

which at once distance and assist in drawing near, to stage its existential pertinences alters nothing of the fact that the latter are *felt*, by reader and even our "dead author". "C'est moi sans glose/c'est moi sans rature", Boyer wittily but intensely remarks in the midst of his *récit*. He concludes thusly:

difficile d'imaginer qu'on puisse avoir mal au cœur
ailleurs que dans son propre cœur

A voice that can speak well to many kids about many kids. And with insight and simple charm.

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Liliane Atlan. *Quelques pages arrachées au Grand Livre des Rêves*. Paris : L'Harmattan, 1999. 100 pages. ISBN 2-7384-8296-1; *Petites bibles pour mauvais temps*, Paris : L'Harmattan, 2001. 320 pages. ISBN 2-7475-0268-6..

The work of Liliane Atlan may be said to have reached today the high point of its multifaceted accomplishments. That the latter are not merely aesthetic but profoundly existential, ontological in their bearing upon us, only embellishes them the more. *Petites bibles pour mauvais temps* offers us **B** globally, at the heart of the swirling poetic voicings of *Les Passants*, *Concert brisé*, *Tuer la mort* and the brilliant eponymous final text **B** the lucid and witting transfiguration of disaster into *louange* and *danse* **B** not simply, indeed at all, a funereal eulogy, but a genuine, felt opening of the serial gates of a dancing celebration of being in a place one might have expected to yield nothing but wailing and despair. This, then, is bold, visionary writing, better *rewriting*, of a vital feasibility ever available, despite the Shoah, if we reach for it. A post-Auschwitz lyricism of a particular order, thought impossible **B** yet made possible so that death not remain our inevitable fugue. Little wonder that her work, particularly the theatre (from *Les Messies ou le mal de terre* to *Les Musiciens, les émigrants*) and *Un opéra pour Terezin*, but the poetry too and other writings generically unclassifiable, have increasingly drawn the praise of a wide range of critics in France and many other countries.

Quelques pages arrachées au Grand Livre des Rêves. "Empreintes [qui] restent, confuses, poignantes [, voici] les traces d'une vie de l'âme dans la chair, d'une vie de la chair dans l'âme, d'une pensée nocturne, élémentaire, à l'oeuvre dans nos personnes comme dans l'univers". Dream discourses, shimmeringly but brilliantly outlined, evoked with tight concision and unflinching clarity of articulation, these are texts speaking not just some complex chaos of the psyche, but the latter's opening within us of the doors of our strange and uplifting inner mystery.

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