

GORPHONCELET (\*)! In a dead end he rose  
As there remained no more spaces to probe.  
As simple joy and human innocence  
Had died, and sorry human kindnesses  
Had drowned by bleak refinement overwhelmed  
—With left to sing nothing but solitude,  
The only theme still there to be advanced,  
And every hope but a new servitude,  
'Twas then he fathomed the atrocious absence,  
Death's inescapable ascendancy;  
Those times would leave nothing behind but silence  
Pulsing from grief as though it were remorse;  
Echoes alone of such abiding silence  
Endured, against each face of the body...

(\*) That he took his spirituality anywhere he found it, in disgust of the vulgar or by innate grace; that he saved souls by ambushing them; that he never ceased being a saint before others, a topic of admiration, an undefinable harmonious whole in which pride was needed, that he wrote love psalms from writer's inspiration not lover's passion, what does it matter: he veered the Game toward the Divine.

*The Precursor's Game IX*

(Descend the sky still lower than is custom,  
What I create are lives that do not die;  
Those children lost to centuries of brume,  
Their love somehow never as whole as mine.)

your eyes demand: what is his suffering?  
if so prodigious why then was he damned?  
allow me to behold him...

I had planned  
To carve their Hell out long before their bearing  
Where love is warm, nearby hillside and crest  
To lonely pleasures thresholds not yet crossed,  
Havens they sought when plagued by fear and doubt;  
Deep down inside they held an otherness  
Half-hearted men from other shores do miss,  
The pulse of their damnation still to learn;  
While not the only cadence of their heart,  
When on their own they would often discern  
A sound of tide at twilight that would mount;

As though a gem they hid it deep within;  
Above their common faith, of that abidance  
They sought as one the whispered expectation  
And too night's first reflections on the surface.  
So fine was Hell and tempting in their selves  
On him they lay in a supreme embrace  
A passion's throe so to drain out his frost;  
And then of him, his sap, his marrow nourished  
They would return to their own firmament  
To those forbidden depths their eyes still turned;  
And so the Joy, forgotten Joy, intimate  
Joy, sudden respite after the void,  
Final despair at long last manifest.  
(But where to place him else? Gorphoncelet,  
Often I went to him for he consoled,  
Exquisite heart that beat only for me;  
Inside his winter shelter deep in legend,  
Remote barren and white its woods and land,  
Cradling the Hell he held dearly in hand;  
He knew that warming his with much caress  
Was flooding mine with equal tenderness  
Deflecting just a bit my sad disgrace.

But ah! if never have I damned in snow,  
'Tis not for fear of my beloved freeze: (\*)  
Such days do see many an untold glow...

*((a glow? but all they wield those kinds of glows  
amid their night traveled by spells of light,  
and come the hour of love my heart is keen  
all to reveal to my companion souls,  
time and again divine betrayal mine))*

(\*) Traps were laid along the path of Death (back then one knew too well the winds that brought her), her reflection set so deeply in mirrors of frozen water it remained there for hours, her footsteps, her hesitations, her dance preserved in snow, and creatures moving in knowledge of their death, she unable to accomplish her work for visible from afar.

*(Legends and Off-Souls)*

(There blows a wind from Saint Elie de Gueuce (\*))...  
Such havoc wreaked among the blessed souls,  
In children, rapture! dazzling afterlives!)

Do you perceive night's special radiance,  
A gentle gleam, seen from a river's bed,  
A drifting torpor we shall not access?

You do not see our march has grown so slow,  
How we keep crossing that same idle pond  
Always, how skies appear always too low?

(\*) LITCHEUR: here is a ridiculous Saint with a pendulum to gauge the pureness of the souls...

LYDIVERQUEN: I know him: does he not own a wondrous castle, and gardens where he studies the rhythm of the Flood in plants?

LITCHEUR: the plan had been to roast him for a chance at a nice martyrdom; but he swore so rudely at the very first burn that it all fell through and he ran away to boos.

LYDIVERQUEN: perhaps it was from that moment on he became a Saint.

*2nd Comedy of the Passenger*

(if only you would keep your hands sedate  
and so my flesh still more not penetrate,  
Then tell with less fevered a voice I would  
the friendship moving me to the next dead.)

- Patrice de La Tour du Pin  
*Damnation of the Gorphoncelet, 1935*  
Translated by Eric Anglès

From Right to Left:

Lutz Braun

*Spell 5*

Pencil on paper

Clemence de La Tour du Pin

*Anonymous*, 2016

Aluminium, acrylic

Anne Fellner & Burkhard Beschow

*Untitled*, 2016

tin cans, wire, paint

*Untitled*, 2016

oil on poster, 2016

*Untitled*, 2016

oil on poster

Isabelle Fein

*Untitled*, 2015

Oil Paint and Pencil on Canvas

Eric Sidner

*Untitled*, 2013

Mixed media

Alex Turgeon

*Midnight Cowboy*, 2016

Pencil on paper

Lin May Saeed

*(From series) Easy Girls*, 2004

Ink on paper

Cameron Irving

*Mosquito*, 2016

Thread, stretched fabric

Tamen Perez

*S Y C P*, 2016

Acrylic and plastic textile collage on linen

Antoine Renard

*Untitled*, 2015

Styrofoam

Timothy Davies

*Map A, Schöneberg (Schwerpunkt Jugendstil)*, 2016

offset, laser and inkjet prints, tape