

Notes Toward a Pamphlet

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Notes

1. The train's arrival momentarily dissolves the calm in towns near the big city. As the train departs, passengers leave the station tracing routes which come to be somewhat indirect epiphenomena of their trip. Samich might be any one of those passengers.

1.1. While walking, he feels the deep bliss of a blank mind, something he attains especially after trips like these. For Samich, the blank mind is an aspiration: to be oneself and in the same movement forget to be oneself. The blank mind is prelude to an empty destiny.

1.2. His conviction that the feeling of distance, of being far away, is the most fleeting of all, and the only one which, once sated—as soon as the separation ends—has already been long forgotten.

1.2.1. This is approximately what he's thinking as he returns to his house from the station, impressed by the stretch he's just made by train, which, while short, has allowed him to peer into the mysteries of mobility.

2. The mental absence or blank mind is not typical of the walker but of the *walker*. Samich thinks that a “walker” is every person who walks, the millions who carry out their shared social routes. The *walker*, on the other hand, is surrounded by a special aura, one appearing specifically during that exercise—and dissipated immediately afterwards.

2.1. He understands that the walk itself, as an activity, has long ceased to exist. He claims there are “collective movements on foot,” even in cases where the walker advances alone; because in such cases the subject is also accompanied by the mass of people, their collective behaviors, the universe of physical objects and mobility trends that, like a perfect system for automatons, steer him.

Therefore, according to Samich, the *walker* turns out to be an ideal figure whose meaning ultimately comes through differentiating himself from the walker, his tangible and perennial counterpart.

3. Early on, the equivalency between walking and writing becomes evident to Samich. Writing consists of a wandering: along the surface of the paper, along words and phrases, along the surface of the tongue. (The famous *langue* Samich intuits almost aloud, even without managing to give it a name.)

3.1. A slippage he perceives as distant and in general unattainable, since his approach to writing is sporadic in its impulsivity, often undeliberate, and he himself ends up conceiving of it in terms of inspiration: something rather like a crash followed by a blow. It's a force that, as such, would lose meaning if instead of making impact, as is the case, it were to glide across a surface.

3.1.1. He has a memory he's not sure is his own. It's likely he read it somewhere. Since he's had that memory, the idea of writing as a normal slippage between things has seemed to him even more unattainable. And to a large extent he prefers it that way, because that memory, which he's not sure has its origin in his own experience or comes from somewhere else, reaffirms Samich in his impulsive approach to writing.

3.1.1.1. In the memory, Samich senses he's a person divided: he is the one with the gaze and the one who is gazed at. He likes to watch people around the neighborhood. He has the suspicion they pose when they notice Samich watching them. A pose equivalent to his own, something he nonetheless often forgets.

3.1.1.2. This may or may not be the case, and may arise mainly from one of Samich's projections; he innocently presumes the poet's central condition—around which the world, people and objects in general, is arrested in order to be represented by his

gaze. Of course, perhaps the inverse is true; it's likely the world doesn't notice anything at all.

3.1.1.3. However, what's for sure is that this pose, adopted by a world only distinguishable to Samich—poet that he is—is reversed in the pose Samich assumes: that of a visible and full-time poet. And this is an image that, in general, the world is always in a position to see, regardless of time or circumstance.

3.1.2. In the memory he likes to watch people in his neighborhood. The notion of people in a broad sense: Samich has a memory of attentively observing cats, dogs and roosters, horses, too; that sum of all individuals who, without being human, also make up the human landscape.

3.1.3. On one hand, his neighborhood and its people. On the other, Samich likes to observe the landscape of solitude. This is what Samich calls the sum of images he sees when he gets a ways outside the city and into the countryside. Some animal set loose upon the horizontal earth, but above all a plane divided by the horizon line: earth and sky.

3.1.4. Appreciating both landscapes is something he likes equally. But when facing the landscape of his neighborhood (people, dogs, cats, etc.) he's aware of his role as an observer, and this reassures him; in front of the landscape of solitude, he gets anxious.

3.1.4.1. Samich has a weakness for dusk, when everything turns violet and one senses the almost-physical condition of silence.

3.1.5. During one of those experiences in front of the landscape of solitude, Samich encounters a white flower. The afternoon is cool, announcing the night. The beauty of the flower disrupts Samich's sensibility in such a way that, he notices, he'll never forget its whiteness.

3.1.5.1. Samich crouches to observe the flower. Inside are very subtle yellows, and also some slightly grayish shades of green, which as a whole suggests to Samich a very delicate balance. The leaves of the plant are greenish-blue, and they crowd around the flower as if protecting it; and certain coiled shapes give the impression of movement, even of voluptuousness, in such a sensual way that all this composition seems to be the work of a painter prepared to convey unrepeatably details.

3.1.5.2. Then Samich mutters something unthinkable. He goes over to the flower and asks who gave it that white color, where it comes from. And even more: he wants to know who has given the plant a shy and delicate form in the middle of such rustic solitude.

3.2. These moments of high perceptual tension appear in the context of a profound ambulatory tranquility, as if a system of continuity ought to be interrupted once in awhile by a cutting remark, so as to later continue more devoted to its usual state of calm.

4. Without possessing illustrious training or knowledge, Samich is ahead of the times, and turns his back on the intellectual industry of the modern flâneur; on all those modalities, preachers, and churches associated with it.

4.1. The roving subject who explores and creates, who subverts and discovers, who reflects and is confused, routes formed and spaces folded, configurations of romantic anonymity, all of that, is a matter cast away and duly overcome by the voluntary idleness and outright ignorance possessed by Samich, whose figure comes to herald a clear annulment of these creeping and, at the same time celebratory, programs.

4.2. Although for years he does not leave his house, he champions a pragmatic sedentary state, a flexible one, above all, which includes shuttling himself to the landscape of solitude, where he

stays for a couple of hours at a time. He also roams the *barriada* where he lives, according to itineraries predetermined by habit.

4.2.1. Samich's thought cannot be separated from his decisions. Any poet has a similar advantage, because the internal coherence of his writings is the only coherence the world demands: that books draw a more or less clear line, even if they turn out to be incoherent.

4.2.2. The particular life of a poet and what he decides to do with it is not of vital importance, since in any case his creation will find its own method for interpellating life, and the reverse is also true.

4.2.3. As proof of this great indeterminate destiny, at some point Samich decides to leave the exterior world, to stop looking out onto the streets, with all the imaginable gains and losses this implies.

5. As a decision, the moment seems written out. Samich makes the decision as if he had written it, even if he didn't have the impulse nor the notion of doing so. A decision submitted to the interpretations and exegeses of friends and relatives.

6. The adoration they profess for their guide is so great that nothing which is related to Samich seems unrelated to them. Fondness, even when it's only very rarely demonstrated in such a way, emanates mainly from the affection of those closest to him.

6.1. They ascribe to the teacher feelings that, in reality, only they possess.

6.2. In that sense, Samich knows how to be posthumous before disappearing. He acts as if he were unaware of his decisions and instead is led by an algorithm dictating orders. The rest of them have to read that mass of facts, once produced, then interpret it.

6.3. Samich's house is small, one of those typical do-it-yourself jobs, without much in it. Inside, a four-door wardrobe stands out, too large for the dimensions of the space. But the proportions don't bother anyone. Samich keeps clothes and household items in the narrowest part of the closet, and the other three he saves for manuscripts, clippings, books, and papers. The furniture is old, made of solid wood. Due to the deterioration or unevenness of the floor, in order to open the doors Samich has to push in one of the upper moldings. Since he can't reach it, he brandishes a broomstick, pushes, and the doors open instantly. In such moments, Samich looks like he's attacking the closet. They all laugh at him, entirely without malice. In order to close the doors, he has to repeat the operation and hope they stay shut when he lets go of the stick.

6.3.1. Some use the opportunity to look inside the closet. Literally everything is kept there, and they want to retain every detail of the teacher's possessions and secrets.

7. Notwithstanding the mysteries of a behavior under constant surveillance, no one can anticipate the decision Samich makes. However, they accept it in such a particular way that, even after long put into practice, many still haven't noticed.

7.1. True to his reticence and shyness, which predispose him to never allude to anything related to his personal aspects, Samich understands his verdict is secret, despite never having made a decision to hide it. By then it's already too late, and not worth clarifying anything anyway; his discretion alone works things out. So he doesn't belatedly express the decision to never again leave the house either.

7.2. The friends who stop by to visit him have a similar, albeit inverse, behavior. Used to Samich's preference, they tend not to inquire about things, already rid of their greater interest in him by seeing him always there, in his discreet house, predisposed and

eager to receive them at all times and in a state of total availability. The resistance both passive and firm they spot in Samich with respect to leaving the house—a resistance not expressed directly, but through casual comments about the outside world: for instance, errands postponed over and over, elaborate excuses for invitations to go out or for a walk, etc.—this repeated resistance arouses first a vague concern, then a certain suspicion, and eventually everyone begins to propitiate specific turns in conversation in order to confirm what’s already clear without it having ever been said aloud.

7.3. People who are close to him understand it’s a secret decision and so for the most part an acceptable one: the road to unanimous verification is so slow that once adopted—Samich’s decision not to leave his house—it’s just one more fact among others; imperceptible and natural: real.

8. Samich represents an almost textbook case of the consummate auto-didact; therefore he attaches vital importance to pedagogy while, at the same time, also seeks to hide his own solitary and rather random educational background.

8.1. Without being aware of potentially borrowing from a particular literary or aesthetic tradition, Samich adopts the scene of the tutor next to one, two, or several disciples under the shade of a tree, during a siesta, as an act to be repeated.

8.2. With intense pleasure, he imagines the transmission of knowledge as a spiritual and intellectual communion, so elusively corporeal it becomes a physical form of ecstasy; he sees himself surrounded by disciples in the shade of a tree, with an occasional maté passed from hand to hand—and no need to utter a word.

8.2.1. Here the tree expresses an application with respect to nature. The two trees in the backyard consolidate Samich’s dreams of poetic projection and sum up the tradition he feels a part of.

8.3. So often invoked as a model and chimera of art in general and poetry in particular, nature is already doubly-extinct in Samich. On the one hand, this is due to the extreme simplification of the symbol: the tree is here an inconsistent object, a label. Its iconic function does not come so much from the poetic imagination of the artist but, rather, from the absence of one.

8.3.1. In front of Samich, the tree asserts itself as symbol insofar as it is one of the last remaining vestiges of the natural. It has the strength of what's widespread or generalizable, also of what's obvious, not of the unique or condensed that has to be discovered and thus inaugurated.

8.3.2. On the other hand, these real trees—"of flesh and bone"—into which Samich deposits his illusions of literary legacy and poetic communion are too small to live up to his demands. Small, sick or tattered, perhaps they are shrubs. A thick shadow, that protective attribute of all foliage, is something Samich's trees are lacking.

8.3.2.1. Because of this, the material scene of transmission becomes difficult. What should have been calm enough to allow the harmonious flow of everything, and the transfer of ideas from one mind to the other as if between wireless devices, ends up as a failed episode every time due to the blazing sun and the lack of a single breeze. The disciples walk away with any excuse, suffer headaches, get exhausted or pass out, and, in the end, seek reliable shelter under a roof.

8.3.2.1.1. Such protection is difficult to obtain in Samich's house. The roof heats up with the first rays of the sun and, within a few hours, becomes a radiator impossible to stay under for very long. The disciples move even further away, almost frightened by the physical conditions to which Maestro Samich subjects them.

8.4. The poet's house is quite precarious, not just in terms of its

materials. The house is also marked by a certain lack of care, or of an extremely transitory sense of life. Something similar can be said about Apollinaire's house, for example.

9. Perhaps these somewhat contradictory conditions in part make up Samich's system. His idea of a virtuous poetic transmission working by virtue of a precise scenic disposition—for example, an Arcadian moment under the shelter of a few charitable trees—and sometimes by virtue of something more invisible-like, a kind of moral or sentimental order that functions as a frequency: the “Samich order,” or it could also be called the “Samich frequency,” which, it follows, is an instantaneous communication link between mentor and students.

9.1. An ambient individual, Samich stays astonishingly in-sync with the surrounding environment. The Samich frequency occurs in different dimensions. And it draws upon various movements depending on the occasion. The main one is slippage. The word describes, as an action and metaphor, a way of being in the world that privileges discretion over protagonism.

9.1.1. Samich slides through the streets, has a slippery way of thinking; he doesn't conceive of communication with the next person as anything but a reciprocal slippage of messages; he writes in his notebooks as if he were sliding along the paper at the mercy of horizontal inertia. And slippage is the metaphor exclusive to Samich's main rhetorical habit; a rhetorical habit that organizes the chains of reasoning even when they're not always verbalized.

9.1.2. Slippage translates discursively as digression. No need to write, or even think. Samich thinks digression is a mode of being. Even when, sometimes, he sits under his two tattered trees and, because of a series of atmospheric circumstances, is subject to strong air pressure or static electricity; even in such cases he