

a loving embrace of itself and of all it renders possible (cf. 155). In these ways Guillevic the materialist traverses physicality, attains to something of those symbolic dimensions of being we can only experience within, not replicate for a rational consumption Guillevic's work ultimately bypasses.

Philippe Jaccottet. *Et, néanmoins.* Paris: Gallimard, 2001. 96 pages. 10,52 euros, ISBN 2-07-076'91-4.

“nd, nevertheless”: a title speaking as have so many of Philippe Jaccottet's books, of an impulse to recuperate that which seems lost, ruined, degraded, of a both visceral and philosophical dialectics of moral impotence and spiritual feasibility yet not susceptible of synthesis. Faced implicitly – and, elsewhere, more explicitly – with the anguishing contradictions of collective, planetary events and, ultimately, with what is felt to be the definitiveness of death, that great mental and emotional blockage, there yet remain, for example, violets:

Rien qu'une touffe de violettes pâles,

une touffe de ces fleurs faibles et presque fades, et un enfant jouant dans le jardin... (19)

A clarity of vision suddenly can seem possible at such moments of experience, an unmasking of what is can occur, a sense of what, “perhaps”, lies beyond our terrified equations. Jaccottet's writing constantly returns to such moments, to the dream they incarnate, the residual desire to “bring back to the house of the world the soul, wounded, lost, or so it thought itself to be” (29). If such moments recur, however, Jaccottet so frequently insists they are the “opening up of an avenue; but nothing more” (23). Thus, Jaccottet argues, have we lost the *name* – the language – of the very light needed “in order to hail it” (13); thus will Jaccottet repeatedly insist upon the *separation* from self of those very things – flowers, birds, trees, etc. – that, yet, strangely speak to him; thus can Jaccottet, in spite of his instincts and his intuitions, characterize such “things” as “unneeded, valueless, powerless” (76).

Nevertheless..., even if the “reality” of death can appear unquestionable, the absurdity of its logic can be felt by Jaccottet: brief epiphanies orient him towards a sense of the profound otherness of self and all phe-

nomena; the latter's beautiful self-radiation offers the sign, and the (half-trusted) experience, of phenomena's "illumination beyond [themselves]" (52-3); Hölderlin's view that the pure "enigma" of being, of presence, is what allows it to radiate, can be felt and briefly lived by the poet of *Éléments d'un songe* and *Cahier de verdure*. Ultimately, Jaccottet confesses, he is up against "a limit for the mind incapable of truly thinking" beyond what he calls here mere "parentheses".

A poet for our time? Certainly, but one that would dearly love to catapult our time beyond its *paraître* into the realm of its desired, and intermittently dreamed, true *être*.

Yves Bonnefoy. *Le Cœur-espace*. Tours : Farrago, 2001. 61 pages. 13,72 euros. ISBN 2-84490-071-2.



Accompanied by Maria Silvia Da Re's interview with Yves Bonnefoy and a note by Odile Bombarde on the establishment of the text, here, after many years, are both the 1945 long version and the 1961 compacted version of *Le Cœur-espace*, the longish surrealist poem with its "glimpse of fantasmatic figures, frightening ones moreover, stuck in the petrifications of a childhood in many respects poor" (41). Not taken up by Bonnefoy, like the *Traité du pianiste* (also recently republished, and discussed by the poet), in earlier collections of his poetry, *Le Cœur-espace*, especially in its longer form, did not, and still does not, correspond to its author's developed sense of "true poetry [as] a taking up of responsibility". "I could only be struck, he writes, by the considerable number of images I was unable to assume serious responsibility for, as if they were the fruit of that "automatic" writing which in surrealist texts allows itself to become distracted by associations of fleeting ideas, without rootedness in the author's existence" (50). The kind of "responsibility" Bonnefoy has in mind entails a conscious, interrogative filtering of poetry's attentiveness – which remains fundamental – to "what comes from beneath conscious thought", a filtering that allows for a distinction between the dross of language and thought, all that is "secondary, inessential, foreign to the drama being played out" (50) and those vital, perhaps obscure, though felt and urgent elements of experience that poetic language can, and should, mull and meditate beyond the temptations of their shimmer and gratuitous drift.

L'Espace-cœur, like *Traité du pianiste*, provides us with valuable documents allowing us to understand the evolution of Bonnefoy's subtle