
A tripartite book is offered us here: a long and rich interview with Pierre Dhainhaut, conducted by Patricia Castex Menier; some previously unpublished notes on what constitutes the poetic; an inédit entitled Visages du qui-vive. And this is, indeed, a fine balance in a fine book by a poet who, in 1996, gathering together selections of his earlier work dating back to 1969 for a collective volume with Mercure de France, ended up radically and movingly rewriting his selections to give us his beautiful Dans la lumière inachevée. Elaborated far from the madding crowd of theorists and formalists, Dhainhaut’s reflection on the poetic tell us much about his work as a whole: the primacy of the lived, the touched, the seen, but also the felt and what is "dreamed" in the inner world; the reciprocal lessons thus to be explored (rather than learned or fixed) allying the poetic and the telluric; the sense of that ever renewable "opening" the poetic can create, essentially within us, and deep; the consequent limitlessness of poetry's domain, its energizing of us, too, via its surging from realms quite indescribable and with purposes often obscure at the heart of the poetic gesture, beyond contestation or even revolt; the sense of language's — and being's — vast, inexhaustible global field of meaning, one poem ever related to all of poetry; "paroles de vie, quoi qu'il arrive", something we can all too easily forget in our hierarchisation and judging of difference. Poetry, for Dhainhaut, perhaps at best, is a "caresse franchissant/l'écorce, le galet, la paupière close": it is access, desire thereof, attentiveness, love. His poetic texts unfold with serenity, in compact stanzas, haiku-like almost at times. Insights are darting, though never abrupt, violent, seeking to avoid the flagrant or the demonstrative. A subtle pen, and one worthy of our patient attention.

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The third of three volumes to date devoted to a selection of André du Bouchet’s private notebooks, Annotations sur l’espace takes the earlier work one step further by erasing all trace of the time of composition. This, of course, as the title shows, is a thoroughly deliberate decision and emblematic of a long-standing

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and more recently strongly felt sense that, "beyond the fragmentation, the "incoherence", the flagrant specificity too, of individual texts — poems, essays, diaries: all (his) writing — lies a continuum, a long single sentence that time has little or nothing to do with. This sense of the fluidity, the interwovenness, the curious openended and unfinishable — and still non-cohering — unity of his own thought, is reflected too in, for example, the recent publication of L'Emportement du muet (2000) — the title, of course, speaks eloquently of obsession and passion, of an ultimately unsayable totality, or mere something, carried off, swept away by (no-)time: L'Emportement gathers together essays on Poussin and Baudelaire, Tal Coat and Stétié, others less "focussed; all, however, appear without reference to earlier publishing detail, appear as if for the first time, in a no-time continuum erasing their circumstantiality, or, better, redefining and relocating it according to a vision of writing and thought seemingly at once absolutised and relativised.

Many "fragments" of Annotations sur l'espace may be said to meditate, elliptically yet with pointed clarity, issues such as those I have just exposed. We read, for example:

- ce qui, là, est dit n'est pas couvert par la notation
- le dire comme n'avoir une fois de plus rien dit
- seuil d'érosion
- son propre langage dans une intermittence de/dépossession, et de retrouvailles, également, peut parler
- rien, du coup, qui ne me soit/page/intacte, page déchirée
- face imprimée redevient pur papier

And so on. The beauty of these notebooks is that, precisely, we feel freer still to step outside circumstance into something principal, yet all the better to step back into the lived strangeness of our time and place and, perhaps, our writing, too, of this strangeness.

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The liminal poem of Reverdir, "Visage de l'univers", presents to the reader the fundamental dialectic that haunts so many early modern, modern and postmodern texts, that tussle, devastating for some, a means of sharpening desire for