

Mireille RIBIÈRE

La Disparition et sa traduction par Gilbert Adair :
deux textes, une même œuvre ?

PEREC, Georges, *La Disparition*. Paris : Denoël, 1969: p. 113.

On s'approcha d'Amaury qui parcourait l'album. Il comportait vingt-six folios, tous blancs, sauf, au folio cinq, un placard oblong, sans illustrations, qu'Amaury lut à mi-voix :

A BAS L'OBSCUR
(*Homo blanchit tout...*)

TOUT *paraîtra plus blanc, car Il blanchit*
TOUT : *vos slips, vos bas, vos maillots, vos sarraus, vos tricots, vos cotons, vos bur-nous.*

TOUT : *vos draps (pur coton), vos pantalons pour marins (vrai basin uni), mais aussi vos bois, vos boudins, vos*
[raisins,

vos vins, vos mains, vos maux
vos lombrics, vos poignards
vos gros poissons, vos moins gros poissons
vos tifs, vos charbons

vos nuits sans roupillon, vos conjungos
[sans coït
vos mignons cailloux pour bons jours, vos
[scazons,

vos flots, vos loups trop connus, vos lins
[sans loup,

vos omissions, vos trous, vos bourdons
vos manuscrits
vos buts aussitôt mis, vos saisons dans un Grand Magasin, vos notations pour haut-bois, vos abominations pour Tarzan, vos zincs à blanchir, à l'infini, du Blanc, du
[Blanc, du Blanc !

A BAS L'OBSCUR

— Il nous faudrait un Champollion, murmura, abattu, Amaury.

PEREC, Georges, *A Void*, Traduction Gilbert Adair, Londres: Harvill, Harper Collins, 1994: p. 97.

Olga, Clifford and Savorgnan form a group around Amaury, who starts scrutinising Anton's album. It consists of 26 folios, all blank but for a solitary column, without any sort of illustration, stuck on to folio No. 5, a column that Amaury runs through in a faint murmur :

DOWN WITH OBSCURITY

(Homo w*sh*s wh*t*r th*n p*rs*l)

*ANYTHING can look virginal, for It will wash
ANYTHING AT ALL: your pants, stockings, T-shirts,
Your shifts, smocks and cardigans,
Your saris and Arab burnous.
ANYTHING AT ALL: your cotton pillowslips and cotton
Sailor suits,
but also your woodwork, your black pudding, your raisins,
your spirits, your hands, your pains
your worms, your swords
your big fish in small ponds, your small fish in big ponds
your hair, your coal
your nights without 40 winks, your connubials without 69
your savings put away for a rainy day,
your billows, your too famous flaws, your fabrics without a scar
your omissions, your gaps, your lapsus
your manuscripts
your aims and ambitions, your months in a shopping plaza,
your notations for hautboy, your abominations for Tarzan,
your bars and bistros, ad infinitum, a Void, a Void, a Void!*

DOWN WITH OBSCURITY

“Alas, only a Champollion would know how to clarify that,” murmurs a downcast Amaury.