

Seated Woman

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Guillaume Apollinaire

Seated Woman

A Chronicle of France and America

*translated with a memoir
and other material by*

Timothy Mathews

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SAMPLER

Chapter One

Originally from Maisons-Lafitte, Elvira Swig has a decided taste for horses, for horse-riding as well, and she makes remarkable paintings of them.

Even though she can't go riding now she often thinks of it, and when life is full of trouble she imagines herself at the gallop, and finds comfort in that.

She has seen some wondrous horses in the famous stables of her native town, but the ones she remembers with the greatest pleasure are the three horses harnessed to the troika of her lover, the Grand Duke André Petrovitch.

As white as snow, they were the most beautiful horses in the whole of Russia. They were valued at a million each. Their tails floated above the ground, they went like the wind, and the coachman holding the reins was as fat as you like.

From her earliest childhood Elvira had an unchained mind and a remarkable memory. She had never been a believer, but had always been superstitious. Her dreams forever turned to love, and as a girl she dreamed of pins, pikes and barriers, which is significant according to the findings of certain experts.

Her first lover was a doctor, a married man who was both very kind and very debauched. He took her when she was fifteen. He was thirty-six. She was unwell and he had come to minister to her needs. He was a thin man, of the kind who know all the refinements of love and corrupt the minds of women, but women would never fall in love with him. Their liaison began with a scandal, the cat came out of the bag when Elvira's mother discovered the secret. The suborner was prosecuted, and only got away with it because Elvira swore in her statement that she wasn't a virgin at the time. He was acquitted and remained enthusiastically grateful.

So there was Elvira given over to the depraved education of George the doctor and his taste for women, and he planted in her mind everything there is to know about vice.

In the winter of 1913 he took her to Monte-Carlo, and left her there on her own when he suddenly needed to go back to Paris. Replanov noticed her in the Casino: he was the foremost lawyer of Petrograd, then called St Petersburg, and he advised her to come to Russia with him.

"You'll be happy there," he would say. "You'll be like a daughter to me, my own daughter died and you look just like her. Do come, you'll not want for anything. You'll be like a queen. I'll treat you like my own daughter." And then respectfully but passionately he would kiss the tips of her fingers.

Replanov was the first to leave and as George was taking such a time to return, Elvira made up her mind to set out for Russia. She went to buy her ticket from Wagons-Lits, but she looked so young and in fact was so young that as a precondition she had to get the consent of her father. Old man Replanov had written him a monument to hypocrisy, because no sooner had Elvira set foot in Petrograd than he sold her to a vice club of which he was a member, and she became the mistress of the Grand Duke André Petrovitch. She spent seven months in Russia, and one day she spoke to me in the following way of her time amongst the Muscovites:

"My lover the Grand Duke was twenty-six years old. He was very handsome. I've never seen such a handsome man nor such a brutal one. He liked women and boys. He was more corrupt than George because cruelty would overcome every one of his scruples, and his arrogance made him practically delirious. The women, mostly French, who were the mistresses of the other members of the club were neither young nor attractive. As far as I could tell they were all business women who indulged anything that struck the imagination of their lovers, which was depraved in the extreme. The prettiest was a Russian. She was also the most lascivious and her tastes matched those of the men all around us. She had an unimaginably large appetite for food as well as drink, and I've never seen anyone who could drink as much champagne.

I remember an orgy at the house of General Breziansko, there were about fifty guests and a couple of Grand Dukes, and when the servants had been asked to leave this young Russian, in a pure state of nature and looking like a tangled Bacchae in a frenzy, and to the unleashed joy of everyone went under the table and gave those she liked, men and women as well, the chance to show the strength and vigour of their feelings.

But I loathed this way of living in which there was no peace and quiet, and no place at all for tenderness or gentleness. Had it not been

for the friend I made, she was a dancer in a restaurant, twenty-eight years old, and French, I couldn't have stayed in Russia more than a month. She was the secret mistress of the old General Breziansko, who dabbled in a kind of senile piety which was both outrageous and fragile, because he would confuse in his own way what the Gospels say about resurrection and their stories of flagellation."

Georgette, the brunette who had Elvira all in a spin with the tenderness she showed her, was a real demon when it came to lashing the leathery skin of General Breziansko. She took meticulous care over this function, and all the more so because every time her efforts were crowned with success she would get the equivalent of twenty-five thousand francs in our money. But the occurrence was a rare one, notwithstanding which the old hide Breziansko remained just as generous, and so Georgette was satisfied with her condition.

The same was not true of Elvira, who was getting thin and increasingly impatient with the encroachments of her lover and his friends on her pride. What irritated her the most was dinner at the restaurant, at the end of which there would always be some appalling row in which the waiters and the *maîtres d's*, mostly French, were treated in a way that revolted her, and she would seek comfort in the arms of Georgette, or by drawing flowers, little pigs and horses as well, which she would colour later and use as letterheads. They drew the admiration of Replanov who would come and see her from time to time and cry:

"She paints just like my daughter used to. I told you, Elvira, you're quite miraculously like her. That's why I'm watching over you like a father and have shown you all the best society in Russia."

Elvira escaped one day, with a bit of a heavy heart at having to leave her beautiful apartment on Pentelemonskaia. But she couldn't bear it any longer and had grown very thin. Only Georgette knew about the getaway. At the border there was another to-do, they wouldn't let her across, her passport wasn't in order. By a stroke of good fortune she caught sight of an officer on the platform she'd met in Petrograd, he ironed out all the problems and when she arrived at the Gare du Nord, Elvira only missed the strange and nostalgic songs of Russia she'd heard she couldn't remember where, in a restaurant or in the country, and the three horses as white as snow and as quick as the wind, driven with his arms stretched out by the fattest coachman in all of Russia.

George welcomed her like the prodigal son, and by the good offices of one of his friends Elvira made her music-hall debut, and that was when she started sporting a monocle. She met a little extra called Mavis Springer, her parents were wine merchants on boulevard Montparnasse, Elvira took lodgings there and found happiness in Mavis Springer, until the day a young Russian painter from a good family, Nicolas Varinov, took her away from the Springer family.

Nicolas Varinov divided his time between his sister the Princess Oettingen and his mistress Elvira, with whom he moved into a studio in rue Maison-Dieu. When Nicolas was at his sister's Elvira would paint with inventiveness, delicacy, and not a little strength of character – dazzling bouquets where buttercups would peep out with their black petals – and this life driven along by art, love, dancing at Bullier's and going to the movies went on until the outbreak of war.

1914 began wild and gay, you remember. Like in Gavarni's drawings the period was overwhelmingly one of carnival. Dance was all the fashion, everywhere people were dancing and there were masked balls everywhere. Cross-dressing was the fashion for women, and they dressed their hair in dazzling and delicate colours which reminded me of the luminous fountains that struck me so as I child when I visited the Exhibition in 1889. Or it was like the glow from the stars, and fashionable Parisian women had every right that year to be called Berenice because their hair ranked among the constellations.



The dances at Opéra had quite naturally sprung up again, and the salacious jest at the first one where every woman was given a box and every man a key, and everyone had to find the key to their lock and the lock to their key, seemed to augur extremely well for general gaiety to come. And maybe in the years ahead, when along with the tango, the maxixe and the forlana, the war and its mortician's pomp will all have been forgotten, perhaps people will say of the year 1914, like in Gavarni's famous lithograph, that 'much will be forgiven her for the way that she danced.'

In 1914 there was no type that belonged especially to our times like The Stevedore from before, or The Domino, Pierrot and Pierrette, The Postillion, The Bayadère, Old Chicard, which a poet would swiftly have made into characters like those in Italian theatre which we would do well not to abandon.



For new masks we would need a new Gavarni.

His masterpiece was The Stevedore, especially the delightful transvestite whose nature is amply shown in the caption to a female stevedore flirting with Pierrette who's telling her to "Get away...! Strange-looking man...", which perhaps sums up the whole irreverent imagination of the 19th century.



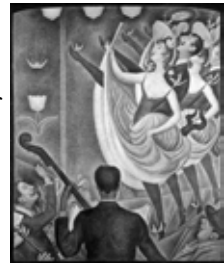
We would also have needed a new can-can for the joyousness of those times, the old one had been brought to us by The Glutton, The Ray of Gold, Gutter-Grate and Vincent the Boneless, and by the devotion which painters such as Toulouse-Lautrec and Seurat brought to these hieratic dances of the highest order.

Something to evoke the can-can back in Gavarni's time would have been needed, a young can-can whose differences from the solemn one of the Moulin Rouge stand out quite clearly when you compare Seurat's painting *Can-can*, for example, to the much older song by Javolot and Choux that starts something like this:

Ruckus and cancanika
Redowa and mazurka
My so sexy poses
For the punters so wicked

1914, a year of dancing and fancy dress. It was a time not without its tender gravity, but a light-hearted gravity still, and there's never so much dancing as during revolutions and wars. I wonder which remarkable poet penned the common saying that's so truly prophetic, *like dancing on a volcano*?

If anyone typified those times of going to the ball and the Ballets Russes it was undoubtedly Elvira, I can still see her at Bullier's Ballroom with her lilac hair, her white furs and her monocle, she was known as The Spinning Gimlet and without any doubt that accoutrement of lilac hair, white furs and a monocle would have been everywhere the following year had it not been for the war. Perhaps another Gavarni would have emerged, and at the Opéra Ballroom we would have seen many



delightful Gimlets just like the charming Stevedores of Gavarni's time.

Sometimes Nicolas Varinov would take her to a bal-musette with Mavis: Gravilliers's, where the musicians with an accordion or a bag-pipe were up on a little balcony, and sometimes there was a barrel-organ; or Juventus on boulevard Saint-Martin, whose owner offered a lovely array of ling as a little extra for his customers; The October on rue Sainte-Geneviève, which at that time belonged to Vachier; The Balconette, which gave onto a cul-de-sac near Bastille; The Rue des Carmes Ballroom; The Songbird on rue de Vanves, and The Boules Court in Montmartre, a charming place where the music to my mind is far more pleasing than Johann Strauss.

The war assassinated all these "noble gatherings", and today Elvira still thinks of them with tenderness and melancholy.

But the war broke out and smashed like a glass this light-hearted and adorable life.

Nicolas Varinov was highly affected by this unforeseen event, and a few days after the Battle of the Marne he announced to Elvira, who had snuggled up to him like a cat, that the time for love was over for the moment, and that for him the activities involved, particularly at night, would not resume until after the end of the hostilities.

Elvira had a very ordinary interest in the war so this decision struck her as incoherent, and like a blood moon disdain began to rise in the firmament of their liaison.

Intermezzo 1

Perhaps you love music, any music. Or perhaps you prefer the movies, or immersion in reading, anything from fantasy to philosophy, or sports live or on the screen, or wandering about in any number of museums of the image. What is it you're enjoying, that's sent you there and keeps you there until the next thing? If someone is playing a concerto with a band and you're moved, or someone else is performing a song, performing with their voice all the voices in a song, or a dancer is miming with their body allusions to your soul, what are you hearing and seeing? Or how are you hearing? Looking for the composer or looking at the performer? Looking at the performer to find the composer? Looking for anyone to answer the question, why is this so moving? Or energizing. Or infuriating. In any case a network of allusions to an answer and a person or a voice or a body constructed so as to reply. Or illuminate. Or validate. Or pour love. But there's nothing constructed at all. Nor is that what you're looking for either. Allusion upon mnemonic upon projection, all sketching ephemeral understandings of how you've been living, what you've been seeing and of what you hope to see. Everything passes, everything accumulates, everything is consumed, built and superseded.

A translation is never a pane of glass, something to look straight through at whatever you're trying to see beyond; nor something just as easily to shatter when it offends. It'll always be a reading because it always has readers, also commentators and gatekeepers, with whom as individual readers we sometimes identify. We may project our desires and anxieties, and what we hear of their voices comes to weave what we hear of our own, as we wander about anxiously trying to find what it is we're hearing, whether we'll ever get to the bottom of it and find the true word. But perhaps a true word speaks only to deceive, and the glass is illuminated in the many colours of darkness. As a point of view emerges at intersections with so many others, visibility and invisibility take the same dazzling forms.

In translating *Seated Woman* I was aware both of swimming in the sounds of Apollinaire's voice, and in my own way of hearing them. There was nothing else, I suppose, but equally, there was little chance of disentangling openness to a text from appropriating it and closing it off. Little chance or none, other than in the practice of offering words, sentences, tonalities and rhythms: like Apollinaire's I wanted never them to pause, but instead lead on to further wonder – all the digressions and episodes of this miniature epic, that speaks to so many moments of public and private warfare, and invention as well as despair. If words never quite say what they mean, my own self-consciousness as a translator could only hope to match for flimsiness and volatility the one in the writing I was immersed in, and which I love. In the end Elvira Swig plays the markets of art and desire, and abandoning the lures of heroism and violence, invents her own manner of survival, creativity and independence in whatever measure the material pressures on her allow. She's one character in a tapestry of many, each so loosely interwoven with the others that barely a shape emerges. And so now the drama of self-awareness no sooner affirmed than eroded continues in the negotiations of text and translation and the veils of their embrace.

So rather than trying over and over to measure the distance between text and translation text, what if instead I gave free rein to its mobility, and allowed distance between one text and the other to interact with proximity of the two, and create different spaces for reading altogether – for reading the two together? The range of emphases involved in the interplay of reading, responding and translating is then indefinite, I found. And I wondered whether it might free readers still further, and also me as a practitioner, from trying to find the imaginary vanishing point where a text and its translation fit like a hand in a glove. At least for a moment, during which people might find a renewed contact with what they're seeking in reading, and reading a translation. What does it mean? But still more, how does it mean, how does it mean to us, as individual readers in an imaginary community of readers? A fragmented one as well, and all the better for it.

In what's come before the emphasis was on rendering, writing, and re-discovering in English Apollinaire's short novel. What follows is another sort of response, this time to short narratives by Apollinaire, where the translator's voice is differently integrated in the voice of the person responding. Or integrated differently. As I said earlier, Walter Benjamin turns to Apollinaire's *Le Poète Assassiné*, *The Assassinated Poet*, to say something of how artists, in times of cold and bloody geopolitical destruction, turn to the imagination for a last crusade. It seemed to me

that in my own imagination, the proximity of the voices in me of reader-writer-responder-translator could be further witnessed; and that taking them together, another light beyond my own imagining might be cast on the meeting places of radical art and populist disregard for humanity.

Back down to earth, or the page, I'm leaving it to you, the reader, to pick up my small indications of the seams between one voice and the other, one way of writing and another, one or other way of working, writing and translating. The alternation is once again a matter of rhythm – how else to judge when translating what I was hearing would say more than writing about it or describing it?

Apollinaire began in 1913 thinking about collecting together the short narratives that would become *Le Poète assassiné*, before the start of the war and in the same year as *Alcools* was published, as well as *Les Peintres cubistes*, *méditations esthétiques*. He completed the book in 1914 before enlisting, it was published in 1916, prescient in relation to the War rather than a response to its reality. It displays the historical violence done to voices of creativity, invention and dissent, and beyond even all that it anticipates *Seated Woman* in the way a multiplicity of voices in the head, not only in literature but life, combine invention, confusion and despair. That confusion of what's heard in what fails to be heard not starts again in the process of translation, and is testified to in the shifting pendulum of creativity and receptivity that occupied me in the following pages. They are a response to the first and last narrative in the sequence called 'Le Poète assassiné' and which gives the book its name.

Invention and Disaster

Le Poète assassiné

Poised. Suspended. Hanging alone, and together. Balanced, but unhinged. A touch that hovers over phantoms and debauched guffaws. The freedom of wit caught up in the rules of spontaneity. The generosity of play, but also its violence. Apollinaire's fiction is barely fiction at all, reading it feels like getting dressed, moving into the clothes of life and wearing them, but also watching them, in those silent observations which seem to need art to survive. Thought and its disarray. Ambition and its wanton scattering. Humour and disaster.

Ease of access then, snug as a bug, knife through butter? There are certainly many amusing anecdotes and turns, and hilarity is everywhere. But smiles and giggles can be slow-burning as well, they creep up, they develop over the time, especially the time of different readings, and echoes begin to fester and irritate the memory. Opening books on Apollinaire, anyone is faced with a choice: books that show scholarship spilling everywhere, scholarship of Apollinaire's own scholarship going off in all directions, mythological, historical, cultural, also the whimsical and the impulsive, and drifting off in auto-biographical fits and starts; or on the other hand, books that hide it. It is like choosing between showing or hiding the tracked changes in a Word document, seeing or not seeing the paths to a finished piece. It is a vast commonplace that the digital has transformed not only the opportunities of scholarship but the ways of using it and enjoying it. Commonplace itself fascinates Apollinaire, and this one resonates with his own never-ending, at once enthusing and melancholic, labyrinthine fascination with the modern, his own modern-day ways of engaging with the world. Bolts from around the blue world turn benign as we come to understand them, they might even become friends, or anyway familiar props in the meeting places where what we know turns into what we wear. Creative or alienating? Does progress signal greater understanding of the present or simply greater ignorance of the past? The modern look expresses our own way of seeing and using the world, it is

the idiom of our day, of life lived with no fear of loss. But gaiety and spontaneous consumption also signal a passive enjoyment of the here and now, and the loss of anything else. Tracking down Apollinaire's frequently obscure allusions using internet resources is a very different experience from reading about them in notes to learned editions of his writings. Each has its own story to tell, one of immediate access and reverberation, the other of the work, life and generosity of the editors, and both tell a story of Apollinaire himself, his absorption in learning for its own sake, its store-houses of surprise and its prison-houses of orthodoxy.

There are any number of ways of imagining Apollinaire following his private leads, his silent enthrallments in the Bibliothèque nationale, rue de Richelieu, or the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, two of his favourite haunts. *Le Poète assassiné*, *The Assassinated Poet*, is a frightening title which speaks of the violence done to the right to think and speak. What it does not show immediately, and what insinuates itself into the imaginings of the reader, undermining my patience but soliciting my fragile sense of purpose, is the censorship, fear, deafness and resentment woven into education, scholarship and learning, into the silent voices of learning as well as the loud ones, and along routes as unpredictable as ways of thinking and remembering are themselves endless. Facility with styles will not get to the bottom of these highways and byways, and Apollinaire's deftness with the written voice flirts with horror as well as ecstasy, or just suspicion and fun. But urgency seeps through everything, even the flippant, an urgent desire to be on the move and not miss anything, to be there and a witness. Creating and simple recording seem to rely on each other, highlighting moments when anything creative is overwhelmed, and still packed with an energy of their own.

* * * * *

A sexually irreverent approach to kinship and work characterizes the birth of our poet whose assassination is foretold. The image of his illegitimacy bounces off at a point into a chorus of midwives singing in a harmony only possible on the page: each to her own, her own body, enclosure and whim. The lyrical reaches out to the communal and stops. Then there is death in childbirth, the travelling optimism of the father and widower turned gambler, his staged suicide when all is lost, his money as well as any hope of hooking up with anyone. Now we find the poet-

to-be orphaned and under the tutelage of another traveller, witness to these rapid and barely noticeable events, a Dutchman with a taste for Humanist and Enlightenment thinking. The natural world and the social one are both organized by love – so imagines this tutor wishing happiness for his pupil, and generally seeking love as much as reason with a distant Rousseau-esque air. Uncertainty and faintness turn into an improvisation on the who and the where; and on the name. The collapse of love, but also the love of life both grow in the nomadic existence of the poet-thinker-vagabond, the Dutchman believes; but in its unpredictability, light or dark, the poet's life is both unique and common to everyone, like life at large, and loss. For the Dutchman the mobility of souls is a life force, he draws on the Ancient theory of metempsychosis and extends it to objects, souls pass not just from one body to another in endless life, but from the animate to the inanimate. Life is breathed everywhere, not only in all the living world but, in a moment of spontaneous lyricism, even in the dust of the streets and the roads: the ashes of the living and of life itself?

This is a life of universal community, a re-awakening to the word, always on the move, binding things together and people. The word triggers memory and is itself absorbed in memory's tapestry. Some of the rabbis are turned to as living proof, thought to have the same soul that occupied the bodies of Adam, Moses and David, we are told; and the Hebrew letters aleph, dalet and mem which their names share are invoked as living proof. These letters themselves travel via the alphabets of Phoenician, Aramaic, Arabic, Greek and Latin. Has the meme of metempsychosis survived, or lost out and disintegrated in this alphabetical replication, in which its source is as much lost as re-discovered, and in the same breath? In Apollinaire's eye selfishness is not circumscribed, but empowered and dissipated in genetics and evolution. Culture seems to grow and stagnate in the same breath. Perhaps that's the salvation of the self and the ego, its only route to creativity, but it cannot be chosen, it's as passive as it's practised or willed. This moment of improvisation, episodic and invisibly demarcated, ends there, as vulnerable to disappearance as the anonymity of the Dutchman himself, the widower-nurturer suspended somewhere. If souls reappear in whatever form, perhaps there is nothing new and creation is at a standstill. I wish you happiness as though I were always wishing people happiness, just something to say and the words we use, and as though happiness were forever out of reach and beyond understanding.]

* * * * *

But what sort of wish is it, nonetheless, and what does it say about the longed-for interaction of poetry and education? Asking the question contributes, it seems, to losing the answer. In Apollinaire, as in Flaubert before him and Sebald or Pamuk after, covering the traces of learning is part of learning: learning and forgetting absorb each other. The excitement created by ceremonial plaques expropriated from Benin into the museums of Europe covers over the violence by which they are viewed there on not in West Africa, now forgotten in the moment. Ways have to be found of asking without asking, in other words without presupposing the answer, and it seems that fiction provides that mode of thinking with a vessel. Learning is wrapped up in influence, to learn is in part – but what part? – to be aware of influence, to recognise it, to adopt positions and attitudes in relation to it. But to learn is also to learn that influence cannot be recognised, it's wrapped in the ways it's recognised and lost there. The more an influence is seen the more it hides in plain view. It seeps through the pores of anyone's spontaneity. The translations of influence into ways of knowing cannot simply be made visible by strategic acts, which serve as much to hide as reveal. The vast error which Sartre addresses throughout his writing, culminating in the huge work on Flaubert, of privileging prose over poetry, organization over sensation, is a dramatization of this confusion of influence and voice. Apollinaire explores this unseeing vision in wandering between his own domains of poetry and prose, separate and combined, each hovering all the time between invention and disaster.

Hilarity and illegitimacy have set the stage. Croniamantal, our poet, steeped in thoughts on love and the word, turns his full attention, such as it is, to medieval legend, like many before him. Don Quixote has already merged with La Fontaine in the story of what makes Croniamantal tick, and La Fontaine will emerge again shortly in a loud but unplaced echo. He gets bounced into a contemporary version, and an inept one, of the art of the fable. So: ineptitude, or satire? Both are possible, it depends on you and me as readers, on who we imagine is listening – but to what? Croniamantal has only ears for Arthur's round table and future lovers. In the sweat pushed out by ideas being pushed in, scream the silent screams and aches of sex-need. He wanders by Italian workers repairing the road surface, and the voice of the narrative veers off into the etymology of the words they use. The French 'câlin', meaning affectionate and cuddly, drifts narratively backwards and forwards in time, as well and sideways across frontiers, to evoke a local usage 'calignaire', meaning girl-friend or boy-friend, lover, sweetheart, suitor, betrothed. But science and fantasy rub shoulders. We

have only the narrative voice to believe in, which tells us that Croniamantal has learned this usage and at some point has absorbed its provenance, just as readers are drawn into believing what we are told. 'Calignaire' is just a word Croniamantal knows, like he knows the legends of King Arthur, and now I know it too, or think I do. History has turned to legend and returned into it, each is the placenta of the other. Etymology joins forces with fantasy, knowledge with received knowledge, and together they forge the attachments of which orthodoxy is made and which give it life.

Where are we? In the narrative, this is a place dissolving in its own mobility and the mobility of its telling. Croniamantal could be walking anywhere, unless he is riding by like an imaginary knight: perhaps Don Quixote has returned to the scene, but so distantly that the echo is silent and the laughter has gone quiet. Suspended between the languages with which he is familiar, Croniamantal is affected in the moment by Boccaccio's medieval Italian along with the Provençal French of the same period. Nothing unusual there, or in the combination of languages, registers and usages from anywhere making up anyone's idiom. But all the mobility and all the wit in all the associations of hearing and speaking cannot break the loudly inaudible iron web of sex and obedience. 'Calignaire' may be a local word but the locality itself could be anywhere, its uniqueness is not protected. Ironically, the illustration of its meaning given by the online *Trésor informatisé de la langue française* is this very sentence of Apollinaire's. Croniamantal is Croniamantal is Croniamantal, from invention to dictionary and back again; and his own silent cry for sex is not only lost but enclosed in his voice voiced in voices. Nostalgia voices gaping vulnerability.

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He got back on his horse and took the road to his home. Unhappy in love for the first time, he saw the extremes of melancholy in the countryside he had ridden across earlier. The sun was low on the horizon. The grey leaves of the olive trees were filled with a sadness just like his own. Shadows stretched in a flow around him. The river where he had seen the women bathing was abandoned now, and the quiet noise of the water made unbearable fun of him. He spurred his horse to the gallop, and then it was dusk, and lights began to shine in the distance. When night fell he reined in his horse and drifted into a frantic reverie. The slope had cypress trees on either side, and in the gloom of the night and the gloom of love Croniamantal followed the path to melancholy.