

Soubresauts (Provisional title)

Hans Holbein's painting "The Ambassadors". The stateliness of the two gentlemen stares us down, a sort of ironic indifference. Placed on the "buffet" serving as an armrest for the two characters, are objects of science, art, literature, music: symbols. In the foreground, at the bottom of the table, is an anamorphosis, a splice of a skull. The models have long since gone the way of all flesh, and the effect, just as with the diplomatic effort they represent, offers the viewer only the intriguing sumptuary scrutiny of pictorial construction. Perhaps the bespectacled Bertolt Brecht would have considered it a "distancing effect".

The Pergamon friezes. Unearthed in Turkey in the 19th century by German archaeologists and reconstructed in a museum built for the sole purpose of reconstructing the dimensions of the monument, bombed during the last war; fragment of fragment. The carved marble frieze depicts the battle of the titans and the gods. A description of it opens Peter Weiss' novel *The Aesthetics of Resistance*.

The Book of Job. A double take, on the obscure "intentionality" of evil ordeals, or the expectation of *divine justice*, far greater than what creatures of the same species inflict on each other, infuses the poem with the irreducible blast of a rip in representation.

Well, after all, this is the problem, the affect and the effect, of an experimental temptation, how far the glossary of interpretation equates without discrimination to the task of splitting a log, the felling of a tree by the heat of fire.

Slaughterhouse at "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (A. Döblin) Barabbas-Biberkopf. "The Vilna Ghetto" (A. Sutzkever), "The Principle of Hope" (E. Bloch), "The Drowned and the Saved" (P. Levi). Stories (F. Kafka). "The Human Race" (R. Antelme). "Passagen-werk" (W. Benjamin) "The Kolyma Tales" (*V. Shalamov*) ... and suddenly once again we must mark time.

The pace of enumeration would exhaust itself one way or another; must not and can not, lead to the confusion of an "object", "topic", a subject to cover. The resources in memorizing, even by accident or mimicry, are "always" of an opposite stance; a reverse angle, "the ideas of the extras" or simply a suspension of multiple meanings that remind us of them.

Flaubert in Croisset, Hoess hanged at Auschwitz, Grossman in Stalingrad, Joan at the stake, Van Gogh in Auvers, Bach in Leipzig, Goethe in Weimar, Robespierre at the scaffold, Schubert in Vienna, Artaud in Mexico, Montaigne on horseback, Oedipus seen by Freud, the general relativity between Leibniz's toe and Einstein's violin. Hands painting in caves, sticks removing bodies from gas chambers. The discovery of America, massacres from evangelization. The slave trade, the Declaration of Human Rights.

Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Hölderlin ... Tying posthumously as recipients of the Prix Goncourt, with the discovery of the never-before-published sequel to "in search of lost time" ... allusively apocryphal...a porous illusion, unduly deficient, of an exposition of "figures" that force the "theatre of operations" to produce its reason.

Now at the edge of April, sight, hearing, movement, the "meanings" are packed down, obstacles; clutter, panels, objects, constructionism, embeddings, holes, leaks. There is no statement.

What there is, vacant in the space, could easily not be there; random dumping, artifacts in transit, pushed to confront, delivered or stored, the "transactions of doing";

Very roaming "remarks" on the act (of representation). Needless to say, facing the latticework overgrown with reasons, one creates.

That is in fact the only narrow motivation to carry on: to escape the fray without leaving it, at the risk of revealing, with each step, the subterfuges.

There will be objections that this is literally pointless. Without a doubt. The variations, variables and varieties, from the sheer effort of exhausting the meanders of streams, recover and reposition the hatchings of the reefs, tricking the traveling.

be clearer!

yes.

that, you see, is a bay, and there, less distinctly, a pulley.

and so?

nothing ... go there on that board, overlooking the ravine

the board looks uncertain

same for the banks ... and then? from one question another

but the pulley?

it is already behind us and will do nothing for you. the vertical is the wave. or if you prefer, the good mood of the winds, according to your credence or your shortsightedness, it is the base on which you attach your unspoken thought.

François Tanguy

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