me that are not duplicated.

There is no recourse in sex, and while the genes of each of their bodies cried at the words they spoke:

I consume Abraham and Enthymine, low of blood, thin of frame:

Isaac for the first time runs his fingers over the television set’s intestines; and heard the fate of his blood in the hum on which his father only burned his fingertips.

I have had much rest.

I have had much rest.
My interest in the music of the Kingdom of Tonga grew out of my work in comparative literature where I often had compared the ideas expressed by music and by literature. Could one say that in Western civilization there are significantly different concepts expressed through the verbal and musical languages?

Tongan poetry, which is almost always sung in several parts, with the music and poetry composed by the same individual, has a sophisticated imagery called heliaki. In this Polynesian culture music and poetry are virtually inseparable. There is further an egalitarian concept of the artist in Tonga where, while some individuals are recognized as having special ability, everyone at some time sings a song for which he or she created the poetry and music. These observations had a special interest for me as a composer of electronic music because, for the most part, I feel I am working in an artistic medium which excludes all but passive participation. One could even argue that a spectrum of participation has been severed by the ultimate separation of the composer from the listener through the elimination of the performer. However, I have noted also the increased communication that exists between the composer and listener because the performer is not there to "interpret" one’s ideas.

Friends and colleagues suspected that my research in Polynesia was simply a manifestation of what Robert Goldwater, writing of Paul Gauguin, called "geographical romanticism that has not yet lost its flavor, and has been made a symbol for the throwing off of the stifling superfluities of the hothouse culture of Europe in favor of return to that more natural way of life which Rousseau is the generally accepted
advocate.” (Robert Goldwater. *Primitivism in Modern Art.*) How can I deny that after weeks spent with a computer, producing music that “would appear to be for, of, and by specialists” that any composer might yearn for a less complicated and more rewarding musical environment? (Milton Babbitt. “Who Cares if You Listen” in *The American Composer Speaks*, edited by Gilbert Chase.) The contact with the music of non-Western cultures always has had some influence on the music of Western composers, but it is having a profound effect today. The following remarks attempt to sort out and explain this influence which, in fact, is something more than “geographical romanticism.”

Gauguin wrote to his daughter, “You will always find nourishing milk in the primitive arts, but I doubt you will find it in the arts of ripe civilizations. . . .” He and Van Gogh were not the only artists to be stimulated by the Paris World Exposition of 1889 held on the Champ de Mars. Claude Debussy wrote of the same experience in 1895, “Do you not remember the Javanese music, able to express every shade of meaning, even unmentionable shades and which make our tonic and dominant seem like ghosts?” In 1913, writing in the *Revue S.I.M.*, he said,

There were, and there still are, despite the evils of civilization, some delightful native peoples for whom music is as natural as breathing. Their conservatoire is the eternal rhythm of the sea, the wind among the leaves and the thousand sounds of nature which they understand without consulting an arbitrary treatise. Their traditions reside in old songs, combined with dances, built up throughout the centuries. Yet Javanese music is based on a type of counterpoint by comparison with which that of Palestrina is child’s play. And if we listen without European prejudice to the charm of their percussion we must confess that our percussion is like primitive noises at a country fair. (Edward Lockspeiser. *Debussy: His Life and Mind, Vol I.*)

The influence of Javanese music on Debussy’s work often has been dismissed as superficial for two reasons. First, the *Chinoiserie* and *Otaheite* of the eighteenth century, to which Debussy’s music is sometimes likened, reflects only the preliminary contact the West had made with the rest of the world. Clearly, Debussy’s contact was much more extensive. Second, it is difficult to isolate the many factors which influenced Debussy’s compositional style. I suspect that the more talented the composer, the more thoroughly the non-Western influence will be absorbed into his works.

Debussy is an example of a composer intrigued by the sounds and
organization of some non-Western music while other composers have been attracted by the role of music in cultures other than their own. The two concerns are, of course, not mutually exclusive. Harry Partch has written,

From one standpoint the twentieth century is a fair historical duplicate of the eleventh. At that time the standard and approved ecclesiastical expression failed to satisfy an earthly this-time-and-this-place musical hunger; result—the troubadors. Today, and especially in America, the approved Abstraction is a full musical fare for only a small percentage of our people, and the resulting hunger is satisfied by anything that breaks the formal barriers in the direction of Corporeality—hillbilly, cowboy, and popular music, which, whatever its deficiencies, owes nothing to scholastic and academic Europeanisms. ("American Musical Tendencies" in The American Composer Speaks.)

Most recently, composer Steve Reich has said that non-Western music is presently the single most important source of new ideas for Western composers and musicians. His approach to using this source will be discussed later along with other examples of recent works which draw their inspiration, and in some cases their substance from non-Western music.

To understand the music to which I refer, it is necessary to discover the common points that exist between new music in the West and the music of non-Western cultures. Claude Lévi-Strauss says that primitive art is the opposite of professional or academic art. If we can momentarily substitute non-Western music for primitive art and Western new music for professional or academic art, his reasons for opposing the two will also reveal the ways in which they influence each other. He goes on to say,

Professional or academic art internalizes execution (which it has, or believes itself to have, mastered) and purpose ('art for art's sake' being an end in itself). As a result, it is impelled to externalize the occasion (which it requires the model to provide) and the latter thus becomes a part of the signified. Primitive art, on the other hand, internalizes the occasion (since the supernatural beings which it delights in representing have a reality that is timeless and independent of circumstances) and it externalizes execution and purpose which thus become a part of the signifying.

(Claude Lévi-Strauss. "The Science of the Concrete" in Art and Aesthetics in Primitive Societies, edited by Carol F. Jopling.)
Those aspects of music which the non-Western culture internalizes are often the very things which attract the Western composer of new music. The form and structure provide models for the Western composer who is continually in search of new models to sustain his art. The use of models by composers of Western art music is, I believe, generally accepted by theorists and musicologists. However, it usually is assumed that the models are drawn from the music of previous generations in the same culture. The search for models outside Western culture is relatively new and is a result of conflict between cultures which today is as common as the conflict within cultures which resulted in the variety and change in Western European art music before the twentieth century. The idea that models may be drawn from non-Western music is resisted further by those who see the art of a given period as cumulative. The anthropologist John Blacking has remarked,

From a distance, the forms, techniques, and building materials of music may seem to be cumulative, like a technological tradition. But music is not a branch of technology, though it is affected by technological developments. It is more like philosophy, which may also give a superficial impression of being evolutionary. Each apparently new idea in music, like a new idea in philosophy, does not really grow out of previously expressed ideas, though it may well be limited to them. It is a new emphasis which grows out of a composer’s experience of his environment, a realization of certain aspects of the experiences common to all human beings which seem to him to be particularly relevant in the light of contemporary events and personal experiences. (John Blacking. How Musical is Man?)

Composers today seem increasingly sympathetic to ideas which originate in a larger world view of the musical arts.

It is the model which has the most influence on Steve Reich. He says, “One can create a music with one’s own sound that is constructed in light of one’s knowledge of non-Western structures. This is similar, in fact, to learning Western musical structures. The idea of canon or round, for instance, has influenced motets, fugues, and then, among others, the music of Anton Webern and my own phase pieces. The precise influence of this, or any structural idea, is quite subtle, and acts in unforeseen ways. One can study the rhythmic structure of non-Western music and let that study lead one where it will while continuing to use the instruments, scales, and any other sound one has
grown up with. This brings about the interesting situation of the non-Western influence being there in the thinking, but not in the sound."

I suspect it is the sounds themselves, the gestures and to a lesser extent, the structures of non-Western music which have influenced composer Robert Morris at Yale University. His most recent electronic work, *Distant Thunder Over Spring Mountains*, uses seven different pieces of south-east Asian music as motives for extended development by means of modifications of the original and their extensions into synthesized materials. The pieces he uses are as diverse as a Korean song, the Tibetan *Homage to Guru Gompa*, a Japanese *gagaku*, and a Balinese cremation song performed by a full *gamelan gong kebyar*; yet they are used so skillfully that the origin of the pieces seems unimportant to the listener. This approach to the use of non-Western music is as different from that of Steve Reich's as it is from my own.

Each work I have composed using non-Western music is explicit with regard to the culture to the point of identifying it by title and through the inclusion of traditionally non-musical sounds from the culture, including spoken sections, which ultimately serve as *objet sonore*. My pieces often identify the process of physically going to the place whether it be by short-wave radio, telephone, ships, trains or planes. These pieces have been called "films for the blind" in the sense that there is often a narrative to the sequence of events which one might find on a film sound track. The most difficult of these pieces for me to compose and, perhaps, for the audience to understand, are those where I have had extensive contact with the culture. In these situations one's musical and extra-musical associations with the material are more complex, and thus, it is more difficult to project the first impressions which are most accessible to a Western audience.

My desire to assimilate my experience with Tongan music was so strong that shortly after I returned I composed a choral piece, writing the text and music in the style of the Tongan *otuhaka*. I thought that the piece, called *Matangi Lelei*, captured the simple majesty of this traditional Tongan form, but a performance in the United States by those who had no knowledge of Tongan musical traditions convinced me that I may have missed the mark. I have yet to hear it as performed by the Fa'onelua men's choral group in the village of Mu'a for whom it was originally composed.

The first electronic work which drew on my knowledge of Tonga and its music, *'Ofa atu Tonga*, was not composed until I had been away from Tonga for a year. From my experience I have concluded that for uninitiated listeners there is an important aesthetic distance between a music of a non-Western culture and one based on that culture. The
latter music is composed with the prior knowledge that its model is unknown even if the composer does not consciously try to explain or elaborate the model.

Finally, I would like to suggest a more speculative reason for the increased use of non-Western music by Western composers of the present day. George List has observed, “that music expresses those modes and emotions which lie below the level of possible communication in speech.” (“On the Non-Universality of Musical Perspectives,” Journal of the Society for Ethnomusicology, XV, No. 3.) It is further a commonly held view that singing has been recognized as a special language which can be used to communicate with the supernatural. The nineteenth-century composers of European art music constantly invoked a mystical rationale for the source of their creative energies. It is only in the twentieth century that composers, confronted with the existential, found themselves with little justification for their work. This may be the reason that so much recent twentieth-century music became “scientific.” Western composers have always been concerned with craft, but this has never served as a justification for their work. There has always been a spiritual purpose which one might define as simply a struggle with the unknown. Lévi-Strauss says that,

... art lies halfway between scientific knowledge and mythical or magical thought. It is common knowledge that the artist is both something of a scientist and of a ‘bricoleur.’ By his craftsmanship he constructs a material object that is also an object of knowledge. We have already distinguished the scientist and the ‘bricoleur’ by the inverse functions that they assign to events and structures as ends and means, the scientist creating events (changing the world) by means of structures and the ‘bricoleur’ creating structures by means of events.

The use of non-Western music allows the Western composer to infuse his work with the qualities of ritual and the unknown. It is borrowed ritual, but it is material which suggests the intensity of the supernatural experience and thereby restores that dimension absent in so much recent music.

R. Murray Schafer, writing about his recent choral work In Search of Zoroaster, has said,

For some time I have been aware of the necessity to change the format of Western musical life in order to revive the true spirit of the art. The original idea of the concert was to create an event of
importance in social life, a celebration with sounds transfiguring the human soul. Today the ritual of concert giving has been deflected and twisted from its true purpose. It is becoming almost impossible, given this format, to prepare a climate of attentiveness and clairaudience into which the musical and the religious experience can come.

Most composers are less apt to discuss this aspect of their work because the ideas are difficult to articulate and often suspect in our age of rationality. But, I am convinced that irrationality or mysticism has been only dormant in recent years and that the use of non-Western music is in part an expression of this force, an attempt to transfer it to Western music of recent origin. List has said,

The problem is that the scientific and objective approach to music and the esthetic approach to music are really two distinct attitudes. I am not devoid of response to music but in ethnomusicological study I attempt to utilize the most objective approach possible and to leave all esthetic considerations aside. If we allow esthetic considerations to interfere the results can be quite fuzzy.

Musical composition may be the antithesis of ethnomusicology, but composers undoubtedly can broaden their artistic framework by learning about and even using non-Western music. In turn, ethnomusicologists may gain new insights into their objects of study through hearing it interpreted by a Western composer.
NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Ten French-Speaking Poets

JEAN BRETON is the co-founder and editor of the important poetry journal Poésie 1, which has, ever since its beginning in 1969, presented the contemporary poetry scene of French-speaking countries. He has published numerous volumes of poetry, the latest of which include L’été des corps (Chambelland, 1966), Je dis toujours adieu et je reste (Librairie Saint-Germain-des-Prés, 1973), and Tomber du sang, illustrated by Gilles Durieux (Paris, chez Personne, 1973).

SERGE MEURANT was born in Brussels in 1946. He has published two volumes of poems to date: Le Sentiment étranger (Saint-Front-Sur-Lemance, Lot-et-Garonne, Cercle Culturel de Bonaguil, 1970) and Au bord d’un air obscur (Brussels, Fagne, 1971). The poems “le chaos et l’obscur,” “battu à mort,” “tu cherches,” “ce déluge amer,” “le dormeur en toi s’épouvante,” are from the collection Espaces (Brussels, Editions Henry Fagne, 1971). The remaining poems are previously unpublished in French.

CLAUDE ESTEBAN was born in Paris in 1935. He teaches contemporary Spanish literature at the Sorbonne. His volumes of poetry include La Saison dévastée (Editions Denise Renard, 1968), Celle qui ne dort pas (limited edition). Croyant nommer with illustrations by Jean Bazaine (Paris, Galanis, 1972). All poems in this issue are from Croyant nommer.


KAMAL IBRAHIM was born in Syria in 1942, and is presently Professor of French at the University of Poitiers, France. He is the author of *Babylone, la Vache la Mort* (Flammarion, 1967) and *Celui-ci Celui-moi* (Paris, Oswald, 1971). A new book of poems will be published early in 1974 by Editions Saint-Germain-des-Prés, Paris. The poems on pages 64-69 of this issue are from *Celui-ci Celui-moi*. All others are unpublished.


TAHAR BEN JELLOUN was born in Morocco, 1944. Collections of poems include: *Hommess sous linceul de silence* (Casablanca, Ed. Souffles, Collection “Atlantes,” 1971) and *Cicatrices du soleil* (Paris, Maspéro, Collection “Voix,” 1972). “Le Discours du Chameau” is a previously unpublished poem in French. All other poems in this issue are from *Cicatrices du soleil*.

YVES MARTIN was born in Villeurbanne, near Lyon, in 1936. Collections of poems thus far have been: *Le Partisan* (1964), *Biographies* (1966), *Poèmes courts suivis d’un long* (1969) and *Le Marcheur* (1972). All these works were published by Guy Chambelland. The poems on p. 110 appear for the first time. All others are taken from *Le Marcheur*.


JEAN ORIZET was born in Marseille in 1937. His major books of poems include *Silencieuse entrave au temps* (1972), *Miroir oblique* (1972), *Les grandes baleines bleues* (1973). All of these works were published by Editions Saint-Germain-des-Prés. In 1969 he was the co-founder of the poetry journal *Poésie 1*.

PIERRE ALECHINSKY, Belgian born, lives in Paris. His works have been exhibited in one man and group exhibitions throughout Europe and the Americas where they are included in numerous collections including those of the Musée des Beaux-Arts, Brussels, Koninklijk Museum voor Schone Kunsten, Anvers, Museum of Contemporary Art, Montreal, Centre National d’Art Contemporain, Paris, Nationalgalerie, Berlin, and the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

JON APPLETON was born in Los Angeles, California in 1939. He is a composer, Associate Professor of Music and Director of the Bregman Electronic Music Studio at Dartmouth College. His music is recorded on the Folkways and Flying Dutchman record labels.

MANUEL AYASO, born in La Coruna, Spain in 1934. He came to the United States in 1947 and studied at the Newark School of Fine Arts under scholarship from 1953-56, and in Madrid in 1959. He has participated in several collective exhibitions of figurative drawings and has received numerous awards, the most recent being the Childe Hassam Purchase Award, 1971, from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, N.Y. Ayaso lives in Newark, N.J. and is represented by the Forum Gallery, N.Y.
GARY BROWER is an associate professor of Spanish at the University of Southern California. He has published his own poetry in addition to translations of Hispanic poets and articles of literary criticism in various journals.

CHRISTINE COTTON has just finished the translation of *Yellow House* by the contemporary French novelist Dominique de Roux.

LEONARDO DELFINO, now in his forties, was born in Argentina, but presently is residing in Paris. He has participated in many international exhibitions and has become one of the most influential sculptors of all time.


ELAINE GARDINER is currently working on an anthology of women poets from French and Spanish-speaking countries. She is a member of the Translation Workshop at Ohio University.


JOHN GETSI is currently finishing his Ph.D. in Comparative Literature at Ohio University.

ANGEL GONZALEZ, born in Oviedo, Spain, in 1925. Author of eight volumes of poetry, today he is one of Spain’s leading poets. His works include: *Aspero Mundo* (1956, which won an “accesit” to the Adonais Prize); *Sin Esperanza, Con Convencimiento* (1961); *Grado Elemental* (1962), which won the Antonio Machado Prize of the Rueda Iberico; *Palabra Sobre Palabra* (1965); *Tratado De Urbanismo* (1967); *Breves Acotaciones Para Una Biografa* (1969); *Procedimientos Narrativos* (1972); and an amplified edition of *Palabra Sobre Palabra* (Barcelona, Barral Editores, 1972), which collects all poetic works to that date. In addition to having studied law and journalism, Gonzalez has been a visiting professor of Spanish Poetry at the University of New Mexico, the University of Utah, the University of Maryland, and he will teach at the University of Texas (Austin) during the Spring semester of the academic year 1973-74.

CARL HERMEY’S translations from the French have appeared in several journals. He is now completing his Ph.D. in the Comparative Literature Department at SUNY, Binghamton working on an anthology of contemporary French women poets.

PHILIPPE HIQUILY was born in 1925, in Paris, where he studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He has exhibited in numerous international groups and one man shows since 1954 in the “Salon de Mai,” Paris; the Rodin Museum, Paris; and the Biennale, Anvers. Hiquily lives in Paris where he is represented by several galleries.

ELIAS HRUSKA-CORTES is Professor of Ethnic Studies at the University of Santa Clara.
JEAN IPOUSTEGUY is a French sculptor, born in 1920. He has worked almost exclusively in the medium of marble since 1967 and has exhibited regularly in galleries and museums both in Europe and America. His works have been included in such group exhibitions as the Documenta III, Kassel, the Biennale of Venice, 1964; the National Gallery, Berlin; and the Open Air Museum, Hakone, Japan.

ALAIN JACQUET was born in 1939. He has participated in many international exhibitions, including the 1964 Guggenheim International.

SUSAN LANSER is a member of the Translation Workshop at the University of Wisconsin at Madison.

LEE LEGGETT is a student of Comparative Literature and a member of the Translation Workshop at the University of Iowa.

DONALD MILLER was born in Pittsburgh in 1934 and is art critic of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette. He has visited Europe four times since 1968, reviewing exhibitions and interviewing artists for the Post Gazette as well as other periodicals. He has contributed articles to Art International, ARTnews, Arts, Antiques and The Connoisseur.

CONNIE PERDREAU just returned from an extended stay in France. She is the Minority Affairs Specialist in the Office of Equal Opportunity Programs at Ohio University.

REINHOUD is a Belgian sculptor, born in 1928. He won the prize for Young Sculptor in 1957 and shortly thereafter moved to Paris where he presently lives. The seemingly spontaneous and gesture-like actions of his figures have associated him with the Cobra Group from Belgium, Amsterdam and Copenhagen. His works have been included in international exhibitions and the Sao Paulo Biennale, the Venice Biennale, and the “Salon de Mai,” Paris. Reinhoud exhibits regularly in one-man shows at the Lefebre Gallery, N.Y. and the Galerie de France, Paris.

BRIAN SWANN’S poems, translations and essays have appeared in numerous journals. He has taught at Princeton University, and is now teaching at The Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art.

LAWRENCE WHARTON is a student in the Department of English at the University of Utah where he is completing a Ph.D. in literature and film.

THOMAS WINN has translated numerous French poets from the nineteenth and twentieth century. He has become an expert in exotic horticulture.

ANDREA ZANZOTTO is an Italian poet. He has published Dietro il Paesaggio (1951), Vocativo (1957), IX Ecloghe (1962), and La Beltà (1968). His Collected Poems will be out soon from Mondadori. Zanzotto was brought to public attention in 1955 at the Congress in San Pellegrino where he was introduced by Ungaretti. Zanzotto is principal of the classical lycée in Pieve di Soligo, the small town where he was born.

PAUL ZIMMER edits the Pitt Poetry Series, University of Pittsburgh Press. His The Zimmer Poems will be published by October House. Previous books are: The Ribs of Death (1967) and The Republic of Many Voices (1969).
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