

**PERSONÆ**

**A SELFPORTRAIT**

**EMMANUEL HOCQUARD**

**THOUGHTS ON PERSONÆ**

**RAY DIPALMA**

**DP**

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**PERSONÆ  
INSCRIBED MÖBIUS**

**A SELF PORTRAIT  
BY EMMANUEL HOCQUARD**

**TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH  
BY RAY DIPALMA**

“When you draw a house, you create a drawing, not a dwelling.”

Speaking of Reznikoff's *Testimony* as photographs tells us something about photographs, but nothing about Reznikoff.

A river. Its name is of no importance. That river. But certain objects must be classified in a different manner. Like the story of a hero. A painter. Blue letters across the bricks follow the roofline: the wall provides its own description.

That river, temporarily. You bring *the horns of a gazelle* to mind. Someone relates the order of the river. Or a life beneath the vines. Why that particular blue room in the sky. You can no more say *the sky is blue*. You don't say *the sky is sky blue*. You say a room blue as the sky.

Five fingers span the water. Hold-up in the reeds. And nothing more. There in the reeds.  
Three swallows span the river. Envelope, blurred, a sniff. The swamp a canvas. Glass some-  
what soft. Contaminated with colors and smells. The make-up smears.

For the embankment on the embankment, choose old ponds. They fish for sardines here, there nothing. A pair face-to-face enamored of the obstruction. Between them, matches on cardboard water.



*What has no meaning* brings watery silence to the architecture? Enter. Return. You allow water to enter the stronghold. The black monolith sleeps at the river's edge. Shelled and ground, two measures of almonds. One measure of sugar. Orange water. Rooted night.

**THOUGHTS ON PERSONÆ**

**RAY DIPALMA**

EN ITERUM CUNCTOS ALLOQUOR ET CUM NEMINE COLLOQUOR  
EN ITERUM CUM CUNCTIS COLLOQUOR NEMINEMQUE ALLOQUOR

Shortwave: the key word. The opportune in all its manifestations. “Soon are we...soon is the...” both guided by three or four primitive reflexes. The desired *encryption* provides an indirect answer to an already direct response—the italic and the space around it adding more resonance than need be—but there it is, spun, and evermore out of a sense of responsibility—the length of the wave is a charmed circle.

Vous embrasse as in *vous embrasse*. Extraordinary in its reserve. This is the distance. Can vous embrasse you embrassee hear me—vous embrasse? A 180 degree angle. 180 degrees of declension. As self-reliant as any *nongrammatical* ~~subject~~ object. Tensile and transparent. Put anything you say to use and it comes back *sans*. A zoom lens attached to a squint.

LIFT COVER ALARM WILL SOUND PULL CORD

[VÉRIFIÉ PAR R.]

Rhyming-out the specular. Only possible if you have gone a week without food or water. Who then is you? The stylist “seems to mention”—and sounds a bit muffled under the mask. *Per sonare*. As well as *im per sonare*. Not the sounds coming from the mouth hole—lips curved up or lips curved down—but what’s emitted from the mask’s edge. Up from the lungs through the throat off the tongue across the teeth over the cheekbones (or down the chin)—and around the ears. Out. And the  $\sqrt{\text{OUT}}$ .

Scherzi for the applied information. The largo for summation. The sonata for sleep—or duration—the song from over here to all the way over there and back again. With speculation purely an aside we are well within the matter of this discourse. So stated it still needs pronouncing. First mask: *sens*. Last mask: raised in the air then worn on the back of the head. First mask: toward what are you facing? Last mask: the turn and its pronominal embrace are crucial.

Sens. Sans. Rime. [As though turning it in the hand.] Sans. Sens. Rime. The tale: the thousand fades, not closure, but closer and closer. Anonymous remarks translated along a narrow rhetorical axis. Spin *fixes* the domain of its virtu. Sleep is needed not bread. Bread first then sleep. Adjuncts to epiphany. A kindling of attributes. Two more turns after a swing around the trope. A movement within space not through it. No emphasis brought to bear upon origin. To be or not not to be. Sirens fill the voice on the telephone. What was your question?



Friday turns cold. It has a master. He has a master. Never a true name. In the wide world never a space for everything. In the wider world ambivalence is more accommodating. *Rien non plus*. Beyond contention. A use for the oracular, but only in a minor key. Silence brought upon the water. Not really silence but the thin air lifted across the water. Music's stalking horse. This predicament. And if only for a while no other. *Mollo-mollo*.

9-10 May 1997