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In 1970 Paul Celan published a single line in the Paris journal *L'Éphémère*: "La poésie ne s'impose plus, elle s'expose". Poetry no longer imposes itself, it exposes itself. Exposure resonates throughout Celan's work: the isolated self, scanned by the moribund forces of history, exposes its wounds to the world in eloquent, gnarled, and deeply troubled words. Celan is the central European poet of his moment, for his work most searchingly registers the friction of that black hole at the 20th century's center – the Holocaust. 2020 marked the 100th anniversary of Celan's birth, to a German-speaking Jewish family in Bukovina (then part of Romania, now Ukraine). It also marked the 50th anniversary of his suicide in the Seine in Paris, where he taught at the *Atelier normale supérieure*. His talent from land, paradoxically, was not in place but rather the German language – the language of the Nazis who had kept him in a forced labor camp for two and a half years, who had murdered his parents (Erna, 1967-1907; S. Atemwende (Breathturn) in Celan's later work is so deeply rooted in German – its capacity for endless agglutination, obscure technical and scientific vocabularies, archaic usages, etymological puns – that it seems to defy translation. Michael Hamburger, who produced fine English versions of Celan's earlier verse, confessed that he found many of the late poems to be untranslatable, not merely because of their polysemy and wordplay but also an æœuncertainty as to what the poems are about that would have made translation little more than guesswork. He felt that he needed a certain mastery, a clear understanding of the poem at hand, before rendering it into English. No amount of etymological knowledge or background research, however, will make late Celan lucid or possible to master: the poems' darkness, their obscurity of utterance is part of their very nature. As literary critic George Steiner observed in his essay *On Difficulty*, "these poems confront us with æœfundamental questions about the nature of human speech, about the status of significance, about the necessity and purpose of the construct which we have, with more or less rough and ready consensus, come to perceive as a poem." It is by a species of Keatsian æœnegative capability" – which he defines as æœwhen a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason" – that the Luxembourg-American poet Pierre Joris, at home in avant-garde idioms where clarity and direct æœmeaning" are less central than in Hamburger's English tradition, was able to translate the whole of Celan's later poetry oeuvre. Joris's translations, gathered in 2014 as *Breathturn Into Timestead: The Collected Later Poetry* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), are English versions that aim to reproduce all of the rebarbative strangeness of the German originals. What's key to translating Celan, Joris recognizes, is not a mastery of the poem's meaning, but a reproduction of the experience the poem affords its reader – an emotional and sensory experience that includes an element of purely intellectual bafflement – shared human contact, of mutuality – but not primarily, or even exclusively, of mutual understanding. *Threshold Speech* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), a translation in 1945 and collected in the 1952 volume *Poppy and Memc* a grave in the air: Black milk of dawn we drink you at night / snakes He calls out play death more sweetly death is a ma lie at ease. Deathfugue became a very famous straightforward, even didactic idiom which he had outgrown laconic mode of his later works: WHERE the word, that was me. Celan's early voice is no less troubled than his late poetry, but they also chime surprisingly often with Rilke's lips, almonds with the early Yeats's reiterated courtesy *Contra Mundum Press*) Joris as translator is not intermittently evokes the patterns of meter and rhyme to w/ swept away, however, by the richness of the presentation, greatest advantage of the volume, for a reader of English, single translator. Celan's *Collected Prose*, translated by Rosmarie Waldrop in 1980, barely breaks or sparsely printed pages. Almost every one of those pages is valuable, however, especially the two speeches he gave when receiving prizes – one in 1958, from the Free Hanseatic City of Bremen, the other (æœThe Meridian" in 1968, on receiving the BÄ¼chner Prize. *The Meridian* is an indispensable text in 20th-century poetics. In 2011 Stanford University Press published Joris's translation as *The Meridian: Final Version* "Drafts" Materials, a sprawling collection of several-hundred pages of notes and drafts that were boiled down into this 18-page lecture. If one is hoping for such riches in *Microliths*, some 200 pages of posthumously assembled prose, one will be both disappointed and rewarded. There are draft passages for narrative works (none of them get very far); some almost Beckettian dialogues from unfinished plays; and a fair collection of aphoristic passages, in which one gets flashes of a humorous Celan, as in this squib (æœThe Hegelbahn" aimed at Theodor Adorno: A writer and trapper, with a head like a Reich- and university-apple sunned to baldness under Californian knowledge-trees, took himself æœ the Far-West Prussian does indeed exist æœ for no one less than Hegel. A more pointed jab, echoing Adorno's well-known statement æœTo write poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric," is Celan's æœWhoever mystifies after Auschwitz, shrouds all human misery. Richer is a substantial collection of æœpoetological" jottings, among which one stumbles on suggestive, illuminating fragments: True poetry is anti-biographical. The poet's homeland is his poem and changes from one poem to the next. Poems are porous constructs: here life flows and seeps in and out, incalculably strong-headed, recognizable, and in the most foreign shape. Poems probably do not change the world, but they change the being-in-the-world. Most tantalizing are some 20 pages of notes for an undelivered lecture æœOn the Darkness of the Poem," which would have dealt directly with the issue of æœobscurity" in contemporary poetry and, by implication, in Celan's own work: There exists, on the near and on the far side of all esotericism, hermeticism, and such like, a darkness of the poem. Even the most exoteric, the most open poem æœ has its darkness, has its qua poem, comes, because it is a poem, into the world dark. A congenital, constitutive darkness, then, that belongs to the poem today. The notes here on the æœGoll Affair" are painful reading. Celan had known the Alsatian poet Yvan Goll for a few months before his death in 1950. Three years later, after Poppy and Memory brought Celan significant recognition, Goll's widow accused Celan of plagiarizing her husband's work. These baseless accusations were widely circulated in literary and academic circles, and caused Celan æœ whose work was based not in literature but in personal trauma æœ immeasurable pain. The paranoia they exacerbated is evident throughout the letters and personal statements he wrote on the æœGoll Affair"; they clearly contributed to the growing psychic unrest that led to Celan's intermittent institutionalization and his two suicide attempts æœ the latter unsuccessful. Celan was fond of Osip Mandelstam's notion of the poem as a message in a bottle, sent out in the faint hope of reaching some sympathetic reader. In the half-century since his death, his poems have found innumerable readers æœ even across the barbed-wire boundaries of language, thanks to such heroic translators as Pierre Joris. The obscurity of his "messages is æœcongenital, constitutive": the disquiet they provoke is a vibration of the damaged, traumatized soul of the century from which they arise. *Memory Rose Into Threshold Speech: The Collected Later Poetry, A Bilingual Edition* by Paul Celan, translated by Pierre Joris and with commentary by Pierre Joris and Barbara Wiedemann, is published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux (2020). *Microliths They Are Little Stones: Posthumous Prose* by Paul Celan, translated and with a preface by Pierre Joris, is published by Contra Mundum Press (2020). Both are available online and in bookstores. Herbert Gentry was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1929 and died in Stockholm, Sweden, in 2003, at the age of 84. In 2001, he moved permanently to Sweden because America lacked an adequate health care program. Otherwise, he would have likely returned to New York City. During his lifetime, Gentry lived in Harlem and Chelsea, Manhattan (in the latter he rented an apartment in the Chelsea Hotel); Paris, France; Copenhagen, Denmark; and various cities in Sweden. He had a New York exhibition at the Andre Zarre Gallery in 1974, but he never exhibited regularly in the city. Gentry's biography offers reasons why he does not fit into the common narratives of postwar American artists and should not be seen as working from traditions of either Abstract Expressionism or figurative expressionism, as exemplified by Lester Johnson, for instance. For all the different influences he absorbed, he is a remarkably independent artist. Gentry said in those days because I recently saw the exhibition Herbert Gentry: Paris and Beyond 1949-1978 at Ryan Lee (November 14, 2020 æœ January 23, 2021) and discovered an artist completely unknown to me. I spent a lot of this expansive time span, I did wish there were more works from his first years in Paris, as this is when he began to define his identity Herbert Gentry, Chez Horay (1949), oil on masonite, 18 x 15 inches. Although the press release cites his friend Romare Bearden's characterization of Gentry as æœintroducing the American concept of gesture, free invention, and the vivid dissonances of color to the European sensibilities," and it connects him with Abstract Expressionism, I thought this made the waters particularly as if never states w

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