

to the purely aesthetic the immediacy of our traversal of the quotidian, the banal but infinite vigilance of our *passage*. Language and form and structure are thus obliged to reinsert themselves into the pertinence of their relationships with the earth, with experience, with the difficult « guardianship » entrusted to them and so nearly forgotten. Questions of the « presence » and the « future » of poetry are meditated both personally and in poetic context, and always with great sensitivity. The multifarious dilemmas of dissociation, disjunction, deformation, are not side-stepped. The challenge is, and always has been, to assume them, to think them, to write them, in a gesture at once of raw, inalienable existential consent or recognition, of reflective contestation or confrontation, of, finally, creative (writerly or « readerly ») « transcendence, » imminent though it may be, or what Reverdy once called « consubstantiation » of word and world.

A fine book. No reader of Baudelaire or Mallarmé should miss reading its chapters entitled « Prose et poésie » and « Pensée et poésie. »

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Eugène Guillevic/Pierre-Yves Gervais. *Elle*.

Paris : Deyrolle, 1993. 85FF.

Eugène Guillevic/Marc Desgranchamps. *L'Innocent*.

Paris : Deyrolle, 1993. 75FF.

A serenity and an urgency, at once ethical, psychological and ontological, traverse the recent poetic production of Guillevic, a production that, furthermore, shows no sign of slackening its rate and whose meditative depth leaves him firmly in the top rank of living writers. In addition to the substantial *Maintenant*, then, 1993 offers us two delicately voiced volumes, or *poèmes* : *Elle* and *L'Innocent*, both illustrated or, better, accompanied by, respectively, the fine aquatints, acid washes,

burins, etchings and *pointes sèches* of Pierre-Yves Gervais, and the haunting tracery of Marc Desgranchamps' ink drawings.

Elle provides, in Guillevic's compact and, here, grouped binary and discontinuously / continuously rhythmmed structures, and via various rhetorical approaches, a portrayal of (a) woman at once unpretentious and gently purposive. Lyrical fancies have but a small place, ostensibly, though the poem never ceases to sing and to thank. Looping evocations are more in evidence : « Elle a de l'arbre / Ce que celui-ci / Tait de lui-même. / Porteuse / D'assez de douceur / Pour pouvoir la cacher. » The blatant so often is linked with the ineffable. Shifting perception within the wilful closure of the poem is somehow mimetic of (a) woman's changing states within some « pretended » essence, some *comme si* unity. Guillevic sees within « her, » the perfect convergence of appearance and mystery — « Elle est un besoin / Qu'a le mystère / De se manifester, » — just as he recognises in her being an exquisite synonymousness of struggle and centredness, and just as, for him, « she » seems ideally to emblematisé that enigmatic human fusion of flesh and spirit. Her triumph lies, however, in the force of her smile, the power of innocence she would have within the other, the contagion of her love.

L'Innocent, by these yardsticks, is a firm but subtle projection of Guillevic's « feminine » side in that it is founded upon initially elaborated principles of openness, reception, « allowing » and « graftedness, » whilst moving towards an ethics/aesthetics/ontology dependent upon will and the search for inner purity. « Le beau / Est ce qui donne à vivre / L'innocence du monde, » he writes, knowing yet that beauty needs, in order to be, our recognition. Then only, via a return to such original simplicity of perception, can each of us, together, « couler, source, / Dans la source. » The problematics of this kind of discourse is essentially double : « Déjà coupable / Quand on parle d'innocence : » we do not tolerate in each other the discourse of innocence, preferring the language of judgement, guilt, *mal* ; secondly, we each are plagued by a nagging sense, within, of personal or generalized problem, accursedness, accusableness. Guillevic's entire *oeuvre* has struggled to trace a way out of this labyrinth. If, then, vestiges of past emotion and belief linger, so

too is he gently vigorous in urging upon us our options. « Invente / ce que tu veux en toi, » he writes, ever beseeching us to see in the things of the world — streams, birds, a cow's udder, prairies — a natural, uncomplicated « frisson de l'universel » which we all share, know, but from which we somehow have grown to dissociate ourselves. Seen through the strictly sociological microscope, the world may seem to seeth with a hurt that « traverses me. » Seen in the mirror of eternity and an eternity ever born now, innocence exists and never ceases to thrust before and within us the model of its secret.

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Yves Bonnefoy. *Remarques sur le dessin.*

Paris : Mercure de France, 1993. 15 pages. 89FF.

The writings of Yves Bonnefoy are today extraordinarily extensive, ranging from the earlier *Peintures murales de la France gothique* (1954), *L'Improbable* (1959) and *Un rêve fait à Martoue* (1967), through the growingly intense *Rome 1630* (1970), *L'Arrière-pays* (1972) and *Le Nuage rouge* (1977), to the wonderfully and so varyingly focussed *Sur un sculpteur et des peintres* (1989), *Alberto Giacometti* (1989) and shorter pieces such as *Pierre Alechinsky, les Traversées* (1992). The present *Remarques sur le dessin* gathers together the three texts of the limited 1992 edition *Comme aller loin, dans les pierres* (« La Sente étroite vers tout, » « Devant la Sainte-Victoire, » « Comme aller loin, dans les pierres »), but without the original's lithographs by Cartier-Bresson, and a fourth text, « L'Arbre, le Signe, la Foudre, » appearing earlier in 1993 with work by Alexandre Hollan.

What may be said initially to fascinate Bonnefoy in these texts where the root assumptions and purpose of artistic and poetic practice are rethought with ever new delicacy, is a residual fullness attaching to « le presque rien d'une ligne qui hésite, qui s'interrompt, » a sense that persists, through insufficiency and minimalness, of origin, source and unspeakable meaning. Giacometti's questing and constant *recommencement*