

Vendredi 26 janvier 2018  
9 h-12 h (MDR salles 2.41 et 2.44)

**« La poésie boursière de langue anglaise du XVIII<sup>e</sup> au XXI<sup>e</sup> siècles :  
interpréter les discours hybrides par les encyclopédies spécialisées »**

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**Exemplier**

**La poésie boursière populaire**

**1. Poème daté de 1720 sur la Bulle des Mers du Sud.** Thématique – L'illusion de la spéculation

<p>Five Hundred Millions, Notes and Bonds, Our Stocks are worth in Value, But neither lie in Goods nor Lands Or Money let me tell you. Yet, though our Foreign Trade is lost, Of Mighty Wealth we Vapour, When all the riches that we Boast Consist in Scrips of Paper</p>	<p>Cinq cents millions, en billets et en obligations vaut notre capital actions, mais rien en biens ni rien en terres ni en comptant, moi je vous le dis. Pourtant, bien que notre commerce extérieur soit perdu, nous nous enivrons de fortune et de puissance alors que toutes les richesses dont nous nous vantons ne sont que bouts de papier.</p>
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**2. Poème daté de 1720 sur Exchange Alley, ruelle de la City de Londres à l'origine de l'activité spéculative avant l'avènement du London Stock Exchange (1800).** Thématique – À 'Change Alley, la frénésie spéculative est facteur d'égalité nationale, sociale, religieuse, sexuelle...

<p>The Turk and the Jew, And Priests not a few, The Country, the Town and the Court;</p>	<p>Here Ladies and Peers And some without ears To Cheat and be Cheated resort.</p>
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**3. Poème de Serge Matsko**  
**Mouvement Occupy Wall Street, 2011**  
Thématique – Le capitalisme boursier contre la démocratie (« We are the 99% »)

1. you OWS Me
2. Mr. UberPoor-UberRich  
breaks in two & falls in ditch.
3. sub-crime mortgages  
for sub-prime people

4. capitalism - you never full,  
you're always hungry as a bull,  
you're always rude, you're always tough,  
you'll never get a word enough.  
democracy – a dream of Greece,  
the love we have, but always miss...
- democracy – a laser beam  
to keep the bull from the extreme
5. police state for police!

## La poésie boursière cultivée

### 4. Exemples du genre « poésie boursière cultivée »

Auteur	Année	Titre	Pays
Gent, J. B.	1720	<i>A poem occasion'd by the rise and fall of South-Sea stock</i> [26 pages]	GB
Swift, Jonathan	1721	<i>The South Sea Project</i> [228 vers]	GB
Pope, Alexander	1732	<i>An Epistle to Allen Lord Bathurst</i> [236] vers)	GB
Auteur anonyme	1746	<i>The art of Stock jobbing: A poem, In imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry</i>	GB
Auteur anonyme	1791	<i>The Glass; or Speculation: A Poem</i>	US
Stedman, Edmund	1867	<i>Pan in Wall Street</i> [88 vers]	US
Stedman, Edmund	1869	<i>Israel Freyer's Bid for Gold</i> [116 vers]	US

### 5. Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) : *The South Sea Project* (extraits)

Ye wise philosophers, explain  
 What magic makes our money rise,  
 When dropt into the Southern main;  
 Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;  
*Presto!* be gone--'Tis here again:  
 Ladies and gentlemen, behold,  
 Here's every piece as big as ten.

[...]  
 Raised up on Hope's aspiring plumes,  
 The young adventurer o'er the deep  
 An eagle's flight and state assumes,  
 And scorns the middle way to keep.

On paper wings he takes his flight,  
 With wax the father bound them fast;  
 The wax is melted by the height,  
 And down the towering boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain  
 The rashness of the Cretan youth;[1]  
 Describe his fall into the main,

And from a fable form a truth.

His wings are his paternal rent,  
 He melts the wax at every flame;  
 His credit sunk, his money spent,  
 In Southern Seas he leaves his name.  
 [...]

There is a gulf, where thousands fell,  
 Here all the bold adventurers came,  
 A narrow sound, though deep as Hell –  
 'Change Alley is the dreadful name.  
 [...]

But never shall our isle have rest,  
 Till those devouring swine run down,  
 (The devils leaving the possess)  
 And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,  
 Computing all their cost and trouble,  
 Directors' promises but wind,  
 South Sea, at best, a mighty bubble.

### 6. Stedman, Edmund (1833-1908, banquier, membre du New York Stock Exchange, historien du NYSE et poète) : *Pan in Wall Street* (1867, extrait, deux premières trophes)

JUST where the Treasury's marble front  
 Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;  
 Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont  
 To throng for trade and last quotations;  
 Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold  
 Outrival, in the ears of people,  
 The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled  
 From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain  
 Sound high above the modern clamor,  
 Above the cries of greed and gain,  
 The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;  
 And swift, on Music's misty ways,  
 It led, from all this strife for millions,  
 To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days  
 Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

**7. Stedman, Edmund: *Israel Freyer's Bid for Gold*** (1869, publié dans le *New York Tribune* le 28 septembre 1869, extrait, 1<sup>ère</sup> et 3<sup>e</sup> strophes).

Thématique – *Black Friday* du 24 septembre 1869, journée de crise spéculative dramatique sur l'or. La clique de Jay Gould et Jim Fisk accapare l'or (à 140 dollars environ) et fait monter les cours en manipulant la Maison Blanche pour empêcher le Trésor d'en vendre, ce qui provoquerait l'effondrement des cours. Le 24 septembre, le cours atteint 165 dollars causant une panique indescriptible, jusqu'à ce que le gouvernement décide de vendre. Les cours chutent de 160 à 133 dollars. Le manipulateur de la Gold Room mandaté par la clique, Albert Speyers, perd la raison et continue à acheter à 160. Albert Speyers est ici remplacé par Israel Freyer, choix illustrant l'anti-sémitisme latent de Wall Street.

Zounds! how the price went flashing through  
Wall street, William, Broad street, New!  
All the specie in all the land  
Held in one Ring by a giant hand—  
For millions more it was ready to pay,  
And throttle the Street on hangman's-day.  
Up from the Gold Pit's nether hell,  
While the innocent fountain rose and fell,  
Loud and higher the bidding rose,  
And the bulls, triumphant, faced their foes.  
It seemed as if Satan himself were in it:  
Lifting it—one per cent a minute—  
Through the bellowing broker, there amid,  
Who made the terrible, final bid!  
High over all, and ever higher,  
Was heard the voice of Israel Freyer,—  
A doleful knell in the storm-swept mart,—  
"Five millions more! and for any part  
I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

One Hundred and Sixty! Can't be true!  
What will the bears-at-forty do?  
How will the merchants pay their dues?  
How will the country stand the news?  
What'll the banks—but listen! hold!  
In screwing upward the price of gold  
To that dangerous, last, particular peg,  
They had killed their Goose with the Golden Egg!  
Just there the metal came pouring out,  
All ways at once, like a waterspout,  
Or a rushing, gushing, yellow flood,  
That drenched the bulls wherever they stood!  
Small need to open the Washington main,  
Their coffer-dams were burst with the strain!  
It came by runners, it came by wire,  
To answer the bid of Israel Freyer,  
It poured in millions from every side,  
And almost strangled him as he cried,—  
"I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

## La poésie boursière d'initiés

**9. *House Scraps*** – Recueil de 183 p., publié en 1887 pour 200 membres du London Stock Exchange. Contient une collection hétéroclite de *memorabilia* boursiers, généralement anonymes accumulées sur près de deux siècles : anecdotes, traditions, dialogues, caricatures, gravures, extraits de pièces de théâtre, fables, dictons, chansons, mini dictionnaires d'argot boursier, almanac, pastiches, beaucoup de poèmes (parfois en latin et en français).

**8. *Three German Jews*** (London Stock Exchange, *House Scraps*, années 1860-70, chanté sur l'air de la contine *Three blind mice* citée en regard)

Three German Jews (repeat)  
See how they run; (repeat)  
They all run up and down Angel Court  
Saying "Preference and Unified should to be bought"  
For the 'bull' account isn't as big as you thought"  
Three German Jews.

Three blind mice, (repeat)  
See how they run, (repeat)  
They all ran after the farmer's wife,  
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife,  
Did you ever see such a sight in your life,  
As three blind mice?

## 9. *The Stock Exchange alphabet* (*House Scraps*)

A is our Architect, weighed with care  
B stands for Broker, for Bull, and for Bear.  
C's the Contango that's paid by the bull  
D the Defaulter who can't pay in full.

F the Electric Light – always going out.  
F the financiers, who're never in doubt  
G for the cheese – Gorgonzola by name  
H for the House that is built of the same

I the Investor, with good store of cash  
 J for the Jobber, who cuts such a dash.  
 K are the knowing ones – awfully clever.  
 L is the limit, which cometh off never.  
 M are the Managers, stern yet serene.  
 N are the notice boards everywhere seen.  
 O is the option to put or to call.  
 P is the Panic that causes a fall.

Q's the quotation the broker requires.  
 R are the rates which rise higher and higher.  
 S Speculator, who stumbles along.  
 T is the 'good tip' – invariably wrong!  
 U is the stock which we Unified call.  
 W for Wetenhall, famed for its list  
 X is a letter I fear must be missed  
 Z is the Zeal this is done with – you bet!

## 10. House slang (extraits, *House Scraps*)

Oh! in the good old days,  
 At least so I've been told,  
 We only heard of 'puff', and 'rig', and 'bang'.  
 But now better things exist,  
 For we really swell the list,  
 And have really quite a choice of market slang.  
 [...]  
 We beat Charlie D— and Lord Byron  
 In their nice gay Lotharian ways  
 For we have our 'Sarahs' and 'Claras'  
 Our 'Noras' and 'Doras' for fays.

We kneel at the feet of our 'Nancys'  
 We load them with 'Cottons' and 'Tapes'  
 If anything tickles our fancy  
 We buy them 'Brums', 'Caleys' or 'Apes'. [...]

In slang we do it rather brown;  
 But when the members fail,  
 Why, then the dealers quail  
 For it sets the 'Hammer' working up and down.

Puff, rig, bang : manipuler un cours (à la hausse, à la baisse)  
 Sarahs : Manchester, Sheffield & Lincolnshire Rly  
 Claras : Caledonian Rly (Defferred)  
 Noras : Great Northern Rly  
 Doras : South-Eastern Rly  
 Cottons : Confederate Dollar Bonds  
 Tapes : Exchange Telegraph Company  
 Brums : London & North-Western Rly ('Brum' = Birmingham)  
 Caleys : Caledonian Rly  
 Apes : Atlantic 1st Mortgage Bonds

## 11. The broker's clerk (extraits, *House Scraps*)

When first I came to London Town  
 A simple country joker  
 I went to work with Mr. Brown  
 a most respected broker.

He dealt in Stocks, Reduced, Consols,  
 And corporation pledges;  
 The work was quite a change for oi  
 From trimming up the hedges.

Oh, Lord how well he treated us,  
 He gave us lots of victuals;  
 And there was joy in his employ,  
 All life was beer and skittles

Ah! they were merry happy times,  
 While markets kept on rising,  
 And everything went upwards till  
 The prices were surprising

Then every settling day at one  
 Two good half-crown he gave us  
 And all expense and trouble he  
 Would do his best to save us

Then Smith, my fellow clerk explained  
 'The bulls are coining money,'  
 'And Brown's a Bull,' I thought it strange  
 That he should talk so funny.

Then Brown looked down, and went about  
 With features marked with care;  
 And Smith irreverently declared  
 'The fool should be a Bear.'

But one fine morning Brown collapsed;  
 They took him off to jail;  
 And I returned to rustic life  
 To wield my father's flail. [...]

## 12. Épigramme française sur la crise du Mississippi (1710-20, *House Scraps*)

Qui l'aurait cru ? miracle étrange  
 Aujourd'hui par les soins de Law (\*)  
 Comme dans les mains de Midas  
 Dans nos mains tout en or se change  
 (\*) Prononcé « Lass » au XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle

Que chacun prenne garde à soi :  
 Après avoir chanté merveille,  
 Il pourrait bien comme à ce roi,  
 Nous venir de grandes oreilles.