TRANSLATING NISHIWAKI: BEYOND READING

by

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B.A., McGill University, 1979

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF
THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

in
THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES
PROGRAMME IN COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

We accept this thesis as conforming
to the required standard

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

August 1987

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Date Aug. 10, 87
Abstract

This dissertation is divided into two parts. Part Two contains my translations of Japanese texts by Nishiwaki Junzaburo (1894-1982): three essays from Chōgenjitsushugi shiron (Surrealist Poetics) (1929), his first and second collections of poems written in Japanese, Ambarvalia (1933) and Tabibito kaerazu (No Traveller Returns) (1947), as well as a long poem from his "middle period," entitled "Eterunitas" (1962).

Part One, consisting of three chapters, attempts to expose various theoretical issues that these translations bring forth. Through this "exposé," several major issues surface, namely, the concepts of Language, Poetry, and Translation. Further, these concepts are interrelated by a "paradisal" centre—the notion of "non-meaning."

Chapter One presents a deconstructive examination of the notion of translation. Two opposing manifestations of Language, writing and reading, are set forth by way of Roland Barthes's textual concepts, "le scriptible" and "le lisible." "Writing" is here defined as a language-movement of production that opposes "knowledge," while "reading" is regarded as the consumption of codes, that is, "knowing." The question posed at this point is: what status does "translation" possess in terms of these two opposing language-movements? Is it writing or reading? Through Walter Benjamin's essay on translation, "Die Aufgabe des Übersetzers" (The Task of the Translator), as well as through Jacques Derrida's reading of it in his "Des Tours de Babel," translation is revealed to hold an essentially paradoxical function: a translation is secondary to the original in its status, yet it deconstructs the original and triggers the survival movement of Language towards its paradisal state of non-meaning. Thus translation is seen as
partaking of an originary movement of writing, which Derrida elsewhere names "différance."

In Chapter Two, Nishiwaki's notion of Poetry presented in his *Surrealist Poetics* is discussed along with Georges Bataille's notions of "dépense" and "non-savoir," as well as with Derrida's grammatology. Nishiwaki proposes a negative evolution of poetry whose ultimate end is the (self-)extinction of poetry. Similarly, Bataille locates Poetry in the self-sacrificial "jouissance," beyond identity, beyond knowledge. Derrida's notion of "arche-writing" in turn exposes the "always-already" existence of the essentially transgressive movement of "writing" everywhere in our logocentric universe. Through these discourses, then, Poetry is envisioned as the death of writing, located outside of Language, in the paradise of non-meaning. Every writing strives towards this paradisal goal. At the same time, for Nishiwaki, this paradise includes an origin (the origin of poetry) which he names *tsumaranasa* (boredom, insignificance) of reality." Poetry thus begins and ends in this fundamental loss of language, meaning, and knowledge.

In Chapter Three, the translated poems of Nishiwaki are discussed as representing not "reality" but a certain movement of Language, be it Benjamin's "translation" or Derrida's "arche-writing." The text of *Ambarvalia* essentially presents fissures in the Japanese language caused by the invasion of foreign tongues. Thus it is Nishiwaki's transulatory textual strategy that produces a "new" poetic language. In *No Traveller Returns*, Nishiwaki's willful appropriation of past traditions is brought forth. In "Eterunitas," we witness the failure of silence, Language's failure to attain Poetry, initiating the incessant flow of writing, poetry, and translation, beyond reading.
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Introduction

This dissertation is divided into two parts. Part One contains materials "introductory" to Part Two. Yet the reader will be well-advised to begin with Part Two, which contains my translations of Japanese texts by Nishiwaki Junzaburō. Nishiwaki Junzaburō was born in 1894 and died in 1982. He is commonly regarded as the father of literary modernism in Japan. By profession he was a professor of English and linguistics at Keiō University in Tokyo. His main scholarly interest was in Medieval English literature; but his artistic interest was clearly drawn towards modernism, which he absorbed during his three-year stay in England. His linguistic abilities were quite exceptional. He knew Latin, Greek, German, French, and English very well. In fact he began writing poetry in foreign languages and did not even attempt to write poetry in Japanese till he was in his late thirties. My translations consist of his first collection of Japanese poems entitled Ambarvalia published in 1933, his second collection Tabibito kaerazu (No Traveller Returns) published in 1947, and a long poem "Eterunitas" ("Eternity" in Latin transliterated) published in 1962, as well as a selection from his theoretical writings published as Chūgenjitsushugi shiron, translated here as Surrealist Poetics.

Part One, consisting of three chapters, attempts to expose various issues that these translated Nishiwaki-texts bring out. There are several central issues that are interrelated and woven through the text: Language, Poetry, and Translation. And if there must be a centre, a unifying focus, the notion of "non-meaning" should be named. This is a study of the "non-meaning" toward which Language, Poetry, and Translation all aspire.
First, three textual movements of language are distinguished. They are writing, reading, and translation. The distinction between writing and reading is drawn from the notions of the writerly and readerly texts presented in Roland Barthes's *S/Z*. According to Barthes, reading is an activity of consumption, that is, consuming of established codes. Writing is an act of pure production in which reading of codes becomes impossible. This notion of writing is very similar to Georges Bataille's notion of "dépense," designating an extreme expenditure whose only goal is to lose. In this sense, writing becomes paradoxically an act of production without products, production to the point of losing. Reading can be thought of as an act of knowing. Writing, on the other hand, moves in the opposite direction from knowing, towards what Bataille calls "non-savoir," the sacrifice of knowledge. Writing thus becomes an act of unknowing.

What is translation in relation to these opposing notions of writing and reading? Is translation reading or writing? In order to respond to these questions, the notion of translation expounded in Walter Benjamin's "Task of the Translator" becomes the focal point in Chapter One. According to Benjamin, all languages strive to become one in what he calls "pure language." Pure language is a certain absolute state of language in which the separation between signifier and signified ceases, where meaning is no longer necessary, where the word is instantly truth. Benjamin thinks that translation is the only means to achieve this paradisal unity of languages. Translation for Benjamin, however, is not a simple means to transmit the content or the meaning of the original text. The paradisal state of non-meaning, of pure language, is already in the original text, in a poem. Benjamin says "No poem is intended for the reader, no picture for the beholder, no symphony for the listener" (69). Therefore, the task of
translation is to carry the incommunicable elements, the very non-meaning, across languages so that the languages will be united in pure language, in the paradisal non-meaning.

What emerges from these notions of writing, reading, and translation is a certain drive towards non-meaning seemingly inherent in language itself. This drive towards non-meaning or non-savoir is also clearly visible in Nishiwaki's theoretical writings. In an attempt to define poetry, Nishiwaki posits a negative evolution of poetry unto its own death. He claims that poetry is essentially an anti-expressive act. That is, poetry is an effort not to express. It is indeed an effort to abolish itself. He writes that the most advanced mode of poetry is that which is closest to its own extinction. Nishiwaki also claims that poetry must be founded upon reality, despite his ostensible endorsement of surrealism. But reality, he says, is "boring/tsumaranai." Tsumaranai is a very difficult word to translate. It can mean, trivial, insignificant, trifling, unexciting, or boring. Nishiwaki writes, "To feel this supreme tsumaranasa is the motivation of poetry" (4: 8). That is, poetry by its work of defamiliarization, makes "familiar/tsumaranai" reality interesting. But at the same time, paradoxically, poetry must return to this tsumaranasa, to the fundamentally non-meaning of reality.

Thus Barthes's notion of writing, Bataille's notion of dépense, Benjamin's notion of pure language by way of translation, and Nishiwaki's notion of "extinction of poetry," as well as the notion of tsumaranasa all coincide in their drive towards non-meaning.

Yet we must read, as long as we speak to one another. What about these poems printed on a page? Are they the ruins of pure language, traces of pure writing? Jacques Derrida's theory of différence or of
supplementary trace becomes helpful here, as well as Michel Foucault's notion of language's self-referentiality, that is, language's own survival movement towards eternity. Derrida's grammatology posits a notion of writing that is more originary than the origin, presence, or being. Writing is an indefinite play of traces, a chain of supplements, that reverses the order of mimesis. Writing (text) does not refer back to the origin, being, or presence which is commonly considered the solid foundation of a text through which we communicate, exchange truths. The movement of writing is always already at the site of the origin. In Chapter Three, Nishiwaki's poems are shown to be exemplary in manifesting this movement of arche-writing. Nishiwaki's poems attempt to become, without much hesitation but with much duplicity, this pure movement of writing itself.

Due to the limited scope of the "introductory" Part One, it was impossible to include an analysis of every Nishiwaki-text translated here. The present study limits its task to the outlining of my approach to the Nishiwaki-text. It is hoped that certain methodological directions indicated in the present text will produce a more expanded study of Nishiwaki's writings in the near future.

Translation is to trace a certain paradise. The introduction (Part One) traces this tracing of paradise. The originary paradise is always far removed from any beginning of writing. The present writing attempts to approach this paradise of the original. The ecstasy of translation, however fictive, is revealed only at the very end of this approach, of this writing, where the original becomes almost touchable, waiting with unprecedented clarity, illuminated, yet essentially remaining an elusive dream.
Chōgenjitsushugi shiron consists of five essays. I have omitted the last two, "Chōshizenshugi" and "Chōshizenshi no kachi," from my translation, for they seem to contain much that has been already stated in the first three chapters. The language of Chōgenjitsushugi shiron is a far cry from the common scholarly discourse which is supposed to display seriousness and clarity. Nishiwaki's language is often highly playful and seductive, and does not hesitate to bring in "non-serious" discourse. To the dismay of any translator, his style is often extremely elliptical and thus demands much interpretation. Although my aim was to translate the text as literally as possible, so as to preserve the "flavour" of the original text, often I was forced to supplement its frugality with interpreted "meanings" for the sake of clarity. There are some notes provided with the original text, identifying the sources of quotations. I have added more specific bibliographical information to them.

My translations of Nishiwaki's poems as well as my notes on them are much indebted to the information provided by Niikura Toshikazu's Nishiwaki Junzaburō zenshi inyu shūsei (Collection of allusions in the entire poetry of Nishiwaki Junzaburō). Without Niikura's study, my translations of Nishiwaki's poetry would have been almost impossible to carry out. One of the difficulties that a translator encounters in Nishiwaki's text involves the deciphering of foreign words transliterated into Japanese. How could one know, for example, by reading the Japanese text written "hēra hēra hēra," that the word "hēra" derives from the French "hēlas," or in another example, "sasupēru" from an old spelling of "Shakespeare," "Saxpere"? In my notes, again I have attempted to give more detailed bibliographical data than is given in Niikura's book.

As discussed in Chapter Three, katakana plays an important role in
Nishiwaki's poetry, especially in *Ambarvalia*. Thus I have underlined every word written in katakana that appears in *Ambarvalia*.

All citations from *Chōgenjitsushugi shiron* are given page numbers from the fourth volume of *Nishiwaki Junzaburō zenshū*. All citations from Nishiwaki's poetry are from his *Zenshishū*. All Japanese authors' names are written in the customary Japanese order, that is, the family name first.
Part One: Translating Nishiwaki, Beyond Reading

Chapter One: Translation and Paradise

Comment traduiriez-vous une signature? Et comment vous en abstiendriez-vous, qu'il s'agisse de Iahweh, de Babel, de Benjamin quand il signe tout près de son dernier mot?

—Jacques Derrida
from "Des Tours de Babel"

Weather

On a morning of an upturned gem
Someone whispers to somebody at the doorway.
This is the day gods are born.

—Nishiwaki Junzaburō
from Ambarvalia

Paradise Beginning

Nishiwaki is paradisal. Admittedly an awkward and remote expression, yet it marks the beginning of this writing as no other expression could.

The paradisal is necessarily remote. Writing begins only from the knowledge of this remoteness and moves towards what has classically been
termed télos, or the éschatos, which, in turn, this distance simultaneously shows and hides. This paradox situated at the very end of our desire to write can also be described as the "end" of writing; that is, the death of a certain language-movement. Writing is seduced by its own end—paradise. But paradise must stand utterly alone, as the absolute, sovereign region of language in order to exist as such. That is, it must refuse writing's entry in order to protect its very status. Unless writing dies, unless writing reaches its end, this paradise will never appear as such.

Nishiwaki has written a paradise. That is quite possible. Otherwise there is essentially no other explanation as to the coming-into-being of this writing. Nishiwaki is paradisal. More precisely, the Nishiwaki-text is paradisal. This statement, however, belatedly announces a death. Nishiwaki's writing has already died, entombed in his canonized texts, only to be read from afar. When does writing die? And when does reading begin? What are the essential functions of these two seemingly contrary language-movements? And finally, what is the status of translation in relation to those two dominantly valorized language-movements, reading and writing?

Writing/Reading

In S/Z Roland Barthes delineates the notions of reading and writing in terms of an evaluative schema in which two opposing textual values are introduced: "le lisible" (the readerly) and "le scriptible" (the writerly). These notions of reading and writing discussed in S/Z are described in relation to an already established (written) text. Barthes addresses the issue of reading and writing from the viewpoint of a textual
late-comer. Thus the question is: what are the nature and name of the activity in which we involve ourselves when dealing with an anterior text? In short, are we reading or writing when we are involved in the practice named literary criticism? Maurice Blanchot quips: "La critique: ce mechant hybride de lecture et d'écriture" (Lautréamont 11). Barthes attempts to untangle this "mechant hybride."

Barthes regards reading essentially as an activity of capturing the meaning of the text, in other words, as consumption. But writing (about the anterior text) remains as pure productivity. No doubt, Barthes's classifications of the readerly and the writerly point to certain absolute states at both poles. In actuality, certain texts may simply appear more or less readerly or writerly than others. The more-readerly-text, then, invites reading—a search for the stabilized meaning of the text. The more-writerly-text, on the contrary, invites writing—production of "the infinity of language." Barthes explains:

Le texte scriptible est un présent perpétuel, sur lequel ne peut se poser aucune parole conséquente (qui le transformerait, fatalement, en passé); le texte scriptible, c'est nous en train d'écrire, avant que le jeu infini du monde (le monde comme jeu) ne soit traversé, coupé, arrêté, plastifié par quelque système singulier (Idéologie, Genre, Critique) qui en rabatte sur la pluralité des entrées, l'ouverture des réseaux, l'infini des langages. (11)

Thus the writerly text is more like an arche-movement of production itself without any referential or representative limit imposed by illusory
unifying principles such as "Ideology, Genus, Criticism." We may say that it is a monstrous production of infinite meanings (or non-meaning), a construction of an utterly heterogeneous paradise. It simply invites more writing, more dissemination of language in difference.

As opposed to this prodigious movement of pure production of difference, the readerly text invites reading, which in turn attempts to delimit (to close the gate upon) the violent current of writing in the name of Meaning motivated and sanctified by certain illusory systems. Reading thus reveals itself as an essentially theological operation searching for the final and securely singular ground where the signifier and the signified coincide in a perfect enclosure of the Same—the homogeneous paradise.

Then where does translation figure itself in this polarized schema of reading and writing? Again let us go back to the very beginning. Nishiwaki is paradisal. The Nishiwaki-text seduces and calls forth my writing's coming-into-being. It prompts my writing to approach it, to approximate it, to appropriate it. The ideal language to carry out such an ambition (to capture the anterior, original text) must employ something close to a perfect tautology: Nishiwaki is Nishiwaki. Indeed, translation, more than any other mode of secondary writing (literary criticism, commentary), "literally" strives for this ideal tautological state.

Of course, since translation attempts to transfer an anterior text into a different material, that is, a foreign language, it resembles more the process of simulation than that of commentary. In a story recounted by Jorge Louis Borges, we meet the image of an ideal simulacrum and its consequent decline. It is a story of an ideal map, which covers the whole Empire exactly point by point, then is abandoned by succeeding generations
as useless. Exposed to natural elements, its ruins were to be seen only in
the deserts inhabited by beasts and beggars (90). Is the ideal
translation also doomed precisely by the glory of the Empire, of the
original text?

The Empire of the Original

Even in this age of mechanical reproduction, there in fact seems to be
no other language-movement that so emphatically brings out the notion of
the original text than translation. A translation is always designated as
secondary to the original in its "truthfulness." The ideal tautology of
"Nishiwaki is Nishiwaki" is never possible in translation. Only as a
simulacrum destined to decay, translation emerges. "西脇 is Nishiwaki."
The copula, the virtual translator, the ferry, "unnaturally" strains
beneath the weight of such an alien invasion.

As the readerly value of the text shows its theological linkage to
what Barthes calls "la fermeture du discours occidental" (13), translation
also reveals a ghost of theology in its subordinate relation to the
original. Reading a translation, we are assailed by a strange sense of
anxiety of not facing the original directly. The uncertainty created by
the detour of translation in turn intensifies our longing for the original,
for the certainty of meaning which is the predetermined goal of reading.
Thus the original text gains the status of inhabiting the House of Truth by
way of a translation. Does the original then require translation so as to
gain the very status of origin? Is translation merely a readerly reading
of the anterior text? Or, on the contrary, does it participate in the
dissemination of the original text in an infinite field of the writerly
text (arche-writing)? Is translation reading or writing? Is it a faithful
transmitter or a covert deconstructor of an origin?

The ending of the story by Borges is suggestive. The frayed ruins of
the map return to dust, become indistinguishable from the desert to which
perhaps the Empire itself will return. The simulacrum and the original are
both transformed into the desert—the ever-shifting movements of sand.

Trans Latus

The Latin etyma of the verb "translate," "trans latus," suggest the
meaning "carried across." The original text thus is carried across a
certain space, a difference. What is this space of difference then? The
obvious answer is the difference between the language of the original text
and that of the translation. But it also seems possible to detect this
essential operation of translation in the fundamental movement of language
itself, that is, in the process of figural transposition within Language,
in the process of "troping," of "turning" an origin, a presence. In his
critique of "origin," Jacques Derrida has introduced the term "différance"
to designate an endless supplementary movement at the site of origin. It
not only marks the spatial difference but also the temporal detour of
deferral. Thus according to Derrida, origin (or presence) is always
already differed and deferred ("Différance" 14). Is it possible, then, to
regard the "carrying-across" operation of translation as something very
similar to the originary activity named différance? Or perhaps,
translation can be regarded as a site where the movement of différance
becomes most visible, most emphatically enacted. It is a site where a
certain slippage from the origin occurs. But the origin is already
slipping from its throne.
The sentence "Nishiwaki is paradisal" is thus already traversed by such a movement of translation, although in complex ways. Carried across by the copula, Nishiwaki (a name) is transposed into a quality. But even before this transposition, the status and the definition of Nishiwaki are already in flux. Of course "Nishiwaki" is the transliteration of a Japanese name. Moreover, within the intended context, "Nishiwaki" functions as a kind of synecdoche, representing a larger unit, namely the Nishiwaki-text (Nishiwaki as a text; texts written by Nishiwaki).

Translation is also already involved in the "paradisal." Carried across from the Greek etymon "paradeisos," carried across from the parent-noun "paradise," and furthermore transferred from the literal (pure) paradise to this earthly language, across its unbridgeable distance from the pure paradise, from the pure tongue, but at the same time revealing itself as a mark of seduction, the paradisal induces our desire for the literal paradise, causing the coming-into-being of this writing-flow, carrying across the distance posited by the paradise itself, weaving a new text, re-naming Nishiwaki, translating Nishiwaki, transplanting Nishiwaki in the most foreign of gardens, paradise.

**Translatory Mise-en-abyme**

In his "Die Aufgabe des Übersetzers" (The Task of the Translator) Walter Benjamin posits a type of paradise as a messianic destination of languages, intimated by the operation of translation. He calls this paradise "pure language." Benjamin's text deserves special attention here because it addresses the issue of the very nature and function of language, which we have been outlining with the notions of reading, writing, and
translation. However, like many other texts by Benjamin, this text on translation shows a peculiarly elusive textual density which makes it very difficult for readers simply to understand what the text says. Indeed the text borders on being scandalous in terms of its style as well as of its content. It singlehandedly abandons the common notion of translation as the transferring of the content from the original language to another one. Instead it promotes an absolutely literal (word by word) translation. In a strange sense, the text seems to be advocating a pure meaning-less text, of which the text itself is attempting to be an example by making two contradictory statements at once: translation is and is not possible.

Ironically enough, for the student of translation, this peculiar textual difficulty becomes most visible in the translations of this text on translation. Paul de Man finds that the scandalousness of the text is such that even the most admired translators of the text (Harry Zohn in English and Maurice de Gandillac in French) seem to have been led astray into making some blatant mistranslations:

We now then ask the simplest, the most naive, the most literal of possible questions in relation to Benjamin's text . . . what does Benjamin say? . . . But it seems that, in the case of this text, this is very difficult to establish. Even the translators, who certainly are close to the text, who had to read it closely to some extent, don't seem to have the slightest idea of what Benjamin is saying; so much so that when Benjamin says certain things rather simply in one way—for example he says that something is not—the translators, who at least know German well enough to know the difference between something is and something is not, don't see it! and put absolutely and literally the
opposite of what Benjamin has said. (79)

De Man elaborates further with an example:

The assertion is so striking, so shocking in a way, that here again the translator (Maurice de Gandillac) does not see it. Benjamin says (in Zohn's translation): "Although translation, unlike art, cannot claim permanence for its products . . ."; Gandillac, the same passage: "Ainsi la traduction, encore qu'elle ne puisse élever une prétention à la durée de ses ouvrages, et en cela elle n'est pas sans ressemblance avec l'art. . . ." The original is absolutely unambiguous: "Übersetzung also, wiewohl sie auf Dauer ihrer Gebilde nicht Anspruch erheben kann and hierin unähnlich der Kunst. . . ." As you come upon it in a text, the statement is so surprising, goes so much against common sense, that an intelligent, learned, and careful translator cannot see it, cannot see what Benjamin says. It is remarkable. Zohn saw it--don't get the impression that Zohn gets it all right and Gandillac gets it all wrong--basically Gandillac is a little ahead of Zohn, I think, in the final analysis. (81)

Are we not seeing a *mise-en-abyme* of sorts here, the uncovering of a certain play of forces between the original and the translation in a translation of a text on translation? A translation thus presents a theatre of *différence*, of arche-writing—a *mise-en-abyme* of traces.

In order to see the operations that translation performs in the theatre of language, it becomes more profitable to examine such a
mise-en-abyme of translation, rather than staying only with the original where any "originary" fissure may be well hidden in the name of "origin" itself. Derrida's study of "The Task of the Translator," entitled "Des Tours de Babel," despite his excellent knowledge of German, also exploits this translatory mise-en-abyme situation provided by Gandillac's French translation. In fact, he goes one step further. He says that he translates the translation of a text on translation:

Certainly the translation of a translation becomes a radically violent performance, as we will see in Benjamin's thesis. It posits a particularly dangerous method of producing a discourse whose relation to the original text becomes unstable, to say the least. But in so doing, the originary status of the original becomes decayed and in its ruined site, what Derrida calls "the Babelian performance," the multiplication of languages originally signed by God, begins to reside. Translation thus participates in the Babelian performance so as to serve, perhaps unknowingly, in the form of mis-translation, not the Same, but différence.

De Man relates an anecdote about how a mistranslation by Gandillac has and has not affected Derrida's discourse on Benjamin's text:
An example which has become famous and has an anecdote in the passage near the end of Benjamin's essay, where Benjamin says the following: "Wo der Text unmittelbar, ohne vermittelnden Sinn," and so on, "der Wahrheit oder der Lehre angehört, ist er übersetzbar schlechthin." "Where the text pertains directly, without mediation, to the realm of the truth and of dogma, it is, without further ado, translatable"--the text can be translated, schlechthin, so there is no problem about translating it.

Gandillac--I won't comment on this--translates this relatively simple, enunciatory sentence: "La où le texte, immédiatement, sans l'entremise d'un sens ... relève de la vérité ou de la doctrine, il est purement et simplement intraduisible"--un-translatable. What adds some comedy to this particular instance is that Jacques Derrida was doing a seminar with this particular text in Paris, using the French--Derrida's German is pretty good, but he prefers to use the French, and when you are a philosopher in France you take Gandillac more or less seriously. So Derrida was basing part of his reading on the "intraduisible," on the untranslatability, until somebody in his seminar (so I'm told) pointed out to him that the correct word was "translatable." I'm sure Derrida could explain that it was the same ... and I mean that in a positive sense, it is the same. ... (79-80)

The untranslatable and the translatable are the same in différence. This is the trace we must begin to re-cover within the density of Benjamin's text.
Supra-human Language

Benjamin begins his essay with this premise: "No poem is intended for the reader, no picture for the beholder, no symphony for the listener" (69). Thus the reader is radically expelled from this text. With the banishment of the reader comes the abolition of communicable meaning, or of the semantically oriented relationship between languages. Even the figure of the author barely surfaces in this text. There are only the doomed translator and the sacred anterior text—either Holy Writ or poetry. The translator's doom is already inscribed in the title of the essay "Die Aufgabe des Übersetzers," as Carol Jacobs points out in her study "The Monstrosity of Translation":

The translatability of the text excludes the realm of man and with him the translator, the figure to which Benjamin's essay is devoted. The "Aufgabe" of the translator is less his task than his surrender: he is "aufgegeben," given up, abandoned. (765)

What is this supra-human, supra-meaning movement of language named here "translatability"? Let us follow Benjamin's text closely.

We have seen that the anterior text ignores reception. Benjamin reasons that since the original text is not written for the reader, neither should translation attempt to serve the reader. Here Benjamin is not even concerned with the transmission of a so-called poetic effect ("the unfathomable, the mysterious, the poetic") in translation. He simply dismisses such an attempt as "the inaccurate transmission of an inessential content" (70). Then what are the function and nature of a poem, of a translation?
Benjamin delimits translation succinctly: "Translation is a mode," and poses a question with regard to the original: "Does its nature lend itself to translation and, therefore, in view of the significance of the mode, call for it?" (70). In order to explain this strange calling forth of translation by the original, Benjamin introduces a supra-human realm:

It should be pointed out that certain correlative concepts retain their meaning, and possibly their foremost significance, if they are referred exclusively to man. One might, for example, speak of an unforgettable life or moment even if all men had forgotten it. If the nature of such a life or moment required that it be unforgotten, that predicate would not imply a falsehood but merely a claim not fulfilled by men, and probably also a reference to a realm in which it is fulfilled: God's remembrance. Analogously, the translatability of linguistic creations ought to be considered even if men should prove unable to translate them. (70)

In the first sentence quoted above, we see a case of "significant" mis-translation which de Man has pointed out. "If they are referred exclusively to man," is indeed the opposite of what the original says, "Wenn sie nicht . . . auf den Menschen bezogen werden" (10), "if you do not relate them to man" (de Man 85). The marked significance of this lapse in the translation emerges when we consider the moment of its occurrence. It occurs exactly when language supersedes man. The scandalousness of Benjamin's assertion momentarily blinds the translator. The translator fights against his own death by mis-translating the death sentence.
Nonetheless, the stress-mark imprinted upon his doom, upon his "Aufgabe," remains.

**Babel**

Derrida sees in the above passage a fundamental "sur-vival" force inherent in language, or in the very constitutive structure of the original, which first appears as a supra-human demand for translation:

Celui-ci exige la traduction même si aucun traducteur n'est là, en mesure de répondre à cette injonction qui est en même temps demande et désir dans la structure même de l'original. Cette structure est le rapport de la vie à la survie. Cette exigence de l'autre comme traducteur, Benjamin la compare à tel instant inoubliable de la vie: il est vécu comme inoubliable, il est inoubliable même si en fait l'oubli finit par l'emporter. Il aura été inoubliable, c'est là sa signification essentielle, son essence apodictique. . . . L'exigence de l'inoubliable--qui est ici constitutive--n'est pas le moins du monde entamée par la finitude de la mémoire. . . . En ce sens la dimension survivante est un apriori--et la mort n'y changerait rien. (225-226)

According to Derrida, this survival force, which surfaces through the relationship between the original and the translation, deploys a strategy involving a contractual indebting of the translator as well as of the original itself:

Car si la structure de l'original est marquée par l'exigence
d'être traduit, c'est qu'en faisant la loi l'original commence par s'endetter aussi à l'égard du traducteur. L'original est le premier débiteur, le premier demandeur, il commence par manquer et par pleurer après la traduction. (227-228)

How should we mark this originary lack within the original? Derrida now recalls the story of the tower of Babel where the original need for translation is inscribed. First he points out that this myth is involved with the problem of naming. The story tells us that the people wanted to make a name for themselves. But they ended up receiving a name from God: Babel. The name "Babel" given to this site has two dimensions, one a common noun, the other a proper noun. Derrida cites Voltaire:

Je ne sais pas pourquoi il est dit dans la Genèse que Babel signifie confusion, car Ba signifie père dans les langues orientales, et Bel signifie Dieu; Babel signifie la ville de Dieu, la ville sainte. (210)

Thus confusion and the name of God are both inscribed in Babel. This double signature of God initiates the contractual movement of language, the calling forth of translation. Derrida continues:

Cette demande n'est pas seulement du côté des constructeurs de la tour qui veulent se faire un nom et fonder une langue universelle se traduisant d'elle-même; elle contraint aussi le déconstructeur de la tour: en donnant son nom, Dieu en a aussi appelé à la traduction, non seulement entre les langues devenues tout à coup multiples et confuses, mais d'abord de son nom, du nom qu'il a
clamé, donné, et qui doit se traduire par confusion pour être entendu, donc pour laisser entendre qu'il est difficile de le traduire et ainsi de l'entendre. Au moment où il impose et oppose sa loi à celle de la tribu, il est aussi demandeur de traduction. Il est aussi endetté. Il n'a pas fini de pleurer après la traduction de son nom alors même qu'il l'interdit. Car Babel est intraduisible. Dieu pleure sur son nom. (228)

What Derrida attempts to describe here is a very complex situation of "the very beginning" where, in an absolutely paradoxical way, God (the Origin) separates "His Name" (Language) from Himself, gives it an absolute status by inscribing "confusion" (that is, incomprehensibility) on it, but in so doing, creates the first demand for "translation" because of the very "confusion of tongues" now inscribed within "His Name," Babel. God must be kept "incomprehensible." But in order for "His Name" (Language) to "sur-vive," it must be transported in a certain movement of transference, namely translation. Babel reveals a demand for "confusion" and at the same time an originary want of translation. The desire for an absolute separation and that for transportation/transference/translation collide at this "very beginning." What is meant by "translatability of the original" in Benjamin is thus linked to this paradoxical "weeping of God over his name." From the moment the "untranslatable Babel" demands its own translation, Language begins its hidden life, drawing in languages through the gate of translation to Itself.
Survival (Überleben) and Translation (Übersetzen)

Benjamin calls this survival movement "hallowed growth of language" (74) with its destination in the seemingly messianic end of "pure language." This pure language, according to Benjamin, is the ultimate "harmony" or "reconciliation" of different languages attained through the operation of translation. Is the survival movement of language, then, instead of heading towards "confusion"—the Babelian dissemination of difference—growing in the direction of the promised land of the Same, towards the pre-Babelian name of God?

Let us follow Benjamin's text again. First, Benjamin points to a "natural" or "vital" connection between the original and the translation:

> It is plausible that no translation, however good it may be, can have any significance as regards the original. Yet, by virtue of its translatability the original is closely connected with the translation; in fact, this connection is all the closer since it is no longer of importance to the original. We may call this connection a natural one, or, more precisely, a vital connection. Just as the manifestations of life are intimately connected with the phenomenon of life without being of importance to it, a translation issues from the original—not so much from its life as from its afterlife [Überleben]. (71)

Zohn's rendering of "Überleben" as "afterlife" here reveals an interesting (unconscious?) interlingual shifting of meaning. "Überleben" is usually translated as "survival" or more literally "(over)/out-living."
"Afterlife" in turn should be translated as "zukünftiges Leben" in the sense of "later/future life," or as "Leben nach dem Tode" in the sense of "life after death." But the French equivalent of "Überleben," "survie," does mean "survival" as well as "afterlife," that is, "more life" and "more than life." Then, what does this "sur-vival/after-life" of the original reveal here? A translation issues from it. Both are connected "vitally."

But strangely, the translation does not hold any importance or significance for the original. Why? Benjamin seems to answer, "precisely because the bond between them is natural." There is no room for "significance" in the "sur-vival" within nature. Or, we may put more emphasis on the "afterlife" of the original. That is, the original does not see any significance in the translation because the original itself is already dead. A translation issues from the original's "afterlife." Translation announces the death of the original. The survival of language from the original to a translation, therefore, is not that the original itself survives through the translation. Benjamin writes:

Translation is so far removed from being the sterile equation of two dead languages that of all literary forms it is the one charged with the special mission of watching over the maturing process [Nachreife] of the original language and the birth pangs of its own. (73)

De Man argues that "maturing process" is not the right translation of "Nachreife": "it is by no means a maturing process, it is a looking back on a process of maturity that is finished, and that is no longer taking place" (85). Thus "Nachreife" becomes synonymous with "Überleben," survie.

Translation is at the wake of the original.
Yet Benjamin says: "The life of the originals attains in them [translations] to its ever-renewed latest and most abundant flowering" (72). Then what survives through translation? It is not the original itself but its "life" that survives. What is this "life"? Benjamin literally "translates" this "life" as a certain purposiveness:

Being a special and high form of life, this flowering is governed by a special, high purposiveness. The relationship between life and purposefulness, seemingly obvious yet almost beyond the grasp of the intellect, reveals itself only if the ultimate purpose toward which all single functions tend is sought not in its own sphere but in a higher one. All purposeful manifestations of life, including their very purposiveness, in the final analysis have their end not in life, but in the expression of its nature, in the representation of its significance. Translation thus ultimately serves the purpose of expressing the central reciprocal relationship between languages. (72)

The purposiveness of life becomes visible only when a transcendental state, towards which every purposeful manifestation of life moves, is considered. This transcendental state is situated after life. The "Überleben" of the original appears only when this transcendental final goal is taken into account. But the goal's very transcendence requires an incommensurable distance from mere "life." That is why "Überleben" becomes "afterlife." What survives is the "purposiveness," or the drive towards the final expression of the purpose of Language. Benjamin names this transcendental goal of languages "pure language":

Wherein resides the relatedness of two languages, apart from historical considerations? Certainly not in the similarity between works of literature or words. Rather, all suprahistorical kinship of languages rests in the intention underlying each language as a whole—an intention, however, which no single language can attain by itself but which is realized only by the totality of their intentions supplementing each other: pure language. (74)

Here we must note that the "origin" of the kinship of languages does not rest with the originary being, the author, who intends a certain meaning. Rather, this "intention" belongs to Language—a totality in which the unfulfilled intentions of actual languages supplement each other. And this supplementary movement towards pure language is instigated only by the workings of translation. Benjamin envisions this linguistic paradise as follows:

Although translation, unlike art, cannot claim permanence for its products, its goal is undeniably a final, conclusive, decisive stage of all linguistic creation. In translation the original rises into a higher and purer linguistic air, as it were. It cannot live there permanently, to be sure, and it certainly does not reach it in its entirety. Yet, in a singularly impressive manner, at least it points the way to this region: the predestined, hitherto inaccessible realm of reconciliation and fulfillment of languages. (75)
The Untranslatable

What, then, specifically reaches this paradise? Benjamin reiterates that it is not the semantic dimensions (the signifieds) transmitted through a translation that reaches there. Rather, it is, ironically yet precisely, that which remains as untranslatable in a translation:

The transfer can never be total, but what reaches this region is that element in a translation which goes beyond transmittal of subject matter. This nucleus is best defined as the element that does not lend itself to translation. Even when all the surface content has been extracted and transmitted, the primary concern of the genuine translator remains elusive. (75)

This is a particularly perplexing passage. Is Benjamin saying that though the task of the translator has nothing to do with the transmittal of content, nonetheless the content is transmitted through translation; but at the same time, strangely enough, the untranslatable appears not in the original but rather in a translation? In this sense, translation becomes a doubly negative, impossible operation. It does what is not its primary task: transmission of content. And it announces its profound failure by somehow manifesting that which cannot be translated. Indeed, at this point, translation becomes impossible and possible--possible only in announcing its ultimate failure, the untranslatable.

By manifesting this nucleus as the untranslatable in a translation, the nucleus becomes an injunction against further operations of translation upon itself. In other words, it forbids the translation of translation.
Derrida reads this nucleus as "the original as such" and brings out a dialectical relationship between the original and the translation:

On reconnaît un noyau (l'original en tant que tel) à ceci qu'il peut se laisser de nouveau traduire et retraduire. Une traduction, elle, ne le peut pas en tant que telle. Seul un noyau, parce qu'il résiste à la traduction qu'il aimante, peut s'offrir à une nouvelle opération traductrice sans se laisser épuiser. (236)

This indicates a latent power-structure sustaining the relationship between the original and the translation. The nucleus as the original as such (not the original text itself but its very status of being original) bears a fundamentally paradoxical relationship to the translation. At once it attracts and resists translation. This is because the nucleus, the untranslatable, requires translation to protect its ineffable status. It needs translation to declare that it is untranslatable. In other words, unless "translated" the untranslatable cannot exist as such.

Benjamin speaks of this essential dilemma of translation in similes:

Unlike the words of the original, it [the nucleus] is not translatable, because the relationship between content and language is quite different in the original and the translation. While content and language form a certain unity in the original, like a fruit and its skin, the language of the translation envelops its content like a royal robe with ample folds. For it signifies a more exalted language than its own and thus remains unsuited to its content, overpowering and alien. This
disjunction prevents translation and at the same time makes it superfluous. (75)

The nucleus, therefore, is the Sovereign, the untouchable. It is neither the fruit (content) nor the skin (language). Derrida sees this nucleus as the space between the tenor and the language. And for him this space, this Saussurian difference, is magnetic: "La noyau essentiel, ce qui n'est pas, dans la traduction, à nouveau traduisible, ce n'est pas la teneur mais cette adhésion entre la teneur et la langue, entre le fruit et l'enveloppe" (237). This magnetic difference itself, uniting the skin to the fruit, mobilizes the operation of guaranteeing the status of the original to itself by demanding a "royal robe"—the language of translation. We notice that this royal robe does not cling tightly to the naked body of the Sovereign. By the luxury of this very superfluousness of "ample folds" the Sovereign comes to be signified as such.

True Language

The nucleus, the attachment between the skin and the fruit, the very status of the original, the untranslatable in a translation, that which reaches the messianic end of all languages, is the true language. It is, however as Jacob points out, not "the apotheosis of an ultimate language, but rather that which is purely language—nothing but language" (761). Benjamin quotes Mallarmé in the original:

Les langues imparfaites en cela que plusieurs, manque la suprême: penser étant écrire sans accessoires, ni chuchotement mais tacite encore l'immortelle parole, la diversité, sur terre, des idiomes
Mallarmé here longs for the true language in which there is no division between content and language, between the signifier and the signified. The Word becomes Truth instantaneously. Thus within the true language there is no opening where meaning can appear. Neither is there space nor time in it. It is the eternal present. It is both the absolutely readerly and writerly text at once. And the possibility of this language is glimpsed only through translation:

If there is such a thing as a language of truth, the tensionless and even silent depository of the ultimate truth which all thought strives for, then this language of truth is—the true language. And this very language, whose divination and description is the only perfection a philosopher can hope for, is concealed in concentrated fashion in translations. (77)

Loss of Meaning

The truth of language is the purity of language itself devoid of its referential or representative function. Translation thus aids in purifying the original text of its meaning:

And that which seeks to represent, to produce itself in the evolving of languages, is the very nucleus of pure language. Though concealed and fragmentary, it is an active force in life
as the symbolized thing itself, whereas it inhabits linguistic creations only in symbolized form. While that ultimate essence, pure language, in the various tongues is tied only to linguistic elements and their changes, in linguistic creations it is weighted with a heavy, alien meaning. To relieve it of this, to turn the symbolizing into the symbolized, to regain pure language fully formed in the linguistic flux, is the tremendous and only capacity of translation. In this pure language—which no longer means or expresses anything but is, as expressionless and creative Word, that which is meant in all languages—all information, all sense, and all intention finally encounter a stratum in which they are destined to be extinguished. (79-80)

The only possible method of translation to achieve this end can be seen in the absolutely literal rendering of syntax, word by word, which Hölderlin performs in his "monstrous" translations of Sophocles. The result is of course beyond comprehensibility. What we see in them is the violent intrusion of a foreign syntax into Hölderlin's mother tongue. Translation thus radically destabilizes our own tongue as well as depriving the "alien meaning" of the original text. The meaning is alien not to the original text itself but to this supra-human movement of language, the survival of language, pure language. The symbolizing (the literary effecting of meaning—the poetic, the mysterious) has its end not in the alien meaning but in the final symbolized—pure language.

Language symbolizes itself within itself so as not to die. 4 This monstrous language to infinity becomes manifest only through translation. But the enormous danger that the translator encounters through this teratogenesis of language cannot be forgotten:
For this very reason Hölderlin's translations in particular are subject to the enormous danger inherent in all translations: the gates of a language thus expanded and modified may slam shut and enclose the translator with silence. Hölderlin's translations from Sophocles were his last work: in them meaning plunges from abyss to abyss until it threatens to become lost in the bottomless depths of language. (81-82)

Man is definable only through meaning, that is, through reading. When man ceases reading and thus loses meaning, there is only one thing left to do. He begins to translate language itself. Pure writerly production does not belong to man but to language itself. Language writes itself. We only translate. We ourselves are silent. At the moment when this overcoming of man by language becomes manifest, the translator (Zohn) attempts again to stop the threatening current of language:

Benjamin writes:

Aber es gibt ein Halten. Es gewährt es jedoch kein Text außer dem heiligen, in dem der Sinn aufgehört hat, die Wasserscheide für die strömende Sprache und die strömende Offenbarung zu sein. (21)

Zohn translates:

There is, however, a stop. It is vouchsafed to Holy Writ alone, in which meaning has ceased to be the watershed for the flow of
language and the flow of revelation. (82)

The crucial word here is "Halten," which can mean "holding" or "retaining" as well as "halt." Is the precipitous loss of meaning (thus of man) stopped in the sacred text? Or is the supra-human movement of language originally retained in the true language of Holy Writ? Benjamin concludes his essay:

Where a text is identical with truth or dogma, where it is supposed to be "the true language" in all its literalness and without the mediation of meaning, this text is unconditionally translatable. In such case [sic] translations are called for only because of the plurality of languages. For to some degree all great texts contain their potential translation between the lines; this is true to the highest degree of sacred writings. The interlinear version of the Scriptures is the prototype or ideal of all translation. (82)

Babel Revisited

The sacred text's calling forth of translation "because of the plurality of languages" again reminds us of the story of Babel. The tower of Babel marks a certain originary loss of communicable meaning. But then, did the pre-Babelian language "retain" the germ of such a loss? The sacred text, being the absolutely literal text, does not lose its meaning (its literality itself) through a literal translation. In a sense, it says
nothing to us. It simply is. Was the pre-Babelian language this
literality itself also?

We know only what happened at Babel. After Babel, translation became
necessary. But at Babel, God's ostensible aim was to "confuse" our
tongue, to pluralize the pre-Babelian language, to force the loss of
meaning within Language, between languages. The result was the emergence
of translation as a remedy for the loss of meaning, to fill the gap between
languages. But again, God's command was explicitly directed at the loss of
meaning. What was God jealous of? Let us look at the story as recounted
in Genesis:

Then they said, "Come, let us build ourselves a city, with a
tower that reaches to the heavens, so that we may make a name for
ourselves and not be scattered over the face of the whole earth."
But the Lord came down to see the city and the tower that the men
were building. The Lord said, "If as one people speaking the
same language they have begun to do this, then nothing they plan
to do will be impossible for them. Come, let us go down and
confuse their language so they will not understand each other."
So the Lord scattered them from there over all the earth, and
they stopped building the city. That is why it was called
Babel--because there the Lord confused the language of the whole
world. (11. 3-9)

In the motivation for building the tower, we see a curious causal
connection between the self-naming of the people (the Sem) and the
prevention of their dissemination. Why is the erecting of the self-name
equated with the raising of the tower? And how do the self-naming and the building of the tower prevent dissemination of the people? God sees that the sameness of the people and their language, consequently their "understanding" proper, will grant them the status of an omnipotent god. In the sameness the tower grows higher. The very presence of the tower itself was to become the name of the people. The ever increasing "presence" in the perfect sameness was to become our name. God deconstructs this presence, disseminates the Sem and its language, and then gives a name to the ruins of the "presence": Babel. The O.E.D. gives the following etymological information:

Babel: Heb. bābel

Associated in Genesis with the idea of 'confusion,' but not referable to any known Semic root; according to Prof. Sayce, for Assyrian bāb-ilu gate of God, or bāb-ilī gate of the gods.

God translates the self-name, the tower, and opens the gate which has been enclosing the Same. Meaning is always a nostalgic return to the tower of the Same. Thus the loss of meaning that God willed manifests itself as the original deconstruction of the self-name and of the self-presence within the order of the Same. The loss of meaning within translation, to use Benjamin's simile, can be located in the empty space between the naked body of the Sovereign and the royal robe that covers it with ample folds. Translation thus performs two contradictory operations with regard to meaning. Translation attempts to restore the pre-Babelian Sameness by bridging the difference between languages. At the same time, it preserves the loss of meaning within its ample folds. Moreover, it protects the
naked body of the Sovereign and proclaims his originary status with the very space of the loss of meaning (ample folds).

God requires the loss of meaning. God is the loss of meaning. God is jealous of any other presence. For he must be the only presence. And presence in the Same has no meaning. It becomes the absolute proper name (the self-name) without any etymon. A proper name is untranslatable but can be transliterated. What about a signature, then? Derrida asks:

Comment traduiriez-vous une signature? Et comment vous en abstiendriez-vous, qu'il s'agisse de Iahweh, de Babel, de Benjamin quand il signe tout près de son dernier mot? (248)

Now we may recall how Barthes defined literature in S/Z: "(la Littérature est une cacographie intentionnelle)" (15). Translation may be a worse, more dangerous handwriting that unknowingly attempts to trace exactly, turn by turn (des tours de Babel), the lost signature, the absolute untranslatable, pure language, presence. We are contracted, signed, to be translators.

Weather

On a morning of an upturned gem
Someone whispers to somebody at the doorway.
This is the day gods are born.

This is literally the morning of translation. Nishiwaki has borrowed the phrase "like an upturn'd gem" from Keats and translated it into
Japanese. Nanpito ("Someone," an archaic, literary expression) is whispering to dareka ("somebody," a colloquial expression). There is a translation occurring between these two synonyms. We cannot hear their whispered words. They are meaning-less. Who is whispering to whom at the gate of the gods?
Notes to Chapter One


As he traveled alone, like a man lured on by a syllable without any meaning,
A syllable of which he felt, with an appointed sureness,
That it contained the meaning into which he wanted to enter,
A meaning which, as he entered it, would shatter the boat and leave the oarsmen quiet
As at a point of central arrival, an instant moment, much or little,
Removed from any shore, from any man or woman, and needing none.

--Wallace Stevens
from "Prologues to What is Possible"

... le blasphème pour forcer Dieu à sortir de son silence.

--Maurice Blanchot
from Lautréamont et Sade

When poetic language, in a drive towards its own purity, loses external meaning, that is, the mediating function of language, silence falls. But then how can writing begin from this encased purity of silence, from this central, most immediate Poetry? Writing must come into being as a certain failure of this essential silence.

What follows in this chapter is an attempt to trace this primordial struggle between silence and communicative writing—writing as a means to transport "truth" or "meaning"—manifested in theoretical writings of
Nishiwaki, Georges Bataille, and Jacques Derrida. A central, and most paradoxical problem concerning "writing" emerges here. Where does the notion of writing "pure poetry," or of writing the "writerly text" stand in relation to the struggle between communication and silence? What Nishiwaki and Bataille have in common is their effort to place "poetry" outside the ordinary economy of communication where the order of mimesis, its "truth" and "meaning," dominates. In fact, both the notion of "pure poetry" pursued by Nishiwaki and the "supreme moment of non-savoir" envisioned by Bataille are located infinitely close to the realm of silence (self-extinction). Similarly, Derrida's deconstructive critique is directed at the language of metaphysics in which, again, the recovery of "truth" and "meaning" plays the cardinal role. Derrida's grammatology attempts to open a field of writing that is free from the restricted economy of communication (reading). Writing is thus released from the burden of closed communication and returns to a certain silence, not an utter passivity of muteness, but a supplementary textual production that always precedes the origin, the "recovery" (reading) of the origin, beyond communication.

Profanus

In 1929, Nishiwaki broke his silence with these words: "To discourse upon poetry is as dangerous as to discourse upon God" (4: 8). At the end of the essay thus begun, we are reminded of the danger again: "It is dangerous to discuss poetry. I have already fallen off the cliff" (4: 26). Nishiwaki's first published writing on poetry was thus appropriately entitled, "Profanus." What danger does poetry contain? What danger does
God contain? The name we may give to the danger could be either "Sovereignty," or "Purity." For Nishiwaki, "poetry" signified a certain absolute state of signification (or of non-signification), just as for Benjamin "pure language" signified a certain absolute state of language. The metalanguage of poetics that Nishiwaki had to engage in was a profane, that is, essentially blasphemous language doomed to failure (failure of Poetry, failure of silence) from the start. The metalanguage may speak of Poetry, but it cannot speak Poetry. (But again, what danger, what blasphemy?) Nishiwaki was about to describe not the murdering of God but the suicide, the self-extinction of poetry.

Nishiwaki's first book published in Japan Chōgenjitsushugi shiron (Surrealist Poetics) (1929) consists of five chapters: "Profanus," "Shi no shōmetsu" (Extinction of Poetry), "Esthétique foraine," "Chōshizenshugi" (Supernaturalism), "Chōshizenshi no kachi" (The Value of Supernatural Poetry). In "Profanus," however, Nishiwaki was yet to push his notion of poetry to its limits. Through his more or less historical charting of "what poetry is," Nishiwaki reinstates a Romantic thesis that poetry is an ever-renewing method of cognizing reality. As for the method of poetical creation, Nishiwaki endorses the surrealist technique of conjoining two distant elements to create a new "reality." Yet Nishiwaki's intention in "Profanus" seems not merely to define this method as one peculiar to the surrealist strategy but rather to regard it as the historically developed, thus universally acceptable essence of poetry. Commenting on Pierre Reverdy's notion of image ("Elle ne peut naître d'une comparaison mais du rapprochement de deux réalités plus ou moins éloignées"), Nishiwaki writes: "In short, this idea of supernaturalist poetry has always been present in the works of great poets since antiquity and in fact is not particularly a new mode of poetry" (4: 13).
Nishiwaki celebrates Francis Bacon as the first critic to discover this modernist method of poetical creation. In *The Twoo Bookes of the Proficience and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Hvmane* (1605) Bacon offers the following definition of poetry:

"Poesie is a part of Learning in measure of words for the most part restrained, but in all other points extremely licensed, and doth truly referre to the Imagination, which, beeing not tyed to the Lawes of Matter, may at pleasure ioyne that which Nature hath seuered, & seuer that which Nature hath ioyned, and so make vnlawfull Matches & divorces of things." (5)

Nishiwaki is intrigued to find that this insight into the nature of poetry displayed by a seventeenth-century thinker is actualized by the hands of his contemporary dadaists and surrealists in Europe. Throughout his life Nishiwaki maintained that the most fundamental method of generating Poetry is to juxtapose two distant elements, indeed to "make unlawful matches and divorces of things." French surrealists led by André Breton were seeking new relationships between those "distant elements" at that time. For the French surrealists, the juxtaposition could not end up in a mere comparison; it had to generate a poetic energy. Distance was needed. In his first *Manifeste du surréalisme* (1924) Breton writes:

"Il est faux, selon moi, de prétendre que "l'esprit a saisi les rapports" des deux réalités en présence. Il n'a, pour commencer, rien saisi consciemment. C'est du rapprochement en quelque sorte fortuit des deux termes qu'a jailli une lumière particulière, lumière de l'image, à laquelle nous nous..."
montrons infiniment sensibles. La valeur de l'image dépend de la beauté de l'étincelle obtenue; elle est, par conséquent, fonction de la différence de potentiel entre les deux conducteurs. Lorsque cette différence existe à peine comme dans la comparaison, l'étincelle ne se produit pas. (62-63)

Tsumaranasa

Nishiwaki, however, criticizes surrealist poetry for being solely concerned with transformation of reality and consequently "forgetting reality." For Nishiwaki, poetry must not and cannot forego what he calls "tsumaranasa" (banality) of reality. Thus he claims: "Poetry must be founded in reality. But it is also necessary to feel the banality of reality" (4: 21). Also, at the beginning of "Profanus," he writes:

The reality of human existence itself is banal (tsumaranai). To sense this fundamental yet supreme banality (tsumaranasa) constitutes the motivation for poetry. (4: 8)

"Tsumaranai" can be translated as trifling, insignificant, worthless, silly, dull, common, etc., but is usually used in the much lighter sense of "boring." What we see here in fact is a unique transplanting of a key term employed in Romantic poetics onto Japanese soil. The key term is "familiarity," used both by Coleridge and Shelley. In the Biographia Literaria Coleridge notes:

[The purposes of poetry are] to give the charm of novelty to
things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand. (7; ch.14)

And Shelley, who was evidently influenced by Coleridge, writes in his "Defense of Poetry":

[Poetry] reproduces the common universe of which we are portions and percipients, and it purges from our inward sight the film of familiarity which obscures from us the wonder of our being. It compels us to feel that which we perceive, and to imagine that which we know. It creates anew the universe, after it has been annihilated in our minds by the recurrence of impressions blunted by reiteration. (512)

Nishiwaki in fact translates Shelley's famous sentence, "[Poetry] makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar" (503), using the word "tsumaranai" for "familiar" (4: 12). Also, once juxtaposed to the above passages of Coleridge and Shelley, the following assertion by Nishiwaki begins to appear as a more or less faithful translation of their ideas:

Custom dulls the awareness of reality. Conventions let this awareness slip into hibernation. Thus our reality becomes
banal. Then it follows that the break with custom makes reality exciting. For our awareness is refreshed. (4: 8)

Yet the significance of "tsumaranasa" cannot simply be contained by "familiarity." In fact in Nishiwaki's poetry "tsumaranasa" begins to take a central position, often carrying a feeling of time-less weariness hovering around a forgotten object. For example, in 82 of No Traveller Returns we read:

In an old garden
where tiger lilies bloom
a forgotten
broken watering can
lying... (Zenshishū 207)

In Eterunitas this "tsumaranasa" becomes articulated as the non-symbolic which the poet ultimately seeks:

A teacup abandoned in a puddle,
a trace of children's play,
a crest imprinted upon the back of a loach,
a madman crossing a bridge,
the nervous flurry of a stone struck by a plow,
a louse left on a traveller's hat,
the movement of Pound's Adam's apple,
a man on the run
while chewing
a bitter root
of nipplewort . . .
these things do not symbolize.
Things that do not symbolize
attract us more. (Zenshishū 621)

The non-symbolic, something that does not symbolize anything, is literally insignificant, meaning-less. An object stripped of meaning, of its own name, of its function, cannot register itself in our consciousness (language) except as a tear in the fabric. The forgotten, broken watering can lying on the ground has lost its function (to water plants) and has returned to its own mute being. In a sense, it has gained the weight of its own presence by asserting its pure object-ness. But at the same time, it signifies a certain absence, a gap in the exquisite order of the ancient garden. The broken watering can has no formal place in the garden. It is a negative-code of the garden. It must be buried and forgotten. Otherwise it will erode the whole garden with its "absence" (negative-code). But perhaps the garden is already ruined, devoid of human voice, ancient, and forgotten. In such a strange silent vividness, how do the tiger lilies survive the ruins!

Nishiwaki's blasphemy is thus directed against the world of codified functions and meanings. Once deprived of its code, the object manifests the "supreme banality" (idaina tsumaranasa) of its being. Despite his endorsement of defamiliarization as the primary function of poetry, Nishiwaki repeatedly warns against losing sight of what is familiar, that is, reality itself. For, indeed, when the most familiar is defamiliarized, the resulting effect becomes, poetically speaking, strongest. But also, for Nishiwaki, we must note, poetry provided a method of returning to the fundamental tsumaranasa, the loss of meaning, which is the primal reality.
Anti-expression

If we take "Profanus" as Nishiwaki's attempt to delineate a poetics of the past, the next chapter "Shi no shōmetsu" (Extinction of Poetry) can be regarded as his bold hypothesis about the poetics of the future. After being duly warned by the words of Lautréamont against the horror the text is to reveal, the reader encounters the following postulate:

The realm of poetry expands infinitely and finally disappears.
As a corollary (ipso facto) of this hypothesis the following rule is set forth:

"The most expanded, the most advanced mode of poetry is that which is closest to its own extinction." (4: 27)

This hypothesis on the self-extinction of poetry can be seen as a logical extension of the anti-mimetic theory of poetry traced back to Bacon in "Profanus." Consequently, in "Profanus," Nishiwaki divided the poetic modality into two distinct categories: 1) poetry that is closely related to human emotions, 2) poetry that breaks away from common sense, emotion, custom, etc. Now in the "Extinction of Poetry" this schema is further elaborated in terms of expression (hyōgen). First of all, nature and art are clearly distinguished. Nishiwaki claims that any expression (or we may say "textual manifestation") that pertains to nature cannot be legitimately art. What Nishiwaki means by "nature" includes natural phenomena as well as human expressions of emotions, of dreams, etc. In other words, a "natural expression" belongs to the order of mimesis. In the mimetic
order, a writer attempts to represent an extra-lingual truth or presence through the ideal transparency of language. Nishiwaki writes:

Moreover, just as conscientious objectors are sometimes exonerated from the usual legal obligations, in the poetic legal system, when an author believes that what he has thought or felt is true, he will be exonerated from the obligations of art. In other words, his work will not be considered art. (4: 23)

If one believes that he is faithfully representing what he "truly" felt or thought, then his mimetic work cannot gain the status of art. This indeed shows Nishiwaki's radical rejection of the mimetic order in art.

In Nishiwaki's view, artistic expression must be absolutely deliberate, artificial, non-natural, that is, essentially ironical. In this light, for Nishiwaki, Baudelaire becomes the first and primary exponent of what he calls the "legal" (legitimate) artist. In "Esthétique Foraine" Nishiwaki quotes Baudelaire: "Deux qualités littéraires fondamentales: surnaturalisme et ironie" (4: 42). This dictum thus constitutes the principal law of poetry. A poem, then, must be an intentionally artificial expression, disrupting man's natural flow of feelings and thoughts, which constantly seeks to be represented most "truthfully." This type of poetry thus constitutes a movement against what Derrida calls "logocentrism"--the monolith of "Truth." The negative movement of poetry, when developed to its fullest consequence, will lead itself to its own extinction. What is excluded from this negative order of poetry then constitutes the world of positivity--nature, reality, truth,
identity, in other words any objects of mimetic expression. Then, what is left to be expressed?

Nishiwaki further divides the second mode of poetry (the "legal" poetry) into three periods. The first period is called "the era of expression," the second, "the era of anti-expression," the last, simply "extinction." To the first period belongs most of modern poetry from Baudelaire to dadaist and surrealist poetry. Nishiwaki claims that even the radical anti-art movement of dadaism has failed to reach the second period, though it predicted the arrival of a new mode of poetry. On the anti-expressive era, he writes:

In this period, the poet manifests a will that shows his deliberate wish that he does not want to express. In the First Period, poetry was still an effort to express. Whereas, in the Second Period, it is to make an effort not to express. (4: 32)

Such an anti-expressive effort certainly marks the limit of poetry as a mode of expression. And for Nishiwaki, this anti-expressive mode becomes "the most advanced mode of poetry."

Although Nishiwaki writes that he cannot think of any examples of this poetic mode, we may proceed in thinking about this mode in terms of "le texte scriptible" as Barthes defines this "impossible" concept. "Hyōgen" (expression, presentation, representation, manifestation) is an activity that postulates the necessity of reception. The products of the "era of expression" are thus necessarily readerly. Whereas in the anti-expressive era, what becomes manifested on the textual surface is nothing but the refusal of the reader. Just as Benjamin asserted, "no poem is intended for
the reader," so the anti-expressive text disregards the possibility of "reading" by refusing to express anything save the very act of this refusal.

When logic is pushed to its limits, only an absurd end is possible. In the final hypothetical stage of poetry, even the act of refusal to express is erased. What remains then? We may remember a prose poem by Hagiwara Sakutarō which depicts a starving octopus in an aquarium eating away its own body little by little till it completely disappears. Yet something still remains in the dark, forgotten aquarium. A trace of being? A trace of desire?

**The Impossible Object of Expression**

In section two, "the Limits of the Object of Expression," Nishiwaki attempts to illustrate the limits of poetry in terms of the object of expression, that is, what is to be expressed. After rejecting anything that relates to humanity, subjectivity, or reality as a legitimate object of expression, Nishiwaki develops a certain negative dialectic employing the Kantian notion of "objective will." According to Nishiwaki, the *a priori* objective will itself becomes the object of expression in the "legally" expressive period. The objective will comes into being as the result of a purifying process that the human will undergoes by transgressing the bounds of individual subjectivity. It is, in a sense, a self-hypostatization of man's will to express. The will to express finally becomes itself (thus, "kanzen," perfect) by eliminating all the other elements that may be the object of expression (4: 36).

Nishiwaki furthermore connects this movement of will to the desire to
live. For Nishiwaki, the will to live marks a movement that is uncontrollable, something beyond mere subjectivity. This fierce movement of the will to live also attempts to reach its own pure hypostatization by transgressing the bounds of reality. According to Nishiwaki, this movement of the will to live defines the poetry of surrealism. Now, against this self-objectifying movement of the will to live, the final rebellion of the subject takes place. Nishiwaki writes:

The will to live is the will of a creator. Man is helpless to deal with this blind will. This absolutely unmanageable will exists objectively in man. The mere existence of such a will, which is so utterly beneath contempt, is a subject of a helpless rage. At times one may feel physically throughout one's brain a startling jolt of an *esprit* which attempts to resist this blind will. This is a strange phenomenon in which an attempt of rebellion against a will that created the human race is manifested. It is a rebellion against the creator's will. Or it can be said that in fact the creator is this creator's will that seeks to oppose his own creative will. A creator is a self-deceiver. The poetry which attempts to present the energy of an *esprit* rebelling against the very effort to live, that is, the effort to break down reality, creates the next poetic region. (4: 37)

The "anti-surreal" mode thus predicted is based upon its denial of the will to live, or of the will to express. Moreover, it is based upon the denial of the transgressive, that is, essentially exclusive, purifying movement of the will towards itself. Thus what this final mode of poetry
accomplishes is the relentless and absolute deconstruction of the a priori, including such stabilizing notions as Man, Reality, Self, Life, as well as the self-purification of the will. At this point poetry as expression commits suicide. Also mankind perishes. What remains now? A grotesque laughter? A trace of spent jouissance? Nishiwaki's words turn tragi-comical:

Poetry dies as mankind dies. The lamp is turned off. But things like kangaroos or cacti may be still trying to survive, fidgeting here and there. How pitiful. (4: 37)

Esthétique Foraine

In "Esthétique Foraine" the loss of meaning revealed through the movement of poetic self-extinction receives another Kantian elaboration. This time Nishiwaki establishes a binary schema drawing on the Kantian opposition between pure and empirical (impure) consciousness. A work of art that registers in the pure consciousness is to be categorized as pure art, while a work of art that "excites" our empirical consciousness is to be called impure art. The pure consciousness is to be taken as a certain lapse in our (necessarily empirical) consciousness. A work of pure art is defined as a certain mechanism that causes this lapse. In other words, there is nothing "pure" about the work (text) itself. A pure poem does not mean that it is constituted by exclusively and purely "poetic" elements. Rather, it is merely a device to create an abyss in our readerly consciousness.
Nishiwaki's anti-Romantic stance that negates "essentially poetic" elements and emphasizes the "mechanism" of the poem seems to be congenial with the formalism of the New Critics, who put the primary emphasis upon what they called "irony"—a structural drama of tensions and resistances. Yet the New Critics' notion of poetry arising out of ironic tensions did not go as far as to envisage the possibility of unreadable, unknowable "non-relation" as the central structural (or deconstructive) principle of pure poetry. Perhaps this was caused by their general neglect of surrealist theories of poetry. For example, Robert Penn Warren in his "Pure and Impure Poetry," written almost two decades after Breton's first manifesto, completely ignores the surrealist strategy of juxtaposing two distant realities, while mentioning Poe, Shelley, the Symbolists, the Abbé Brémont, Pater, George Moore and the Imagists as the pioneers in the theory of pure poetry (981-992).

The New Critics' position on poetry can be clearly shown by the following passage from "Irony as a Principle of Structure" by Cleanth Brooks:

... the poem is not a collection of beautiful or "poetic" images. If there really existed objects which were somehow intrinsically "poetic," still the mere assemblage of these would not give us a poem. For in that case, one might arrange bouquets of these poetic images and thus create poems by formula. But the elements of a poem are related to each other, not as blossoms juxtaposed in a bouquet, but as the blossoms are related to the other parts of a growing plant. The beauty of the poem is the flowering of the whole plant, and needs the stalk, the leaf, and the hidden roots. (1042)
Both Nishiwaki and the New Critics would agree that the essence of poetry (pure poetry) is not to be found in the actual elements of the poem, such as imagery, diction, or ideas. But their agreement ends there. For the New Critics, evaluative attention is focused upon the "positive" contextual relatedness among the elements. This relatedness can be "ironical," that is, exhibiting tensions and resistances. But the sum of these ironical effects is to establish the final, intelligible, unified meaning of the poem as a whole. Contrary to this movement towards the closed fullness of meaning, Nishiwaki's strategy is directed towards non-meaning, the loss of meaning, a tear in the fabric of our consciousness. For Nishiwaki, Baudelairian "irony" is not merely a mechanism for the creation of tension. Rather, it is a device which disrupts closure of meaning, knowledge, and consciousness.

Bataille

In order to illuminate further the essential negativity inherent in Nishiwaki's discourse on poetry, we must now turn our attention from the positivism of the New Critics to those who have confronted the "fetishism of the positive" (to use Theodor Adorno's term) with a profound awareness that the negative is the primary moving force behind our desire for jouissance, poetry, and laughter. Georges Bataille was such an exemplary thinker of the negative.

Bataille calls "eroticism" what Nishiwaki describes as "man's blind will to live" which eventually "seeks its own perfection by transgressing the bounds of reality" (4: 36-37). For Bataille, eroticism signifies an
absolute affirmation of life "up to the point of death." It is the unlimited quest of the discontinuous being (the individual) for continuity even at the cost of its own disappearance (death) to merge into another being. This self-sacrificial or murderous movement of eroticism can also be traced in Nishiwaki's notion of "legal poetry," in which the possibility of subjectivity (the self) is dismissed, as well as in his idea of the development of poetry towards its own extinction. What surfaces through Nishiwaki's discourse on poetry is a movement of language named "pure poetry" which reveals an endless dialectical structure of effacement of the self and its will. It is a negative dialectic without reserve. The moment of pure poetry thus holds an undeniable affinity with what Bataille calls the "supreme moment" when Eros, the life force, carrying its logical consequence to the extreme limit, transgresses its own boundary to death. Bataille writes:

Il existe un domaine où la mort ne signifie plus seulement la disparition, mais le mouvement intolérable où nous disparaissions malgré nous, alors qu'à tout prix, il ne faudrait pas disparaître. C'est justement cet à tout prix, ce malgré nous, qui distinguent le moment de l'extrême joie et de l'extase innommable mais merveilleuse. S'il n'est rien qui ne nous dépasse, qui ne nous dépasse malgré nous, devant à tout prix ne pas être, nous n'atteignons pas le moment insensé auquel nous tendons de toutes nos forces et qu'en même temps nous repoussons de toutes nos forces. (3: 11)

In order to demonstrate man's ultimate need for self-transgression,
Bataille presents a theory of general economy based on anthropological evidence of such ceremonies as the potlatch, practiced by Northwest coast Indians, in which what he calls "Part maudite"--the excess destined for destruction--becomes evident. Potlatch ceremonies consist in the sacrifice of vast quantities of amassed goods, usually blankets and copper blazons, where one individual representing a clan or phratry must crush a rival by his superior ability to dispose of precious objects. For Bataille, this indicates an extreme case of gift giving where man's economical utilitarian egoism is denied. The giver does not expect an equalizing return in the order of limited values, for his desire is fastened to the sacred. And the sacred calls for his self-sacrifice, his need for an excessive expenditure, which Bataille calls "dépense":

En effet les échanges, au moins dans les sociétés primitives, ne sont pas soumis à d'autres lois que celles de la dépense et, dans les sociétés actuelles elles-mêmes, la dépense conserve un rôle décisif. Si la nécessité consistait dans la conservation mesquine et régulière de la vie, il est vrai que la science économique pourrait se contenter de représenter les modes d'acquisition et de production, mais, en fait, cette nécessité consiste dans une décharge continue de forces vives, dans une immense destruction de vies et de richesses, dans un holocauste hideux et presque continu, maintenant l'existence à une limite voisine de l'angoisse ou de la nausée et la portant parfois insensiblement aux transes et à l'orgasme. (2: 158)

In what Bataille calls "general economy" (as opposed to "restricted
"dépense" necessary. This excessive expenditure, however, is not aimed at restoring the equilibrium in the economy; the aim of dépense is dépense itself. One gives so as to lose. It virtually makes a puncture in the sphere of the restricted economy, through which we may glimpse the incommensurable, the impossible, jouissance. Dépense itself is this continual movement of opening a gap in the world of positivity, that is, in the restricted economy where utilitarianism with its appropriative ethics governs the exchange systems. In the restricted economy, man's only possible relationship to things is to possess them so as to use them for some restricted purpose. There, the movement of a question must be terminated by an answer. A signifier must have its corresponding signified (or referent). Each being is singular and full in its isolation. Bataille calls this social (relational) mode "homogeneity." Along with the restricted economy, Bataille regards "homogeneity" as a product of rationalism with its analytical strategies for knowledge—abstraction, specialization, categorization, etc. In homogeneity things are appropriated in commensurability. And man's concern centres on the preservation of self and things. In homogeneity, Bataille writes, "les rapports humains peuvent être maintenus par une réduction à des règles fixes basées sur la conscience de l'identité possible de personnes et de situations définies; en principe, toute violence est exclue du cours d'existence ainsi impliqué" (1: 340).

What could possibly escape this utilitarian value system except negativities—the violence of dépense, the non-communication of non-representational poetry? Against this closed homogeneity, Bataille presents heterogeneity which shifts the emphasis from appropriation to
excretion. Now heterology becomes "le renversement complet du processus philosophique qui d'instrument d'appropriation qu'il était passe au service de l'excrétion et introduit la revendication des satisfactions violentes impliquées par l'existence sociale" (2: 63). Thus the use-value of homogeneity having being abandoned, excretion or the "useless" dépense appears as an end in itself. Bataille continues:

Dans la mesure où l'homme ne songe plus à écraser ses camarades sous le joug de la morale, il acquiert la possibilité de lier ouvertement non seulement son intelligence et sa vertu mais sa raison d'être à la violence et à l'incongruité de ses organes excréteurs, comme à la faculté qu'il a d'être excité jusqu'aux transes par des éléments hétérogènes, à commencer vulgairement dans la débauche. (2: 65)

The one who achieves this state of debauchery is the Sovereign. And Pure Poetry is possible only in the land of Sovereignty.

Language of Sovereignty

Bataille's notion of sovereignty has its origins in the Hegelian dialectic of master and slave. The master is the one who has risked his life to gain status. The slave, on the other hand, is the one who has preferred to work rather than to risk his life. But in Hegelian dialectics the opposites require each other and also pass into each other. The master satisfies his desires but becomes dependent upon the labour of the slave in order to do so. And the slave, by working, controls his desires and
develops a rational will. The master, however, by definition, must either ruin himself or die on the battlefield. Yet, following the principle of Aufhebung, Hegel opts for the preservation of the master's life. Thus the slave's cultivated rational will passes into the master. For Hegel, without this economy of life the final proof of self—the consciousness-of-self—would be eliminated. This is where Bataille differs from and exceeds Hegel. For Bataille, the master must either die or engage in a pure dépense, an infinite consumption. The consciousness-of-self, the ultimately stable singular subject, signifies only what Bataille calls the "discontinuous being." In order to merge into "continuity," one must move from the "mastery" of Absolute Knowledge into "Sovereignty" where laughter, poetry, and ecstasy reign. Bataille writes on Hegel:

Même à l'intérieur du cercle achevé (incessant), le non-savoir est fin et le savoir moyen. Dans la mesure où il se prend lui-même pour fin, il sombre dans la tache aveugle. Mais la poésie, le rire, l'extase ne sont pas les moyens d'autre chose. Dans le "système," poésie, rire, extase ne sont rien, Hegel s'en débarrasse à la hâte: il ne connaît de fin que le savoir. Son immense fatigue se lie à mes yeux à l'horreur de la tache aveugle. (5: 130)

Thus the movement of the dialectic is suspended. And the stabilizing synthesis (knowledge, that which fills in the open space of "non-savoir") is cancelled. Instead, a dark blind spot of "non-savoir" opens. And this is where the language of Sovereignty, laughter, poetry, ecstasy, appears. Poetry, for Bataille, marks the limits of existing systems of
representation. Thus a mode of communication other than that of restricted exchanges becomes necessary. In this mode, a dépense of the self in union with the other must occur. Just as Nishiwaki excludes any "representative" trace from his "legal" poetry, Bataille locates poetry in his notion of sovereignty in which actual, communicative discourses disappear. There remains only the confrontation with the impossible. In Bataille, the movement of poetry is again, just as in Nishiwaki's notion of it, directed towards death and disappearance, away from the world of the real and the useful. In order to reach this height of sovereign poetry, the poet must be violently seduced, that is, he must blindly throw himself into the drawing force of the seduction without any regard for the preservation of the self or for the appropriation of objects. Bataille writes:

Il y a devant l'espèce humaine une double perspective: d'une part, celle du plaisir violent, de l'horreur et de la mort—exactement celle de la poésie—et, en sens opposé, celle de la science ou du monde réel de l'utilité. Seuls l'utile, le réel, ont un caractère sérieux. Nous ne sommes jamais en droit de lui préférer la séduction: la vérité a des droits sur nous. Elle a même sur nous tous les droits. Pourtant nous pouvons, et même nous devons répondre à quelque chose qui, n'étant pas Dieu, est plus forte que tous les droits: cet impossible auquel nous n'accédons qu'oubliant la vérité de tous ces droits, qu'acceptant la disparition. (3: 102)

First of all, then, the communicative modes of language (mimesis, philosophy, science, criticism) must be disrupted, for these modes of language are ultimately subordinate to the order of identity and meaning:
Le langage manque parce que le langage est fait de propositions qui font intervenir des identités et à partir du moment où, du fait du trop-plein de sommes à dépenser, on est obligé de ne plus dépenser pour le gain, mais de dépenser pour dépenser, on ne peut se tenir sur le plan de l'identité. On est obligé d'ouvrir les notions au-delà d'elles-mêmes. (6: 35)

Thus, in the final analysis, any communicative writing founded upon the order of mimesis or of truth fails to capture the sovereign moment, the moment of "dépense pour dépense," for this moment is the "blind spot" and is silent. Philosophy will remain only as a questioning without an audible (legible) answer. Bataille writes in L'Erotisme:

La philosophie ne sort pas d'elle-même, elle ne peut sortir du langage. Elle utilise le langage de telle manière que jamais le silence ne lui succède. Si bien que le moment suprême excède nécessairement l'interrogation philosophique. . . . L'interrogation n'a de sens qu'élaborée par la philosophie: c'est l'interrogation suprême à laquelle la réponse est le moment suprême de l'érotisme—le silence de l'érotisme. (304-305)

En effet, le moment suprême est dans le silence et, dans le silence, la conscience se dérobe. (306)

Yet we must ask: is a poem capable of "expressing" the supreme moment? We seem to be trapped in a strange tautological situation here. For the
supreme moment, as we have seen, is Poetry. Is a poem capable of expressing Poetry? If not, can it be called a poem? Bataille places the limit of communicative poetry (that which is able to carry meanings) in the category of minor sovereignty, in which a poem provides only an indication of the lack of meaning:

Si la poésie n'était accompagnée d'une affirmation de souveraineté (donnant le commentaire de son absence de sens), elle serait comme le rire et le sacrifice, ou comme l'érotisme et l'ivresse, insérée dans la sphère de l'activité. Inséré n'est pas tout à fait subordonné: le rire, l'ivresse, le sacrifice ou la poésie, l'érotisme lui-même, subsistent dans une réserve, autonomes, insérés dans la sphère, comme des enfants dans la maison. Ce sont dans leur limites des souverains mineurs, qui ne peuvent contester l'empire de l'activité. (5: 220)

We recall that this mode of poetry corresponds to that in the "era of anti-expression" in Nishiwaki's classification.

In the condition of major sovereignty, then, communication in the ordinary sense becomes impossible. This is because by definition the sovereign is absolutely independent; it does not require others to claim its own being. The sovereign is the absolute signifier without any need for the signified. Referring to Genet, Bataille writes: "c'est dans la mesure où il s'abandonne sans limite au Mal que la communication lui échappe" (9: 315). This is the stage which Nishiwaki calls "extinction of poetry." This is indeed where "the truth of death, of disappearance" is established. The mode of communication in sovereignty is thus based on the
absence rather than on the presence of two discontinuous beings. There, two effaced beings unite instantaneously, abandoning the consciousness that reflects each other. Referring to Sartre commenting on Mallarmé, Bataille writes: "'Chez Mallarmé, dit Sartre, lecteur et auteur s'annulent en même temps, s'éteignent réciproquement pour que, finalement, le Verbe seul existe.' Je ne dirai pas: 'chez Mallarmé'; je dirai: 'partout où la littérature est manifeste'" (9: 301). In the sovereign mode of communication, both the author and the reader lose their subjectivity and become united in an anonymous movement of language.

This movement is after all what Barthes calls "le scribible." Poetry, for Nishiwaki as well as for Bataille, exists only in this mode of "le scriptible." It is indeed without the poem. A poem remains ultimately the failure of Poetry (non-savoir). The historically accumulated heaps of poems merely record the countless repeated failures of language to achieve Poetry. Bataille succinctly states: "A vrai dire d'ailleurs, du non-savoir lui-même, il y aurait en somme impossibilité de parler, tandis que nous pouvons parler de ses effets s'ils sont le rire, les larmes, etc." (Conférence 5). The legible (positive) poem is capable only of producing receivable effects. Poetry as a movement of non-savoir is a negativity that seduces, just as a black hole attracts light. It is the seduction of jouissance and death. Poetry ultimately escapes the field of knowledge into the field of the naked experience of death, where the protective shield of the appropriative consciousness, with its language's naming operation, fails. Poetry, thus, can be manifested only in the direction (never at the destination) of the movement of dépense, in its illegibility, in its silence.
Derrida's Trace

Susan Sontag remarks on the self-sacrificial tendency of modern literature in her preface to Barthes's *Writing Degree Zero*: "As modern literature is the history of alienated 'writing' or personal utterance, literature aims inexorably at its own self-transcendence--at the abolition of literature" (xvii). Indeed this negative movement of literature/poetry (a literary dépense) articulated by Nishiwaki as well as by Bataille finds its common ground in the theory of writing (grammatology) proposed by Jacques Derrida, though their strategic territories may differ slightly. Nishiwaki elaborated his poetics by setting up the binary oppositions of the natural/the intentional, the real/the surreal, the expressive/the non-expressive, etc.; in so doing, he limited his investigation to the field of "poetry" as the limit of expression. On the other hand, Bataille presented the oppositions of the restricted economy/the general economy, appropriation/excretion, preservation of identity/dépense, philosophy/poetry, sovereignty, laughter, etc., and thus attempted to approach his subject from an ethno-sociological angle. Now Derrida's field of investigation is the language of metaphysics imbued with logocentrism. What he champions in his criticism is "writing" (as opposed to "speech") which, he claims, forces a rupture within the closure of metaphysics. Under Derrida's keen critical gaze, any trace of logocentrism is rigorously made manifest and re-situated in the field of what he calls "differance," or the "chain of supplements." In a sense, Bataille's notion of "non-savoir," or Nishiwaki's observation of poetry as a negative movement, can be said, according to Derrida's grammatology, to have existed from the very beginning of any movement of signification, provided that we are aware that in the Derridian universe there is no "very beginning" as such.
Then, what can be thought of being at the very beginning? What is at
the origin of a text, or "writing"? Derrida's answer is a trace, an
arche-trace, though he takes great pains not to re-establish this "arche,"
this beginning, as a theological, originary point of departure:

La trace n'est pas seulement la disparition de l'origine, elle
veut dire ici—dans le discours que nous tenons et selon le
parcours que nous suivons—que l'origine n'a même pas disparu,
qu'elle n'a jamais été constituée qu'en retour par une
non-origine, la trace, qui devient ainsi l'origine de l'origine.
Dès lors, pour arracher le concept de trace au schéma classique
qui la ferait dériver d'une présence ou d'une non-trace
originaire et qui en ferait une marque empirique, il faut bien
parler de trace originaire ou d'archi-trace. Et pourtant nous
savons que ce concept détruit son nom et que, si tout commence
par la trace, il n'y a surtout pas de trace originaire. (90)

This para-logical replacement of "origin" with "trace" must be
considered an extension of a thesis (arbitrariness of the sign) posited
by Ferdinand de Saussure in his *Cours de linguistique générale*. Saussure
states, as the first linguistic principle: "Le lien unissant le signifiant
au signifié est arbitraire" (100). That is, there is no natural connection
between the "sound-image" of a word and the concept signified by it. This
arbitrary nature of the sign does not, however, mean that the regulation of
a sign-system is utterly capricious. In order to clarify this point
Saussure replaces the word "arbitrary" with "unmotivated":

Le mot arbitraire appelle aussi une remarque. Il ne doit pas
 donner l'idée que le signifiant dépend du libre choix du sujet parlant . . . nous voulons dire qu'il est immotivé, c'est-à-dire arbitraire par rapport au signifié, avec lequel il n'a aucune attache naturelle dans la réalité. (101)

When there is no "natural" link between the signifier and signified, then what determines the link? It is not "nature" but "institution" that makes the sign possible. Every sign is thus purely "instituted." And this "institution" is grounded upon a system of differences and not of plenitudes. Saussure writes:

Tout ce qui précède revient à dire que dans la langue il n'y a que des différences. Bien plus: une différence suppose en général des termes positifs entre lesquels elle s'établit; mais dans la langue il n'y a que des différences sans termes positifs. (166)

Derrida's description of the "trace" is a re-writing of this Saussurian notion of sign in a system of difference. Though Derrida endorses the notion of "instituted sign," he warns that the very idea of institution must not be uncritically derived from the classical oppositional scheme of nature versus institution, in which he sees Saussure still being caught. For the very notion of "naturalness" must be deconstructed. Now the instituted sign, the "immotivation" of the sign, must be seen, rigorously and relentlessly, from the perspective of "difference" which Saussure himself indicates as the very foundation of language. Derrida replaces the Saussurian sign, the synthesis of the
signifier and signified, with the word "instituted trace" in which the synthesis appears as that of a trace and a difference, where an indefinite play of absence and presence is enacted:

On ne peut penser la trace instituée sans penser la rétention de la différence dans une structure de renvoi où la différence apparaît comme telle et permet ainsi une certaine liberté de variation entre les termes pleins. L'absence d'une autre origine du monde apparaissant comme telle, se présentant comme absence irréductible dans la présence de la trace, ce n'est pas une formule métaphysique substituée à un concept scientifique de l'écriture. . . . L"immotivation" du signe requiert une synthèse dans laquelle le tout autre s'annonce comme tel—sans aucune simplicité, aucune identité, aucune ressemblance ou continuité—dans ce qui n'est pas lui. (68-69)

The structure (or better, the movement) of the trace is this indefinite announcing of the completely other within what is not it. This announcing of alterity cannot stop at a determined point that would establish itself as a "theological" presence/origin. Thus the notion of "institution" itself cannot be thought of as a solid, permanent "structure" as seen in the notion of "langue" proposed by Saussure. Rather, it must be thought of as already permeated with this "originary" movement of trace.

In this Derridian formula, the "trace" resembles what Saussure calls the "signifier" and the "other" parallels the "signified." But Derrida's logic of trace takes us beyond (or before) the clarity of the tripartite structure of the Saussurian sign in that on both levels (signifier and
signified) of the sign, the movement of **differance** is always already at work. The trace/signifier "produces itself as self-occultation" and the other/signified "presents itself in the dissimulation of itself":

La trace, où se marque le rapport à l'autre articule sa possibilité sur tout le champ de l'être, que la métaphysique a déterminé comme étant-présent à partir du mouvement occulté de la trace. Il faut penser la trace avant l'être. Mais le mouvement de la trace est nécessairement occulté, il se produit comme occultation de soi. Quand l'autre s'annonce comme tel, il se présente dans la dissimulation de soi. . . . La présentation de l'autre comme tel, c'est-à-dire la dissimulation de son "comme tel," a toujours déjà commencé et aucune structure de l'être n'y échappe. (69)

Thus the notion of "unmotivatedness" itself must be deconstructed: "Sans renvoyer à une 'nature,' l'immotivation de la trace est toujours devenue. Il n'y a pas, à vrai dire, de trace immotivée: la trace est indéfiniment son propre devenir-immotivée" (69). Not only at the site of the origin but at the site of a seemingly unmotivated sign, a certain movement of slippage from itself, a subtle dissimulation of as such is at work. For Derrida, this general movement of trace is none other than "writing."

This peculiar notion of "writing" emerges out of the hierarchical interplay between writing and speech that Derrida finds in many philosophical texts, including that of Saussure. Derrida points out in them a continuous privileging of speech over writing. For example, in Plato's *Phaedrus*, writing is condemned because, in the absence of the
speaker (the signifying intention), it can give rise to various misunderstandings. Also in Saussure's otherwise fundamentally deconstructive discourse on language, Derrida finds a logocentric privileging of speech over writing. In fact Saussure attempts to reinstate the principal status he sees as "usurped" by writing to its true inheritor, speech:

Langue et écriture sont deux systèmes de signes distincts; l'unique raison d'être du second est de représenter le premier; l'objet linguistique n'est pas défini par la combinaison du mot écrit et du mot parlé; ce dernier constitue à lui seul cet objet. Mais le mot écrit se mêle si intimement au mot parlé dont il est l'image, qu'il finit par usurper le rôle principal; on en vient à donner autant et plus d'importance à la représentation du signe vocal qu'à ce signe lui-même. (45)

Derrida connects this privileging of speech to the logocentric notion of truth, which in turn derives from the sense of proximity. A vocal sign is more "natural" than a written one. A written sign is merely a representation of a vocal sign which is "closer" to the origin, the meaning present in the speaker's consciousness. But, Derrida argues, the very notion of "naturalness" must first be called into question. Nature is after all a structure of proximity to itself. The perfect understanding that the speaker is supposed to possess over what he speaks reveals a structure of auto-affection. The French phrase "s'entendre parler" effectively fuses the acts of hearing oneself and understanding oneself. In the system of "s'entendre parler" the signifier effaces itself before
the signified, while the silent ruin of the written remains foreign and exterior to this living speech. But as we have seen in Derrida's discourse on trace, the very derivative status to which writing has been relegated must be thought of as already inherent in any sign, be it vocal or written, or, for that matter, in any origin. The proximity to itself can never become equivalent to Itself. Proximity already contains within it a sense of separation, of distance.

Dangerous Supplements

Derrida finds a similar privileging of speech in Rousseau who writes:

Les langues sont faites pour être parlées, l'écriture ne sert que de supplément à la parole. . . . La parole représente la pensée par des signes conventionnels, et l'écriture représente de même la parole. Ainsi l'art d'écrire n'est qu'une représentation médiate de la pensée. (qtd. in Grammatologie 207)

By according the status of "supplement" to writing, Rousseau provides Derrida with an effective tool of deconstruction. Derrida deploys this very notion of supplement in order to reveal an originary lack in the seemingly complete plenitude of the origin. A supplement is added in order to compensate for a lack in what was supposed to be complete in itself. Thus as we have seen in Chapter One, a translation is added to the original in order to "supplement" a certain lack in the original. If this logic of supplement is applied to the argument of Rousseau quoted above, we must conclude that there is a lack in speech that calls for writing, and,
similarly, there is a lack in the originary thought/meaning. Thus what inaugurates "meaning" and language is not presence but rather a certain "absence" (lack) that calls for a chain of supplements, that is, writing.

From the standpoint of logocentrism, this operation of supplement is not merely an extension that is foreign to the essential nature. It is a dangerous operation. Writing is a parasite that eats away at the origin. It "usurps" the throne of living speech. It threatens the very notion of nature where ultimate goodness should reside. The supplement not only (innocently) adds to the origin, but also replaces it. Hence the danger. It is the case in which an image overtakes the place of the "real" thing. For example, Rousseau talks of masturbation as a dangerous supplement. In onanism the image of a woman replaces the "actual" woman. And moreover onanism threatens a young man with the punishment of castration and death. It replaces a "natural" order of normal sexuality with an "artificial," imaginary order even at the risk of death. Why? The answer must be definite: because the secondary order of imagery (writing) is so intensely seductive. Derrida quotes a famous passage from Les Confessions in which Rousseau describes the seductive power of this secondary order:

"Je ne finirais pas si j'entrais dans le détail de toutes les folies que le souvenir de cette chère Maman me faisait faire, quand je n'étais plus sous ses yeux. Combien de fois j'ai baisé mon lit en songeant qu'elle y avait couché, mes rideaux, tous les meubles de ma chambre en songeant qu'ils étaient à elle, que sa belle main les avait touchés, le plancher même sur lequel je me prosternais en songeant qu'elle y avait marché. Quelquefois même en sa présence il m'échappait des extravagances que le plus violent amour seul semblait pouvoir inspirer. Un jour à table,
au moment qu'elle avait mis un morceau dans sa bouche, je m'écrie que j'y vois un cheveu: elle rejette le morceau sur son assiette, je m'en saisis avidement et l'avale. En un mot, de moi à l'amant le plus passionné, il n'y avait qu'une différence unique, mais essentielle, et qui rend mon état presque inconcevable à la raison" etc. ..., Un peu plus haut, on pouvait lire: "Je ne sentais toute la force de mon attachement pour elle que quand je ne la voyais pas." (qtd. Grammatologie 217-218)

What this structure of fetishism discloses is that not only the prior term, "Mother-Nature," is usurped by its supplements but also the secondary order, the imaginary, has gained the status and force of "presence." And only through this illusory presence does pleasure appear. But this pleasure is not a simple one of possessing the desired object. Rather, in it, desire and fear are fused. Pleasure becomes possible only through a certain distance between the image and the actual. And this distance nurtures desire as well as fear. But what happens if this distance of illusion collapses, if the primary and the secondary orders merge into each other, if "pure presence" appears? The ultimate joy, jouissance, will greet this pure presence at the price of death. Derrida remarks:

Ainsi, le supplément est dangereux en ce qu'il nous menace de mort, mais il ne l'est point autant, pense ici Jean-Jacques Rousseau, que l'"habitation des femmes." La jouissance elle-même, sans symbole ni supplétif, celle qui nous accorderait (à) la présence pure elle-même, si quelque chose de tel était possible, ne serait qu'un autre nom de la mort. Rousseau le dit:
"Jouir! Ce sort est-il fait pour l'homme? Ah! si jamais une seule fois en ma vie j'avais goûté dans leur plénitude toutes les délices de l'amour, je n'imagine pas que ma frêle existence y eût pu suffire, je serais mort sur le fait"

(Confessions L. 8). (223)

Towards the Negative Paradise

From this moment of "pure presence" we may return to the notions of sovereignty and pure poetry which we have discussed in relation to Bataille and Nishiwaki. In Derrida's language of différance, sovereignty appears as that which cancels the movement of différance with absolute authority. Indeed it is "la présence, et la jouissance de la présence" (418). The sovereign presence in its absolute completeness does not require any supplement, does not reveal any originary lack within. It is "la jouissance de soi, dans le moment de l'impossible représentation" (419). The sovereign presence cannot be determined merely by "what it is not" as a sign is so defined. It must be something absolutely not (like) anything in this world. It must be the absolutely unknown, absolutely new, that is, pure poetry. And moreover, it must escape the order of representation, or expression. Indeed sovereignty signifies the death of signification, that is, the absolute independency from the other. Derrida connects this sovereign state to his (and Mallarmé's) notion of game—"un coup de dés":

Loin de supprimer la synthèse dialectique, elle l'inscrit et la fait fonctionner dans le sacrifice du sens. Risquer la mort ne suffit pas si la mise en jeu ne se lance pas, comme chance ou
hasard, mais s'investit comme travail du négatif. La souveraineté donc sacrifie encore la maîtrise, la présentation du sens de la mort. . . . Le poétique ou l'extatique est ce qui dans tout discours peut s'ouvrir à la perte absolue de son sens, au (sans) fond de sacré, de non-sens, de non-savoir ou de jeu, à la perte de connaissance dont il se réveille par un coup de dés. (L'Ecriture et la différence 382-383)

One must go further down the abyss of signification, even to the negation of the "presentation of the meaning of death." If the sovereignty still signified even the loss of signification, it would still be subordinate to the supplementary system. We may follow the agonizing footsteps of de Sade. He sought sovereignty to the extent that it would become a pure destructive force, a pure dépense, which would even free itself from its dependency on the pre-existence of what it destroys.

Maurice Blanchot observes:

Cependant, l'originalité de Sade nous semble dans la prétention extrêmement ferme de fonder la souveraineté de l'homme sur un pouvoir transcendant de négation, pouvoir qui ne dépend en rien des objets qu'il détruit, qui, pour les détruire, ne suppose même pas leur existence antérieure, parce que, au moment où il les détruit, il les a toujours, déjà, antérieurement, tenus pour nuls. (Lautréamont et Sade 36)

If we remain in the restricted logic of positivity, the impossibility of the absolute sovereignty is evident. We could only name this impossibility
"the impossible." How can a master be a master without depending upon the existence of a slave? But in the sovereign moment even naming must disappear. In the negative theology of sovereignty, one must suspend the movement of Hegelian dialectics, and must affirm one's presence by an immense negation. And this negation must be pushed to its limits, or beyond them, to its own death. Blanchot writes on Sade's negative heroes: "Tous ces grands libertins qui ne vivent que pour le plaisir, ne sont grands que parce qu'ils ont annihilé en eux toute capacité de plaisir" (45). How can we name the consequence of this absolute negation? Does the death of negation signify a new positivity? Pure Poetry? Jouissance? The Sovereign Moment? Nishiwaki compared the danger of discoursing upon (naming) poetry to that of discoursing upon God. We remember that the Jews fear to pronounce the name of their ineffable God. It is a bright silence. Language fails by definition.

Nishiwaki's impulse towards Derridian "supplement" is evident in his insistence on the artificial mode of expression which consequently negates "nature" within the Text. But what Nishiwaki's method towards pure poetry shows is that the supplement, the artificial, exteriority, writing, must transgress its own mise-en-abyme, must break the chain of supplements, must return to the deathly pure presence. Poetry, thus, is an effort to re-enter the realm of the lost presence. Of course this must be realized after the classical presence has been deconstructed and effaced from the field of language. What remains may be merely the ruins of things, allegories of meanings. Susan Sontag observes that for Walter Benjamin ideas and experiences appeared as ruins:

Benjamin's recurrent themes are, characteristically, means of spatializing the world: for example, his notion of ideas and
experiences as ruins. To understand something is to understand its topography, to know how to chart it. And to know how to get lost. (Under the Sign of Saturn 116)

Indeed Derrida has charted the map; but poetry invites us to get lost in it. The world, the real, is this map of fictionality (supplementarity) where the infinite movement of différence operates. Literature, as opposed to philosophy or science, from the beginning has signified itself as this fundamental fictionality of the world. (Everything is slipping from itself everywhere.) Classical literature (in Barthes's terminology) with its faith in the transparency of language may not have fully manifested this fictionality. Modern literature (le texte scriptible), however, has begun revealing its own inevitable destiny by crystallizing the fictionality of the world and begun moving forward with its inherent negativity. Nishiwaki writes: "The adage, 'Ars longa,' is merely a children's song. It only appears on the surface that art creates. In fact, art is an effort at self-extinction" (4: 37-38).

Through this negative movement, paradoxically, poetry strives to transgress the boundaries of fictionality and regain presence, its sovereignty, its absolute loss of meaning. Representation serves only the perpetuation of fictionality. Poetry must move, instead, through a gap, an interruption within the field of representation, a difference, created by the confusion of distant elements which appear on the white page. Words serve as positive nodes, as a guide (Virgil) into the Inferno, as the walls of a fathomless abyss of signification into which we fall. But why do we step into the abyss in the first place? Because we are seduced? Are we seduced by the strip-tease of dissimulation, by the play of presence and
absence on the surface of the text? So we fall, like blind lovers. This must be a reversed fall into the Garden of Eden. We fall losing our identity and exteriority, reversed as if in a photo negative. When the last positivity of a poem, the walls of language, disappears, only the movement of the fall in its absolute negativity remains. And this is the state/movement of Pure Poetry.
Notes to Chapter Two


5. One of the key terms in the philosophy of Hegel, usually translated as either "sublation" or "supresssion." It can mean both abolition and "lifting up into a higher sphere" at the same time. Bataille remarks on the term: "Inutile d'insister sur le caractère hégélien de cette opération [transgression], qui répond au moment de la dialectique exprimé par le verbe allemand intraduisible aufheben (dépasser en maintenant) (L'Erotisme 42, n.).
Chapter Three: Ambarvalia to Eternity

Des meubles luisants
Polis par les ans,
Décoreraient notre chambre;
Les plus rares fleurs
Mélant leurs odeurs
Aux vagues senteurs de l'ambre,
Les riches plafonds,
Les miroirs profonds,
La splendeur orientale,
Tout y parlerait
A l'âme en secret
Sa douce langue natale.

—Baudelaire
from "L'Invitation au voyage"

Violation of the Mother Tongue

What if the text to be translated is already a translation? What if the "sweet mother tongue" of the original text is already violated by the invasions of foreign tongues? How can a translation of such an "original" text begin? Must we, then, "un-translate" such a text, uncovering the invasions and the tattered ruins of the mother tongue? The translation of the Nishiwaki-text begins with such anxieties.

In promoting "literal" translation, Walter Benjamin, towards the end of his "Task of the Translator," quotes Rudolf Pannwitz:
Our translations, even the best ones, proceed from a wrong premise. They want to turn Hindi, Greek, English into German instead of turning German into Hindi, Greek, English. Our translators have a far greater reverence for the usage of their own language than for the spirit of the foreign works. . . . The basic error of the translator is that he preserves the state in which his own language happens to be instead of allowing his language to be powerfully affected by the foreign tongue.

(80-81)

Nishiwaki's language in *Ambarvalia* presents itself precisely as this surrendering of the mother tongue to the invasions of foreign tongues.

It is true that modern Japanese poetry in general began by translating Western poetry. In order for Japanese poetry to become "modern," it was necessary to free itself from the restrictions of traditional forms (of waka and haiku) and adopt freer expressive imagery and styles from Western poetry. Soon after the Meiji restoration in 1868, pioneering collections of translations began to appear in succession: *Shintaishishō* (*A Selection of New Style Verse*) in 1882, *Omokage* (*Vestiges*) in 1889, *Kaichōn* (*Sound of Ocean Tides*) in 1905.¹ The language of these translations remained, however, "authentically" Japanese, for the translators were mainly concerned with rendering Western poetry into the elegant literary style of the Japanese language.

Nonetheless, these pioneering translations did nurture the growth of original modern Japanese poetry during *kindai* (modern period, usually from 1868 to the end of World War II). Especially prominent among *kindai* poets was Hagiwara Sakutarō (1886-1942), whose *Tsuki ni hoeru* (*Howling at the
Moon) published in 1917 presented his unprecedented skill and originality in using the modern vernacular language as well as the style of the so-called "jiyūshi" (free verse). In fact, it was Hagiwara's new poetic language that made Nishiwaki envision the possibility of writing poetry in Japanese for the first time.

However, the transition from the elegant literary language to the vernacular as the vehicle of poetry was by no means easy. Even Hagiwara, abandoning the flexible vernacular language of *Tsuki ni hoeru*, had to resort to the classical literary language in his last poetical work, *Hyōtō* (*Ice Land*) (1934). Hagiwara acknowledges his failure:

> After desperate attempts to discover a new language for Japanese poetry, I ended up returning to the age-old literary language. In doing so I abandoned my cultural mission as a poet. I have aged. May new poets emerge and open a new road, a road I failed to build in my time! (qtd. in Ueda 179-180)

poems, *Une montre sentimentale*, in Paris, and also had an unpublished collection of English poems, entitled *Exclamations: Music of the Soul*.

It is now evident that some of the poems included in *Ambarvalia* are more or less direct translations of poems originally written in foreign languages by Nishiwaki. Consequently, the text reveals a peculiar Japanese language willfully affected by Nishiwaki's sometimes extremely "literal" translations. In fact, the language of *Ambarvalia* shows some typically awkward expressions and mistakes commonly found in literal translations attempted by foreign students who have just begun studying the language with a dictionary. Such problems include the excessive use of Chinese expressions where simpler Japanese expressions would suffice, the incorrect usage of counters, or the usage of grammatical constructions which are not "natural" in Japanese but possible in foreign languages.

For example, there is a line in a poem entitled "Shitsurakuen" that reads: "Ikko no taripotto no ki ga onkyō o hassuru koto naku seichō shite iru" (46). Its "original" version is found in a French poem written by Nishiwaki entitled "Paradis Perdu." The French simply reads: "Un palmier se grandit sans bruit." The first word in the Japanese line "Ikko no" must be the translation of the French article "Un." But "ikkō no" is not the correct counter to use for a tree. It should be rather "ippō no." "Onkyō o hassuru" is an awkward expression displaying a somewhat forced use of Chinese words where simpler Japanese words "oto o dasu" would have sufficed.

As an example of foreign grammar invading the Japanese language, the following is illuminating: "Ore no yūjin no hitori ga kekkon shitsutsu aru." Literally translated into English, it becomes: "One of my friends is getting married." This sounds natural enough. In fact, the original
French simply reads: "Un de mes amis va se marier." But Nishiwaki willfully takes advantage of the ambiguous English construction—the copula followed by a present participle, indicating an action either in the present progressive or in the near future—and translates the English sentence in the sense of the present progressive into, again, a very "unnatural" Japanese sentence.

Nishiwaki's experiment with this peculiar style of literal translation can be already seen in his translations of European poems quoted in Chōgenjitsushugi shiron. His eccentric style can be best illustrated when we compare his translations with the elegantly "Japanized" renditions collected in Kaichōon by Ueda Bin, or in Gekka no ichigun (A Moonlit Gathering) (1925) by Horiguchi Daigaku. Horiguchi translates Jean Cocteau's lines, "Mon oreille est un coquillage/ Qui aime le bruit de la mer" (259), as "Watashi no mimi wa kai no kara/ Umi no hibiki o natsukashimu" (230). Nishiwaki's version is more literal, more "kanbun chō" (Chinese style): "Ore no mimi wa hitotsu no kaigara de aru/ Umi no onkyō o aisu" (13)

Paul Verlaine's "Chanson d'automne" may be considered the best known foreign poem in Japan thanks to the beautiful translation by Ueda Bin:

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l'automne
Blessent mon coeur
D'une langueur
Monotone (58)

Ueda's translation:
Aki no hi no
Vioron no
Tameiki no
Mi ni shimite
Hitaburuni
Uraganashi (33)

The violence of Nishiwaki’s literal translation may appear simply grotesque at first. For a moment we seem to lose our long cherished faculty of judgment. We do not know whether to grimace or burst out laughing. Yet the vitality of this new “poetic” language freed from the established Japanese literary styles was to greatly influence new generations of *gendai* (contemporary) poetry.5

**Disappearance of the Author**

*Ambarvalia* is invaded not only by literal translations but also by "actual" translations. Now we know that some poems in *Ambarvalia* are
Nishiwaki's translations of poems written by other poets. But the book itself does not reveal any indication that these poems are in fact not Nishiwaki's originals. The "actual" translations include all the poems in the "Raten aika" (Latin Elegies) section as well as "Renka" (Love Song) in the "Le Monde Moderne" section. "Latin Elegies" consists of four poems: "Catullus," "Ambarvalia," "Vīnus sai no zenban" (Eve of the Venus Festival), and "Aika" (Elegy). "Catullus" is the translation of a poem by the Roman poet, Catullus. "Ambarvalia" is the translation of an elegy written by a Roman poet of the Augustan age, most likely Tibullus. "Vīnus sai no zenban" is the translation of a Latin poem probably written by several anonymous poets around the second or third century. "Aika" is composed of a "literary" translation of Nishiwaki's own poem originally written in Latin, followed by the original Latin text, and concluded by a "literal" translation of the Latin text. "Renka" is Nishiwaki's translation of "Poemes d'amour" by the French/German poet Yvan Goll.

These translations were well hidden in Ambarvalia. Perhaps Nishiwaki did not feel that it was important to note the authorial sources, for, after all, Ambarvalia was meant to be a small publication. Only three hundred copies were printed. Many readers discovered the existence of Ambarvalia after the war, by reading the revised version, Ambaruwaria (the Latin word transliterated into hiragana). Nonetheless, just as Ezra Pound's translations are highly regarded on their own, Nishiwaki's translations are very much esteemed by critics. In fact, when the editors of Gendaishi tokuhon (Modern Poetry Reader)—Kagiya Kōshin, Shinoda Kazushi, and one of the most important poets since Nishiwaki, Tamura Ryūichi—were put to the task of selecting thirty poems out of Nishiwaki's enormous corpus, they selected three translations from Ambarvalia: "Vīnus sai no zenban," "Aika," and "Renka."
Was Nishiwaki concerned with authorship as much as our "conscientious" modern scholarship concerns itself with issues of copyrights and plagiarism? Perhaps, no. Could we then suspect that something else was working behind these "author-less" translations? Here we must shift our critical attention from Nishiwaki's reason for not revealing the authors to a more strictly textual question: what made the authors disappear from the text? Our answer is that it is the modern text itself that demands that the author disappear. *Ambarvalia*, then, could be regarded as an exemplary text in which the disappearance of the author is clearly enacted. Michel Foucault in his essay "What is an Author?" aptly describes the situation:

The writing of our day has freed itself from the necessity of "expression"; it only refers to itself. . . . [T]he essential basis of this writing is not the exalted emotions related to the act of composition or the insertion of the subject into language. Rather, it is primarily concerned with creating an opening where the writing subject endlessly disappears. (116)

Accordingly, Nishiwaki's writing of *Ambarvalia* can be seen as an effort to lose his authorial-self as well as other's authorship by staging a radical violation of the mother tongue by means of his translatory textual strategies.

Nishiwaki, in his rare autobiographical note, "Nōzui no nikki" (Journal of a Brain), comments on his attitude towards the Japanese language:

The reason I did not write poems in Japanese was that I was convinced that, in order to write poems in Japanese, one had to employ such an out-dated "literary" language (*bungakugo*) or
"elegant" style (gabuntai). By writing poems in English, I could evade this problem. It was Hagiwara Sakutaro who taught me that we did not necessarily have to use elegant style to write poetry. I totally supported not only his use of language but also his naturalism. Before Hagiwara, Japanese poetry had been steeped in sentimental romanticism. Maybe my enthusiasm for Hagiwara came from my reaction against such poetry. Since I was in junior high school, I felt embarrassed (terekusai) about such poetry. . . I was already over thirty when I finally began writing poems in Japanese for the periodical Mitabungaku. But that was also accompanied by a feeling of embarrassment. (Zenshishū 1240)

Nishiwaki's shyness with regard to the mother tongue reveals an essentially elusive subject. The subject refuses to use the mother tongue. By doing so, the subject eludes the risk of being constituted solely by the mother tongue. The subject must resist the sweet mother tongue that has always already nestled at its core. Nishiwaki, the author subject, recoiled from the mother tongue, from his centre. The text he was to produce was not to be the vehicle of the expression of the subject, as both Nishiwaki (in Chōgenjitsushugi shiron) and Foucault strongly assert this point. Rather, as Foucault points out, Ambarvalia became the text into which "the writing subject endlessly disappears." The textual openings which Foucault talks about are, in the case of Ambarvalia, seen in the gaps created by translation, between the invisible originals and Nishiwaki's translations, between the foreign tongues and the mother tongue. By employing translation as the primary means of deconstructing the established language of poetry, Nishiwaki thus succeeds not only in creating a new "poetic"
language but also in making the author-subject disappear into the "porous" text. Catullus disappears, Tibullus disappears, Goll disappears, and essentially so does 西脇 .

When I open a shabby window
I see a single garden as narrow as my hallway.
The soapy water dripping from the chicken-coop assassinates my imagined cactus flowers.
No springs exist there.
No wrens, no lawyers, no cigars.
Neither are there the reliefs of choir boys by Luca della Robbia.
There is nobody in the heavens.)

What remains, therefore, is this subject-less textual surface "hardened" by the invasions of foreign languages. The expressions of the self, "the cactus flowers of my imagination," are "assassinated." The garden is unnaturally objectified and solidified by its strange modifiers: ore no rōka no gotoku hosoi ikko no (as narrow as my hallway, a singular
object . . .). "Ikko" (a singular object) is a grammatically incorrect counter for "garden." It should be "hitotsu." "Ikko" is originally a Chinese word with a Chinese pronunciation, which sounds "harder" than the Japanese word "hitotsu." Thus by putting "ikko" in place of "hitotsu," the garden acquires an "unnatural" sense of solidification. The word "niwa" no longer refers to a garden in reality. It becomes a purely linguistically constructed new image, a piece of a solidified and objectified "garden."

In this linguistically "unnatural" garden, no presence is allowed. "No springs exist there./ No wrens, no lawyers, no cigars./ Neither are there the reliefs of choir boys by Luca della Robbia./ There is nobody in the heavens."

**Katakana**

Instances of the violation of the mother tongue can be also seen on the orthographical level. The Japanese writing system involves three kinds of writing symbols: two kana syllabaries (hiragana and katakana) and kanji (Chinese characters). Katakana is mainly used for writing transliterations of foreign words as well as instances of onomatopoeia. Therefore, whenever one sees a word in katakana, the instant impression one receives is that of "foreignness." Nishiwaki exploits this peculiar function of katakana to an extreme degree. Not only does he use transliterated foreign words often, but he even uses katakana for Japanese words commonly written in hiragana or in kanji. For example:

わが魂の毛皮はクスグツたいマントを着た

Waga tamashii no kegawa wa kusuguttai manto o kita (53)
Yawaraka ni nemuru made jibun no uchi ni iru yōni sukyōka ni nemuru (53)

アカシアの樹のそばでジット
残りたいと思う

Akashia no ki no soba de jitto
nokoritai to omou (57) (katakana underlined)

The effect of this peculiar use of katakana is twofold: the foreignization of the word and the rendering of the word into a kind of onomatopoeia. In the case of "kusuguttai," one adjective "ticklish" is separated into two orthographical components—"kusugut" written in katakana and "tai" in hiragana, thus the "skipping" sound (double consonant) "gutt" becomes emphasized and then is released into the softer sound and letters of "tai" in hiragana. An ordinary word is thus made into an onomatopoeia of its own sound. The signified of the word recedes into the background and the word's sound (signifier) is pushed forward.

Let us look at another example. The following is a poem from the "Girisha teki jojōshi" (Greek lyrics) section in Ambarvalia.

太陽

カルモデインの田舎は大理石の産地で
共処で私は夏をすごしたことがあった。
ヒバリもみないし、蛇も出ない
ただ青いスモモの叢から太陽が出て
またスモモの叢へ沈む。
少年は小川でドルフィンを捉えて笑った。

Taiyō

Karumojiin no inaka wa dairiseki no sanchi de
Soko de watashi wa natsu o sugoshita koto ga atta.
Hibari mo inaishi, hebi mo denai.
Tada aoi sumomo no yabu kara taiyō ga dete
mata sumomo no yabu e shizumu.
Shōnen wa ogawa de dorufin o toraete waratta. (9)

(The Sun

The countryside of Karumojin produces marble.
Once I spent a summer there.
There are no skylarks, and no snakes come out.
Only the sun comes up from bushes of blue damson
And goes down into bushes of damson.
The boy laughed as he seized a dolphin in a brook.)

"Karumojiin" written in katakana receives our first attention. By its context as well as by the fact that it is written in katakana, we infer that it is the name of a foreign location. Since the poem is in the section called "Greek Lyrics," the location is very likely in Greece or its surrounding Mediterranean area. The mentioning of "marble" confirms this inference. But "Karumojiin" was actually Nishiwaki's pure fabrication. There is no existing location named "Karumojiin." Reportedly, Nishiwaki
coined the name by association from the brand-name of a certain sleeping medicine made in Germany called "Calmotin." Of course this information is not provided with the text. What we see is the **katakana** and the "sound" of "Karumojiin." There we fall into a beautiful vessel of fictionality, induced by a proper noun without "property," without a real referent.

The **katakana** for "hibari" (skylarks) may not seem so unnatural, for often names of animals and birds are written in **katakana**. But at the same time, "hibari" is not a foreign word like, say, "flamingo." Nishiwaki could have used **hiragana** or **kanji** for it. In fact in the revised version of the same poem in *Amubaruwaria*, "hibari" is written in **hiragana**. The **katakana** here foreignizes the bird.

The images of "skylarks" and "snakes" are negatively presented: "There are no skylarks, and no snakes come out." They are in fact presented as absences. This type of presentation of absence must be very difficult to make in the visual arts. Only verbal language seems to be capable of this paradoxical image-production. Then, "hibari" in **katakana** is many times removed from the real referent, the real bird. First of all, as we have seen, it is "foreignized" by the **katakana**. Secondly, it does not exist in Karumojiin. Thirdly, Karumojiin does not actually exist. What exactly do we have left here? A ghostly trace of a trace of a trace?

Of course, "hibari" is a very common bird in Japan and at the same time both "skylarks" and "snakes" are heavily allegorized, familiar figures in Western literature. This is again a strangely paradoxical case in which such a "familiar" object is presented as an absence, but which in turn is already "foreignized" (defamiliarized) before it is even announced as an absence. (In the original Japanese syntax, the subject "hibari" comes before the negative verb "inai." ) The absence of skylarks is not simply
the absence of a familiar presence. The presence of "hibari" has been already turned into an orthographically induced "trace." Here we may see a case of *différance* at work in the process of writing.

We also see a similarly unusual employment of *katakana* for the word "sumomo" (a type of damson). *Sumomo* is a specifically Oriental plant, imported to Japan from China in ancient times. Therefore, it is usually written in *hiragana* or *kanji*. In the revised version in *Amubaruwaria*, Nishiwaki uses the *kanji* for it. In any case, it is most unlikely to see this Oriental plant in this putatively Mediterranean scene. But one may also point out that it is so "foreignized" by the use of *katakana* that it should fit in this "foreign" scene. A gap opens up between the "Japaneseness" of the plant (the signified of the word) and the "foreignness" of the *katakana* (the signified of the script). Thus appears a certain negative space of fictionality on the very surface of the text.

"Only the sun comes up from bushes of blue damson/ And goes down into bushes of damson." A slow cyclic movement of the cosmos is suggested. There are no animals. A hard landscape of marble is established. Then suddenly, "Shōnen wa ogawa de dorufin o toraete waratta (The boy laughed as he seized a dolphin in a brook)." "A boy" instead of "The boy" seems more natural in English because he has not been introduced. But in the original, his sudden appearance and the apparent shift in the narrative perspective make us feel that we have known him all along, that he has been the main character of this little story. For example, if the author was to keep the first person narrative as he began ("Once I spent a summer there"), the last sentence should be, say, "Hitori no shōnen ga ogawa de dorufin o toraete waratte ita (A boy was laughing as he seized a dolphin in a brook)." This gives a sense of observation by the speaker. But, from the
original line, we sense that suddenly the centre of the perspective has shifted to the boy from the first person narrator. The narration is now performed by the omnipresent third person for whom the boy is (has been) the main character. This effect must be due to the use of the particle "wa" instead of "ga." Wa is generally considered to be the topic-marker as opposed to ga which is the subject-marker. As the topic-marker, wa can be rendered as "as for." Thus, literally, the line can be translated as "As for the boy, he laughed as he seized a dolphin in a brook."

There are of course more factors in this line that make us feel strangely disoriented. First of all, dolphins cannot inhabit a small brook! And again "dolphin" is presented by the transliteration of the English word "dolphin" in katakana. The usual Japanese word for "dolphin" is "iruka." Elsewhere (in "Sara") Nishiwaki uses the kanji "海豚" (literally, "sea-pig").

As a whole, "The Sun" presents itself as an exemplary space of literature which is constituted by the strata of various fictionalizing strategies. After the "real" referential sphere is disrupted by various purely linguistic displacements, what remains is a beautifully concerted movement of evocative images, traces, signifiers that refuse to be mere transparent media of meanings but rather fasten themselves to the very surface and movement of "pure language" (in Benjamin's sense).

Pure language is neither a mother tongue nor a foreign tongue. Rather, it is an absolute state of language, where "meaning" becomes unnecessary, where the separation of signifier and signified ceases. According to Benjamin, we recall, this absolute state can be intimated only by means of a violent translation which allows a radical violation of the mother tongue by foreign tongues. Nishiwaki's text in Ambarvalia indeed
presents itself as a gateway to this pure language. It is a porous text. Many gaps are opened by the force of translation. Into these openings the author-subject falls, along with "sa douce langue natale." This writing-subject's surrender to the flow of the "translatory" writing or to the calling of pure language is also an obsessive subject-matter for Maurice Blanchot. In his essay entitled "La solitude essentielle" included in *L'Espace littéraire*, Blanchot beautifully describes how "writing" makes the writer disappear:

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Ecrire est l'interminable, l'incessant... L'écrivain appartient à un langage que personne ne parle, qui ne s'adresse à personne, qui n'a pas de centre, qui ne révèle rien. Il peut croire qu'il s'affirme en ce langage, mais ce qu'il affirme est tout à fait privé de soi. Dans la mesure où, écrivain, il fait droit à ce qui s'écrit, il ne peut plus jamais s'exprimer et il ne peut pas davantage en appeler à toi, ni encore donner la parole à autrui. Là où il est, seul parle l'être, --ce qui signifie que la parole ne parle plus, mais est, mais se voue à la pure passivité de l'être.

Quand écrire, c'est se livrer à l’interminable. L’écrivain qui accepte d’en soutenir l’essence, perd le pouvoir de dire "Je". Il perd alors le pouvoir de faire dire "Je" à d'autres que lui...

Ecrire, c'est se faire l'écho de ce qui ne peut cesser de parler,--et, à cause de cela, pour en devenir l'écho, je dois d'une certaine manière lui imposer silence. J'apporte à cette parole incessante la décision, l'autorité de mon silence propre. Je rends sensible, par ma méditation silencieuse, l'affirmation
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Writing is to surrender oneself to this incessant murmur of pure language/silence. Then there is no more identity, no more reading, but what we can only call "poetry."

Return or No Return

Silence falls. Occasioned by the onset of World War II, after the publication of Ambarvalia in 1933, there follows a fourteen-year period of silence until 1947, when Nishiwaki published Tabibito kaerazu (No Traveller Returns) along with Amubaruwaria (title in hiragana), a revised version of the original Ambarvalia. There is now almost a consensus among critics that Amubaruwaria is an inferior revision, which took away the raw edges and surprising "unnaturalness" from the original work. In the epilogue of Amubaruwaria Nishiwaki wrote: "When I re-read the poems [of Ambarvalia], now I understand how my mental state has changed" (Zenshishū 168). Tabibito kaerazu also appeared as a product of this change in Nishiwaki.

Reviewing the book, the prominent avant-garde poet Kitazono Katsuei sharply criticized Nishiwaki's loss of modernist energy and his decline into a weakened, decadent poetic sensibility. Indeed Tabibito kaerazu was a shocking surprise to those who had been familiar with Nishiwaki's pre-war modernist radicalism. Another prominent poet, Miyoshi Tatsuji, observed: "In Tabibito kaerazu the previous incomprehensibility of Nishiwaki's poetic
language has almost vanished. And his surrealist ideas have become nothing but ruins.

What in fact bewildered readers at that time was Nishiwaki's seemingly complete return to the East, to its "philosophy" of mujō or hakanasa, and to the traditions of Japanese classical literature.

Nishiwaki's insistence on mujō may be traced back to "Profanus" in which he stressed the "tsumaranasa" (banality) of reality. But in Tabibito kaerazu, the refreshingly colloquial expression of "tsumaranasa" is replaced by more classically coded literary expressions, such as "samishiki" (lonely, desolate), "nagekawashiki" (pitiful, lamentable), "koishiki" (longing for something, someone), and so on. Especially the word "samishiki" (including its variations "samishi" and "samishisa," etc.) appears over forty times throughout the one hundred and sixty-eight sections that comprise the work. The resulting textual matrix clearly manifests a strong link to the traditional Japanese literature of hakanasa, mujō, and sabi.

Not only the tone set by the repetition of "samishiki" but also the form of the poem suggests a return to tradition. Tabibito kaerazu is, as already mentioned, divided into one hundred and sixty-eight sections. There is no apparent lineal development or narrative progression from one section to the next. Thus each section can be considered an independent poem, though it is far more intriguing to regard each section as a part of a more or less loosely orchestrated whole, which reminds us of a renga sequence. In some shorter sections, the trace of haikai is undeniable, though Nishiwaki does not conform to the metrical restriction of 5-7-5 syllabic format. For example:
Kureru tomo naku kureru
Kokoro no haru

(Dusk falling
as if not falling,
Heart's spring.)

Yuku michi no kasuka naru
Uguisu no oto

(Faint,
this road,
a sound of
a bush warbler.)

Hisui no jōnen
Onna no yo no kasumu

(The passion of jade
The world of woman fading.) (179-180)
Yet as the recent source-study by Niikura Toshikazu, *Nishiwaki Junzaburō zenshi inyu shūsei* (Collection of Allusions in the Entire Poetry of Nishiwaki Junzaburō), reveals, the intertextuality of *Tabibito kaerazu* is far from a simple return to a classical mode of literature. It is now evident that the text of *Tabibito kaerazu* is traversed by not one but many different traditions within Japanese literature and, moreover, by many Western "pre-texts" as well.

First of all, the title, *Tabibito kaerazu* is very likely to be the translation of the phrase "No traveller returns" uttered by Hamlet. But at the same time it points to the Japanese (and Chinese) tradition of "hyōhaku no bungaku" (literature of vagabondage) whose most prominent spokesman was Matsuo Bashō, the famous haikai poet of the seventeenth century. At the beginning of *Oku no hosomichi* (The Narrow Road to the Deep North), Bashō wrote:

> Days and months are travellers of eternity. So are the years that pass by. Those who steer a boat across the sea, or drive a horse over the earth till they succumb to the weight of years, spend every minute of their lives traveling. There are a great number of ancients, too, who died on the road. I myself have been tempted for a long time by the cloud-moving wind—filled with a strong desire to wander. (97)

As mentioned before, the Japanese sources are not restricted to one tradition such as haikai. There can be seen lyrical moments of the Heian waka tradition, primitive sentiments of the Man'yō era, and the Medieval gloom of mujō. But far more intriguing than the ostensible "Japanese
moods" created by Japanese pretexts are the well hidden foreign sources. For example, reading the following, who would have thought of Sartor Resartus by Thomas Carlyle?

131

Ishō tesugaku koso
Onna no tesugaku nare
Onna no maruobi no
Uraganashi (231)

(The philosophy of clothes
is the philosophy of women.
How sorrowful,
a woman's one-piece sash...)

or of Remy de Gourmont?

156

Futokoro ni panko o ire
Hyōtan ni cha o ire
Kaki no ki no tsue o tsuki
Saka o nobotte iku (241)

(Putting bread crumbs in my bosom
tea in a gourd
walking up a hill
Intertextuality

Contemporary studies of "intertextuality" instigated by the pioneering work of Julia Kristeva, *Séméiotike*, propose an alternative method of textual criticism to traditional "source-studies" which after all merely designated citational sources or "inter-subjective" influences, and failed to discard the long-cherished presupposition of the autonomy of the text as well as of the author-subject. Intertextuality, on the other hand, attempts to present a methodology which escapes the organic closure of the "work" as well as of the "author." It is, in other words, a transposing of various semiotic systems, as Kristeva defines the term in her *La Révolution du langage poétique*:

Le terme d'*inter-textualité* designe cette transposition d'un (ou de plusieurs) système(s) de signes en un autre; mais puisque ce terme a été souvent entendu dans le sens banal de "critique des sources" d'un texte, nous lui préférerions celui de *transposition*, qui a l'avantage de préciser que le passage d'un système signifiant à un autre exige une nouvelle articulation du thétique—de la positionnalité énonciative et dénotative. Si on admet que toute pratique signifiante est un champ de transpositions de divers systèmes signifiants (une *inter-textualité*), on comprend que son "lieu" d'énonciation et son "objet" dénoté ne sont jamais uniques, pleins et identiques à eux-mêmes, mais toujours pluriels, éclatés, susceptibles de
Similar to Kristeva's effort to mark the essential polysemy of the text, Roland Barthes speaks of the Text as a "methodological field" whose movement is incessant, which "cuts across the work, several works," and is an "irreducible plural." The following passage from his "De l'oeuvre au texte" may best describe the situation of Tabibito kaerazu:

Le Texte, au contraire, pratique le recul infini du signifié, le texte est dilatoire; son champ est celui du signifiant; le signifiant ne doit pas être imaginé comme "la première partie du sens," son vestibule matériel, mais bien au contraire comme son après-coup; de même, l'infini du signifiant ne renvoie pas à quelqu'idée d'ineffable (de signifié innommable), mais à celle de jeu: l'engendrement du signifiant perpétuel (à la façon d'un calendrier du même nom) dans le champ du texte (ou plutôt: dont le texte est le champ) ne se fait pas selon une voie organique de maturation, ou selon une voie herméneutique d'approfondissement, mais plutôt selon un mouvement sériel de décrochements, de chevauchements, de variations. . . . (227-228)

It is true that within the tradition of classical Japanese literature, various methods of artful citation were firmly established conventions. They include hommondori, honkadori, honzetsu, and hikiuta.19 One may therefore claim that the citational strategy of Tabibito kaerazu is after all a return to the well-established Japanese tradition. Yet it is now evident that the intertextuality of Tabibito kaerazu cannot be dealt with by
merely uncovering the sources and thus restoring the text to the stabilized pre-textual points (origins). Nor should its intertextuality be solely regarded as a background prerequisite for the text's final "intelligibility," which Jonathan Culler seems to endorse. As Barthes would argue, the text is an incessant production whose end is not the final "meaning," not "comprehension." The text as a field of signifiers participates in the movement of *différence* by differing from and deferring the signified. Thus eventually the text must announce itself as "writing."

Of course *Tabibito kaerazu* is a "work," thus a trace of this "writing." Yet facing this "work," the reader must move beyond mere "reading." The Text of *Tabibito kaerazu* demands (seduces) the reader to do so. We must surrender ourselves to the current of *différence*, where the intertextuality disseminates our "reading," our subjectivity, all over the polysemy of the intertextual network. We expire and merge with the text. Intertextuality presents (and hides) such openings into the text, into "writing", and eventually into poetry.

168

Touching the roots of eternity,
passing the field's end
where the heart's quail cry,
where wild roses burst into bloom,
passing a village where a fulling block echoes,
passing a country where a woodman's path crosses,
passing a town where whitewashed walls crumble,
visiting a temple by the road,
viewing a mandala tapestry with reverence,
walking over crumbled mountains of dead twigs,
crossing a ferry where reed stalks are reflected
in long shadows,
passing a bush where seeds hang from grass leaves,
the phantasmal man departs.
The eternal traveller never returns. (255)

The traveller is the figure of "writing." He moves intransitively, towards
the non-destination, taking detours (michi kusa), picking disseminated
names of roadside weeds, writing again, writing again.

**Proper Names**

An unusually great number of proper names, especially of plants, stud
the text of *Tabibito kaerazu*. No doubt, the plant names contribute to the
establishment of a clear link with traditional Japanese literature in which
seasonal changes manifested in nature and the strong bond the poet
established with nature were the cardinal motifs. Although some of the
plants mentioned in the poem seem to be "classically coded" (such as,
yūgao, ominaeshi, tsuyukusa, etc.), the majority of plants are little known
"non-literary" names (such as, akanomanma, enokorogusa, yabukōji, etc.).
The specificity that Nishiwaki brings forth by employing such
"non-literary" names seems to point to the tsumaranasa, the
"insignificance" of the plants thus referred to. For example:
Green acorns of an oak tree

Loneliness... (197)

A more peculiar emptiness can be seen in the following:

Yabugarashi (175)

(Sorrel.)

What is behind "Yabugarashi"? "Yabugarashi" only refers to a species of plant, nothing more, nothing less. It does not refer to a specific object at a particular time and space. It is merely a name. Yet it is a proper name, more specific than, say, "grass." Again, it is not literally coded enough to be symbolic or allegorical. Then, what is the semiotic status of this text, save the emptiness of the sign, save the peculiar specificity of the signifier whose destination (signified) is after all not grounded in "real" specificity? Thus "yabugarashi" appears only as a certain negative code, which "floats" over the field of signifiers. It is simply and purely language (name). It is an insignificant noise which paradoxically poses as a specificity. We touch the very being of language here, albeit bewilderingly.

The inclusion of proper nouns brings an autobiographical specificity to the text. Certainly Niikura's study suggests that the people and events described in some sections are based on actuality. For example:
(I went for a hike to Koma mountain with a high school teacher. In a blacksmith's garden by the road, a dusty holly. Taking a few berries from the tree we ate them. "I used to eat these a lot when I was a child," said this taciturn teacher. For the first time that day he spoke.)

This section can certainly be taken as an autobiographical sketch. Specificities established in this text include "Kōtōshihan no sensei" (high school teacher) (as opposed to simply saying sensei), a proper noun, "Koma
no yama" (Koma mountain) which is not a very famous mountain, thus yet to be "coded," and another proper noun "umemodoki" (a type of holly) curiously specified by its introductory modifying phrase "kaidō no kajīya no niwasakini hokorini mamireta" (In a blacksmith's garden by the road, a dusty). What is peculiar in this modifying phrase for "umemodoki" is the mentioning of "blacksmith," whose specificity (as opposed to saying "someone") seems utterly irrelevant in relation to the holly, except that its fortuitous irrelevance itself, in a strange way, enhances the specificity of its modified, the holly. The sentence involving the holly is not complete; it ends with the proper noun, "umemodoki," without a verb following to complete the sentence. The reader's attention stops at this proper noun, "umemodoki." There seems to be a subtle stratagem of fictionalization (away from the autobiographical, that is, non-fictional mode) hidden in this peculiar proper noun.

Umemodoki means, literally translated, "something that is like ume (Japanese plum)." Modoki, a suffix, functions as a simile-marker (like). Thus umemodoki is a tree that looks like the famous (heavily coded) ume but is not really it (the origin). Something extraordinary (though well hidden) happens after this strange proper name is specified and put under focus. Someone (presumably "we," though in the Japanese text the subject is omitted) eats the berries of the umemodoki. Anyone who is familiar with this tree knows well that its berries are inedible. Umemodoki's leaves look like those of ume, but its fruit is a far cry from the ume-fruit (not edible fresh but treasured for pickling). Nonetheless, the teacher's childhood memory is evoked. The teacher speaks for the first time. But he speaks "fiction." For he couldn't have eaten these inedible berries when he was a child. Language is born for the first time when he eats this
inedible fruit of umemodoki, which in turn is a mere verisimilitude of the classically coded ume. But at the same time, this verisimilitude is well hidden under the cover of "proper name." And this "proper name" has gained, as we have seen, more specificity (sense of presence) from its introductory modifying phrase. In order to deconstruct this specificity, a violent operation (eating of the inedible) is required. The specificity, the absolute uniqueness indicated by the proper noun thus opens up itself to the invasions of otherness. The umemodoki is eaten despite its defense of being inedible, of not being ume, thus being specific, unique, proper, and "insignificant" (not coded). From this violence against the proper, the text suggests, language is born, fiction is born, and the incessant movement of différencé begins to flow.22

Aporia and the Incessant Voice

The abrupt leaps of imagery seen in Ambarvalia have not entirely disappeared in Tabibito kaerazu. Perhaps one of the most memorable instances can be seen in section thirty-nine, though what "leaps" here is not imagery but voice:

39

Kugatsu no hajime
Kaidō no iwakake kara
Aoi donguri no sagaru

Mado no samishiki
Naka kara hito no koe ga suru
Ningen no hanasu oto no samishiki
"Danna konotabiwa Konpira mairi
Ni dekakerute kotodaga
Kore wa tsumannē monodaga senbetsuda
Totte kunnē"

"Mohaya shi ga kakenai
Shi no nai tokoro ni shi ga aru
Utsutsu no danpen nomi shi to naru
Utsutsu wa samishii
Samishiku kanzuru ga yue ni ware ari
Samishimi wa sonzai no konpon
Samishimi wa bi no hongan nari
Bi wa eigō no shōchō" (189-190)

(Early September
from a rock by the avenue
a green acorn hanging...

Desolate is the window.
Inside, there is someone's voice.
How desolate, the sound of human speech,
"Hey, mistah, dis time I hear you goin' a pilgrimage
to Konpira, eh?
Please take dis wid ya.
No, no, it's nothin' mistah, just a partin' token.
Take it, take it."
"I can no longer write poetry.
Poetry exists where there is no poetry.
Only a shred of reality becomes poetry.
Reality is desolate.
I feel loneliness, therefore I am.
Loneliness is the root of existence.
Loneliness is the ultimate desire for Beauty.
Beauty is the symbol of eternity.")

The sudden appearance of the human voice, made more vibrant, more "real" by the use of a rural dialect, disrupts the "samishisa" (desolateness/loneliness) which has been established by the previous lines. The man behind the voice must be what Nishiwaki often calls "dojin" (native, literally translated, man of soil). This conjecture is further confirmed by the second contrasting voice—the voice of aporia, an internal soliloquy on loneliness and Beauty. The stark contrast between the two voices is, to say the least, stunning. Their relation seems to be exactly that of "non-relation" (kankei ga nai), which Nishiwaki promoted in his theoretical writings. Yet, at the same time, there is a certain incessant movement that traverses the whole section.

The first stanza is not a complete sentence. The last line "Aoi donguri no sagaru" (A green acorn hanging) may be considered to be modifying the first line "Kugatsu no hajime" (The beginning of September) though belatedly. Or it may be even modifying the first word of the second stanza "mado" (window). (This fluidity is also aided by the elimination of punctuation from the entire text of Tabibito kaerazu.) Or again, it may be modifying a certain vacuum created by the elimination of
the possible final modified (for example, it can be hi, day). The overall effect we receive from the syntax of the first stanza is a sense of slight instability. On one hand, the haiku-like completed image of early autumn is clearly stressed by the cyclic movement of the syntax (the last line returning to the first line). On the other hand, the elimination of the expected modified brings out a certain empty space in the text. We do read this otherwise non-marked sign of vacuum. (Is the white space of the stanza-break the sign of this vacuum?) And finally, there is a sense of continuation, the imagery of the first stanza spreading out to the next. As a result of all these different syntactical movements within the stanza, the text begins to "quaver," as it were, in its incompleteness. This is where the incessant murmuring of language begins to be heard.

In the next stanza, "samishiki" is repeated twice, modifying first, "mado" and then "ningen no hanasu oto" (the sound of humans speaking). As mentioned before, "samishiki" is the central sign of the whole Tabibito kaerazu, establishing such a status by its seemingly excessively repeated appearances. What is the function of such an excessive repetition? No doubt it creates an ostensibly dominant mood. But what we could suspect here is that this excessive repetition may be a device to "tire" the repeated sign so that the signified (the sentiment of desolation) becomes "insignificant" like a cliche, too "familiar" like the sight of a window. The signifier, however, remains like an empty shell on the surface of language. It becomes in turn the sign of this loss of meaning from the signified. Various subjects of the repeated "samishi" also begin to lose their sentimental attachment to the signified of "samishi."

So the window is modified by an empty modifier, the non-significant signifier "samishi." But we notice that we are going around in a circle.
Does "samishi" not signify from the beginning this state and feeling of loss, of "insignificance"? According to the Kōjien, "sabishi" (same as samishi) means: 1) a sense of lacking the object of desire, not being content; 2) not merry, sad; 3) quiet and forlorn, not lively. In "Profanus," we remember, Nishiwaki endorsed the Romantic notion of defamiliarization as the purpose of poetry. The line, "Mado no samishiki" in a sense achieves this defamiliarization because not too many people would customarily associate "samishiki" (note that it is in bungo, classical literary style) with such a "familiar" daily object as a window. But now, because of the excessive repetition, "samishiki" has become as "familiar" and as "tsumaranai" as the window. At this point, therefore, the subject (window), the signifier (samishiki) and the signified (feeling of lack, desolation, loneliness) become curiously identical. They all become one in "familiarity," in "tsumaranasa."

The subject of the next "samishiki" is "ningen no hanasu oto" (the sound of humans speaking). We must note here that what is samishiki is not "hito no koe" (human voice) of the preceding line, but "oto"(sound). The transition that occurs between these two lines is that from the man-centred "logocentric" voice to the neutral "sound," which is in fact, as Saussure indicated, a signifier par excellence. Thus what is to come as a quoted speech is defined not as a "voice" but as a signifier--a "sound" (oto) yet to be attached to any signified.

The sound comes abruptly, carrying an irrelevant content. It has to be irrelevant because, dictated by the preceding transition from voice to sound, the arbitrary relation between the signifier and the signified is clearly underlined. Here the signified is cut off, floating. The content could have been anything, a slice of any human speech. Being stressed by
the word "oto," the speech's sound is emphasized and isolated by the use of a dialect. Thus both the signifier and the signified are isolated from each other as well as from the main text (context). This is where, so cunningly again, samishiki sneaks in. What is indeed samishi is this isolation of the signifier and the signified. And this is where the poet reaches his poetic aporia, trapped in this samishisa, in the "meaninglessness" of the sound and speech: "I can no longer write poetry/ Poetry exists where there is no poetry."

Poetic defamiliarization must eventually return to the "familiar" (tsumaranai/samishii) reality (utsutsu). For there, and there only, one finds the true loss of "meaning," the sudden departure of the signified. How could language, being an exemplary signifying system, capture the moment of this departure, unless it became poetry? The ultimate poetry keeps translating itself—from "September" to "a green acorn" to a "window" to a "human voice" to "the sound" to the paradoxical non-poetry to "utsutsu" (reality/dream) to "Beauty" to "eternity." This is the incessant murmur of language flowing out of the very gap opened between the signifier and the signified. It carries so much "desolation/samishimi" that we burst out laughing.

Aeternitas

"Eterunitas" was published in 1962 as one of the three poems included in a volume of the same title. There is an epilogue to the book:

I hear that Murō Saisei eliminated the word "eternity" from his Collected Poetry of Murō Saisei. In dedication to his spirit I wrote this text, picking up what he had discarded, using the word
"eternity" as many times as possible.²⁴ (Zenshishū 640)

For Murō, the word "eien" (eternity) must have appeared as a poetically exhausted word. Whereas Nishiwaki, just as he overcoded the word "samishiki" in Tabibito kaerazu, uses the very exhaustion of the sign, "eternity," to a poetical advantage.

conversations I hear in the streets,
a stone on which the shadows of grass are cast,
the weight of a fish,
the shape and colour of corn,
the thickness of a column.
I would prefer things that do not symbolize.
Upon the banal existence
infinite loneliness
is reflected.
Loneliness is the last symbol
of eternity.
I want to abandon even this symbol.
Not to think of eternity
is to think of eternity.
Not to think is the symbol
of eternity.
I want to abandon even this symbol.
To want to abandon it
is the ultimate symbol of eternity. (629-630)
"Eternity" is here conceived as an impossible concept that cannot even be thought of with our symbolic language. The putative poetical exhaustion of the sign, "eternity," comes about because its signified (however distant) becomes too familiar within the poetry-code. What Nishiwaki does in "Eterunitas" is to exhibit this overcoded sign so repetitiously that the familiar signified is shaken off of the sign, so that only the signifier remains as the sign of its own emptiness. The negative dialectic inherent in the above lines again directs the language of "Eterunitas" to its own limits, to non-meaning, to non-savoir. We may, therefore, locate Bataille's "non-savoir" in Nishiwaki's resistance to symbolization of language, in his insistence on familiar, insignificant objects. Isolated from the usual network of codification, these objects achieve the state of "non-savoir," of non-meaning, within the text. In L'Erotisme Bataille quotes Rimbaud:

Elle est retrouvée.
Quoi? L'éternité.
C'est la mer allée
Avec le soleil.

Bataille continues:

[La poésie] nous mène à l'éternité, elle nous mène à la mort, et par la mort, à la continuité: la poésie est l'éternité. (32)

Also, for Nishiwaki, "poetry is eternity." His language takes us to a death, the death of "meaning," and through this non-meaning (tsumaranasa) to
the continuity within the sign—the signifier and the signified linked by this very loss of meaning. Eternity is this state of pure language.

Towards this paradise of "non-meaning," the traveller walks along meandering paths. His walk is always essentially a detour (michikusa), to defer the final destination. Gazing into eternity, he stumbles over "boring" things. His twists and turns of language thus come into being as repeated failures to reach this final paradisal state of language. But "boring" things are always already there, defying and at the same time inviting the incessant flow of writing.

Again I stumbled over a stone.
Again the half of the dream was severed.
Oh, Cynara!
I recalled something about sesame and lilies.
Like Ruskin,
like Hopkins
I must begin to study clouds again,
I must begin to love stones again:
that stone jutting out from the tea plantation,
that stone I found under a Japanese pepper tree by the Tama River,
that milestone buried in a bamboo thicket,
and that stone of Venus in the waning light...
Ah, again I stumble over a stone.
Ah, again
without knowing

I am using de luxe words

of man... (637-638)

How should we begin an eternity, eternity of language, eternity of writing? First, we must hear a murmuring, an incessant flow of language, the movement of arche-writing translating itself, translating itself into an abyss. Our actual writing, be it a poem or a critique, appears only as a result of some "turning" ("displacement," "slippage," "supplementing") of the origin. Inevitably our writing confesses its failure to be the very origin of itself.

What a poem attempts to convey is not the "meaning" of the origin of the poem, but the "non-meaning" of the origin, that is, the origin itself before the movement of supplements begins to operate. We have named this origin of a poem "Pure Poetry." In fact, Pure Poetry escapes the domain of Text. It is a puncture in the Text. It is beyond our earthly languages.

Our nostalgia for the origin (what we ultimately want to communicate through our writing) is always intense. Nishiwaki's notion of Poetry tirelessly reiterated in his essays on poetics as well as in his poems reveals this intense nostalgia for the origin/non-meaning. The intensity is such that the actual existence of language itself is threatened.

What does this colossus expansion of language signify? Eternity invites writing. Poetry is language, though it may be the final mode of language on the verge of disappearance. At the moment of this paradox, Nishiwaki's language touches, not the mute, but the incessant.

Poetry is writing merged with the incessant language.
Notes to Chapter Three


4. Poems in Ambarvalia that appear to be based on poems previously written in foreign languages are the following: "Fukuikutarukafu (Fragrant Stoker), some parts based on "Suicide in a Gallery," "By the Fountain," and "A Dorian Lyre" in Poems Barbarous; "Shitsurakuen (Paradis Perdu)" based on "Paradis Perdu," some parts based on "Youth" in Exclamations ("Jeunesse" in Une Montre sentimentale), and on "Demeter" in Exclamations ("Demeter" in Une Montre); "Gogatsu (May)" based on "Ode to the Vase" in Poems Barbarous; "Koppu no gershisei (The Primitiveness of a Cup)" based on "On a Primitive Painter" in Poems Barbarous; "Rihatsu (Barber)" based on "The Zink Mine" in Exclamations.

5. Contemporary poets influenced by Nishiwaki include Yoshioka Minoru, Shiraishi Kazuko, Yoshimasu Gōzō, among others.
6. The revelation of this fact most likely came from Nishiwaki himself. One of the earliest source studies was Kinoshita Tsunetarō, "Amubaruwaria, Nishiwaki Junzaburō," Kokubungaku: kaishaku to kanshō Jan. 1966: 95-103.

7. For example, the modernist poet Kitagawa Fuyuhiko praised the poem "Ambarvalia" in his essay "Nishiwaki Junzaburō" (1957) without knowing that the poem was actually Nishiwaki's translation, and wondered why nobody had yet written on this poem. When the essay was reprinted in Gendaishi kanshō (Tokyo: Yushindo, 1970), he added a note: "I must add here that when I was informed by Kinoshita Tsunetarō that Nishiwaki Junzaburō's "Ambarvalia" was, except the last five lines, entirely his translation of a Latin poem, I felt my soul expiring."

8. Yura Kimiyoshi recounts the scene when he learned the origin of "Karumojiin": "About the 'Karumojiin' at the beginning of the poem, once I heard this from Nishiwaki's own mouth. 'Well, I just made a parody out of Calmotin.' The revelation made me jump out of my chair. Nishiwaki put down his cigarette. But his look immediately turned from that of mischievousness to boredom. He asked, 'Have you ever taken Calmotin?'' See "Nishiwaki Junzaburo: Ambarvalia," Kokubungaku: kaishaku to kyōzai no kenkyū Dec. 1984: 47.

9. My usage of the term 'foreignization' can be considered a special case of the Russian Formalist term 'defamiliarization.' Its usage here is restricted to the orthographical 'effect' of katakana.


12. **Mujō**: The inconsistency, transience of the phenomenal word; Skt. anityatā. The three characteristic marks of the Buddhist teachings (sambōin) are (1) that all conditioned things are impermanent (shogyō mujō, as it is stated in the opening lines of the *Heike Monogatari* and in the Nirvāṇa Sūtra, *Daihatsuangenyo*); (2) that all phenomena are without self or substance (shohō muga) and (3) that the religious goal is the peace of nirvāṇa (nehan jakūjō). Although Buddhism proposes a solution to the problem of worldly suffering, its formulations often emphasize the desolation of the unenlightened state and the dangers of attachment to what is transient. This outlook gave deep seriousness to writing between the Heian and Edo periods. (The earlier court literature had its counterpart also in *hakanasa*.) The *Princeton Companion to Classical Japanese Literature*, ed. Earl Miner, et al. (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1985) 290.

13. **Sabi**: The desolation and beauty of loneliness; solitude, quiet. It was introduced as a positive ideal for *waka* by Fujiwara Shunzei, and thereafter developed variously by subsequent writers, notably Matsuo Bashō. Some posit stillness as the basis, others deprivation and attrition. There is usually one or the other to a striking degree, but also the presence of an added element to intensify and qualify the experience. The *Princeton Companion* 295.

14. **Renga**: Linked poetry. It developed from a pastime in the twelfth century into serious art. In effect, successive *kami no ku* (5-7-5 syllable stanzas) and *shimo no ku* (7-7 syllable stanzas) of *tanka* were joined in sequence so that each made an integral poetic unit with its predecessor.
(and therefore its successor) but without semantic connection with any other stanza in the sequence made of such alternations). The Princeton Companion 294.

15. See note 1 on No Traveller Returns for more details. Apparently without the knowledge of this textual source, Donald Keene, in a section on Nishiwaki in his Dawn to the West (most likely the only published essay on Nishiwaki in English), translates Tabibito kaerazu as The Traveler Does Not Return. See Keene 328.


17. This introductory passage by Bashō is in turn based on a text by the famous Chinese poet Li Po (701-762). See Abe Kimio, Shōkō Okunohosomichi (Tokyo: Nichieisha, 1979) 77.

18. I am aware that these are oversimplified descriptions of Japanese literary traditions. Further intertextual studies connecting Tabibito kaerazu with Japanese literary traditions are called for.

19. Hommondori: Borrowing or taking over more or less as it is a passage from an older work. Chiefly used for Edo levies on older stories in prose narrative. It is distinguished from honkadori (which involves allusions in a poem to an older poem), and honzetsu (which is poetic use, allusion to a motif or episode in an earlier narrative). Hikiuta: Recollection, especially in monogatari, of a famous poem. The quotation or allusion is normally of a small part, perhaps of a part preceding the actual allusion. Also such a recalled poem. The Princeton Companion 277.

21. Niikura states that the teacher in this section refers to an actual acquaintance of Nishiwaki, Ōtsuka Takenobu. See Niikura 175.

22. For a deconstructive critique of "proper name," see Jacques Derrida, "La Guerre des noms propres," *De la grammaïologie* 157-173.

23. In Japanese, unlike English, the modifier must come before the modified. Here again we may detect an invasion of the English syntax. In English, of course, a modifying clause comes after the main clause with the use of a relative pronoun.

To discourse upon poetry is as dangerous as to discourse upon God. All poetic theory is dogma. Even that famous lecture Mallarmé delivered to some English students has become another trifling dogma now.

The reality of human existence itself is banal. To sense this fundamental yet supreme banality constitutes the motivation for poetry. Poetry is a method of calling one's attention to this banal reality by means of a certain unique interest (a mysterious sense of exaltation). An everyday name for this is art.

Custom dulls the awareness of reality. Conventions let this awareness slip into hibernation. Thus our reality becomes banal. Then it follows that the break with custom makes reality exciting. For our awareness is refreshed. What we must note here, however, is that we are to break down the bonds of habits and conventions not for the sake of destruction itself but for the sake of poetic expression. In other words, this act of destruction, with its consequential process of making reality exciting, must be committed in order to fulfill the aim of poetry. Poetry will not appear if in fact one actually breaks with custom and tradition. Such an act, then, will belong to the field of ethics, of philosophy. Our habitual way of recognizing reality is through our ordinary feelings and reason.
When we break down this ordinary order of feelings and intellect, our consciousness, sloughing off custom and tradition, succeeds in recognizing reality on a totally new plane. We all know that many critics have criticized this destructive attitude saying that modern poetry is keen only on destruction and never on construction of poetry. This destruction is in fact poetic construction. Without this destruction, however, poetry would not gain creativity. Intellect recognizes reality through reason, whereas poetry recognizes reality by transgressing reason or even by disdaining it.

Pascal says, "The one who despises philosophy is the true philosopher." This philosophy is Nietzsche's. Nietzsche thinks that any tradition, no matter what great authority it may hold, should not be accepted. Poetic form is also a tradition.

In the nineteenth century, modern consciousness witnessed a conspicuous dissolution of poetic traditions. Baudelaire despised even ordinary people's sense of beauty or morality.

Je m'enivre ardemment des senteurs confondues
De l'huile de coco, du musc et du goudron.

Such an expression used to astonish ordinary readers. But today an ordinary poet could easily come up with such an expression. Heine's poetry has become children's songs. Similarly, Verlaine's "Il pleure dans mon coeur" has come to represent a banal sensibility.

Human emotions possess a power to harmonize themselves. They move and act like weather. Then they vanish into nothingness. They harmonize with the existence of God. "Dieu est seul être qui, pour régner, n'aît même pas
We may discern here two types of this harmonizing movement. At times one type moves centrifugally. It becomes scattered like autumn leaves, tattered like waste paper, and finally returns to nothingness. At times the other type moves centripetally. Like a lens, it gathers the sunlight on a focal point and burns itself out. The former can be seen in decadent poetry. The latter is exemplified in *King Lear* or in Baudelaire as the explosion of the spirit. In short, this explosion is what Baudelaire calls *émotion*.

"Ainsi le principe de la poésie est, strictement et simplement, l'aspiration humaine vers une beauté supérieure, et la manifestation de ce principe est dans un enthousiasme, une excitation de l'âme." What is meant by this "superior beauty" is a certain state that absolutely satisfies the human spirit. Thus, it indicates a different notion of beauty from that which "la passion" seeks. It is different from Catullus's outburst, "Vivamus, mea Lesbia!" Baudelaire says, "L'amour, c'est le goût de la prostitution." He also writes:

Car la passion est naturelle, trop naturelle pour ne pas introduire un ton blessant, discordant, dans le domaine de la beauté pure, trop familière et trop violente pour ne pas scandaliser les purs Désirs, les gracieuses Mélancolies et les nobles Désespoirs qui habitent les régions surnaturelles de la poésie.

Il faut être toujours ivre. Tout est là: c'est l'unique question. . . . Mais de quoi? De vin, de poésie ou de vertu, à votre guise.
Baudelaire knew that poetry had already lost its primitive significance, which was merely to sing out thoughts and feelings. This awareness marks the spirit of modern poetry.

Poetry is primitive. The nature of primitive language is poetry. Humboldt says, "[Man] is a singing creature." This notion of poetry may be useful in discussing the origin of language but is not the most distinguished idea where poetry is concerned. This is what Lessing called, "Liebhaber." Mr. Garrod, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, once said, "It has become extremely difficult to compose a poem. A long time ago, when people wore their hair long, any utterance became poetry immediately."

To re-present life is poetry. Plato argues against this notion in his *Republic*. In terms of his expression of human nature, the first naturalist may well have been Homer: his heroes wail in the sand; the hairy Odysseus weeps on an isolated island, longing for his homeland. But this type of poetry, which is a mere copy of human life, did not please Plato. In all likelihood, it is as an attack on Plato's attitude that Aristotle wrote his *Poetics*.

Aristotle argues that poetry is not merely a copy of human life, but rather it expresses man's universal characteristics and tendencies. This theory delimits the mimesis of human nature and emphasizes human "probability," or "necessity."

Plato complained about the lack of critical function in poetry. Baudelaire, who later said, "tous les grands poètes deviennent naturellement, fatalement, critiques. Je plains les poètes que guide le seul instinct," was a "moraliste" like Plato. In general, Aristotle can be regarded as an instinctivist, who shared similar ideas with the Italian Renaissance thinkers or even with the naturalists of nineteenth-century France.
Aristotle located the origin of poetry in man's natural propensity towards imitation and the pleasure he takes in imitated products. This theory of poetic origin in fact encompasses a field too broad to elucidate the characteristics unique to poetry. Other forms of art can easily be subsumed under it. His theory merely shows that poetry is a part of art.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Francis Bacon wrote *The Two Bookes of the Proficience and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Humane* and offered it to the king. We find some elements of poetics in it. It is truly bizarre that his simple theory of poetry is in fact perfectly represented in modern (twentieth-century) poetry (dada or surrealism). To be sure, it was a theory that was evident in the metaphysical poets (to use Dr. Johnson's phrase) of the seventeenth century or even in Shakespeare.

Bacon was a poet. If not, he would never have been able to say such insightful things concerning poetry. It is true, as Poe said, that only poets can write poetics. Bacon himself was a poet. By the way, I would like to support the theory which conjectures that Bacon was in fact Shakespeare. As a writer of theoretical prose, Bacon--more than Montaigne--was thoroughly logical, and there was nothing poetical about him. It is, however, impossible to even imagine an age in which Bacon's work will be forgotten.14

Poetry belongs to a mental process called imagination. This classification made by a Spaniard, Huarte, has been recognized as valid since antiquity.15 But before Bacon, imagination was regarded as representing the abnormal side of poetry. Bacon, however, recognized it as the creative force of poetry. In this sense, he was a modern thinker. The same force was recognized by Coleridge, Baudelaire, as well as by Max Jacob.
Jacob states, "L'imagination n'est pas autre chose que l'association des idées." This fact is also noted in Dr. Johnson's criticism of "metaphysical poets": "the most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together." Fundamentally, therefore, imagination opposes what is called "le bon sens" or "common sense." The figure of conceit that appears in Shakespeare, Marvell, or Donne, is the manifestation of a certain disdain for logical attitude. In the old days, imagination was called madness. Recent French poetry by Tristan Tzara, Jean Cocteau, and Ivan Goll demonstrates this technique of imagination. In order to create a metaphor or an association through this kind of imagination, a poet must join elements that are scientifically different in nature, or elements that are usually placed at the greatest distance from each other, temporally as well as spatially. Thus what he produces is an association absolutely impossible in terms of common sense. What Gourmont means by "disassociation" is this type of "association." Such eighteenth-century English poets as Dryden or Pope, who esteemed the common man, as well as poets like Horace or Boileau, taught ordinary folk to select and join images that are similar in nature.

Although Dr. Johnson's words "the most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together" were ironically directed against some seventeenth-century poets, in fact they now appear to describe nicely a dominant technique of modern poetry. This very "violence" was what nineteenth-century poets called "émotion" or "passion," and became an important element in the creation of poetry. Mr. Garrod called the mood of this type of poetic creation "a storm of association." Coleridge, influenced by the philosopher of association, Hartley, clearly regarded the act of imagination as the logic of poetry. In short,
the force of poetic creation manifests itself at the point where two opposing images are juxtaposed, harmonized and balanced. It is like the similar balanced against the dissimilar, the general against the particular, image against matter, the new against the old, ordinary reason against profound passion. After Coleridge, Shelley wrote, "[Poetry] makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar. . . ." For example, a familiar reality such as the mere sight of water flowing through a fountain is rendered by Marvell:

... a fountaines liquid Bell  
Tinkles within the concave Shell.  

Similarly, Cocteau writes of the banal existence of the human ear:

Mon oreille est un coquillage
Qui aime le bruit de la mer.  

Presently in France there is a movement called "surrealisme." This rather inclusive name subsumes members of what used to be called cubism or dada, who are now content to be under this name. Also there seem to be subdivisions within the group. André Breton, representing one faction, ironically criticizes Pierre Reverdy of another faction. He claims that Reverdy's imagination is a _posteriori_. In other words, Reverdy's poetry is formed by associations of still homogeneous images. Of course, as a matter of theory, Reverdy says:

L'Image est une création pure de l'esprit. Elle ne peut naître d'une comparison mais du rapprochement de deux réalités plus ou
What Reverdy means by "juste" and what Coleridge means by "balance" are the same. Breton is more radical than Reverdy. He does not think much about balance. Consequently, his poetic effects are indeed destructive.

In short, this idea of supernaturalist poetry has always been present in the works of great poets since antiquity and in fact is not particularly a new mode of poetry.

Imagination, however, is not poetry itself, but only a means to create poetry. People like Baudelaire assert that the aim of poetry is poetry itself. A British writer, Wilde, propagating the poetry of "l'art pour l'art" handed down from Gautier, actually believed in it till he died. "Poetry is art" simply means that poetry possesses a means to achieve its own end, and this means is commonly called art.

The previously mentioned importance of imagination for poetry similarly indicates that poetry needs imagination as a means to attain its own end.

What is the aim of poetry, then?

Firstly, in primitive times, it was to express human thoughts and feelings through a "singing mode." Even now, some amateur poets believe this to be the aim of poetry. Aristotle thought that poetry must contain human universalities. It will not be poetry, then, if a doctor writes his medical journal in a "singing mode." At that rate, Lucretius could probably not have been called a poet. Théodore de Banville says that neither is there poésie nor vers except in singing, and emphasizes the
importance of metrical composition. It is Aristotle who judges the appropriateness of poetry in terms of the material presented. These traditions still linger on whenever we attempt to discuss poetry today. In short, the purpose of primitive poetry is to express human thoughts and feelings.

Secondly, there are points on which Francis Bacon's ideas on poetry coincide with those of modern poets. He writes:

The use of this FAINED HISTORIE hath beene to giue some shadowe of satisfaction to the minde of Man in those points wherein the Nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferiour to the soule; by reason whereof there is agreeable to the spirit of Man a more ample Greatnesse, a more exact Goodnesse, and a more absolute varietie then can bee found in the Nature of things.

And its method is to submit "the shewes of things to the desires of the Mind." To translate the above into modern terms, poetry is the desire of man, dissatisfied with actual life, "to transmute it into forms more satisfactory to the mind." This poetic spirit is well elucidated in the works of Rimbaud, who is regarded as the legitimate ancestor of the present-day surrealists. His poetry lacks the sense of existence of actual things. Only desire springs out from somewhere. Compared with this idea of poetry, Aristotle's theory seems like a photographic technique. Laocöon by Lessing is similarly a theory of artistic photography:

Je näher der Schauspieler der Natur kommt, desto empfindlicher müssen unsere Augen und Ohren beleidigt werden.
So his theory claims: it is better to be a little blurred.

Rimbaud is now called by surrealists 'apôtre' or 'ange.' It is truly a curious phenomenon that Bacon's theory is explicated in Paris today.

Poetry is such a desire [as manifested in Rimbaud's poetry].

Bacon's words "[to submit] the shewes of things to the desires of the Mind" point to the previously mentioned process of "imagination." In short, it is the conjoining of idées. To imagine is not merely to fantasize or to dream; rather, the act of imagination must be performed by force of intellect.

The majority of commentators on Rimbaud insist that his poetry is born out of the unconscious or out of dreams. I believe, however, that they are grossly mistaken. It is true that the surrealist technique of the joining of idées creates the extraordinary and projects oneiric forms of the unconscious. But poetry is not a dream. It is the joining of utterly conscious images. It has been said that poetry is to think with l'esprit.

II

Poetry must be founded in reality. But it is also necessary to feel the banality of reality. Why does the human spirit feel the banality of reality? Human existence itself is desolate. I wonder if those dogs running around over there are feeling this banality. As one dissects the human spirit and reaches its very bottom, one finds the essential existence of this desolate feeling. We suffer, for we think.

Poetry somehow transforms this banal reality for us. But in fact it
is a very passive act, merely a make-believe. There is no truly active being except God. Religion postulates a happiness of afterlife in order to console the banality of reality. This, however, is not poetry. Death or sleep would eliminate reality from our mind. But again this is not poetry. It is pleasant to immerse oneself in the world of Idea as Plato suggested. But neither is this poetry. Like some poets of the past, who indulged in alcohol or in opium, we may elude reality. But this is merely a matter of physics, not of poetry. Like Petrarch, we may grow peaches in the mountains and enjoy natural beauties. But this sort of life itself is reality and does not constitute poetry. Also poetry is not created by rebelling against reality, or conversely, by being enslaved and exhausted by reality. The consequence of this sort of act is, like Baudelaire, to end up recklessly feeling ennui, or, like a very lethargic dyspeptic, to end up announcing one's own end in a very listless manner. These acts do not constitute poetry. After all, poetry appears when we transform reality with our imagination and, as Bacon wrote, receive some "shadow of satisfaction."

Reality overwhelms us endlessly. Even when we escape to the mountains, we are encountered by the soft eyes of a Japanese antelope or rose-like snow that tortures our senses. Or, after managing a business in a desert for thirty odd years, one may abandon his wife and go to a distant land. But he still encounters reality there—things like citron flowers blooming. Here we find the psychological bankruptcy of those who long for foreign climes. We also know of classicism which, fed up with the present reality, longs for the reality of the past. There are futurists who set their aims in the future as religions do. There is also demolitionism that negates all and eventually collaborates with death in its own destruction.
Yet poetry must acknowledge reality. It must persistently accept reality. Poetry is realism. Naturally, reality becomes unexciting by force of habit. It is as unexciting as dust. But poetry must keep this unexciting reality always refreshed. This is the task of poetry. Otherwise the human spirit would never be able to accept reality.

Poetry must also acknowledge Truth. But poetry is what transforms this "truth" by the power of imagination and then absorbs it into the spirit.

Poetry, therefore, is a method of cognition. By changing reality into unreality, truth into untruth, poetry is what absorbs reality and truth into the spirit.

Poetry in Bacon's classification is one field of learning. In modern terms, poetry is a method of cognition. It is to recognize truth and reality by first transforming them to fit easily into the human spirit.

There are things of nature that seem to get absorbed smoothly by the spirit without first being transformed. We read in The Odyssey of a breeze that "bears and ripens." This expression was simply brought about from a certain actual fact: that the Mediterranean islands grow fruits in abundance. But for the northern people, the expression appears poetic. Or romantic love—a fragment of man's internal being—bcomes a wholly absorbable form. In terms of poetic production, however, it is dangerous to turn such an easily absorbable piece of reality into poetry. This sort of act is like swallowing food whole. Eventually it will cause indigestion or some defect in one's poetic cognition. On the other hand, as one can see in some of today's dada or surrealist poetry, a contrary tendency can be noted: a poetry that solely emphasizes the transforming of reality and consequently forgets reality itself. This can eventuate in what Coleridge
called "fancy." It tends towards a similarity to Poe's tales of mystery and imagination or to adventure stories one finds in children's literature.

The orthodox mode of poetry expresses reality through imagination by transforming it for the moment into a form easily absorbable by the spirit.

For example, in order to make a poetical recognition of the physical fact that the sky appears blue to the eye (a very ordinary fact, a banal reality), a poet would say, "Your eyes of sky." whereas a primitive poet would have said simply, "The sky is blue," as a representation of the reality itself. The former is of a poetic transformation by a modern poet.

Historically, this method of poetic transformation has changed its modality through the ages and through individual poets. It can, however, generally be divided into two categories.

In the first category, it takes a form that accords with the flow of human emotions. In this category, aesthetic sense becomes cardinal. In The Golden Ass by the Roman novelist, Apuleius, the golden ass, wanting to become human again, picks a rose. It is impossible to neglect man's quest for beauty. Grandpa Gourmont says that it stems from the principle of preservation of the species. This is the most common mode of poetic transformation. This mode includes Verlaine's beauty of the sunset, Shelley's beauty of dawn, Keats's shadow of saffron, Paul Valéry's beauty like that of a ripe fruit, Cocteau's beauty as of a golden watch, Vergil's beauty of the smell of a pasture, Baudelaire's beauty of perfume, Wilde's beauty of artificial flowers. The instances of this mode are simply as innumerable as are the number of shiatsu-points of all the human beings in the world.

Or, there is a mode that kindles mono no aware (sorrowfulness of things). It is to transform reality into a certain emotional
fluid—somehow sad and lonely. A poet would sigh, "Ah, life is short," or "Love is vain." We can see this mode in many sonnets written right after the Renaissance. There are Michelangelo's sonnets, half religious, half sensual.

There are poets such as Musset and Lamartine who are themselves as fluid as a tragedy of the lachrymal glands.

Poor but noble Francis Thompson blows dandelion fluff by the road. There was Villon as a great precursor.

Calling rural areas so inartistic, in a big city, by a fireplace in a café, one reads aloud in a melancholy tone a swan song in Latin in the rhythm of the-moon-light-flowing. This type can be seen in many English versifiers of the turn of the century.

Next, the most powerful mode of poetic transformation in this category is the fluid of love. This fluid of love was instrumental in producing works of the greatest poets of the past, including Dante. For all its powerfulness, however, it exerted a bad influence upon late-comers. When a poet was lost for words, he would immediately have recourse to the adjective "amoureux" in order to produce a poetic effect:

\[
\text{Hâ que nous t'estimons heureuse}
\]
\[
\text{Gentille cigale amoureuse!}^{31}
\]

Next, a sick person's feeling of listlessness calls for a flow of emotion with a certain pleasant feeling of convalescence. The examples abound in decadent poetry.

Next, the overflow of feverish emotions is seen in such works as Shelley's. In his case, it is for the most part a feeling of superiority.
Next, there is a violent passion that is like an explosion of the soul. A moment after the immense torrent has disappeared, only a clear and serene resonance is left. Together with it, our feelings also flow away into eternity. This mode is well exemplified in Baudelaire's poetry.

Next, Wilde's search for the beauty of artificial flowers, rather than that of natural flowers, deserves our attention, along with Gautier's aesthetic notions, such as the beauty of geometrical lines, or the crystallization of the fluid beauty of colours.

The foregoing has listed the major modes of image transformation.

Next, poetry, being essentially a mode of singing, or being traditionally thought of as a mode of singing, has established musical rules of voice. This fact merely aids the mechanism of poetic transformation. It is, therefore, by no means necessary for the production of poetry. Bacon says that it is no more than "elocution." Many other critics also generally do not regard "vers" as the fundamental essence of poetry. Of course, the melody inherent in words becomes helpful. In short, versification is merely a means to help poetic function. (In fact, recently the status of this old style of poetry-writing has fallen apart. Finally, there are even many poets now who flatly disregard it, claiming that it is rather an obstacle to poetry-writing.) Also sentence structure and phraseology are important elements in poetic expression. The English term "poetic diction" indicates a phraseological convention. Once I heard an anecdote in which a grade school pupil was asked to state the difference between poetry and prose. His answer was that "blue violets" is prose, and "violets blue" poetry. In general, poetry has been written in a literary style. In England, Milton's diction lasted up to the nineteenth century as a tradition. Wordsworth attempted the use of "farmer's language," that is,
colloquialism. But at that time, of course, his attempt failed. Verlaine simplified the literary language. He put an end to embellishing words. Later Apollinaire undertook the use of language of the streets. Osbert Sitwell, disdaining the tradition, published a pamphlet propagating the use of "today's language" in poetry. But there are also people who think that it is wrong to use language of the streets or the language of today but think that a conversational style rarely used by ordinary people should be employed. A poem is no school composition. In short, after all, rhetoric as a tradition has been completely explained by Demetrios, who said that it is also good to use "beautiful words" that "appeal to the eye and the ear." At the end of the first half of the nineteenth century, Hunt complained that the young fellows' diction had become prosaic because of their indolence. This indicates that the breakdown of traditional diction was showing its symptoms around that time.

The foregoing has outlined the tradition of poetic transformation up to the nineteenth century, subsumed under the first category. Of course, there are many outstanding exceptions.

The second category posits a transformational method contrary to that of the first category. In the first category, as we have seen, poetry is an attempt to transform reality in harmony with the flow of innate human emotions. In the second category, however, poetic methodology calls for a radical break from harmonization with our natural feelings. Since man's intellect hibernates in custom, what the second category calls for is to rouse it from hibernation by startling it (even by intimidating it) thus to monopolize the attention of the intellect. Since ancient times it has been said that art means "to startle." This statement is a most powerful type
of poetic cognition. Its method is first of all to break away from customs, that is, man's psychological, intellectual, and formal conventions. Many of today's poets employ this method. There are critics who call them mere destroyers. This very destruction is, to the contrary, the construction of poetic cognition. Now I will attempt to outline the major methods of this poetic destruction.

First, to smash the habitual consciousness kept as man's common sense or logic. In order to achieve this, one must join concepts that keep the farthest associational distance from each other. This is what Bacon meant by surprising with the unexpected. This is also Rimbaud's so-called "unconscious" method. One can see this method employed abundantly in the works of today's dadaists and surrealists. Many of them, however, are interested only in this method and tend to forget the more important cognition of reality. They are confusing ends with means. Works of a group represented by Breton and Paul Eluard, together with the German expressionism have this fault.

le monde

une bague faite pour une fleur
une fleur fleur pour le bouquet de fleurs fleurs
un porte-cigarette rempli de fleurs
une petite locomotive aux yeux de fleurs
une paire de gants pour des fleurs
en peau de fleurs comme nos fleurs fleurs fleurs de fleurs
et un œuf

This is a section of Tzara's poem. The last line astonishes us by its abruptness.
Reverdy, who was called a cubist some time ago, wrote: "Dans le ruisseau il y a une chanson qui coule."\(^{35}\) Regarding this line, Breton writes that it shows "le moindre degré de préméditation."\(^{36}\) It can be assumed that the line indicates a type of unconscious state.

Second, to break down man's conventional feelings and ideas (ordinary aesthetic sensibility, morality, logic, etc.), or to disdain them, and to present an ironic critique of them. Baudelaire's poetry represents this type of poetic method. Also Rimbaud offers a good example:

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Doux comme le Seigneur du cèdre et des hysopes,} \\
\text{Je pisse vers les cieux bruns, très haut et très loin,} \\
\text{Avec l'assentiment des grands héliotropes.} \quad \text{\textsuperscript{37}}
\end{align*}\]

He is showing his disdain not only of our ordinary moral sense towards God but also of our habitual aesthetic sensibility. This exhibition of his disdain is, however, merely a device of expression. First it startles man's hibernatory intellect and makes it aware and then directs its attention to the existing beauty of reality. By using, as it were, a "bluff" of pissing into a flower, it poetically directs our attention to the reality of the beautiful evening sky and the blossoming heliotrops in the forest. Unlike naturalists, Rimbaud is not interested in the fact of pissing itself. A few years ago, James Joyce wrote a book called \textit{Ulysses}. It was also another example of this type of "bluff." In short, the breaking down of conventions is not the end of this method of poetic expression. Rather, it is its means.

We find very few examples of this type of poetic expression in modern English poetry. Such examples tend to lack serious gravity. In one of
Rupert Brooke's pre-war poems, we may find a trace of this poetic expression, though still not one intentionally produced (as an expressive method):

Just now the lilac is in bloom,
All before my little room;
And in my flower-beds, I think,
Smile the carnation and the pink
And down the borders, well I know,
The poppy and the pansy blow...
Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through,
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above; and green and deep
The stream mysterious glides beneath,
Green as a dream and deep as death.
—Oh, damn! I know it! and I know

So he cried out in a café in Berlin, May, 1912.

In "The Poetic Principle," citing his own poem "The Raven," Poe argued for the validity of mysticism as a mode of poetic expression. But his kind of mysticism still belongs to the previously discussed first category. It merely exploits man's curiosity in order to draw his attention. It is just like Dante's use of human lust. This mysticism, handed down from Dante to Blake, eventually died in Maeterlinck. There are, however, instances in which this mysticism grows extremely intense and eventually turns into almost like the "grotesque" as seen in Baudelaire or in Stramm.
Jean de Bosschère's work generally labeled as "symbolisme malsain" shows this tendency:

J'étais un enfant vert
Et aigre comme du brou.

Le chapeau du père était sacré.
Certes il y avait d'autres pères
Mais celui-ci était le seul
Qui fut tel et tel.
Il fumait sa pipe avec intégrité.
On se collait près de lui
Pour tirer par le nez son odeur d'homme.

Et la mère était le pain et le beurre
La rosée froide de six heures et la cerise.

It seems appropriate to place T. S. Eliot in this group also. In his "Wasteland" this type of mysticism has become more conspicuous than in the poems of his BLAST era. In "Death by Water" we read:

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell
And the profit and loss.

A current under sea
Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell
He passed the stages of his age and your
Entering the whirlpool.
Gentile or Jew

O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,
Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.  

To show contempt for formal conventions also belongs to the second category of poetic expressive methods. In France "vers libre" has existed since the time of La Fontaine. It became rampant in the symbolist era. This "free verse," however, has not yet outgrown the conventional "singing" mode. It has merely lessened to a minimum the restrictions imposed by the traditional metric conventions. Therefore, many of today's poets do not use any regular metrical systems at all. Their works have become prose, so to speak. It is a great mistake to apply the term "free verse" to this type of writing. On the other hand, theirs is a significant effort to write poetry without having recourse to any established prosody. For it shows a conscious effort to go against man's natural tendency to sing out, or against his natural emotional rhythm, and to create an effect of "bluff." Today, those who criticize prose poetry are the ones who do not understand what true poetic expression is. There were times when we called poems without punctuation "cubism." The elimination of punctuation is again another instance of "bluff." Today, most of the young French poets employ this poetic style. In the first issue of a surrealist periodical edited by Ivan Goll, we read: "Jusqu'au début du XXe siècle, c'était l'OREILLE qui décidait de la qualité d'une poésie: rhthme, sonorité, cadence, allitération, rime: tout pour l'oreille. Depuis une vingtaine d'années, l'OEIL prend sa revanche." What so called "imagists" have done is nothing but to disregard this "ear." All poetic expressions belong to "imagination." Thus, the name "imagist" is inappropriate.
By postulating two categories, I have tried to elucidate the psychological motives of poetry. The second category was mainly applied to explicate psychological operations of poetic cognition unique to twentieth-century poetry. Of course, this does not include the future. It includes only up to about 1920.

In Hermann Bahr's *Expressionism*, we find a discourse upon expressionist painters and poets who seek the unprecedented in their works. But when the past has gained enough distance from the present, it returns as something new. It is possible that the ear may again take the place of the eye. The mode of poetic cognition belonging to the first category may someday regain its power over that of the second category.

Poetry is cognition. Its method changes with the development of man's intellect. Man's soul is prone to hibernate in conventions. The noble effort of poets consists in calling back this soul to the realm of consciousness by means of an ever-new method.

A kind of absolute existence, be it expressed as God or infinity, flashes through our consciousness for an instant. This absolute existence, by reflection, makes man's existence insignificant. This is when the petty soul of man explodes against this insignificant, boring reality in anger. This is the poetical spirit, elsewhere named "emotion." This spasm of temper disdains reason and becomes "imagination." Through this imagination the banal reality becomes interesting. For our consciousness of reality has been renewed. This is the purpose of poetry.

It is dangerous to discuss poetry. I have already fallen off my cliff.
Notes to Profanus

1. Chōgenjitsushugi shiron (Tokyo: Kōseikaku shoten, 1927). When this book was reissued from Arechi shuppansha in 1954, Nishiwaki added the following introduction:

On the occasion of the reissuing of Chōgenjitsushugi shiron (Surrealist Poetics), which I wrote a long time ago, they tell me to add some kind of introduction. When I was still abroad, people like Reverdy and Ivan Goll published a small magazine called Le surrealisme in Paris. I encountered this term "surrealism" for the first time when I read the magazine. As a matter of fact, since I had already known Baudelaire's remark that the two primary factors of literature are irony and the supernatural, I wanted to use the word "supernatural" for the title. But the editor at that time chose the newly coined term "surreal." In short, this book attempts to introduce a poetic theory which has been existent for a long time in Europe: "The essence of poetry is what becomes harmonized by linking contrary elements." I still believe in this theory. The way to poetry is long. We must wander around a hedge in the country and seek a delectable woman. Moreover, it is difficult to meet a man who weeps at a festival. (4: 678-679)

3. 'Banal': tsumaranai. A key word in Nishiwaki's poetics and poetry. The Japanese word can mean insignificant, familiar, insipid, etc. But it is usually used in the much lighter sense of "boring."

4. Source not indicated in the text.


... I say that the race of long-haired poets is dead (6).

Poetry seems ill-paid, indeed, but easy. Yet never, I fancy, was it harder. Easy, no doubt, it was, once upon a time. Once upon a time, the world was fresh, to speak was to be a poet, to name objects an inspiration; and metaphor dropped from the inventive mouths of men like some natural exudation of the vivified senses (8).


16. Max Jacob, Art poétique (Paris; Chez Emile-Paul, n.d.) 34.


18. Garrod 16.


27. Spingarn, xi.

28. Source not indicated in the text.


Le premier poète au monde constata: "Le ciel est bleu." Plus tard, un autre trouva: "Tes yeux sont bleus comme le ciel." Long temps après, on se hasarda à dire: "Tu as du ciel dans les yeux." Un moderne s'écriera: "Tes yeux de ciel!"

30. *mono no aware*: A literary and aesthetic ideal cultivated during the Heian period (794-1185). At its core is a deep empathetic appreciation of the ephemeral beauty manifest in nature and human life, and it is therefore usually tinged with a hint of sadness; under certain circumstances it can be accompanied by admiration, awe, or even joy. The word was revived as part of the vocabulary of Japanese literary criticism through the writings of Motoori Norinaga (1730-1801). (Makoto Ueda, "mono no aware," *Kodansha Encyclopedia of Japan*, 1983.)

31. Source not indicated in the text.


33. Quoted in Garrod, in which we read:

As to prosaicalness in general, it is sometimes indulged in by young writers on the plea of its being natural; but this is a mere confusion of triviality with propriety; and is sometimes the result of indolence (6).

35. Quoted in Breton 52.

36. Breton 52.


39. Poe does not cite "The Raven" in "The Poetic Principle" but does so extensively in "The Philosophy of Composition." Also, Poe does not mention "mysticism" specifically in either of the above essays.


41. de Bosschère, "Doutes" 72, 74.


44. Goll, 87-88.

The Extinction of Poetry

A notification from my friends, Judge Contomen and the cellist, Dobron

Il n'est pas bon que tout le monde lise les pages qui vont suivre: quelques-uns seuls savoureront ce fruit amer sans danger. Par conséquent, âme timide, avant de pénétrer plus loin dans de pareilles landes inexplorées, dirige tes talons en arrière et non en avant.

--Isidore Ducasse

Chapter One: The Limits of Expression

I. It becomes merely subjective and eudaemonic to evaluate poetry solely by its contribution to the pleasure of the soul (cf. Critique of Practical Reason by Kant). It becomes necessary, therefore, to postulate a theory, or a hypothesis, if one wishes a more rational evaluation of poetry. One may, then, like a legislator, treating this hypothesis as a guiding principle of justice, take the liberty of instituting laws one after another.

II. A hypothesis: The realm of poetry expands infinitely and finally disappears. As a corollary (ipso facto) of this hypothesis the following rule is set forth:

"The most expanded, the most advanced mode of poetry is that which is closest to its extinction."
III. The extinction of poetry as art occurs when there is no longer any indication of a will to express. "Indication," in turn, means an act of expression. When there is an act of expression but no will to express, the result will not be an artistic expression. Therefore, natural expression is not art. For instance, the following acts of expression themselves are not artistic expressions. They are nature itself:

A. The act of expression as the sound caused by the friction of leaves in a breeze.

B. The "expressive act" of the sun emitting strong colours and rays of light.

C. The "expression" of a dog emitting a cry when beaten.

D. The act of bursting into song due to man's overflowing emotion of love. Note: similarly, the "expression" of all other emotions belongs to nature. It is a kind of excretion (the same as the European euphemism "Nature calls").

E. Such an expression as "Oh, Good Heavens!" uttered by Indo-Europeans when they are in trouble. (This shows a case in which a custom has gained the same status as a natural phenomenon.)

F. Expressions manifested in a dream. Such dreams as we read in Baudelaire's *Les Paradis artificiels* show a relatively well-developed artistic mode of expression. In other words, it says that if you eat that green jam, you can dream anything you want.

All other expressive acts belonging to any of the above categories are not to be acknowledged as artistic. In flat terms, expressive acts become "legally" artistic only when they are intentionally carried out.
Therefore, unconscious expression cannot be art. It is merely a blind, unconscious emotion itself. Moreover, just as conscientious objectors are sometimes exonerated from the usual legal obligations, in the poetic legal system, when an author believes that what he has thought or felt is true, he would be exonerated from the obligations of art. In other words, his work would not be considered art.

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l'automne
Blessent mon coeur
D'une langueur
Monotone

--Verlaine

This is a natural expression and lacks deliberateness. Verlaine is an extremely "conscientious" expresser. His work cannot be "legal." His expressive act lies outside the laws of art which we have established. Neither Goethe, Verlaine, nor Valéry can be classified as a "legal" artist.

Un soir, l'âme du vin chantait dans les bouteilles:
"Homme, vers toi je pousse, o cher déshérité,
Sous ma prison de verre et mes cires vermeilles,
Un chant plein de lumière et de fraternité!

"Je sais combien il faut, sur la colline en flamme,
De peine, de sueur et de soleil cuisant
Pour engendrer ma vie et pour me donner l'âme;
Mais je ne serai point ingrat ni malfaisant,

"Car j'éprouve une joie immense quand je tombe
Dans le gosier d'un homme usé par ses travaux,
Et sa chaude poitrine est une douce tombe
Où je me plais bien mieux que dans mes froids caveaux."

This is from a poem by Baudelaire, first published in _Le Magasin des familles_, June, 1850. Probably, readers at that time must have felt much stranger reading this poem than today's readers would. This expression is not one that came forth naturally. Even the title ("Le Vin des honnêtes gens") sounds contrived and exhibits an act of expression deliberately performed rather than actually felt or thought as expressed. It is a deliberate act of expression. If the author actually has felt or thought what he depicts, he would no longer be classified as a "legal" artist. He would end up being merely one who expresses natural feelings and thoughts. Today, we may no longer feel any "deliberateness" and may find only "natural" feelings and thoughts in this poem. But if we go back to the time of its first publication, we can see his "deliberate" mode of expression.

A few more examples:

Lace and roses in the forest morning shine,

Shrewdly the small spider climbs his cobweb line.

Dews are diamonding and blooming faery-bright.

What a golden air! What beauty! Oh, what light!
It is good to wander through the dawn-shot rye,
Good to see a bird, a toad, a dragon-fly;^5

If the poet thinks that it is actually good to do the things described above, his expressions cannot be artistically "legal." Since he says them deliberately, they become "legal." In Rimbaud's poetry one can find many instances of this "legal" expressive act.

In a poem by Soupault we read:

Si tu savais si tu savais
Les murs se resserrent
Ma tête devient énorme
Où sont donc parties les lignes de mon papier

Je voudrais allonger mes bras pour
secouer la tour Eiffel et le Sacré-Coeur de Montmartre
Mes idées comme des microbes dansent sur mes méninges
au rythme de l'exaspérante pendule
Un coup de revolver serait une si douce mélodie^6

When the resounding noise of the pistol of this poem can be actually felt and thought as a gentle melody, the expression becomes sentimental, thus not artistic. To say such a thing intentionally becomes the reason whereby the expression can be, artistically speaking, "legal." In sum, artistic expression is a demonstration of the will to express deliberately.

IV. Poetry takes various modes from its birth (the manifestation of a will to express intentionally) to its extinction. They can be categorized as follows.
The First Period: The Era of Expression

The poetic mode of this era probably includes the range of poetry from Baudelaire to cubism, metaphorism, and surrealism. Dadaism merely anticipated the oncoming Second Period before being submerged. Futurism definitely belongs to the First Period.

The Second Period: The Era of Anti-Expression

In this period, the poet manifests a will that shows his deliberate wish that he does not want to express. In the First Period, poetry was still an effort to express. Whereas, in the Second Period, it is to make an effort not to express. Good examples of this poetic mode have not yet appeared. But I believe that they will soon come out. In terms of expression, this season shows the extreme limit and the most expanded, most advanced mode of poetry. (Tristan Tzara's work still belongs to the First Period. Obviously his poetic spirit has not been firmly established consciously. But in the future, historians will regard him as a prophet. He published *La Première aventure céleste de Monsieur Antipyrine* in 1916 and *Manifeste dada* in 1918. He has also published several books of poetry. You, young Rumanian, who wear a conspicuously colourful tie, behold John, whose head has been made a plaything of by Salome.)

The Third Period: Extinction

It is the case in which one does not make any manifestation in the
form of the First Period or the Second Period. Consequently, the "legal" expression of art disappears. This extinction, however, must always be preceded by a birth. In other words, it must be born before it dies. It should not be confused with those which do not come into existence in the first place (for example, poetry of Verlaine, or Maeterlinck). Another thing that should be noted with regard to this Third Period is "La Soirée avec Monsieur Teste" written by Paul Valéry in 1896. At a first glance, this treatise-like work may appear to be promoting the extinction of artistic expression. But in fact it is merely saying "it is illogical to express feelings." In short, he wants poets to express a mature intellect. Thus, the mode of poetry he promotes does not belong even to the First Period. (Since he is at any rate such a perfect symbolist poet.) Let us read what he writes:

M. Teste avait peut-être quarante ans. Sa parole était extraordinairement rapide, et sa voix sourde. Tout s'effacait en lui, les yeux, les mains. Il avait pourtant les épaules militaires, et le pas d'une régularité qui étonnait. Quand il parlait, il ne levait jamais un bras ni un doigt: il avait tué la marionnette. Il ne souriait pas, ne disait ni bonjour ni bonsoir; il semblait ne pas entendre le "Comment allez-vous?"  

So he writes. But he has not even arrived at the birth of the "legal" act, not to mention the extinction of poetry according to the "law."

With regard to the legal system in the artistic sense discussed above, the following summary can be drawn:

A. Pre-legislative era—description—(Goethe—expressionism)

B. Legislative era: 1. Expressive period—(dadaist—surrealist)
2. Anti-expressive period  

Chapter Two: The Limits of the Object of Expression

1. Reality as an Object of Expression

Any phenomenon related to any desire associated with human nature, whether innate or acquired, may become an object of expression. In this case, one may say that humanity is the object of poetic expression. But this is not a "legal" expression. Such an expressive act is subjective and relates to the notion of happiness. It is totally illogical. Humanity is the object of expression in the pre-legal era. Here are some examples:

A. To have matters of aesthetics (feelings or thoughts that seek either beauty or non-beauty) as the object of poetic expression. The material that manifests them merely expresses the reality of beauty or of non-beauty. When it comes to a poet like Gautier, the material of expression was constituted solely by lines and colours of objects. Jean Cocteau uses metaphoric expressions as the material of his poetry. Expressionists employ any material that is new, such as dynamics, geometry, philosophical mathematics, etc. However new the material may be, as long as the poetic expression still seeks either beauty or non-beauty, it belongs to the pre-legal era. Beauty or non-beauty simply belongs to reality. Reality is subjective, thus illogical.

B. The desire to become human or a flounder, or the desire to become machine or super-man, is subjective, thus belongs
to reality.

C. The desire to live as intuitively as possible. The desire to do only instinctive work like a plant. Or, to oppose such a desire.

D. The desire to express musical moods, or the beauty of noises, or the spirit of silence, or a jazz-like soul.

E. Feelings and thoughts that seek truths, lies, eternities, or moments.

F. The desire to break down reality, or the desire to be immersed in reality.

G. To have the desire to express or not to express as the object of expression.

All other human subjective thoughts and feelings belong to reality. Thus, to have them as the objects of expression belongs to the "illegal" era.

It is not good at all to confuse the object and the material of expression. The object of expression itself does not change, while the material changes with the progress of the human intellect. Goethe, expressionists, cubists, surrealists of the bad sort, after all, are all realists. The only difference is in the material of expression, namely the mode of expression. Their objects of expression are homogeneous. Today, being epigones of realism, most of the surrealist poets in fact still remain realists despite their label. For example, Ivan Goll's recent work, not to mention his "Die Unterwelt" period, still belongs to realism despite its label of surrealism. Poets like Picabia and Eluard are also epigones of realism. They are in a transitional period leading to true surrealism. This transitional period has developed from Baudelaire through Apollinaire, Reverdy, and to poets like Soupault. The recent poets
including Soupault still seem to belong to the transitional period, although their poetry lacks such direct expressions of despair or of ennui which we find so abundantly in the poetry of Baudelaire. At least, Soupault's object of expression is surreal. Reverdy used to be labeled a cubist. But recently one frequently sees him writing for magazines of self-styled surrealists. His poetry seems to liquefy reality and let it flow into the air abundantly. In his *Les Epaves du ciel* and *Ecumes de la mer* we read:

Adieu je tombe
Dans l'angle doux des bras qui me reçoivent
Du coin de l'oeil je vois tous ceux qui boivent
Je n'ose pas bouger
Ils sont assis
La table est ronde
Et ma mémoire aussi
Je me souviens de tout le monde
Même de ceux qui sont partis

or

Au coin du bois
Quelqu'un se cache
On pourrait approcher sans bruit
Vers le vide ou vers l'ennemi

As for Valéry, the last symbolist, one finds a surrealist demand in his
attitude towards realism. His "Introduction à la méthode de Léonard de Vinci" is an artistic pronouncement deserving our attention. It manifests a kind of spiritual struggle distinct from Maeterlinck's silentism.

The expressive attitude that holds reality as the object of poetic expression is subjective, thus illogical. This attitude is in fact very destructive. In order to have a more constructive attitude, one must reach for more objective logical principles of art.

II. Surreality

To posit the objective (a priori) will itself as the object of expression. The objective will (cf. Critique of Practical Reason by Kant) is the force of man's will that aspires after its own perfection by breaking down the subjective world (that is, reality). It is like assuming the mode of God. It is to be free from the subjective world (reality).

This type of expressive method of art (that is, the material to be used in expression) is to manifest an expression that is contrary to (or, alien to) our realistic feelings and thoughts. Since such an expression as "Un coup de revolver serait une si douce mélodie" opposes our ordinary actual feelings, it can be a suitable material for expressing the force wherewith the objective will destroys subjectivity. But once this phrase begins to express any actual feelings, it is no longer suitable as material to manifest the objective will. In December, 1924, a magazine called La Révolution surréaliste appeared in Paris. In its introduction, the editor urges us to use dreams as the material for poetry. This may be plausible because, in short, dreams are foreign to our actual feelings and thoughts. One may simply argue that by surrealist poetry it is meant a poetry that
strives to manifest an energy whereby a blind will to be alive forever attempts to become perfect by demolishing the actual world. The will to live is the will of a creator. Man is helpless to deal with this blind will. This absolutely unmanageable will exists objectively in man. The mere existence of such a will, which is so utterly beneath contempt, is a subject of a helpless rage. At times one may feel physically throughout one's brain a startling jolt of an esprit which attempts to resist this blind will. This is a strange phenomenon in which an attempt of rebellion against the will that created the human race is manifested. It is a rebellion against the creator's will. Or it can be said that in fact the creator is this creator's will that seeks to oppose his own creative will. A creator is a self-deceiver. The poetry which attempts to present the energy of an esprit rebelling against the very effort of this will to live, that is, the effort to break down reality, creates the next poetic region.

III. Anti-Surreality

Poetry of this category is closest to its own extinction. It is also a very advanced and expanded mode. When man's will to live is destroyed in actuality (not in poetry), mankind will perish. It will also mark the extinction of poetry.

IV. The Extinction of Poetry

Poetry dies as mankind dies. The lamp is turned off. But things like kangaroos or cacti may be still trying to survive, fidgeting here and there. How pitiful.
The adage, "Ars longa," is merely a children's song. Only on the surface art appears as an act of creation. In fact, art is an effort at self-extinction.

* 

So they scribbled down such simple remarks on the corner of a postcard and mailed it to me from an express train between Paris and Budapest. Every Sunday they go to Budapest for a walk. Such an ordinary custom is boring.
Notes to The Extinction of Poetry


4. The original title as published in Le Magasin des familles.


Esthétique Foraine

A Critique of Pure Art

I. Preparation for the Critique

The twilight of anemones descends. Under a purple opera lamp, a distressed racketeer leans against the marble Aphrodite and grieves. Sometimes he feels a thirst for some soda but does not move. He just grieves in loneliness.

A. Divisions within our consciousness (Bewusstsein) with regard to art:

1. The world of empirical consciousness.
2. The world of pure consciousness.

Art belonging to the first division is here defined as impure art, and that which belongs to the second division as pure art. The former is a method to construct the world of empirical consciousness. The latter is a method to construct the world of pure consciousness.

B. Epistemologically speaking, impure art empirically operates with sensory intuition (Anschauung) and so creates a world of actual sensation which holds an intensive magnitude within. In short, it creates a world of actual sensation, that is, reality. Whereas pure art operates Anschauung purely, thus creating a world in which the degree of actual sensation is zero.

C. "Art is expression" means that art expresses methodological mechanisms of creating the worlds stated above.

D. Impure art creates an empirical consciousness of the self. Whereas pure art creates a world born at the instant when the empirical conscious-
ness expands itself to its own extinction. In other words, it is to create the instant when the consciousness of the self disappears. Baudelaire somewhere described this state as divine and sublime "insensibilité." Or, it can be described as the joy of the self merged with the universe, or that of being divine, or that which Poe finds in his cosmology, or that of neo-platonism found in Claudel's poetics. Of course the pleasure of this state is only poetically sensible. Viewed from a psychological standpoint, when the consciousness of the self disappears, one becomes devoid of senses. This state itself, therefore, cannot be sensed as either pleasant or unpleasant. One may, however, actually sense the joy a moment after this state has passed. In short, pure art is a method of creating the joy or the beauty of this state.

E. Art is a method whose purpose is the creation of beauty. In terms of impure art, then, one creates a state similar to the world of actual sensation, in which he feels the beauty of actual sensation. In terms of pure art, one creates a state in which the world of actual sensation has vanished. This state lasts only for a moment. The next moment will bring back the world of actual sensation. And in this world of actual sensation, one feels the beauty of the state that existed a moment ago. In short, in pure art, one creates a state in which the world of actual sensation has vanished. Paradoxically, however, one does so in order to feel this type of beauty that must be perceived by the actual senses. What Baudelaire meant by "sublime beauty" is probably this type of beauty of actual sensation.

F. It is an epistemological mistake to talk about the beauty of actual sensation, or the beauty in which there is no actual sensation. Since beauty is nothing but a sensation, it always belongs to the world of actual
sensation. Aesthetics studies the world of actual sensation as its subject. It is absurd for an aesthetician to say "pure beauty" or "the pure mode of beauty." Purity of beauty requires the disappearance of the actual sensation of beauty. Yet, it may be possible to admit this concept of purity as a principal formula to construct beauty, or as a state in which the intensive magnitude of beauty has increased to its maximum limit. Also, it is absurd to say "to purely anschauen beauty," for beauty is produced through the operation of empirical Anschauung. It is possible, however, to anschauen a material phenomenon or a mental phenomenon either purely or empirically.

G. Teleologically speaking, art has the aim of arousing aesthetic sensations. One cannot create art by merely announcing his ideas and feelings. The aim of both pure and impure art is to arouse aesthetic sensations. If a natural phenomenon arouses an aesthetic sensation, then it is a "divine art" (Coleridge). A beautiful apple is a work of art by God. If man himself is God's work of art, then a work of art created by man is a certain development from it. Beautiful aspects of social phenomena are, then, social art. Macaulay says that art declines as civilization progresses. Ruskin disliked locomotives. Prudhomme said something to the effect that the beauty of windmills and sailboats is good because the force of nature is associated with it (Guyau). But as long as a product makes the beholder sense beauty through its expressive method, it deserves to be called a work of art (according to Croce's theory).

H. What fundamentally distinguishes pure art from impure art is their mechanisms. In impure art, a mechanism to construct aesthetic sensations exists in the object expressed in the work. Whereas in the object expressed in a work of pure art, there exists a mechanism that does not
allow any construction of aesthetic sensations. In other words, the mechanism to construct aesthetic sensations does not exist in pure art.

Let us suppose "A is B" is a poem that exhibits a theory of pure art. In this case, the following critique becomes possible:

1. Viewed from the standpoint of impure art, the poem appears comical. There is no aesthetic value in it. In terms of aesthetics, it can be said that it fails to construct beauty, for aesthetics most often deals only with impure art.

2. Viewed from the standpoint of pure art, it appears to express neither a thought nor a feeling that is "A is B." Therefore, it can be said that it belongs to the anti-expressive era.

3. It is not a metaphorical expression in which A is compared to B.

4. It is neither comical nor ironical.

But it is an attempt to construct a mechanism to break down the world of reality and to enter momentarily into the world of pure consciousness. It shows a theory expounding that empirical consciousness is destroyed by means of the conjoining of two objects which stand at the farthest distance from each other on the axis of associational relation.

In a poem in which Baudelaire worships Satan:

1) he does not express thoughts or feelings of actually worshipping Satan;

2) he does not present sarcasm for the sake of sarcasm.

But he worships Satan simply in order to construct a mechanism for transcending reality. When he says that the essential nature of art is the supernatural and irony, we are given an external explication of this mechanism. In actuality, our feelings towards Satan and towards worship
tend to form two opposing objects. Thus, by conjoining these two, it is possible to construct a mechanism to break down the world of actual sensation. But viewed from the standpoint of impure art, pure art may appear not beautiful, sarcastic, or comical. Champfleury says, "Since Baudelaire knew from the beginning that so few souls would understand this perfect comedian, he kept Les Fleurs du mal from publication for fifteen years."\(^3\)

I. Thus, pure art turns an *a posteriori* aesthetical world into an *a priori* world. In this sense, this type of art is purely *a priori*.

J. In the relation between the beauty aroused by pure art and that aroused by impure art, the former becomes the first cause of the latter. Thus, the former is the fundamental beauty (cf. Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*). This type of beauty is difficult to find in material phenomena. It may be something like "an infinite, still unconstructed pleasure" as Poe describes it in *Eureka*.\(^4\) It may be described as an unknown beauty or a minimum beauty. Also it is almost impossible to express this type of beauty through the mechanism of impure art. Moreover, this type of beauty has been rarely dealt with in aesthetics. In modern times, probably Poe's *Eureka* and Claudel's *Art poétique* are among the few aesthetic theories dealing with this fundamental beauty. (A digression: I wonder if Plato's philosophy presents not an epistemology, as is commonly thought, but rather a mechanism to construct this type of beauty. It may well be so.)

K. Like criticisms in other arts, the principles of literary criticism hold the following duties:

1. To distinguish between pure and impure art.

2. To establish a value system as a standard of criticism.
   a. The value of pure consciousness: as a work of art makes the state of our consciousness approach more closely the
extinction of its empiricalness, the work of art increases its value of pure art. It is a value in a negative mode. 

b. The value of impure art: as a work of art moves the state of our consciousness farther away from the extinction of its empiricalness, the work of art increases its value of impure art.

L. The extinction of poetry is merely a figure of speech intimating a method of purifying poetry. Pure poetry is a mechanism that aims to construct fundamental beauty by making the world of actual sensation extinct. The vanishing of the world of actual sensation is, therefore, only its method.

M. The constitutive elements of the mechanism of pure art:
   1. In the aesthetic realm, to conjoin two distant elements of empirical consciousness.
   2. A powerful survival force. An excessive force that seeks beauty is required. Without this force the mechanism of pure art merely ends up having a comical effect.

N. By means of the above methods, empirical consciousness vanishes.

At the moment of its disappearance, what Poe calls "an infinite, imperfect sense of pleasure" appears. This qualification "imperfect" indicates the existence of an empirical consciousness that is unclear and impossible to express. If, however, this sense of pleasure should become perfect, the consciousness becomes no longer pure but empirical. In a word, it is joie. This joie is of course an ordinary sense of pleasure. Thus Baudelaire says somewhere that a sense of pleasure does not belong to beauty. For, of course, Baudelaire's beauty is that of pure art. The definition of art as a sense of pleasure is valid. But the sense of pleasure evoked by pure art is different in nature from that evoked by impure art.
0. This "infinite and imperfect sense of pleasure" may be the sense of beauty one finds in the Buddhist world of nirvana or in the Christian heaven. In this sense, pure art becomes identical with what religion seeks. Although one may admit that pure art and religion have an identical end, he will find that they possess different mechanisms. Religion is nothing but a mechanism, just as art is a mechanism. Then what is the mechanism of religion? It is "faith." But with the development of science this important mechanism of religion has become fundamentally invalid. This opinion forms an important factor in the literary criticism of Professor Richards at Cambridge. Only art is still possible. Of course, from Ruskin's standpoint, art becomes impossible with the progress of science. It may seem that art is also following the demise of religion. But pure art holds absolutely no relation to science; thus, it is not to be persecuted by science.

P. To sum up, pure art is a mechanism that abolishes the world of empirical consciousness, or, the world of "moi." The extinction of the world of "moi" in ordinary terms can be translated as the extinction of the self, that is, the infinite expansion of the self. It is the self merging with the universe, thus forming an infinite mode of itself (cf. Claudel's cosmology as poetics in Art poétique). The psychological impression of this extinction may be a faint sensation of an obscurely infinite pleasure as one momentarily loses his empirical consciousness, or, his own sense of existence. We may experience this type of state of mind when we look at some excellent Buddhist paintings and statues. In my opinion, they definitely belong to pure art.

Q. Going back to the field of literary and art criticism, we may observe that the recent trend in European art criticism has begun to see
the value of pure art as the true value of art. Looking at works of art themselves, more specifically in the field of poetry, we find Baudelaire's poetry as a forerunner of pure art. Of course it is plausible to see at the level of ideas the influence of Poe and Sainte-Beuve on Baudelaire. But, for example, we see that Poe's poetry did not develop into pure art. Also, though Baudelaire's poetics in his "Théophile Gautier" seems almost a copy of Poe's poetics, his thoughts found in "Journaux intimes" form a true manifesto of pure art. Poe's poetics is so similar to that of Coleridge, the leader of the English Romantic movement, that it cannot escape being regarded as a case of plagiarism.

R. Pure art is a mode of art that inevitably develops from impure art. Impure art generates the world of empirical consciousness and deepens it by stimulating it. It is commonly thought that art makes us appreciate our life more profoundly. This merely reflects a view from the standpoint of impure art. It is a logical consequence for impure art to hold that its ultimate goal is to stimulate our empirical consciousness as much as possible. But if our mind receives too much stimulation on its empirical side, we will, in fact, feel melancholic or lonely. In other words, the psychological state of melancholy or loneliness is the state in which our empirical consciousness is stimulated to an extreme degree. It is the case in which the world of empirical consciousness is losing its equilibrium. In order to control this imbalance biologically, we cry, shedding tears. When we see or feel something beautiful, we certainly feel a certain sense of loneliness. Sometimes this even leads us to tears. A work of art that controls this imbalance can be regarded as an instance that shows a biological genesis of pure art. This is what Baudelaire calls "hygiène." As a clinical psychology, it establishes pure art. In the case of
Baudelaire, it is like suppressing a poison with another poison. It is a type of bacillus therapy. Therefore, pure art is effective only on those who possess the world of moi that has become unbalanced due to a highly developed sensitivity. Conversely, impure art is effective for those who seek stimulation because of the dullness of their sensitivity. In short, this is the biological origin of impure art. For these reasons, it must be theoretically recognized that pure art holds a greater sensitivity than impure art does. This is a further explanation of the section M above.

II. The Mechanism of Pure Art

A. In order to explain the mechanism of pure art, I shall first discuss the world of empirical consciousness as a possible aesthetic realm. Let us look at the diagram drawn by Zeising (?) (based on Hartmann's history of German aesthetics).^7

The upper and lower hemispheres represent the two opposing empirical realms. If we use algebraic terms, they can be said to represent the
realms of plus and minus. In terms of dynamics, they represent the positive and the negative energy forces. When these two forces are joined, a certain harmony is created. In terms of algebra, it can be demonstrated as (+) + (-) = 0. Theoretically the mechanism of pure art suggests this synthetic principle. It creates a harmony in the realm of sensibility. In other words, it postulates a state in which the realm of senses has vanished. Baudelaire calls this state "divine numbness," or more sentimentally, "supreme beauty." Baudelaire's aesthetic system postulates the following theoretical factors.

To the positive realm belong such elements as God and Beauty. To the negative realm belong Satan, Evil, Prostitution, and other grotesque elements. By joining two opposing elements, one constructs the first mechanism previously discussed in Chapter One, section M. Evil becomes simply a constituent of this mechanism. By means of the workings of these elements, one constructs "the extinction of empirical consciousness," which is the aim of pure poetry. In other words, it is a construction of an infinite self. "The taste of infinity is all manifested in Evil itself," says Baudelaire. The meaning of this saying is well explained in his poetry. He was interested neither in representing "Evil" nor in enjoying it as an actual sensation. He simply incorporated "Evil" as a constituent into the mechanism so as to create an infinity of the self. Let us call this infinite self "God" for the moment and define it as a metaphor representing the zero degree of the empirical consciousness. God is a world devoid of empirical consciousness. Spinoza explained the notion of God in terms of geometry: "God does not possess passion. Therefore, He is not affected by either pleasant or unpleasant emotions." Baudelaire names this nature of God "insensibilité." He also says somewhere that poetry is
an emotion that does not hold passion as its aim. This is a clear indication that his poetry belongs to pure art.

B. We have seen that the mechanism of pure art involves the joining of two distant elements. In geometrical terms this mechanism can be indicated by the summit of a triangle.

In aesthetics generally, this form is used to demonstrate a constructive principle of beauty. It is, however, necessary to distinguish here this triangle from that which is employed in aesthetics to illustrate forms and rhythms of material phenomena. In short, this triangle does not represent a unifying principle of manifoldness. In general, aestheticians apply this form only to the world of empirical consciousness. This diagram here, however, is simply intended as a metaphysical symbol.

1. This notion (diagram) of pure art concurs with Pythagoras's aesthetic theorem.

2. After Pythagoras, Alexandrian philosophers showed their belief in the notion.

3. Then, Scholasticism inherited the notion.

4. Francis Bacon, after praising Seneca's words, "Bona rerum secundarum optabilia; adversarum mirabilia," wrote: "We see in needle works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground. . . . Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are
incensed or crushed. . . ."^{10}

5. Coleridge says that imagination reconciles opposing and discordant qualities.^{11}

6. The poetic mechanism found in seventeenth-century English metaphysical poetry employs such imagination.

7. Shakespeare's poetic genius is also based on the same mechanism of imagination (cf. The Background of English Literature by H. J. C. Grierson).

8. Paul Claudel in his *Art poétique*, says that in a pine forest he thought of a new theory of cosmic construction, which is the very operation of two opposing elements conjoined and existing simultaneously. So he shouted out that the shining sun was the apex of a triangle. He writes, "Vraiment le bleu connaît la couleur d'orange, . . vraiment et réellement l'angle d'un triangle connaît les deux autres au même sens qu'Issac a connu Rébecca."^{12} This illustrates the mechanism of pure art by using two opposing primary colours. After all, Claudel wrote his cosmology as a treatise on pure art.

As the above examples show, the notion of pure art has come down to us from the ancient past. From this point of view, therefore, one must claim that today's dadaism is firmly founded upon a classical aesthetic theory.

C. The construction of the mechanism of pure art: the joining of the negative and positive worlds.

1. The joining of two discordant qualities—Coleridge.

2. Coleridge specifies imagination as the joining of the two most associationally distant elements. Poe, in his "Marginalia" writes, "The pure imagination chooses, from either Beauty or Deformity, only the most combinable things hitherto
uncombined." But Poe's theory is still vulnerable. He had to say "combinable," for he was still dealing with the art of an expressive era, an art that attempts to express a certain object. A Greek teacher of rhetoric in his treatise on metaphor posited a similar theory to Poe's.

3. The construction of the mechanism of pure art involves the breaking down of the world of experience. In other words, it involves the act of astonishing just as it is manifested as an important aspect of Baudelairean art. Of course this act of astonishing is not carried out for the sake of simply astonishing; it is produced merely as a result of the mechanism of pure art. Why does the breaking down of the world of experience construct the mechanism of pure art? Because experience belongs to the world of empirical consciousness.

4. The construction of the mechanism of pure art involves the breaking down of the world of common associations. This breakdown is accomplished by the method of joining two distant qualities.

5. Bacon named the effect of this mechanism "unexpected."

6. The unexpected, in turn, produces mystification. In fact, mystification is an impression of the unexpected.

7. In Baudelaire's poetry, both his Satanism and irony contribute to the construction of the mechanism of pure art.

8. Contrary to Poe's theory, the construction of the mechanism of pure art involves the juxtaposition of "uncombinable" things, without any regard to their interrelations. In "The Philosophy of Composition," Poe writes: "Beauty of whatever
kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones. Thus he concludes: "When it most closely allies itself to Beauty: the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world." Among still "combinable" qualities, Beauty and Melancholy may be considered comparatively "distant" ones. But seen as elements of the mechanism of pure art, they are still imperfect. Today, such subjects as beauty and melancholy seem cheap and banal to us. Poe's aesthetics still belongs to impure art; it merely explains a mechanism of stimulating the world of empirical consciousness. We have already discussed how melancholy is produced by giving aesthetic stimulation to the world of empirical consciousness. In short, Poe's poetic world is that of actual sensation. With Baudelaire, therefore, the modality of art for the first time shifted from the old mode of art that Poe still clung to. In Baudelaire's aesthetics, art no longer aims to present the world of actual sensation. Separated from actuality, he presents a mechanism that joins utterly "uncombinable" elements. This mechanism of pure art can be compared to parallel lines that intersect at an infinite point. In elementary geometry, when two straight lines do not intersect on a plane [for they keep the same distance from each other], they are said to be parallel. But when we introduce the notion of infinity to our consideration, it may become possible to think of parallel lines intersecting at an infinite point. Thus, pure art holds infinity as its
object. Poe's poetry is still finite. (Although he cries out the word "infinite" often, when we look at his poems, it becomes clear that his poetry still stands in the world of empirical consciousness.) In contrast with Poe's, Baudelaire's aesthetics belongs to higher mathematics. Poe's is that of junior high school. Pure art is to impure art as higher mathematics is to elementary mathematics. In sum, one must recognize pure art as a higher mode of art. Next, one must note that it is possible to suggest parallel lines that intersect in infinity by using the parallel lines of elementary geometry. The juxtaposition of two elements that never meet presents the mode of art that has developed from Baudelaire to dadaism.

D. Pure art is supernaturalism. This, however, does not mean that supernaturalism opposes scientific natural phenomena or human nature. It simply means that pure art as an artistic mechanism transcends empirical consciousness. By means of this transcendence pure art fulfills its aim. In the final analysis, what is meant by supernaturalism is the construction of a mechanism that breaks down the world of experience or of actual sensation. In terms of the ethical concepts that Baudelaire so habitually uses, the natural becomes "vulgar." Thus, passion, which belongs to the natural world--the world of actual sensation--becomes vulgar. A concept that opposes the natural is what Baudelaire calls "artificial." It follows that the artificial is noble and aristocratic. Baudelaire calls the artificial "Dandy," and the natural "woman." Woman is vulgar and Dandy aristocratic. We must, however, note here that Baudelaire praises Dandy not because he actually feels that Dandy is praise-worthy but merely in
order to explicate the mechanism of pure art. After all, any poem that expresses actual and natural feelings is vulgar (cf. Baudelaire's essay on Heine). It is as an inevitable development from Baudelaire that surrealism has become a prevalent mode of art in recent years. In the final analysis, surrealism and supernaturalism are the same and share a classical tradition of art. Surrealism transcends reality defined as "Empfindung" in terms of empirical "Anschauung." In other words, surrealism reduces the degree of empirical consciousness to zero. Surrealism, therefore, must share the same aesthetic operation and purpose with Baudelaire's aesthetics.

Although, in the first issue of *Surrealisme* edited by Ivan Goll, someone claims that the term "surrealism" was invented by Apollinaire and himself, the spirit of this pure art is a very classical one. The following is an outline of this tradition of pure art:

1. Plato: (cf. *Phaedrus*, *Symposium*, etc.)—his notion of poetry as madness.
2. Horace: with regard to madness refer to his *Ars Poetica*.
3. Bacon: Poetry recites things that are manifold, full of changes, and sudden (that is, unexpected). He also says, "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion."¹⁶
4. Baudelaire: (See his ideas on poetry found in various parts of "Journaux intimes.")
   a. Le mélange du grotesque et du tragique est agréable à l'esprit comme les discordances aux oreilles blasées.¹⁷
   b. Deux qualités littéraires fondamentales: surnaturalisme et ironie.¹⁸
   c. Molière. Mon opinion sur *Tartuffe* est que ce n'est pas une comédie, mais un pamphlet.¹⁹
la gloire du comédien. ...

d. Je ne prétends pas que la Joie ne puisse pas s'associer avec la Beauté, mais je dis que la Joie [en] est un des ornements les plus vulgaires ...

e. Ce qui n'est pas légèrement difforme a l'air insensible; --d'où il suit que l'irrégularité, c'est-à-dire l'inattendu, la surprise, l'étonnement sont une partie essentielle et la caractéristique de la beauté.

5. Mallarmé: Art is a hyperbole.
6. Tzara's dadaist method.
7. Breton's group: surrealism, dream.
8. Aristotle: One should avoid using idiomatic expressions as much as possible and should adopt, as it were, the style of a foreign language (in Rhetoric). (In general, I believe that the ancient Greeks produced an excellent literature. Your writing should never become like a composition. School teachers' writings would never do.)

In simple terms, these proverbial words suggest methods of constructing the mechanism of art, as well as actual sense impressions that one receives from the mechanism. They are not expressing, however, the authors' emotional or ideal truths.

E. Pure art and aesthetics.

Aesthetic theories in general have dealt almost exclusively with empirical consciousness. Thus, it follows that the mechanism of pure art blocks the operation of such an empirical aesthetic notion as empathy as defined by the aesthetician, Lipps.

F. Pure art and the theory of rhythm.
Pure art rejects rhythm. It does so not because rhythm is not beautiful, but rather because it is beautiful. Due to its beauty, thus, it becomes an inappropriate material with which to construct the mechanism of pure art. Poe, being an elementary artist in his poetry, of course valued rhythm. At first glance, Baudelaire's poetry may seem to value rhythm highly. But compared with works of later symbolists, Baudelaire's poetry exhibits a lack of the desire to "sing." His poetic rhythm is, thus, rather prosaic. He had the throat of a medieval monk.

G. Expressionism (impure art) requires a mechanism that asserts the subjective self. Whereas supernaturalism must possess a mechanism that abolishes the self. Supernaturalism does not merely express supernatural phenomena, nor does it express Deus ex machina (cf. The Homer of Aristotle by David Samuel Margoliouth). Next, in order to abolish the self, one must abolish the constructive elements of the self. "Cogito, ergo sum" can become "Percipio, ergo sum." Thus, one must construct a mechanism that does not allow "percipio." Since "Wahrnehmung" belongs to empirical consciousness, in order to avoid "percipere," one must transform empirical consciousness into pure consciousness.

H. The object of expression in pure art is nothing but the very mechanism that generates pure consciousness. Only the mechanism has to be expressed. Pure consciousness itself cannot be directly expressed, for it exists in our psyche. Once it is expressed, it is no longer pure consciousness itself. On the other hand, impure art is able to express empirical consciousness directly. Thus, it is possible to distinguish pure art from impure art by the nature of the object of expression. Although the objects expressed in Baudelaire's poems are elements, or mental phenomena, that belong to empirical consciousness, we must treat them as
constituents of the mechanism of pure art in order to form a valid aesthetic criticism. Someone like Anatole France seems to lack so thoroughly any sense of pure art that his criticism becomes a laughable joke. For example, France says, "Baudelaire is a very bad Christian," or "As a human being, he is despicable." These words exhibit a criticism directed at the exterior of Baudelaire's poetry, or at his life. But Baudelaire's life was almost solely constituted by an activity called poetry. In short, his poetry and life simply formed a certain aesthetic mechanism. His "life" and "poetry" are by no means the true representations of his true self. This becomes clear when he says, "They condemn me for all the sins I merely wrote about." Similarly, in an appendix to "Marginalia," Poe makes fun of some Shakespearian critics. Poe argues that they do not take Hamlet as a mechanism within a play, but take him as an actually existing ethical being separate from the play itself. France's criticism of Baudelaire ends up being a criticism of life similar to the criticism of Hamlet above. A critic named Séché says, "Baudelaire had a fictitious Baudelaire on the surface of the true Baudelaire. He hides behind the former." This fictitious Baudelaire was indeed his art and his mechanism of pure art.

I. Works of pure art.

Works of supernaturalist art do not directly express the "joy of spirit" that is born out of pure consciousness. They merely possess a mechanism that generates pure consciousness. A work is a mechanism—a machine. In literature, if the reader does not know how to operate this machine, he will not be able to appreciate the work. A producer of pure art simply exhibits this machine. The reader operates it as he wills and categorizes it as decadent, comic, or non-sense. This machine is so
delicately built that even its manufacturer is not able to explain how to operate it. After all, only the manufacturer is able to use it. Thus, there is no other way of appreciating pure art than to become its manufacturer. It is impossible to comprehend it fully unless one constructs it. Pure art manufactures this mysterious pipe organ.

III. Rhetoric

A. It is not an animal with lanky legs. A blond man runs, holding the belly of a crucian carp, grazing the side of an angelic sergeant who holds an apple and a saber in a field where pansies bloom. We define a lady who comes out of a lump of cheese with her shoulders bared as allanpoepoepee-poe. A dragoon cavalry soldier, who is cooling off his back inside a sponge, taking an unused smooth pipe out of his tightly sealed palate, with his party shoe smashes his temple where melancholy is precipitated. This becomes like a seven-string harp. Outside a café, a gluteus maximus breathes like a pearl. A pair of narrow glasses, a forest, and two hands guide his vest and comb by inserting a tube into a transparent stratum that has accumulated on a piece of stake. Stuffing a petunia in the ear, pointing at the centre of heavens, I let people take a picture of me as I was coming out to a fruit orchard, after lifting a handle of the backgate of the Vatican, but I found myself in the yard of a bottle collector. Courbet. After stuffing a bottle with bread and cigarettes and pulling it up to the library clock using a pulley, we do not pass under it. But I put my head through a hole I made by breaking the stained glass with my head, and look out. There is no one to blow a steam-whistle. Only a chef is
running, holding an ornamental hairpin. A barber, who was late for the final judgment, is kicked out of the cathedral with the resounding sound of the pipe organ, and jumps onto the twilight. But he left his wool vest behind, so he goes back in there to retrieve it. As I move to the beach on foot, I find it boring to see sailor's pink eyebrows or coal tar reflected on my silk hat. So I give it away to a woman. The sky is still pagodite. The skulls of trees are not as alive as you should try dropping God's colourless boots upon them. Gilded breasts of Aphrodite. Upon a goldenrain tree, I pitch a tent and pretend to be an icteric. Since there isn't a barber nearby, it feels weird to have saffron growing down my temple. As I run into a house, a gentle man is sleeping soundly on a billiard table. He doesn't know that the earth has become a grape seed, or that his friend with golden buttons is waiting for him outside with his sailboat. Dawn is a wanderer. The sun is not the job of raisin bread. Although it is an afternoon of a spring field as beautiful as the label of vermouth, as Anacreon blows his horn, a fat torso of evening descends. And Mephistopheles was actually a champagne cork. Water flows through a marshmallow flower. I lie down wearing a pair of narrow black satin pants and enamel shoes. A bird neck is unloosed. Dolben.

B. Greek rhetoric had an amazing development.
Notes to Esthétique Foraine


I take this occasion to observe, that here and elsewhere Kant uses the terms intuition, and the verb active (Intueri, germanice Anschauen) for which we have unfortunately no correspondent word, exclusively for that which can be represented in space and time. He therefore consistently and rightly denies the possibility of intellectual intuitions. But as I see no adequate reason for this exclusive sense of the term, I have reverted to its wider signification authorized by our elder theologians and metaphysicians, according to whom the term comprehends all truths known to us without a medium.

2. See Baudelaire, "Journaux intimes" in OEuvres 1: 658.

3. Nishiwaki's note lists the source as "Histoire des Fleurs du Mal et des Epaves" par M. J. Crepet. Other publication details are not indicated and have not been located by the translator.

What you call The Universe is but his present expansive existence. He now feels his life through an infinity of imperfect pleasures—the partial and pain-intertangled pleasures of those inconceivably numerous things which you designate as his creatures, but which are really but infinite individual-izations of Himself.


7. Source not indicated in the text.

8. Source not indicated in the text.

9. Source not indicated in the text.


11. See Coleridge, Biographia Literaria 2: 15-17, in which we read:

[The poet] diffuses a tone, and spirit of unity, that blends, and (as it were) fuses, each into each, by that synthetic and magical power, to which we have exclusively appropriated the name of imagination. This power, first put in action by the will and understanding, and retained under their irremissive, though gentle and unnoticed, controul (laxis effertur habenis) reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities: of sameness, with difference; of the general, with the concrete; the idea, with the image; the individual, with the representative; the sense of novelty and freshness, with old and familiar objects; a more than usual state of emotion, with more than usual order; judgement ever awake and steady
self-possession, with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement; and while it blends and harmonizes the natural and the artificial, still subordinates art to nature; the manner to the matter; and our admiration of the poet to our sympathy with the poetry.

15. Poe 14: 201.
22. Baudelaire 1: 656.
23. The translator has not been able to locate Mallarmé's words directly asserting art as a hyperbole. In Albert Thibaudet's book on Mallarmé, however, one finds the following phrase "hyperbole de poésie pure." Cf. Albert Thibaudet, *La Poésie de Stéphane Mallarmé* (Paris: Librairie Gallimard, 1926) 164.
24. Source not indicated in the text.
25. Source not indicated in the text.
26. Source not indicated in the text.
II. Poetry

Ambarvalia

Le Monde Ancien

The Song of Choricos

O Muse, arise.
Of late thou hast been submerged too deeply in Poesy.
The music thou blowest forth reaches not the Abydos.
May the curve of thy throat be the heart of the Abydos.

Greek Lyrics

Weather

On a morning (like an upturn'd gem)
Someone whispers to somebody at the doorway.
This is the day gods are born.

Shepherd in Capri

Even on a spring morning

(continued)
I hear the noise of autumn
In my Sicilian pipe, retracing
The longings of thousands of years.

Rain

The south wind brought a soft goddess,
    moistened the bronze,
    moistened the fountain,
    moistened the wings of swallows and the golden hair,
    moistened the tide,
    moistened the sand,
    moistened the fish.
It quietly moistened the temple, the bath, and the theatre.
This serene procession of the soft goddess
Moistened my tongue.

Violet

Though the cocktail-maker is a poor penny-shaker,
The Greek mix makes a golden noise.
Try a bar called "The Grey Violet."
As the blood of Bacchus and the nymphs' new tears are mixed,
A life, dark and immortal, frothing,
Emits an aroma
With a flounder as large as a wheel.
The Sun

The countryside of Karumojin produces marble. Once I spent a summer there. There are no skylarks and no snakes come out. Only the sun comes up from bushes of blue damson^7 And goes down into bushes of damson. The boy laughed as he seized a dolphin^8 in a brook.

Hand

The spirit's artery snapped, God's film snapped—
When I grope for the darkness of lips,

taking the hand of ghostly ether dreaming

through withered timber,

A honeysuckle reaches out

spreading fragrance on rock,

killing a forest.

A hand reaching for a bird's neck and for the twilight of gems--^9

In this dreaming hand

lies Smyrna's^10 dream.

A rose bush flaring. . .
Eye

July, when white waves pounce upon our heads,
We pass through a lovely town in the south.
A quiet garden lies asleep for travellers.
Roses, sand, and water...
Heart misty in the roses.
Hair engraved in a stone.
Sound engraved in a stone.
The eye engraved in a stone opens to eternity.

Platter

Long ago when yellow violets bloomed,
As dolphins lifted their heads
toward the heavens and toward the sea,
Dionysus sailed, dreaming
On a sharp-pointed ship adorned with flowers,
Washed his face in a decorated platter
And crossed the Mediterranean Sea with a gem merchant.
That youth's name has been forgotten.
Oblivion's glorious morning.
Chestnut Leaves

As pea-flowers blossomed
Our eyes grew narrower.
The night came.
Fish and I, all slept.
In the whispers of chestnut leaves
I hear Maud's voice.
A nightingale is singing.
The day is dawning.
My head becomes the shadow of a rose upon marble.

A Glass Goblet

The luminescence of a white violet--
The light travels around a peninsula
And the world of my ring sinks into the darkness.
Laughter from a wooden cup.
A pointed flower opens between the toes,
And the white hand held out--
Now hidden within a ray of light from a pansy--
Embracing a goddess,
Image shifting into image,
Her cheek in the spring of glorious mirror reflected
On a glass sycamore leaves reflected

(continued)
On her blue shaven eyebrows
P**olyanthus** flowers reflected
On a gem tears reflected.

When the day goes out to the ocean
And the night enters the land,
Thy hair turns invisible.
Thy hand is reflected on every window.

**Bliss, Carman.**  

The woman of bliss strolls
Within thy words.
They are the closed mornings in May.

---

The Head of Callimachus and Voyage Pittoresque

I

To the sea, to the sea, to the land of **Tanagra,**

But exhausted,

Stealthily like a jewelry thief
I landed on an unknown land and took a rest.

My smoke rose
And wafted into a garden where **amaryllis** bloomed.

(continued)
An aborigine's dog shook its ears violently.

This is the land where
The cries of plovers and dogs echo loneliness.
Water splashes over gem stones.
Reminiscence and sand undulate.

Let it be known that this is a terra cotta dream.\(^{16}\)

II

I was following after an eternal light
That ran along the angles of a gem stone, or
Reading Aeschylus in search of gods and heroes,
Forgetting the cycles of time,
Playing neither a flute nor pipes for a long time,
I climbed up the tree of knowledge in a class room filled with a worldly smell.
I went out to a town, went through a town,
Into a forest where Japanese bush warblers used to sing.
My heavy heart and legs wandered afar.
Leaves awoke like amaryllis,
Put their fingers on my shoulder, as if to whisper.
My heart pounded smoothly like a tiger.
O, 'tis autumn, Callimachus!
Being a woman of candle,

(continued)
Thou makest swell the hazelnuts and the cheeks of shepherds
With thy flame and fragrance.
When a golden wind rocks thy stone,
Bless me.

Le Monde Moderne

A Fragrant Stoker

David's duty and his jewels pass through between Adonis and
legumina and rush toward their infinite extinction. Thus,
behind! How the smooth Quercus infectoria\[17\] frolics, leaning
against the magi who generally came from the east.

In a collective sense approximately very purple and
extremely justifiable postponement! Velásquez and game birds\[18\]
and all the other things.

In an effective era when kingfishers gabble, viewing the
Acropolis in the far distance,\[19\] what refreshes the nails and
stretches the infantile legs is not in a single walnut but is
above a single ragman's head.

Continuously bless the water-buffalo that attempts to climb
up a maple tree!

When someone tries to call out to me by hitting the palate,
I try to leave the scene furtively. But again there are some people who throw coins into the mouth. I try to shout, but my voice is merely a visit by Angelico. I kneel down, yet eternity is too noisy.

I saw someone showing his ankles from the gable. I called out and asked his name. As expected, he was a cook from Sicily.

As I descend the embankment, there is someone who blows my neck like a flute. It is my servant. Thou must immediately return home and love thy wife!

There is someone walking under the wisteria trellis. Hey, that's not a passageway.

Or, there is someone holding up his hand behind the curtain, but sleep is rosy and merely something like a vine.

I put on my necklace, violently light my pipe and run to a wheat-festival.

For I solemnly push my chin out of the water. I hide the kariroku.

The man who holds a wild pink within a cylindrical house!

It is not to make a public speech about a lamp-shade, but it is an attempt to write a note with regard to an envoy. It is to pull the legs of an atrophy patient as a gilly flower, who is taking a rest leaning against a window as music.

O, god of procreation! May you create a cliff in front of a somnambulist! The fire of oleander flowers.

Smothered by pink eternity, one is about to fish. When the bishop Benbo whispers like a woman, a gondola glides.

(continued)
Thou, sudden flower of acacia! I drank eau de cologne.

Farewell death!

On a Friday that possesses a virtuous continuity, when I am about to go to a view-point after offering a water-pipe, since there is someone up on the bridge calling me, hurriedly I raise my legs completely upon the ambrosia. All is a chin. Man attempts to be perfect just like a chin. I wrap a forehead that smiles without rest in velvet.

I call the servant as soon as the melted cosmetic gets in the eyes.

From the tower toward a chicken cutlet the brain shudders eternally. Soon again someone knocks on my head with an apricot. There is someone reflected on a vase. That's the heel of Pietro who just came back from dinner. I try to see this with some pity, but my eyes are too amarante.

Come, fire.

A Picture Card Show, Shylockiade

Prologus

Whispers from my eyes reflected upon a hazelnut, are they known as the shadow of the evening sun blowing at a

(continued)
spring in hell?
A woman lies down in the grass, burning.
Will her tears reach the distant land, dripping?
My two eyes are two Apollo.
The grief of Apollo has disappeared into the grass.
Ye, begone. The play has ended.
This morning I kindled some violets and warmed my cold necklace.
The warm crystal is the dream that longs for thee.
Ye, return. The play has begun again.
The northern Saxperes misunderstands mine history.
I am the one who attempts to tell the true mythos.
But, Aristotle and Plato, ye begone.
Dionysus also is no more than a dream in the fields.
Behold my golden tongue that swears by Sphinx and Aristophanes.
Shepherd, thou shalt also fly over the sea. Be the dream of El Greco's saint, together with Sappho and purple seaweeds.
Both the Renaissance and a Celtic milk-maid are merely digitalis and a will-o'-the-wisp. Or, there is the story of Troy, but it is no more than a blind man's light reflected on a sycamore leaf.
My musicians do not know people like David or celestial musicians or Orpheus or Scheherazade or Stravinsky.
My dancer is a Tartary illusionist, and someone like the northerner Mars is merely a drunken beggar.
My theatre-curtain is heavier than St. Peter's cathedral, but
its movement is lighter than the breath of the sleeping Adonis, and its fragrant beauty is superior to the dusk that envelops the city of Cairo.

Ye, who blow out dandelion-fluff that grows at the wharf of Carthage, ye idlers, throw away your roasted chestnuts and applis\textsuperscript{28} and hurry to my theatre.

My memories shiver like anemone in my heart.

My language is not Dorian but Altaic and has a mixture of colloquial and literary styles just like the poisonous monkshood herb.\textsuperscript{29}

Ye, classroom-compositions, take flight. But the fact that ladies, like wildboars, love this poisonous herb is an eternal custom.

Shylock:

Accursed Venice, yet as a storm is gradually calmed, my mind has become quiet now.

Rather, I can send off my breath to Venice with a smile. I can even play a gondola, as if playing a mandolin.

Those who frolic with economics are also far away now. Legenda Aurea\textsuperscript{30} is all a lie. I am the one who murdered Antonio. Taking Jessica with her jewels, I escaped to this city of Carthage that resembles one large gem stone.

(continued)
"Sin is born out of embracing a woman." This saying soaks my heart like April rain. There was a time when I threw away all my treasures like beer-lees into the ocean, sailed up the Nile and cried with Jessica as we leaned against a pyramid. Or I worshipped the Sphinx with the sun. Its eternal riddle turned out to be water.

I intend to throw away a gem named Jessica also into the ocean someday. My "Punch and Judy" play that collects money from the sailors of Carthage is my life’s sustenance, but this also I intend to throw away into the water.

Hélas, hélas, hélas! Now the tragedy of King Oedipus is about to begin. Jessica, blow thy horn.

Jessica (ventriloquy):

(Oedipus) Antigone, child of the blind man. What land is this? What people, what city’s gate have we reached?

(Antigone) Oedipus, my father, I see a beautiful city in the distance. This must be the place to worship the gods. There are blossoms on the laurel trees, on the olive trees, and on the grape vines. Among them, many nightingales are flying and singing. As you have trodden such a long way to reach here, you have aged much. Upon this rugged rock, stretch your legs and take a rest.——
The Ghost of Antonio:

I was listening intently to the whispering sound that came from here, thinking that it was from the Nile; but it was thee, Shylock. Hast thou fled the Venetian laws and survived? Thou, accursed Shylock.

Shylock:

O, methought, around here, 'twas the shadow of an ephemera, the wings of a swallow; but then, 'tis the ghost of Antonio. Thou, the enemy of Jews, dost thou still desire a piece of flesh? I have already dried out thy flesh like sugared dates and tricked a Sicilian shepherd into eating it.

The Ghost of Antonio:

I did not come here to claim my flesh. Hand me thy daughter Jessica. I was the first to have an eye on her, earlier than that youth Lorenzo. My melancholy was not born out of the oriental trade but out of thy daughter.

Shylock:

Thou, Naturalist. I had no idea that thou possessed such a

(continued)
sweet soul. But I still intend to throw all my treasures into the water, rather than offering them to thee.

Hélas, hélas, art thou the one who is followed by an ephemera?

The God Jupiter (as Deus ex machina):

Shylock, thou shalt be an abalone. (Shylock dies.)
Jessica, thou shalt be a breeze and visit my garden. (Jessica dies.)

Paradis Perdu

Genesis

Behind the chemistry classroom
a singular object, a talipot palm is growing
without emitting any resounding noise.
The chalk and the corn-floss vibrate.
As if midnight, every spring is boiling.
Everyone prays that his own soul won't be like that.
He passes across a wooden bridge,
smoking a Golden Bat.

(stanza break)
Still an old pencil is left.

By a single large river teeming with salmon,
we, Fouquet and I, lay down like two snakes.

A lone poplar tree was clamorous like a woman.

A mountain made flaccid by a mulberry forest flowed
into our eyeballs,
as it played on a pipe about the love in our hearts.

We talked about France,
and again returned in the direction of our European lamp.

0, what a beautiful old brush!

Further from the honeysuckle-covered house of Miss Aeschylus,
but near my house, an honest man
sounds his steam in order to pursue a smoke-pipe that is to be repaired.

All my friends have moved beyond the railroad crossing.
There you will find a photograph of Thomas Caldy. 43

There is a very large muslin floor-cushion.
There is a kerosene heater.

And on the desk, there is a perennial blue and
a practically CRUSHED pocket watch.

But I
will purchase the surface rights
on the slope of a little hill

(continued)
which is pulled by various mechanics and kindergartens, 
and I will construct for myself
a dangerous rattan chair.

It is still pitch-black.
Toes bump against my trunk.
The icy chill of the air knocks against the trees.
Turkeys announce the arrival of the sun.
Wearing a woolen shirt, a turkey farmer chops wood.
Extremely frugal.
An old-fashioned aura opens its rosy fingers.
When I open a shabby window,
I see a singular garden as narrow as my hallway.
The soapy water dripping from the chicken-coop
assassinates my imagined cactus flowers.
No springs exist there.
No wrens, no lawyers, no cigars.
Neither are there the reliefs of choir boys by Luca della
Robbia. 
There is nobody in the heavens.

The city of lilies is also far.
I only close my eyes before a mirror.
There is one fresh bicycle.

A singular Isarago man has become a commission salesman of soap.

Soap that is soft and has arteries and speckles and is scented. In order to advertise this, he strikes a gong.

This ding-ding-dong-dong is the afternoon of shepherds living in my birth-place.

Within a piece of sweet bread, my soul forms a Persian carpet, one profile, and one mint leaf.

It is bad to be so BAGGY and bluish because it doesn't have creases like the trousers of the young man in Millet's Angelus.

When the evening comes trees breathe softly, or we see a garance-rose horizon from the balcony, or things like stars cast warm words upon us.

One of my friends is marrying at this moment. He revealed a double-cased gold watch to me. When you pull out a button, within it,

(continued)
ring the bells of the Angelus.
The desire to possess it rises like the sun.

The bells of the abbey ring
ing-kang, ting-kang, toward Rome.
This makes men blow whistles.
The evening sun is in my breakfast.
A scarlet toy-Daruma.\textsuperscript{54}

Upon my own slope I alone
stand perpendicularly.
Beyond many worthless roofs
I see a singular,\textsuperscript{55} yellow house with a strange aura about it
upon a very chic forest gaudily decorated.
Such a forest makes me think of a life far away.
But the soft soil, in order to grow a plant which resembles a
sorrowful thought,
lets the graceful orange-coloured cows transport feces
from beneath the cities to the agricultural regions.
How pitiful it is to grow salad
with man's decomposed melancholy.
However, around here,
a youth, who is fond of love,
is walking alone.
Blow the trombone!

(stanza break)
I bought a pair of extremely colourful suspenders and left the capitol, and in three days I saw myself in a sandy isthmus. All day looking at the lighthouse, I smoked lots of cigarettes in blue legumes. So, moving away from those lovers of arts and culture as far as possible, I furiously struck a match in a city famous for cucumbers and cockscomb flowers.

Again the church announces a quarter of an hour. Giaconda. Strawberry.

Behind a painted hotel building, I breathe and enter into an autumn that is cold as well as extremely pitiful. Fleshless evergreens loiter about within the horizon. Things like spinach are quiet. I feel all has turned into the bedroom slippers.

Feeling some chocolate inside my spinal cord, putting dandelions and violets in my lungs, I read Mme Guyau's school book. Where are the silent double lips? The shooting range is nearby.
Apples and Snakes

My spirit's fur wore a cloak that was really ticklish.
My shadow pours phlegm onto the roadside.
My shadow upon daisies seems truly impoverished.

On a train, a merchant
sleeps soundly as if being at home
until he falls into a soft sleep.
What an irregular begonia flower!

On a shaky balcony in deathly twilight
a singular cook
shudders in awe like a mimosa tree.
What sort of grove my childhood is!

At 12 p.m.
the train turns around along the cemetery.
In the interior there is a greenhouse.
Those mouths that gobble up our sleep are Venus's-flytraps.
They are dreaming of a great syringe
sprinkling perfume.

People love cherry blossoms more than dandelions and
eat tempura sea-eels resplendent like false teeth.
Tooth powder is the halo of an icon.

(continued)
The eyeball crawls up the demolished church spire and follows the sun running across a green field that spreads out beyond the tin-roof. What mortification! Lonely people put on their embroidered shoes and go out to see trees rot like milk. However, their watches dig the strata of time accurately.

Hanging shirts in a citron forest people bathe in hot water and without risking death roast their fatigue. Thou, extremely good natured prawn! God bless thee.

The chorus of goats! Me? I'm the god of wine. Since I've got no goats with eyeballs like raisin bread, please do eat an antelope born in Africa. Send up a flare within my poor lonely brain, and just to please it, give me an alcarazas water jug. O, in a distant college town, thrushes are singing.

Adorning my curly locks with marigolds, I see the festival of Comellon, but (continued)
the glory of my brain is heavy.

Browning's pomegranates and bells. 59

The black hair glittering with so much camellia oil belongs to a woman forty-five years of age.

Her pipe is as thin and as long as a pen-shaft.

Her train is crossing an iron bridge.

The basin is icy and cold.

When she smiles, her gums feel chilly.

These people are all boring.

I shall hang my seven-string zither on an almond tree growing on a slope in paradise.

Fifteen o'clock was rung.

Shall we run?

Rose of Winds 60

Putting a hat on lightly

I walk on a street of the Latin races beneath the leaves, over the leaves.

Within the pupil that grows all confused and scared behold the fuchsia flowers that multiply in violent profusion.

That young Parisian

(continued)
bends his finger strangely
in his striped hat.
There are only a post office and trees.

The ramune bottle is blue. In front of my face
the master of a bookstore on Kléber is grieving quite nicely.

Then putting an alcohol lamp in Central Europe,
I heat up some café au lait
while listening to the beggar's accordion in a pasture.
An orange-coloured roof and blue trees in the distance
spur on my mind.

And yet the sea is dead wine.
Humans climbed up a hill and possessed a great green shadow.
Beside an acacia tree
I want to remain
dead-still.
The sun,
gum trees,
a light railway,
tigers,
money
construct a republic of music.

Without a doubt, I raise my hat

(continued)
You, beautiful octopus,
fish for the shimmerings of a cod fish
in the lethargic afternoon that never flows away.
But occupation-wise, you were a god.
The goddess of coquelicot.
The goddess of wheat.
The manicurist of pears.
But now you imbibe
fat out of the local female students
and dust.
Beyond the playground
in the forest of ships, flowers bloom.
It is all the stockholders' delight.
At the global noon,
merchants start to walk toward a hotel.
In the sun, a man
wearing a bulky vest and an apricot loincloth
eats a cigar marinated in vinegar
and extremely passionately
thinks of the god of Brahman, of the decoration medal, and of the snake,
and laughs.
And then he makes a clarinet out of a coconut
that is as big as his skull
by putting a mouthpiece in it.

(continued)
And when he plays it crouching on the ground, there comes the head of a cobra dancing out from a basket. What a beautiful cactus!
It oscillates like a metronome.
Yet people walk on the shady side.
One of his friends has become the manager of a branch office.
Wearing a really nice hat he is walking on a peninsula very very vigorously.

Under ravenalas trees, they are playing violins, waiting for the rain to fall from love.
People are sticking their smiling chins out of the window of a mosque.
Beneath that, tranquil lake-water reflects distant mountains that look like large rice-bowls.
(Actually these bowls were your backs.
In short, loincloths dry really well.
Acacia flowers are so beautiful that they make me sick,) says a traveller.

In the Suez Canal jellyfish are running beautifully.
The horizon is full of sand.
There is a tent dogs are playing with.
A Moor pursues the evening sun and some change.
And there is a starry night.

(continued)
But things like vocational schools are not here.

Crouching on the banks, the exiled people
keep watch on their burned fingers in a cool silence.
There isn't anybody like a guarantor.
The reckless workers are talking
within the night tightly sealed.

Here is a flexible and taciturn city.
At the storefront a plover and a gem stone can engage in a conversation.
In the yard of the police station, hibiscus are flowering like your blood-congested hearts.
The local people walk barefoot like cats.
The two men who were just now talking anxiously while chewing some unknown leaves and lime are gone somewhere.

When the ships arrive,
they grab gold coins under the sea like fish.
Putting those coins behind the ear or in the mouth, again they are gone somewhere traveling along the railway-track.
Without seeing the destiny, until the path disappears into the bush of bergamot,67 I think of extremely sublime matters.

(stanza break)
Like a camel I want to crawl into the sand
and try some algebra with passion.
And when I turn forty,
I will search out local markets
and eat some dusty grapes.
And just one more time
as I started to run
toward my soul,
I loitered along a sycamore avenue
with a medical doctor whom I met in Cairo,
and together we grieved at our lack of sleep the night before
due to the excruciating noise from the fountain. 68
Leaning against a pyramid
we fall asleep into the most beautiful dawn in the world.
Meanwhile the camel-rider gets excited by the sound of silver.
What a supple and smooth reality!

Roman de la Rose 69

It was ten years ago at noon when I parted with John. 70
In October I was to go to university, and John
went to hell.
The two ran through the foggy London,
got scolded for climbing up on the roof of the British Museum.
Later John's picture appeared in a literary magazine.
Within a pencil he jutted out his cheek bones with a grand air.
When crocuses burst out from rocks in the park,
when trees bear crooked yellow pears,
everyday we talked in bars, in cafés, and among Italians.
John slept in an attic in a dirty town south of the River Thames.
Since there was no electricity, we put candles into five or six beer-bottles like flowers and lighted up our faces a little.
Then we put Donne's poetry and Lewis' pictures into the beer-box.
Around that time I was living in a hotel with a rose-patterned carpet on Brompton in South Kensington.
We called this hotel Roman de la rose.
Sometimes we bought some roasted chestnuts under the moon and went into the Roman de la rose. Together we grieved, turning on the light.
We sometimes visited a blind young man who was writing a novel for a proletarian magazine. He was the brave man who burned his beard and eyes lighting fireworks at a celebration party for the armistice treaty. His wife was really nice and always hospitable to us.
There was a pub under their apartment. After ten o'clock, a flautist would appear and play some popular songs, pyuko, pyuko,
One night we invited him in and had a talk. (He was planning to play his flute but ended up talking.) Sipping beer and munching on some sausage, he complained that he couldn't make much money, for times had changed so much since the war.

May

Adorned with a garland of marigold
my hair curls and waves in gold
in a May breeze.
I see Themistokles's procession of death.
My white surplice is also billowing.
Is it
the bird-singing sea?
the shadow of a fruit?
the explosion of a necklace?

Traveller

Thou, traveller of explosive temper,
thy feces have flowed forth and polluted the sea of Hibernia,
the North Sea, Atlantis, and the Mediterranean.

(continued)
Get thee back to thine own village.
Bless the cliff of thy homeland.
That naked soil is thy dawn.
An akebi-fruit\textsuperscript{73} hangs like thy spirit
all summer long.

The Primitiveness of a Cup\textsuperscript{74}

Along a luminous riverbank
where flowers of Daphne blossom,
a blond boy runs
passing by an angel holding an apple and a sabre.
His fingers firmly grasping
a fish named red-belly\textsuperscript{75}
just above its eyes of milky light,
a golden dream curves.

Barber\textsuperscript{76}

The smoke from the mine looks volcanic.
Above a mountain stream, at the foot of a cliff
where gold-banded lilies bloom,
a barber opened an art-studio.

(continued)
On the bed a labourer's beard and pollen of lilies are mixed and piled up.

Beneath the portrait of an actress posing for a beer commercial, between newspaper and a bamboo-flute, this artist smiles like the god of beriberi.

Ceylon

Natives are all inside the houses. In the hot sun I walked alone. A lizard on a drainage tile. Shining eggplants. Burning violets. The hot sand on a violet-leaf pours onto the back of my hand. Ceylon's ancient past.

Dentist

The beard of Corbière. To chase out snakes by burning rubber.

Water flows into the heavens.

(continued)
This autumn of Penang. 78

I was only a boy
wearing a Lamaite robe
in joy.

The lama peeped into the mouth of my heaven
from the tip of an iris leaf.

A Mam Reading Homer

Silently, dawn and dusk
like two sides of a gold coin
reached his throat everyday
through a tamarind tree.

Around that time, he was lodging
at a dyehouse on the second floor and reading Homer.

Around that time, he had a coral pipe
with a picture of a pansy.

All the Gallics laughed (Your pipe
is like a girl's letter, or a Byzantine romance novel--
ouuu aeee. . .).

Yet its phosphorescent smoke travels around a cockscomb
or the nose and the hips of a goddess.
Notes to Ambarvalia

1. Ambarvalia (Tokyo: Shiinoki sha, 1933). The title is in Latin and not transliterated. Ambarvalia denotes a Roman festivity, a joyful procession round the ploughed fields in honour of Ceres, the goddess of corn. Nishiwaki most likely found the word in Marius the Epicurean by Walter Pater (1834-94), one of his favorite writers. Also, a description of ambarvalia appears in an elegy written by Tibullus, a Roman poet of the Augustan age contemporary with Ovid. Nishiwaki translates the elegy in the "Latin Elegies" section of Ambarvalia, entitling it "Ambarvalia." I have omitted from my translations the entire "Latin Elegies" section, for it consists of Nishiwaki's translations of Latin poetry by Catullus, Tibullus, and other anonymous poets. The last poem in the section, "Aika," is composed of a "literary" translation of Nishiwaki's own poem written in Latin, followed by the original Latin text, and concluded by a "literal" translation of the Latin text. I have also omitted from my translations "Renka" which appears in the "Le Monde Moderne" section. "Renka" is Nishiwaki's translation of "Poemes d'amour" by Yvan Goll. None of Nishiwaki's translations in Ambarvalia are indicated as such in the text. Thus, an ordinary reader would have no way of knowing that they are actually not Nishiwaki's original writings. Similarly, there are no notes provided with the text to explicate the numerous allusions Nishiwaki employs throughout the text. Therefore, these notes assembled here may create a new mode of reading Nishiwaki's poetry. Whether it will be a better reading than the reading without the knowledge of authorial as well as inter-textual origins should remain debatable.

2. 'The Song of Choricos': korikosu (transliterated in katakana) no

3. 'The Abydos': abidosu jin. The people of Abydos. Abydos is an ancient city of Egypt. There is a poem by George Gordon Byron (1788-1824) entitled "The Bride of Abydos" (Niikura 157).

4. 'Like an upturn'd gem': kutsugaesareta hōseki no yōna. A translation of a phrase "like an upturn'd gem" in Endymion, bk. 3, line 777, by John Keats (1795-1821). (Niikura 157)

5. Nishiwaki uses two different words for "someone" and "somebody." The first one, "nanibito, or nanpito" is an archaic, literary word, whereas the second one, "dareka," is a colloquial word.

6. 'Karumojin': karumojiin (in katakana). A fabricated name. (Niikura 158)

7. 'Damson': sumomo (in katakana). A Japanese plum (Prunus salicina). Usually it is written either in hiragana or in kanji, indicating the word's native origin.

8. 'Dolphin': dorufin, English transliterated.

9. 'The twilight of gems': hōseki no tasogare. An echo of Keats's line, "One faint eternal eventide of gems," in Endymion, bk. 2, line 225. (Niikura 158)

10. 'Smyrna': sumiruna (in katakana). A seaport town of Ionia in Asia Minor. In mythology, the daughter of Cinyras, king of Cyprus, who gives birth to Adonis by an incestuous union with Cinyras.

11. 'Maud': written in English, not transliterated. It is taken from the poem Maud (1855) by Alfred Tennyson (1809-92). (Niikura 158)
12. 'Bliss, Carman': *buris, kāmen* (in katakana). Bliss Carman (1861-1929), Canadian poet. (Niikura 159)

13. 'Bliss': *yorokobi*. The correspondence with the above "Bliss" is not so conspicuous as in the translation.

14. 'The Head of Callimachus and Voyage Pittoresque': *karimakosu no atama to Voyage Pittoresque*. Callimachus was an ancient Greek poet (c.305-c.240 B.C.).

15. 'Tanagura': city of ancient Boeotia, Greece.

16. 'Terra cotta dream': *terakota* (in katakana) *no yume*. Tanagra is known for the lively Hellenistic terra cotta figures, women and groups from daily life, found in its graves.

17. 'Quercus infectoria': *mosshokushi*. A type of gall that infects beech trees.

18. 'Velásquez and game birds': allusions to Diego Velázquez (?-1660), major Spanish painter, and to his painting, *Philip IV at Fraga* (1644). (Niikura 161)

19. 'Viewing the Acropolis in the far distance': allusion to "Prière que je fis sur l'Acropole quand je fus arrivé à en comprendre la parfaite beauté" in *Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse* (1883) by Ernest Renan (1823-92). (Niikura 161)

20. 'A visit by Angelico': allusion to *The Annunciation*, fresco by the Italian artist Fra Angelico (c.1400-1455). (Niikura 161)

21. 'Kariroku': an East Indian tree (*Terminalia Chebula retz*) from which myrobalan is produced.

22. 'Gilly flower': *araseitō* (*Matthiola incana*).

23. 'The bishop Benbo': Pietro Benbo (1470-1547), Italian poet. (Niikura 162)
24. 'Amarante': amarante, French transliterated. It denotes amaranth or its violet colour. It appears in a poem, "Bruxelles," by Arthur Rimbaud (1854-1891), and used by Nishiwaki as an epithet to Nishiwaki's Chōgenjitsushugi shiron (Surrealist Poetics): "Plates-bandes d'amarantes jusqu'à / L'agreable palais de Jupiter."

25. 'A Picture Card Show, Shylockiade': kamishibai Shylockiade (written in English, not transliterated). A parody of Shakespeare's The Merchant of Venice. (Niikura 162)


27. 'Digitalis': jikitarisu (in katakana). Bell flower (Digitalis purpurea), kitsune no tebukuro in Japanese.

28. 'Applis': apuri (in katakana), Middle English for "apples." (Niikura 163)

29. 'Monkshood': torikabuto (in katakana) (Aconitum chinense).


31. 'Its eternal riddle': Sphinx's riddle was as follows: "What creature walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening?" Oedipus solved the riddle with this answer: "Man walked on his hands and feet when he was young, at noon in middle life he walked erect, and in the afternoon of life he walked with the aid of a walking stick." Water as a metaphor of man's life repeatedly appears throughout Nishiwaki's later poetry. For example, see the first poem in No Traveller Returns.

32. 'Hélas, hélas, hélas': hēra, hēra, hēra (in katakana). Niikura states that "hēra" was a coinage from the French word "hélas" (163). It
may be also related to the Greek goddess Hera, Queen of the gods and of heaven.

33. 'The tragedy of King Oedipus': a parody of Oedipus Coloneus by Sophocles (496-406 B.C.) is to follow.

34. The beginning scene of Oedipus Coloneus translated into Japanese by Nishiwaki.

35. 'Deus ex machina': written in Latin, not transliterated. Niikura informs us that it denotes a mechanical appearance of a divinity which concludes the play in Greek theatre. (164)

36. 'Thou shalt be a breeze': cf. Iphigenia in Aulis by Euripides (480-406 B.C.), in which Artemis transforms Iphigenia into a breeze and brings her to the country of the Tauri. (Niikura 164)

37. 'Paradis Perdu': shitsurakuen. The title is based on Paradise Lost (1667) by John Milton (1608-1674). Shitsurakuen is actually Nishiwaki's re-writing of his own poem written in French entitled "Paradis Perdu." The original poem was published in the literary periodical Mita bungaku (June, 1925) published by Keio University.

38. 'A singular object': ikko no. Nishiwaki replaces the counter for trees (hon, pon, or bon: counter for long cylindrical objects) with the counter for pieces of solid objects (ko). Thus modified, the tree gains a sense of a singular, solid object, such as a rock.

39. 'Talipot palm': a type of palm tree (Corypha umbraculifera).

40. According to Niikura (164), this is a parody of "The Night Song" in Thus Spoke Zarathustra by Friederich Nietzsche (1844-1900): "Night has come; now all fountains speak more loudly. And my soul too is a fountain." The Portable Nietzsche, trans. Walter Kaufmann (1954; New York: Penguin Books, 1959) 217.

41. 'Golden Bat': a cigarette brand.
42. 'A': ikko no. See note 38.
43. 'Thomas Caldy': play on Thomas Hardy (1840–1928). (Niikura 165)
44. 'Perennial blue': omoto, a type of lily (Rhodea japonica).
45. 'Singular': ikko no. See note 38.
46. 'Luca della Robbia': Italian sculptor (1399–1482). Here Nishiwaki refers to the cantoria, "singing gallery," in Museo dell' Opera del Duomo. It consists of ten figured reliefs. Walter Pater has a chapter on him in The Renaissance.
47. Allusion to Baudelaire's "Mon coeur mis à nu": "Le Dandy doit aspirer à être sublime sans interruption; il doit vivre et dormir devant un miroir." 0Éuvres 1: 678. (Niikura 165)
49. 'Singular': ikko no. See note 38.
50. 'Isarago': a district in Tokyo.
51. 'The afternoon of shepherds': echo of "Après-midi d'un faune" by Stéphane Mallarmé (1842–98).
52. 'Within a piece of sweet bread': Amaki pan no naka. A possible pun on "pan." It can be either Pan, the god, or pan, bread.
53. Echo of "Le Balcon" by Baudelaire: "Et les soirs au balcon, voilés de vapeurs roses." 0Éuvres 1: 36. (Niikura 165)
54. 'Scarlet toy-Daruma': okiagarikoboshi. A toy figure so contrived as to right itself when knocked down.
55. 'Singular': ikko no. The ususal counter for houses is "ken." See note 38.
56. 'Singular': ikko no. See note 38.
57. 'Bread': pan. Again this might refer to the Greek god Pan. See note 52.
58. 'Comellon': komeron in katakana. Niikura states that "komeron" is a play on "Solomon" and this passage is a parody of The Gospel According to Matthew, 6: 29, "yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." (166)

59. Allusion to Bells and Pomegranates by Robert Browning (1812-89). (Niikura 166)

60. 'Rose of Winds': kaze no bara. In the original French, of course, "Rose des Vents."

61. 'Ramune': Japanese soda drink.


63. 'Dead wine': play on the Homeric epithet "winedark sea." (Niikura 166)

64. 'Demeter': the earth-mother goddess of the Greeks. The subject of Ambarvalia rites. Here Nishiwaki refers to its statue in the British Museum. (Niikura 167)

65. 'Coquelicot': kokuriko, French transliterated, meaning "poppy."

66. 'Ravenalas': ravunarasu (in katakana). "Ravenala" is the French for "traveller's palm." But when transliterated into Japanese (with the final plural "s" transliterated as "su"), a possible word-play seems to occur. "Ravu" can be read as a transliteration of "love." "Narasu" means "to bear (fruit)." Thus it can be read as "love-bearing tree," which connects nicely to the next line. This word-play does not occur in Nishiwaki's original version in French. In "Gerontion" by T. S. Eliot, we find the word "the wrath-bearing tree."

67. 'Bergamot': kunenbo (Citrus Bergamia).

68. Allusion to "The Night Song" in Zarathustra. See note 40.

69. 'Roman de la Rose': bara monogatari. The title is based on a medieval French poem Roman de la rose.
70. 'John': John Collier (b.1901), English novelist whom Nishiwaki befriended during Nishiwaki's sojourn in London. (Niikura 167) This poem is partly autobiographical.

71. 'May': go gatsu. This poem is based on Nishiwaki's English poem "Ode to the Vase" in Poems Barbarous.

72. 'Themistokles': Athenian politician and naval strategist (c.524-c.460 B.C.).

73. 'Akebi': akebi (Akebia quinata).

74. 'The Primitiveness of a Cup': koppu no genshisei. Niikura states that this poem is based on a painting "Tobi" (transliterated) by Botticelli. (168) However, there is no such painting entitled "Tobias" or dealing with the subject of "Tobias and the Angel" attributed to Botticelli's authorship, except a free imitation by Botticelli of Tobias and the Angel by Andrea Verrocchio (1435-88). Cf. Wilhelm Bode, Sandro Botticelli, trans. F. Renfield and F. L. Rerdston Brown (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925), 107. Walter Pater in his Renaissance also mentions a painting by Botticelli depicting Raphael walking with "Tobit." See The Renaissance (1893; Chicago: Academy Press, 1977) 37. This poem is based on Nishiwaki's English poem "On a Primitive-Painter" in Poems Barbarous.

75. 'Red-belly': akahara, a kind of dace (Tribolodon hakonensis).

76. 'Barber': rihatsu. This poem is based on Nishiwaki's English poem "The Zinc Mine" in Exclamations.

77. 'Corbière': Tristan Corbière (1845-75), French poet.

78. 'Penang': penan, in katakana. A leading port of Malaysia. Or, Betel nut, the fruit of the areca palm.
No Traveller Returns

Foreword

Woman and the Phantasmal Man

When I analyze myself, I find four worlds within: the world of intellect, of emotion, of senses, and of flesh. These may be approximately divided into two worlds: that of intellect and that of nature.

Next, I find various kinds of people lurking in myself. First, there is the modern man and the primitive man. The former is expressed through modern science, philosophy, and letters. The latter is expressed through the study of primitive cultures, primitive psychology, anthropology, etc.

However, there is still another one lurking in me. Does he belong to the mysteries of life, to the eternal mysteries of the universe? Anyway, there is this person who cannot be resolved or comprehended by common logic or sentiments.

I call this person "the phantasmal man" and think of him as the eternal traveller.

This "phantasmal man" comes and goes at various moments of my life. Perhaps this one is a memory of pre-primitive men miraculously retained. It must be the memory of the people who were closer to the eternal realm.

By eternity I do not mean the conventional concept that rises from our longing for a certain state which is located at the opposite end of what we call nothingness or extinction, but I mean the eternal thought which necessarily acknowledges nothingness or extinction.
It seems that what makes me feel something like an infinite memory in the seeds of grass by the roadside is the workings of this "phantasmal man" lurking within myself.

In the realm of nature within myself, there is male and female. In the realm of nature, humanity's *raison d'être* is the continuation of the species. Since a pistil is female, and also fruit that nurtures the seed is female, Woman should be the centre of nature's human realm. Man is only a stamen, a bee, a wind of love. In this sense, Woman is closer to "the phantasmal man" than the male.

These views are contrary to such notions as "super-man" or "woman-as-organ" theory.

This book of poems collects records of life viewed from the standpoint of such a notion of "the phantasmal man" or of "Woman."
0, Traveller, await.

Before thou wittest thy tongue
in this faint spring-water,
0, think, traveller of life.²

Thou art also merely a water-spirit
that oozed out from the chinks of a rock.

This thinking-water also
does not flow into eternity.
At a certain moment in eternity
it dries up.

Ah! jays are too noisy!

Sometimes out of this water
the phantasmal man comes out
holding up flowers.

'Tis only a dream
to seek life eternal.

Abandoning thy longings
into the stream of life ever-flowing
and finally to wish
to fall off the precipice of eternity
and to disappear,
0, 'tis merely illusion.³

Thus says this phantom water-sprite ⁴
who comes out of the water to towns and villages
when water plants reach for
the shadows of floating clouds.
On the window,
a dim light—
how desolate,
the human world.

Desolate, the world of nature.
Desolate, our sleep.

A hardened garden.

Sorrel vine.
Plum-resin.
Oil of life.
Oil of love.
The pointed tip of a bitter old tree.
On a summer evening,
projecting my soul
onto the lotus-pen,
onto the sky of shimmering stars,
I write a sorrowful letter.
The thought of eternity lingers.

Sticking her head
out of the window of a house
adorned with autumn bellflowers,
a lady frowning
ponders on something.
How desolate,
the one who lives
at the deep end of the alley
where zelkova leaves fall.
That whisper,
that darkness of a honey-nest.
Lamentable,
the realm of women.

It is already December
Along a path that curves around
the foot of Nagoe mountain, upon the edge of a pale protruding rock,
a seafern-grey green
trembles.
A dandelion bud.
A thistle bud.
Buried in sand,
roots of a spearflower barely holding its few berries,
trembling among fallen leaves and moss.
This stillness of mountains...
I pay reverence to the early setting sun.
Late December
I wander into a copse of fallen leaves.
On bare branches already I see leaf-buds
of many shapes and colours.
No one in the capital knows about this.
On a vine entwined around a bare tree,
billions of years' longings ripen;
there, numerous nutlets are growing,
there, a seed more ancient than human life is buried.
In this little nutlet
lurks the maximum beauty possible to human senses,
the ultimate loneliness,
grows misty,
trembling faintly.
Is this trembling poem
the true poetry?
This nutlet must be poetry.
Even the story of the lark singing at a castle isn't poetry.

I just cannot remember
how to write "rose."
How lonely,

(continued)
this window
through which I stick out
my sorrowful head
at pitiful dawn whenever
I try to write "rose" and
have to look it up.

12

At night
when flowers bloom
on floating weeds, 11
I put a boat on the water.
A cloud covers the moon.

13

Around the time
when pear blossoms scatter away,
pushing aside pine branches
I went to visit a monk in a mountain temple.
He was gone to see a woman in the capital.
I drank some sweet-sake that a sexton gave me.
Lonely is my life. 12
Dusk falling
   as if not falling. . .
Spring in my heart.

Faint,
   this road,
   a sound of
   a bush warbler.

The passion of jade.
The world of women fading. . .

An autumn day fading into
a coral bead. . .
18

Clad in white Chinese robes
those pine branches. . .
among them sing bulbuls.
How desolate,
the night.

19

The night of cherry blossoms dawning,
roosters crying,
a departing traveller shedding
tears. . .

20

Around the time
when flowers bloom in bushes,
my heart grows misty.

21

Ancient days.

(continued)
A wild rose attached to a plate.
Lunch in a ruined garden.
Black gloves.
Mallarmé's spring ode. 13
The memory of a white dew-drop
floating on a tip of grass.
An infinite sentiment.

22

Around that time
to view cherry blossoms,
I was in a boat on the upper waters of the Ara River.
I read Maupassant. 14
Loneliness--
a clog floating among reeds
in the evening sun.

23

A three-inch clay pipe in his mouth
a hoarse-voiced lyricist said, 15
"Eventide of gems", 16
and gave a glass ball-cap of ramune-drink
to a woman.
Holding rain drops in a peony.
It will be food for the devils.
An ancient story says women should not eat it.

"Much of the country we passed through, just touched with the beginning of its autumn beauty, was very lovely. Having lunched at Fontainebleau we did not arrive in Paris till noon."
So reads a passage from a novel. If I had read this to a dead friend of mine, he would have been very pleased and might have babbled something.

Is the violet the heart's shadow? Loneliness of soil.
An ancient pledge. . .
Around the time
when the rain falls
upon cockscomb flowers, 19
passing through some old gardens,
through a half-rotten temple gate,
I approached the capital.

Being unable to study,
unable to paint,
in the depths of Kamakura, 20
I spent a lonely summer
walking up a slope to the Buddha Temple.
In that rock tunnel,
I was picking up the head of a stone jizō, 21
or picking weeds.
Near the tunnel,
of all places,
up on such a mountain
I met two men
who had followed eels upstream
from far below.
Pale things.
The apples of Cézanne.\textsuperscript{22}
The belly of a snake.
Eternal time.
A chipped plate
remaining in an abandoned paradise.

A garden
where deutzia flowers\textsuperscript{23} bloom in spring,
where horse chestnuts\textsuperscript{24} fall in autumn.
A garden
where one finds a small waterwheel
by a stream from a pond.
Nobody lives there.
Wagtails live
in an ancient plum tree
that, after all, never blooms.
Its bark caved in
deep with moss,
dampened by
eternal desolation.
Under a bright autumn sky
dogs are playing happily
on the Kōshū Highway
that runs
far into the distance.

A rock caved in.
A mind disconsolate.
Brightness of an autumn day.

On a day when oak trees stand crooked,
when thin clouds drift fast,
how desolate they appear,
those woman's socks,
to the lovers' whispers wandering through a field.
34

Longings tremble
in autumn fields.
To the people in the capital
my longings run.
Spikenard blossoms²⁶ are blooming.
They do not know about these blossoms.

35

The tip of a green acorn
is turning copper-coloured.
My disconsolate mind
lost.

36

Around the time
when the hazel eyes grow moist²⁷
with dew... 
How pitiable,
the day of truth.
A heart love-stricken
on a day when the night seems
never to arrive.
On a slope in a mountain village,
a longing for acorns...

Around the time when
dead leaves of zelkova gathered on window sills,
I left for a journey;
around the time when
the nettle-flower\textsuperscript{28} by the road bloomed,
I came back.
A razor blade had rusted.

Early September
from a rock by the avenue
a green acorn hanging.
Desolate is the window.
Inside there is someone's voice.
How desolate, the sound of human speech,
"Hey, mistah, dis time I hear you goin' a pilgrimage
to Konpira, eh?"
Please take dis wid ya.
No, no, it's nothin' mistah, just a partin' token.
Take it, take it."

"I can no longer write poetry.
Poetry exists where there is no poetry.
Only a shred of reality becomes poetry.
Reality is loneliness.
I feel loneliness, therefore I am.
Loneliness is the root of existence.
Loneliness is the ultimate desire for Beauty.
Beauty is the symbol of eternity."

A flowering Indian lilac
holding out its crooked bark,
as if falling onto a window...
Someone is boring a hole in it,
something is being enacted...
I went for a hike to Koma mountain with a high school teacher. In a blacksmith's garden by the road, a dusty holly. Taking a few berries from the tree we ate them. "I used to eat these a lot when I was a child," said this taciturn teacher. For the first time that day he spoke.

I go up the Tama River from Noborito towards Chōfu. For ten years I have abandoned my studies. I have walked around the Musashi Plain near the capital or the land of Sagami, looking at zelkova trees. I have enjoyed the winter also, fascinated by the crooks of those trees or by the configuration of the branches.
One autumn afternoon in the hallway of an English school in Kodaira, an unbelievably impertinent woman from my hometown asked me, "Professor, could you please write something for Tsuda bungaku?" Later when I met her again, she said to me, "Professor, why did you give me such a boring piece? How mean of you!"
I was quite disappointed. But it couldn't have been helped, because from around that time I was interested in boring things. When autumn comes to the Musashi Plain, thickets make the noise of lovers' ghosts. Oak trees are bending their gnarled branches—how desolate... Coloured in patinated gold those deeply serrated, long leaves emit a soft rustling sound.

Crossing Kodaira village (continued)
a road runs like a self-absorbed runner
white and straight.
On a nice sunny day
wearing western clothes and Japanese clogs,
carrying a black umbrella,
an East Indian walks alone;
sometimes buys a pack of Bats in a lone house by the roadside.

How desolate,
an open window.

Around the time when I was wandering about
in the Musashi Plain...
Every time autumn came,
a yellow, aged sigh--
the noise of withered kunugi leaves under my feet--
taking this as a pledge for tomorrow
I thought of the ancient days.
There were times

(continued)
when I took home a few leaves of nara and kunugi and put them on my desk, just to reminisce about the fields.

Or when I looked at a dry twig closely, I could see a reddish sprout cowering out.

Spring is already lying deep in early winter.

Loneliness of a sprout...

I wonder how Mr. Umanosuke of Mogusaen is doing.

It was still early spring. Nuptials took place in a house at the foot of a mountain.

As I walked up a slope, I saw white magnolias blooming.

The Buddha clouds tattered, the sunlight on the western mountain.
About something

that happened around that time:

along the road which runs

from the edge of Musashi to Chōfu,

a narrow face,

a knotweed,

a foxtail. . .

 Sounds of grasshoppers.

Astonished, my heart is hurried.

I dream of an ancient woman.

Tenderness of an acorn.
I desire a bronze,
a five-inch bronze of Neptune
wet and glistening
with ocean-drips,
stretching its arms wide,
standing with its legs apart.
It is about to throw
something.

An Indian lilac blooming
under the blazing sun.
Its naked trunk.
A heart curving, leaning.
A scarlet hair-comb.
Losing my way
in the darkness of the road ahead,
beneath this traveller's
bamboo
hat...
Loneliness of rocks.

On a night when lady-flowers bloom,
I sit in the light from a paper-lantern at an autumn night inn.
Crickets' echoes rise.
I read a letter.
Loneliness in the fields.

I peek into a thicket full of spider webs.

Green acorns of an oak tree.
Loneliness...
I lose my way in an alley
where honey locusts^{50} bloom.

A phantom of soil,
unable to bear the thought of leaving,
leans against the parapet of a bridge.

A shriek of a kite
echoes in my heart.
Unnoticed,
cherry blossoms bloom
in the mountains.

The smiling face of a sleeping woman.^{51}
The colour of a day-flower.^{52}
Loneliness of the Man'yō people.
One day in September
my mind wandering off... The morning after a typhoon had passed
I tottered out. Autumn had arrived overnight.
In the evening I reached Chitose village. Branches, leaves, and berries had all fallen.
I visited an old garden.
A guest in the tea-house.

My disquieted heart. In the mountains
upon a red-clay cliff
lies a pinecone.

Abundant black hair hanging over his forehead,
this worker of hell waits desolately in the dreaming rain.
The ancient god's spring in a ginger field...
On an uphill path, 
a cry of a pheasant.

From Yose

I walk down the road by the Sagami River, 
I think of the ancient soil on which
someone asked a child
carrying a heavy load on his back
for directions.

Out in the fields
desolate winds--
only the noise of a waterwheel... 

The crying of crickets has ceased.
The haunted tune from hautboys\textsuperscript{58}
seducing evil spirits
traverses the fields and flows away.

In a crooked tree growing out of a rock
there are no longer tsukutsuku-bōshi cicadas.
A woodpecker knocks on it,
imbibing the sweetness out of the ancient trees.

A fan with the light green\textsuperscript{59}
of an evening-face\textsuperscript{60}
hiding a face
whose eyes lie
in the crevice of a damson\textsuperscript{61}
where the waves of an autumn day
ripple.
One morning I was walking down a street in the capital.  
A woman passed by leaving the aroma of bay rum.  
This was in a novel.\(^\text{62}\)  
I forgot who wrote it,  
though it wasn't long ago.

Upon a purple-willow leaf\(^\text{63}\)  
a long-horned beetle walks.  
Loneliness of summer. . .

Long ago a katsura\(^\text{64}\) tree was praised  
in a book a Buddhist priest wrote.\(^\text{65}\)  
For I wanted to see that tree,  
I wandered around the Musashi Plain  
but could not find even one.  
However, beside a school latrine  
this poor tree was standing alone, crooked.  
Loneliness  
of such comedy. . .
On the sandy shore of a river
thousands of unknown grass stalks are growing,
hiding the nests of reed-warblers and larks.
Those hearts' shadows...
Who forgot it here
this precious stone,
this auroral love?

Those were the days!
when we could watch baseball
climbing up a tree---

Traveller, who goes across the Musashi Plain,
do you know the land
where green walnuts grow?67

Towards the end of summer in the Koma station,68
I bought some pears from a peasant woman.
Instead of thanking me, she made me

(continued)
laugh doing some funny things
hoping that would please her customer.
I wonder if there is a scholar
of the local history around here...
Myths remain,
how desolate...

79

When it becomes September
a wild chestnut tree
extends its long lithe branches
from a bush.
How desolate, the chestnut tree.
How lonely, the nuts.
Peeling its white soft skin
I eat this yellow watery nut, uncooked,
tasting this sorrow lurking
within the mountain chestnut.

80

Alone on an autumn day
I stand in the Musashi Plain
under a sumac.
Sorrow of ancient days.
A dusty knotweed.
Smoking a Bat on a wooden bridge.
A lily left in a tea-house.

In an old garden
where tiger lilies bloom
a forgotten
broken watering can
lying...

Around the time
when waters reflect clouds
I walked up a slope to Yōgō Temple.
Autumn counting the curls of Yakushi.
I ate some cakes in a field of pampas grass
On the way home I bought a talisman
for a safe childbirth from a temple

(continued)
and gave it to a graduate student of art history.

By what curse I don't know,

but I caught a cold.

84

I put a silver coin behind my ear,

put a half-finished butt behind my ear,

put on kasuri underpants and then boots,

hold a tin box

when cherry blossoms bloom

in the people's ancient capital.

85

At daybreak

when little bindweeds blossom

in a bush of mugwort,

invited, I hurry to a breakfast of soba-noodles.

A dewy travel through a heartless cosmos.

Our living time

gathered between the Sun and the Moon passes on

again

today.
I walked
curving along that narrow landscape
where red knotweeds tilted
at the bend of a rotten bridge.

Irreality.
A yellow violet blooming
in the hollow of an old tree.
A spring morning.

A Chinese painting of a harlot-goddess
resembling the portrait of an Edo actor.
Hundreds of autumns accumulating
within this silk-bound book. . .
Memories of autumn in Shiba.
On a path in the Musashi Plain
where bamboo blades droop,
I meet
a slant-eyed woman
who may have been drawn by Kunisada,
I dream
of the sentiments of autumn leaves
tonight--
on a mouldering bridge
red knotweeds fading. . .

How desolate,
a woman crouching
at a ferry.

A woman brought a painting by Gauguin
and a Chinese bellflower for me--
an autumn day.
On an autumn day around then,
I was learning Latin
from a Jesuit priest
who had renounced the cloth
in order to marry his lover.
Dante's De Monarchia in my pocket
I walked towards Sangen Tea-house.
Those noodles smelling too much of soy-sauce.
A glass bottle, broken,
patched up with paper.
Cigarettes sold from that bottle.
Cosmos blooming
around a jerry-built rented house.

With three poets
I ate trout from the Futagotama River
on the second floor of a dark inn.
That was the inn
which appears in a novel by Doppo.
It had an entrance on Ōyama highway.
Jōdo Lost is a hell described by a blind man.
Even the light damask of stinking bark is invisible, but only a grape vine, gourds, barley are the ornaments of this garden, trembling.

A Rococo woman—
if she finds any space left she will fill it with more gold.
Tears drop between the roses and the lilies. The mist of a heart is that of a gem.

It was still early spring.
When the mountains appeared light yellow,
pine forests dark and hazy,  
I walked around the hills of Tama\textsuperscript{91}  
with my teacher Mr. Ishikawa.  
In a dale, a waterwheel was revolving.  
"It's beautiful to paint such a landscape  
or describe it in a literary work. But, boy,  
who could actually live in a place like that?"  
said he, opening his lunch of cheese.  
We went down a hill  
and walked through vegetable fields.  
"When I was hiking in the Kiso mountains\textsuperscript{92}  
I found a house that looked perfect  
for a lunch-rest.  
I went up to the house and called.  
Nobody came out.  
So, I just opened the \textit{shōji}-screen,  
climbed into the room  
and took a nap on the \textit{tatami}-mats.  
Later I found out that  
it was a quarantine hospital for the village,"  
said he, laughing.  
A Japanese bush warbler was singing by the road.  
"That warbler's singing is worse  
than the imitation of warbler-singing by the  
errand-boy from my neighbourhood green grocer,  
whistling on his bike."

(continued)
We went home without even seeing the Fudō. It was desolate like the day when quails cry.

There was a time when a wind going around the garden, shaking crooked yellow pears, entering through a small window, extinguished a candle flame.

Moist with dew a black stone, cold-- a summer dawn.

A spring hedge—loneliness.

A town where sky-blue gourds hang. . .
This townsman's craft, this three-inch ivory—carved so shyly
the naked women are all associated with the bath, hanging a basket full of toilet articles for the shimada coiffure. . .
This water fowl. . .
The mandala of this public bath. . .

Grass seeds (continued)
in a puddle that
reflects
the crook
of a dried stem. . .
A loner
leaving. . .

103

In the garden
an empty cicada shell--
this summer night's
shell's
morning,
sadness. . .

104

At the end of August
already pampas grasses comb their silver hair
in the mountains.
Lady-flowers sprouting from rocks
curve in gold.
They are the signposts of my native land.
A traveller hurries homeward.
105

Crickets' songs
fill the plain.
I stand alone on a rock
in the autumn of this short eternity
that hurries towards
a link between lives
where neither stars nor night exist--
the sadness of my heart
listening
in this infinite field. . .

106

Above a grain field
where desolation grows,
a pitiable crucified man
wearing the straw-hat from
Van Gogh's self-portrait, 96
and a blue shirt,
this suspended Ecce Homo--
the colour of life's twilight
pierces him. . .
Here, a man
is attempting to say
something.
Beneath the shop-curtain
patterned with fringed pinks,97
I see
garden stones,
clogs lying upside down... Nobody is there.
Something
is happening.

Around the time
when muku-nuts98 rain down on a slope
I open a Gobelin tapestry,
open a sorrowful window
and watch waterfowls flying
towards the fading distant mountains,
or a ferryman smoking a cigarette.
Then the characters from the novels
I read a long time ago begin to appear
like living spirits:
they get together and again they part,99
avoid evil spirits,100

(continued)
difficult predicament, 101
lemon farm, 102
razor teeth, 103
his monkey wife. 104
So they come one after another.
Real people around there
begin to look like ghosts.

109

An old man
burning acacia wood
in a hearth
forgetting. . . 105

110

Around the end of August
coming ashore
I walked through a town.
Yellow sycamore leaves were on the ground.
A traveling actor was resting in a café
leaning against the back of a chair
without ordering anything.
As I walked down a back street

(continued)
I saw people selling patterned handkerchiefs
that were just becoming fashionable.
A portrait of Chaplin was hanging.
I bought a French novel for the first time in France.
As I walked up a hill
the sea shone in light green.
At the top of the hill
I saw a house with blooming canna flowers.
I entered the house
and found a middle-aged woman
quietly reading a book by Maeterlinck\footnote{106}
called something like
"The Spirit of a Bee-hive."
I suspect that this is incorrect.
There wasn't much time left.
So I returned to the ship, taking a coach.
His face looking like a pink\footnote{107}
standing in a Buddha's cinerary urn,
a young Greek laughed.
He had promised to give me
an old coin
with the head of Venus
imprinted.
The beauty
of a woman lurking
in oak. 108
How bitter, that powder.
How bitter, the passion of crucifixion
redeeming mankind from sin.

A light pink phantom
reflected on a thistle flower
on a mountain--
eternity flowing away,
loneliness in the misty silhouette
of a man,
is irreality. . . 109
On this mountain shadow
too far away,
on this swelling of soil
trembles
a colour.
I become stranded on a muddy street
where red knotweeds\textsuperscript{110} bloom--
the beginning of a new \textit{Divine Comedy}. \textsuperscript{111}

A few oak leaves. \textsuperscript{112}
The ghost of a past lover.
A shaft of light
from a distant past.

He wondered whether he should go to
hot springs in the eastern land
or in the western land.
The man at the Mugiwara Inn
finally decided on Shūzenji. \textsuperscript{113}
This man often visited with me at the inn.
Around the time when the temple bell rang,
when pine leaves shone in gold,
we took a bath together

(continued)
watching a toy waterwheel turning
in a stream from a pond.

116

When I was weary of travel,
resting under a tree
which villagers called yosozome,
I began thinking.
I thought of a monster-dipper.
We certainly had some great myth makers
among our ancestors. 114
When I stood up
the autumn was already almost gone.

117

Watching the rainy heavens I thought.
I like that "man of ocean"
in The Thousand and One Nights.
Somehow, suddenly I stopped my walk
then again began to think.
I crossed a bridge and went to a town.
There, summer had already come.
Somebody said that there were some great novels that were started in children's notebooks written in pencil. I recalled it lying in a field of goldenrods.

The sound of musical instruments flows into the human voice. This moment is the swooning of autumn.

How desolate, the world of colours—
the colour of the leaf-edge, small flowers blooming in a nameless field...
The biology of colour, the evolutionary theory of colour. Colours flow ceaselessly. His feet not to be washed by the same current, the Heraclitus of colours,
the Bergson of colours...

Through Chavannes's landscape, through the cover of an old book, through a pack of Golden Bat, through a woman's lips, through the apples of Cézanne, eternity flows within colours.

In a narrow landscape of a female spirit thinking of something, a windmill turns.

In early December foxtails already withered, golden dreams gone, only the shells of dreams tremble.
Camellias in the mountains never bloom all year.
Those white buds at the tips of branches are leaf-buds.
Rather than flowers, the beauty of leaves heightened in their blackening green.
Someone takes a leaf that emits a hard gleam, rolls it and whistles-- those round cheeks.
This sorrowful noise echoing through the mountain spirit-- this stillness of the winter mountains.

Shadowless mandala's grass seeds' scarlet, transience.
Loneliness of the purple.
Desolate shapes

(continued)
hanging from dried twigs,
spilt into a winter day. . .

125

From over there
a man comes riding on a cow
looking like a Tenjin-sama. 121

126

One day
I was walking along a river bank
where honey locusts bloomed.
A woman was squatting,
fishing in silence.
What a rare sight that was!

127

Through the twilight of lovers
bats fly.
A gem
thrown by someone
hits a harp,
becomes an ancient song.

Amethyst--
a fossil of love?

Carved on a peach tree,
a child's smiling head.
Lonely is the sweet tea
of our sorrowful life.

The philosophy of clothes
is the philosophy of women.
How sorrowful,
a woman's one-piece sash. . .

The roundness of a teacup,
that desolate curve,
karma turning,
reflects an autumn day.

Brocade,
how sorrowful. . .

An old nettle tree crumbling in decay
on this beautiful spring day.
Flowers in a thorn hedge. Who dwells. . .

With wild chrysanthemums
I adorn
an unknown phantom
of stone.

Into goldenrods
recedes
the back of an angler.

The darkness of a wild flower
shadows her heart.
No one knows
(continued)
the longing for her husband
flowering
in this field of mind.

139

In a garden
where peonies bloom,
the water reflects
a lover's lips pouting
with the thought
of waterfowls leaving.

140

Pulling nearer
the sorrowful hand of autumn night,
letting oak leaves make fluttering music,
a fragile heart makes haste.
Goblets are raised high
to dip the starlight—
they are althea flowers blooming in the hedge.
Loneliness of the one

(continued)
who waits for a serene visit,
leaving the hedge gate open. . .

141

The shadow of a heart
reflected
on a wild flower--
of its light purple. . .

142

Dyeing my clothes
in twilight colours,
tomorrow I depart. 127

143

Someone
casts a shadow over my heart,
looking back--
a woman of autumn day,
a dragonfly,

(continued)
alighting on
a bamboo hat.

144

On an autumn day, swooning,
hanging from a corner of a rock,
a luscious spirit dreams.
Fluff of a dandelion:
half disappeared crescent moon—
its dream
glorious.

145

A village madman all naked
gobbles up
lady-flowers and crickets.

146

How lonely, the ancient ritual,
boring a hole through an eggplant

(continued)
to look at the harvest moon.

An autumn day,
in a corner of a garden
imperceptibly
a stone
mouldering.
Hanging a horizontal scroll by Mokkei, setting a wild flower in a vase,
I wait in silence
for the one who does not come.
On a water-mirror
studded with long stemmed reeds,
the heart of woman is reflected.
Man is only the shadow of woman.
Soil dreams of eternity.
We are a vine on a journey
temporarily growing over that soil.
Only the evening sun remains on the stem.
A grass seed is the heart of woman.
The heart's shadow
is the field's shadow.
His golden hair waving in the wind
a boy holds a fish in one hand,
an apple in the other,
and runs among angels over the clouds. I wonder if it was a painting
hung on some restaurant wall...

Summer days--
sadness in blue plums...
Born in the land of knotweed,
I lose my way on a path full of thicket.
I go on tottering
through the grounds of a bell-less temple,
passing by a hedge of blooming morning-glories, through a village where shrikes sing,
taking a rest in a rainy town...
In the country of trailing plants
we drink tea together--
a murmuring
brooklet
woman's

(continued)
Facing the glowing sun directly
I hurried along a road
where tigerbeetles crawl around.
It seemed that I would never reach
the town with a steeple.
Only hedges of tea-leaves and mandin berries continued.
Later
I asked a woman for directions,
who stuck out her head
from a roughly woven wood fence.
I had walked in completely the opposite direction!
"Thou must go straight back."

The barbed tongues of a husband and a wife
quarreling often, unnoticed by others
return to eternal darkness.

(continued)
A thought of ancient soil...
Uttering not a word,
treading on fallen leaves...
A bulbul sings
in the garden
which both have nurtured.

152

Plucking field horsetails
the one who lives in this village--
loneliness.

153

A glorious
sentiment's
curve.

154

Down the hallway,

(continued)
in a dim light,
on a closed shoji-screen,
the shadow of a camellia
set in a vase--
loneliness.

Saying something,
a pitiable but curiously funny
female carpenter's
whisper which is so Amer
somehow pierces my mind.

When wandering among withered trees,
thoughts of moss I touch,
lonely...

Putting bread crumbs in my bosom,

(continued)
tea in a gourd,
I was walking up a hill
with a persimmon cane.
A woman traveller
suddenly looked back
sticking out her slick tongue.
"This is still a theatre of life.
Our lives belong to that hazel.
Oh, c'mon, poetry? painting?
They don't mean nothin',"
so saying
she stuck out her scarlet tongue again.

When we set out on a journey
we take something in our bosom,
not for reading
but as a charm
to ward off evil spirits.
One man, a long time ago,
carried Une Vie to Joshu.
A revolutionary in a certain country
took Paradise Lost with him

(continued)
to work in the fields.

A maid from Shimousa hides in her wicker trunk a picture of Greta Garbo.

When I set out on a journey in order not to fall in love nor to starve, putting a foxtail between the pages of Dante's "Inferno"... There is lots of food in the mountains.

Journey returning to journey, dust to dust...

Once this urn is broken it becomes a piece of eternity. The journey flows away.

If I try to scoop it up with my hands it becomes dreams and bubbles.

Beneath this bamboo hat wet with dreams, an autumn light spills in.
For the one
whose eyes grow misty
at the sight of nuts gathered
in a hollow of the mountain soil,
transience is not
that of antiquity.

The colour of grass.
The crook of a stem.
The crumbling of a rock.
A chipped bowl.
The dozing of soil
lying in the crack of a heart.
How sorrowful,
an autumn day.

On an autumn night,
the shadow of a flower on the bed.
Our conversation never ending.
My heart growing pale,
how lonely. . .
"What remains in my mind
about that genre painting
on an old folding screen is
the fox-like dog,
the eyes of a woman visiting a mountain,
the roofs of temples and shrines
half-visible above cherry blossoms and clouds,
the grass leaves looking like autumn eyelashes. . ."

"There is a woman
who said
she wanted to see a woman's belly button
in the age when people wore Chinese robes.
The sadness of an autumn day. . ."

Somebody is eavesdropping.

"As for the portrait of a poet 139
who left a poem called "Ode to the West Wind". . .
I had long disliked him for his too feminine look.
But later I found out that
that portrait had been painted by a woman.
Oh, I see. Woman was coming out of it.

(continued)
Seeping out of a rock,  
a woman's heart—  
a dandelion."

"Who painted the portrait of a child with a page-boy hair cut,  
holding a camellia?"

"Once a stockbroker but now a farmer,  
this guy bought some radish seeds beneath a bridge,  
holding some change  
he laughed "Hee, hee, hee..." and said  
"People say that women give a shelter to men's seeds.  
But that's a myth.  
Seeds are in women, don't ya see?  
Men? Yes, sir, we men are merely a ray of light  
or somethin' like that, you know.  
Like bees and wind!"

162

An autumn night rain  
forming a puddle  
on a stepping stone—  
a scent of chrysanthemum in the air,
this scent of the distant past...

163

To witness the revelation of a miracle
I went up to the capital,
hiding in the shadow of a shepherd’s wrinkled robe. I dozed off
in a forest of zelkova—
desolate, withered.
I dreamed of a woman of dawn
among the whispers of falling leaves and twigs.
Reflected on the plaster,
the gap of Orion
turning pale in the morning grey—
the condensation of a morning wind?
the joy of breaking out of darkness?
wood-spirits awakening
from the deep embrace of Saturn?
one afternoon?
The fission of a spirit.
A glorious space.
The severance of a sexless holy tree.
However, since you are the flesh of the planet Venus,
you are the goddess of human procreation,
the light that presides over the festival of life.
Even that irreality between a husband and a wife
is readily included.
That instant when a woman turns into a doll.
That instant when a doll becomes a woman.
A spirit at the instant of coming out of a body.
That instant when a rose-crept window opens at dawn.
That curve of a finger.
Her foot about to walk but not yet leaving the ground,
a woman's spirit thinks something.
A water-spirit rises,
its heart stepping into a blooming field,
faintly in a stone,
dawn
passing...
and went up a slope.

I could see a mountain leaning towards the southeast, celadon-green mountains looking small forming a line on the horizon.

On the terrace
I found a dried-out fountain, in its middle, an old rusty Triton crouching alone, like a waterless gourd, like an empty perfume bottle. It was a May morning when spears rusted.

All the windows of the house were closed except one upstairs.

It opened outward from a blooming thorn bush.

I could see the back of a mirror-stand.
Who lives there?
Is this the dwelling of a woman who ties her dreams to the spire of skylarks when a thistle-colour trembles at dawn?
In this ruined house she was combing her hair, awakened so early—after a joyful dream? or not being able to sleep? If I could know her.

(continued)
Perhaps it was a honeymoon bed so long ago...

By the entrance steps I saw
young lovers carved in stone---
moss hanging from their embrace... 

Yellow violets blooming,
this heart-rending spring.

A sorrowful sight, panting on a hill
a woman picks field horsetails.

She does not say a word.

Its birth near
a rose-fruit's,
this beloved life's fruit's,
whispers' whispers
knocking on the leaves---
a thought of eternity.

The heart's roots entwined,
the soil's dark distant eternity
sleeps in silence.

Again seed returns to seed
through flowers,
through fruit.
Man's seed also returns to man's seed
through the flower of a maiden,
through the ovarian orchid fruit.
Sadly this eternal watermill turns.
The water flows,
the wheel turns,
again
the water
flows
away.

The journey of our lives
begins at a certain time in the infinity of the past
and ends at a certain time in the infinity of the future.
Every moment in this world
is also a part of the eternal time.
A seed of grass is also
a part of the eternal space.
The finite existence is a part of the infinite existence.
In this small garden
I see an old plum tree, an Indian lilac,
an oak tree, a camellia, bamboo grass...
The succession of birds's memories?
of bush warblers', of Siberian meadow buntings',
those birds that visit here all through the year?

(continued)
This place used to be Hiroo Field, where pampas grasses pushed forth their whitest tufts.

Next to the watermill
there was a tea-house
where they used to roll bean-paste dumplings.

In this mandala village
young waterfowls rise in the air,
seeking not fruit but flowers.

Yet flowers seek fruit.

Flowers exist only for fruit.

---

A country of young leaves.
A world of scarlet
weakens.

Fading damask coloured
luscious thoughts...

The sorrowful look
of the phantasmal man...

---

Around the time

(continued)
when I came near a village
after coming down a mountain
and crossing a mountain stream,
I saw
at a road bend...
What! Is it spring, now?
A big white rhododendron tree
was in full bloom.
As I picked a branch to see,
I found that it was just frozen snow.
This is a dream of reality, not a dream of a poet.
Even in a dream
seasons occupy my mind.
Loneliness
of the phantasmal man...

Touching the roots of eternity,
passing the field's end
where the heart's quail cry,
where wild roses burst into bloom,
passing a village where a fulling block echoes,
passing a country where a woodman's path crosses,

(continued)
passing a town where whitewashed walls crumble,
visiting a temple by the road,
viewing a mandala tapestry with reverence,
walking over crumbled mountains of dead twigs,
crossing a ferry where reed stalks are reflected in long
shadows,
passing a bush where seeds hang from grass leaves,
the phantasmal man departs.
The eternal traveller never returns.
Notes to No Traveller Returns

1. 'No Traveller Returns': Tabibito kaerazu (Tokyo: Tokyo shuppan, 1947). The English title "No Traveller Returns" had appeared as the title of an essay Nishiwaki published in the periodical Tsuda bungaku (February, 1930). It is originally taken from Shakespeare's Hamlet, act 3, sc. 1, line 80: "The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn/ No traveller returns . . ." Also, Nishiwaki's friend, John Collier, wrote a novella entitled No Traveller Returns, published in 1931.

2. According to Niikura (173), the beginning of this poem is based on a poem by the seventeenth-century English poet, Sir Edward Sherburn:

The Fountain

Stranger, whoe'r thou art, that stoop'st to taste
These sweeter streams, let me arrest thy haste;
Nor of their fall
The Murmurs, (though the Lyre
Less sweet be) stand t'admirē:
But as you shall
See from this Marble tun
The liquid Christall run;
And mark withall,
How fixt the one abides,
How fast the other glides;
Instructed thus the Difference learn to see,
'Twixt Mortall Life, and Immortality.

Also, there may be an echo of "What the Thunder Said" in The Waste Land by T. S. Eliot:

Here is no water but only rock
Rock and no water and the sandy road
The road winding above among the mountains
Which are mountains of rock without water
If there were water we should stop and drink
Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think

The Complete Poems and Plays 47.

3. 'Illusion': utsutsu. A classical, literary word originally meaning "reality." It has, however, gained the opposite meaning of "unreality," albeit mistakenly, through its connected usage with the word "yume" (dream) as "yume utsutsu." Therefore, it presents an unusually antithetical ambiguity to the reader. The reader must decide its meaning by the context or allow the indeterminacy of its meaning.

4. 'Water-sprite': kappa. An amphibious supernatural creature said to inhabit Japan's waters. Thought to be a transformation of a water deity.

5. 'Sorrel vine': yabugarashi (Cayratita japonica).

6. 'Autumn bellflower': rindo (Gentiana scabra).

7. 'Zelkova': keyaki (Zelkova serrata).

8. 'Nagoe mountain': a small mountain in Kamakura city, where Nishiwaki spent a few years during the war.

9. 'Thistle': azami (Cirsium).

10. 'Spearflower': yabukōji (Ardisia japonica).
11. 'Floating weed': ukikusa (*Spirodela polyrhiza*).

12. 'Lonely is my life': samishiki mono wa wagami narikeri. According to Niikura (174), this phrase comes from a famous waka by Fujiwara no Kintsune (1171-1244), no. 96 of *Hyakunin isshu*, compiled by Fujiwara no Sadaie (1162-1241):

Hana sasou. What is falling now
Arashi no niwa no Is not the blossom harvest
Yuki narade The storm turns to snow
Furi yuku mono wa Here in this sheltered garden
Waga mi narikeri. But myself, the most secure.


13. Allusion to "Renouveau" by Mallarmé. (Niikura 174)


15. According to Niikura (174), this refers to Yoshida Kazuho (1898-1973), a Japanese poet.

16. 'Eventide of gems': yūgure no yōna hōseki, a phrase by Keats from *Endymion*, bk. 2, line 225. (Niikura 174)

17. According to Niikura (174), this is a playful allusion to a story "Azuma no kata ni yuku mono kabura o totsugite ko o shōzuru koto dai ni" in *Konjaku monogatari*, vol. 26, no. 2 (compiled in the early twelfth century). The story is as follows. A man is suddenly assailed by an uncontrollable sexual desire on his way to the eastern countries. He finds a large radish

18. Reference to The Razor's Edge (1944) by William Somerset Maugham (1874-1965). (Niikura 175)

19. 'Cockscomb': keitō (Celosia cristata).

20. 'Kamakura': city in southeastern Kanagawa Prefecture, 45 km southwest of Tokyo. Its historical importance dates to the twelfth century, when it became the seat of the Kamakura shogunate. Nishiwaki lived in Kamakura for two years (1943-45) in order to evade the bombings of Tokyo during the war.

21. 'Jizo': one of the most popular Bodhisattvas in Japanese Buddhism. Jizō is usually represented as a monk with a jewel in one hand and a staff in the other. Its images are often placed along roadsides.

22. 'Cézanne': Paul Cézanne (1839-1906), French painter. Here Nishiwaki refers to Cézanne's Still Life with Apples and Oranges.

23. 'Deutzia': u no hana (Deutzia crenata). Since "u" signifies the fourth lunar month, it can be translated as "April flower."

24. 'Horse chestnuts': tochi (Aesculus turbinata).

25. 'Oak': kunugi (Quercus acutissima).

26. 'Spikenard': udo (Aralia cordata).

27. 'Hazel eyes': hashibami no me. According to Niikura (175), the English essayist William Hazlitt (1778-1830) called the eyes of John Keats "hazel eyes." Niikura, however, does not state the source. "The day of
truth" (makoto no hi) in the last line, then, reminds us of Keats's famous line from "Ode on a Grecian Urn": "Beauty is truth, truth beauty. . ." The Selected Poetry of Keats, ed. Paul de Man (New York: A Signet Classic, New American Library, 1966) 253.

28. 'Nettle-flower': irakusa (Urtica thunbergiana).
29. 'Konpira': the guardian deity of seafarers.
30. 'Reality': utsutsu. See note 3.
31. 'Reality': utsutsu.
32. 'Indian lilac': sarusuberi (Lager stroemia indica).
33. 'Holly': umemodoki (Ilex serrata).
34. 'Noborito': a district in Kawasaki city, Kanagawa Prefecture.
35. 'Chōfu': a city in Tokyo.
36. 'The Musashi Plain': it extends from Tokyo to Saitama Prefecture, southwestern Kantō Plain, surrounded by the three rivers, the Tama River, the Irama River, and the Ara River and by Tokyo Bay.
37. 'Sagami': old name of a land, now Kanagawa Prefecture.
38. 'Kodaira': a small town in Tokyo. Nishiwaki taught at Tsuda Eigaku Juku (now Tsuda Women's University) in Kodaira from 1934 to 1942.
39. 'An unbelievably impertinent woman': ito hashitanaki onna. A parody of a line from Ise monogatari (Tales of Ise): "sono sato ni, ito namameitaru onna harakara sumi keri." Ise monogatari in Nihon koten bungaku zenshū 8: 133. (Niikura 175)
40. 'Tsuda bungaku': literary periodical published through Tsuda Eigaku Juku.
41. 'Bats': batto (English transliterated). A brand name of cigarettes, "Golden Bat."
42. 'Kunugi': a type of oak (Quercus acutissima).
43. 'Nara': a type of oak (Quercus serrata).
44. 'Mogusaen': a town and a park in Hino city, Tokyo.

45. 'White magnolia': kobushi (Magnolia kobus).

46. 'Knotweed': inutade (Polygnum Blumei).

47. 'Foxtail': enokorogusa (Setaria viridis).

48. 'Grasshopper': kirigirisu (Gampsocleis buergeri). This poem is based on a famous waka by Fujiwara no Yoshitsune (1169-1206), no. 91 of Hyakunin Isshu:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Kirigirisu</th>
<th>On your sleeping mat</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Naku ya shimo yo no</td>
<td>This night when the crickets' cry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samushiro ni</td>
<td>Is predicting frost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Koromo katashiki</td>
<td>Must you spread only one side</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hitori kamo nen</td>
<td>Of your robe for you alone?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Gait 91. (Niikura 176)

49. 'Lady-flower': ominaeshi (Patrinia scabiosaefolia). "Lady-flower" is a direct translation of kanji adopted for "omaeshi."

50. 'Honey locust': saikachi (Gleditschia japonica).

51. According to Niikura (176), this poem is based on a poem in Man'yōshū (vol. 12, no. 3137), the earliest surviving anthology of Japanese poetry, compiled in the eighth century:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tōku areba</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Katachi wa miezu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tsune no goto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imo ga emai wa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Omokage ni shite.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
"I am away from home, and for some while
Save in my mind, I can not see you smile."


52. 'Day-flower': tsuyukusa (Commelina communis).

53. 'Chitose': a village in Tokyo. "Chitose" means "one thousand years old."

54. 'The ancient god': inishie no Kōjin. Kōjin (violent god) is a category of folk deities. It is said to cast evil spells on people and expose them to danger unless properly revered.

55. 'Ginger': myōga. There is a pun on myōga (Japanese ginger) and myōga (divine protection by Kōjin).

56. 'Yose': town in Kanagawa Prefecture, now called Sagamiko machi.

57. According to Niikura (176), this poem is based on Shakespeare's Macbeth. See act 2, scene 2, line 17: "Lady Macbeth: I heard the owl scream and crickets cry."

58. See the beginning of Macbeth, act 1, scene 7: "Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter Macbeth [who is now determined to assassinate the king, Duncan]."

59. Niikura sees an echo of "Autre éventail" by Mallarmé. (176) The second stanza:

Une fraîcheur de crépuscule
Te vient à chaque battement
Dont le coup prisonnier recule
L'horizon délicatement.
OEuvres 58.

60. 'Evening-face': yūgao (Lagenaria leucantha). "Evening-face" is a direct translation of "yūgao." It is a type of bottle-gourd. It is also a prominent flower (associated with a lady) in The Tales of Genji, the celebrated Japanese classic, written by Murasaki Shikibu in the early eleventh century. See chapter four of The Tales of Genji, trans. Edward G. Seidensticker (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1977).

61. 'Damson': sumomo (in kanji). See note 17.

62. 'Novel': According to Niikura (177), this refers to Eyeless in Gaza (1936) by Aldous Huxley (1894-1963).

63. 'Purple-willow': kawayanagi (Salix gracilistyla).

64. 'Katsura': Cercidiphyllum japonicum.


66. 'Sane-kazura': Kadsura japonica.

67. According to Niikura (177), this poem is based on a poem by Johan Wolfgang Goethe (1749-1832). The poem appears as an epigraph to Book Three of his novel Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre. The following is an English translation by Michael Hamburger:

Do you know the land where the lemon trees flower,
Golden oranges glow in the dark-leaved bower,
Where a gentle wind blows from an azure sky,
Unruffled the myrtle grows and the laurels rise high--
Do you know the land?

There, only there
With you, my beloved, I long to go.

Do you know the house? Pillared, its roof reclines,
The great hall gleams and brightly the white room shines,
And marble statues look down, their gaze is mild:
'What have they done to you, tell me, my poor child!'--
Do you know the house?

There, only there
With you, my protector, I long to go.

Do you know the mountain and its cloudy track?
Slowly in the mist the mute gropes its way back,
In caves the ancient brood of the dragons teems,
Rocks come tumbling down, above them roaring streams--
Do you know the rocks?

There, only there
Our way can lead; O Father, let us go!


68. 'Koma': a town in Saitam Prefecture.
69. 'Sumac': nurude (Rhus javanica).
70. 'Knotweed': itadori (Polygonum cuspidatum).
71. 'Tiger lilies': oniyuri (Lilium lancifolium).
72. 'Yōgo Temple': a temple in Kawasaki city, Kanagawa Prefecture.
73. 'Yakushi': the Buddha of healing.
74. 'Pampas grass': susuki (Miscanthus sinensis).
75. 'Kasuri': a kind of cloth, typically of hemp, ramie, or cotton, with hazed patterns of reserved white against a deep indigo-blue ground, popular for farmers' and merchants' clothing from the mid-eighteenth to the beginning of the twentieth centuries.

76. 'Bindweed': kohirugao (Calystegia hederacea).

77. 'Mugwort': yomogi (Artemisia vulgaris).

78. 'Soba': Japanese buckwheat noodles.

79. 'The Sun and the Moon': nitten getten, Buddhist terms for the deities of the sun and the moon.

80. 'Red knotweeds': akanomanma, same as inutade (note 46). "Akano manma" means "red rice."

81. 'Irreality': utsutsu. See note 3.

82. 'Shiba': a district in Tokyo.

83. 'Kunisada': Utagawa Kunisada (1786-1864), an ukiyo-e woodblock print designer and book illustrator, specializing in figures of women and portraits of kabuki actors.

84. 'Red knotweed': akanomanma.

85. 'Chinese bellflower': kikyō (Platycodon grandiflorum).

86. 'Sangen Tea-house': Sangen jya ya, a district in Tokyo.

87. 'Doppo': Kunikida Doppo (1871-1908). Here, Nishiwaki refers to Doppo's novel Musashino (the Musashi Plain).

88. 'Jodo Lost': play on Paradise Lost by Milton, who became blind. "Jūdo" means "Pure Lands" in Buddhism. They are realms of purity, the residence of Buddhas and bodhisattvas.

89. 'Stinking bark': hekusokazura (Paederia scandens).

90. According to Niikura (178), there is an echo of "Astrophel" by Edmund Spenser (1552?-99):
Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As Sunny beames in fairest somers day;
She fiersly tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away.
And her faire brest the threasury of joy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palléd face impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath,
Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft.


91. 'Hills of Tama': hilly area in southern Tokyo. It used to be a natural forest area, now a residential area.

92. 'Kiso': a district in southwestern Nagano Prefecture, famous for its mountains and forests.

93. 'Fudō': (Skt. Acalanatha) a type of myōō. The God of fire. The third ranking category in Japanese Buddhist iconography.

94. Allusion to a waka by Fujiwara no Toshinari (114-1204):

Yu sare ba As evening comes
Nobe no akikaze autumn wind from the meadows
Mini shimite strikes with a chill--
Uzura nakunari quails cry
Fukakusa no sato in the village of Fukakusa

95. 'Shimada coiffure': shimada, a type of chignon usually for unmarried women.

96. 'Van Gogh': Vincent van Gogh (1853-1859), Dutch painter. Here Nishiwaki refers to Self-portrait (1889).

97. 'Fringed pink': nadeshiko (Dianthus superbus).

98. 'Muku': (Aphananthe aspera), a type of elm.

99. 'They get together and again they part': issho ni nari mata wakareru. A Japanese translation of the title of a novel, Together and Apart (1937), by Margaret Kennedy (b. 1896). I have re-translated the Japanese, for it creates an effect that it is not the title of a novel but a part of the on-going narrative.

100. 'Avoid evil spirits': akurei o sakeyo. Re-translation of The Devil and All (1934) by John Collier.


102. 'Lemon farm': remon batake, a novel by Martin Boyd (b. 1893).

103. 'Razor teeth': kamisori no ha, play on The Razor's Edge by Maugham.

104. 'His monkey wife': saru nyōbo, a novel (1932) by Collier.

105. According to Niikura (179), this poem is based on a passage from a novel by Richard Aldington, All Men Are Enemies (London: Chatto & Windus, 1933) 152:
To his surprise, Scrope was not in his favourite
eighteenth-century room, but in the tapestried Elizabethan hall,
sitting in front of a fire of smouldering elm-logs, a plaid over
his knees and a screen behind his back. Only later did Tony
discover the reason for this change of habits—coal was almost
unobtainable, and the small grates would not burn these long
rough branches which rested on the iron dogs in the huge
fireplace. Yet even as he entered the door, Tony was seduced by
the charm of this ordered, seemingly untroubled life—here, at
least, was something uncrushed by the tanks of war. But that
happy feeling lasted only the time from the door to the
fireplace. It was as soon as he saw his old friend, and tried to
keep from his own face any expression of his startled pity.
Scrope's body seemed to have shrunk inside his tweeds, his face
was sunk and wrinkled, his voice had developed the slight quaver
of age, and as he looked up with the pathetic try-not-to-hurt-me
expression of very old people, Tony saw in his eyes for a second
the strange dull gleam he knew only too well—the eyes of those
about to die. Antony was so much shocked that at first he had
some difficulty in talking coherently, and was glad when lunch
was announced.

106. 'Maeterlinck': Maurice Maeterlinck (1862-1949), Belgian poet,
dramatist, and essayist. Here, Nishiwaki presumably refers to
Maeterlinck's *La Vie des abeilles* (1901).

107. 'Pink': *nadeshiko*. See note 234.

108. 'Oak': *tsurubami*, archaic word for *kunugi*. See note 25.
109. 'Irreality': うつつ。See note 3.

110. 'Red knotweed': あかのままで。

111. This poem is based on the beginning of *Divine Comedy* by Dante Alighieri (1265-1321):

Midway the journey of this life I was 'ware
That I had strayed into a dark forest,
And the right path appeared not anywhere.

Translated by Lawrence Binyon in *The Portable Dante* (New York: The Viking Press, 1947) 3. (Niikura 180)

112. 'Oak': くぬぎ。

113. 'Shūzenji': Izushūzenji, town in eastern Shizuoka Prefecture. Situated on the Kano River, it developed as a hot spring resort in the Edo period (1600-1868).

114. Niikura informs us that there is a story about a monster-dipper from the Muromachi period (1338-1573), but does not specify the source. (180)

115. According to Niikura (180), this refers to D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930).

116. 'Goldenrod': キリンソ(*Sedum kamtschaticum*).

117. Heraclitus (540-475 B.C.), Greek philosopher of Ephesus, who maintained that everything is in a state of flux; change is the only reality; fire is the origin of all things; nothing is born and nothing dies; birth and death are but rearrangements.

118. 'Bergson': Henri-Louis Bergson (1859-1941), French philosopher. Presumably, here, Nishiwaki refers to Bergson's *L'Evolution créatrice*
(1907) in which biology, theories of evolution, and the notion of 'la durée réelle' are discussed.

119. 'Chavannes': Pierre Puvis de Chavannes (1824-1898), French painter.

120. 'Camellia': tsubaki (Camellia japonica).

121. 'Tenjin-sama': literally, "the heavenly god(s)." Usually, it refers to the deified spirit of Sugawara Michizane (845-903), leading court scholar and political figure of the Heian period (794-1185).

122. 'The philosophy of clothes': allusion to Sartor Resartus (1837) by Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881).

123. 'Nettle': enoki (Celtis sinensis).

124. According to Niikura (181), this poem refers to a waka by Masaoka Shiki (1867-1902):

Waga niwa no
kakine ni ouru
bara no me no
tsubomi fukurete
natsu wa kinikeri

In the hedge
Of my garden
A rose bud
Swelling
Summer is here.


125. 'Peonie': shakuyaku (Paeonia albiflora).

126. 'Althea': mukuge (Hibiscus syriacus).

127. Niikura suggests a possible allusion to the ending of "Lycidas"

128. 'Mokkei': (Ch. Muqui or Mu-ch'i), a thirteenth-century Chinese Zen monk-painter.


130. 'Morning-glory': asagao (Pharbitis Nil).

131. 'Mandin': nanten (Nandina domestica).

132. 'Field horsetail': sugina (Equistetum arvense).

133. 'Camellia': sazanka (Camellia Sasanqua).

134. 'Amer': French, transliterated in katakana.

135. According to Niikura (181), this is a parody of a section in La Culture des idées (1901) by Remy de Gourmont (1858-1915):

L'homme malgré sa tendance au mensonge, a un grand respect pour ce qu'il appelle la vérité; c'est que la vérité est son bâton de voyage à travers la vie, c'est que les lieux communs sont le pain de sa besace et le vin de sa gourde.

"La Dissociation des idées" in La Culture des idées (1900; Paris: Mercure de France, 1964) 66.

136. Niikura informs us that this refers to the Japanese novelist Tayama Katai (1872-1930) carrying around Une Vie (Onna no isshö in Japanese translation) by Maupassant as the bible of naturalist novels. (182)

"Jōshu" is the old name of the land now Gunma Prefecture.

137. 'Revolutionary': Oliver Cromwell (1595-1658). (Niikura 182)

138. 'Shimousa': old name for a land that occupied the area now northern Chiba Prefecture and southwestern Ibaragi Prefecture.
139. 'Poet': Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822). (Niikura 182)

140. 'Portrait': Dōjo zō by the Japanese painter, Kishida Ryūsei (1891-1929).

141. According to Niikura (182), the first three lines of this poem are based on "The Prologue" of The Vision Concerning Piers the Plowman presumably written by William Langland (1330?–1400?):

In a summer season, when soft was the sunlight,
I shook on some shreds of shepherd clothing,
And habited like a hermit, but not a holy one,
Went wide in this world, watching for wonders.


142. 'Irreality': utsutsu. See note 3.

143. 'Spears rusted': yari sabi. "Yari sabi" may denote a type of ditty, a short love song.

144. 'Ovarian orchid': ransō. Play on the word ransō written in the kanji for orchid-plant, but the trace of its homophone meaning "ovary" is undeniable.


146. 'Reality': utsutsu. See note 3.

147. See note 94.
Symbols are desolate.
Words are symbols.
When I use words
my brain turns symbol-coloured
and leans toward eternity.
Let me return to the season of no symbols.
I must think
within the frost of broken glass,
must move into a season
wherein one is obliged to seek
a woman's autumnal face
inside a piece of concrete.
Every being leans
toward the world of quivering reflections.
The temple bell resounds in the water.
Along the upside down spire
runs a dace.
A field of clouds
moves quietly
where waterlilies bloom.

(stanza break)
The autumn-grey of a table is mirrored within a summer apple.
Only words' seven lamps of ambiguity
light the human brain.
From the top of a stone wall
a stalk of yucca juts out.
The past juts out
onto the future
passing the present.
"Oh dear, what shall we do?"

A fish keeps its eyes open under a rock.
Still more terrible things are happening.
A woman's surprised words
sound like a reflex—
an utterance from flattered Cleopatra
serving more wine.
A teacup abandoned in a puddle,
a trace of children's play,
a crest imprinted upon the back of a loach,
a madman crossing a bridge,
the nervous flurry of a stone thrown into a bamboo thicket,
the scream of a meteorite struck by a plow,
a louse left on a traveller's hat,
the movement of Pound's Adam's apple,
a man
on the run
chewing
a soil-crusted bitter root
of nipplewort—
these things do not symbolize.
Things that do not symbolize
attract us more.
To be alive
is to listen to something one cannot hear well,
to eat something one cannot eat well.
Only to run toward the ultimate X.
Existence is destiny.
Symbols are tragic.
"Oh dear, what shall we do?"

Stillness
within a penny.

The evening sun
transgressing the boundaries of a cup
recedes into infinity.
The contour of a black cup is left.
The contour of a goddess
wanders round inside a cat's pupil.

To the eye

(continued)
of a man pouring wine
into the twilight,
the goddess's blue
returns.

They are here again:
like vine leaves
the whispers of Jacques Bonhomme,
"Please forgive me, won't you?"
a letter from the blonde of the century.

The portrait of Dorothy Osborn\(^7\)
in the traveller's notebook
is enough to bring a summer to an end.
In the sesame-coloured background
decayed leaves are hiding gems.

The yellow letter from the woman
turns toward
the progress into
the transition into the ultimate end,
into El Greco's
magenta.

The only orbit toward eternity
is marked by the foot prints of a somnambulist
who, walking along a river,

(continued)
dreams a dream
in which he has awakened
from a dream
in a dream.
It's getting a little hot.
Let's go inside.
A breeze passes
the purple of an eggplant
shimmering black on a table.
An open window is mirrored.
Poussin's landscape is mirrored.
And Phocion's funeral is . . . .

It seems
autumn is already here.
Like a woman gathering firewood,
it is collecting bones.¹⁰
let me hang the crown of bindweed¹¹
on the thumb of a man
who hanged himself.
"Oh dear, how terrible!"
The sorrel vine¹² is the link
between man and ape
which Darwin overlooked.
By injecting past memories
into the present,
we make a comedy of the present,
make the past present.
It is the "Fearful Joy."\textsuperscript{13}
This cotton-weed\textsuperscript{14} also
is the instant laugh of God
within our endless reminiscence.
This inkstone also
is left lying
in the infinite wasteland of reminiscence.
Consciousness is the past.
The flow of consciousness is
the murmuring stream of reminiscence.
The flow of time is
the flow of consciousness.
It never progresses nor regresses
but only changes.
The consciousness of existence is
the consciousness of reminiscence.
"The present" is merely an illusion
discovered by grammarians.
It is the location of the "speaker."
Eternity is not time.
Time is merely the consciousness of man.
That which man is unable to conceive is eternity.
"The more cultured you get, the less you are able to
get it up."

(continued)
Voluptuous impotence. That much we approach eternity; that much we recede from dogs.

I want to depart from the time called man.
Thinking does not produce eternity.
The more one thinks the further one recedes from eternity.
Eternity denies every existence.
Not to think of eternity is the only mode in which eternity can be expressed.
There is no other way to merge into eternity. but to destroy the brain.
Eternity is an infinite space. Nature is only renting that space through the power of love.
Nature is not a part of eternity.
"Oh dear, what shall we do?"
Just don't think.
Let us go to Lady Ormond's party.
Lady Chatterley will be there, too.
A white iris also will be a husk

(continued)
beside a grey stone.
The lover's path may seem a short cut,
but you should avoid it.
Sometimes you find
the corpse of a dog there.

I do not want to construct an enigma
with ambiguous objets\textsuperscript{18}
and think what it symbolizes.
To wander around
the world of symbols
is Odysseus's Penelope's
epos's\textsuperscript{19} Homer.
It is time to return somewhere.
On my way back
I want to land on an island
hidden by the grey winedark sea,
watch the rosyfingered dawn
and eat pomegranates.
What I would seek
wouldn't be Mallarmé's objets,
but something more banal.
I would seek loneliness:
conversations I hear in the streets,
a stone on which the shadows of grass are cast,
the weight of a fish,

(continued)
the shape and colour of corn,
the thickness of a column.
I would prefer things that do not symbolize.
Upon the banal existence
infinite loneliness
is reflected.
Loneliness is the last symbol
of eternity.
I want to abandon even this symbol.
Not to think of eternity
is to think of eternity.
Not to think is the symbol
of eternity.
I want to abandon even this symbol.
To want to abandon it
is the ultimate symbol of eternity.
We cannot see this symbol.
It is the cosmic ray
that pierces the brain.
Such
\textit{taranbo}'s}^{20}
blue thorn
shall be
black.
When one tries not to symbolize eternity,
eternity will be symbolized for the first time.
The young man's face I see
past the man wearing a Panama hat and talking there
conjures up eternity.
The less one pursues eternity,
the closer eternity approaches.
I send off a man
leaving for the meadow,
raising a goblet high
for the annihilation of symbols.

When the sun nears the horizon,
I shall go back somewhere,
putting on a blue mantle,²¹
stepping on the long shadow of a gastank.
Tomorrow also
I must discover
a new cliff,
a new puddle.
Man's last desire
is that of éternité.²²
I want to see the blueness of an akebi.²³
How much Priapus²⁴ resembles

(continued)
the sunken blue cup!
Desire does not exist in eternity.
The wish to abandon desire
is another desire.
A potato lying under the starlight
is also the goddess of desire.
A potato striving to become a potato
is again the tragedy of desire. 25
As for glory,
not to wish for glory is glory.
Glory does not attempt to become glory.
To abandon glory is glory.
Truly,
why must man propagate?
The more we pursue eternity,
the more it flees like Amanda. 26
Why is the preservation of the seed necessary?
The more we pursue eternity,
the more the animal in us disappears.
Animal's "only lyricism" 27 is
copulation." 28
Cultured men are
as ambiguous as animals in the jungle.
Even a table 29 manifests
the desire of the carpenter
in its form and colour.

(continued)
Beauty appears
where there is no desire.
The invisible table is
more beautiful than the visible table. To break existence is
the beginning of beauty.
Where there is no beauty
stands a goddess.
An existence that is neither beautiful nor ugly
like the moisture on a lead pipe is
"Oh, how beautiful!"
The brain of a traveller
treading on acorns
is beautiful.
It is the joy of éternité.
The consciousness of the goddess
walking
far from eternity
walking
ever remotely from eternity
is the consciousness of an infinite space.

A brain drawn to the centre of the earth
is the weight of an apple.

(stanza break)
The sound of bells
echoing through the villages:
"Do not forget to turn off the gas-cock before you go to bed,"
so announces the transience of life.
It is the sound of water from a gourd
shared by
tormented mankind.
It is the joyous covenant
wherein we all cry out:

vérité, bonté, beauté. . .\(^{31}\)

The bells toll in the plain.

I wonder
what Toynbee\(^ {32} \) is thinking now.
Is he still on the journey,
wearing that wonderful tweed cap?
He sent me A Study of History.
Yes, all is history.
History repeats.
Eternity has no history.
It alone holds both
plus one and minus one--
an existence that is willing to contain existence.
I talked all day in the train.
Mulberries, wheat, and peaches
reminded me of northern Italy.

(continued)
I thought of the poet of Tang
who lamented the past splendor of a vanquished people
whenever he heard the whispers of corn.

A dog is tottering
after a traveller.
The evening sun
colours his shirt
rosy.
At the end of the town
I bought a pastry
and a dried cuttlefish.
The click of my purse
vanished into the fields
with a wind.\(^{33}\)
Again I stumbled over a stone.
Again half of the dream
was severed.
Oh, Cynara!\(^{34}\)
I recalled something about sesame and lilies.\(^{35}\)
Like Ruskin,
like Hopkins
I must begin to study clouds again,
I must begin to love stones again:\(^{36}\)
that stone jutting out from the tea plantation,
that stone I found under a Japanese pepper tree\(^{37}\) by the Tama

(continued)
River,
that milestone
buried in a bamboo thicket,
and that stone of Venus in the waning light... Ah, again I stumble over a stone.
Ah, again
without knowing
I am using de luxe words
of man...

Already there are no more Chinese milk-vetches, no more rape blossoms.
Again I have come to the riverside.
A bus is running in the distance.
A man is fishing
wearing a cat-coloured cap.
The face of a man watching him
is green
like a sorrel.
From beneath a collar of briar,
Ecce!

H
O
M
O
Notes to Eterunitas

1. 'Eterunitas': transliteration of "aeternitas" (Latin for 'eternity') in hiragana. Usually transliteration is done in katakana. Thus, the title appears to be doubly removed from the original Latin. This poem is taken from Nishiwaki's eighth book of Japanese poetry, Eterunitas (Tokyo: Shōshin sha, 1962).

2. 'Autumnal face': According to Niikura (265), this is an allusion to an elegy "The Autumnall" by John Donne: "No spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,/ As I have seen in one Autumnall face." The Complete Poetry of John Donne, ed. John T. Shawcross (New York: New York University Press, 1968) 113.

3. According to Niikura (265), this alludes to a haiku by Matsuo Bashō (1644-94):

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Tsuki izuko Where is the moon?
kane wa shizumite The bell is sunk
umi no soko To the bottom of the sea.
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Matsuo Bashō shū, in Nihon koten bungaku zenshū 41: 186. Translation mine.

4. 'Seven lamps of ambiguity': play on the title of a book of criticism Seven Types of Ambiguity (1930) by William Empson (b. 1906).


6. 'Nipplewort': tabirako (Trigonotis peduncularis).

7. 'Dorothy Osborn': wife of Sir William Temple (1628-99). (Niikura 266) Dorothy's letters to Temple were published in 1888.

8. 'Poussin': Nicolas Poussin (1594-1665), French painter.

9. 'Phocion's funeral': Funeral of Phocion by Poussin.
10. Allusion to the painting above.

11. 'Bindweed': sankirai (Smilax glabra).

12. 'Sorrel vine': yabugarashi.

13. 'Fearful joy': kyōfu no yorokobi, title of a novel by Joyce Cary (1888-1957). (Niikura 266)

14. 'Cotton-weed': hahakogusa (Gnaphalium multiceps).

15. According to Niikura (266), this alludes to Baudelaire's "Mon coeur mis à nu":

Plus l'homme cultive les arts, moins il bande. Il se fait un divorce de plus sensible entre l'esprit et la brute. La brute seule bande bien, et la fourberie est le lyrisme du peuple.

OEuvres 1: 702.

16. 'Lady Ormond': taken from the title of a poem by John Dryden (1631-1700), "To Her Grace the Dutchess of Ormond." (Niikura 266)

17. 'Lady Chatterley': main character in Lady Chatterley's Lover (1929) by David Herbert Lawrence (1885-1930).

18. 'Objet': obuje, French transliterated.

19. 'Epos': eposu, Greek transliterated, meaning "heroic poem."

20. 'Taranbo': written in katakana. Its meaning unknown.

21. According to Niikura (267), this is a parody of the ending of "Lycidas." See note 127 on No Traveller Returns.

22. 'Eternité': eterunite, French transliterated.

23. 'Akebi': see note 73 on Ambarvalia.

24. 'Priapus': in mythology, the god of procreation.

25. Niikura suggests that this passage is a parody of Die Welt als
Wille und Vorstellung (1819) by Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860) but does not elaborate on the details. (267)

26. 'Amanda': amanda, written in katakana. Niikura suggests that this is Nishiwaki's neologism coined from the Latin "amando." (267)

27. 'Lyricism': ririirisumu, English transliterated.

28. 'Copulation': kopyurashon, French transliterated. This alludes to Baudelaire's passage in "Mon coeur mis à nu." See note 15.

29. 'Table': teburu, English transliterated. This passage alludes to Plato's Republic 10: 596, b.

30. Play on the following lines in Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn":
"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard/ Are sweeter..." Keats 252. (Niikura 267)

31. 'Véritébontébeauté': veritebontebotte, French transliterated, used as onomatopoeia.

32. 'Toynbee': Arnold Joseph Toynbee (1889-1975), historian.

33. Play on the title of Gone with the Wind by Margaret Mitchell (1900-49). (Niikura 268)

34. 'Cynara': taken from a poem, "Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynararum," by Ernest Dowson (1867-1900): "I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind." The Poetical Works of Ernest Dowson, ed. Desmond Flower (1934; London: Casell and Company Ltd., 1967) 52. The title of Mitchell's novel also derives from this line.

35. 'Sesame and lilies': the title of a book by John Ruskin (1819-1900). (Niikura 268)

36. Allusions to Ruskin's Stones of Venice (1851-53) and to the descriptions of clouds in the poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-89), such as in "Pied Beauty." (Niikura 268)

37. 'Japanese pepper': sansho (Xanthoxyum piperitum).
38. Allusion to Baudelaire's "La Beauté": "Je suis belle, ô mortels! comme un rêve de pierre." _Oeuvres_ 1: 21. (Niikura 268)


40. 'Chinese milk-vetch': _rengesō_ (Astragalus sinicus).

41. 'Rape blossoms': _nanohana_ (Brassica campestris).

42. 'Sorrel': _sukanpo_ (Rumex Acetosa).

43. 'Briar': _noibara_ (Rosa multiflora).
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