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H: An Extract

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H: An Extract

Philippe Sollers

Translated by Inez Hedges

rebound now and then you have to purge the atmosphere time for effort in reverse swim against the stream to see clear purity also has its charm funny thing they'll be defending 't soon like a vice you know grade super aerated go on sursum corda visibilium et invisibilium *be puck* allora tu sei l'angelo della morte why not look what a beautiful painting alberegno second half of the 14th i love those blue gold skies laminated veiled we are here in a time at once linear cyclic infinite finite with transfinite thus limited in limitlessness two pictures father screws daughter making son who attacked by second principle dies and fecundates his mother evil knows no space but only half of the time it's in vain that the druze tries to slow the stars in the end comes hic nunc which cuts the run a bit all this postlogical to the n^{th} degree but shush listen who's up for it behind the lines o voi ch'avete l'intelletti sani don't forget that we're advancing blindfold on eyes into this sea of ink most dreams are quicker than analysis and meaning is now so rooted in the earth that you need an equal violence to dislodge it hey here comes the old man now he passes every day under my window of course he doesn't know i'm here even if he knew he wouldn't know who i am but what is an old man his leafage dries up he walks on three legs and no better than a child like a day-dream he wobbles here he is then with his hat his scarf his cane you'd think a lion skinny transparent like alabaster a profile of sea-spume he bows once his hair streams near the canal he sits down starts fumbling with hands his veins like ants in a ravaged ant-hill see he looks around sweet cold crafty obsolete thin parchment-skin and to think that a fellow like this was a fascist the obverse of madness delusion have to admit that we really are at the antipodes under the sun i at my table and he down below in his chair pretty weird scene with history dispersed everywhere the city sinks slowly the balconies rot the stone is eaten away greybeard i see him under his visor cap caged in pisa's square counting the swallows on their strings memories of guido d'arezzo ah chinese oh yes chinese this very day the newspapers print a photo of mao receiving the japanese after 35 years of war secular hostility he offers to the prime minister poet of small talent type autumn forest the ten volumes bound of chu yuan 3rd century before j-c between the lines read me that'll help your poetry seated suspended mouth upended absented as if on a cloud behind him the drawers file cabinets labels on the table the books which trouble diplomats the little porcelain spittoon the cup of tea doesn't keep the cantos from being a whopping event here too bad he made john adams his marx poets are weak in political

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economy they confuse everything exaggerations intuitions but salty so there it is listen you can distinguish the apparitions the bricks the vermilion boat the ochre walls and the wrinkles on the water it's like squatting on a cornice of the purgatorio complete with geraniums slow wind discreet prophecies and the eternal tells me pass quickly *and the thrones remember'd me* glide the tug-boats fall the hours it wasn't usury that he should have attacked but surplus-value without which regression closing of the belly thorax stiff now you'd think he were going to walk right into the walls the cement in the white of the blue beneath the gulls vom vom of the sirens water-air water-air water-current you'd think there were wings against the facades among the ropes the masts around the bobbing buoys drink your coffee old choruser drink your glass of fresh water again he makes this gesture with his dessicated hands again he glances at one or two women three pigeons two cats on the traghetto and the angels up there holding their wheel in the niche church become administration of dedalus inc between the tanker providentia of monrovia and the steamer appolonia out of athens the adriatic is a spot of lake in the sea a glacier plunged cutting cold mirror the bending shores the ideograms trace themselves twisted unfisted a student unfolds lotta continua close to him what a skim without words is it gay anxiety radar fixity of the eye or is he completely *out* in oblivion mystery spot in the shadow head glow then we'd have two skulls not exactly but you well enough know that we only inhabit one slope and then only a part of the slope and then hardly a mesh an eye of the incline you can feel it sometimes when you wake up you go to sleep you open your eyes again like a dwarf patrolling the terrain over you the flying carpet of a giant from which legends of titans perhaps but what's ejecting us holds away out of the flow a knot a straw a hot pimento what is it that makes us sleep in this safe keep vagina cellar on this subject thought of another aquiline cloven critic but firm inward-turned he feels knowledge ripening skeletal like a rabbi's wine sweet frosty secreted in the ancient torah with its scrolls its casing background of brown velvet golden tiara and dionysos too they say wore a mitre evohe nysaios the cry of the bacchantes torch dance to roam the cosmos and hypnos who complains can't get close to 'im can't make 'im go to sleep so from where this strangulation this hypnosis eve trunk serpent mouth apple cunt covered with leaves hand fruit toward adam back turned toppled screwed there they are hounded under the trees it's true that they're wiser for it but go on then say it let's start over if we can what a lot of work to go to bed clean in clean sheets feel your columned nape taking nothingness into its kidneys soulless throughout the church bouquets o' candles like everywhere else it's the incense scrawled notes saucers holy water the magazines in the stalls famiglia cristiana florid odor of wax children they sing his glory in pop style they seem to be having fun with the priest it persists then there is no choice between force and count'rforce zebra stripes and bandaids blood and husk which would be the form separated deflated appropriated but at least doubly asseverated they don't realize that they are saying identity is a difference in noting simply that identity is different from difference otherwise stick with fundamentals no one asks that much no one requires any one to grasp one two the cadence prego scusi por favor

and don't you think's better in th'north for anesthesia surely every man for himself and porno for all *god save the queen* programmes of princesses note that you have to defend a religious writer in the ussr sigh of the oppressed soul naturalism *remake* tolstol without passions the bourgeoisie hopes that it will turn out this way it's probable at any rate enormous clientele for naturalism the important thing for it is to imagine that we're still pre-'14 that we stay in the 19th at all costs otherwise where is man headed their theory pierces the clouds but their bodies flounder in the roman belle époque note that i say all this without exclamation in the rapid course of the illumination strange that one always neglects in thought that any photo must transcend its negative there we have i should say a sign leap or leap not has the world a will a representation or does it simply fiddle scientists never admit a basic rectification if they haven't made it themselves we need the birth of a new and then a newer generation and already production follows its course the boss his hands in his pockets bawls out his workers you think you're on the eve of a strike and yet tv everywhere biology chemistry yes but what can you really sink your teeth into so you answer a question not precisely asked from which effort and gymnastics but also the open window bye munich madrid copenhagen vienna oslo *immediate boarding* bye bye see you soon i'm going back to the city it occurs to me that colour thinks by itself erases the gesture which consists of a fist full of colour closed so i arrive caverns grottos stalactites stalagmites fountains geysers mustn't sell the skin of the ursus view of the alps shot eveningwards does tragedy really derive from ode song tragos goat buy our gilt-edged luxury edition of this popular book les misérables all of them kept on their night tables catherine de médicis napoleon hitler stalin they trumpeted their admiration for machiavelli's prince cesar borgia ready for anything i summarize therefore hell has a door of iron and a threshold of bronze which proves that for them he was the representation of the past pale trembling forms not at all inspiring hades the rich pluto who greets us all which is to say grotty memory unconsecrated by childhood whereas for us it would burn our butts in the last analysis nothing happens other than liaison with the sun floration burn inhale expire at the bottom of the foggy valley ramparts of steely bronze crests moraines jade lakes we are among them there right there flying beyond i swallowed a great draught of poison and then nothing white moons black moons an altered sense of distance arm longer to the eye attention no more smoking fasten your safety belts send that out by telex new injection engine so the old man opened and closed his jaws a spotted lynx at the cliff-edge why study when time's white wings fly how gentle is mount taishan where the sea is pulled from oblivion out of hell the abysm out of the dust and of the explosion of evil lie down in the grass at 30 m above sea level in arm's reach of the crystalline elbow in the obverse of the transparent water on a bed of pebbles to communicate to terminate that's the law of discourse to go far to finish simplex munditiis like the tresses of circe the seeds of death traverse the year semina motuum shone the eyes mask-less in space in the masks' center the news takes a long time to travel across the translucent ignorance of place omnia quae sunt lumina sunt *from the colour the nature and from the nature the sign* it seems that he remained thus in

excellent humour during all the summer of '45 obtaining the right to use at night the typewriter of the infirmary after which he worked under his tent and the jangling of the machine attacked by the index finger was punctuated by a sharp hum that he emitted at the bell's ringing the end of the line he became more and more depressed one evening i borrowed one of his chinese books don't lose it give it back to me tomorrow he said it's my flesh and blood all the others just about had the migraine *pull down thy vanity i say pull down* but what holds you to life once you have attained the certitude of incertitude nothing holds me to life simply i am immersed in it no don't excuse yourself you belong to the cosmos therefore you participate in its minuscule fraction of truth i on the other hand i no longer am i no longer am what i don't exist any more i have lost the power of achieving my thought with words i would like to explain i i i but everything is so difficult everything is so useless in my opinion billions are spent to wipe out seventeen passages of history that copyists in the middle ages and more recent epochs were dumb enough to let slip by in relation to confucianism christianity can be summarized in a single commandment you shall concern yourself with the business of others before you mind your own the wherewithal the wheel of taxation easier to populate hell than paradise not true or else certain unexpected motions a flight of phosphorus evaporation of atoms in the wake of filtered air we are never simple enough there there truly simple there suspended the currents mingled *so he spoke and river-god at once stopped his stream held back his waves and made the water calm before him and brought him safely to the rivermouth*