

LÉON-PAUL FARGUE

HIGH  
SOLITUDE

Translated by  
Rainer J. Hanshe

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I Dreamed  
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Advocacy of Disorder  
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Nomadic Specters  
The Death of the Ghost  
The Wait  
Azazel  
Danse Mabraque  
Again...

*... then were served...*

*... the happelourdes, the badigonyeuses,  
the étrangourres, the aucbares de mer, the  
godivealx de lévrier, biens bons, the bour-  
belettes. Primeronges, the bregizollons, the  
frelinginiques, the starabillatz, the corni-  
cabotz, the cornamcuz revestuz de bize, the  
jerangoys, de la mopsopige, the chinfre-  
neaulx, the volepupinges, the ondtresponde-  
detz, de la friande vestanpenarderie, the  
bandyelivagues, viande rare, the notrodilles,  
the spopondrilloches, the ancrastabotz, the  
croquinpedaignes, the gringuenauldes à la  
joncade...*

*How the Lady Lanterns were served at supper.*

*Rabelais, The 5th Book of the Good Pantagruel,  
ch. A32*

## I Dreamed

*A poet who made a dream voyage  
Told me that a star exists in a radiant sky  
Where the brief hour never sounds  
That hour when hearts break in farewell.  
(From a song by Paul Delmet)*

Up there, in that exclusive dimension, they were starting to realize that I wasn't quite at ease. I myself realized it.

I had been well received, like a slightly Zeno-esque dreamer none too surprised by death.

But now I had manifested clear signs of anxiety. A scrap of a truncated idea, like the fore-end of a wasp that has been guillotined but which continues to groom and frenetically scour its legs, hummed again in my vitreous head.

I still tended to my limits, to gather myself within myself, to corset anew my chrysalis. A new man was coagulating.

My number, my old identification as a disintegrated person, was lengthened furtively into a patronymic capital. Hey! The monogram of the old man escapes from God's chore! The hopping insect tries to put itself back together...

— Not so tired of living, whispered the spheres.

— He's like those poorly neutered cats that still go prowling.

— Is he a revolutionary? Is he a bit player that shows zeal and does his best to create faux agitation?

— More than suspect...

— The metempsychosis had not taken hold. The dialyzer didn't have much effect...

— Should we light the hand of glory?

— Let those who sleep, sleep. Let those who are awake remain awake...

— But look at him, he's slipping away! grumbled the silent voices of the ether...

The Sanhedrin drew nearer, grouped itself in steps, like a large, well-planned meal, closely followed by the serving trays. The divine parties began to ring, clashing with crystal words of princely familiarity. A Mexican god, a block of obsidian with heaven-laden eyes, made of mountain and rain powers, came to my defense.

Finally, I was discussing before great multi-valved shells with prehensile eyes like leeches, crowned with prismatic tiaras, reflectors, and deforming mirrors polluted by love, desiccated by disciples, ravaged by exegesis, bohued but always august and sufficiently garnished with wisdom and the usual objects, which decided at any event, in short, to purge me in the mode of some permission given to the Earth, with a diversion through mutual agreement of the temporal and the spiritual, obligatory intelligence with a guarantee of the Eternal, a periscope for internal use, the ability to see without being seen, facing the transparent side of the glass we call "the sun" (the other side of which is a mirror that depicts an imbecile), and all license to move yourself in time as well as in space.

They concluded with a breath of emotion. But the mystics are prose and the gods are aerophages...

— Vomit finally with a lucid heart and die knowingly! And report everything back to us. Cordially.

So here I am descending then, like an extra-lucid parachute, gliding along the erg with its adorable filigree, moiré like a squid-god, through the sacred whitenesses and albuginous trails...

I can already feel the eternal gradually fading, stretching a lot, cracking, bending, like a "witness" in a tackle block.

Stupendous. Here we go, now I'm talking to myself.

This space and this material, the resolutions, the ap-poggiatura, the incredible striae, the indefinitely relative and complementary palette that men so greatly ignored, my descending water pipe has a completely new sense of it.

... But what is this ghostly-shaft that rises, parallel to me like the counterweight of an elevator?

I recognize myself fairly well. I find, which I believe, by the left hem, what I saw in the past when I climbed the right hem, along a vertical candle, draped over the glim-

mer, which resembles my memory, and which my magick lantern sends in the plumage of night...

I can better see his face, and I realize that on his forehead he bears the Stygmann de la Luçâze!...

... It's true, it's difficult to speak and to touch. It still requires a great deal of precautions. As soon as I touch it with my head, newly sharpened from the battle, everything is recast in the divine...

From time to time a muted star, playing a blocked horn, a glassy tiger that rattles on the edge of the abyssal bell and which my old soul brushes with a sad comb, lets loose, from the depths of a rumor smoked through space, a kind of pink bark that comes from a hundred billion centuries and beasts, and again slowly passes the scrutiny of death...

Because I've brushed up against it, that, that's mine, yes, I have often come close, I want to know at what moment of its duration, of its methods and of its love, I had come close to the extreme point of some terrible life, rolled up in some very old style, spawn of an old cosmic espadon, carried by an old cat-like planet, in love with too many masters, which bristled and softly mewed in the ether, like a plaintive voice wavering in a dying man's room badly illuminated by the swell of rooftops...

This time, I can feel it; I'm entering the zone. I perceive, as far as the ground level stretches, vast expanses colored with grief...

I hear thunder beneath me, like a great dreaming beast turning in its sleep. Finally! Something alive!

Let loose by degrees from my descending water pipe, I grope around. And, I've chosen the wrong epoch, naturally.

I arrive just above the secondary epoch: the Jurassic period. Such is my luck.

Help! I thought. Well... Forgive me! I'm not used to it yet...

I plant myself at the peak, in a dreadful stench of coal, peat, and old oyster, twenty yards from two giant saurians that clash with fury. They trumpet like a hundred thousand haunted caves, with their horseshoe-like jaws. They look like two grottoes of Staffa molars. Great wads of slime and phlegm rain down on me almost continually. And it smells of fire-stone, tar, dirty belly, day-old cadavers, green dung! The thunderstorm calks the

blue shells of monstrous mushrooms and crests, with dizzying threads of electric hailstones, the leaflets of surtar-brandur that stomp along the horizon!

... No! I loved all that when I was burning for Natural History and reading Zimmerman's books and thought I saw flowing, in the sails of my poor window, the great blink of the eye, the great call of diluvian light. Am I meant to never see them again, should I quench that passion only in death? Not like that, no, not like that! No mirage in time! Not now! That's not what I'm looking for. I must win back my own history.

Thereupon, there is a fading of dimensions. I oscillate a bit in the noises and sulfurous slings, like a little boat shaken by the wake of an offshore vessel.

I sway, once the terrestrial equation makes its claim, between the zenith and the nadir, and I take off again into that mortal sadness which itself breathes.

Soon, I see grains in the sky, winged beechnuts... Here then are my brothers and their weight...

Finally, I start to skip old cuttlebones from a tower, a dome, a roof, a belfry. I approach, trembling, the signs that they were writing, the iron loaves that they were kneading, the stone fruits that they made to ripen so as to furnish their sonorous heads, for so long alone on a vigil, with sooty whiskers, whitened with guano, riddled, wrinkled by distracted waters, trampled, hollowed out by burning feet and soaked with specters, spying on each other, slowly blinking with the grimy lashes of their nocturnal dials, and which heard so few words...

... I will have slipped from level to level, until I can smell the breath of the streets, the belly and the scorched sex of houses, stuffed with commodities and caches, the toothless mouths of doors, windows, shops, in the grumble of metallic grills, pumps, and works drenched in the great angry rumor. And I get a foothold in the backwash of scolopendromorphs...

I find shuddering the murmur of a rising street, the backs of passersby who stop and breathe slyly against one another and who secretly goad each other, like insects. From time to time, I see through the transparency, in its

limestone and fibrin coat-rack, the kit of a man, the red egg for darning stockings, the fluted chalk sponge, the well-cut salt of a sacred organ, caught in a tight net of manias...

But what troubles and brings me together? I was bouncing off the walls...

I soar above the family tomb, with its chapel and its little stained-glass windows, whose blue eyes make me tremble.

And I see ascend, by ropes, a sort of large pencil box that is followed by a black-clad monomaniac.

It's curious, I can't, from above, turn away from that pencil box that seems to mean so much to me? And I lose nothing in the distance.

... A bit higher in the time that sucks me up and continues to assail me, but slowly and gently.

... I see, before a dilapidated window and on a high marble fireplace, a small and very old copper coffee pot. And then, it's him, my cat, there he is! with his arms crossed, coiled on the shelf, in the midst of all sorts of bric-a-brac. He watches, as my mother used to say, he watches his sweeties passing in the street...

That's it — I'm clinging to my life! It's my room! Nothing to do but follow.

... But my room is illuminated at night by my poor ceiling lights, the last memories of the little studio that we had in the suburbs... Everything is half-lit. And in the corners, and on the chairs, and on the couch, and in the corridor, shadows gaze at the ground and won't let me see their faces. And I see at last in my bed, drawing my horse-blanket, I see, with a movement of shame and the greediest curiosity, a severe body that smells of wood, the finally fixed plasticine face, finally hardened, which life had long and lovingly worked to death...

Then, my God, who was waiting for me in my shallows, because he doesn't like lyricism, and he doesn't want our soul to be held by the great words that we have made for it...

— Stop complaining, he says. The last hour is the one when the dish is ready to be eaten. When you opened your mouth a bit and made the little movement that separated you from yourself, you almost reduced the aroma



of your soul. And an entire lifetime isn't enough to prepare such a meal. Friends, you are good cooks, and I am not a bad chef. Stop then being afraid of ghosts...

— I was the one who brought you back, since you wished to live again, and not the foolish demons that made an ass of you in your nightmare. Once, I saw you take a woman out of the oven. Today, I saw you take a house out of the oven. I have always followed you in spite of yourself; I have always loved you in spite of myself, since the day you were taken out of a little box from a patch of sky. You couldn't do a thing for your loss. Wake up; come back to me, come back to us, let's go up together. Don't try to understand too much. And I'll tell you something...

— Go down a bit more into your box before we leave again.

I obeyed the Master's voice and found myself in a workshop of ceramicists singing under the ghost of my father.

Heave-ho! God threw me the rope. And my entire life rose before me.