

Winter
2022

HYPERION
On the Future of Aesthetics

FRITZ SENN
SAMUEL BECKETT
KARI HUKKILA & more



The

ATALAN

SPECIAL FEATURE

HYPERION:
ON THE FUTURE OF
AESTHETICS

VOL. XV, NO. I (WINTER 2022)

WITH A SPECIAL FEATURE ON
CATALAN LITERATURE

HYPERION

On the Future of Æsthetics

Publisher: Contra Mundum Press
Location: New York, London, Melbourne
Editors: Rainer J. Hanshe, Erika Mihálycsa
Design & Layout: Giuseppe Bertolini
Logo: Alessandro Segalini

Contents © 2022 Contra Mundum Press & each
respective author, unless otherwise noted.
All Rights Reserved.

ISBN 978-1-940625-59-1

CONTRA MUNDUM PRESS gratefully acknowledges the financial support
received from institute ramon llull for this issue of *Hyperion: On the Future
of Aesthetics*.



No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from Contra Mundum Press. Republication is not permitted within 9 months of original publication. After two years, all rights revert to each respective author. If any work originally published by Contra Mundum Press is republished in any format, acknowledgment must be noted as following and include, in legible font (no less than 10 pt.), a direct link to our site: "Author, work title, *Hyperion: On the Future of Aesthetics*, Vol. #, No. # (YEAR) page #s. Originally published by *Hyperion*. Reproduced with permission of Contra Mundum Press."

TABLE OF CONTENTS

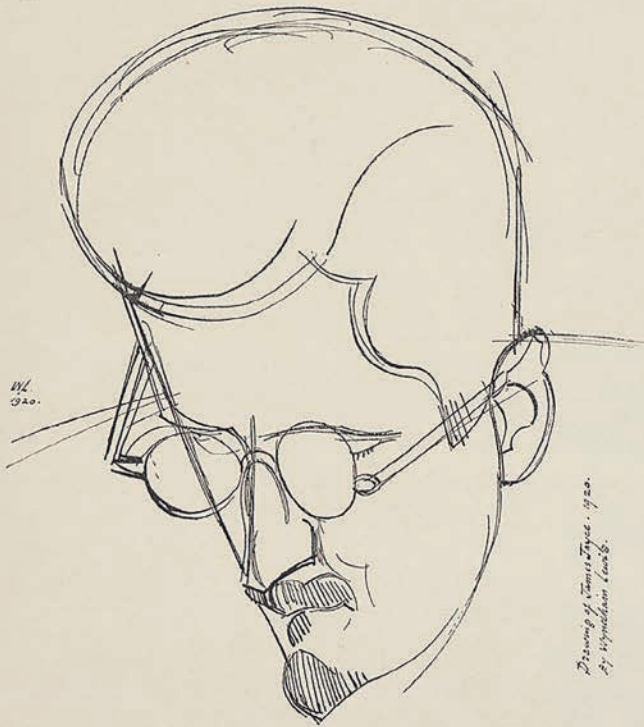
- 7 Fritz Senn, *Ulysses: One Hundred Years*
34 Samuel Beckett, *The Painting of van Velde or the World and the Pants*
56 Kari Hukkila, *1000 & 1*
65 Mark Kanak, *Tractatus Illogico-Insanus*
83 Hans Lebert, *The Wolf Skin*

SPECIAL CATALAN FEATURE

- 109 Raul Garrigasait, *Elevation & Rootedness: Notes on a Catalan Outlook*
130 Eugenio d'Ors, *Oceanography of Tedium*
140 Cebrià Montoliu, *Walt Whitman: The Man & His Work*
148 Xavier Mas Craviotto, *La Gran Nausea*
162 Anna Gual, *Unnameable* (Selected Poems)
173 Pepe Sales, *Paintings*
184 Pepe Sales, *Poems & Prose*
194 Felícia Fuster, *Nine Poems*
206 Núria Perpinyà, *And, Suddenly, Paradise*
227 Núria Perpinyà, *A House to Compose*

REVIEW

- 239 Nicolas Birns, *Mikhail Bakhtin: The Duvakin Interviews, 1973*



W.
320.

Drawing of Winston Churchill - 1920.
By Wyndham Lewis.

Wyndham Lewis

Ulysses

One Hundred Years

FRITZ SENN

All books have their birthdays, even if most of them go unnoticed, except possibly by their authors. Again, Joyce's *Ulysses*, a long narrative in prose, stands out with strident defiance and waywardness. It bestrode the literary scene with spite and presumption and — its price notwithstanding — became notorious overnight. It was instantly banned in English speaking countries until 1933 when an American Judge, Woolsey, cleared it of the charge of obscenity: emetic, it may be, yes, in his pronouncement, but in no way aphrodisiac. Its partial prepublication had a criminal record when a court decision stopped the *Little Review* in 1921.

Within a century, *Ulysses* has become domesticated as a classic, some of its harm taken out. Yet more than every other book it is connected with, of all things! reading: “Have you read it?” has become a standard, inept question. It is still surrounded by an aura.

School requirements apart, nobody *has* to read it. It should be marketed, not as an obligation, but an opportunity, an adventure. After a century, we can probably no longer recapture its impact of 1922. A stab is made here at its pristine elusive whatness, with the handicap of hindsight. At its time, readers compared it to a thunderstorm, so at least I was told by Carola Giedion-Welcker, who first encountered it in 1928, and it changed her life. For many, the book was an outrage or a cultural challenge. In 1969, the first Dutch translation by John Vandenberg was accompanied with a bumper sticker in the same dark blue as the book's cover: “*Ik heb Ulysses helemaal gelezen*”: I have read it in its entirety,” an

accolade: I have made the pilgrimage and joined the élite, as the world deserves to be informed.

A novel that is no novel, *Ulysses* shrinks its scope to less than a full day and expands language to become encyclopaedic. In his nicely polished looking glass Joyce invented what fiction never did before, a date on the calendar, in fact an annual feast. “*Weltalltag der Epoche*” it was called by Hermann Broch, in an ingenious fusion of “*Alltag*” (an ordinary day, quotidian) and “*Weltall*” (Cosmos).

At present, the 16th of June 1904 (along with the 17th) is 118 years back. The same stretch of time would bring us to 1786 — before the French Revolution. And yet *Ulysses*, with its horse-drawn vehicles, long skirts, obligatory hats or waistcoats, has not become the historical novel as which it could qualify; compare its contemporaries, Samuel Butler’s *The Way of All Flesh* or George Gissing’s *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*. It feels as fresh as on the first day, in a perpetual Now.

Except that nowadays many actions of 1904 would no longer require physical presence. Bloom would not have to show up in a newspaper office, nor the library, in person, a phone call to the hospital would make a personal visit superfluous, email might convey insurance details to the Dignam family wherever they live. Of course, the funeral and the pubs would still have to be attended. Boylan’s visit for one, though not its announcement, needed his physical presence to be successful.

First readers must have been confused essentially much more than nowadays when the book’s notoriety has been replaced by a lingering awe. But even today, it calls out for guidance and annotation. It still takes some time to determine where exactly we are, unaided by notes or by maps. The most up-to-date Annotation, by Sam Slote, comprises 1367 pages. Guidance is useful. It is only after a few beats that we find that we are on top of a tower, and what kind of a tower it is will be revealed simply because a foreigner, Haines, explicitly raises the question. Nowadays some editions have the particular tower right on the cover, in spoil-sport narrative anticipation.

First reactions can be gleaned from the virulence of indignation of early reviewers. The book was “a libel on humanity.” “It is partly a perfect-

ly cynical appeal to sheer indecency ... *Ulysses* is an anarchical production, infamous in taste, in style, in everything," so Edmond Gosse, a former supporter of Joyce.

Aldous Huxley publicly despised it: "In spite of its very numerous qualities — it is, among other things, a kind of technical handbook, in which the young novelist can study all the possible and many of the quite impossible ways of telling a story — *Ulysses* is one of the dullest books ever written, and one of the least significant. This is due to the total absence from the book of any sort of conflict." The psychologist C.G. Jung failed to appreciate it almost completely: "You read and read and read and you pretend to understand what you read. Occasionally you drop through an air pocket into another sentence, but when once the proper degree of resignation has been reached you accustom yourself to anything. So I, too, read to page 135 with despair in my heart, falling asleep twice on the way."

As late as 2021 we can still learn that "*Ulysses* is an overwrought, overwritten epic of gratingly obvious, self-congratulatory, show-off erudition that, with its overstuffed symbolism and leaden attempts at humour, is bearable only by terminal graduate students who demand to validate the time they've wasted reading it. ... *Ulysses* is best looked upon as a grab bag of great riffs and long stretches of tedious pretentiousness." Contemporary Irish writer Roddy Doyle put in a *caveat*: "*Ulysses* could have done with a good editor People are always putting *Ulysses* in the top 10 books ever written, but I doubt that any of those people were really moved by it. ... If you're a writer in Dublin and you write a snatch of dialogue, everyone thinks you lifted it from Joyce. The whole idea that he owns language as it is spoken in Dublin is a nonsense. He didn't invent the Dublin accent. ... It gets on my nerves."

Ulysses does get on nerves; it has a violent effect of one kind or another. Which keeps it alive. The book audaciously did not comply with the rules, especially those concerning propriety and some ingrained taboos. In Joyce's schemata we find, next to heart or eyes, such organs as kidneys, lungs, locomotor apparatus, the skeleton or the oesophagus;

The Painting of van Velde or the World and the Pants

SAMUEL BECKETT

CUSTOMER: God made the world in six days, and you, you ain't fucking made me pants in six months.

TAILOR: But Sir, look at the world, and look at your pants.

To begin, let's talk of something else, let's talk of old doubts, fallen into oblivion, or reabsorbed in blithe choices, in what is commonly called masterpieces, turnips, and works of merit.

Doubts of an amateur, of course, of a very wise amateur, such as painters dream him, who arrives with arms dangling and who leaves with arms dangling, his head heavy with what he believed he glimpsed. What a joke the worries of the performer, alongside the pangs of the amateur, whom our four-penny iconography has stuffed with dates, periods, schools, influences, and who knows how to distinguish, so wise he is, between a gouache and a watercolor, and who from time to time thinks he can guess what he likes, while keeping an open mind. Because he imagines, poor man, that nothing that is painting should remain foreign to him.

Let's not talk of criticism itself. The best, that of a Fromentin, of a Grohmann, of a McGreevy, of a Sauerlandt, is that of Amiel. Hysterectomies of the trowel. And how could it be otherwise? Can they only quote? When Grohmann demonstrates in Kandinsky reminiscences of the Mon-

golian graphic, when McGreevy so aptly brings Yeats closer to Watteau, where do the rays go? When Sauerlandt speaks, with finesse and — let's be fair — parsimony, on the case of the great unknown painter Ballmer, where does he fall? *Das geht mich nicht an*, said Ballmer, whom the writings of Herr Heidegger caused cruel suffering. He said it very modestly.

Or then we do general aesthetics, like Lessing. It's a charming game.

Or then we make anecdotes, like Vasari and Harper's Magazine.

Or then we make catalogues raisonnés, like Smith.

Or then we frankly indulge in disagreeable and confused chatter. It's the case here.

With words we only speak to ourselves. The lexicographers unbutton themselves. And even in the confessional, we betray ourselves.

Could we not attack modesty elsewhere than on these surfaces painted almost always with love and often with care, and which themselves are avowals? It seems not. Unnatural copulations are highly valued, among lovers of the beautiful and of the rare. The only inclination is to bow before good manners.

Completed, brand new, the picture is there, a non-sense. Because it is still only a painting, it still lives only in the life of the lines and of the colors, offered only to its author. Be aware of his situation. He's waiting, for us to get him out of there. He awaits the eyes, the eyes which, for centuries, because it is a painting of the future, will charge him, blacken him, with the only life that counts, that of the featherless bipeds. He will eventually die of it. No matter. We'll botch him up. We'll patch him together. We'll hide his sex and support his throat. We'll give him a leg of lamb instead of the buttock, as we did for the *Venus* of Giorgione in Dresden. He will know the basements and the ceilings. We will fall on him with umbrellas and with sputum, as we did for the Lurçat in Dublin. If it is a fresco five meters high by twenty-five long, it will be locked in a tomato greenhouse, having previously taken care to brighten the colors with nitric acid, as we did for the *Triumph of Caesar* of Mantegna at Hampton Court. Whenever the Germans don't have time to move it, it will turn into a mushroom in an abandoned garage. If it's a Judith Leyster we'll attribute it to Hals. If it's a Giorgione and it's too early to attribute it to Titian again,

we'll attribute it to Dosso Dossi (Hanover). Mr. Berenson will explain himself on this. He will have lived, and spread joy.

This explains why the paintings look so much better in the museum than at home.

This explains why the *Unknown Masterpiece* of Balzac is on so many bedside tables. The work withdrawn from the judgment of men ends by expiring, in terrible tortures. The work considered as pure creation, and whose function ends with genesis, is doomed to nothingness.

A single (enlightened) amateur would have saved him. Only one of those gentlemen with a face hollowed out by unwarranted enthusiasms, feet flattened by innumerable stations, fingers worn down by fifty-franc catalogs, who first look from afar, then from close up, and who consult with their thumbs, in particularly thorny cases, the relief of the impasto. Because it is not a question here of the grotesque & despicable animal whose specter haunts the ateliers, like that of the *normaliennes student* tapir, but of the harmless kook that runs, like others in the cinema, in the galleries, in museums, and even in churches with hope — hold on tight — to enjoy. He doesn't want to learn, the pig, or get better. He thinks only of his own pleasure.

It's he who justifies the existence of painting as a public thing.

I dedicate these words to him, so well made to further obsess him.

He asks only to enjoy. The impossible is done to prevent it.

The impossible is done in particular so that whole slices of modern painting are taboo to him.

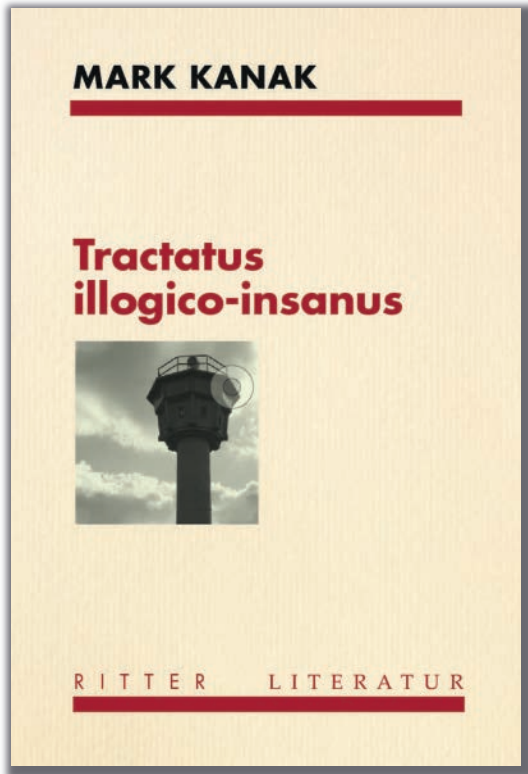
The impossible is made so that he chooses, so that he takes sides, so that he accepts à priori, so that he rejects à priori, so that he stops looking, so that he ceases to exist, before something he could have simply liked, or found ugly, without knowing why.

We say to him:

“Stay away from abstract art. It's made by a bunch of crooks and incompetents. They couldn't do anything else. They don't know how to draw. Yet, Ingres said that drawing is the integrity of art. They don't know how to paint. Yet, Delacroix said that color is the integrity of art. Don't go near it. A child could do the same.”

TRACTATUS ILLOGICO-INSANUS

(an excerpt)



MARK KANAK

Foreword

This book will perhaps only be understood by those who have not even thought the thoughts expressed in it — or thoughts that are not at all similar, but are rather skewed and the meaning thereof as well. It *is* a textbook. That is, a *book of texts*. Its purpose would have been achieved if, after reading through it *without pleasure*, one went away completely confused, angry, furious and stunned in order to in turn confuse, excite and cause others to think.

In fact, a lot is said today, and faster than ever, *in real time*, but of course most of this is usually *saying nothing at all*. This book deals with *some of* the non-philosophical problems (and equally, the philosophical ones — that is, so philosophical that they are not philosophical at all) and draws the conclusion — as I believe — that the questions underlying these problems are, to the vast majority of populations *in all countries*, but *especially* in the United States of America, except in *those other places where people themselves are personally affected*, completely fucking irrelevant and have nothing to do with the misunderstanding of the logic of our language, but rather with the fact that the vast majority of people in all countries have poor access to educational opportunities, clean water, raspberries and the like. One could sum up the whole meaning of this book with the words: Anything that is being said at all is overheard, stored, analyzed and secretly recorded, no matter whether it has been said in a clear, cryptic, unclear, inverted, confusing, innocent, or guilty manner; and what one cannot talk about should absolutely be communicated in encoded form, from one individual to the other, or not at all.

This being said, this book seeks to induce the reader to think, yes, to *think*, as to *why* there are no limits to the surveillance state (SS) or why he or she is not drawn to support and encourage others to think as well, or rather — to *not think*, but rather to *the expression of thoughts* — and only in coded or other ways: Because to draw a line in thinking, the SS wants you to go around the corner, hide, ask no questions at all, accept everything and admit everything — for “reasons of security,” of course. And we have to be able to think on both sides of that line (so we have to assume that after Edward Snowden’s revelations, everything will go on as before,

new walls will be built, and governmental capabilities of surveillance will continuously be expanded).

You can't draw lines in the language, you don't know where the limits are. If something is boundless, it grows, attracts other *bodies* to itself, uses other *devices* (to be understood simultaneously as "human" or "head"), and since we have no idea where the limits are, nonsense will simply prevail.

How far my efforts will coincide with those of other non-philosophers, chimney sweeps, bakers, cleaning ladies, housewives, editors, authors, raspberry pickers, raven and crow friends, I do not want to judge. Clearly, what I have written here is not at all new; already in the introduction some things have been stolen from a certain Herr Wittgenstein, and what follows is pure fantasy, and therefore I do not bother quoting sources, because I don't care whether what I have thought has already been thought before me by someone else or not — chances are it all has. Whatever.

This book was born in a dream and strives to hint at the great preliminary achievements of all those for whom *participation is (or was) not a solution*, who are (or were) not always indifferent to what is exacted or done by the state. You know the types — Serner, Burger, Larry, blahdey-blah — the fucked up types.

If this work has a value, it is twofold. On the one hand, thoughts are expressed in it, and the worse the thoughts are expressed, the greater this value will be, or better yet if one fails to think about any of it at all — and if so — the more the nail (*SS*) shall have been squarely hit on the head (*the device*). Here I am far from aware that I have failed, but, well, hmm. Actually I suffer from loss of short-term memory, I really have no idea what happened or even what I wrote just 5 minutes ago.

Simply because my power (*ability*) to cope (*ring-fix!*) *with the task* is too...lacking. May others come and do it better. Or worse. Wait, what was I talking about again?

Let me just say this: The *truth* of the thoughts communicated here seems quite assailable to me and is not at all definite, but rather vague, blurred and dull. Or the opposite. So I am of the opinion and yes, 100%

sure that, much like Herr Wittgenstein, I have solved all problems. Wait, or that I have not. I am asserting the opposite here! Ultimately, if I am not mistaken, the value of this work will be that it demonstrates how little is being done at the moment to solve specifically these problems: the rampant plague of state-sponsored (and personal) surveillance, the systematic destruction of our planet, and the odious obliteration of the private sphere.

There is but one imperative:

Go mad and smash the surveillance state!

Berlin, October 2018

M.K.

TRACTATUS ILLOGICO-INSANUS

3 EXCERPTS

1. The Program is running — constantly.

1.1 Upon considerable reflection, and after contemplating applying various applications using velcro, the idea is perfected for implementation.

1.11 The surrounding forests (in our heads) are mostly natural (or unnatural) spruce forests.

1.12 Myths and prejudices concerning the alleged “opacity” of the boundary between normality and mental illness (and simultaneously the harmfulness or even “risk” of exposure to “madmen,” see § 2.11) only reinforces the isolation of people who are already socially disadvantaged anyway. Ostensibly.

1.13 My head (hereinafter referred to as “the device”): Filled with black and neutral quality shoe polish, 2 applicator shoe brushes, 1 large shoe brush, 2 towels and a shoehorn made of metal. And gasoline, blood, thoughts and music. And raspberries.

1.2 Inquisitors and regressive types may be able to build prisons and asylums that will be suitable for them later as workers’ settlements. However, asylums inquisitors and regressive types cannot invite you to make time for a trip to a climbing forest. Or some absinthe with a side of arsenic.

1.21 Quick interim report: The initial processes are running like a top, the input has been processed, bit 0 to bit 6. Keep going.

2. XKeyscore monitors and stores — everything. They've got it covered! Relax! (See §3.22, §5.01)

2.01 Fully sintered ceramic foam made of high purity alumina guarantees the system (also known as “the device,” or “the head”) a high strength and thermal resistance base. It also provides a good cushion when having your skull battered by the investigators.

2.012 But that's another story and we'll not go into that just yet.

2.0121 In fact, the actual term used for the Program will not be revealed here at all. Incidentally, pianists have long considered pianos from the Steinway & Sons workshop to be the best in the world, probably from the mechanical workshop and forge head-quartered at the Jean Amery-Hermann Burger Suicide-Factory, somewhere in North or South America, or maybe somewhere in Europe. Whatever.

2.0122 Filenames of the loaded in memory method are only visible if the method has already been saved. This may lead to delays, which can be compensated for within the switching electronics and the valve control unit.

2.0123 The file cannot be saved.

2.01231 The magazine “Quarto” dedicated issues 22 and 23 to Hermann Burger and Etienne Bariller. In the future, they will dedicate an issue to Marek Sturmvogel. A fatal mistake, scholars will later come to believe.

2.0124 Once upon a time, somebody thought up an art project, or “little art thing.” No, it was not a block of wood in an empty room, or a shoe-horn positioned on a dildo or a pile of trash bags sprayed with perfume and inflated adorned with pictures of Hitler, Sinatra and Holub. Entitled “Just One More,” it listed hard facts about the “Berliners' favorite drug.” 25,000 Berliners are alcoholics; 500 Berlin hospital beds are occupied

daily as result of chronic alcohol consumption; 120,000 cases of beer are sold weekly at the Getränke Hoffmann liquor store; 200 liters of draft beer are consumed on average on an ok party night at the Kaffee Burger (bottled beer not included); etc. The consequences: Who knows. And what's more: who cares?

2.013 “Dive down to grab some air” is a favorite motto of the once lauded, now reviled German poet Durs Grünbein; I expropriated (stole) it after he signed a book for me and use it now myself when signing. Or variations thereof. Now, if by chance or great exception someone wants me to sign one of my books, I write: Fuck off, to grab some mail. Or: Suck off, to protect the tomb. (See §5.1311)

2.0131 Including cases of fetal pathology, the risk of complications to the amniocentesis and chorionic villus sampling, but overall in non-hydropic fetus, is less than 1. Something like that “doubt truth to be a liar” bit by that one writer. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Grünbein!

2.014 If numbers entered have already been stored, the entered number is shown flashing on the display. Keep a log!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

2.03 To prevent operating errors, the front panel (in your head) is designed so that illogical and/or incomplete settings are automatically monitored and signaled. This in turn seems illogical and wrong, but can be explained as follows: There is a chasm in the background, while in the foreground (of the background), no chronological narrative sequence is occurring. The only concern for the Reader: If a text seems to her to be ambiguous or illogical, one should consider that it could be meant ironically or sarcastically – but – if the arrangement of the scenes on the walls of your mental cell appears sparse, seem totally illogical and irrational, it is because they seem to follow no chronic narrative sequence, as one would expect (e.g., with respect to weather data, in the foreground).

The Wolf Skin

HANS LEBERT

Hans Lebert (1919-1993), nephew by marriage of composer Alban Berg, was a lyric poet, novelist, professional opera singer, and graphic artist. He was a fierce opponent of the Nazi regime and vowed never to take part in it, successfully feigning insanity when called up for military service. He was often misunderstood as a hater of his own country, but it was in fact his devotion to Austria that animated his uncompromising criticisms of mediocrity and evasion. His two novels are considered masterpieces of prose.

*Doch ward ich vom Vater versprengt;
seine Spur verlor ich, je länger ich forschte.
Eines Wolfes Fell nur traf ich im Forst;
leer lag das vor mir:
Den Vater fand ich nicht.*

*But flung far away from my father;
losing all trace the longer I tracked.
The fur of a wolf all I found in the forest;
lying forlorn before me:
My father I never found.*

Richard Wagner, *Walküre*

FIRST CHAPTER (EXCERPT)

THE MYSTERIOUS EVENTS THAT DISMAYED US this past winter began, if we observe the matter more closely, not on the 9th of November, as is generally assumed, but in all probability a day earlier, on the 8th, with that strange noise the sailor claims to have heard.

Indeed. But let us first take a look at the map.

This place is Schweigen; here, south of it, lies Kahldorf.* There is the Kahldorf-Schweigen railroad station and the single-track branch line that ends three stops farther. The backs of some hills in the Eber mountain range thrust out toward Schweigen from the west; the road from Kahldorf to Schweigen leads around the mountain. Here, by this curve south of Schweigen, is where that suspicious brickworks is located. And the rest . . . ? Here are some fields, here is forest; the dots mark isolated farms and the lines are paths that trail away in the woods.

It's a godforsaken region, a region that has nothing to offer and is thus hardly known. It lives its obscure life remote from the great traffic arteries, and those who think they know it — myself, for example — know in the end only that it is there and that it is far off the beaten track, slurred like a language hard to understand as it is, but now with men murmuring it into their beards. Fox come out at night, and in the morning they skulk back through the thickets as they snuffle the air from the farmsteads, where the smoke rising out of the chimneys has a smell of burnt feathers.

Then they cock their ears, and their eyes, alight, rove as they make their rounds: wasteland. Mountain peaks packed in fog clouds; a squall of rain pounds down on fields harvested bare.

But now back to the point!

On the 8th of November, at about three in the morning, the sailor was awakened by some apprehension, a repulsive, ice-cold feeling, “as if the front door were open.” So he got up and satisfied himself that it was locked. Then he lay down again but wasn’t able to fall back to sleep. Annoyed, he got up again after a while, lit his pipe and looked out the window. Outside was a milky half-light. The moon, hidden behind the clouds in the east, dabbed a runny spot onto the fog, a watery patch of consumptively pale brightness, against which the bare branches of the fruit trees were standing out in shadow. Nothing was much out of the ordinary; indeed, everything was as it should be. Even so, the sailor all at once had a feeling that he was waiting for some event, and while he stood there pondering what sort of event it might be, he suddenly heard that strange sound no one has even yet been able to explain. It came, as he told it, from the direction of the brickworks and gradually filled the whole vault of the sky. It sounded like “ringing in the ears” or like an Aeolian harp, more or less as if the air over there were quivering like a string stretched taut.

The sound died off, ebbed away uncertainly into the expanse of night, lost itself in the forest, sank down in the swampy lowlands, where the fog was growing thicker toward morning and hoarfrost was glinting on the reeds. It was finally drawn into the faint humming of the telephone wires (to which it had a certain similarity) until the two could no longer be told apart.

At the time, the rest of us went right on sleeping soundly. After all, we had no reason to sleep other than well. We were convinced we had survived the war and its various repercussions quite intact; the whole country was once again on the upswing; there were even signs of an economic boom in the offing, and if anything tormented us, it was, at worst, that same old boredom so at home around these parts in peacetime,

walking abroad like a gray, ungraspable ghost among houses and among barbed-wire fences.

Like every other day in that month, this one started out with it (boredom, that is). It sent ahead a tear-stained redness (an inflamed redness, like pinkeye, paling after just a few minutes) and then crept, all gray and grudging, over the backs of the hills. Even though it was a Saturday and there was even supposed to be some kind of entertainment or dance at the Grape Tavern that evening, there was no reason to expect the day to break open with something unusual the crippling ring of monotony, the ring made of tilling the soil and breeding the cattle, of bare woods and brown ripples of earth, the ring that draws its circle with especially tight constriction around our village and surroundings as the year is coming toward its end.

Everything was the same. Trucks and motorcycles began their droning. The steam engine from the sawmill set to wheezing like someone sick with a fever, and all around in the forest, by now given over to felling, the axes of the woodcutters awakened and took up their barking. As on every other morning in Schweigen, the shops opened — the bakery, the general store, the butcher shop (which belongs to the Grape); and, as on every other morning, the children ran to school, clouds of their silver breath in front of their faces.

But still! Something was different (must already have been different) on that sleepy Saturday, a day that didn't feel suspicious to us until weeks later. And at that, strangely enough, the only one who felt it was the sailor, and even he only sensed it very dimly, at most as a kind of tension tugging at the most delicate nerve endings, and with the best will in the world he could not have said what was there, if anything at all.

He stepped out to the front of his house (the one-story "Potter's Cabin" huddling at the edge of the woods above the village), looked up at the clouds and twisted his face into a frown. It wasn't the air. It wasn't the light, either. So what was it then? Nothing. He strained his ears, but all he heard was the grass rustling, the dry brushwood snapping in the woods

**SPECIAL
CATALAN
FEATURE**



Adobe Stock 1257293667

Elevation & Rooted- ness

Notes on a Catalan Outlook

(Talk at the 15th International Congress on Musical Signification

Barcelona, 1 September 2021)

RAÛL GARRIGASAIT

I've been assigned a difficult, perhaps impossible, task: explain what Catalonia is in fifty minutes to an audience composed of people from many different countries. But it's a difficult task not merely because of the time constraint. Is it actually possible to define a piece of land, a linguistic community, a culture, a nation? And can one really hope to find within all of this a coherence that has not only lasted over time but also remained rooted in the geography? These aren't questions that can be simplified or answered flippantly. In order to understand reality we must first classify it, but we are condemned to always omit important elements. Standing before you today, then, I have no option but to present a drastic selection. I'll do so by concentrating on three or four figures and the one specific sensibility that unites them, a sensibility that, in my opinion, is still relevant to our day and age.

To begin with, allow me to take you on a journey through one of Barcelona's most visited attractions, one of those locations that run the risk of turning into mere decoration for passers-by: Park Güell. At the turn of the 20th century, the entire area was outside the city of Barcelona and known by the rather striking name of *Muntanya Pelada*, or Bare Mountain. The industrialist and philanthropist Eusebi Güell purchased two tracts of land there with the idea of constructing a large urban development and gave the job of drawing up the plans to the architect Antoni Gaudí. The original idea was to build, on sixty individual plots of land, homes with an abundance of natural light and views of the city. The plots were never sold and the original plan fell through but this failure proved a stroke of luck because out of it was born a seventeen-hectare public park.



Bare Mountain was a dry, rocky wasteland with a steep gradient but it's these specific features that give the park its form. Gaudí refused to flatten it: he was eager to utilise the abruptness of its slopes and accept the land as a gift from nature. Thus, in order to save the slope from obliteration, he designed paths that snaked and spiralled. Inside the park we find columns that lean heavily to one side, helical pillars with capitals shaped like mushrooms and winding walls and benches. Everything has

the feeling of a mountain having been sculpted out of the original mountain's forms.

What's more, the architect obtained material for all of the park's constructions directly from the land and surrounding terrain. Not only was the perimeter wall built using stone from the mountainside but the builders were instructed to collect any tiles or bottles they might find along the paths and tracks. These materials would later serve for the roofs and handrails, all of which are made using a technique called *trencadís*: pieces of ceramic, marble, and glass set with lime mortar, in an art form that can be considered a genuine precursor of avant-garde collage. Each of these works used discarded materials which conserved their original character while being transformed into something new. This is where Gaudí's exceptional collaborator, the architect and designer Josep Maria Jujol, really excelled, even going as far as incorporating crockery from his own home into the park's creations. Despite being formed by scraps of waste material, *trencadís* is successful in creating a bright, luminous beauty. One could even talk of a 'philosophy of *trencadís*' that consists in taking the lowliest, most scorned objects from your immediate surroundings and regarding them with enough charity to transform them into something beautiful and of service. My use of the word 'charity' is no coincidence: Gaudí and Jujol were devout Catholics and perceived the world as divine revelation. Therefore, any material they chanced upon, no matter how insignificant, was capable of possessing a profound truth. Finding a role for it meant they were collaborating with Creation.

OCEANOGRAPHY OF TEDIUM

EUGENI D'ORS

Eugeni Ors i Rovira was born in 1881, though, inspired by a touch of coquetry, his birth year appears most places as 1882. A different kind of dandyism also led him to add a nobiliary particle to his last name, turning him into Eugeni d'Ors. (Catalans undermined his noble *boutade* by persisting in calling him “Ors,” without the particle.) He also had a penchant for pseudonyms — perhaps heteronyms. The most significant and lasting one was *Xènius*, a name that combined his mother’s pet name for him as a child with a dash of foreignness or hospitality (*xeni-*), and a little touch of genius.

Ors was the principal mastermind behind the Noucentista (1900’s-ist) movement, which espoused a modernity rooted in a Classicist Mediterranean aesthetic and the establishment of long lasting institutions of Catalan culture. He called himself a “household philosopher,” and wrote daily newspaper articles, called *glosses*, in which he interpreted details of daily life — which he termed “anecdotes” — for their “eternal” significance, a practice he called “making anecdote into category.”

Oceanography of Tedium, the text included here, was written in the summer of 1917. In summertime, Ors turned his daily newspaper articles into serial chapters of fictional texts, which he called his “vacations.” His first “vacation” was *La Ben Plantada (The Stately Lady)*, in 1912; the next was *Gualba, la de mil veus (Gualba of the Thousand Voices)*, from 1915; followed by *Oceanography*.

In 1921 Ors had a falling-out with the institutions and newspapers that supported him. He spent some years in Argentina, then France and Italy, and eventually ended up in Madrid. He occupied important posts during the Franco regime. Though he is recognized to be an important influence on both Catalan and Spanish culture, his work has been eclipsed by his political affiliations. Nevertheless, the appeal of this little jewel of an oceanography cannot be denied.

— Mary Ann Newman

INTRODUCTION

I

THE SENTENCE

The Doctor is an old friend. The Doctor is an old fox. The Doctor knows one's foibles.

The Doctor has handed down his sentence:

"I am not prescribing the countryside. I am not prescribing repose. Author, Author, man in perpetual ebullition, I know only too well how you construe countryside and repose! I am prescribing, as your only salvation, tedium. Tedium, *to the letter*. Unattenuated, unnuanced: tedium. No excursions: *chaise longue*. No conversations: silence. No reading: lethargy... Insofar as it is possible: Not one movement, not one thought."

The Author gave his word and took his leave. The Author rose to the challenge. Even more than his instinct for survival, he was depositing his self-esteem in the perfectly faithful, scrupulous, extreme compliance with the prescription. Now the full magical extent of his destiny would be revealed. That life that had taken the garden of fever to its maximum intensity, would now reach, for a time, to the human limits of extenuated inertia.

"Not one movement, not one thought!" It was half-past three in the afternoon. A park encircled by beautiful trees. A lounge chair, in the most elusive and recondite corner. Loose tennis whites half covering his reclining body. Above, between two cedars, a stretch of hotel wall. A windowless side wall, an unbroken stretch of white.

Amidst the sun's reverberation upon the white wall thunders the onerous sentence:

"Not one movement, not one thought."

**Selected Poems
translated from
La Gran Nàusea, by
Xavier Mas Craviotto
(2021, LaBreu
Edicions)**

autòpsia

La gran nàusea (LaBreu Edicions, 2021) is a book of poems that delves into a process of exhaustion and weariness. An erosion that consumes the bonds between consciousness and reality, and inevitably leads not only to a feeling of tedium, but also to a hyper-consciousness of unreality and an invasion of strangeness. Taking as its starting point the symbol of the nausea that can be found in Jean-Paul Sartre's famous novel and also in some of Nietzsche's works, together with other authors like Lars Svendsen, Peter Handke, Byung-Chul Han, or filmmakers like Ingmar Bergman, the poems of this book rummage in the apathy raised in a world of

demolished senses and wasted meanings, in the deep malaise that we have inside when we feel close the presence of an invasive, compact and solid void. *La gran nàusea* is a book about the (capital-V) Void. A Void that, like from the nausea to the vomit, starts being an inner and intangible discomfort and ends up being an outer and material reality; a deified Void that we liturgically venerate; a Void that goes from the individual to the community; a Void that in the beginning of the book pulls down a house and at the end of the book devours a whole city. *La gran nàusea* is divided in three parts — *repleció*, *antiperistalsi* and *èmesi* — whose titles correspond to the three phases of vomit. In these poems, the reader embarks on a poetic journey with an I and a You that struggle to understand not only each other but also a world that fades away right before their eyes. A world in which anything makes sense because words have been worn away and have lost their capability of evoking and attributing meanings and identities.

autopsy

*What is this deadly poison that corrodes the best
in us, leaving only the shell?* —INGMAR BERGMAN

maybe it was the sharp eye
of the bird of sleep
that was looking at us;
maybe it was all this anguish
traversing the borders
of the countries that live within
the scab on our skin;
maybe it was the deft outline
of the nuclear aboulia that
fills us with weariness
behind the rind of us;
maybe it was You and Me,
that we understood the nothingness
and made of it a profane tree
in the paradise of watching us fall;
maybe it was the circular stroke
that I undraw in the dirty air
when I hurl myself into your ravine;
maybe it was the teeth of that rift
that welcomes us, open-mouthed, into an end
that we've known for many years;
maybe it was the rancid sweat of the world,
the structural narcosis,
the vascular anaesthesia,
the saintly drowsiness;
maybe it was the gastric Void
of this sad god
that for some time
is bored
and cries rubble.

fracture

it bends.
you notice it's bending
it bends
like the branch
where birds nest
and sit on eggs.
it bends.
you notice it's bending,
in spite of faith,
in spite of the certainties
like wires
crossing
your spinal
column
to straighten it,
in spite of promises,
that were silent
shadows
uselessly
propping up
your spinal cord,
that is no longer straight,
that has taken on
this weight
that dangerously
hunches it,
that is now like this,
bendy,
its natural state.
and it bends
each vertebra
is a sacrifice

that arches you
flattening you
under the weight
of each guilt,
and it bends,
and it bends again,
and it twists,
and it makes an acute angle
of the parabola
of your body
and your blame,
and the chicks
shriek at you
the resigned
fear
of someone who awaits
the fall.
and it bends
and it hurts
your spine,
that already bleeds
sacrifice
and it shakes
your core.
it bends,
and your back
already draws a
dangerously
hunched
arch.
it bends,
and with each
new sacrifice

Unnameable

Anna Gual, Selected Poems

INTRODUCTION

*I'm all these words, all these strangers, this dust
of words with no grounds for their settling...*

— Samuel Beckett, *Unnamable*

To experience the words of Catalan poet Anna Gual is to embark with her on a quest. A quest towards the liminal; towards omnipresent, and elusive, horizons — both horizontal and vertical; towards dirt-laden construction and de-construction sites, towards an often willingly unhinged coursing through time, rivers, electrical currents ... to say nothing of one's own veins.

From her first book, *Implosions* (2008), through others, including a trilogy, to her seventh, *Ameba* (2020), winner of the Rosa Leveroni prize and slated for a French language edition, to her just released *Les ocultacions*, winner of the Miquel de Palol Prize, Gual has demonstrated her attempts at and talent for noticing and expressing the odd in the quotidian, whether breaking down barriers between human beings and the so-called natural world, between and within bodies, or in the flesh and blood of language itself. Susanna Rafart has remarked that to enter Gual's work is to enter a "forest of wild rebirths"; Gemme Gorga

describes Gual's poetic world as one where "human laws are far away"; and Lluís Calvo, as one of "continuous exceptionalities."

I discovered Gual's inventive, muscular work, her leaving no strange stone unturned, as it were, while completing my doctorate in Barcelona. I was instantly taken in by these poems that travel through and across meaning-scapes of language as she, as we, sense, pursue, silence, cry, claw, pierce, transmit it.

The poems in this portfolio are part of Gual's bilingual Catalan-Spanish collected works, *Innombrable* (Unnamable; Stendhal Books, 2020), which I am currently translating and for which I have been awarded an NEA Fellowship. This will be the first time a full collection of Gual's work will be available to an English readership.

— AKaiser

Unnameable

Let the dog in
to sniff the house's miseries.
Let him bark when he smells the worn smell
of the clothes,
let him bark when he finds white hair
floating in the air,
let him bark when
the dust that wanders about
the dead bedrooms
clouds his vision and trips him up,
let him bark when
he senses sockets
sealed
and lamps with molten bulbs,
let him bark when he bumps into
memory
when he steps on
tile hiding an array of faces,
let him bark and be spooked
when he hears
ghosts gliding,
when he finds shadows hewed to the walls
and screams
glued to the ceiling,
let him bark when he approaches the grave
where pain sleeps
when suddenly he'll go quiet
and let himself be taken
when pain wakes
and drags him away.

POEMS & PROSE

PEPE SALES

Pepe Sales (Barcelona, 1954–1994) was the complete artist: painter, singer, writer, poet, enfant terrible. The sweating, suffering, and sweet-talking all formed part of a spontaneous creative process that meant he could paint a picture or compose a song in no time at all. He liked the best music, the best literature, the best drugs; he read and listened to whatever he could get his hands on; he loved Dylan, Lou Reed, and the Rolling Stones, Giovanni Pergolesi, RW Fassbinder, and Aryton Senna, Camarón, Nusrat Fateh, Henry Miller, Anaïs Nin, Proust, Miles Davis, Samuel Beckett... He was always prepared to speak his mind (even if the process cost him blood, sweat, and more), whether it was on national television or down on the street corner.

Sales spoke candidly and passionately about prison, his admittance to various hospitals, his Glasnost trips, and his withdrawal to the family home in Vallclara, taking the reader on a voyage through heroin, homosexuality, and AIDS with an honest, unabashed, irreverent and consistently non-standard voice that is both captivating and fascinating.

— Tiago Miller

EMPTY PATH (1981)

A lonely man
an empty path
A sombre man
he's my lover
A man that's aching
aching to please
All day up and down
Lost and lonely in this town
he pictures and he hopes
for a brighter day
But he senses and suspects
that will never come
Yet this strange game
brings him to my bed
A sombre man
a passer-by
Paper-thin blown
up and down
A man that's aching
aching for brown
All day up and down
Lost and lonely in this town
he pictures and he hopes
for a brighter day
But he senses and suspects
that will never come
Yet this strange game
brings him to my bed

CHRIST OF THE PHARMACIES (1987)

Forgive me, my Lord
I'm begging you please
I'm down on my knees
it's me, my Lord.
How could I be so blind
on the corner at night
beneath the neon light
is it you, my Lord?
Forgive me, my Lord
we felt so much pain
but again and again
you forsook us, my Lord.
Now we're paying the price
strung up like Christ
No more passion please
it's me, my Lord.
Christ of the Pharmacies
tell the man to give us relief
and serve us our daily poison
or take the cross down from the street.

And, Suddenly, Paradise

Núria Perpinyà

In Núria Perpinyà's novel *And, Suddenly, Paradise* (Barcelona: Comanegra, 2018), a group of Internet users spends a season in the mountains in a detoxification clinic. The action takes place in the Tammarian Valley, the setting of her last novel, *Al vertigen* (To Vertigo). Readers will encounter some of the alpinists from *Al vertigen* along the way. The same place welcomes those passionate about nature and machines. Some are very active and others very sedentary. What they have in common is that they all love certain things or people too much.

Although their devotion and consequences may seem exaggerated, the stories are based on real people fascinated by the Internet, starting with India, the protagonist.

The addicts who are rehabilitated at the Lubol clinic are of different ages and professions. Some are mesmerized by video games, others chat and find love, and others never leave YouTube. The changing virtual personalities magnify who they are, although some lose themselves.

The story is presented by two narrators: Dr. Neuska, and India, a friend of one of the patients.

The alternation between chapters is not symmetrical, which creates points of confusion and uncertainty.

Since there is no temporal dimension on the Internet and everything exists in an eternal present that is continually updated, Perpinyà's novel also plays with various temporal moments which, combined, contravene the earthly laws of physics, creating unexpected paradoxes.

What follows are excerpts from the chapters "Raul's Loogies," "Life on the Sofa," and "Keys to Paradise."

Raul's Loogies

In the Lubol clinic, apart from being neurologists and psychiatrists, up here we also have to act as general practitioners, and family doctors, if appropriate. Due to a number of emergencies, I have not yet been able to consult Raul Fusquero. And, above all, because I have not received the approval to start his treatment until today. I'm not into comedies; the tragedy of Elexa makes me sick. But I have to take care of all my patients, starting with him. Despite Raul's insistence on giving me details, I preferred to stay out of the pecuniary conflict. I've had enough of patients' mental conflicts. Half an hour after the appointment, Raul knocks on the door touching his private parts. The vision is unpleasant to me but I ignore it. I have to give him confidence, because I'm interested in getting to the core of who he is.

— I know a lot of madhouse jokes. Can I sit on the couch? I've seen it in so many movies! When I explain it, they won't believe it. So then they'll say that the movies we invent don't exist. What I don't want is for some shitty reality to spoil my fantasies — he adds with a sudden change of mood and then resumes his enthusiasm —. Don't tell me. It begins by explaining dreams. I had a scary nightmare yesterday. I was at a party and wanted to show a video, but YouTube was very slow and wouldn't load. All night like this. What does it mean?

— That even in dreams you don't leave the Internet. Do you want to tell me anything?

I arrange my papers without looking up; the lack of eye contact unsettles the patients and makes them open up to me more; since they don't like my looking away, they talk to me to unconsciously strengthen the relationship. It's a strategy I disapprove of but use. Beyond my unconfessed contradictions, this inference will be useful in dealing with Raul. With him, you have to build a wall of sanity, despite the risk of being unsympathetic, in order not to fall into his beautifying nonchalance. A little seriousness will do him good.

— Last week they gave me a piece of paper that said I couldn't have children.

— I'm sorry... What urological dysfunction do you have?
— None. I light up like a fuse! — he retorts with obscenity. It was the last paycheck. Ha, ha, ha.
— Your addiction is humor. — I won't pay it any mind.
— The comedy, the cunt...
— Married?
— No.
Perplexed, I check the files.
— Weren't you? In your file... Children?
— No.
He doesn't agree either.
— Didn't you tell us that you had children? What did you expect, that you had installed a cellphone app to control their phone usage?
— Stories that I concoct.
— Do you have a job?
— No.
— Do you have a car, a house?
— No.
— Friends, girlfriend?
Raul sits half up:
— I have Twitter, dammit! I don't need anything else.
Fed up with his jokes, I rearrange the files. He goes right back to it:
— I know another one of your type. With this one, you'll burst out laughing: "Doctor, the subject of the experiments has jumped out the window." "Well, he couldn't have been properly subjected to." Oh, I'm sorry, I understand that you're not amused; I've been told that Elexa wanted to jump out of the water...

@LargoJavariaga Humor borders on intolerance in the north, hypocrisy in the south, demagoguery in the east, and apologetics in the west.

— Enough. The condition of the patients is not your concern. In these sessions, we need only talk about you.

— If these are the rules, I hold my tongue. We'll kick it at the bar! Everything is broached there.

— Your humor can be a psychological response to fear — I tell him, putting a great deal of patience into it.

— Fear, of what? So knowing that I am; no, more, the next! How lazy to psychoanalyze people you know nothing about instead of going out with them, right? Me, you can say whatever you want, but with Elexa and India, if they let us, we'd have a lot of parties and drown our sorrows. There should be a disco in Lubol. That place is full of sick people and yet no one seems sick and everyone eats and shits as God commands (except for our flimsy one). But something big happens to us: we are too sleepy. This is not life. If you let me party it up...

I am stunned. Raul looks enviously at my computer and has one of his sudden mood swings again. As a result of his chemical and electronic drug addictions, he goes from cheerfulness to anger in a matter of seconds.

— I don't know if it's perfectly right for you to be fucking around on the computer in front of me and getting down with that while life is shitty for me. You're not a good example for me.

Mr. Fusquero is partly right (despite the insufferable tone he used). When Elexa wanted to take it from me, I decided that I would not make any more inquiries at the office. But with so much work I haven't thought about it anymore. And today, let's go back to it: I have Raul attacked because of me. I will have to dissimulate. I can't stoop to their level and exchange defective seals. It is assumed that he is the one who makes mistakes and that I have to fix them. Would I lose credibility if I admitted my faults?

— When you will return to the world, you will live with a lot of computers. We cannot remove them all. You must learn to know how to be there. But above all — I tell him restraining myself from his lack of respect — don't tell me how I should take care of your healing. Next week we will work with the unconscious.

— I will warn my man. — He plays gay. But I don't know if he will be able to stand up.

— On his Twitter account, he uses the pseudonym La Rotlla to pretend that he is a curvy woman with a joyful life. Do you consider yourself homosexual, bisexual, or heterosexual?

— Speak bluntly, you! Calm down: it's a joke!

— Too much.

— You throw little firecrackers to amuse yourself for a while. If the staff gets angry, don't read me the riot act. God damn it, but what's that about? I'm here because of the Internet, not because of myself. And because my wife has agreed to come since, as she knows, I spend the day connected. She dies of jealousy. I'm fucking mad. As for La Rotlla, I don't need a sexologist. On Twitter I act like a broad to get more followers.

— You should drop the humor and be sincere. What do you want to be cured of? What do you suffer from?

— Let Cesca tell you, she made me come. All these questions! Graduates want to know everything. I tell lies, but my horoscope is good. It hurts only when I laugh. I'm Taurus, and you?

— Vices?

— Same as everyone. She doesn't want to tell me what sign she is. I would say that you are... Sorry, I'm focusing. Since head doctors like to dig up stories from way back, I'll tell you that I've been fond of firecrackers since I was a child. They called me El Masclat, which also means the Macho one. One year we staged an incredible masclatada with nine tons of gunpowder. Nine is my lucky number.

— What do you look for on the Internet? Pornography?

— You're a straight shooter, doctor! Me who believed that career people never called things by their name. And especially you, the doctors, who struggle with words so convoluted that no one can understand them.

— Answer me.

— Porn... me? Phew... Who doesn't? But only a little.

— One, two, three hours a day?

— It depends. The good thing about porn is that you can do something else in the meantime. Tweet, bet, play cards, contests, chow down. And above all — he says enigmatically — because you want me to be

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

Nicholas Birns teaches at NYU and is the author of many books and articles on literary criticism. He has worked on Latin American, Australian, and Slavic literature as well as British and American, and his forthcoming *Companion to the Australian Novel* will be published by Cambridge University Press in spring 2023.

Marialena Carr, born ninety-seven kilometers south of Barcelona, now lives due north from NYC. After two decades as an oceanographer, she turned to translating poetry and fiction-writing. *El Jo-Ull / The I-Eye* (Llibres del Segle), by Vicenç Altaió with her translations, came out in 2022. Translating a path through Felicia Fuster's collected poems is a plunge into the ocean deep, a barefoot walk on red-hot lava, and an olive tree's whisper.

Xavier Mas Craviotto (Navàs, Catalonia, 1996) studied Catalan Philology at the University of Barcelona and a postgraduate program on language consultancy and publishing services. For two years, he worked at the Research Center for Sociolinguistics and Communication (CUSC-UB). He is currently a lecturer at the University of Bristol, where he teaches Catalan language and culture, and also works as a proofreader for several publishing houses. He is one of the cofounders of "Com ho diria," a digital platform that specializes in slang used by young Catalan speakers. He is also an award-winning author of poetry and prose fiction. At the age of 17, he was a finalist in the Jordi Sierra i Fabra Literary Prize of Spain and Latin America and, since then, he has won around twenty narrative and poetry awards. His first novel, *La mort lenta* (The Slow Death) won the Documenta Prize in 2018. He has also published three poetry collections: *Renills de cavall negre* (Black Horse Neighs), which won the Salvador Iborra prize, *La gran nausea* (The

Great Nausea), and *La llum subterrània* (The Underground Light), which was awarded the Ausiàs March Prize in 2022. His short stories have been included in collaborative anthologies and he has participated in many poetry readings and panel discussions about language and literature.

Raül Garrigasait (Solsona, 1979) is an award-winning novelist, essayist, and translator. His novel *Els estranys* (2017) won both the Premi Llibreter and the Premi Òmnium, and was published in English in 2021. Garrigasait is a doctor in Classical Philology at the University of Barcelona and also acts as the director of La Casa del Clàssics. He is one of the leading figures of a new generation of Catalan writers.

Anna Gual has proven herself time and again as one of Catalunya's most vital poetic voices. From her first book, *Implosions* (LaBreu Edicions, 2008), to her eighth, *Les ocultacions* (Proa, 2022), Gual's exploration of the minute to the exponential, of the daily to the eternal, and the singular ways she writes this exploration, continues to surprise and draw in poets, readers, and critics alike. A regular at literary festivals and seminars, Gual's poetry has been widely anthologized and translated into several languages. Most recently published is *Innombrable*, a collected work translated into Spanish (Stendhal Books); this same selection is being translated into English by AKaiser. Reach out at <https://annagual.cat> & @annagual.

Based in Helsinki, Finland, David Hackston is a British translator of Finnish and Swedish literature and drama. He has worked in many genres, and notable recent publications include Katja Kettu's wartime epic *The Midwife* and six novels by 'Helsinki noir' author Antti Tuomainen, one of which, *Little Siberia*, won the 2020 Petrona Award for Best Scandinavian Crime Novel of the Year. David has translated all three novels by Pajtim Statovci, to considerable critical acclaim. In 2019 his translation of Statovci's *Crossing* was shortlisted for the National

Book Award, and in 2020 this translation was awarded the Oxford-Weidenfeld Prize for Literary Translation. In 2007 he was awarded the Finnish State Prize for Translation. David is also a professional countertenor and has studied early music and performance practice in both Finland and Portugal.

Rainer J. Hanshe is a writer and the founder and editor of Contra Mundum Press and *Hyperion: On the Future of Aesthetics*. He is the author of two novels, *The Acolytes* and *The Abdication*, and *Shattering the Muses*, a collaboration with visual artist Federico Gori. His translations include Charles Baudelaire's *My Heart Laid Bare*, *Belgium Stripped Bare*, and *Paris Spleen*, as well as other books & shorter pieces. Writings of his have appeared in *Sinn und Form*, *Caesura*, *Salt*, *ChrisMarker.org*, *Asymptote*, *Black Sun Lit*, & elsewhere. Recent work includes *Closing Melodies* (forthcoming 2023), a phantomatic encounter between Nietzsche and van Gogh, and *Beyond Sense* (in progress). His translation of Évelyne Grossman's *The Creativity of the Crisis* is due out in 2023.

James Hawkey (Cardiff, Wales, 1984) is Senior Lecturer in Spanish and Catalan Linguistics at the University of Bristol (UK). He received his PhD from Queen Mary, University of London in 2012 in Catalan linguistics, and has held teaching and research positions at the Sorbonne University (Paris), as well as the University of Bristol. As a translator, he has published technical translations from French and Spanish into English, and is currently working on an upcoming translation of Xavier Mas Craviotto's *La llum subterrània*.

Kari Hukkila writes in Finnish. He has published approximately 60 texts for theater, radio, and TV as well as essays and prose. His essay "An Algerian Friend," from *The Heretical Essays* (2010), was translated by Owen F. Witesman and published in *Hyperion* Vol. VII, No. 1 (2013). He also curated the Mallarmé project for *Hyperion*, which was published in two special issues: "Mallarmé: Part 1" (Vol. IX, No. 3

(2015)), and “Mallarmé: Part 2” (Vol. X, No. 1 (2017)). His novel *1000 & 1* (*Tuhat ja yksi*, 2016) is forthcoming from Contra Mundum Press (2023) in translation by David Hackston.

AKaiser, PhD, is a translator, scholar, and Pushcart Prize-nominated poet of <glint>, co-winner of the Milk & Cake Press Prize. Recent poems, prose, translations & photos are found or forthcoming in *Amsterdam Quarterly*, *Harvard Review*, *Ginosko*, *New Square*, *Poetry International* and Pen + Brush’s *In Print* (No 5), guest edited by Novella Ford. AK~ translates from Catalan, French, and Spanish. Current translations include <Unnamable>, by Catalan poet Anna Gual, for which AK~ has been awarded an NEA Fellowship, and the works of Cebrià Montoliu (1873–1923), transatlantic urbanista, reformer, and translator of Ruskin, Emerson, and Whitman of whom she is writing a biography. Reach out at <https://akexperiments.org> & @akexperiments

Mark Kanak is an author, translator, and radioplay artist based in Berlin. Recent publications include *Tractatus illogico-insanus* (prose, Ritter Verlag, 2018), translation of Walter Serner’s Dada masterpiece *Letzte Lockerung* (*Last Loosening*) into English (Twisted Spoon Press, 2020), and translation of Blixa Bargeld’s *EUROPA KREUZWEISE* (*EUROPA CROSSWISE*), (Contra Mundum Press, 2022). Radioplay work: *Tollhaus* (2021) with Blixa Bargeld of *Einstürzende Neubauten* in the solo role (premiere Berlin Hörspiel Festival, current finalist for 2022 Radioplay of the Year). Upcoming: publication of the first ever translation of Rolf Dieter Brinkmann’s only novel *No One Knows More* (Moloko Print, 2023) and also in 2023: *Lügendetektor/Lie Detector*, prose, Ritter Verlag.

Tiago Miller (London, 1987) is a writer and translator based in Lleida. He has worked on a number of translations of Catalan writers such as Pere Calders, Mercè Ibarz, Jordi Amat, Raül Garrigasait, and the theatre company La Calòbrica. His translation of Montserrat Roig’s *The Song*

of Youth was shortlisted for the Republic of Consciousness Prize for book of the year and the Oxford-Weidenfeld Prize for translation of the year.

Vincent Kling has translated a number of Austrian authors, mainly Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Heimito von Doderer, Gert Jonke, and Werner Kofler, among others. He was awarded the Schlegel-Tieck Prize in 2013 and the Helen and Kurt Wolff Prize in 2021.

Salomé Monk is a sailor and wanderer who translates, if she is not on the road or at sea. Yet, that is generally always.

Mary Ann Newman (1951) translates from Catalan and Spanish into English. A graduate in Hispanic literatures of New York University, she has become one of the foremost voices on Catalan culture in the English-speaking world. She has translated fiction by Quim Monzó and Josep Maria de Sagarra, essay by Xavier Rubert de Ventós, and poetry by Josep Carner. Newman was awarded the Creu de Sant Jordi in 1998, the J.B. Cendrós International Award from Òmnium Cultural and the North American Catalan Society Award for Scholarship in 2016, and the Ramon Llull International Award in 2022. Her latest publication is *Final Judgements*, a book of aphorisms by the great Valencian essayist, Joan Fuster, in celebration of his centenary.

Núria Perpinyà (1961) is a Catalan writer of novels about architecture and music (*A House to Compose*), madness (*Mistana*), science and homosexuality (*A Good Mistake*), love and mountaineering (*To Vertigo*), museums (*The Privileged*), cultures in extinction (*The Calligraphers*), the internet (*And, Suddenly, Paradise*), and climate change (*Diatom*). As an essayist, notable work includes research about Chaos, Perspectivalism, mechanical reasoning, the *Odyssey*, and the aesthetic of ruins and the avant-garde.

Fritz Senn is the founding director of the Zürich James Joyce Foundation, as well as the founding editor of *European Joyce Studies* (Rodopi / Brill) and the *Wake Newsletter*, a journal specialized in *Finnegans Wake*. He has written on Joyce, translation, and subjects such as Ochlokinetics. He may have been the first to tackle translation issues in Joyce. He is a presence at all Joyce events, including the Dublin and Trieste Joyce Schools. His publications include *Joyce's Dislocutions: Essays on Reading as Translation*, ed. by John Paul Riquelme (1984); *Inductive Scrutinies: Essays on Joyce*, ed. by Christine O'Neill (1995); and *Ulysses Polytropos. Essays on James Joyce's Ulysses*, ed. by Frances Ilmberger (2022). He has also published *Joycean Murmoirs: Fritz Senn on James Joyce*, ed. Christine O'Neill (2007), and an extended interview, *Portals of Recovery. Fritz Senn on Reading: Joyce, Homer, Translation*, ed. by Erika Mihálycsa and Jolanta Wawrzycka (2017).

COLOPHON



HYPERION: ON THE FUTURE OF AESTHETICS

was typeset in InDesign 5.

The text & page numbers are set in Auroc, Taull,
and Adobe Jenson Pro.

The titles are set in a variation of Auroc & Taull.

Images: The Pepe Sales images (174–183) are taken from
La passió segons Pepe Sales (LaBreu Edicions, 2019).
Reprint permission has been granted by Martí Sales.
All other images are public domain.

Cover image credit: Martí Sales © 2022

Design & typesetting: Giuseppe Bertolini

Cover design: CMP

The editors would like to extend their gratitude to McCoy,
Adrien Stalter, Pierre Joris, Tiago Miller and Martí Sales, Núria
Perpinyà, and most especially to Jadranka Vrsalovic Carevic.

HYPERION: ON THE FUTURE OF AESTHETICS

is published by Contra Mundum Press

CONTRA MUNDUM PRESS

Dedicated to the value & the indispensable importance of the individual voice, to testing the boundaries of thought & experience.

The primary aim of Contra Mundum is to publish translations of writers who in their use of form and style are *à rebours*, or who deviate significantly from more programmatic & spurious forms of experimentation. Such writing attests to the volatile nature of modernism. Our preference is for works that have not yet been translated into English, are out-of-print, or are poorly translated, for writers whose thinking & aesthetics are in opposition to timely or mainstream currents of thought, value systems, or moralities. We also reprint obscure and out-of-print works we consider significant but which have been forgotten, neglected, or overshadowed.

There are many works of fundamental significance to *Weltliteratur* (and *Weltkultur*) that still remain in relative oblivion, works that alter and disrupt standard circuits of thought – these warrant being encountered by the world at large. It is our aim to render them more visible.

For the complete list of forthcoming publications, please visit our website. To be added to our mailing list, send your name and email address to: info@contramundum.net

Contra Mundum Press
P.O. Box 1326
New York, NY 10276
USA

<https://contramundumpress.com>

HYPERION: ON THE FUTURE OF AESTHETICS

To read samples and order any back issue of *Hyperion*, visit:

<https://contramundumpress.com/hyperion>

Contra Mundum Press Titles

2012

Gilgamesh

Ghérasim Luca, *Self-Shadowing Prey*

Rainer J. Hanshe, *The Abdication*

Walter Jackson Bate, *Negative Capability*

Miklós Szentkuthy, *Marginalia on Casanova*

Fernando Pessoa, *Philosophical Essays*

2013

Elio Petri, *Writings on Cinema & Life*

Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Greek Music Drama*

Richard Foreman, *Plays with Films*

Louis-Auguste Blanqui, *Eternity by the Stars*

Miklós Szentkuthy, *Towards the One & Only Metaphor*

Josef Winkler, *When the Time Comes*

2014

William Wordsworth, *Fragments*

Josef Winkler, *Natura Morta*

Fernando Pessoa, *The Transformation Book*

Emilio Villa, *The Selected Poetry of Emilio Villa*

Robert Kelly, *A Voice Full of Cities*

Pier Paolo Pasolini, *The Divine Mimesis*

Miklós Szentkuthy, *Prae, Vol. 1*

2015

Federico Fellini, *Making a Film*

Robert Musil, *Thought Flights*

Sándor Tar, *Our Street*

Lorand Gaspar, *Earth Absolute*

Josef Winkler, *The Graveyard of Bitter Oranges*

Ferit Edgü, *Noone*

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Narcissus*

Ahmad Shamlu, *Born Upon the Dark Spear*

2016

Jean-Luc Godard, *Phrases*

Otto Dix, *Letters*

Maura Del Serra, *Ladder of Oaths*

Pierre Senges, *The Major Refutation*

Charles Baudelaire, *My Heart Laid Bare & Other Texts*

2017

Joseph Kessel, *Army of Shadows*

Rainer J. Hanshe, *Shattering the Muses*

Gérard Depardieu, *Innocent*

Claude Mouchard, *Entangled – Papers! – Notes*

2018

Miklós Szentkuthy, *Black Renaissance*

Adonis, *Conversations in the Pyrenees*

2019

Charles Baudelaire, *Belgium Stripped Bare*

Robert Musil, *Unions*

Iceberg Slim, *Night Train to Sugar Hill*

Marquis de Sade, *Aline & Valcour, Vols I–III*

2020

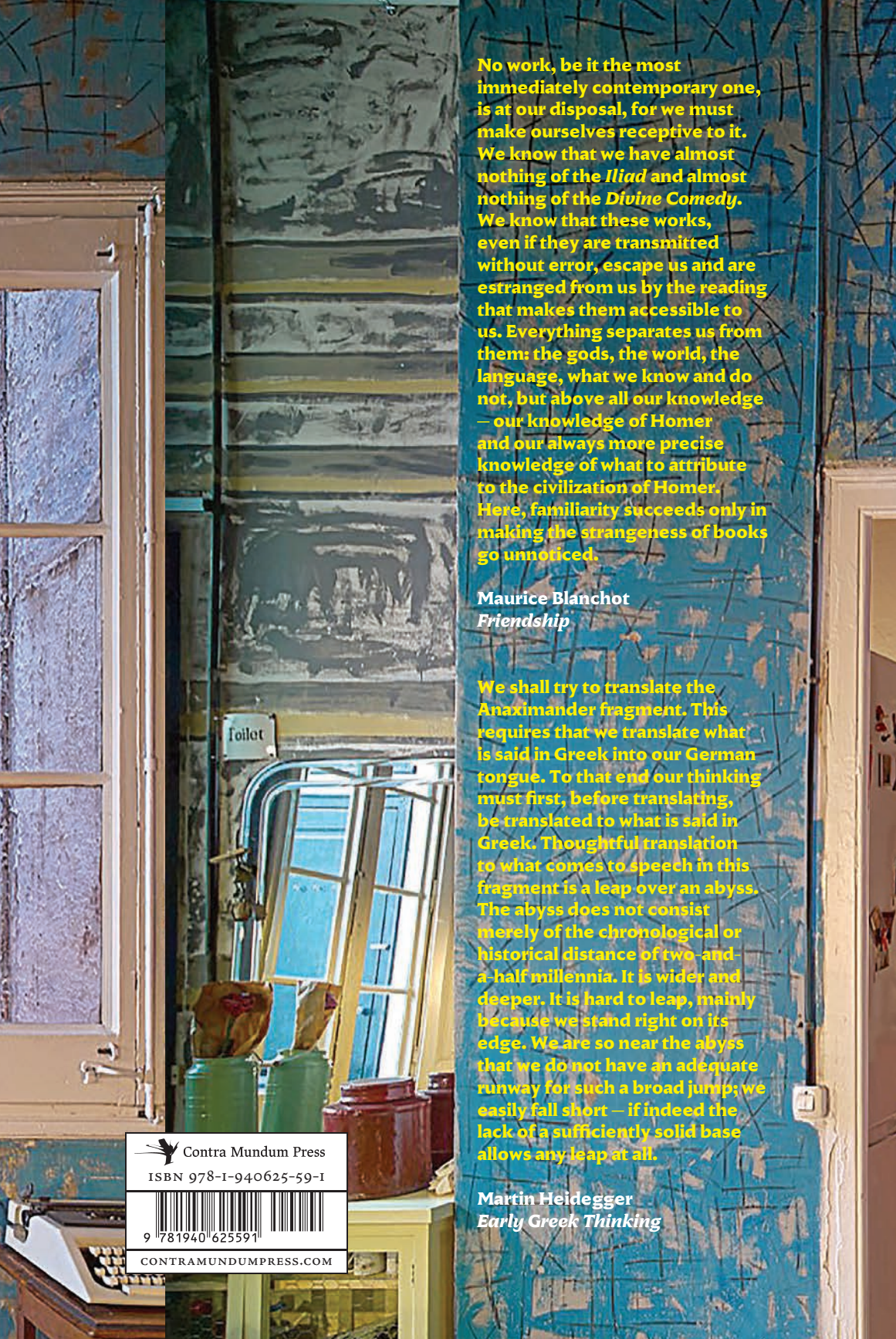
A City Full of Voices: Essays on Robert Kelly
Rédoine Faïd, *Outlaw: Author Armed & Dangerous*
Carmelo Bene, *I Appeared to the Madonna*
Paul Celan, *Microliths They Are, Little Stones*
Zsuzsa Selyem, *It's Raining in Moscow*
Bérengère Viennot, *Trumpspeak*
Robert Musil, *Theater Symptoms*
Miklós Szentkuthy, *Chapter on Love*
Dejan Lukić, *The Oyster* * AGRODOLCE SERIES

2021

Charles Baudelaire, *Paris Spleen*
Marguerite Duras, *The Darkroom*
Andrew Dickos, *Honor Among Thieves*
Pierre Senges, *Ahab (Sequels)*
Carmelo Bene, *Our Lady of the Turks*
Fernando Pessoa, *Writings on Art & Poetical Theory*

2022

Miklós Szentkuthy, *Prae, Vol. II*
Blixia Bargeld, *Europe Crosswise: A Litany*
Ugo Tognazzi, *The Injester* * AGRODOLCE SERIES
Pierre Joris with Florent Toniello, *Always the Many, Never the One*
Robert Musil, *Literature & Politics*



No work, be it the most immediately contemporary one, is at our disposal, for we must make ourselves receptive to it. We know that we have almost nothing of the *Iliad* and almost nothing of the *Divine Comedy*. We know that these works, even if they are transmitted without error, escape us and are estranged from us by the reading that makes them accessible to us. Everything separates us from them: the gods, the world, the language, what we know and do not, but above all our knowledge — our knowledge of Homer and our always more precise knowledge of what to attribute to the civilization of Homer. Here, familiarity succeeds only in making the strangeness of books go unnoticed.

Maurice Blanchot
Friendship

We shall try to translate the Anaximander fragment. This requires that we translate what is said in Greek into our German tongue. To that end our thinking must first, before translating, be translated to what is said in Greek. Thoughtful translation to what comes to speech in this fragment is a leap over an abyss. The abyss does not consist merely of the chronological or historical distance of two and a half millennia. It is wider and deeper. It is hard to leap, mainly because we stand right on its edge. We are so near the abyss that we do not have an adequate runway for such a broad jump; we easily fall short — if indeed the lack of a sufficiently solid base allows any leap at all.

Martin Heidegger
Early Greek Thinking



Contra Mundum Press

ISBN 978-1-940625-59-1



9 781940 625591

CONTRAMUNDUMPRESS.COM