

sens des perdants, or *Ce qui est* (1995): all is grist to Hubin's "poesophical", "philopoetic" (as Jean-Claude Pinson might write) mode. Clarity and cogency vie with ellipsis and a certain gnomicness that comes from dense and brief articulation in the tradition of Charian *art bref* and its consequent apophthegmatic or, simply, notational manners, esoteric or plain. Hubin can quote and discuss Delteil and Mandiargues, Nerval and Novalis, Eliot and P. Wateau, Munier and Bachelard, E. Dickinson and Chappuis, Bonnefoy and Daumal, Garelli and Bataille, Daive and Juarroz. The range is dizzying. And then there is music, postmodernism, Vermeer, Rothko, and the endlessly resurgent issue of poetry that haunts the mind of French poets as a generic problematic barely touching the minds of many who write and read it in other parts of the world. And, in addition, our mind's eye is invited to flit from Prague to the Morbihan, from Beaune to Rocroi, from New York to Eymoutiers. There are, in *Le sens des perdants* – a title that reveals a certain preoccupation, less, as Hubin says, with *l'inadmissible* than with the dystopic, the melancholic – many enthusiasms and appreciations. If they tend, like raw experience itself, to be problematised, it is not out of perversity but due to a radically felt dialecticisation of the meaning of human aspirations and hopes, gestures and achievements. Ultimately, poetry, with its others, is a song of being, beyond having, of a doing whose logic is withdrawn within its own parameters.

There is a great deal of food for thought in *Le sens des perdants*, but, as the English say, don't believe everything you read in the papers – any more than Hubin himself.

Françoise Hân. *Ne pensant à rien.* Remoulins sur Gardon: Jacques Brémont, 2002. 47 pages. ISBN 2-910063-81-X.



n exquisitely produced book by a poet who has recently offered us *Une fête même au creux du sombre* (1997, Rougerie) and *L'évolution des paysages* (2000, Cadex) and whose work goes back as far as 1956 with *Cité des hommes* (Seghers)... And beautifully interlaced with the *encres* of Jean-Michel Marchetti.

The title, of course, is taken *à rebours* – it comes from Michaux- for this elegant, slim collection is anything but an unthinking jumble of signs. Any sorrow that may arise, any sense of alienation in the midst of the world's powerfully contrastive structure, is here taken as a point of departure, a springboard allowing for some perhaps improbable – Françoise Hân

has herself been given at times to dwell upon existential problem more than her residual vision but real resurgent sense of primordial grace. Gazing upon what is, respecting ‘reality’, is so often our individual and collective mode of being and leads almost fatally to feelings of void(edness) and confusion. Writing, however, for Hân, remains that means of maintaining our deep ontic flow, of generating a more cosmic meditative gathering of self and other, of treading some real *chemin d'étoiles* amidst the ambient darkness. *Ne pensant à rien* thus articulates a dialectics of conceivable fragility and dispersal, marvel and energy – an energy that dictates our profusely ever upsurging “desire to live”. The final poem, possibly in part an ekphrastic reflection on Marchetti’s terminal *encre*, wonders why we allow to develop within our consciousness the less-than-perfect when, I read, the very feasibility of creative flow is a denial of imperfection.

Françoise Hân’s work is one of the most important feminine poetic oeuvres of the last forty years in France and merits our greater critical attention.

Jean-Michel Maulpoix. *Chutes de pluie fine.* Paris: Mercure de France, 2002. 185 pages. 15,50 Euros. ISBN 2-7152-2317-X.

The poetic voice of Jean-Michel Maulpoix is amongst the most distinctive and lyrically, ethically urgent of the past twenty or more years. It has tended to move towards a free-flowing yet intensely articulated prose manner, as here, one that spontaneously establishes its rhythms, the music of its annotations, what Reverdy termed that personal “discipline” constantly surging forth, visceral yet informed by a *justesse* that obeys no aesthetic outside of its own intuitive self-assembly. *Chutes de pluie fine* is something of a travel diary. “Le réel est toute ma pensée”, Maulpoix writes (13), thereby seemingly distancing himself from those “excarinating” aspects of poets such as Baudelaire, Mallarmé and Rimbaud who, yet, have frequently preoccupied his critical mind. If what he has termed, after Mallarmé, *un instinct de ciel* continues to hover above this and other volumes, it engenders no escapism: life itself is a baroque, difficult but nearly sufficient act and place of art; the experiences it affords, the poet merely gathers, “put[s] together” (13), collages into reciprocated offerings: “ce sont là mes histoires d’amour: chutes ou poussées de fièvre à la pointe de la plume” (49).

Of course, Baudelaire and Rimbaud – like Van Gogh, quoted liminally – never cease to embrace a world they were not excessively fond of and