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A Throw of the Dice Never Will Abolish Chance

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THE LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB
A THROW OF THE DICE
NEVER

EVEN WHEN CAST IN ETERNAL CIRCUMSTANCES

AT THE HEART OF A SHIPWRECK
LET IT BE

that the

Abyss

whitened
slack
raging
under an incline
desperately soars
by its own
wing

beforehand relapsed from wrongly steering the flight
and repressing the outbursts
cleaving the bounds at the root
deep inside weighs
the shadow hidden in the depth by this alternate sail
to adjust
to the spread
its yawning depth as great as the hull
of a ship
careening from side to side
THE MASTER

arisen
inferring
from this conflagration
which
as one threatens
the one Number which can be
hesitates
cadaver by his arm
rather
than
as the old madman
play the game
in behalf of the waves
one
direct shipwreck

beyond outworn calculations
where the manoeuvre with age forgotten
once he gripped the helm
at his feet
of the unanimous horizon
prepares itself
is tossed and merges
with the fist which would grip it
destiny and the winds
no other
Spirit
to hurl it
into the tempest
to seal the gap and to go proudly

cut off from the secret he withholds

surges over the chief
flows over the submissive graybeard
of the man
without a ship
no matter
where vainly
ancestrally not to unclench his hand
contracted
above the worthless head
legacy on his disappearance
to some unknown
the ulterior immemorial demon
having from dead lands led
the aged man toward this supreme conjunction with probability
he
the puerile shadow
caressed and polished and drained and washed
tamed by the wave and freed
from the unyielding bones lost among the planks
born
of a frolic
the sea by the sire enticed or the sire compelling the sea
idle fortune
Betrothal
whose
veil of illusion rekindled their obsession
as the ghost of a gesture
will falter
will plummet
madness

NEVER WILL ABOLISH
A simple

in the silence

into an approaching

hovers

innuendo

encoiled with irony

or

the mystery

hurled

howled

whirlwind of hilarity and horror

over the abyss

neither scattering nor fleeing

and rocks therein the virgin symbol

AS IF
solitary plume lost

that a toque of midnight meets or grazes it
and freezes
to the velvet crumpled by a dull guffaw

this stiffened whiteness

derisive
too much
in opposition to heaven
not to weakly
brand
whosoever

bitter prince of the reef
dons the headdress heroic
invincible but curbed
by his limited human mind
in turmoil
anxious 
atoning and pubescent 
mute

The lucid and seigneurial aigrette
on the invisible brow
scintillates
then conceals
a frail gloomy stature
in her siren's torsion

with impatient end scales

laugh

which

IF

of vertigo

upright

time
for beating
forked

a rock

false castle
suddenly
melted into fog

which imposed
a limit on infinity
**IT WAS**

*stellar birth*

---

**THE NUMBER**

**EVEN IF IT EXISTED**

other than as a straggling hallucination of agony

**EVEN IF IT BEGAN AND EVEN IF IT CEASED**

hollow as negation and still born

finally

by some profusion spread with rarity

**EVEN IF SUMMED UP**

evidence of the sum as small as it is

**EVEN IF IT ENLIGHTENED**

---

**THIS WOULD BE**

*no worse nor better but as indifferent as*

---

**CHANCE**

*Falls*

*the plume*

*rhythmic suspense of the disaster*

*to bury itself*

*in the primitive foam*

*from where lately his delirium surged to a peak collapsed*

*by the indifferent neutrality of the abyss*
NOTHING

of the memorable crisis
or the event
might have been

completed with no possible result in view
human

WILL HAVE TAKEN PLACE
an ordinary swell discloses the absence

BUT THE PLACE
any mediocre plashing as if to disperse the empty act
abruptly which otherwise
by its lie
would have justified
the perdition

in these parts
of the void
in which all reality is dissolved
EXCEPT
    in the heights
    PERHAPS
    at so distant a place

that it fuses with infinity
    above human interest
    as pointed out to him
    in general

by such slant by such slope
    of lights

toward
    what should be
    the Septentrion or North

A CONSTELLATION

cold from neglect and disuse
    yet not so much
    that it does not count
    on some empty and superior plane
    the next collision
    sidereally
    of a final reckoning in the making

watching
    doubting
    revolving
        blazing and meditating

    before it halts
    at some final point which consecrates it

All Thought emits a Throw of the Dice