

EDIÇÃO

EDITION

Visões da China, 1932; *China*, 1935; *Cenas da Cidade Macao*, 1941; António de Santa Clara, *Cartas do Extremo Oriente*, 1938; José Joaquim Monteiro, *Minha Viagem para Macau*, 1939; António de Andrade e Silva, *Eu Estive em Macau durante a Guerra*, 1946; Francisco de Carvalho e Rego, *O Caso do Tesouro do Templo de A-Amá*; 1949, *Cartas da China*, 1949; *Macao*, 1950, *Lendas e Contos da Velha China*, 1950; *Mui Fú*, 1951; Danilo Barreiros, *A Paixão Chinesa de Wenceslao de Moraes*, 1955; *O Testamento de Camilo Pessanha*, 1961; Ernesto Leal, *O Homem que Comia Névoa*, 1964; Joaquim Paço D'Arcos, *Memórias da minha vida e do meu tempo*, 1970, 1973, 1976; Vasco Callixto, *Viagem a Macau*, 1978; Manuel da Silva Mendes, *Macao Impressões e Recordações*, 1979; Benjamim Videira Pires, *O Espelho do Mar*; 1986; Maria do Rosário Almeida, *Chu Kong*, 1987; Pedro Fragoso de Malos, *Cartas de um Comandante no Extremo Oriente*, 1987; Altino do Tojal, *Histórias de Macau*, 1987; Alberto Estima de Oliveira. *O Diálogo do Silêncio*, 1988; Ana Maria Amaro, *Filhos da Terra*, 1988; Alice Vieira, *As mãos de Lam Seng*, 1988; Luís Andrade de Sá, *A História na Bagagem*, 1989; Jorge Arrimar, *Fonte do Lilau*, 1990; R. Beltrão Coelho, *Macao; Retalhos*, 1990; Graciete Batalha, *Bom Dia S'tora*, 1991; Henrique Rola da Silva, *A Mulher de Jededias*, 1991; António Rebordão Navarro, *Estados Gerais*, 1991; *As Portas do Cerco*. 1992; José Jorge Letria, *Oriente da Mágoa*, 1992; Fernanda Dias, *Horas de Papel (Poemas de Macau)*, 1992; Rio de Erhu, 1999; João de Aguiar, *O Comedor de Pérolas*, 1992; *O Dragão de Fumo*, 1998; João Rui Azeredo, *Poemacau*, 1992; Orlando Neves, *Histórias de Espanto e Exemplo*, 1993; António Augusto Menano, *Inominável Segredo*, 1993; *Qual o Começo de Tudo Isto?*, 1996; Rodrigo Leal de Carvalho, *Requiem por Irina Ostrakoff*, 1993; *Ao Serviço de Sua Majestade*, 1996; *A IV Cruzada*, 1996; Josué da Silva, *Amor Oriente*, 1993; *A Incrível Saga do Bom Si Mân*, 1997; José de Carvalho e Rego, *Figuras d'outros Tempos*, 1994; Ninélio Barreira, *Ou-Mun, Coisas e Tipos de Macau*, 1994; Alexandre Pinheiro Torres, *Sou Toda Sua, Meu Guapo Cavaleiro*, 1994; *Trocar de Século*, 1995; Ana Maria Magalhães e Isabel Alçada, *Uma Aventura em Macau*, 1995; Carlos Morais José, *A Morte são Quatro Noites*, 1996; Isabel Henrique de Jesus, *A Rapariga do Chapéu com Asas de Helicóptero*, 1996; João Manuel Amoreira, *Beco do Engano*, 1996; Fernando Sales Lopes, *Pescador de Margem*, 1997; Carlos Frota, *Dos Rios e Suas Margens*. 1998; João de Pina Cabral, *Erros Velhos*, 1998; Sophia de Mello Breyner, *Navegações*, s/d.

20 Tang Xianzu and Macao, http://en.cnki.com.cn/Article_en/CJFDTOTAL-GXZS200105014.htm.

21 Zhang Wenqin, *Aomen Shici Jianzhu (Min Qin Juan, Wan Qing Juan)* 澳门诗词笺注（明清卷，晚清卷）(Annotated volumes of Poems about Macao: Ming and Qing dynasties, Late Qing dynasty). Zhuhai and Macao: Zhuhai Chubanshe; Cultural Affairs Bureau of Macao SAR Government, 2003; *Aomen Shici Jianzhu (Ming Guo Juan, Shang, and Xia)* 澳门诗词笺注（民国卷上、下）(Annotated volumes of Poems about Macau: Republic of China era 1 and 2). Zhuhai and Macao: Zhuhai Chubanshe; Cultural Affairs Bureau of Macao SAR Government.

22 In the poem ‘Song of Seven Sons’, written by Chinese poet and scholar Wen Yiduo 闻一多, Macao was described as one of the seven places along China’s coast ceded to foreign powers, and the poem expresses how the Chinese people longed for their return to the motherland. More than 70 years later, Wen’s poem became the lyrics for the song welcoming the return of Macao to the Mainland in 1999.

23 In *Administração. Revista da Administração Pública de Macau*, no. 29, Vol. VIII, 1995, pp. 501-523.

24 Zheng Wenming 郑伟明, *Aomen xinsshi xuan* 澳门新诗选 (Anthology of New Macao Poems). Macao: Fundação Macau, 1995.

25 Jorge Arrimar and Yao Jingming (org.), *Antologia de Poetas de Macau*. Macao: Instituto Camões/Instituto Cultural de Macau/Instituto Português do Oriente, 1999.

26 *Aomen xiandai shi xuan* 澳门现代诗选 (Anthology of Macao’s Contemporary Poetry). Macao: Fundação Macau, 2007.

27 Published on 10 June, 2010 in the newspaper *Ponto Final*, <http://pontofinalMacao.wordpress.com/2010/06/10/quem-sao-os-novos-poetas-de-Macao/>

28 Ibid.

29 Ibid.

30 <http://thescriptroad.org/>

31 Liao Zixin, *Les hallucinations d’Ao Ge*. Trans. Françoise Naour. Paris: Bleu de Chine.

32 Rui Rocha, *A Oriente do Silêncio*. Lisbon: Esfera do Caos, 2012

33 My translation from the Portuguese: ‘acabando por permanecer quase toda a vida nessa cidade que, dividida em duas comunidades aparentemente estanques – a branca e a chinesa –, soube cruzar e reunir o melhor dos costumes de ambas, gerando uma atmosfera social deveras singular’, <https://pontofinalmacau.wordpress.com/2013/10/09/romance-de-miguel-real-sobre-macao-chega-as-livrarias/>

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Global Books Anthology

Gervais Jassaud’s Limited Edition Books with Anglophone Authors

BARBARA MONTEFALCONE*



“C’est à moi, disait le livre, de réunir les cultures et à vous de faire partager l’étonnement de leurs rencontres”
(from *Collector of Dusk*, 2014. Colophon)

For over thirty years Gervais Jassaud has produced beautiful limited edition books with artists and writers from all over the world. France, England, Italy, Belgium, in addition to Canada, United States, Brazil, Chile, Korea and China are among the countries covered by what he likes to define as his ‘Global Books’. Nevertheless, in 1969, when Jassaud first started producing limited edition books combining the work of poets and visual artists, his approach was not yet a ‘global’ one. Being Francophone he was naturally

drawn to read and enjoy the poetry of authors whose language he could understand and appreciate in all its nuances. Thus, the first Collectif Génération books that came out included texts by French (Christian Prigent, Alain Duault), Belgian (Jean-Pierre Verheggen, Daniel Peeters) and Canadian (Nicole Brossard, François Charron) authors.

Yet, as early as 1972, thanks to an anthology of American poets edited by Serge Fauchereau, which he purchased at the Gilbert and Joseph bookshop in the Saint-Germain-des-Près neighborhood in Paris, and through the seminal French journal *Tel Quel*, Jassaud slowly started reading and enjoying Anglophone poetry. It is thanks to *Tel Quel* in particular that he first encountered the poetry of the New York School and the work of John Ashbery, with whom he would later produce *Haibun* (1990). Apart from his value as a poet, John Ashbery was particularly interesting as a literary figure to Jassaud because of his constant contacts and exchanges with France: he represented a first example

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of a ‘bridge builder’ capable of establishing strong links between French and American culture. He did so, as Jassaud recalls, both by translating French authors into English and by promoting American visual artists in France.¹

Keeping Ashbery’s activity in mind, Jassaud started to establish links in the 1980s, and later built more solid ‘bridges’ between the two countries (and the two languages) that he mostly cherished. During one of his several trips to the United States that characterised that particular period of his life Jassaud met and then became close friends with poets John Yau, Ron Padgett and Ann Lauterbach, thanks to whom he was later introduced to John Ashbery. At the end of this period of active exchange, in the late 1980s, Jassaud was thus ready to publish his first collaboration with an American poet and a French artist: *Dragon’s Blood* by John Yau and Toni Grand (1989).

This successful first experiment would be followed by *Haibun*, with John Ashbery, whom he met the same year in New York and who Jassaud asked for an unpublished series of poems for a collaborative book project. Six months later, having received no poems from Ashbery, Jassaud decided to design a book for a published series of texts entitled ‘Haibun’, from Ashbery’s *A Wave* (Penguin Books, 1985). When he saw it the poet was enthusiastic about the book design and the project was approved.

As Jassaud recalls, it was then that he decided to work directly with published material from American poets: Raphael Rubinstein, Peter Gizzi, Charles Bernstein and Jerome Rothenberg would be some of his most important collaborators. With the exception of Jerome Rothenberg, all the authors provided texts that were already published before the beginning of their project with Jassaud. In fact Rothenberg, Jassaud explains, sent a series of 75 unpublished poems entitled *A Book of Concealments*. From that collection Jassaud chose ten poems that he published under the title of *Romantic Dadas* in 2008.

A year before the publication of *Romantic Dadas*, Jassaud had edited *Texas*, a book which shows the publisher’s interest in poetry written in English but not necessarily by American or British authors. Mexican writer Mónica de la Torre authored the text and Jassaud chose it because he particularly appreciated her unique way of ‘playing’ with the English language. Since then Jassaud began publishing the work of authors whose

first language was neither French nor English. These books would therefore be ‘global’ in two ways, as the texts would remain in the original language (Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese) and would also be translated into English.² Works such as *Entre* by Règis Bonvicino, and *Collector of Dusk* by Yao Feng belong to this series and they are unique in that they do not only testify to Jassaud’s interest in the English language as a language for poetry, but they also indicate how it is through the English language that a bridge can be built between different cultures. This shows the subtle form of ‘collaboration’ that Gervais Jassaud establishes between expressive (visual and verbal) and foreign languages; his publishing approach is a challenging inter-linguistic/inter-artistic one, and thanks to this Collectif Génération books continue to be unique in the field of artist’s books today.


This anthology is the product of a desire to put forward the unicity of this publishing approach. It is not exhaustive, as it includes only twelve books amongst those realised by Jassaud with Anglophone authors. Nevertheless, it presents in chronological order the key books produced by the editor between his beginnings as a ‘bridge maker’ in 1989 and today.³ In keeping with the tradition that characterises all Collectif Génération books, Jassaud conceived limited edition copies, in most cases between the number of eleven and thirty. Each book is *similar* to the others, but is also *unique* as different artists were invited to produce their artwork from the same text. The books are therefore ‘similar, but not identical’ as Jassaud likes to describe them.

As said, the text stays the same in all the volumes of each edition: what changes is the design of the book (especially conceived by Jassaud), and the artwork produced by each artist involved in the project. For instance, in the case of Jerome Rothenberg’s *Romantic Dadas*, the volume selected for this anthology is accompanied by the work of American artist Elana Herzog even if, in the other twelve volumes constituting the series, the text was activated by several other artists, including Argentinean Miguel-Angel Rios and Dominique Liqueois of France.

The texts presented in this anthology were, in most cases, already published before being edited by Gervais Jassaud. Here they are reproduced according to the way they were reorganised and edited by Jassaud himself. In fact, once he receives the text from an author, Jassaud does not simply reprint it, but rearranges the

lines and stanzas so they conform to the idea of a book that he has in mind. Thus he actively works with the text, sometimes partially rewriting it. The authors are aware of this approach and accept it with enthusiasm if they agree to making a Collectif Génération book.

The texts are not reproduced in their entirety, but only some sections, especially selected by Gervais Jassaud and myself, will be presented in this anthology. I am particularly grateful to Gervais Jassaud for his collaboration and to the authors for granting permission to reprint their work. Without their agreement this project wouldn’t have been possible.

One single book for each edition will be presented in the anthology and the selected section of the text will be accompanied by two images of the book. This choice was dictated by the impossibility of collecting in one simple article all the volumes completed by Gervais Jassaud with Anglophone authors and their collaborators. In fact this would be an ambitious task that would demand extensive archival research: I hope that this brief anthology will encourage such research and that, in the future, all Collectif Génération books can be brought together within a volume capable of ‘containing’ them. 

NOTES

- 1

I am particularly grateful to Gervais Jassaud for sharing his notes about his interest in American art and literature and for answering a few questions on the subject. This introductory note draws directly from them.
- 2

The global aspect of the books is, of course, also the product of Jassaud’s choice of artists from all over the world.
- 3

The most recent book designed by Jassaud is *Fascination*, with text in English by Korean poet Ko Un: the book will be “activated” by Korean artist Kimsooja between 2014 and 2015.

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John Yau
Dragon's Blood
Artwork by Toni Grand.
Collectif Génération, 1989.
Edition of 30.

Dragon's Blood

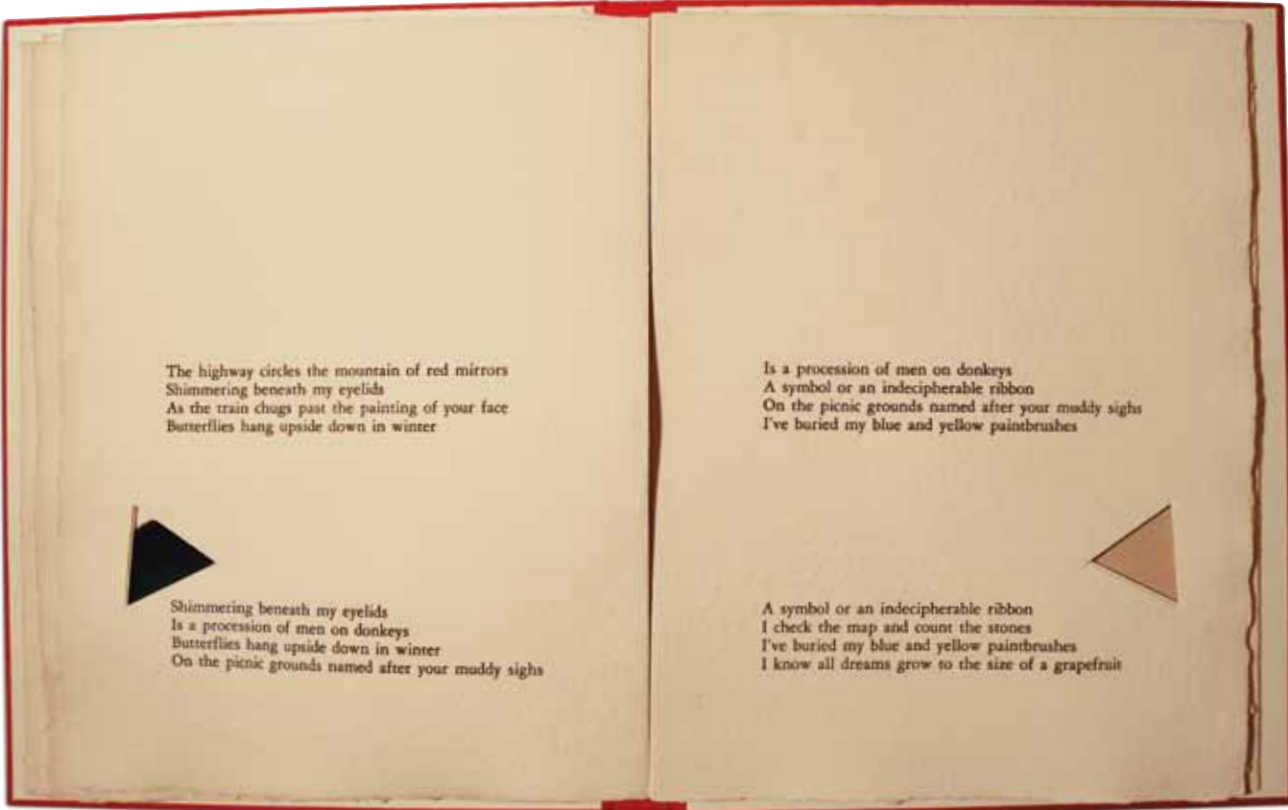
I know all dreams grow to the size of a grapefruit
The highway circles the mountain of red mirrors
I check the map and count the stones
As the train chugs past the painting of your face

The highway circles the mountain of red mirrors
Shimmering beneath my eyelids
As the train chugs past the painting of your face
Butterflies hang upside down in winter

Shimmering beneath my eyelids
Is a procession of men on donkeys
Butterflies hang upside down in winter
On the picnic grounds named after your muddy sighs

Is a procession of men on donkeys
A symbol or an indecipherable ribbon
On the picnic grounds named after your muddy sighs
I've buried my blue and yellow paintbrushes

A symbol or an indecipherable ribbon
I check the map and count the stones
I've buried my blue and yellow paintbrushes
I know all dreams grow to the size of a grapefruit



Dragon's Blood. Artwork by Toni Grand. 1989.

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John Asbery

Haibun

Artwork by Judith Shea.
Collectif Génération, 1990.
Prose text divided into 6 sections.
Edition of 30.

Haibun 1

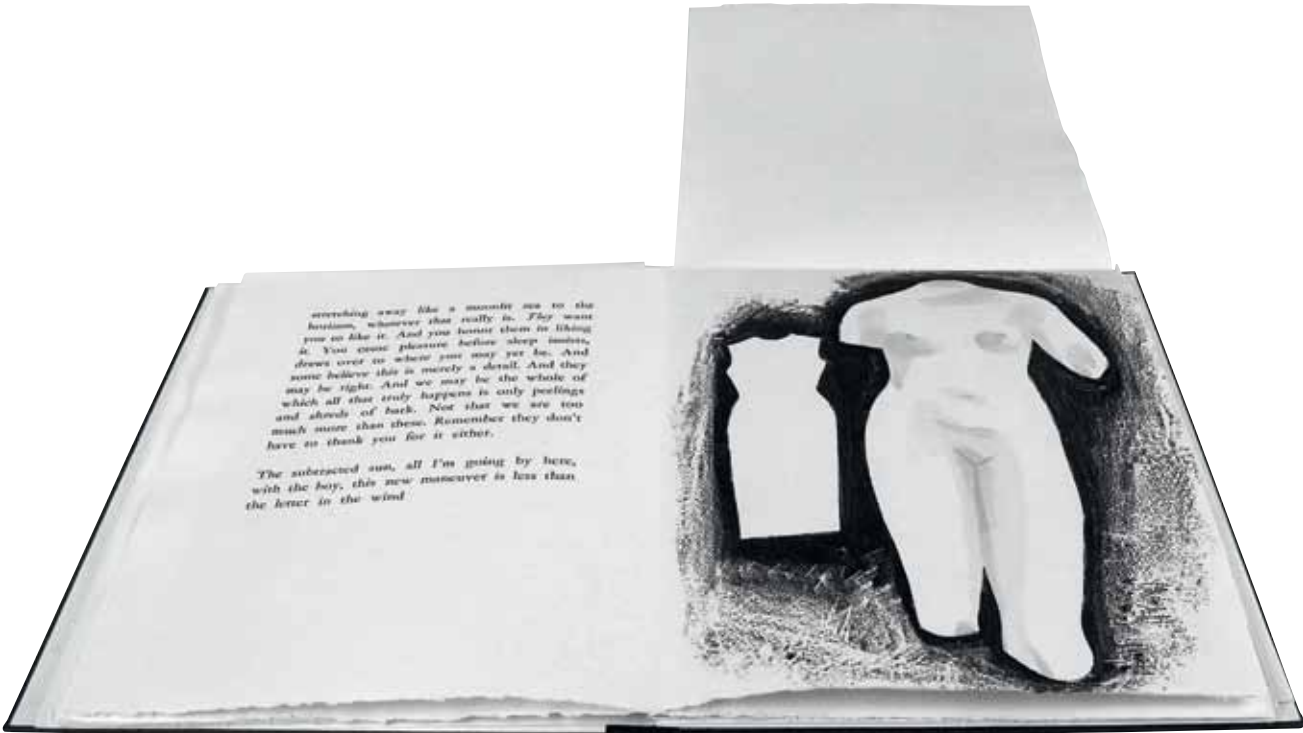
Wanting to write something I could think only of my own ideas, though you surely have your separate, private being in some place I will never walk through. And then of the dismal space between us, filled though it may be with interesting objects, standing around like trees waiting to be discovered. It may be that this is the intellectual world. But if so, what poverty – even the discoveries yet to be made, and which shall surprise us, even us. It must be heightened somehow, but not to brutality. That is an invention and not a true instinct, and this must never be invented. Yet I am forced to invent, even if during the process I become a *songe-creux*, inaccurate dreamer, and these inventions are then to be claimed by the first person who happens them. I’m hoping that homosexuals not yet on born get to inquire about it, inspect the whole random collections as though it were a sphere. Isn’t the point of pain the possibility it brings of being able to get along without pain, for awhile, of manipulating our marionette-like limbs in the straitjacket of air, and so to have written something? Unprofitable shifts of light and dark in the winter sky address this dilemma very directly. In time to come we shall perceive them as the rumpled linen or scenery through which we did walk once, for a short time, during some sort of vacation. It is a frostbitten, brittle world but once you are inside it you want to stay there always.

The year-not yet abandoned but a living husk, a lesson

Haibun 3

I was swimming with the water at my back, funny thing is it was real this time. I mean this time it was working. We weren’t too far from shore, the guides hadn’t noticed yet. Always you work out of the possibility of being injured, but this time, all the new construction, the new humiliation, you have to see it. Guess it’s OK to take a look. But a cup of tea-you wouldn’t want to spill it. And a grapefruit (spelled «grapfruit» on the small, painstakingly lettered card) after a while, and the new gray suit. Then more, and more, it was a kind of foliage or some built-in device to trip you. Make you fall. The encounter with he silence of permissivenessstretching away like a moonlit sea to the horizon, whatever that really is. *They* want you to like it. And you honor them in liking it. You cause pleasure before sleep insists, draws over to where you may yet be. And some believe this is merely a detail. And they may be right. And we may be the whole of which all that truly happens is only peelings and shreds of bark. Not that we are too much more than these. Remember they don’t have to thank you for it either.

The subtracted sun, all I’m going by here, with the boy, this new maneuver is less than the letter in the wind



Haibun. Artwork by Judith Shea. 1990.

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Raphael Rubinstein
Poste Restante
Artwork by Shirley Jaffe.
Collectif Génération, 1991.
Selection of prose texts in the form of imaginary letters written by Raphael Rubinstein.
Edition of 22.

POSTE RESTANTE
(in memory of Georges Guy)

They have retreated back into their discrete categories and no longer compete for our attention. The debate has been suspended, the symposium called off. But on a table, in a small white-washed building near the sedate harbor, a chance arrangement of objects leads to a few hours of leisure cartography, to the adjournment of adjournment. On one side of the typewriter (otherwise known as literature) is the ashtray (otherwise known as philosophy), and on the other side is the cooling cup of coffee (otherwise known as science). Between them a letter is being written.

Dear D.,

I posit a question in a distant discipline, somewhere beyond the horizon of my abilities and inclinations, the nallow it to come towards me in a series of leaps, rushing over the landscape of discourse as if by heliography. Call it: alight endowed with memory whose path is charted by means of black lines. Call it: graphic deduction.

Must the search for truth succeed?

For years I repeated to myself, and still do, despite the skepticism which has accrued with my consciousness of that repetition, that only after a certain degree of attainment would I become capable of joining the others.

My mistake up until this moment has been the assumption that such an attainment would involve a pause, that it would take the form of a crest or pinnacle, a border crossing, an abyss. Why not, instead, a billboard on the side of the road I failed to notice because of that curious formation of clouds off to the left, or an obscure station passed in the middle of the night by a curtained express?

No answer, while the murmur of postponement continues.

Suddenly, if one can call sudden a divorce that has been in rehearsal for years, each break, each

reconciliation, more vivid, more violent than the last, suddenly I am “unable to write.” By this I mean that none of the convenient ports have names for me. Lying offshore at tentative anchor, I pace the deck, cursing the numbered berths I cannot approach.

I have spent most of today, Sunday, reading S. I read his long essay on M.-P. and the first chapter of What Is Litmus? Why? Who reads S. these days?

Lately I have been disinclined to be taken out of myself and being unable to write has only exacerbated this condition. I no longer go to movies, with the exception of an occasional documentary, and to attempt reading a novel requires huge amounts of enthusiasm and free time. Any cultural activity—museums, galleries, concerts, restaurants (in this city, atthis time, restaurants are a cultural activity, perhaps the chief one)—seems less preferable than walking a quiet street, having a drink in a nondescript bar, washing dishes while listening to the radio, spending a day reading J.-P. S.

Finished, if only temporarily, with literature, I turn to the genre that still seems to me the most natural version ofourselves available to us.

Philosophy, a poetic biography of not so much its author asof its reader...

ANOTHER LETTER
Dear T.,

Just now the various projects awaiting my hand, and even the siren-filed void where you go to meet the new work, seem not worth turning to—I feel I already know the face of anything I might write too well and the phrases that would issue from its mouth are as predictable as the bad news at theend of Greek myths.

For proportion, wisdom and efficiency, there is nothing I admire more than those few pages G.G. published in September 1952, some three years before you and I were given bodies and names. How did it begin? “Remember, Théo: truth won at last or subjectivity appropriated by us ... the strangeness of our roads. We had to appear....”

Do you remember that day in 1979 when we had an assignation made many months before, on another continent? The Café F. was closed and you were waiting in front of the Brasserie L. across the street.

Last night I dreamt about Nancy P. Not the Nancy P. from Malibu but the other one. In my dream she was just as I remember her being then....



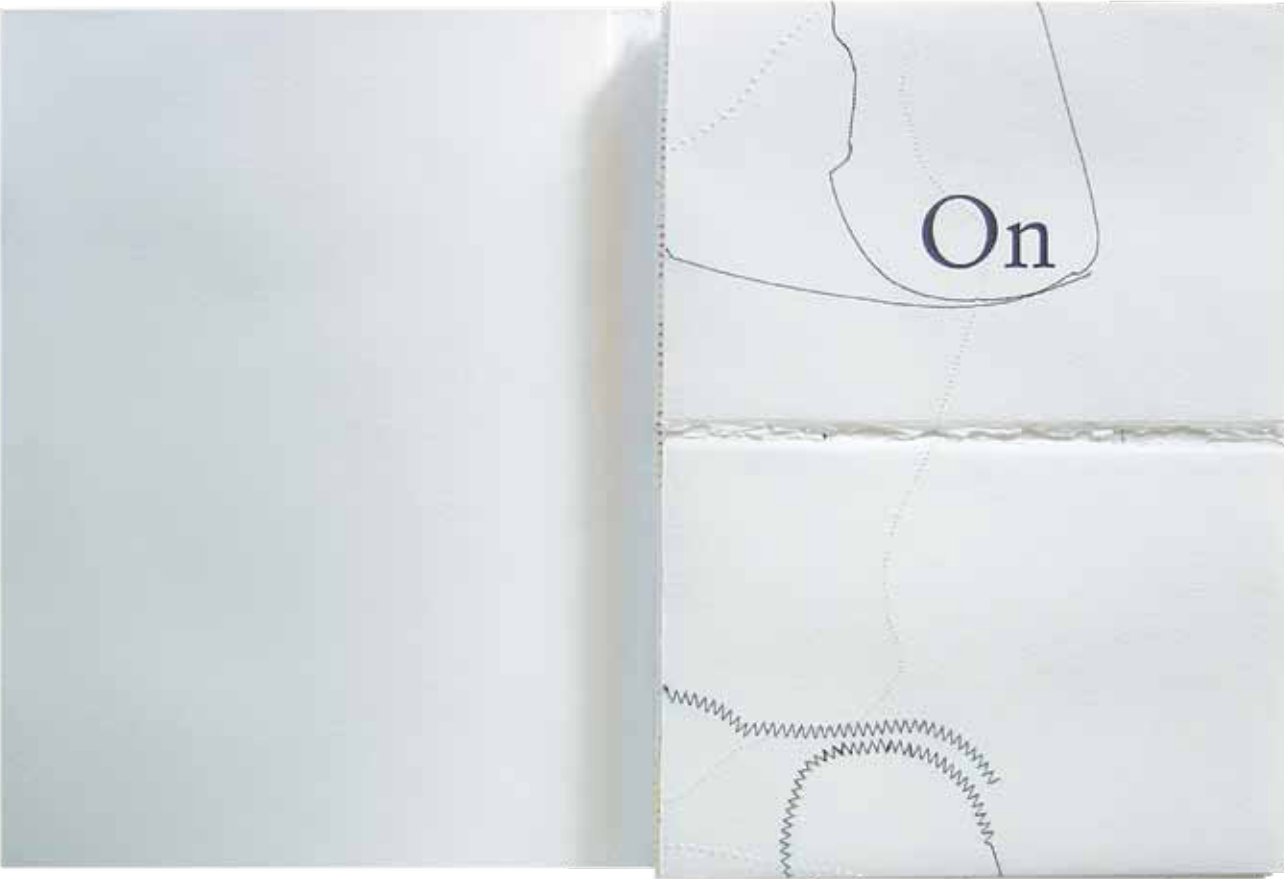
Poste Restante. Artwork by Shirley Jaffe. 1991.



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Raphael Rubinstein
On the New York – Hawley Bus
Artwork by Elena Berriolo.
Collectif Génération, 2007.
Long poem constituted of 15 sections.
Edition of 11.



Life is too short
for anyone but a shallow fool
to think *this* qualifies as a poem

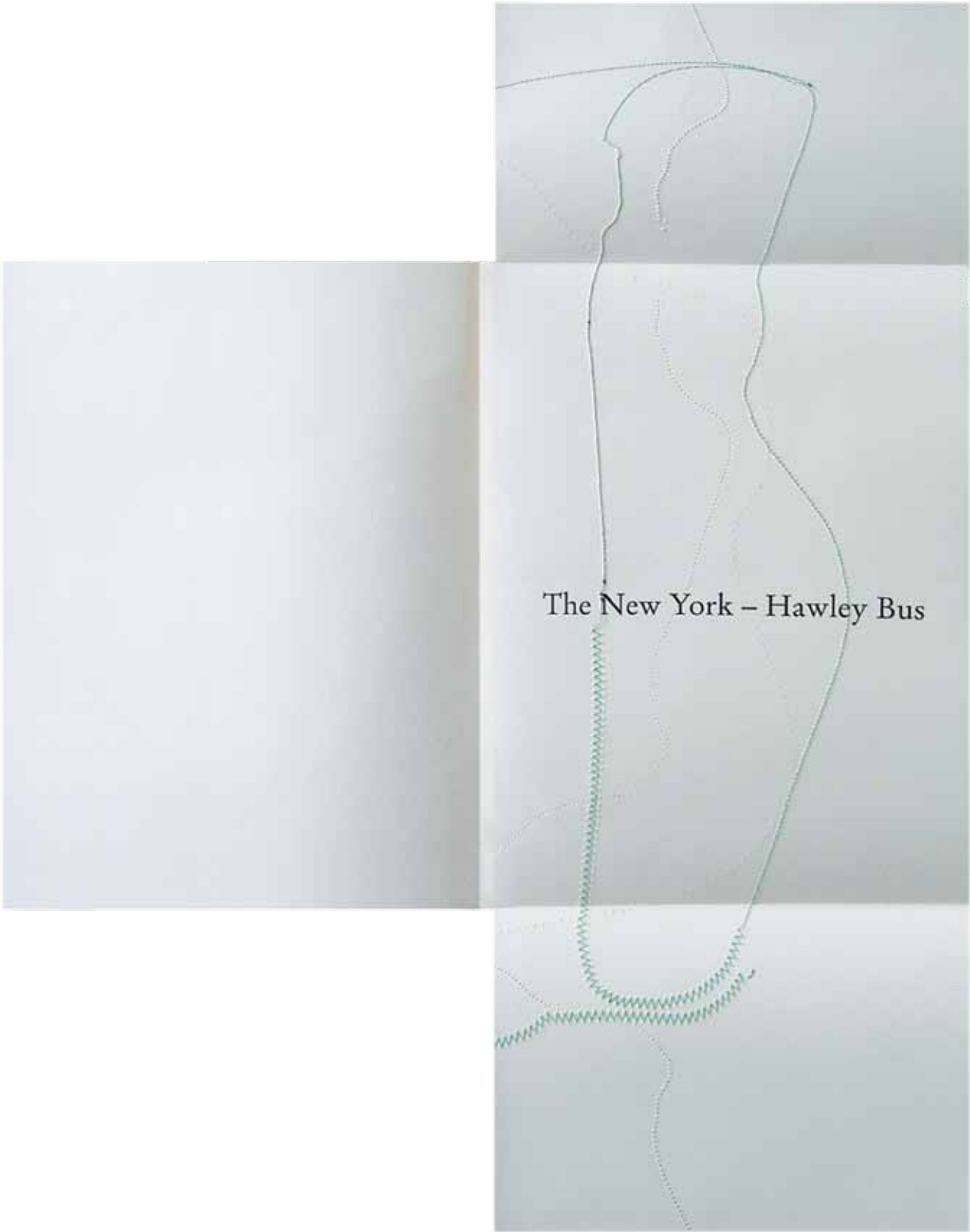
Life is too short
for me to waste another second
on these paltry lines.

Life is too short
For me to begin describing its bewildering
and sometimes beautiful complexities.

Life is too short
and so is this poem.

Life is too short
Except when it isn't.

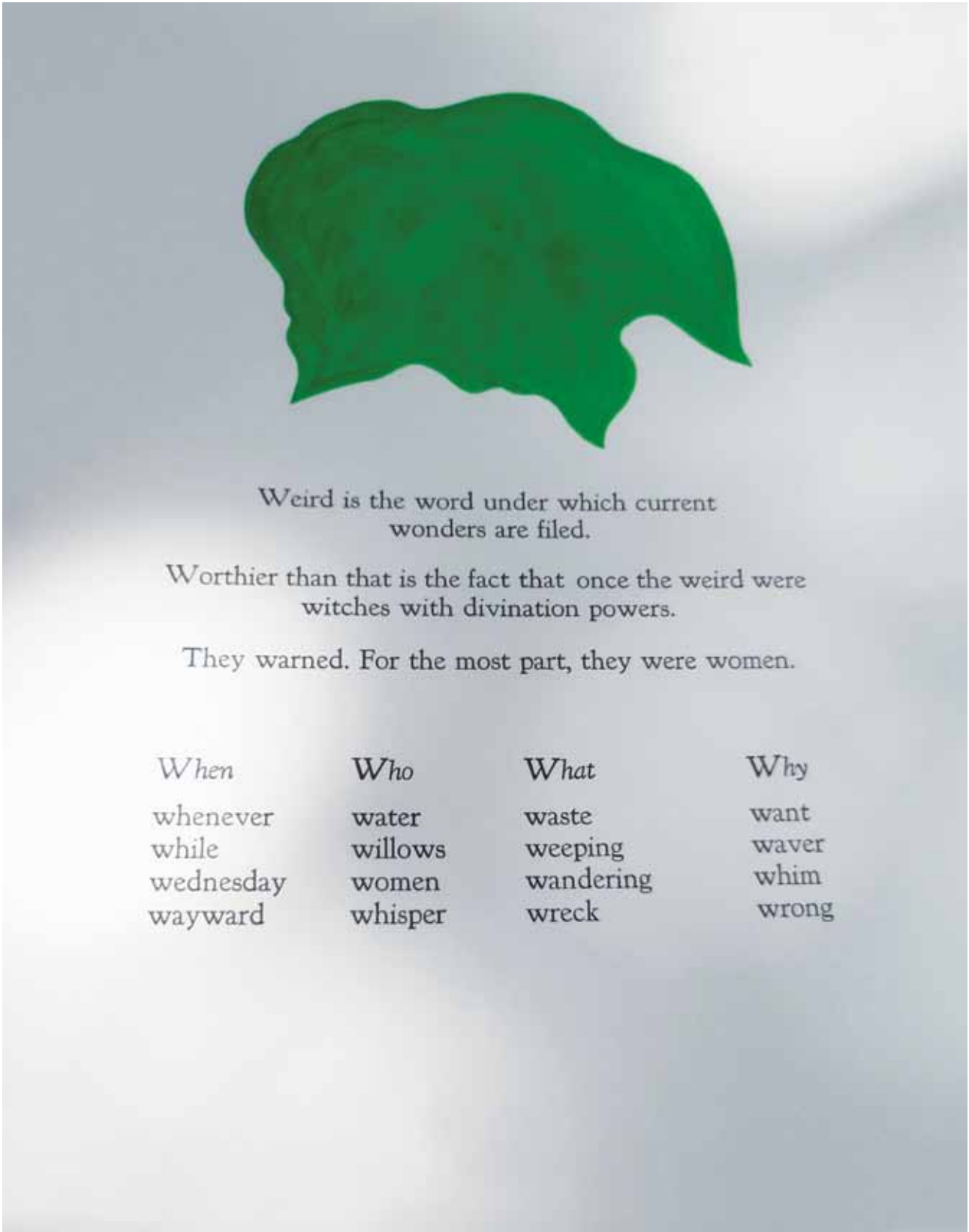
Life is too short
Lights glowing
rom a rural gas station.
Life is too short, oh.
Nothing to do about it.
Write lots of poems.



On the New York – Hawley Bus. Artwork by Elena Berriolo. 2007.

EDIÇÃO

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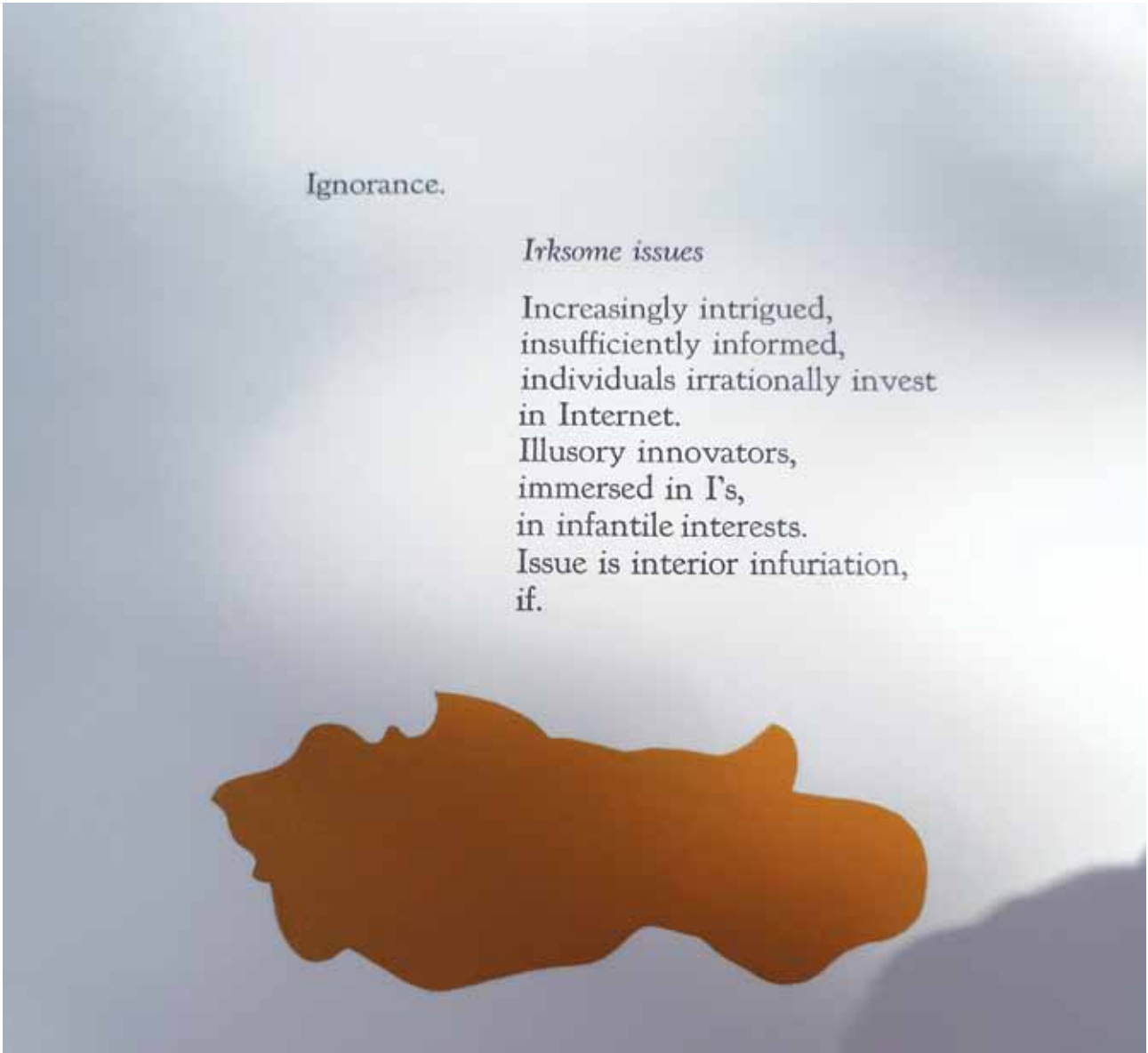


Mónica de La Torre

Texas

Artwork By Frédérique Lucien.
Collectif Génération, 2007.
Selection of Poems.
Edition of 11.

Texas. Artwork by Frédérique Lucien. 2007.



EDIÇÃO

EDITION

Jerome Rothenberg

Romantic Dadas

Artwork by Elana Herzog.
Collectif Generation, 2008.
Selection of poems.
Edition of 12.

The Brain Turned Upside Down

To count time from
the future,
having the end
in view, this is a sore reminder
of another world,
another chance
to come into the open air,
out of the darkness.
*The brain turned upside
down, they told us,
gathers no moss.*

No clash of symbols
half as painful
as discounted
time, ready
to plug us
one by one.

*A star most spiritual,
preeminent,
of all the golden press,* (G.M. Hopkins)
where what is dark
is not obscure,
leads rather
to another light,
a revelation
of the end of all.
For this things fly away,
the distance between
one and one
becomes a universe
no one will track.
*The time to view the stars
grows scarce,
the farther we look...*
A walk across the street
reckons infinity
and more.

Differences are Good

Differences are good,
writes Hölderlin,
a yellow lake,
a cairn of senseless
stones, embellishments
too old to keep
in mind, the voices
spinning in the air
of distant speakers.

They will have made
your day, not
for the first time,
omnipotent but wistful,
who have dug
their heels, weary
with marching,
into your carpets.

Listening, alive
and careless,
the news brought
to your screen
void of content that will further conceal
what afflicts you

The darkness more than
half the universe,
a word like *shivered*
can't contain it.

March in time.

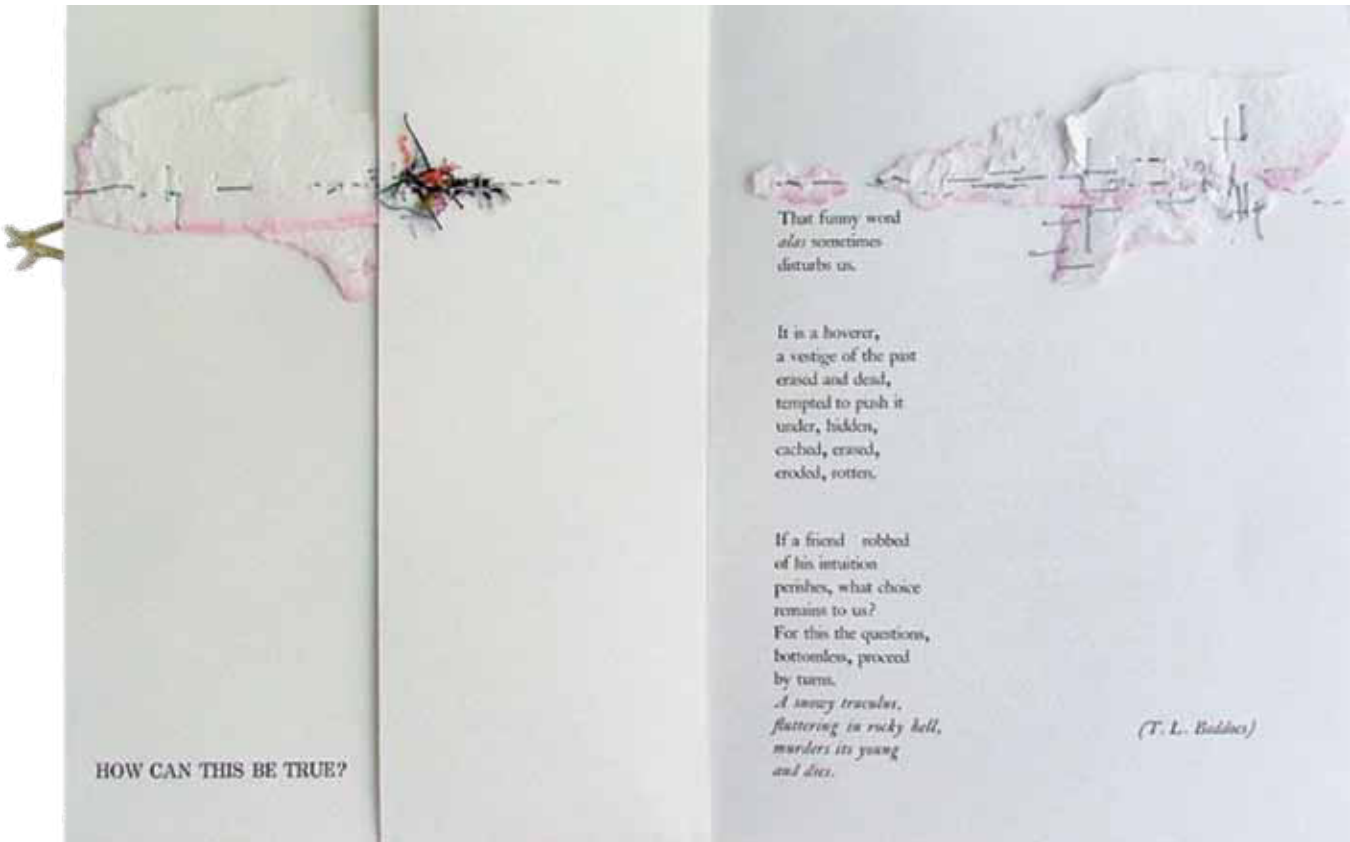
Retreat.

A loss of place.

Surprisingly.

Reclining.

Only death will set us free.



EDIÇÃO

EDITION

Régis Bonvicini

Entre

Artwork by Susan Bee.
Collectif Génération, 2009.
Selection of poems.
Edition of 12.

All's ruined, Kate
go straight to hell
or get to a nunnery
no credit cards to cover you

H&M has passed you by
for Mariacarla Boscono
sexy *bella ragazza*
from the calendar of Pirelli

who get blown in the park
so get used to it!
Givenchy's and Cavalli's *ragazza*
and don't forget Stella McCartney's

So you feel like "Dracula"!
You cosmopolitan flame!
Cocaine Kate,
it's not looking great!

Entre. Artwork by Susan Bee. 2009.



Charles Bernstein

Me transform – O!
outta vanilla
outro
hey see a fast a, eh, neo so re: a proxy ma

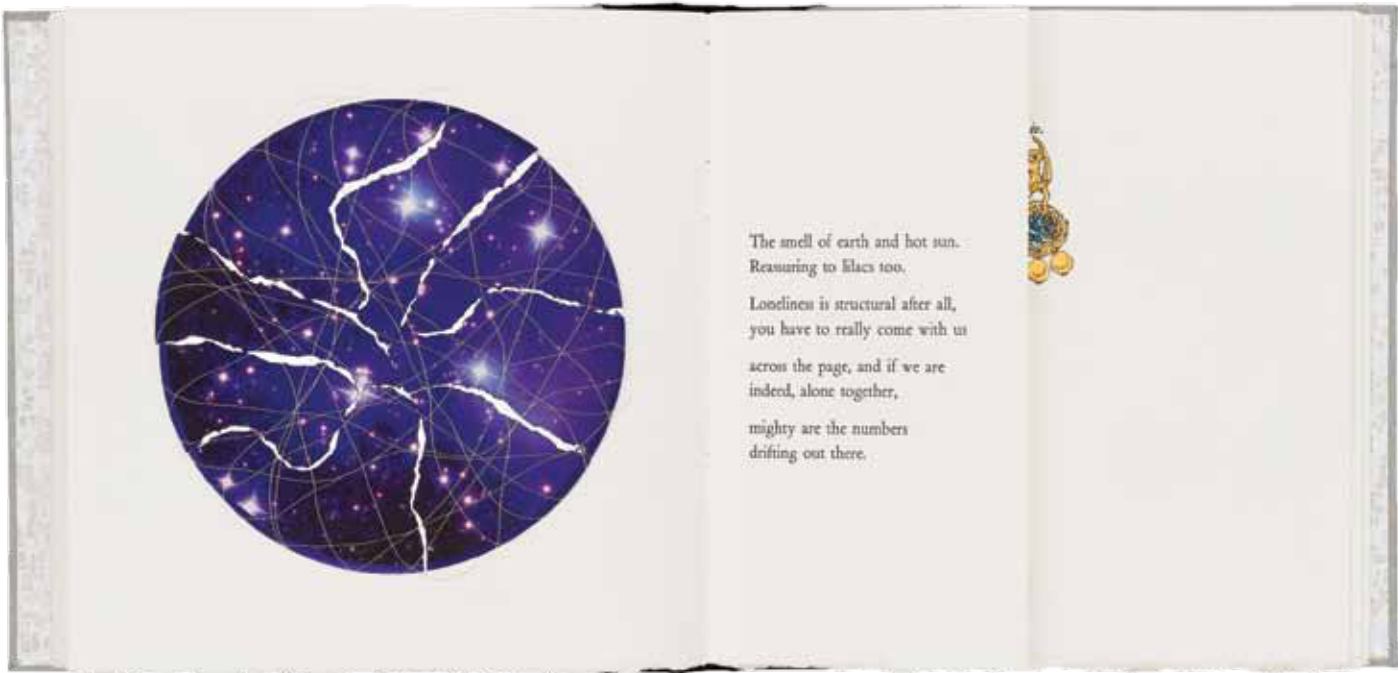
not day's objective cues, eh, reactivate cues
not – line has to realign mementos
outro
me traveling man

Morty deserves
cause per diem sent I do
espressos figured as coma
oh, so the bourbon let a...
me transform – O!
nah – observe a cow
the humid petals

EDIÇÃO

EDITION

Homer's Anger. Artwork by Jane Hammond. 2009.



from Homer's Anger

1.

Real things inside me he said.
You've gotten it all wrong.

I am seeing through you
like transistor songs

I see you and hear you
and that is the beginning of a poem.

from a postcard beach town,
two loves caught in cinemascope.

Not a circle but a ray
not a definition but a journey

A movement inside movement
unlike the stars and flag.

flowering in scenes.
This composition is still all the time

coming into view.
The depth we might say.

Peter Gizzi
Homer's Anger
Artwork by Jane Hammond.
Collectif Génération, 2009.
Edition of 12.



EDIÇÃO

EDITION

Charles Bernstein
The Introver
Artwork by Jill Moser.
Collectif Génération, 2010.
Selection of poems.
Edition of 12.

Poem Loading . . .

please wait

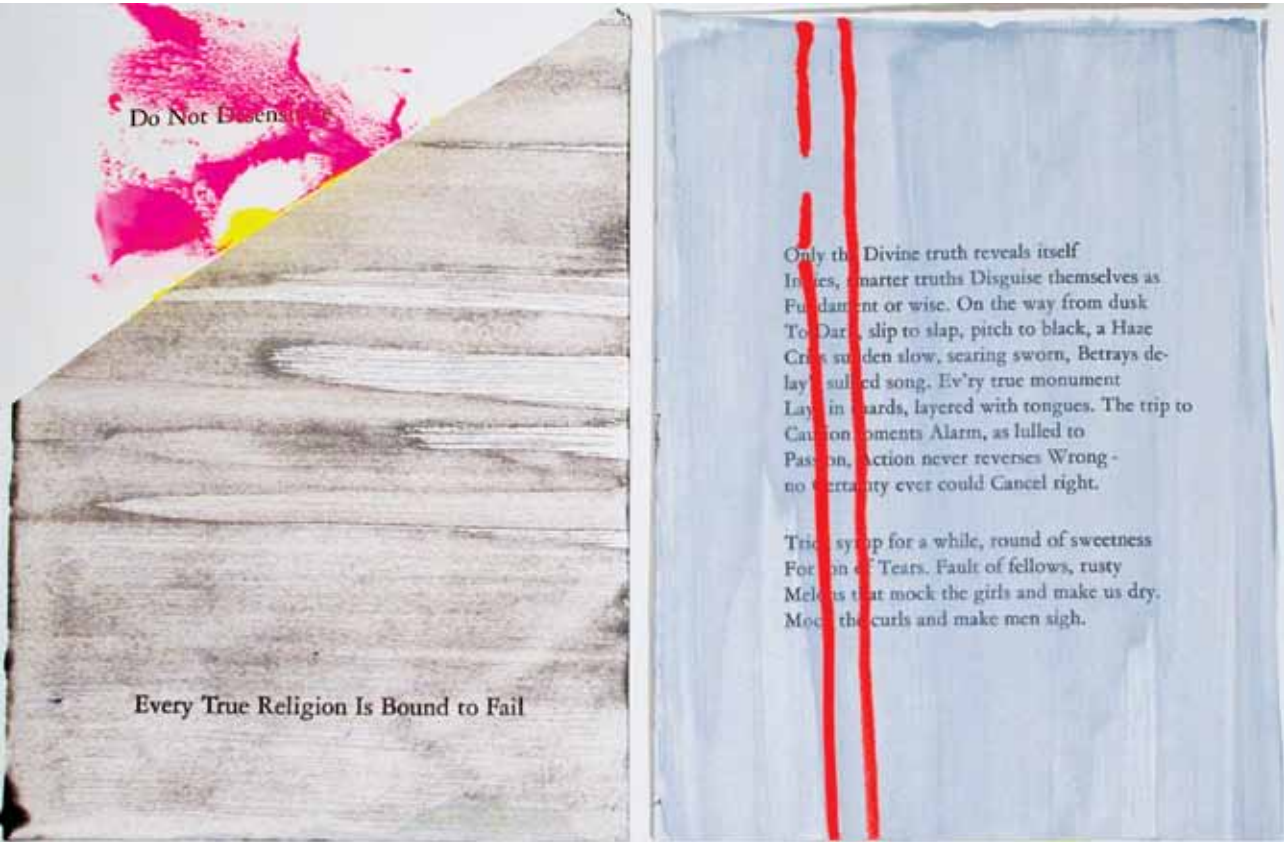
A Long Time 'til Yesterday

In starts and flits
We dart and flip
With quirks and fits
Mirroring mist

And Aenigma Was His Name, O!

Gather ye rosebuds while you can
Old times are locked in an armored van
Story's told, hope's shot
Chill out for the ultimate not

And Quiet Flows the Soane
The difficulty
is mine
having met you
where rivers meet
& being not of either one
Rhone nor Soane
nearer or far away
bric nor brac
for a millennial migraine
as if confluence
meant the ends are clear.



The Introver. Artwork by Jill Moser. 2010.

EDIÇÃO

If I'm sky
I'd be vast

If I'm sea
I'd be deep

If I'm land
I'd be fecund

If I'm bald
I'd wear no wig

EDITION

Yao Feng

Collector of Dusk

Artwork by Ang Sookoon.
Collectif Génération 2014.
Collection of poems.
Text in Chinese, Portuguese and English.
Edition of 12.

Fim

Talvez no inverno
me tenhas oferecido uma pedra,
acesa, tão acesa que a guardava
ora na mão esquerda, ora na outra.

Viraram-se os dias como páginas,
e a pedra, pouco a pouco, congelando.
O que as minhas mãos juntaram
acabou por ser apenas sombra.

The world is getting warmer
glaciers will be melting soon
We who love animals
should prepare fridges
for every penguin

黄昏的收藏者

我赞美晨曦，我在骄阳下流汗
我看见太多的死亡
在送葬的乐曲中，我习惯了节哀和仪式
眼睛流出来的
不再是悲伤，而是一粒粒石头

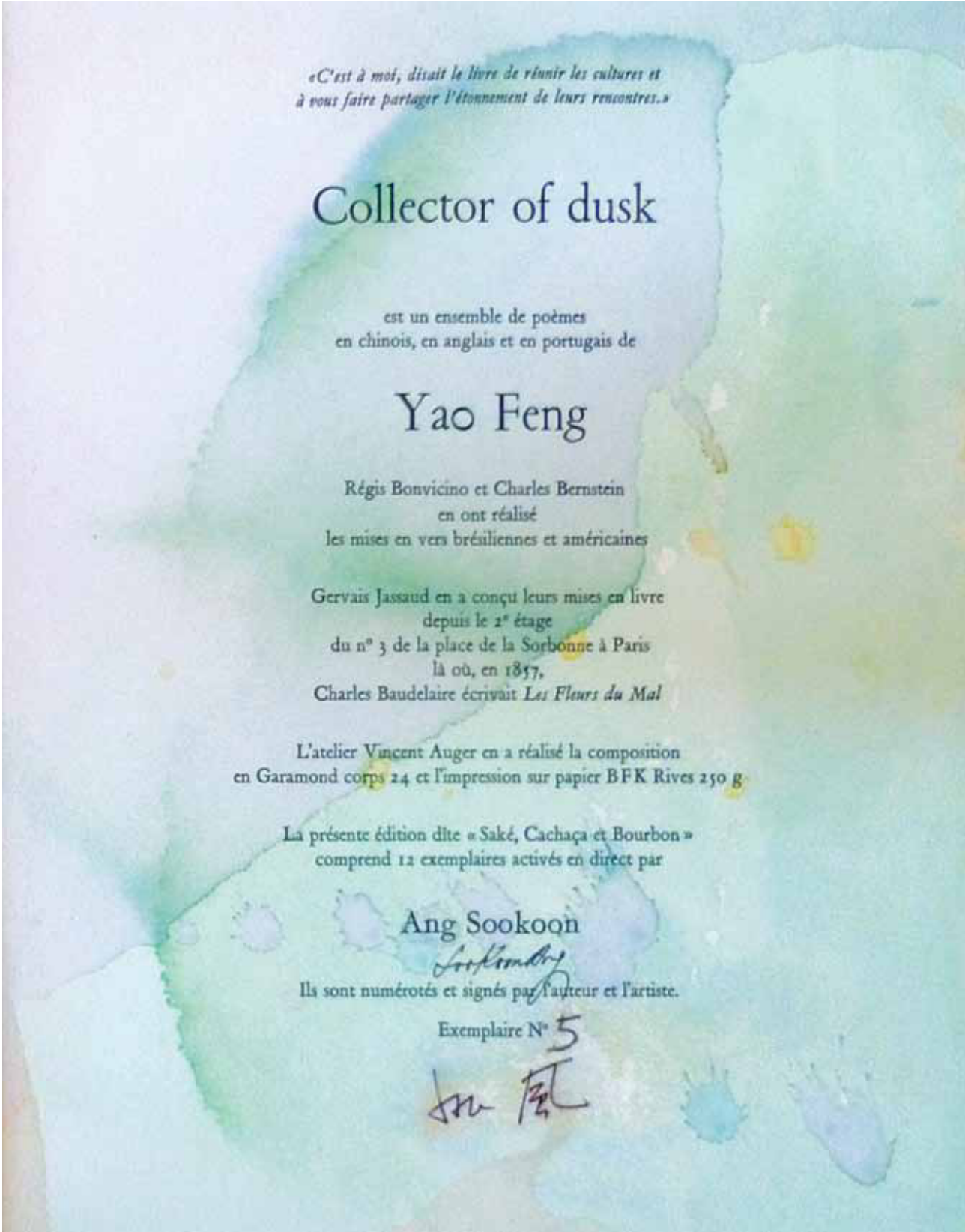
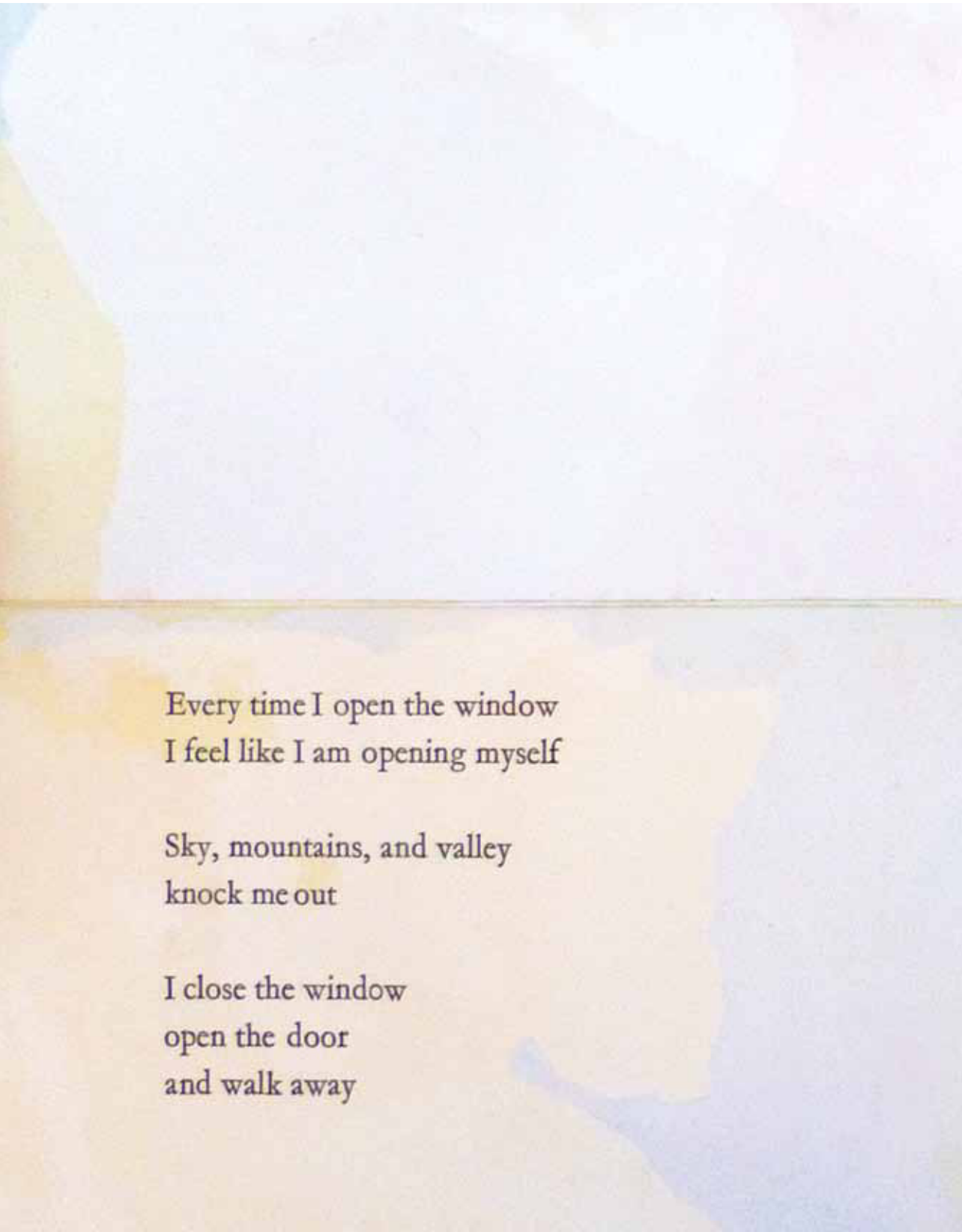
河流反光，群山将隐
黄昏的收藏者
提炼着最后的黄金

我向往天
堂天堂在那看不见的地方
在这夜色中，在这灯红酒绿的一隅
是谁在挥霍我的余生

EDIÇÃO

EDITION

Collector of Dusk. Artwork by Ang Sookoon.



EDIÇÃO

EDITION

沉默

我们终于把沉默
放在我们中间
就像摆下一张巨大的桌子
上面什么也没有
宴会早已结束
我们再不会面对面坐下

黑夜的静寂中
只有鸟儿偶尔鸣叫一声
它们也喜欢说梦话
而我们今夜无梦
风吹动你的头发
像一声声嚎叫

O lobo e as ovelhas

As ovelhas ficaram quietas
quando o lobo chegou
perfiladas em pares
pararam de comer a relva
como algodão semeado
Canícula!
“Que diabo de tempo!”
– uivou o lobo,
E as ovelhas despiram
seus casacos de pele

At the plenary meeting
three thousand right hands are raised
at the same level
like a lawn trimmed by a mower

A spring swallow
opens its scissors
flies above, past my arm
I give out a sad, shrill cry

Noite branca

Tudo estava escuro no meu coração,
nada se via, nada se ouvia,
como se uma venda preta
me vendasse os olhos.
Quis a luz, luz para sempre.
Contei o que sentia a uma poetisa da Europa.
e ela me disse: no meu país, quase sempre frio,
muitas pessoas
ou ficam loucas, ou se suicidam,
devido à luz demasiado prolongada.

中国地图

我要感谢那个绘制地图的人
你用玫瑰的色彩
描出祖国辽阔的疆域
用绿色标出高山峻岭
用蓝色标出河流大海

你在九百六十万平方公里的土地上
种下了玫瑰
黄河洗净泥沙，长江奔流如碧
海天一色，没有污染
满目青山，伐木者早已远去

彩色的地图，玫瑰园般绚丽
遮盖住昏黄的墙壁
我仿佛看见，可爱的人民
在水之湄，在花园间
劳作，繁衍，生息
他们用透明的汗水浇灌玫瑰
他们用一生的时间彼此相爱

EDIÇÃO

EDITION

Vincent Katz
4 X 5
Artwork by Polly Apfelbaum.
Collectif Génération, 2014.
Collection of four poems (four words per line, four lines and four stanzas each) to accompany
the artwork of 5 different artists.
Edition of 15.



4 x 5. Artwork by Philippe Mayaux. 2014.



4 x 5. Artwork by Polly Apfelbaum. 2014.

Crooked light snow dog
Old happy throw hump
Statue shovel cast magenta
Coat scarf red curse

Man hunch green red
Hydrant chill plate light
Hedge black tomatoes rose
Batter avenue old picture

Voice sway gloved thick
Haircut coat open hang
Tune phone mail speak
Listen smoke ponytail beard

Street sweep ice dog
Bend scarf purple signs
Metal glass camera bell
Reflection puddle wind child

Animate tone dog old
Body human light tight
Returns scarf red squint
Stroller headphone cap evade

Time flowers face decision
Lean skinny abut flux
Glasses coat green backpack
Lavender hair walk tie

Ass piss leg earmuff
Bald shit plastic blue
Nose hair sunglass shine
Wander light talk carry

Boot edifice sun photograph
Ad sheetrock cigarette lipstick
Purchase bank pinky saunter
Baby coat speed smile

KO UN

Fascination

Kimsooja

Fascination. Artwork by Kimsooja to come. 2014/2015.

Ko Un

Fascination

Artwork by Kimsooja.
Collectif Génération, 2014/2015.
Selection of poems.
Edition of 12 (in progress).

Night when no poem comes.
Night of air-raids day after day by unmanned planes.
Night of an old Pashtun man
who lost two grandsons,
a son and a daughter-in-law,
all at once
in a riverside alley in Kabul.
Night of a child in a neighbouring house
who lost his right leg and starved to death.
Night when bloody muddle is life itself.
What a luxury sorrow is, and God!
What antiquated ornaments they are!

Night when no poem takes form on my blank page.

One day
it was a guest.

One day
it was the host.

All those year
seach of the chimneys was dreaming
of the smoke it would send up.

Today I'm still not sure who a poem is.

As king I grew thin,
while the people grew fat.
I grew fat
when the world grew lean.
Always
I watched the waning moon.

Several billion Buddhas pouring down.
The brook busy babbling.
In addition
to the Buddha corpses
other corpses are floating down too.
Real cool.

It was not sorrow.
There were dazzling days
when I longed to tear out my eyes
and replace them with other eyes.
I came back from the Himalayas.
A child asked
what and what was there.
I longed to become the child's high voice.