

Lucas, His Intrapositions

In a documentary and Yugoslavian film one can see how the instinct of the female octopus comes into play to protect her eggs by any means, and among other means of defense she decides to set up her own camouflage by looking for algae, piling them up and hiding behind them so as not to be attacked by morays during the two months that the incubation lasts.

Like everybody, Lucas looks at images anthropomorphically: the octopus decides to protect herself, she looks for the algae, she places them in front of her refuge, she hides. But all that (which in a first attempt at an equally anthropomorphic explanation was called instinct for lack of something better) happens outside of all consciousness as rudimentary as it might be. If for his part Lucas makes the effort to look on also as from outside, what is left for him? A mechanism as alien to the possibilities of his empathy as the moving of the pistons in embolisms or the slipping of a liquid down an inclined plane. Considerably depressed, Lucas tells himself that at this point the only thing that fits is a kind of interpolation: this, too, what he's thinking at this moment, is a mechanism that his consciousness thinks it understands and controls; this, too, is an anthropomorphism applied ingenuously to man.

"We're nothing," Lucas thinks for himself and the octopus.

The Fate of Explanations

Somewhere there must be a garbage dump where explanations are piled up.

One disquieting thing in this proper panorama: what would happen on the day someone also succeeds in explaining the dump.

Love 77

And after doing everything they do, they get up, they bathe, they powder themselves, they perfume themselves, they comb their hair, they get dressed, and so, progressively, they go about going back to being what they aren't.

Lucas, His Partisan Arguments

It almost always starts the same way, a notable political agreement in a lot of things and great mutual trust, but at some moment the non-literary militants ad-

dress the literary militants in a friendly way and bring up for the archi-*n*th time the matter of the message, the content intelligible for the greatest number of readers (or listeners or spectators, but especially readers, oh yes).

In those cases Lucas tends to be quiet for his little books speak gaudily for him, but since they sometimes attack more or less fraternally and it's well known that there's no worse a punch than one thrown by your brother, Lucas puts own a laxative face and makes an effort to say things like the ones that follow, to wit:

"Comrades, the question will never be brought up by writers who understand and live their task

like figureheads, out front  
in the ship's course, receiving  
all the wind and the salt of the foam. Period.  
And it won't be brought up

because being a writer { poet  
novelist  
narrator

that is, fictionant, imaginant, deliriant,  
mythopoeitic, oracle or call him as you choose,  
means in the firstest place  
that langage is a medium, as always,  
but this medium is more than medium,  
it's three-quarters at least.

Abbreviating two volumes and an appendix,  
what you people ask of

the writer { poet  
novelist  
narrator

is to give up going forward  
and settle in the hic et nunc (translate, López!)  
so his message doesn't go beyond  
the spheres, semantical, syntactical,  
cognoscitival, parametrical,  
of circumstantial man. Ahem.  
Said in other words, to abstain  
from exploring beyond the explored,

or exploring by explaining the explored  
so all exploration is integrated  
into explorations that are done.

I shall tell you in confidence  
would that there could  
be reins in the race  
for the head that's ahead. (That one's a gem.)  
But there are scientific laws that deny  
the possibility of such contradictory effort,  
and there is something else, simple and grave:  
there are no known limits to the imagination  
except those of the word,  
language and invention are fraternal enemies  
and from that struggle literature is born,  
the dialectical encounter of muse with scribe,  
the unsayable seeking its word,  
the word refusing to say it  
until we wring its neck  
and the scribe and the muse come together  
at that rare instant that later on  
we will call Vallejo or Mayakovsky."

A rather cavernous silence follows.

"That's fine," someone says, "but in the face of the historical moment the writer and the artist, unless they're pure Ivorytower, have the duty, hear me well, the duty to project their message on a level of the broadest reception." Applause.

"I've always thought," Lucas observes modestly, "that the writers you're alluding to are in the great majority, a reason for which I am surprised at this insistence on transforming a great majority into a unanimity. Shit, what are you people so afraid of? And who except the resentful and the mistrusting can be bothered by experiences, let's call them extreme and therefore difficult (difficult *first of all* for the writer, and only afterwards for the public, that must be stressed) when it's obvious that only a few are carrying them forward? Couldn't it be, then, that for certain levels everything that isn't immediately clear is guiltily obscure? Can't there be a secret and sometimes sinister necessity to make the scale of values uniform so as to be able to stick your head up above the wave? Good lord, all these questions."

"There's only one answer," says a member of the group, "and it's this: The clear tends to be difficult to attain, for which reason the difficult tends to be a stratagem to disguise the difficult of being easy." (Delayed ovation.)

"And we will go on for years and more years," moans Lucas,

"and always return to the same spot since this is a matter full of disillusionment." (Weak approval)

"Because nobody will be able except for the poet and he only sometimes, to enter the wrestling match with the blank page where everything is risked in the mystery of unheeded laws, if they are laws, of strange copulations between rhythm and meaning, of ultima Thules in the middle of the strophe or story. We will never be able to defend ourselves because we know nothing of this vague knowledge, of this quirk of fate that leads us to swim under things, to climb up an adverb that opens up a territory, one hundred new islands, buccaneers with Remington or pen attacking verbs or simple sentences or receiving full in the face the wind of a noun that contains an eagle."

"Or let it be, to simplify things," concludes Lucas, as fed up as his comrades, "I propose, let's say, a pact."

"No deals," roars the usual one in cases like this.

"A pact, nothing else. For you people, the *primum vivere, deinde philosophare* is concentrated in the historical *vivere*, which is fine and probably is the only way to prepare the terrain for the philosophizing and fictionalizing and poetizing of the future. But I aspire to suppress the divergence that afflicts us, and therefore, the pact consists of the fact that you and we should at the same time abandon our most extreme conquests with an aim to having our contact with our neighbour reach its broadest radius. If we renounce verbal creation at its dizziest and most rarefied level, you will renounce science and technology in their equally dizzy and rarefied forms, computers and jet aircraft, for example.

If you deny us our poetical advance, why should you sit back and enjoy scientific advancement?"

"You're completely nuts," one with glasses says.

"Of course," Lucas concedes, "but you must see how much fun I'm having. Come on, accept. We'll write more simply (I'm just saying that because we really won't be able to), and you people stop television (something you won't be able to do either). We'll go to what's directly communicable, and you people will give up cars and tractors and pick up a shovel to plant potatoes. Do you realize what that double turning back to the simple would be, to what everybody understands, to communion with nature without intermediaries?"

"I propose immediate defenestration upon a unanimous vote," says a comrade who has opted to break up with laughter.

"I vote no," says Lucas, who is already stroking the glass of beer that always arrives just in time in cases like these.

### Lukas und seine Intrapolationen

In einem jugoslawischen Dokumentarfilm kann man sehen, wie der Instinkt der weiblichen Krake sich regt, um mit allen Mitteln ihre Eier zu schützen; unter anderen Schutzmaßnahmen sorgt sie für ihre eigene Tarnung, indem sie Algen anhäuft und sich hinter ihnen versteckt, um während der zweimonatigen Brutzeit nicht von Muränen angegriffen zu werden.

Wie jedermann betrachtet Lukas die Sequenzen anthropomorphisch: die Krake *beschließt*, sich zu schützen, *sucht* die Algen, *stapelt* sie vor ihrem Schlupfwinkel und verbirgt sich. Aber all dies (das in einem ersten, ebenfalls anthropomorphischen Erklärungsversuch *Instinkt* genannt wurde) geschieht außerhalb jedes Bewußtseins, jedes Wissens, so rudimentär es auch sein mag. Wenn nun Lukas seinerseits sich bemüht, an allem auch wie von außen teilzunehmen, was bleibt ihm? Ein *Mechanismus*, der den Möglichkeiten seiner Empathie so fern ist wie die Begegnung der Kolben in den Zylindern oder das Herabrinnen einer Flüssigkeit von einer schiefen Ebene.

Ziemlich deprimiert, sagt Lukas sich, daß hier nur eine Art von Intrapolation möglich ist: auch dies, was er in ebendiesem Augenblick denkt, ist ein Mechanismus, den sein Bewußtsein zu verstehen und zum kontrollieren glaubt; auch dies ist ein Anthropomorphismus, in naiver Weise auf den Menschen bezogen.

»Wir sind ein Nichts«, denkt Lukas für sich und für die Krake.

### Schicksal der Erklärer

Irgendwo muß es einen Müllablageplatz geben, wo bergeweise die Erklärungen liegen.

Nur eins ist an diesem gerechten Panorama beunruhigend: Was wird werden, wenn jemand es fertigbringt, auch den Müllablageplatz zu erklären?

### Liebe 77

Und nachdem sie all das, was sie machen, gemacht haben, stehen sie auf, baden sich, pudern sich, parfümieren sich, kämmen sich, ziehen sich an und werden so nach und nach wieder das, was sie nicht sind.