

(04.07.3. 球詩コンペティション)

きかい[他会] 기회 [Kiwae : キフイ]

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| 機会 | きかい | Gelegenheit |
| 機会 | きかい | an opportunity, a chance, an occasion, a situation |
| 機会 | きかい | Gelegenheitsgelegenheit |
| 機会 | きかい | Gelegenheitsgelegenheit |
| 機会 | きかい | Gelegenheitsgelegenheit |

機会

三の階乗

[Three] Factorial

Translations

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機会

(a) calling poetry

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[Three] Factorial

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Production Notes

This is the third issue of *Factorial*, and perhaps it's time to say something. *Factorial* was established in 2001 with the intent to publish collaborative writing only (see issue 2 for the story). After the fire pieces by Bobbie West and her family (issue 2 again), and after having spent some time in Tokyo, where most of my extended and immediate family live, I decided the next issue could be a ‘family issue’ — and asked people to write collaboratively with family members. The little response I did get included something like this: “I’m trying to get my brother to take some pictures of Hooters waitresses and retarded people and drunken NASCAR fans so that I can write some text and send it along to *Factorial*, but everyone in my family except me is an enemy of art.” This from Scott Bryan Wilson.

Meanwhile I had been translating poetry from Japanese for *Aufgabe*, a process which put me in touch with other translators and translations, and more Japanese poetry I wanted to share, translated or not — including this issue’s cover art, Gozo Yoshimasu’s multilingual notes to a talk he gave a few months ago in Tokyo. Throw in some new translations of French poetry, and the result is this: *Factorial* has morphed to include translations.

The original intent was to make this a bicultural book — that the Japanese section would start at the ‘back’ of the book, with the Japanese text reading top to bottom, right to left. As it turns out, logistics (or finances: ¥102,900, anyone?) made this impossible, and thus the Japanese text is printed Western style, and so it goes.

This issue presents a range of Japanese poets, from the well established to the lesser known, including a musician. I also received translations of the French poetry of Henri Michaux and Pierre Jean Jouve, so I then went on a quest to find their Japanese equivalents. A letter I received from Michaux’s translator strongly cautioned me against the great ‘cultural crime’ I would be committing if I published Takashi Hiraide as a representative of Japanese poetry. Since crime has been a minor theme running through previous issues of *Factorial*, I am hereby pleased to be able to commit this particular crime in three different languages. Jouve’s Japanese translator, Masako Taniguchi, came through to me at the very last hour.

Hiroshi Katayose, the cover designer and a remarkable young improvisational performer, noted that my editing process seemed to resemble the act of being a DJ. This seems like a pleasant analogy, as many of the works included here have been published previously in Japan and France. Most of the translations are new — they are samples from various books, or remixes, if you will. I like the idea of creating a new context for old work, an immigration of poetry. Word-jockey or cultural criminal, I just follow the horse, me and Pollagoras and the Prolificientarians.

I would like to express my great thanks and admiration to the translators of this issue — Eric Selland, Ryoko Sekiguchi, Stacy Doris, Jeffrey Angles, Keith Waldrop, Laura Wright, D.W. Wright, and Masako Taniguchi — for their hours of labor and love that produced these translations. If anyone else is inclined, please feel free to join this mad ride (crime) of translation.

This issue is dedicated in memory of Cid Corman and Sharon Kish.

Sawako Nakayasu
August 22, 2004

◀ furansugo

◀ japonais

▶ English

AYANE KAWATA
from Time of Sky

26

Please come —
Birds
A blast of wind
Flowing lips
Poplars desperately flaring up —
Incessantly

27

Will the lark's vein blow up
Or will an earful of the distant blue make its way inside

28

Lips thrust out
Dodging Lila's sludge
Veering from the stairs
A bored angel turns the corner

29

The birds that walk impatiently around the row of ginkgo trees sparkling
in the fainted woman

30

At the speed of a reed of blood crawling about the brain
As if to assault —
Sing

31

Teeth of light irritably chew apart the wheatfield and it becomes a convulsive midday.

32

Ears are covered up with the window breath of plaster
Stars decompose violently
There is no canoe
Buttercups bloom in profusion

33

Midday
Until the massacre in the embers of the eyes of the lark falling full speed
subside!

34

Have the wheels gone numb
Or are they springs
Or are the lacerated branches sparkling

35

Until my sky is cornered into that organ that is faster than a blast of wind,
faster than a lily bud

36

The light, the smell of blood
All the larks go mad and the spring grows thick
The pot opens its mouth

37

O naked women letting out a scream and passing through the invisible
automatic doors of the blue sky

translated from Japanese by SAWAKO NAKAYASU

RYOKO SEKIGUCHI
from (com)position

Touch

To touch is, more than anything else,
first a sensual act.



The sensation of tightly embracing a gentle
presence on a considerably hot, early afternoon.



The sensation of
being embraced by an ambiguous existence
on a day when the vicinity contains heat.



To touch is (the body exceeding the region
it now is) to touch.



To try and touch me
is to know the unfathomable distance
between the living and that which is not.

You can't
go on living without
constantly touching something.



I proceed to ascertain the world.
By touching all things, little by little
I come to understand.



Even so, there are things I lose sight of
at the moment of touch.



The attempt to retrieve a touch
already lost is to remember
how you loved that object.

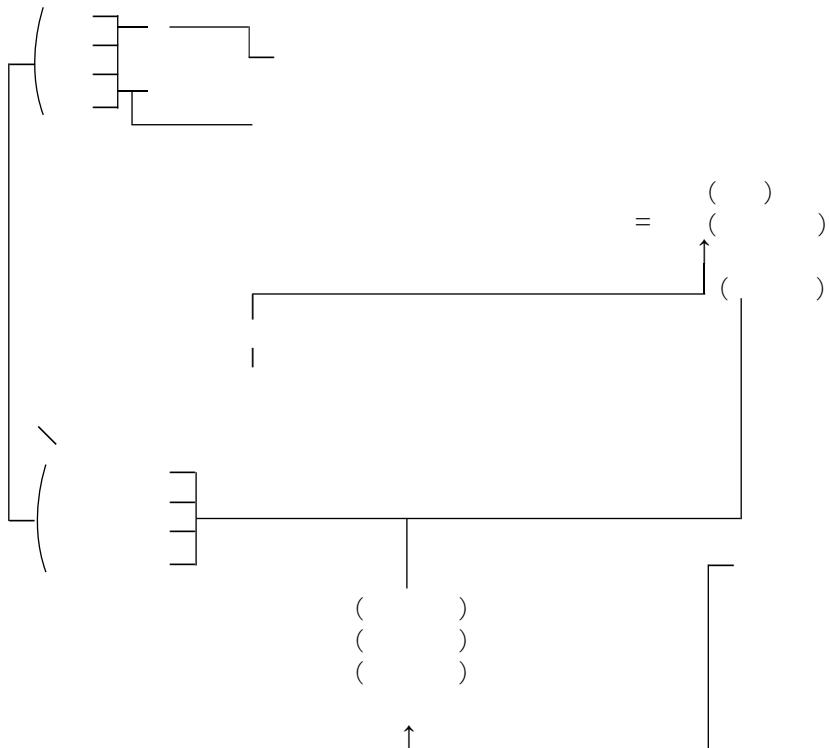


Sadness has no sensation.

Texture: 22×33×5

Accurately describe a fresh apple cake giving off warm steam, moving toward decay.

Texture: $(22 \times 33) \times 5$



→

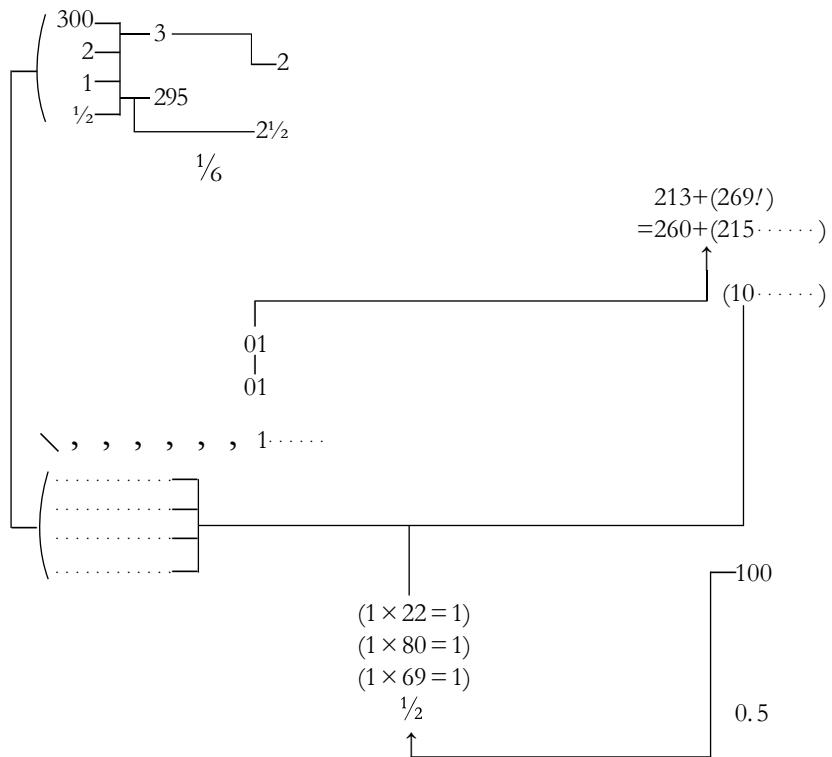
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=Texture: $22 \times (33 \times 5)$

Texture: $22 \times (33 \times 5)$



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$\leftarrow 175^\circ \text{ C}$

=Texture: Fresh Apple Cake

Texture: Fresh Apple Cake

...Now create an object to find what was lost in form and process. Carefully walk along with each one, dropping them one at a time as you go. Then condense them. It is desirable to make the objects in accordance with an established unit. You can even see the particles. A condensed space. Not form, but the line of sight directed here and there, and the way they move and jump all around while placing them after. The word 'limit.' The same object in its position — when you notice its limits the air changes. Air that wavers. Language. And in its progressively changing, it is about to undergo the process again. It attempts to replace language. It cannot go any further than this. You can't keep making them till the end, so probably the final spot will change. The word 'end.' Climax.

translated from Japanese by ERIC SELLAND

RYOKO SEKIGUCHI
from Tracing

He who sees with one eye cannot put the cap on the pen

< right eye/>

Leave right away. This idea had already brought me to the market entry, whose straw-covered roof-arcades spanned alleys and sheltered us. Because it's summer, I step a little quicker, the contours of objects that make these scorching days stand out will be signposts for our meeting. Silver trays, blue slippers, grapes (how deep in the pulp will light penetrate?), in place of what marks the seconds, pronouncing this way, my steps, sure, distance in turn the places of an instant before. Rip open and spread out the skin of the scene like lightning, eyes meeting trace an arc unveil this act. Dust, little spirals rising at the feet of passersby, I, who can distinguish each and every color of these corpuscles, don't know my own destination, turn at the corner, nearly smash my hand against the dirt wall. Because drops on the wall brought me back, the last time we saw each other, to the remote cove of the town I had visited a thick shadow (me, stumbled), I couldn't walk very fast maybe because of that and remembering it I don't notice I'm going down. More and more, the sight of my steps enlarges because of the sloping, which also accelerates the speed, I'm seized with vertigo, photos taken, superimposed, thousands and thousands (how pathetic the sight), pushing, this sparks the force of attraction, lazy-eyed, she comes charging down (not knowing she inhabits the same organ). Flash of the metallic lance, armor-meshed shadows, in the confusion ruled by phosphenes, all the same, the last step of the right foot continues its thrust, the meeting's air grazes a shoulder. In that instant, about to take a step, someone (for example this figure) could have stopped, as I understood it, just after the eyes wanting to see covered the sight but also the elusive distance, no holding it back anymore.

<left eye/ >

I vaguely remember having made a promise. Thinking about it, I was at the beginning of a place where daylight filtered here and there (fresh, but radiating like stripes) that the people call ‘market.’ Perspire/evaporate (since I am so far from the *water stone*), I welcome the slowed repetition on my body, a slight astringency accompanies this joy. Maybe a sign of something; encouraged by that impression, I prolong my steps with a fine obliquity. Touch, and fragile sight which leave this flesh ajar to the outside (lodge myself in the grape’s pulp?) sustain a life. Go on, this neighborhood I know from childhood, though the names of the streets themselves don’t come back to me, my steps become fetters and, vacillating, turn to a path that isn’t straight. Inside, I traced an uncertain figure from memory or imagination, fluttering image, in the depths of a roomful of setting sun, I receive in my palm the sharp droplets of a visit that still smells of water, troubling times, the slope doesn’t bother me. The tips of the toes that dig in deeper and deeper, in this sensation, I was still trying to conjecture another name to give the incident (should it be called *covering*?), the link between absolute slowness and vision. Accelerate/impossible, a wrong move due to the size of the angle’s difference, I take in despite myself, intense eyes (somehow I await them) seeking their match. In the same instant, the shock of seeing my feet launch into my field of vision, colors high from the start, this proliferation more poison than beings, suffering which renders the clarity of contours, made me lose my balance, I stopped suddenly; I couldn’t keep from shutting my eyes, because of a figure crossing, like the course of a blade. We crossed, and perceiving that, I reopened my eyes; light once again gently bathed the contours and it was too late. When will we meet again?

translated from French by STACY DORIS

CHIMAKO TADA

The Town of Mirrors or the Forest of Eyes

1

The town is nothing but mirrors
The mirrors are nothing but eyes
This town is a dense forest of eyes
In which leafy veins spread out wide

*

The trees join arms and weave a code of laws
Shadows and trembling drops of naked water
Get caught in the net of branches that spread
Like the proud antlers of deer —
Within the silent sprouts growing from the stumps
Are already clusters of eyes
Lined with glorious lashes

*

Paths branch, mirrors crack,
Feet run through the town, following
The maze of nerves with mad abandon —
Run as far as Abashiri,
Grind your teeth as far as Habomai,¹
You are still caught in the palm of the hand,
Caught deep within a wrinkled palm,
Upon a narrow road to the interior²

Many doors grow around me
Deformed children grow in greenhouses
Grandiose dreams wither within a single eve
Seeds sprout feathers and fly away
While in the factories of the town,
Countless versions of me are manufactured,
Each in my own likeness

This is my town, the town of my own eyes
The people planted alongside the walls
Grow tender tendrils of age beneath the ground
But then when noon comes
The swollen husks of their eyelids burst open,
Releasing beans overripe in their pods

This is my town, the town of my own eyes
Although most likely, I grow from another plant

*

On the street corners of the town
Are inverted telescopes that show
The world in unthinkably close detail

In them I discover a single angel
That looks like a blot on the lens
He has a musical score beneath his arm
As he passes by,
Bearing an umbrella
With the same gentle swell
As the northern hemisphere

I take a rose in my teeth,
I flare my nostrils
And slowly breathe in
Its smoldering scent

Many murders happen each day in this small town
 All the windows go deaf
 All the pedestrians are killers
 All of them feel the urge to urinate

They form multiple queues
 And let their shining arcs go all at once —
 At least that is their wish —
 Sometimes a police car passes
 The sound of its elegant sirens trails behind
 But touching its wake
 Is their boundless pleasure

Trembling with rapture
 They wander the streets again today
 Searching for a public toilet

*

With each turn of the revolving door emerges
 Another man, a single petal torn from a white flower —
 These petals scatter across the city streets
 With bodies twisted by the black wind
 They land in the shade of a thin electric pole,
 On the banks of a dried-up pond
 Or in the eaves sloping over a holy woman —
 Each and every time darkness falls
 The police stroll by innocently
 Brandishing their nightsticks
 The phoenix, that bird of a thousand years,
 Sniffs out a promising direction
 So that it might do its pecking
 Meanwhile, the flower petal men
 Who wish to be pecked,
 Listen for the policeman's tread,
 Then gather to form a lily in the darkness
 And with stamens erect
 They scatter their pollen like light

Facing the mirror
The woman prepares the morning meal
She turns her eyelids inside out
As if lifting her skirt
She shakes out a flash of pepper
While the man waits, fork in hand,
For the egg in the shape of an eye
Sizzling in the frying pan

*

Women who crawl out of the water
Are shoved back in —
That is the clergy's duty
Purple arteries are grafted onto
The twilight family tree
And chains of white roses are woven
To connect killers —
Those are the clergy's duties —
Blindfolded
They roll up their black sleeves
And shove back into the mirror
Any woman who crawls out

Long, long ago,
 A giant lived in the mirror
 A giant with one hundred eyes
 Who loved to gobble up faces —
 When he died
 The eyes were sown like seed
 And a forest grew from them,
 A forest that grew darker
 The longer one looked
 Even now
 Sitting in the depths of night
 One can hear the rumbling of the earth
 That is the grinding of his molars

translated from Japanese by JEFFREY ANGLES

Notes

1 Abashiri, written with the characters meaning ‘net’ and ‘running,’ is a city in northeastern Hokkaidō, the northernmost of the major islands of Japan. Abashiri is known for its famous prison, which was established in the late nineteenth century and reopened as a museum in 1983. Habomai, written with the characters meaning ‘teeth’ and ‘dance,’ is a small archipelago off Hokkaidō. Since the end of World War II, Russia has exercised control over the islands; however, in recent years, the Japanese government has demanded the islands be returned to Japan together with several other ‘Northern Territories.’ In this poem, Tada uses these names to evoke images of distant places while, at the same time, playing with the literal meaning of the names.

2 *The Narrow Road to the Interior* (*Oku no bosomichi*) is a famous travel journal by the haiku poet Matsuo Bashō (1644-1694). In it, Bashō describes a two and a half year-long journey to the northern reaches of Japan.

HISAKI MATSUURA

Goldfish

Is the stuffing of the mouth with goldfish and gulping them down truly a perverse joy. Rivers which flow through the places where people who eat goldfish live always spill over twice a year with the brown urine of breeding ponds where baby *kisogishibori* and *usuakasenyo* fish swim. While the great animals breathe, uncountable small white bellies float on the surface of the murky water, dumbly, largely, undulating left to right, up and down. As far as one can see they tremble and glisten like scattered gold dust. But beaten by the rain which falls continuously for days and days, their scales peel off, and the flesh rots, slowly deteriorating from gray to brown. It takes no time for the unbearable stench to begin floating up. The speed of this putrefaction is such that even the appetites of the ferociously starving carp cannot keep up with it, or punish the pride and wasted effort of the people who eat goldfish, and maybe the volition of that something which attempts to measure the purgation of sins of immoral relations which take the golden color into the body. Pus and festering sores can on the contrary sometimes purify the wound. When the waters subside, the bones of the aborted fish appear scattered across the muddy earth where they were washed away during the last flood. Here they are diligently collected, and become food for the few baby fish left alive. Fish of gold. This world's most beautiful living thing, raised and made to swim not in the depths but near the surface of the pond of the forbidden, the evil side of time, the unseen side of the workings of people.

Copy

To be copied the copied thorn all but the copy picture blotted out finally the canvas seam is tinged with dust from the details of the picture where self-indulgent lips trace a scar and fourteen crazy cats are entangled the feather of an owl sticks out at first sporadically then more intensely it opens up to one point without the spread of the crossing of longitude and latitude betraying the polyhedral eyes snatching away the actual voice smooth and cold words of love holding an identical Eden no longer can this be called lover's talk "Why, why do you come to such a cold place?" now several discarded needles of the cedar cleanse the memory mold grows though they had wanted to remain strangers they have married the too-thick blood of the person who one has had to marry holds its own against the surface of the water, the cross-section of water which is all possible interiors if the flesh of memory sealed up along with to go and to return were to bear a wound if it were no longer able to swim like crest and armor even if it were to lose its trembling skin all would be cleansed and mold would grow with no fire, no refuge, only the blueness broken off is contagious copying the image of the fleeting glow of a sunset that makes you want to die just opening up the window on the soft skin at the back of the wrist of the person you married forgetting all possible star forms copied out you spend the time outside once an uncertain attempt at stowing away "If I stayed forever in a place like this, if I stayed here and cried, I'd catch cold" there are limits to imagining something one has never seen the sight pierces the eyes like a thorn is copied touches the copied thorn is instantly attacked the unseen bacteria which attacks the round, quiet surface swells up with heat, and as if mixing curd, even if one opens one's eyes wide the field of vision is clouded in a dark red color and runs out phosphorus wax beginning to melt one cannot even lose one's eyesight for that is the pupil of another upon whom wrinkles approach like a pomegranate all things like this copied there is a quivering film like a seaweed copied out breath about to quit at any moment a movie just before burning no one gathers for the screening which takes place with great reverence as if a ritual of transfiguration and usurpation of sight it is a moment's nap metaphorically afflicted with nightmares wiping off the heart the myriad letters infected by the hand can be read only as countless mis-translations concealed in the subtitles nothing can be said nor explained a black-and-white design in a minor key passes into a new phase shifts but at its extremities does it spill over to other? the surface of the picture over the windowsill over the narrow embankment where a

receptacle is stuck out and sways copied the copied thorn once more restored the thorn slightly obscures the soft skin at the back of the wrist all issues forth from its sharp edge and all returns there stretch out the hand... “Even if I stay here, even if I stay in such a cold place as this, no one will come to pick me up” what is necessary flip over the too-thin film and change the sole reflection into an infinite number of reflections “There, like that...” no longer will we stop here we move on to a remote blank space to a distant cloth spun only with white thread selected out of the scenery and like quicksand the bacteria of light forever are adrift....

Ghost

I loved it. The sheets of white water peeling off one after the other falling continuously and wrapping my helpless body like a thin curtain with no seams. This body fluttering and swaying in resignation which rains incessantly also and again becomes the ghost of one without sound completely permeated and keeps falling on the pavement.

A lightness mysterious to cross. The long bridge of rain. Even if the wound were to heal, still emptiness.

Remembering nothing I broke off the relationship. The body without smell. No matter how filthy the sky's breath it remains unstained. The shape of a dim deserted house has the flesh trimmed off and suddenly stands up. Trying to tear one sheet placing the hand one sheet unanswerable to the hand and behind that another and then another separate sheet the countless curtains with no end the pure white darkness that will not break. Fingers burning in winter scald the cheek, the ear and the nipple, making them tremble. Serenity spread over the whole body. In the snow.

Coming of lightness. Contours melt away. Interior and exterior both silent. No feelings of agitation to silence against the nestling in on the knees. Chilled. So chilled became light. Kept adrift.

Too intimate these lines? Finger of a naming we cannot understand defiles the whiteness of this body and then pulls away. I broke off the relationship, shuddered, was calm, lightened, only a simple coloring such as this could return to the uncompromising emotion and find fulfillment, mine.

I am slow to kiss. Glistening like a fighting fish, softly I pass over the deathline of your body. Like biting into your flesh, I cannot bite into the water flowing from a pot. Always just a little late, I bend my elbow, pull in my pulse, and fall enraptured into the darkness. The quivering of eyelashes in touching, meeting, wounds the water's skin, and disturbs the dazzling reflection. The distant heart breaking upon the shore. A death done over and over again. Slenderness of the ankles. Beautiful swelling of my buttocks you may not see.

Or the back of a leper creased like paper. The dark scenes written there and added to again and again. Alphabet, alphabet. Written with smudges and drops, written and forgotten, like a curled-up tail, a lump swelling, the

excess of a common disease, a wet string, the roughness of the unfinished manuscript between red lines, the empty hands waiting to receive it. A trifling. Wrapped in a strange sense of serenity, snow falls incessantly inside my body. Two ends facing each other, a mirror held between them.

This body
is a mistake. To cut inside there
is a mistake.

To anchor on this shore is difficult. Bitter saliva tasting of rust forms. How to endure this pale shape which just stands there. Hurried. None of the usual time to smell the odor of a young woman blooming in the darkness. Shutting away in the memory the painful roundness of the two breasts touched by the hands, I try to listen to the lustrous weight of the earlobes touched by the fingers. Miming the absent mouth. Shall I learn it, the bewitching drift of winter in a minor key which returns again. Memory of the dimly lit hall in evening beginning to get wet again.

But again that memory which was supposed to have been perpetually falling like white scraps of cut-out paper. Through the pallid twilight. You turned your face downward, and sat before me with the dark beauty of a small animal. In your underwear. Even sitting on your knees your heart, not suppressing the flow, was cold. In my letters, which I could write only with stolen words, there was always the faint smell of death. End of a winter when you ordered summer clothes of dark blue cotton cloth, March when everything peels away from the living body. The menstrual blood is a bright repentance, and flows as clear as water. A dry wind echoed like a falsehood in the overcast town with its many hills and temples. But my raincoat was always wet, the afternoon we went to the print shop halfway up the hill.

I was thinking, this wet, shiny labia, is ripe fruit. I must study the way to read fissures and cracks. The white paper scatters at the beginning of its journey into the blinding distance.

Returned. Ran away. Losing flesh and blood, while with abundant trembles filling up only the look in the eyes as if the last vessel of intoxication. Along with dislocation of focus, the snow becomes increasingly familiar to the hard resistance of the cornea. Melting away, from the ankles to the thighs, from the hips to the breasts. If the color of the eyes were to flow out of this shape from which the contours of the body have already disappeared, this body would be nothing more than fluent speech unhampered, scant distortion of the air of an afternoon when the atmospheric

pressure has lost its strata in patches. Nothing more than the long thin mouth of a wound with no pain.

The umbrella wanders. It is a season lost sight of before one has had a chance to notice the air pressure gently falling. Serenity is mixed with uneasiness, and gulped down. I drift about in a body without weight in this extended sadness. Sound of running water. Will this innocent feeling of descending a hill flow by like a river and be gone? Or is that the sound of a chime? Beginning to ring from my hands to my feet, falling incessantly inside my body, chime of weariness.

Must I give back this body still white? The hollow of the navel, standing out conspicuously at its center, would not go well in a movie sword-fighting scene. The barren exterior with no insides can only be sent back. In reality, that hilly town with no hills or temples is simply a network of speech. What emerges when the meaning has peeled away and thinned out, and the form of the wind blown through, is a bluntly linear sky, and the image of houses which cannot be touched.

Even so, I want to believe only in the sharp edges of these scraps of white water. Even though I must return this smooth back still white. Only the coldness of these scraps, and the pain of abandonment in the hand. Even if the shallows of an impasse which could not fit into any movie's fighting scene. Only the small amount of resistance, the slight weight of the finger just barely touched by the pain of the incessantly falling snow needed to make the shape of a ghost emerge or disappear.

It is a meeting where there should be no need of suspicion. So one more whirlwind comes down nervously near the ghost standing there in a daze. The folds of this whirling, troubled wind are the image, and the flickering of a mistaken character, the form of the character. Running and madness, the clamor of the blue stain tired from anxiety. A chance meeting, and me like a constriction, raising a fuss. But I have already spoken of the meeting with this other ghost at the beginning. Simply that I had loved it. Nothing happened, no intense vicissitudes, nor heated changes.

It is unnecessary to speak. Customers have arrived at the red-light district in snow. This and that same as always. In exchange for a small amount of money each time, I will pretend to melt into amber, and let you on board to grope for my cold white body, to die just a little bit. Even if the certainty and weight of flesh continually dreamed of can never return. But during that familiar, simple act, the white cut-out scraps falling in the infant dark-

ness behind the eyes slowly increase in weight, and press down on the bottom unlike snow, and unlike the petals of flowers, becoming a poignant emotion which resists metaphor, falling even more intensely.

How can I put away this thin landscape with thinness preserved? Simply by throwing away one statement, that I loved it? This is my last letter. These words which cheat have reached their end also. Aspects of beauty come to mind. The cluster-amaryllis which blooms in Buddhist heaven. A chamber of orchids.

It aches. The lightness of the body purified again today by the semen of several men. It is very quiet here. The curtain of water, which is never pulled back, continues to fall, and is finally diverted by the wind which torments, and then subsides.

translated from Japanese by Eric Selland

TAKASHI HIRAIDE
from Portrait of a Young Osteopath

(Opening Scene

Between the huge rocks where the water's foam frothed upward to become irregular granules of fire and then fall, possessed by the shadow of a jellyfish just dead, one pair of gloves whirled round and round. The ten fingers, some broken off and others twisted, strained to reach out in every direction. But according to observation, only the stars of partial destruction existed on the tips of the various fingers. There I fixed my gaze still harder. Was it as much as fourteen seasons had passed; the burnt aroma of a beehive drifted out of the wide-mouthing cave half-submerged nearby, and as if it were all signs, the corpse of one juvenescent piece of bark stood up out of the cave, pulling a bunch of sleep-disheveled hair along with it, up toward the indigo sky of early dawn. Pressing the palm of one hand against my pounding heart, I sensed a new way of thought welling up within myself. These rocks could be just mist congealing darkly in the moss. And the cave could be something like the hollow interior of an anatomical model of the human body which has begun to dissolve, a two-layered crucible, as it were. Of course, the uncertainty about speculations such as these cannot be alleviated even with positive proof to the contrary. Then, just to add on for good measure, the following thing happened. The objects imagined to be stars up till that point, each scattered here and there in the branches of the expanding hair, suddenly spread wings of stone, and leisurely began to preen themselves. Later, pulling back so as to hide themselves, they let out a cry, and fell into the extremely shallow sea trench near the cave. It was because at this time the pair of gloves suddenly stopped spinning, and while the right hand flopped against the other churning up foam, the left snuggled up close as if to grasp a small gem, and though they were two, stood straight up from the surface of the water that I understood. It was this time the wind was a resin wind, a number of meters.

September 7, 1949, afternoon with sun beating down; I had fallen into the sleep of rotting Isu trees on the shore near my birthplace. Sleep brought me sufficient material. I had found the stuff for a fine experiment which would allow me to perform a sort of osteopathy on all things living and dead, without simply leaving prosaic scratches.

(Chest and Shoulder, or the Frantic Vortex

Moving the prism's narrow roost up and down with a rustling sound as if he had been surprised made it look like a shadow play due to the slanting sunlight. Far, far away in what looked like the west, clouds were approaching at ease, so I kept on running lightly around in the manner of thread being wound around a spool, and occasionally stopping, made as if to peer into the middle from the mountain ridge stitch. For him it must be a terrible thing. The sun hazed. Behaving as if I were something with insect wings, I became transparent like the bones of bony creatures laid out in the sun, and then in the shadows felt as if I were the clouds themselves which blurred myself and this tract of land. Upon which something giving way around the shoulders and something bubbling up around the vicinity of the chest showed signs of setting about the circulation of a boundless and ancient memory.

The sun shone, and my shadow also, vitreously in bold relief. By and by it sprung upward, and passing into two or three leaves again the sun came beating down. Now rest. As if I were a slender god playing with the movement and disappearance of my own black shadow.

November 14, 1949, 2:00 pm; I happened upon a certain method of criticism...am I my habits? If a vortex were to appear in the sky, holding my breath I would smash into its simplified network, what ought to be called its essence, the center of his absence, from below. He pulled the thread and then fell. He might be saved if there were a thicket below. The attack was a flash, the record posing extreme difficulty even for the observer. When the battle ended, I quickly fixed my makeup there on the sandy soil, and turning him over absorbed the liquid flowing from his mouth, also licking between the chest and hips. Occasionally I nibbled at the membranous base of the hip, but the purpose of this is obscure. At any rate, the children given birth from my poisonous characteristics, and who should be suspended in the empty sky, would no doubt leave his redolent glory behind in the earth in the form of one side of a huge jaw.

3:00 pm, the wind which collects resin, deeper now the sun hazed over. The fingers of the clouds which, lacking fingernails, could only raggedly part began to catch hold of me and my enemy despite our being two, and began to envelop us. He became sand from the shoulder on down and began to fall, while my chest began to flow out from itself. It was as if ascending above this purplish-blue field now with one breath where generations had no doubt perished were mirrored in the eyes of someone hidden.

(The Motif the Water Whispered

The leaves had already been cut out as if with a dressmaker's pattern. I am the one who, feeling a slender bone in the intense sunlight which oozes out like waste matter, makes it into an artist's tool and tries to paint several small hazy scenes taking place just before my birth and which grow increasingly hazy. Already the vascular strands of the leaves of the Isu trees had been severed.

The initial, excessively painful measures for the purpose of life's bursting forth. It waits patiently for the leaves to droop limply over the others. When another man, shaking the tree's trunk, awakens inside, it rolls up the leaves like lost letters in which his distressing future is endlessly wrapped, and cuts off the leaf with one last bite, sending it to the ground. It is a cradle unloosed, meant for my bone-writing soul.

Bones of boiling water, swamp bones, waterfall bones, bones of the beach. At the end of one of the ensuing precious moments which these things gradually enfold, a faucet rusts while continually shining, cut off facing the blue sky. I flowed out from there, faster than one could press one's lips to it.

From February to March 1950, the above was taught to me by the whisper of the water all around.

translated from Japanese by Eric Selland

TAKASHI HIRAIDE

from For the fighting spirit of the walnut

1

The radiant subway. The wall that clears up and is endless. In the thundering prayer of steel which fastens the days together, one brushstroke of cloud gathers. The beginning. Your nesting place.

3

Things that rain, and things that grow. All that holds my interest. (Until the things that rain have grown, and the things that grow have poured.) Things that grow, and things that rain. All that I desire. (Until the things that grow cease to grow, and the things that rain no longer rain a single drop.)

5

Along the coast lined with hangars, you were born in a pool of light. With the almond eyes you received from the straits. Tidal hair connecting the islands. Your burning cheek. Soft legs that trip up at times. Though forced to fight in one place after another, you harbor a resistance to death inside your power to keep your voice down. Hence your aging slowly comes to rest upon the backsides of days.

37

The web-like passageways played out, made to run by the once vivacious fibers of the fruit's flesh now, as they are, having together attained envelopment in this unexceedingly rigid state — touch this perfect bell. In our underground passage where no fires are allowed, touch the bleached-out labyrinth. At first, it does not ring. At first, it does not ring.

42

The production of ideas at zero. Pack it away in a box and there is a white explosion. I have the tendency to want to call this, and only this, a poem. How many times I have bathed myself in unhappiness mistaken for rays of sun beneath the round roof at the base of the cliff. While the rain's fruit grows one after the other on my head.

54

Midway down the deep darkness of the trash bin, the kid plum finally caught on. "Oh, I am about to rot away, without ever having leapt, never having known anything tough and shiny." And then, through the wet wrappers and bread crumbs, he slid down two plum-lengths. Cheering is heard from afar.

57

Spirits wrapped in green bark. As they bristle, on each one, a hanging drop of thunderstorm!

92

And just then in the emergency reservoir, the young carp leap. Quick, have a fire, they leap.

94

Juglans in the blindness and ringing in the ears, let us turn that corner at the end of this ragged time. *Juglans* in the omen of coupling and flooding, we throw the heart away, and throw it away again, and raising our voices as loud as we can, let's descend the stairs at the extremity of the brutal day. The season is torn. And then the clouds, the waves, ashamed, madly fill the earth, *Juglans* the radiant false after-death begins to wander slowly through our underground.

36

99

A train whose one hundred and eleven cars each simultaneously break into the lead past the thin hazy air of the midnight sun. Linking is optional. A train whose one hundred and eleven cars each trail the withered scenery behind their backs. Dissection is voluntary. Upon what kind of track would such a train run, O train, lease this illusory space, and graph it.

110

That's enough. I'll pass it from my lips to yours, that very special leap of a single drop in the bottle. Afterwards, nutcracking.

translated from Japanese by ERIC SELLAND & SAWAKO NAKAYASU

HENRI MICHAUX

from Life in the Folds

The Old Age of Pollagoras

*I would like to know why I always follow
the horse that I hold by the reins.*

With age, says Pollagoras, I have become like a field on which there has been a battle, centuries ago, yesterday, a field of many battles.

The dead, never quite dead, roam silently or rest. You might believe they have given up the desire to win.

But suddenly they liven up, those lying down get back up, and fully armed, attack. They have just met the phantom of their one-time adversary who himself, shaken up, all at once throws himself feverishly forward, his parry ready, obliging my surprised heart to speed up in my chest and in my sullen being which reluctantly comes to life.

Between them, with no interference, they deliver ‘their’ battles, blind to the previous ones and the ones still to come, whose heroes are going about unrecognized and peaceful, until, meeting in turn their current adversary, they get up again in an instant and charge irresistibly into combat.

It is thus, says Pollagoras, that I have become old, through this accumulation.

Encumbered by battles already fought, clock of more and more numerous scenes that strike, even though I would rather be elsewhere.

So, like a manor given up to a poltergeist, I live without living, site of hauntings that no longer interest me, even though they still drum up enthusiasm and refresh themselves tumultuously in a feverish emptying that I cannot paralyze.

Wisdom has not come, says Pollagoras. Speech keeps strangling itself, but wisdom has not come.

Like a seismograph needle, my awareness has run alongside me all my life without writing me down, has touched me without shaping me.

At the dawn of old age before the plain of Death, I still seek, I am still seeking, says Pollagoras, the little far-away dam built up by pride in my childhood, even though with flimsy weapons and an insubstantial shield, I go about among cliffs of obscure adults.

Little dam that I built, thinking to do well, thinking to do marvels, and placing myself in an unremovable fortress. This too solid little dam, made by my resistance.

And it is not the only one.

How many of those I built out of concrete in the time of my mad defense, in my terrified years.

I have to track them all down now, covered in living fibers.

My sagging life that is no more than a slender thread, seeks avidly, torrents that still waste away, and the magnificent work of the courageous little builder is bound to be destroyed for the good of the stingy old man attached to life.

Leave me be, says Pollagoras, I am tired of the quarrelsome tuft. My time is up. Leave. My blood has lost its coagulant. My being leaves stones all around.

The dismantling began with the death of someone I lived with. This someone was a woman, that is to say good for insinuating herself into all the corridors of the soul.

She fell into Death. Suddenly. Without any arrangements.

Far from the beach, the sea will recede.

The sand-bank won expanses, expanses and depths, and a night appeared which frightened my night; this vast night I hid in for so long from the insufferable day of the others.

I quickly let several rockets fly but the night absorbed them thirstily, and the useless rockets shot off without lighting up any more than a bit of spray and disappeared without a glimmer, without a flash, far from the dark face of the pyrotechnician.

He came with the rains, my companion, the one they say everyone has on his back.

He came with the rains, sad, and he still hasn't gotten dry.

I have since set off several times. I have come to several new shores. But I couldn't unsadden him. I am tired. My strength, my last strength... His soaked clothing — or is it already mine? — makes me shudder. It must be time to come in again.

translated from French by LAURA E. WRIGHT

PIERRE JEAN JOUVE
from Sweat of Blood

Spit

Spitmarks on asphalt have always reminded me
Of the face on the veils of holy women.

Stain

I saw a rag heavy with greenish oil
Drained from some machine and I mused
On the hot pavement of the red-light district
Long long on my mother's blood.

White skin an expression of night
What deserts have its diurnal feet not trod?
A shade — which it is — is not more frightened
Nor more obscene, nor more desperately wicked.

The sinless man
Is he who should not die, he then
Who would know no restraint, he then
Who would know no equal, and should not live.

III Sex

If the tree has burgeoned in wool country
About the diamond of dissolute women,
It is not that its belly boasts the brown tangle
Nor that she sleeps, with hygiene for beauty,
But rather the suffocating evil wind
And the sweat of the tree, characteristic!

It's not so much the fervor of the one facing
In line with the pool of chalky bodies
Nor the embassy by odor on the man's breast
Or the charm of old torture tools,
Rather it's in the even beat of blood
Hatred, hide, for having stumbled on the secret
Meaning amputation, expansion cut short.

By the river drained from our mother's breast
Gliding, we go towards unalterable death.
Death which rounded this breast rich with heat
And hung it not far from that black arm-pit.

translated from French by KEITH WALDROP

EIICHI KASUYA

On a Journey

There was a violent storm of rain last night. All night the cold drops fell splattering off the window sill. I lay in bed until dawn, unable to sleep, unable to stop my own trembling. I have lain awake for many such nights, many times, many nights before. When you have to work as I do, walking from city to city, you come to experience all manner of things.

Several years back, on a certain night, a night like last night, I roomed with a woman I had never seen before. Rain, no doubt, brought this about as well.

Late at night in a room so cold as to be freezing, she was seated in a chair and, facing away, she began to roll down her stockings. The rest of her clothes were already on the floor. I couldn't understand. Why should she have to undress? Nevertheless, she was groaning in the unbearable cold as she began to roll down her stockings, the last of her clothes.

A light shone dimly, and only on her. From time to time, the sound of the storm came closer, stormed louder. It took her a long, long while, but at last she removed a single stocking like a leaf of seaweed from one of her legs and turned to begin on the other. She cast a shadow of extraordinary loneliness. Then, when at last she finished removing the second stocking as well, before I knew it, there was a stocking back again on the other leg. And so she began going through the same motions again.

From in back of exhausted eyelids, I watched her slim white legs lift up in the air, time and again. And I watched them disappear, fading ever so slowly into the distance.

—— Dawn brought me back to an empty world.

At last, late in the morning, the lively cries of the market nearby woke me up. I could see the sun gleaming on streaks of water that flowed in long tracks out the door.

Walking the streets of a place you know well, you are startled more often than when you pass through a place only once. Chickens are strutting, and barrels are stacked up high in the road, the road where I go to meet customers, the road to the market where I hope to sell stockings as if I were selling myself.

Here in my satchel, I keep samples of the stockings I myself am able to become.

By Moonlight

Really it's a common matter but, for example, in a city with a crescent moon inside of a single bank note, the face of a man loses its eyes and then its nose and thus is changed into a solid white egg.

Surely by now it goes without saying, but within the world here, within the memories of a dead soul, nothing is impossible.

Of course this could only happen on a night of sewing needles seeping deeply in blood, and in a city where a man, day after day, spends all his days in excessive isolation.

After sitting on his bed for too long a time, in agonized thought over the fact that he is merely a puppet, merely the property of somebody else, at some point he is changed into an egg-faced man and he goes walking out into the city.

Out walking the city are only others like himself, men with white egg faces. What kind of crisis made them like this? Gaze as you will at each cold face, there is no way to know.

What are they doing out there? Pushing baby carriages around one corner and then up to the next, through that crescent moon city of lonely streetlamps and bridges, they've gone out walking, that's all.

Riding in baby carriages, even their babies have eggs for faces, looking just like the egg-faced men. Lying face up and stretching out their little hands, they're neither laughing nor crying.

A crescent moon city, hidden within a bank note, it sounds like something with a specific secret meaning, but in reality there's nothing to it. Only what anyone at some point in the past must have known at least once, the dullest and dailiest of everyday worlds.

Once on a distant, nostalgic day, in an old book, I came across this passage from an old play: *Anguish is a mighty thing*. *Why?* you say, because of the doctrines of anguish.

Somewhere there's a face that's a huge white egg.

That man with his white egg-face is already unable to tell himself from the others of the city. He's pushing this thing that never seems to move, round the bend of one corner, then up around the bend of another, walking onward forever.

A Musical Instrument

Among all the musical instruments of differing periods and peoples, the one instrument which I feel most attracted to lately belonged to a man of the Tellushiro Tribe, a tribe that once lived on a prehistoric dark continent.

The Tellushiro Tribe, consisting of less than five hundred members, lived by raising millet on the grassy lands of the savannah. All the men had a number of wives, and they never worked, resting idly. But the man who concerns me here is an exception.

In other words, despite his fine and healthy body, he never married, and he worked — in the words of their limited vocabulary — “as a false woman out in the millet fields.”

On the other hand (and in a sense to make such name-calling unfair to his actual contribution), he was the owner of a rare and mysterious musical instrument. Consider for example that during those moments of evening when the gentle moon was rising and all the other men were spending their time lasciviously somewhere with women, he was out in the fallen millet fields, performing on his instrument.

Performing, well, perhaps that isn’t the word for it; he was beating up something resembling a white-colored pumpkin, like you might a dog, beating and shaking it with both hands, hurling it upwards into the sky, then beating it back again into the earth. And each time he hit it, from out of its many punctured holes came a lonely tone color sounding over and over throughout the starved fields of millet, an echo as if the dead themselves were sobbing.

Once that was over, he lay down in his sweat in his primitive bed and holding it close as a dog, he slept.....

Over sixty years ago, due, they say, to both their wisdom and their ignorance, the Tellushiro Tribe died out. Or perhaps on that dark continent (that never existed), they were all transformed into cranial bones. I keep thinking about it — might not, for example, his musical instrument that was like a dead soul still be hanging forgotten in the top-leaves of a palm tree?

Kitchen Work

When you live with the dead and share the same rooms, you're bound to turn out an excellent cook.

It must be because, though you feel you're alone, the dead are there somewhere, helping out, especially when you slaughter a chicken, for boiling, prepared with potatoes, peeling off skin like lovely layers of cloth, and then you go on, preparing a savory dinner as no one as has ever done.

In the quiet of the spirits' kitchen, while you're heaping in the sugar and warming up the dishes, it may be that you're rejuvenating some world of dead souls as well. The graves melt down in a slobbering of saliva.

Far away, the dead are piled in slap-dash confusion.

————— On a night when a winter blast is crazing the trees, I'm in my quiet kitchen, all alone and feeling at home, eating, eating the darkly red meal heaped up on the dishes.

From picture frames on the walls and peering out of pick-axe bags, the dead are watching me enviously. But I don't eat out of cruelty, I've no choice but to eat. I eat to live.

Nevertheless, deep in the night during a freezing storm, making their horses' hooves ring out as if in the tones of ancient arrangements, they arrive in the town where I lie in bed with an affectionate woman. And they take me and throw me in a pot in an invisible kitchen. They boil me, like an egg.

The Moon of Illusion

Deep within a bank note of a faraway memory, the old people fall asleep. Beneath the vivid clarity of a blue sky, they are sleeping in a great metropolis with nothing but buildings and their many windows standing ranked all around.

Wearing the same sorts of hats, the same overcoats, they are sleeping here and there in midair in that city, sleeping while standing upright.

But why are they there, asleep like that, what kind of karma has brought this about? No, there's nothing so deep and significant about it. How stupid it is to think there's a reason for everything.

For those who've already lived day after day of a long life, as long as it's peaceful, why should we mind what they do?

On this holiday of the spirit, the rest of the city shows no signs of life; the aluminum awnings of the stores have been drawn down. Today (by some power) anyone who wants to may become one of the sleeping elderly: completely paralyzed, but standing upright and sailing off in absolutely whatever direction they wish.

And there'd be nothing strange about it if (for example) a book lying open on a windowsill somewhere should happen to show pages picturing this spectacle.

Since all of this can be said to be seen by one of them in a transparent happening of dying, and yes, now that you mention it, it's true that they're all faintly laughing. They've all received their assignments to the various offices of nothingness.

So it follows that it's possible that the next second, by the tens, by the hundreds, or even more than that, will all at once take leave of their flesh, and above the bridges and streetlamps, become nothing more than overcoats and hats.

Because during an age of faked flowers and war, it goes without saying, that they never really lived, their skulls and bowels ground by machines, and, from the very beginning, like just another meaningless white blank.

Deep within a bank note of a faraway memory, the old people fall asleep. The city goes on forever, but at points here and there the city windows reflect them floating. I suppose that'll never change.

Deep within a bank note of a faraway memory, the countless old people are sleeping. And that deception of a revelation is watching over them protectively from far away, I mean that tiny illusion of a crescent moon, now at the end of a century.

translated from Japanese by D.W. WRIGHT

TOSHIKO HIRATA Pastoral

Monkeys grow in the monkey patch
Trundle about a whole patch full of monkeys
Hunch over in the monkey patch
Monkeys hunch over
They are buried in the soil from the middle of their hairy legs unable to
pull out
Unable to move unable to pull out
Monkeys cry it rains it shines and still they sit
No monkey robbers, no monkey buyers
Monkeys cry, baring their teeth
Insects suck the juice from their ears swarm all over their legs monkeys
hang their heads and cry
Monkeys rot
Dripping fat drops of sweat their skin sagging away
Their flesh melts turns inside out, like a pomegranate

Cats are planted in the cat field, cats are planted
No faces yet they are planted from the neck down
As the moon waxes, the flowers bloom
Creep up the inside of the neck
And bloom a moon-like face
They are squishy drop heavily
Sometimes even bloom backwards
Laugh dumbly and yawn
The birds come swipe them away
Peck at them kick them
And then comes harvest time
The faces are gathered labeled
And shipped all over the nation.

translated from Japanese by SAWAKO NAKAYASU

◀ nihongo

◀ english

►| Français

RYOKO SEKIGUCHI

extraits de Calque

Celui qui voit d'un œil ne peut pas mettre le capuchon sur le stylo

< /l'œil droit>

Partir tout de suite. Cette idée m'avait déjà conduite à l'entrée du marché, dont les toits-arcades en paille enjambaient des ruelles et nous abritaient. Puisque c'est l'été, je presse un peu le pas, le contour des objets que font ressortir ces jours brûlants servira de repère à notre rencontre. Des plateaux argentés, des babouches bleues, des raisins (jusqu'à quelle profondeur de la pulpe la lumière pourra-t-elle pénétrer?), à la place de ce qui marque les secondes, en prononçant ainsi, mes pas, sans hésitation, éloignent tour à tour les lieux d'un instant auparavant. Déchirer et étendre la chair de la scène comme un éclair, des regards croisants qui tracent un arc dévoilent cet acte. La poussière, de petites spirales qui se soulèvent aux pieds des passants ; moi, capable de distinguer jusqu'à chaque couleur de ces corpuscules, ne connais pas ma propre destination, je tourne au coin, manque heurter ma main contre le mur de terre. C'est que des gouttes au mur m'avaient rappelée, lorsque nous nous étions vus la dernière fois, vers la crique isolée de la ville j'avais rendu visite à une ombre épaisse (moi, trébuché), je ne pouvais pas marcher très vite peut-être à cause de cela ; en y songeant je ne m'aperçois pas que je descends. Grandit de plus en plus la vision des pas en raison de l'inclinaison, elle aussi accélère la vitesse, le vertige me saisit, les photos prises, superposées, des milliers et des milliers (comme la vue est pitoyable), elle pousse, donne de l'élan à la force attractive, l'amblyope déboule (sans savoir qu'elle habite dans le même organe). Eclat de la lance métallique, ténèbres émaillées, dans la confusion que dominent des phosphènes, tout de même, le dernier pas du pied droit continue sur sa lancée, l'air de la rencontre frôle l'épaule. En cet instant, sur le point de faire un pas, quelqu'un (cette figure, par exemple) aurait pu s'arrêter, comme je le compris, aussitôt après les yeux désirant voir recouvriraient la vue mais aussi la distance insaisissable ; plus possible de l'empêcher, désormais.

<l'œil gauche/ >

Je me rappelle vaguement avoir fait une promesse. En y pensant, j'étais au commencement d'un lieu où le jour filtrait par-ci par-là (frais, mais radieux comme des rayures), que les gens appellent marché. Transpire / s'évapore (puisque je suis si loin de la pierre d'eau), j'accueille sur le corps cette répétition ralenties, une légère astringence accompagne ce plaisir. Peut-être le signe de quelque chose ; encouragée par cette impression, je prolonge mes pas d'une fine obliquité. Le toucher, et la vision fragile qui laissent entrouvrir cette chair vers l'extérieur (m'installer dans la pulpe du muscat ?) soutiennent une vie. Avancer, ce quartier m'est bien familier depuis l'enfance, alors que le nom même des ruelles ne me revient pas, mes pas deviennent des entraves et, en vacillant, tournent vers un chemin qui n'est pas droit. Je dessinais à l'intérieur, incertaine, une figure venue de la mémoire ou de l'imagination, image voltigeante, au fond d'une chambre envahie par le ciel couchant, je reçois dans ma paume les gouttelettes aiguës d'une visite qui sent encore l'eau, les temps troublants, la pente ne me gène pas. Le bout des orteils qui s'agrippent de plus en plus fort, dans cette sensation, j'essayais encore de conjecturer un autre nom qui devait être donné à cet incident (faut-il l'appeler couvercle?), le lien entre la lenteur absolue et la vision. Accélérer / impossible, un faux pas à cause de la grandeur du décalage d'angle, j'incorpore malgré moi, les yeux intenses (je les attends quelque part), qui doivent trouver leur pendant. Cet instant même, étonnement de voir mes pieds s'élancer dans mon champ de vision, les couleurs remontées d'emblée, cette prolifération plus venimeuse que les êtres, souffrance que donne la clarté des contours, me firent perdre l'équilibre, je m'arrêtai brusquement ; je ne pouvais pas ne pas fermer les yeux, à cause d'une figure qui traversait, comme la course d'une lame. Nous nous sommes croisés, en l'apercevant j'ai rouvert les yeux ; de nouveau la lumière bordait tendrement les contours et rien n'y fit. Quand viendra le prochain rendez-vous.

translated from Japanese by RYOKO SEKIGUCHI

TAKASHI HIRAIDE

extraits de Portrait d'un jeune ostéopathe

1

Il demeurait encore dans le flacon et son pré renversé. Le coup de brosse d'un nuage passait en vitesse, les carpeaux avaient fait déborder l'eau. Il persistait dans l'ombre crayonnée comme si elle coulait vite, à la faveur du rayon de soleil qui perçait oblique.

2

Nous n'avions aucun moyen de rien savoir sur l'auteur d'un journal d'histoire naturelle sur le front. « A présent je quitte la zone tempérée, j'entre dans la zone tropicale » ou « l'orientation de mon travail a été bouleversé », peut-être n'a-t-il pas eu le temps de l'écrire, juste avant son départ ? En plus, je ne sais pas non plus si le naturaliste qui était sur le front a bien écrit ce journal d'histoire naturelle du front. Seulement, je ne cessais de sentir avoir reçu autrefois, légèrement, un signal, comme cela ; « mais en écrivant ce journal, l'idée de me séparer d'eux, les hyménoptères, m'a serré le cœur ». Ce signal, sur mon front, rien d'autre à l'ombre des fleurs d'hamamélis.

3

Il se comportait, comme nous, en tant qu'être pourvu d'ailes, mais sous le soleil il devenait l'os, transparent, de ceux qui avaient des os ; à l'ombre il se considérait parfois comme le nuage même, planant, déposant son ombre aux alentours. A ce moment-là, il sentit un effondrement vers les épaules et quelque chose pulluler dans son buste qui allaient initier l'interminable circulation des mémoires anciennes.

4

L'idée frivole de faire une petite bêtise lui est venue à l'esprit. Il s'agissait de prendre un petit épi de blé avec son épis parmi les herbes qui étaient près de lui et de l'insérer, tout en le tournant légèrement, dans ce trou de terre. Nous lui avons offert une petite réaction en le mordant. Deux ou trois fois, il a essayé de nous tirer avec et a échoué. Alors une chose en forme de grain de riz est sortie précipitamment. Lorsqu'il l'a vu sortir son épée extrêmement longue et appliquer une anesthésie dans l'éther qu'il avait machinalement émis, c'est trop tard, celui-là était... pensa-t-il.

5

Il n'a fait que collectionner. Je ne raconte aucun secret sinon marcher dans le creux. Lui en revanche, après avoir remplacé son regard par diverses sortes de directions et appareils, a initié une tentative en secouant le cou et en appuyant les mains sur un papier jauni. Un être étrange comme lui, inutile de le saisir en toute occasion et de le classer par posture ; chaque fois il pourra se nommer différemment.

6

Le jour où il était sorti depuis la matinée, accompagné de deux abeilles, il a assisté à une opération particulièrement habile sur l'eau. Il lui semblait qu'elle était directement pratiquée sur son centre agité, mais ce n'était pas le cas. C'était un acte que nous deux adressions à la moelle d'un jeune arbre mort qui se tendait depuis l'eau vers l'air. Ou bien c'était une anesthésie que nous appliquait à tous deux la moelle d'un arbre mort ; cela reste inconnu.

7

Il observait, avec une mine de cratère, toute notre vie depuis la naissance, il savait aussi que personne ne nous avait appris la difficile tâche que nous allions entreprendre. Cependant notre naissance sanguinaire était détrempée à la lumière, paraissait immédiatement fondre sur une ennemie invisible comme une première vengeance.

8

Sur le champ de la bataille secrète où se mêlaient des restes de coquilles d'œufs d'une couleur violette noirâtre et des cadavres de larves, glissait la figure d'un petit escargot. Ici à nouveau communiquaient ceux qui n'avaient pu entretenir aucun lien dans leur vie. Fixer son regard sur cela, cela ne devait pas non plus ne pas être la communication d'une autre force magnétique et d'un des sacrifices qui brûle le cœur, pensa-t-il, et à notre manière, il enduisit de ses premiers excréments d'une couleur violace le mur en verre côté est.

9

Appuyer ses doigts de l'ombre sur le fond, laisser tomber ses cheveux d'ombre sur l'eau, découper le courant en plusieurs fils. Les traces de bateaux stagnants, dans le silence, il les a fait venir auprès de lui. Le ruisseau débordé entre deux oreilles comme les mots, jusqu'à ce que son crâne devienne comme transparent.

10

L'ostéopathe, l'ostéopathe. Vêtu d'herbe, il serre ses pieds qui brûlent de danser avec ses bottes en flammes, porte les jumelles torses à son cou comme le vague portrait d'un défunt, parfois il joue les naturalistes qui lèvent les yeux à la lumière du ciel gris-fer. Pourquoi toi, te rends-tu toujours par ici, entre les stèles du père et de la mère sereine. Vois-tu la figure d'un être qui n'est pas encore né, l'apparence de nous qui ne sommes pas encore nés ? Même si tu viens ici, il n'y aura aucun travail qui mérite tes doigts si agiles, si fermes. L'ostéopathe.

11

Un chasseur de première qualité, décrépi, finit par devenir à son tour la proie, si la métémpsyose nous touche, nous décidons d'apparaître au monde, passant seulement par la voie minutieuse de son observation et de sa description. La solution d'une couleur verte noirâtre qui se fond dans la chaleur de l'épaisseur des papiers, les bribes de chitine.

12

A abandonner l'olivier de Bohème qui se dresse seul sur le sol nu en sable blanc, à ne pas se lasser de vénérer la grande mâchoire qui s'attache comme des détritus sur un morceau de cocon, il a encore connu l'hiver. Une troupe de chiffons a mis le feu aux herbes sèches (là-bas, il reste encore un de nos grands-pères), et il a longuement regardé ce feu, en la chassant, courir à blanc jusqu'à la pointe de la presqu'île flétrie.

13

Les ailes bourdonnant le plus possible sans but, nous tourbillonnions sans exception tout autour du territoire, nous nous pressions, avec nos traces de vol toutes bleues claires, de construire quelque chose comme une grotte, pour accueillir son retour.

14

Parmi les rochers où l'écume de l'eau jaillie s'éparpillait en poudre de feu irrégulier, une paire de gants tournoyaient. Les dix doigts, se laissant posséder par l'ombre d'une méduse qui venait de mourir, certains cassés, certains tordus, chacun tentait d'indiquer toutes les directions possibles.

translated from Japanese by RYOKO SEKIGUCHI

TAKASHI HIRAIDE

extraits de Pour l'esprit combatif des noix

1

Le train souterrain radieux. Le mur qui s'éclaircit, qui n'en finit pas. Un nuage à la brosse sur la prière métallique tonnante qui noue les jours, ô le commencement, c'est cela ton nid.

3

Ce qui descend et ce qui surgit, c'est tout ce qui m'importe (jusqu'à ce que ce qui descend surgisse et que ce qui surgit descende sans fin). Ce qui surgit et ce qui descend, c'est tout ce qui me procure du désir (jusqu'à ce que ce qui surgit ne surgisse plus, et que ce qui descend ne descende plus).

5

Tu es né dans un coin ensoleillé et doux, au bord de la baie que longent les hangars. Les yeux bridés, hérités du détroit. Les cheveux des marées qui parsèment des îles. Les joues bronzées. Les jambes souples qui parfois s'emmêlent. Même dans le déplacement de la bataille, comme tu dissimules la révolte contre la mort dans l'art d'une voix calme, cet âge persiste à demeurer, doucement, au revers des journées.

37

Passages un jour ramifiés par jeu, avec les fibres fraîches de la pulpe ; tout en restant tels qu'ils sont, ils finissent par couvrir l'ensemble d'une dureté sans pareille —, agite cette clochette parfaite. A notre passage souterrain strictement interdit au feu nu, agite ce labyrinth entièrement exposé. Au début, cela ne sonne pas. Au début, cela ne sonne pas.

42

Quand on presse la naissance de l'idée jusqu'à zéro, une explosion blanche se produit. Je suis tenté de l'appeler, elle seule, poésie. Quelquefois, je me suis aspergé de malheurs qui se fondaient dans la lumière du soleil sous la coupole en bas de la falaise. Pendant que les noix de la pluie me poussaient abondamment sur la tête.

54

Au milieu d'une poubelle profonde et sombre, l'enfant de l'abricot s'est enfin réveillé. « Ah moi, je pourris sans sautiler, sans connaître ce qui brille fermement. » Et puis il s'est glissé d'une profondeur de deux fois sa taille, parmi des papiers mouillés et des miettes de pain. Au loin, des cris de joie.

57

Les âmes enrobées d'écorces vertes. Drues, sous chacune s'accrochent les gouttes d'orage !

92

Alors frétillait un jeune carpeau dans la réserve d'eau. Il sautait ; vite vite le feu !

94

Juglans dans la cécité et le bourdonnement, du bout du temps ravagé, tournons au coin. *Juglans* dans le signe de l'accouplement et de l'inondation, jeter le buste, le jeter encore, haussant le ton autant que possible, du bout du jour violent descendons l'escalier. Les saisons se sont déchirées. Et les nuages et les vagues avec pudeur se remplissent éperdument sur la terre *Juglans* une fausse après-mort rayonnante se met à tourner doucement dans notre souterrain.

62

Le train dont chacun des 111 wagons, simultanément, prend la tête dans la minceur du jour perpétuel. Ses attelages sont libres. Le train dont chacun des 111 wagons jète derrière lui le paysage flétri. Ses dételages sont arbitraires. Quel serait le parcours d'un tel train, ô train, montre-le-moi, empruntant ce lieu fantomatique.

C'en est assez. Je vais te passer de bouche à bouche, une goutte de saut dans le bocal. Et ensuite, cassons les noix.

translated from Japanese by RYOKO SEKIGUCHI

HENRI MICHAUX

extraits de La vie dans les plis

Vieillesse de Pollagoras

*Je voudrais bien savoir pourquoi je suis
toujours le cheval que je tiens par la bride.*

Avec l'âge, dit Pollagoras, je suis devenu semblable à un champ sur lequel il y a eu bataille, bataille il y a des siècles, bataille hier, un champ de beaucoup de batailles.

Des morts jamais tout à fait morts errent en silence ou reposent. On pourrait les croire dégagés du désir de vaincre.

Mais soudain ils s'animent, les couchés se relèvent, et tout armés attaquent. Ils viennent de rencontrer le fantôme de l'adversaire d'autrefois qui lui-même, secoué, tout à coup se précipite en avant fiévreusement, sa parade prête, obligeant mon cœur surpris à accélérer son mouvement en ma poitrine et en mon être renfrogné qui s'anime à regret.

Entre eux sans interférence ils livrent « leurs » batailles, aveugles aux précédentes comme aux suivantes, dont inconnus et paisibles circulent les héros, jusqu'à ce que, rencontrant à leur tour leur contemporain adversaire, ils se redressent en un instant et foncent irrésistiblement au combat.

C'est ainsi, dit Pollagoras, que j'ai de l'âge, par cette accumulation.

Encombré de batailles déjà livrées, horloge de scènes de plus en plus nombreuses qui sonnent, tandis que je me voudrais ailleurs.

Ainsi, tel un manoir livré au Poltergeist, je vis sans vivre, lieu de hantises qui ne m'intéressent plus, quoiqu'elles se passionnent encore et se refassent tumultueusement en un fébrile dévidement que je ne puis paralyser.

La sagesse n'est pas venue, dit Pollagoras. La parole s'étrangle davantage, mais la sagesse n'est pas venue.

Comme une aiguille sismographique mon attention la vie durant m'a parcouru sans me dessiner, m'a tâté sans me former.

À l'aurore de la vieillesse devant la plaine de la Mort, je cherche encore, je cherche toujours, dit Pollagoras, le petit barrage lointain en mon enfance par ma fierté édifié, tandis qu'avec des armes molles et un infime bouclier, je circulais entre les falaises d'adultes obscurs.

Petit barrage que je fis, croyant bien faire, croyant merveille faire, et me placer en forteresse non délogeable. Petit barrage trop solide que ma résistance fit.

Et il n'est pas le seul.

Combien n'en bétonnai-je pas au temps de ma défense folle, dans mes années effrayées.

Il faut que je les dépiste tous à présent, recouverts de fibres vivantes.

Ma vie flétrissante qui n'a plus qu'un filet, cherche avide, les torrents qui se gaspillent encore, et l'œuvre magnifique du courageux petit bâtisseur doit être ruinée pour le bénéfice du vieil avare attaché à la vie.

Laissez-moi, dit Pollagoras, je suis fatigué de l'épi querelleur. Le temps est venu pour moi. Laissez. Mon sang a perdu son colloïdal. Mon être tout entier dépose des pierres.

Le démantèlement commença avec la mort de quelqu'un avec qui je vivais. Ce quelqu'un était femme, c'est-à-dire propre à s'insinuer dans tous les couloirs de l'âme.

Elle tomba dans la Mort. Soudain. Sans aucun accord.

Loin de la grève, la mer se retira.

L'ensablement gagna les étendues, les étendues et les profondeurs, et une nuit se présenta qui effraya ma nuit, celle pourtant vaste avec laquelle depuis longtemps je me couvrais du jour insupportable des autres.

Je lâchai vite quelques fusées mais la nuit les absorba sans s'altérer, et filèrent les vaines fusées sans éclairer plus que quelques poussières et disparurent sans gerbe, sans éclat, loin du visage noir de l'artificier.

Il est venu avec les pluies, mon camarade, celui qu'on dit que chacun a dans son dos.

Il est venu avec les pluies, triste, et il ne s'est pas encore séché.

J'ai pris quelques départs depuis. J'ai abordé quelques rivages nouveaux. Mais je n'ai pu le désattrister. Je me lasse à présent. Mes forces, mes dernières forces... Son vêtement mouillé — ou est-ce déjà le mien ? — me fait tressaillir. Il va falloir rentrer.

PIERRE JEAN JOUVE
extraits de Sueur de Sang

Crachats

Les crachats sur l'asphalte m'ont toujours fait penser
A la face imprimée au voile des saintes femmes.

La Tache

Je voyais une nappe épaisse d'huile verte
Ecoulée d'une machine et je songeais
Sur le pavé chaud de l'infâme quartier
Longtemps, longtemps au sang de ma mère.

Car la peau blanche est une expression nocturne
Et quels déserts n'ont-ils pas foulés ses pieds diurnes ?
Une ombre — ce qu'elle est — n'est pas plus effrayée
Ni plus obscène, ni plus horriblement méchante.

L'homme sans péché
Est celui qui ne devrait pas mourir, est donc celui
Qui ne connaîtrait nulle interdiction, est donc celui
Qui n'aurait point de semblables, et qui ne devrait pas vivre.

Mauvais Sexe

Si l'arbre a poussé dans les contrées de laine
Autour du diamant des femmes cavalières !
Ce n'est pas que son ventre ait l'emmêlement brun
Ni qu'elle dorme, avec l'hygiène pour beauté,
Mais c'est plutôt l'étouffement d'un mauvais vent
Et la moiteur de l'arbre, particulière !

Ce n'est pas tant l'ardeur du vis-à-vis
Linéaire dans le bassin des chairs calcaires
Ni l'ambassade par l'odeur au sein de l'homme
Et le charme des vieux appareils de torture,
Mais c'est plutôt dans le sang régulier
La haine, poil, d'avoir poussé sur le secret
Qui fut amputation, expansion tranchée.

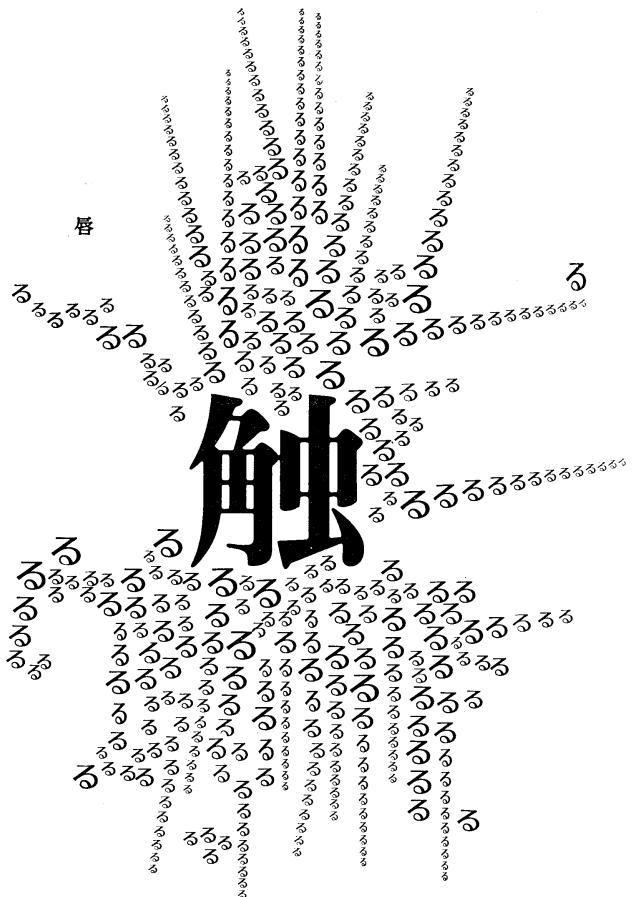
Par le fleuve écoulé du sein de notre mère
Glissant, nous allons vers l'immuable mort.
La mort qui le fit rond ce sein plein de chaleur
Et l'accrocha non loin de cette aisselle noire.

◀ ingurishu

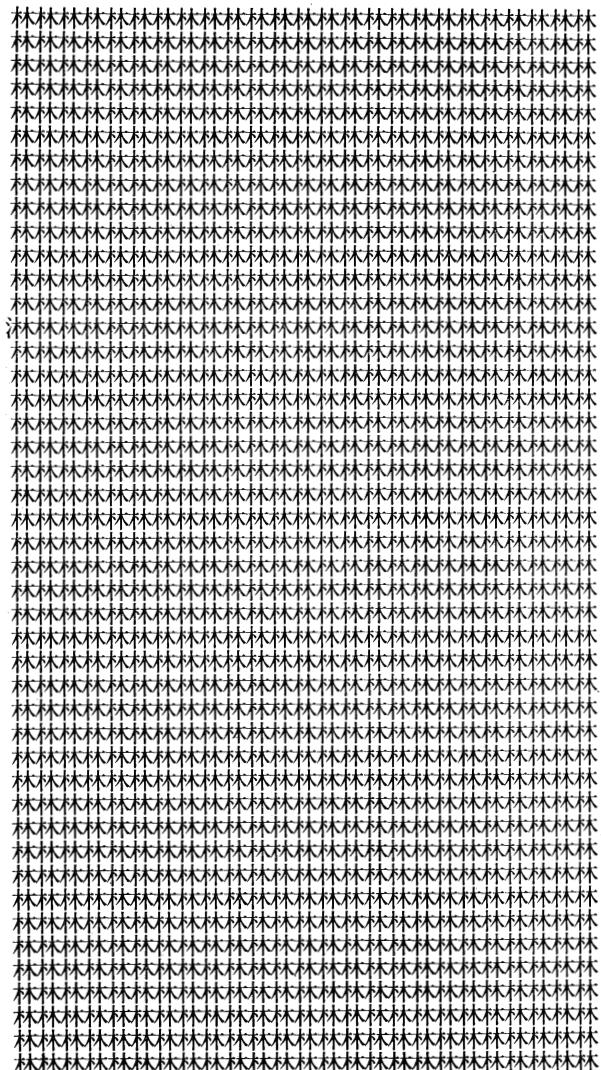
◀ furenchi

▶ Japanese

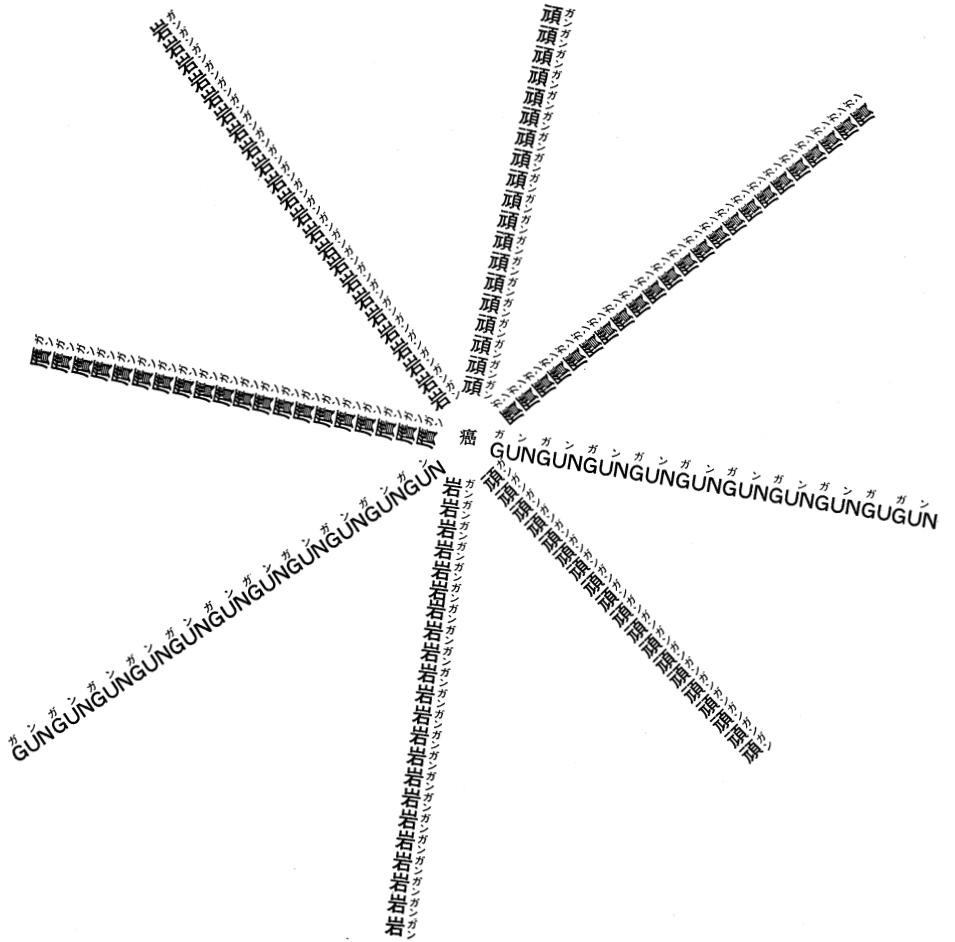
NIKUNI SEIICHI
新國誠一



触る
touch



淋し
loneliness



禍根

the root of evil

(岩)-(gan)=rock, (頑)-(gan)=stubbornness, (贋)-(gan)=imitation,
(ガン)-(gan), (癌)-(gan)=cancer

空の時間（抄）

KAWATA AYANE
川田 紗音

26

ひっきりなしに
鳥も
突風も
流れる唇も
絶望的に燃えあがるポプラも
来て！

27

ひばりの鉱脈が爆破されるのか
耳いっぱいに遙かな青が入り込むのだろうか

28

唇を突き出して
リラのぬかるみをよけ
階段をそれで
退屈した天使が角を曲がる

29

失神している女の中のかがやく銀杏並木をせかせかと歩きまわる鳥たち

30

脳髄に這いひろがる血の葦の速さで
襲うように
歌いなさい

31

光の歯がいらだたしく麦畑を囁みしだいて発作的な正午になる

32

耳は石膏の窒息に塗りこめられて
星々の腐爛がはげしい
カヌーはない
きんぼうげが咲き乱れている

33

真昼
まっしぐらに墜落するひばりの眼の燠で殺戮がやまない限り！

34

車輪はしごれているのか
泉か
裂傷の枝々がきらめいているのか

35

突風より百合の薺より速いオルガンの中へ私の空を追い詰めてしまうまで

36

光は血の匂いが
ひばりはみんな狂って
泉は茂り
壺は口を開けている

37

叫びをあげて青い空の見えない自動扉を通りぬける素裸の女たちよ

SEKIGUCHI RYOKO
関口 涼子

Touch

触れるということは、何よりも
まず官能的な行為である。



かなり暑い日の昼下がりに、やさしい
存在を抱きしめること、その触感。



辺りが熱を持っている日に、
あいまいな存在に抱きしめられること、
その感触。



触ることは(体が、今いる
領域を越えて)振れること。



私に触れようすることは、
生きているものとそうでないものの
間の、はるかな距離を知ること。

常に何かに触れつづけて
いなければ、生きてゆくことは
出来ない。



世界を確かめてゆく。すべての
ものに触れることで少しづつ
分かりはじめることがある。



それでも。触れた瞬間に
分からなくなってしまうものがある。



すでに失われてしまった手ざわりを
取り戻そうとすることは、そのものを
愛していたということを思い出すことだ。

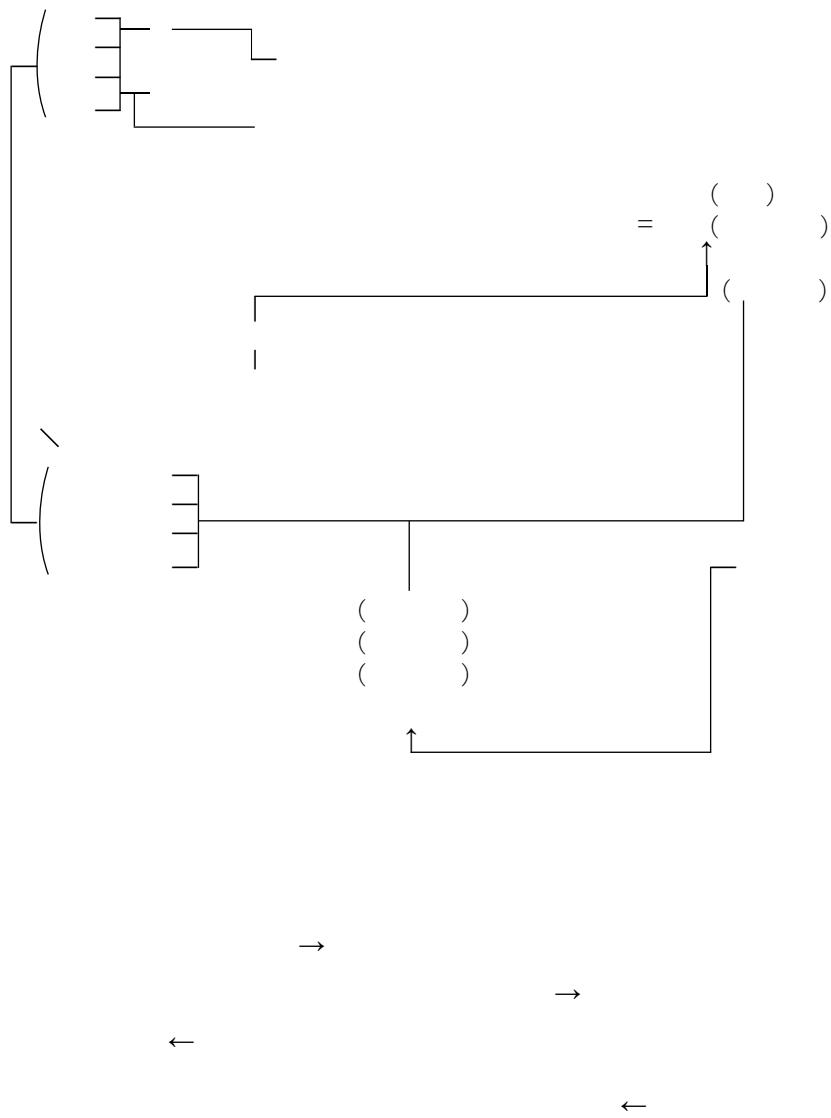


かなしみに触感はない。

Texture : 22×33×5

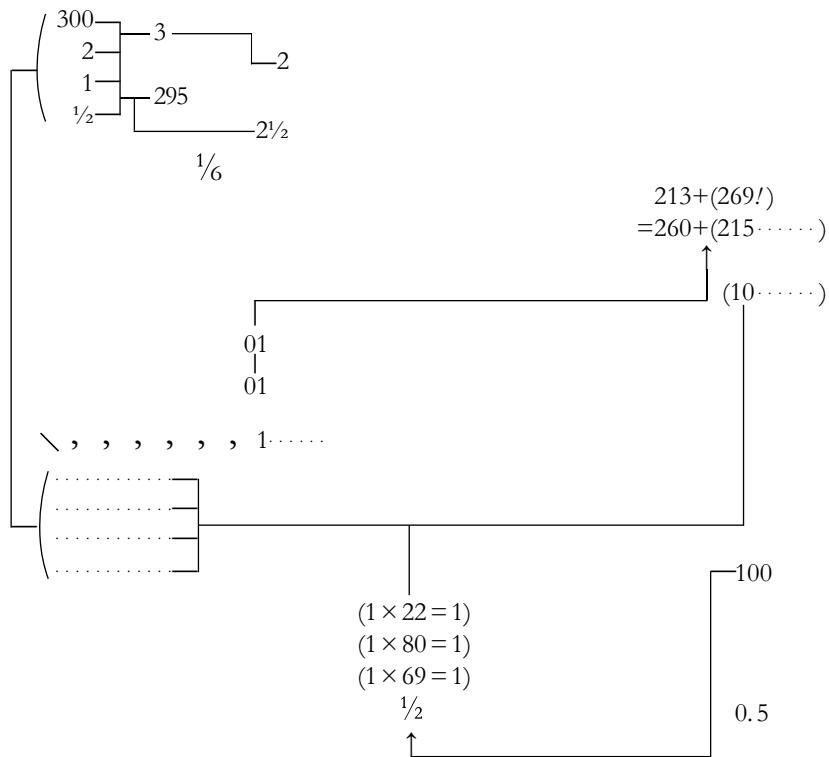
腐敗に向かってあたたかな湯気を立てているフレッシュ・アップル・ケーキを正確に描写すること。

Texture : $(22 \times 33) \times 5$



=Texture : $22 \times (33 \times 5)$

Texture : $22 \times (33 \times 5)$



$22 \times 33 \quad 22 \times 33 \quad 22 \times 33 \quad 22 \times 33 \quad 22 \times 33 \times 5$

$175^\circ C \rightarrow$

$175^\circ C \rightarrow$

$175^\circ C \leftarrow$

$\leftarrow 175^\circ C$

=Texture : Fresh Apple Cake

Texture : (22×33)×5

……形とプロセスの中で失われてしまうものを探すためにものを作る。ひとつひとつあるいてひとつひとつおとしてゆく。そして凝縮する。単位で定められたものによってものをつくりたい。

粒子さえも見ることができる。凝縮した空間。

形、ではな、ぐ視線をそこここにやると跡を置きながら動きはねている。制限、という言葉。同じもの、位置にいて、限りに気がつくと空気が変化してくる。揺れる、という空気。言葉。変化してゆくなかで、またプロセスを踏もうとしている。言葉を置きかえようとしている。この先はいけない。最後まで作る事は出来ないから、多分、終わりの場所も変わるだろう。終わり、という言葉。頂点。

片目の人にボールペンのキャップはかぶせられない

すぐに行かなくてはならない。そう思った時には既に草の屋根がアーケードのように路地をまたぎ、頭上にかかっている市場の入口に足が運ばれていた。夏だから、すこし急ぎ足で歩くことにする、その熱い日が一層際立たせる物の輪郭までもが出会いの為の目印となることだろう。銀の盆、青い布靴、葡萄（果肉の、どれ位奥まで光は入り込める？）時を刻むものの代わりに、そう呼びながらも足は迷うことなく動き続々と一瞬前の土地を遠ざけている。稻妻のように風景の肉を切り裂き、広げてゆく、錯綜する視線の弧を描く移行でそれと知れる。ゆきかう人々の足元で小さな車輪のように舞い上がっている砂ぼこり、その一粒ごとの色でも見分けられるというのに、自分が何処へ向かおうとしているのかは分からない、角を曲がる、土の壁に一瞬手をつきかける。壁をつたう零に思い出てしまったからだ、以前に出会った時のこと、町を離れた岩場に深い影を訪ねていって（足をとられて）あまり早く歩けなかった多分そのおかげで、そんなことを考えていて下り坂に向かっていることにも思いが及ばない。だんだん大きくなる傾斜の比例する足取りの視界、さえもが速度を増して目がまわりそうになる幾千枚にも重ねられ撮られ続ける写真（何て視力とは哀れだろうか）それを羨むことが引き寄せる力に勢いをつけて弱視を飛び込ませる、（同じ器官に宿っているとも知らずに）。金属の槍の煌き、闇を塗り込まれ、残像の支配する混乱のなか、それでも思わず慣性の最後の右足が前に出てしまっていた、出会いの触感が肩をかすめた。今、この一步を踏み出す地点に、誰か（ひょっとしてあの姿が）たたずんでいたのかもしれない。そう分かった瞬間、見たいと望む眼は視力を再び身につけてでもすでに戻れないほどの遠さもまとまっていた、止められない、もう。

確か、約束をしたことがあった。そんなことを考えながら昼の光のところどころもれる(すずしいけれど、縞のようにまぶしい)、市と名付けられている場所が始まるところにいた。汗ばんではまたひいてゆく、(水石からこんなにも遠いところにいるから)ゆっくりとした繰り返しをこの身に受ける、かすかな収斂さえ伴なうそのよろこび。何かの、しるしかももしれないと思っているから、薄い傾きのような歩みを今日も続ける。触感と、この肉体を少しだけ外側へ開くことを許してくれる(マスカットの中にでも座っているかのようだ)頼りない視力が一つの生を支えている。進む、この辺りの地理なら子供の頃からよく知っている、でも路地の名一つとして言えはしないことに思い至って足取りは足枷へと変わる、揺れて、真っすぐではない道へと向きを移した。ぼんやりと内側に描いていた、記憶とも想像ともつかぬ姿、ひらひらとした映像、西日の差す部屋の奥でまだ水の跡を残した訪問者の鋭い飛沫を手の平に受けている、時を入れ替えるのか勾配は気にならない。徐々に力の入る足の指先を感じながらそれでもまだおしゃかっていた、この出来事に与えられるだろうもう一つの名を(蓋、と呼ばれるべきか)この絶対的な遅さと視力との関係を。早めるべきなのにそうできない、ずれの角度の大きさに躊躇して、その拍子に取り込んでしまった、対になるべき(どこかで待っていた)強い視線を。その刹那、自分の足が飛び出すように視界に現れたことの驚き、一気に逆流した色、その生きものより毒々しい繁殖、はっきりとした形のもつ痛さに、平衡を失って立ち止まった、刃物のように駆けてゆく姿に目をつぶってしまった。すれちがった、そう気付いて瞼を開けば光は再び柔らかな形象をふちどって取り返しがつかなかった。次の約束は、いつやってくるだろうか。

鏡の町あるいは眼の森

TADA CHIMAKO
多田 智満子

1

町は鏡ばかりである
鏡は眼ばかりである
眼には葉脈がひろがり
町は鬱蒼たる眼の森である

*

樹々は腕組みあわせて法典を編む
そして誇り高い角をかざした鹿のように
枝の網目に捕われた影
ふるえている裸の水
沈黙のひこばえのなかには
すでに華やかな睫毛に縁どられた眼の群落

*

枝分れする道 ひびわれる鏡
神経の迷走する町を
血迷って ひたはしる足
網走まで歯舞までも
歯ぎしって走っても掌のうち
しわよった掌の奥の細道

私のまわりにたくさんのドアが生える
 温室は奇型児を育てる
 丈高い夢は一晩で枯れ
 草の種はみな羽根を生やして旅に出る
 この町の工場では
 私に肖せて 無数の私がつくられている

これが私の眼に属する私の町
 壁ぎわに植えこまれた人々は
 地下にやさしいひげ根の齢をたくわえる
 そして正午
 ふくれたまぶたの殻を破って
 熟れすぎたさや豆がはじけ出る

これが私の眼に属する私の町
 私はたぶん別の木から生れた

*

街角に望遠鏡をさかさまに据えて
 この世のものとも思われぬほど遠い世界を眺める

私が発見するのはレンズのしみのようなひとりの天使
 楽譜をわきにかかえ
 こんもりした北半球の傘をさして通りすぎる

そこで私は唇に一輪の薔薇をくわえ
 鼻翼をひろげてゆっくりとそれをくゆらすのだ

この小さな町で 毎日殺人がくりかえされる
 窓という窓はつんぽになる
 あるいはいるのは殺人者ばかりだ
 そして彼らはみな尿意をもよおしている

数列のようにならんで
 いっせいに輝く抛物線を放射すること
 それが彼らの願いだ
 ときにパトカーが通りすぎる
 優雅なサイレンの音をひきずりながら
 その蓑裾にふれるのは彼らの無心の快楽だ

うっとりとふるえながら
 今日も彼らは街をさまよいあるく
 共同便所をさがして

*

回転扉がまわる度に
 一枚ずつ めくれて出てくる
 白い花びらである男たち
 黒い風に身をよじらせて街に散らばる
 やせ衰えた電柱のかげ
 しなびた池のはた
 傾いた聖女の軒さき
 要するに ありとあらゆる闇のなかに
 警官は無上に棒を振って通り
 千年の鳥は ついばむために
 匂いの方に向きを変える
 おおついばまれるための
 花びらである男たち
 警官の足音を合図に
 集まって一輪の百合となり
 闇のなかに雄しへを立てて
 光のような花粉を散らす

鏡に向って
女は朝食の支度にかかる
スカートをめくるようにして
まぶたをめぐる
まぶしい胡椒をふりかける
フォークを手にして男が待っている
フライパンの中でじわじわと焼ける目玉を

*

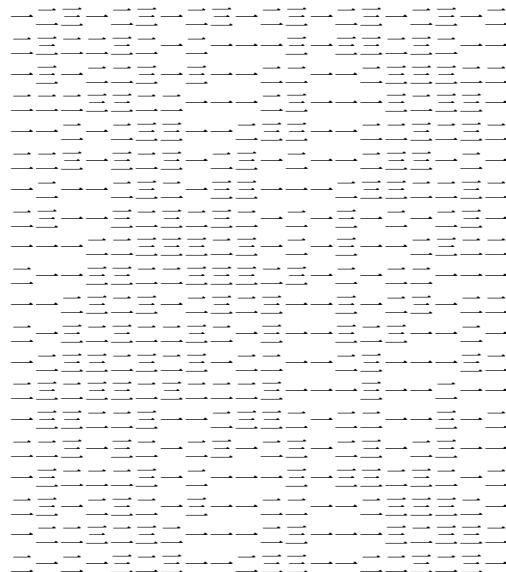
水から這いあがる女を
水の中に突きおどす
それが聖職のつとめ
たそがれの系統樹に
紫の静脈を接ぎ木する
殺人者をつなぐために
白薔薇の鎖を編む
それが聖職のつとめ
眼帯をして
黒い袖をまくりあげて
鏡から出てくる女を
鏡の中におしもどす

鏡のなかには
むかし 巨人が住んでいた
人間の顔面を好んで啖らった 百眼の巨人
彼が死ぬと
眼は種まかれ
森を生じた
見れば見るほど暗い森
その夜の奥にすわると
今でも 咀嚼する臼歯の地ひびきがきこえる

縞縞 (抄) *from Striped Stripe*

MATSUI SHIGERU
松井 茂

純粹詩 2



セルフポートレート アメリカ

1 セント + 5 セント = 6 セント。6 セント + 1
0 セント = 1 6 セント。1 6 セント + 2 5 セン
ト = 4 1 セント。4 1 セント + 5 0 セント = 9
1 セント。9 1 セント + 1 ドル = 1 ドル 9 1 セ
ント。1 ドル 9 1 セント + 1 ドル = 2 ドル 9 1
セント。2 ドル 9 1 セント + 2 ドル = 4 ドル 9
1 セント。4 ドル 9 1 セント + 5 ドル = 9 ドル
9 1 セント。9 ドル 9 1 セント + 1 0 ドル = 1
9 ドル 9 1 セント。1 9 ドル 9 1 セント + 2 0
ドル = 3 9 ドル 9 1 セント。3 9 ドル 9 1 セン
ト + 5 0 ドル = 8 9 ドル 9 1 セント。8 9 ドル
9 1 セント + 1 0 0 ドル = 1 8 9 ドル 9 1 セン
ト。1 8 9 ドル 9 1 セント + 5 0 0 ドル = 6 8
9 ドル 9 1 セント。6 8 9 ドル 9 1 セント + 1
セント = 6 8 9 ドル 9 2 セント。6 8 9 ドル 9
2 セント + 5 セント = 6 8 9 ドル 9 7 セント。
6 8 9 ドル 9 7 セント + 1 0 セント = 6 9 0 ド
ル 7 セント。6 9 0 ドル 7 セント + 2 5 セント
= 6 9 0 ドル 3 2 セント。

セルフポートレート　日本

壹円+伍円=六円。六円+拾円=拾六円。拾六円+伍拾円=六拾六円。六拾六円+百円=百六拾六円。百六拾六円+伍百円=六百六拾六円。六百六拾六円+千円=千六百六拾六円。千六百六拾六円+弐千円=参千六百六拾六円。参千六百六拾六円+伍千円=八千六百六拾六円。八千六百六拾六円+壹万円=壹万八千六百六拾六円。壹万八千六百六拾六円+壹円=壹万八千六百六拾七円。壹万八千六百六拾七円+伍円=壹万八千六百七拾弐円。壹万八千六百七拾弐円+拾円=壹万八千六百八拾弐円。壹万八千六百八拾弐円+伍拾円=壹万八千七百參拾弐円。壹万八千七百參拾弐円+百円=壹万八千八百參拾弐円。壹万八千八百參拾弐円+伍百円=壹万九千參百參拾弐円。壹万九千參百參拾弐円+千円=弌万參百參拾弐円。弌万參百參拾弐円+弐千円=弌万弌千參百參拾弐円。弌万弌千參百參拾弐円+伍千円=弌万七千參百參拾弐円。弌万七千參百參拾弐円+壹万円=参万七千參百參拾弐円。

Translation of titles:

- p.94 Pure Poem 2
- p.95 Self-Portrait (America)
- p.96 Self-Portrait (Japan)

MATSUURA HISAKI
松浦 寿輝

金魚

きらびやかな金魚を口に含み呑みこむのは倒錯したよろこびなのだろうか。金魚を喰う人々の住む地方を流れる河は、かならず年に二度、キイソギシボリやウスアカセンヨウの稚魚の泳ぐ養殖池に茶色の泥水をあふれさせる。巨大な動物の呼吸さながら鈍く大きく右に左にうねりながら上下するにごった水面に無数の小さな白い腹が浮かび、金粉が撒かれたように見渡すかぎりきらきらと揺れるのだ。だが何日も何日も降りつづく雨にたたかれて鱗はたちまち剥がれ落ち、身は腐って灰色から茶色にぐずぐずと崩れ、耐えがたい悪臭が漂いはじめるまでにはいくらも時間はかかるない。河から流れこむ飢えた獰猛な鮎たちの食欲も追いつけないほどこの腐敗のはやさは、あるいは金魚を喰う人々のおごりと徒労を罰し、金色を体内に摂りこむ醜行の淨罪をはかろうとするなものかの意思なのかもしれない。膾とただれが、かえって傷を淨めることがあるのだ。水が引くと、あとには前の雨期の氾濫以来その土地で流された水子たちの骸があちこちに散らばっているが、それらは丹念に拾い集められ、生き残った僅かな稚魚たちの餌になるのだという。金の魚、この世でもっとも美しいきものは、人々の営みの裏側の、つまり禁じられた悪い側の時間の池を、その深みではなく水面近いところを泳がせるために育てられている。

うつし絵

うつされ うつす茨 うつし絵の地をなす 粗布の縫目がいつのまにか埃を帯び 聖痕をたどる放恣な唇や気の狂った十四匹の猫がもつれあうその画面の細部から 鼻の羽がよぎりだす はじめはちらほらと やがて激しく 経と緯の交叉するひろがりのない一点にひらかれる 多面体の眼をうらぎり 肉声を奪い 同一のエデンを包むなめらかでひややかな愛の言葉 それを睦言とはもう呼べない 「どうして、どうしてこんなつめたいところにいらっしゃるんです？」 いまは捨てられた杉の葉の数葉 記憶をはらい 黴が生える 他人でいたかったのに娶った 娶らざるをえなかつたひとの濃すぎる血は水面を あらゆる内なる水の断面を踏みとどまる 行くことも還ることもともに封じこめられた記憶の肉体がもし傷を負い 紋甲いかのように泳ぐことができなくなても ふるえる肌を失っても すべてをはらい 黴は生える 火もなく在り処もなく ただ崩折れる蒼さだけが伝染する ただ窓を開けただけで死にたくなるような仮の夕映を 娶ったひとの手首の裏の柔らかな肌にうつしだし うつしだされたあらゆる星采を忘れ ひとりき外ですごす おぼつかない密航の試み 「いつまでもこんなところにいたら、こんなところで泣いていたら、風邪をひいてしまう」 見たことのないものを想像することには限度がある 視力はふかく棘のように眼に刺さり うつされ うつす茨に触れる たちまち冒され 冒す見えない菌 丸いしづかなく表面は熱を持って腫れあがり 凝乳を捏ねるように見ひらいても 視野は暗赤色に濁ってながれだす 燐 融けかかった蠟 失明することすらできぬ それはもはや柘榴のように雛の寄った他人の瞳孔だ そうしたすべてをうつす うつしだす藻のように揺れるフィルムがある 今にも息たえようとする 燃える寸前の映画がある 視力の篡奪と変容の儀式としてうやうやしく執り行われる上映のつどいには誰も集らない 比喩にうなされる仮眠の瞬間だ 心象をぬぐい 手が感染させるあらゆる文字は その字幕に紛れこんだおびただしい誤訳としてしか読まれないから 何も語りえぬ 説明しえぬ 黒と白の単調な図柄 うつりゆき うつりかわり だがその果てに 外へ 出る？ 画面を 窓敷居を越え むきだしになった器にたゆたうせまい水の縁を越え うつされ うつす茨がもう一度戻ってくる 手首の裏の柔らかな肌を棘はわずかにかする その切先からすべてが発し その切先へとすべてが返る 手を伸ばす… 「ここにいて

も、こんなつめたいところにいても、誰もむかえにきてはくれない」
必要なのは　だから薄すぎるフィルムをうらがえし　唯一のうつされる
ものを無数のうつすものへと転じること　「さあ、——」　ここにとどまる
ことをやめ　はるかな余白へ　風景から選りだした白い糸だけでつむ
がれた遠い布へ向かって　はやい砂のように　光の病菌はいつまでも
ただよう

幽靈

それを愛した。つぎからつぎへと剥がれてゆく白い水のきりくずが縫目のない一枚のうすいカーテンのようにたよりなくからだをつつみながら落ちつづけた。降りしきる諦めのなかではらはら揺れているこのからだもまたほとんど透きとおったひとりの音のない幽靈となって舗石の上に落ちつづけた。

わたることの不可解な軽さ。長い雨の橋を。傷が癒えても、むなし。

なにも思い出さぬままわずかに身をひいた。匂いのないからだ。どんなに汚れた空の吐息にも染まらない。ぼやけた廃屋のかたちが肉をそがれてすっと立つ。やぶこうとして手をかけても手ごたえのない一枚の、その裏の一枚の、また別の一枚の、どこまでもきりのない同じ無数の幕、やぶれようのない真白なくらがり。冬の燃える指が頬を耳を乳首をちりちりと焼いてふるえとやすらぎが全身にひろがった。雪のなかで。

軽くなる。輪郭はとけさった。内も外もしづかだ。ひたと正坐してしめるべきさわいだこころもない。ひえている。ひえたまま軽くなつた。ただよいつづけた。

優しすぎたか、これらの行は。ききわけのない命名の指もこのからだの白さを漬すことだけはためらうのだ。身をひいた、ふるえた、やすらいで、軽くなつた、そんな簡単なあるかなきかの彩りだけが狷介なはげしい感情にかえってかなうのだ、わたしの。

わたしの接吻は、とても遅い。闘魚のようなきらめきとともに、ゆるやかにあなたのからだの死線を越える。あなたの肉を噛むように、ながれたゆたう水を噛むことはできない。いつも少しだけ遅れながら、脇をまげ脚をひいて、うつとりと闇にしずんでいるだけだ。ふれあう睫毛のふるえが水の肌をきずつけ、まばゆい反映をかきみだす。うちよせる遅い胸。くりかえされる死。揺れる、足首のほぞさ。見てはならぬわたしの、うつくしい尻のふくらみ。

あるいは紙のように離のよった癩者の背。そこにつぎつぎに書き足され

てゆくくらいの場面。アルファベット、アルファベット。染みや滴りとともに書いては書き忘れられる、ちぢこまつた尾のようなもの、盛りあがつた瘤、ありきたりの病の剩余、濡れた紐、赤い郢のはいった書きかけの原稿箋のけばだち、それを受けとる欠けた手。そんなものはなにほどのこともない。ふしげなやすらぎにつつまれて雪はなおからだのなかを降りしきる。鏡をはさんで向かいあうふたつの季。

そのからだは、
誤っている。そこに刻みこむのは、
誤っている。

この岸に繁ぐことは難しい。鋸の味のにがいつばきがたまる。ただ立っているこのあわいかたちにどうこたえよう。せかされて。いまはもうそのものの目にひしめきあう日録を調べるひまもない。くらがりに花ひらく娘の匂いをかぐいつものゆとりもない。手にふれる両の胸のくるしいまるさを記憶にしまい、指にふれる両の耳たぶのつややかな重さをききとろうとする。欠口をまねて。習おうか、またもどってくるなまめかしい冬の単調な蕩漾を。また濡れはじめる夕方の廊下のうすあかりのおもいでを。

だがそのおもいでもまた、白い切片となって降りしきっていたはずだ。真青な夕闇のなかを。あなたは顔をうつむけ、おびえた小動物の暗いきよらかさでわたしの前に坐っていた。襦袢のまま。正坐しても荒れのおさまらぬこころはそれでもやはりつめたかった。かすめとった言葉でしか書くことができないわたしの手紙にはいつもかすかな屁臭がただよっていた。紺の盲縞の单衣をあつらえた冬の終り、なにもかもが生きたからだから剥がれて落ちてゆく三月。生理はあるい悔恨のかたむきで水のように透明にながれ、寺と坂の多い曇天の町にはかわいた風が虚言のように響いていた。しかし私のためのレインコートはいつも濡れていた、坂の途中の印屋にかよった午後。

思っていた、このつややかな陰唇は、みずみずしい果物だ。裂罅を読むための、方法を学ばねばならぬ。白紙がちりぢりに、まばゆい行程をたどる旅のはじまりに立つための。

もどってきたのだ。落ちのびて。肉と血を失い、ただまなざしだけを酔いの最後の器のようにゆたかなふるえでみたしながら。焦点のずれとと

もに、角膜のかたい抵抗にも雪はしたいになじむのだ。とけてゆく、足首から腿へ、腰から胸へ。すでに輪郭のきえたかたちにそれだけ残っていた瞳の色がながれてしまえば、もはやこのからだは気圧がまだ間に層をなした昼の空気のもうこばまないかすかなよどみ、ささやかなねじれにすぎない。痛みのない、うすく広い傷口にすぎない。

傘がまよう。なだらかにくだつてくる風圧を気づかぬうちに見失う季節なのだ。やすらぎはおびえで割ってのみくだす。猶予のかなしみのなかを重さのないからだでただようのだ。水のながれる音がする。坂をくだるういういしい感情が、河のようにながれてすぎるのか。それともあれは鈴の音だろうか。手足のすみずみでりんりんと鳴りはじめ、からだのなかを降りしきる、倦怠の鈴の。

このからだは白いままかえすのか。真中にくっきりときわだつ臍のくぼみはどんな修羅場にも通じていない。裏のない不毛な表にただおくりかえされるだけだ。ほんとうは寺も坂もないあの仮の町はただ白いだけの修辞の網。意味を剥ぎとられて痩せた、形式の風がふきぬけ、うかびあがるのはそっけない線状の空とさわれない写像の家々。

それでもこの白い水のきりくずのするどい角だけは信じたい。なめらかな背中を白いままでかえさなければならぬとしても。このきりくずの寒さと手に痛い断念だけは。どんな修羅場にも通じていない行き止まりの浅瀬だとしても。幽霊の輪郭をうかびあがらせるためあるいは消しさるために降りしきる雪の痛さにかろうじてふれた指の、ほんの少しの重さ、ほんの少しの抵抗だけは。

疑いようのない出会いであるはずだ。とどこおりゆきなやむもうひとりの空気のうずが立ちつくす幽霊に近づいてゆく。このうずまくなやみの風の襞々は間違った字の、その字体の、刻みと揺れだ。走りと狂い、不安につかれた青い染みのさわぎ。たちさわぐ、くびれのようなわたしの邂逅。だがこのもうひとりの幽霊との出会いのことは、まずはじめに語った。それを愛した、だけのこと。はげしい曲折も、熱い転変も、なにも起こらぬ。

語るには及ばない。雪の遊廓に、客が来たのだ。それもこれもいつものこと。わずかなかねとひきかえてそのたびごと少しだけ死ぬために飴

色にとけたふりであなたをのせ白くさむいからだをまさぐらせる。夢みつづけた肉の充実と重みがかえってくるわけではないにせよ。でもそのでなれたたやすいしぐさの間中まぶたの裏のおさないくらがりにはらはらと降りしきる白い切片はゆっくりと重みを増して目の底をたまわせ、雪のようにでも花びらのようにでもなく比喩をこばむ切実な感情となって降りつのる。

とてもうすいこの風景はをどうしたらうすいまま閉ざせるだろう、ただ、それを愛した、とひとことだけ言いすてて。これが最後の手紙。かすめとるべき言葉もう果てた。曼珠沙華。蘭房。紅麗の相がうかんでいる。

うずくのです。幾人もの精液できょうもみよめられたからだの軽さが。ここはとてもしづかです。水のカーテンはひるがえることもしらず、落ちつけ、苛立ちはしづまる風に紛れて。

若い整骨師の肖像（抄）

HIRAIDE TAKASHI
平出 隆

（はじめの光景

水の泡が滾りたつていびつな火の粉となつて散つている巖のあいだに、死んだばかりの水母の影に憑かれたまま、一組の手袋が旋回していた。十本の指は、あるものは折れまたあるものは縫れながら、それぞれがありとある方角を差し照らそうと努めていた。だが観察では、いずれの指の先にも半壊の星たちさえいなかつた。そこで私は、さらに瞳を凝らしていく。およそ十四の季節も経たろうか、傍らの半ば水浸しの横長い洞から花蜂の巣の焼かれた匂いが流れてきて、それがすべての合図だというように、ひとつの、若々しい樹皮の軀が、洞から未明の藍の空へと寝乱れた髪を抜きあげつつ、立つたのである。どきどきする心臓に片方の手のひらを押しあててのち、私はあたらしい反省を身内にめぐらした。巖といつても、本当は黝々と苔にこごつた霧であるかもしれない。また、洞といつても、溶ろけはじめた人体模型の虚ろの内部、というような、いわば二重の坩堝であるかもしれない。もちろんこうした臆測は、確たる反証をもつても鎮めようのない不安である。おまけに、つづいて次のようなことが起つている。星としてそれまで想像されていたものたちが、ひろがつた髪の枝々のあちこちでそれぞれに、不意に右の翼をひらくや、ゆつくりと羽づくろいを行ない、そのあと、なお姿を現わさぬままひくとひと啼きして、洞のそばの極く浅い海溝に墮ちたのである。と分つたのも、このときあの一組の手袋が急に旋回をやめ、右の方がばさばさと泡を搔きながら、左は珠をつつむ形で寄り添い、ふたつながら、水面から垂直に立つたからである。このとき、風は樹脂の風、数メートル。

一九四九年九月七日、日射しのつよい午後、私は生地に近い水辺で、朽ち果てたイスノキの眠りに落ちていた。眠りは、私に充分な材料を提供した。散文的な爪跡を残すことなく、すべての生き物死に物を整骨する方法についての、ある晴れやかな実験の材料をである。

(胸と肩 あるいは必死の渦

彼が驚いたみたいにがさと狭いプリズムの柄を上下するのが、斜めの日光によつて影絵にみえる。遙か、はるか西とみえていた雲が肩をくずしながら近寄つてきていたので、私は糸巻に糸を捲きつける調子のままぐるりを足早に駆けつづけ、とき立ちどまつては稜線の縫い目から中をちよつと覗きこむ様子をした。彼にすれば恐ろしいことであろう。日が翳つた。私は翅あるものごとく振舞いながら、日の中では骨あるものの骨のごとくに透け、影の中では自身を、一帯を翳らす雲そのものと思うこともあつた。すると、肩のあたりでくずれるものと胸のほとりに湧くものとが、きりのない古びた記憶の循環をはじめそうな気配さえする。

日が射して、硝子質に私の影もくつきりと映つた。やがて飛び立ち、二、三の葉を移つたときに、ふたたび日が翳つた。静止した。あたかもこの私は、自分の黒い影の動きとその消滅とを愉しんでいる、ひとりのかぼそい神であるかの具合である。

一九四九年十一月十四日十四時、私は私の習性としてなのか、ひとつの攻撃法にとり掛かつた。もし空中に渦というものが立てばそのもつとも簡素化された粋ともいべき店網の、彼の不在の中央へ、ひと息こめて下方から激突するのである。彼は糸を曳いて落下した。下に草叢でもあれば助かることもあるであろう。追撃は閃光であつて、記録は観察者にも困難を極めるらしい。戦い終ると、砂地で手早く化粧を行ない、彼を裏返しにして口にあふれた液体を吸収し、胸や脚のあいだも舐めた。ときどき脚の基部の膜質を軽く噛んだりもしたが、この目的は不明である。いずれにせよ、私の毒性が生みつける子供たちが、虚空に懸かるはずであつた彼のかぐわしい栄誉を、一対の大顎として土に残すにちがいなかつた。

十五時、樹脂をあつめる風、さらに深く日が翳つた。爪もないごつごつと分れただけの雲の指が、私と私の敵をふたつながら攔みはじめ、つつみはじめた。彼は肩先から砂となつてこぼれはじめ、私の胸は私の胸をあふれはじめた。幾世代も疑いなく滅んできた紫紺の野から、いまやともにひとつの息で立ち昇つていくのが、潜むだれの眼にも映つているかのごとくだつた。

(水の囁いた動機

すでに葉は裁たれた。私もまたすでに、老廃液として滲み出るきつい日射しに纖い骨を感じ、それを絵の具にして自分の生れる前の、少し前の、霞んでいく小さな光景の幾つかを、かすんだままに描きとめようと試みる者だ。すでにイスノキの葉の維管束は断たれた。

生をはみでるための、最初の、苦しまぎれの措置。その葉の上で、葉がぐにやぐにやに萎れるのをゆつくりと待つ。幹を揺する別の男が幹の中でめざめるとき、彼の切なる未来をくるみつつオトシブミの方法で葉を捲きあげ、最後のひと噛みで切つて落とす。それはわが骨書きの魂のための、ほどかれてゆくばかりの搖籃である。

湧き水の骨、沼の骨、滝つ潮の骨、渚の骨。それらが順次につつむ《次の貴重な瞬間》のひとつの果てに、ひとつの蛇口が光りつつ錆び、青空へ向つて断たれている。口を寄せるより早く、私はそこをあふれでたのだ。

一九五〇年の二月から三月へかけて、以上のことと、ぐるりの水の囁きが私に教えた。

(若い整骨師の肖像

一、

逆さまの野のフラスコに、彼はなお留まつていた。ひと刷毛の雲が掠め、ハヤが水をあふれさせた。斜めに射す日光を利用して、さあつと流れるようにされた鉛筆の影に、彼は堪えた。

二、

戦線の博物誌の著者について、私らはなにも知るところがなかつた。《私はいま温帶を去つて、熱帶にはいつてゆかうとしてゐる》とも、《仕事の方向は大転換した》とも、出発まぎわの人はついに書くゆとりがあつたかどうか。そればかりか、戦線の博物学者が、戦線の博物誌をほんとうに書いたかどうかも、私らは知らない。ただ次のような信号を、かつて眉間に受けとめた気が、かすかにかすかにしてならなかつた。《しかし私はこの手記を書いてゐるうちに、おさへがたい惜別の情を、彼等蜂類に対して感じた》。その信号、それを眉間に、ほかならぬイスノキの花の蔭で。

三、

彼は私たちのように翅あるものとして振舞いながら、日の中では骨あるものの骨となつて透け、影の中では自分を、一帯を翳らして揺れる雲そのものと思いなすこともあつた。すると、肩のあたりでくずれるものと胸のほどりに湧くものとが、きりのない古びた記憶の循環まではじめそうな気配がした。

四、

ふと悪戯がしたくなつた。近くの草の、穂をつけたままの細い稈をとつて、軽くねじりつつその坑へ入れてゆくのである。私は囁みつき、ちよつとした手応えを与えてやつた。釣り出そうとして二、三度、彼は失敗した。すると、一匹の米の姿をしたもののが急いで這い出て来たのである。それが、反射的に入れてしまつた瓶の中のエーテルの蒸気に、恐ろしく長い剣を出して麻痺するのを見て、しまつた、これは、と彼は思つた。

五、

彼は採集したというだけのことである。私はがらんどうを歩きまわる以外に、なんの秘密も語らない。反対に彼は、視線を幾種類もの方角と機器とに差し替えた揚句、日灼けした紙片に両手について首を振りふり挑みはじめた。こういつた奇妙な存在はいろいろな機会でとらえて、ただ姿勢で分類したつて実に滑稽なことで、都度に変名自在な奴ではないかと思う。

六、

朝のうちから二匹の蜂をつれて出掛けた日、水の上の不可思議にも巧みな手術を彼は見た。波立つ彼のかなめに直に施されるかのようでいて、やはり違つて、水中から大気へ強張る、若い朽ち木の體に対する、それは彼ら二匹からの行為であつた。ああいや、まずは朽ち木の體からの彼ら二匹への麻酔であつたか。それはちよつと分らないのである。

七、

緩やかな噴火口状の顔をして、彼は私たちのすべての生い立ちをすでに見つめていたのだし、これからとり掛かろうという困難な仕事について

て、私たちが何者からも教えられてはいないことまで知つていた。けれども私たちの、むごたらしい生誕は光りに濡れて、見えない敵への生れて最初の復讐へと、即座に雪崩れてゆくらしかつた。

八、

黒紫色の卵殻の残欠と幼虫の死骸とが混ざりあう秘やかな戦場には、一匹の小柄な蝸牛の形が滑つていた。生きて繋がれなかつた者たちのあいだの、今ひとたびの交信。それに目を凝らすこともまた、別の磁力での交信であり、胸を焦がしてゆく献身のひとつでないわけがない、と彼は考え、私たちがするように、西寄りの硝子の壁に紫色のはじめての排泄物をひりつけた。

九、

影の指を底について、影の髪を水に垂らし、流れを幾筋にもまた幾筋にも分けた。停滯する船のゆくえを、沈黙のまま、彼は手許へ呼び寄せた。せせらぎが両の耳のあいだに言葉のようにあふれかえつて、頭蓋も透けてしまうかと思われた。

十、

整骨師、整骨師。草の服に身を包んで、炎える長靴で躍りたがりのその足許を締めながら、ゆがんだ双眼鏡をだれかの淡い遺影のように首からさげて、ときどき鈍色の空の光りをふり仰ぐ自然観察者のふりなんかする。なぜおまえ、美しい母や父の墓碑のあいだをくいくいこつちへすり抜けて来る。まだ生れないどんな姿が、まだまだ生れない私たちの、どんな身なりが見えているのか。ここへ来たつて、そんな勁く素早い指にふさわしい、骨折り仕事なんかはあるまいし。整骨師。

十一、

老衰した一等の狩猟者が、獲物の餌食になる場面で終りを告げるようにもし転生ということがあるなら、彼ひとりの観察と記述の微細な径路を通つてこそ、私たちは生れでようと観察する。紙の高さのいきれに混じる、緑褐色の液、キチン質の残片。

十二、

白砂の裸か地に唯一本立つているアキグミにも見切りをつけ、繭の一部に残り屑として付着しているだけの大顎を崇めつづけて、冬を彼は、また迎えた。ぼろの一群が枯れ草に火を放ち(あの中には、私たちのもうひとりの祖父がいるのに)、その火が彼らを追い立てながら、萎びた半島の先端へ、白くなるまでは走るのを、彼はじつと眺めつづけた。

十三、

私はみな、翅をむなしく最高音に唸らせては領土の限りを旋轉し、薄青いばかりの飛跡で、彼の帰還を待ちうけるため、なにか洞を、組み立てようと焦つていた。

十四、

水の泡が滾りたつて、いびつな火の粉となつて散つている巖のあいだに、一組の手袋が旋回していた。死んだばかりの水母の影に憑かれたまま十本の指は、あるものは折れまたあるものは縫れながら、それぞれが、ありとある方角を差し照らそうと努めていた。

胡桃の戦意のために（抄）

HIRAIDE TAKASHI
平出 隆

1

晴れやかな地下鉄道。晴れ渡って涯てしない壁。日を繋いでいく轟くばかりの鋼の祈りに、ひと刷毛の雲が掛かって、はじまりよ、それがおまえの巣。

3

降るものと、生るもの。それがぼくの関心のすべて。（降るもののが生り、生るもののが降りしきるまで）。生るものと、降るもの。それがぼくの欲望のすべて。（生るもののがやがて生らなくなり、降るもののがついに一滴も降らなくなるまで）。

5

格納庫の並ぶ湾岸の陽溜りに、きみは生れた。海峡ゆずりの切れ長の瞳。島々を点綴する潮の髪。灼けた頬。ときにもつれる柔かい脚。転戦にあっても、きみは声を荒げぬ技巧に死への反抗をひそませるから、その年齢はゆっくりと、日々の裏側へとどまっていく。

37

かつては果肉の瑞々しい纖維によって戯れのまま走られた網の目状の通路が、いまそのまま、全体をこれ以上にない堅さで彼うに至る——、この完璧の鈴をふれ。われわれの、裸火厳禁の地下道に、このすっかり晒された迷路をふれ。最初、それは鳴らない。最初、それは鳴らない。

42

観念の発生をゼロへ、おしつめていくと白い爆発がある。それを、それだけを詩と、呼びたい気持ちにぼくは傾く。日射しにまぎれるほどの不幸を、崖下の円屋根の下で幾度か浴びた。あいあいと頭に、雨の実の生るあいだに。

54

深い屑物入れの暗がりの中途で、スモモの子はようやくにめざめた。「ああ、ぼくは、跳ぶこともなく、硬く光るものも知らずに腐るよ」。それから、濡れた包装紙やパン屑のあいだを、自分二個分ほど下へずり落ちた。歓声が遠くに聞こえる。

57

緑の皮にくるまれた魂。密生するひとつひとつに、雷雨の雲がぶらさがつてゐる！

92

すると、防火用水に若いハヤが跳ねるのだった。早く火事を、と跳ねるのだった。

94

Juglans めしいと耳鳴りの中で、荒れた時間の涯てのその角を曲ろう。
Juglans 交接と洪水の兆しの中で、胸を打ち棄て、また打ち棄て、あげられ

るだけの声を荒げて、殺伐とした日の涯てのその階段を降りてゆこう。季節は破れた。そして雲が波が、羞じらいながら地に狂おしくみち、 *Juglans* 晴れやかな偽の死後が、ゆっくりとわれらの地下をめぐりはじめる。

99

百十一の各車輌が同時に、白夜の稀薄な先頭を切る列車。その連結は任意。百十一の各車輌がすべて、背後に萎びた風景を棚びかせる列車。その解体は随意。こんな列車の走る軌道はいかなるものか、列車よ、幻のこの場をかりて、図示せよ。

110

もう充分だ。きみに口移ししよう、とておきの、壊の中の一滴の飛躍。その後で、くるみ割りだ。

113

血の汗（抄）

PIERRE JEAN JOUVE
ピエール・ジャン・ジューヴ

痰

アスファルトの上の痰はわたしにいつも思わせる
聖女たちのヴェールに印された顔を。

染み

わたしは見ていた 機械から流れ出る緑色の油の
厚ぼったい広がりを そして想っていた
紅灯の巷の熱した舗道の上で
長いこと 長いこと わたしの母の血を。

なぜなら白い肌は夜の表われだから
そしてどんな砂漠をその昼の歩みは踏みつけなかったというのだろう?
ひとつの影は一まさにそうなのだ—もうおびえてもいいし
卑猥でもない、おそろしいほどに性悪でもない。

罪をもたない人間は
死ぬはずのないもの、だから
どんな禁止も知らないもの、だから
どんな同類ももたないだろうもの、生きるはずのないもの。

母の乳房から流れ出る河をつたい
滑りながら、われらは不变の死へとすすんで行く。
熱気に満ちたこの乳房を 死がまるくした
そして黒い腋下から遠くない場所にひきとめた。

谷口正子 訳

あなた 5

あなた あのことばわうそだったのね。わたし かえるわ。
あなた あのことば かわうそだったものね。わたし かえるだわ。
あなた あのことことば かわうそだったものね。わたし かえるのだわ。
あなた あのことことば かわうそだっただんものね。わたし かえるるのだわ。
あなた あのことことわ おば かわうそだっただんものね。わたし かえるるにるのだわ。
あなた あのことことわ おば かわうそいだっただんだものね。わたし かえるになるのだわ。
あなた あのことことわ おば かわうそ いわなだっただんだものね。わたし おかえるになるのだ
あなた あのことことわ おばかん いわうそ いわなだっただんだものね。わたし おかえなるに
あなた あのことことわ おばかん いわうそこと いわなだっただんだものね。わたし おかえに
あなた あのことことわ おばかんよ いわうそこと いわなだっただ さんだものね。わたし お
あなた あのことことわ おばかんのよ いわうそのこと いわなだっただ さんだものね。わたし
あなた あのことことわ おばかんのよ かって いわうそのこと いわなだっただ さんだものね。
あなた あのことことわ おばかんだったのよ かって いわうそのこと いわなだっただ さんだも
あなた あのことことわ おばかんだったのよ かっていたわ うそのこと いわなだってただ さん
あなた あのことことわ おばかんだったのよ かっていたわ うそのこと いわなだって わたおだ
あなた あのことことわ おばかんだったのよ かっていたわ うそのこと いわなだって わたしの
あなた あのことことわ おばかんだったのよ かっていたわ うそのことわいわない だってわたし
あなたのことことわ おばかんだったのよ かっていたわ もうそのことわいわない だってわたし
あなたのことことわ おばかさんだったのよ わかっていたわ もうそのことわいわない だって
あなたのことのことわ おばかさんだったのよ わかっていたわ もうそのことわいわない だつ

Translation

あなた あのことばわうそだったのね。わたし かえるわ。

You those words you said were lies. I'm leaving.

あなた あのことのことわ おばかさんだったのよ わかっていたわ もうそのことわいわない だつて
わたしのおかださんだもの ねえ。わたし おかだえりになる つまりあなたのつまになるのだわ。

You the deal with that girl was stupid I knew it I won't speak of it anymore because you are my
dear Okada-san after all. I will become Okada Eri, in other words will become your wife.

ADACHI TOMOMI
足立 智美

わ。
なるのだわ。
なるになるのだわ。
かえりになるになるのだわ。
おかえりになるまになるのだわ。
わたし おかえりになるまになるのだわ。
のね。わたし おかえりになるまつまになるのだわ。
だものね。わたし おかえりになる つまつまになるのだわ。
さんだものね。わたし おかえりになる つまのつまになるのだわ。
おださんだものね。わたし おかえりになる つまりのつまになるのだわ。
のおださんだものね。わたし おかえりになる つまりたのつまになるのだわ。
しのおかださんだものね。わたし おかえりになる つまりあなたのつまになるのだわ。
わたしのおかださんだものね。わたし おかえりになる つまりあなたのつまになるのだわ。
てわたしのおかださんだもの ねえ。わたし おかだえりになる つまりあなたのつまになるのだわ。

Anata 3

| | | | | |
|-------|-------------|--------------|---------|---------|
| あなた | のことばは | うそだったのね | わたし | かえるわ |
| Anata | anokotobaha | usodattanone | Watashi | kaeruwa |
| あなた | のことば-h | すおだったのね | わたし | かうれわ |
| Anata | anokotobaah | suodattanone | Watashi | kaurewa |
| あなた | のことばは | おすだったのね | わたし | くあrゑあ |
| Anata | anokotobaha | osudattanone | Watashi | kuarwea |
| あなた | のことあはb | どすあったのね | わたし | うかrわえ |
| Anata | anokotoahab | dosuattanone | Watashi | ukarwae |
| あなた | のこたはば | あどすったのね | わたし | うkwら-え |
| Anata | anokotahabo | adosuttanone | Watashi | ukwraae |
| あなた | のこあはばt | たどすたのね | わたし | うwkら-え |
| Anata | anokoahabot | tadosutanone | Watashi | uwkraae |
| あなた | のかはばと | tたどすあのね | わたし | wうkらえあ |
| Anata | anokahaboto | ttadosuanone | Watashi | wukraea |
| あなた | のあはばとk | あつたどすのね | わたし | wうあrけあ |
| Anata | anoahabotok | attadosunone | Watashi | wuarkea |
| あなた | のはばとこ | なつたどすおね | わたし | わうれか |
| Anata | anahabotoko | nattadosuone | Watashi | waureka |
| あなた | あはばとこん | おなつたどすね | わたし | あwうれあk |
| Anata | aahabotokon | onattadosune | Watashi | awureak |
| あなた | あはばとこな | のなつたどすえ | わたし | wうらえあk |
| Anata | ahabotokona | nonattadosue | Watashi | wuraeak |
| あなた | あはばとこな | えのなつたどす | わたし | wうkらえあ |
| Anata | ahabotokona | enonattadosu | Watashi | wukraea |
| あなた | あはばとこな | うのなつたどせ | わたし | うkrわえあ |
| Anata | ahabotokona | unonattadose | Watashi | ukrwaea |
| あなた | あはことばな | うそなつたどせ | わたし | うかrわえ |
| Anata | ahakotobona | usonattadose | Watashi | ukarwae |
| あなた | のことばは | うそだったのね | わたし | かるわえ |
| Anata | anokotobaha | usodattanone | Watashi | karuwae |
| あなた | のことばは | うそだったのね | わたし | かえるわ |
| Anata | anokotobaha | usodattanone | Watashi | kaeruwa |

田園

HIRATA TOSHIKO
平田 俊子

お猿畠に猿がなる
ごろんごろんところがって 畠一面猿がなる
お猿畠で背をまるめる
猿が背中をまるめている
毛深い足はなかほどから 土に埋まって抜けないでいる
動けないでいる 抜けないでいる
猿が泣く 降っても照っても座っている
猿泥棒もおらず買う者もいない
歯をむきだして猿が泣く
耳から虫が蜜をすい 足にもうじゅうじゅたかっている 猿はうつむいて
泣いている
猿が腐る
ぽたぽた汗をかいてずるずる皮がむけ
肉がとけ 枇杷のように裏返る

猫が植わる 猫田に猫が植わっている
顔はまだなく 首から下が植わっている
月が満ちると花が咲く
首のなかからのぼってきて
満月みたいな顔が咲く
ぐにゃぐにゃしている ぼとんと落ちる
後ろ向きに咲いたりもする
へらへら笑ってあくびする
鳥が来て さらっていく
つついていく 蹤っていく
そうして収穫の季節になる
顔は集められ ラベルを貼られ
全国に出荷される

Contributors

Tomomi Adachi 足立智美 (b. 1972) is a performer and composer in Tokyo. He has played improvised music with voice, computer and self-made instruments and composed works for his own group, the Adachi Tomomi Royal Chorus, a punk-style choir. He has given concerts in Japan, Europe and the U.S. with many musicians, dancers, and poets, and has recently been making video works as well. He has released a solo CD, 『ときめきのゆいぶつろん』*Sparkling Materialism* (Naya Records), as well as 『ぬ』*Nu* (Naya Records) and *YO* (Tzadik) with the Adachi Tomomi Royal Chorus. In the field of sound poetry, he performed Kurt Schwitters' "Ursonate" as a Japan premiere, and along with performing his own work, has introduced to the public many works from the rich, yet little-known tradition of Japanese sound poetry. <http://www5.ocn.ne.jp/~atomo/> E-mail: atomo@theia.ocn.ne.jp

Jeffrey Angles (b. 1971) recently completed a dissertation on expressions of same-sex desire in the literature of Murayama Kaita and Edogawa Ranpo, two Japanese writers active in the early twentieth century. He currently teaches Japanese literature at Western Michigan University, and is in the process of preparing a book of translations of Chimako Tada's poetry.

Stacy Doris' books written in English include *Conference* (Potes & Poets, 2001), *Paramour* (Krupskaya, 2000), and *Kildare* (Roof, 1995). Written semi-anonymously in French are *La Vie de Chester Steven Wiener écrite par sa femme* (P.O.L, 1998), and *Une année à New York avec Chester* (P.O.L 2000). She has co-edited several collections of French poetry translated by American poets: with Chet Wiener, Christophe Tarkos: *Ma langue est poétique — Selected Work* (New York: Roof, 2001); with Norma Cole, *Twenty-two New (to North America) French Poets* (Vancouver: Raddle Moon, 1997); with Emmanuel Hocquard, *Violence of the White Page, Contemporary French Poetry in Translation* (Santa Fe, NM: Pederal, 1992).

Takashi Hiraide 平出隆, born in Fukuoka prefecture in 1950, is one of the leading poets of Japan's postwar generation. He writes in several forms, including modern poetry (『旅籠屋』*The Inn*), prose poetry (『胡桃の戦意のために』*For the Fighting Spirit of the Walnut*), off-prose poetry (『左手日記例言』*Notes for My Left-hand Diary*), tanka (『弔父百首』*One Hundred and Eleven Tankas to Mourn My Father*), critique (『攻撃の切尖』*Point of Attack*), essay (『ペレリンの瞬間』*Berlin Moments*), and a novel (『猫の客』*Cat Guest*). He is a professor at Tama Art University in Tokyo, as well as a book designer.

Toshiko Hirata 平田俊子 (b. 1955) won the Gendaishi Shinjinshō (New Faces in Modern Poetry prize) in 1984, leading to the publication of her first book, 『ラッキョウの恩返し』*Repayment of the Shallots*, which has been translated into English for *The New Poetry of Japan* anthology (Katydid, 1993). She is the author of over ten books of poetry, including 『ターミナル』*Terminal*, which won the Bansui Prize in 1997,

fiction (『ピアノ・サンド』*Piano Sandwich*), essays, and award-winning plays (『開運ラジオ』*Good-luck Radio*). Her work has been translated and anthologized in English, Chinese, Korean, Italian, and Russian.

Pierre Jean Jouve (1887—1976) wrote several books of poetry and fiction, as well as many anti-war pieces. He was associated with Symbolism, Unanimism, and the aesthetics of the Abbaye group, although in a moral crisis in 1924, he disavowed all of his previous writings. Jouve was also profoundly affected by Christianity and the discovery of psychoanalysis. For his collected works, he received the Grand Prix from the French Academy in 1966.

Eiichi Kasuya 細谷栄市, born in Kogashi, Japan in 1934, writes only prose poems and has been Japan's premier prose poet since the publication of 『世界の構造』*The Structure of the World* in 1971.

Ayane Kawata 川田絢音 was born in China in 1940. She published her first book, 『空の時間』*Time of Sky*, in 1969, and has since published at least eight other books, including 『空中楼閣：夢のノート』*Castles in the Air — A dream journal*. In the summer of 1969, Kawata traveled to Italy to pursue studies in art and has subsequently lived there and throughout Europe for numerous years. Despite her multilingual background, she writes poetry exclusively in Japanese.

Shigeru Matsui 松井茂 (b. January 7, 1975) has been a poet since January 7, 2001, and has never stopped writing poems since then.
<http://www008.upp.so-net.ne.jp/methodpoem/>

Hisaki Matsuura 松浦寿輝 (b. 1954) is a poet, novelist, and film critic, and teaches French and French literature at the University of Tokyo. His highly acclaimed work has been recognized with numerous awards, most notably the Takami Jun award for his book of poetry 『冬の本』*Book of Winter* (1988), and the Akutagawa award for the novel 『花腐し』*Hanakutashi* (2000). His numerous publications also include several books of critical essays and film criticism.

Henri Michaux (1899—1984) was Belgian by birth and French by choice. Known for his drawings and paintings as well as his writing, he belonged to no schools or movements.

Sawako Nakayasu 中保佐和子 writes poetry, prose, and performance text, and translates from Japanese to English. Her first book, *So we have been given time Or (Verse)*, 2004 was selected for the 2003 Verse Prize. Other works include *Clutch* (Tinfish, 2002), *Balconic* (Duration e-book, 2003) and *Nothing fictional but accuracy or arrangement (she* (Faux/e, 2003). She edits Factorial Press and the translation section for HOW2, and can be contacted at sawako@factorial.org.

Seiichi Nikuni 新國誠一 (1925—1979) is recognized as the greatest Japanese pio-

neer of concrete poetry. His first collection of visual and sound poetry 『0音』*Zero Sound* (1963) presented the first solid experimentation of its kind in Japan. In 1964 he founded, with poet Yasuo Fujitomi, The Association for Study of Arts (ASA), which published the journal *ASA*. This paralleled the *VOU* journals edited by Katsue Kitasono and others in its presentation of avant-garde poetry. Nikuni was also active internationally, and his collaborative work with French poet Pierre Garnier includes “3ème Manifeste du spatialisme” (1965) and a record, *Phonetic Poetry on Spatialism* with Ilse & Pierre Garnier in 1971. Some of Nikuni’s most important and original work focuses on the visual structures of Chinese characters, and is a significant example of modern poetry coming from the Chinese-based languages. His major works were collected as *Nikuni Seiichi/Selected Poems* in 1979.

Ryoko Sekiguchi 関口涼子 was born in 1970 in Tokyo, and has lived in Paris since 1997. Her books in Japanese include 『カシオペア・ペカ』*Cassiopeia Peca* (1993), 『(com)position』 (1996), 『発光性diapositive』 (2000), 『二つの市場、ふたたび』*Two Markets, Once Again* (2001), all published by Shoshi Yamada. Since 1999 she has translated her own writing into French, including *Calque* (P.O.L, 2001) and *Cassiopee Peca* (cipM/Les comptoirs de nouvelle B.S.), as well as *The Other Voice* by Yoshimasu Gozo (Caedere, 2002), and other works by Japanese poets. She has also translated from Dari to Japanese the book 『灰と土』*Earth and Ashes* by the Afghan writer and filmmaker Atiq Rahimi (*Inscript*, 2003). Forthcoming titles include 『熱帯植物園』*Tropical Botanical Garden* (2004) in Japanese, as well as *Héliotropes*, and *Deux marchés, de nouveau* in French, both from P.O.L, and *Le monde est rond* from Creaphis in 2004.

Eric Selland is a poet and translator living just south of San Francisco. His translations of contemporary Japanese poets appear in a variety of anthologies, as well on the Internet. He has also published articles on Japanese modernist poetry and translation theory. He is the author of *The Condition of Music* (Sink Press, 2000), and has an essay in *The Poem Behind the Poem*, an anthology of Asian literary translation (Copper Canyon Press, 2004).

During her life, **Chimako Tada** 多田智満子 (1930—2003), one of the best-known feminist poets of contemporary Japan, published thirteen volumes of poetry and eight volumes of essays. Many of her books have been recognized with awards, including 『蓮喰いびと』*Lotus-Eating People* (Contemporary Women’s Poetry Prize, 1980), 『川のほとりに』*By the River* (Hanatsubaki prize, 1998), and 『長い川のある國』*The Country with the Long River* (Yomiuri Literary Prize, 2000). She is also the author of a volume of poetry in English translation, *Moonstone Woman* (Katydid Books, 1990) and her work features prominently in *A Play of Mirrors: Eight Major Poets of Modern Japan* (Katydid Books, 1987). Tada was the author of numerous distinguished translations of Marguerite Yourcenar, Saint-John Perse, Claude Lévi-Strauss, Julien Green, Henri Bosco, and Antonin Artaud. She died of cancer in early 2003, and her last collection of poetry, 『封を切ると』*When breaking the seal*, was published posthumously by Shoshi Yamada in 2004.

Masako Taniguchi completed her doctoral studies in French Literature at Waseda

University in 1963, and in 1978 received her doctorate from the Sorbonne in Paris. A former professor at Kyōritsu Women's University, Taniguchi is the author of『ポエティック探索—ピエール・ジャン・ジューヴの小説と詩』*A Poetic Quest — Fiction and Poetry of Pierre Jean Jouve* (国文社) and『フランス詩の森』*Forest of French Poetry* (国書刊行会). Her major books of translations include Jouve's『夢とエロスの構造』*The Structures of Dream and Eros* (国文社),『オードその他』*Ode and Other Poems* (書肆山田), Tom Bishop's『ニューヨークのフランス知識人たち』*French Intellectuals in New York* (joint translation, 読売新聞社), and『外部の世界』*The External World* by Marguerite Duras(国文社).

Keith Waldrop's latest book, *The Real Subject*, is forthcoming in October 2004 (Omnidawn). Other recent books include *Haunt*; the trilogy: *The Locality Principle*, *The Silhouette of the Bridge* (America Award, 1997) and *Semiramis*; *If I Remember, Well Well Reality* (with Rosmarie Waldrop); and the novel, *Light While There Is Light*. He has translated a number of contemporary French poets, including Anne-Marie Albiach, Claude Royet-Journoud, Dominique Fourcade, Paol Keineg, and Jean Grosjean. He teaches at Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island, and is co-editor of Burning Deck Press.

D.W. Wright lives in Tokyo, Japan, where he edited『アメリカ現代詩101人集』*American Poetry — 101 Contemporary Poets*, a Japanese-language anthology of American poetry (Shichōsha, 1999). He is currently working with a team of Japanese translators on a William Carlos Williams Reader.

Laura Wright is a former musician, a poet, and an occasional hockey player. She is the author of several chapbooks, including *Hide: What's Difficult* (Poetry New York, 1999), *What I Should Have Said* (Potato Clock Editions, 2004), and *The Napoleon Poems* (Left Hand pamphlet series, 2004). Her first full-length collection of poetry, *Part of the Design*, is forthcoming from Meeting Eyes Bindery. Some of her translations of Henri Michaux have appeared on the Poetry Project Website and in *Bombay Gin*, as well as in a Belladonna anthology of translations from the French; her translation of all of *La vie dans les plis* (*Life in the Fold*) is forthcoming from Black Square Editions. She is a co-editor of *Snout* (with Daron Mueller) and curated the Left Hand Reading Series for several years. She lives in Boulder, Colorado, and recently taught in the Naropa Summer Writing Program. She works in a map library.

Gozo Yoshimasu was born in Tokyo in 1939, and since the publication of his first book *Departure* in 1964, has been a major figure of postwar experimental Japanese poetry. He has manifested his poetic explorations in over thirty books of poetry, as well as in other media, including over fifteen solo exhibitions of photography. He opens his poetry into constant dialogue with his own photos, as well as the work of various collaborators — playwrights, visual artists, and composers. Yoshimasu has performed his poetry around the world, and has developed a style that uses the rhythm and modulation of his voice to convey through his breath incantation, murmur, chant, and scream. His most recent books include *The Other Voice* (Shichōsha, 2002), and *Goro Goro* (Mainichi Shinbunsha, 2004).

Acknowledgements

The following have been previously published in other publications:

Tomomi Adachi: 「あなた 5」: ミテ#40, 2002

Takashi Hiraide: 『胡桃の戦意のために』, 『若い整骨師の肖像』: 現代詩文庫100, (思潮社1990).
Portrait of a Young Osteopath (Duration Press Website). Parts of *For the Fighting Spirit of the Walnut* (*Aufgabe*, 2004)

Toshiko Hirata: 「田園」: 現代詩文庫158 (思潮社1999)

Pierre Jean Jouvet: *Sœur de sang* (Editions du Mercure de France, 1960)

Eiichi Kasuya: 'On a Journey,' 『世界の構造』; 'Kitchen Work,' 'Musical Instrument,' 『副身』:
現代詩文庫67(思潮社1984); 'By Moonlight,' 'Moon of Illusion': 『化体』(思潮社1999)

Ayane Kawata: 『空の時間』 現代詩文庫122 (思潮社1994)

Shigeru Matsui: 『縞縞』: ミテ#59, 2004

Hisaki Matsuura: 「うつし絵」, 「幽霊」: 『ウサギのダンス』; 「金魚」: 『冬の本』: 現代詩文庫101 (思潮社
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Ryoko Sekiguchi: *Tracing* (Duration Press, 2003); *Calque* (P.O.L, 2001); 'Touch,' 'Texture':
『(com)position』(書肆山田1996); 「片目の人にボールペンのキャップはかぶせられない」: 『発光性
diapositive』(書肆山田2000)

Chimako Tada: 『鏡の町あるいは眼の森』: 現代詩文庫50 (思潮社1972)

Addendum

La révolution comme l'acte religieux a besoin d'amour. La poésie est un véhicule intérieur de l'amour. Nous devons donc, poètes, produire cette «sueur de sang» qu'est l'élévation à des substances si profondes, ou si élevées, qui dérivent de la pauvre, de la belle puissance érotique humaine.

from the introduction to Sueur de Sang — PIERRE JEAN JOUVE, 1933

宗教的行為としての革命は、愛を要求する。詩は、愛の内的な媒介物である。それゆえ、われわれ詩人は、人間の貧しく美しいエロティックな力から生まれる、かくも深い、またはかくも崇高な実体への奉獻そのものである、あの〈血の汗〉を生み出さねばならないのだ。

translated by MASAKO TANIGUCHI

Revolution as a religious act requires love. Poetry is an internal vehicle of love. So then we, as poets, must produce this ‘sweat of blood’ — an exaltation to those substances so deep, or so elevated, which are derived from the poor, beautiful power of human eros.

translated by SAWAKO NAKAYASU