

## 2 Without end, no, State of drawingness, no, rather: The Executioner's taking off

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- Poetic.
- Reunification. ↴
- drawing as being alive (what does it mean to draw?)

'I want the beforehand of a book.' I just wrote this sentence, but before this sentence, I wrote a hundred others, which I've suppressed, because the moment for cutting short had arrived. It's not me, it's necessity which has cut the text we were on the way to writing. Because the text and I, we would continue on our way.

'I've learned to tear up nothing of what I write,' Clarice Lispector tells me. But then comes the time for separation. The time for publication. I would like so much this unknown untorn page. Everything we read remains.

I want the forest before the book, the abundance of leaves before the pages, I love the creation as much as the created, no, more. I love the Kafka of the Journals, the executioner-victim, I love the process a thousand times more than the Trial process (no, a hundred times more). I want the tornados in the atelier.

And what I love best are Dostoevsky's notebooks, the crazy and tumultuous forge, where Love and Hate embrace, rolling around on the ground in convulsions which thwart all calculation and all hope: no one knows who will be born of this possessed belly, who will win, who will survive.

I want the world of pulses, before destiny, I want the prenatal and anonymous night. I want (the arrival) to see arriving.

Acts of birth, potency, and impotency mingled are what I'm passionate about. The to-be-in-the-process of writing or drawing. (*Mais pourquoi avons-nous perdu le gérondif en français? Le vrai temps de ce texte est le gérondif.*)

There is no end to writing or drawing. Being born doesn't end. Drawing is a being born. Drawing is born.

them & impotency  
optimistic  
who to making they are try to learn about themselves



\* experimental? (neutral?) ⇒ something that does not have an end.

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\* failing and repetition is a process which leads to success. ending point(s)

error, progression → contrast → Without end 21  
→ comparison.

- When do we draw?  
- When we were little. Before the violent divorce between Good and Evil. All was mingled then, and no mistakes. Only desire, trial, and error. Trial, that is to say, error. Error: progression.

As soon as we draw (as soon as, following the pen, we advance into the unknown, hearts beating, mad with desire) we are little, we do not know, we start out avidly, we're going to lose ourselves.

Drawing, writing, what expeditions, what wanderings, and at the end, no end, we won't finish, rather time will put an end to it. (N.B. I'm saying writing-or-drawing, because these are often twin adventures, which depart to seek in the dark, which do not find, do not find, and as a result of not finding and not understanding, (draw) help the secret beneath their steps to shoot forth.)

I write this accompanied by seeking drawings. It is the dead of night. I sense I am going to write. You, whom I accompany, you sense you are going to draw. Your night is waiting.

The figure which announces itself, which is going to make its appearance, the poet-of-drawings doesn't see it. The model only appears to be outside. In truth it is invisible, but present, it lives inside the poet-of-drawings. You who pray with the pen, you feel it, hear it, dictate. Even if there is a landscape, a person, there outside - no, it's from inside the body that the drawing-of-the-poet rises to the light of day. First it exists at the torment state in the chest, under the waist. See it now as it precipitates itself in spasms, in waves, the length of the arm, passing the hand, passing the pen. Eyes open wide in the night, staring wide-eyed with hope, the one who draws follows the movement. S/he obeys. Ecstasy: technique. Because not seeing doesn't impede the pen from noting. To the contrary.

I write before myself by apprehension; with noncomprehension, the night vibrates, I see with my ears, I advance into the bosom of the world, hands in front, capturing the music with my palms, until something breathes under the pen's beak.

(I've just written these lines eyelids closed as usual, because the day and its huge light keeps us from seeing what is germinating.)

Now we turn on the lights, and lean over to see the work born. Then, surprise before what, passing through us, was drawn; and if it is I who drew this unknown child then who are I?

The drawing is without a stop. I mean to say the true drawing, the living one - because there are dead ones, drawn-deads. Look and you shall see.

Barely traced - the true drawing escapes. Rends the limit. Snorts. Like the world, which is only a perennial movement, the drawing goes along, befuddled and staggering, with a natural drunkenness.

of how one should norms write.

Political position.

Human desire to want to get ahead.

feeling ashamed of being smart but doesn't

It's okay to make mistakes THAT IS LIFE.

by using imagination. it may be more powerful than using your eyes to record.

Something that we draw through imagination.

\* hard to convey everything through communication. Does not have to end. → can be open-ended ⇒ foreshadowing.



All that exists is naturally drunk: the boat, the Egyptian pyramids, the executioner's coldness, the iron. Who said that? If it's not Rembrandt or Rimbaud, it's one Montaigne or the other.

To think there are those who seek the finished. Those who seek to portray cleanly, the most properly!

But some portray passing. The truth. The passing (of the) truth. This is what gives to their drawing that panting and unstable allure.

Look at the child barely seated on his mother's knees: on the one hand the little arms are in the drawing, in the circle, but on the other hand the legs sketch the escapade. This little one doesn't stay put.

You will recognize the true drawing, the live one: it's still running. Look at the legs. I'll come back to that.

For the moment, I am, following, the error, without fear but with respect. To what extent we need error which is the promise of truth, to what extent we can't do without the silvery burst of error, which is the sign, all those who go by pen don't cease to marvel at this in a similar way, from century to century.

*Felix culpa*, St Augustine calls it, and then *portal of discovery*, says Joyce, *submissão ao processo*, says Clarice Lispector, the writing process is made up of errors . . . And before that, 'naïve and essential submission,' said our wandering grandfather Montaigne; and we're all in agreement, how to draw other than by groping in the night, 'inquiring and ignorant.'

Necessary error, school mistress, faltering essential companion, we love her, because she is the only way we have on this earth to feel the truth, which is always a little farther, exists, a little farther away.

And repentance? No repentance. We who draw are innocent. Our mistakes are our leaps in the night. Error is not lie: it is approximation. Sign that we are on track.

And: to not become gloomy from not 'attaining.' We don't lose anything by erring, to the contrary.

The unhappy thing would be to believe we had found.

As long as we are seeking we are innocent. We are in naïve submission. In prenatality.

I advance error by error, with erring steps, by the force of error. It's suffering, but it's joy.

I seek the truth, I encounter error. How do I recognize error? It is obvious, like truth. Who tells me? My body. Truth gives us pleasure. It makes us burst out laughing, trembling. Blushing. It's hot. It's like this: I grope. I try the word 'hesitation.' I taste it. No pleasure. No taste. I cross out. I try: 'correction.' I taste. No. I taste ten words. Finally I fall on the word: 'essay.' Before even trying I already sense a pretaste . . . I taste. And, that's it! Its taste is strong and fine and rich in memories of pleasure.

Truth strikes us. Opens our heart. Our lips. Error makes us sense the absence of taste. Drops us like a dead person, apathetic tongue, dry eyes. Error really can't fool us.

We've just drawn an executioner. Just a little while ago he was amassing in our entrails, in our lungs, we felt his storm rumbling. Now we look at him standing on the paper, and we don't feel anything. In us the storm is always alive, on paper, no. I submit myself to the invisible truth of my vision, I obey the strange and foreign voice in my body.

- A little farther! Go on! Start again! Forward!

- To the right? Shall I draw to the right?

- Try . . .

- I'm trying.

- I'm still trying.

See why I guard against effacing my first steps. I need to lean on, to start again from my error.

In order to be able to draw a crime, Dostoevsky began again a hundred times. It was such a subtle crime, which escaped him, so profound. He felt it. Missed it. Approached it. The other escaped. The essays accumulated. The scene was turning, the pen, trying, a door - a victim - Here? - That's not it - was distancing itself, shall I knock? and if that wasn't it, the drawing wouldn't take, its heart wouldn't beat, the knife was rising, the victim was falling - Is that it? - Not yet,

then is it in the stairway? - take note, D. told himself, but that wasn't it, was there someone behind the door? N.B., D. noted, N.B., N.B., annotating his notes. These notebooks were a joyous carnage. N.B. - You have to have found the key by midnight. With the result that wanting to discover the invisible heart of his crime before midnight, he managed to play four books at the same time and one against the other - one barring the other, one killing the other, one chasing the other, one haunting the other denying - four books from only one hand, on the same page we go straight to the confession. Three words later we leave running.

These notebooks so many failures! Before the midnight scissors what fecundity.

*What do we want to draw?*

What are we trying to grasp between the lines, in between the strokes, in the net that we're weaving, that we throw, and the dagger blows?

Not the person, but the precious in that person, not the Virgin, not the child, but what is between them in this very moment, linking them - a secret, that which mysteriously renders those two unforgettable. I sense: it's not divinity, it's whim. That little grain of meanness which *makes* the little boy. Do you see?