Beckett or Frénaud, an absolutely crucial residue: "le sourire que je garde où l’esprit a quelquefois traversé tout ce qui interdit de sourire." Writing as a vigorous slicing through (the language of) experience, but without any “epilogue,” as Andrée Chedid has put it, and always ana-logically, via a slipping, ever-shifting articulation of what is: "comme est le sol où mon pied a eu place;" “trancher sans conclure.” One of France’s very great poets...

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Last year Pierre Dhainaut republished with Mercure de France, in telescoped and substantially rewritten form, his complete poetical oeuvre. It was a bold and fascinating gesture to make the reader think seriously about the status of any written work, any expression of thought and emotion, the frail provisionality and yet the surging buoyancy of our definition, nomination and creation of experience and being. Paroles dans l’approche initially defines the poem as “un arbre / qui ordonnera d’un souffle la tempête;” its function is organisational, pacific, transformational, perhaps consolatory but, more importantly, interventional, interacting with disturbance in order to (re)create coherence. The poem may offer, via this process, a measure of self-knowledge, but its power is, in Dhainaut’s view, also centrifugal, pushing us away from “concern for ourselves,” ideally reminding us always of our primary immersion in “la vie fidèle, .. .la vie prodigue.” Perhaps above all Paroles dans l’approche reveals that the poetic act has come to represent for Dhainaut an available level of sheer psychic / creative innocence, an open, (self-)deprogramming, almost childlike attention which, in turn, allows access to a wider ontic consciousness, to a sense of inexhaustible “original” meaning, to the ease, “accord” and “exaltation” arising from such expansion. Paroles dans l’approche constitutes, in effect, “une parole (qui) collabore à l’invisible / avec le bruit vêhément du feuillage.” Its transcendance is deeply embedded in the moment, the telluric. Its rightness remains rite of passage.

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With books such as *Les Imrécauteurs de Prague* (1987) and *Traité de la mélancolie de Cerf* already under his belt, and having published in 1989 the collection *Horde* whose lines of perception the present volume may be said to continue and develop, Christian Doumet is also the co-author, with François Boddart of the recent important quasi-manifesto, *Pour affoler le monstre* (1997). *Horde, suite* quickly has us understand the degree to which, for Doumet, poetry offers no ontological excarnation (as Bonnefoy writes), always anchoring itself (even if precariously) in terrestrial perspective, *in situ mundi*. The three sectional titles, “Castellaccio,” “Pays livré” and “Les Remparts de Sienne,” are indicative in this regard, and we are never far from the contemplated experience of stone or insect, mist or shutter, fig-tree or sunset. If, then, we can speak of some felt, believed retrait (cf. Derrida, Deguy, etc.) Of being and poetry, it is a “movement” simultaneous with their revelation, their alethia / inscription. Much, in effect, is tensional, riddled with the paradox in Doumet, as with other contemporary writers, poets and novelists alike: the “désir de finitude” and a haunting sense of the infinite; an equally minimal and maximal conception of human creativity’s relation to the Creation; the “loss” entailed in nomination and the reserve available in the unnamed, the unintelligible; the gift of illuminated immanence and the irony of our thought’s / text’s “struggle” with an “ignorance” “à la recherche d’une entrée au monde;” the at once competing and complementary logics of writing seen as real self-structuring and purely symbolic description (“enfin se reconstruire et peindre allégorie”). *Horde, suite* is, in effect, very much concerned with authenticity and plenitude, whilst never losing sight of the challenges and fragility that may be said to accompany the articulations of experience, “le peu qu’il extorqu(e) de la beauté du jour.” *Horde, suite* is the temporary QED to such equations.

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The writings of Richard Rognet go back as far as 1978 with *L’Épouse émietée* and extend, through the 80’s and 90’s with books such as *Le Transi* (1985) and *Maurice, amoroso* (1991), to the 1992 volume appearing with Gallimard and the present collection, recipient of the Prix Apollinaire. Rognet’s work has a very distinctive

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