Flintpapir

s tørt

HEDEN
RATER
EN

732

- bør opbevares tørt

MEN IKKE I MÆRHEDEN
AF VARMEMAPPARATER
ELLER I SOLEN
MÉMOIRES
this book is entirely composed of prefabricated elements
"Let the dead bury the dead and mourn them... it is enviable to be the first to enter upon a new life: this shall be our lot."

MARX, Letter to Ruge.
Remember thee? Ay thou

Lights, shadows, shapes

In the evening, Barbara

we will observe fringes of silence

this strange system of narrative

it is for you

full of discord and dismay

it concerns a topic thoroughly soaked in alcohol

Naturally, all the same, I will discuss events and voice opinions
Mistress of her desires, she saw the world, and was seen by it

All the perfumes of Arabia

But the uniqueness of Man, until now, has been to possess a rapid recall

— The memory be green

"like acid on iron"

— What is 't you say? the life?
EVERYTHING takes us back to the heroine, there is no story here, dramatic action is absent.

This night's great business into my dispatch, Which shall to all our nights and days to come, Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

time passes, but it doesn't yet fly

the appeals of a past which can only be relived in the memory, or in a "repetition" where, no matter what, it will fade.
The material is rich with numerous directions and those who like tight plots will be disappointed: the story begins a bit aimlessly and ends the same way.

— What are you thinking about?

in the city's labyrinth of stones as "lost children"

Barbara walks in front

— I would like

The same attempt at realism is found in the writing of the dialogues.

— Yes

Amidst such weakness

— The power is in our hands

— And now

she was seventeen years old

— How old were we then?

The intention is not very clear either,

— A few moments, next to one another

— What are you thinking about?

And so the great convulsions had not yet fully subsided

I found Barbara's breasts

The power is in our hands

She began to tremble, unresponsive

She burns with the same desire

erotic or sadistic references evidently intended to "impress" or shock the bourgeois

Barbara started screaming

she took most of her pleasure in that way. At one point, if I hadn't restrained her, she would have collapsed on the ground racked with convulsions.
Barbara and I realised that something was wrong with this girl.

Erotic frenzy undermines the foundations of the established order. The organisation of words that leads to discourse transforms something in the world's order through an effect on the consciousness of those who express it and those who listen to it. It is the breach through which a glimpse of eternity rushes into a world rolling darkly towards its ruin.

We feel the warmth of life of fire.

How far is't call'd, never seen her since.

Then the tremors become less frequent, die down, subside.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees is left this vault to brag of.
the disregard for technique is pushed so far as to break apart successive episodes:
key features are not outlined, they are alluded to indirectly through lesser details

an extraordinarily appropriate tone in which to speak of this life
The direction also bears the marks of youth. Its dreadful, magnificent and hopeless disorder. All the elements of the American crime novel are found here, violence, sexuality, cruelty, except the setting.

Truth—or what people call truth. I don’t recognise it, I forget it, I don’t see it, I don’t know what it is.

In this faintly and pathetic “Carte du Tendre”, the search for a character is suggested through their successive lives.

We think about so many things at once, so many things rush in on us, all at once. How can we fight the same things over? How can we constandly assess or forget? We do not know which.

Barbara tears open her blouse; she has no bra beneath that laughing face, beneath that youthful air which seemed to promise only games.
Even this gesture is useless
the appeals of a past which can only be relived in the memory
under that youthful air that seemed to promise only games
This hopeless desire
It's not yesterday
nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
shifting sand
with little Barbara
obessions and desires still alive
and by a sleep to say we end
wave of feelings
How many times
Oh! Barbara, since
After drinking

And Thomas De Quincey drinking
Opium poison mild and chaste
To his poor Anne went dreaming
and then is heard no more

it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing
Christian Dior's—"When I decided to marry Daniel Gélin", said Sylvie, "Christian Dior called me and questioned me at length, asking loads of questions about Daniel and myself. He wanted me to be happy, he wanted my marriage to be built on something serious, not to be short-lived."

When Sylvie came to tell him of the birth of her little Barbara, his passion for perfection is probably at the root of his success. His models have to be happy.
Robert Lynen had left such a strong impression, is being remade. Twenty-three years later, Joel Flateau stars as Rémi. Joel will turn seven this Christmas.

Acting runs in the boy’s family: four generations of actors, descended from the famous Jean d’Yd, preceded him. But for this youngest sibling, success cannot come too soon.

LAURENCE is a 23-year-old student. Her unkempt hair is a drawback. If she pulls her hair up into a bun, the outline of her face is redesigned and refined. Her eyes are a bit small: by thinning the curve of her eyebrows towards the temples, her forget-me-not eyes are highlighted.

THE pre-war movie Sans Famille, in which the young Robert Lynen had left such a strong impression, succeeded his famous fans, Twenty-Niners, years later. For this youngest sibling, success cannot come too soon.
Confronted with the work of a young filmmaker, the most unusual reluctance is felt in all of history, an obvious and unique example of these fierce extremes.

I don't think we'll ever see each other again.

The lights of the winter streets will end near a kiss.

(End of Lettrist improvisation)

After all the untimely answers, and the ageing of youth, night falls from on high.

Who has made, in so few images, a more beautiful ode to solitude?

I unwound all the reels of the film library and threw them away.

At this point I will only dwell upon the soundtrack, which is overwhelming in every sense of the word.

Others have spoken of and will continue to speak of the beauty of what we see on the screen; the revolutionary use of cinema.

Black Screen
Guy-Ernest Debord
the audience were offended and screamed madly

we could hear the shrill cries of women and the slanders of men. "Sons-of-bitches, pigs, bastards, assassins, butchers" echoed.
"Every époque aspires to a more beautiful world. The more dark and confused the present is, the more profound this desire. In the waning of the Middle Ages, life was filled with a dark melancholy... in the 15th Century it was, so to say, bad form to praise the world and life openly. It was fashionable to see only its suffering and misery, to discover everywhere signs of decadence and of the near end... All that we get to know of the moral state of the nobles points to a sentimental need of enrobing their souls with the garb of woe. There is hardly one who does not come forward to affirm that he has seen nothing but misery during his life and expects only worse things from the future... The poet and chronicler Charles le Temeraire chose as his motto: "So much is suffered on The Way"; he finds a bitter taste in life, and his portrait strikes us with his morose expression typical of faces of that time."

HUIZINGA, The Waning of the Middle Ages.
this is the past.

As I speak

We grow older

they don't understand us any more

all said?

I'm well aware

What point do we want to make who do we believe it will concern?

we can't be understood

too late

to share and discuss

Where are these people?

out of the night

Everywhere else a cry

a little more unsullied darkness

right to the end
it was a kiss full of freshness
I saw her at night, and admired her
She had pert breasts
long legs
Naked in bed
The end, we sensed
atmosphere of a bad dream
hatred of all the world and of ourselves
Drunk? Me?

I abound in criminal weaknesses, which I satisfy in many ways

after having been dazzled, we suffer a little
towards her
the other side of the river
all our thoughts
The long journey
The streets in absolute darkness
tears came to her eyes
tears came to her eyes
life's shoreline
its escalators
The tepid waters of the Atlantic

When she took off her g-string
like some ore among a mineral of metals base

— What's your name?

It should be noted that, at this time, the most unsavory aspects of his character were not known — as they have been since the admissions in his Mémoires.

— Show me your papers

Time was short, I admit it

our beautiful song

Five years ago

All the desire

Marihuana

Alertness became confused with sleep

We drank an inordinate quantity of all kinds of wines

She was looking cold and afraid

The passion to speak and remember rests on a fully material base

She put her hands on his chest.

— "What are you going to do to me?" she said hoarsely. "You're going to hit me again? That's all you can do. You can't just have a woman like every other man. You have to do something else...

Under-age sex, I know where this leads

She smiled at me, and next to her was a Colgate-White smile
1793

Song of the Swiss Guards

Our life is a journey
Through winter and Night,
We look for our way
In a Sky without light

Under the influence of alcohol

She remained standing, biting her lower lip

youth to itself rebels, though none else near

a network of memories, of obsessions, of vague ideas, of thoughts, and of perceptions

Breasts that nothing conceals

the smell of marijuana
Bernard, Bernard, this green youth will not last forever
Prostitution is the most common form of delinquency in girls. The Chevilly-la-Rue Observation Centre was set up at a Good Shepherd institute, where girls were sent for three months of observation by the juvenile court of the Seine. We cite the following figures: of the 421 minors who passed through the Centre in 1956, 276 had been arrested for vagrancy. Amongst those 17 were actually prostitutes.

I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest... Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! Drink and the devil had done for the rest Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.

What job did you want after leaving school?

Have you freely chosen your successive jobs or have you been constrained by the need for work?

What are your favourite leisure activities?

And so? ... Then, there is action, tension, violence...
winter won't last forever

— the Paris of the young men and girls

who haunt the Left Bank

They are not for themselves; they are neutral, indifferent, in suspense as to all things, even themselves being no exception

The night and the snow

a balanced picture of our way of living and of our history

bitter picture of this suffocating society which is our own

in the days when our judgment was so short and our hair so long.

They are not for themselves; they are neutral, indifferent, in suspense as to all things, even themselves being no exception

They often play this game because they find the fainting sensation delightful

PASSENGERS OF THE NIGHT

They often play this game because they find the fainting sensation delightful

the spatial theme of a universe both labyrinthine and forever trapped

the fainting sensation

Oh! never the sun

the slow succession of hours

(DARK PASSAGE)

PASSENGERS OF THE NIGHT

The night and the snow
The story starts, stops, resumes, never ends. It has the logic of nightmares or possibly of the memories of those about to die.

We've lost the best years.
Soon, the game will be finished forever

and, in the most desperate cases, go out the window
spend the night

these are the facts; everyone is free to interpret them

like a holiday

after life's fitful fever he sleeps well
Here is what this world passionately offered to our consciousness as time was passing.

Of course, the dreamer doesn't know that he dreams. He is completely taken over by the sights, the situations, the intentions and the emotions which constitute his dream.

Your life must be transformed when you own a wonderful car like that!
THE POPULATION AND MAJOR ECONOMIC ISSUES
Let no one say that I have said nothing new; the arrangement of the material is new in the quarter not drunk at the moment on the deserted quays sipping a drink it was the secret abhorrence of all authority and the itching for innovation without end, after we had seen the first example I felt her trembling like a child she's a real kid stronger, until the end of the world like that other night prowler, nicknamed Jack the Ripper, in some dark dead-end in Whitechapel, London, some sixty-five years beforehand
creator of their hopeless gestures
of their shapeless conversations
a crushing reality

A PAST GENERATION

absinthe
heavy red
ether

the frame of every work is its own epoch
the apprenticeship of conditioned freedom
the shapeless pathway of non-memory

the absurd world of disease

Violence is only the indicator of empty hearts
All this, however, is presented in a contrived style—probably due to the provocative years in Saint-Germain-des-Prés.
Continuous eloquence wearies
"What a tragedy! And who can we rely on? Ardor, good will, good disposition, I dare say were on our side. But within half an hour, the manoeuvres of the King of Prussia made cavalry and infantry submit; all retreated without fleeing, but without ever looking back..."

Soubise, Letter to Choiseul.
On the streets of Paris a new power appeared which hadn't existed in the previous century. The seas were explored long ago.

The reader will be instructed on every page; and perhaps they will begin to consider the ingenuity of these primitive men who, in their own way, fought the weaknesses of our nature.

The setting in which life, through its festivals, gradually becomes theatre.
what we today call urbanism, namely the art of arranging and enhancing diversions

The intrusion into coming festivals

The years weaken only the physical body, but we have deformed the passions.

Indeed, it's a game.

This free movement of groups which form and deform themselves, and which, yet, couldn't follow another route.

The appearance of dérivers.

In an affair of such magnitude it would be ridiculous to want to set priorities or goals.

Enduring all the external world with an intensity of interest.

We were some.
In seeing ourselves like this, I think of our walking; but a part of the journey

everything is taken by the rapidity of time

Will they find it?

We were not many

comrades

around one of the most singular and admirable of all landmarks

in the rupture

new behaviours

Avenue Montaigne

in the street

at Easter Island

already the greatest day strikes and enlightens us

new ambiances

the great totems of the American Indians

Alas, probably the greatest architects of all time

serious and lucid under a cover of play and escape

already the greatest day strikes and enlightens us

new ambiances

the great totems of the American Indians

probably the greatest architects of all time

serious and lucid under a cover of play and escape

There is a new look today: a certain simplicity and sophistication

Formal wear is in a number of phases

They are trying to join with men in their factories, with girls
As soon as the cataclysm ends, we see it has altered the topography.

Their bizarreness seemed rather comical, childish, simple-minded and, to many, ridiculous.

The sense of space and, later, the sense of time were radically affected.

I wonder if we shall ever again experience the particular brilliance of the powder and coloured materials of the fire, they dazzle only to perish in the shadows.

The outcasts, displaced from the world, the wretched, "those for whom the world wasn't worthy".

After many travels, many bizarre encounters.

The history of the Northwest Passage.

those who felt themselves to be indeed companions of the Quest.

Their bizarreness seemed rather comical, childish, simple-minded and, to many, ridiculous.

The art of festivals.

As soon as the cataclysm ends, we see it has altered the topography.
We lived very quickly the development of method and new currents

cities for the use of those who can imagine
the ambiance of the most fleeting scenes

In the struggle against old ideas, no one showed more courage

There one finds the most tiresome grandeur characteristic of the beginnings of civilisation

Yes, that is the true decor I was seeking

Ours is a unique occupation, of immense labour, unnamed weariness, no time off, a fate unlike that of other men

Every day that passes, adds to our ability to be astonished by something new
full employment of one's self

in the real decor of the streets

this quest will not be useless, on condition that we are don't allow ourselves to be fooled by the illusory understanding memory gives to us

the systematic exploration of old maps

NEXT WEEK

THE DISTANT LIGHT
And this simultaneity expresses the ambiguity of the new architecture. This, nevertheless, is a reality and before our eyes, after twenty years of delay, Paris opens itself up to new forms.

But naturally we understand that these ambiguities owe nothing to psychology, they arise from interference in situations.

All these influences follow on from, superimpose themselves on, or become entangled with each other of all the internal arrangements of urban space.
A flowing city

It is a game of life and the environment

the effect of this or that centre of influence

in the history of exploration

The decor, the people fully participate in this vision

the obsession becomes delirious, all architecture turns into decor, faux marble, faux stone, trompe l'oeil, never enough, never satisfying, the overabundance highlights the disillusion
through volleys of abuse, menaces, curses and blasphemies

It is probably too early

a notice on the walls of Paris announced the fleeting appearance

spectacle without further speciality characterises scandal well

IT'S UNHEARD OF, SUCH AN ADVENTURE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 20th CENTURY
I was nothing, when I departed. At my side, not the shadow of a force or of an organisation. In France, no account and no fame. In other countries, neither credit nor justification
When Marcel Pagnol, a barber, was asked about the best way to write, he replied:
—in my humble opinion, it's from left to right.
It was only a joke.

The dirt goes away!
This castle hath a pleasant seat

— Where all the tangled routes flow past

A remarkable place! Where all the tangled routes flow past.

— It takes time to get used to his nighttime strolls.

We have just passed through a field of powerful energy which the information centres haven’t been able to identify.

The continents which are said to be solid

— In the interior of the maze at the same time glossy and fabulous, luminous and adorned of halls, of courtyards, of gardens,

The continents which are said to be solid.

— It takes time to get used to his nighttime strolls.

But it is in the interior of the maze at the same time glossy and fabulous, luminous and adorned of halls, of courtyards, of gardens,

— It takes time to get used to his nighttime strolls.

The continents which are said to be solid.

The continents which are said to be solid.

— It takes time to get used to his nighttime strolls.

But it is in the interior of the maze at the same time glossy and fabulous, luminous and adorned of halls, of courtyards, of gardens,

— It takes time to get used to his nighttime strolls.

The continents which are said to be solid.

— It takes time to get used to his nighttime strolls.

But it is in the interior of the maze at the same time glossy and fabulous, luminous and adorned of halls, of courtyards, of gardens,
But what of poor Ann, what had become of her? He looked for her every day; he waited for her every night, at the corner of Titchfield Street. He inquired for her of everyone who might have known her; and, during the last hours of his stay in London, he employed every means of tracing her that the limited extent of his power made possible. The street where she had lodged he knew, but not the house...

They took themselves for the heroes of fiction. "This mixture of blue scarves," says Rezz, "of ladies, of music, of violins in the room, trumpets in the square, gave an air of spectacle seen more often in novels than anywhere else...."

The novels of the timeChanging his surroundings has become his habitual task; his constant obsession, the opportunity to see zombies

When they had waited a while, they saw nine armed knights come through the door, take off their helms and go up to Galahad, to whom they bowed and said: "Sir, we have made great haste in order to sit down with you at the table where the heavenly food shall be dispensed." Galahad said in reply that they had come in good time, for they themselves had only just arrived. With that they all seated themselves in the middle of the hall, and Galahad asked the newcomers who they were. Three of them said that they were from Gaul, and three that they came from Ireland, while the other three said that they were from Denmark, and that they had seen themselves in the middle of the hall, and that Galahad said in reply that they had come from Gaul, and

"But he had never been to the strange town; he had found friends in the main wood and in the palace..."
We would sweep away the old world, we don't enter history alone, like the knight who goes into battle single-handedly, the stress of a mind in unremitting thought, the agony of a constantly suspicious heart, anxious and distressed.

The seat of danger.

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

— 'Now, Barbecue, tip us a stave', cried one voice.  
— 'The old one,' cried another.  
— 'Aye, aye, mates,' said Long John, who was standing by, with his crutch under his arm, and at once broke out in the air and words I knew so well:

'Fifteen men on the dead man's chest

Gentlemen of fortune... usually trusts little among themselves, and right they are.

The double-dealing of comedy and of drama, of drama and of amusement, all this.

Nothing stays for us. This is our natural condition and yet most contrary to our inclination; we burn with desire to discover secret societies and their machinations.
the mysterious castle

Closed at ten o'clock
for a private meeting

There... and met many people.
Writers, artists. Most were poor
and all were full of illusions
It is not enough to want to create new towns in order that, as a result, all problems find themselves solved.

**AVENTURER.** OR **"THE LOST CHILD"...**

HOVERS ON THE FRINGES OF THE GROUP
SCOUT OF THE AVANT OR REAR-GARDE, HE FERRETS AROUND EVERYWHERE AND TRACKS DOWN CONCEALED DANGERS.

outside of the cultural totality we can't understand
Of stirring ruins

HALF-BURIED ON THE SLOPES OF EASTER ISLAND
I haven't given all of these details: for, who could say everything without dying of boredom?
It seems the latest news is that significant progress has been made towards the fulfillment of these dreams.
I wanted to speak the beautiful language of my century.
- bør opbevares tørt

MEN IKKE I KÆRHEGEN
AF VARMEAPPARATER
ELLER I SOLEN