

Colin Stuart / RETROSPECTIVE

We have no words for this pleasure but we know what it is: Chanel.

- Catherine de neuve.

We are led through so much for so little
The children go from sleep to school
getting up like the dawn, and crossing over the bridge of sighs. A truth that
becomes as circular as riding a bicycle.
Even when the lights are turned off.


THE LADY OF LETTERS

## Le Stade du miroir

The repression of the signifier
When love,with one another so interinanimates two soules, that abler soule, which thence doth flow, Defects of loneliness controules.


## Subject-object



Huckleberry Finn was another victim of the mirror stage. His childhood has been often interpreted as a picket fence. Along with Tom Sawyer, his double for life, he was forced to paint this fence white. Wilson Pickett suffered the same fate in the hands of music critics. The only joy in life for Huck was playing cards, especially Bicycle playing cards, one of his favorite images.

## E

## Z



The horse was a filly. She was affiliated with Pegasus, the horse of the legends.


Glissement, or, fantasy


Two abstract moments which signify a presence:

## S



E

R O S E
B A N K B A N K R O S E R O S E B A N K

The squaring of the circle:

## E <br> S ${ }_{\mathrm{O}} \mathrm{R}$

The sphere of the rose:

$$
\mathrm{E}_{\mathrm{S}}^{\mathrm{R}} \mathrm{O}
$$

The condensation:

$$
\mathrm{O}{\underset{R}{\mathrm{Z}} \mathrm{E}}_{\mathrm{Z}}
$$

The replacement:

## ROSE BANK

One can see the child is doing a lot better than Alice did. In terms of the mirror, in which commentary and text are without boundaries, the image of the child has obviously undergone a transformation. Even to himself, he is imaginary.

The instance of the letter


## THE FINAL HOUR

MAY BE FILLED
WITH VIOLETS
KEEP THEM
CHILLED

## ITALIAN WOOD

The Casa del Sole was not far from Lerici, and we had spent several days tracking down the geography of the place in the Appenines, the background of Shelley's last poem, The Triumph of Life, which he left unfinished at his death or suicide not far from where we were staying. We had been travelling hard and after finding the Casa spent the evening talking to some tourists from Germany, for the Casa del Sole was operated by an old German concierge who at one time had spent the summers here with her husband and son before the war. There were pictures of her son in German military dress, an aviator in the SS, on the hallway walls. It so happened that we slept late and by the time we awakened she had gone down into Rapallo for groceries and locked all the doors from the outside. Our windows were latticed and we had no way of getting out. The house itself was surrounded by high walls and its gardens were enclosed, and its pond, where I had seen the goldfish the day before; only to find that their eyes were diseased and they were blind. From our windows we could see the Mediterranean and the little beach houses, some of which had cages full of birds on their porches and the grapes were still ripening on the vines. Not far off, the rumbling sound of the Italian trains cutting their way through the mountain valley towards the crossing in Rapallo, through the woods of Italian pines, reminiscent of the scenes in the wood in Fellini's Juliette of the Spirits, breaking the stillness of the afternoon. As we waited a light rain began to fall, which, in a few minutes changed into a downpour, then as soon, vanished, leaving the garden trailing in mist which soon vanished as well into the sunlight.



Like an argument between two doves:
Outside his window the wings are streamlined, a development of the tear,like the scarf that fell into the Mediterrancan
or upon the ruined arch
of the Temple of Dionysus
those blue butterflies at Delphi were slecping in their opposites, the red poppies in parched grass, between the tiers of the Stadium Nothing but the soft blue blur in the grass, then, floated into the air until they matched the colour of the sky I lost sight of them, their wings open alphabetically into those events where words disappear from The World
if those goldfish were the body and the soul, they spoke two different languages, floating in the mirror for a moment, in the room in the camera in the embassy of an angel, desire is the grass, where the angel sits reading like that time at the Embassy] of [Senegal], the tall negro in the garden dressed in dark blue, reading
reading in the indecipherable garden the latest news He looked like a bluebird as he sat,stillness enveloped him like a word or a cat

Seen through the window of the heart we wake in sleep,or sleep to wake

But Mary is in exile, and sends the child forth from the [Rose Bank] garden then forth to the end of the world

Those high hollyhocks in the garden,standing,naked and entwined must know the image twists around the imagelcss, until a strange music carrics them away No wonder we think their souls are already in Paradise they have the key
the awkward grace,the charm,the almost awareness of their own nakedness

Saint Augustine says
when spirits fall, they open again the darkness that is within them Like the rose, or the lily they hold up to the nose of Osiris,

To the black body of Osiris, Then wake again, upon one of those hidden roads of Re
where the cat
wanders every day. Furry-tail
Fairytale or the angel trumpets (morning glory) in the grass, the high walls you thought were so beautyfull as we walked down from San Ambrogio I thought to myself,
"Yes,they would be beautiful, if they crumbled into beauty". For Beauty is Tartaros' Bride and words were the pomegranate at her lips
"Nymphette politique" the goldfish are asleep in the garden, the classical pond And in the Italian wood, I would guide you if I could.

If the soul and the body were one But today, the nymphs are away Gone to the beach to play in the tall waves, which are our silences. The walls are tall and the windows are glass light has a future and a past They invented the Unconscious because the Language had fallen asleep in the castle of words.

The Alps were a castle like that,seen from the plane. Looking down,thousands of castles rising into the clouds.A Fairytale kingdom, bells, and snow camels and croziers

Yet, in order to illustrate this science, we have become lost or found in particular poems, constellated by virtue of certain lights

Now in the golden room, it is only the personality of the wind can danger beyond the screen, past the green shooting with her camera all the doubles like Artemis,with
her silver bow, stepping out from the blue fresco at Herculaneum, wild as the wind slips into the room, wearing a scarf the colour of sky
that fell upon the ruined arch of Dionysus more beautiful than a Botticelli with her hair tangled, and her eyes came from behind the screen, searching out the brooks, the slim
personalities of
winds and brooks

As the Poet walks out
into the garden,talking with his shadow without words. "The game in the sun
is silent now. And we are locked together in this house, above the

Mediterranean . The old landlady has gone into town for groceries. She locked us in. The name of this place, if you don't remember, is the Casa del Sole"

Madness in the silver
mirror The nymphs are gone to sleep The waves are the wings of him, the griffin they tamed while he was still in pieces. Brought into focus by the waves

Timed in the sun.
Walking down the road,into the mirage On your back was a pack of colours

The pink rose that closed like a
cloud of fire upon our last night in Alexandria, the light streaming in through the window, off the Corniche, the sight,there squared cubed.

What arrived from
behind these white curtains, whose white silk leaves seem to float like a moving screen against the folding heaven of the sun?

Do I write before an
altar Of falling leaves? The blue hydrangea on the table seem to have been left there by the sky

Shall I begin to name what still exists? What did I dream last night you and I were two birds we almost caught ourselves in a wood.

The memories
of Africa remain in the afternoon showers. A jaguar seems to haunt the alphabetic bouquet.

Artemis guards
the silence of the page
of one whose name
dissolves in water. Going through the desert on a train, the blue car where we slept from Cairo to Luxor Falling asleep,the rhythm of the rails under us,
we breathe close as lilies in the night. Waking, then, entwined. Out the windows of the car, passing by the stands of palms, high and ariel,then, a white mosque lit in the moonlight slipped by like a castle of words.

The structure of this sentence is like a camera. We take a picture of the real. But in the camera, along the blue coast,beside the sea, at midnight, railroad flares are lit

The sky sits alone on the rock,weeping through a mask of words. "The world in a thousand ways can hide you, but Love alone can keep you from yourself"

Echoes in the rose.
Then the eyes of old men in the rain
The rain fell like eyes, like eyes of parrots, full of cataracts.

Her wings were like windows opening at twilight, into a garden where birds drank from a fountain. But there is no fountain.

The robe like plaid, walking over the lawn, the colour merged into one road.

In order for the thought to reach her, it must penetrate the alphabet of these white lilies in the tall vase of Martini.

Ave Gratia
Plena Dominus Tecum

She came into the chamber of the heart, do you know that place where the snow has freshly fallen?
where
words and lilies mingle ?
Adore the griffin
turning the heart slowly into aether Where the coolness is the memory of water in a vase. Stecped in stillness, why stop when you reach the silhouettes?

Overhead the throw of the clouds, slow dice, does not disturb us.

That was in classical times.
Now,the close succession of petunias is timed like tears of Mercury, silver by the path,blue,purple in shadow.

The fate of the car, the fate of the ride, the fate of the bridegroom and the fate of the bride
all in the pond, where the form is seen as in a mirror, or from behind the screen, an image glides, of lily sails that float into the sight
of Sehkmut
along the Lake of Asher.
"My presence was called for, a little nearer the Frontier".
Of language like a railroad train, moving the freight the letters are first ,then arranged into an anagram.

While we sleep the words grow in hothouses in the country, tall and pink geraniums breathe in the glass.

Like young grapes,in bunches,the body and the soul,first green,then, turning towards blackness

You remember,seeing
that cage of birds in the beach-house down the road near the turn-off
to Zoagli
The white,lithe bodies of clouds breaking apart into billows
in the sunlit air.


## THE SILENCE OF THE VERB

> The highway of the visible
> is the invisible • Things,language
> and all Indoeuropean eyes are wet
> with it. The highway is music •
> In Samothrace they worshipped
> Harmonia

To be led to the chamber of the heart,
No wood out of Union. The highway is simply
there to lead you, like language,
to Mary. it is a special moment
darkness, as when the sea opens
a letter, of fire. The word summons
responses to our friendship, we
withheld because we knew no
image, of it So we go on to continue with it,clouds, then,
a mist should lift or rain

> fall inside
> our writing, that is silent as a verb in the midst of this participation in another writing. As if it
were a mirror of flames, or thoughts "that must remain untold" could not hold a mirror up to it.Because
it only escapes through a mirror,glass, the mirror is the alphabet.Ladders are under the trees, the bees in the orchard, and little
do we know of it.Poetry has never gone beyond that orchard ritual of Tablet and Descent. To build a bridge seen
inside of words, that is the traffic with the unknown.The pen,the book, with watchful eyes, the dragons feed
on these clouds, and make one walk a different earth than Adam, a curious combination of letters.

Letters are eyes. I wear silk, mandarin sometimes, asleep in the game of letters, Electra's child, wild about
blossoms scattering A bowl in the hand is Nut. A breeze is my guardian.

Guardian, can
you meet me at the gate, in the griffin mist, and we shall talk then afterwards.

The legends sifting in his paws,the silk • language of ours, peace of Isaiah. Shall we let our knowledge divide from our experience without the gravity as blossoms fall
or the child
walks back from his wedding in the future - The highway is the sanctuary of itself

Each soul yawns for paradise
and so it is Persephone goes down derry flower picking Grapevine

Road Only perceptions, yet the blossoms scatter along the sidewalk, and then perception too is a kind of
goddess
avenue, avenir
discovered, in the silence
of the verb.

The silence of the verb
surrounds me now and the distinct is the familiar in the room the purple and white hyacinths now tell me what to say, as to darkness, you
are the most beautiful. My eyes in the context of your delicate ways,your straying,your staying away, have hidden, if anything, what words were for. What did I give you, words? Listen then,
for now my words are few,soon they too will know that you are the place where Snow has freshly fallen. Now they
think only of jade, and stand reluctant, that they will be led to the lilies of delay.

## O shadow, with

a book half written, half
dream. Through you I can make out, as in the telescope of a sentence, language is what you have become. Out
of touch with what was inside the words, she walks away, named Mary.

Let her escape into the darkness without jealousy. And shape my body has a way of saying
there is a wind, or was a wind here once, Snow blew through the window of my
heart. I thought then, only of the alphabet, of the strangeness to you of certain letters, of wings that were only words.

You could, if you desired it, drink of the fountain of Forgetfulness, if it were not winter, and solve
outside the door of language this disappearance, from the sidewalk
of my life. It is only before me
when everyonc else is gone, into winter rooms where the ceremonies of words are stillness
in a vase, lit by desire.Scenes
of magic and no return. So, take this final glance,this
one amongst many flowers,one amongst many lovers, violets by the riverside, a harlequin path where petals stray,seeking some other world,far away from rooms, impossible to remember impossible to return. Beside a doorway in Florentine fashion, almost asleep, you stopped a moment to recount
the possibilities in the cards, floating away. It is the limit which brings us, if ever, together again, this beginning of nothing other than the arch of a world you and I know already passed on.

Into what Harbour you bring me.
Lights which from childhood
became the boats that youth almost
mistook for a barque, - grown distinct, grown clear as a gown of emerald as my feet,remember, now that the snow has fallen, leave no footprints on the green.

## O CAMERE

## O camere

where the picture is taken
into the blue stream
searching for Echo
with the indeterminate
Lethe are their hearts
and with the indeterminate
arrows are the souls
with their senses
ending finally in words
The picture is taken
again and again,until
not even the subject is real

Not even the enemy is present in the sentence
A hundred years war is possible between souls ending nowhere,or when the body is nothing
but a reflection in
the pond
not lit by
desire

## IN THE TOMB OF THE ROYAL GARDENER

In the tomb of the royal gardener Senofer,one can see clearly the development of a metaphysics of love - of lover and beloved.The development of the sacred images into signs of personal adornment and adoration - of response and enlightenment - the centrality of man and wife, the children - and the coffins of the priests and priestesses converge into the same eidos or form of afterlife - .

The underworld of the soul is somehow a matter of reversal. Larger cosmological plates appear as in the inner chamber, on the door of the two
black Anubises sniffing the delicate lotuses wearing pale blue ribbons around their necks - . The proliferation of scenes of offering of the lotus throughout the second
chamber - the kind of metamorphosis that seems
to carry over from horizon to horizon
Also the fact that Senofer was actually the royal gardener, thus had the responsibility of renewal. Without any apparent change of state the lotus can be at any 'level' of creation.

The ceiling of blue grapes delicately drawn to make the larger part of the second chamber into an arbor. The entrance or abode of the soul in the next world - the Bā would abide like a bird in the grape arbor the Gardener had nurtured during his life. The priests in leopard skins, - ritual procedures near the Anubis gate of the inner door.

Outside the sunlight is too strong for
photographs. Inside the temple fishes float, and the old well in the field is overgrown with weeds.

The difference between light and shade: on the hill,overlooking the temple,the little town looks like a cut-out. The hills behind are real like water to the mirage.

The cool opposites, beside the wall.The
succession of doors.Another heart suggests.
The tangled hair in the wind, as she looks again out of the eye of the camera, whiling away
the time amidst ruins and columns, while on the walls they offer lotuses to each other.

Time has eaten away the colour.Until the invisible seemed ancient, yet
like a cat the self has nine lives, and a last chance to see them,somehow,complete, at last. Yet why should I turn it back into the poem again?

Who knows where I have been walking ? The mules are lost in eternity as they play under the mimosa trees. The birds are choruses.
The things themselves can finally speak,give back to us what you took, and what we gave away.

## MEMORIES OF AFRICA

Like the doves in the fans of Oriental trees, high and ariel, poetry is still reflected in the stillness of the Classical pond. In spite of the reliance of poets on their revolvers and especially in the East I fear,the language and the social events that embrace each other like harlequins in a dream are far from the borderlines of this desert, Dear Jane.Language, too asleep for words is the leopard we are chasing,says Dante although there wasn't a leopard left by then in all of Italy. You must first wake up its jungle eyes, which among other things, ruins, both on earth and in the clouds, are as lost to the consciousness as a goldfish. You must go as far as to enter the life of plants, that everyday door, to know that this ancient hotel, the winter residence of some King Farouk, is laziness of sails flitting by on Nile lagoons and balconies of cobalt and sand. Memories and their revolvers - it is all as boring as Galilee, and the creation of Israel in the last ubiquitous fling of the sunset, displaying the grass around the swimming pool and the drink counters with the exultation of an ancient but dead star. I can hardly remember it anymore,so deep asleep! When I was Narcissus, walking with my shadow in the imaginary grass, I discovered,folded like music into the rose, a nest of angels sleeping on their sides in the heart of the meadow. Lost behind the glass of Eden, words can never release them. Even when I think of the scene, the green slope of desire like an inglass paperweight children receive,the perfect image of the primal scene!,the grass, whitened by the blizzard of flavorless snows. So it is, language is asleep as a goldfish in the heat of summer, motionless in the shade of a pond. Every ray of sunlight deepens the sleep around these slecpers,even the Egyptians,in their ceremonies of the word found need to give to each ray a helping hand to lift each word from its dream of death.

Imagine a slow train in the desert, under the decans of Rameses while outside the blue car jackals brush their paws with petals in the desert music of the phoenix and the hare. Imagine this, you sleepers!,for like that train language has fallen asleep without a name for you, the passengers,bound to the rhythm of the rails and the long journey into the heart of Africa.
And when shall They ever wake? And when shall We arrive at that purest of all places, the pure moment, the prize so long hidden from every surprise, when the language with all the joy of the children of Africa shakes off its dreams of the centuries and writes itself into our thoughts? How near, how far how indecipherable is this language that is lost in the reality of ourselves, changing each station, each moment into a metonymy, a metaphor, a memory, a dream? But it is all asleep. Not even unconscious. Asleep.

