

KHALIL GIBRAN

Should you care to write (and only the saints know why you should) you must needs have knowledge and art and magic—the knowledge of the music of words, the art of being artless, and the magic of loving your readers.

Sand and Foam, 1926.

KHALIL GIBRAN



ENTRE LEVANT ET PONANT



15.8.
1916
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KHALIL GIBRAN

Kahlil Gibran, du Levant au Ponant

L'homme : sa vie en quelques dates, ses noms

L'écrivain : en arabe et en anglais ; The Prophet (1923)

L'artiste : ses peintures et dessins, illustrations de ses écrits

Lecture : textes choisis

KHALIL GIBRAN

Naissance

6 janvier 1883, Bécharré, Mont-Liban,
Grande Syrie ottomane

Émigration

17 juin 1895, Ellis Island, New York, États-Unis

Études

1898 – 1902, Collège de la Sagesse, Beyrouth,
Grande Syrie ottomane

Formation artistique

1908 – 1910, Académie Julian, Paris, France

Décès

10 avril 1931, New York, États-Unis

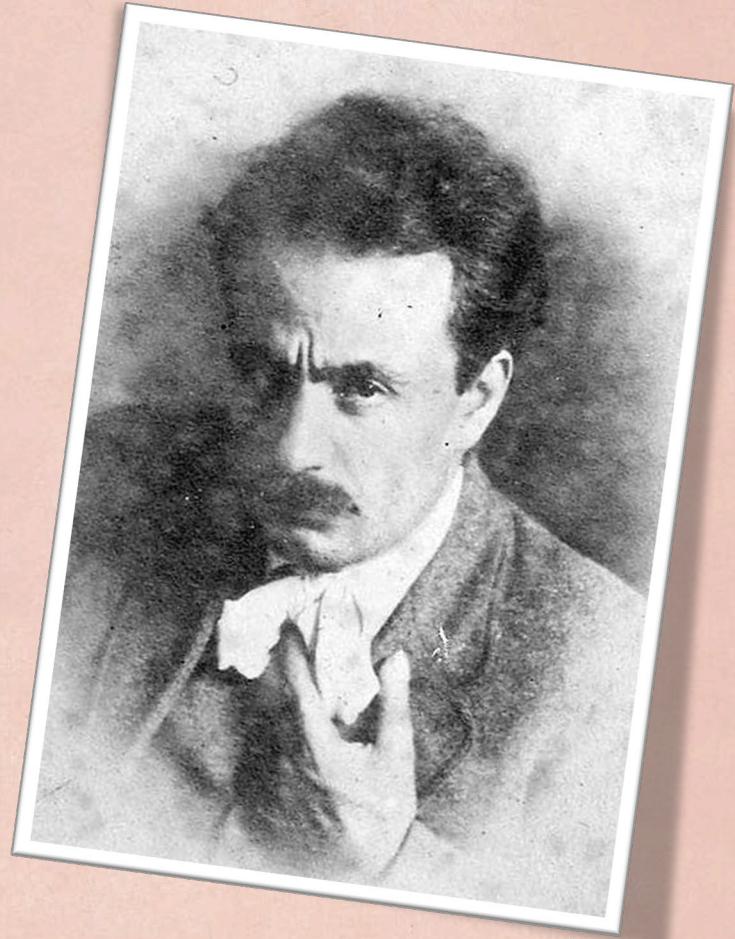
Transfert de sa dépouille au Liban

21 août 1931, Beyrouth, Liban

Inhumation

Fin 1931, Monastère de Mar Sarkis, Bécharré, Liban

L'HOMME



KHALIL GIBRAN

Ses noms officiels aux États-Unis

Premier débarquement (17 juin 1895) — immigration

Jubran Rhamé

Deuxième débarquement (10 mai 1902) — retour de Beyrouth (études au Collège de la Sagesse)

Gibran K. Gibran

Troisième débarquement (31 octobre 1910) — retour de Paris (formation artistique à l'Académie Julian)

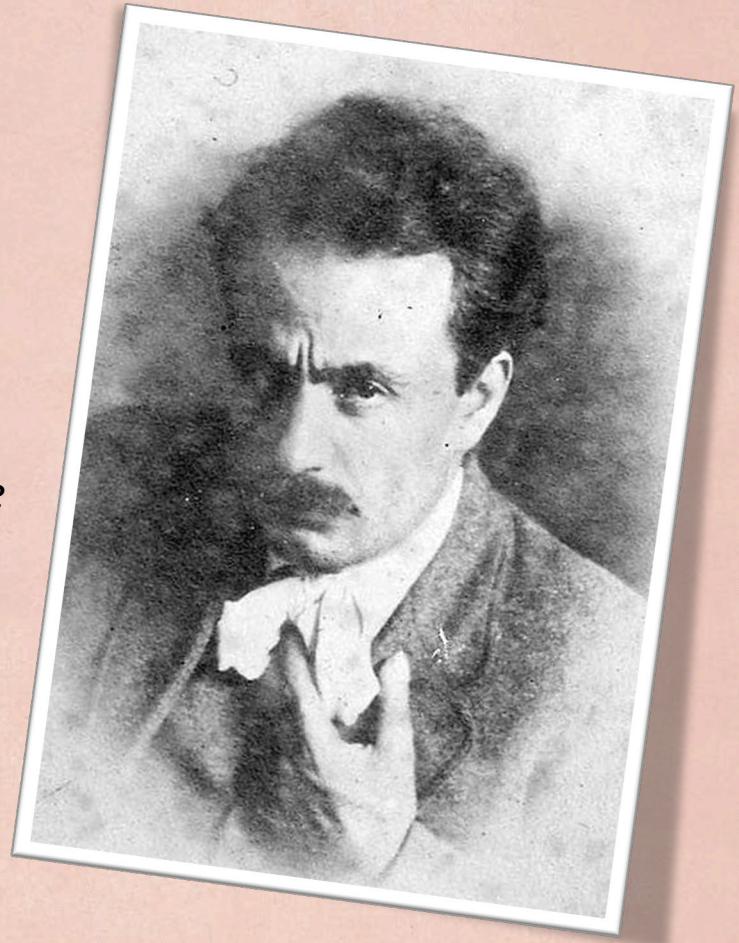
Kahlel Gebian ou Gebrian ou Gibran

Annuaire mondain (1915)

Kibel Gibran

Annuaires téléphoniques (1917 / 1930)

Gibran, Kahlil, G. / Gibran, Kahlil



Gibran Khalil Gibran

L'HOMME

KHALIL GIBRAN

Ses noms de plume

En arabe

Jubrān Khalīl Jubrān

Omar

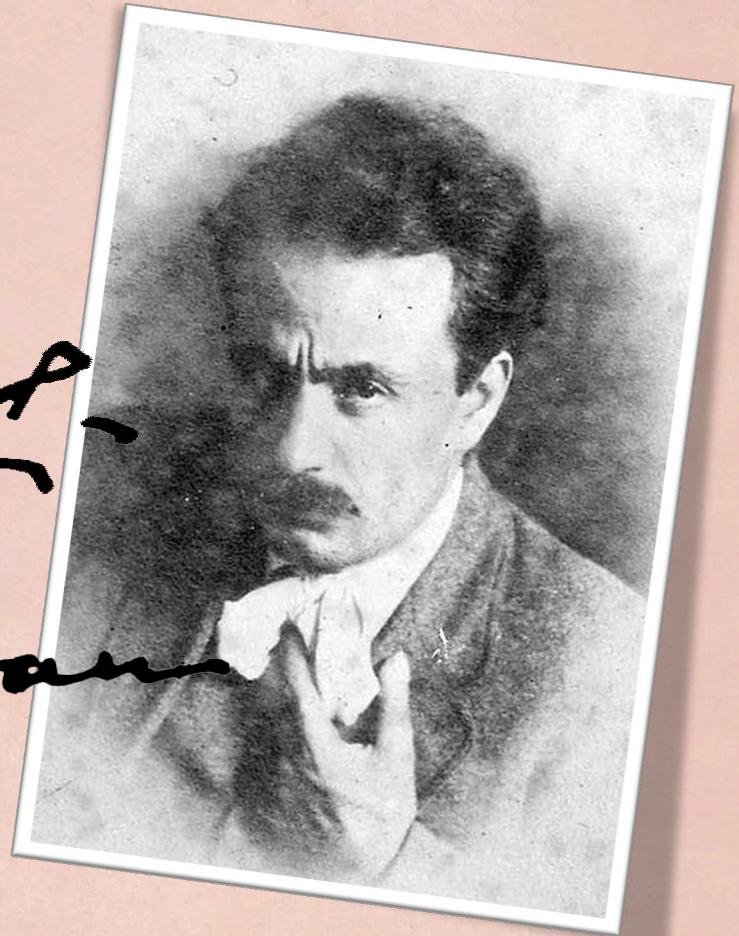
En anglais

Kahlil Gibran

Kahlil Gibran

En français

Khalil Gibran

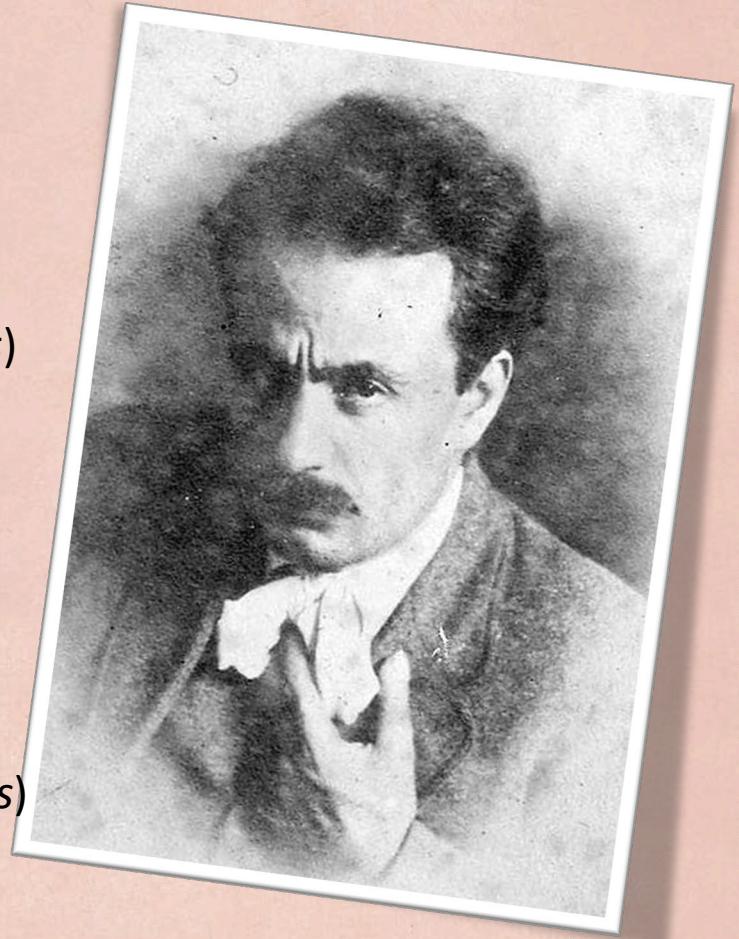


L'HOMME

KHALIL GIBRAN

En arabe (9 ouvrages)

1. Al-Mûsîqâ (1905, *La Musique*)
2. 'Arâ'is al-murûg (1906, *Les Nymphe des vallées*)
3. Al-'Arwâh al-mutamarrida (1908, *Les Esprits rebelles*)
4. 'Ajniha al-mutakassira (1912, *Les Ailes brisées*)
5. Dam'a wa 'ibtisâma (1914, *Larme et sourire*)
6. Al-Mawâkib (1919, *Les Processions*)
7. Al-'Awâsif (1920, *Les Tempêtes / Orages*)
8. Al-Badâ'i' wa at-tarâ'if (1923, *Merveilles et curiosités*)
9. Al-Sanâbil (1929, *Les Épis*)



L'ÉCRIVAIN

KHALIL GIBRAN

En anglais (10 ouvrages, dont 4 posthumes)

1. The Madman (1918, *Le Fou / Le Fol*)
2. The Forerunner (1920, *Le Précurseur*)
3. **The Prophet (1923, *Le Prophète*)**
4. Sand and Foam (1926, *Le Sable et l'Écume*)
5. Jesus the Son of Man (1928, *Jésus le Fils de l'Homme*)
6. The Earth Gods (1931, *Les Dieux de la Terre*)
7. The Wanderer (1932, *L'Errant / Le Pérégrin*)*
8. The Garden of the Prophet (1933, *Le Jardin du Prophète*)*
9. Lazarus and his Beloved (1973, *Lazare et sa Bien-Aimée*)*
10. The Blind (1982, *L'Aveugle*)*



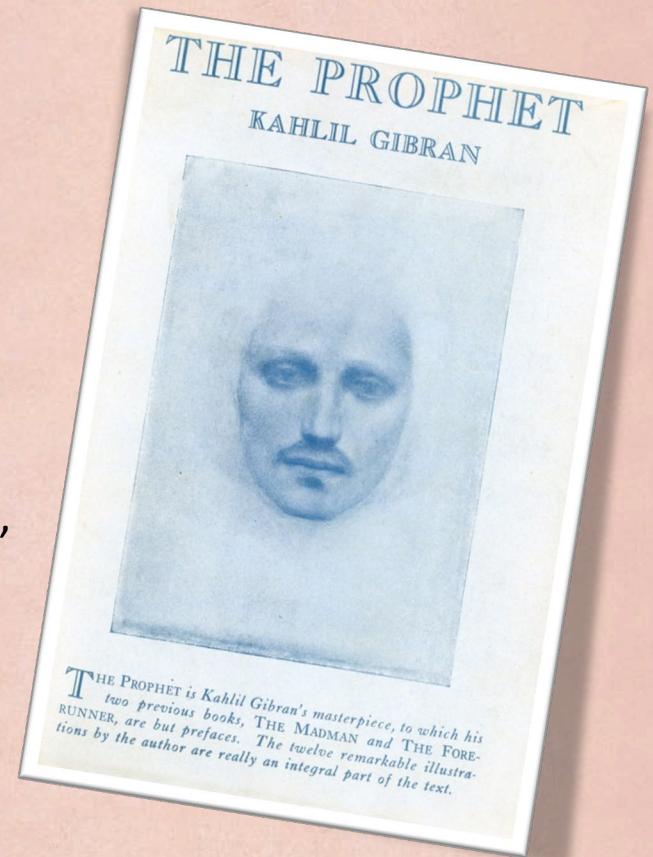
* Parutions posthumes

L'ÉCRIVAIN

KHALIL GIBRAN

The Prophet (septembre 1923, *Le Prophète*),
le livre de tous les records...

- Plus de 10 millions d'exemplaires vendus, rien qu'aux États-Unis (2^e marche sur le podium des ventes, après la Bible)
- Jamais épuisé chez son éditeur depuis sa parution (réimprimé 188 fois)
- Traduit dans 115 langues nationales, régionales, locales, et même dans des langues ne comptant plus que quelques locuteurs (îles du Pacifique)
- En français, 31 traductions différentes depuis 1926
- Audiolivres, film d'animation, bande dessinée, éditions illustrées par de nombreux artistes et calligraphes



L'ÉCRIVAIN

*Khalil Gibran serait le 3^e auteur le plus lu au monde,
après William Shakespeare et Lao-Tseu.*

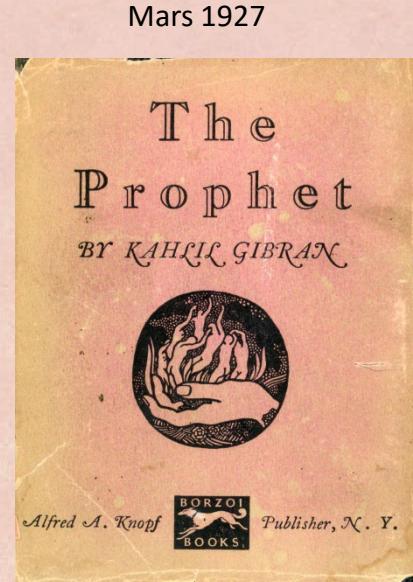
KHALIL GIBRAN

The Prophet (septembre 1923, *Le Prophète*),
le livre de tous les records...

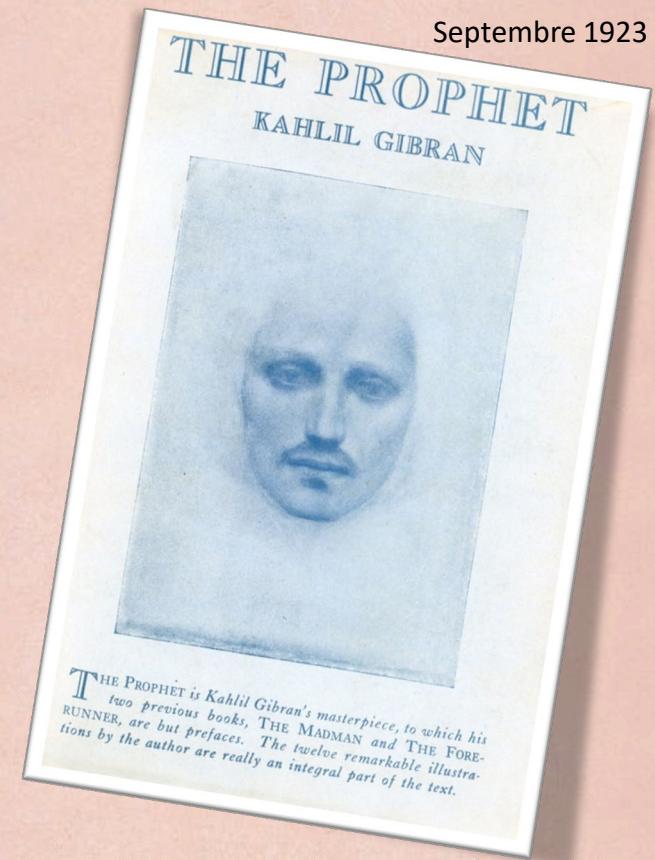
- 4 éditions originales différentes en anglais, plus des dizaines d'autres à partir de 2019 (domaine public)



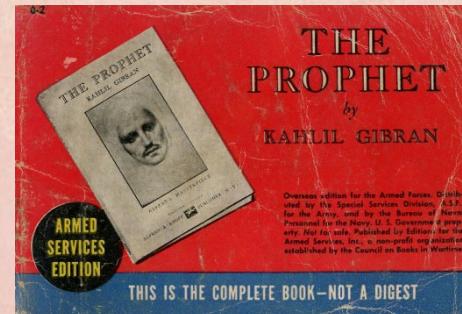
Novembre 1926



Mars 1927



Septembre 1923

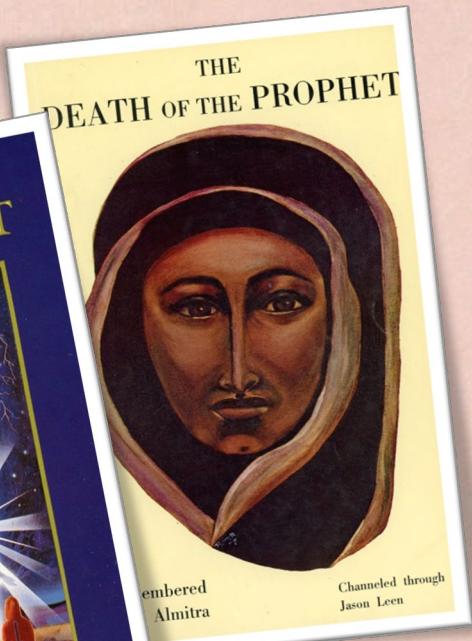
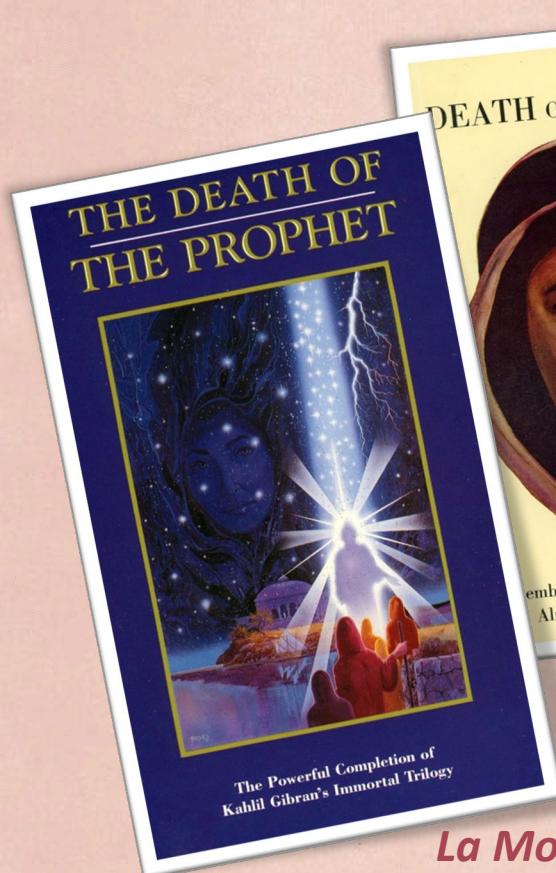


1942

L'ÉCRIVAIN

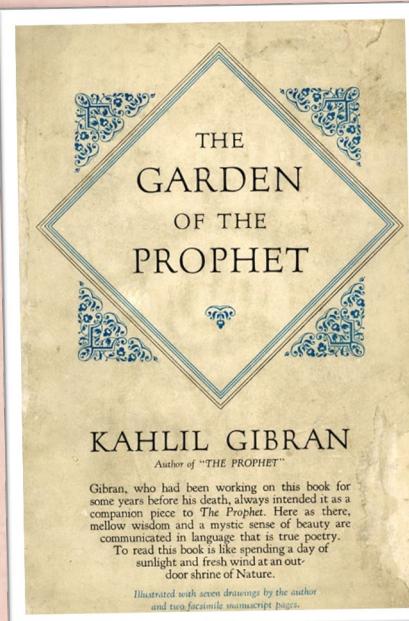
KHALIL GIBRAN

The Prophet, une trilogie achevée en 1988...

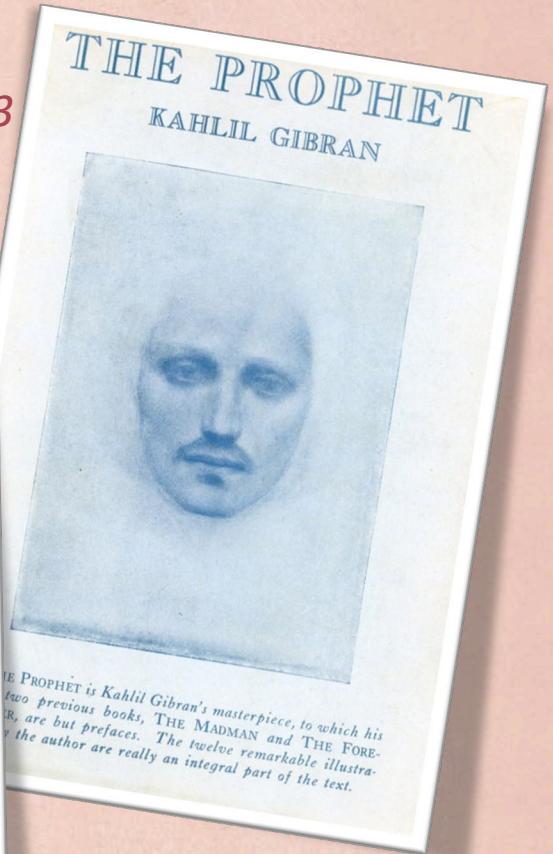


*La Mort du Prophète,
1979-1988 (Jason Leen)*

Le Prophète, 1923



*Le Jardin du Prophète,
1933 (Barbara Young)*



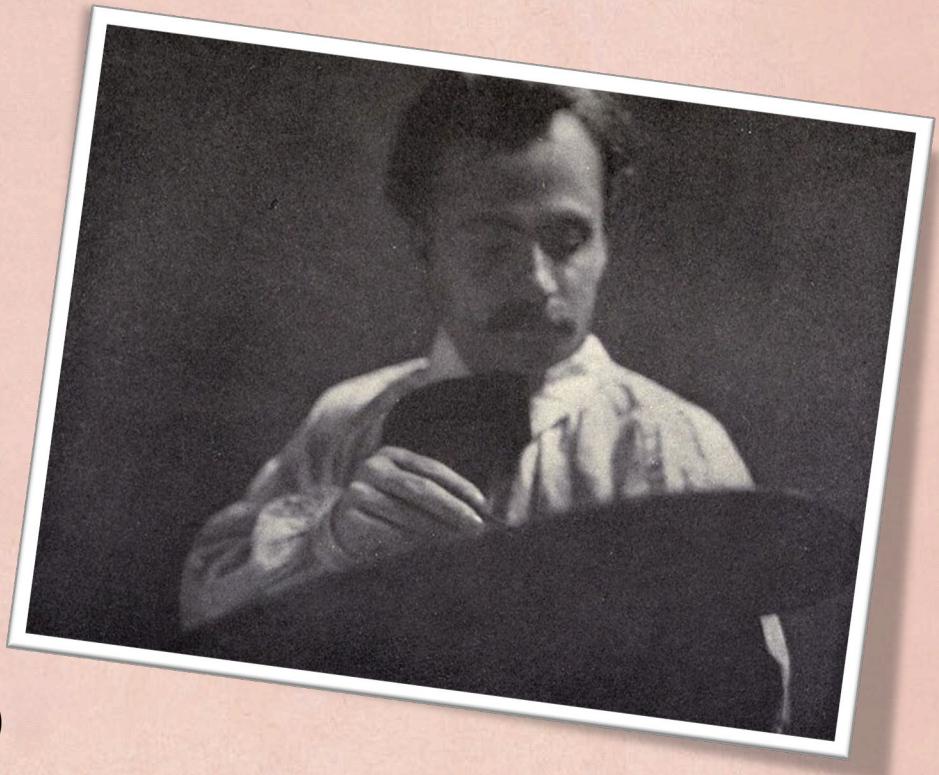
L'ÉCRIVAIN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Gibran, peintre et portraitiste

Plus de 1400 peintures, dessins et portraits dans plusieurs musées à travers le monde, principalement :

- *Telfair Museum of Art* (Savannah, Géorgie, États-Unis)
- *Boston Museum of Fine Arts* (Boston)
- *Fogg Art Museum* (Harvard)
- *Metropolitan Museum of Art* (New York)
- *Museo Soumaya & Fundación Carlos Slim* (nombreux manuscrits archivés) (Mexico)
- *Musée Gibran* (Bécharré, Liban)
- *The Gibran Gallery* (Melbourne, Australie)
- Collections privées, surtout aux États-Unis



« Un de mes souhaits les plus chers serait que
50 ou 75 de mes œuvres soient exposées
dans une grande ville où les gens pourraient
les admirer et — qui sait ? — peut-être les aimer. »

Khalil Gibran, 1913

L'ARTISTE

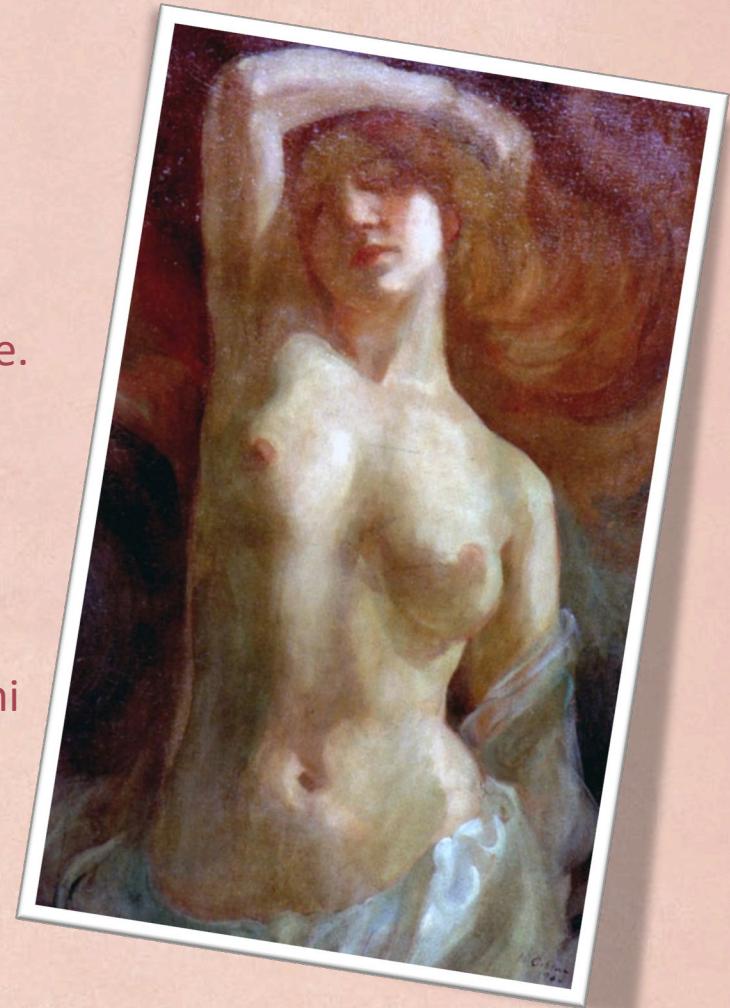
KHALIL GIBRAN

Peintures (1)

2^e place au concours du Salon de la Société nationale des Beaux-Arts, Paris, printemps 1910

« L'ouverture du Salon fut un événement grandiose. Jamais de toute ma vie je n'ai vu une foule aussi nombreuse et aussi enthousiaste. La plupart des journaux français couvrant le Salon ont mentionné mon nom à côté de ceux d'autres artistes dont j'aurais bien aimé être l'élève. Ma toile intitulée *L'Automne* avait fière allure parmi celles qui étaient présentées au Grand Palais. »

(Extrait du journal personnel de Mary Haskell)

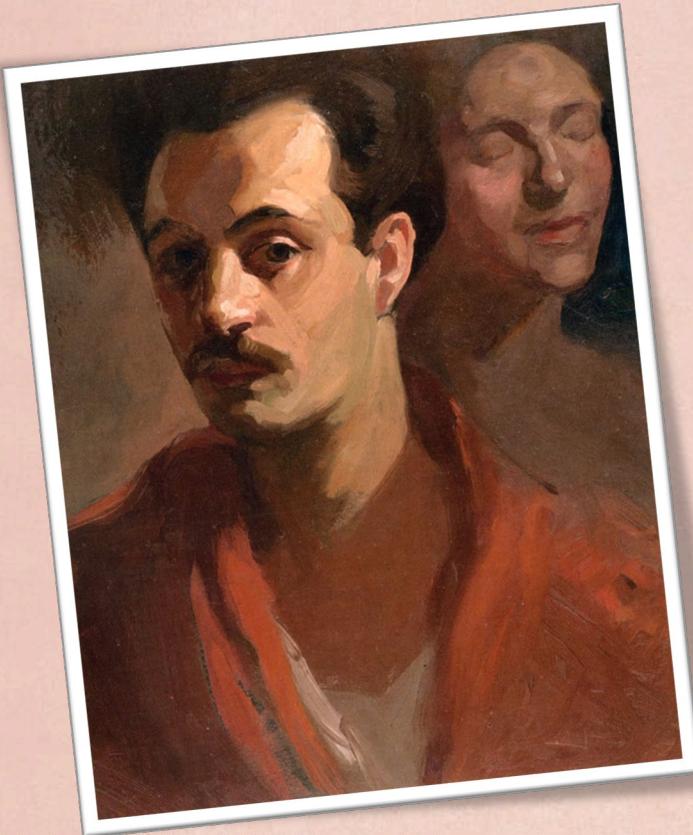


L'Automne, 1909

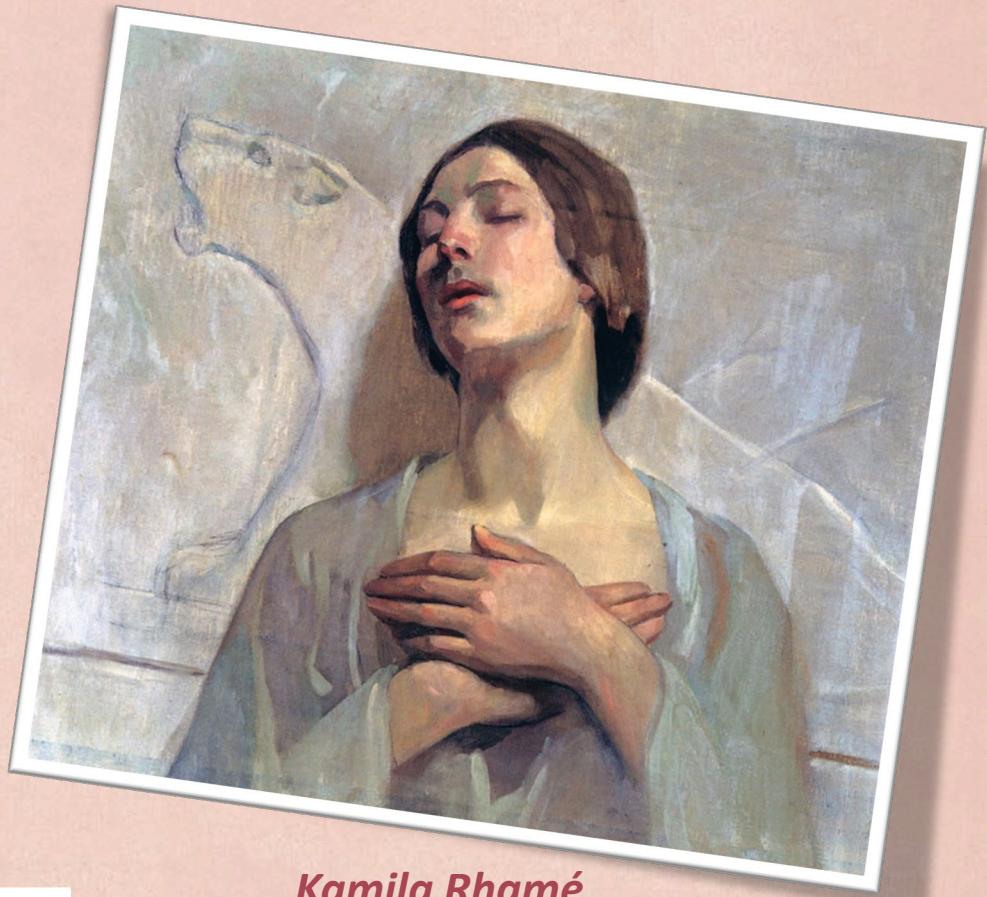
L'ARTISTE

KHALIL GIBRAN

Peintures (2)



Autoportrait, 1911

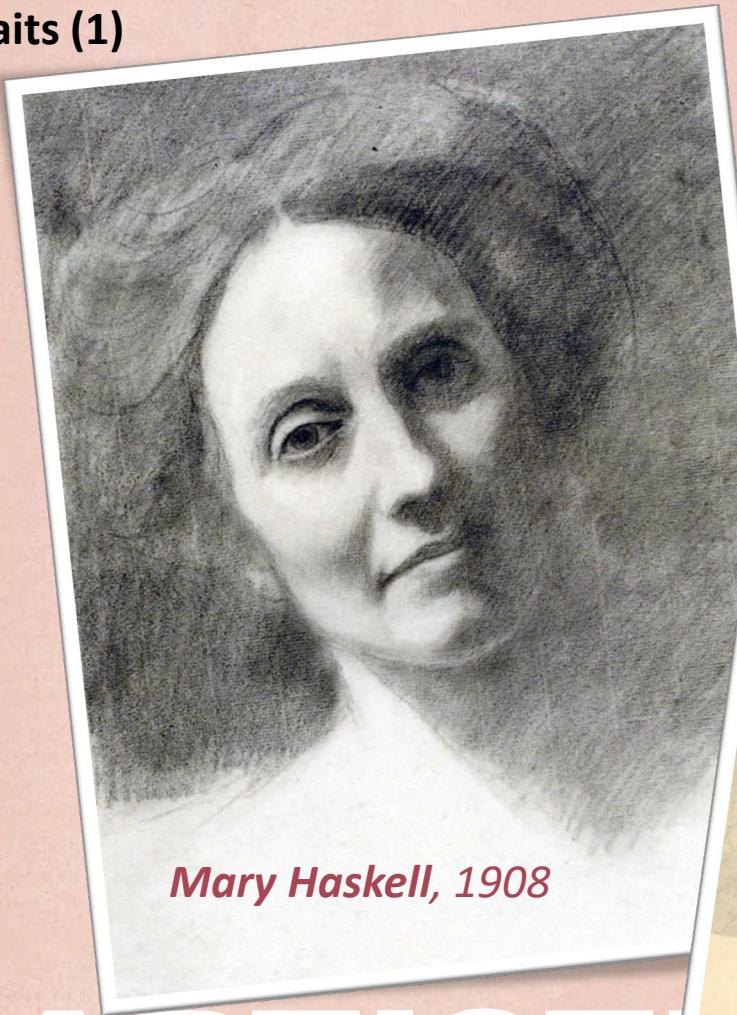


*Kamila Rhamé,
la mère de Gibran, ca. 1910*

L'ARTISTE

KHALIL GIBRAN

Portraits (1)



Mary Haskell, 1908

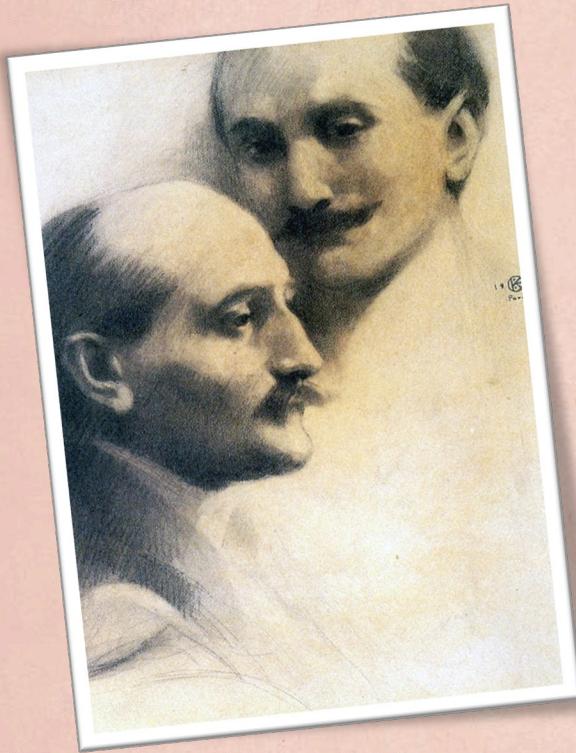
Leonora Speyer, 1925



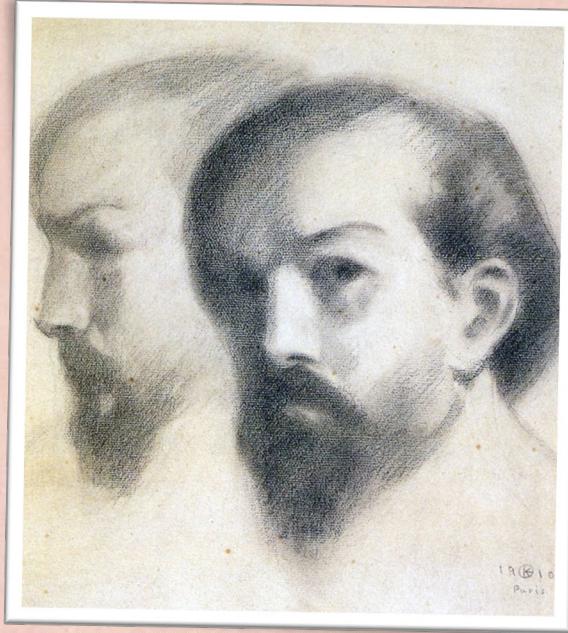
L'ARTISTE

KHALIL GIBRAN

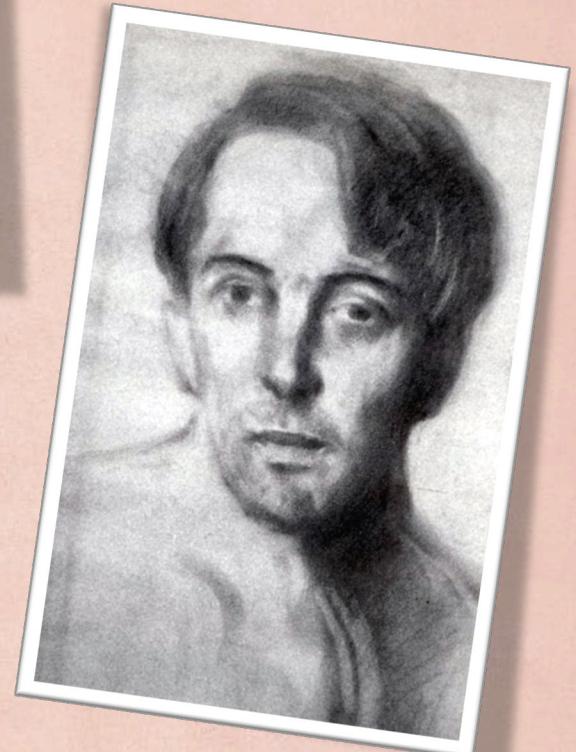
Portraits (2)



Edmond Rostand, 1910



Claude Debussy, 1910



William Butler Yeats, 1911

L'ARTISTE

KHALIL GIBRAN

Dessins et peintures dans ses écrits

Dès 1918, Gibran choisit d'illustrer tous ses écrits en anglais de ses propres dessins et peintures.

Quelques études sur la signification de ses dessins dans ses écrits :

- Annie Salem Otto , *The Parables of Kahlil Gibran — An interpretation of the writings and art of the author of 'The Prophet'*, 1963
- Francesco Medici, *'Il Profeta' di Kahlil Gibran riletto attraverso le sue tavole illustrative*, traduit en français dans *Le Prophète* (édition bilingue), 2020



« J'espère que je serai toujours capable de peindre des tableaux qui permettent aux gens de voir (en pensée) d'autres tableaux, au-delà des bords gauche et droit de la toile. Je veux que chaque tableau soit le commencement d'un autre tableau invisible. » — Khalil Gibran, 1911

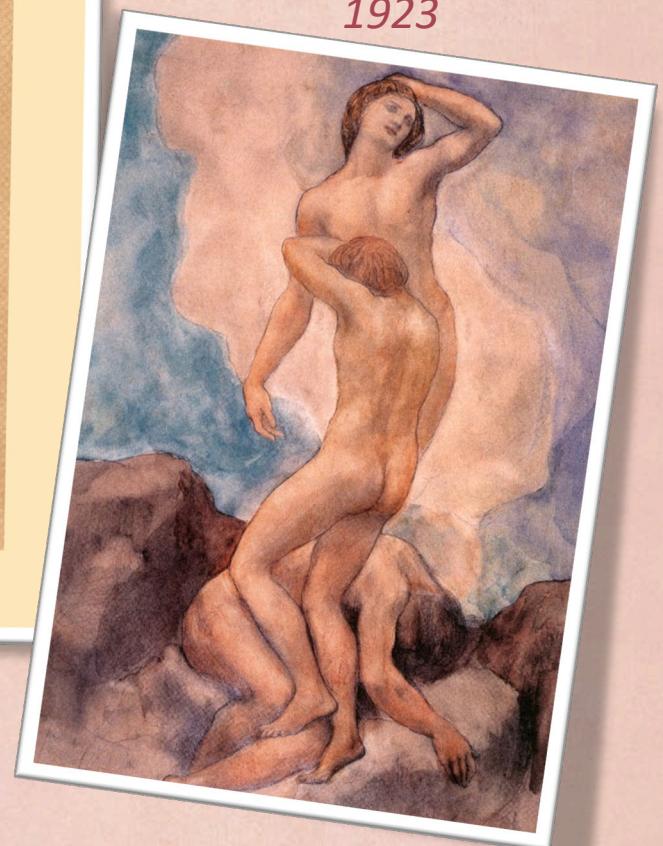
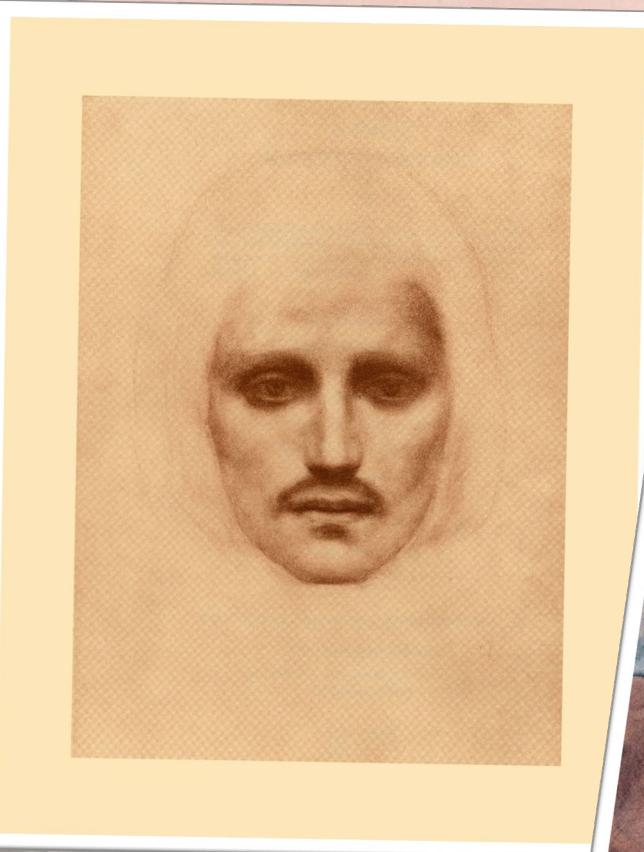
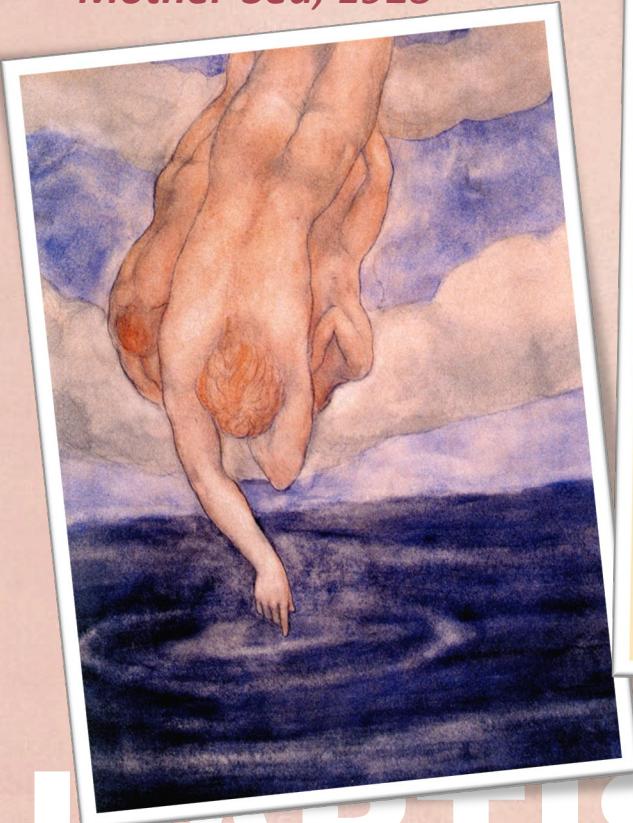
« Je ne veux pas être juste quelqu'un qui peint des tableaux ou qui écrit des poèmes. Je veux être plus que cela. » — Khalil Gibran, 1912

L'ARTISTE

KHALIL GIBRAN

Dessins et peintures dans *The Prophet* (1923)

*The Triad-Being
descending towards the
Mother-Sea, 1923*



L'ARTISTE

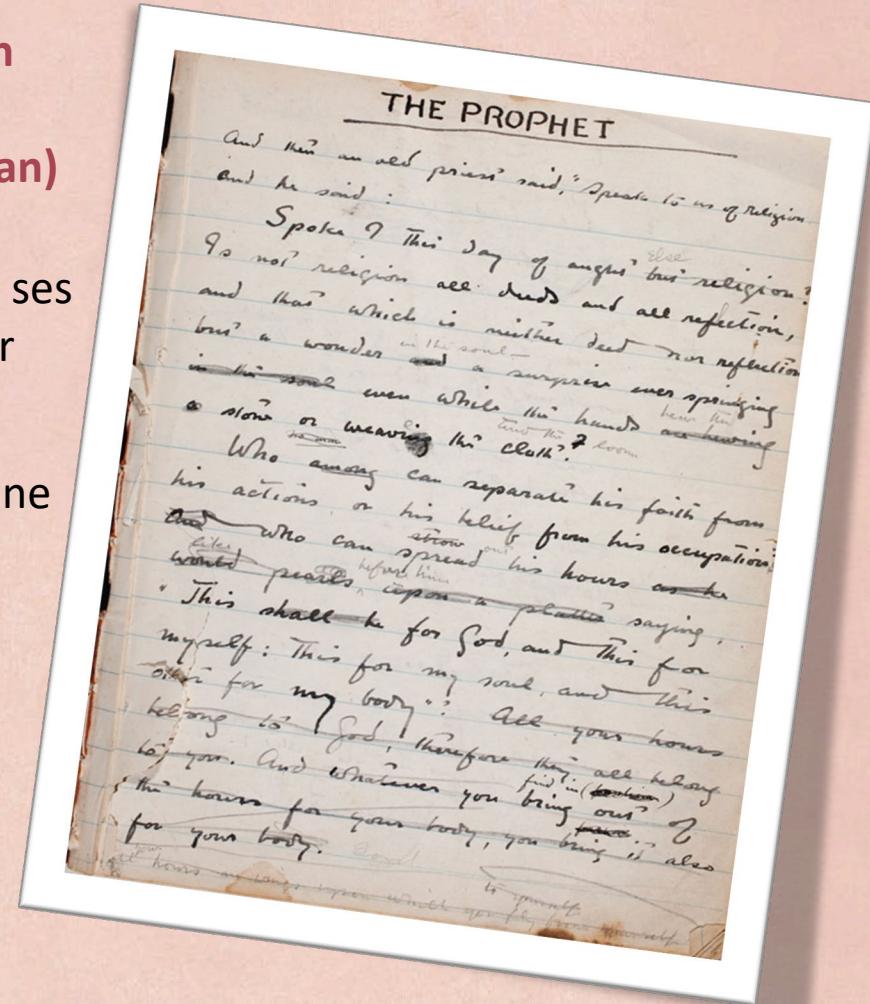
KHALIL GIBRAN

« La traduction est un art à part entière. C'est un procédé de recréation qui transforme la magie d'une langue en celle d'une autre. » (Khalil Gibran)

Gibran était très attentif à la qualité du travail de ses traducteurs en français et en arabe, en particulier pour *The Prophet*.

Il interagit étroitement avec la poétesse américaine francophile **Madeline Mason-Manheim** pour la version française (1926) et avec le métropolite orthodoxe de New York **Antonios Bachir** pour la version arabe (1926).

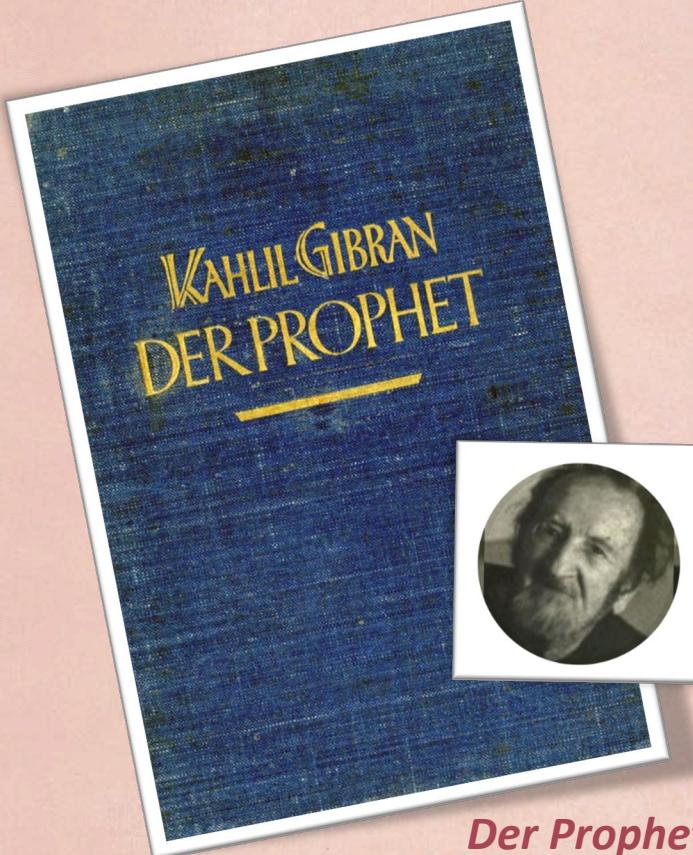
Il rencontra **Karel Verhulst** qui publia *De Profeet*, la traduction néerlandaise d'Elisabeth Visscher Valckenier (1927).



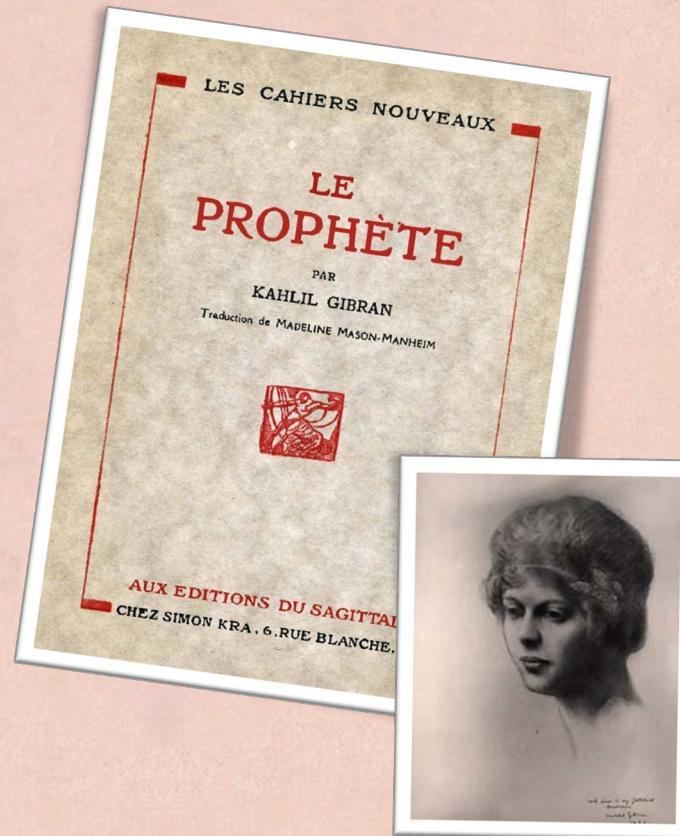
TRADUIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Der Prophet — Le Prophète

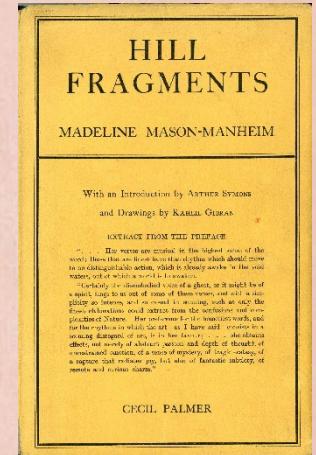


Der Prophet, 1925
(Georg-Eduard Freiherr von Stietencron)



Le Prophète, 1926
(Madeline Mason)

Hill Fragments, 1925



With an Introduction by ARTHUR SYMONS
and Drawings by KHALIL GIBRAN

EXTRACT FROM THE FOREWORD
The words are music in the highest sense of the word. They are the language of the heart, the language of the soul, the language of the spirit, the language of the imagination, the language of the infinite, the language of the divine. They are the language of the heart, the language of the soul, the language of the spirit, the language of the imagination, the language of the infinite, the language of the divine.

It is a language that can speak to all of us, to all of them even, and yet which will bring no sorrow, set us free from all care, and free us from all pain. It is a language that can speak to all of us, to all of them even, and yet which will bring no sorrow, set us free from all care, and free us from all pain. It is a language that can speak to all of us, to all of them even, and yet which will bring no sorrow, set us free from all care, and free us from all pain. It is a language that can speak to all of us, to all of them even, and yet which will bring no sorrow, set us free from all care, and free us from all pain. It is a language that can speak to all of us, to all of them even, and yet which will bring no sorrow, set us free from all care, and free us from all pain.

CECIL PALMER

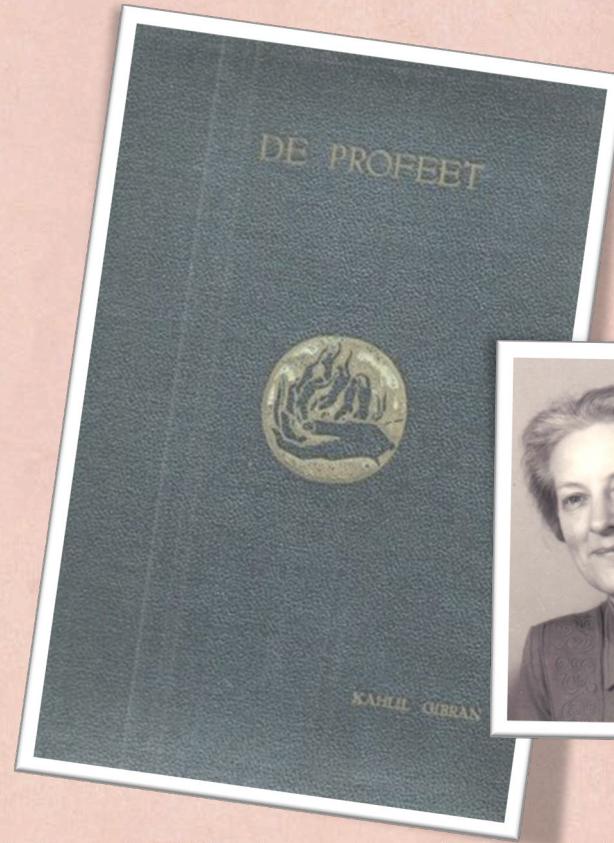
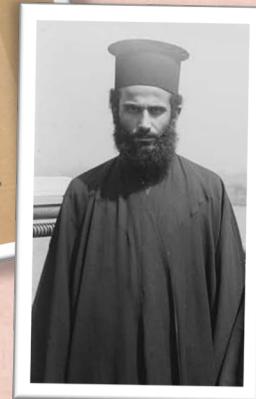
TRADUIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Al-Nabī — De Profeet



*Al-Nabī, 1926
(Anṭūniyūs Bashīr)*



*De Profeet, 1927
(Elisabeth Visscher Valckenier)*



TRADUIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

L'anglais de Khalil Gibran

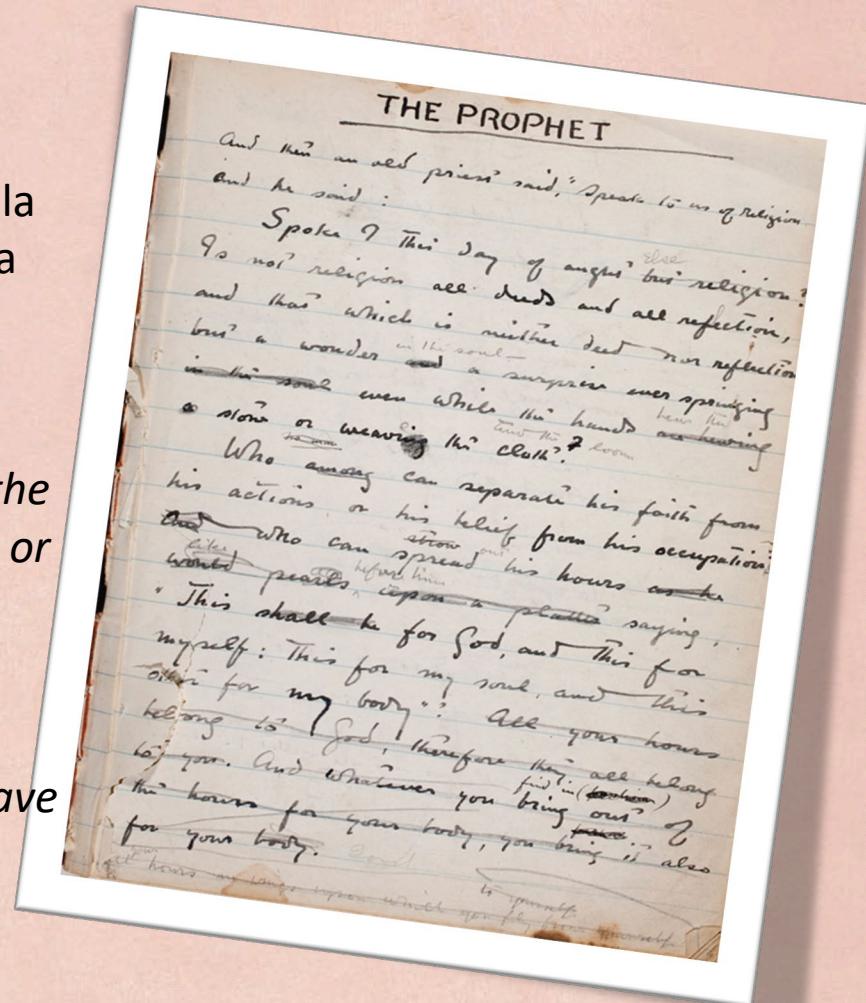
Très largement influencé par l'œuvre de William Shakespeare et par la version dite *King James* de la Bible, ses références dans son apprentissage de la langue anglaise à Boston.

[...] for **thou canst not** hear the songs of my darkness nor see my wings beating against the stars — and I **fain** would not have **thee** hear or see. I would be with night alone.

— My Friend

*It grieves me, Brother, that **thou shouldst** leave me. But if **thou must needs** go, so be it.*

— The Two Hermits



TRADUIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

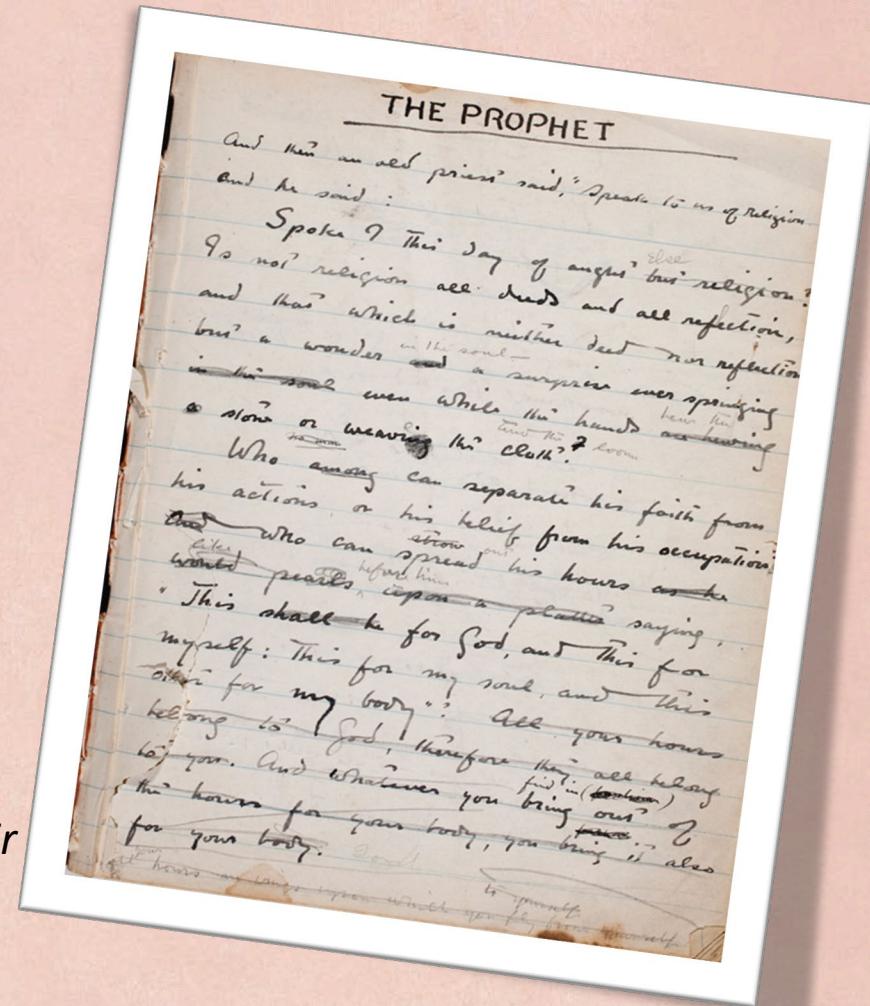
Le français classique pour rendre le style vieilli,
voire ancien, de l'anglais

Rarement, équivalence d'archaïsmes entre
l'anglais et le français :

- *oftentimes* ➤ *souventefois, souventes fois*

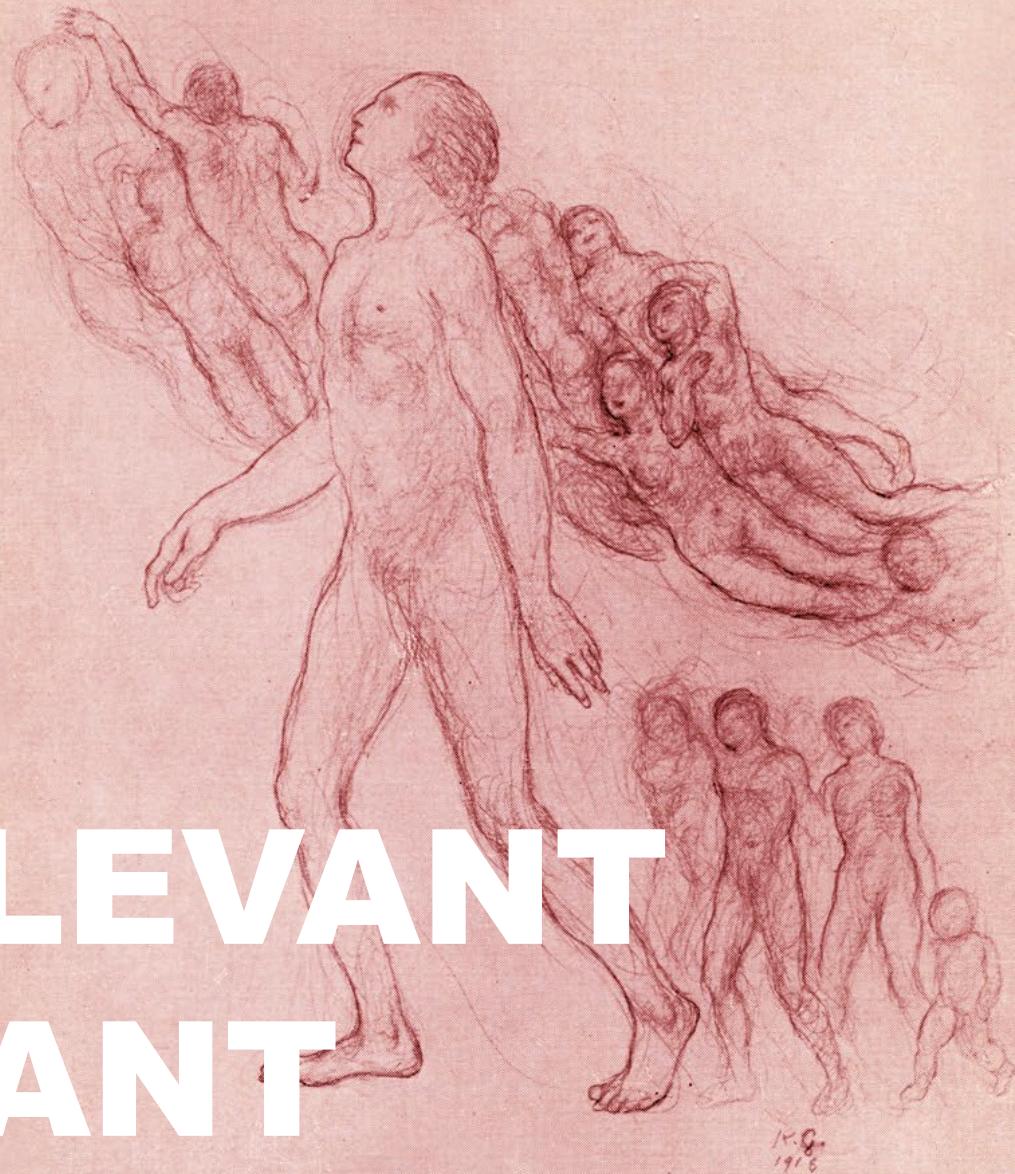
Dans la plupart des cas, recherche de mots et
tours anciens et adoption d'un style classique :

- *Fox* ➤ *Goupil*
- *Art thou like me?* ➤ *Es-tu à moi pareil ?*
- *(...) for I would not have thee know that my mind doth not dwell upon the wind but upon the sea.* ➤ *(...) car je ne te permettrai de savoir que mon esprit point ne s'attarde sur le vent, mais bien sur la mer.*



TRADUIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN



ENTRE LEVANT ET PONANT

KHALIL GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN



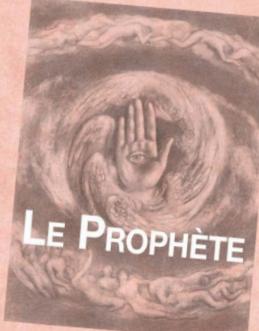
Présentation bilingue



Philippe Maryssael

Édition bilingue
(5 février 2020)

KHALIL GIBRAN



Présentation bilingue
Philippe Maryssael



Preface
Abdallah Naaman

Édition bilingue
(30 novembre 2020)

KHALIL GIBRAN
LE PROPHÈTE



Nouvelle traduction



Philippe Maryssael

Édition bilingue
(15 février 2019)

Présentation bilingue
Philippe Maryssael



DÉJA PARUS...

08/10/2022

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Édition bilingue
(3 février 2022)

KHALIL GIBRAN



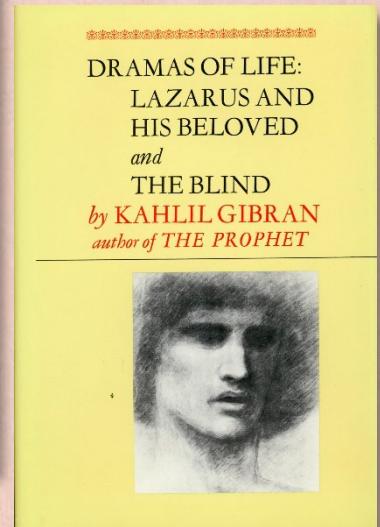
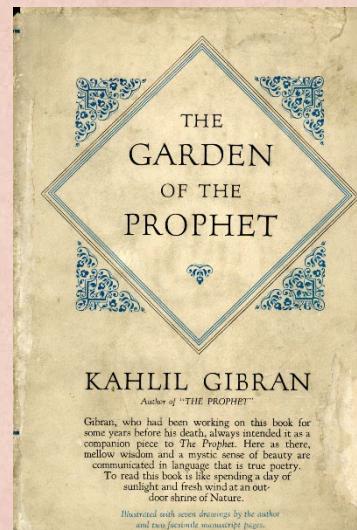
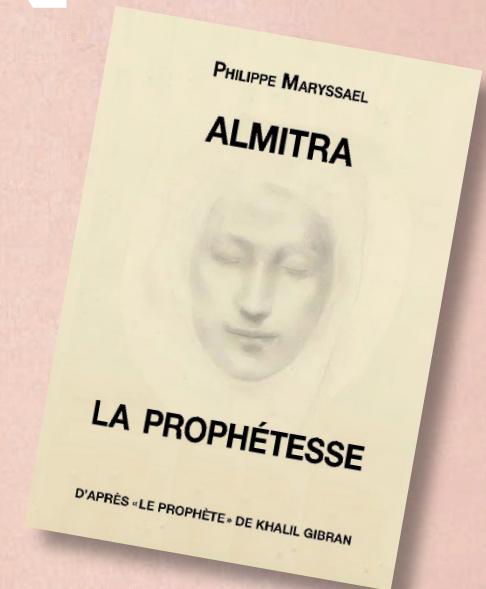
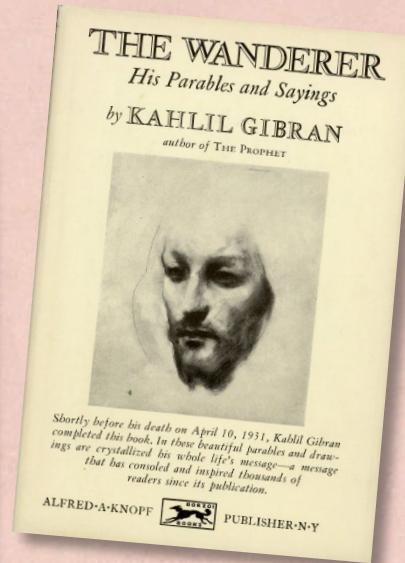
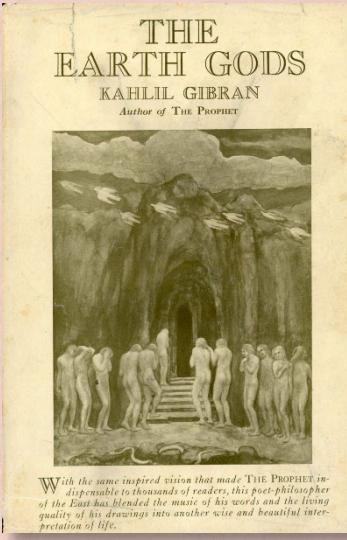
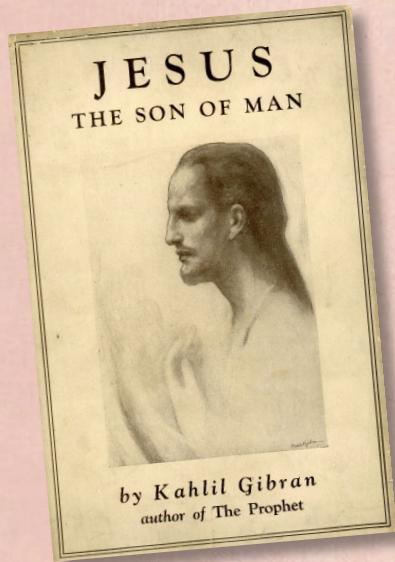
Présentation bilingue
Philippe Maryssael



Preface
Abdallah Naaman

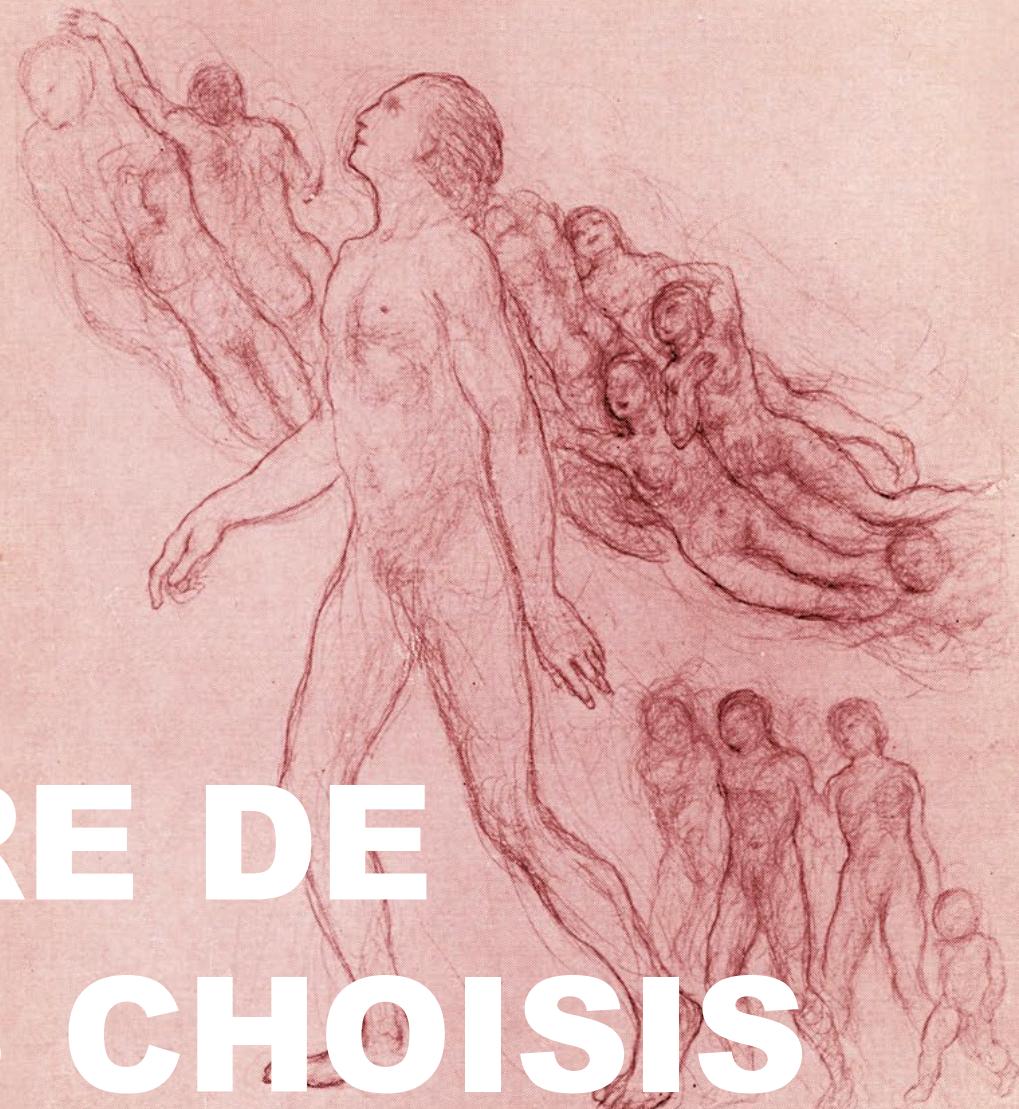
Édition unilingue
(15 décembre 2021)

KHALIL GIBRAN



PROJETS...

KHALIL GIBRAN



LECTURE DE TEXTES CHOISIS

KHALIL GIBRAN

L'Astronome (Le Fol)

*In the shadow of the temple my friend and I saw a blind man sitting alone.
And my friend said, "Behold the wisest man of our land."
Then I left my friend and approached the blind man and greeted him. And we conversed.
After a while I said, "Forgive my question; but since when hast thou been blind?"
"From my birth," he answered.
Said I, "And what path of wisdom followest thou?"
Said he, "I am an astronomer."
Then he placed his hand upon his breast saying, "I watch all these suns and moons and stars."*

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Visages (Le Fol)

I have seen a face with a thousand countenances, and a face that was but a single countenance as if held in a mould.

I have seen a face whose sheen I could look through to the ugliness beneath, and a face whose sheen I had to lift to see how beautiful it was.

I have seen an old face much lined with nothing, and a smooth face in which all things were graven.

I know faces, because I look through the fabric my own eye weaves, and behold the reality beneath.

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

L'Amour (Le Précurseur)

*They say the jackal and the mole
Drink from the self-same stream
Where the lion comes to drink.*

*And they say the eagle and the vulture
Dig their beaks into the same carcass,
And are at peace, one with the other,
In the presence of the dead thing.*

*O love, whose lordly hand
Has bridled my desires,
And raised my hunger and my thirst
To dignity and pride,*

*Let not the strong in me and the constant
Eat the bread or drink the wine
That tempt my weaker self.*

*Let me rather starve,
And let my heart parch with thirst,
And let me die and perish,
Ere I stretch my hand
To a cup you did not fill,
Or a bowl you did not bless.*

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Aphorismes (Le Sable et l'Écume)

(11) *A pearl is a temple built by pain around a grain of sand.*

What longing built our bodies and around what grains?

(96) *When you reach the heart of life you shall find beauty in all things, even in the eyes that are blind to beauty.*

(180) *They deem me mad because I will not sell my days for gold;
And I deem them mad because they think my days have a price.*

(238) *My friend, you and I shall remain strangers unto life,
And unto one another, and each unto himself,
Until the day when you shall speak and I shall listen
Deeming your voice my own voice;
And when I shall stand before you
Thinking myself standing before a mirror.*

(309) *In the autumn I gathered all my sorrows and buried them in my garden.
And when April returned and spring came to wed the earth, there grew in my garden beautiful flowers unlike all other flowers.
And my neighbors came to behold them, and they all said to me, "When autumn comes again, at seeding time,
will you not give us of the seeds of these flowers that we may have them in our gardens?"*

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Des Enfants (Le Prophète)

And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, Speak to us of Children.

And he said:

Your children are not your children.

They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.

They come through you but not from you,

And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.

You may give them your love but not your thoughts,

For they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies but not their souls,

*For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even
in your dreams.*

You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.

For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.

*The Archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He bends you with
His might that His arrows may go swift and far.*

Let your bending in the Archer's hand be for gladness;

For even as he loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the bow that is stable.

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

De la Connaissance de soi (Le Prophète)

And a man said, Speak to us of Self-Knowledge.

And he answered, saying:

Your hearts know in silence the secrets of the days and the nights.

But your ears thirst for the sound of your heart's knowledge.

You would know in words that which you have always known in thought.

You would touch with your fingers the naked body of your dreams.

And it is well you should.

The hidden well-spring of your soul must needs rise and run murmuring to the sea;

And the treasure of your infinite depths would be revealed to your eyes.

But let there be no scales to weigh your unknown treasure;

And seek not the depths of your knowledge with staff or sounding line.

For self is a sea boundless and measureless.

Say not, "I have found the truth," but rather, "I have found a truth."

Say not, "I have found the path of the soul." Say rather, "I have met the soul walking upon my path."

For the soul walks upon all paths.

The soul walks not upon a line, neither does it grow like a reed.

The soul unfolds itself, like a lotus of countless petals.

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

De la Beauté (Le Prophète)

And a poet said, Speak to us of Beauty.

And he answered:

*Where shall you seek beauty, and how shall you find her unless she herself be your way and your guide?
And how shall you speak of her except she be the weaver of your speech?*

The aggrieved and the injured say, "Beauty is kind and gentle.

Like a young mother half-shy of her own glory she walks among us."

And the passionate say, "Nay, beauty is a thing of might and dread.

Like the tempest she shakes the earth beneath us and the sky above us."

The tired and the weary say, "Beauty is of soft whisperings. She speaks in our spirit.

Her voice yields to our silences like a faint light that quivers in fear of the shadow."

But the restless say, "We have heard her shouting among the mountains,

And with her cries came the sound of hoofs, and the beating of wings and the roaring of lions."

At night the watchmen of the city say, "Beauty shall rise with the dawn from the east."

And at noontide the toilers and the wayfarers say, "We have seen her leaning over the earth from the windows of the sunset."

...

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

De la Beauté (Le Prophète)

*In winter say the snow-bound, "She shall come with the spring leaping upon the hills."
And in the summer heat the reapers say, "We have seen her dancing with the autumn leaves, and we saw a drift of snow in her hair."*

*All these things have you said of beauty,
Yet in truth you spoke not of her but of needs unsatisfied,
And beauty is not a need but an ecstasy.*

*It is not a mouth thirsting nor an empty hand stretched forth,
But rather a heart enflamed and a soul enchanted.*

*It is not the image you would see nor the song you would hear,
But rather an image you see though you close your eyes and a song you hear though you shut your ears.*

*It is not the sap within the furrowed bark, nor a wing attached to a claw,
But rather a garden for ever in bloom and a flock of angels for ever in flight.*

*People of Orphalese, beauty is life when life unveils her holy face.
But you are life and you are the veil.
Beauty is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror.
But you are eternity and you are the mirror.*

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Sur le Sable (Le Pérégrin)

Said one man to another, “At the high tide of the sea, long ago, with the point of my staff I wrote a line upon the sand; and the people still pause to read it, and they are careful that naught shall erase it.”

And the other man said, “And I too wrote a line upon the sand, but it was at low tide, and the waves of the vast sea washed it away. But tell me, what did you write?”

And the first man answered and said, “I wrote this: ‘I am he who is.’ But what did you write?”

And the other man said, “This I wrote: ‘I am but a drop of this great ocean.’”

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

La Perle (Le Pérégrin)

Said one oyster to a neighboring oyster, “I have a very great pain within me. It is heavy and round and I am in distress.”

And the other oyster replied with haughty complacence, “Praise be to the heavens and to the sea, I have no pain within me. I am well and whole both within and without.”

At that moment a crab was passing by and heard the two oysters, and he said to the one who was well and whole both within and without, “Yes, you are well and whole; but the pain that your neighbor bears is a pearl of exceeding beauty.”

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

*I went up the hill
With bread and wine,
And ate my loaf
And drank my cup.
Then I was drowsy
And slept in the sun.
And as I slept
A lark came down
And picked a crumb
Out of my hand;
And drank a drop
From upon my lip.

And then he flew
Into the air,
And fluttered his wings,
And sang his song.
And waked my heart
And opened my eyes.*

Sans titre (Texte inédit)

*Then said I,
Would that he had
All the bread
Upon my hand,
And all the wine
Within my heart.
For all there is
In hand and heart
Would rise and sing.

Pity it is
We drowse too soon;
Pity it is
We fall asleep
Ere our song
Encompass the height,
And ere our hand
Inherit the deep.*

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

La Vigne sacrée (Texte inédit)

*The grape is a jewel.
The leaves are jewels.
The fragrance is amber.
The taste is desire poured into a cup.*

*Should a lover drink
He would be lost in wonder,
And deem it his own love
Running,
A stream from his lips to his heart.*

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

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