

immaterials



March 28th - July 15th
ROUTE : ZONES & SITES

ENGLISH VERSION OF THE FRENCH SOUND-TRACK

abroek

CREATION JM ORTIZ - DORVILLE - PARIS



Centre Georges Pompidou

ZONE 3

SITE OF THE THEATRE OF THE NON-BODY

I gave up before birth, it is not possible otherwise, but birth there had to be, it was he, I was inside, that's how I see it, it was he who wailed, he who saw the light, I didn't wail, I didn't see the light, it's impossible I should have a voice, impossible I should have thoughts, and I speak and think, I do the impossible, it is not possible otherwise, it was he who had a life, I didn't have a life, a life not worth having, because of me, he'll do himself to death, because of me, I'll tell the tale, the tale of his death, the end of his life and his death, his death alone would not be enough, not enough for me, if he rattles it's he who will rattle, I won't rattle, he who will die, I won't die, perhaps they will bury him, if they find him, I'll be inside, he'll rot, I won't rot, there will be nothing of him left but bones, I'll be inside, nothing left but dust, I'll be inside, It is not possible otherwise, that's how I see it, the end of his life and his death, how he will go about it, go about coming to an end, it's impossible I should know, I'll know, step by step, impossible I should tell, I'll tell, in the present, there will be no more talk of me, only of him, of the end of his life and his death, of his burial if they find him, that will be the end, I won't go on about worms, about bones and dust, no one cares about them, unless I'm bored in his dust, that would surprise me, as stiff as I was in his flesh, here long silence perhaps he'll drown, he always wanted to drown, he didn't want them to find him, he can't want now any more, but he used to want to drown, he used to want them to find him, deep water and a millstone, urge spent like all the others, but why one day to the left, to the left and not elsewhere, here long silence, there will be no more I, he'll never say I any more, he'll never say anything any more, he won't talk to anyone, no one will talk to him, he won't talk to himself, he won't think any more, he'll go on, I'll be inside, he'll come to a place and drop, why there and not elsewhere, drop and sleep, badly because of me, he'll get up and go on, badly because of me, he can't stay still any more, because of me, he can't go on any more, because of me, there's nothing left in his head, I'll feed it all it needs.

S. BECKETT, *Foirades/Fizzles*,
in *For two hands get again*, London Calder.

ZONE 4

SITE OF THE VAIN NAKEDNESS SITE OF THE SECOND SKIN SITE OF THE ANGEL

« But there is one thing/that is something,/just one thing/that would be something,/and that I can feel/by its wanting/TO COME OUT :/the presence/of my bodily/pain,

the threatening/presence,/never wearisome/of my body ;

so strong that I am stifled with questions/and that I deny all the questions,/there is a limit/where I am forced/to say no.

NO

to negation/then ;

an this limit is/when I am stifled

when I am squeezed/and I am milked/until the departure/of food,/and its milk/out of me,

but what is left ?/I am suffocated ;

and I don't know if it is an action/but by stifling me so with questions/up to the absence/and to nothingness/of the question,

I was squeezed/up to the suffocation/in me/of the notion of body/and of being a body,

and then I could feel the obscene

I farted/out of folly/and excess/and out of the revolt/of my suffocation.

It is that I was squeezed/down to my body/and it is then/that I blew up everything/because my body/is never touched.

A. ARTAUD, To have done with God's judgement
From *Pour en finir avec le jugement de Dieu*,
Oeuvres Complètes XIII, Ed. Gallimard.

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

And this was my body.

The one before the split.

Listen to the legend that brings back its history. When neither man nor woman, yet at the same time, man and woman, mingled in him all the sacrilegious violence of the neuter.

Androgynous body, whirl of forces that dared challenge the heavens. When on the very ancient race of men, fell the divine wrath. And that Zeus decided to split them in two.

And having divided them thus, he ordered Appollo to turn their face towards the cut, so that man, on seeing his split, understood from then on his limits. Appollo, then, turned the face, and gathering, from everywhere, the skin over the belly, he only left one opening : it was the navel (...)

And this is our body.

From then on separated, exiled from itself. Since sex, male or female, divides you and binds you now. You look and say : but androgyne is everywhere nowadays. Disguised, it dwells in us and shows itself. Fake breasts, lips painted in red, azure and enamel eyelashes, wigs and false moustache. Under paint and paste-stones, the male body plays its pederast part. Theatrical Phallus, it sets up its parodic scene where the angel is an idol, image and a product-god. (...)

But this is not my body.

Further on, the voice is upset. (...) She says : my body is not my body, it mistook the sex. (...)

She confesses that she wants to kill the inseparable mother inside her. (...)

And cross the passage of agony anew, bear the burden of death, assuming that her body will at last be born again in there. (...)

Learn then that no body, maybe, was ever given.

That your body was already a prothesis, prostituted to the impossible.

That the unknown invokes you. The sex, called, by the other.

Learn that the angel haunts you because he left you long ago.

DOLORES ROGOZINSKI, The angel.
Translated by Ali and Mary Chokri

ZONE 6

SITE OF THE BLOWN UP BODY SITE OF THE INFRA-THIN SITE OF THE UNDISCOVERABLE SURFACE

« Albertine preserved, inseparably attached to her, all my impressions of a series of seascapes of which I was particularly fond. I felt that it was possible for me, on the girl's

two cheeks, to kiss the whole of the beach of Balbec (...).

When I let my eyes glide over the charming pink globe of her cheeks, (...) I could not help saying to myself : « Now, at last, (...) I am going to learn the fragrance of the secret rose that blooms in Albertine's cheeks, (...) when having made to emerge from its remoteness the flowering face that I had chosen from among all others, I shall at last acquire a tactual experience of it with my lips. (...)

I told myself that I was going to know the taste of this fleshly rose, because I had never stopped to think that man, a creature obviously less rudimentary in structure than the sea-urchin or even the whale, is nevertheless still unprovided with a certain number of essential organs, and notably possess none that will serve for kissing. The place of this absent organ he supplies with his lips. (...) But a pair of lips (...) must be content (...) with roaming over the surface and with coming to a halt at the barrier of the impenetrable but irresistible cheek. (...) To begin with, as my mouth began gradually to approach the cheeks which my eyes had suggested to it that it should kiss, my eyes, changing their position, saw a different pair of cheeks ; the throat, studied at closer range and as though through a magnifying glass, shewed in its coarse grain a robustness which modified the character of the face.

Apart from the most recent applications of the art of photography — (...) — I can think of nothing that can so effectively as a kiss evoke from what we believe to be a thing with one definite aspect, the hundred other things which it may equally well be since each is related to a view of it no less legitimate. In short, (...) as if wildly accelerating the speed of the changes of aspect and changes of colouring which a person presents to us in the course of our various encounters, I had sought to contain them all in the space of a few seconds so as to reproduce experimentally the phenomenon which diversifies the individuality of a fellow creature, and to draw out one from another, like a nest of boxes, all the possibilities that it contains, in this brief passage of my lips towards her cheek it was ten Albertines that I saw.

MARCEL PROUST, The Guermites way in *Remembrance of things past*, edited by Chatto and Windus. London

Translated by G.K. Scott Moncrieff

ZONE 7

SITE OF THE INDISCERNIBLES

Wager offered by Leibniz to his friends :

« There are not two indiscernible individuals in the world », each singular reality differs from all the others in quality. I therefore defy you, said the German philosopher, to discover two exactly identical leaves in this forest, two identical fish in this lake, or two same drops of water in all the ocean.

— Objection, Your Honour, answered Heisenberg two centuries later : if this principle of individuation governs at our human scale, it loses all validity at the scale of microphysic phenomena. At this level it is impossible to assign to the corpuscles a precise dimension or place, a stable shape, a permanent identity.

I am quite sure, the physician went on, I can experimentally provoke the loss of individuality of a micro-particle.

Take two corpuscles individualized by their trajectory, make them cross a zone of uncertainty : at the exit of this area, there they are indiscernible. (...)

« The atom is crowd. It is crowd before being an individual, even before being a being ». We have to renounce the illusion of an elementary singularity already present from the origin, to the roots of the being. « Because individuality is a privilege of complexity, and an isolated corpuscle is too simple to be endowed with individuality ».

Quotations : Successively, The rationalist activity of contemporary physics. The new scientific mind
From G. BACHELARD : *Le nouvel esprit scientifique*, Ed. PUF.
L'activité rationaliste de la physique contemporaine, Ed. PUF.

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri.

ZONE 9

SITE OF LUMINESCENT PAINTING SITE OF THE BODILESS PAINTER SITE OF ALL THE COPIES

In the past the painter wanted to capture the sheen of colours in his painting. Restore its shades and its chiaroscuro.

Fix them on the surface of the canvas with paint. He would simulate depth. Tried imitating to render light. Now he wants to be more naïve or more radical : the painter steals light. He diverts it from its natural site, makes it work against its nature. (...) It is the light-material which makes painting exist, which draws it and delivers it up to hazard.

Thus there would not be in the endless scintillation of appearance, neither painter nor model. No more treatment or style. (...) For example, in order to loose the gesture such a painter would interpose a camera. (...)

« If I paint in this way, says Andy Warhol, it's because I want to be a machine ».

He dreams of a body without a body, automatic. (...)

Today our epoch is agitated and accelerated, it celebrates the reign of the multiple, of appearances and simulacra. The reign of repetition, fleeting signs, dead intensities, doubles without models and masks without faces.

The parody of parodies, spectral figurations of the series and of the rest.

Being a number species, the picture is magic. Unperceivable, it radiates, an exception to the rule.

A star dashing from forgetfulness, passing and fleeing, it glimmers « where there is no longer the original, but eternal scintillation, where in the glare of deviations and returns, the absence of the origin disperses ».

« Stains : rough copies : erasures.

Signs devour signs. Bushwood changes into desert, hullabaloo into silence. Ashes. Repetition, you are lost among the repetitions, you are a repetition among the repetitions. Trees retort to trees, sands to sands, the jungle of letters is repetition, the desert is repetition, (...) You are (I am) he is a repetition among the repetitions. It is you are I am : I am he is you are : you are he is I am ».

« Weak whispered mumbling, and it was one, not in words, only in light strokes. Repetition — attenuated, incoercible — (operating) by a dotard, active, unconscious reminding, where wrongly I felt I had no part and which in pictures, apparently detached, danced for no one.

Quotation : **BLANCHOT** The God's laughter **O. PAZ** The grammarian ape (extracts, mounting)

H. MICHAUX Emergences-Resurgences, (extracts).

Respectively from : *Le rire des dieux*, Ed. Nouvelle Revue française. *Le singe grammairien*, Ed. Albert Skira. *Emergences-Resurgences*, Ed. Albert Skira.

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

ZONE 10

SITE OF ALL THE SKINS SITE OF FOOD INTAKE

In a succession of rooms, classed in various departments, an army of lay figures without heads, without legs, aligning only torsos, necks of dolls flattened under silk. The undressing started, and undressing that strewed the vast rooms, as if a group of pretty girls had been undressing from a department to another, down to the very naked satin of their skins.

Silk stockings hanging on rods, showed round calf profiles, gloves were thrown with their fingers stretched, their small palms of byzantine virgins. Here, articles of fine lingerie, cuffs and white ties, small shawls and white collars, an infinite variety of light frills and flounces, a white froth escaping from boxes and rising up like morangue. There the dressing-jackets, little blouses, morning dresses, dressing gowns, linen, nainsook, lace, long white clothes light and loose ; white petticoats of every length, the petticoat that tightens round the knees, the petticoat with a train that sweeps and covers the floor, a flowing sea of petticoats, in which the legs drown ; (...) the skirt stiffened by the fingers of the dress-maker, the cold trousers with the cardboard box folds still on, all these dead percaline and batist, scattered on the counters, pell-mell, piled up, are going to become alive with life of flesh, a white cloud becoming sacred, bathed by the night, and whose least take-off, the pink flash of the knee beneath this whiteness, devastates the world.

E. ZOLA, To the ladies' happiness

From *Au bonheur des Dames*, Ed. Grasset et Fasquelle

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

The Roman emperor Publius Septimius Greta (189-212) organized meals where the names of all the dishes began by the same letter.

The emperor Heliogabale (204-222) is said to have been served with camel's heels, nightingales' tongues and ostrich' brains. He is said to have organized purple, pink and emerald green dinners. He is said to have seasoned his fish with gold powder, and his lentils with precious stones.

In La Liberté newspaper, Ildefonse-Léon Brisse (1803-1876) gave the recipe of chocolate scoter and apricots au gratin.

In 1867, Théophile Gauthier affirmed that Arkhangelsk veal is not as good as that of Pontoise.

Towards 1912, Apollinaire reported a « new cuisine » : fresh stemless violets, seasoned with lemon juice ; burbot cooked in a decoction of eucalyptus leaves ; rare sirloin steak seasoned with snuff ; barded quails cooked in liquorice.

Some people affirm (wrongly, without doubt) that milk from black cows would be whiter than that from other cows ; and that from the darkest night, void of any moon, would emerge the purest and brightest day.

GILBERT LASCAULT, Reunited tastes

From : *Les goûts réunis*, Ed. Yellow Now.

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

ZONE 12

SITE OF LIFE LANGUAGE SITE OF THE GAME OF CHESS SITE OF THE HIDDEN VARIABLES SITE OF REGISTRATION

There you exist.

In this place on the chess-board.

Filed, coded, marked. Even before your birth, ordered, registered.

Even if it is a stroke of luck or the result of chance : when yes is answered to the calculation, there is life.

So it is with matter which, to the order, codes its possibilities.

You exist because it is written in its code, there where the phrase of its physical laws is dictated, authorized by the formula which numbers, accepts and excludes such of its combinations. For example, invariably indexed to the operation which numbers it to the total of four.

Existing, still, because translated in the structure of the double helix, that of the genetic code.

Your existence, at last, otherwise governed by the laws of social structuration. This interior regulation, this invariant and hidden distribution, will have programmed you to the order of necessity.

Such a matrix will appear elementary or complex to you, its exclusive combination, its arbitrary mechanism closed up in itself, absolutely conservative.

With this particular order of the living, this dissonant but concerted score, unanimous, since from the simplest to the most complex, from bacteria to man, the genetic battery is the same.

An only universal living language. A unique memory.

For all that, one must reckon with the accident, the exceptional case, the chance which distracts the system. The irreversibility of the order can play tricks on you.

Such is the case with entropy which commands the living and its failing logic. Under its order, it is then the successive repetition which changes, time and number which invent.

Any distortion, any mutation is a lapsus of genre. Unforeseen declination.

Every new species is born by surprise, like an extravagance.

In the moving constellation of matter, life plays dice.

Children of fortune, born without reason, in a narration deprived of meaning, we would have been but those fortunate strokes of fate.

IT WAS/stellar issue/THE NUMBER/WOULD IT EXIST/other than sparse hallucination of agony/WOULD IT START AND WOULD IT STOP/oozing but negated and closed when appeared/finally/by some profusion widespread in rarity/WOULD IT BE CALCULATED/obviousness of the sum if any/WOULD IT LIGHT UP.

IT WOULD BE/worse/neither/more nor less/indifferently but as much/CHANCE.

NOTHING/of the memorable crisis/where/the event accomplished in view of any null result/human/BUT THE PLACE/WILL HAVE TAKEN PLACE/outside the interest/as for it being signalled/in general/according to such obliquity by such declivity/of fires.

A CONSTELLATION/cold out of forgetfulness and disuétude/not as much/as it enumerates/on some vacant and superior surface/the successive shock/sidereally/of a total account in formation.

Awake/doubting/rolling/shining and meditating.

Before stopping at some last point which consecrates it.

Every Thought emits a Cast of Dice.

S. MALLARMÉ, A Cast of Dice will never abolish Chance.

From *Un coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard*,
Oeuvres Complètes. Ed. Gallimard.

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

ZONE 13

SITE OF THE SMALL INVISIBLES SITE OF PLANE ARCHITECTURE

Suddenly, there was a tremendous stroke of gong.

The stroke of gong of the colour, a number of colours, vivid, so vivid, striking me hard, squashed up, piercing, clashing, like noises.

And yet, I was only seeing the most superficial of them.

This impact didn't look like anything known.

A genuine, fantastic optical pageant.

Yet inflicted rather than offered.

I was overflowed, flooded.

Phenomenal sharp vivid gathering, of distinct colours, squashed up one against the other, point to point, never merging,

without slowing their endless zigzagging movement, no one ever capable of guessing its scale and size, either microscopic, or « metropolos », or cosmic,

or maybe even situated in another world...

This flood, this invasion, this dynamics

which was not like a painting or a covered surface,

not even a coloured aspect one would want to contemplate, was an answer,

a deep nerve reaction in the assailed optical tracts.

The colours put almost at random became apparitions... which came out of the night.

One line rather than lines.

Until by dint of wandering,

never settling

in this reduced space,

there would inevitably be a stop.

A tangle, that is what we can see then, a drawing as if anxious to go back into itself.

The line is searching

without knowing what it is searching for,

refuses the immediate finds,

the solutions that offer themselves, the first temptations.

Careful not to « arrive »,

line of blind investigation.

Leading nowhere,

not aiming to be beautiful or interesting,

crossing itself with no reaction, without turning away, without intermingling, without intertwining with anything else,

without seeing a thing, a landscape, a face.

Not striking anything, somnambulist line.

Curved in places, and yet not enlacing.

Without embracing anything, never embraced.

A line that hasn't made its choice yet, not ready for a pinning down.

Without preference,/without stressing,/without yielding entirely to attractions.

... who sits ups, and wanders.

Bachelor line,/anxious to stay so,/to keep its distances,/never submitting,

blind to what is material.

Neither dominant, nor accompanying,/certainly not subordinate.

And the loss of place ?

So many other aspects and structurations...

So many events of the sight...

How to face them ? How to see them again ?

But it always was a matter of the impossible,/to render place without place,/matter without materiality, space without limitation.

And the object, how to present it when it had ceased to be weighty/ceased to be impenetrable,/ceased to be objective,/ceased to be fixed ;

intact and yet ruined.

And all measure lost,/all dimension,/all definitive cancelled.

H. MICHAUX, Emergences-Resurgences.
From *Emergences-Résurgences*, Ed. Albert Skira.

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri.

ZONE 14

SITE OF THE INVISIBLE MAN SITE OF THE COCKPIT SITE OF THE HURRIED EATER

Within my reach is a world. I call it world, like dead, I will call the earth nothingness. I call it world because there is not any other possible world for me. I believe, like when one advances towards an object, that I render it nearer, but it is the object that understands me. The object, invisible and outside the being, perceives me and supports me in the being. Itself unjustifiable chimera if I were not there, I can discern it, not in the vision I have of it, but in the vision and the knowledge it has of me. I am seen. I destin myself under this sight to a passivity that, instead of reducing me, makes me real.

M. BLANCHOT, Thomas the obscure.
From : *Thomas l'obscur*, Ed. Gallimard.

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri.

A receptacle, the poverty of which you'll have to consent to. When the inside stands still and ignores itself, breaks off with what goes with it.

A sleep apparently without trouble, which would dismiss the threat, that of dreams and names roaming outside. You would see each room without knowing whether they're rooms or cells, shelters or tabernacles. A habitation though, a series of enclaves, which would confine each body, keep it withheld, surrounded by the order of its successive versions. A couch one would think vowed to preservation. Where birth and death would reveal forbidden. There would be neither day nor night, a torpor, in short, the story of which you wouldn't know how to account for. Except, perhaps, describing it : walled in to the four corners of desire, you would get the image of a capsule. You would strictly resolve to determine its use : a cabin, a silent place, a reserve of forgetfulness.

Under the oak trees, surrounded by enormous brasiers endlessly fed, a table was set up, covered with a tablecloth showing a thousand snakes, burdened with large trays looking like millstones, blue-edged and gilt-edged dishes full with soot, with plaster still hot, buds about to blossom, tongues, hair, smooth porous stones heated in the weak sun, feathers and, between the glasses and the dishes, books, because the guests like to read when they're eating, turning pages with the help of a minute pair of tongs, paint brushes and ink, because the guests wrote when they were eating and drew fruit, those they like eating and those that they had never seen before, beautiful stony fruit in the shape of water drops garnished with pips and plump animals getting ready to fly.

E. SAVITSKAYA, Still life smells good
From : *Les morts sentent bon*, Ed. de Minuit

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

ZONE 16

SITE OF SELF-GENERATION

« He asked me if I had not been impressed by the elegance and gracefulness of the movement of these puppets, particularly of the smaller ones.

I could not deny that I had been impressed. (...)

I inquired about the mechanical control of these figures. How was it possible to direct the small limbs in the intricate rythms of the dance ? (...) He replied that (...) each limb (...)

has a focal point in movement, a center of gravity, and when this center is moved, the limbs follow without any additional handling. After all, the limbs are pendula, echoing automatically the movement of the center. (...) The line which the center of gravity has to describe is, at any rate, very simple (...). On the other hand there is something very enigmatic. (...) He dared to maintain that if an artisan would follow the directions that I want to give and build a marionette for me, I could have that marionette perform a dance which neither I nor any other capable dancer of this era could duplicate (...).

« And what advantage would those puppets of yours have over the human dancer ? »

« Advantage ? At first, my dear friend, only a negative one. The puppet would never slip into affectation (if we think of affectation as appearing when the center of intention of a movement is separated from the center of gravity of the movement). Since the puppeteer has no control over any point other than the center of gravity, and since this center is his only means of starting an intended movement, all the limbs follow the law of gravity and are what they ought to be : dead, mere pendula. We look in vain for this quality in the majority of our dancers (...).

I said that however cleverly he managed his paradoxes he would never make me believe that there was more grace in a jointed mechanical doll than there is in the structure of the human body :

He replied : « It is simply impossible for a human being to reach the grace of the jointed doll. Only a god can duel with matter on this level. (...)

After all self-consciousness has, so to speak, passed through infinity, the quality of grace will reappear ; and this reborn quality will appear in the greatest purity, a purity that has either no consciousness or consciousness without limit : either the jointed doll or the god ».

« Therefore », I said, a little distracted, « we must eat from the tree of knowledge again and fall back into a state of innocence ».

« By all means », he replied, « that is the last chapter in the history of the world. »

HEINRICH VON KLEIST, The marionette theater
in *Five Essays on Klee*, Distributed by DUELL SLOAN & PEARCE N. YORK

Translated by Don Clifford

ZONE 17

SITE OF STELLAR CRUCIBLES

One will have seen in the museum of some big observatory the photographic negatives of numerous galaxies and in particular that of the farthest sun the presence of which can be recorded by a telescope.

Does one know that to obtain such clear pictures, the axis of the instrument is animated by a complex movement which annuls the apparent movement of the stars ? The objective thus related to its target acquires the same movement as the latter. When one gets under the dome that shelters the monumental optical device, one will have never imagined that this one is not at one with the ground one treads upon, but with a glimmer that has its source at 41 million light-years away, invisible to the eye and maybe extinguished.

Here is an identity case : thanks to this movement, the telescope is a small part of the firmament, the identity, that of the aim is a particular case of the tremor.

This question is that of stillness in a complex of objects in movement. What is amazing in the physicians' descriptions of the universe, is their abrupt way of telling about the constitution of enormous masses of suns out of incredibly small corpuscles, all this being placed in a sort of poverty of the states of matter (the only equivalent of which is the erotic).

This question of stillness in movement is not the only one which can preoccupy the visitor to our museum : there is also disorder. These packets of incandescent clouds will

have seemed to have been disposed at random ; their movements are never assignable all together and simultaneously, due to the lack of a unique spatio-temporal reference. It will have been the same as far as encounters are concerned.

When he gets older, and thinks he knows how to trace the trajectory constituted by the series of meetings, or at least raise its distribution on the landscape of his experience, each one will realise that his history is made of pieces of narration forming clouds and that he is incapable of giving a unique and complete representation of all of these. It is only out of presumption that he thinks he can succeed in this.

The obstacle is not due to forgetfulness only, as in the astronomy to these huge distances that make the light coming from Messier 87, when it meets the objective indicate a source that has changed its place and maybe its state ; the difficulty is also due to the assessment of the masses concerning experiments that are nearer, much nearer, which localisation and attraction measures with their neighbours still suffer from uncertainty and the absence of fixed observatory and measure : what one will have thought to have grasped and possessed, the most accepted truths of one's life, be one a woman, a militant, a black, a white, a civil servant, an artist, the gains and the losses he will have reckoned countable, all this will have started shaking and withdraw from his desire to conclude. The masters call that disorder.

But those who think they are moving on many referentials at a time, will have known that this disorder is not at all due to the deregulation of some organisation, neither first, nor final, and that life, no more than the universe, is neither here to bear witness to a conceivable harmony nor to make a unity, it would be in charge of, come true.

One day, who knows, we will have inhabited the existence, and men will have lodged in their stories, in the same way the bodies of the solar system are travelling in the middle of galaxies.

J.F. LYOTARD, Tremulous narrations

Translated by : Ali & Mary Chokri

ZONE 18

SITE OF THE SHADOW OF SHADOW SITE OF THE TRACE OF TRACE SITE OF RECIPROCAL SPACE SITE OF STOLEN LIGHT

- « The possibility is written/out of/light
- if I imagine, in this light, these objects./I can't imagine them/excluded, in this light, without object.
- it was a sort of accident, and it happened/that light already according with this thing/that existed, that did exist, already, entirely, by itself
- a possibility was recovered/later
- there are these masses of dots that are swimming in an infinite space

it is not imaginable that there would be/neither these masses of dots nor an infinite space

- some colour that need not be red/some touch that needn't be heavy/et cetera
- objects, the unalterable/the subsisting (which subsists)/black

- the configurations of objects/produce the status/of light
- the totality of things/really existing/in the light
- from light, or non light, of the ones/it is impossible to deduce/light, or non light, the others
- the total of light is the world
- at first sight it seems that it would also be possible to scatter the inclination of shadows so far in/another way/on paper
- « truly, a composite soul would no longer be a soul »/paper ?
- a dark thin strip slanting grey/it is/tautology
- to be stretched/not/to be caught
- and the image, really goes back, by words,/to the very image/which sets them, here.
- to give the objects a name/image/that is (that would be) (that will be)/impossible deny
- objects :/without colour/like a number,/and,/like a number,/homeless
- image :/only/homeland/of an object
- without colour/like a number/sleeps furiously
- « *the invisible/is a redundancy/of the visible* », remote love.
- « no-other »/if I don't deny it with an unapproachable/love.
- love/of pure repetition/far from all « haecce-ity ».
- thus, it is, « what is,/ on paper,/insists, subsists, roams, repetition/even when it doesn't repeat anything »
- not their colour that will be/the *hard core* but their shape/given in a way after shadow, for the paper
- because first what is situated,/in middle-world, insists, for its part,/in its own name.
- the drawers where light, accumulating/seduces, with an avalanche (photons)/the grain of silver, to crawl (breathing)/until the day of assent, tunnel.
- *photography is manipulation/of the light/on paper./Shadow : reverse praise. »*

J. ROUBAUD, Shadow : reverse praise

From *Ombre : éloge inverse*, in Revue : Change International

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

**SITE OF THE UNREPRESENTABLE
SITE OF CALCULATED IMAGES**

« ... In this empire, Cartographic Art was carried to such Perfection that the Map of just one Province occupied all of one Town, and the Map of the Empire all of one Province. In time, these Enormous Maps ceased to give satisfaction, and the Cartographic Colleges drew up a Map of the Empire, which had the shape of the Empire and coincided with it in every detail. Having less of a passion for Cartographic Studies, the Following Generations thought that this Dilated Map was of no use, and, not without impiety, they abandoned it to the Inclemency of the Sun and Winters. In the Deserts of the West, subsist very damaged Ruines of the Map. Animals and Beggars live in them. In all the country, there is no longer any other trace of the Geographic Disciplines ».

« If we have been able to take Borgès's fable as the most beautiful allegory of simulation, where the cartographers of the Empire drew up a map so detailed that it ended up covering exactly the territory, this fable is in the past for us, and has no longer but the discreet charm of second class simulacra.

Nowadays, abstraction is no longer that of the map, the double, the mirror or the concept. Simulation is no longer that of a territory, a referential being, a substance. It is the generation by the models of a state of reality without origin or reality : hyperreality. The territory no longer proceeds the map, nor outlives it. It is the map that proceeds henceforth — PRECEDENCY OF SIMULACRA, it is that which engenders the territory, and if it were necessary to take up the fable again, it is today the territory of which the scraps are rotting slowly under the expanse of the map. The subsisting vestiges are of reality and not the maps, here and there in deserts that are no longer those of the Empire, but ours. *The desert of reality itself* ».

J.L. BORGÈS, History of the infamy/**J. BAUDRILLARD**, The precession of simulacra. Respectively from : *De la rigueur de la science*, Histoire de l'infamie. Coll. 10/18/*La précession des simulacres*, Traverses 10, Ed. Centre G. Pompidou/CCI.

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

**SITE OF PAINTED ODOUR
SITE OF SIMULATED AROMA**

« I am going to explain my invention to you now. Science until very recent times, has been content to fill in, for the sight and the hearing, the spatial and temporal absences. I started then to look for waves and vibrations never reached yet, to imagine instruments, to pick them up and transmit them. I obtained with relative ease the olfactory sensations ; the actual thermal and tactile sensations required my full perseverance. The existing means would've to be improved. (...) In front of my apparatus, a person, an animal or an object are comparable to a station that transmits the concert you hear on the radio. If you switch on the receiver of the olfactory waves, you'll smell the scent of the bunch of jasmine Madeleine wears on her blouse, without seeing HER. By switching on the sector of tactile waves, you'll be able to caress her smooth and invisible hair, and learn like the blind, to know things with your hands. But if you put on the whole set of receivers, Madeleine will come out as a complete being, reproduced in her totality, the exact image of herself ; you shouldn't forget that

it's a question of images taken from mirrors, perfectly synchronised with sound, the sense of touch, taste, smell and temperature. This is the first part of the machine ; the second records and the third projects. The latter requires neither screen nor paper. (...) I was sure though, that my simulations of persons lack self-awareness (like the characters of a film). I had a surprise : after a lot of work, and by harmoniously coordinating the data of my apparatus, I found myself face to face with regenerated persons that would disappear if I unplugged the projector, but none would be able to distinguish them from living people (we can see them as if moving into another world fortuitously approached by ours). If we grant consciousness, and all that distinguishes us from objects, to the people my apparatus created, the coordinated sensations, the soul will appear. We should have expected it. Madeleine was there for the sight, Madeleine was there for the hearing, Madeleine was there for the taste, Madeleine was there for the smell, Madeleine was there for the touch : here is Madeleine ».

A. BIOY CASARÈS, Morel's invention, From *L'invention de Morel*, Ed. UGE, Coll. 10/18.

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

**SITE OF SIMULATED VISITS
SITE OF SIMULATED DEPTH
SITE OF INVERTED REFERENCE**

And now our techniques have become capable of trapping what's fleeting and more. The threshold of disappearance has become the ideal of our mobiles. In the transparency of movement, events appear and disappear. Mislead the eye, like mist, the bottom of landscape rises up to the surface, inanimate objects loom up out of the horizon, come one by one impregnating the varnish of the windscreen, the perspective comes to life, the vanishing point becomes an assaulting point projecting its characteristics, and its lines on the traveller-voyeur, the objective of the chase becomes a source of light beating its rays down on the dazzled observer, fascinated by the forward movement of the scenery.

Fascination and double game of visions in the inside and on the front. The driving cabin becomes a simulator of landscapes.

The world becomes a video-game.

A game of transparency and transpiercing conducted by the director of motion. In this chase-race, the country is never precisely crossed, but rather perforated, in openwork, the driver is but the controller of this perforation, where reality seems to turn inside out, like a glove.

The frame of the windscreen is not a window then, but a sort of a french-window, through which the traveller-voyeurs rush in the attraction of the arrival. (...)

Dizziness that overcomes the passenger. (...)

What will we be waiting for when we won't need to wait for the arrival any longer ?

Quotation : **Marcel HENAFF**/Text : **Paul VIRILIO**, The dromoscopy From : *La dromoscopie*, L'horizon négatif, Ed. Galilée.

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

**SITE OF THE QUICKLY DRESSED
SITE OF THE THREE MOTHERS**

Many years ago, lived an emperor who was so very fond of new clothes, that he spared no expense in order to obtain as many fine dresses as possible (...). On a certain day two men arrived who gave out that they were weavers, and possessed the secret of weaving the most beautiful fabric that eyes had ever seen. They pretended also that, although the rich colours and designs were as beautiful as the material, yet the latter had a wonderful power of becoming invisible, even when made into clothes, to everybody who was either unsuitable for his position or very stupid.

« To have clothes of such a material as that would just suit me », thought the emperor. (...). Yes, I must have some of that stuff woven for myself » (...).

The imposters set up two looms, and pretended to be at work, but there was nothing on the looms at all. (...)

Every one in the whole city knew what a very strange power the fabric had, and were longing to find (...) how the stupidity of their neighbours might be discovered (...).

And then the emperor expressed a wish to see for himself what this wonderful stuff was like, while still on the loom. (...) The emperor approached the looms at which the two artful imposters were working with all their might, although there was not a single thread on the looms. (...)

« How is this ? » said the emperor to himself. « I can see nothing, this is really dreadful. Am I stupid ? Am I, as emperor, unfit for my position ? It would be the most dreadful thing if that could happen to me. Oh, really, it is very beautiful », he said aloud ; « it merits my highest approval in every way ». (...) He would not own that he saw nothing. All, however, who accompanied the emperor saw no more than he did, yet they agreed with him (...) and advised him to have some new clothes made of this magnificent fabric, to wear at the first grand procession.

The imposters (...) moved their hands as if they were taking the cloth from the loom ; they cut with their great scissors in the air, and sewed with needles that held no thread, and said (...) : « Here are the trousers, there is the coat, and here the cloak, » (...) « If your imperial majesty will now please to take off the old clothes, » said the imposters, « we will then dress you in the new clothes (...) before this large looking-glass, (...) and the imposters pretended to help him in putting on one article after another of the new clothes, while he twisted and turned himself about before the looking-glass. (...)

And thus the emperor walked in the procession (...), and all the people in the streets and at the windows said : « Dear Heaven ! what splendid clothes the emperor has on ! (...) » No one dared to make the remark that they saw nothing, for whoever should do so would be at once considered stupid or unfit for his office. (...)

« But the emperor has no clothes on ! » said a little child at last.

« Good heavens ! » exclaimed the father, « listen to the voice of that little innocent child ». And as the words were whispered from one to another, the people at once cried out.

« Well, it is true ; he has no clothes on ! ».

H.C. ANDERSEN, The emperor's new clothes
in *Hans Andersen's Fairy tales*, F. WARNE & CO. London & N.Y.

A new translation by Mrs H.B. Paul

Gargamelle began to be a little unwell down below (...). Immediately a group of mid-wives sprung from all sides ; by feeling her underneath, they found some distasteful membranes, and thought it was the child, but it was her bottom falling off (...).

A little while after (...) the cotyledons of her matrix were presently loosened, through

which the child sprung up and leaped, and so entering into the hollow vein, did climb by the diaphragm even above her shoulders, where the vein divides itself into two, and, from thence taking his way towards the left side, issued forth at her left ear. (...) I doubt me that you do not thoroughly believe the truth of this strange nativity. Though you believe it not, I care not much. But an honest man, and of good judgement, believeth still what is told him, and that which he finds written.

Is this beyond our law, or our faith ? against reason or the Holy Scripture ? For my part, I find nothing in the sacred Bible that is against it. But tell me, if it had been the will of God, would you say that He could not do it ? Ha, for favour sake, I beseech you never emberlucock or impulregafize your spirits with these vain thoughts and idle conceits ; for I tell you it is not impossible with God ; and, if He pleased, all women henceforth should bring forth their children at the ear. Was not Bacchus engendered out of the very thigh of Jupiter ? Did not Roquetaillade come out of his mother's heel ? and Crocmoush from the slipper of his nurse ? Was not Minerva born of the brain, even through the ear of Jupiter ? Adonis, of the bark of a myrrh-tree ? and Castor and Pollux, of the doupe of that egg which was laid and hatched by Leda ?

RABELAIS, Gargantua Edited by George Routledge & Sons Limited-LONDON

Translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart

ZONE 23

**SITE OF THE PRE-COOKED
SITE OF THE PRE-SPOKEN**

One should indeed come back to the young artist who makes lace out of fish and red peppers. If he prepares our food in front of us, taking the eel, gesture by gesture, from place to place from the fish-pond to white paper which, to finish up, will receive it hemstitched, it is not (only) to make us witnesses of the high precision and the purity of his art of cooking ; it's because his activity is the graphic letter : he inscribes the aliment into matter ; his stall is spread out like a calligraph's table ; he touches materials like the penman (specially if he's Japanese) who alternates the saucers, the paint-brushes, the ink-horn, water, paper ; he thus accomplishes in the bustle of the restaurant and the intermingling of orders, a stratification, not of time but of epochs, renders visible the range of practices, recites the aliment not like finished goods, of which only the perfection would have some value (which is the case of our dishes) but like a product the meaning of which is not final but progressive, used up, so to speak, when its production is over : you are the ones who eat, but he is the one who acted, who wrote, who produced.

R. BARTHES, The signs'empire From *L'Empire des signes*, Ed. Albert Skira

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

« I don't know what you mean by « glory », Alice said. (...)

« Of course, you don't — till I tell you. I meant there's a nice knock-down for you ! »

« But « glory » doesn't mean « a nice knock-down argument », Alice objected.

« When I use a word », Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, « it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less ».

« The question is », said Alice, « whether you *can* make words mean so many different things. »

« The question is », said Humpty Dumpty, « which is to be master — that's all ».

Alice was too much puzzled to say anything ; so after a minute Humpty Dumpty began again.

« They've a temper, some of them — particularly verbs. They're the proudest — adjectives you can do anything with but not verbs — however, I can manage the whole

lot of them ! Impenetrability ! That's what I say ! »
 « Would you tell me please », said Alice, « what that means ? »
 « Now you talk like a reasonable child », said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. « I meant by « impenetrability » that we've had enough of that subject , and it would just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life. »
 « That's a great deal to make one word mean », Alice said in a thoughtful tone.
 « When I make a word do a lot of work like that », said Humpty Dumpty, « I always pay it extra. »
 « Oh ! » said Alice. She was too much puzzled to make any other remark.
 « Ah, you should see 'em come round me of a Saturday night », Humpty Dumpty went on, wagging his head gravely from side to side, « for to get their wages, you know. »
 (Alice didn't venture to ask what he paid them with ; and so you see I can't tell you.)

LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the looking-glass*
 in *Alice's adventures in wonderland* and *through the looking glass*
 Edited by The Modern Library. N. York

ZONE 24

SITE OF THE MONEY OF THE TIMES SITE OF THE PAINTED TRADE

During all the 19th century, being in the gold-standard system meant that gold was the foundation of currency, and that, at any time, the latter could be exchanged against a determined amount of gold.
 « Nowadays, this value of the currency is lost. There is no longer any guaranty that the quantity of money issued remains in stable relationship with the quantity of gold withheld by the central bank ».
 The margin between the gold stock available and the monetary block in circulation involves a fluctuation of the values. Henceforth, floating, inconvertible, the currency has no longer its anchorage in the gold-standard.
 There remains a fluctuating system of relays and amounts carried forward where currency cannot be exchanged but at the end of an account, in a settlement which is always put back. Such settlement being precisely impossible, can only be deferred. Because the system can only survive in this temporal structure of the deferred. In this unstable system, time then becomes the real standard. Nowadays, money is no longer but a concentration of time.
 The loan or credit operations allow to anticipate the phase of production, investment, payment and enjoyment. (...)
 New modes of the inscription of exchanges allow the achievement of an optimum gain in time, since they make their operations abstract and immaterial.
 « As Kandinsky and Mondrian renounced looking for an empirical reference to promote pure painting », as modern art freed itself from the constraints of figuration, money, abstract, breaks free from the norms of the fiduciary representation, money, orphin, breaks free from its original value.

Immaterial, this settlement by magnetic money tends to abolish the temporality of exchange. (...)
 Race-pursuit of money, short-circuit of exchange, which burns the cycle of capital, which precipitates it in its ideal vacuum : at the dead center of the present moment.

Dolorès ROGOZINSKI
 Quotations : **J.J. GOUX**, *The figurative standards*
 From : *Les étalons figuratifs*, Sexualité politique - Actes du Colloque de Milan. Ed. UGE,
 Coll. 10/18.

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

ZONE 25

SITE OF THE FORGOTTEN SOIL SITE OF ALL THE AUTHORS

Now I would like to talk quickly about a big architectural project I have always had my heart set on, the carrying out of the habitation really « immaterial », but affectively, technically and functionally practical.
 This house must be built up with the new material « air », blown into walls, partition-walls, roof, furniture. This air must be conditionable of course, in such a way that the material of construction itself be the general and ambient heating or cooling of all the house. All the foundations (underground) of this house will reach the level of the ground, at the very most.
 These foundations will be built up in « concrete ».
 All facility rooms, WC, closet, etc, will be the part of the house which could be locked, it will be in the ground. As for the rest, it won't be necessary to foresee any locking, because there won't be anything tangible to be stolen or taken. (...)
 In the air, construction will be with air : Immaterial materials. In the soil, with soil : material materials.
 For a whole town the possibilities are more vast and more interesting.
 A one and only air roof with bellows and aspiration at the extremity for recuperation and air sections to create spaces under this immense roof.

Yves KLEIN *The immaterial house*
 From *La maison immatérielle*, Les symboles du lieu, l'Habitation de l'homme, Herne n° 44. Ed. Herne
Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

Who writes ? Who produces ? Who speaks then ?
 It is impossible to know, and « Undoubtedly it has always been so : as soon as a fact is related, for intransitive aims, the voice loses its origin, the author enters his own death, writing begins.
 Writing, is this neuter, this composite, this oblique where our subject flees, the black and white where every identity is lost, starting with that very one of the body that is writing. We know now that a text is not made of a line of words bringing out just one meaning, but that it is a multi-dimensional space, where varied writings, none of which is original, blend and contest : the text is a network of quotations, issued from a thousand cultural homes.
 Similar to Bouvard and Pécuchet, these eternal copyists, at the same time sublime and ridiculous, the writer can only imitate a gesture that is always anterior, his only power is to mingle the writings, to oppose them to each other, in such a way as never to lean on any one of them. (...)
 The work is plural, entirely « woven out of quotations, references, echoes » (...)

Successive quotations from : **R. BARTHES**, *The author's death, The signs'empire.*
 From *La mort de l'auteur/l'œuvre au texte, le bruissement de la langue* ; Ed. du Seuil.
Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

SITE OF THE LABYRINTH OF LANGUAGE

The universe (that some others call the Library) is made up of an indefinite or maybe an infinite number, of hexagonal galleries, with vast air-shafts, at the center, bordered by very low balustrades. The inferior and superior floors can be endlessly seen from each of these hexagons. The distribution of the galleries is invariable. Twenty long shelves, five on each side, cover all the walls but two, their height, which is equal to that of the floors themselves, never exceeds the size of a normally constituted librarian. Each of these bare walls leads out into a narrow corridor, which opens on to another gallery identical to the first one and to all of them. On the right and left of the corridor, are two minute cabinets. One can be used to sleep standing up ; and the other to relieve one's faecal needs. Nearby is a spiral staircase which rises and disappears out of sight. In the corridor there is a mirror that faithfully duplicates appearances. Men draw from that the conclusion that the library is not infinite ; had it been really so, what would be the good of this illusory duplication ? As far as I am concerned, I prefer to dream that these smooth surfaces are there to represent the infinite and to promiss it...

Suffice it for the time being to repeat the classical maxim : *the Library is a sphere, the veritable centre of which is any hexagon, and the circumference of which is inaccessible.*

Each wall of every hexagon has five shelves ; each shelf contains thirty two books, all of the same size ; each book has four hundred and ten pages, each page forty lines, and every line about eighty graphic symbols in black. There are also letters on the back of each book ; these letters neither indicate nor prefigure what the pages will reveal : an incoherence which, I know, has sometimes appeared mysterious. Before summerizing the solution (the discovery of which, despite its tragic projections, is perhaps the gist of the story) I want to recall a few axioms.

First axiom : the library exists *ab aeterno*. No reasonable spirit can doubt this truth, the immediate corollary of which is the future eternity of the world. (...)

Second axiom : *The number of orthographic symbols is twenty five.* It was this observation that enabled, some three hundred years ago, to formulate a general theory of the library, and to solve in a satisfactory way the problem that no conjecture whatsoever could have deciphered : the chaotic and illformed nature of almost all books. One can no longer possibly ignore it : for a reasonable line, for an exact inquiry, there are leagues and leagues of nonsensical cacophony, grandiloquent nonsense and incoherences. (...)

Five hundred years ago, the head of a superior hexagon laid his hand on a book as obscure as the others, but which had two pages or so, homogeneous lines and probably legible. This thinker noticed that all the books, however different, contain similar elements : the space, the fullstop, the comma, the twenty two letters of the alphabet. He also brought out a fact that all the visitors confirmed *there are not, in the vast library, two identical books.* From these incontrovertible premises, he concluded that the library is complete, and that its shelves keep all the possible combinations of the twenty or so orthographic symbols (a number, though very vast, non-infinite), that is to say all that is possible to express, in all languages. (...)

Another superstition of those times has come down to us : that of the Man of the Book. On one shelf in one hexagon, it was argued, there must exist a book that is the key and the perfect summary of *all the others* : there was a librarian who got acquainted with this book and who became similar to a god. In the language of this area there still persist traces of the cult devoted to this remote civil servant. Many pilgrimages were organised in search of him. (...)

It is in similar adventures that I myself wasted my strength, exhausted my years. It is sure that this total book does exist on some shelf of the universe ; I beseech the ignored gods that a man — if only one, thousands of years ago ! — had it in his hands, read it. If honour, wisdom and joy are not for me, let them be for others. Let Heaven exist, even if my place is hell. That I be outraged and annihilated, provided that, in one moment, Thine enormous Library justifies itself in a being.

The impious affirm that the meaningless sentence is the rule in the Library, and that the reasonable passages, or those only of the most humble coherence, constitute a quasi-miraculous exception. (...)

Nobody can articulate a syllable that is not full of tenderness and terrors and that is not the mighty name of a god somewhere. Talking is falling into tautology. This useless and verbose epistle that I am writing exists already in one of the thirty volumes on the five shelves of one of the innumerable hexagons — and its refutation too. (A *n* number of possible languages use the same vocabulary ; in such and such a lexicon, the symbol *Library* will receive the correct definition *universal and permanent system of hexagonal galleries*, but *Library* will signify *bread* or *pyramid* or something quite different, the seven words of the definition having another meaning). You, who are reading this, are you sure you understand my language ? (...)

Maybe I am distracted by fear and old age, but I suspect that the human species — the only one that exists — is nearly extinct, whereas the Library will endure : illuminated, solitary, perfectly motionless, armed with precious volumes, useless, incorruptible, secret. I have just written *infinite*. I didn't insert this adjective under rhetoric temptation. I say that it is not illogical to think that the world is infinite. To judge it limited is to assume that in some remote spot the corridors, stairs and hexagons, can disappear — which is inconceivable, absurd. To imagine it limitless is to forget that the number of books possible is not at all limitless.

An ancient problem where I insinuate this solution : *the Library is illimited and periodical.* If there were an eternal traveller to cross it in any direction, the centuries would eventually teach him that the same volumes repeat themselves in the same disorder — which repeated, would become an order : The Order. My solitude is consoled by this elegant hope.

J.L. BORGES, Babel's Library (extracts)

From : *La bibliothèque de Babel*, Fictions, Ed. Gallimard/Folio

Translated by Ali & Mary Chokri

RÉFÉRENCES DES TRADUCTIONS ANGLAISES

HEINRICH VON KLEST, The marionette theater.
in Five Essays on Klee.

Translated by Don Clifford.

Extracts from pages : 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 73, 74, 80, 81.

Edited by : Distributed by DUELL SLOAN & PEARCE, N. YORK. Copyright 1950 by Merle Armitage.

MARCEL PROUST, The Guermentes way
in Remembrance of things past.

Translated by G.K. Scott Moncrieff.

Extracts from pages : 73, 74, 75, 76, 77.

Edited by : LONDON - CHATTO & WINDUS - 1924.

SAMUEL BECKETT, The unnamable.

Translated by the author.

Extracts from pages : 133, 134.

Edited by : Grove Press Inc. N.Y. 1958 795 Broadway.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, The emperor's new clothes,
in Hans Andersen's fairy tales.

A new translation by Mrs H.B. Paull.

Extracts from pages : 700, 701, 702, 703, 704.

Edited by : F. Warne. 1903. & Co. London. And N. York.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS, Gargantua.

Translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart.

Extracts from pages : 32, 33, 34

Edited by : George Routledge & Sons Limited. LONDON Broadway House, Ludgate Hill, E.C. New

York : E.P. Dutton & Co

LEWIS CARROLL, Alice's adventures in wonderland and through the looking glass

Extracts from pages : 246, 247, 248

Edited by : The Modern Library - N. York