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Rafael Cadenas: Translations and Exegesis of
Memorial

A THESIS SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE DIVISION OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF HAWAI'I IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT
OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF ARTS
IN
Languages and Literatures of Europe and the Americas (Spanish)

August 2005

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Acknowledgements

The idea and inspiration for this thesis derived from the fall 2003 seminar on Latin American Poetry, taught by Professor Schroeder. Throughout the semester we read and discussed various poets from Latin America. One poet in particular that struck a chord with me was Rafael Cadenas, there was something in the silence of his verses that beckoned me to translate his work to English. As I continued in the Masters program I had two other classes that nurtured my thoughts and desires to continue studying Rafael Cadenas' poems. In the first class, Spanish 495, Spanish Poetry, I developed a greater understanding and appreciation for the forms that each poet employs in his/her expression of ideas and feelings. The second class, Literary Theory, gave me the knowledge to apply literary theory to literary texts. For these reasons, I clearly saw my opportunity to translate outstanding poetry of *Memorial* to English reading population.

I would like to acknowledge the great dedication and effort of my thesis committee: Professor Schroeder, my thesis director, who guided me throughout the project; Professor Villegas-Silva, for her dedication to my thesis and words of motivation; Professor Aranda, for all of her help with my translations; and lastly, a special thanks to my colleagues, friends and family for their love and support.

Abstract

Although he is well known and prized in Venezuela, Rafael Cadenas has received little exposure in the English-speaking world; only a small selection of his poetry has been translated to English (Cadenas, 1995) (Cadenas, 2004). This thesis is a step in remedying this situation by presenting the Anglophone reader a selected translation of his collection *Memorial*, and by situating that translation within a context that includes Cadenas' life as well as Venezuelan and Latin American trends in 20th century poetry. My thesis contains four parts: 1) Rafael Cadenas: Life and Work—this situates *Memorial* within Cadenas' biographical and poetic evolution; 2) Venezuelan and Latin American Poetry—an introduction to Venezuelan Poetry which also situates the poet within the larger context of Latin American Poetry; 3) Selected Translations and Exegesis of *Memorial*; and 4) An appendix where the translated poems follow the original's use of space within the page.

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Rafael Cadenas: Life and Work

Rafael Cadenas lives with his family in *La Boyera*, in southeast Caracas, a mixed working and middle class neighborhood, and works as a professor at the Central University of Caracas. His poetic production can be divided into three periods: 1) the early poetry, which includes his first published poetry at the age of 16; 2) politically engaged poetry (1951-1966) which includes Cadenas' involvement in the Communist Party, and his forced exile to the island of Trinidad. Cadenas' politically engaged poetry ends with his return to a democratic Venezuela, where he suffers an intellectual crisis, brought about by his disillusionment with the Left because of the atrocities committed by Stalin; 3) personal poetry (1967-until present) begins with the publication of *Intemperie*, with which he ends a ten year period of self imposed poetic silence.

Like other Latin American poets of the 20th century Rafael Cadenas participated in various poetic movements and styles throughout his life. Each of the three periods in his poetic production represents different poetic movements and influences. The early poetry of Rafael Cadenas bears the mark of "pure poetry" or "poesía pura," which came to Cadenas in two ways. First, through his readings of the poetry of Juan Ramón Jiménez and the Spanish Generation of 27 and second, through the influence of the French writer Paul Valéry.

The politically engaged poetry contains a different poetic tone than his early poetry. Rafael Cadenas explained in an interview with Claudia Posada that, "the poems were written from a depression, caused by his disillusionment with the

political Left”¹ (Posada, 2003). During this period, Rafael Cadenas wrote poems that dealt with political activism. Finally, as Rafael Cadenas recovers from his disillusionment, he is influenced by esoteric thinkers such as Carl Jung and Jiddu Krishnamurti and his poetry becomes heavily influenced by Eastern philosophies.

1: The Early Poetry: (1930-1950)

On April 8, 1930, Rafael Cadenas was born in the small, provincial town of Barquisimeto in the state of Lara in Venezuela. In his early years, Rafael Cadenas’ family moved regularly. He jumped from one old Spanish style home to another. The constant in the poet’s life was family; a large extended family and houses full of people. Because Rafael Cadenas’ father was a salesman who possessed a fine taste for classic literature and writing styles, the young Rafael and the Cadenas family had access to a very good library of the Spanish classics. Much of Rafael Cadenas’ interest in literature came from his shyness; as a child he preferred to read books rather than to play with other children. Another strong influence in the young poet’s life was his grandfather who was a military man and often entertained him with stories (Ramírez Ribes, 1997).

One of the poet’s good friends in his youth was Salvador Garmendia, a sickly boy whose illness confined him to bed, where he spent a large amount of his time reading. Cadenas enjoyed discussing literature with Salvador Garmendia, who had read more widely than he had. Rafael Cadenas attributes his early love of books to these conversations. It was during his early teenage years that Rafael Cadenas also began to write. In 1946, at the age of sixteen, he published his first book of poems entitled *Cantos iniciales*.

¹ All interviews and written works of Rafael Cadenas in this thesis are my own translations, unless otherwise indicated.

Cantos iniciales opens with a note about the author written by Garmendia, his close childhood friend, who had become a novelist and who describes Cadenas' first poetry in the following manner:

There is something in it that reminds one of Juan Ramón Jiménez... There is purity and delicate expression; there is also a human and fraternal palpitation. It is not all biases of form and intrascendental insistence (this cold beauty and marble, lacking of blood and life, with which many false poets have wanted to hide their incapacity in showing their intuitions of the true artistic feelings). (Serra 21-22)

J.A. Escalona-Escalona, in an article that he wrote for *La Revista Nacional de Cultura* analyzed this early work of Rafael Cadenas and wrote that, "The simple title of the notebook, like the essence and accent of its contents, responds with fidelity to the actual experience of the author, and his ingenious way to feel life and conceive the world" (Escalona 172). Even though *Cantos iniciales* received great reviews by the few critics that had the opportunity and the pleasure to read it, the book was never reedited nor has there been a second edition. It also does not appear in the recent anthology *Obra entera* published in 2002. The reason for this is that Rafael Cadenas himself thinks of *Cantos iniciales* as a sin of his youth and has not wanted his childish writings to be further scrutinized by critics.

The publication of *Cantos iniciales* as well as the major part of Rafael Cadenas' school years took place in Barquisimeto. After the publication of *Cantos iniciales*, Rafael Cadenas became politically engaged, and the second period of Rafael Cadenas' artistic expression began. The poet, who was expelled from high school in Barquisimeto because of his political involvement in the Communist Party of Venezuela, was forced to finish his studies in Valencia. After completing his studies in Valencia without further incidents Rafael Cadenas moved to the capital, Caracas, in order to start his university studies.

2: Politically Engaged Poetry: (1951-1966)

The period of politically engaged poetry commenced in 1951, when Cadenas actively participates in the Communist Party, and ended in 1966, with the beginning of a 10 year, self-imposed silence. The two publications from this period are: (1), *Los caudernos del destierro* (1960); and (2), *Falsas maniobras* (1966).

In 1951, Rafael Cadenas enrolled in the Department of Humanities determined to study law. He attended classes for a short while until his participation in a student strike earned him a five month stay in jail, with other Venezuelan artists and friends such as Jesús Sanoja, Guillermo Sucre, Manuel Caballero, Darío Lancini and other friends (Ramírez Ribes 32). In 1952 the dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez exiled Rafael Cadenas to the island of Trinidad and the others to France and Chile.

While in exile in Trinidad, Rafael Cadenas learned English, and this provided him the opportunity to read English literature in the original as well as translations into English that until that point had been impossible. Exile also presented him with the opportunity to discover and learn about other cultures. Cadenas became familiar with the Hindu faith so prevalent on the island of Trinidad where about half of the population is Hindu. Rafael Cadenas also read the English translation of the *Tao* of Lao-Tse. More importantly, he was also able to observe cultural expressions in art and literature taking place at that time, expressions that had bypassed Venezuela because of the dictatorship. In 1958, with the forced evacuation of Marcos Pérez Jiménez by a bloodless *coup* led by the Democratic Action Party and supported by the military, more than four years in exile ended and Rafael Cadenas returned to the capital of Venezuela.

As Rafael Cadenas and the other exiled artists returned to a democratic Venezuela, they continued to be inspired by the new tendencies in art and thought that

they had been exposed to while living abroad; avant-garde poets like Vicente Huidobro and his creationist movement and the social realism of Pablo Neruda and the politically committed poetry of Cesar Vallejo. The new tendencies sparked a boom in the arts in Venezuela and a number of literature groups arose. Cadenas frequently visited the literary group known as *Sardio*, and with various fellow exiled artists he founded the group *Tabla redonda*. It is in this flowering of the arts in Venezuela where Cadenas for the second time falls in love with literature, as he had in his early childhood through conversations with Salvador Garmendia. With friends such as Jesús Sanoja, Manuel Caballero, Arnaldo Acosta Bello, Jesús Guédez, Darío Lancini and others, he began to read and to discuss Rainer María Rilke, D. H. Lawrence, Martin Heidegger, Zen Buddhism, the Spanish Classics, the Spanish Generation of 98, Henri Michaux, Alfonso Reyes, Allan Watts, and Carl Jung. These writers and their writings influenced Cadenas' thought and poetry. Another influence was Jiddu Krishnamurti, the Hindu philosopher, whose writings Rafael Cadenas began reading in 1960.

Tabla redonda, besides being a literary group, was also the publisher that in 1960 published Rafael's second book of poems called *Los cuadernos del destierro*, a title that reflects directly on the author's time in prison and in exile. In *Los cuadernos del destierro*, Rafael Cadenas includes poems written in a beautifully elaborate prose that reflect his experiences and his nostalgia while in exile. Also represented are his decisions, his indecisions, his problems with existence and poetry, his virtues, his fears and his weaknesses.

The book starts with a nostalgic description of his people:

Yo pertenecía a un pueblo de grandes comedores de serpientes, sensuales, vehementes, silenciosos y aptos para enloquecer de amor. (Cadenas 63)

* * * * *

I belonged to a sensual, vehement, and silent people of great serpent eaters, capable to be driven mad by love.

The poem continues describing the ancestors of the poet, their Romantic greatness, and explains that the poet, too, because of this lineage, is also bound for that kind of excess. However this is not the case. Rafael Cadenas finishes the poem writing,

...la silenciosa locura me guarda de la molicie manteniéndome alerta como un soldado fiel a quien encomienda la custodia de su destacamento, y como un matiz, sobrevivo en indecisión. Sin embargo, creía estar signado para altas empresas que con el tiempo me derribarían. (Cadenas 63-64)

* * * * *

...the silent madness guards me from the softness keeping me alert like a faithful soldier to whom the detachment entrusts their care, and like a nuance, I survive in indecision. However, I believed to be designated for high enterprises but with time they would demolish me.

The poet, in his alertness, becomes aware that even though he thought that he was bound for worldly success, the pursuit of these “high enterprises” ended up “demolishing” him. Furthermore Cadenas stresses the point that though he descends from “a sensual, vehement, and silent people of great serpent eaters, capable to be driven mad by love,” Cadenas does not believe his destiny lies with them.

Falsas maniobras (1966), written six years later, is thematically on the same line as *Los cuadernos del destierro*, although stylistically it is written in a more condensed prose. In this new book full of moving poems, Rafael Cadenas completely strips himself and exposes his nakedness with all of his shortcomings to the world. In the poem “Fracaso,” the most well known poem from the book, the poet reflects on his life and deduces that he is a failure.

However this failure teaches Rafael Cadenas and leads him to discover that if he is able to not fear failure, he will be able to grow and succeed. Cadenas ends this poem repeating in the last six verses his gratitude to failure and the progress that it has spurred in his life.

Gracias por quitarme espesor a cambio de una letra gruesa.
Gracias a ti que me has privado de hinchazones.
Gracias por la riqueza a que me has obligado.
Gracias por construir con barro mi morada.
Gracias por apartarme.
Gracias. (Cadenas 132)

* * * * *

Thanks for removing from me thickness in exchange for the bulky letter.
Thanks to you for depriving me of inflations.
Thanks for the richness that you have forced on me.
Thanks for building my dwelling out of mud.
Thanks for making me distinct.
Thanks.

With the publication of *Los cuadernos del destierro* and his following book *Falsas maniobras* in 1966, Rafael Cadenas became the mouthpiece for Venezuelan poetry of the generation of 58 and also for many young poets. Yet at the same time he is writing and publishing these books, Rafael Cadenas is suffering an inner crisis, an intellectual crisis. Upon returning to his native land, Cadenas began to feel depressed, a feeling that was very strange to him. In the twenty-six years that he had lived, sadness and a feeling of guilt were not a regular part of the daily emotions of the poet. These feelings caused Cadenas to enter into a crisis and to become conscious of the world in which he lived. In a series of interviews published in 1997, Cadenas explained what had happened.

When I returned to Venezuela in 1956 I began to feel very badly. Truly, I began to see everything. I believe that the years in exile influenced me, they produced a change in me; the political activity before and after the fall of the dictatorship, an affectionate conflict, all had to do with a rupture. All of this produced a crisis; but this crisis forced me to see myself and to see many things. It was like being born. (Ramírez Ribes 24)

In a later conversation with María Ramírez Ribes, Cadenas expounds on the crisis that brought him much sadness and caused in him a new consciousness. Two important events coalesced to shatter the ideals of Cadenas and forced him to rearticulate his political compromises in more intimate and almost silent meditative terms. First, Cadenas returns to a politically altered Venezuela where his ideas of a radically transformed nation did not match reality. Second, Krushchev's denunciation

of Stalinism that same year forced him to rethink his political allegiances: in the same interview as above Cadenas elaborated on this point.

You know that Stalin was presented as.... a guide, a teacher and wise...then all of a sudden, it was obvious that he was none of these things. You know what he was. Everything said of Stalin for years was a brutal lie, and at the end everything that the capitalist presses were saying, not only was right but an understatement...So all of this led me to think about the problem of man, as the central point. Meaning, that the matter didn't depend on any doctrine, but that there is something that is more important than the ideas, and that is man. All my worries about man's problems stem from this. (Ramírez Ribes 32-33)

Cadenas was not alone in these feelings. For example, the 1956 official denouncement of Stalin by Nikita Khrushchev, in the 20th Congress of the Communist Party, shook the ideological foundations of many other Latin American artists and writers such as Jorge Amado and Pablo Neruda (Larsen 64-78).

Around this time, Rafael Cadenas finds solace in the teachings of Jiddu Krishnamurti, the Hindu philosopher who in 1929 dissolved the very group which had been preparing for 18 years to accept him as their leader and world teacher. In this farewell Jiddu Krishnamurti stated,

I maintain that Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect. That is my point of view, and I adhere to that absolutely and unconditionally. Truth, being limitless, unconditioned, unapproachable by any path whatsoever, cannot be organized; nor should any organization be formed to lead or to coerce people along any particular path. (Krishnamurti, 1929)

With his disillusionment with the Left and the teachings of Jiddu Krishnamurti, Rafael Cadenas began to rework his political thinking and beliefs. Ironically, just as Cadenas became the most visible poet in Venezuela, he ceased publishing poetry and focused wholly on teaching at the Central University of Caracas, in the Department of English Literature. Ana Nuño, in her article, "La vía elocuente del silencio. Aproximación a la obra de Rafael Cadenas" writes:

Cadenas continues being until today the only Venezuelan poet that, having known a certain level of popularity, forces himself to highlight...that the craftsmanship of poetry should not be confused with that of searching for honors, unless one wishes to lose one's soul. (Nuño 61)

Rafael Cadenas' personal retirement or withdrawal from the limelight lasted until 1977 when he published two new collections of poems: *Intemperie* and *Memorial*.

3: Personal Poetry: (1967-Present)

After a decade of silence, Cadenas finally decided to publish. In his new poetic production, he broke away from politically engaged poetry. Instead, he began publishing personal poetry that functions as a means for self discovery and in the process gives new meaning to art and life. His publications during this period are: *Intemperie* (1977), *Memorial* (1977), *Realidad y literatura* (1979), *Amante* (1983), *Anotaciones* (1983), *En torno al lenguaje* (1985), *Gestiones* (1992), *Dichos* (1992) and "Apuntes sobre San Juan de la Cruz y la mística" (1995).

In *Intemperie*, Cadenas returns to his reflection on poetry and what it means to be a poet, and is always conscious of the dangers of vanity and his fear of pride. Rafael Cadenas concludes this collection of poems, and the first book published since his silence, following in the western tradition of Horace with the poem "*Ars poetica*," a personal description of his beliefs on the art of poetry.

In "*Ars poetica*" Cadenas stressed the essential relationship between poet and poem, saying that the words possess the writer as much as he possesses them. He also warns about adorned falsehoods and stresses the importance of truth. Cadenas writes:

Tiemblo cuando creo que me falsifico. Debo llevar en peso mis palabras. Me poseen tanto como yo a ellas. (Cadenas 157)

* * * * *

I tremble when I believe that I falsify myself. I should carry the weight of my words. They possess me as much as I them.

This is in direct contrast to Huidobro's "*Arte poética*," which states that

Por qué cantáis la rosa, ¡oh Poetas!
Hacedla florecer en el poema.
Sólo para nosotros

Viven todas las cosas bajo el Sol.
El poeta es un pequeño Dios. (Oviedo 308)

In this poem Huidobro describes the poet as the Sun or center of the universe and also a God.

Cadenas at no time esteems himself to be more than poetry or a god who creates. Instead Cadenas, equals himself to poetry, writing that he possesses words no more than they possess him, and that the poet and the poem construct each other. He also calls for poetry to be his eyes and to participate with him in the process of telling the truth. If poetry for Huidobro serves to create a new reality, poetry for Cadenas serves to help see reality as it is.

Memorial is a collection of poems that was written between 1970 and 1975 and is divided chronologically into three parts: Zonas (1970), Notaciones (1973), and Nupcias (1975). In *Memorial*, Rafael Cadenas continues his reflections about poetry and the importance of language, but also approaches and reflects upon and describes his own spiritual evolution. These poems take on the form of an autobiographical diary, or as the French would say a *journal litteraire*. I will expand on this collection in the next chapter, "Selected Translations and Exegesis of *Memorial*."

In 1979, continuing with his work at the Central University of Caracas, Rafael Cadenas published the essay "Realidad y literatura." In this essay which was written and presented as part of his advancement to the position of associate professor at the Central University of Caracas, Rafael Cadenas presents his views on the human crisis of the 20th century, and through logic and personal experiences he strives to find solutions to this crisis. "Realidad y literatura" begins with a letter that John Keats, the American poet, wrote to a friend, Richard Woodhouse, on October 27, 1818. After the presentation of Keats' letter, Rafael Cadenas comments on the letter and probes the possible role of literature and how it can help man.

He concludes that the main role of literature is to lead humans to a space of silence where they can observe reality without the distortions of their preconceived or inherited ideas.

Entonces la realidad ha de mostrarse tal como es, con su peso propio, su fuerza, su misterio, libre de la cortina de ideas que impedía sentirla. (Cadenas 489)

* * * * *

Then reality should show itself as it is, with its own weight, its own force, its own mystery, free from the idea curtain that was impeding feeling it.

Cadenas believes that at no time should reality be sacrificed in the name of imaginary productions as these productions are obstacles that come between humans and their contact with reality.

Amante (1983) is Rafael Cardenas's sixth book of poetry. *Amante* takes on the form of a long lyrical poem that analyzes love and the myth of love. Rafael Cadenas writes about anguish and the battle with the ego. Also in *Amante*, we find poems that celebrate his amorous union with himself, reality, and language. In *Amante* the beloved is either reality, language, a woman, or all of them.

Traes el espacio
donde el solo existir
sobrepasa todo quehacer.
Secreta religión del asombro
Que devuelve a las manos la tierra de origen. (Cadenas 354)

* * * * *

You bring the space
where to merely exists
exceeds all tasks.
Secret religion of astonishment
That returns to the hands the land of origin.

For Cadenas it is through loving and existing that makes wholeness possible.

That same year, Rafael Cadenas also published *Anotaciones*. In *Anotaciones*, the poet followed the example and poetic line of Gide's *Journal* or the famous *Carnets* written by Camus. *Anotaciones* is the intellectual journal of Rafael Cadenas and provides us, the reader, with the deep reflections of a poet about poetry and life.

In 1985, Rafael Cadenas returns to the art of the essay and writes, “En torno al lenguaje,” for which he is given the *Premio Nacional de Literatura*. In this essay, Rafael Cadenas links the lack of care of and for language to societal problems. Cadenas expresses in this essay, that inasmuch as language is an intimate part of culture, if as a society we neglect language, we neglect our culture and lose our ties to our ancestors and the knowledge of where we came from.

Rafael Cadenas’ last poetic works to date are *Gestiones*, which was published in 1992, the same year he published *Dichos*, a collection of aphorisms that he had been writing and saving since 1970. For *Gestiones*, Rafael Cadenas received the *Premio Internacional de Poesía de Pérez Bonalde*. Although this poetic work was prized, some critics, like Luis Moreno Villamediana, believe that “this book is too academic and has no real feeling” (Moreno Villamediana 152). Moreno Villamediana adds, “Cadenas now doesn’t appear to create, but, simply, to write with neatness” (Moreno Villamediana 152). There is no denying that the intelligence and care that Rafael Cadenas puts in his poems is great. However the poet never permits this to take away from his feeling of respect for poetry and life. In the poem “Matrimonio,” Rafael Cadenas expresses his love for distilled poetry and everyday life:

Todo, habitual,
sin magia,
sin los aderezos que usa la retórica,
sin esos atavíos con que se suele recargar el misterio.

Líneas puras, sin más, de cuadro clásico.
Un transcurrir lleno de antigüedad,
de médula cotidiana,
de cumplimiento.
Como de gente que abre a la hora de siempre. (Cadenas 398)

* * * * *

Everything habitual
without magic,
without ornaments of rhetoric,
without the ostentation that overadorns mystery.

Pure lines, unelaborated, from a classic scene.
A passing away full of antiquity,

of daily marrow,
of fulfillment.

Like people opening shop at the same time today and forever. (Cadenas 1995, 37)

In 1995, Rafael Cadenas took on the Spanish mystic, Saint John of the Cross in, "Apuntes sobre San Juan de la Cruz y la mística." Cadenas wrote this essay at the request of a friend, who needed it for a magazine. Cadenas beautifully describes the writings of Saint John of the Cross and the beliefs of the mystics and mysticism, and restates that the mystery is life and that it must be lived. At times in the essay Rafael incorporates interruptions like telephone calls or other daily tasks, and at other moments he digresses to talk about the importance of marriage. Not only does this essay concern mysticism, it is also an eloquent essay about quotidian life, and in their juxtaposition, Cadenas blurs any differences in the status between them.

Venezuelan and Latin American Poetry

Rafael Cadenas is one of the best known contemporary poets in Venezuela, and in order to appreciate his poetic production it is necessary to understand his influences and the history of poetry in Venezuela. For this purpose, I will focus on the place of Rafael Cadenas within the history of Venezuelan poetry and Latin American poetry.

The great critic of Venezuelan poetry, Joaquín Marta Sosa, in his anthology of Venezuelan poetry, divides the modern poetry of this nation into three groups: 1) the precursors; 2) the founder of the avant-garde; and 3) contemporary poets. (Marta Sosa 2003) Marta Sosa's use of the term precursor to refer to certain poets can be problematic, implying that the poems which came first are less valuable than those that followed. Throughout my thesis, I will use the term precursor in a purely temporal and not evaluative sense.

Three poets constitute the precursors group: Andrés Bello, Juan Pérez Bonalde and Francisco Lazo Martí. These three poets established the styles, forms and topics of the poetry of Venezuela in the 19th century and became the poetic base on which the future poets would build their artistic expression.

Any attempt to write the history of Venezuelan poetry must start with the great poet, philosopher and politician Andrés Bello. Andrés Bello lived from 1781 to 1865 and burst onto the national scene when he published the poetry collection *Silva a la agricultura de la zona tórrida* in 1825. In his first book, Bello established poetic themes that would continue to play a very important role in Venezuelan poetry for years to come. He realized and emphasized the importance of the Spanish language, its grammar, and proper word usage. His most important contribution in this area is the book *La gramática de la lengua castellana destinada al uso de los americanos*

published in 1847. Three of Bello's favorite themes are the following: 1) the "American" i.e. the characteristics of the land of Venezuela and how it differs from Europe; 2) a great respect for the land and a feeling of oneness with it; and 3) the Americas as a political utopia. Rafael Cadenas is heavily influenced by Andrés Bello, especially in the importance that Bello placed on grammar and his respect for the language. This respect for the language is apparent in Cadenas' poetry, and also in essays like "En torno a lenguaje" where Rafael Cadenas defends the proper use of the language.

The second precursor, another Romantic poet of importance in the development of Venezuelan poetry, is Juan Pérez Bonalde (1846-1892), who, ahead of his time, wrote with a very intimate vision of his city, Caracas. His brilliant poetry is full of emotion and Bonalde is able to portray in his verses the strong inner reflection of a philosophical and metaphysical poet who was in search for the meaning of life, while surrounded by pain, love, doubts and deceptions. Bonalde's confrontation with his personal abyss produced poetry of a depth unusual for his times. Like Pérez Bonalde, it is the depth of the early works of Rafael Cadenas that placed his poetry in the forefront of Venezuelan poetry, the way that in poems like "Derrota" Rafael Cadenas bared his broken and troubled soul for the world to see.

The third and final precursor poet is Francisco Lazo Martí, who lived from 1864-1909. His poetry uses *los llanos*, the flatland areas of Venezuela, to frame the attack on the individual made by the growing infrastructure of the city and the modern world. His poetry contains elements of spiritual ecology, or metaphysical feelings, tied to the land which the poet employs in the ongoing debate about the ideal of nature being destroyed by the cosmopolitan. The poetry of Francisco Lazo Martí is echoed in the poetry of Rafael Cadenas, as he expresses feelings of being tied to the earth.

From the precursors we move into the 20th century and the avant-garde poets. Deeply imbedded in the history of the poetry of Venezuela is its tie to the history of the country itself. The 20th century was a troublesome time politically for Venezuela. More than half of the first 58 years of the century were spent under oppressive dictatorships. The first, and the longest, was that of Juan Vicente Gomez, which lasted from 1908 to 1935. It is under this dictator that Juan Antonio Ramos Sucre wrote, and introduces into Venezuela some of the new forms coming from the avant-gardes.

Juan Antonio Ramos Sucre was born in 1890. He was a great forerunner of avant-garde and one of the first to master the art of writing poetry in prose. Juan Antonio Ramos Sucre lived a troubled life and committed suicide at the age of forty in Switzerland. He was also one of the first to take on the powers of the government and push for social change through his poetry. While living in Venezuela under Vicente Gomez, Sucre was able to critique the government by referring back to different historical events that had taken place in Europe, a technique that some of the Spanish Romantics had used in their writings' a century earlier.

Even though Ramos Sucre wrote and died in the early 20th century, many modern critics place him in the group of writers known as the "Generation of the Sixties," which will be discussed below. His avant-garde use of form and the political tone of his poems earned him this great honor. He was also exalted by later poets of the "Generation of the Sixties" for his execution and care of poetry as an art and his interest in reading the great poetry of the world in the original languages. One of the poets of the "Generation of the Sixties" who commended Ramos Sucre's desire to read the poetry of the world in the original is Rafael Cadenas, who also followed in the footsteps of Ramos Sucre by writing his entire second book of poems, *Los cuadernos del destierro*, in prose.

After the Juan Vicente Gomez years Venezuela again was ruled by a dictator from 1952 to 1958. The strongman Marcos Pérez Jiménez, exiled many of the young artists and students who opposed him. Rafael Cadenas, was politically active in the Communist Party at this time, and for this he and many of his artistic counterparts were exiled from Venezuela. Some ventured to Chile, where they came in contact with Huidobro and the avant-garde movements, while others like Cadenas ended up in Trinidad. The exile of these artists and students exposed them to new forms and art movements that at that time were not known in Venezuela under the dictatorship. Upon receiving the news about the bloodless *coup* that forced the dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez to leave Venezuela, the artists and students returned to their native land. But this time they returned to Venezuela not under the control of a dictatorship, but that of a new democracy; and with them they brought the knowledge and experiences that they had obtained while living in exile.

This return sparked a boom and blossoming of the arts in Venezuela. The returning artists who had been exposed to the new tendencies in art and thought quickly incorporated the new avant-garde movements in their own works. The three most important poets who influenced the returning artists were the three Latin American poets of the avant-garde; the creationist, Vicente Huidobro from Chile, where several of the exiled artists had spent their time in exile, and the social realist Pablo Neruda and the politically engaged surrealism of Cesar Vallejo.

Part of the artistic boom in the field of literature resulted in the formation of many literary groups. Two of the most important of these groups were *El techo de ballena* and *Tabla redonda*. *Tabla redonda* was founded by Rafael Cadenas and included fellow friends and artists such as Jesús Sanoja, Manuel Caballero, Arnaldo Acosta Bello, Jesús Guédez, and Darío Lancini, among others. It is from this blossoming of the arts that the most important group of Venezuelan poets arose, the

“Generation of 58,” also known as the “Generation of the Sixties,” for it marks a very significant moment in Venezuelan history: the fall of the dictatorship.

Rafael Cadenas is the most important poet of this generation. With the publication of *Los cuadernos del destierro* (1960) and *Falsas maniobras* (1966), the young Rafael Cadenas quickly became the mouthpiece and leader of the generation. Most of the artists of this generation continue to write and publish poetry. At the same time many, like José Balza, have become literary critics while others, like Cadenas, are professors and teachers, thus insuring a promising future for Venezuelan poetry.

The poetic evolution of the 20th century as seen in Venezuela is part of a broader phenomenon throughout Latin America. Octavio Paz in his book, *Los hijos del limo*, states that the central factor in Latin American Poetry of the last century is “ruptura,” or the breaking away from tradition (Quiroga 109-114). By examining these breaks from one poetic movement to another, it is possible to situate Rafael Cadenas within the broader tradition of a continental Latin American poetry, to establish him as more than a national poet, and to place his poetry and the poetry of Venezuela into the general context of Latin American Poetry.

At the turn of the century it was the Nicaraguan poet, Rubén Darío, and the Modernist movement which ruled the poetic stage of Latin America. Modernism was a poetic movement preoccupied with the creation of a poetic language that would combine the best elements of Spanish Gongorism, French Parnassus, and French Symbolism. With these elements, Modernism worked toward creating art or poetry in the name of beauty, while heavily relying on the senses and sensory descriptions. Modernism was also the first poetic movement that originated in Latin America and crossed the Atlantic Ocean to inspire the writers of Spain. The poetry of Darío and

the other Latin American Modernists influenced the Spanish Generation of 27 and their early style of “poesía pura,” or poetry based on beauty and art.

The First World War had a devastating effect on the ideals of the time. The killing and wartime atrocities emphasized the fact that humankind was not progressing towards a better world. Not everything was beautiful, and the artists and thinkers of the time began to question the standards and the traditions of both artistic and literary thought. From the questioning of Western art and thought, new movements and styles arose. Along with Dadaism and Surrealism many “isms” were born and a group of artists known as the avant-garde began to break with tradition. When the avant-garde reached Latin America, it reacted against Darío and Modernist poetry and it infused the Creationist movement of the Chilean, Vicente Huidobro and the Ultraism movement founded by the Argentine, Jorge Luis Borges. The avant-garde movement that had the most lasting effect in Latin America was that of Surrealism: it and the other avant-garde movements sought to break with traditions, which included the thematic traditions of poetry and traditional use of the language.

It was in this atmosphere of linguistic and thematic ruptures that Rafael Cadenas evolved and developed as a writer. For example, after becoming disillusioned with the Left, Cadenas published no poetry for ten years, only to return from this poetic silence to publish poetry of a personal nature, not hindered or laced with any dogma, but praising and promoting poetry as the way to personal wholeness. Another Latin American poet with a similar poetic history to Rafael Cadenas is Gonzalo Rojas from Chile.

Gonzalo Rojas was born in 1917 in Lebu, Chile. Like Cadenas, Rojas was a professor at various universities and began writing in literary groups. Rojas was a member of the group named *Mandrágora* for a short time. *Mandrágora* was a literary group strongly connected to radical Surrealism. It was the group’s affiliation to

André Breton and its violent surrealism that prompted Gonzalo Rojas to leave the group. Thus in the same way that Rafael Cadenas broke away from the center of Latin America poetry, Gonzalo Rojas broke his ties with the prevailing movement of surrealism and strove for a more personal poetry. Cedomil Goic describes this break and Rojas' desires by saying, "Gonzalo Rojas no es Mandrágora ni quiso serlo, sino gonzálico, rojo, rojizo o rojamente rojano./ Gonzalo Rojas is neither Mandrágora nor wants to be it, however gonzalic, red, reddish or redder red" (Goic 22). Much like Rafael Cadenas, Gonzalo Rojas' contribution was to break with the tradition of revolution and create personal poetry.

Cadenas and Rojas broke away from the newly formed center of revolutionary poetry and developed their own themes and styles. Both poets wrote intensely personal poetry that searched for the meaning of "self." This new poetry lived within the space of silence, and silence exists in opposition to their words. Within the dynamic equilibrium of poetry and silence, the poets discovered the necessary energy to create poetry of deeper meaning.

Another Latin American poet who shares the poetic ideals of Rafael Cadenas is the Mexican, Octavio Paz. Paz was born in 1914 in Mixcoac, Mexico, three years earlier than Rojas. He is one of Latin America's best known poets and literary critics of the 20th century. Towards the end of Paz's poetic production, he too incorporated Eastern philosophies into his poetry in the same way as Cadenas. Both are hermetic poets that share the belief that poetry is a tool with which humans can break through their persona and ego, and ultimately become self-realized.

Paz and Rojas share similarities with Cadenas in poetic structure and themes. Like Cadenas, they also broke away from the prevailing tradition of poetry in Latin America in the middle of the 20th century, poetry strongly influenced by the Left, and decided to stand alone. These three poets separated themselves from political dogmas

and mainstream movements to write poetry concerned with their inner selves, concerned with how poetry could free them or make them better. Significantly, this separation from mainstream literary movements make them poets not of escapism but of rearticulation. It is Cadenas' courage to separate himself from the mainstream and search in solitary silence for his own voice that makes his poetry powerful and unique.

Selected Translation and Exegesis of *Memorial*

Translation Theory

The word “translate” comes from the Latin word “*latus*,” which contains two separate meanings of the word: 1) being a process of rendering one language into another; and 2) of interpreting or explaining in terms more easily understood. Cole Swensen states, “translation is the process whose primary goal is the light shed by its own activity and the expression and investigation this light makes possible” (Swensen 99). For Swensen, in the process of rendering something from one language to another, one gains insight and knowledge because it is a process which allows for a more in depth interpretation. For this reason, translation is a hermeneutic process.

Hermeneutics is the theory or science of interpretation. In Greek mythology, Hermes was the winged-footed messenger of the gods, whose job was to carry encrypted messages from the gods to mortals (Kerby 90-93). Just as Hermes carried messages from the gods to the mortals, the discipline of hermeneutics developed with the exegesis of the scriptures or the intent to interpret the scriptural messages of God. Interpretation became a significant part of Reformation debates because at that time, Catholic dogma stated that the Church alone was competent enough to interpret the scriptures, whereas Protestant reformers, like Martin Luther, insisted on the intelligibility of the holy texts and the ability of men to interpret them.

Martin Heidegger in the 19th century built his own theory on the Reformation debates and deepened Hermeneutics into a general philosophy of human understanding, concerned with the interpretation of human language. Friedrich Schleiermacher was the first scholar to seek a broader theory of interpretation; one that dealt with more than religious texts. Schleiermacher formulated what is called

the Hermeneutic circle; a theory that states the part of something is always understood in terms of the whole, and that the whole is understood in terms of the parts.

Therefore a word is understood in its use in a sentence or a phrase, yet the sentence or the phrase can only be understood through the words that compose it.

Hans-Georg Gadamer, a 20th century theorist and student of Martin Heidegger, accepts that the goal of textual interpretation is not one of authorial intentions, but of the text itself. The goal of the hermeneutical understanding of a text or artistic work is not what it meant to their original audience, but what it can mean to us at the present time or the time of contact. A text is fully realized only in the reading process, in which the world of the text and the world of the reader fuse. This fusion creates a mutual enrichment for both the text and the reader: the reader is enriched because he/she gains a personal understanding, and the text is enriched because a deeper understanding of it is developed.

John Felstiner, in *Translating Neruda: The Way to Macchu Picchu*, describes this enrichment of the fusion process between the reader and a poem and the importance of translation; “a translation converts strangeness into likeness, and yet in doing so may bring home to us the strangeness of the original. We need translation in order to know what in us a poem is like or not like” (Felstiner 5). Judeo-Christian belief states that at the time of the tower of Babel, humankind was divided because its language was divided into many languages. Thus, since that time it is only through translation that one can communicate with another in diverse languages. Octavio Paz justified the need for translation in his article, “Translation: Literature and Literality,” addressing the confusion after the tower of Babel: “translation responded to the diversity of languages with the ideal of a universal intelligibility. Thus, translation was not only an extra proof but a guarantee of the unity of the human spirit” (Paz 13).

If it was not for translation, humankind would live disjointed and disconnected from their brothers and sisters in a cultural prison.

My translations of Cadenas' poems are close, syntactically accurate translations. In the original, awkward syntax and uncommon Spanish phrasing force ruptures and pauses in the reading of the original poetry. By remaining close to the original syntax and phrasing, my aim has been to maintain and transfer a more precise meaning of the poem into English. Through such translation, the reader can experience the "strangeness" of the original.

In terms of lexicon on the other hand, I opted for a more flexible approach. In *The Encyclopedia of Contemporary Literary Theory*, Kelly defines scope as "word consideration based on the pragmatic and social meanings of a word, not only its semantic meaning" (Kelly 214). An example of word selection based on the "scope" of a word is found in the second part of the poem "Evil." Cadenas uses the Spanish word "desplazarse" to represent the difference between spatial movement and that of being detained. The English equivalent would be the verb to displace; however, because of the "scope" of the word "displacement" in English, with its negative connotations of being displaced or feeling displaced, I opted to substitute a different word in English and used the word "travel."

A third consideration in my translations was the "code" of the word, which includes not only the relationship between *signified* and *signifier*, but also the purpose of translation for communication. (Kerby 90-93) In section 2 of the poem "New World," I came across the word "Hojas," which in context and in close proximity to the phrase, "papers of dawn," would seem to fit the definition of a sheet, as in a sheet of paper. However, because of the later use of the same word in Spanish, "Hojas" in section 5, and this time with the English meaning being "leaves." I decided to use

“leaves” instead of “sheets” to maintain the word play in both versions and to communicate that the papers are the leaves where the shadow gets lost.

What follows is mutual enrichment: both reader and poem, understanding and meaning of *Memorial*, made possible through the hermeneutics of translation and the exegesis of *Memorial* brought about by the translation process.

Exegesis: The Jungian Process of Individuation

Rafael Cadenas read the works of Jung during his years of exile, and their influence is evident in his later poetry, especially in his collection, *Memorial*. In fact, the personal journey explained by Rafael Cadenas throughout *Memorial* closely parallels the process of Jungian individuation. Therefore, in my reading of *Memorial*, I will use Jungian theory of individuation as a guide for its understanding. However this doesn't mean that there are one-to-one correspondences between Cadenas' journey and Jung's process of individuation.

Carl Jung was a psychologist born in 1875 and a student of Freud. Jung developed the creative and insightful idea of the process of individuation. This is a holistic process which unifies a person's conscious and unconscious, creating a distinct entity.

There are four archetypes that construct and must be brought into balance in the process of individuation; ego, persona, shadow and animus/anima. Typically, the process functions as a spiral that begins in the outer reaches of consciousness at the level of the persona and works inwardly towards greater and greater awareness: from the level of persona through the ego, the shadow, the animus/anima, and finally the self. When wholeness is attained the four archetypes will be centered and surrounded by a fifth: the self.

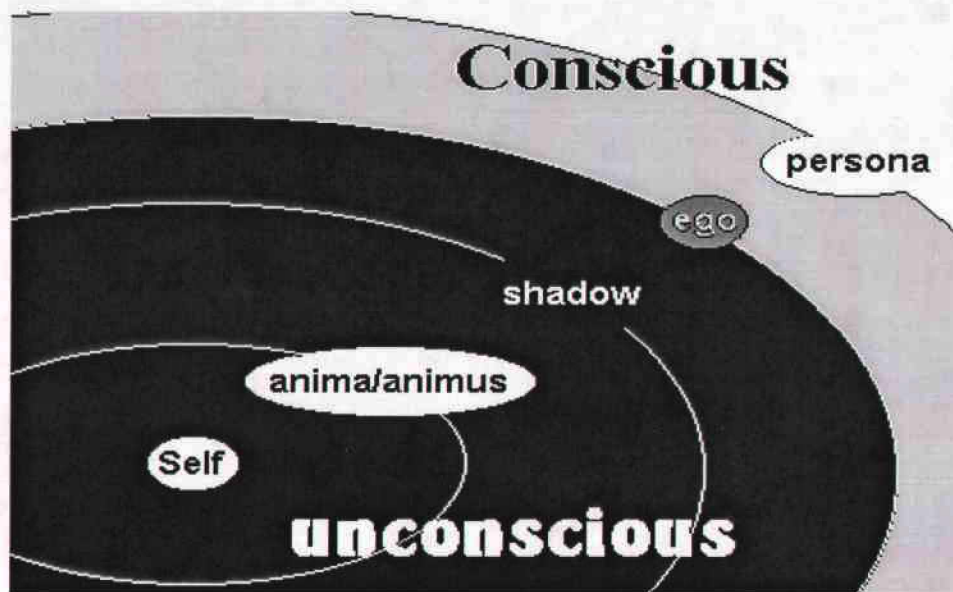


Figure 1. Carl Jung's Individuation Process

According to Fordham the self:

is not only the center, but the circumference that encloses consciousness and the unconsciousness; it is the center of this totality, as ego is the center of consciousness...it consists rather in the awareness on the one hand of our unique natures, and on the other on an intimate relationship with all life, not only human, but animal and plant, and even that of inorganic matter and the cosmos itself. (Fordham 63-64)

Another way of understanding the self is as two complementary levels: 1) the consciousness, i.e. persona and ego; and 2) the unconsciousness, made up of shadow and anima/animus. The persona is a mask or masks formed by an individual, and reconcile personal desires with acceptable social norms. For example, a person's title maybe his/her persona. The ego is the "I," or the center of consciousness. The shadow is the receptacle of all that one wishes to disown and becomes the storage of the darker nature of the person. Jung describes the shadow as, "...a tight passage, a narrow door, whose painful constriction on one is spared who goes down to the deep well. But one must learn to know oneself in order to know who one is" (Jung 317). The anima/animus represents the hidden opposite gender or traits of the opposite gender that one possesses, with which a masculine ego apprehends the nature of the female or a female ego apprehends the nature of the male. (Fordham 52) Wholeness

can only be realized with the reconciliation of consciousness and unconsciousness. Therefore, the process of individuation is the homologizing of persona, ego, shadow, and the anima/animus, thus forming a centered self, that Fordham poetically describes as a “treasure hard to attain” (Fordham 79).

Memorial

Memorial is the fifth book of poetry published by Rafael Cadenas, and it deals with his journey towards wholeness in a way that closely parallels Jung’s own description of individuation. The English word “memorial” is a cognate and is defined in the *Random House Webster’s College Dictionary* as “a written statement of facts presented to a governing body in the form of or along with a petition” (819). Therefore, with the book *Memorial*, the reader is presented with a list of facts that are those of the life of Rafael Cadenas and an explanation of his journey.

In *Memorial*, the “written statement” that is presented to “a governing body,” which is the reader, comes in the form of poetry. The petition that Rafael Cadenas makes to readers is a simple one: that through the silence of his poems, readers can be lead to a space where they may see reality without the distortion of the imagination, cultural prejudices, or mental processes, so they can reencounter their lives and rediscover that they exist. In his essay, “Realidad y literatura,” Cadenas states:

Este silencio suspende al personaje que realiza la actividad, al actor. Lo reemplaza la acción, que incluye todos los términos de la realidad y se puede decir que es ella misma realidad....La acción es el presente, la vibración de la realidad, el movimiento del misterio. (Cadenas 517)

* * * * *

This silence suspends the character that carries out the activity, the actor. It replaces the action, which includes all of the ends of reality and it can be said that it is reality...The action is the present, the vibration of the reality, the movement of the mystery.

For Rafael Cadenas, silence is an action. It is the action of ceasing of the mental process, the cultural prejudices and imaginations that cloud one's reality.

In the poems of Rafael Cadenas silence is not an absence of sound or noise, but rather an action of putting doubts, fears, preconceived notions and thoughts at rest, which allows one to be quiet. In this quietness it becomes possible to hear and understand that which previously was drowned out. Cadenas provides the reader with the space for the reader's reencounter. So important is this quietness and space that when Cadenas organizes his poems, he divides them into aphoristic phrases and usually only places one single phrase on each page. This has a double effect on the reading of his poetry: first of all, visually, the reader is faced with a page where blankness outweighs writing, thus creating a visual silence; and secondly, the blankness or visual silence of the pages leads to a slower reading of the poems and creates natural moments of silence for the reader as they turn the pages.

Structurally *Memorial* is divided chronologically into three separate parts, each written at a different time: *Zonas* (1970), *Notaciones* (1973), and finally, *Nupcias* (1975). For the purpose of a fair representation of the book, I chose to translate five poems, three from *Zonas* ("New World," "Evil," and "A Careful Observation") and one each from *Notaciones* ("Presence") and *Nupcias* ("Homage").

"New World" is a summarized description of Cadenas' journey to wholeness, in which the poet successively confronts his ego, persona, shadow, and animus/anima. Through this journey the poet is able to balance these archetypes and become centered and whole. By contrast, the four other poems I selected each deals with a stage in the overall process of individuation.

New World

Nuevo Mundo

1

He quemado las fórmulas. Dejé de hacer exorcismos. Lejos,
lejos queda el antiguo poder, mi legado.
Hálito de fogata en mis narices, mi idioma desintegrado, la sombra todavía húmeda de
un sortilegio.
Como vena de agua en la oscuridad otra vida avanza.
Todo el arrasamiento ha sido para desplazarme, para vivir en otra
articulación.

2

Papeles del amanecer. Siempre hablan de la patria adoptiva, la que
me he dado. Hojas amontonadas como para una ceremonia.
Sacrificio a un dios de ébano.

3

Esas escrituras invariables.
Siempre regreso al mismo idioma. Un cuero embrujado de animal. Inatrapable, pero
presente como la vida de un antepasado. Tejido sobre tejido, la lengua muerta de
amor,
fuego que me ha hecho adicto a un culto insinuante.

4

El amanecer no me devuelve el amuleto perdido. Desde una playa
un anciano hace señales. Trato de regresar a los pozos, pero no sé
el camino.

5

Entra mi sombra.
Trae una serpiente, un buffalo, una mujer, una casa, un muelle.
Intoxicación de cobres salvajes.
Avanza, avanza.
Droga.

Se apodera de lo que miro.
Va marcando aquí y allá, todo.
Luego huye para unirse a un animal.

Se pierde entre las hojas como un ave.

6

Memoria que sale a buscar cosas huidizas. Posesiones que pertenecen menos a su dueño que al aire. Eso que un cofre de madera quiere proteger no nació para las palabras. Sólo yo me empeño en quitárselo a los ojos.

¿Qué lengua traerá los tesoros sin tocarlos?
Al fondo un rey enfermo me ve partir.
Yo le entrego un estuche con un rubí ansioso.

7

Voy, abriendome paso por entre la aspereza, al lugar donde está guardado mi retrato futuro.

8

Un fuego remoto me sostiene. De su aura roja tomo mis préstamos.
Pasadizo hacia la incandescencia, no admites plazos.

9

Orgía vegetal.
Una mujer desnuda se acuesta bajo la lluvia.

Texturas donde una ausencia se mira.

Caverna olorosa, condúceme.

10

Légame jamás recuperados.
De repente, un roce. El universo de la piel. El hilo extraviado en el viaje.
Estoy bañado por lo que vive, por lo que muere.
Cada día es el primer día, cada noche la primera noche, y yo, yo también soy el primer habitante.

* * * * *

New World

1

I have burned the formulas. I stopped doing exorcisms. Far, far away remains the former power, my legacy.
Whisper of fire in my nostrils, my disintegrated language, the shadow still wet from a sorcery.
Like a vein of water in the darkness another life advances.
All the destruction has been to displace me, to live in another articulation.

2

Papers of dawn. Always speaking of the adopted homeland, the one I have given myself. Leaves stacked as for a ceremony.
A sacrifice to a god of ebony.

3

Those invariable scriptures.

I always return to the same language. A haunted animal skin. Uncaptureable, but present like the life of an ancestor. Weave upon weave, the dead language of love, fire that has made me an addict to an insinuating cult.

4

Dawn isn't giving me back the lost amulet. From a beach an old man signals. I try to return to the wells, but I don't know the way.

5

My shadow enters.
It brings a serpent, a buffalo, a woman, a house, a dock.
Intoxication of wild copper.
It advances, advances.
Drug.

It takes over what I watch.
It marks here and there, everything.
Then it escapes to join an animal.

It loses itself in the leaves like a bird.

6

Memory that goes out in search of illusive things. Possessions that belong less to the owner than to the air. That which a wooden treasure chest wants to protect wasn't born for words. Only I insist on taking it away from the eyes.

What language will bring the treasures without touching them?
In the back a sick king sees me leave.
I hand him a box with an anxious ruby.

7

I go, making my way through the roughness, to the place where my future portrait is kept.

8

A remote fire sustains me. From its red aurora I take my loans.
Passageway to the incandescence, you don't accept terms.

9

Vegetable orgy.
A naked woman lies down under the rain.

Textures where an absence looks at itself.

Fragrant cavern, lead me.

10

Muds never recovered.
Suddenly, a light touch. The universe of skin. The thread lost on the trip.
I'm bathed by that which lives, by that which dies.
Every day is the first day, every night the first night, and I, I
also am the first inhabitant.

Memorial begins with the poem "New World," which can be read as a summary of the process of individuation. In section 1 the poet burns the formulas and leaves behind religious rites and powers; his legacy. The formulas, the religious rites, powers, and legacy are representations of the persona; social masks that one wears in order to cope and interact with society. At the same time, these masks of the persona control and restrict one's vision of reality and must be reconciled with the self. After this first step of the process of individuation, he realizes the whisper of fire, or the little light that will guide him on his journey to wholeness. The poetic voice follows this fire and we encounter him in the last verse of section 1 where he is displaced to another articulation, and he is unable to move.

In section 2 and 3 of "New World," the poetic voice looks back and describes what was occurring before he decides to burn the formulas or the masks of his persona. These two sections are flashbacks to before the process began. He goes as far as to say that even language was part of his obstacle.

Sections 4 and 5 resume where the process ended in section 1. The poetic voice, unable to move, tries to go to the wells but has forgotten the way. In section 5 his shadow appears with animals, which are generally thought to be under man's domain, along with a woman and a house. All things that society uses to condition the mind, The poetic voice expresses the power of these items in that they mark "here and there, everything." However by facing his shadow, as Jung would say, the dark aspects of himself, the poetic voice is able to free himself from his shadow.

In section 6 the poetic voice begins the process of reconciliation of the conscious with the unconscious. We are not dealing with a physical movement, but a movement of his mind or his ego with a newfound consciousness. Now that he has overcome his shadow, there is no more duality within him and he moves towards an encompassing self. It is obviously not an easy search and as the poetic voice makes his way through the roughness, which resembles Jung's description of facing and confronting one's shadow, the poetic voice begins to understand what he had not seen before. In section 8 the poetic voice mentions again the fire, or the light that has made this whole journey possible: the poetic voice follows it, takes from it, and understands it.

This fire leads the poetic voice to a passageway, and upon crossing, the poetic voice experiences union with nature. It makes the connection with nature and this experience is described as a "vegetable orgy," a very sensual connection where the earth becomes a naked woman, and the poetic voice only wish is to be led to the cavern. The ego, led by a new personal consciousness, combines with the anima or the female gender represented by the earth and nature, and is whole.

In section 10, the process of individuation is complete as the poet is converted into mud, and becomes the earth, and the universe. Even the lightest touch of the universe is felt by the poetic voice. This journey and union with the earth produces in

the poetic voice a new reality, one not distorted by dogmas or preconceived notions, one where every day is the first day and he, the first inhabitant. Jung describes this same process towards a complete self as:

where I experience the other in myself and the other-than-myself-experiences me...the collective unconscious is anything but an incapsulated personal system; it is sheer objectivity, as wide as the world. There I am the object of every subject, in complete reversal of my ordinary consciousness, where I am always the subject that has an object. (Jung 319)

Now with the understanding that “New World” is a poem that beautifully narrates the process of individuation, we see the enlightenment that occurs and the new awareness of the poet in the other poems of *Memorial*. The following four poems elaborate on specific stages of the process of individuation outlined in “New World.” “Evil” focuses on the movement necessary for the journey towards wholeness. In “A Careful Observation,” Cadenas explains the consequences of a consciousness that can not or will not recognize it’s unconscious. “Presence” uses the eyes to symbolize the masks of the persona and how they interfere with the process of individuation. Finally, in “Homage” Cadenas has attained wholeness and recognizes the limitations of his former being.

Evil

MAL

Detenido, no sé dónde, mas es un hecho que estoy, detenido.
Llevo años en el mismo lugar, al fondo. ¿Vivo? Funciono, y ya es mucho.

Me muevo. Uno, dos, tres pasos. Nadie puede negar que avancé un poco. Se pueden ver mis huellas en el suelo, pero amanezco en el mismo sitio. ¿No me desplazé? Es cierto- verifico las marcas- que ayer no estaba donde ahora estoy, pero algo me dice que no me he movido. No sé qué significa desplazarse.

Camino sin andar. Eso marcha. Es bastante. Para mi, digo.
Bastante.

* * * * *

EVIL

Detained, I do not know where, but it is a fact that I am, detained.
I have been in the same place for years, deep down. Am I alive? I function, and that is a lot.

I move. One, two, three steps. Nobody can deny that I advanced a little. One can see my footprints on the ground, but I wake up in the same place. Haven't I traveled? It is true- I verify the marks- that yesterday I wasn't where I am now, but something tells me that I haven't moved. I do not know what it means to travel.

I walk without stepping. That is progress. It's enough. For me, I mean Enough.

“Evil” starts with the word “detained,” and though one may think of the word in a manner of being detained by the police and losing one’s rights and liberties, in this poem, Cadenas extends its meaning to that of stopping an activity or movement in order to consider something. Therefore when Rafael Cadenas writes, “I am detained,” he is conveying the message that we should live contemplating life, or to live with the concentration necessary to remove the obstacles to one’s wholeness.

In the second stanza, Cadenas makes a comparison between the progress that the world looks for, and the progress which is truly important for him. In this section, he uses a lexicon that deals with movement: to move, to advance, and to travel. He follows each one of these words with a measurement of the movement: “I move. One, two, three steps; I advanced one can see my footprints on the ground; and I traveled yesterday I wasn't where I am today.” The first two movements are spatial movements, while the third is not a spatial movement but an important movement for the author, that which is accompanied by the process of being detained. “I travel” is a movement motivated by contemplating life and the concentration that makes possible his transcendence in the poem, “New World.”

In the third stanza, Cadenas reaffirms the importance of traveling or walking without physically moving. Through concentration to get rid of or to remove, from

your way those things that disrupt the reconciliation of the unconscious and conscious. If we move always focusing on the purpose and distance of the movement, we are always conditioning our actions with cultural prejudices and mental processes, and thus we are distancing ourselves from the process of individuation. Cadenas finishes this poem with “It’s enough for me, I mean enough,” in order to express that for him to live in the mystery, wholeness, or in the self, is not a physical movement or progression, but the necessary movement seen in “New World,” that of ever elusive balance between ego, persona, shadow, and animus/anima in a balanced self.

A CAREFUL OBSERVATION

ATISBO

De repente comprendí
que matamos
porque estamos muertos.

* * * * *

A CAREFUL OBSERVATION

I suddenly understood
that we kill
because we are dead.

In “A Careful Observation,” Cadenas speaks in the first person singular and expresses his belief that people act destructively because they deny their unconscious. Jung requires a complete recognition of the unconscious for individuation. Until humankind awakens to the fact that it has buried its unconsciousness, and must regain it to make itself whole again, the human crisis will continue. Cadenas and the Mystics draw the same conclusion about the denial of light. Humanity buries the light necessary for the illumination of the complete self. There is a parallel between Jung’s “lost treasure” and Cadenas’ “lost light.” In the essay, “Apuntes sobre San Juan de la Cruz y la mística,” Cadenas stresses the importance of the loss or the denial of the light in humankind asserting,

Para mí todo es sagrado porque todo pertenece al misterio. ¿Un criminal sería sagrado? Podría preguntar alguien, en son de polémica, y la respuesta tendría que ser no. No, pero la vida en él sí, precisamente lo que él mismo ignora; si lo supiera no sería un criminal. (Cadenas 693)

* * * * *

For me everything is sacred because everything pertains to the mystery. Would a criminal be sacred? Somebody could ask, in a polemical manner, and the answer would have to be no. No, but yes the life in them, precisely that which they don't know; if they knew it they wouldn't be a criminal.

Separating the sacred from the profane is dangerous because that which is not sacred becomes dispensable and less valuable. For Cadenas however, everything is sacred because the mystery is everything. Even criminals are sacred: they are criminals because they don't know that which makes them sacred is life. Not only has a light been lost in humans, but the same process of separating the sacred from the profane has also had drastic effects on the earth.

In another essay, titled "Realidad y literatura" Cadenas elaborates on these ideas by quoting and then commenting on William Wordsworth's poem "Ode Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," which reads:

[I]

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn where soe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes.
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look around her when the heavens are bare.
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth:
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth. (Cadenas 498-499)

According to Cadenas, William Wordsworth beautifully captures the devaluation of the spirituality of the earth. Modern man is bound to experience the tragedy of living

in a world that has lost its spiritual value and such a loss of this celestial light robs
Wordsworth and the modern man of inspiration and makes life's treasures invisible.
If, as Jung would call it "the treasure hard to attain," is not visible the journey to
wholeness is not possible.

Presence

Presencia

Rostros,
colores de los trajes,
tonos de piel ¡tan inmediatos!
en los ojos
cansados de ser míos.

Deja que los ojos
se recuperen de ti.

La única doctrina de los ojos
es ver.

El que enseñó a leer a los ojos
borró el paraíso.

El dueño tiene miedo.
Los ojos solo tienen realidad.

Qué pretensión: darles lecciones a los ojos,
maestros.

Si otro mundo nos es dable
debe ser éste
desde unos ojos
que la diafanidad ha subyugado.
Plasmación ilegible,
herencia escondida,
dominio hierático.

Los ojos no tienen miedo
ni son valientes.

"Tengo ojos,
no puntos de vista".

¿Qué hago
yo detrás de los ojos?

* * * * *

Presence

Faces,
colors of the clothes,
tones of flesh so immediate!
in eyes
tired of being mine.

Let the eyes
recover from you.

The only doctrine of eyes
is to see.

He who taught eyes to read
erased paradise.

The owner has only fear.
Eyes have only reality.

How pretentious: to give lessons to eyes,
masters.

If another world is giveable to us
it should be this one
from eyes
which transparency has subjugated.
Illegible configuration,
hidden inheritance,
hieratic dominion.

Eyes are not afraid
nor are they brave.

“I have eyes,
not points of view”.

What am I doing
behind eyes?

In the “Notations” section of *Memorial*, Cadenas deals directly with invisible treasures and what is necessary for the reader to do in order to return to see these treasures. The topic of this poem is the division between the eyes and the person that controls them. The title only strengthens this topic because the word “presence” refers to the state of something being found in front or behind something else; hence

the state of the eyes being in front of the person. Remember also that presence means the memory of an image or an idea, or the complete memory that each of us was born with and must recover.

Throughout this poem, Cadenas points out the division between the eyes and the person that controls the eyes. At first the poet expresses the sad state of the eyes tired of being someone's possession, and in the second part, commands us to let our eyes recover from that use. It is interesting to realize that he never refers to the eyes as a possession or even a part of the person that uses them. Moreover, he explains how we have destroyed these perfect instruments that only see reality.

In the seventh stanza, Rafael Cadenas describes to us the path to individuation. He starts, "if another world is giveable to us," the "another world" that the poet refers to is that of the "New World," re-discovered and described by himself in the first poem of this book. What is the way to this new world? The answer that he gives is that "he has eyes not points of view." By getting rid of all his distortions, his prejudices, his preconceived notion and the formulas that he has burnt; in other words, the poet has divested the ego of the masks of the persona, in order to see everything with eyes that see everything for the first time, or to be the "first inhabitant." He was able to find what was lost and to remember what he had forgotten.

At the close of the poem Cadenas leaves the reader with the question, "What am I doing behind my eyes?" The answer lies in the rest of *Memorial*. As Cadenas states in "Realidad y literatura," the purpose of literature is to lead the reader to a space of silence to facilitate their experience with reality. Therefore, what the poet does behind his eyes and what he invites the reader to do is to free his/her eyes from obstacles in order to experience wholeness.

Homage

Homenaje

Ya no sé quién soy.
Si oigo mi nombre
ignoro qué designa
ese sonido
tan raro
como
mi respiración
o como haber nacido
o estar aquí.

¿Echarás de menos
al balbuciente
merodeador
que te seguía
con ojos llenos de ácido,
ojos sin restaurada inocencia,
ojos bajo códigos que no están en ellos?

Intensidad.
Muerte y contestación
a la muerte.

Florece
en un abismo.

Estas líneas
No son poemas.

Respiraderos...

* * * * *

Homage

I don't know who I am any more.
If I hear my name
I don't know what it represents
that sound
so strange
like
my breathing
or like having been born
or being here.

Will you miss
the babbling
proowler
who was following you
eyes full of acid,
eyes without restored innocence,
eyes under codes that aren't in them?

Intensity.
Death and a reply
to death.

We blossom
in an abyss.

These lines
are not poems.

Breathers...

In the last section of *Memorial*, "Nuptials," there is a poem titled "Homage," in which the poet reverently describes the feeling of being separated from the ego that had previously bound him. In the first part of the poem, Cadenas expresses the strangeness that exists once he is free.

Rafael Cadenas asks readers, if they were liberated from their egos, would they miss that which before held them captive? In this question, Cadenas returns to the image of the eye and lists the types of eyes that the possessor had, and again stresses that the codes are not in the eyes but that we allow codes, points of views, and fears to control our eyes. Once freed from the possessor, the eyes perceive reality and this clear view allows an awareness that before was impossible to see for the eyes and the person behind the eyes.

The last part of this poem sums up the beliefs of Rafael Cadenas about poetry and literature: its purpose is to facilitate the journey to wholeness. These are not just lines of poetry, but also spaces of silence that provide the reader a pause which allows him/her to analyze his/her own life.

In *Memorial*, we encounter a collection of poems that form a hermeneutic circle, where the parts are always understood in terms of the whole and the whole is understood in terms of the parts. “New World” is the beginning and end of that circle which I have interpreted as paralleling the process of individuation. That is, through an understanding of “New World,” understandings of the rest of the poems become more intelligible. Furthermore, after finishing *Memorial*, the reader can once again return to “New World,” and by rereading it in light of the whole book, complete the circle that was already suggested in the first reading.

Memorial is a collection of poems where structure is perfectly balanced with meaning. As a “memorial” that looks to the past *Memorial* leaves the reader with a written description of the poet’s process of attaining wholeness, and as a testament that looks to the future on the other hand, *Memorial* creates a space for the reader to fill. The physical space of silence left by Cadenas throughout the pages of *Memorial* is as important as the space occupied by words. Rafael Cadenas invites the reader to occupy this space with his/her own contemplation in hopes that with his poetry the reader can begin their own journeys towards wholeness.

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Appendix:
A selection of poems from *Memorial*

New World

1

I have burned the formulas. I stopped doing exorcisms. Far,
far away remains the former power, my legacy.
Whisper of fire in my nostrils, my disintegrated language, the shadow still wet from a
sorcery.
Like a vein of water in the darkness another life advances.
All the destruction has been to displace me, to live in another
articulation.

2

Papers of dawn. Always speaking of the adopted homeland, the one I have given
myself. Leaves stacked as for a ceremony.
A sacrifice to a god of ebony.

3

Those invariable scriptures.

I always return to the same language. A haunted animal skin. Uncaptureable, but present
like the life of an ancestor. Weave upon weave, the dead language of love, fire that has
made me an addict to an insinuating cult.

4

Dawn isn't giving me back the lost amulet. From a beach
an old man signals. I try to return to the wells, but I don't know
the way.

5

My shadow enters.
It brings a serpent, a buffalo, a woman, a house, a dock.
Intoxication of wild copper.
It advances, advances.
Drug.

It takes over what I watch.
It marks here and there, everything.
Then it escapes to join an animal.

It loses itself in the leaves like a bird.

6

Memory that goes out in search of illusive things. Possessions that belong less to the owner than to the air. That which a wooden treasure chest wants to protect wasn't born for words. Only I insist on taking it away from the eyes.

What language will bring the treasures without touching them?
In the back a sick king sees me leave.
I hand him a box with an anxious ruby.

7

I go, making my way through the roughness, to the place where
my future portrait is kept.

8

A remote fire sustains me. From its red aurora I take my loans.
Passageway to the incandescence, you don't accept terms.

9

Vegetable orgy.
A naked woman lies down under the rain.

Textures where an absence looks at itself.

Fragrant cavern, lead me.

10

Muds never recovered.
Suddenly, a light touch. The universe of skin. The thread lost on the trip.
I'm bathed by that which lives, by that which dies.
Every day is the first day, every night the first night, and I, I
also am the first inhabitant.

EVIL

Detained, I do not know where, but it is a fact that I am, detained.
I have been in the same place for years, deep down. Am I alive? I function, and that is a lot.

I move. One, two, three steps. Nobody can deny that I advanced a little. One can see my footprints on the ground, but I wake up in the same place. Haven't I traveled? It is true- I verify the marks- that yesterday I wasn't where I am now, but something tells me that I haven't moved. I do not know what it means to travel.

I walk without stepping. That is progress. It's enough. For me, I mean
Enough.

A CAREFUL OBSERVATION

I suddenly understood
that we kill
because we are dead.

Presence

Faces,
colors of the clothes,
tones of flesh so immediate!
in eyes
tired of being mine.

Let the eyes
recover from you.

THE ONLY doctrine of eyes
is to see.

HE WHO TAUGHT eyes to read
erased paradise.

THE OWNER has only fear.
Eyes have only reality.

HOW PRETENTIOUS: to give lessons to eyes,
masters.

If another world is giveable to us
it should be this one
from eyes
which transparency has subjugated.
Illegible configuration,
hidden inheritance,
hieratic dominion.

EYES are not afraid
nor are they brave.

**“I HAVE eyes,
not points of view”.**

WHAT am I doing
behind eyes?

Homage

I don't know who I am any more.
If I hear my name
I don't know what it represents
that sound
so strange
like
my breathing
or like having been born
or being here.

To pay, to pay,
my whole life,
with interest.
I drank
more than I should have.
(I don't know
who fills up the cup.)
I'm left only with
some strips
of the suit they gave me.

Your body
is the salt
which in fact
pacifies like music
the deaf rumor of the poisoned fountain.

The one who was living with you
without feeling,
always
a little behind
your steps
left
among his rubble
and among the scruples.

Now
there is no one.
An intensity
looks for him.
(Wants
to replace him.)

Will you miss
the babbling
proowler
who was following you
eyes full of acid,
eyes without restored innocence,
eyes under codes that aren't in them?

The one who took me here and there
like a madman
has gone,
but I know will return
when she wants.

I don't know anymore
if I can speak in anybody's name.

Who is this blood, these tendons, these eyes,
this strangeness, this antiquity?

A force
has me in its hand.
Then it is she
who can say I am,
who can carry a name
who can use the word I.

I would like
for both of us
to be the food
of the instant.
Without reticence.

Intensity.
Death and a reply
to death.

We blossom
in an abyss.

These lines
are not poems.

Breathers...