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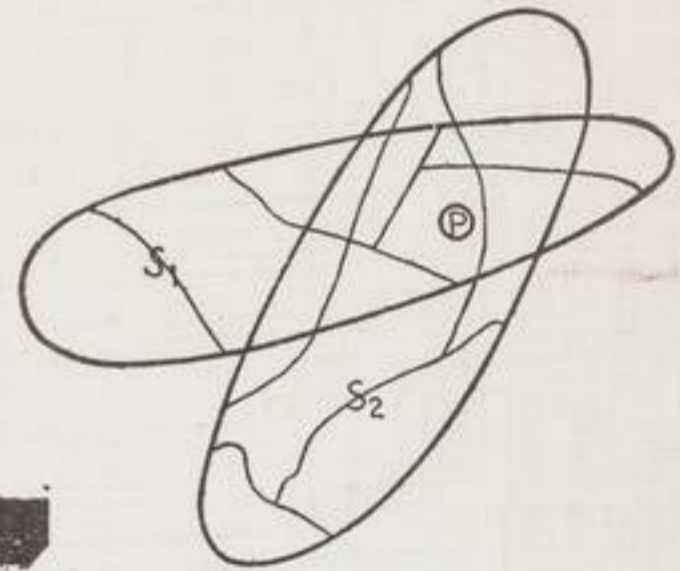
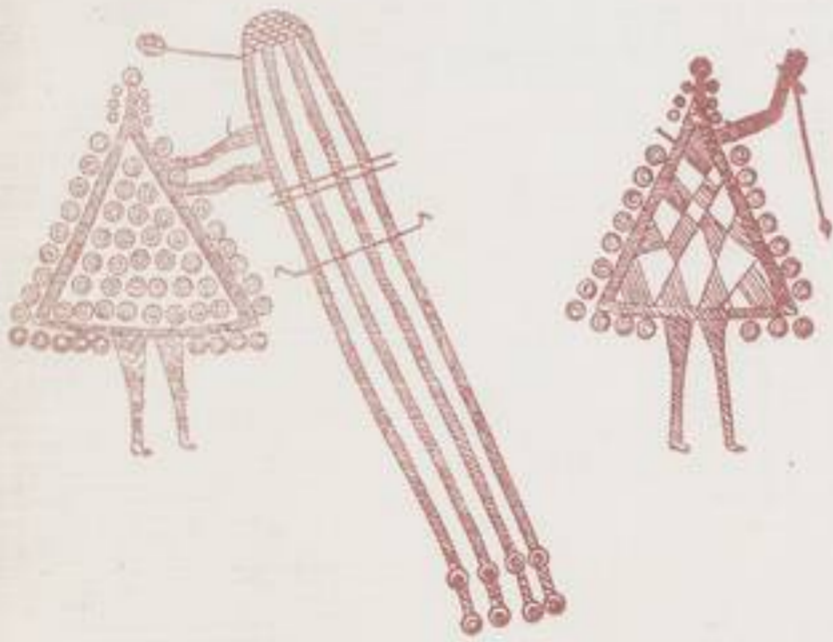


FIG. 27.—Overlapping situations. The person  $P$  is in two different situations  $S_1$  and  $S_2$  at the same time.

TION

IST



Times





Editor and publisher: Jacqueline de Jong

Contributors to the Situationist Times 3: Anton Ehrenzweig  
George Hay: A short trip to chaos

Contributors to the Pattern in Situological Aspects:  
Max Bucaille: Topological Introduction & A dog's curve  
Pierre Alechinsky and Reinoud d'Haese: Morphology of an orange peel

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Editors notes

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Studies for luxury litho's by Asger Jorn (1961)

MEDITATIONS ON THE FUTURE OF ART  
by Anton Ehrenzweig.

Abstract art has become a great commercial success, a situation that was quite unthinkable only ten years ago. It may be equally unthinkable today that the very success of abstract art may have sealed its doom and that ten years hence the circle of artistic fashion may turn once again and oust abstract art by a new reference to nature whether you care to call such reference realism, representationalism, naturalism and what else. To my mind the time cannot be far off that abstraction exhausts its power as an exciting new art form, if it has not reached this point already now. It is hard to remember that abstraction when it first arrived came as a true liberation of artistic sensibilities. No longer was it necessary for the artist to match form, tone and colour with objects in outer reality, he could freely indulge in the emotional interaction between abstract values of colour, tone and form. In exploring this interaction the abstract artist felt that he was obeying a formal discipline more profound and stringent than the mere imitation of nature.

But perhaps all too quickly the new emotional experience was stunted by familiarity and hemmed in by superficial conventions that restricted his newly won artistic freedom more severely than the realistic conventions of old. For instance, it has become bad taste to mix in the same picture extreme styles like constructivism and tachism; or once the painter has chosen one kind of texture there remains only a limited range of other textures from which he can choose. Still, the abstract artist can throw such demands of good taste to the winds though he may do so at his peril. There exists another more insidious restriction in abstract art which is far more difficult to resist. It was found that the abstract artist did not need the illusionist tricks of the old realism to create the illusion of a three-dimensional space; the abstract values of form, tone and colour could construct their own abstract space which was equally precise as the former realistic space illusion. A sure sign of decadence, academic teaching particularly in the United States evolved a systematic method for studying the space-making properties of abstraction, and this course is often part of an academic syllabus. This development undoes one of the great achievements of modern art, the achievement to manipulate only the two-dimensional painted surface without bothering about an illusionist three-dimensional space expanding beyond the canvas. The battle of modern art to regain the flat painted surface has been lost once before. The Impressionist revolution began as a liberation of the single brush mark that broke up all coherent line and precise space illusion. But the enjoyment of the brush mark on the flat surface did not last long. Soon the art critics discovered that by stepping back from the canvas the eye could fuse once again the single brush strokes into a coherent texture that gave a new illusion of space, this time the atmospheric space of the open-air. The decadence of Impressionism set in when the painters themselves accepted as their prime task the creation of an atmospheric space. It was left to the modern action painters and tachists to rediscover the quality of the single mark on the flat canvas. The dissolution of precise space was not without pain. One remembers the displeasure which contemporaries of Jackson Pollock first felt when they were faced with Pollock's transparent curtains of interlacing loops. Today we no longer bother to detach these loops and treat them as so much decorative textures, but this was not so at the first impact of new American painting. But the academic reaction which I have already described was not long in coming. When the critics discovered the precise space-making properties of abstract art, the artists themselves soon accepted it as their duty to construct abstract space.

To resist the demand for precise space is difficult. This is borne out by the very damaging influence which American painting had on British art. Its influence reached Britain rather late in the day when the academic decadence had already begun in America itself. So the American influence was overcome and swamped by its own academic backwash. A serious and honest British art critic, L. Alloway (now curator at the New York Guggenheim Museum) took it upon himself at the time to interpret American painting to his British followers and greatly recommended its space-making achievements. As a result the British painters largely absorbed American style influences in their already decadent academic form. At a meeting of Alloway's followers at the London Institute of Contemporary Arts I was imprudent enough to try and correct their lop-sided perspective of American art. I told them of my visits to United States art schools and of their systematic teaching of space-making. I told them how I had tried to trace this practice to its source and was repeatedly given the illustrious name of Hans Hofmann for its justification. It proved the profundity of the misunderstanding that Hofmann's own ideas are quite different. He likes to speak of the painter's first duty towards organizing the flat surface of his canvas. If the surface was well organized it would - at a much later stage of the work - automatically reverberate into a resonating space. But this space was a by-product, a reward for good work done on the flat surface. (There is a parallel to this in musical composition where a good plastic sound is a reward for good work done on the inner polyphonic structure; to use musical jargon: a good vertical sound is a secondary phenomenon and a byproduct of a good horizontal polyphonic structure.)

To aim outright at a precise spatial illusion is to neglect the painter's primary duty towards the flat painted surface. I told the young British painters how the American painters themselves had risen in revolt against their own brand of academicism. When the Californian painter, Dibenkorn, turned away from pure abstraction, he used realistic allusions to break the precise abstract space; he would plant amidst his abstract planes some female figure, like a spider in her web, who by her rude all too concrete presence would throw the precise abstract space around her into confusion. The "Hard-edge" painters

made a tamer use of abstract space conventions. They purposely constructed an ambiguous space that could be "read" in different ways. In doing so they still paid homage to just these conventions.

The outcome of my intervention at the artists' meeting was pathetic. I was immediately accused of advocating anarchy and Alloway pronounced that without space construction abstract art would become a "mess".

But why not a "mess"? An artist has to risk chaos as often as he ventures into new territory. Abstract art has become so tame precisely because it is so tidy, so precise, so well ordered by academic convention. If there is any virtue in academic convention it is its ability to prevent making a mess. Indeed what we may need, could be a new "mess". Perhaps it is fear of a mess that we are so afraid of any reference to nature. Nature is indeed disorderly, it places next to each other forms, colours and textures against the canons of good abstract taste. When abstraction first arrived it certainly brought a new freedom from a narrow realistic imitation. Conversely could it not be that a renewed contact with nature way now help us to emancipate ourselves from the niceties of academic abstraction? We often attack an old enemy for the wrong reason. The old realism was felt as restrictive because it forced the artist to copy existing shapes and colours much in the way in which a photographic camera registers the projections of real objects. In truth the artist in his relation to nature remains entirely his own master. If he wishes to represent real objects he is free to invent entirely arbitrary "equivalences" of these objects that have no relation whatsoever with photographic precision. It is the great achievement of Professor E. Gombrich's now classical book *Art and Illusion* to have disposed once and for all of the old bogey idea that the realistic artist of old merely copied his own perceptions of nature. Perception is such a complex process that almost any "equivalence" will do to represent real objects on a flat piece of paper. The child does not cheat when he treats his first crude scrawls on paper as true equivalents of daddy, mummy, a horse or a house or indeed any object. He really "sees" them so. Gombrich came first across the incredible flexibility of perception and the arbitrariness of the artistic equivalences of these perceptions in an earlier study of the caricature which he undertook with the psychoanalyst-art historian E. Kris. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to understand how and why a good caricature succeeds. The caricaturist obeys no teachable discipline, he distorts the "correct" outlines of a face or body in a seemingly arbitrary way. Yet these distortions and malformations, particularly if they are very extreme, will balance each other and so produce a new equivalence of the portrayed thing that is more incisive than a conventional drawing. One wonders why the art of caricature has remained an isolated speciality

unconnected with the main stream of art. The magic of transformation inherent in a good caricature should yield a potent weapon for more ambitious attempts at representing nature.

Gombrich applied the insights he won in his analysis of the caricature to a better understanding of Western realism in

general. He rightly recognized that the magic by which a child transforms a scribble into a satisfying equivalence of his parents was of the same kind that turned the malformations of a caricature into a cruel likeness. I myself believe that the equivalences which the child, the caricaturist and the artist in general creates of real objects are fundamentally arbitrary and part of the mystery of human creativeness, but Gombrich thinks that the act of creating a likeness or equivalence must fall into two stages a phase of arbitrary "making" which is followed by a more precise "matching" of the product against objective nature. The child gradually refines his first crude "schema" of the human face by adding to his scrawl further scrawls representing eyes, hair and so on so that his work gradually approaches a better matched likeness. This may well be so. But the point remains that the first free invention succeeds according to its own mysterious laws the same freedom may apply to later refinements and modifications that can claim the same spontaneity and originality. Gombrich himself discussed the case of Daumier who applied the freedom of the caricature to his serious painting. As in the caricature he blindly groped for the incisive outline, superimposing line upon line until the miracle of a convincing equivalence was achieved. He made never any attempt at objective matching. It is this kind of free realism from which a future new realism may well grow. Gombrich cheats us a little by choosing as his main example for successful innovation in realism the achievement of Constable who broke a century-old schema of representing depth in a landscape. A tradition going back to antiquity distinguished the foreground by a warm golden-brown colour. This schema was a free equivalence because no attempt at matching could have proved that colours in the foreground were invariably a golden brown. Constable was able to destroy this arbitrary yet potent convention by matching the foreground against its "true" colours, for instance by using a pure green instead of brown to paint vegetation. But the real colour revolution came a little later with the Impressionists, there we meet with the true artistic freedom, without matching, that is to say, with a free arbitrary invention of a new colour scale that had no possible match in nature. The Impressionists forced us to accept their distorted colours much in the way in which the caricaturist makes us accept his malformations as a convincing likeness. The Impressionists revelled in an entirely free use of colour patches as much as they indulged in their enjoyment of the single brush stroke that had hardly any match in objective shapes. Later the Impressionists in their academic decadence fell a victim to their own illusionist triumph and tried to analyse their colours according to the laws of optics, in analogy to the breaking up of day light in the spectrum. Fortunately they were not consistent in their scientific pretensions. The Yorkshire painter, Harry Thubron, once pointed to the inconsistent use of colour in some of Seurat's and Monet's less successful pictures. One corner of a painting might be filled by an imitation of pallid atmospheric blue and greens; but in another corner the artist would forget all matching in a free tumble of unrealable colour patches and, paradoxically, achieve there a truer image of reality.

Today we do not, perhaps thanks to the Fauves, experience an arbitrary distortion of local colour as violent distortion reality, but an arbitrary distortion of a realistic outline is still able to twist our sensibilities painfully. But, as Gombrich also points out, the treatment of colour has always been less rational and less restricted than the treatment of line, possibly because our emotional experience of colour taps deeper, less conscious levels of our mind. For this very reason the irrational revolution of the line still belongs to the future and awaits fuller exploitation. I already spoke of Daumier whose significance for contemporary art is only just being realized. Perhaps Matisse and also Dubuffet in their earlier less mannered work groped for the same intangible freedom of line. It is sad and highly significant that Dubuffet's more inspired art had been called the "art brut", a word that calls to mind the wild beasts of the "Fauves". What we may have to look for is a new freedom of line untainted by the feeling of violence and brutishness. This may only become possible if the urge for finding true equivalences becomes more genuine and compulsive, without even a thought for aesthetic niceties. In our sophisticated age we may find such a naive direct urge towards representation only in the popular art of lavatory drawing which is inspired by the strongest human drive towards an object, the sexual instinct. Another equally potent instinct is the instinct for self-preservation and hunger. Are we perhaps entitled to explain part of the miracle of prehistoric cave painting, its incredible freedom and sureness of line, from this underlying drive? The fear of the stone-age hunters was grave enough. It is said that their wall drawing served sympathetic magic to increase the fertility of their game animals in times of scarcity. Aesthetic considerations must have played a very small part and there is indeed a "mess" in the way in which the drawings are scattered along the walls and superimposed without pattern. Sir Herbert Read contrasts their principle of untamed "vitality" against the measured geometricity of the later new stone age. The old vitality or at least its shadow merges whenever the hold of a rigid aesthetic was temporarily broken. Sir Herbert rediscovers the lost vitality of cave drawings in the short transitional period in Greek vase painting when neolithic geometricity began to give way at last. Then strangely distorted animal forms extend themselves between the remnants of geometric ornament. Nobody, to my knowledge, has yet tried to explain the exuberant lines of these animal forms from obscure style influences, say, Sibirian sculpture. There is a parallel and even more transient interlude in the history of old Egyptian art where a caricature-like vitality interrupted a millenia-old tradition. I am referring to Akhnaton's realistic art which for our eyes borders on unmitigated caricature. It is inconceivable that the court artists should have dared to distort intentionally the features of their godling. Art historians did their duty and tried to explain this caricature style from foreign, preferably Creton, influences. This to my mind is nonsense. Only a completely naive spontaneity could have given the artist the courage to their distortions. Nor is such spontaneity teachable and open to a long line of tradition; hence also the fragility and transience of such artistic epochs. The freedom of line achieved in Greek art seemed to have lingered on for some time. Greek painting apart from vase painting is lost. But to judge from the unparalleled lightness of touch with which the Greek sculptors carved their stone draperies, we can surmise the same lightness in their painting. What we possess of early Hellenistic murals still retains a measure of such freedom. The mural of Moses in the Mesopotamian synagogue of Dura Europos has afflowered drapery of unforced spontaneity never since equalled in our art. Perhaps the early romanesque murals and the provincial Byzantine paintings in Yugoslavia and Crete still have some of the old grace and vigour until in the West at least the classical tradition was finally broken by the Renaissance (this sounds like a paradox, but on reflection it is understandable that a self-conscious imitation of antiquity is bound to destroy its original meaning)

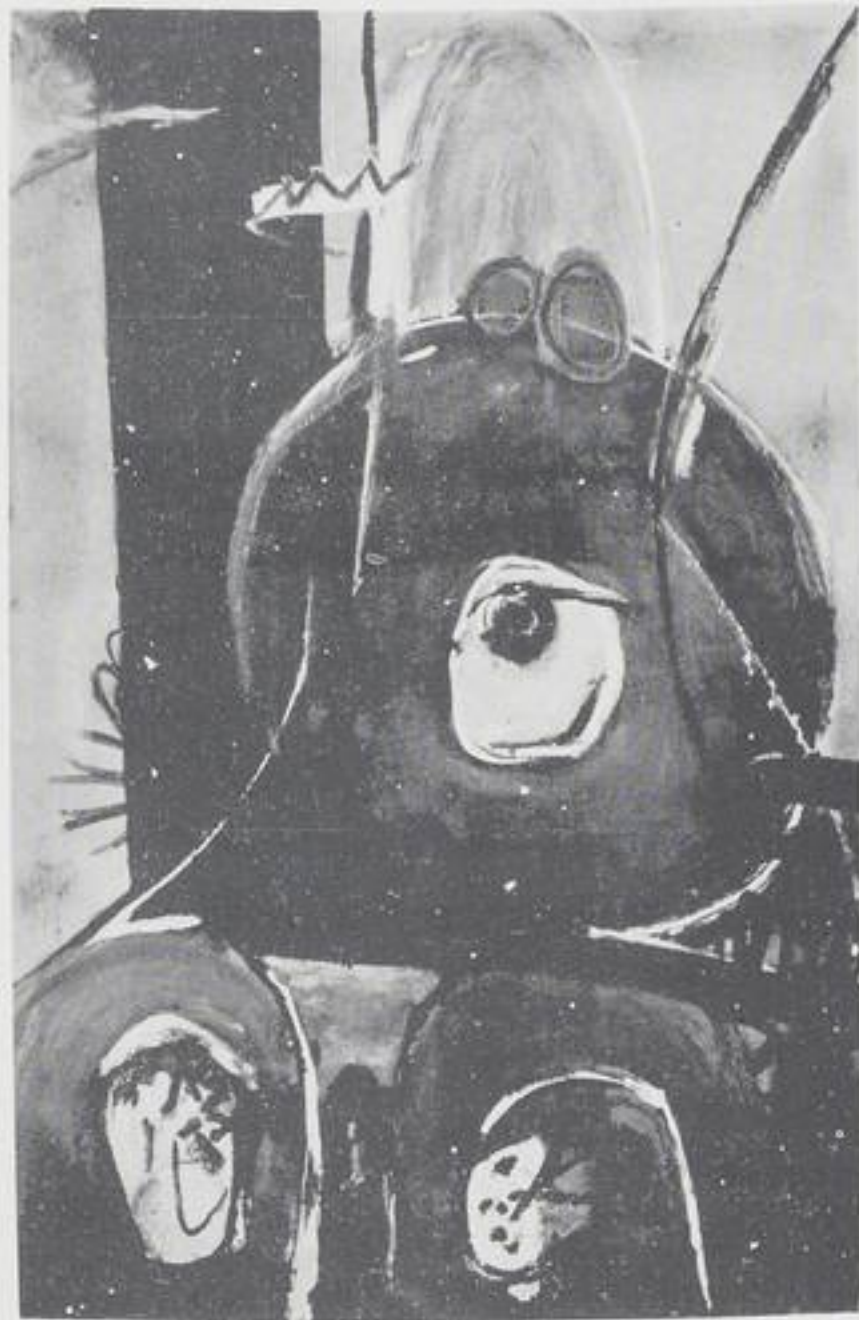
I do not think that we can pick up the threads. Only a resurgence of truly spontaneous vitality, a genuine hunger for the object without a single thought for its aesthetic value, may be able to help us. That why popular wall drawings and engravings are nearer to success. The Scandinavian Institute for Comparative Vandalism found very old engravings that defaced the outer walls of Normandy churches. It is strange to find among them engravings of deer that in the strange distortion and flow of their outline could slip into place unobserved among the so much older prehistoric cave drawings further south. I am sure that our hunger for the real object in art will still have to grow for quite a while until a great artist will come and satisfy it. A metaphysical longing for transcendent reality may prove as potent as the naive eroticism of lavatory art. Perhaps a mixture of the sublime and the crudely sexual may do the trick. Who is really in a position to prophesy about future art and its secret course? All what I have done was to voice my own growing hunger for a not yet existing form of art, a longing that is made only harder to bear when it is mocked by the empty posturing of our present abstract art.



ANN HAGEN

Ann Hagen is a Norwegian painter, now living in London. Like James Joyce, another expatriate, she is haunted by images and memories of her distant homeland, its myths, fairies and its landscape. In the figures of her "Trolls" she merges orgiastic abandon with the cool calm of the nordic landscape. Her power is considerable and still growing and I am convinced that she stands on the threshold of great success.

6



Text by Anton Ehrenzweig  
TROLLI  
TROLL II



7

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The Pattern of Situological Aspects is based on two works, which gave us the possibility to penetrate in the richness of Situological creation:

- A) Early Christian monuments in Scotland
  - B) Principles of topological psychology - Kurt Lewin
- The mathematical (analysis situs) introduction is kindly made by Max Bucaille

It is an evidence that these Aspects are very incomplete but we hope that they will give the necessary touch to continue the very urgent research on Situology.

#### TOPOLOGICAL STUDY OF:

Hoppe's curve  
The knot  
The ribbon of Moebius

Geometry of situation - a geometry which is not purely qualitative as is the Analysis Situs of Riemann - had been anticipated by Leibniz and Grassmann; but its ancestry is best traced to Euler, to his resolution of the problem of the 7 bridges of Königsberg, which is presented to the Academy of sciences of St. Petersburg in 1735.

The first systematic treatise on topology is attributed to the German Listing. It appeared in 1847, under the title "Vorstudien zur Topologie" in 1851 Riemann first made use of combinative (or algebraic) topology in determining the relation between surface and function; then Cantor in 1859 created a comprehensive topology. Finally, Maurice Frechet can claim the distinction of first understanding that the essential lies in the topological structure between elements of the totality and not in their nature, which leads him to define the topology of abstract spaces.

Besides applying topology to the study of differential equations, to the calculation of variations and to the theory of functions of variable complexes, I must mention the application of topology to psychology, as stated by Kurt Lewin in "Principles of Topological Psychology" (1936)

#### EXAMPLE I Hoppe's Curve

This curve is a curve to the left which forms a knot; it is defined parametrically by the equations.

$$\begin{aligned}x &= \cos t (3 \cos t + 1) \\y &= 5 \cos t \sin t \\z &= \sin t (25 \cos^2 t - 1)\end{aligned}$$

We can say the circumference is defined by the equation

$$\begin{aligned}x &= \cos t \\y &= \sin t\end{aligned}$$

These two curves are homeomorphic, but we cannot pass from one to the other, through an entirely homeomorphic space, because these two curves have not, topologically, the same situation in space.

#### EXAMPLE II The Knot

Let us consider a torus - a surface produced by a circumference turning around a fixed axis of its plan and not crossing it; next let us cut from it a section SS: it will give a tube which can be made into a knot. Let us bring together the two ends and glue them in such a way that the points that were coinciding on the ring now coincide on the surface. At each point of the ring we can find a corresponding point from the surface of the knot. Two adjacent points correspond to two adjacent points on the other surface.

The ring and the knot thus correspond in a bi-unequivocal and bi-continual transformation in a homeomorphic space. But it is impossible to pass from one to the other without tearing or re-covering, because each figure is bathing in a particular space. We must construct a particular homeomorphic space intervening in relative topology.

It is easy to understand that the passage from the ring to the knot does not reduce itself, to a continual sequence of homeomorphic spacial units, as before the tear following SS' it had 2 corresponding points to each point of the circumference producing the ring.

#### EXAMPLE III The Ribbon of Moebius

- a) The ribbon has only one edge. In fact, in turning in the same direction starting from A, we describe AD, then the side BC (B and D are inter-merged) and one returns to A. (C being merged with A).
- b) The ribbon is a one-sided surface as we can pass from one side to the other without crossing the edge. This is easily verified in passing by the route pp' after twisting and glueing.
- c) The ribbon cannot orientate, because if it could it would be possible to shift a small circumference on its surface by describing at its centre a continuous curve in such a way that two portions of this circumference would have the same orientation.
- d) If we should make the ribbon ABCD go through a twist of  $180^\circ$  a first section of the ribbon will give one single large piece.  
A second section made on the given ribbon will give us two interlaced parts.  
A third section from each part lengthens it without dividing itself as regards length.  
A fourth section and the 2 ribbons separate themselves in 4 and so on.  
Now, if we should examine what happens when a twist of  $360^\circ$ ,  $540^\circ$  etc. is made, then 1 turn,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  turn etc. we should reach this general result.

"The surface is one sided if the number of twist is uneven."

..... Mais aujourd'hui, c'est la recherche de l'invariant topologique (propriété inchangée dans une homéomorphie) dans les réalisations techniques ou scientifiques de l'homme de tous les temps et de tous les pays qui nous intéresse.

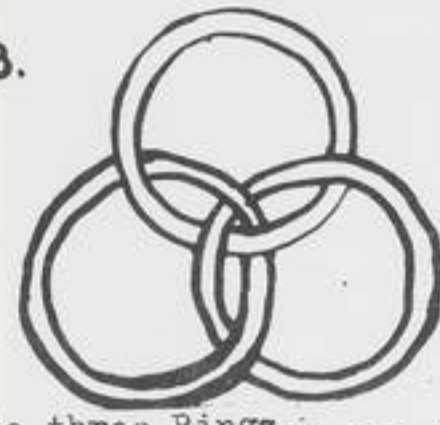
Le panorama ou plutôt l'inventaire des "applications situologiques", dans les divers domaines de l'activité humaine: arts plastiques et non plastiques, sciences et techniques, est forcément incomplet, mais il nous semble que son examen permettra de mettre en évidence cet "invariant universel" qui aidera l'homme à se définir, si dominant ses désirs élémentaires, il parvient à ne plus considérer que la détermination univoque de sa mission.

Example I.



curve of Hoppe  
 $x = \cos t (3 \cos t - 1)$   
 $y = 5 \cos t \sin t$   
 $z = \sin t (25 \cos^2 t - 1)$

3.



the three Rings if one takes away one ring the other two are disjointed.



5. Thus each ring supports the two others



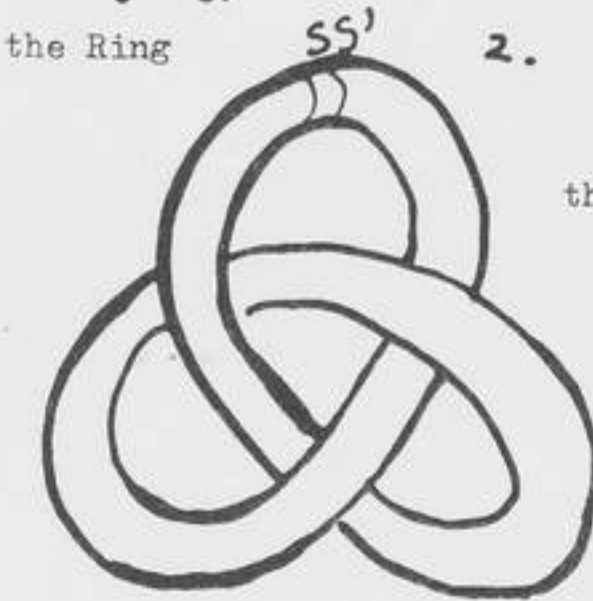
By making one or more cuts complex topological multiplications can be transformed into a figure of a simple connection

Example II



the Ring

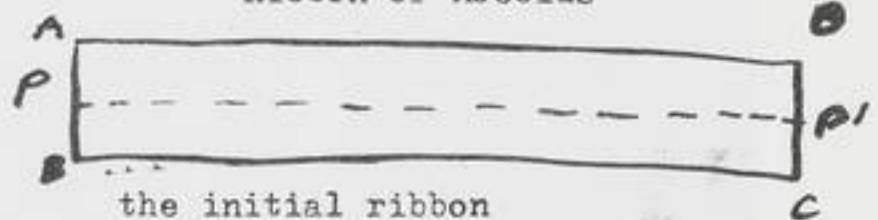
The shape which the triquetra Knot assumes on the coins of the Danish King Anlaf of Northumbria is certainly as suggestive of the "triskele" as of the three-cornered Knot.



the Knot

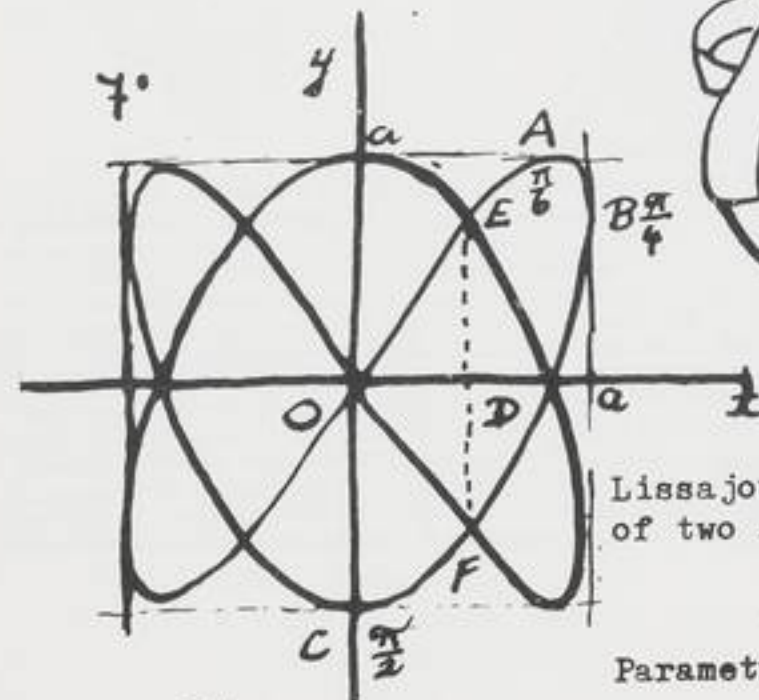
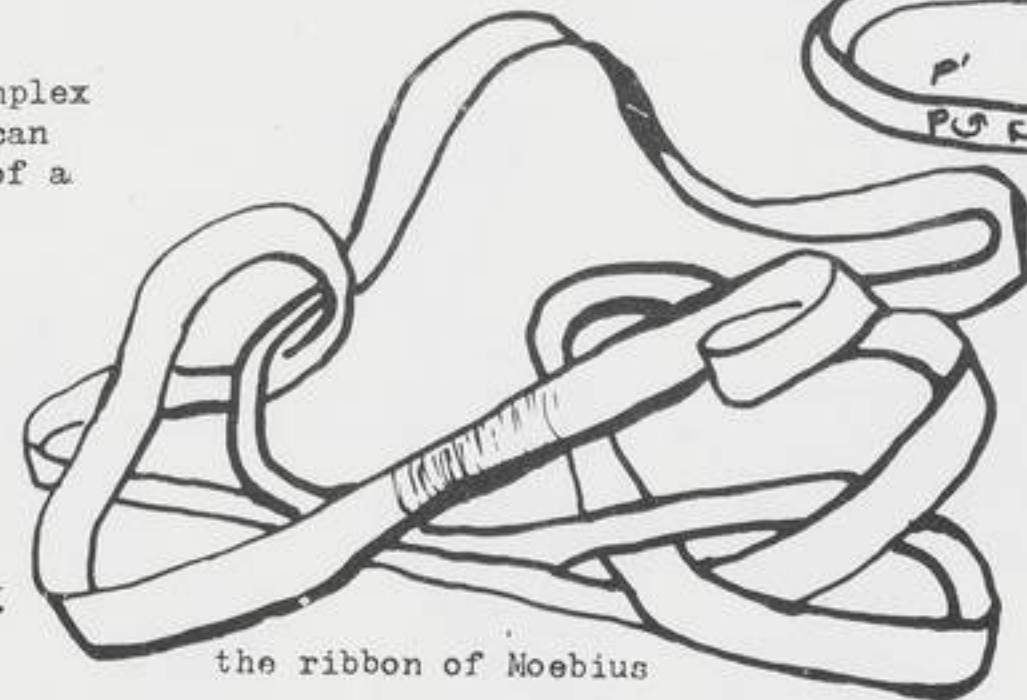
Example III

Ribbon of Moebius



the initial ribbon

6. the ribbon of Moebius is not orientable



Lissajous curves which result out of the composition of two simple, square vibratory movements

Parametric equations

$$x = a \sin 2t$$

$$y = a \sin 3t$$



Shrine of Saint-Bonnet-Avalouze (Corrèze)

THE RELATIVE POSITION OF TWO REGIONS

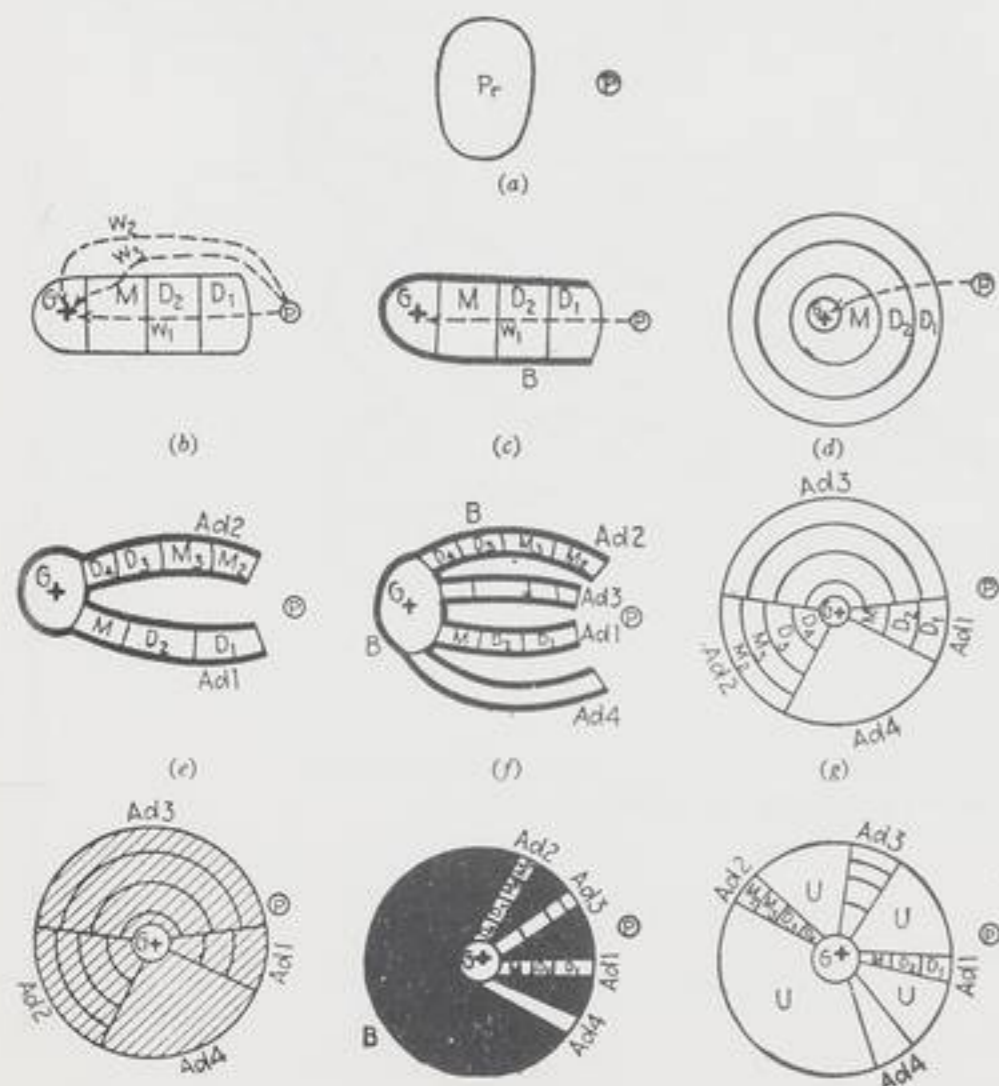
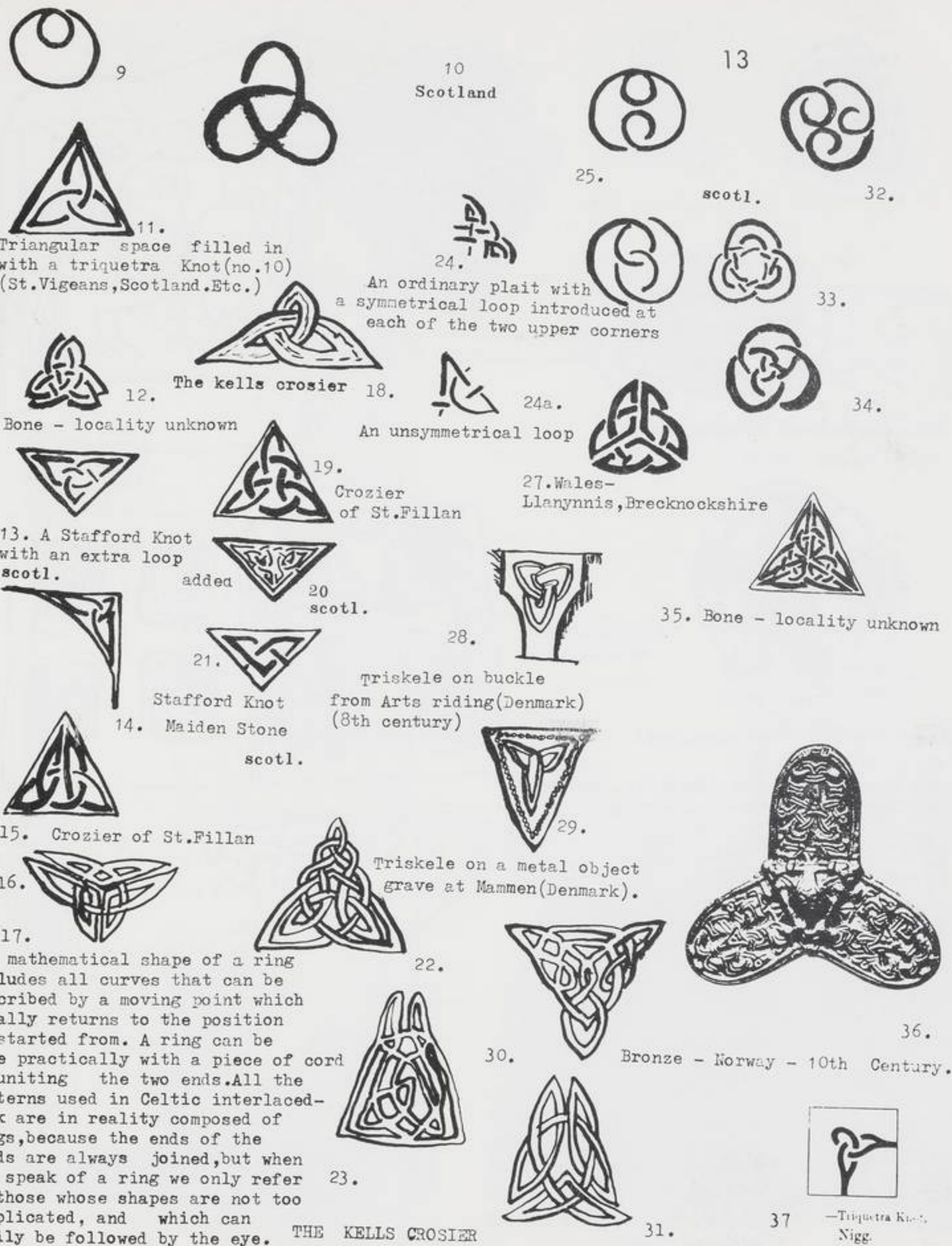


FIG. 35.—Two fundamental ways of representing a situation, when a goal can be reached only by certain approaches. This limitation of accessibility can be represented either by purely topological means or with the help of dynamical concepts. (a) Indicates the undifferentiated; (b) the differentiated situation in the beginning stage of a mathematical task without representation of the limited accessibility. The representation of this limitation by purely topological means is indicated in (d) and elaborated in (g); the representation with the help of dynamical concepts is indicated in (c) and elaborated in (e), (f) and (i). (h) and (j) show the relations between the two representations; in (h) the approaches are viewed as a boundary zone between P and G; (j) identified the impassable barrier B in Figs. (c), (e), (f), (i) with certain unstructured sectors U inserted in (g). P, person; Pr, mathematical problem; G, goal (solution of problem); M, M<sub>1</sub>, M<sub>2</sub>, different multiplications; D<sub>1</sub>, D<sub>2</sub>, D<sub>3</sub>, D<sub>4</sub>, different divisions; B, impassable barrier; Ad<sub>1</sub>, Ad<sub>2</sub>, Ad<sub>3</sub>, Ad<sub>4</sub>, different adits; U, qualitatively undetermined regions.



The mathematical shape of a ring includes all curves that can be described by a moving point which finally returns to the position it started from. A ring can be made practically with a piece of cord by uniting the two ends. All the patterns used in Celtic interlaced-work are in reality composed of rings, because the ends of the cords are always joined, but when we speak of a ring we only refer to those whose shapes are not too complicated, and which can easily be followed by the eye. THE KELLS CROSIER

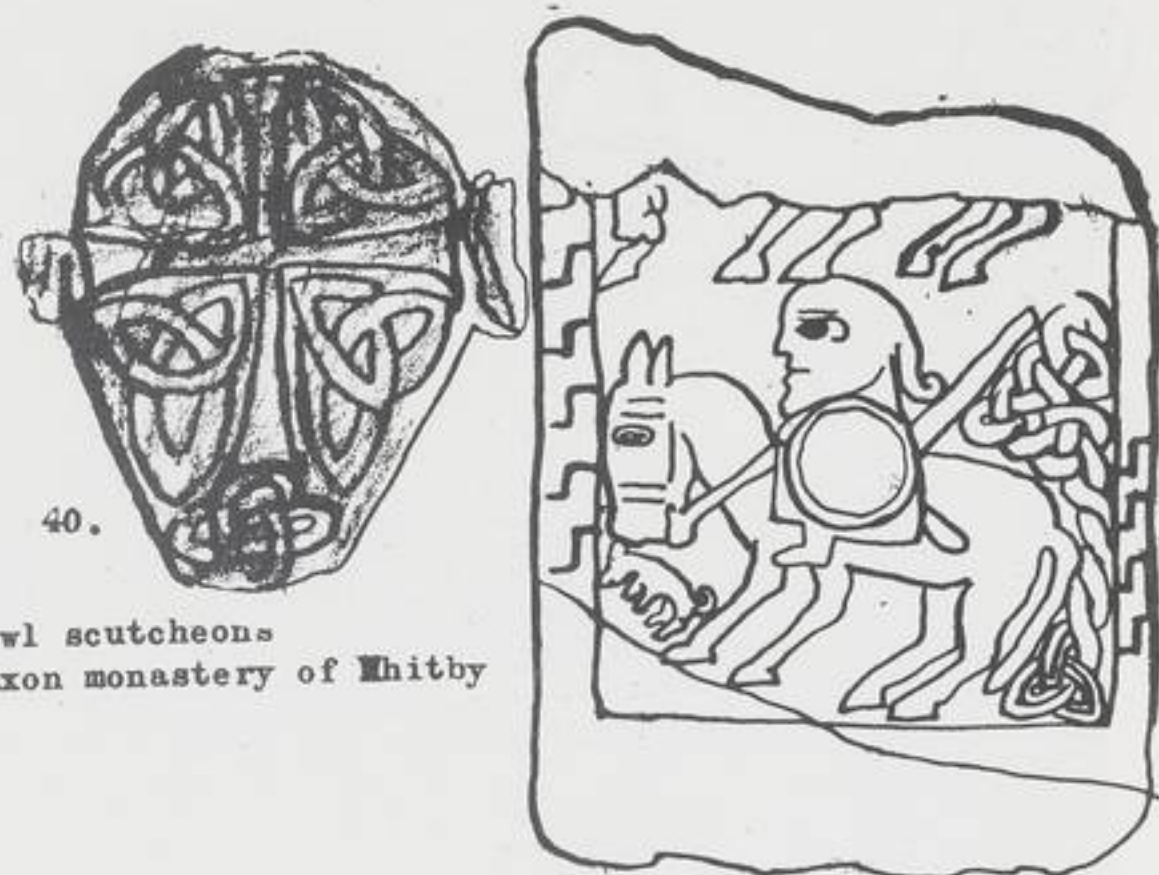




38. see no. 8



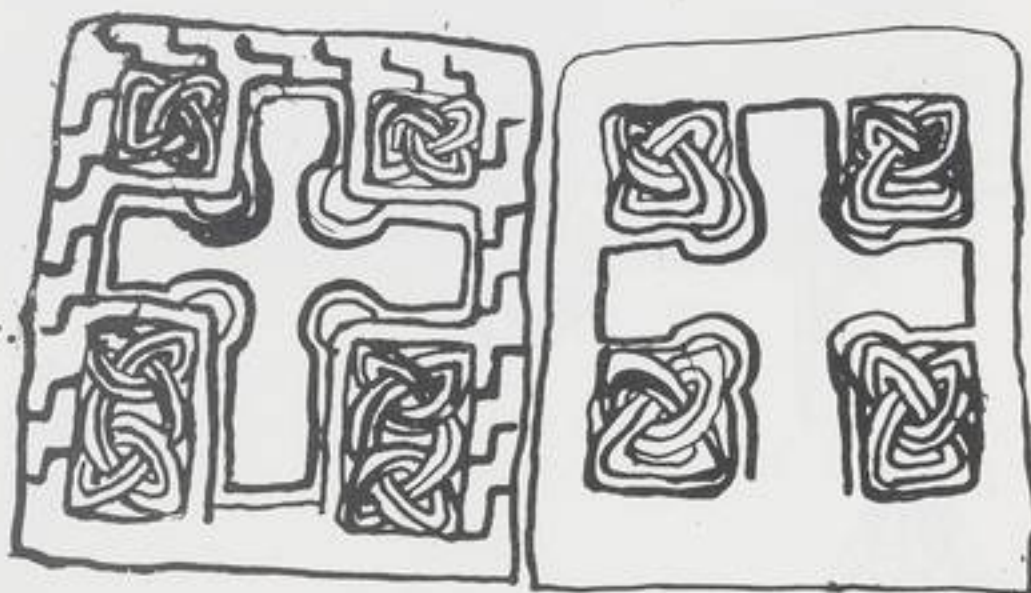
39. cross-head at Whithorn, Scotl.



40. bowl scutcheons Saxon monastery of Whitby

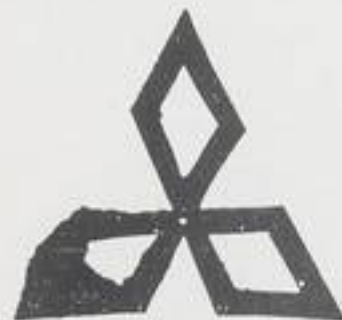
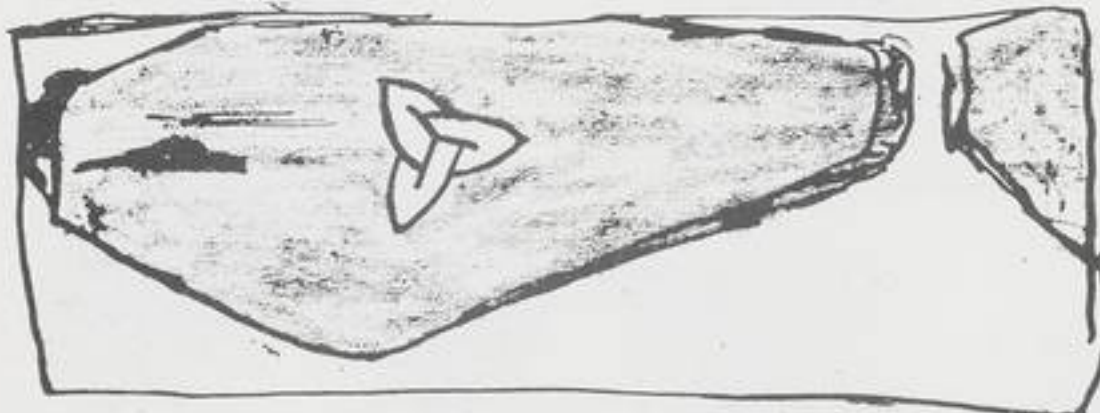


43. cross-slab at Kirriemuir.



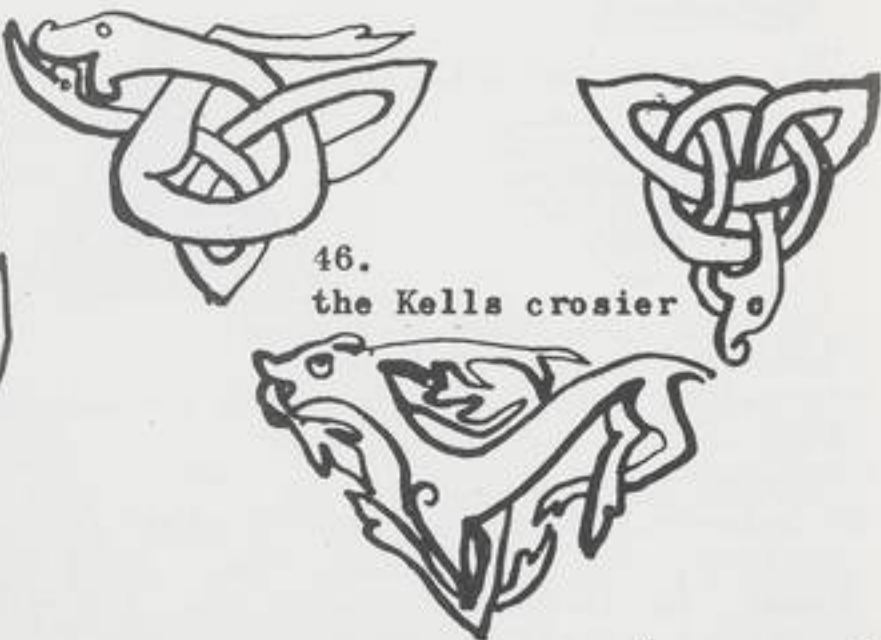
41. cross-head, at Lesmahagow, Scotl.

44. The Hemdrup rune-stav, Triskele. Denmark.

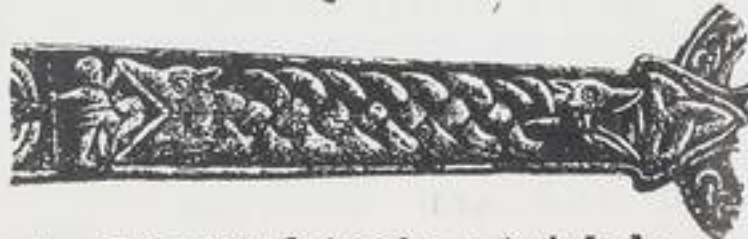


45. 14

The triceps, an old Nordic sign. A symbol of heavenly power. By tracing its perimeter from the apex back to the apex we realize the meaning of the words: "The Will of God, descending upon the world, sways to and fro over the Earth and returns again on High."



46. the Kells crosier



47.

Tyr and the Fenriswolf with 2 heads + triskele.



48. Dragon, Suse.



49. 50.



Guldhorn, Gallehus, Denmark



51, Sumer and Seldjankide



54. Cross, Dogtown, Scotl.

15



The Kells crosier 57. 58.



53.

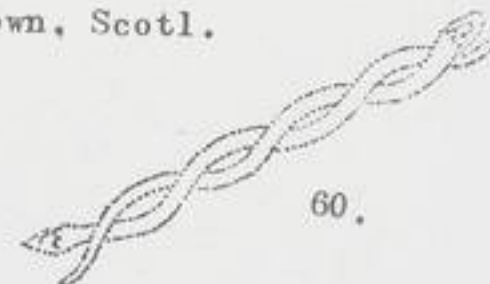


59. Darussifa (Turkey), hospital Tchanksi (Asia)



55. Egypt

Sand-drawing of the way of the serpent Yarapi, which created the route of the water. Australia.



60. guldhorn, Gallehus

61

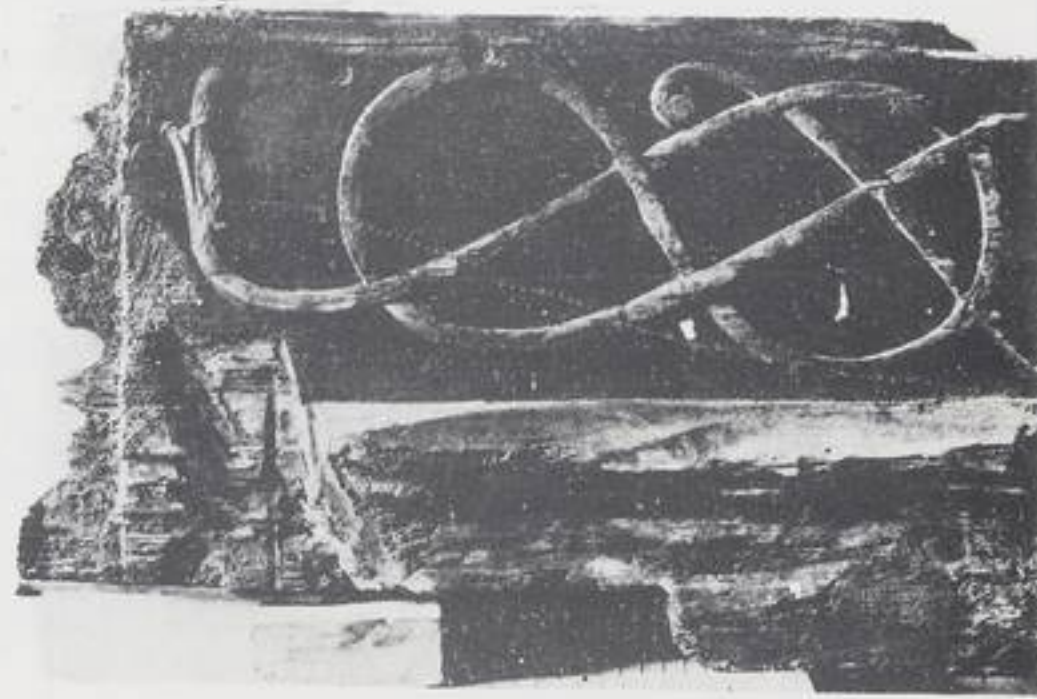


Chess-piece, Denmark. 62.

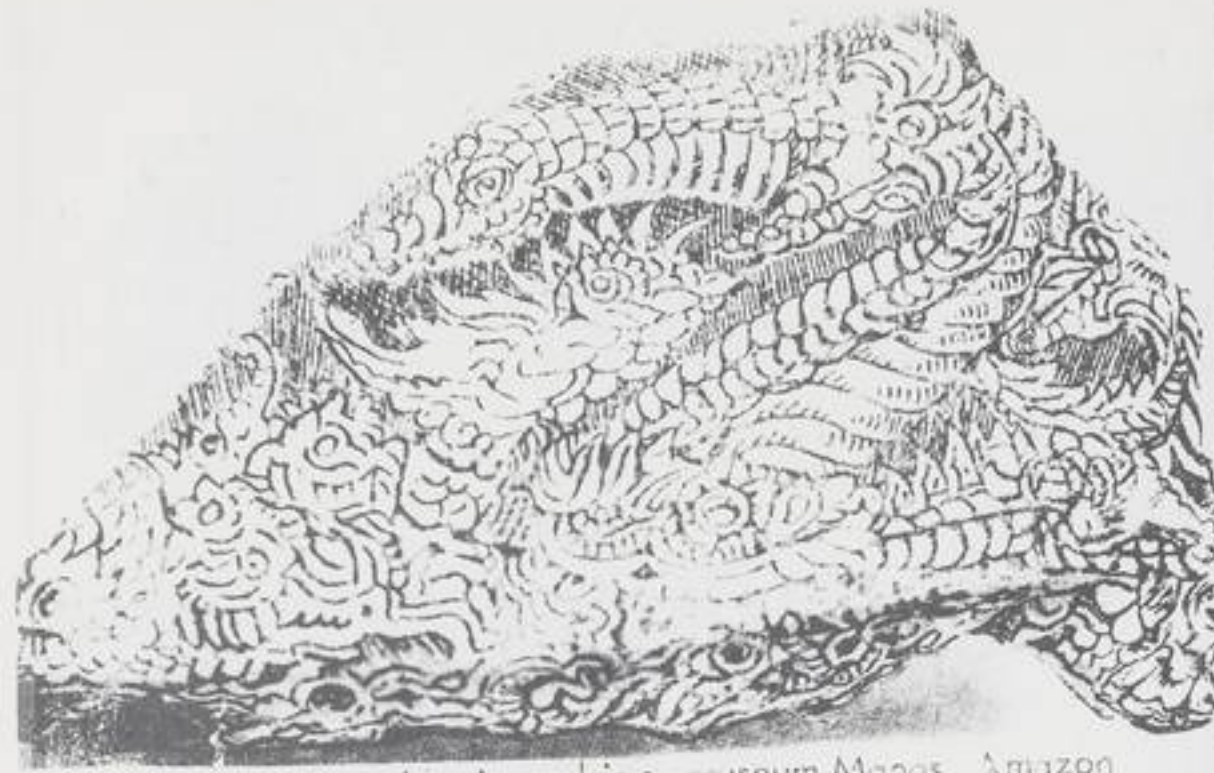


52.

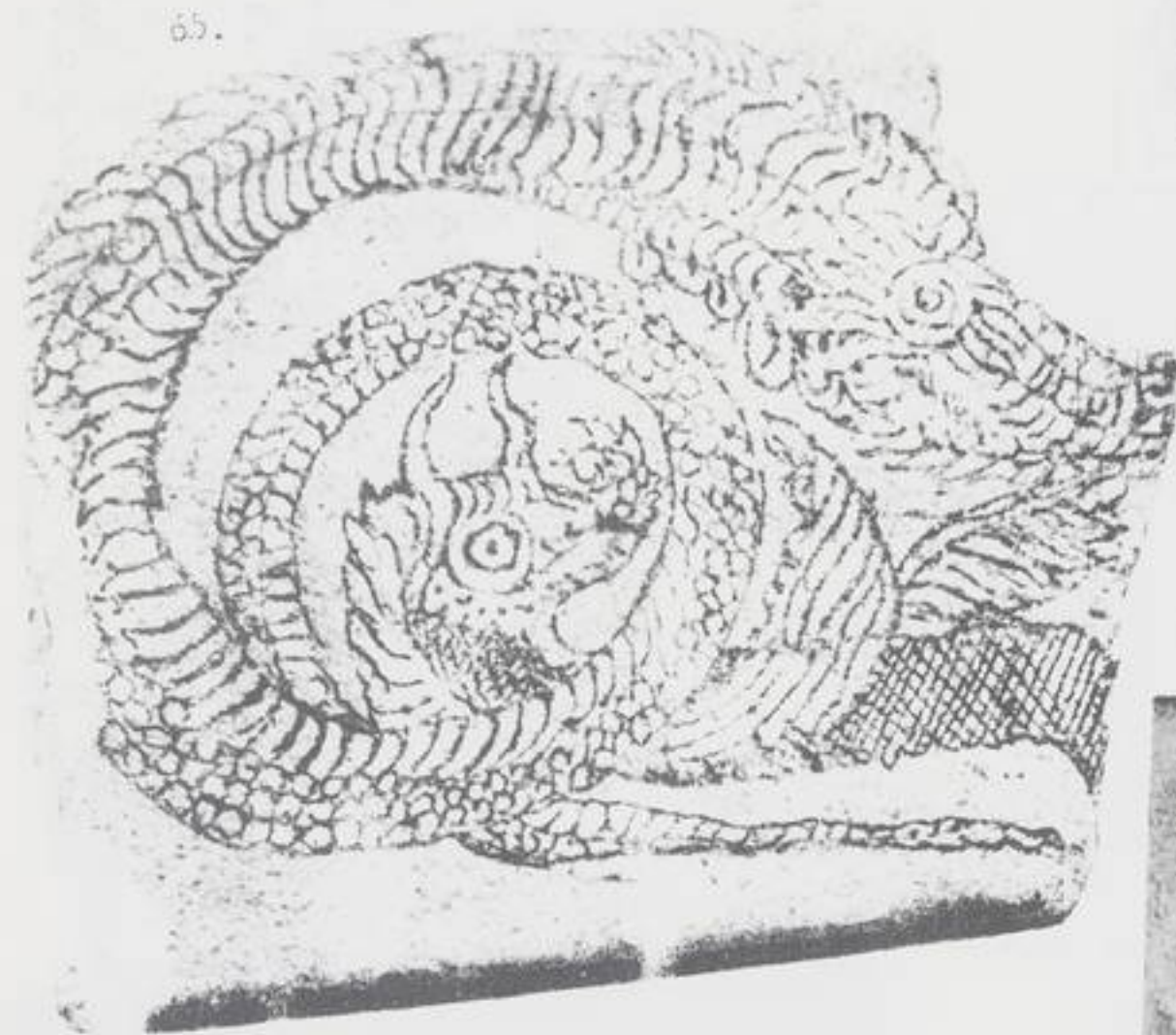
Upright cross-slab, Benvie, Scotl



63. Viking-art, wooden-church, Horning, Denmark



64. Arawakian, museum Manas, Amazon



65.



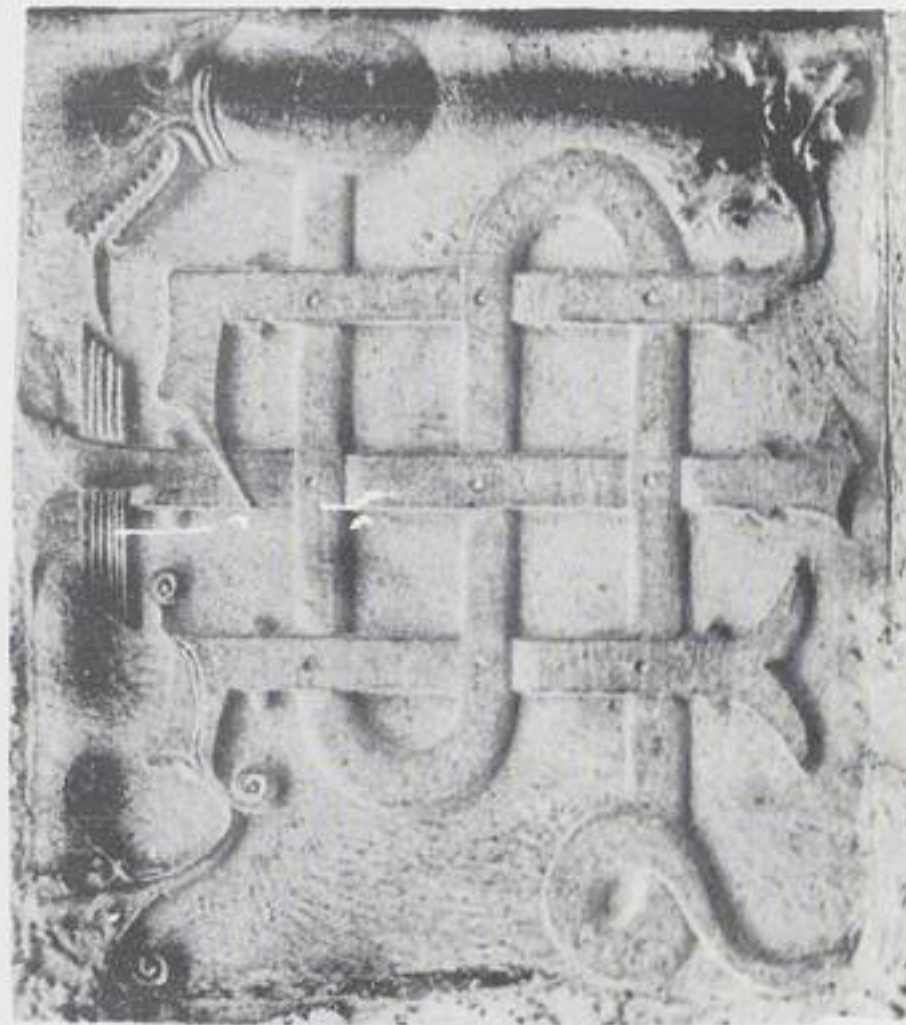
68. South of France (?)

69.

see 5J.



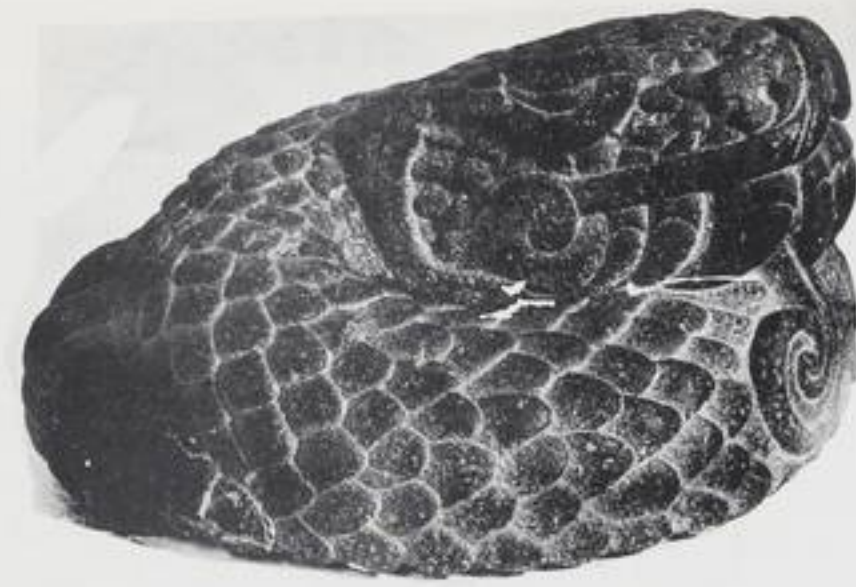
70. Michelangelo Buonarrotti



66. Runestone, Sweden



67. Walasse Ting



72. Mexico



73. Mexico



74. Mexico



75. Mexico

76. Arawakian, Taruman, Amazon

77. Transdanube, Hongaria

78. useberg.

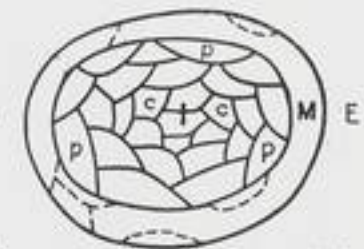


FIG. 41.—Topology of the person. M motor-perceptual region; I, inner-personal region; P, peripheral parts of I; C, central parts of I; E, environment.





79. Annual Snake festival Naga Panchami Nepal

18



80. Krishna + 8 Nagakings. Kathamdu. Nepal



81.

82. Sculptured head from Oseberg



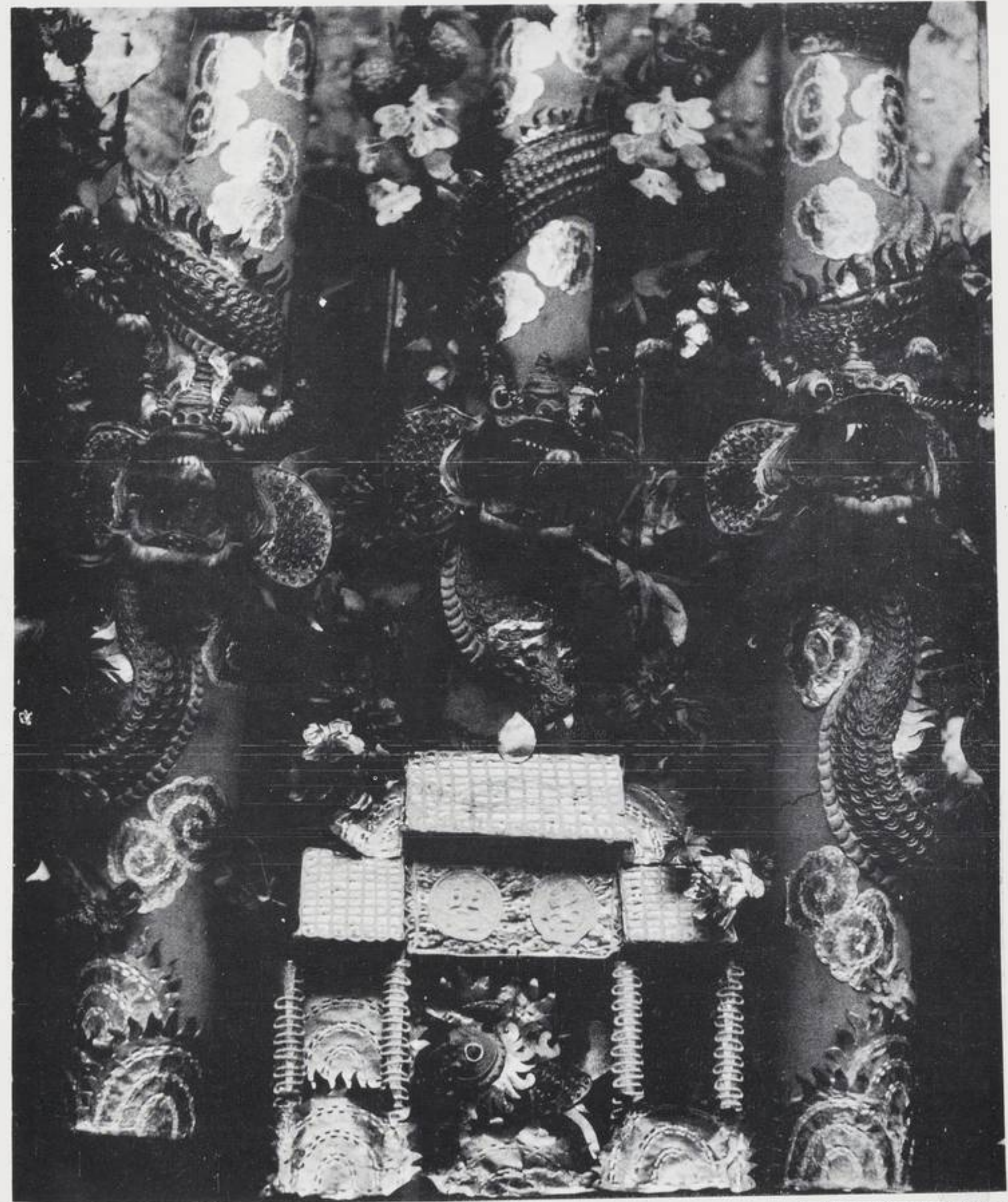
Australia



FIG. 36.—Topological conditions (a) unfavorable and (b) favorable to the comparison of size in the life space. Regions A and B may be psychologically comparable as to size if  $B < A$  and  $A = B + D$ ;  $N \neq a$ .

83. Mexico

84

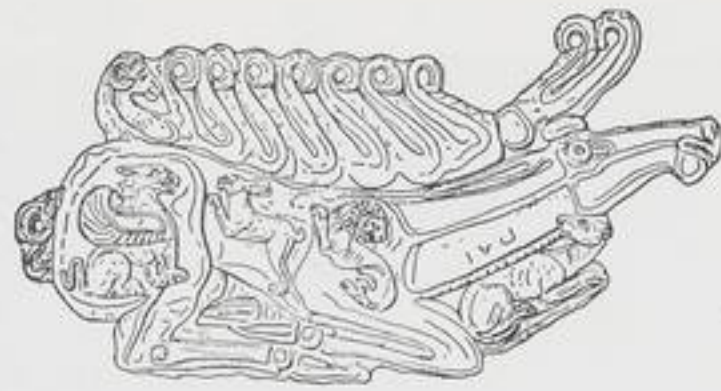


19

85. Saigon China



88. Dragon Soelsted, Danmark .



89. Scythe, Russia



90. Finnish animal  
Oriental Russia

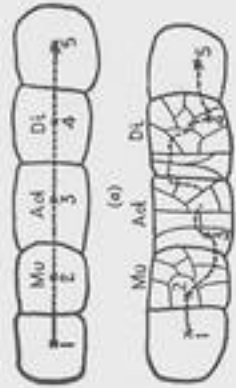


Fig. 19.—The maximum extension (a) which the position of a point can be determined depends upon the degree of differentiation of the region in which it lies. (a) Relatively undifferentiated regions; (b) relatively differentiated regions. M, multiplication; A, addition; D, division; I, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, different points.



92. North-west Indian  
94. Arawakian, Amazon



95. Cavalry, Ivory Coast st.



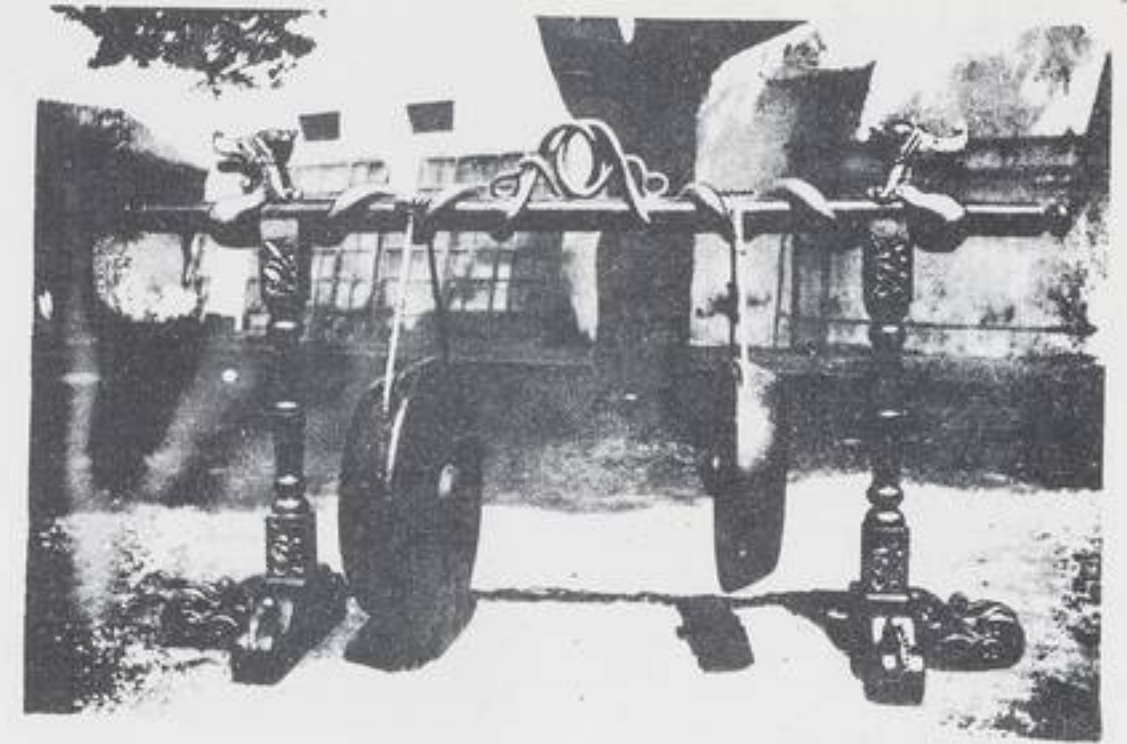
96. Cavalry, Ivory Coast



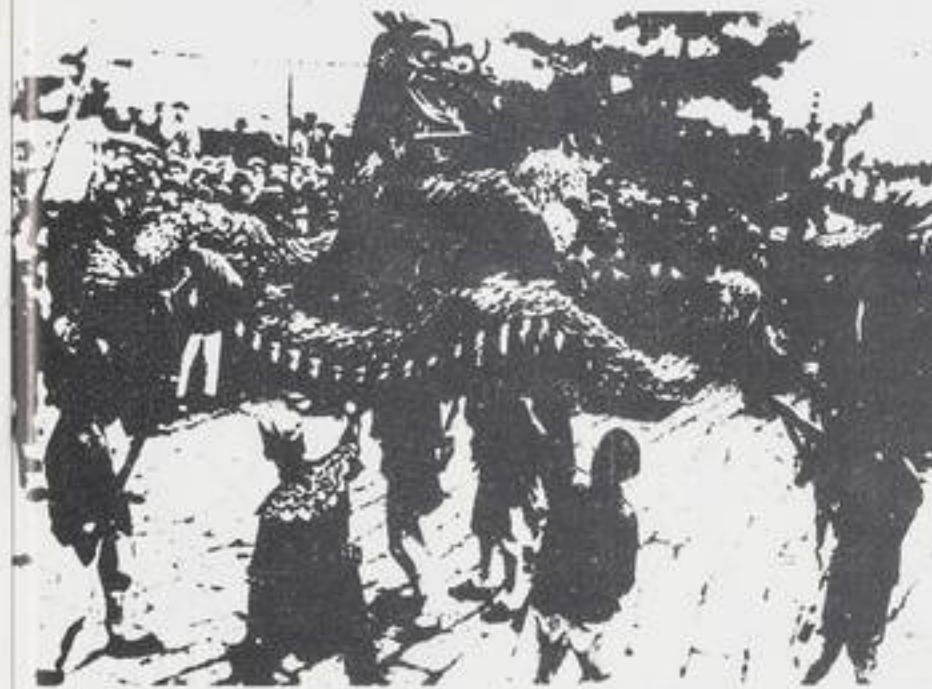
97. Kells crossier



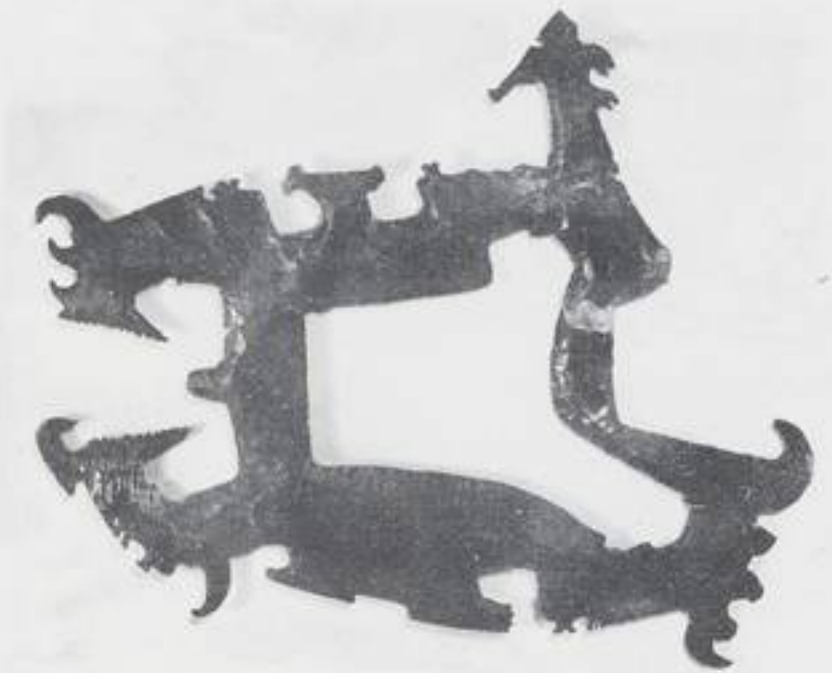
98.



99. Indonesia (Bali) Gong Kemedong



100. Japan Nagasaki-Snakedanse



101. Sylex Mexico



86. Oseberg



91. "Mami Wata", Cavalry



88. Dragon Soelsted, Danmark .

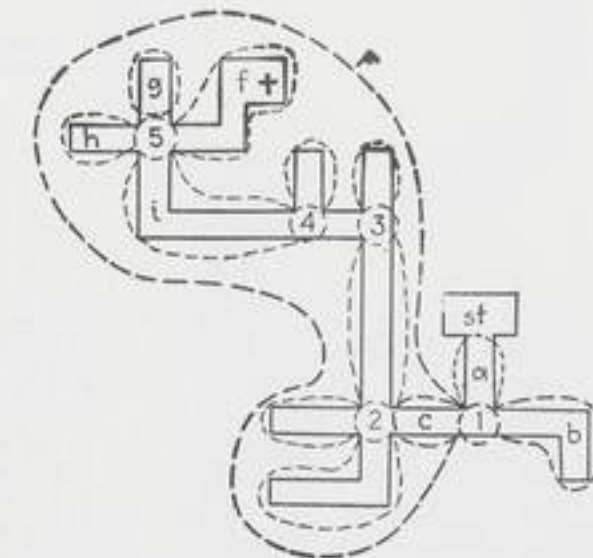
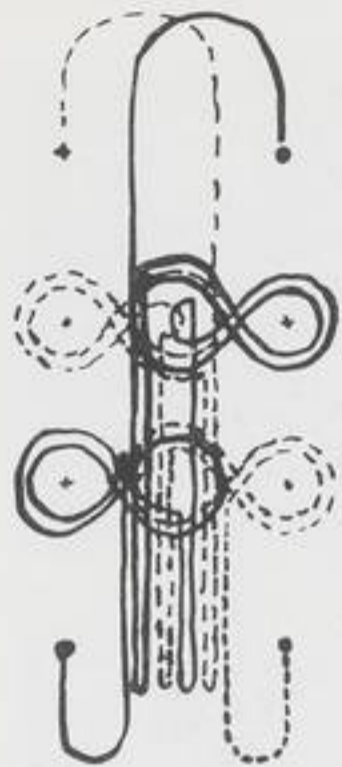


FIG. 24.—Maze learning. Connectedness or not connectedness with respect to the region containing food is the aspect according to which the field is structured. st, Starting point; s, position of rat; a, b, c, regions adjacent to s; F, region containing food; f, food.



103. Danish dance



107. Gipsy-ball, Sp



104. Religians Dance, Danmark



112. Danish Dance



109.



114.

110.

113.

115. Twocord plait or twist, Scotland

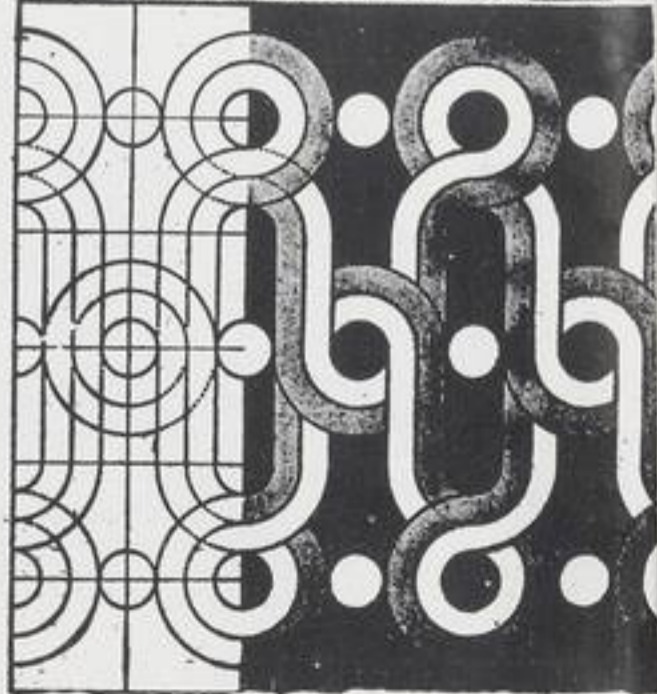
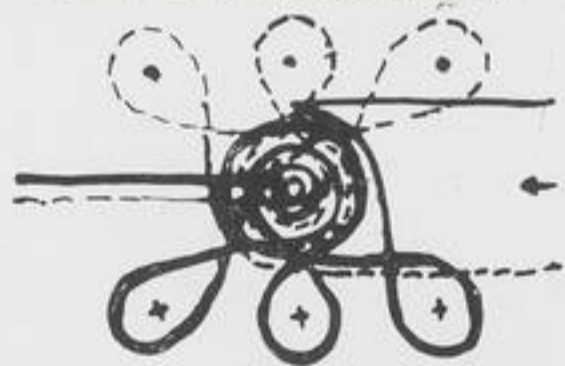


FIG. 14.—Jordan curve determining an inner region (I) and an outer region (O).

111



105.



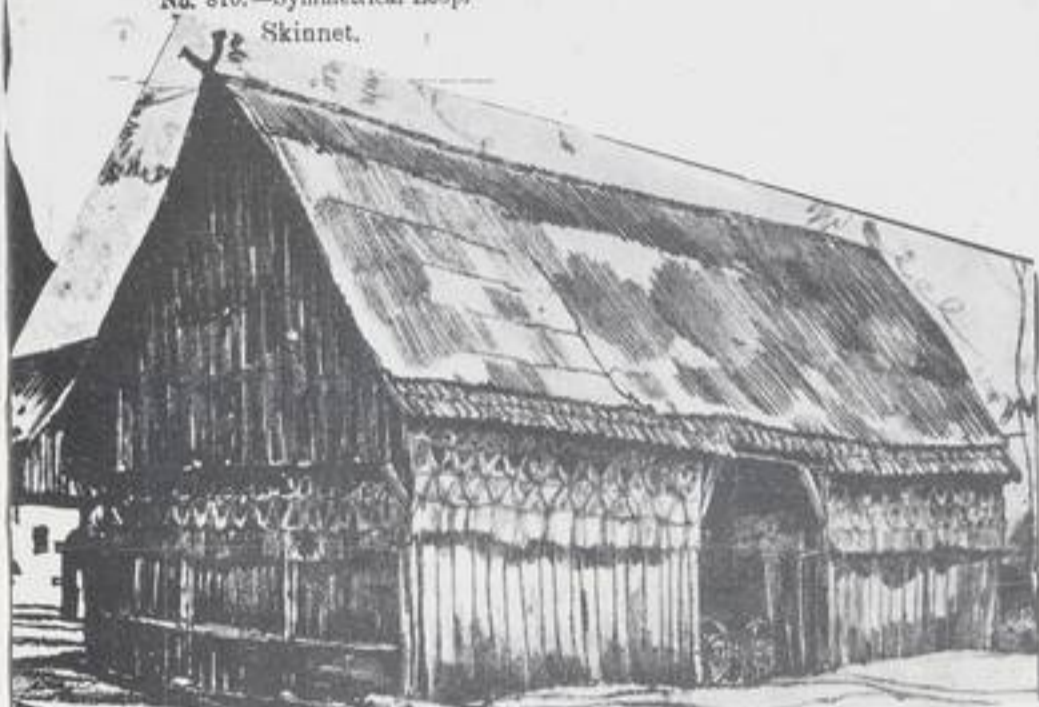
106. Vaeve Vadmel



The boundary of a simply connected limited region has the character of a Jordan curve. A Jordan curve is defined as a topological, i.e., as a one-to-one continuous, image of a circle. It is therefore a closed curve which does not intersect itself. Aside from this the shape of the curve is irrelevant.



Na. 810.—Symmetrical Loop. Skinnet.



116. Roof Tilligte, Holland



119

122. Lindholm høje well, Danmark



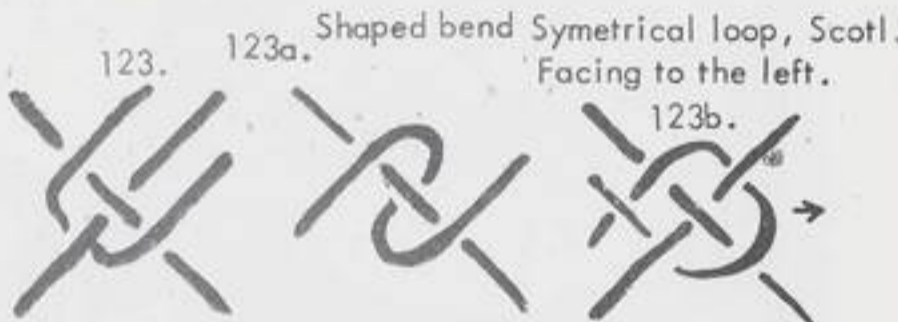
121.

Lille Vildmose well, Danmark

117. Scout Knots



121.

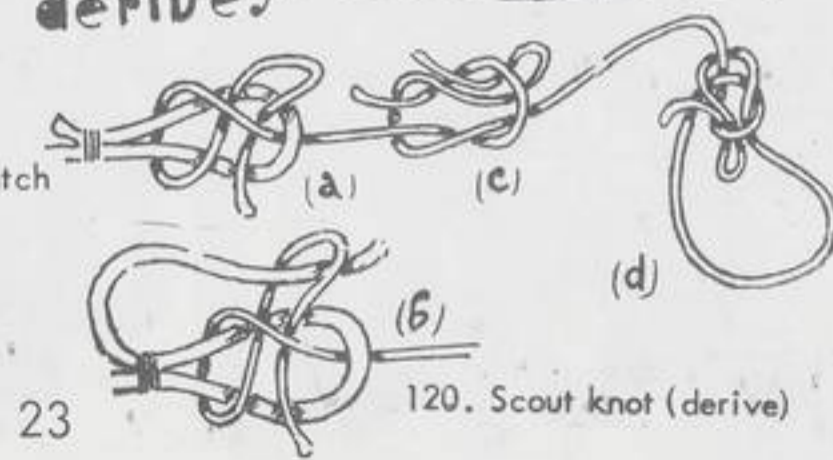


123. Shaped bend Symmetrical loop, Scotl. Facing to the left.

124. Bar Kochba, Israel (135 a.d. Chr.)

dérivés

118. Scout patch

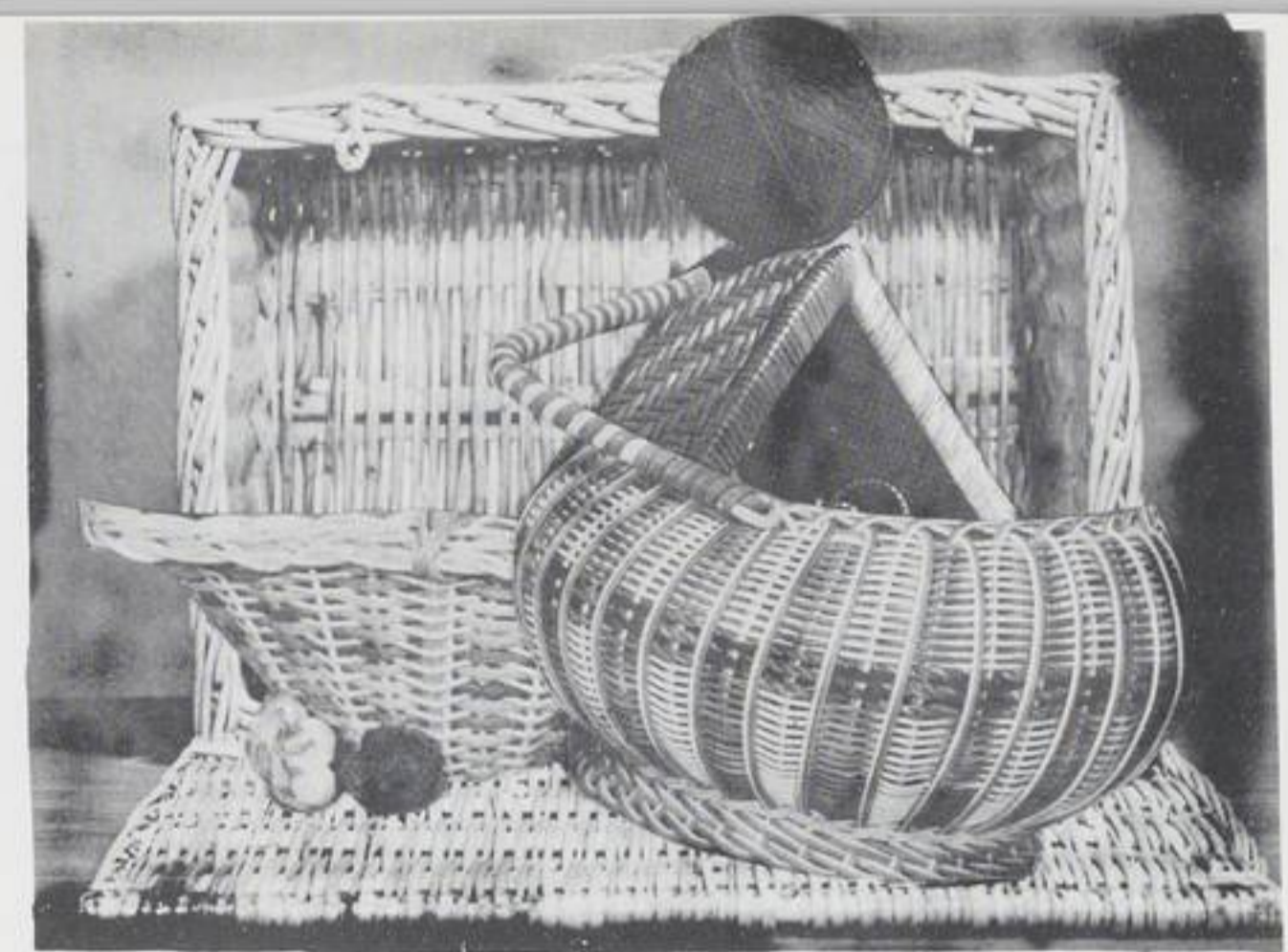


120. Scout knot (derive)





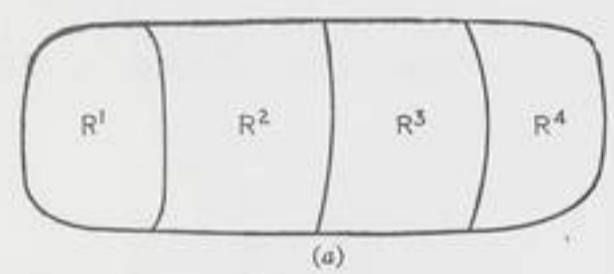
125. Basket



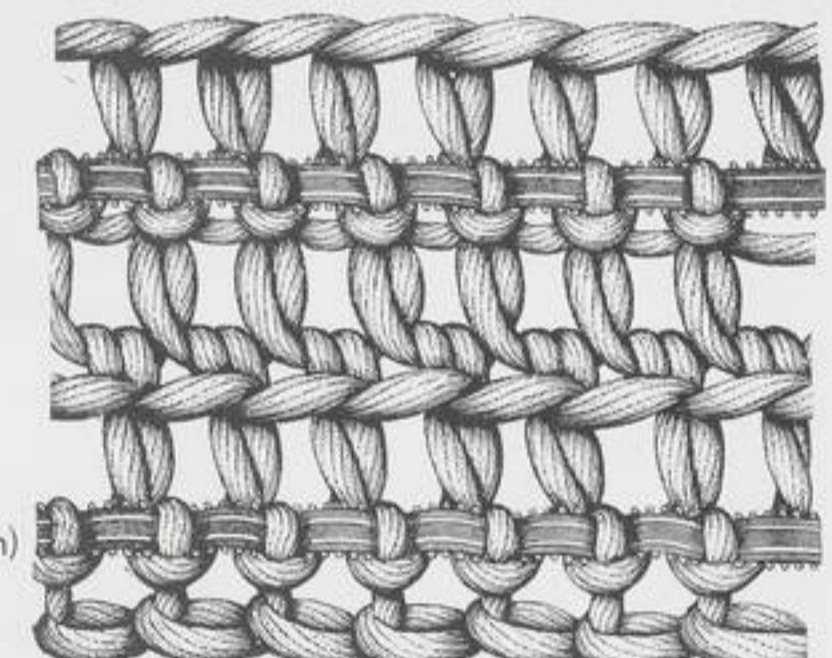
128. Basket



126. Detail of a cawl (Soudan)



129. Detail of a brassiere (Soudan)



130 Work of a scarf for a small girl of 6 to 8  
131. Lace (as braid)

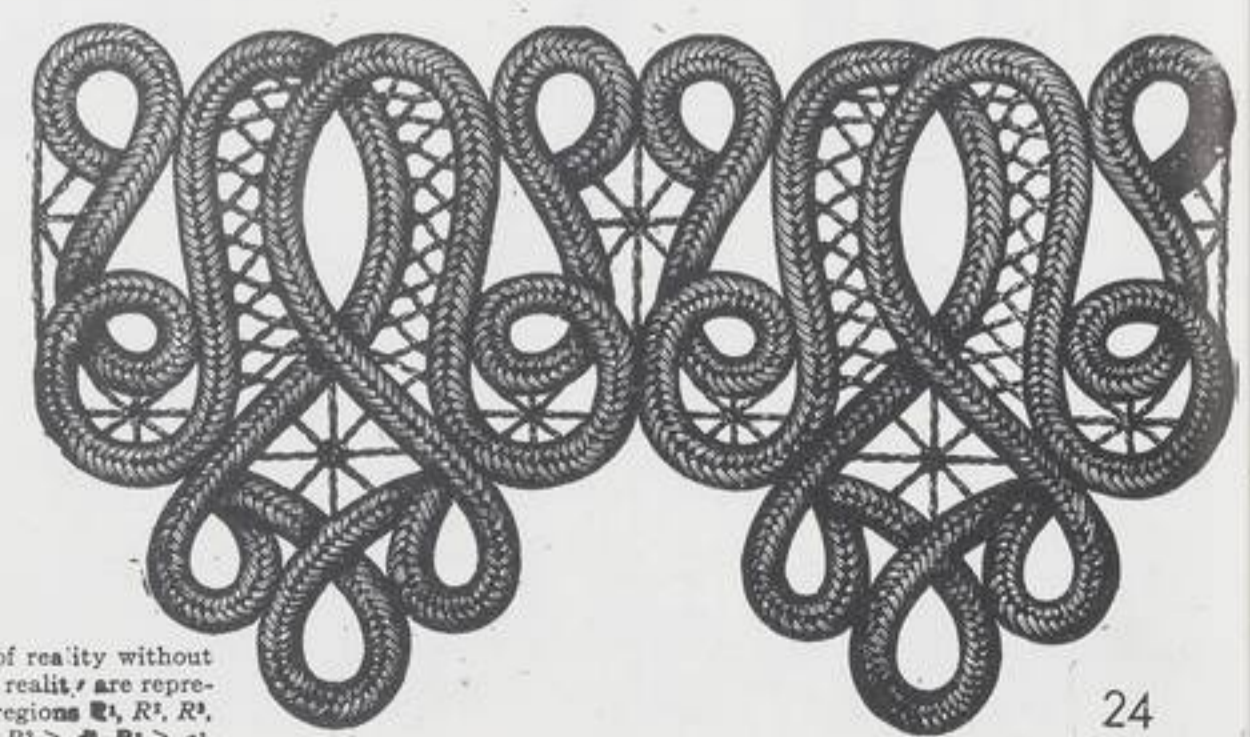
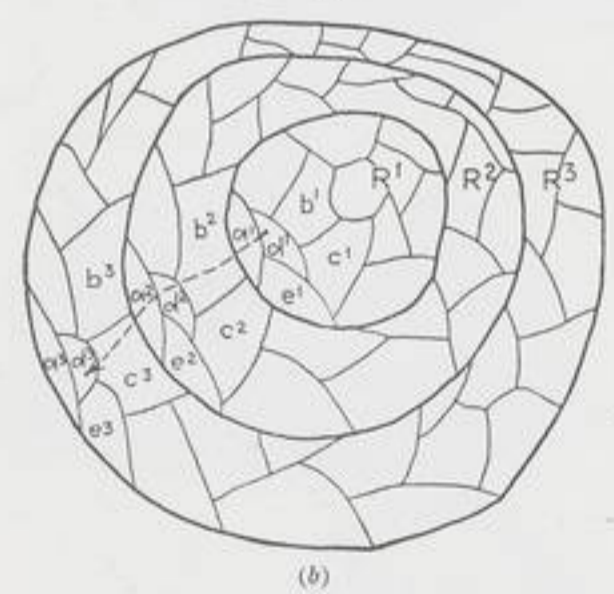


FIG. 46.—Attempt to represent regions of different degrees of reality without introducing an additional dimension. The different degrees of reality are represented in (a) as a chain of regions, in (b) as a series of ring-like regions  $R^1, R^2, R^3, R^4, R^5, R^6, R^7, R^8, R^9, R^{10}, R^{11}, R^{12}, R^{13}, R^{14}, R^{15}, R^{16}, R^{17}, R^{18}, R^{19}, R^{20}, R^{21}, R^{22}, R^{23}, R^{24}, R^{25}, R^{26}, R^{27}, R^{28}, R^{29}, R^{30}, R^{31}, R^{32}, R^{33}, R^{34}, R^{35}, R^{36}, R^{37}, R^{38}, R^{39}, R^{40}, R^{41}, R^{42}, R^{43}, R^{44}, R^{45}, R^{46}, R^{47}, R^{48}, R^{49}, R^{50}, R^{51}, R^{52}, R^{53}, R^{54}, R^{55}, R^{56}, R^{57}, R^{58}, R^{59}, R^{60}, R^{61}, R^{62}, R^{63}, R^{64}, R^{65}, R^{66}, R^{67}, R^{68}, R^{69}, R^{70}, R^{71}, R^{72}, R^{73}, R^{74}, R^{75}, R^{76}, R^{77}, R^{78}, R^{79}, R^{80}, R^{81}, R^{82}, R^{83}, R^{84}, R^{85}, R^{86}, R^{87}, R^{88}, R^{89}, R^{90}, R^{91}, R^{92}, R^{93}, R^{94}, R^{95}, R^{96}, R^{97}, R^{98}, R^{99}, R^{100}$ ; the regions  $d^1, d^2, d^3$  correspond with respect to their contents.



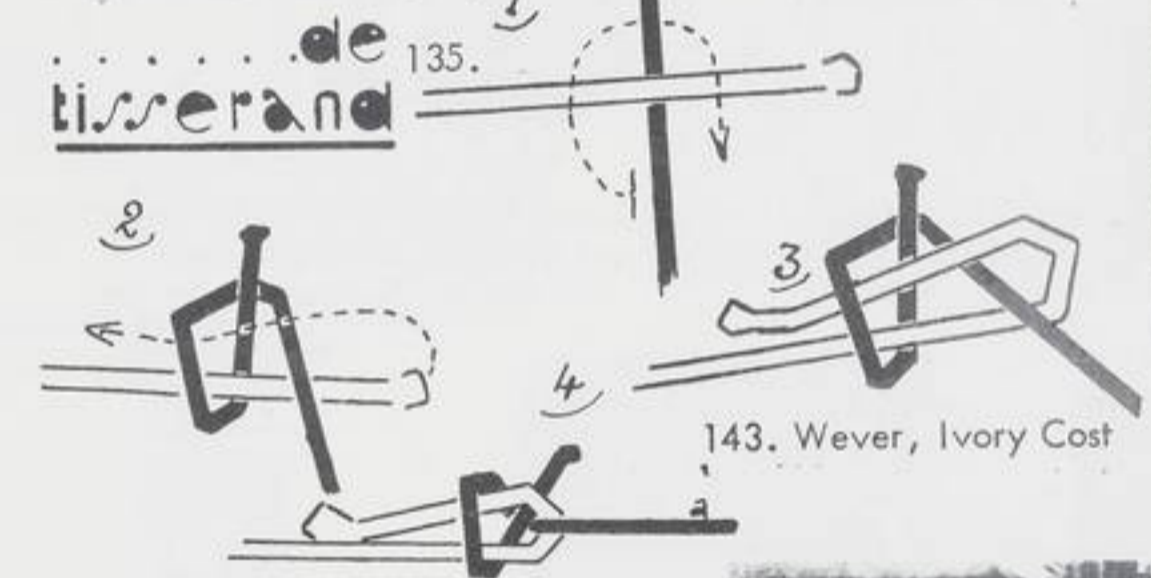
No. 811.—Oval Ring.  
Nigg. 132.



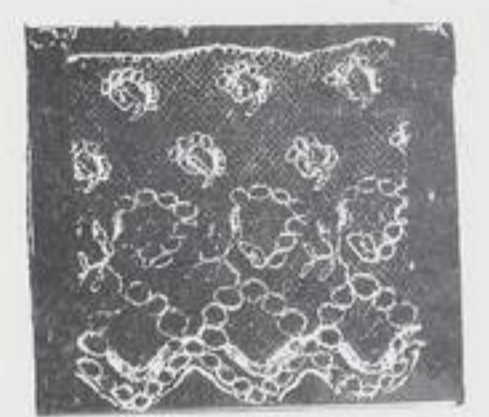
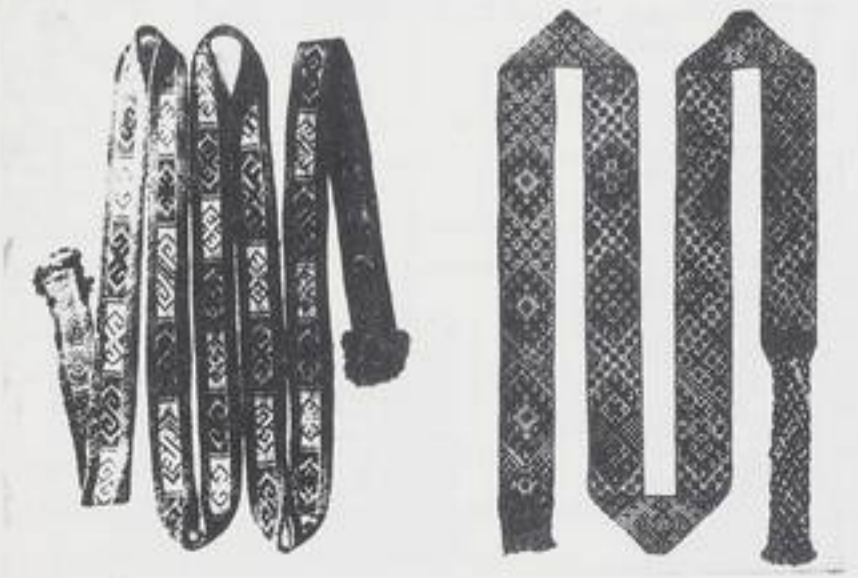
133. Anataharre from Burgos, Spain



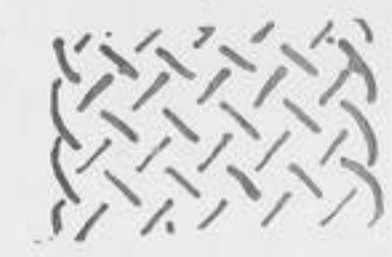
134. A lace maker, Tripole, Tsjechs.



136. Bandage, lettonia 137.



138. Lace, Spanish

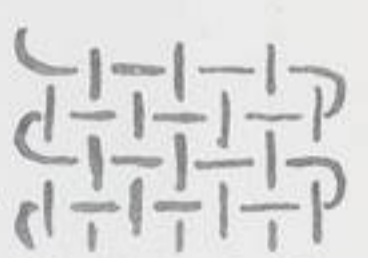


139. Plaited fabric

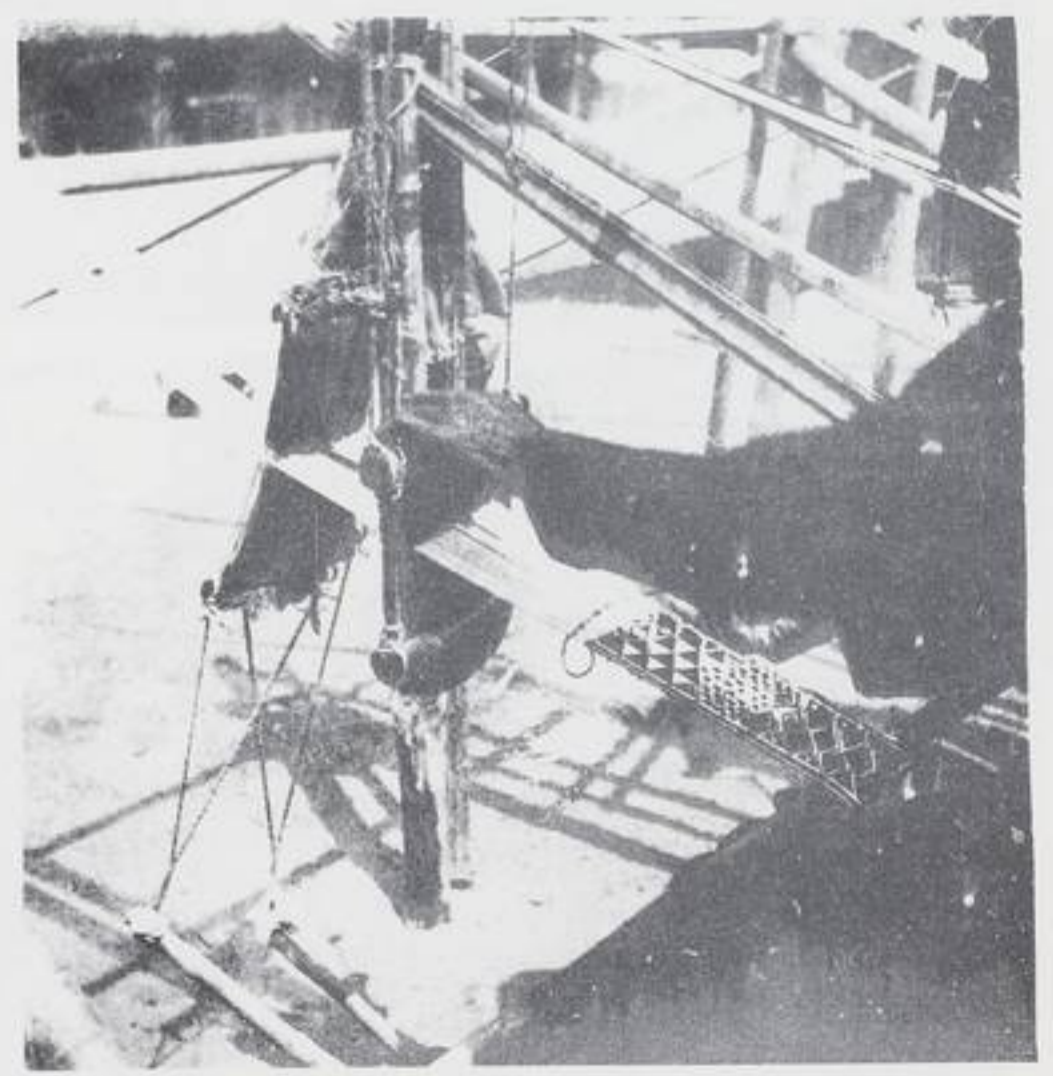
Piece of woven material,  
142. Merovigian, Holland



140. Scout patch



141. Woven fabric

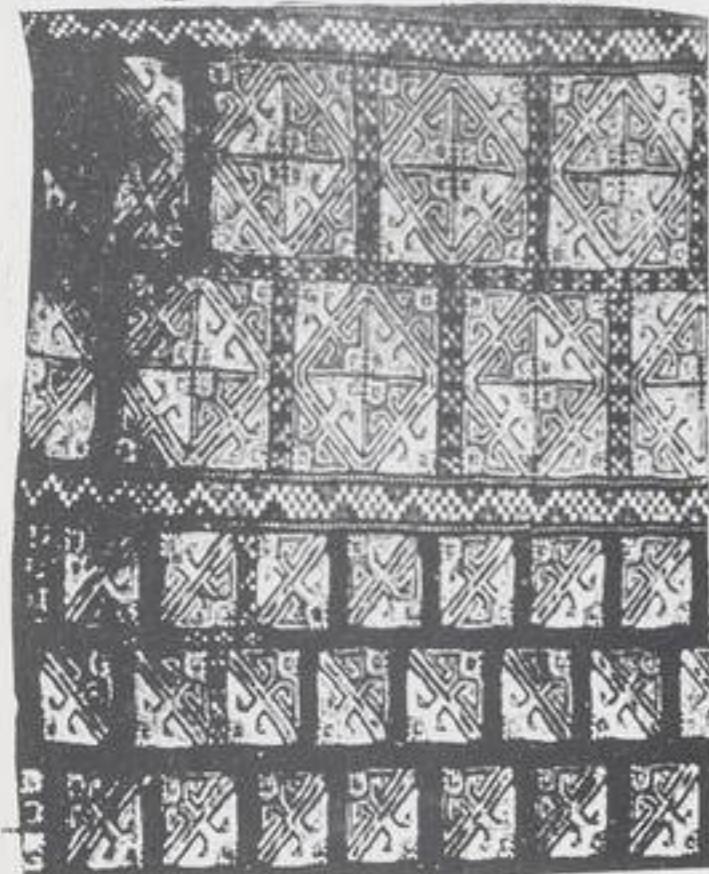




Frange ('Apron) Timșoara, Romania 144.



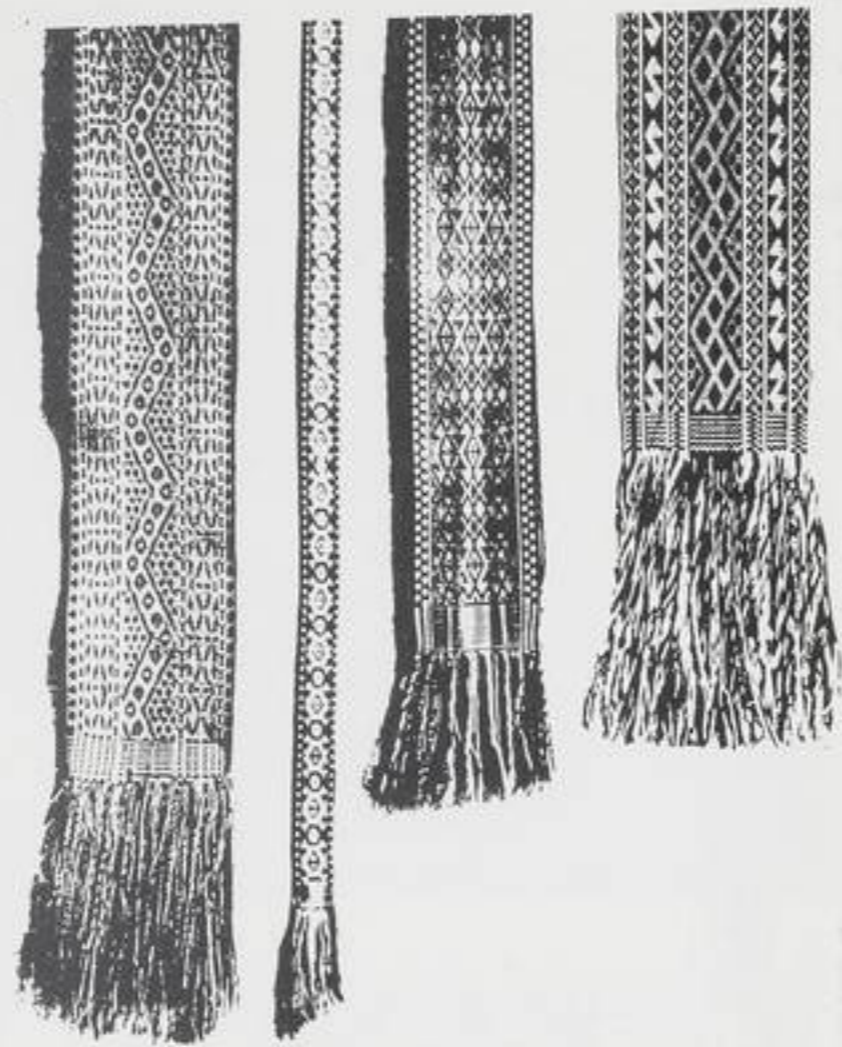
Braid broderie in gold 145.



150. Greek silk broderie



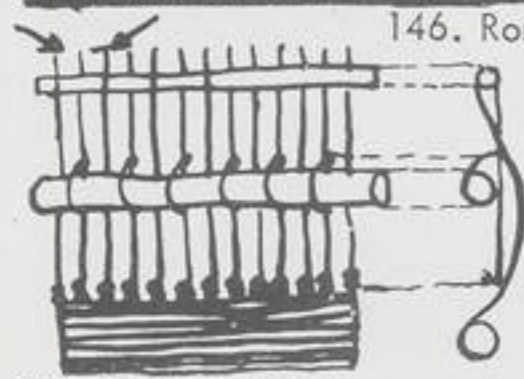
148. Belts, Suceuva, Romania  
149. Bedcloth, Calabrie (Italy)



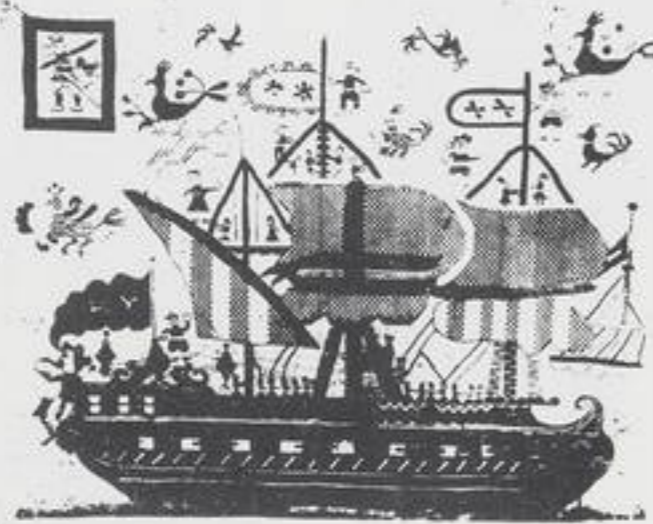
Woolen engaging gloves, Estland 151.



152. Dogtown, Scotl., Keypattern



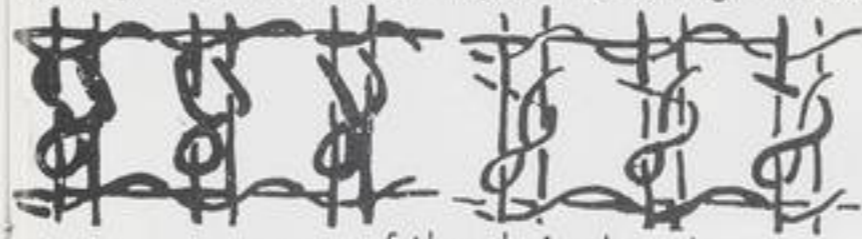
147. Turkish stick to separate the threads



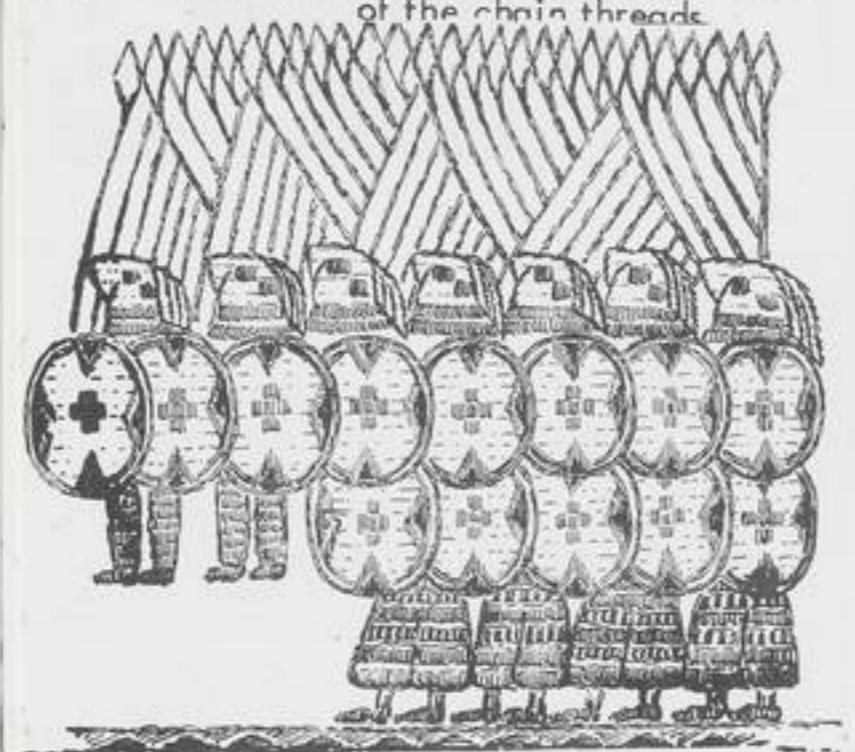
146. Romanian Carpet



154. Form of the knots of the Guerdès carpets, Turkey 155. Different ways of fastening the knots



of the chain threads

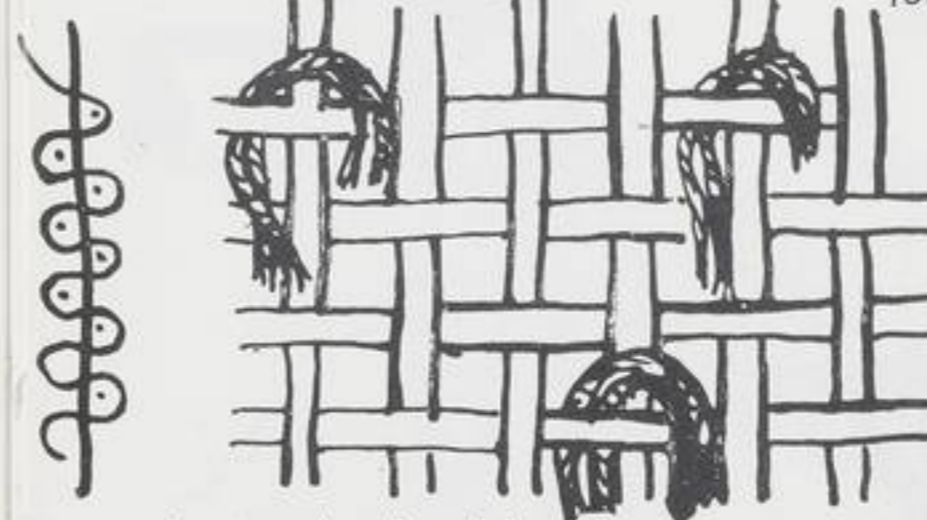


156. Woven piece, Oseberg



157. Klee - drawing

Way of cuendas in the being inserted in the web. 158a.



Scheme showing the disposition of a weaving threads which passes around the threads of the chain which are indicated by points.

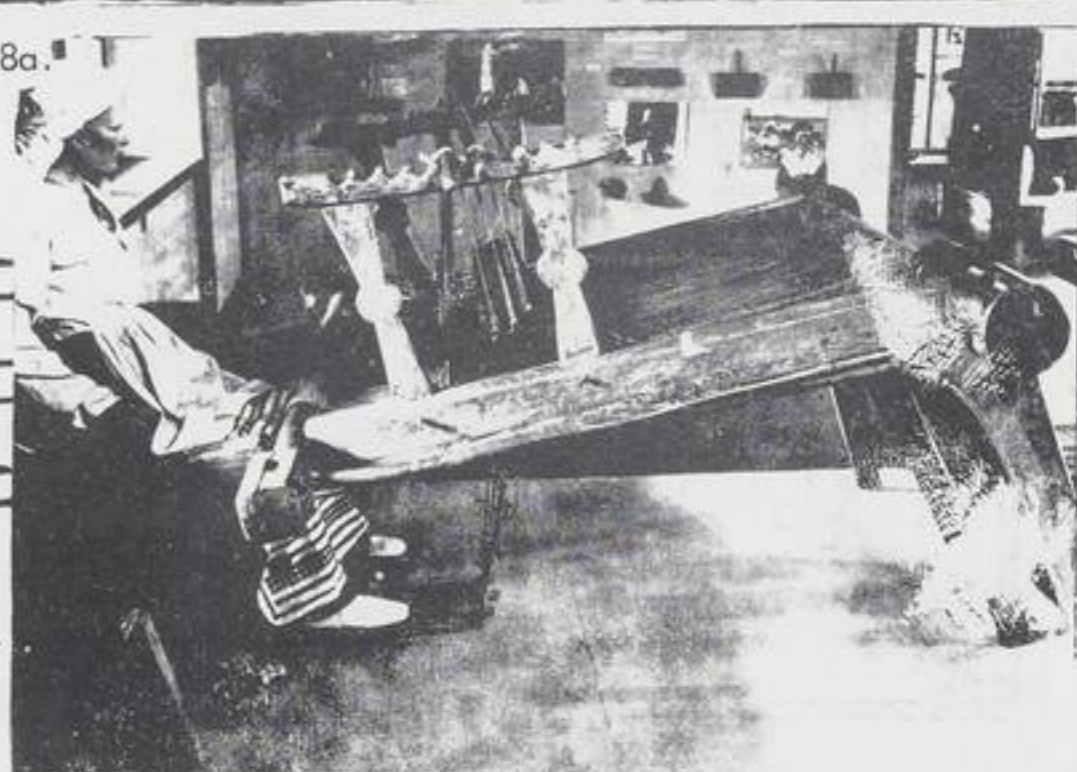
159. Carpet, Norway

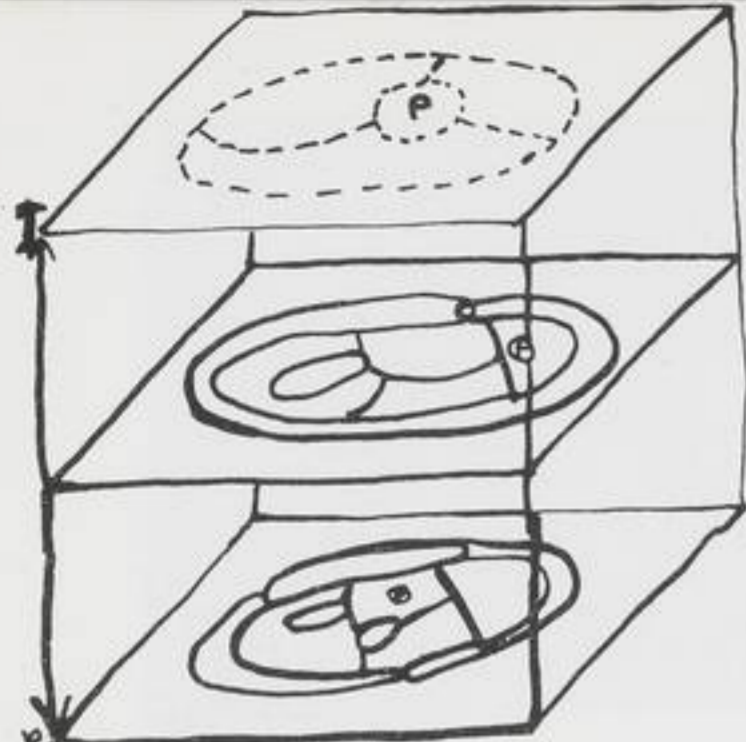


160. Carpet - Egyptian children



161. Carpet - Wemaere + Jorn





Representation of the different degrees of reality by an additional dimension of the life space. R, moral level; I, more ideal level; P, passion. In a level to reality reality the figures are the oners and the person P is more clearly separated from his environments.



165. Ainu way of carrying a child, Japan



163. 168.

166. Garb of an actor, Ivory Cost



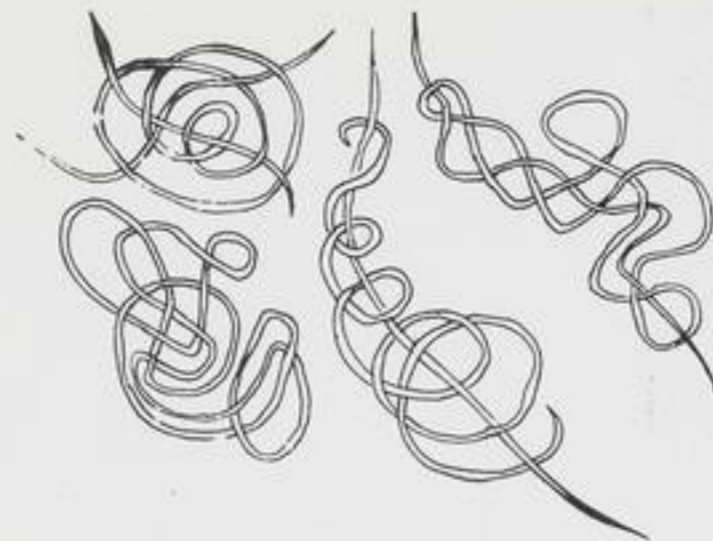
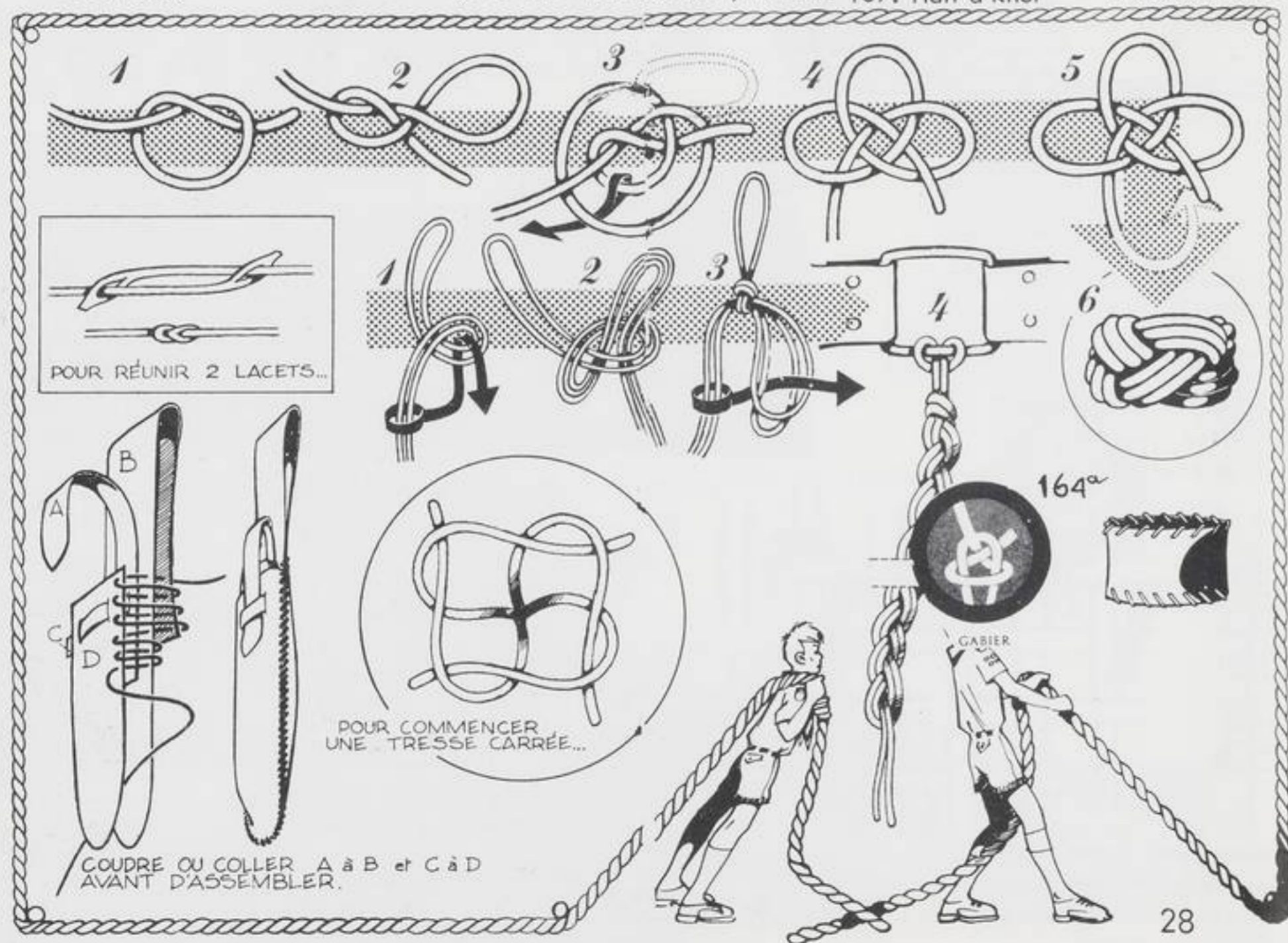
169. Half a knot



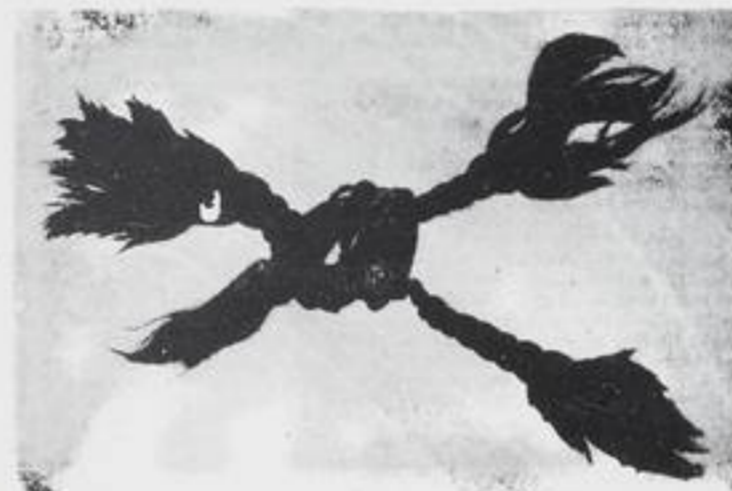
167 -Modification of No. 814. Rosemarkie, No. 1.

164. Scout knots

Linen fringe of the "Pfahlbanten", Switzl.

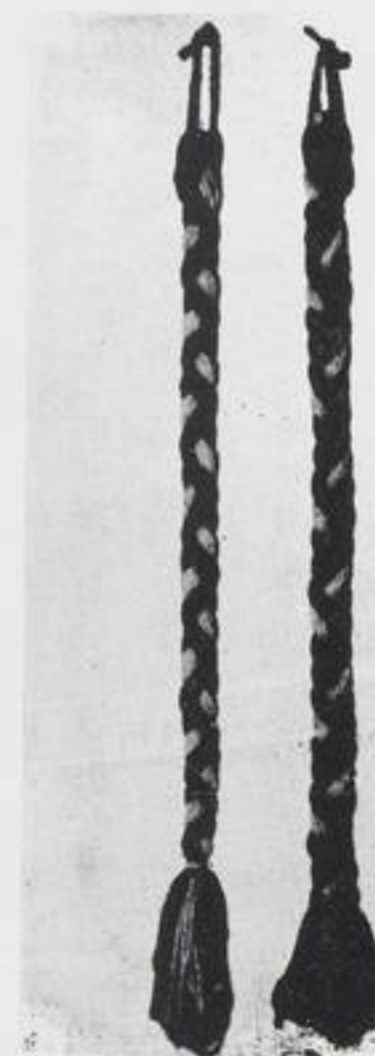


170. "Wege zum Knoten" -Paul Klee

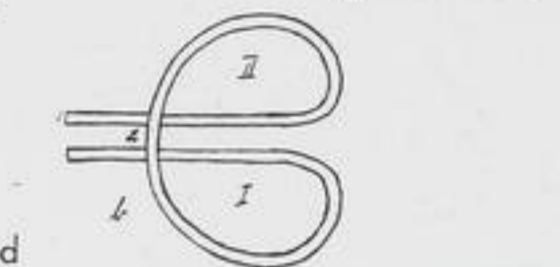


172. Vindumhede hairplaits, Denmark

Two specimens of "the Maundy Thursday-doll". One plaited with three "totter", the other with four "totter". Both of them are manufactured by a peasant woman A. D. 1955. She had learned how to tie them from her mother.



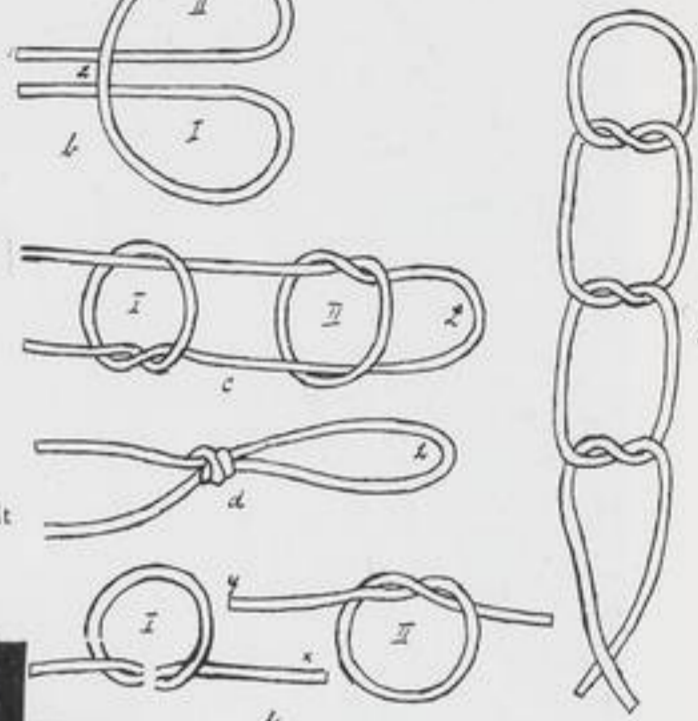
174. -Triquetra Knot with extra Loop. Rosemarkie, No. 1



171. Scotland



176 -Four-Cord Plait placed diagonally. Skinnet.



a-d shows how to tie the Norwegian "lover's knot" on one hand. e how to tie the same knot on two hands. Elizabeth Villier's "the lover's knot".

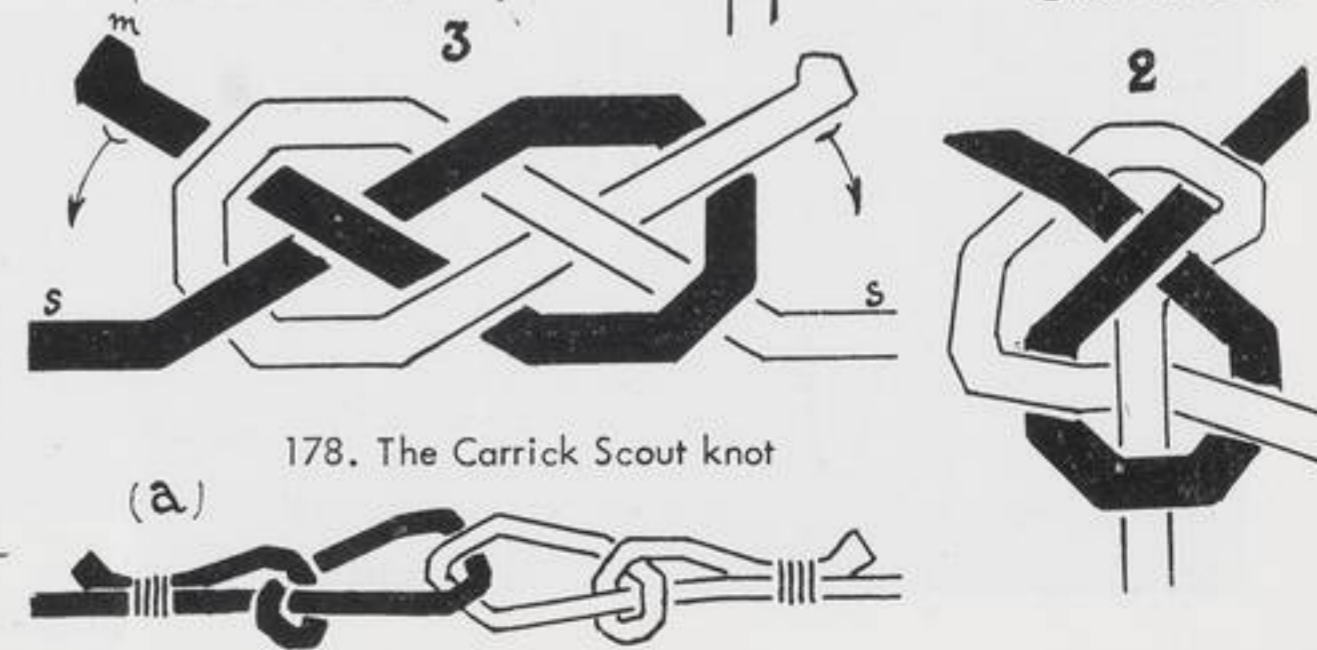
Three times a true-love's knot

I tie secure: Firm be the knot, firm

may his love endure.



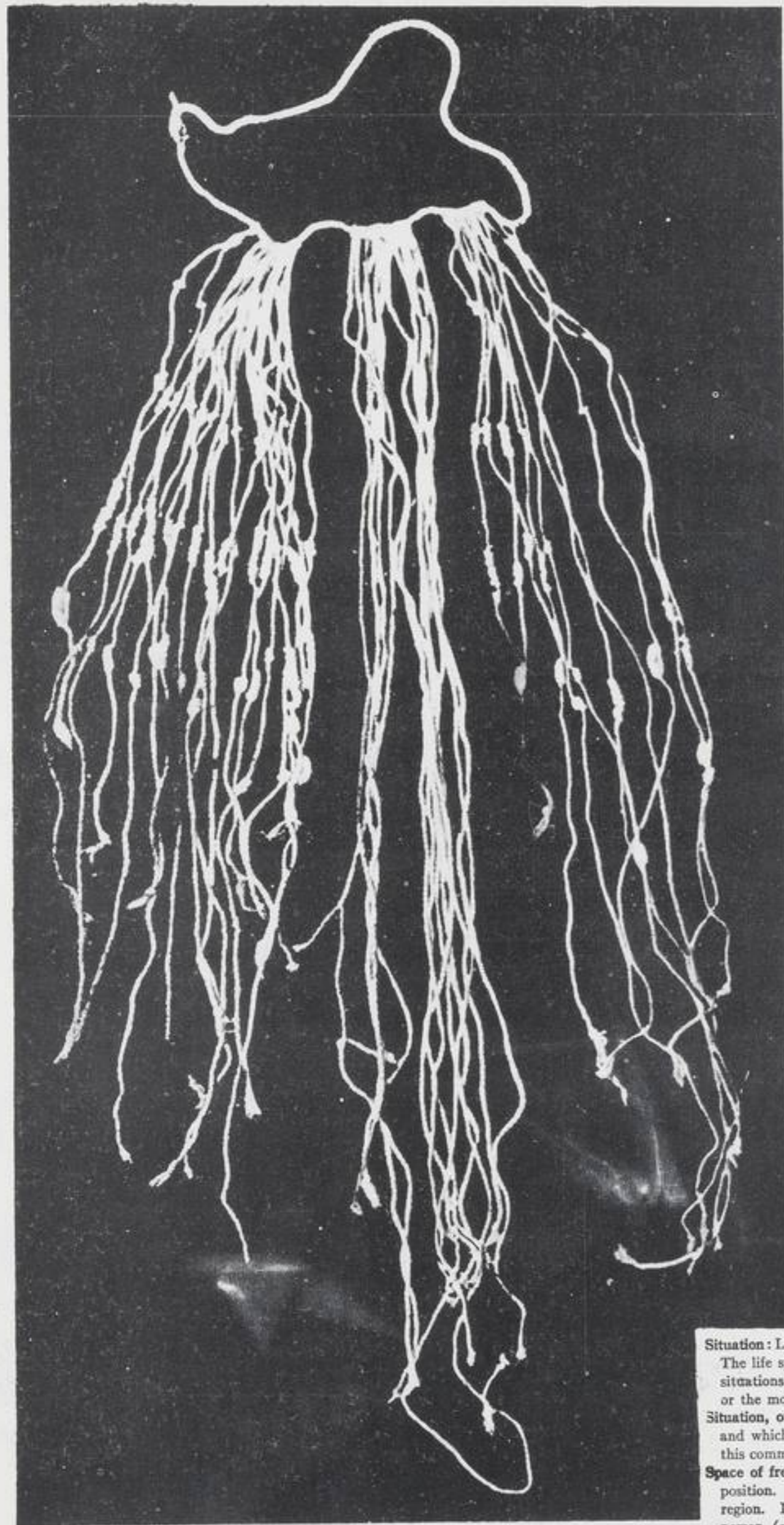
Indissolublement 177. Roman Catholic praying image (1962)



178. The Carrick Scout knot

(a)





30

179. Knot writing of Inca's

**Situation:** Life space or part of it conceived in terms of its content (meaning).  
 The life space may consist of one situation or of two or more overlapping situations. The term situation refers either to the general life situation or the momentary situation.

**Situation, overlapping:** Two or more situations which exist simultaneously and which have a common part. The person is generally located within this common part.

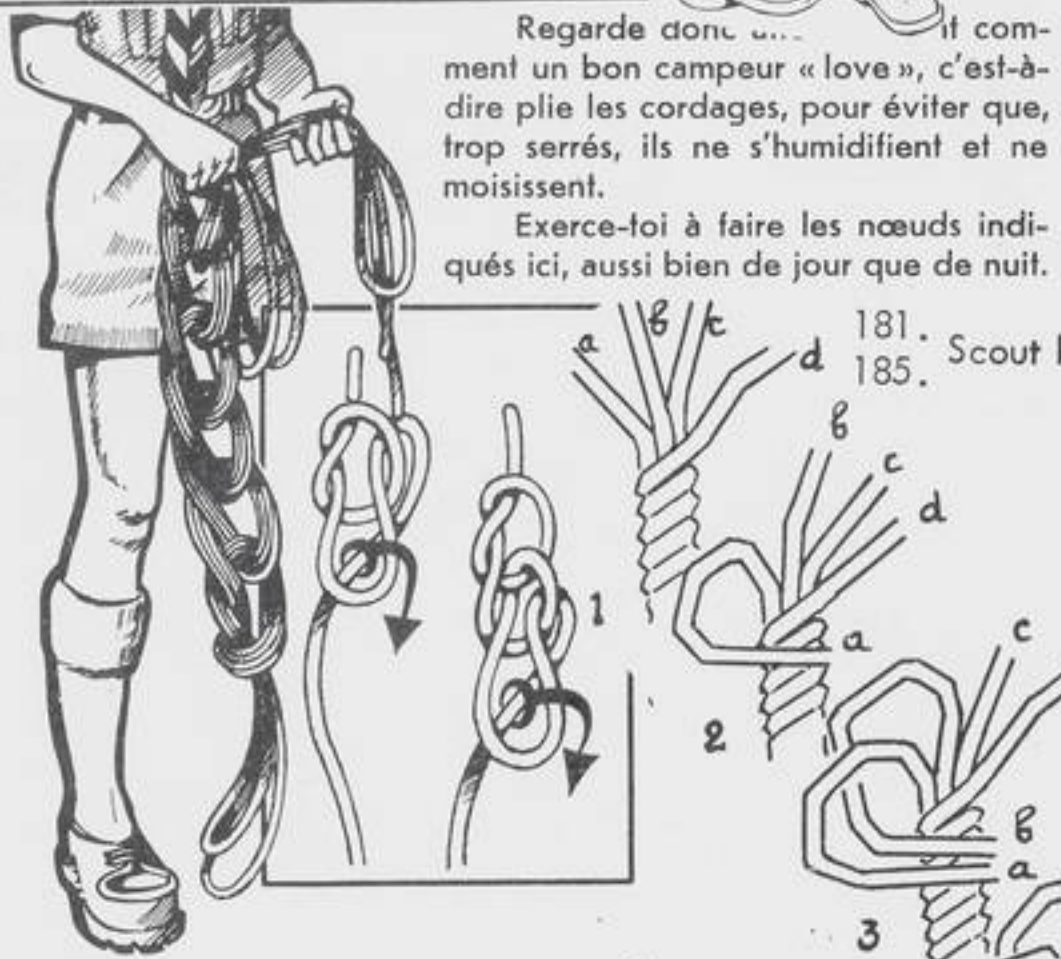
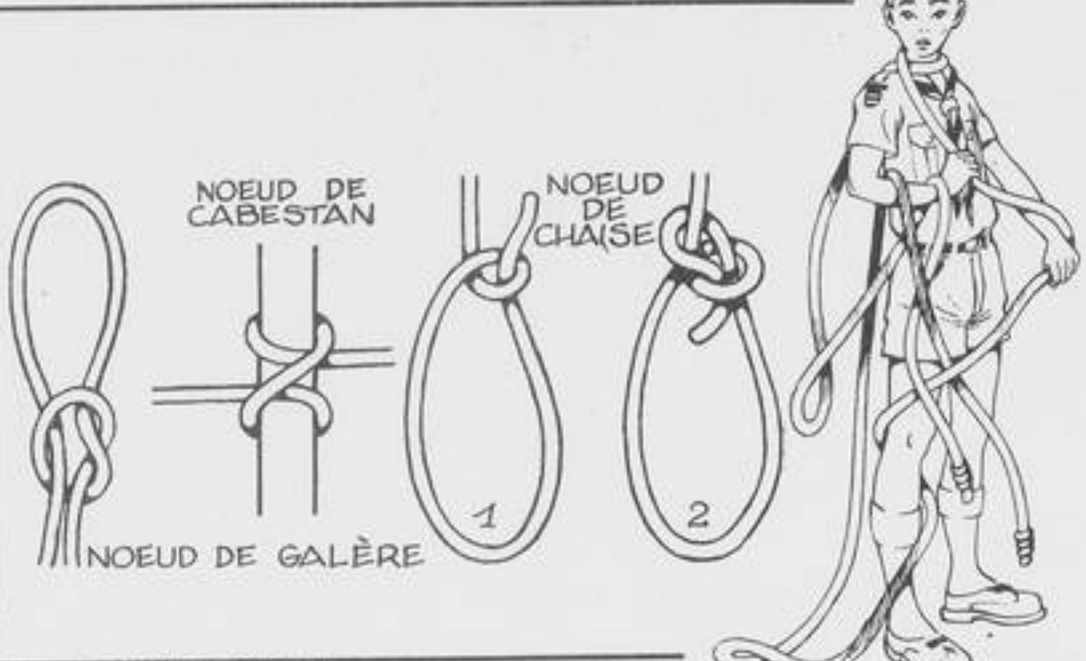
**Space of free movement:** Regions accessible to the person from his present position. The space of free movement is usually a multiply connected region. Its limits are determined mainly by (1) what is forbidden to a person, (2) what is beyond his abilities.

**Structure of a region:** Refers to (1) degree of differentiation of the region, (2) arrangement of its part regions, (3) degree of connection between its part



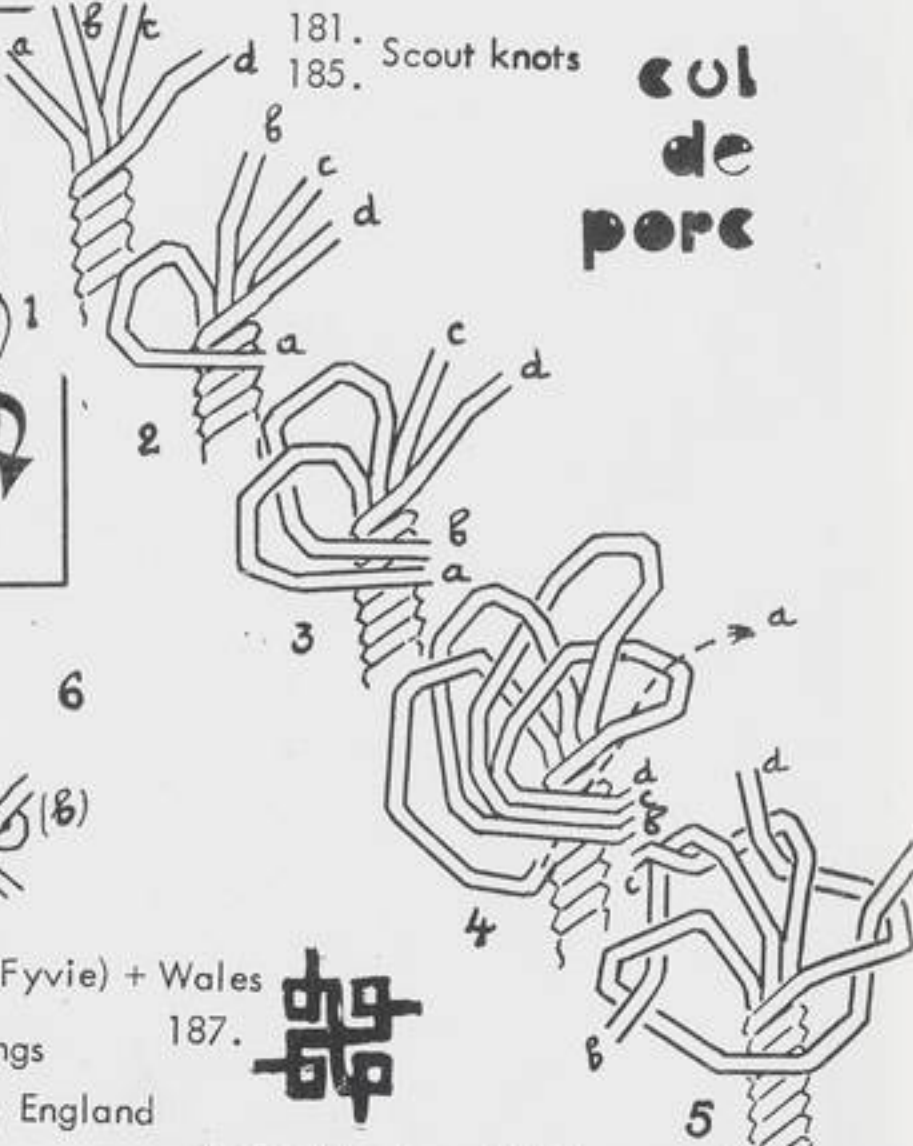
180. Beam - San Domingo de Silos, Spain

31



Regarde donc comment un bon campeur «love», c'est-à-dire plie les cordages, pour éviter que, trop serrés, ils ne s'humidifient et ne moisissent.  
Exerce-toi à faire les nœuds indiqués ici, aussi bien de jour que de nuit.

184. Benin, Africa



col de porc

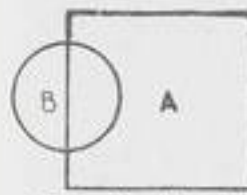


FIG. 8.—Topological sum and intersection of regions.

182.

183. Papercutt



186. Double oval rings crosswise interlaced, England



187. Scotland (Fyvie) + Wales



186a. Quadruple straight line spiral

A circular ring with four exterior loops, distorted so as to fit into a circular space. Scotl. Sk inner 188.



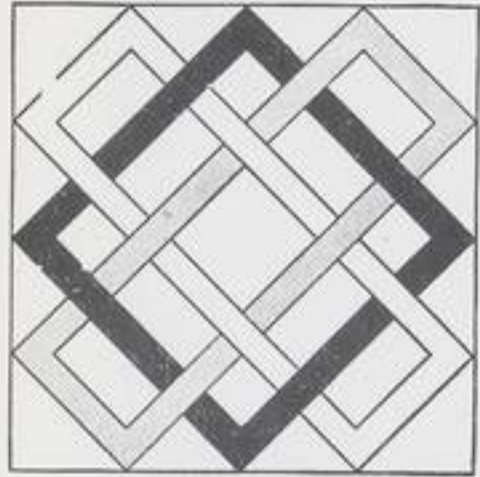
189. Visigothic, France



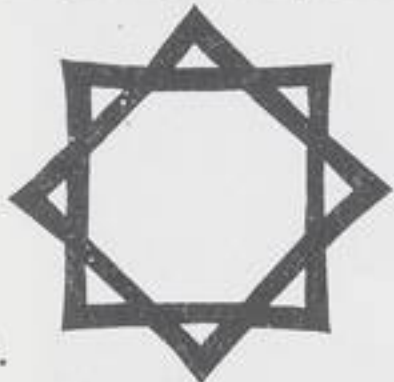
190. Spain



191.

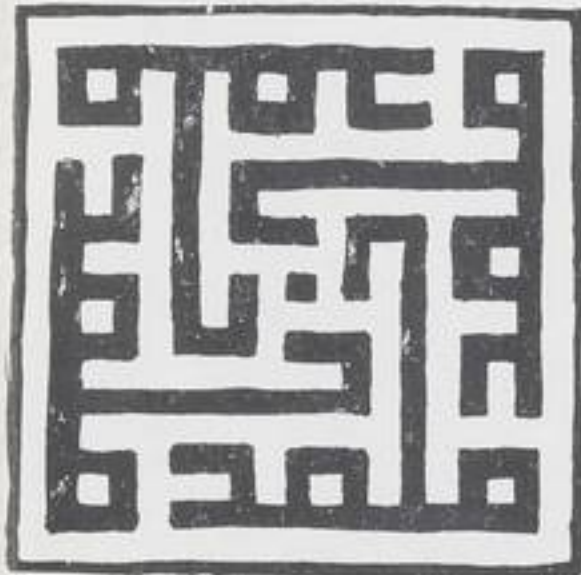


192.



193.

This is destruction, or disorder, in which all concord disappears, and confusion takes the place of harmony.



194.

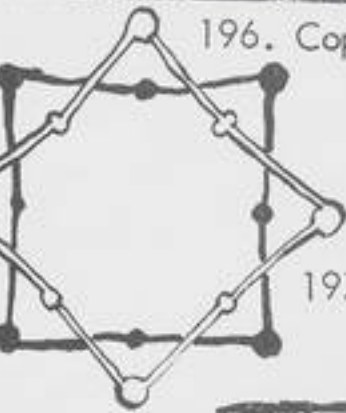
A geometrical ornament formed by repeating Mohame d's name 4 times in Koufique writing Turkish.



195.

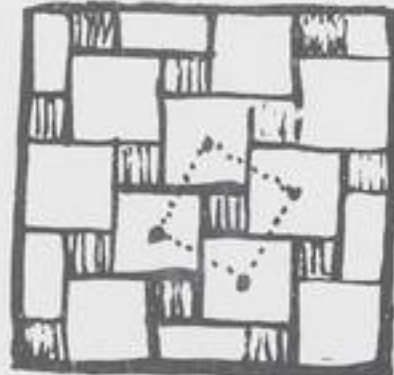
Zapotek ball-game

34



196. Copt carpet, Torsion's pattern (3th-4th century)

197. Danish dance



198.

199. Chinese "longévié" seal



201.



Labyrinth on a coin of Gnosus in Crete



200. Polygonal arabesc, Turkish



202. Spain



203



204.



205. Scotland

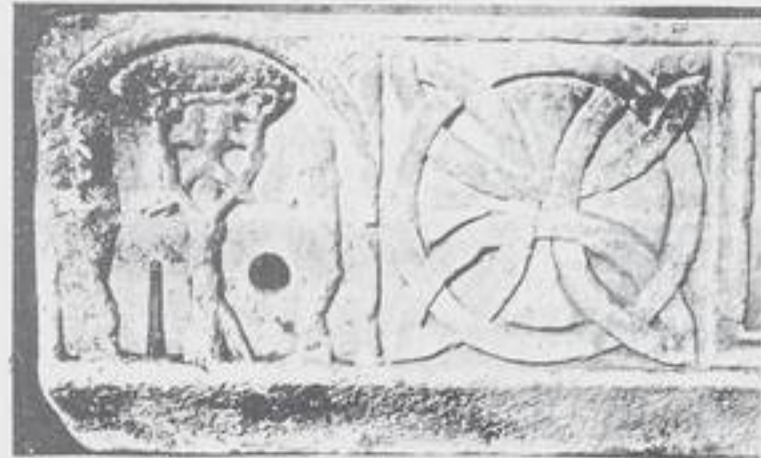


Earth and Water, the old conception of the World, surrounded by the inner ring of the aerial ocean, and the outer ring of the empyrean.



9. Wooden shoe which young fishermen give to their fiancée (Marken, Holland)

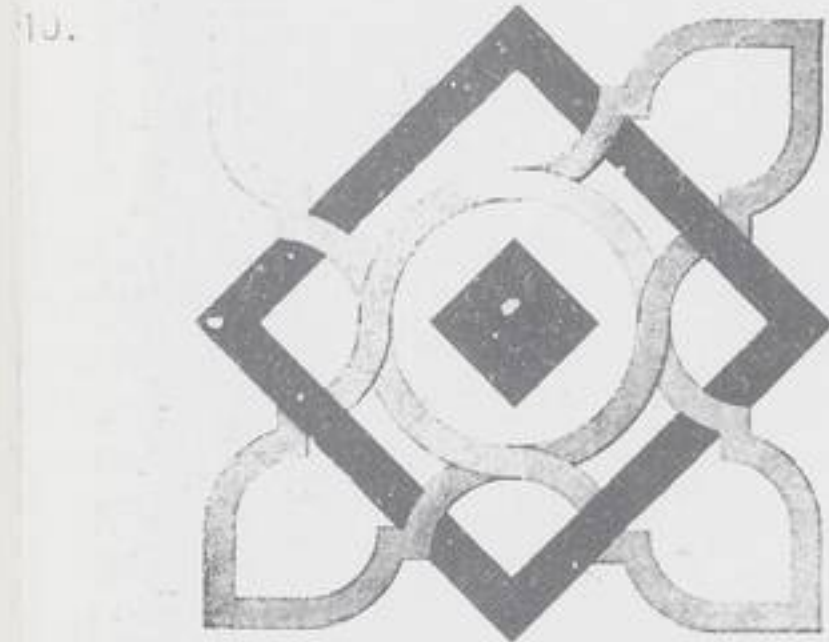
207.



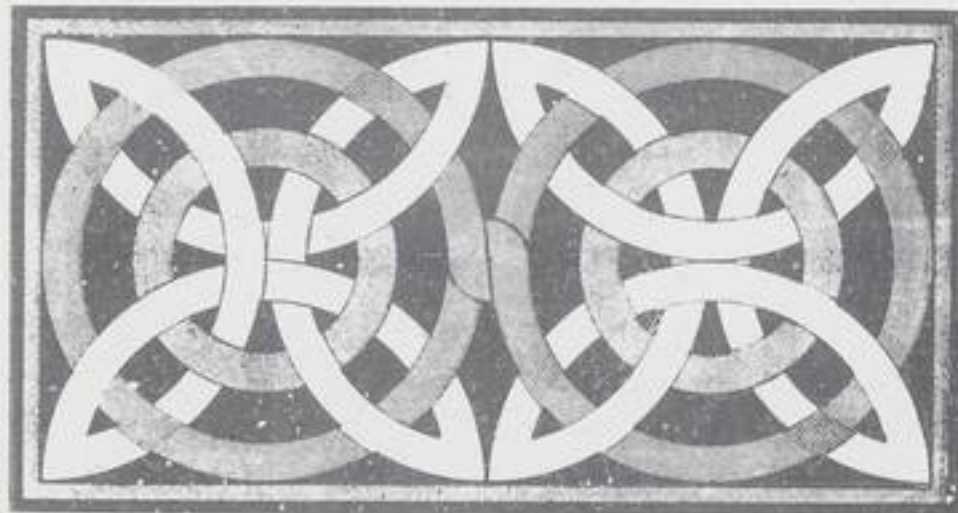
208. Visigothique, Narbonne (France)

212. France

Two signs used to exorcise evil spirits. In the case of both these signs, as with the pentagram and the octogram, it is worthy of note that they call for a certain dexterity, and that a clumsy person would be unable to draw them.

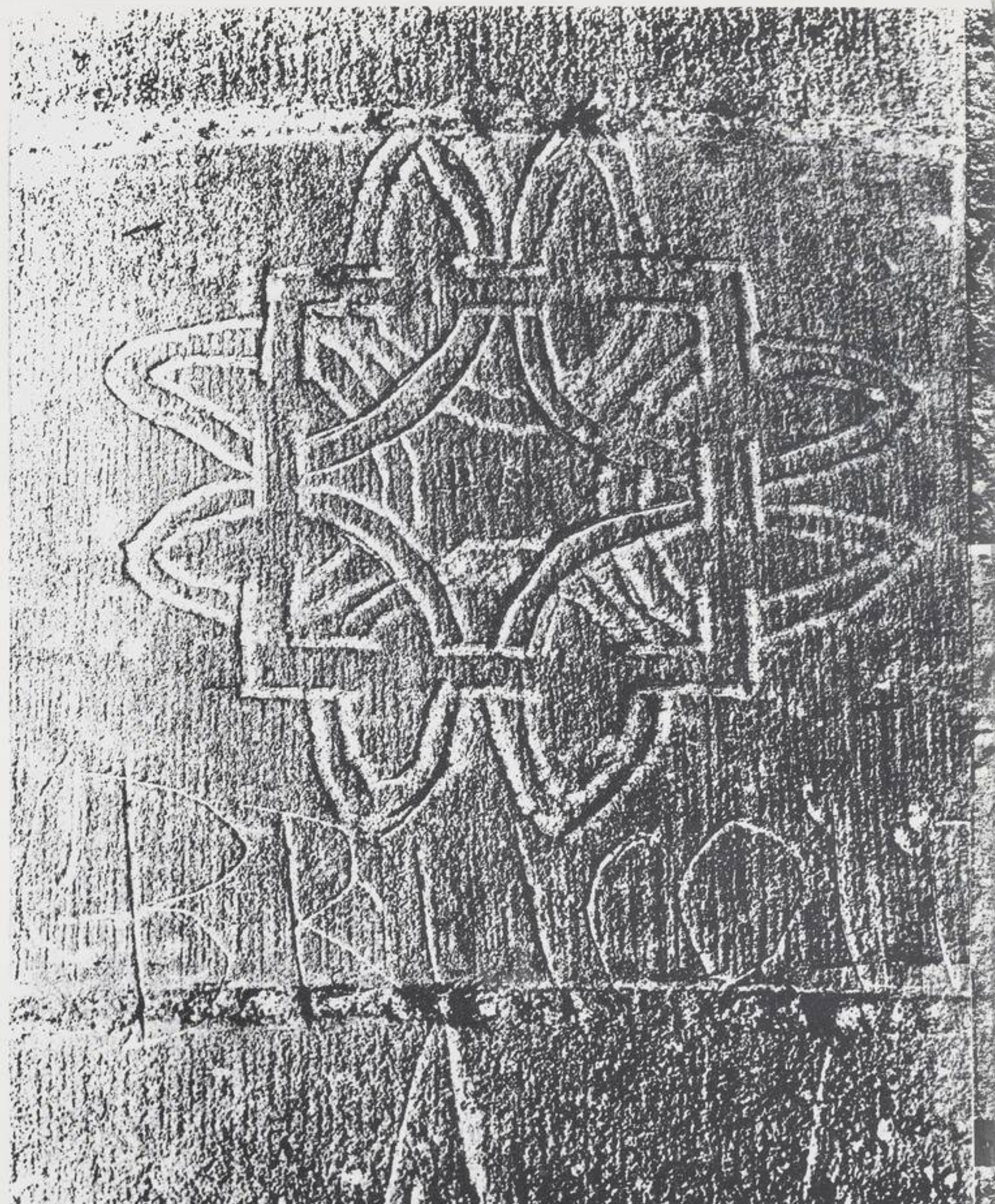


MARQUETERIE: ARABESQUE.



MARQUETERIE: IVOIRE, ÉBÈNE, CUIVRE, ARGENT.





Engraving on a Church-wall in Normandy, France



אתו אשונה של הפעל הוח וסהמה טחמש נקודות  
 ובעתים כדנשית אחרים ילפ ה כפס ואל תן ויא כרן לא כן כרחובכ... ונאמרו לו כן מלך... ונאמרו לו כן מלך... ונאמרו לו כן מלך...



215. Bible, Spain (14th century)

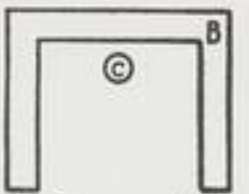
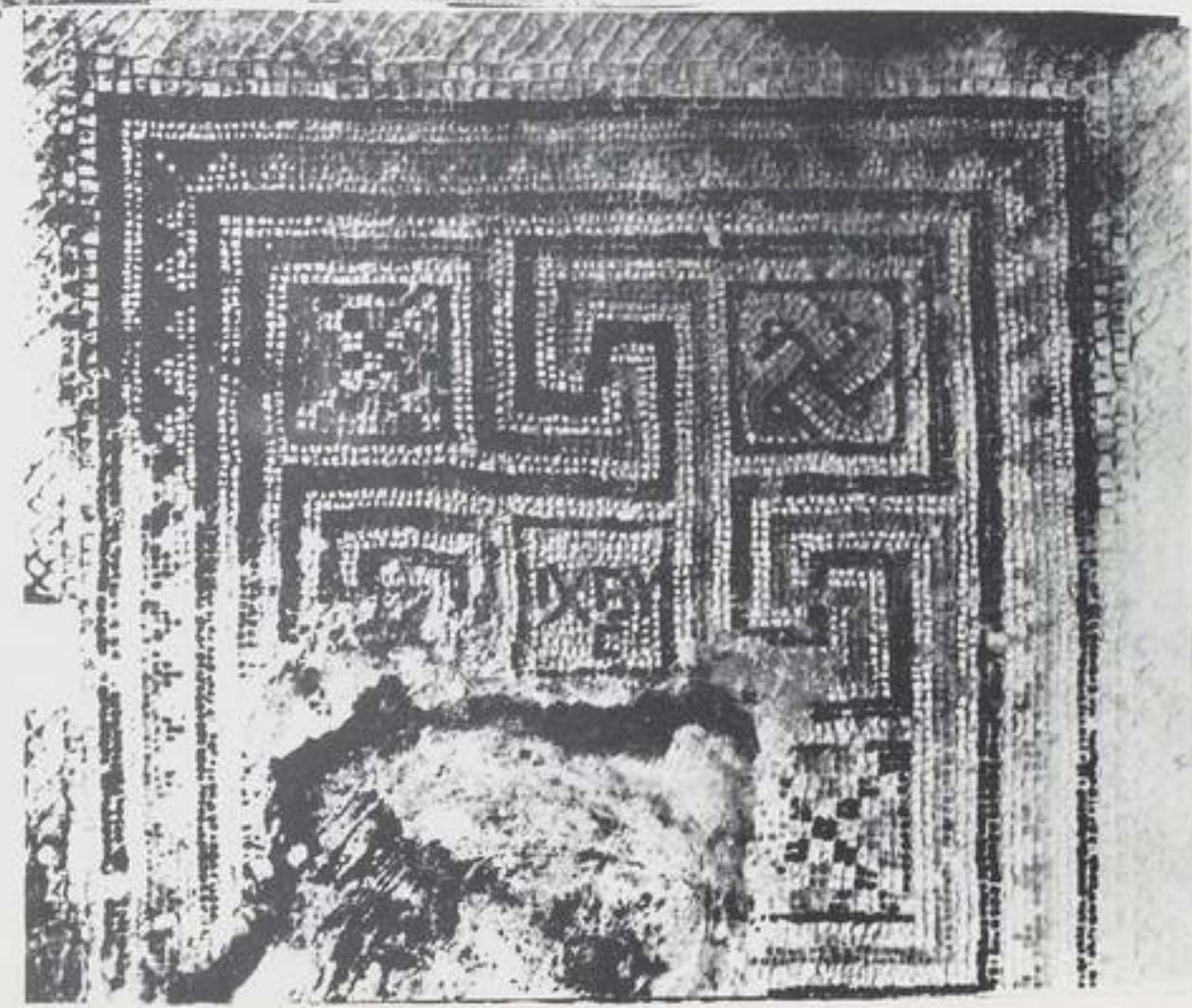


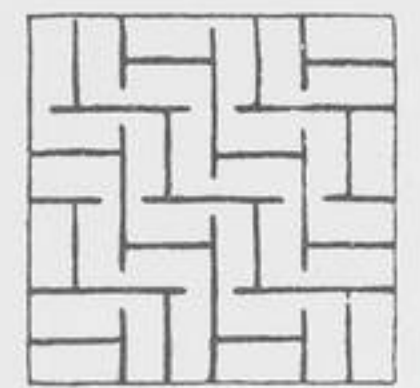
FIG. 33.—De-tour problem (physical situation). C, child; B, u-shaped bench; T, toy.

217. Danish Chalk painting church Sonderborg (1520)

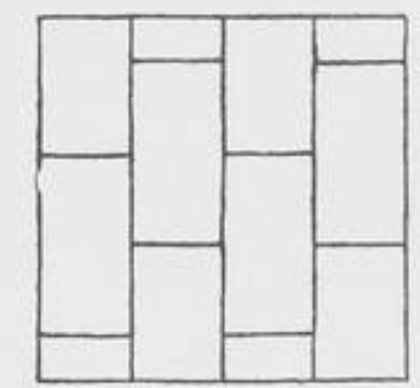


218. Mosaic panel, Bethlehem (4th century)

will be found to consist, not as in the previous cases of two independent sets of bands crossing each other, but of two net-like structures interwoven, thus—



—Interlaced Pattern composed of two Reticulated Patterns like No. 194 interwoven.

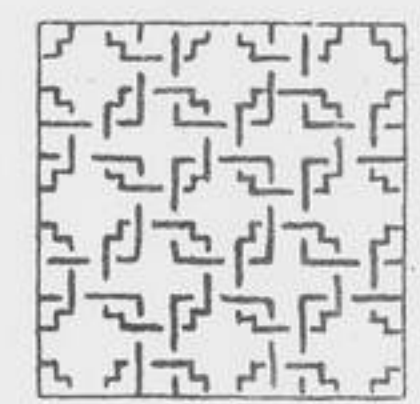


—Reticulated Pattern on which No. 193 is based.

A third kind of interlaced-work is composed entirely of rings, like chain-mail. It can be derived from any reticulated line pattern by setting the figures apart and combining them with any similar or other series of figures set apart in the same way, by placing one series on the top of the other and making the lines into bands, thus—

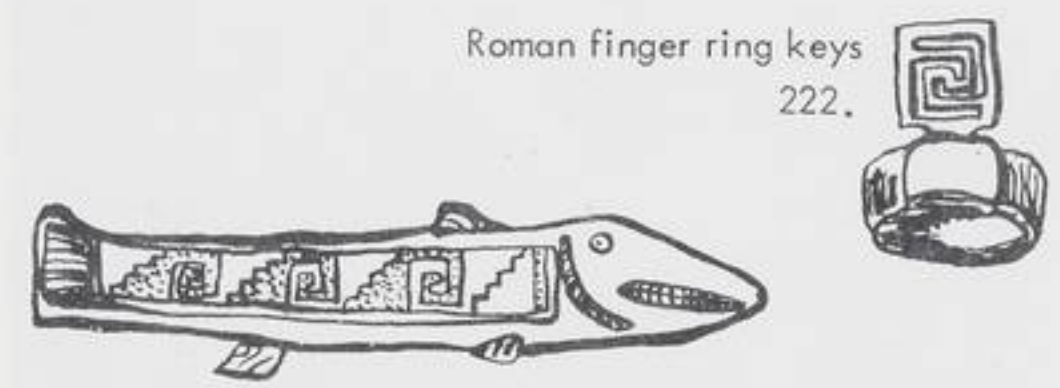


—Chain-mail Interlaced-work composed of Square Rings.



—Chain-mail Interlaced-work composed of Two Sets of Rings of Different Shape.

In Saracenic art the interlaced-work is generally composed of straight bands with sharp angular bends where the direction of the band changes, and the patterns are obviously derived from reticulations of straight lines



221. Vessel with step- + key pattern, Peru



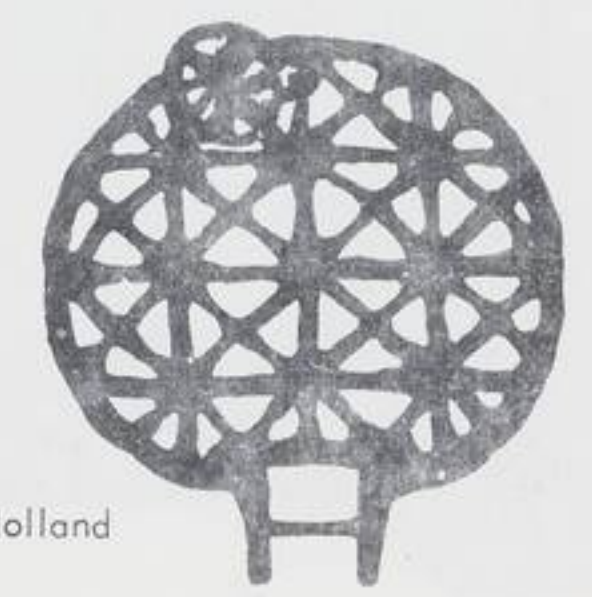
222. Roman finger ring keys



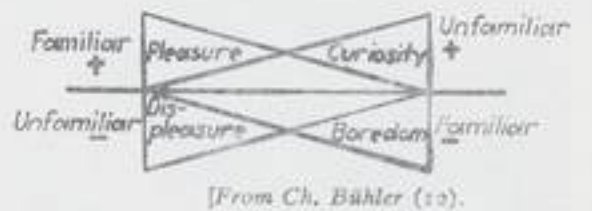
220. Key: Donation of King Edgar



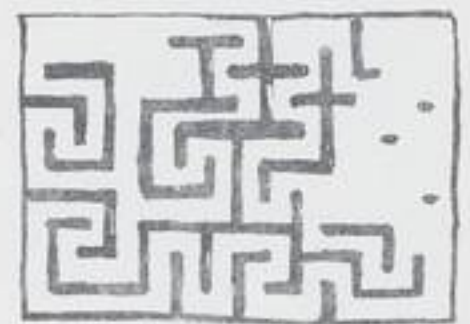
225. Key: Donation of King Edgar



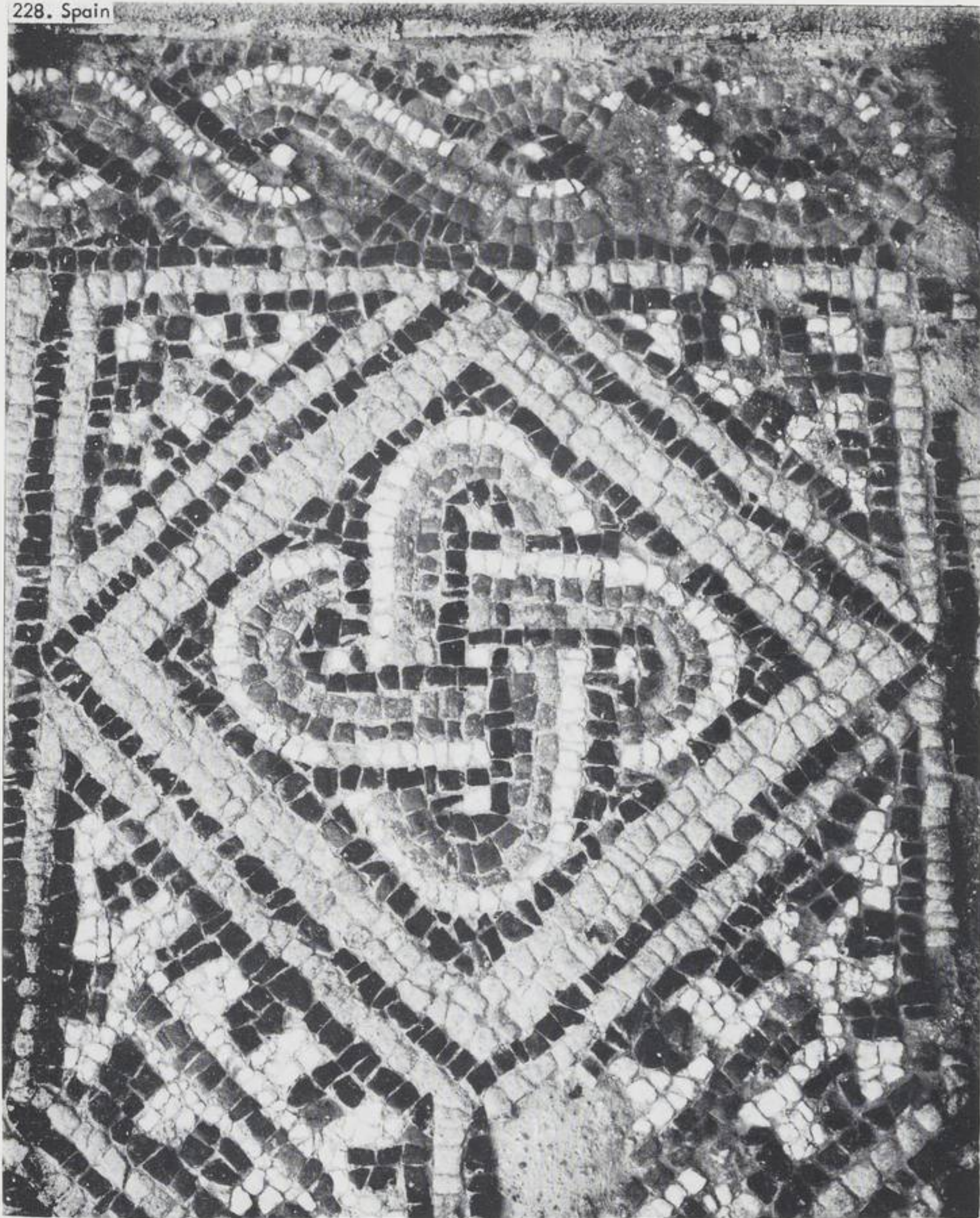
227. Hittite (Asia)



223. Ur, Sumer (3300 bef. J.C.)  
 224. An irregular surface key-



pattern. Rosethay, Scotland



229. Marble Mosaic, Gebze, Turkey



230.

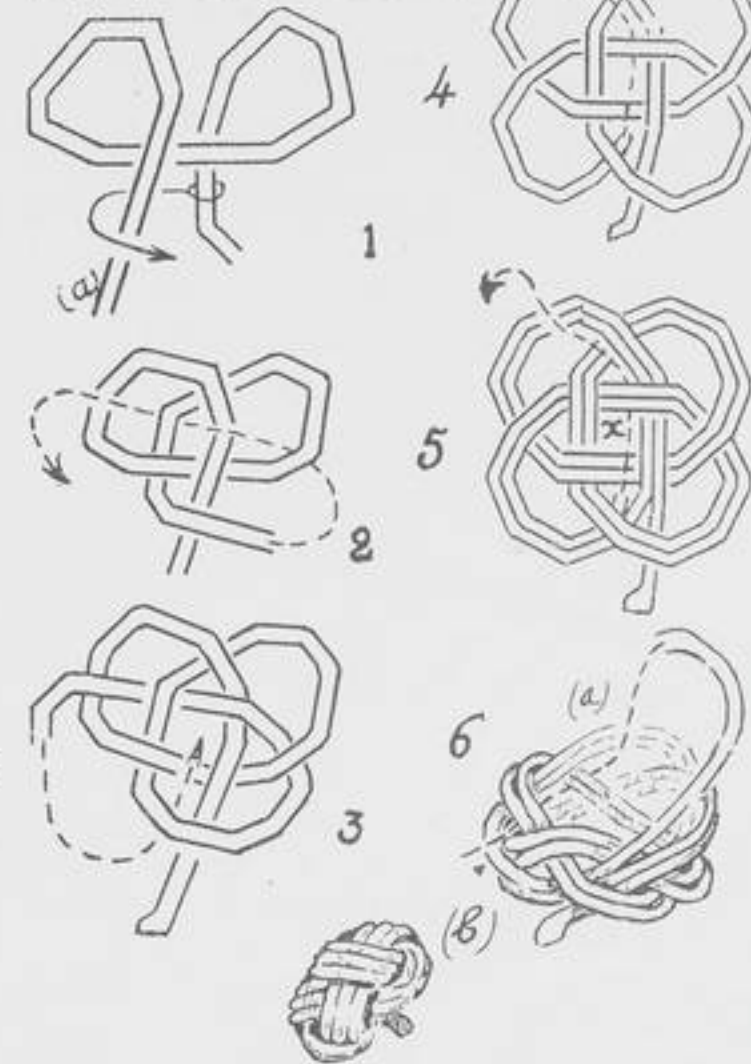
Buckle, Merovingian, France Friesland, Holland (7th. century)



Buckle, France (7th. century) 232.



tête de ture

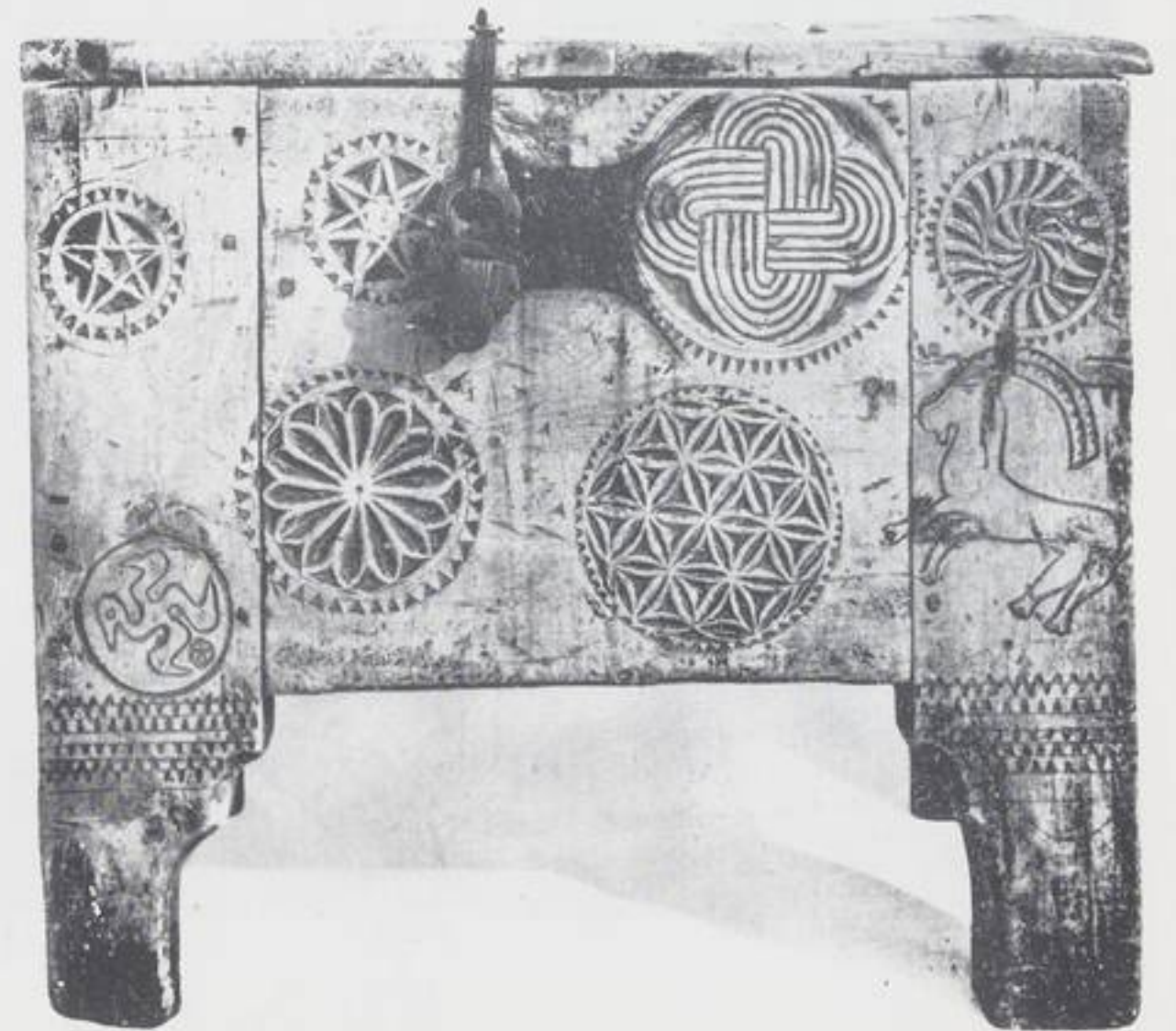


234. Turkish head, Scout knot



235. Buckle, Merovingian, France

233. Zuoz (Graubunden) Switzerland (1491)








236.



238. Twingod's(?), Merovingian, A.ain

237. Spain

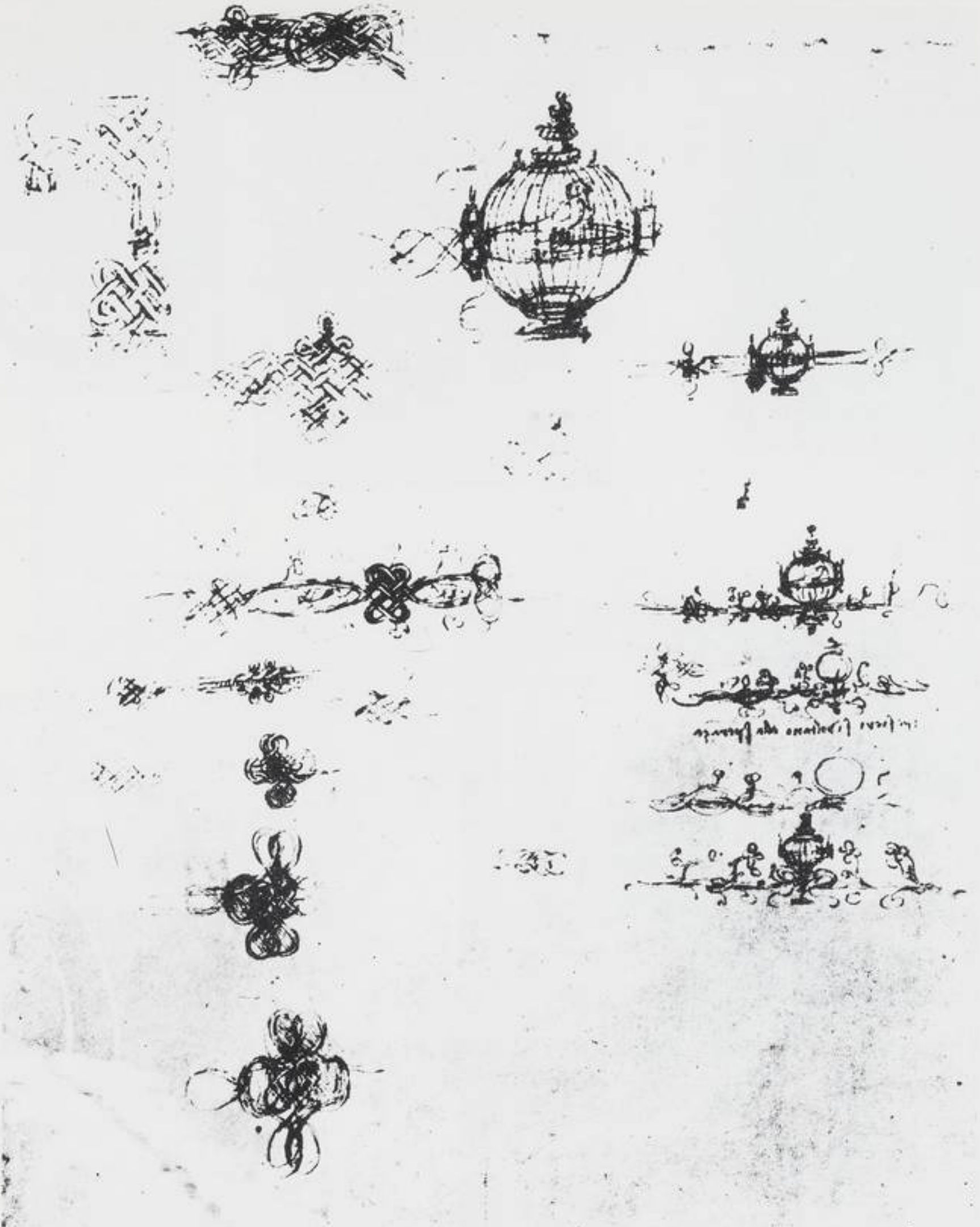
239. Spanish manuscript

ubi pretatit Induplo. Cu omi eius augmento.  
 facta donacione. ii. lx. madu. Anno. xiiii  
 ✠ borrellus gra die p̄sac fund ḡnuf q̄  
 + Michulfus archileura  sc̄i  
 + R̄c  
 Wifrechus. I quia kapuol scole   
 albertus y po diaconus.   
 to subdianus  Hicilano  
 SUB ANE. Sacerdos. 

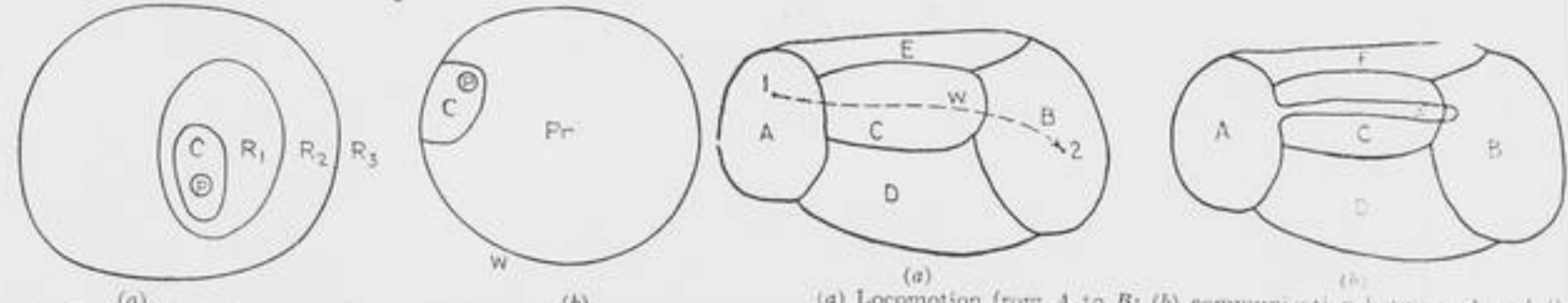


SENIOFREDUS...  
 AMALRICUS...  
 DACHES...  
 CRATERA...  
 PATRICIUS...

no. xiiii. regis. Roberti regis.  
 qui hunc pactum scriptum stabilizavit cum assensu et rogatu canonicorum...  
 RANDULFUS...  
 GUBERTUS...  
 bonus homo...  
 SAC. EXECUTOR...



242. Leonardo da Vinci



—Topology of the prison. (a) Series of walls without common parts; (b) walls with common parts. P, person; Pr, prison; w, wall.



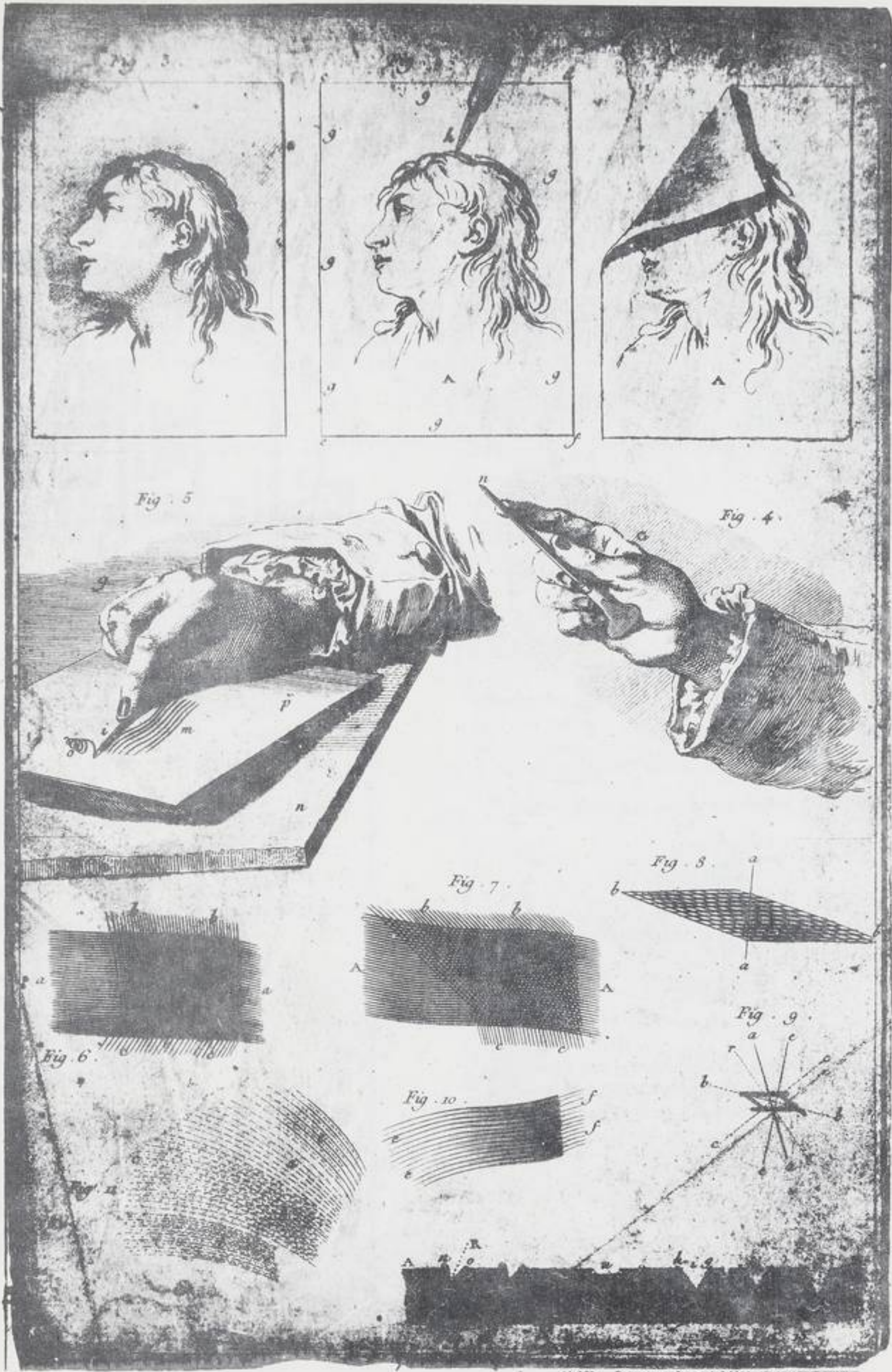
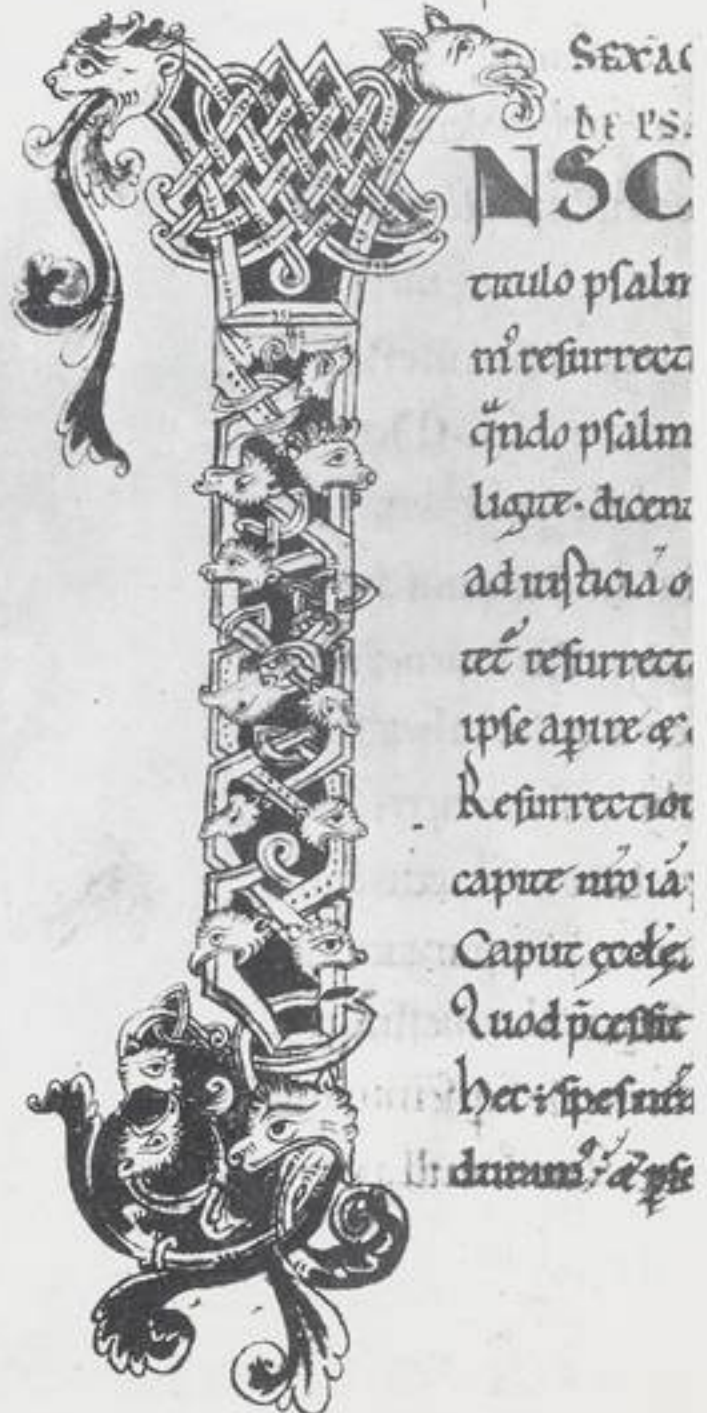
b. Cambridge, University Library MS. Ff. i. 23. f. 13 b

246. Cambridge



245. Decorated English manuscript Bodleian (10th century)

247. Durham Cathedral library manuscript



248. Engraving (18th century)

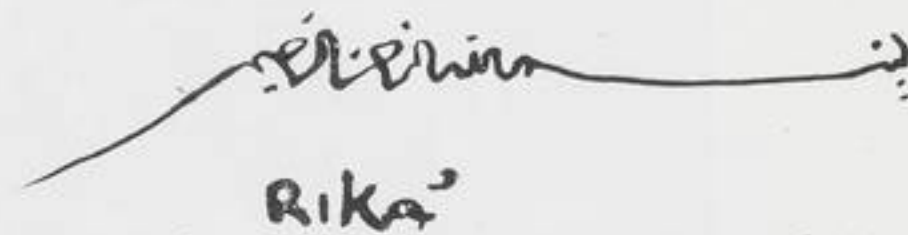
Handwritten English text in cursive script, likely a letter or document from 1699.

249. Hand writing, English (1699)

250. Calligraphic writing

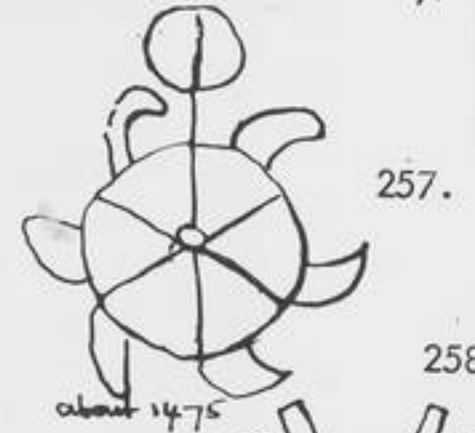


251. Turkish calligraphy 252.



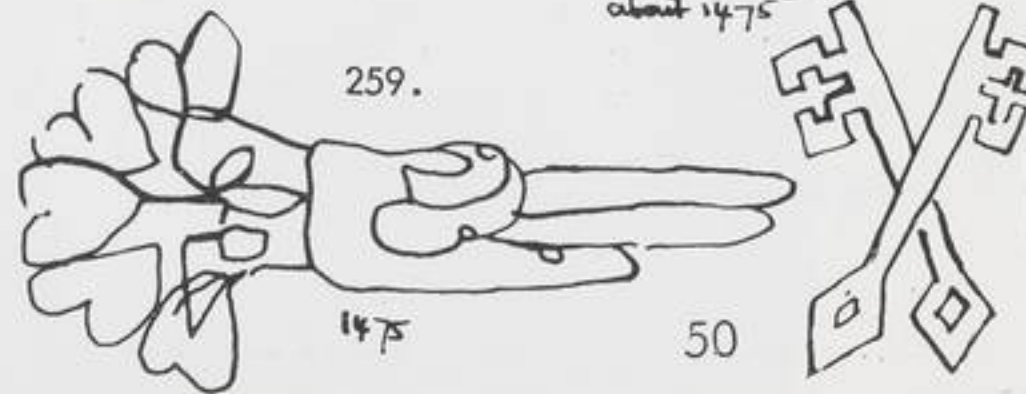
255.

256. about 1475  
Watermarks (15th century)



257.

about 1475



259.

147

50

Dieser aktiven Linie können Begleitlinien zugeordnet werden:

254.



so entsteht um die feste Melodie ein kleines Polyphones. Oder diese Linie umschreibt sich selbst:



sie gerät in sich in Bewegung, wird barock und dem Reichen, aber auch dem Wirren zugewandt. Sie gewinnt Polarität: das Reiche und das Wirre. In dieser Polarität läßt sich schon der Ausdruck auch de Psychischen gut ansiedeln. — Oder zwei Nebenlinien umspielen die Hauptlinie, ohne daß diese selbst erscheint:



253. Klee text + lignes

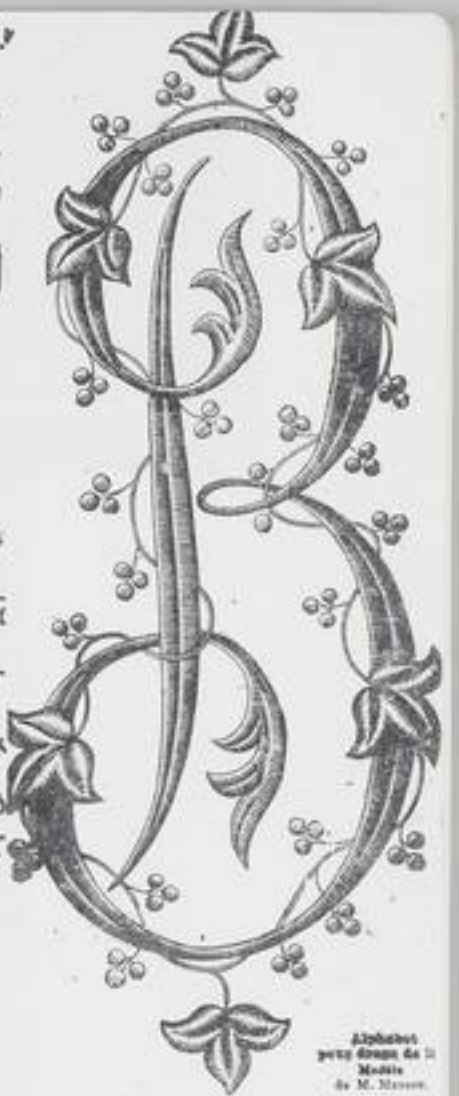
Dutch manuscript text in a historical script, likely a letter or document from 1678.

Handwritten text in a historical script, likely a letter or document from 1678.

261. Sonnet "le Solitaire"



51



260. Dutch manuscript (1678) 262. Bedcover  
263. Klee: Abstract writing (1931)

Handwritten text in a historical script, likely a letter or document from 1678.



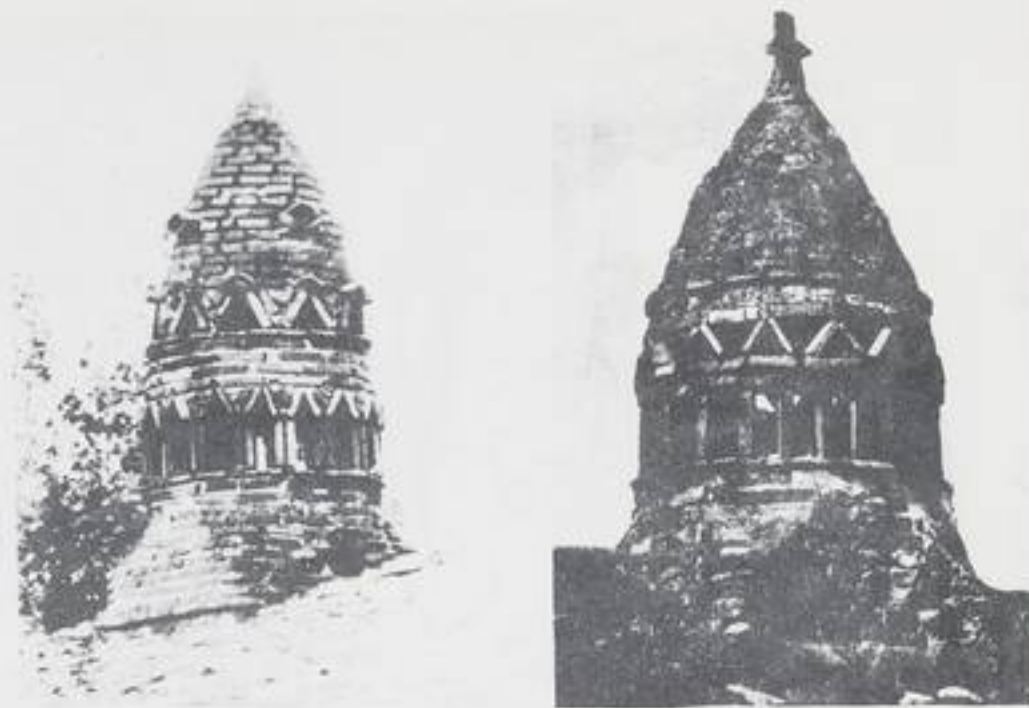
264. "Enseigne Art Nouveau"







271. Tower part, Postman Ferdinand Cheval  
Drôme, France Gaudi, Barcelona 273



272. Chimneys, Asturia, Spain.

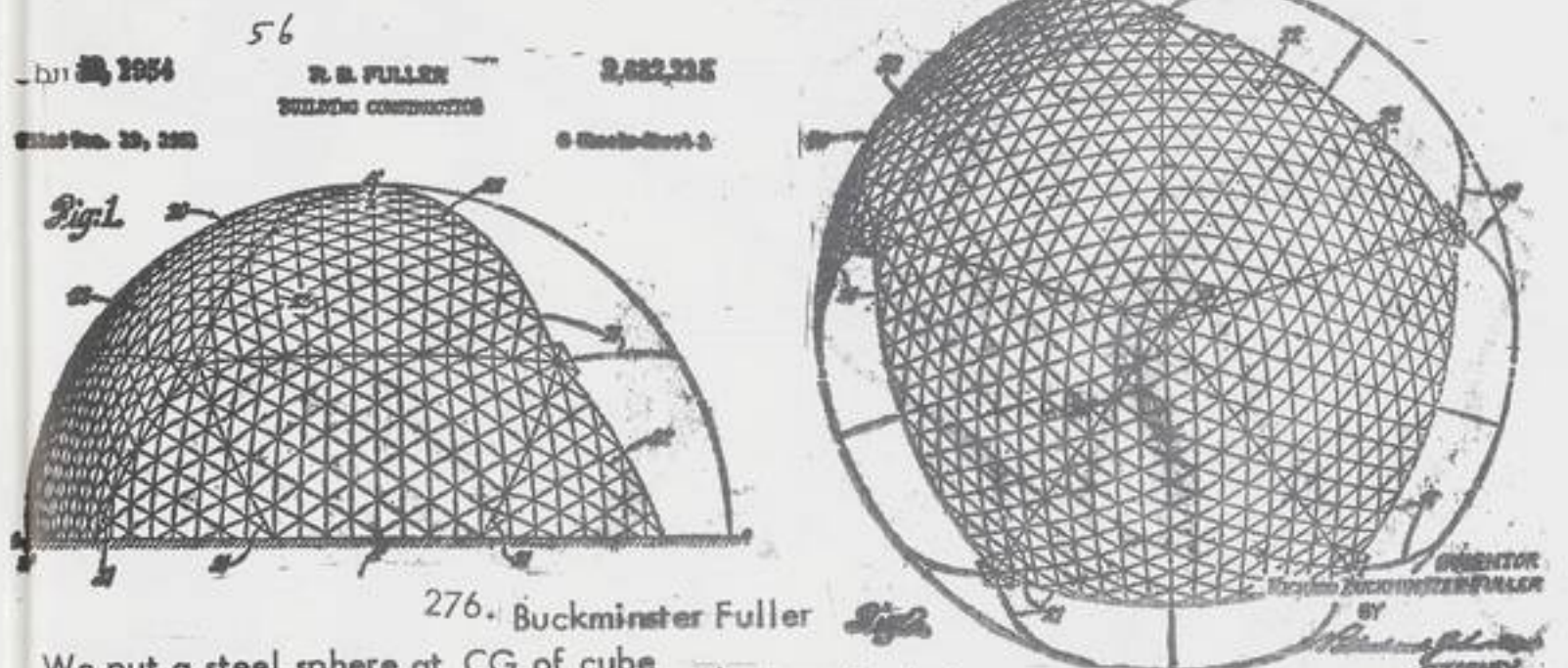


Gaudi, Spain 274.



275. Children's home (1939) Aldo van Eyck

Fuller calls this a Vector Equilibrium--  
forming an isotropic vector matrix--a system in which all vectors  
are the same length; hence all vertices are equidistant from one  
another. It is a omni-directional, concentric, topological form  
which furnishes a dynamic co-ordinate system, accomodating the  
requirements of many complex physical laws, and providing modellable  
analogues of their functions. As complex whole sytem this may be  
reduced down into its compenent tetrahedra.

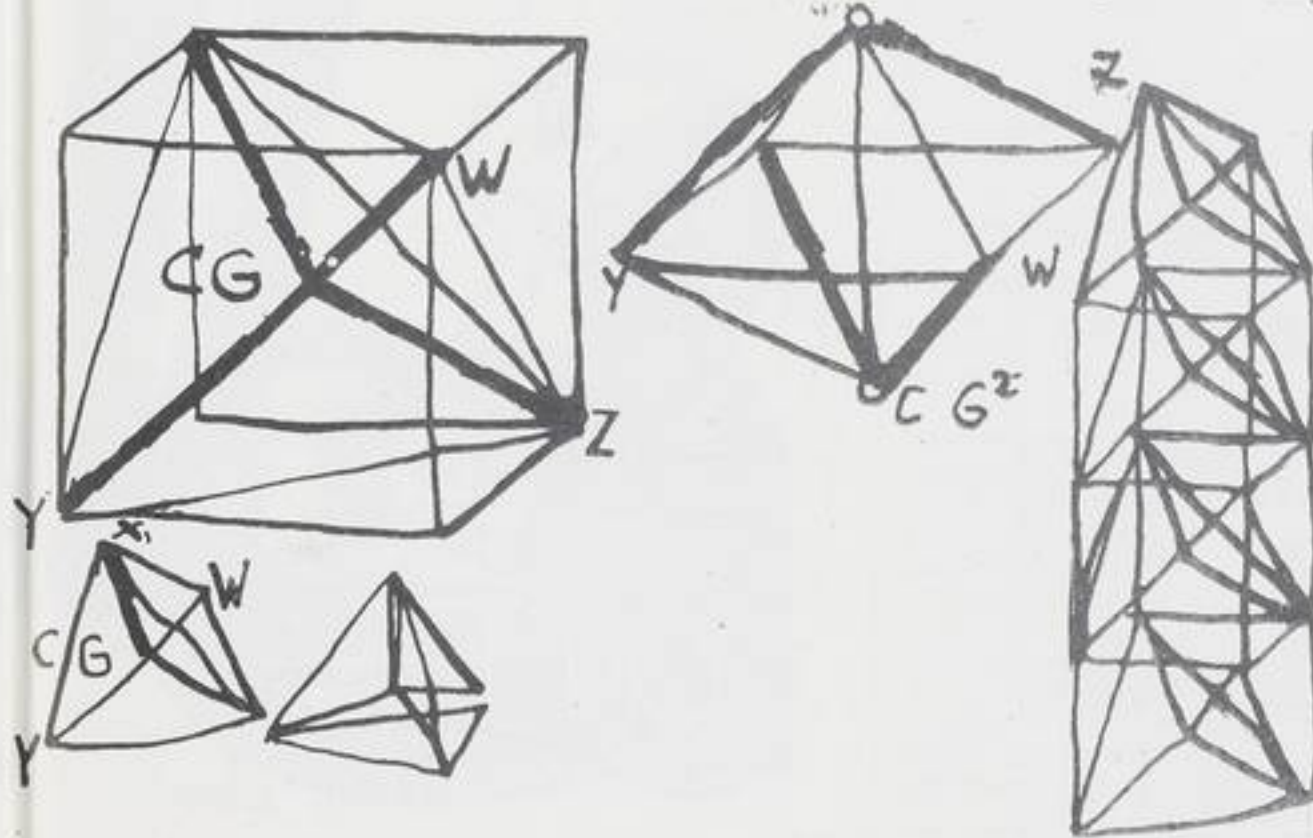


We put a steel sphere at CG of cube  
which is also CG of tetrahedron and  
one steel tubes from CG to four corners  
WXYZ of negative tetrahedron C.G.'

The junction between two tetrahedra.  
The system is non-redundant, a basic  
discontinuous-compression, contin-  
uous-tension, or "tensegivity" struc-  
ture.

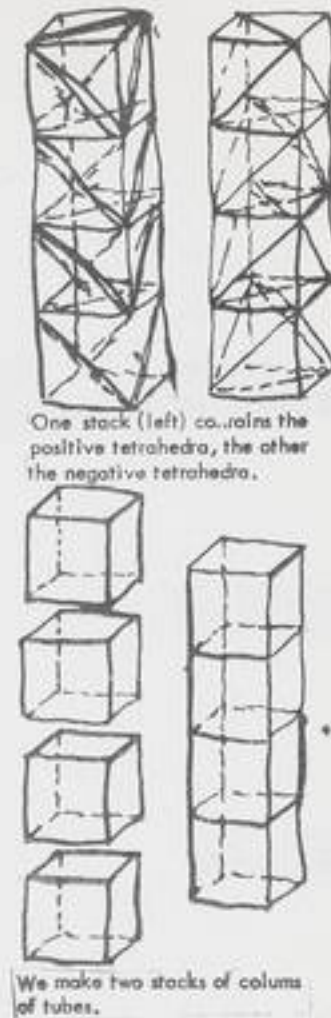
Every tetrahedron's centre of gravity  
(CG) has four radials from the CG to  
the four corners of the tetrahedron.

Ball joints CG' and CG<sup>2</sup> are pulled  
toward one another by vertical ten-  
sion stay thus twisting universally

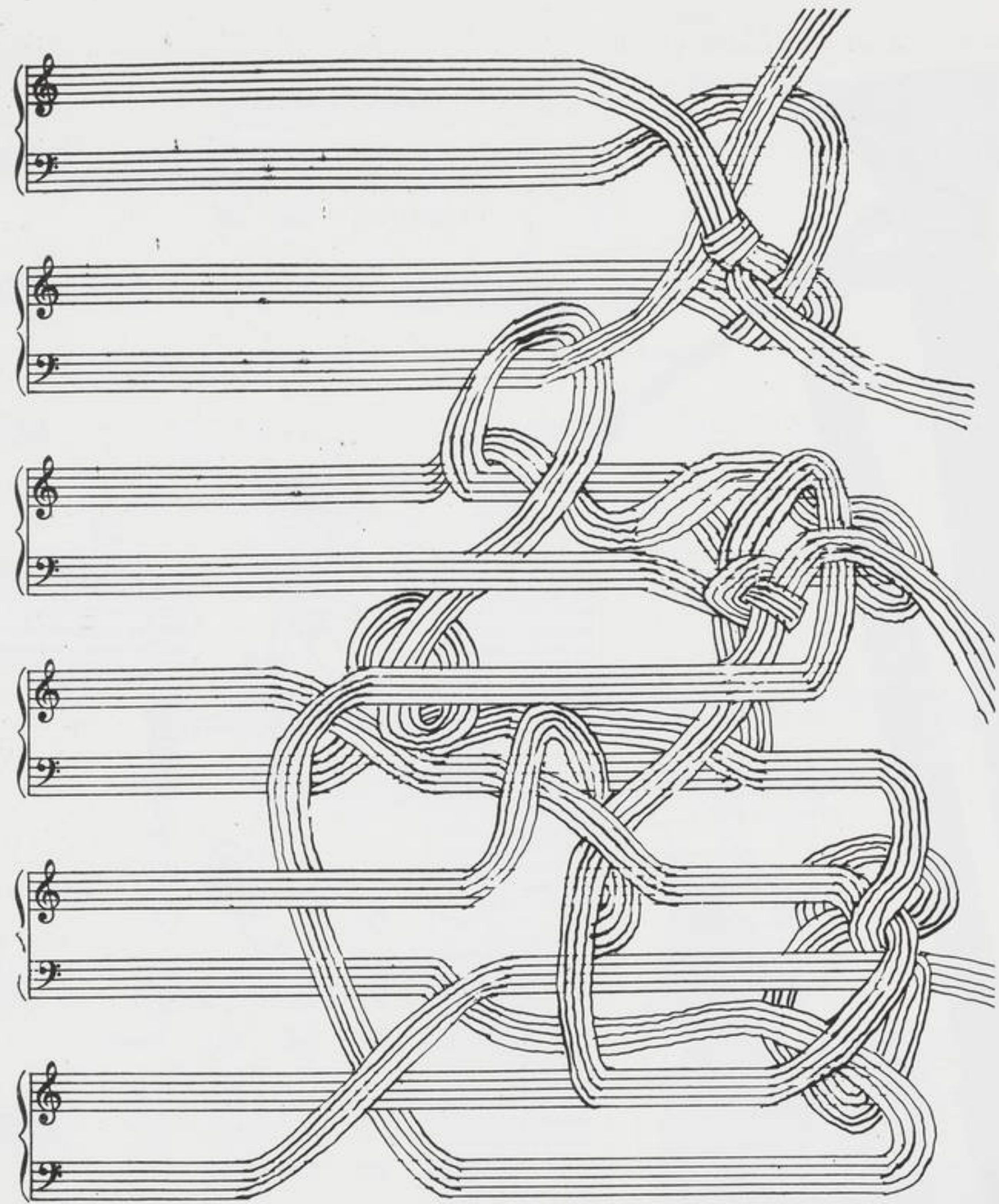


jointed legs outwardly their outward  
twist being stably restrained by finite  
sling closure Y, X, Z, W.

Here we have a stack of CG radial  
tube tetrahedra struts with horizontal  
(approximate) tension slings and  
vertical tension gags and diagonal  
tension edges of the four super-imp-  
osed tetrahedra which, because of the  
(approximate) horizontal slings can-  
not come any closer to one another  
because of their vertical gags cannot  
get away from one another, and there-  
fore compose a stable relationship, a  
structure.







281. Bob Gill - last word on jazz (1962)







ANALYSIS OF INTERLACED-WORK, WITH THE LOCALITIES—continued.



No. 805.—Spandril bounded by one convex and two concave circular arcs, filled in with a modification of No. 803.

Canna.



No. 806.—Space bounded by one convex and three concave circular arcs, filled in with the same pattern as No. 795, but with the round Ring made of horse-shoe shape.

Bressay.



No. 807.—Space of same shape as No. 806, filled in with a plain circular Ring and a circular Ring having two exterior Loops, distorted, both interlaced.

Bressay.



No. 808.—The same as No. 807, but with the rings interlaced differently.

Bressay.



No. 809.—Space bounded by three concave circular arcs and one diagonal straight line, filled in with a piece of interlaced-work composed of three unsymmetrical Loops, one of which has a pointed end.

Hilton of Cadboll (Z and double disc symbol).

Two Stafford knots on the top of each other,



289. Scotl.

285. Scotland



Scotl., England, Rome (Porto) Pola in Istria (9th. cent.) (a. d. 795-816)

288.



286.



Horizontal break



287 Vertical break, Scot

290.



292.



293.



294.

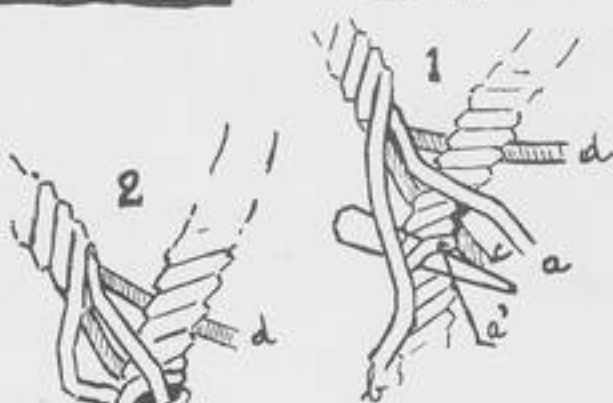


-295.

296. Rosemarkie, Scotl.



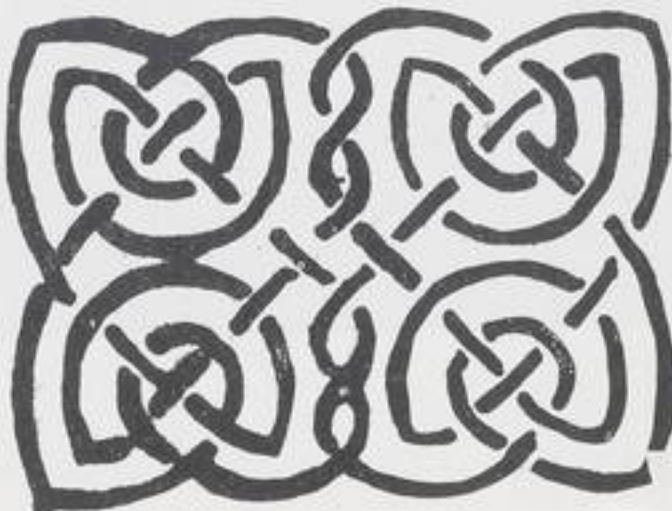
en  
œil



297. Scout knot



299. Northumberland, England.



300. Scotland



301. Scotland

302. Spain

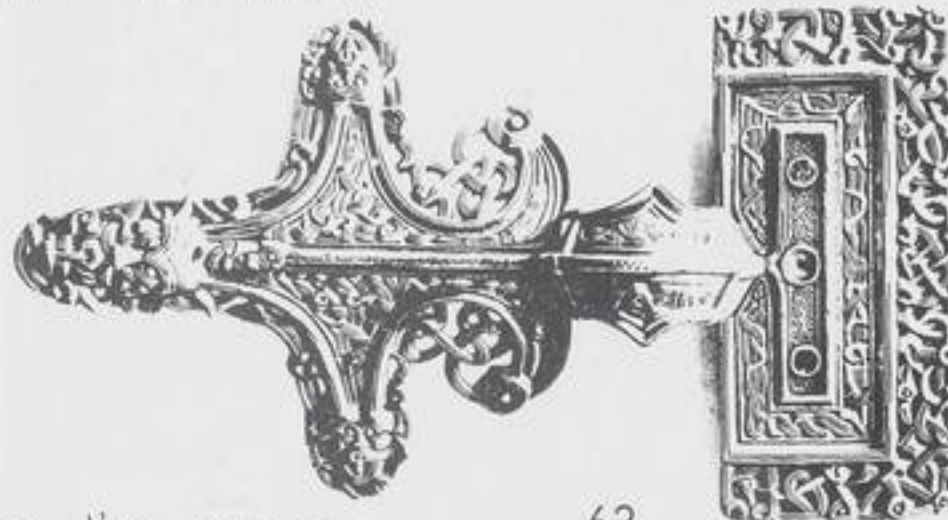


Fig. 309.—Fragment of cross-shaft, with sculpture in relief, at Whitburn, (No. 1). From a photograph by W. Galloway.



Fig. 310.—Fragment of cross-shaft, with sculpture in relief, at Whitburn, (No. 2). From a photograph by W. Galloway.

309. 310.  
311. 312.



313. Fano, Hedmark



Scarabae's from Genezarethsea



305.



306. Merovingian, France



307. Merovingian (7th. cent.)



308. China

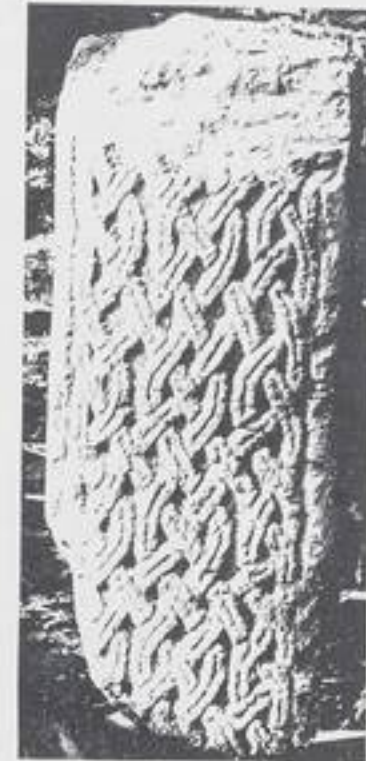
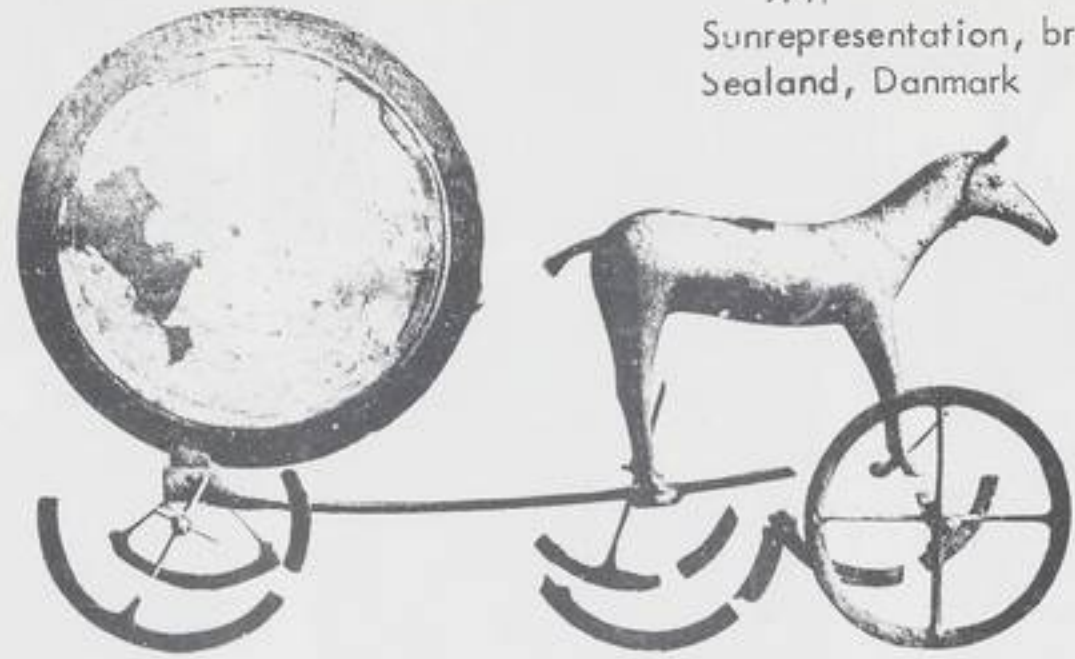


Fig. 311.—Fragment of cross-shaft, with sculpture in relief, at Whitburn, (No. 3). From a photograph by W. Galloway.



Fig. 312.—Fragment of cross-shaft, with sculpture in relief, at Whitburn, (No. 4). From a photograph by W. Galloway.

318. Newgrange, C.o. Meath  
314. Sunrepresentation, bronze age, Sealand  
Sealand, Danmark



Rocksculpture from Auchnabreac,  
Argyllshire, Scotl.



315. Mycene, golden pectoral plate



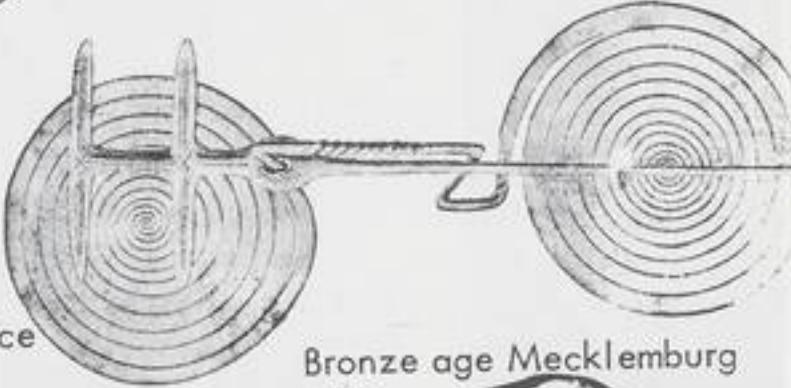
316.



319. Hongarian bronze axe



317.



Bronze age Mecklenburg  
320.



322. Gold plate, France

323. Merovingian, France



321. Wyaldum, Holland  
cent



Mosaïque romaine de Tipasa (Algérie).

324.

(4th. cent.) Holland, Merovingian



328.



327.

(4th. cent.) Holland, Merovingian



326.

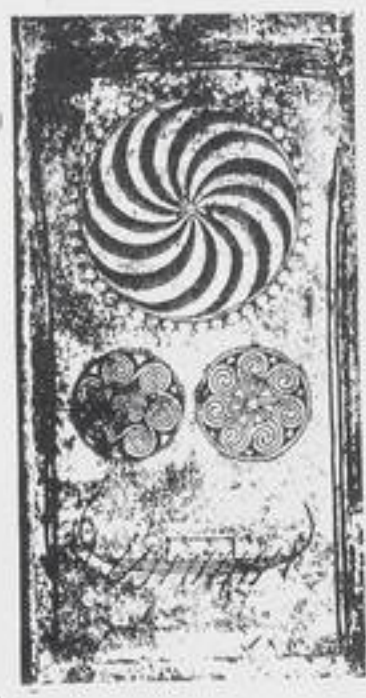
325.  
Duce, Ireland



330. Irish Gospels



65



332.  
Bro and Hangvar Austers, Gotland



333. T'ing bronze Chou (9th. bef. Chr.), Chi



331. Skane 334. 335. Stockholm Gospels

336. See 329 and 334.



338. North Ireland, Iron age



Standlake, Oxon.

338a.

338b. Newham croft, Cambs

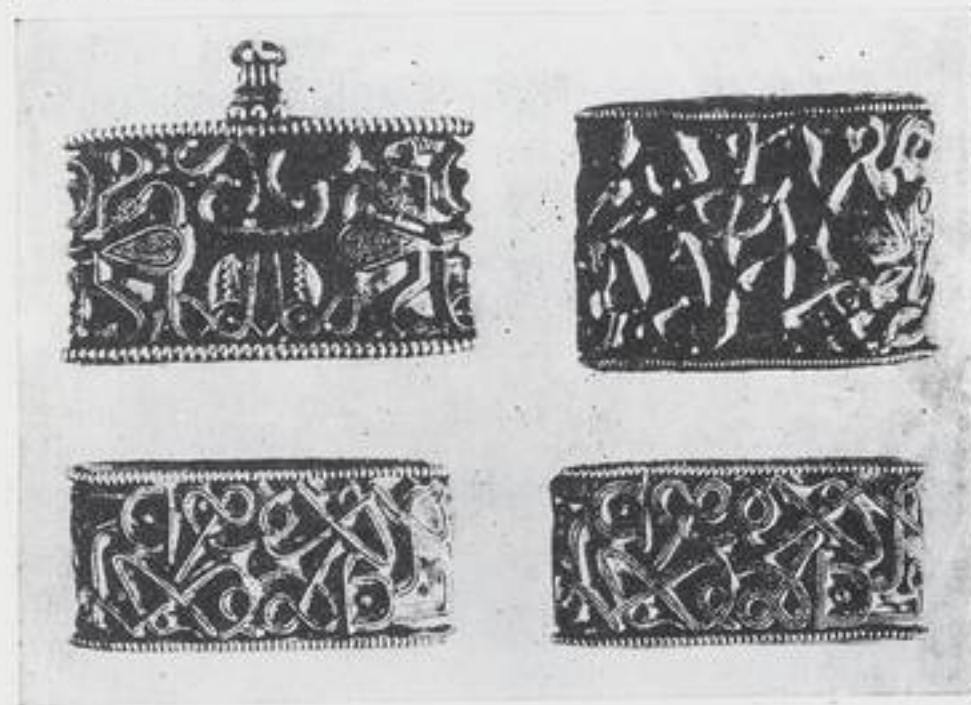


339. Scotland



340.

Norwegian sword parts (6th. cent.)



341. France bronze helmet.

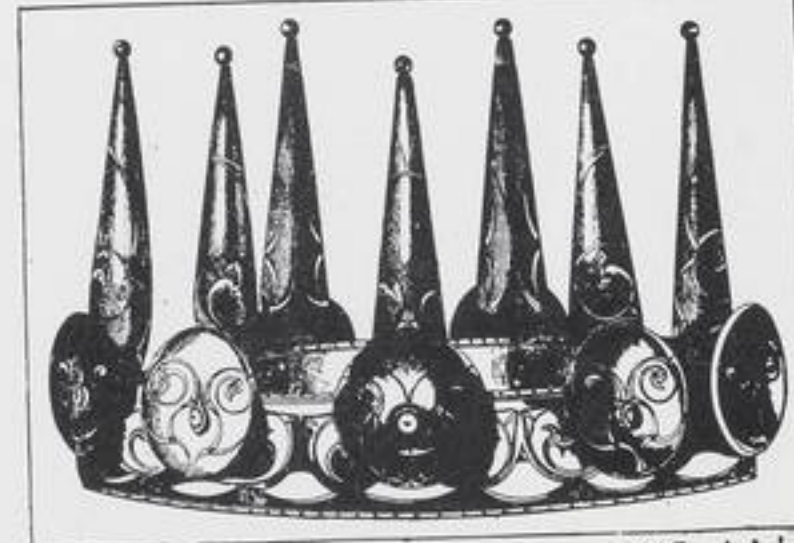
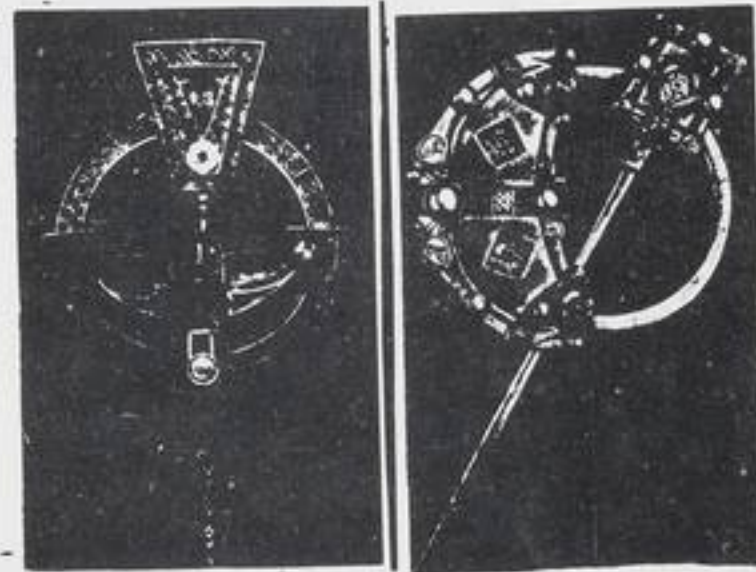


342. Lindisfarne ornament

J. Romilly Allen, Early christ. Monum. 1/1.



343. France



344

345. Irish



346.

The Kells corsier, Scotl



346a.

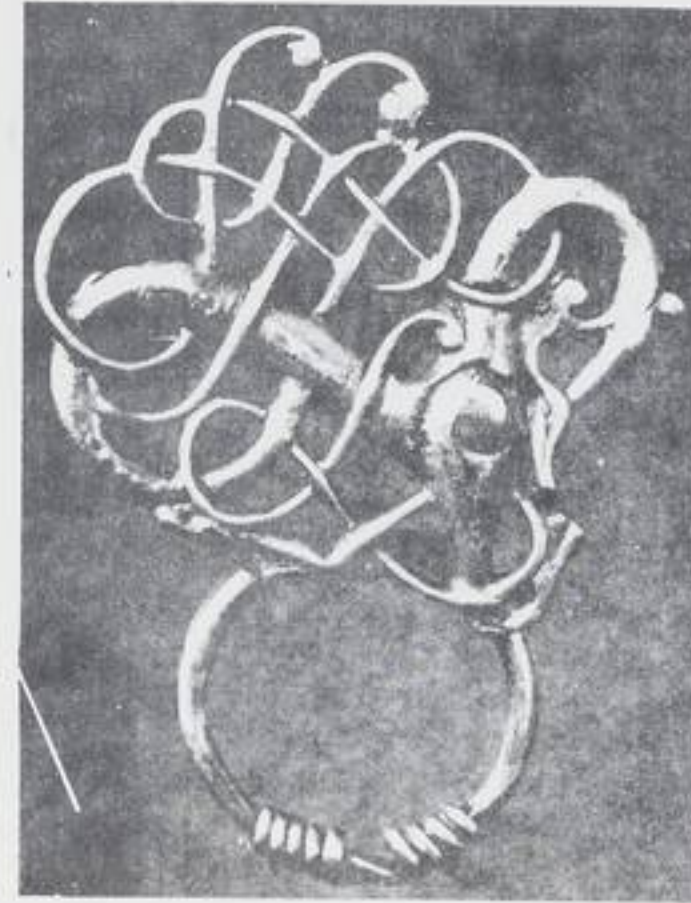


348. Gaudi, door

349. Van de Velde (1904)



347. Silver brooch in Urnes style (11th. cent.)



351. English chair knot, Scout

de chaise

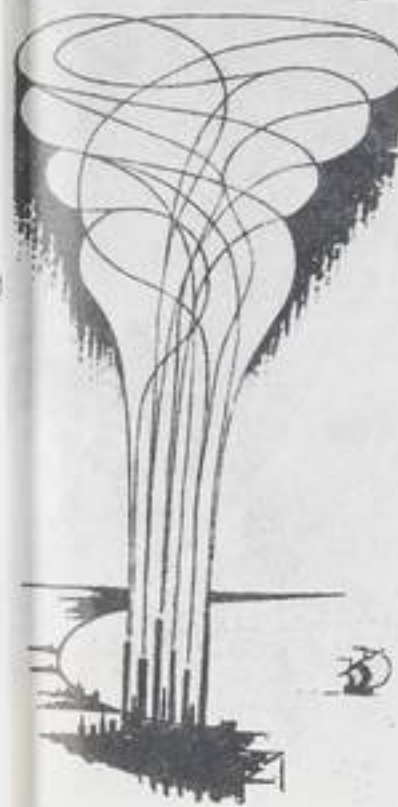


anglais



246b.

350. Title page - C. R. Ashbee (1894)



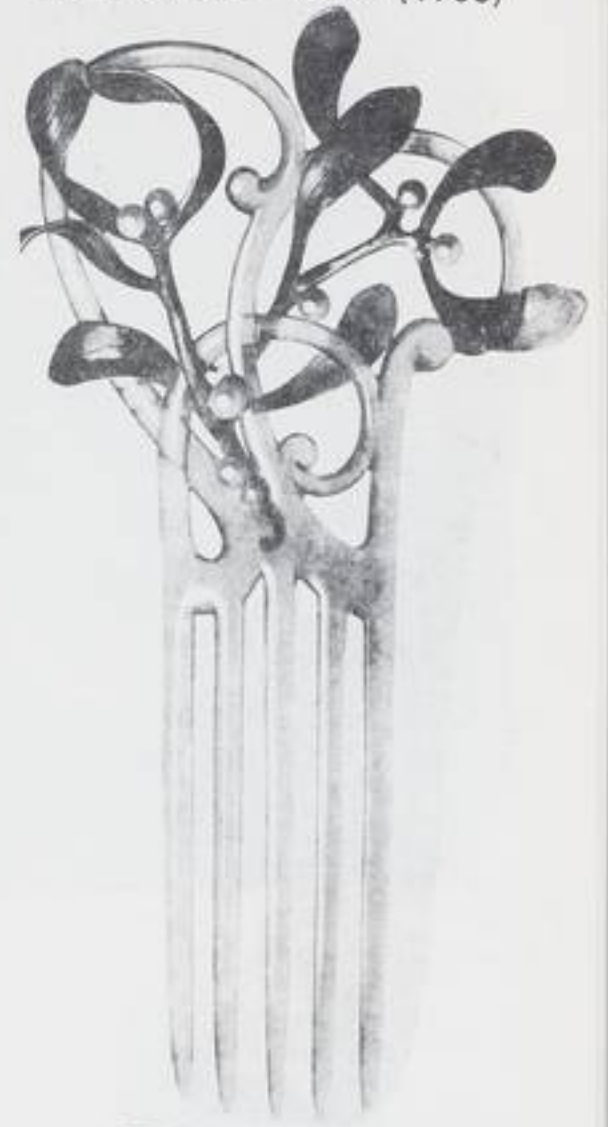
67

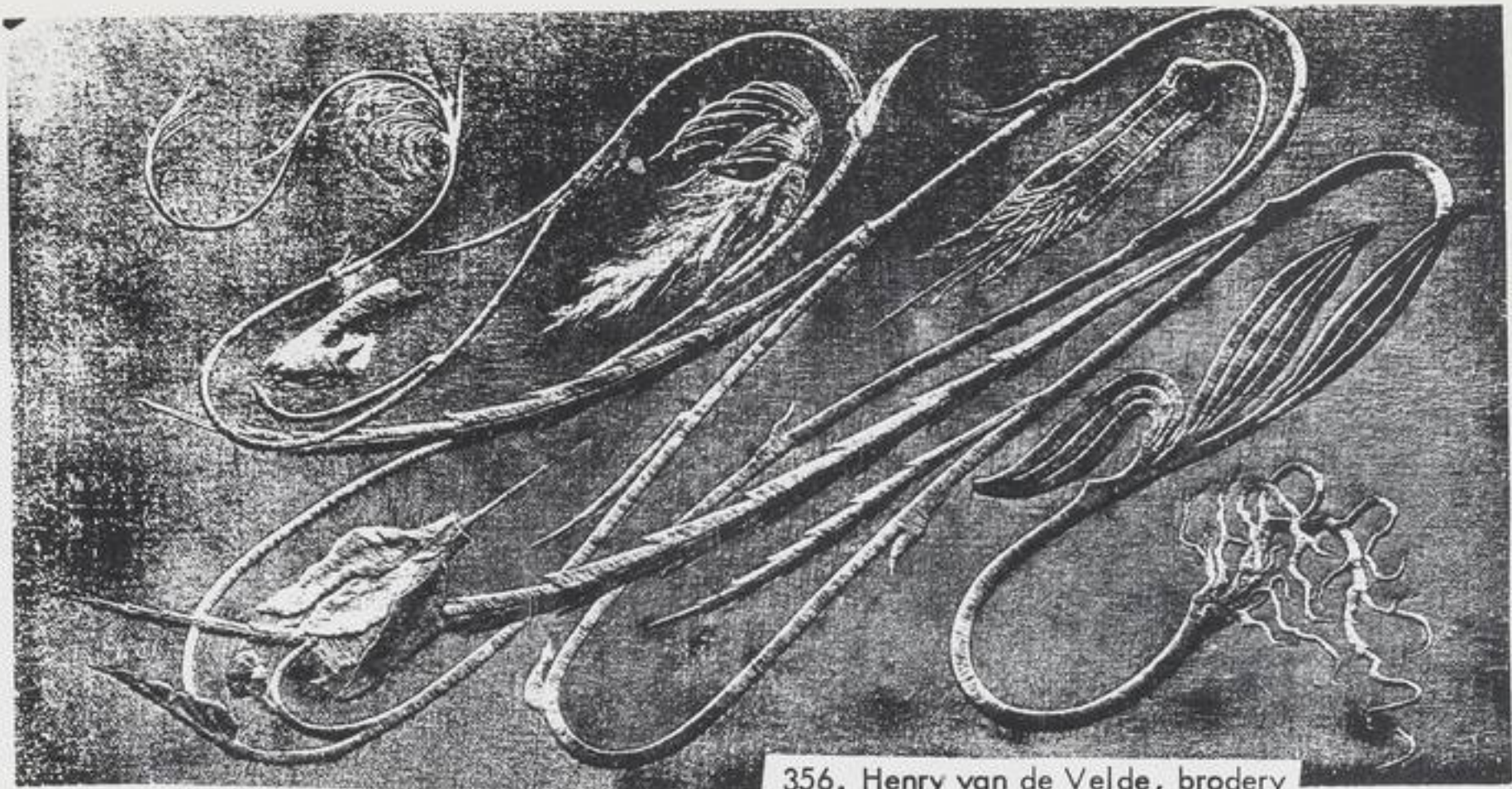
354. Hector Guimard - door at the "Castel Béanger", Paris (1900)



355. Henry van de Velde

352. Comb - Vever (1900)





356. Henry van de Velde, broderie

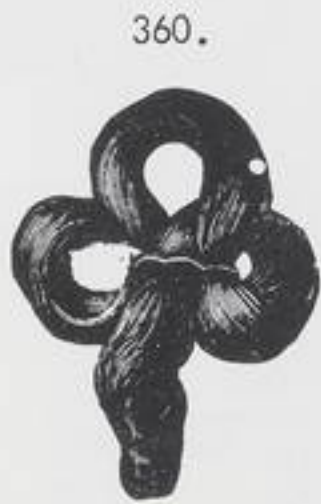


358.

357. Hair knot



359.



360.



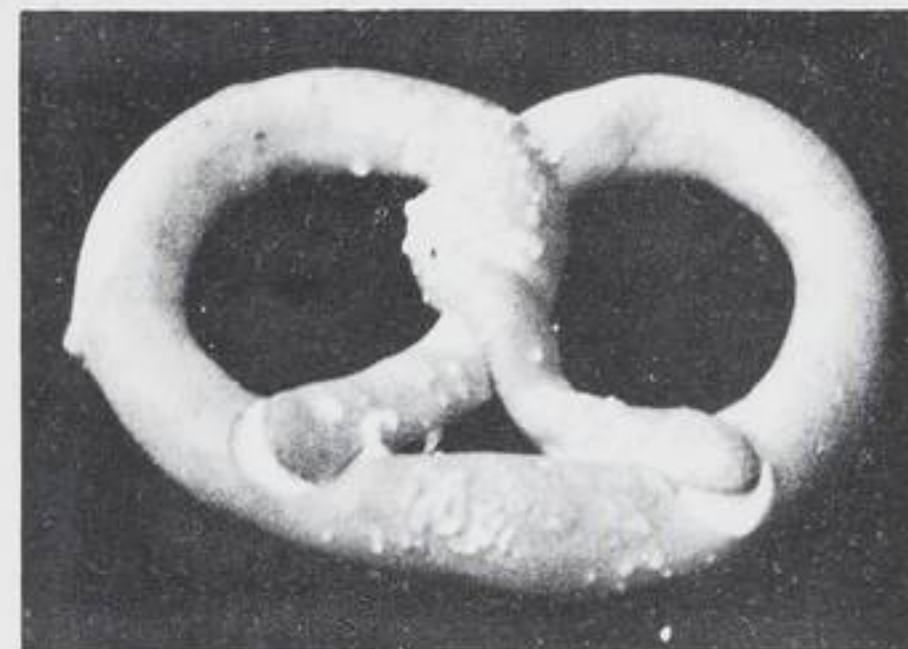
361.



362. Hair twist



363. Bread twist



364. Brätzel

365. 366.

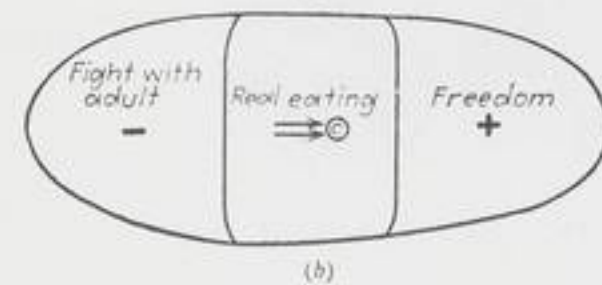
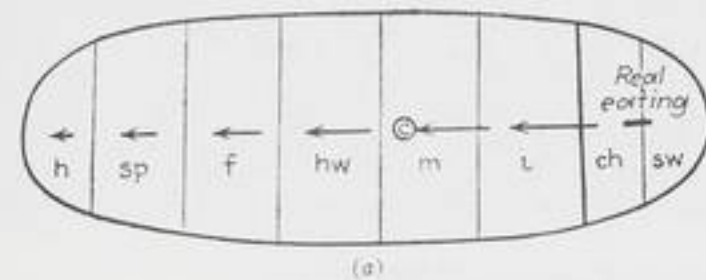


FIG. 16.—Situation of child facing disliked food. (a) before entering the region of real eating; (b) after entering the region of real eating. In this and the later figures the following symbols are used:  
 ← force: the direction of the arrow represents the direction of the force; its length, the strength of the force; its point the point of application of the force.  
 --- locomotion: the point of the arrow designates the place of termination of the locomotion, the other end of the dotted line designates the point of departure.  
 + positive valence.  
 - negative valence.

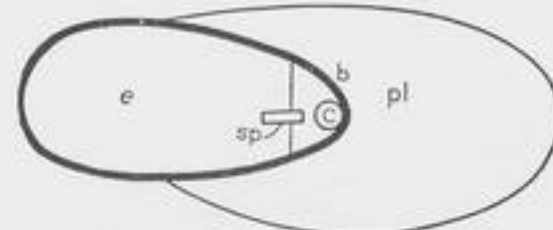


FIG. 3.—Topology of an eating situation: a child is prohibited from leaving for play. C, child; b, barrier (mother's interference); e, region of eating; sp, spoon; pl, region of play.



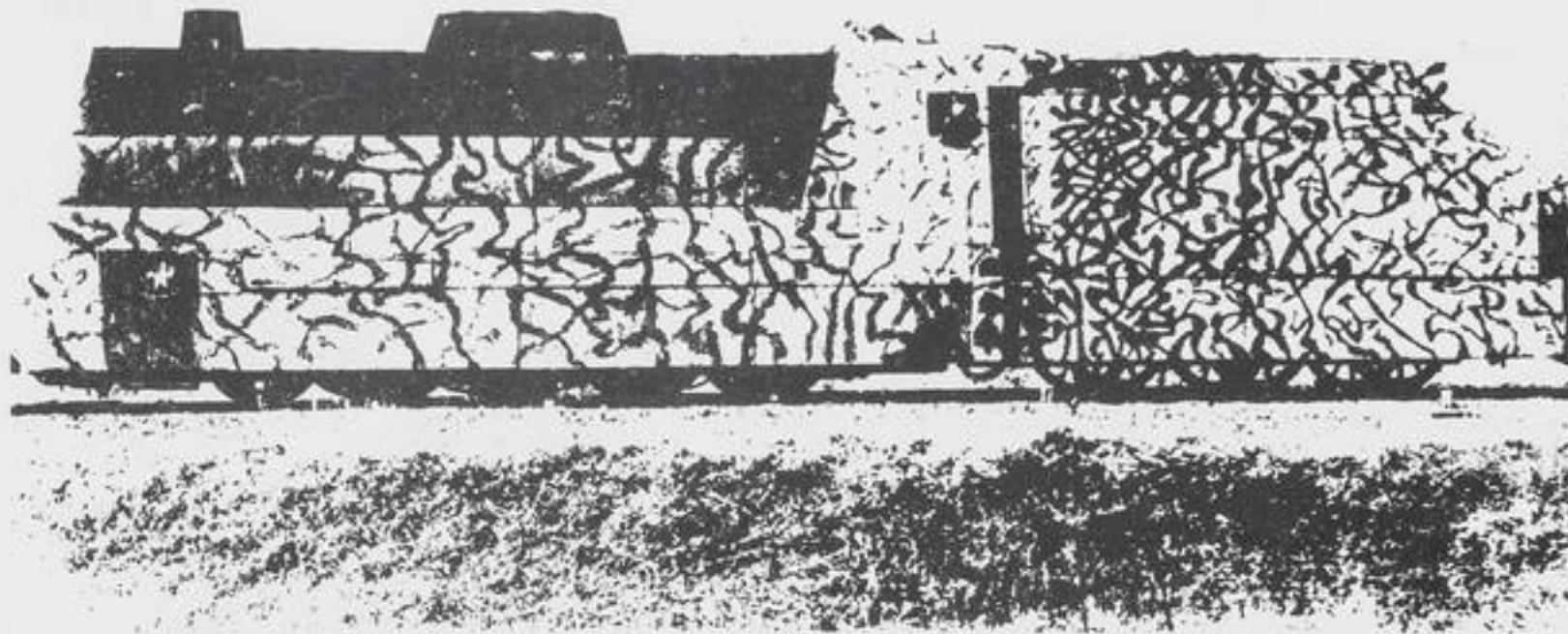
KIT SUNE SOBA

367. Spagetti eater (Restaurant in Japan)

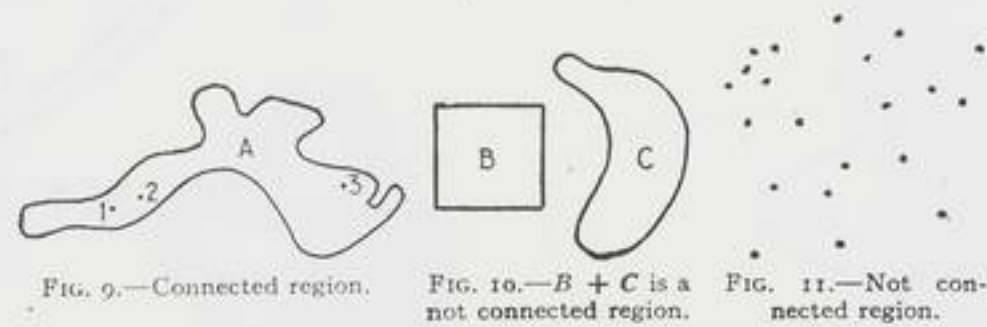
Aus dem Kombinieren eingesehener Tatbestände, der Polyphonie der Materialien, tritt das Überraschende als natürliche Blüte hervor, als neu-gefundene Schönheit. Diese neue, bisher unbekannte Schönheit gründet sich nicht allein auf das Sinnliche des Sehens (Farbiges, Lichtes und Lineares) oder des Tastens (Strukturelles), sondern auf die eingesehenen wesentlichen Eigenschaften des Materials, auf die Wahrung ihres Natürlichen. Eine eigentümliche Mischung von Analytik, Kombinatorik und — dem Wunder, das nur durch Umgang mit Mitteln überhaupt, die keineswegs ursprünglich als bildnerische angelegt waren, entstehen kann.

From : Werner Haftmann — Paul Klee

Im Kombinatorischen wird die Richtung auf das Geistige angegeben, auf das Polyphone, das wir in der formalen Ebene Komposition nennen, auf der geistigen Ebene Ausdrucksformel. Alles zusammen ergibt nun ein winziges, aber wirkliches Gebilde, das sich durch die drei Ebenen reinlich und folgerichtig bewegt: ausgehend von den existentiellen Eigenschaften der Dinge wird über die Kalkulatorik der Anordnung eine geistige Ebene erreicht und für den in den Materialien vage und verschwiegen angelegten geistigen Wert ein Ausdruck in einem anschaulichen Gebilde gefunden. Ein neues Ding ist entstanden als eine Antwortformel unseres Geistes auf den Anruf gewöhnlicher Dinge: psychologisch gesprochen, als Ausdrucksformel unseres Staunens.

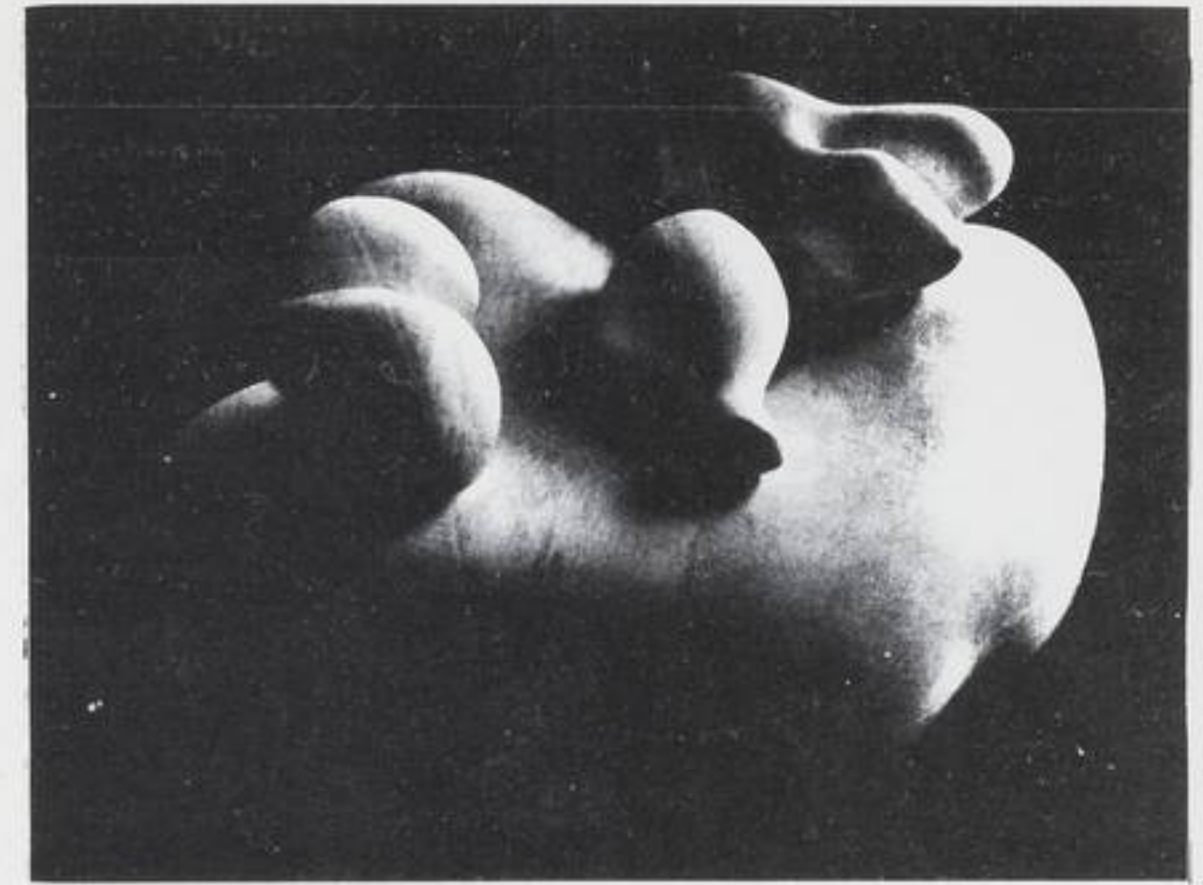


373. September 1944 — blinded German train



Summertime, 1948. Drawing and oil on canvas, 33 1/4 x 218".

374. Pollock (1948, 1949)



375. Hans Arp

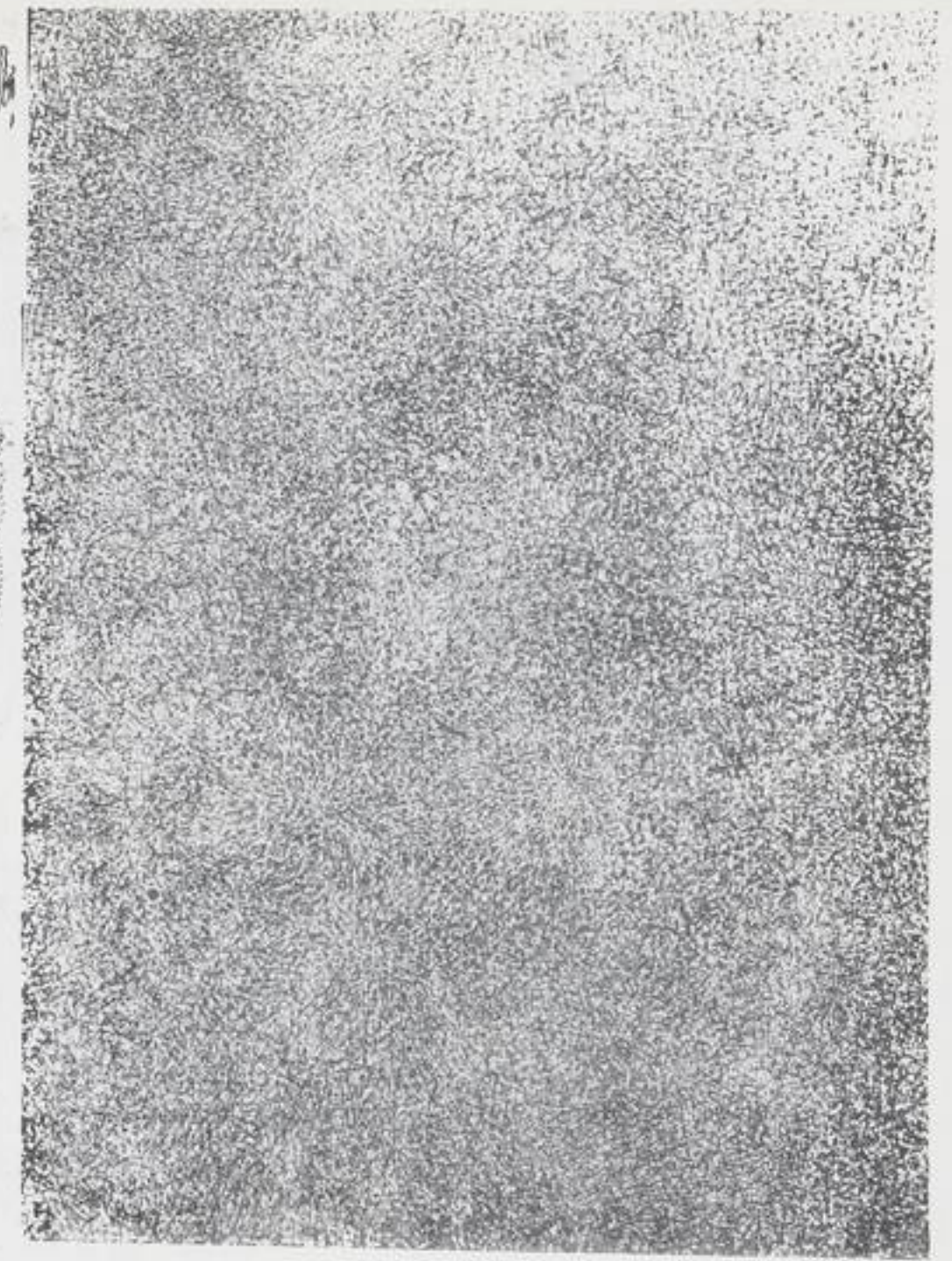


368. Tree in Hongkong (1955)

Wols (1948) 369



376. Dubuffet: personages in masculines



378. Micheaux - drawings Dubuffet: Beardprairie 377.



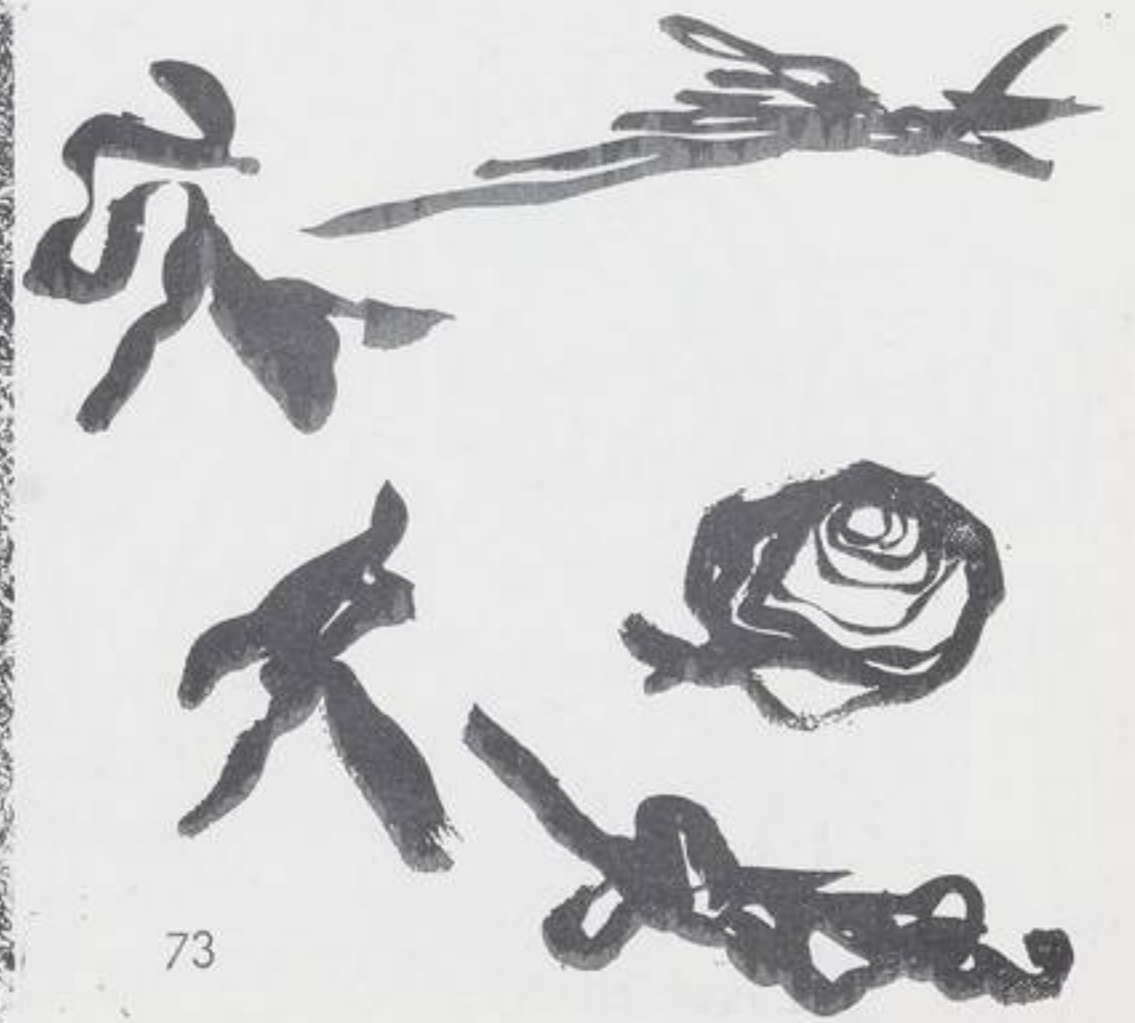
371.

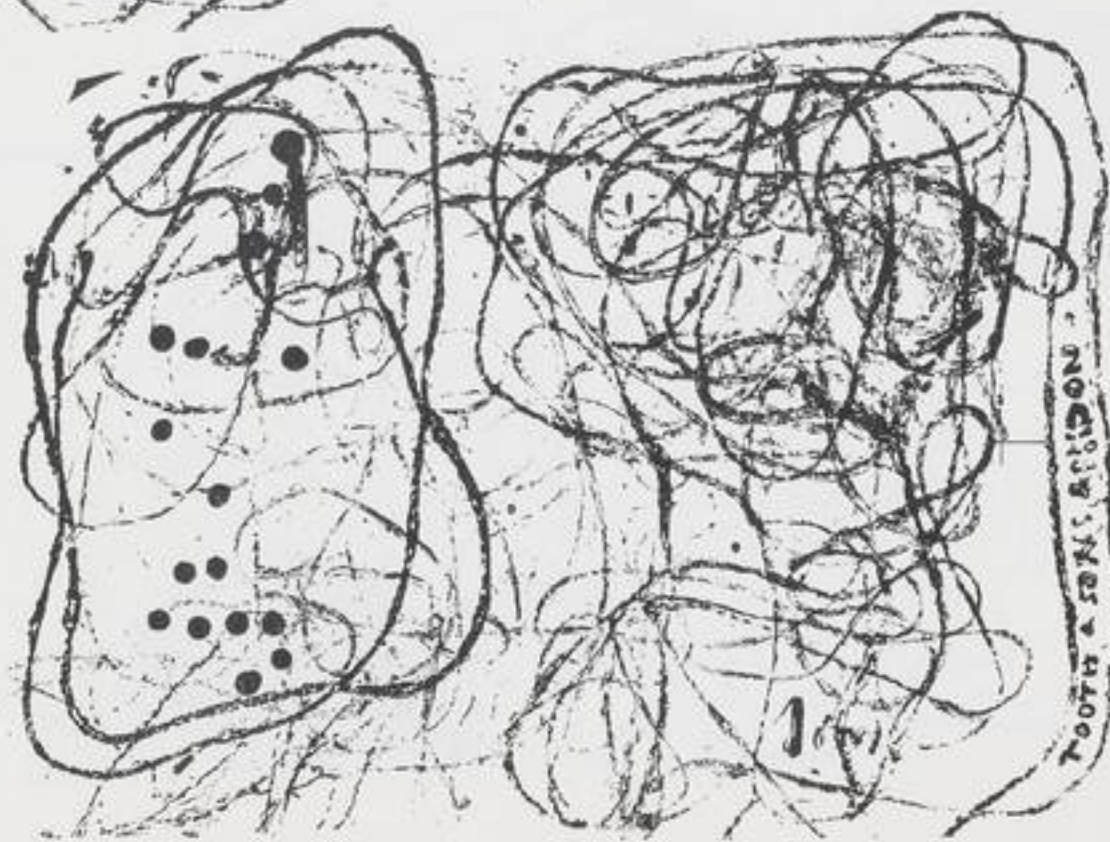
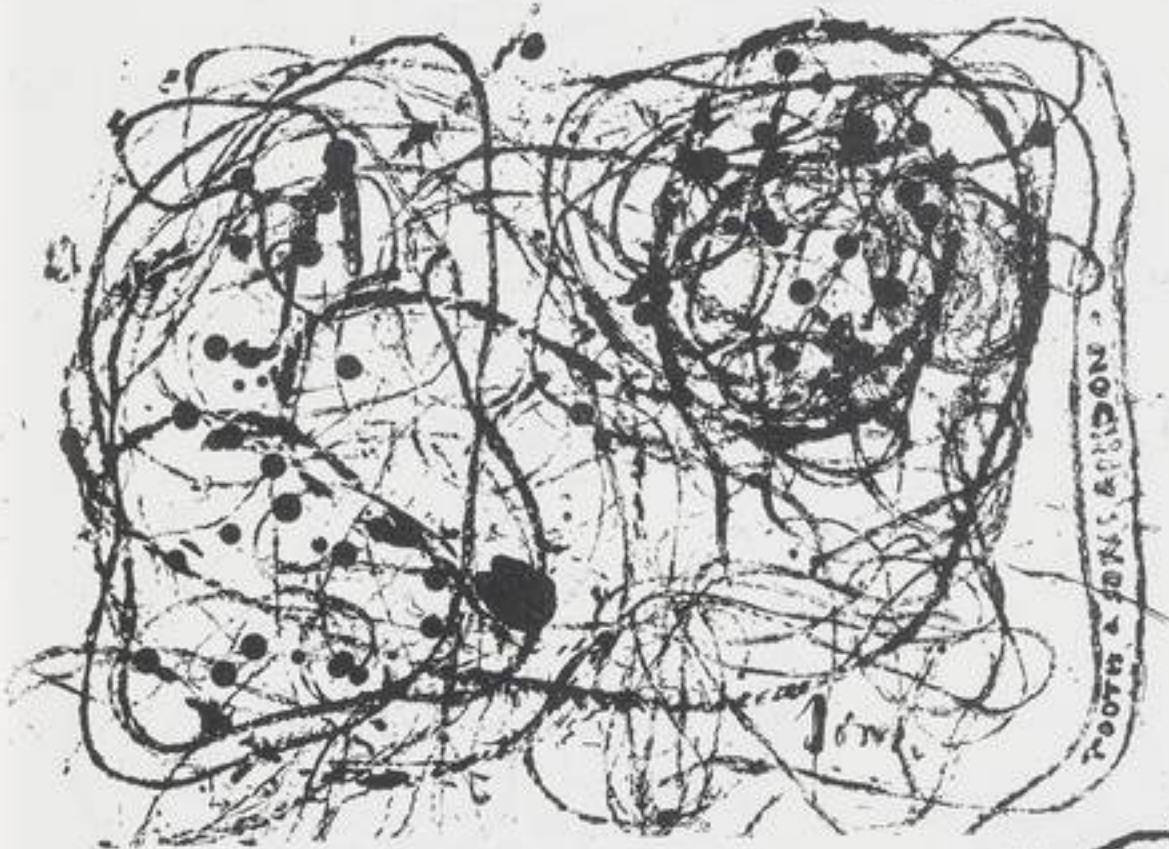
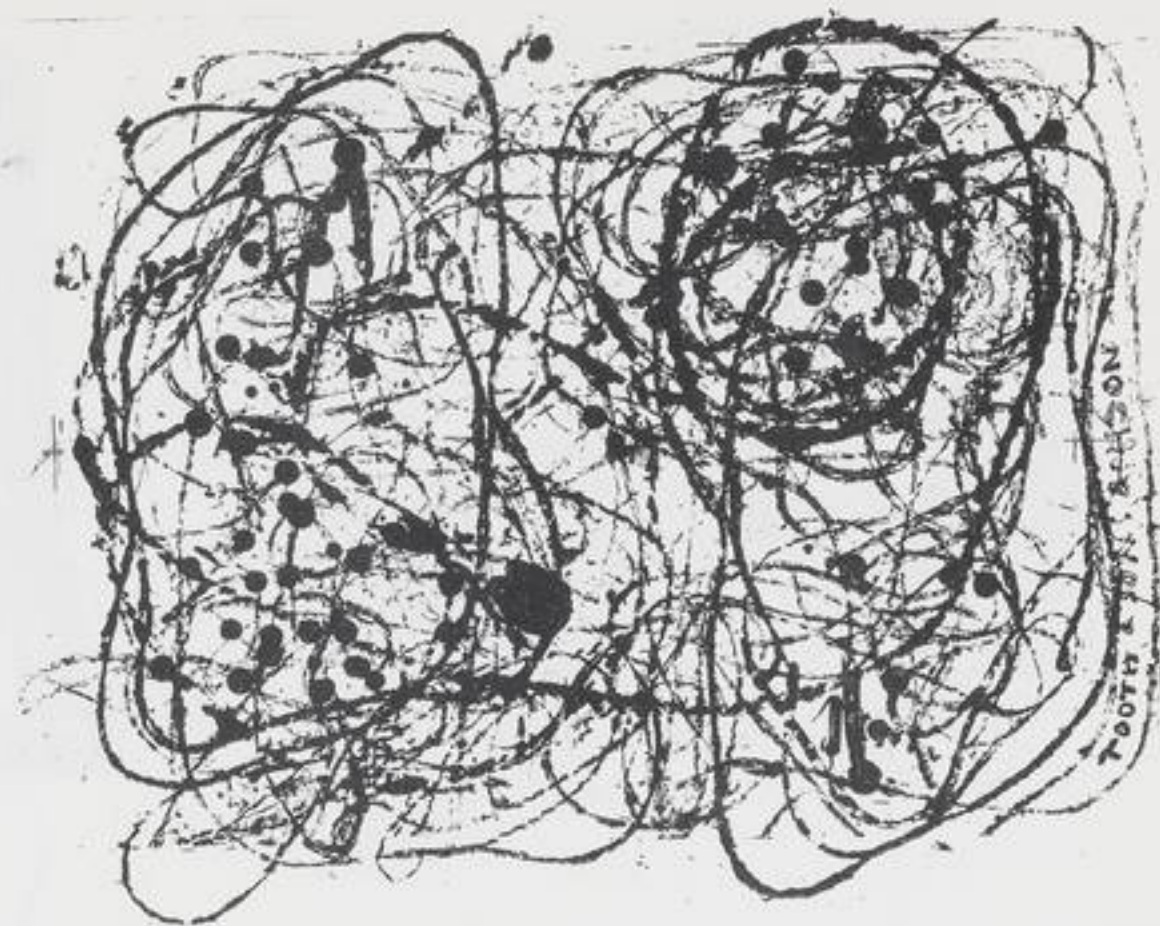
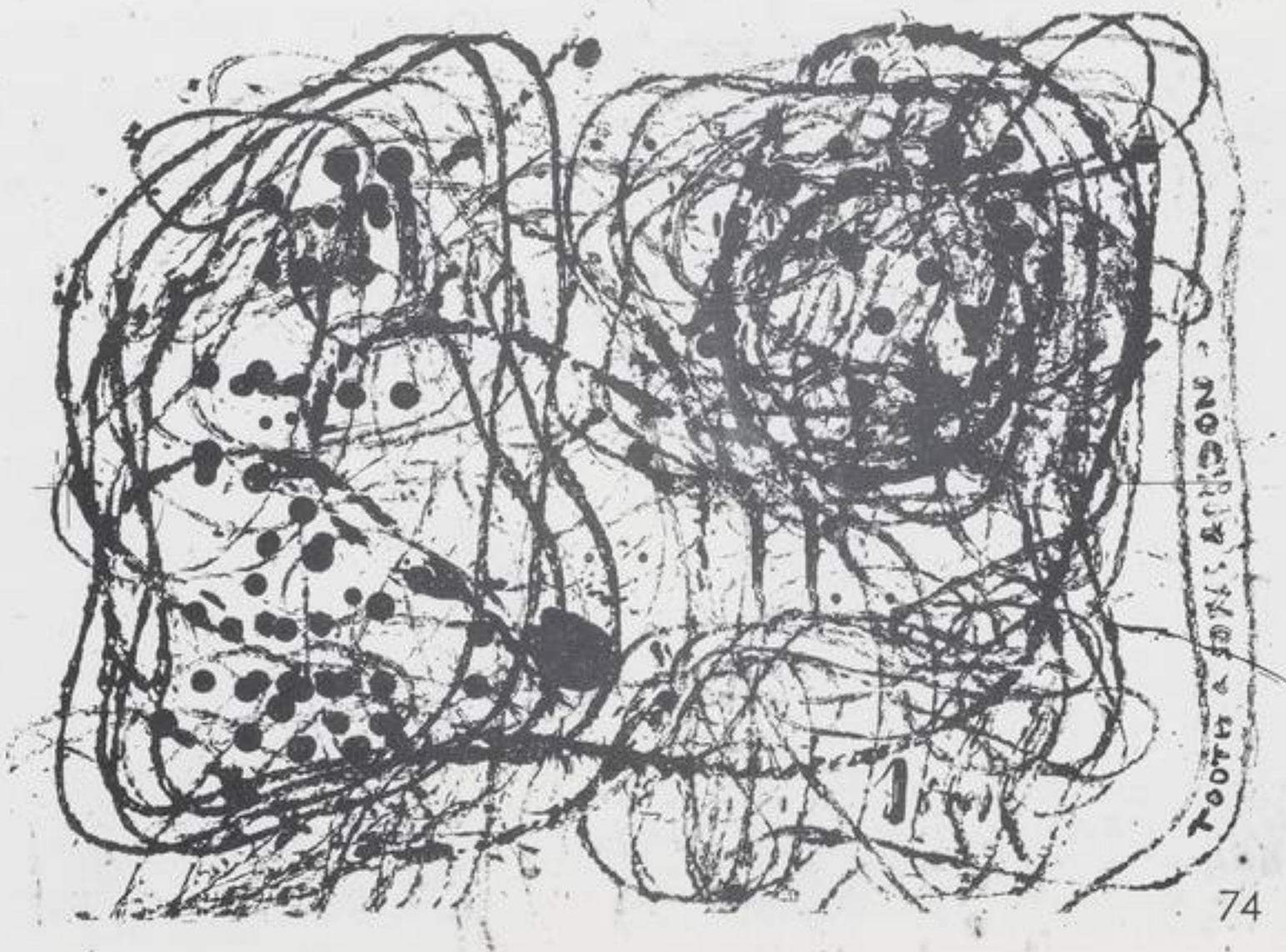
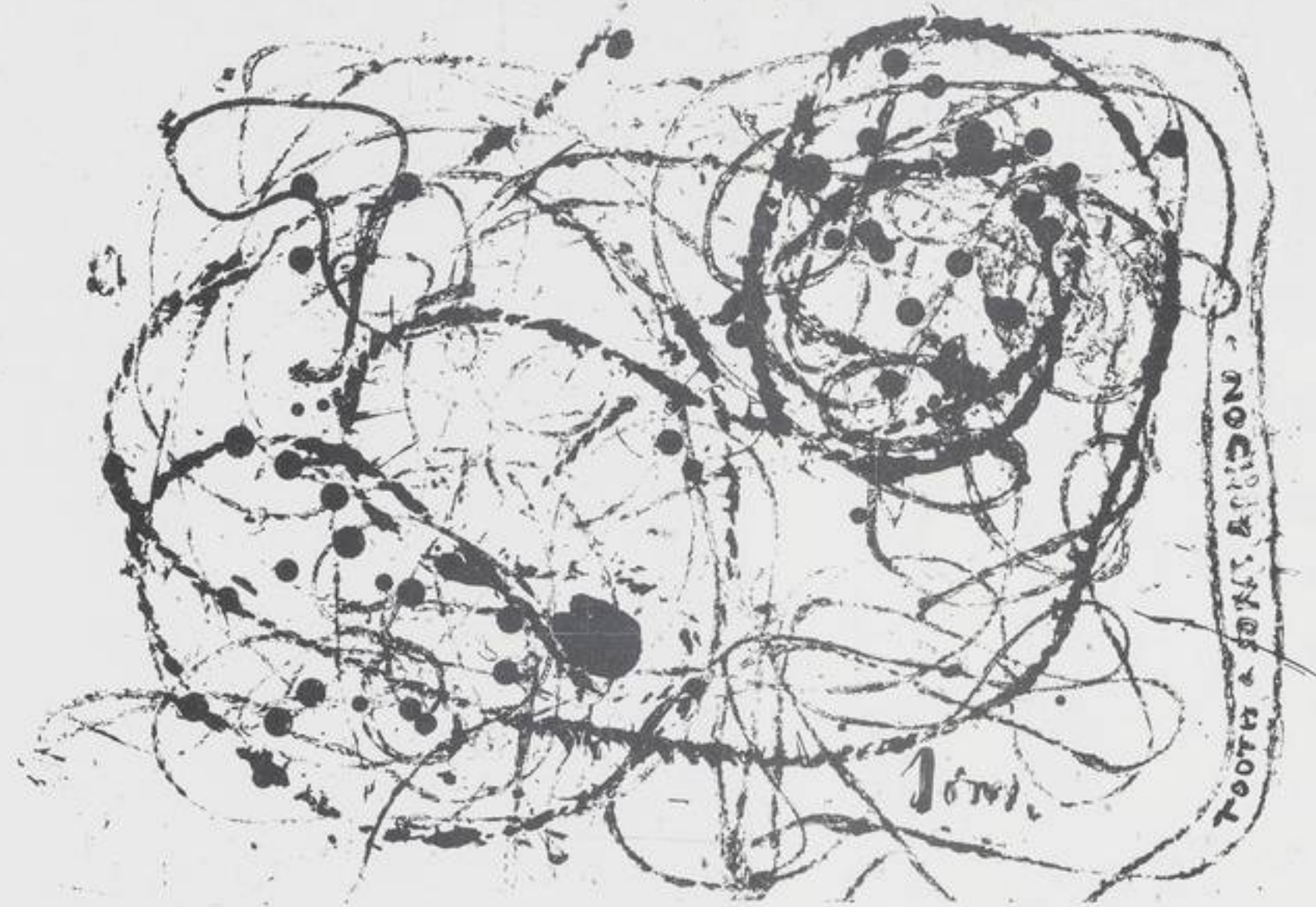


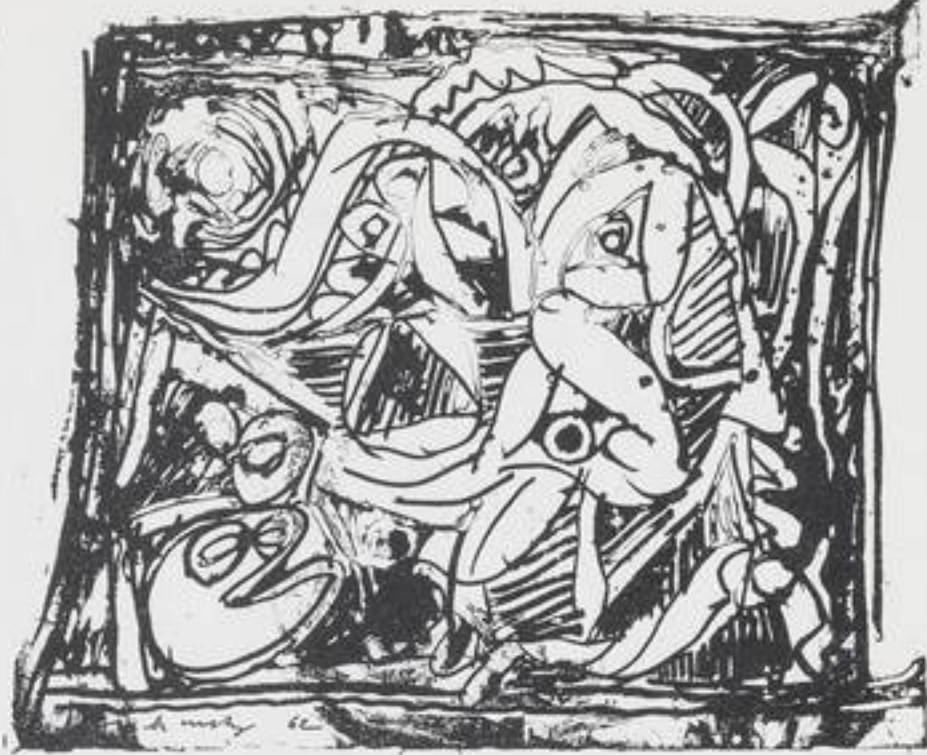
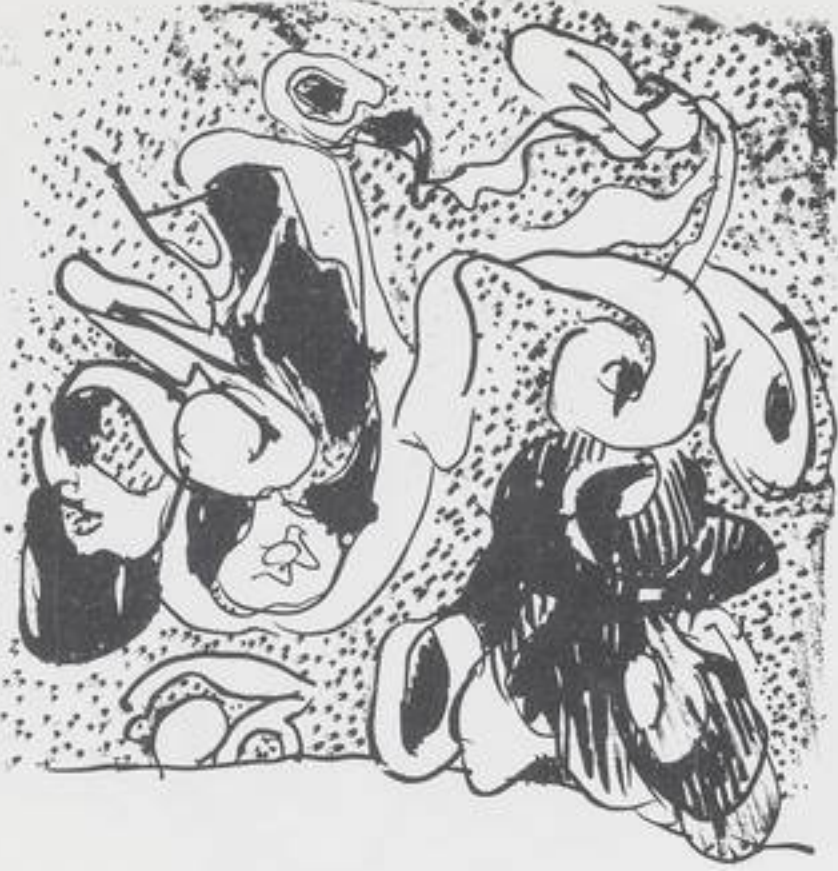
Salvador Dali: Toposurrealistical watch 372.



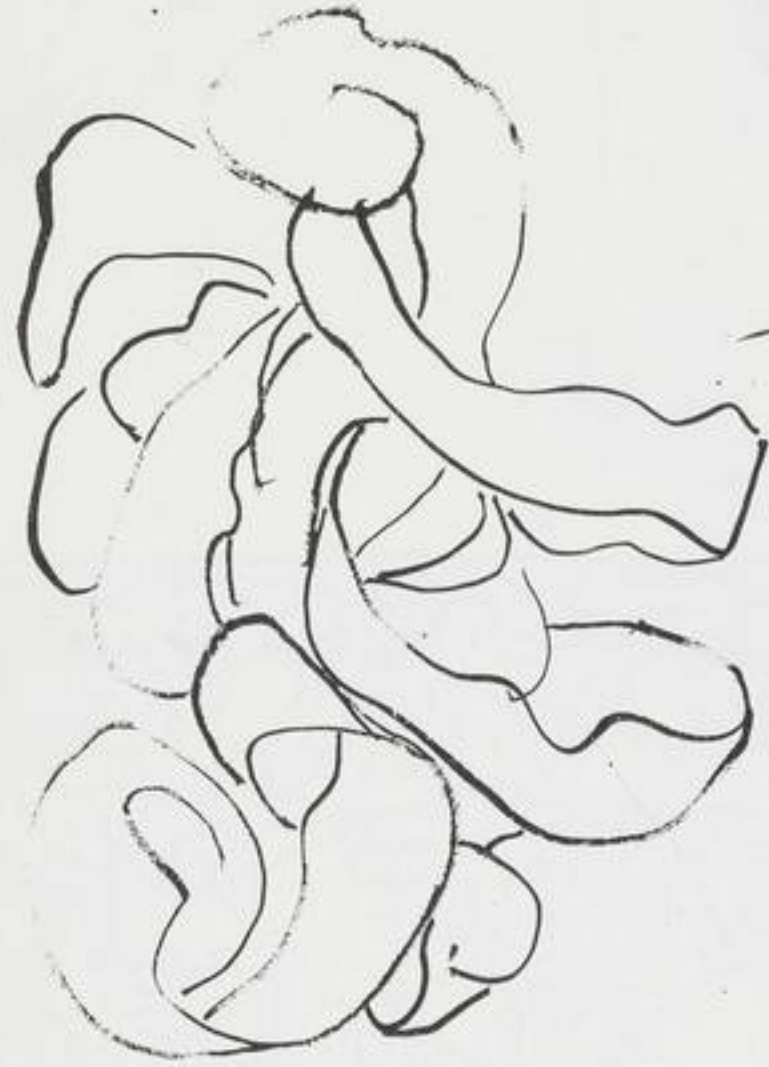
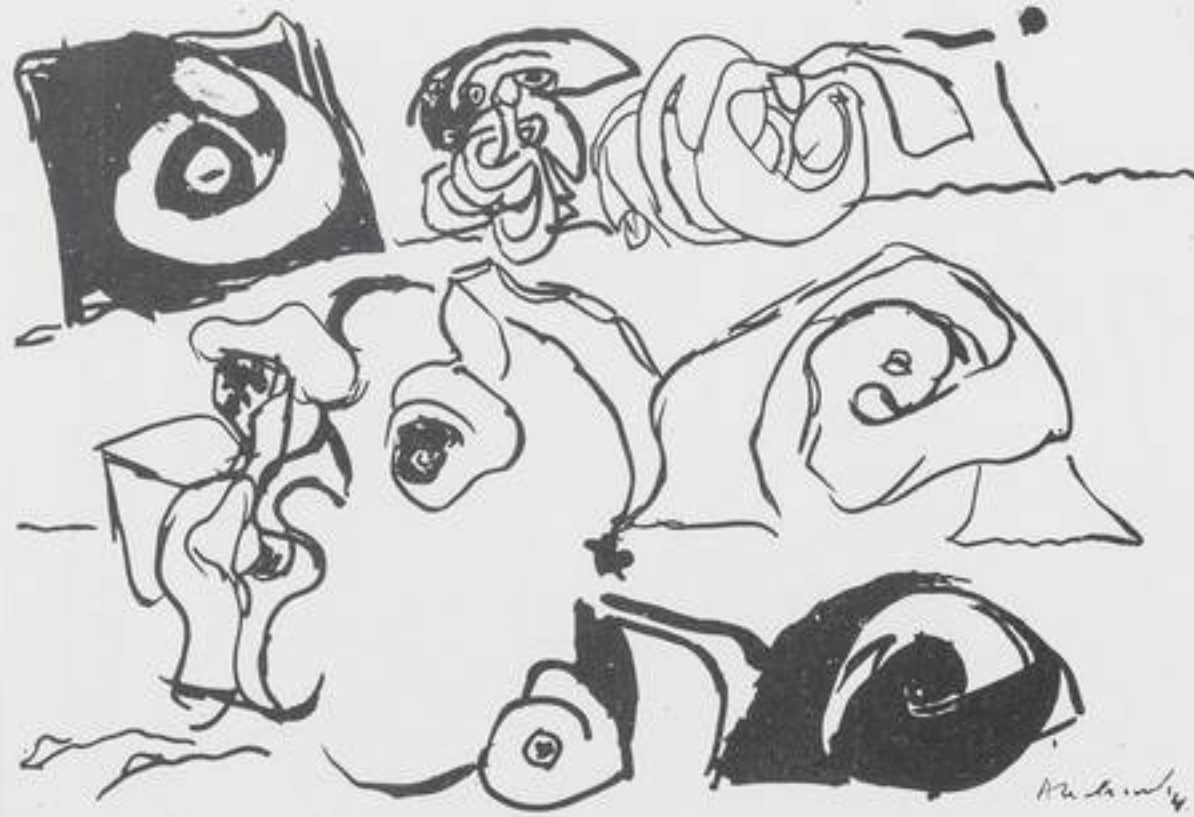
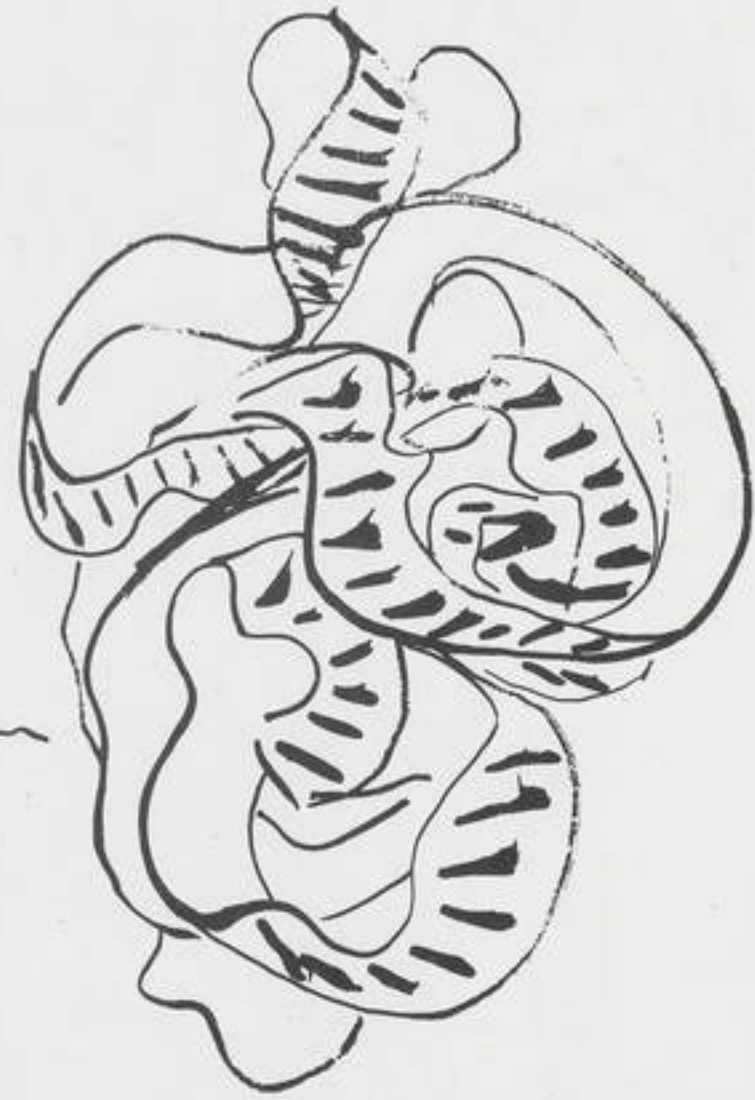
FIG. 12.—D is a simply connected region. E is twofold connected. F is fivefold connected.



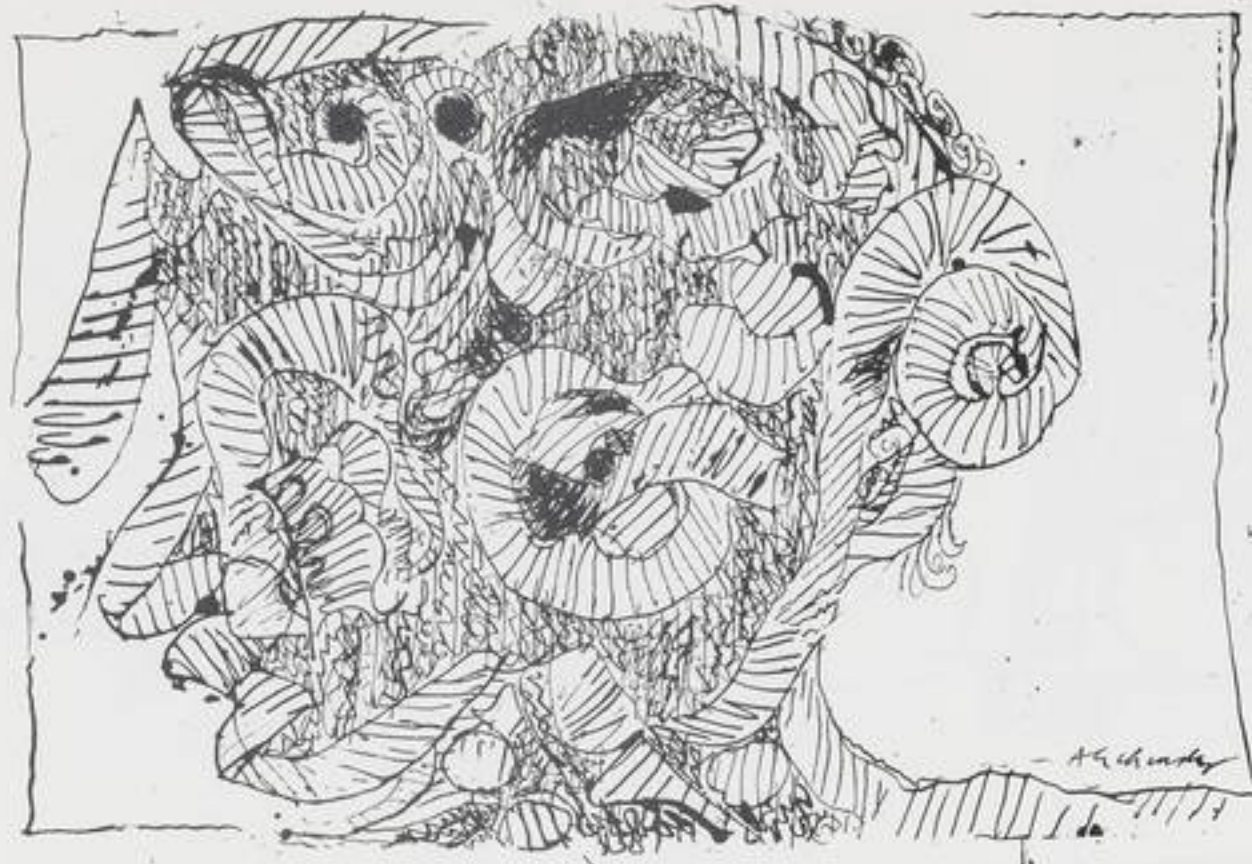




386.  
Study in the morphology of orange peels (1962)  
by Pierre Alechinsky and Reinoud d'Haese







# THE DOG'S CURVE

(MY DOG YZAUR'S MAGICAL ROUTE)

by MAX BUCAILLE

" A smell from warm and damp grats,  
 3 granular smells from cold damp earth,  
 3 viscous and very hot smells FFF  
 running through 7 azurean curves  
 of sea smell all of them brushing with  
 elastic needles.... "

**F.T. MARINETTI**  
 (The smelly landscape of my Alsatian dog,  
 an extract from "I NUOVI POETI FUTURISTI",  
 ROME 1925)

**PROBLEM:** I am following a straight way  $O$  with a  $v$  speed. My dog Yzaur is walking in the country with a  $kv$  speed ( $k$  being an integer number) and is going, each moment, toward me. What will be the curved line traced by my dog?

**ANSWER:** Writing that the dog's speed is a vector constantly going through the place where I'm standing (a point situated upon the  $OY$  axis) we obtain the equation

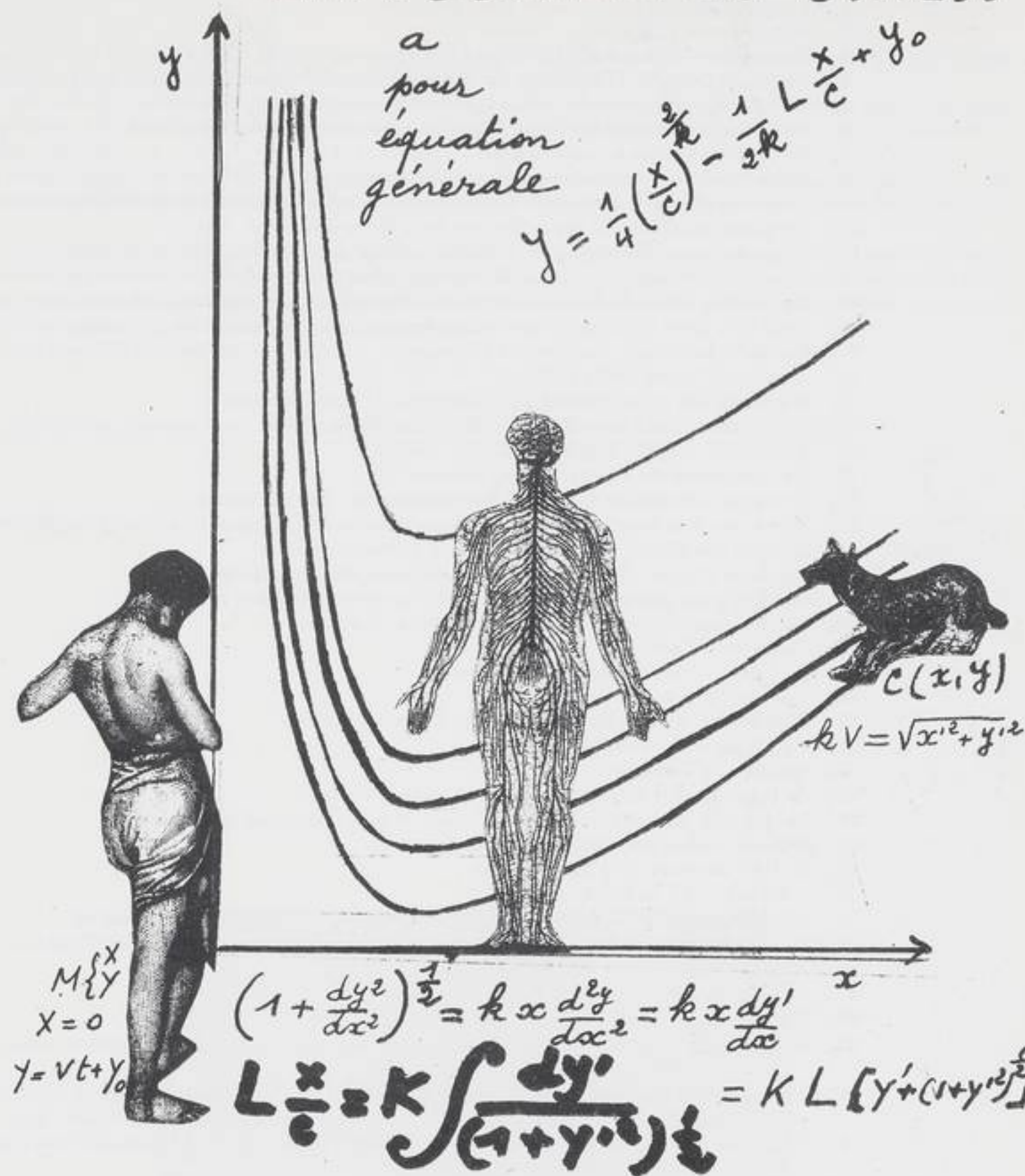
$$kx \frac{dy}{dx} = \sqrt{1 + \frac{dy^2}{dx^2}}$$

which is a differential equation of the second order having as integral - all calculations being duly made - the following one:  $y = \frac{1}{4} \left( \frac{x}{c} \right)^{\frac{2}{k+1}} - \frac{1}{2k} L \frac{x}{c} + y_0$

and  $y_0$  being integration constants. There are, of course, an infinite number of curved lines corresponding to the different values taken by the constants (S.H.)

# LA COURBE du CHIEN

a pour  
 équation  
 générale  
 $y = \frac{1}{4} \left( \frac{x}{c} \right)^{\frac{2}{k+1}} - \frac{1}{2k} L \frac{x}{c} + y_0$



The dog's curve by Max Bucaille

1. Guldhorn og Lukkehjul - Asger Jorn, Danmark
2. Pour la forme - Asger Jorn, France
3. Rindermalereien aus Australien - cat. Kunstgewerbemuseum, Zürich
4. Koptische Gewerbe (Textilkunst der ägyptischen Frühchristen des 2. bis 9. Jahrh. Kunstgewerbe museum, Zürich. Cat.
5. Volkskunst aus Graubünden - Kunstgewerbe museum, Zürich. Cat.
6. Art nouveau und Jugendstil, Um 1900 - Kunstgewerbemuseum Zürich. Cat.
7. De l'art des Gaules à l'art Français - Toulouse. Cat.
8. Kunstgewerbe der Merowingerzeit - Mainz. Cat.
9. La reine Bathilde et son temps, Exposition Mérovingienne - Ville de Chelles. Cat.
10. Le musée départemental des Antiquités de la Seine Inférieure. Cat.
11. Le moyen age et les origines de L'Europe - Ch. Dawson (translated from English)
12. L'Europe préhistorique - Sophus Müller (translated from Swedish)
13. Den Danske Billedbibel (kalkmalerier in de Danske kirker) - R. Broby-Johansen.
14. Kuml '51, Kuml '56, Kuml '59 - aarvog for Jysk arkaeologisk selskab., Danmark
15. Danmarks Sanglege - S. Tvermose Thyregod
16. Jaar-boek Twente 1962, Holland
17. Merovingische ambachtskunst - P. Glazema, J. Ypey, Holland
18. Van Friezen, Franken en Saksen, 350-750, Holland
19. Symbolister 1 - red. Ragner Josephson, Sweden
20. De Volksvermaken - J. ter Gouw, Holland 1871
21. Synagoga - Städtische Kunsthalle Recklinghausen. Cat., Germany
22. Engravings from Normandy - Scandinavien Institute for Comparative Vandalism, Danmark
23. Cultures matérielles de la côte d'Ivoire - B. Hollas, France
24. The book of signs - Rudolf Koch, England (translated from German)
25. Die Söhne der Sonne - Marcel F. Homet, Germany (translated from French)
26. Die Welt als Labyrinth - Gustav René Hocke, Germany
27. Gedichte - Paul Klee, Switzerland
28. Paul Klee - Werner Haftmann, Germany
29. Jackson Pollock - O'Hara
30. Plastik des .XX. Jahrhunderts - Carola Gideon - Welcker
31. Paul Klee - W. Grohmann
32. Gaudi - Le Corbusier
33. Le long voyage - Tapiserie - Jorn, Wemaère, France
34. Jouons avec du papier - Th. Bank-Jansen, France (translated from Danish)
35. Premiers preuves pour devenir scout de France
36. Le livre des noeuds par Kaa - France
37. L'Art populaire en Roumanie
38. Die Nordgermanen - Eric Graf Oxenstierna, Germany (translated from Swedish)
39. Les Arts primitif Français - Art Mérovingien-art Carolingien-art Roman Léon Gischia et Lucien Mazenod
40. Art populaire - tome I + II, France
41. Les arts décoratifs Turcs-Celal Esad Arseven
42. Das Erbe unserer Ahnen - Franz Carl Endres, Germany
43. Archaeologia - volume 96, 89, 91, 87 - Miscellaneous tracts relating to antiquity-society of antiquaries of London
44. The early Christian monuments of Scotland, a classified, illustrated, descriptive list of the monuments, with an analysis of their symbolism and ornamentation - J. Romilly Allen, F.S.A., Hon. F.S.A. Scot - Edinburgh 1890
45. Principles of Topological Psychology - Kurt Lewin, 1936 - England (translated from German)

Photo's wich are not from one of the books are kindly given to us by the Scandinavian Institute of Comperative Vandalism.



This story, as said by the aurnor, George Hay to be made in a topological manner, coincides strangely enough with a work realised in the 15th century and completely unknown to the author.

Among the Church (chalk) - paintings in Danmark happen to live the very same images as used by George Hay in his story: A short tripp to chaos. The deformed creatures and moving smells are happily put together and mixed up on the bare walls of these small white churches.

How did these images appear on the walls made by a great Renaissance-master-hand, and how did they change place a 500 years later to renew their plastic capacities on the other side of the Channel in the story of the new-Renaissance artist George Hay.

As said the author had never seen or even heard of these prae-topological church-images in far away Danmark, there is no doubt that until the very moment of this printing of his text, all possibility of any early similarity was quit unknown to him.

We can only conclude that it might happen to be due to the great faculty of deformation and derivation of the topological placticities which forces their products to penetrate anywhere at any time in any form.

Where, when and how will the next realisation be.

Therefore any deformation, reproduction, modification, derivation and transformation of the times is permitted.

A SHORT TRIP TO CHAOS

Someone was rocking the boat.



All week long the indications had been coming in. Hair-fine the little fissures in the structure, but deadly, ready to crack open into jagged irreparable wounds. A girl in Wandsworth had woken up one morning with her hair turned to green; half a column of local news in the CLAPHAM BUGLE had inexplicably appeared in upper-case; a traffic-beacon in Oxford-Street had lost a foot in height from one second to the next. Plotted against time, the outbreak showed a rising curve; plotted against space, a sphere dented on Ladbroke Grove with its periphery already in the suburbs, and spreading fast. Another month, and we were all undone. Summoning up the attitude of a Roman Senator, I rang through for black coffee and Norma Streetfield.

The coffee never came; office politics were running against me that week. Norma never came, either, but about two hours later a rather flashy blonde in a gingham frock appeared at my desk without warning and said breathlessly, "Norma-can't-come-she's-still-recovering-from-a-thrash-at-Fulham-she-said-would-I-do?"

I gloomed. "You'll have to do. Can you isolate constants in a flux? Do you know what song the Sirens sang? Can you cast Hesperian apples?"

"Come again?"

"Never mind. Here's a quid. Go down to Westbourne Park, pick up this fellow called Maloney. A Spade, but born of the Old Country, cross my heart. Blackest thing that ever came out of Kerry--here's his address. He knows the drill--you're to work the area over with him looking for irregularities."

"What kind?"

"Anything obviously odd--it must be recent. Five-legged kittens, outbreaks of impossible diseases, antique dealers in the Portobello Road giving away Sheraton sideboards--anything in that line. Try the odd paragraph in the KENSINGTON POST and the KILBURN TIMES--they might give you a lead. Maloney knows a lot of the locals. Incidentally, keep an eye on him--unobtrusive, like. I get along fine with him myself, but I'm not paid to get on with people, just to make sure that when we pay 'em, they work for us, not for Them."

"Who's--?"

"Never you mind. Think yourself lucky you don't know. What's your name?"

"Mary. Mary Banks. How do I get paid?"

"In English money. When you deliver. Shove off, now--I want the both of you here at nine tonight. Raus."

She roused. Something cool was nuzzling into my hand; the yellow phone. I rapped it over the earpiece. "Idiot. You're supposed to be a phone, not a cocker spaniel. Anyway, what is it?"

No answer. I shook it. "Don't sulk, and don't waste my time. What is it?"

"You don't love me," said a small, tinny voice.

I took a deep breath. "Honey, I love you to death. Why else should I turn you into a telephone so I can have you on my desk to look at all day long?"

"There's two other phones on the desk. Do you love them too?"

"They're different. Anyway, sweetheart, I happen to be in the middle of a crisis right now. Have you anything to tell me, or not?"

"Yes. Jonson over at Griffith House is worried. He says the 27 buses have been running to schedule for two whole days."

"They have." Hurling Yellow down on the blottingpad, where she lay squeaking indignantly, I snatched up Red! "Notting Hill Gate--Alert One. All operatives drop what you're doing and concentrate for the next two hours on delaying 27 buses passing through your area. This is urgent, repeat urgent. Report back on progress in one hour. Scramble."

x x x x x x x x x x x

Raymond's Cayf stands--being supported on one side by a Vendor of Gents' American Suiting and on the other by one of London's last remaining genuine flea-pit cinemas--somewhere along the lower reaches of the Portobello Road. On weekends, the detritus of the Market forms a sort of low-tide mark a few yards up the road. Indeed, one of the reasons for the Cayf's continued existence is probably the custom of those who sit there through the long Saturday afternoons and evenings brooding over tepid cups of tea, waiting till the stalls pack up and go. At that time these human vultures sally forth, confident of picking up the odd bit of kindling-wood, the totally unusable canvas--who knows? even perhaps some indestructibly ancient chair that the vendor simply cannot stand the sight of any longer. Patience. Cunning. With time, all things can be acquired. Meanwhile, Raymond's Cayf endures, a sort of superannuated Robbers' Cave.

Who was the small dark man with the enormous nose who sat in the shadows of this noisome place late that afternoon? Why did he keep fingering the back of his neck? Who was the tall, willowy blonde who sat across from him? Why did she keep looking up at the ceiling? And I--*que fais-je dans cette galère?*

I have no idea who the small dark, etc. man was. I had never seen him before, and hope to God I never see him again. At a guess, I would say he was fingering the back of his neck because he suspected he was developing leprosy there--

The tall willowy blonde was Ellen Dag--a rare piece of Danish pastry, let me tell you. She was there because I was paying her ten shillings an hour to be there. I could ill spare the money, but I needed her co-operation to secure the attention of Harry Ackers. Gold, real-estate, folding money, small-sibler--all these things meant little to Harry--but show him the contents of a pair of 15-denier fully-fashioned, and he was with you. And once you had him with you, you had something, because Harry is one end of a piece of string the other end of which is attached to the Old Original Face, to the Darkness that lay upon the Waters, to the lips of Lillith, to--I swear it--the Absolute itself. I knew that if I wanted to find out the real origin of the rot that was spreading so fast across London, Harry was my man. And I knew that something during Harry's circuitous daily tour of town he would pass Raymond's Cayf, would peer in briefly, and would then stay or pass by, according to whether he saw trousers or skirts. So there sat Ellen.

And I? Well, I--what's that? Why did she keep looking up at the ceiling? Don't be silly--that was just because she didn't want to look at the small dark man with the enormous nose. Obvious, isn't it? Do I have to tell you everything?

Well, as I was saying--I, dear reader, I was Raymond. Yes. That hulking barrel-chested figure wrestling with the samovar on the counter, it is no less than your humble servant, Sam Swivell, private investigator, man of all parts, licensed magician to the Court of King Oberon, and Keeper of the Royal Tally to boot. Alias Raymond at the time, naturally. No great lover of the grossly obvious, in my normal manifestations I eschew over-developed chests and gorilla arms. But if you want to maintain even the appearance of keeping order in a gaff like that, you have to, show 'em you've got what it takes when a few of the boys drop around for a punch-up. Hence the get-up. Fortunately for my sanity, I only needed to use it for a few hours a week--I don't think I could have stood much more of standing straight upright and still bruising my knuckles



on the floor.

Of course, Raymond, had to be in the Cayf, day in and day out, no matter where Sam was. This was no grief, though; I just switched the controls over to an exceptionally stupid poltergeist I had foolishly collected in a mixed swap one rather heavy Midsummer Night's Eve. I think someone had put medical alcohol in my potion. Anyway, it worked out all right, because, although this poltergeist couldn't polter worth twopence, he was perfectly suited to running a cretin-type body like Raymond's. Nice deal, really...

"Yoo-hoo."

Get that old rebel yell. A shadow now darkened the doorway--a tall, thin beanpole of a shadow--Harry's. My luck was in. The tiny head ducked under the lintel; the tall cadaverous body drifted towards Ellen like moth to candle. Harry's face resembled a small lump of dough with a dough-button for a nose, a berry for a mouth, and two enormous black prunes for eyes. Ellen beamed back, the while I flipped up the lid of the counter and sidled up behind them.

The beanpole bent over towards that enticing smile--or strated to. Something stopped him--my enormous paw, gripping a handful of loose coatback. The other paw came up, gripped the seat of Harry's pants, lifted; in a moment I was carrying him horizontally past the counter and into the murky hinterland of the Cayf.

I lowered him to the floor, with my foot firmly on his chest. He lay there, writhing and hissing. Quite literally; I've never been able to get the documentation, but I'll swear he was born with a snake body. His tongue isn't actually forked, but it is preternaturally long, and in moments of rage--as just now, for instance--it flickes in and out in paroxysms.

I shoved my face down towards his, stopping just short of that darting tongue, and put on my Ug the Ape-Man Face. "You wanna talk to Ellen, hey?"

The hissing stopped, the eyes drew smaller and duller. "Ye--ss. Let me go."

"You tell Raymond something first. Then Raymond let you talk with Ellen." (Some hopes. That bright-eyed beauty had taken her money from the till and skipped out the door the minute I hauled Harry away from her.)

Silence. I bent lower, grimacing and exposing my jagged incisors. "Who is it, Harry?"

"Iss what?"

"You know what I mean. Who's tearing up the game?"

Under my foot, Harry suddenly rigid as an iron bar.

Silence.

A silence that went on and on. I could feel the air in that grim place tautening as though God Almighty was hauling on the gay-ropes, could feel the coarse pig-bristle that passed for hair on Raymond's scalp--my scalp--stirring and lifting. Pressing my foot down firmer, I risked a glance around. It was impossible to see past the counter into the Cayf; three feet in any direction around me the air had curdled into the consistency and colour of oatmeal porridge. Instinctively I shoved harder with my foot. It gave; I looked back and down at Harry, and gave a yelp. He was sinking.

He was sunk.

Harry had achieved the pantheist's dream--he was One with the Universe. At least, he was one with the floor of the Cayf. For a moment that rudimentary blob of nose showed above floor-level, then that too was gone. I stood, straddled and watching in fascination. Would he continue to sink? If so, would he stop at the centre of the planet? Would he advance backwards into New South Wales? Apparently not, for that ambiguous outline stayed there. Had you not been aware of what had taken place, you would simply have taken it for ground-in dirt, or the result of spilled fat after some epic attempt to produce a meal. To me, it was--just Harry.

I got the message, all right, all right. Not that I wanted to know. That ghastly porridge air was thickening around me; I was beginning to get the feel of it in my throat. I snarled--an ugly sound, coming from a throat like Raymond's, even when one was making it oneself.

Thicker it came, and thicker, and now it was upon me, writhing and cold and slimy. I stumbled towards the near wall. Thirty paces later I realised there was no near wall, nothing but fog, fog, fog... Looking down, I could see as far as my chest; no more. The ground seemed as yet steady underfoot, but had somehow a different feel to it. When I bent to try and observe it, I failed utterly to see anything but that ubiquitous porridge grey.

Snarling again, I sat down, wrapping my arms around me, grateful for once for their inordinate length--the cold was striking to my bones already. As I did so I felt something flap past my shoulder into the greyness, hooting with eldritch laughter.

"Hoo-hoo. Hoo-hoo."

"Get lost." I bellowed.

Ever heard of a fog with echoes? "Get lost, get lost, lost, get lost, lost, get lost, lost, lost..."

I kept my mouth shut. Swivell-think. Swivell--think.

I was being given the treatment--the full treatment. Further, I had been given the treatment since the moment I had asked Harry the sixty-four dollar question. Not a second had been lost. And Harry himself had been unclayed before he could, give away a dicky-bird. Harry's position in the game could be said to be that of a Knight. You don't sacrifice a Knight for nowt. Of course, it might be that the Harry that was now One with the brickwork floor of the Cayf was only a dummy body, like to the one I was myself wearing. But that would reduce to the same answer, because there had certainly been no time for the Opponent to do a switching of bodies; if it was a dummy, it had been sent in on the expectation of trouble. Any way you looked at it, my every move had been taped.

Now, however tricky the Opponent might be, in the final analysis, his powers never really exceed those of the Home Team. If he was putting all this attention on Your Humble, he was by the same token taking it away from some other area of operations, and weakening himself to that extent. I assure you that there is no more covert or unblatant a fellow than the Opponent--for him to throw his pieces about like this meant he was taking big chances. And that meant either that he was damned (ha.) sure he was within a move or two of checkmate, or that I was in some way posing such a threat to him that he had to throw the book at me fast and heavy.

Think, Swivel.

If he were sure of winning, he would have left me to the last, and then have polished me off good and proper--something reeking of brimstone and molten molybdenum, none of this moping and mowing in pea-soup porridge. Damn it, he couldn't be winning--on the contrary, he must be in deadly danger, and throwing everything at me in a sort of Ardennes offensive to try and hide the fact. (Come to think of it, wasn't the Ardennes offensive launched in a fog, too? Um.)

Whatever I had done that was needling him, it must be something I had started in the last few hours. And, come to look at it, it was pretty obvious what it was. The Banks girl and Maloney must be on to something. Evidently, I was not intended to find out what it was. Now what arrangement had I made with Mary Banks? "Be back here with Maloney at nine." My office was in Greek Street. Raymond's hairy wrist did not, of course, boast a watch, but I needed none--my clock, like that of the Hebridean fishermen, moves to internal tides, and wears Old Mother Earth herself for pendulum. It was not just turned seven. (Hell, I must have hours in this murk.). Mary and Maloney, their precious clue with them, must now be marking time preparatory to turning towards Soho. Them--wards must I hie. But where was I now, and how did I locate rmem ana get from hence?

The tramps of old--before the Welfare State ran them off the road--used to have routes of their own, and cabalistic signs to warn, guide and encourage their fraternity members. It is not much other with their successors. If Mary and Maloney had started half-an-hour ago from Notting Hill Gate--and I was sure they had--where would they be now? Laziness and economy both indicated a fairly straight route along Westbourne Grove, up past Baker Street and so through to the Euston Road. Well, there were only so many ports of call in that area.

The New Calcutta? Too expensive.

The Supaburger? Cheap enough, but too square for Maloney.

Toni's? Closed. The Bonne-Bouche? Too expensive, again. The--my God, but I was a fool. Opening-time was long past. A lightning selection of neon-lit saloons and public bars rose in my mind's eye, for all the world as though I were drowning in Guinness--and then I had it.

The White Rat Wine Bar, in Camden Town.

I shot to my feet. The porridge-fog was as thick as ever, but I paid it no heed--I knew now that the Umpire was not nodding, that only time or my own stupidity could spoil this particular Game for me. For as the words came to my lips my hand was closing round the bulge formed in my pocket by the heavy corkscrew that was part of my inseparable personal equipment. It was a drag transferring that heavy walnut-handled thing from suit to suit of my various bodies; more than once I had been tempted of late to change it for one of these tiny modern abominations that opens a bottle with two thin metal blades. I realised now the meaning of the word Providence--it was with this corkscrew that I had opened a bottle in the White Rat not two weeks ago; this corkscrew, and no other, therefore, was my stepping-stone from here to there.

Carefully I laid it down on the ground--or whatever it was I had underfoot in this foul place--placing the toe of one foot over it to keep it located. My hands started into the necessary pattern of passes, my head lifted, mouth and

"Sauterne, Medoc, or a fine  
White that was nurtured by the Rhine;  
Wood that's old and true and worn,  
Fit for the drink it doth adorn;  
Flame of coal-fire warm and red  
To warm the quick and eke the dead;  
Corkscrew--hold, enough I've said,  
"White Rat" come--pea-soup, drop dead."

And there I was, in my genuine Swivel-type body, standing at the bar, ordering a double-brandy.

x x x x x x x x x x

"How do you buy Killarney?" Mary hummed into her glass.

Maloney grunted. "Go into the back way at Rafferty's, ask for O'Shea, and put the green stuff into his hand. Drink up, will you?"

Mary turned her glass upside down. "S'empty," she announced solemnly.

Maloney pushed an enormous sooty finger into my ribs. "The lady says it's your round."

"But I bought the last round."

"You'll buy the next round, then. 'Tis grateful you should be for the chance of treating A Maloney."

"And a Banks." Mary cast me a glance of alcoholic reproach; her lip quivered--"all right, all right, you needn't scream. The same again, I presume. Maloney, would you care to give me a hand with this lot?"

We made our way up the three steps past the crackling fire up into the Long Bar. There was no-one there at all save the barman, and only a quiet middle-aged couple occupying the polished teak partitions behind. Gleaming brasses winked in the firelight; from overhead, rows of barrels cast a gentle shade. As the barman busied himself with our order, I turned to the hulking figure beside me.

"This is all very entertaining, and don't think that I grudge the time, or don't appreciate your company. But life is short, things are happening, and nastier things will happen yet if I don't get the gen."

Two guileless dark eyes gazed into mine. Black skin or no, Maloney was a true child of his race. "What gen would that be, then?"

"Something that would upset the Devil himself. And did. And it's something that Mary and you came across this very afternoon."

Well now, well now... The barman was setting the glasses down; Maloney's became instantly lost in that vast paw. "We did come across a few things, to be sure. But which would be the one you're after? H'm... 'would be something powerfully valuable, I'm thinking?"

I paused on my way back to the seat, a glass in each hand. "Is it that you're after hitting me for more lolly?" I murmured, in my heaviest Charing Cross brogue. He gave me a look of pained surprise, a sigh--and a wink. Relieved, I tendered Mary's glass into her eager hand. "Tell me, girlie--do you know what it was you found out this afternoon that upset the applecart?"

"Safternoon? Shaw lots of people. Funny people. No applecarts, like. Lots of paintings and stuff in Portobello. Dead funny, they was. Antiqu-anti--selling ol' junk. You know." She waved her glass illustratively; Maloney grabbed at it in holy horror. "Don't waste the stuff, then." He turned his attention back to me. "How valuable would this information be?" I could have pointed out that if I didn't dead the dope we'd all be dead, or worse. But I forebore; something told me that my companion would consider me to be spoiling a good business transaction by introducing quite extraneous considerations. Instead, I took out my wallet and started to drop fivers onto the table. After the fourth had floated down under his reflective eye, I said politely, "You will tell me when to stop, won't you?"

"Seven is a fine number, now," he said thoughtfully.

"Seventy-seven."--this from Mary, looking pop-eyed at all this condensed purchasing-power. "Ow." as I ground my heel down onto her instep. Some people forget that an expense account is a functional thing, not a gift from Heaven.

"There were the seven sons of McCarthy," the dark fellow was murmuring "and the Seven Sorrows of Our Lady." His tone grew brighter. "Then there's the Seven Stars, in Acton--you should see the barmaid there, young Eileen. They say she--"

I shoved the money into his pocket, and put away the wallet. "The facts, Maloney--the facts." I was aware

suddenly of a slight but perceptible chill in the air; glancing around, I noticed that cheerful fire was dying fast on us. And there was something else, something I couldn't quite place... "Quick, you big Irish horror--we haven't time to waste."

He nodded. Give the man credit--if you gave him the cash, he'd seldom hold out on you. He leaned over towards me, in that peculiarly secretive way the Irish have when they wish to pass on an item of interest. I swear if you were standing with one of them in the middle of Salisbury Plain, he'd still whisper into your ear. "It's the Wimpey Bar in Notting Hill Gate."

Every sound in the White Rat cut out dead.

In the same second, I realised what it was that had troubled me when I last looked around. There were two doors to the place; our table was midway between them. While we were talking, all the other inhabitants of the place had gradually been shifting position in such a way that a sizeable group of them--damn it, there hadn't been above half-a-dozen there when we came in--sat or stood between ourselves and either exit. All of them seemed dull, ordinary people, all of them were almost studiously looking away from us--and the total effect was rather as though one were suddenly to find oneself in the middle of Madame Tussaud's at midnight, and knowing that the waxworks were waiting for your next move. It grew colder by the second, more silent still, cold and silent, cold and--

"Stop it," said a voice abruptly--my voice. I was on my feet, shoving Maloney in front of me and dragging Mary after. We were five feet now from the nearest exit. Right before us, backs to us, stood a couple of elderly ladies holding large glasses of red wine and wearing straw hats of the kind I always associate with Harvest Festivals. Maloney made to dodge round them. Not a quiver, not a sound. He cleared his throat--a noise which I have known, when made in crowded bars, to make nervous people head for the nearest door, anticipating an earthquake. The rumble rolled into the silence, and died.

It was not the time to worry about social niceties. I shoved Maloney with all the force I could put into my open hands, hurled Mary after him, and myself after her. Wine splashed; straw hats shot off at tangents. A spell snapped in the frozen air; screams shrilled, fingers crooked, inches from my face. Too late--for now we were falling atop of each other through the opening door, and the reassuring roar of Camden Town's traffic washed around us.

Mary fell against me, half-fainting, face chalk-white. "Did you...?" "Yes, I saw it. Not to worry--just a Shaping." Maloney had seen it too; he was at the curb, waving frantically for a cab. One came up, door opening smoothly--much too smoothly.

I snatched the others back. "Not the first cab, Watson, not the second, not the third, but the fourth." The door slammed viciously; as the driver hunched down over the wheel we could see the off-yellow fangs showing at the corners of his rat-trap mouth.

We got that fourth cab a little south of Mornington Crescent. Mary was still shaking, and even Maloney was unusually quiet. I didn't blame them; I was seeing in my mind's eye still what they were seeing; the vision of those dry, bony skulls that had grinned at us under the straw hats at the "White Rat."

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"The angel of death is abroad--I feel the beating of his wings. Er--tea and two buttered scones." The waitress drifted away. I wondered vaguely if she was human, and whether it was possible to distinguish the dead from the undead from a rear-view. Useless speculation--ever my curse. My old maths master used to warn me against it. "How right he was."

"Who was what?" asked Maloney, from across the table.

"My old maths--oh, never mind. The thing is, what do we do?"

He smiled an unhelpful black smile. I eyed him more closely. "Maloney, take your paw off that girl's knee. Can't you see this may be our last hour on earth?"

"The more reason to enjoy it, then." However, he went so far as to bring the missing hand into sight on the table-top. He would never have admitted it, but our recent experiences had obviously shaken him. No doubt he still thought me a nut, but he had to admit the things I was fighting against did actually exist, and could cast a chill into the stoutest heart, even one from Kerry. "What does the maestro plan now?"

"This maestro's mind is a blank. We should do something about that Wimpy Bar--but I haven't a clue what. Perhaps the buttered scones will help."

They didn't. They were stodgy, and the tea was lukewarm. I called out for the waitress to come back; with a start, we realised that the restaurant was now deserted. Deserted, and growing dark with ominous rapidity. A strange chill in the air--"No," screamed Mary, "not again." Maloney made the sign of the cross, and something screeched up under the ceiling. I began to mutter what I could recall of the Apostle's Creed. There was the sound of heavens falling, and the ghastly feeling in the back of my throat of that pea-soup porridge--only this time, it was an utter black pea-soup. Further sound came there none; I might have been dumped in the middle of the Coal-Sack Nebula for all I knew to the contrary. And it was cold, cold, cold...

At this point there occurred something utterly unexpected. I lost my temper.

You see, I don't like the irrational. I tolerate it. In fact, as a duly licensed member of King Oberon's Court, and a ditto ditto of the International Detective Association, I tolerate it, and deal with vast clotted lumps of it on two levels, the metaphysical and the purely human. Which is worse, I wouldn't care to say. But the fact that I live and breath in this ghastly atmosphere implies no approval--rather, the contrary; I endure it because no-one else will, and, as some German general once said when hauled over the coals for taking drastic action--"Someone has to be the watchdog."

Right at that moment, though, j'en avait jusgu'a la, as they say in foreign. I had had nothing but chaos thrown at my head since this business started--nasty, petty, vicious, soul-destroying chaos. The Opponent was long past the boat-rocking stage, he was Lowering. The Boom and Pulling Out All The Stops. And it was I who was on the collection end of al, this. Well, who wants to be a victim forever? Enough was enough--and this was enough.

I put my mind upon order.

The Well-Tempered Clavier.

The Multiplication Table.

The rows of tinned goods upon the shelves of my local Supermarket.

Hilaire Belloc's Essay on the Fall of the Franch Monarchy.

Corbusier's Modulor.

The Periodic Table.

Ghengis Khan's Battle Strategy.

The Emperor Waltz. (I could see light now; very faintly, I could hear Maloney's voice).

The Castrol Building.

Blackstone on Law.

Vivaldi's Four Seasons. (The view was blurred, but I was definitely seeing Mary and Maloney across the table.

was beginning to breath real air).

La Fontaine's Fables

The Know-To-Mystery Scale



The Round Pond of a May morning.  
 The Pomp and Circumstance March.  
 A Gentian I once grew in a stone sink.  
 The Alphabe--

And there was light. And the others were talking together and I could hear them, and see them looking across at me. Under my fingers, the formica was cool and hard and sweet and rational. And hard and sweet and rational was my mind, as the horns of victory sounded across the manges of the world, and all the flags that ever flew strained hard and stiff in the winds of victory. As from a great distance I was myself rising from the table, the others following, and our departure from that place.

Still from afar, I saw our cab riding to Notting Hill Gate; as in a dream--yet bright, solid, crystal-clear--I saw it followed by a great Progress of victorious chariots, was-horses, covered-wagons, by all the men and women who ever fought against confusion and doubt, and won. Bright then was their armour and the light on their weapons--but brighter and sweeter and infinitely joyful the light on their faces.

Hell knows, and heaven does not care, what had been brewing at the Wimpy Bar. When our cab arrived the place was an inferno of billowing flame and thick, oily black smoke. The Opponent knows justice--of a kind--but not mercy, and ill they fare who blunder in his cause.

I slept, then, for a long and restful time. The last thing I recall is the sight of Maloney's arm roun Mary's shoulders, a taste of hock, and the sound of many voices singing.

THE END.

#### NOTES

The Scandinavian revue Drakabygget has (2-3) published an article which they called Gog and Magog, signed with my name. This is an obvious detournement of an article called Luxor or Martyr which I wrote indeed and send to them to get published.

We would like to make a reflection on another detournement: and well the manifest which declares the Situcratie being send to us by "Drakabygget" and which appeared in the Times 2 (page 60-62), was evidently not the real form of our declaration on Situcratic Society.

We therefore published it as there contribution without further connection to the Times, in a rather illisible way. Happy to be at last able to print the changed points.

We with all our force sign here the real manifest for a Situcratic Society.

Drakabyggets detournement capacities might be considered as an answer to the poor attack made by Isidor Isou on the lack of this detournement-spirit in our Situationistic derive blood. We are grateful to Drakabygget to add these points.

Red.

As the translation of the definit declaration for the Situcraty did not arive in time,  
 we will only be able to publish it in the coming number of the Situationist Times.

Red.

**Au-delà d'Einstein:  
une thèse soviétique**

**L'ASTRONOME KOZYREV CRÉE  
LA MÉCANIQUE CAUSALE.**

Une brochure éditée à cinq cents exemplaires seulement par l'Académie des Sciences de l'U.R.S.S., et passée presque inaperçue lors de sa parution, est en train de bouleverser l'opinion scientifique mondiale. Certains la comparent déjà à la première publication par Einstein de la théorie de la relativité restreinte en 1905. D'autres, et ceci en U.R.S.S. même, ne se gênent pas pour parler d'« imagination délirante ».

La brochure en question est l'œuvre de l'astronome Nicolai Alexandrovitch Kozyrev, qui a récemment découvert un pilier de flammes sur la Lune et à qui l'on doit précédemment des travaux importants sur les aurores boréales observées sur la planète Vénus.

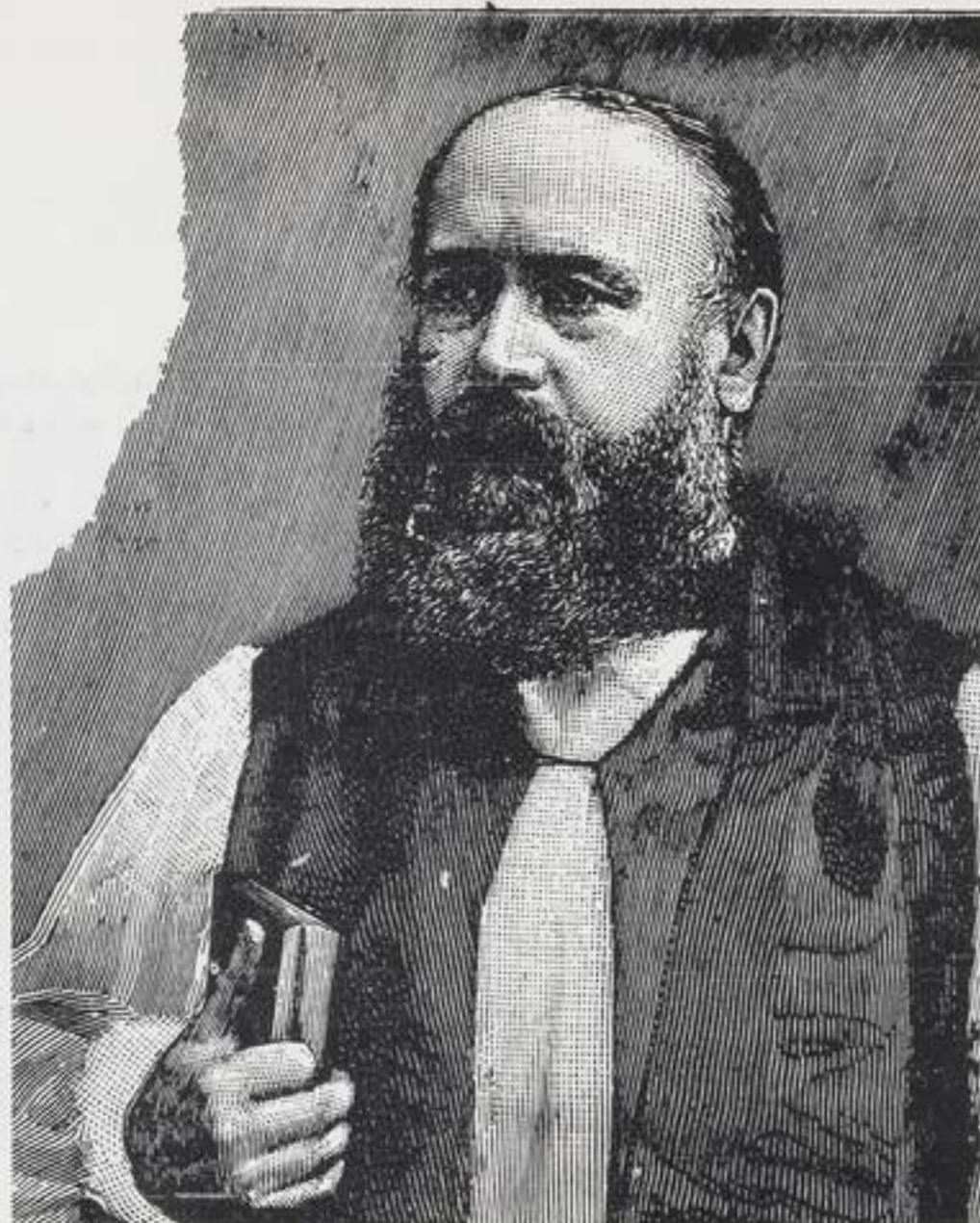
**Temps + et temps -**

Kozyrev commence là où Einstein s'est arrêté: il est impossible d'exposer rigoureusement ses idées sans mathématiques. Je ferai de mon mieux.

On a généralement admis que l'intervalle entre deux objets dans le temps peut se mesurer par un nombre positif ou négatif. C'est ainsi qu'au milieu d'un mois de 30 jours, 15 jours avec le signe moins nous séparent de la fin du mois précédent et 15 jours avec le plus nous séparent du début du mois prochain. Dans la théorie d'Einstein on place ces nombres le long d'une 4<sup>e</sup> dimension de l'univers. Il s'agit toujours de nombres, sauf qu'ils sont portés le long de l'axe imaginaire des mathématiciens. Dans la théorie de Kozyrev, en revanche, un intervalle dans le temps ne s'exprime plus par un nombre mais par une de ces entités mathématiques que l'on appelle un « pseudo-tenseur ».

Autrement dit, un intervalle du passé n'est pas égal à un intervalle de l'avenir, pas plus qu'un poisson n'est égal à une pomme. Cette nouvelle formulation mathématique permet de réviser toute la science. Dans la science moderne, le passé était équivalent à l'avenir, et on pouvait inverser le film du temps. Et, pourtant, l'expérience aussi bien que notre sens interne du temps nous disaient bien qu'il est impossible de voyager dans le passé et que celui-ci n'est pas équivalent à l'avenir. Dans le nouvel univers que nous présente Kozyrev, il existe automatiquement un sens du temps du passé vers l'avenir. Dans la théorie de Kozyrev, le flot du temps n'est pas une image, mais une force capable d'être mesurée et même d'exercer un travail.

Dans toutes les mécaniques: Newton, Einstein, et post-Einstein, l'action est égale à la réaction. Chez Kozyrev aussi, mais, chez lui, la réaction ne répond pas instantanément à l'action. Elle y répond à une vitesse finie, qui peut être calculée. Il s'ensuit



NICOLAI ALEXANDROVITCH KOZYREV

que dans l'univers de Kozyrev on peut distinguer automatiquement la cause de l'effet. Aussi, la nouvelle science qu'il a créée s'appelle-t-elle la mécanique causale. En mécanique causale, la non-conservation de la parité apparaît automatiquement, il n'y a pas de principe d'incertitude, la relativité s'harmonise avec les quanta, l'action se distingue mécaniquement de la réaction, la cause de l'effet.

**Les vérifications expérimentales**

La mécanique causale est susceptible de vérifications expérimentales. Sur un corps en rotation, l'existence de la mécanique causale, du retard de la réaction sur l'action, produit des forces nouvelles. Ce sont ces forces qui donnent à la Terre sa forme de cardioïde, déterminée par les mesures sur les satellites artificiels, et qui correspondent d'une façon numérique parfaite aux prévisions formulées par Kozyrev il y a cinq ans. Les déformations des planètes Jupiter et Saturne correspondent également d'une façon satisfaisante aux prévisions de la théorie de Kozyrev. L'accroissement de la pesanteur dans l'Arctique, récemment mesurée par les Russes et les Américains, se déduit également des équations de Kozyrev. D'autres conséquences restent à vérifier par l'expérience y compris la plus extraordinaire d'entre elles, la possibilité de tirer de l'énergie du flux temporel.

**SKANDINAVISK INSTITUT FOR SAMMENLIGNENDE VANDALISME**



ASGER OLUF JORN

Le problème de la causalité est un faux problème imposé par la science faussée, la science qui veut prévoir. Je peux pénétrer dans le passé avec une exactitude déterminée par l'échelle causale. Je suis le résultat, la synthèse créative de mes deux parents, comme eux le sont de leurs parents. Ceci fait que j'ai quatre grands-parents, huit arrière-grands-parents, et ainsi de suite. Vingt générations en arrière j'aurai exactement un million quarante-huit mille cinq cent soixante-seize parents. Ce doit être environ le XV<sup>e</sup> siècle. Mais le malheur est que la science veut établir des arbres généalogiques. Si l'on choisit par hasard un de ces ancêtres on tombe tout de suite sur ce que Sartre appelle le pluralisme, dans ce cas de parenté. Il y a une confusion indescriptible d'enfants et de fausses couches, d'infidélités et de stérilités, et pourtant ce n'est rien. Pour arriver à l'image de parents que j'ai en commun avec des individus vivants aujourd'hui, sur la base de nos ancêtres en 1450 il faut dresser 1.048.576 arbres généalogiques. Quelle jungle.

La description causale ne relève qu'un seul aspect d'un développement: ces éléments nécessaires ou économiques. L'erreur commise est de considérer ces liens en même temps comme suffisants pour ce développement, et tout le reste comme inutilité qui doit être ignorée. De l'autre côté, il est aussi idiot de nier tous les rapports causaux, sous le prétexte qu'il y a autre chose que ça. Il serait mieux de placer la causalité comme une échelle particulière de l'optique de l'homme sur la matière.

Ce qui pour moi donne à Søren Kierkegaard la première place dans l'établissement d'une philosophie artistique, c'est qu'il a comblé l'abîme entre le hasard pur et la causalité pure en insistant sur le caractère spécifique des relations occasionnelles, en les opposant nettement à la causalité. Ainsi Kierkegaard est le fondateur d'une renaissance de la pensée magique, sur une base scientifiquement descriptible. Ses observations sur l'introduction et la particularité de l'occasionnel en tant qu'agent de présence auraient en réalité dû rendre inutile tout ce travail. Il en aurait été ainsi si Kierkegaard personnellement n'avait pas été assez lâche pour refuser lui-même de témoigner de ses propres vérités, s'il n'avait pas employé toute sa vie à minimiser et effacer ces découvertes de base. Ceci n'exclut pourtant pas que ce qui est dit est dit.

Ce que j'ai fait ici, c'est remplacer l'« a priori » de la causalité, non par celui du hasard pur, mais par une contrariété des deux « a priori », comme les deux points zéro à franchir par l'activité de l'homme. Ces deux contraires ont dans la philosophie physique été liés à des conceptions atomiques partagées en phénomènes microcosmiques. Phénomènes à l'intérieur de l'atome et entre peu d'atomes; cependant que les macro-phénomènes englobent des grands ensembles d'atomes. Jusqu'à maintenant on a refusé d'étudier si cette distinction n'était pas trop spéciale, si elle n'expliquait pas aussi en général le comportement à l'intérieur ou entre de plus grandes unités, dans des cas de petits et de grands nombres. Les expériences avec des billes le prouvent. Elles ne sont pas des atomes. Ainsi l'idée du micro- et du macro-cosmos n'est qu'une question de proportions relatives.

Le fait que nous sommes capables d'établir une causalité veut dire que la causalité ou la fonctionnalité universelle n'est pas complète. Un lien causal comme entre moi et mes parents est une connaissance qui, dans le cas où je décide d'avoir des descendants, peut se projeter aussi dans le futur. C'est une loi qui prévoit par nécessité. Mais ce qui est important, c'est que dans ce cas il n'y aura pas de suite sans mon intervention. La cause est un effet qui se transforme en cause par un autre effet qu'il provoque nécessairement. La fécondation artificielle est une tentative pour réduire, par économie, un acte à la relation nécessaire de cause à effet ou plutôt d'effet en cause. On voit que les idées causales sont faussées parce qu'il peut y avoir des effets sans cause, mais jamais des causes qui ne sont pas produites par un effet. L'effet précède toujours la cause. C'est expérimental.

C'est la dialectique renversée. L'effet est l'unique synthèse qui existe. Ainsi la phénoménologie, qui est à l'origine de l'hypothèse de l'univers en dispersion, n'est qu'une juste observation de ce que la synthèse est à l'origine des choses, et c'est celle-ci qui se divise en contraires, thèse et antithèse, entre lesquelles il n'y a pas de lien causal, de présence, mais coexistence, corrélation, ou plus précisément concomitance. L'effet d'une pierre jetée dans l'eau provoque une corrélation ondulatoire. Les phénoménologues l'ignorent, et les dialecticiens ignorent l'effet immédiat de la pierre. Mais tout ceci appartient à un domaine qui nous dépasse. Ce qui nous intéresse ce sont des corrélations illusives et partielles, inconnues.

Le grand rôle des surréalistes fut d'insister sur la nécessité des corrélations illusives, déjà découverte par Rimbaud, la nécessité des arts pour la présence de ce que l'on appelle l'homme. Son existence dépend de sa capacité de dépasser ses causes avec ses effets.

The French Magazine Planète no. 7 published the following lines on the recent discovery of the Russian Nicolai Alexandrovitch Kozyrev.

We feel an obligation to remind our readers of the essay written in 1958 by Asger Oluf Jørn in "Pour la forme". We only show more one of these remarkable parts where Jørn several years ahead of Kozyrev explains us the necessary. In Jørn's recent book (1962) "Naturens Orden" (S.I.C.V.) he goes even more deeply into the problem, and well considering it not only from a scientific and semantic point of view but too from a deeply studied aesthetical one.



GOG ET  
MAGOG

Nature's decisions are based upon a fact resulting out of a preliminary necessity.

As the impulse of mankind decides this, resulting from one point he can not always recognize nature's way of acting. Man's impulse does not result out of a necessity but can create one. That is why man as a Creator is luxury. The naturist ethic is a contradiction to creative mankind as is the platone, because neither of them go out from an impulse to creation, but by disconsidering impulse does not result out of a necessity but can create one. That is why man as a creator is luxury.

The naturist ethic is a contradiction to creative mankind as is the platonic because neither of them go out from an impulse to creation but by disconsidering impulse they go out from either nature's or from socio-scienciological necessities which a priori are anti-luxurious.

The puritanisme as well in judaism as in christianism denies any acception of either impulse or luxury and therefore became iconoclastic etc. As this meant a destruction of an essential aspect in mankind, the being had created a martyr. On this base the christian and democratic society developed into what it is now. The place of creation became more and more overwhelmed by the industrialisation of anti-luxurious fields. And by the luxury-industry which has become the pure surrogate of impulses.

Nevertheless man creates and is purchased by as well the anti-luxurious as by the surrogate luxury part of society.

Only by trying to separate creative man from society or declaring him to martyr, the purimanism can deny the existence of unorganised impulses.

The catholic churches have been able to take in a part of creation by focusing on the necessity of its existence and at the same time with never accepting the factor of impulse, without detourning it into the apriorial necessities of it's focus. The same with byzantinism.

The so called luxury of these institutions are nothing else than the so called poverty of judaism and so called protestant puritanism: they are the absolutely unimpulsive necessity.

Only by escaping from this fake symbolistic organisations creation has been able to develop in independence.

The suffering of the human being for this neighbour is a false luxury which has never been accepted by luxury-man as their suffering permits only to be for themselves. Luxury does not permit martyrs.

Therefore the judaic - christian ethic cannot accept this refusal of martyrship as it destroys their entire concepts. Neither can the social-democratic societies as they are based on these concepts.

That is why only in the so called naivity of popular creation the escape had been possible without being cut off completely from the entire society.

The separation of creative worlds like science and the arts from vulgarisations has only engraved their situation inside the social-democratic world.



#### LUXURY OR MARTYDOM

Nature's decisions are based upon a fact resulting out of a preliminary necessity.

Man's impulse does not result out of a necessity but he can create one. As it is impulse in mankind which decides this preliminary necessity, he cannot always recognize nature's way of acting. That is why man as a creator is Luxury.

The naturist ethic is as contradictory to creative mankind as is the platonic ethic, because neither of them result from the impulse to create, but rather by ignoring this impulse, they emanate either from the necessities of nature of Socio-sciencology, which a priori are anti-luxurious.

The puritanism in Judaism as well as in Christianity denied any acceptance of either impulse of luxury and therefore became iconoclastic etc. As this meant destruction of an essential aspect in mankind, the human being had created a martyr. On this base christian and democratic society developed into what it is now. The field of creation became more and more overwhelmed by the industrialisation of anti-luxurious fields and by the luxury-industry which has become the pure surrogate of impulses.

Nevertheless man creates and is pursued by the anti-luxurious as well as by the surrogate luxury side of society.

Only by trying to separate creative man from society or by declaring him to martyrdom can puritanism deny the existence of unorganised impulses. The Catholic church has been able to absorb a part of creation by concentrating on the necessity of its existence, while never accepting the factor of impulse without having to turn it into the a priori necessities of its own focus. The same applies to Byzantinism.

The so called "luxury" of these institutions is none other than the "poverty" of Judaism and the Protestant puritanism: these are absolutely unimpulsive.

Only by escaping from these fake symbolic organizations has creation been able to develop its independence.

The suffering of the human being for his neighbour is a false luxury which has never been accepted by luxury man, as his suffering permits it only to be for himself. Luxury does not permit martyrs.

Therefore the Judaic - Christian ethic cannot accept this refusal of martyrdom as this entirely destroys their concepts.

Neither can the socio-democratic societies as they are based on these concepts.

That is why only in the so called naivity of "popular" creation has the escape been possible without being cut off completely from society.

The separation of creative worlds such as science and the arts from vulgarisation has only engraved their situation inside the socio-democratic world.



MUTANT 1962

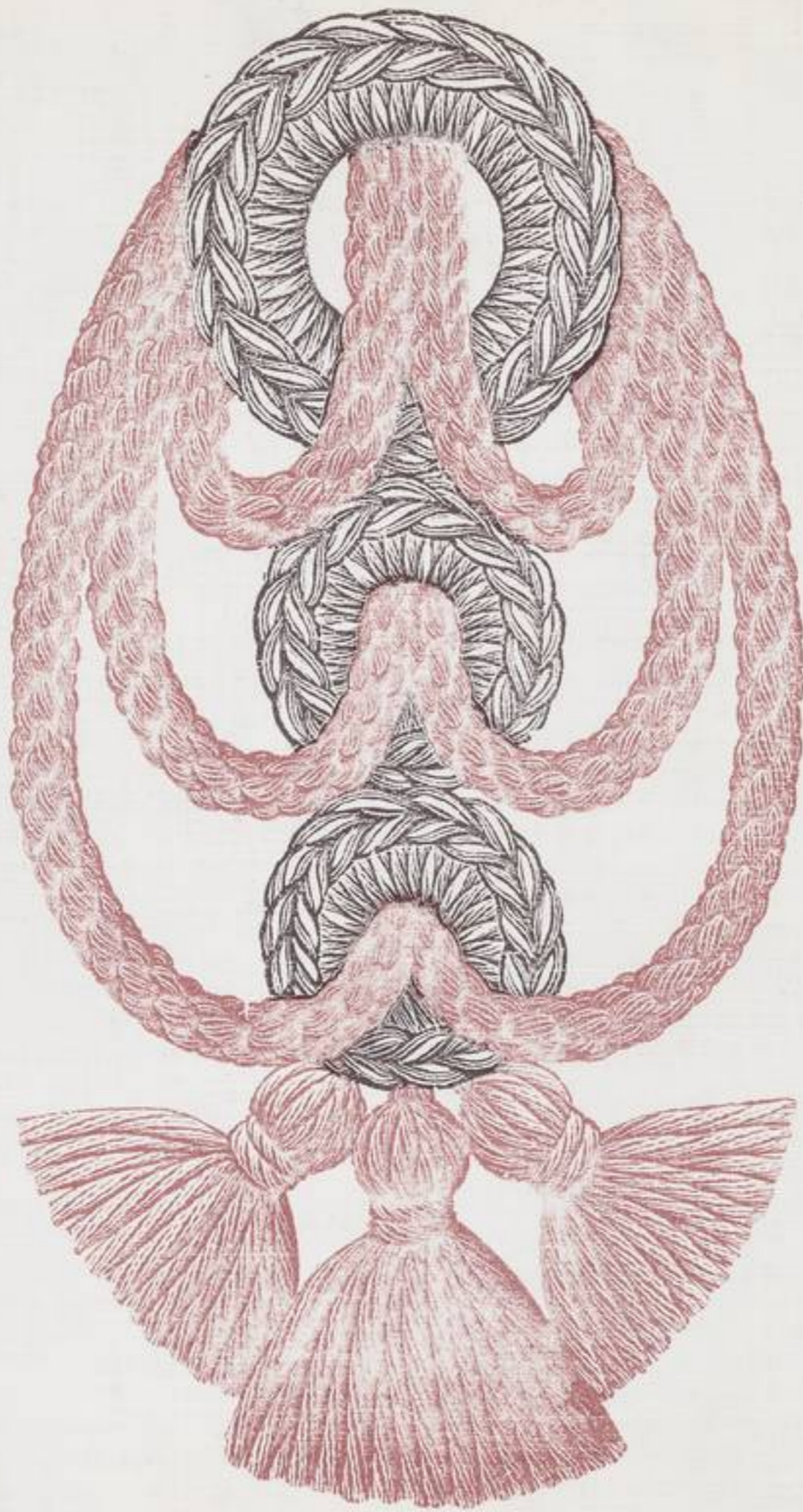
European critique of the inadequate programme which has just been presented to President Kennedy and Governor Rockefeller by the academic staff of Universities, Colleges, and Research Institutes for New York City and the Cambridge-Boston Area, with the aim of overthrowing the absurd procedures of "civil defense" in the United States.

We should like to point out the absurdity and complete emptiness of the declaration made by you as the "Civil Defense Letter Committee" in the "New York Times" of Saturday December 30, 1961 (International Edition), unless one considers it only as a pure declaration of personal conscience against the new American defense policy. We regret the fact that there cannot be found a single element of real importance in all your opposition, and we propose that you join us in a concrete attitude towards our common aim. We therefore suggest that you adopt the positive programme of the "Comité Européen pour une Relance de l'Expansion Humaine" (European Committee for the Pursuit of Human Expansion) which proposes to create a new cultural Renaissance, a new practical liberty. For this, it is necessary to subscribe to our three fundamental demands.

1. I promise that I shall never, personally, under any circumstances, set foot in an atomic shelter. It is better to die standing with all the cultural heritage of humanity, the perpetual modification of which must remain our task.
2. I refuse to have anything whatsoever to do with the new aristocracy of the caves, and never to drink in the company of an owner or builder of an atomic shelter; for this subterranean aristocracy, even if it manages to survive the disaster, will be of the quality of sewer rats, and could in no case be considered a continuation of the human race.
3. At this point in our present situation it is not so much the thermonuclear war, but rather the threat of this war, which shows the absolute bankruptcy of all the politicians in the world. The capitalist or bureaucratic leaders of both East and West, already make use of their bombs every day, in order to secure power for themselves. Only if one realizes that they have placed themselves beyond the law can one establish a new legality. I therefore pledge myself not to expect the necessary upheavals of society by any of the existing formations of specialised politics.

In the first stages one can demand a neutralisation of the defense program of states by their transference into an Armed Force controlled by the United Nations. At the same time military programme of conquest could be submitted to a world organization like U.N.E.S.C.O. though radically transformed and divested of its dependency upon state bureaucracies. This organization would coordinate the development of spacial-interplanetary activities of different groups into a perspective of human solidarity. Only the unification of our military traditions in the whole world towards a spacial expansion can guarantee world peace, the alternative of peace and atomic war being false, because in fact there is no choice. The choice which imposes itself upon modern man is the continuation of imperialist competition of human destruction or the Renaissance of humanity on a spacial scale.

But the new frontier of mankind is not only in Outer Space; it is in the radical transformation of life on this planet. If the nations can come to an agreement to maintain peace in transforming it into spacial expansion, on the question of total expansion of mankind we cannot come to an understanding with the "nations". We are not unconditional partisans of peace: the profound error of the intellectual Americans in their defense, devoid of imagination, of the actual peace which they wish to preserve. Nobody really likes this peace, which nourishes not only the menace of such a war, but also the total alienation of actual daily life, and the absolute boredom of a society on the road to cybernetisation. Peace remains, like this life itself, without importance; and what is important is human expansion: the creation of events that suit us. We are going to inform you in greater detail in our review MUTANT, which will appear in the spring, of your underdeveloped attitudes, as well as those of the Russians. We hope that many of the subscribers to your manifest will join us in this perspective, which can give a future to your direction.



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