

HYPERDREAM

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polity

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HYPERDREAM

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

Intus et in cute

I was anointing my mother. "I am skinning Mummy" I tell myself, doing her skin. It was a little before the end, tu es le temps, you are time, killing time, I was thinking, the time of before the end. I was now living in the time before the death of my mother, I watched my mother rise and set day after day on my horizon, overcome with admiration I was living in anguish.

Lately – these last times – I tell myself, I've not stopped feeling everything has changed, all the things that I call "everything" confusedly, have begun to happen completely differently from before the Events. Suddenly I come under the regime of the "last times," I mean the ultimate, the last last, those that are coming up, but which at the same time are in collusion with "lately": the times which have just happened. Some go off into the past, others go off into the future. The difference between the ultimate last times and the lately-last-times is that the latter have a date, whereas the ultimate, no.

The ultimates – the last lasts – I'm in them, I know this now without knowing it except in every pore of my being. These times are divided into two stretches of time, shifting, unstable, like two transparent continents that in turn meet mingle, mix, separate. There's the time before the interruption of my mother. There's the time after the interruption of my friend. Henceforth I am paradoxical. I am before after and after after I am late and I am early I am alreadyafter déjaprès and alreadybefore déjavant I am tossed into rings within rings, encircled, distanced.

You can always lose more I thought, I twined my thought around this thought, I was anointing my mother with circular gestures, pressing rapidly lightly precisely, no longer shying at the blisters and craters that at the start of the previous year had intimidated me, darting wide cyclopean glances at me whenever I tried to get close to them, my fingers smeared with cream, I didn't dare tell my mother then, last year, that morning and evening I fought with myself, between my powers of reason and my instinct wild with repulsion, it was the idea, an illusion, that the round crevasses edged with a piping of charred skin were looking at me, next thing I knew I'd be putting a finger in their eye, you can always lose more, I told myself, absorbed in the meticulous work of encircling and anointing the sores whose constant presence in the end tames the vibrations of mind and soul - and vice versa tames the ulcers and the sores, which let themselves be coated with animal docility. "I go on living" I told myself, thought marvelously bitter, bitterly marveling, "I went on living, therefore losing," I was thinking, "it's without end," if I set this phrase, I was thinking, carefully anointing the back of my mother Eve always beginning with her right shoulder, if I set this phrase devoid of breath and intonation down on a sheet of paper it would have the face of a mask, it would be equivocal, it would be chilling, with the strengthless chill of uncertainty, besides I myself, on my knees in front of my mother standing, back to the light which enters through the window, I find it strange and sad and saddening, this phrase which comes to me from the far-off bottom of my whole history and at the same time from what is right under my eyes, beneath my nose, my mother's skin upon which I spread, beginning with the upper part of her body and the dorsal face, always in small but regular amounts the contents of a tube of pomade then a second. It crosses my mind that the skin of my mother standing in front of me this July morning in which we go on living, in which, that is, life continues to weave its fabrics within the framework of the body of my mother and within the framework of my body - that my mother's skin, dated, would be the most faithful canvas, or mirror or painting of my most basic, dated state of mind and soul, or of what one calls life, or maybe time's horizon-line on which are painted or deposited the physical effects of what we happen to live. Of what happens to us, living.

I go on living therefore losing, I tell myself, "attacking" as they say, attacking myself, taking myself by the scruff of the neck of my resistances in order to see to the biggest and most recent of the ulcerations, the gutted boil on the underside of her left arm.

This takes us, as they say, most of an hour, this anointing, no rushing it, one's touch must be delicate in order to be precise and painless, moderate therefore. During this hour we don't talk much. A small mass you might say. I don't say this to my mother. Mass is not kosher. You could say a touch of witchcraft.

"I go on living" thinks my mother's body.

– Since they tell me "that's how it is, it doesn't get better" I put up with it, says my mother. – You don't get better from living, I was thinking but I don't say this.

⁻ Turn a little, I say.

In the end death will win. Until the end one doesn't know who wins.

I'll be this skin tomorrow

I anoint my old helmet-maker ma vieille heaulmière I confess myself

I'll be this skin tomorrow

And as I anoint her I cultivate time with both hands, one on top of the other hers yours mine ours, I spread them, I browse and I ruminate the future. I study: the way death lets us feel its delicate, intricate bites. How it is already here a little, nibbling. Its inroads. How life gives them back. How it gets its strength and body back by stirring up, citing, resuscitating along the paths of dreams.

And it is during these times, when *all is lost* that I finally come up with the answer to death, the road to happiness *through* pain: this is something-other-than a dream, this is the hyperdream.

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I

BEFORE THE END

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It was before the end, *tu es le temps*, you are time, killing time, I thought, the time of before the end. Never before had I seen such finished splendor. Suddenly I was warned that I was approaching the point, I saw I could see life glow. It was everywhere. Its dying embers flickered, especially in the leaves and the air. And also in my mother's wide eyes her age makes increasingly prominent You are time I tell her. It was wearing away at my all.

Thursday was the first day of the month of death of my dead my father the dead, my number one dead my first death the fiftieth first day, how fresh this death this dead I was thinking, this death that does not get any older,

I was now living in the time before the death of my mother, I watched my mother rise and set day after day on my horizon, overcome with admiration I was living in anguish, I don't deny occasional moments of exasperation when, at one of those horrible break-of-dawn breakfasts, a fit of having her way suddenly throws the beautiful regularity of her cosmic wheel off balance, it's always to do with the bread, the theme of the bad bread, "I don't like this bread" my mother rasps, meaning: I don't like you I don't like this day I'm tired of this family I don't care for the universe, I bring her, to be sure, a different kind of bread she likes no better, then another, then a sixth, and as I translate her kicks at bread after bread as exactly as I can, I feel fury well up, we are possessed she and I by a pair of demons invisible but tangible who come to blows over the bad bread, fists are flying, we come to two extremes, rage and the grotesque, war quickly breaks out, in this advent of a crimson blackness

if suddenly later, she were no longer here, says my thought choking on the one hand with irritation on the other with fear, were I to lose her right after the blast of this wretched cyclone, at this thought a second storm comes along to coil its atrocious thunderhead up into the Big Temper Tantrum of the Bread, I thought I heard the savage yells of the Worst Thing That Can Happen, one can lose beyond loss, no one is capable of imagining the Worst, one can absolutely not

imagine the Worst, one can only say the word Worst – le Pire, in French – which is the charred and still crackling remains of the word Prayer – Prière – but as the kingdom of the Worst is for after and we dwell in that of its Coming we can't conjure it up, we are only wracked in our bodies, in our bellies, in our hearts by absolutely unbearable spasms. We can't live with it, we want to run away but we can only hop around the table on our left leg because the right is paralyzed.

Later on we try to forget, we burrow into the ground we dig a little time, we wash our hands we forget.

At the same time we remember, but the memory remains in the garden, it goes about its business, it sniffs the stopped-up holes.

That's not how I wanted to begin, I'd just tackled the first page when the racket broke out.

Let me start again. The page would have begun thus: "I can't deny it, I could no longer stop thinking about time, about time and times, I could not, in other words, stop thinking as a worm tries to think sky, clouds, creeping and crawling without ever getting close to a beginning of a slight rise from which to at least catch a glimpse of the sky, and yet I sensed that my whole being, twisted clenched, fired with the urgency of thinking, thought only of turning whatever it is in the act of thinking that takes the place of eyes towards this thing, this subject, this infinite middle ground that we must have good reasons to call temps in French, I crepthought in French and in snatches, through rips in curtains through doors left ajar, I knew nothing I saw nothing but I felt strongly, I was led by the name of Time, by the names of time that came and introduced themselves, there are lots of them, it was a necessity, a duty, I wanted I had to understand what I was living on, why and how I was living now that what seemed to me to be "the last times" seemed to have begun.

Lately – these last times – I tell myself I've not stopped feeling everything has changed, all the things that I call "everything" confusedly, have begun to happen completely differently from before the Events that I now see as the causes of a radical change, that is of change at the very root of my being. These last three years I've discovered every day differently and more clearly, day after day, more and more, in the wake of the Diseases that struck two of my nearest and dearest, transformational phenomena of all and everything, and all parts of Everything, have taken place, of which I have gradually grown aware.

Suddenly, but at the time I took no note of this, I come under the regime of the "last times" I mean the ultimate, the last last, those that are coming up, but which at the same time are in collusion with "lately": the times which have just happened. Some go off into the past, others go off into the future.

The difference between the ultimate last times and the lately-last times is that the latter have a date, whereas the ultimate, no.

The ultimates – the last lasts – I'm in them. I know this now without knowing it except in every pore of my being. These times are divided into two stretches of time, shifting, unstable, like two transparent continents that in turn meet mingle, mix, separate, the way our two towers make a single two-souled one in our body. There's the time before the interruption of my mother. There's the time after the interruption of my friend. Henceforth I am paradoxical. This is a very difficult state. I am before after and after after I am late and I am early I am alreadyafter and alreadybefore I am tossed into rings within rings, encircled, distanced, brutally-lengthily, and all this only happens to my body in French, never have my body and I been so much spoken French, "the last times" are times that expose the soul in French, in the English language of my beloved, when there is an upheaval it's the end, The End of the

World or, as in his metaphysical poem, The And of the World. The End, La Fin, there's another word to drop like a block of ice on a rock, another frightening and empowering word. One ought to break with this word, one ought to punch it in the face, crack open its syllable, drag out of the rubble its secret homonym.

I don't say "death." 1) Death only happened to my father for me. 2) I don't say death. 3) This special word is not the question. After decades of studies and years of analyses of experiments this much I can assert.

This wall word is not the question.

The interruption only interrupts the uninterrupted. It's breathing. About this mystery we always agree, my friend and I. The interruption lets the uninterrupted rest for a moment and lets the interrupted catch his breath.

However the Ultimate, the Last Last Interruption involves innumerable internal modifications. Everything changes, All At Once. In a flash it's as if you were born flung into dark, restless space utterly foreign to the Last Times. No idea where you are naturally, you are shipwrecked, you have only the word shipwreck as lantern and explanation, for the rest you're in the dark. All is lost. This lostness - a state you knew nothing about. You are adult and biped but the species is unknown. That's what happened to me. You know nothing about being. Or saying. You don't know. We don't remember this world at all. The world we remember, where we were just last evening has become so far away suddenly you might think you'd dreamed it. It is disqualified. The horror of being zero and without memory without a hint of a link to the being one was and all one feels is that everything I feel has never before happened to me. The moods especially, which are like strangers in my cell who I don't understand what they want - a cargoload of them clamoring for air, space, as if the cell had the keys. If only I could put a name to one of these slimy bit-parts,

if I had an I to say, or if I could strike a bargain with one of these creatures, the way people trapped on a train they've boarded by mistake do with the ticket collector. But no ticket collector in sight. Luckily, for I have nothing to show for myself. I feel the consistence and use of a fake. Not my fault all the same. Or rather yes. Poor headless people that I am.

You are no longer anything you know anything about. All you have is Hunger, a Hungering, an unknown Hungering that squeezes, barks orders, pushes and shoves *Faim Fin*: Hunger-End. You don't know how to do anything here, except receive an order in the heart but the body cannot translate. Walk, sure, but how? Go, do, advance, approach, enter? Don't know can't mustn't. Have to. It's

the Interruption that paralyzes me – and whose spell I must break by an act of will I concoct in my head. Think, want, budge in my head. Have to find the exit to can.

Three years I've been battling Paralysis every other day. Always the right leg. Help me I say to my beloved, give me a hand. Always the right leg, as soon as I need to walk, the leg stops, stiffens, sinks into the ground. Pulling it out is torture. I move painfully, slowly. I lean on you. Huge the task, the whole world needs to be invented. I don't lose courage, but time, time and the pain.

Thursday it nearly worked, it was the first day of the month of the death of my father the dead, you were with me, together the two of us, we were about to begin the world over again, it was the Globe Project. Your presence, your warmth, your bulk, our closeness our understanding, our way of being coupled, the way we moved, the accord, the alliance of our bodies as we moved along the Edge: proof, plain, mythical. They'd asked me to create the opera of the creation. I was ready. Off in the distance the conductor nods. The two of us together on the Edge. I took my first steps. No paralysis. I invoked the spaces, I raised a few winds. Methought I conducted the bowels of the