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**Françoise Hàn. *Profondeur du champ de vol*. Nîmes: Cadex Éditions. 1994. 47 pages. ISBN 1159-683X.**

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The work of Françoise Hàn began in 1956 with her *Cité des hommes* and has since blossomed into an oeuvre of significant proportions and pressing power. *Profondeur du champ de vol* is her fifth title since the 1988 *Hors saisons* and is preceded by the very recent *Même nos cicatrices* (1993) and *Cherchant à dire l'absence* (1994). As with many writers of our time and we readily understand them in this regard Françoise Hàn can be quick to question the logic, the purpose, the worth of all artistic endeavour. "Laissons-nous rien d'autre," she asks, "que signes asséchés, vocables dessouchés, brisures?" Her answer is at once halting, intermittently run through with further hesitation, and yet often intuitively sure. Writing is thus a writing "with all one's body, and so that all may be present;" despite difficulty it thus remains intense action, total ontic involvement, and as she implies elsewhere, art as a whole always constitutes "une libation à l'invisible."

The problems at the root of her unease may be said to be essentially three in number:

1. the feeling that writing is somehow forced to become "l'impossible récit de la douleur du monde:" it must assume the difficulty of the other, and not just of the self, and this is deemed to be impossible despite its necessity.

2. our knowing is held to be inadequate, our seeing fragmented at best, ever short of "le dessin d'ensemble:" this, of course, provokes discontinuities of all kinds, syntactic and prosodic, emotional and intellectual, a textual-mental process so often proceeding "par bribes, par érucations, par balbutiements;"

3. the poet, caught in a world with paradise lost and without any paradise regainable, is daily plunged into a present whose endless rewriting we have seen already to be "impossible:" aporia, paradox, suspension reign, seemingly, for song or something less than song ticks on in "[un] monde [qui] n'est pas chantable."

We are, then, not far here from that poetics of ruination etched out in writers as nevertheless distinct as Robbe-

Grillet, Frénaud, Jaccottet. But, just as in them, other equilibrating perspectives emerge, so do they in Hàn, albeit tensely. Persistence, dogged pursuit, thus reveals its virtues, just as continued questioning may hope to find a way through impasse. If there are terrible violences felt to be threatening, so too is there and one thinks here of Jaccottet's own "reversal" in *Cahier de verdure* what Hàn terms "une fleur de béatitude [dans l'herbe]," or, more mysteriously still, that "sharp slope, falling sheer into the uncreated, full-bathed with light." The uncreated, the still-to-be-created, thus offers itself as a place, a means, of rich, exquisite feasibility or imaginability, if I may put it so, and this despite the blockages and felt impossibility Hàn continues to articulate simultaneously. Although, then, she may see no fixed, defined path available, movement, journey, "[ce] tapis roulant de métamorphoses," can provide a level of availability and conceivable transformation that, at best, may indeed offer answers to the desperate outcry: "Ça sert à quoi, le hurlement de la poésie tombée dans la neige?" Meaning may darken over, in world and word, and the ruins of writing / thought / emotion may be said to "prostitute themselves in full daylight." But ultimately, what this means is that love and the gift of self, whilst tra-

versing crisis, do unflinchingly persist: in that they are not passive and acquiescent, but patiently "inhabit the real," prodding, seeking, ever possibilising its luminous createdness-to-be.

Michael Bishop  
*Dalhousie University*

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**Raymond Guy LeBlanc.**

*La mer en feu: poèmes 1964-1992.*

**Moncton: Éditions Perce-Neige**

**/L'Orange Bleue Éditeur. 1993. 204 p.**

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Ce dernier recueil de Raymond Guy LeBlanc n'est pas, comme on pourrait le penser à prime abord, la reprise de publications antérieures aujourd'hui épuisées ou difficiles d'accès. Il s'agit plutôt d'un grand nombre de textes périphériques, certains très importants, qui depuis les premiers écrits de LeBlanc à l'âge de 19 ans jusqu'à aujourd'hui, ont accompagné l'oeuvre publiée et s'en sont fait le prolongement. Très sollicité après la publication de *Cri de terre* en 1972, LeBlanc a été amené à produire au gré des circonstances une oeuvre assez dispersée et