

*An Anecdoted Topography
of Chance*

DISCARDED

Daniel Spoerri, 1930-

An Anecdoted To

1966

Something Else Press, Inc.

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722

graphy of Chance

(Re-Anecdoted Version)

Done with the help of his very dear friend
Robert Filliou
and

Translated from the French,
and further anecdoted
at random by their very dear friend
Emmett Williams

With One Hundred
Reflective Illustrations by
Topor

PQ
2679
P6
T63

This book was originally published in 1962 in France, as *Topographie Anecdotee du Hasard* by Editions Galerie Lawrence, Paris

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THE TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF CHANCE	
	<i>Front Endpaper and Inside Jacket</i>
THE TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF ORDER	
	<i>Rear Endpaper</i>

Publisher's Announcement

It is our intention to issue, at irregular intervals, supplements to this text. Readers are invited to send in their names and addresses to Something Else Press, Inc., 160 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010, U.S.A. in order to receive these supplements, billable at a nominal, non-profit charge. Readers are also invited to send in contributions to these supplements in the form of further annotations and comments on the one hundred and one articles in this text. We are particularly interested in receiving contributions relating to the IV, V, XI and XIX *arrondissements* of Paris, in which much of the action of this book takes place. Writers of each usable contribution will receive five copies of the supplement in which their contributions appear.

Please note that the TABLE OF CONTENTS is usable as a key to the map of the *Anecdoted Topography of Chance* which is printed on the inside of the jacket and also as the front endpaper.

Introduction

In my, *Tr. Note 1*, room, No. 13 on the fifth floor of the Hotel Carcassonne at 24 Rue Mouffetard, to the right of the entrance door, between the stove and the sink, stands a table that VERA painted blue one day to surprise me. I have set out here to see what the objects on a section of this table (which I could have made into a snare-picture—see Appendix II) might suggest to me, what they might spontaneously awaken in me in describing them: the way SHERLOCK HOLMES, starting out with a single object, could solve a crime (see Appendix III); or historians, after centuries, were able to reconstitute a whole epoch from the most famous fixation in history, Pompeii.

In case it might be helpful in understanding this experiment, I should state that it was after constructing a pair of eyeglasses equipped with needles to poke the eyes out that I felt the urge to recreate objects through the memory instead of actually displaying them. *Tr. Note 2*.

On the inside of the dust jacket of the book is a map (the irregular shape is the same as that of the table: wishing to replace a single-burner alcohol stove with a two-burner one, I had to saw off a piece) of a topog-

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

raphy based on chance and the disorder that I snared Oct. 17, 1961, at 3:47 p.m. Each outlined object is numbered, and the game I suggest is to choose a shape on the map and look up the corresponding numbered paragraph in the text. Notes have been added whenever there were texts or other data relating to an object.

At the end of the text is a biographical index of all persons cited in the descriptions of objects, notes and appendices. —D.S.

Postscriptum (by the translator): The appearance of the first edition of the *Topographie Anecdotée du Hasard* was made possible by funds placed at the author's disposal by Galerie LAWRENCE in Paris to publish the topography in place of a more traditional catalogue, and coincided with the opening of his exhibition there in February 1962. *Tr. Note 3.*

An enlarged French edition was begun four months after the commencement of the first. To show that his room was not always in disorder, and for contrast, SPOERRI added to the topography of chance a topography of order based on the blue table as it appeared Feb. 21, 1962, at 8:07 p.m. All notes to the enlarged edition have been printed so as to distinguish them from the notes to the first edition. And a second map (printed here as the rear endpaper), numbered in Roman numerals, shows graphically the difference between the two situations.

This English translation, begun almost three years after the preparation of the enlarged French edition, is larger still, increased in bulk by new notes of the author, translator and others.

The heights of all objects in the topography of chance are given in Appendix I, and printed on the jacket of the book is a panoramic photograph of the

INTRODUCTION

author's room composed by VERA SPOERRI from fifty-five detailed photos. —E.W.

Translator's Notes

#1—My room, too, during the author's absence from Paris to prepare an exhibition in New York. Thus I begin this translation (I must here and now place myself in the position of SIGMUND FREUD who, when undertaking the translation of CHARCOT'S *Lessons* in a hotel only a few blocks away from the Hotel Carcassonne, confessed to the master that he had "motor aphasia in French but not sensory aphasia") at 9 p.m. on the first day of December 1964, only an arm's length away from the principal terrain feature of the topography, the blue table. (See Appendix V.)

(As I finished typing the words "blue table" this seventh day of July 1965 in Pfungstadt, West Germany, where I am preparing the final version of the first English edition of the topography, a telegram arrived from Paris informing me of the author's forthcoming visit to oversee the last draft of the manuscript. The message in full: SATURDAYBABA LIBUBU-NIGHT DANIELENKO.)

#2—These spectacles are illustrated in *L'Optique Moderne, Collection de Lunettes Présentée par DANIEL SPOERRI avec, en regard, d'inutiles notules par FRANÇOIS DUFRÊNE*, published by Fluxus. A reviewer in the *London Times Literary Supplement* of Sept. 3, 1964, described this volume as a "stout booklet of photographs showing this thin-faced author-editor-dancer-impresario wearing numerous novel types of spectacles, with characteristic small punning, assonant verses by FRANÇOIS DUFRÊNE on the even (orange-and-black) pages."

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Said spectacles were first exhibited as a work of art at Galerie KOEPCKE in Copenhagen in September 1961. They were later exhibited as part of a mounted collection of spectacles in New York in 1964, and soon afterwards destroyed at a junkie party in the same city. SPOERRI was not present at the party; he managed to salvage only a few fragments of the collection.

In the Introduction and in his notes on the development of the snare-picture (Appendix II), the author attributes the genesis of the present work to the threat of these dangerous spectacles. Elsewhere (No. 36, note†††††), however, he traces the idea of writing his "human garbage can" to the first time he saw one of ARMAN'S "garbage cans": "Shortly afterwards I emptied mine on the floor, and thought about how I could retrace the history of each scrap." (There is yet another, and more involved, account of the origin of the topography in No. 25, note†††.)

#3—Of this edition, a *London Times Literary Supplement* reviewer wrote: "Editions Galerie LAWRENCE (13, Rue de Seine, Paris 6^e) have published another of M. SPOERRI'S *jeux d'esprit*: his *Topographie Anecdotée du Hasard*. This soberly presented booklet is a catalogue of the articles that happened to be on the compiler's highly confused working, eating and drinking table at a particular instant of 1961. It is written in a scholarly style that any bibliographer, museum director or art historian might be proud of: exact particulars of the inscription on the label of the bottle of Vin des Rochers (*le velours de l'estomac*) bought that morning and drunk during the catalogue's compilation, and similar erudite details of a moderately untypical random collection of mid-twentieth-century objects." (Sept. 3, 1964.)

*An Anecdoted Topography
of Chance*

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

Original Motto:

“Das in diesem Teil Enthaltene ist eine getreue Darstellung der Szenen seiner Jünglingsjahre, welche anderen, denen diese unschätzbare Zeit noch nicht entschlüpft ist, vielleicht zur Lehre und Warnung dienen kann.”

—KARL PHILIPP MORITZ,
Anton Reiser, dritter
Teil, Vorrede (1786).

Enlarged Topo Mottoes:

“The whole world is strewn with snares, traps, gins and pitfalls. . . .”

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW,
Epistle Dedicatory to
Man and Superman.

“Dichtungsmasse EG 750
Diese Dichtung wurde speziell entwickelt zur absoluten Dichtung von Fugen . . . gegen Druckverlust im Inneren bei Höhenflügen.”

—*Leim und Klebstoff Fibel*
von HANS HADERT, HADERT Lexikon Verlag, Berlin 1958.

1

Piece of white bread

with a bite out of it, sliced from a loaf bought yesterday (Oct. 16, 1961) but cut only this morning by the actress RENATE STEIGER, who came for breakfast with her husband, CLAUS BREMER. I don't usually eat breakfast, but since they were about to return to Switzerland, via a business detour to Brussels and Hamburg, we had decided to get together once more (No. 30). As for the piece of bread that remained from said breakfast, KICHKA BATICHEFF took a bite out of it at noon with two soft-boiled eggs, *Tr. Note 1*, but she didn't finish it either from lack of appetite or because this snack was her second or her nth.



AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

The author, off and on for about three years, has been so preoccupied with the preparation of an "eggyclopedia" that many of his friends call him "DAN THE EGG MAN." The book will explore the subject through such fields as advertising and alchemy, biology and business, cartoons and cookery, dancing and destiny, fables and feathers, garbage and games, happenings and hygiene, incubation and intrigue, journalism and juggling, the *Kabbalah* and the *Koran*, limericks and lapis lazuli, musicology and medicine, noodles and names, optics and orgasm, prophecy and poaching, quackery and quattrocento, radioactivity and ribaldry, sturgeon and sculpture, taboos and tattoos, vaginal stimulation and VIRGIL, warbling and WITTGENSTEIN, Yiddish yarns and yoga, and zombism and Zen, to pick a few categories at random. I myself caught the egg bug from the author, and after a month of intense, and pleasurable, research surrounded by my books at the Château de Ravenel was able to hand over to him more than 115 prime egg quotations in German, French, English, Spanish, Italian, Greek and Latin.

1a

Crumbs†

from the slice of white bread
with a bite out of it (No.
1).††



AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† “Whenever bread was sliced, a basket was placed under the knife, to catch whatever fell, to which were carefully added all the scraps from the meal, and these leftovers, fried on Sunday with a little butter, formed the festive dish for the Day of Rest.”

—D.A.F., *Tr. Note 1*, DE SADE, *Justine ou les malheurs de la Vertu*, oeuvres complètes, Tome II, chez JEAN-JACQUES PAUVERT éditeur, Paris 1961, page 34 (JUSTINE as servant to the household of the miser MONSIEUR DU HARPIN).

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

D.A.F. is a short cut through LOUIS-DONATIEN-FRANÇOIS-ALPHONSE (or ALDONZE), only son of the COMTE DE SADE, Chevalier-comte de la Coste et de Mazan, Seigneur de Saumane, Lieutenant-général pour le roi de la Haute et Basse Bresse, Bugey, Valromey et Gex. Ironically, one of the Marquis' direct ancestors was the husband of PETRARCH'S LAURA. (See No. 25, translator's note 1.)

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

†† I have just received, on the day of the hanging of the five snare-pictures made by ADDI KOEPCKE under license from me (see Appendix II, paragraph 9) at the Mai Udstillingen in Copenhagen, and I hope the last day of work on this interminable topography, a letter from him containing a collage to which is affixed a piece of red paper, torn out of a German magazine, bearing these words: "Stets krümelreicher Tisch durch Krümel fangleiste"—no more crumby tablecloths thanks to Crumbscoop.

2

Pale-green egg cup



of very light plastic standing on three tiny legs, bought with three others of different color last Saturday at the Uniprix five-and-ten on Avenue GÉNÉRAL LECLERC. I was in that quarter to cash a check for 706 francs, payable at a bank at No. 5 on that avenue, which ARTURO SCHWARZ (see No. 38, Note††) had sent me. Just opposite the bank is the Uniprix where I went to look for a lot of little trinkets to give KICHKA'S sister, who was coming to celebrate her birthday with us in my room that afternoon. I gave her three of the egg cups, and the fourth one stayed in my room, and KICHKA used it at noon today to eat her eggs

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(No. 1, 1a). Still in the egg cup is the shell of the egg that I bought this morning, along with three others for 35 centimes apiece, at the dairy store on the Place de la Contrescarpe, whose proprietor, at the end of the day, feeds his perishable leftovers to the neighborhood bums, who heap coarse insults on him when they don't find the leftovers to their liking. *Tr. Note 1*. Two of these eggs were eaten by BREMER this morning and the other by RENATE (No. 1). *Tr. Note 2*.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

The dairy store has disappeared, giving way to yet another café, Les Arts, but the artists of the quarter have boycotted it so far. Once this week, and twice last week, I almost entered it—to get milk and cheese for breakfast. It is a hard habit to break after buying dairy products at that corner off and on since 1949. As for the bums, they are still around, sleeping and frolicking on the square except for those brief periods when the police wagons transport them to the suburbs for delousing.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 2

How many eggs did KICHKA eat? In No. 1, the author states clearly that at noon KICHKA BATICHEFF ate a bite of white bread “with two soft-boiled eggs” (*avec deux oeufs à la coque*). It was the slice of bread that she did not finish (*mais elle ne l'a pas terminée*)—singular—and not the *deux oeufs*—plural.

In No. 2, the author says that KICHKA used the egg cup to eat her eggs (*ses oeufs*)—plural. In the egg cup, he informs us, is the shell of *one* of the eggs KICHKA ate, and this *one* of the two eggs KICHKA ate was one of four bought that morning for 35 centimes apiece. Two of these four eggs were eaten by BREMER, we are told, and one by RENATE. That leaves one egg—not two—for KICHKA to have eaten.

The eggshell debris in Nos. 4 and 4a, as outlined on the inside of the book jacket, is too scanty to offer any clues, and could be from any or all of the eggs, assuming in either case that most of the debris was either not placed on the blue table or later removed.

No. 5 tells us that KICHKA salted “her egg” (*son oeuf*). This could mean (a) that she ate only one egg or (b) that she ate one salted and one unsalted.

Nos. 7 and 7a would seem to rule out that she ate only one egg, and confirm that she ate one salted and one unsalted: “A match used to light the alcohol stove . . . undoubtedly by KICHKA to boil her eggs” (*ses oeufs*)—plural, as does No. 10 (“probably the very match used in

PALE-GREEN EGG CUP / 2

place of the match in No. 7a"). The burnt match in No. 46 is not expressly linked with the eggs and can be ignored here.

But No. 12 rules out what Nos. 7 and 7a seemed to confirm, for here the author informs us that the salt from the carton of Socosel was "used by KICHKA to salt her eggs" (*ses oeufs*)—both of them!

No. 26, a spoon with the remains of egg yolk on it, gives no clue to how many eggs KICHKA ate, although it is most likely yolk from KICHKA'S egg or eggs, and not from BREMER'S two or STEIGER'S one. I say "most likely" because KICHKA ate her egg or eggs *after* the departure of BREMER and STEIGER; and since the author has never to my knowledge (which covers years of familiarity with his room and its contents) had more than two spoons suitable for eating eggs in the shell at any one time, the spoon or spoons that BREMER and STEIGER used was or were washed before KICHKA ate her egg or eggs.

I have pondered this problem over the months, and the only solution I have come up with is that BREMER ate but one egg. He normally enjoys a hearty breakfast, and the author might just possibly have assumed that BREMER ate more than STEIGER. After all, the situation was recreated *after* the event, and with the assistance of Vin des Rochers (see No. 3).

Whatever the facts were, I feel there is more truth than coquetry in the observation of MADAME RODIER, wife of the proprietor of Les Cinq Billards café, who, seeing the author reading the page proofs of the first edition of the topography in the café, remarked: "Why are you reading it if you wrote it yourself? Do you have such a short memory?"

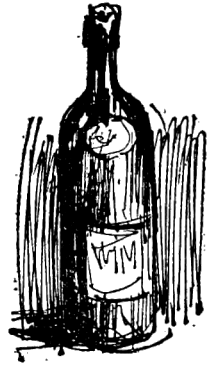
(Since the above was written, a communication in the author's own hand from New York almost confirms my theory. Reporting on the breakfast habits of KICHKA in America, he writes: "KICHKA still eating eggs—not just now, she is sleeping, it is 1:17 a.m. But I would say an average of two or three eggs is normal—large size B because large size A has too much white. She feels there is just as much yolk in large size B, but less white. And she prefers that.")

(A still later communication from the author would seem to end the controversy once and for all: "Sorry, EMMETT, I think the final solution is that there was already an egg on the blue table before I bought the others." Although I cannot in honesty accept the consequences of this new "fact" as any kind of "final solution," I will close the matter here and now, and leave future speculation on the matter up to other readers and editors. We are, after all, dealing with a small quantity of eggs; how the problem pales when one remembers the panic of BLAISE CENDRARS who one morning in 1920 bought nine million eggs—the cargo of three ships—and sold the whole perishable lot by phone before the end of the day.)

3

Liter of Vin des Rochers†

bought on the Rue Mouffetard this morning from my regular wine dealer, who calls me the “gentleman with the deep voice” and says from time to time: “With what I have seen in this place, I could write a novel stretching from here to Place MAUBERT.”†† The liter cost 1 franc and 65 centimes plus 30 centimes deposit, and with it I received a free chance on, among other things, an automobile.††† The bottle is still half full, and I am in the process of finishing it now. (Nos. 25, 28, 28a.)††††



AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† On the label is the following data: “11% / Vin des Rochers / Lines your stomach with velvet / I guarantee this wine is made from wholesome and dependably pure juice /

LITER OF VIN DES ROCHERS / 3

(illegible signature) / registered trademark / JULES LEONELLI & Co."

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

†† I erred. It wasn't the wine dealer who said "With what I've seen in this place I could write a novel stretching from here to Place MAUBERT," *Tr. No. 1*, but GEORGES RODIER, proprietor of Les Cinq Billards café at Place de la Contrescarpe (see No. 70). An American, JOE CHAPEAU, set me straight on this point. He is called JOE CHAPEAU because of the filthy Spanish cowboy hat he always wears, which probably serves him as a source of inspiration for the delicate romantic portraits he paints. Just this morning MONSIEUR GEORGES expanded the philosophical observation of one of his customers, CAMILLE, that "Life is a shit sandwich" with: "Yes, and we take a bite every day."

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

From Place de la Contrescarpe, the ever more fashionable haunt of bohemians at the top of the Rue Mouffetard, that dingy but animated crooked street of markets and stalls, more picturesque than hygienic, to Place MAUBERT, called a "cesspool" by ERASMUS but today only a drab and banal annex to the more exotic quarters of which it forms the axis, is .44 miles: a pleasant downhill walk along the Rue DESCARTES past the Esperanto bookshop, the house where VERLAINE died, a Chinese grocery store, the rear enclosing walls of the Lycée HENRI IV, the backside of ST.-ÉTIENNE-du-Mont (where RACINE is buried), across the Rue CLOVIS (with remains of the medieval city walls), then down the Rue de la Montagne-STE.-GENEVIÈVE past the Polytechnic Institute, several lesbian bars and VERA'S apartment.

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

††† "Vin des Rochers / free lottery / Series L, No. 712017 / Drawing Nov. 30, 1961."

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

†††† RAYMOND HAINS, after reading the manuscript, astonished by this reference to Vin des Rochers, one entire evening developed for my benefit a whole train of ideas that I jotted down on a dozen cards which I have since lost. All I can remember is that he started out with an analysis of an essay by ETIEMBLE, "PAUL CLAUDEL et le Vin des Rochers," to which

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he wanted to reply in an article to be entitled "ETIEMBLE et la Purée Soma," and that he passed in review SARTRE, GIDE and all literature. (For anyone interested, his address is 26 Rue DELAMBRE, Paris 14.) *Tr. Note 2.*

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 2

To unfathom this note, I sought out HAINS at a party and attempted to communicate to him the following data: (a) that the *rocher* is the petrosal bone, and (b) that in the volume *La réalité dépasse la fiction, ou l'humour en liberté*, by ALBERT AYCARD and JACQUELINE FRANCK (GALLIMARD 1955), there is a photograph of a wall covered with a large poster advertising Claudel dairy products, "Normandy's best" (HAINS is from Normandy, and the author and I several years ago spent a night in ST. BRIEUC in a vain attempt to locate him), next to which is pasted an advertisement for the film version of PAUL CLAUDEL'S *Le Père Humilié* starring MARIA CASARÈS. After the party HAINS and I walked about the Left Bank until 8 a.m. discussing the subject, but I must confess that, like SPOERRI in the foregoing note, I wasn't able to recall a single point when I attempted to write about it the next day.



4, 4a

Shell debris

(Nos. 1, 2).†

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† From my childhood in Romania I remember a story that impressed me very much. Robbers attack a house, and the grandmother just has time to throw some eggshells into the oven. I don't remember why the robbers open the oven, or what kind of shells they are, but they explode and blind the robbers. Without doubt I have recalled this story because I am visiting my mother in the Bernese Alps after receiving a negative criticism of the topography from her in a letter that reproached me as follows:

“. . . Other passages saddened me a little, to see that my first-born writes such stupid things; with your talent you might have created better things, certainly more refined. I still have manuscripts from the days of your youth that show promise of greater ability; but it is true that our world is rotten, and your public wants to see and read such questionable things. Ah, my dear boy, don't be cross if I am a bit severe, but your mummy can't understand everything and it troubles her that her DANIEL isn't able to do something more positive with his gifts." *Tr. Note 1.*

(Jan. 19, 1962)

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

SPOERRI, FILLIOU and I have often discussed the wisdom—and disillusionment—reflected in the letters of our respective mothers, who, fortunately for us, but unfortunately for them, have never met. One recent letter from my own mother counsels me that "Life is like an onion, son:

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

you peel it off layer by layer, and sometimes you weep." With considerable pride I sent her a copy of the *London Times Literary Supplement* with ten or so pictures of my "Son of Man Trio," to which she replied that she hoped none of her friends subscribed to the *London Times*. Considering my life a failure, she often ends her letters with the painful rhetorical question: "What did Dad and I do wrong?"

5

Grains of salt

spilled† (as everybody does) by KICHKA while she salted her soft-boiled egg (Nos. 1, 1a, 2, 12).

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† “The mother of a very dear friend of mine who had invited me to dinner for the first time said to me before we went to the table: ‘I have read all your books, very lovely, but I didn’t understand a word.’ I felt sorry for her because of her son, and a few minutes later, at the table, she upset the salt and I felt sorry for her again because of superstition. Everybody knows [*Tr. Note 1*] that upsetting the salt brings bad luck [*Tr. Note 2*], and that writers are the salt of the earth.”

—BLAISE CENDRARS, *Bourlinguer*, p. 387,
Éditions DENOËL, 1948.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

I less than most. In a short biographical sketch published on the occasion of the Festival der Neuen Kunst in Aachen, West Germany, July 20, 1964 (the twentieth anniversary of the plot to kill ADOLF HITLER), I pointed out: “Although I am married and have three children, I live alone in a crumbling château in the heart of France’s sugarbeet country. Before we were married POLLY wrote me from Washington: ‘We

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need each other like meat needs salt.' Since I don't like salt, I misunderstood, as I always do with proverbs, even those literal ones scavenged and pasted and labeled and framed into works of art by my two closest friends, DANIEL SPOERRI and ROBERT FILLIOU." (See No. 31, translator's note 2.)

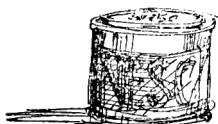
TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 2

I recall that JUDAS, in DA VINCI'S "Last Supper," has just upset the salt.

6

Jar of Nescafé

with Danish label† that I brought back from Copenhagen Sept. 30 and which is almost empty now. I was in Denmark to help organize the “Art in Motion” (Bevægelse i Kunsten) exhibition (Nos. 34d, 42). Since the museum decided it could get along without my assistance, I took advantage of the opportunity that ADDI KOEPCKE gave me to have a show in his gallery. Fate willed that I live at ROBERT FILLIOU’S, who, since he had been ordered to leave the country, gave up his apartment and let me “snare” everything I could find there: altogether ten pictures. The exhibition opened Sept. 28, 1961, at 6:30 p.m., and ran through



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Oct. 28. The second room of the gallery contained the pictures, the first having been turned into a grocery store (see Appendix II, paragraph 3) where ADDI and his wife TUT sold at regular prices groceries stamped



Said jar of Nescafé comes from this stock of “works of art” which, besides being just about all sold out on the opening night, included 80 rolls, also labeled “works of art,” stuffed with rubbish kneaded into the dough, and used as catalogues. Another detail: I brought back some of the canned goods from KOEPCKE’S grocery store with the intention of keeping them, but one day when I was broke I opened them all to make supper. I can attest that this meal of “works of art” was very bad, and I ask myself why. *Tr. Note 1.* (Nos. 15, 19, 21.)

AUTHOR’S ORIGINAL NOTE

† “Nescafé / Fuldt opløselig pulverkaffe / 100% ren Kaffe Tryk laaget fast efter brugen . . .”

TRANSLATOR’S NOTE 1

This must not be taken to imply that SPOERRI is not a good cook. Indeed, he is a first-class cook, as his performance as chef during the “Restaurant” exhibition (see Appendix II, paragraph 13, and Appendix IV) convinced the Paris art world. Nor is it to the point (if true) that,

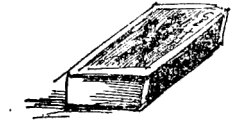
JAR OF NESCAFÉ / 6

as DICK HIGGINS asserts in his charming and useful book *Postface*, “unlike EDWARD LEAR and myself, he (SPOERRI) is not at all hung up on the fantastic element in cookery.” Isn’t the cooking of “works of art” fantastic enough in itself?

7

Box of matches

bought I don't know where, on which is printed a folkloric drawing of a Marquesas islander,† after the custom of the S.E.I.T.A. *Tr. Note 1.*



AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† This note reminded KICHKA of those children's books in which objects are personified, for example one in which matches have big eyes and slender legs. She also recalled the time at the Restaurant des Mines that the owner's wife shouted toward the kitchen: "Are those veal chops moving along?"

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

S.E.I.T.A. stands for *Service d'Exploitation Industrielle des Tabacs et des Allumettes*. On the table (not the blue table) in front of me as I type these notes in the author's room are four similar boxes, all empty, showing the S.E.I.T.A. artist's conception of typical Normans, Bretons and Bearnais. This morning RALPH RUMNEY woke me up at 9 a.m. (I had gone to bed at 7 a.m. after working all night at Agence France-Presse) to show me some egg clippings (see translator's note to No. 1) and to see if I would help him push his car, stalled near ST.-GERMAIN des Prés. I helped him, and later he drove me to the Ile ST. LOUIS, where he lives, and, following a lunch prepared by PEGEEN, gave me five packs of Disque Bleu (because I was out of money and cig-

BOX OF MATCHES / 7

arettes), from one of which I copied down the key to S.E.I.T.A. Over coffee, RALPH wrote out for me the longest word in the English language: FLOCCINAUCINIHIPILIFICATION ("jok. 1741 f.L. *floci, nauci, nihili, pili*, w. sign. at little, at nothing [see Eton L. Grammar] + -fication. The action or habit of estimating as worthless."). As an example of its use in a sentence, RALPH suggested that if I incorporated a note on floccinaucinihipilification in the topography, and DANIEL read it and considered it a worthless note, one could call his action a clear case of floccinaucinihipilification. When I got back to the room I found that I had no matches (the four boxes on the table have been empty for days). I climbed upon the table and removed the matches from a similar S.E.I.T.A. matchbox (bearing the figure of an Alsatian) from an unfinished snare-picture hanging on the wall.

7a

A match

on box in No. 7, used to light the alcohol stove, located left of the table on which this topography is based, undoubtedly by KICHKA to boil her eggs. (Nos. 1, 1a, 2, 4, 4a.)



8

Pepper shaker



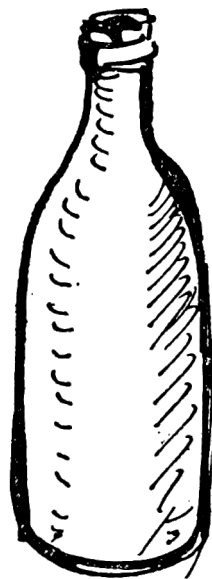
of transparent plastic, which contained 20 grams of white pepper, almost empty, Dipac brand, price 1 franc 20 centimes. This pepper shaker has changed position many times since the evening meal and probably isn't in its original place. The meal in question was a stew made with goat's neck, which I looked forward to very much, but after three hours of cooking the meat was still uneatable, and I had to throw it out.

The sauce was excellent.

9

Half-liter bottle of milk

sealed, labeled “conditioned pasteurized† milk.” (Subsequent note: as usual, I forgot to drink the milk, and had to throw it out later because it was completely curdled.)



AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† Excerpt from brochure accompanying the milk:

“Milk—your ally / PASTEUR and our daily milk / It was a Frenchman who made possible the rational exploitation of this national wealth. A Frenchman, a scientist, PASTEUR, the father of modern hygiene and inventor of pasteurization. This process consists of heating the milk at exactly 145 degrees FAHRENHEIT for thirty minutes in order to eliminate all the microbes and bacteria, without removing any of the vitamins, then cooling it rapidly to below 50 degrees before putting it into bottles sterilized at 230 degrees in which it keeps perfectly. PASTEUR carried out this operation for the first time in a garret of the École Normale which served as a laboratory for this outstanding researcher.”

10

Burnt match



undoubtedly from the box of matches described in No. 7. It is probably the very match used in place of the match in No. 7a. In any case, both could have been used for it because the stove doesn't work well. *Tr. Note 1.*

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

Subsequently replaced by a two-burner butane stove.

11

Box of granulated sugar

LEBAUDY-SOMMIER† brand,
used to sugar the coffee the
morning of the breakfast
with BREMER and STEIGER
(Nos. 1, 30).

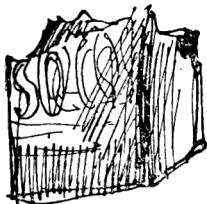


AUTHOR'S RECENT NOTE

† I found out recently that the birthplace of French baroque, the château of Vaux-le-Vicomte, built by NICOLAS FOUQUET, superintendent of finance of LOUIS XIV, who banished FOUQUET out of jealousy after a magnificent fete the Sun King attended at the château, is now owned by the SOMMIER sugar family, and to visit it you have to apply in writing to MADAME SOMMIER.

12

Carton of Socosel



containing 250 grams of fine salt† dried by evaporation, torn at the top, half full, used by KICHKA to salt her eggs (Nos. 1, 2, 5).

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† As the son of an evangelist, salt naturally reminds me of Biblical verses I used to hear. I took advantage of a visit to my younger brother, a future minister, to get specific quotations from the Bible bearing on salt. Naturally he cited “Ye are the salt of the earth”—in German, the salt turns “stupid” instead of “losing his savour”—because he follows my activities from afar with mistrust; but he lent me his concordance, from which I extracted all the verses containing a reference to salt:

“And every oblation of thy meat shalt thou season with salt; neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy GOD to be lacking from thy meat offering: with all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt.”—Leviticus 2:13

“And that the whole land thereof is brimstone, and salt, and burning. . . .”—Deuteronomy 29:23

“And ABIMELECH fought against the city all that day; and he took the city, and slew the people that was therein, and beat down the city, and sowed it with salt.”—Judges 9:45

“And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein.

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the LORD, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land.”—II Kings 2:20-21

“Now because we eat the salt of the palace and it is not fitting for us to witness the king’s dishonor, therefore we send and inform the king . . .”—EZRA 4:14

“ . . . young bullocks, and rams, and lambs, for the burnt offerings of the GOD of heaven, wheat, salt, wine, and oil, according to the appointment of the priests. . . .”—EZRA 6:9

“And thou shalt offer them before the LORD, and the priests shall cast salt upon them. . . .”—EZEKIEL 43:24

“Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.”—MATTHEW 5:13

“Salt is good: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be seasoned? It is neither fit for the land, nor yet for the dunghill; but men cast it out. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”—LUKE 14:34-35

“For everyone shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt. Salt is good: but if the salt have lost his saltness, wherewith will ye season it? Have salt in yourselves, and have peace with one another.”—MARK 9:49-50

“Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.”—Colossians 4:6

My father worked for six years preparing a concordance in Romanian; he had reached only the letter F at the time of his death, but had often expressed his hope that I would finish his work, in accordance with the Jewish tradition of spiritual succession from father to eldest son. One of his sons, at least, although the youngest, so fortunately called THEOPHIL, is following in his footsteps.

13, 13a

Fifty- and 10-centime coins



the change left from a 1-franc piece given KICHKA to buy the white bread (Nos. 1, 1a, 24).

14

Package of Twining's Chinese tea

which I bought for a change of aroma, although I still have some Orange Pekoe left. I wanted smoked tea and they sold me this package pretending it was, which it wasn't.



15

Jar of celery salt†



three-fourths full, bought in one of the IRMA chain stores in Copenhagen, price 79 øre, about 56 centimes. IRMA stocks a wide range of spices in these practical containers, all at the same astonishingly low price. I made this purchase with ROBERT FILLIOU, and I recall that the pretty blonde cashier blushed violently at our pleasantries in French. On the label is stamped "Caution, work of art." *Tr. Note 1.* (No. 6 for the stamp, 19 and 21 for the container.) ††

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† "IRMA / krydderi 2 / sellerisalt / er bordsalt tørrede sellerifrø Anvendes til æggeretter, til urte- / suppe og sauce, til spaghetti-retter / og til smørrebrød."

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

I almost translated "Attention, oeuvre d'art" as "Attention, work of art." Several days ago I dug up a copy of the catalogue of the author's first one-man show at Galleria SCHWARZ in Milan (March 16-30, 1961) at the request of a bibliographer of the avant-garde in London. The catalogue contains an English version by my wife of ALAIN JOUFFROY'S early essay on SPOERRI'S snare-pictures. Re-reading this essay in my wife's words, I was startled to find "Attention" rendered "Caution." But of course "Caution" is the right word in this context. The snare-picture that bears this title, and gave SPOERRI the idea for the stamp, was a crate with the warning in French. For the reader's information, other translators have rendered it "Attenzione, opera d'arte," "Opgepast, kunstwerk," and "Achtung, Kunstwerk" in Italian, Dutch and German, respectively.

AUTHOR'S RECENT NOTE

†† "Bring some fennel seeds and pepper to boil in vinegar, diluted according to taste. Pour this sauce over peeled cooked celery root. It is worth showing sufficient strength of character not to eat it right away—it will taste better tomorrow."

—Erika Sangerberg, *Alle Unsere Gewürze*, Wancura Verlag Wien-Köln, 1958.



16

Container of Vanilic glue

white plastic material, consisting of a squeezable receptacle ending in a flexible tube, its flexibility allowing it to penetrate between objects you want to glue† without moving them. Bought in the basement of the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville department store two or three months ago for the sum of—if my memory is good—26 francs. (Nos. 18, 52.) *Tr. Note 1.*

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† Surgery and glue: Doctors at the University of Texas, according to an article in *Der Spiegel* in April 1962, have used glue to reconnect severed arteries. After 170 successful experiments on dogs, the doctors tried the procedure on a man. The reconnected arteries healed perfectly in seven days, faster than by suturing.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

In some primitive cultures, houses are glued together with fecal matter.

17

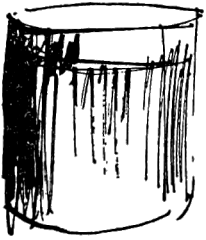
**One of two square
pockets of electric-blue
Japanese silk**

from a dress that VERA SPO-
ERRI made but which she
finally found prettier with-
out pockets. I use this pocket
as a pot-holder. The other
one I used to pack one of
the little surprises (plastic
toys for "Tiny Tots") given
to KICHKA'S sister for her
birthday.



18

Transparent plastic container† of VR 200 glue



bought the beginning of September at ADAM'S on the Boulevard EDGAR QUINET, accompanied by chance by JANE, English and a painter, who had heard that it was the best artists' supply shop in Paris. I used it later in Copenhagen (No. 6 for Copenhagen, 16 and 52 for the glue).††

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

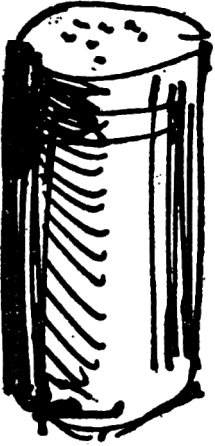
† A new model, probably, since FRANÇOIS DUFRÊNE, who corrected the French text of the topography, uses the same glue and was astonished by the existence of a transparent container, his—which he uses to glue his poster “bottoms” or “insides”—having always come in a can.

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

†† I was cocoon enough to ask ALAIN JOUFFROY to comment on the topography. Here is his note to No. 18. (See also his notes to No. 32 and No. 34.)

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

“The painters FERRO and PHILLIP MARTIN first mentioned this glue to me. PHILLIP MARTIN regards it as slightly superior in quality to the Vinavil that artists are currently using in Italy. It can be found at one of the basement counters at the Bazar de l’Hôtel de Ville, where it is sold sometimes in plastic containers, sometimes in cans. I have used it for my own photo-collages, and I confess that I am not insensible to the pleasure of feeling it coat my fingers with a thin transparent film (which makes me think of the cocoons caterpillars secrete around themselves before moulting) after an hour or two of work. VR 200 and Vinavil are certainly among the most fascinating mediums an artist can use today, and constitute the material origin of a very large number of works of art that, without them, would have been inconceivable.”



19

Jar of curry powder†

bought at IRMA'S (Nos. 15, 21), stamped "Caution, work of art" (No. 6). As everybody knows, or doesn't, curry is a blend of spices.††

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† "Karry / er et blandingskrydderi, der bestaar / af ca. 10 forskellige krydderier. An- / vendes i saucer, salater og sammenkogte retter, til ris og makaroniretter / m.m."

AUTHOR'S RECENT NOTE

†† I have asked DICK HIGGINS, a specialist in Indian cuisine, for one of his curry recipes:

Three Day Curry

—a style more than a recipe—

Friday, 9:15—start about one quart of water. When it is boiling, put the bones from six pounds of lamb legs (boned) in a pot. Separately, start a cup of oil heating. And elsewhere, mix eight ounces of turmeric, eight ounces of ground cumin seed (cumino), twelve ounces of coriander, four ounces of garam masala (available from any good spice store that carries oriental seasonings), one ounce of grated galangal root (available through herbalists), one ounce of star anise (also available through herbalists: **IMPORTANT**, it is not sweet like anise seeds), and six ounces of ground cardamom. Cut a lemon in half, squeeze both halves into the oil and throw in the rinds. Lower the temperature down to a slow boil.

10:00—cut up three tomatoes, and add them to the boiling lemon brew. Add in about six ounces of the mixed seasoning, hereafter referred to as "curry powder," which it only in a way is, since it is incomplete. As soon as the powders are dissolved, add the lemon and curry brew to the lamb stock pot. Let it cook fairly slowly.

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

11:00—cut up four medium onions. Add them in.

11:35—remove all oil that you can, and put it in a frying pan. The quantity is not critical. Heat it almost to burning. Throw in the six pounds of lamb legs, already mentioned. Sauté them.

11:45—as soon as the lamb is sealed on the outside (and juicy inside), add it and about four ounces of curry powder to the growing curry. Start a few cups of water boiling over the bones in a separate pot.

Saturday, 12:10 a.m.—turn down both the fire under the curry and the fire under the bones as low as possible. Here one is interested in evaporation, not cooking. Go to bed.

7:30—turn off the fire. Add the bone water to the curry. Place in a cool place.

8:30—place the curry in a refrigerator.

6:00 p.m.—skim all lamb fat that has risen completely off. But save it. Mix up two ounces star anise, two ounces ginger, two ounces pepper, six ounces ground cumin, one ounce cloves, three ounces fenugreek (available at most spice stores), and one ounce grated galangal root. This is hereafter referred to as "Sanbar powder" which it is not, but which it resembles.

6:20—cut up five tomatoes and two onions. Add them into the curry. Turn the heat up till there is a very slow boil. Slowly mix in four ounces each of Sanbar and curry. When the whole mix seems smooth, lower the temperature, and leave it be, slowly steaming. In the meantime, put about a pound of dhal or any lentils into a pot, and let them soak overnight. Squeeze a couple of lemons over them if possible. Also, take a pound of whole wheat flour, called "hunters' meal" in its commonest commercial form in the United States, and slowly add half a pound of butter to it. Dissolve the butter and dough with a cup of boiling water. Add a little salt and a very little baking powder. The more flour one sprinkles on one's hands and on the mixing board, the easier it will be to do this. Wrap the flour in a flour-sprinkled clean dishrag, and keep it in the refrigerator. Add a couple of cups of water to the curry.

11:30—turn off the curry completely. Let it steep until—

Sunday, 11:05 a.m.—turn up slow heat under the curry and the now-soaked dhal or lentils. Add eight ounces of curry powder and eight of Sanbar to the curry, and add four ounces of Sanbar powder and two of garam masala to the dhal. Add sufficient water to the dhal to make it like a very thick split pea soup in texture. Let everything cook very slowly.

1:00 p.m.—turn off the curry, and let it steep some more. This is your last chance to add any additional curry powder or vegetables, if these seem called for. Continue to allow the dhal to cook, very, very slowly.

6:30—heat an oven fairly high. Heat a frying pan, or, better, a skillet, as hot as possible. Take the dough, and divide it into parts. Place each part onto a floured board and, with the thumbs, press it till it is about a quarter inch (or less) thick and six inches in diameter. Put some of the lamb fat saved from Friday onto the skillet. When it is browned and about to burn, put a few dough patties in it. You can call the resultant bread "parata." Douse it with plenty of extra lamb fat (or, if necessary, butter). It is best when it is brown or has reddish freckles on a paler background. The dhal will probably require a cup or so of water, six dried chili peppers, and a few ounces of curry powder: add all, till you have a fairly spicy mix about the consistency of thick split pea soup, as before. Heat up. As soon as all three curry dishes are quite hot, throw a few dashes of hot sauce into the curry, and mix it in. Place a parata off-center on each plate. Serve the curry onto the far side of it. Put some dhal on the curry. A side dish of yoghurt should be available: if the dish is too hot for

JAR OF CURRY POWDER / 19

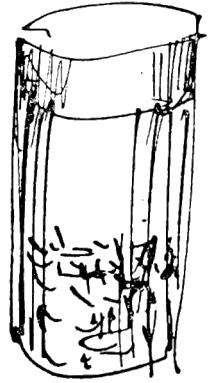
some, yoghurt has a magical and delightful cooling effect. Another traditional side dish, supplementary to yoghurt, is made by cutting up a cool, large onion, and sprinkling lemon juice and hot sauce over it. The mixture is then stirred well, kept cool till serving, and served uncooked. This also has a cooling effect in conjunction with the curry. A final traditional note: in South Arabia, from where this dish hails, rice is normally used, in addition to the parata, as a substance onto which the curry is served. For western tastes, the rice often seems a bit too much, though others will dispense with the parata rather than the rice. Serves eight.

20

Pretty glass jar

of sweet basil†, ††, ††† bought at Konsum Bolaget in Stockholm two days after the opening of the MAT†††† (multiplication of transformable art) exhibition there (Nos. 34e and 42), in the Vallingatan 42 Gallery which, by chance, belongs to the Konsum Bolaget chain. It was through the intermediation of PER OLOF ULTVEDT, who was at that time artistic adviser to the gallery, that I organized this exhibition comprising multiplied works of AGAM, ALBERS, BURY, DUCHAMP, MALINA, MARI, MUNARI, MAN RAY, ROT, SOTO, TINGUELY and VASARELY. *Tr.*

Note 1. At the same time I bought two other jars in the same format, the first of cel-



PRETTY GLASS JAR / 20

ery salt (No. 15) which belongs to the snare-picture called "Flat-Iron" (the iron keeps falling off, I don't know for what reason: on the subject of glue see Nos. 16, 18 and 52), the second of Old Hickory Smoked Salt, to be found on the snare-picture "KICHKA'S Breakfast" bearing, pasted underneath, the notice: "Do not touch, reserved for KICHKA" because she is very fond of it.
Tr. Note 2.

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† "Kockens Basilikum används till; Tomaträtter, gula ärter, grönsaksoppor och fiskrätter, sallader, Kockens AB Stockholm."

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

†† Many persons read and reread the proofs of the first edition of the topography, yet one error slipped through: basil was misspelled "basilique" in French, instead of "basilic." The father of FRANÇOIS DUFRÊNE called my attention to the error, and to the triple signification of the sound in French: the herb, the mythological monster and the building.

AUTHOR'S RECENT NOTE

††† "The Greeks called their king *basileus*, and basil is still called 'king's herb' in Germany. Perhaps it played a mystical role in royal ceremonies because of its imposing aroma, or was used to ward off the fatal glance of the basilisk. This little herb is luxuriantly overgrown with superstition. The most ludicrous concerns the scorpion. Basil was formerly believed to be an antidote for scorpion bites; yet, if one rubbed basil leaves between two rocks, and covered them with a vase, a scorpion was supposed to come forth."

—Erika Sangerberg, *Alle Unsere Gewürze*, Wancura Verlag Wien-Köln, 1958.

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

†††† Introduction to the catalogue:

"Edition MAT is the first attempt to multiply art outside the classical processes of reproduction (lithography, bronze casting, tapestry, etc.).

"For each work we have sought the means of multiplication it deserves. To this end, the idea inherent in the work must express itself without "personal handwriting," which would permit only reproduction and not multiplication.

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

“Objective, static art permits only quantitative multiplication of an idea fixed in the model, and even if it assures a wide diffusion of the object, the multiplication adds nothing to it. For animated objects, moving or changing optically, electrically or through the physical intervention of the spectator-collaborator, multiplication renders justice to the infinite possibilities of transformation.

“Each work is signed by the artist, and each will be offered in a limited edition of 100 numbered works for sale at the same price, \$40, taking no account of the imponderables that influence the market value of a work of art.”

—DANIEL SPOERRI, November 1959

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

After eight exhibitions in Europe, SPOERRI stopped production of the MAT collection. Then in 1964, at the suggestion of KARL GERSTNER, it was revived, with the help of Galerie Der Spiegel in Cologne. The 1964 collection of twelve new objects is almost sold out (July 12, 1965), and the 1965 and 1966 collections are in preparation, as well as the new Edition MAT-MOT, which will publish visual poetry.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 2

The author says here that the iron keeps falling off his snare-picture “Flat-Iron.” Is it possible that the Old Hickory Smoked Salt has fallen off “KICHKA'S Breakfast”? At any rate, it does not appear in the illustration of this snare-picture in the Museum of Modern Art's “The Art of Assemblage” (page 132). And in the museum's illustrated list of painting and sculpture acquired from January through December 1961, the work is described as follows: “KICHKA'S Breakfast, 1960. Wooden chair, with board across seat, with coffee pot, tumbler, china, egg cups, egg shells, cigarette butts, spoons, tin cans, etc. 14 $\frac{3}{8}$ ” high, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ ” deep (36.6 × 69.3 × 65.4 cm). PHILIP C. JOHNSON Fund. 391.61.” In the museum's checklist of new acquisitions exhibited from Nov. 20, 1962, to Jan. 13, 1963, the same description is reprinted. The checklist includes the following data in connection with the picture: “SPOERRI calls himself a ‘paster of found situations’ : ‘I was waiting for the visit of three people who wished to come to see my tricks. Two hours before they came, I pasted together the morning's breakfast which was still there by chance. (This chance was very lucky besides, because this breakfast I had had with KICHKA . . .)’ Significance? ‘A breakfast hung on the wall, which defies the laws of gravity and the angle of view to which we are accustomed.’” If the Old Hickory Smoked Salt was orig-

PRETTY GLASS JAR / 20

inally part of this snare-picture, apparently it was not able to defy the laws of gravity as long as the coffee pot, tumbler, china, egg cups, egg shells, cigarette butts, spoons, tin cans, etc. ††††

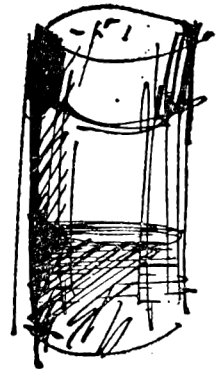
AUTHOR'S RECENT NOTE

†††† "You are wrong about the Old Hickory Smoked Salt. It belongs to 'KICHKA'S Breakfast No. 2' and naturally you can't find it on 'KICHKA'S Breakfast No. 1.' ARTURO SCHWARZ has 'KICHKA'S Breakfast No. 2' in Milan. But please keep the note. DANIEL."

21

Jar of mild paprika†

bought at IRMA'S (Nos. 15,
19), to be used before July
1962.††



AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† "Paprika / er Modne, tørrede, pulveriserede / bær af
spansk peber. Anvendes til / ategte kodretter, fiskretter og
sam-ø menkogte retter."

AUTHOR'S RECENT NOTE

†† Romanian peasants eat a breakfast consisting of *paprikas szalonna* (fat bacon rolled in hot paprika and smoked), a slice of *mamaliga* (cold corn-meal mush), a green pepper and a raw onion. Scientific research has shown this combination to be nutritionally ideal, containing everything the body needs and in the right proportion.

22

Small, light-blue rubber “bracelet”



bought Oct. 10, 1961, at my newsdealer's. ROBERT FIL-
LIOU used rubber bands to *momify* his signature on a
card placed inside a half-
liter milk container, in turn
“measured” with five and a
half small bricks of water
color fastened to the con-
tainer with six bands, which
he gave me in Copenhagen,
where he exhibited it at Gal-
erie KOEPCKE.†

The original signature
having disappeared, he
promised to make me a new
one as soon as he returned to
Paris. Since he makes a habit
of letting things drag (me
too), he certainly would not
have kept his word if I hadn't
needed a photo of this “meas-

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

urement and *momification*" for eventual publication in a book called *Projects of Young Architects* (a project of STEPHAN WEWERKA). *Tr. Note 1*. I used the rubber bands that FILLIOU didn't need in a little surprise package given to KICHKA'S sister for her birthday, with the dedication: "More bracelets than a queen."

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

‡ Excerpt from the catalogue of ROBERT FILLIOU'S exhibition at Galerie KOEPCKE in Copenhagen, June 1961 (original in English):

"Note on *Momified* and Measured Objects:

"Perhaps talking, certainly recording one's words on tape, creating, making durable, making one's own, employing the possessive—all these things imply *momifying* an object, a thing, an emotion, intuition, idea. . . .

"(Here is a chair. VAN GOGH paints it. In a sense, he *momifies* it. SPOERRI uses it in a snare-picture. In a sense, he *momifies* it.)

"*De-momifying* what others—or yourself—have done also is creating. . . . Others, time, death are great *de-momificators*. I have wanted to see what the result would be if I *momified* directly some objects, with strings, elastic, thread, rope . . . whatever happened to be within easy reach at the time.

"POIPOI.

"Some of the objects are due to mere measurements. I thought of measuring things according to the criterion of the moment. For instance, my height is 60-odd tomatoes, and I am 111,225 Copenhagen-Paris train trips old. The metric system itself, of course, can contribute to this identification. POIPOI." (No. 35.)

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

My own contribution to this volume, which never appeared, was "A Poetic Memorial to the WIDOW OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER," to be constructed by swift birds.

23

White paper bag

which contained the eggs
(Nos. 1, 1a, 2, 4, 4a, 5, 12).



24

**Chunk from the same
loaf of white bread**

as the piece with a bite out
of it (Nos. 1, 1a, 13, 13a).



24

**Chunk from the same
loaf of white bread**

as the piece with a bite out
of it (Nos. 1, 1a, 13, 13a).



25

Stopper of tricolored plastic



black-green-red, from the bottle of wine described in No. 3. Only Vin des Rochers uses these tricolored stoppers, and only since a short time, because they realized (a) that the colorless stopper previously used was almost invisible and that you were always pouring with the stopper still in and (b) that people collect them to make front-door curtains, like the one the owner of a movie on the Rue CHAMPOL-LION made last year, but with plain ones, and pointed out to me: "It takes a lot of drinking to make a curtain like this."† (Nos. 341, 49, 57, 67.)

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† During the final reading of the manuscript, while I am trying in vain to write how intrigued I was to learn that other brands of wine are now using marble-colored stoppers or caps stamped with numbers and letters of the alphabet, MARIANNE and MICHÈLE RICARD are talking about pink mattresses, square ones, blue-gray, flowered—proof enough that I absolutely must end this topography, something I have been saying for weeks †† without result. †††

AUTHOR'S RECENT NOTE

†† For years.

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

††† The idea for this topography in its present form was captured almost by chance on magnetic tape during the course of a conversation between ROBERT FILLIOU and myself in October 1961. It turned out to be decisive to the realization of my project. Here are excerpts:

D: More wine?

R: Yes.

D: No, but what interests me . . . have I told you about my new idea? Sure, I've already told you about it, but now it . . . it . . . it preoccupies me. I've already bought the tracing paper to make . . .

R: Oh yes.

D: . . . what I already told you about, and now seriously I really want to do it. To make . . . I don't know, I told you before, just like that, in the clouds, but now it . . . it . . . it preoccupies me more and more. I mean I really want to do it, no more pictures, that's too spectacular, you look at it, you say ah that's nice, but to have only the design, only the . . . what do you call it?

R: Yes, yes, the . . . the . . . the form, the . . .

D: Not quite, the . . .

R: . . . the outline.

D: That's it, the outline. You know, numbered, and it will

STOPPER OF TRICOLORED PLASTIC / 25

be the same size on paper, outlined like a detail, like a topographic map of chance for a given moment, and the design would be numbered, with a book underneath—a fold-out, number such and such, you know, what's this?, and I would like to explain very fully. For example, everything here. I'd have to explain that this is a tape recorder, because no one would know what it was, it would just be a square . . . a rectangle.

R: Yeah.

D: A tape recorder bought in Amsterdam, and why? Well, because I had a lot of money from my . . . from . . . you know, make a little . . . what do you call it when the police . . . when you have an accident the police make out a . . . a report.

R: Yes yes.

D: It's also a map, with only the outline of the cars, the wheels.

R: Yes.

D: Who put on the brakes, things of that kind, and that's what I'd like to do, to make it completely . . . It's a bit too external, I think, to make it . . . to . . . to . . . I want to put it back into the spectator's imagination.

R: Yes.

D: And besides, it's a kind of game, a kind of game like dice. You ask what's this? No. 15? You never or only rarely will you know what it is, because for example when you think . . . well here, there are twenty or so bottles, and . . .

R: And you wouldn't be able to tell what they were.

D: Right, because it's . . . it's . . .

R: Only the things that have a very definite shape, like knives, something like that.

D: Yes yes, knives, that's very good.

R: Everything that . . . everything that . . .

D: Knives, forks, and I don't know what all.

R: Yes yes.

D: There are very few things . . . but for example, there are thirty or so things here that would make only circles,

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

and what are they? One is celery salt from Copenhagen, and so on, stamped "Caution, work of art," and then . . . well, I explain why and all that.

R: Yes yes.

D: I'll have to find a style. You know, not to relate a lot of twattle . . . and I think it would be a very amusing game.

R: Yes yes, very.

D: Here on the wall, the snare-pictures . . . everything is spectacular and visible to the maximum, you see bread, you see things that stand out, volumes, all kinds of things that extend beyond the shape, and all that, but in the other, in the outline, it would be completely different . . . well, like the subconscious and the conscious, you know, you'll see only numbers, nothing at all, and you will read . . . a novel . . . before a topo . . . a topographic map of chance. But it'll be difficult. I think that for the moment I will . . . I'm going to cover the table with tracing paper to begin with, and I'm going to pretend that I've forgotten all about it, until the day I say all right, here goes, and after I make exactly . . . after I make . . . from that tracing paper another tracing paper, precise, exact, I'm going to almost paint it, you know, so that it'll be almost like a picture, but a technical picture, without any trace of individuality.

R: Yes yes.

D: With the text nearby, so that people will be able to say: "Ah, No. 13, the circle, that's Jaffa Gold cucumber pickles . . ."

R: Ha-ha.

D: ". . . found at . . ." I think it will be pretty interesting to give both.

R: Yes yes.

D: Because at the moment it seems to me . . . it's the most challenging thing I'm able to do at the moment . . . The things on the wall are too easy for me now.

.....

D: Without the outline the topography wouldn't make any

STOPPER OF TRICOLORED PLASTIC / 25

sense, and without the text the outline wouldn't make sense. That would be to withdraw completely and give only a geographic map, like when you travel through France using a map. For example, during my vacation I visited the Fontaine-de-Vaucluse. I didn't know what it was, but it was marked with three stars, I didn't know whether it was a Roman thing, a monument, or what have you, and you know this pool, in summer it's nothing at all, just a hole with a little water in it, *Tr. Note 1*, and I was really deceived, ††† and still it was marked with three stars, and there you are, that's the topographic map for me, and the experience will be exactly the same. Someone will take No. 5. What is it? A piece of wood, a cigarette butt. You can say a lot about a cigarette butt, a mere cigarette butt, you could have a whole novel under it, you could say that it's a . . . I don't know what all.

R: Where it comes from.

D: Where it comes from, that's very important.

R: That there's lipstick on it.

D: Yes. For example, look at that black . . .

R: There will be lipstick on it.

D: . . . look at that black mark there. It could be from your pen, the pen you sign your work with, and how you sign in such and such a fashion in making a . . . a . . . *momification* of your signature.

R: Yes.

D: And that *momification* of the signature signifies for you the *momification* of a work, and it follows that . . . and so on and so on, and it could be carried pretty far . . .

R: Yes yes.

D: . . . for a little black mark. And nearby would be something that . . . that's identified as just a knife. And related stories. On my way to the Fontaine-de-Vaucluse I saw many things much more interesting that weren't marked by three stars, not even by one star, and that's what I'd like to see.

R: Like when you go to church to get married and on the

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

way you meet a lot of girls who are prettier than your wife.

.....

- R: Most people understand life only when they go to the movies.
- D: Yes, it's . . . they go to make their . . .
- R: . . . their own . . . they understand very well, for example, a woman who cuckolds her husband on the screen, and they leave the movie saying "What a fine film."
- D: Yes.
- R: But when somebody tells them, "You see that woman, she is cheating on her husband," they call her a slut. But what I mean is something more violent, but similar. The element of taking something and isolating it.
- D: Yes.
- R: There is always the . . . the . . .
- D: I . . . I believe . . . I . . . I think what you said, to add something being the same as isolating . . . to add something isn't the same as isolating . . . I don't know . . .
- R: I have seen a lot of things in reproductions of paintings, in REMBRANDT, for example, details . . . you see more, a hand, how he does the hands, they specialized in things like that.
- D: Yes yes yes.
- R: Right now you're holding a bottle and pouring something to drink, I don't really notice the hand, but they . . . it's . . .
- D: It's . . . it's . . .
- R: It's there that they started . . . they started all that . . . that . . . the plastic perception that exists . . . it's . . . it's they who started it, who elaborated it, and from the most obvious things, that which man himself is, and it's . . . it was in accordance with their conception of life.
- D: It's there that you also see . . . If you look through a book on Romanesque art, this has struck me, in looking through books on Romanesque art with marvelous photos of details you see things you never saw before.
- R: Yes, it's a way to understand things better. I've been

STOPPER OF TRICOLORED PLASTIC / 25

saying all along that you should send a letter to people, signed with your name, and say: "Look at what you have on your table at this moment . . ."

D: I wanted to do that, I even wanted to ask them to glue it up themselves, but I can't ask people to submit themselves to such boring exactitude. If I do it myself that's something else, because I identify myself with such things. Just to look, that's a good idea, but they do it automatically after seeing my pictures, and that's one of the reasons I make them. That's better, to look, just to look.

R: Or a telephone call. You call them and say: "Look around you." That's the whole conversation.

D: Oh.

R: It makes a kind of poem, saying what there is.

D: It's because of that I'd like to make . . . that I'm going to make topographies. Because it turns history completely upside down, and everybody can begin to imagine the object, and I hope they start looking around their own homes.

R: Yes.

D: And that they will be able to imagine more than I could myself . . .

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

This is, of course, the haunt of PETRARCH, one of the three "fountains" of Italian literature, whose favorite spot was the grotto where the Sorgue starts its course. SPOERRI was there at the wrong time of the year; at flood-time, the pool that disappointed him so much overflows in roaring cascades, and might very well have taken his breath away (although he is seldom victimized by the masterworks of nature). Only a few miles away is the family castle of the MARQUIS DE SADE, one of whose ancestors, HUGUES DE SADE, married PETRARCH'S immortal LAURA. (See translator's note to No. 1a.)

Another Italian, MICHELANGELO, was also drawn to a watering-place—but for reasons far different from PETRARCH'S. In what must be one of the oldest testimonial letters on record, MICHELANGELO wrote to his nephew: "Io ho bevuto circa due mesi, sera e mattino, di un'acqua di una fontana che è cuaranta miglia da Roma, la quale rompe la pietra e questo ha rotto la mia e fattomene urinare gran parte." The letter, signed and dated 1549, is reproduced on the label of Fiuggi table water.

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AUTHOR'S RECENT NOTE


†††† “There is a tradition that the turning point in his thinking took place during the sacrifice of the Second Russian-Polish Army, almost wiped out in East Prussia. COUNT ALFRED KORZYBSKI, then a staff officer, had prepared an attack. He carefully studied the maps. But the maps didn't show a deep ditch in which the Prussian machine-gunners were positioned. This could be the origin of the famous motto of general semantics: ‘The map is not the territory.’ ”

—GABRIEL VERALDI: “Le Père de la sémantique générale,”
in *Planète No. 6*, Sept.–Oct. 1962

This passage, which I read about a year after having expressed my own deception by maps, intrigued me a great deal.

26

Small aluminum spoon

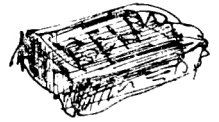


a real bargain, bought at the drugstore on Rue LACÉPÈDE opposite the Hotel Beau Séjour, where MADAME MARABELLE claims that someone is tapping her gas and threatens to write the city gas company about it. On the spoon, remains of egg yolk (Nos. 1, 2, 4, 4a).

27

**Quarter of a pound of
butter**

wrapped in gold-colored silver foil, now half finished, Premier brand (Nos. 1, 24).



28

Glass of wine

that I am in the process of drinking, but which I always put back in its original position (No. 3).



28a

Wine stain

from No. 28. *Tr. Note 1.*

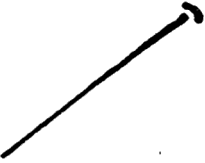


TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

An unintentional orthographic variant of the author's name (see ALAIN JOUFFROY'S note to No. 34).

29

Pin



from a spectacularly folded new gray sports shirt, bought at the Uniprix on the Avenue GÉNÉRAL LECLERC (see No. 2) for 20 francs, after being insulted by the salesgirl because I didn't know my size, which turned out to be 39.† The salesgirl didn't have that size on the shelf, so she went to the stockroom to look for it, and during that time I met a nurse, whose name I no longer remember but who hangs around my quarter; but I recall very well that she stank that day, and that she insisted on accompanying me in the store while I shopped around for all the ridiculous trinkets I bought for KICHKA'S sister's birthday.

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AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† I didn't reckon with the fact that the laundry I take my shirts to uses all sorts of chemical junk that shrinks them. Now I buy size 41.

30

**Glazed earthenware
bowl**



yellow outside, white inside, half full of Nescafé (No. 6) served to the American Negro composer BENJAMIN PATTERSON, *Tr. Note 1*, (author of a score for bass violin in which the instrument emits sounds by the removal of objects inserted between the strings and elsewhere) who paid me a visit during breakfast (No. 1) and who, learning that BREMER was returning to Switzerland by car, decided then and there to take advantage of the opportunity and accompany him as far as Brussels, thinking it would be easier to hitchhike from there to Cologne to pick up his bass and bring it to Paris. (BREMER asked

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him to do a performance at the Municipal Theater in Bern next February as part of a program he was preparing in which the public would participate, details of which they were to discuss in BREMER'S CITROËN 2CV.)†

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

To my knowledge, my only namesake is the son of BENJAMIN PATTERSON, EVERETT EMMETT PATTERSON. I have not yet met him. I was baptized OSCAR EMMETT WILLIAMS, and for many years was known as OSCAR, but so many people mistook me for OSCAR WILLIAMS the anthologist that I decided to use EMMETT instead of OSCAR. The mother of my dear and longtime friend SHARON SCIAMA, KAY BOYLE, almost refused to come downstairs to dinner before our first meeting, thinking that SHARON'S friend "OSCAR" must be the anthologist. And once my old KENYON College colleague ANTHONY HECHT, who had just seen POLLY and me off on the QUEEN ELIZABETH, received a telephone call, the dialogue of which ran something like this:

"Yes, this is ANTHONY HECHT."

"This is OSCAR WILLIAMS."

"Come on, now, I just put OSCAR and POLLY on the QUEEN ELIZABETH."

"Is there more than one OSCAR WILLIAMS?"

"Why yes, I know several. . . . Wait a minute. Is this . . ."

Yes, it was the anthologist. And through the years people introduced to me by those old friends who still call me OSCAR have often handed me manuscripts to be included in my next anthology. One of the more outspoken of them once took my hand and said: "I've always wanted to meet the poor man's DYLAN THOMAS."

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† The program never took place, but I myself have since bought a CITROËN 2CV.

31

Outline of a plastic bag



for my new PHILIPS electric razor, leaning against a wooden box (No. 34). Bought the same day I decided to glue up a board on which my old razor was lying among a pile of other things. By coincidence, there was a publicity campaign in progress that day, and I got a 5-franc reduction; if I had come a day earlier, according to the dealer, I would have gotten a 10-franc discount—the custom, for PHILIPS at least, around Easter.† The snare-picture in question was exhibited afterwards at the Festival of New Realists at Nice (July 13, 1961), where the wire was plugged in so everyone could see that the immobi-

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

lized razor still worked (No. 43). The picture was almost stolen when I drove to Nice with RAYMOND HAINS in the 4CV of JEANINE DE GOLDSCHMIDT. At Lyon, where we spent the night in a hotel close to the railroad station, someone forced open a car door, made off with only a shirt that HAINS had bought at the House of 100,000 Shirts in Paris, the thief apparently having panicked when he found he couldn't lift the razor and other objects solidly glued to the board. *Tr. Note 2.*

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† "Who would believe that the art of shaving goes back hardly a century and a half? 'The glory of teaching civilized man to shave himself,' writes GRIMM, 'is reserved for all eternity for MONSIEUR PERREL: Would God he had appeared forty years earlier!' PERRET—and not PERREL—'master cutler and tradesman,' in publishing his *Pogonotomy, or the Art of Learning to Shave Oneself*, had little doubt of the service he would render his contemporaries. Its publication had one advantage, however—it accustomed gentlemen of fashion to wash their faces."

—DR. CABANÈS, *Tr. Note 1, Moeurs intimes du Passé*, ALBIN MICHEL, Paris 1908, p. 151.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

DR. CABANÈS and GRIMM obviously overrate PERRET'S contribution to the art of pogonotomy. Long before the birth of CHRIST (who himself did so much to popularize the beard), ALEXANDER THE GREAT ordered his soldiers to shave off their beards to prevent the enemy from using them as handles. PLINY, in his *Natural History* (Book VII, Ch. LIX), writes: "The first barbers that entered Italy came out of Sicily 454 years after the foundation of Rome. They were brought in by P. TICINIUS MENA. . . . The first to shave daily was SCIPIO AFRICANUS, and after him the EMPEROR AUGUSTUS." LUCIUS TARQUINIUS PRISCUS, to whom we owe the sewers of Rome, introduced another hygienic reform to the Eternal City: shaving. CAESAR tells us that the Britons and Celts were clean-shaven. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR ordered the English princes to cut off their beards, and SHAKESPEARE'S plays are full of jokes about barbers. PETER THE GREAT, who considered beards "a useless embarrassment," levied a tax on them. This measure was repealed by a beardless monarch who apparently was very fond of them: CATHERINE THE GREAT.

OUTLINE OF A PLASTIC BAG / 31

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 2

I was once surprised, and somewhat put out, to find my own BRAUN electric razor attached to the SPOERRI-FILLIOU proverb "A Close Shave," on exhibit at the Galerie J in Paris. I had left the razor in SPOERRI'S room, where it lay for several months before incorporation into a work of art. Of course, I should have known better, as author of the first published review of the first edition of the topography, in which I wrote: "You've heard about the man who came to dinner and stayed for months. But did you ever hear about the artist who came to dinner and took the table with him when he left? Not only took it away, but hung it up and exhibited it as a work of art."

32

Paring knife

with a black wooden handle and a very rusty blade, point broken off, bought for 3 francs and 40 centimes only a week ago along with two snail tongs at the cutlery shop at the foot of the Rue Mouffetard. I made this purchase because I liked the contrast between the long handle and the short blade, but without noticing that it wasn't stainless steel. The point was broken off the same day in trying to open clams, the most hermetically sealed of all shellfish. The only way KICHKA found to open them was to wait until they opened up slightly to breathe, then insert the blade rapidly, which took her the whole day. (If anyone knows a more efficient method, please write me.) †, ††



PARING KNIFE / 32

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† DE LA VILLEGLÉ has since informed me that all one needs is an ordinary oyster knife, which costs about 1 franc. But the real revelation came with the introduction of a truly monstrous machine at the annual LÉPINE competition, *Tr. Note 1*, in 1962. It sells for about 35 francs, and here are excerpts from the prospectus:

“Easy Oysters: for opening oysters of all sizes and varieties. Hurrah for Easy Oysters! Gone are your oyster-opening woes. No more cut hands, because the semi-automatic Easy Oysters machine opens the oysters for you. Easy Oysters consists of a base with a slot to insert the oyster, with adjustable clamps to hold the oyster in place. Easy Oysters comes with an adjustable hand-grip blade movable in all directions, and can be fastened to your table. Simply. . . .”

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

The “Concours LÉPINE” is an annual exposition in Paris where inventors and small manufacturers have shown off their wares since 1901. It derives its name from a former prefect of police, LOUIS LÉPINE (1846–1933). MARCEL DUCHAMP introduced his Rotoreliefs at the 1935 gathering—and wasn't able to sell a single set.

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

†† Note by ALAIN JOUFFROY: “For opening shellfish, and clams in particular, I can think of no one who would know how to do it better than PHILIPPE HIQUILY, whose work often puts one in mind of giant clams.” *Tr. Note 2*.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 2

To “open clams” is one of the more colorful euphemisms for sexual intercourse. In this connection, as well as the author's search for the best instrument to open these hermetically sealed creatures, it is interesting to contemplate the giant West Indian clam which reaches a length of three feet and weighs up to twenty pounds.

33

Wooden ruler

30 centimeters long, leaning against a wooden box (No. 34), used by VERA for enlarging photos before I brought her a special device on returning from my first trip to Copenhagen, which must have been around the end of January 1961, because MARCELLE, the daughter of MARIANNE STAFFELDT, the wife of ROBERT FILLIOU, whose brother's name is MARCEL, had just been born, and I'm told she was born Jan. 14. I have tried to recall how the ruler got where it is, but since the box and all the objects around it have been where they are for a long time, I suppose I used it one day and just left it there.†



WOODEN RULER / 33

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† VERA came from Frankfurt-am-Main the end of February 1962 to photograph my exhibition at Galerie LAWRENCE. During her brief stay she received the following telegram, which I opened thinking it was for me:

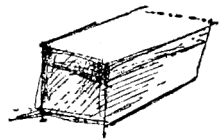
= 42 W PARIB F =4071TA FRANKF D
COL 24 5+
44 FRANKFURTMAIN 10 7 0952 =
HAARSCHWANZ BESORGEN = MUTTI +
(get pony-tail—mummy)

34

Worm-eaten joined wooden box

with broken hinges, size 30 x 30 x 10 centimeters, on one end two overlapping old labels with illegible inscriptions, and on the other end the penned notice: "edelweiss 10," which came from a stock of about 35 boxes of various formats probably found in the run-down store-room of an ironmonger, to judge from their labels and inscriptions.

Bought at the Flea Market along with the table they were on, to make a snare-picture. I was assisted during this purchase by STANISLAUS SALM, *Tr. Note 1*, who used to be a bookbinder, but after his training at the dance school I used to direct



WORM-EATEN JOINED WOODEN BOX / 34

in Bern he became a dancer and danced in the operetta "MARCO POLO" at the Théâtre du Châtelet, and who presently weighs beef at Les Halles. While I was snaring the picture "The Boxes," I suddenly decided to make a snare-picture of a snare-picture, that is to say, to glue all the tools I was using, without finishing gluing the boxes. Those that remained form part of another picture, "MONSIEUR BITOS," named after a little man in wood who figures in the picture, whose prick sticks out when you press his head.†

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

Salm is a Maltese unit of measurement equal to 8.2 bushels. I remarked this to SALM the one and only time I met him (in the author's room) and he seemed surprised. Since this meeting, SALM was killed in an automobile accident in Switzerland.

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† MONSIEUR BITOS was sold to me by an ambulant bonbon salesman at the Flea Market. I paid him 3 francs. The contraption seems to be a degenerate form of the old PRIAPIC figures, on which subject I read by chance recently:

"A traveler, MONSIEUR DE GRANDPRÉ, witnessed, in 1787, a pantomime performed by masked men who carried with 'affectation,' that was his expression, a huge phallus which they moved by means of a cord. HERODOTUS, who assisted at a similar ceremony more than 2,000 years earlier, wrote an almost identical description: 'The Egyptians celebrate the feast of BACCHUS almost in the same manner as the Greeks; but, in place of the phallus, they use figures about a cubit in height, which they move by means of a cord. The women carry these figures, on which the membrum virile is almost as large as the body, through the market-towns and villages. A flute player marches at the head of the procession; the others follow, chanting praises to BACCHUS.'"

—DR. CABANÈS, *Moeurs intimes du Passé*,
ALBIN MICHEL, Paris 1908, pp. 245-46.

34 (continued)

The box described above

for whatever reason it got into its present position, I have since filled up with the following incongruous objects:

(a) Knitting needle

24.5 cm long, gray with a light-blue plastic tip, "ARIEL 4,5," which most likely belonged to VERA. *Tr. Note 2.*



TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 2

Is it "ARIEL 4,5" or "ARIEL 4.5"? The original object is no longer in SPOERRI'S possession, and he cannot recall whether a comma or period joined (or separated) the 4 and 5. For the sake of accuracy I call attention to both possibilities.



**(b) Small cube-shaped
sponge**

from the plastic box of a game by MUNARI which contained other materials to be used in making transparencies (Nos. 61, 77).

(c) Ball of scrap wire

cut from the backs of snare-pictures (I use wire to fasten some objects), picked up and saved through false economy.





(d) White plastic case

for a tape recorder battery. I bought the tape recorder while I was in Amsterdam (see No. 25, note†††) during the "Art in Motion" exhibition; the batteries were used up and replaced shortly afterwards in Stockholm, where PONTUS HULTEN, director of the Moderna Museet, arranged the same exhibition. I fell asleep with the tape recorder running, and used up the batteries overnight.††

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

†† On the subject of museums and exhibitions: spending a day with ROBERT FILLIOU on the Rue des Rosiers, where he lived after his expulsion from Denmark, and which is the main street of the Jewish quarter in Paris, we saw inside a store about twenty hens in a wall of cages. (In this quarter poultry is kept alive until killed according to kosher ritual.) As we ventured in, without wishing to we provoked a dispute between an old man seated on a chair and a bad-tempered little old woman plucking a hen. He wanted us to come in, but she let us know that her shop wasn't a museum.

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

He assured her that we weren't going to eat up her chickens, but she repeated over and over again: "No museum here, this isn't a museum." Finally driven out, but amused, FILLIOU remarked that the incident rated a note in the topography, for it was certainly in "NADIA'S Live Poultry, Strictly Kosher" shop that the BRANCUSI egg in the Moderna Museet in Stockholm was hatched. *Tr. Note 3.*

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 3

More on the subject of museums: ALLAN KAPROW wrote in his introduction to "DANIEL SPOERRI'S Room No. 631 at the Chelsea Hotel," an exhibition sponsored by the Green Gallery in New York in March 1965:

"... artists have paid only partial attention to how deeply their works reflect and utilize the environment in which they were created. They speak about the light at the seashore appearing in their colors; the profound effect upon their dreams of the filth and reek of urine-soaked studio-loft buildings, the pounding of the subway under their feet . . . Yet, when their works are shown in the neo-classical gallery-box, it is supposed that these qualities of the environment are brought out *a fortiori* and that the gallery will have no other effect than to focus upon the essentials of the work.

"This is patently absurd, utter blindness. Today nine out of ten artists' work is absolutely dessicated by the powerful purity of the gallery and museum atmosphere. Everything whispers 'sh, sh, don't touch.' If art once was thought to be made from life in order to leave life, now the great bulk of modern creativity is deliberately mixed with life in order to affirm it.

"SPOERRI'S philosophical works were made in a hotel room, where he slept, made love, cooked marvelous meals, and defecated. His constructions crowded the space, mingling with the bed, the clothes, the odor of lasagne. One must pick one's way through this intriguing mess. Where does the work of art end, and life begin? Look into peep holes, turn a mirror and see the reflected curtain, lift the test-tube phallus of a flowered hermaphrodite, contemplate an embalmed meal once eaten, the shoes of lovers facing one another. Here there is no hallucination, only wholeness.

"I suggested that SPOERRI invite the public to see his room, as it is being lived in, not as a memento or shrine. It was in line with his own intentions. I was convinced that his work would never appear as meaningfully again. By agreeing, he has contributed to the eventual death of the art gallery and museums. This death will take time, but meanwhile, the world has become endlessly available." (2/19/65)

(e) Stereotype of a photo-portrait

of DITER ROT from two angles, size 4.7 x 4.7 cm, intended originally for the 1959 Edition MAT catalogue (No. 20), but which I didn't use, WILLI ADAM, a lithographer, having been able to persuade his employer to make all the stereotypes for the catalogue in exchange for the objects in the MAT collection. ADAM didn't like this photo, and he wrote DITER ROT, whom he knows very well, to have another one taken, which finally served the purpose.†††



AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

††† Biographical note from the 1959 Edition MAT catalogue:

“DITER ROT, born 1930 in Hanover, Germany. 1943—Zurich. 1947—Bern: commercial art, furniture, painting, etc. 1956—

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

Copenhagen: textiles, writing, films, painting. Since 1957—
Reykjavik: writing, films, books, printing." *Tr. Note 4.*

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 4

Since 1959—writing, films, books, printing, New York, Yale, translating the topography into German.



(f) Two candle butts

one of which was squeezed near the wick when the wax was still warm. I remember neither their use nor their origin, but since I often blow out fuses by plugging in all kinds of apparatuses and art objects, there is nothing astonishing about their presence in my room. In the crypt at Vézelay, the candles the pilgrims light in honor of the VIRGIN plop down onto a sheet of iron where the wax makes a very lovely picture, as HAINS pointed out to me on our trip to Nice (No. 31).

(g) Metal stencils

of prime numbers†††† up to 13, of which the 1 is missing, used to number the review *material*.††††† (There were four numbers: 1, 2, 3 and 5.) These title-numbers were used for the following reason: just as a prime number can be divided only by 1 or by itself, so the contents of my review could be understood only through the contents itself, and not through comparisons or interpretations.



AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

†††† Jan. 30, 1962, ROBERT FILLIOU heard on the radio that the prime American prime number had been discovered with the aid of an electronic brain at the University of California:

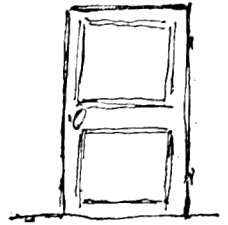
(2²⁴⁴² - 1)

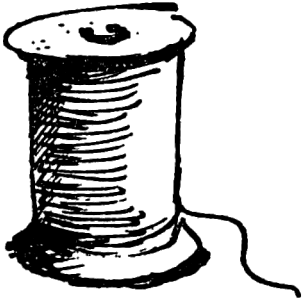
AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

††††† The review *material*, as its name implies, was intended to propagate concrete poetry, in which I myself was interested at the

(h) Yellow plastic case

for drills. I use the drills to make holes in the surfaces to which I fasten objects in my snare-pictures with wire. On the back of the case, the inscription "Made in Western Germany" (No. 34c).

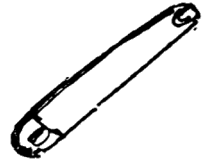




**(i) Spool of Tubino
white thread**

the origin of which I don't
know.

(j) Safety pin ††††††



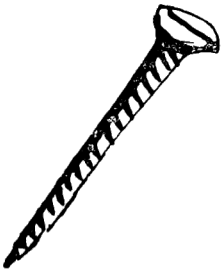
AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

†††††† From a prospectus distributed by the baby-food firm
JAQUEMAIRE :

“The Second Mamma : You must change baby frequently, because contact with urine and fecal matter can easily cause his sensitive skin to break out in a rash. If the infant has only urinated, you need only wash him lightly, dry him and apply powder. But if he has made matter, you must first remove it, then wash the area with tepid water and cotton, dry carefully without rubbing, and powder thoroughly. If you change baby after feeding, handle him delicately in order not to cause vomiting. French swaddling-clothes include a linen or fine cotton shirt with sleeves, and a knitted wool vest. These should overhang the navel and cover the stomach lightly. They are put on from the front, crossed in back without tying, and fastened with *one or two safety pins.*” *Tr. Note 5.*

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 5

Safety pins have been used as ear ornaments in Africa.



(k) Large screw

that says something to me,
but not enough for me to re-
member what.

**(1) Dark blue plastic
stopper**

from a bottle of wine (Nos.
25, 49, 57, 67).



**(m) Red stapler
(Swingline Tot 50)**



bought at Orléans or Chartres for about 6 francs. One Sunday I stopped off there (Orléans or Chartres) with VERA and, I believe, WILLI ADAM to visit the cathedral, and in a shop where we bought postcards this stapler caught my fancy: it was the smallest I had ever seen.

(n) Iron rod

in the shape of a Z that FELIX LEU twisted to hang on my wall an aquarium in which he wanted to exhibit as a work of art a beef heart STANISLAUS SALM got for him cheap at Les Halles. He thought he had sealed it hermetically, but after two days the odor was so strong I had to throw it out. Afterwards, the aquarium sheltered my collection of five leeches, which died during my last absence.





(o) Small plastic pyramids

alternately transparent and gray, hinged together at the base and along the sides, part of a model made by ANDRÉ THOMKINS and an architect to illustrate their idea for a mobile architecture based on the same principle. *Tr. Note 6*. I had intended to dedicate one of the numbers of the review *material* (No. 34g) to the work of ANDRÉ THOMKINS, whose idea of “laque-dynamorphose” †††††††† I used during an evening at the I.C.A. (Institute of Contemporary Arts) in London in March 1960 (Nos. 34b, 61, 77).

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 6

Although I have held these “small plastic pyramids” in my hand, I am at a loss, being neither a geometer nor an architect, to describe their functioning any better than SPOERRI's attempt—which I find inadequate.

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

I asked ANDRÉ THOMPkins to assist me in clearing up the matter, and received the following letter:

Dear EMMETT,

It is the truth! Whereas you have learned French, I am still unable to explain things in English. I will visit my ancestors one of these days to learn it—we will see.

You want some notes on No. 34o:

—It is the geometry of the smoke ring, or that of the inner-tube that one bunches up with both hands to find the hole—the elasticity replaced by a play of hinges.

—This wonderful principle I owe to PAUL SCHATZ, inventor of the celebrated *Stülpkubus* (turn-up cube).

—It is built with plastic pseudo-tetrahedrons, the base angles of which are 60°, those of the apex 110°. ECKHARD SCHULZE-PIELITZ, architectural chess player, made it for me.

—The angle of intersection of the base and that of the apex alternately serve as hinges. As the object revolves around its axis it is transformed several times according to the irregularity of its systole and diastole.

—In geometric syntax, one adds a mechanical verb to the substantive. Thus I call it a mecanohedron. Applied to an architectural structure, the mecanohedron consists of a whole governed by the continuity of fragments of evolution.

—It could serve to articulate habitable space, either real or of the kind that might satisfy the speculative needs of an emancipated society in a world free of drudgery. In the meantime, the smoke ring is coiled up in the inner-tube.

—You see, it's just that, you hold it in your hand, you turn it, it goes click-clack and it pinches, you think of a pile of things because it doesn't resemble anything, not even a soft-boiled egg. It was made above all to be translated into English by EMMETT WILLIAMS.

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

†††††††† “Laque-dynamorphose: This is a simple method of banalization of the contemporary styles of painting like Tachism and Action Painting—like photography, which was a banalization of the realistic technique of painting. Particular attention should be given to the movement of the lacquer and colours on the surface of the water instead of the static result on the paper.

“Directions: Fill up the dish with water. Put a few drops of

SMALL PLASTIC PYRAMIDS / 34o

water glass in it. With the stick take a little lacquer and let it fall on the surface in drops or streaks, let it spread, or blow with the straw. When you like the pattern you take a piece of paper, lay it on the surface and the pattern will be fixed. Variations can be made without water glass, but with different paints, with a drop of alcohol, with a small electric battery, with sugar, salt, or you can let the lacquer dry a moment, and then draw on the surface.

“Commentary: Within the limits that this material imposes you can consciously employ different means. But in spite of that, this method is governed to a high degree by chance, because of its enormous plastic variability, and that is why it is an appropriate medium for the individual to express his own psychic personality on condition that everyone interprets these instructions in his own way.”

—(English text distributed to the I.C.A. audience)

(p) Bent nail

I don't know from what.





(q) Coins

three 5-øre pieces, two of them aluminum and one copper; three 25-øre pieces (some kind of alloy); four 10-øre pieces; one Danish crown; three German 10-pfennig pieces and one 5-pfennig piece; one French 50-franc piece, and a 50-something piece (the inscription is in Hebrew). ††††††††

†††††††† Note by ALAIN JOUFFROY:

“This box and its contents remind me of the ‘Can of Involuntary Secret Noise’ that SPOERRI presented to me in January 1961, with a dedication on the label signed with orthographic variants of his name: DANIEL SPÖRRI—SPOERRI—SPOERRI-FEINSTEIN—SPÖRRI-FEINSTEIN—SPÖRRI-FAINSTEIN—SPOERRI-FAINSTAIN. (See also translator’s note to No. 28a.) On shaking the aluminum can, which contained among other things a key, an empty spool of ACKERMANN’S black thread, one slightly yellowish die, a large safety pin, a tube of paste, an old franc and a compass glued to a pen, one could really hear an incomprehensible noise, similar to that made by those toy puzzles with which one can play for hours trying to return tiny ball bearings to their pockets. This ‘Can of Involuntary Secret Noise,’ which I hung up on my wall between a bronze Benin mask and a MANINA picture, given to me on my last birthday and consisting of pieces of lead glued to brown wood, may have been

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

presented to me by SPOERRI to thank me for the article I wrote about him for his first exhibition (*Mostra Personale*, Galleria SCHWARZ, Milan, March 16–30, 1961). My introductory text, entitled 'The Snare-Pictures of DANIEL SPOERRI' (see translator's note to No. 15), ends with the words: 'The idea of reality is to re-invent, as everybody knows.' But I'm not certain. Maybe he gave it to me, without knowing it, for the symbolical meanings of the objects which it contained, and in particular the key, the compass glued to the pen, the empty spool of black thread and the yellowing die. Key-compass-pen-spool-die constitute, to my eyes, an ensemble of meanings, well tied together, that summarize, like the images of a poem, the half-conscious, half-unconscious impulses that have compelled me since the age of seventeen. I would be interested in knowing if the snare-pictures and objects SPOERRI has given to others correspond as well, and as subtly, to their personalities and sensibilities. (New fact: In trying to find out what there was deep down in the can, which still contains many small objects impossible to identify—among which, no doubt, is the perpetrator of the 'involuntary noise'—I uncoupled the pen and the compass. Thus I am certain that the source of the secret noise ought not be probed.)" *Tr. Note 7.*

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 7

What is the secret that JOUFFROY thinks he ought not probe, and why is the hidden noise involuntary? This dilemma calls to mind immediately the 1916 semi Readymade of MARCEL DUCHAMP, "With hidden noise" (*à bruit secret*), called by ULF LINDE "one of the most puzzling things DUCHAMP has ever done." In the catalogue accompanying the recent DUCHAMP show at Galleria SCHWARZ, LINDE describes it as "a ball of twine mounted between two metal plates, the latter with strange texts engraved on them. There is an object hidden inside the ball of twine—an object put there by WALTER C. ARENSBERG. And the object gives out a sound when in contact with the plates (the voice of the bride?)." .

The inscription on the plates—a telegraphic compound of French and English words with periods replacing missing letters—has no special significance, according to DUCHAMP:

P.G	.ECIDES	DEBARRASSE.
LE.	D.SERT.	F.URNIS.ENT
AS	HOW.V.R	COR.ESPONDS

and on the lower plate:

.IR.	CAR.E	LONGSEA
F.NE,	HEA.,	.O.SQUE
TE.U	S.ARP	BAR.AIN

No *special* significance. The system, at least, is obvious.

COINS / 34q

There is no intentional mystification in the SPOERRI object, and the inscription, too, bears the mark of the artist's straightforwardness. He confided to me recently that after he finished gluing the object he discovered that he hadn't glued it as well as he had intended; and that when he shook it and heard a noise, he called it exactly what it was: "involuntary" because it was unintentional and "secret" because he didn't know the source. As long as JOUFFROY refuses to get to the bottom of the matter—or the can—SPOERRI'S "secret" will remain hidden.

35

On box No. 34

a bottle of Tuborg beer, grade FF, the label of which has been replaced by a facsimile of the original doctored up to read "KOEPCKE, Poipoi, FILLIOU," because it was used at the opening of FILLIOU'S Poipoi exhibition in Copenhagen.†



AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† "Somewhere in Africa, I was told, when two persons meet they ask each other: How is your cow? . . . and how is your field? . . . and how is your oldest son? . . . and how is your house? . . . and so on, reviewing in this way all their possessions until one of them says:

POIPOI

to which the other answers

POIPOI

Then they break off, and at times start all over again.

"What I'm presenting here is the result of some (let's say)

ON BOX NO. 34 / 35

meetings with myself: how is my chair? . . . how are my numbers? . . . how are my buttocks of BRIGITTE BARDOT? . . . how are my passengers of the Caravelle? . . . how is my thirty-second thought of PASCAL? . . . how am I? . . . how is my man in revolt? . . . all this to end with a POIPOI, something taking care, more or less, for the time being, of the unanswered question—while I (we) break off.

POIPOI!"

—(Original in English)

36

Gold-colored package

Blausiegel† brand, with a tongue-flap opening, containing two of the original three condoms, *Tr. Note 1*, with the notice: "Genuine only in this package. Carefully tested several times. Known and proven trustworthy for decades." The pack was obtained by inserting a 1-mark coin in an automatic dispenser in the men's room of a nightclub†† in Krefeld, Germany, where I went with JEAN TINGUELY††† in August 1960 to help him prepare his second exhibition of scrap-metal objects at the Museum Haus LANGE. The missing condom was used, during one of my absences, by X, who later told me the use he had put it to: the



GOLD-COLORED PACKAGE / 36

prickly surface of his sheathed sex, studded with raisins, aroused his companion more than usual.††††

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† "Zur Vorlage bei Ihrem Fachhändler! / Ich bitte um diskrete Aushändigung eines Päckchens / Blausiegel / B3-BR3-B6-BR6 "Export" "Queen" "BF2 Spezial" / Oder "BF3 Flüssig-feucht" gewünschtes bitte unterstreichen / Rückseite bitte beachten. Kennen Sie schon Blausiegel BF2 Spezial den Gummischutz mit der gleitfähigen Beschichtung? / Fordern Sie Prospekt—ohne viel Worte nur gegen Vorlage dieses Hinweiszettels—bei Ihrem Fachhändler. Neu. BF3 Flüssig-feucht. Kontroll Coupon: IJ 387646."

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

I have in my possession a full-scale map of the blue table to which is affixed the Blausiegel package containing the remaining two condoms. The map is inscribed (in French): "No. 36. Original object from the Anecdoted Topography of Chance. For OSCAR-EMMETT-POLLY-WILLIAMS. Thank you, my friends. Jan. 1962. DANIEL SPOERRI." And on the inside tongue-flap of the package itself: "For EMMETT, one of my three friends. DANIEL."

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

†† The sole vestige of the guitarist-singer-composer JEAN-PIERRE SUC, who committed suicide on the Paris-Montpellier train in 1960, and with whom I used to pass the evening from time to time at a nightclub in the quarter, is a de luxe condom terminating in a hand. After SUC's death, his studio on the Rue CARDINAL LEMOINE (formerly Rue des Fossés SAINT-VICTOR) was rented by EVA AEPPLI. I helped her clean up the infernal disorder and found the condom, which I threw into the drawer of a small table, later made into a snare-picture along with everything on it and in it and now in the possession of ENRICO BAJ. During a visit to Paris ENRICO asked me (someone had put the bug in his ear) if all the objects fastened to the table were fixed solidly, because it hangs over his costly radio set in a de luxe apartment in Milan.

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

††† *Two precursors of JEAN TINGUELY* (excerpts from a conversation snared on magnetic tape):

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

D: You were going to tell me about . . .

R: PLATO.

D: That's right, PLATO.

R: PLATO, inventor of the perpetual motion machine. I knew him in 1944, or maybe 1945, or 43, 46 or 48. I was in school at Alès.

D: You were living in Alès?

R: I was at Nîmes before that—I come from Sauve and that's not far from Nîmes—but I was kicked out of school at Nîmes and they sent me to Alès. Anyway, everybody there knew PLATO. He exhibited his machine at the market place, right opposite the school. He had a wheelbarrow, and he would descend—he lived high up, Alès is a mining town—he lived high up . . . in a hut . . . and he would descend and cross the whole town with his wheelbarrow. And over the wheelbarrow was a big sheet of canvas so you couldn't see what was underneath. Well, he would arrive at the market place and choose a spot, and as I remember it, it was always close to the school.

D: Yes.

R: And then he'd remove the canvas and lift out the machine . . . It was huge . . . And then he'd put up a poster. The poster said in large letters: MACHINE FOR SALE. And lower down, in small letters, it said: man for sale. Then he'd start crying out "Step right up, see the perpetual motion machine." And that machine! It had a big wheel and a little wheel, I remember it very well. It was held together with belts, ropes and wire and it was always falling apart and breaking down. He would start turning a crank . . . you know, real enthusiastically . . . and it . . .

D: And nothing happened?

R: It was a perpetual motion machine . . . because when he turned the crank the little wheel would turn and . . .

D: I mean it didn't really do anything.

R: Nothing . . . nothing else, that is.

D: Only the wheels.

R: And other things . . . It was put together in a pretty strange way, as I said. For example, the belt went up and down and around. And he would say: "This is the perpetual motion machine." But when there were farmers around, you know, they would look at the thing and say: "That's not perpetual motion. . . . It keeps stopping. . . . The thing doesn't even work." Well, then PLATO would say: "That's why the man is for sale, too."

D: Ah yes.

R: "I'm ready and willing to turn it all the time," he'd answer.

D: Basically very logical.

R: "I'm selling myself with the machine," he'd remind them.

D: And as long as he turned it, it would work.

R: Yes, you had to buy both.

D: That way it would be perpetual motion.

R: Right.

D: Because he was perfectly willing to turn it all the time.

R: And there was no answer to that. The people made him a lot of propositions, and that gave him a lot of pleasure. For example, I remember once my uncle took me to a café and there was PLATO at the bar. He knew my uncle—FLORENT MALZAC the mechanic, BIG FLO they called him, a real drinker, a big shot. . . . Everybody knew him because it was a small town, you know. Anyway, I bought PLATO a glass of white wine. He looked like a bum . . . made his living collecting cigarette butts. . . . He was big, and well built, but . . . but disgusting . . . always filthy.

D: How old was he?

R: He was about 40 then. Anyway, while he was drinking the wine I had bought him, he told me—I can see every detail, he was very vivid, you know the southern type, dark and full of life. Well, he bent over and confided to me: "These people—they think I'm crazy . . . and I know I am. But I think *they're* crazy and don't realize it."

D: How many times do you estimate he exhibited his machine?

R: Well, when I arrived on the scene—I was a kid then—he was already a town phenomenon. Just when he started I don't know. But a long time before I got there, I suppose, because he was already so famous. You know, in the towns of the Midi they treat people like that very well. After all, they're nice and harmless.

D: Medieval tradition . . . the sacred fool.

R: PLATO was accepted in the town . . . as a type. And whenever you talk with someone from Alès the subject comes up . . . and the destruction of the perpetual motion machine.

D: It was destroyed?

R: Once in the south of Spain—in Malaga it was—I met a guy from Alès I hadn't seen in ten years. And I asked him immediately about PLATO. And he replied that PLATO was dead. How did he die? I asked. And he said: "It was fantastic. One day he decided to modernize his machine . . ."

D: Ha-ha.

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

- R: Up at his place. He bought, or he found, or someone gave him—I don't know how he could possibly have bought it, he was always flat broke—a bottle of butane gas.
- D: Ah!
- R: And then, just what he was going to do to the machine I don't know, but there were tubes and pipes, and he lit a match . . .
- D: Yes yes.
- R: . . . and everything blew up.
- D: And PLATO with it?
- R: And PLATO with it.
- D: Amazing.
- R: And that was the end of PLATO.
- D: And of the machine that destroyed not only itself but its creator as well. That's some story. Then there's ANTON MÜLLER, *Tr. Note 2*, the one I told you about once. . . .
- R: Ah, the Swiss.
- D: A Swiss nut who really invented something. A machine to cut the . . . to cut the . . . the fungus from grape vines . . . so that it wasn't necessary to . . . to . . . what do you call it?
- R: To stoop.
- D: That's right, to bend down. It would cut off the fungus with a kind of . . . a pair of long scissors, something like that. MÜLLER really invented it, and they use it to this day. But he didn't know very much about patents and someone swiped it and got all the credit. Well, this deranged him, and he wandered around the canton of Vaud like an idiot . . . through the vineyards . . . really deranged . . . and since he was born in the canton of Bern they placed him in an asylum . . . in the canton of Bern.
- R: But he wasn't really dangerous, was he?
- D: Well, he was in a pretty bad way. Bitterly disappointed. He told everybody off. Then he started sleeping in lavatories . . . you know, in the urinals of the asylum. He lay down in them and didn't want to get up. He was soaked with urine . . . He stank . . . It was really terrible. But for several years—in those days they didn't do much for the insane, they didn't know what to do for them—they just let him be.
- R: How long ago was this?
- D: I think he entered the asylum about 1913 and stayed there until 1927 or 1930.
- R: Did he die there?
- D: Yes, he died in the asylum. Anyway, he started building

GOLD-COLORED PACKAGE / 36

machines . . . with old wire, junk, tree branches and so on.
I had a photo . . .

R: Someone photographed them?

D: The doctors, because the machines were something . . . six feet tall and twelve feet wide . . . in the garden of the asylum.

R: You know, I wonder if . . . if anyone took pictures of PLATO'S perpetual motion machine. The next time I'm in Alès I'm going to find out.

D: It was published in the catalogue . . . as a precursor of . . . of the art of movement . . . at Stockholm. Anyway, he made the machines and the only problem was that they didn't run very smoothly. You know, he didn't have any . . . the gears stuck . . . he never ate his butter, and spread it over the gears. . . .

R: To oil them.

D: And not only butter. He pissed on the gears, too, and he jerked off on them . . . It stank like . . . It was terrible . . . rancid butter, urine, sperm . . . all sorts of . . . well, finally they stopped him from making them . . . so he took up drawing . . . and they're marvelous, the finest drawings I've ever seen made by an insane person.

R: Where are the machines now?

D: They destroyed them, they stank.

R: Destroyed them?

D: Yes, they threw them away. Old branches . . . you know, junk.

R: So there are only these photos . . .

D: Only one still exists.

R: Oh la la.

D: And there are no photos of him at all. Well, he became more and more phlegmatic, this . . . this HERR MÜLLER, and finally he made a huge pile of . . . of garbage, if you like branches, all sorts of . . . all the crap he could find . . . a huge pile. . . . It was like a grotto . . . a kind of opening in the pile . . . and he contemplated it . . . At 8 o'clock in the morning he would go there with a little stool, and he would sit there until lunchtime looking at it . . . the opening . . . a kind of . . . of . . . what do you call it . . . like a cunt . . . a vulva . . .

R: Yes.

D: . . . of a woman. In the afternoon he'd go there again. And he did this for years and years, just sat in front of the hole . . . looking at the hole . . .

R: Yes.

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

- D: and he got sicker and sicker . . .
- R: But in general they treated him very well, didn't they?
- D: and finally he died.
- R: I mean he was well treated because they . . . they let him be, they didn't prevent him . . .
- D: They let him go the limit of his madness.
- R: Yes.
- D: He was creative in his madness, and they let him carry out his ideas as far as he could like an artist.
- R: Yes.
- D: While today they give such people injections immediately and replace them in a social environment and all that. . . . They stop them from going the limit.
- R: Right.
- D: And that's why there aren't any more any more creative madmen. *Tr. Note 3.*
- R: Right.
- D: Because as soon as they get lost in a fixed idea every artist basically. . . .
- R: They psy. . . .
- D: every artist has a
- R: They psychoanalyze them, they
- D: Yes, they immediately take away their
- R: Yes.
- D: the fixed idea and then it's finished.
.....
- D: This all proves that basically you know, for all inventions there were always the automobile, the motor and so on there have always been almost it proves that basically the insane they are the true inventors.
- R: Yes.
- D: They are really on the track of something, but they simply don't know how to realize it. . . . They don't bring it to fruition, and it's only after someone like like TINGUELY today and even today there are people who think TINGUELY is crazy. . . .
- R: Yes yes yes.
- D: and that's absolutely not true and it's absolutely necessary to believe that something sensed by almost sensed by the insane, by people who are completely outside people who are disencumbered of of traditional logic.

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- R: Yes.
D: Until someone . . . without knowing . . .
R: Yes.
D: . . . that these types ever existed . . .
R: Yes yes.
D: . . . is able to put the finishing touches . . .
R: Yes yes yes.
D: . . . on such things.
R: Yes, and in this sense PLATO and ANTON MÜLLER were precursors.
D: And TINGUELY agrees completely. They were the true precursors of TINGUELY, and not the recognized artists.
R: Right.
D: I think that they are the real . . .
R: They started something, and they went as far as they could, and PLATO even died at it.
D: Yes.
R: PLATO is really someone who died for his art . . . or his science.
D: Yes, he's a . . . he's a . . .
R: A hero of art.
D: A hero!

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 2

I first heard about ANTON MÜLLER in 1959. My Fish Poem, along with the first universal poems and the Poetry Clock, were conceived as part of an *Hommage pour* ANTON MÜLLER by JEAN TINGUELY, SPOERRI and myself at the Galerie 59 in Aschaffenburg. I had already settled the aquarium problem and arranged for the alphabetization of live carp with the director of the gallery, HEINER RUTHS, when about a week before the opening TINGUELY and SPOERRI requested a postponement of several months because icy roads and snow prevented them from transporting their works and material from Paris to Bavaria. Request refused. "Das ist wahrlich ein dicker Hund," RUTHS wrote to TINGUELY and SPOERRI, ". . . den armen EMMETT hatte ich noch am Samstag, den 10.12.60 gesprochen. Sein program war vollreif." I have never tasted carp since that day without thinking of ANTON MÜLLER.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 3

This is, of course, a dangerously absurd point of view. JOHN GEORGE HAIGH, the English acid bath killer, in addition to indulging his derangement to the extent of murdering nine persons and ingeniously reducing their bodies to sludge (he delighted in doing a job well, "like an artist painting a picture"), had the inventors' bug, too. Among his discoveries

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were a device to enable the blind to thread needles, and a silent hammer. Such inventions "call for imagination and concentrated thought," HAIGH testified; "they are something out of the ordinary. I thought I was creating something. I enjoyed the constant fight against the unknown."

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

†††† LOUIS PERGAUD relates in *De Goupil à MARGOT* how the female suffers terribly during penetration because the sex of the male is barbed.†††††

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

††††† During one of my trips to Basel, KARL GERSTNER, a purist of the mathematical and geometrical school of abstract painting, and to whom I am bound by a strange friendship based on the law of contrasts, expressed astonishment at my French writing style, and cited as an example the phrase "truffé de raisins secs, son sexe, m'a-t-il dit, excitait davantage sa compagne par sa surface granulée" (rendered here as "the prickly surface of his sheathed sex, studded with raisins, aroused his companion more than usual"), comparing it with the best phrases of MALLARMÉ. *Tr. Note 4*. I took this opportunity to tell him that I consider the topography a garbage can ("the human garbage can") and that nothing restrains me from accepting anything that can be accumulated in it, and that in this specific case the alliterative phrase was furnished by FRANÇOIS DUFRÊNE (Nos. 18, 45, 52, 62). On the subject of garbage cans, *Tr. Note 5*, the idea for the topography came to me about two years ago, when I first saw one of ARMAN'S "garbage cans." Not long afterwards I emptied mine on the floor, examined the contents, and thought about how I could retrace the history of each scrap.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 4

DOROTHY PODBER of New York City, seeking an alliterative equivalent of this phrase in English, came up with "male moles have prickly pricks." But the success of the alliteration is offset by the inappropriateness of the figure to the context. TOM WASMUTH suggested a play on the words "raisin" and "raising," but this seemed to me too homely for the rather sophisticated situation. I sought to capture the spirit of the original encounter in my rendition, "the prickly surface of his sheathed sex, studded with raisins," the alliteration creeping in quite by accident.

It would be interesting to speculate on the preparation of the female organ of sex to "surprise" the male, as the male does to the female with the raisins. In this connection I cite two advertisements printed in a brochure of the Akafune Drug Company of Yokohama:

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1. JUGENOL: Stimulant (sic) for women. Ladies, who do not feel better when uniting with men, should use this. When used, you will receive days. Aged ladies who have too roomy vagina, should use this; then you will regain the same condition as a virgin. Take one tablet and dissolve it with your spit, and then paste it around your vagina. Price 400 Yen.
2. GOLD MUSIC-BALL: This ball automatically plays music, which can be enjoyed by both sexes. Trying is believing. This is to be inserted into the female organ with your fingers. With every movement of it, a very exciting sound will be heard to your excitement. Price 800 Yen.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 5

"I have several times had occasion to speak of 'rubbish-pits,' and that is the most convenient term, but it is not necessarily the true description. Often these pits, which might be fifteen or twenty feet deep, were intended simply as receptacles for refuse, as was, for instance, the case with the pits attached to the Level V temple in which we found the discarded *ex votos* from the shrine; but sometimes they were really sewage pits. . . . The graves and the rubbish-pits with their contents of pottery, etc., were the more valuable because it was seldom that a complete vessel could be found in houses so badly denuded as were those of Level II; they supplied the intact examples while the houses yielded an immense amount of broken sherds and reliable evidence for their date."

—SIR LEONARD WOOLLEY, *A Forgotten Kingdom* (A record of the results obtained from the recent important excavation of two mounds, Atchana and al Mina, in the Turkish Hatay, with 24 plates and numerous figures), Penguin Books, p. 155.

37

Lock for my room

opened by the secret combination 4-1-6, bought after my return from Denmark 15 days ago because the combination to the old lock (same brand, S.O.S.†, secret combination 5-5-5) was known to so many people, and I ascertained that my room had been visited several times during my absence and that phonograph records had disappeared. One day, for example, returning unexpectedly from a trip, I found the room occupied by four huge Senegalese direct from Africa. Not knowing where to find free lodging for a while, they were let into my room during the night. (While on this subject, I give notice that I have just changed the



LOCK FOR MY ROOM / 37

lock again.) *Tr. Note 1.* (See Appendix VI, Anecdoted Topography of Order, VII.)

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† “No more thieves with an S.O.S. lock / 1,000 combinations / Precision, elegance, security / Each S.O.S. lock is sold with its own combination of three numbers, stamped on the metal disc shackled to the lock. To open the lock: place the three numbers of the combination (from top to bottom, as shown) opposite the “O” and pull the shackle up; to close: press the shackle down and scramble the numbers. Beware of imitations. Ask for S.O.S.”

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

This habit seems beyond repair. I returned to SPOERRI'S room after midnight shortly before Christmas and found the following note from MARILYN HARRIS, a Bennington girl and secretary of ILEANA SONNABEND:

“Dearest EMMETT: / A Christmas Poem: / So this is where you live / My. / Happy days are here again, / and when I found that you / I just had to come tell you. / Pourtant there was / only the padlock, / Which is well known to me now / What is that THING on the wall in front of the desk? / SCHLACKE let me in, who else / knows the combination? / Did you take an inventory of the articles in this room? / Your Kinortine drew a comment / not from / your loving / ” (signed)

Alarm clock†

bought in January 1961 after its predecessor was glued to the snare-picture "It Isn't ARMAN'S Garbage Can."†† This new clock, trademarked Alouette Japy, got its face smashed and was repaired three times by the repairman at Place de la Contrescarpe; then the face got smashed again.

**AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE**

† My alarm clock takes the place of a wristwatch. I have owned only one wristwatch in my life, which worked perfectly for seven years before I mislaid it. It was given to me the day of my twentieth birthday. On that day I had visited a HERR ADLER, an Austrian Jewish poet who once received the poetry prize of the city of Basel, and who retained a very peculiar way of smoking from his days of internment in a concentration camp: lipping the cigarette, sucking in the smoke, puffing it out and inhaling it back, then expelling it and sucking it back in again as though each cigarette might be his last. At that age I still thought of myself as a poet, and having confidence in the judgment of HERR ADLER I had taken him some poems, which I read to him. At his place was

ALARM CLOCK / 38

a lady Ph. D., a professor of literature at the University of Basel. Following my reading, she asked me if I had a watch. After my negative response she declared that I must get one—to get some idea of time and cadence—and she invited me to accompany her home, where she gave me the wristwatch. It was my first present of the day. (The lady Ph. D. wasn't aware that it was my birthday, and one to which I attached much importance: because from that day on I was an adult and no longer had to present myself to the board of minors which had me under surveillance because I lived alone and without regular employment.)

The second present was given to me by a waitress at the Café Tropic whom I admired very much but never dared tell of my admiration. She had learned from someone that on that day I had turned twenty, and as I entered the café and ordered my usual cup of coffee, she brought the cup and four cakes, saying that she was giving them to me for my birthday, and this touched me very much.

The third present was from HANS SCHWEIZER, nicknamed SNAKY JACK (*Schlangehansi*). He owed his nickname to a fondness for reptiles, which he raised in his apartment (he slept in the kitchen, they in the living room; he ate bread and cheese, and the boa, for example, devoured rabbits) and about whom he wrote an article a year for the review *Herbarium*. Since he was weak in grammar and short on style, I helped him prepare his articles, which wasn't easy: he was so meticulously exact! On March 27, 1950, he timidly left a shoe box on my table and then fled. Inside I found a hundred sheets of typing paper (clumsily rolled up and tied with a cord), half a pound of butter and a chocolate bar. SNAKY JACK was a petty employee of a Basel insurance firm, where he was proud never to have missed a day of work in 30 years. He hated women, and I don't think he had ever known one, all his love being concentrated on his dangerous fad. He told me once that, just as other men perpetuate themselves through their children, his name would figure forever in science through his reptiles: for one day he had discovered a snake hitherto unknown, which now bears his name: *Vipera*, *Vipera Svizeri*.

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

†† On the subject of this picture and others he bought from me, ARTURO SCHWARZ (Nos. 2, 52) recently wrote me very officially entreating me "to take note that on the collages to be repaired, all the organic matter (bread, etc.) has been

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devoured by rats that infiltrated the storage room [*Tr. Note 1*] during the month of August" and that it would be necessary "to bring replacements," enclosing with the letter a check for the trip to Milan.†††

PIERRE RESTANY, on a trip to Milan, visited SCHWARZ, who showed him the fallen and damaged objects, carefully preserved like relics, which led RESTANY to ponder "the prolongation of object-fetishism through *décollage*." *Tr. Note 2*.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

Probably brown rats. According to MAURICE BURTON, a big difference between brown rats and black ones is that black ones are more given to climbing. "That is why, in warehouses, brown rats are found on the ground floor and in basements and black rats upstairs."

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 2

The collaborating rats contributed, to some extent, to the utility value of the snare-pictures. At least these works of art were not simply gathering dust, the fate of so many paintings stacked in the storage annexes of museums and galleries. Fortunately, however, the collaborators were unable to pull out the screws and nails. Inspired by the Chinese proverb "lou-shu-lai-kek-teng" (a rat pulling out a nail), CHARLES G. LELAND, better known under the pseudonym of HANS BREITMAN, a distinguished American philologist of the last century, composed the following poem in Pidgin-English:

One-tim one piecee lat
Pull hard to catchee nail,
And talkee when he come:
"Look-see what largey tail!

"But now my gettee out
T'his ting no good—no how
One piecee olo iron
No blongey good chow-chow."

Supposey man lose tim
'Bout one long foolo tale,
He take you in—P'ho!
It all-same lat an' nail.

—*Pidgin-English Sing-Song, or Songs and Stories in the China-English Dialect*, London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Ltd., 1904, p. 73.

ALARM CLOCK / 38

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

††† Fortunately I don't live in the 11th or 19th arrondissement, or, since last year, in the 16th, but in the 5th, for according to the newspaper *France Soir* of Thursday, March 22, 1962:

The city's rats by preference frequent the 11th and 19th arrondissements, and, since last year, the 16th. Since yesterday the thirteen RAT laboratory controllers (phone TAI 68-09), under the supervision of DR. CORRE-HURT, chief of epidemic research for the prefecture of police, have intensified their activities, and the deratization campaign will last until May 20.

Keep garbage cans†††† covered.

Keep cellars and courtyards clean.

Block up holes and large gaps under doors.

Cover vents with fine wire nets or grating.

Shield gutter spouts and drain pipes.

These are some of the precautions recommended by the specialists. After these precautions, don't forget traps and poisons.

AUTHOR'S RECENT NOTE

†††† I was eating paella with a friend in New York once, and when he saw me wrapping up chicken bones and mussel and shrimp shells to make a picture with he told me that his maid, who lives in Harlem, astounded him one day by doing the same thing after an elegant meal. She explained that she was going to take it home and put it in her own garbage can. It raised her status with the neighbors to have such high-falutin' garbage.

39

Strong black thread

unwound from its spool (No.
70).



40

Ordinary knife

with saw-tooth blade
smeared with butter (Nos.
1, 2, 27), white plastic han-
dle.†



AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† I have had three such knives. Since all the handles got broken, the plastic is probably of inferior quality.

41

**Microminiature Norev
model**

of a new RENAULT 4CV in its transparent wrapper, bought at the drugstore opposite the Hotel Beau Séjour (No. 26) at the same time as a liter of alcohol for my stove (Nos. 7a, 10.)



42

**Green Swingline
stapler**

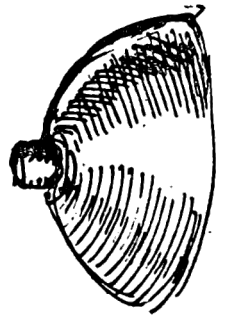


(No. 34m) bought for 24 francs the beginning of March to staple together the catalogues of the 1959 Edition MAT (Nos. 20, 34e). A year after this edition was terminated, I still had a pile of unbound sheets and the movement exhibition in Amsterdam gave me an opportunity to sell some of the catalogues (about thirty, at 1 florin each), and in that way I recovered at least the price of the stapler.

43

Push button for a bell

in dark brown Bakelite, the button of which, to be exact, is white, used in Nice during the Festival of New Realists for the electric razor attached to "The Tripod" (No. 31); purchased close to ARMAN'S studio, along with an ashtray full of small electrical fixtures, bought as was for 70 francs, glued and given later to VERA. I used the gold-colored wire attached to the button to make a lamp for KICHKA (No. 44).



44

**Very pretty dark blue
bottle**

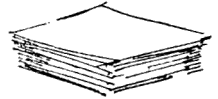


with a large neck, bought in a shop opposite the Galerie RAYMOND CORDIER, Rue GUÉNÉGAUD, one day when for no apparent reason I visited the gallery; said bottle is topped by a socket and bulb, the whole forming a bedside lamp.

45

Pack of blue toilet paper

with interfolded sheets, trademarked Soundproof,† which makes me think of Kangaroo men's shorts and Eros†† deodorant cakes for toilets. Some of these cakes, presented as "erotic objects," were in the surprise package given to KICHKA'S sister for her birthday (Nos. 2, 17, 22, 29, 63).†††



AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† FRANÇOIS DUFRÈNE (who helped correct the French manuscript of the re-anecdoted topography) called my attention to HANS ARP'S poem "Soundproof Blue" in the review *K*:

"With incongruous borborygmus the wind discharges . . . I hasten. At last I penetrate the soundproof blue of nostalgia."

(Meudon 1938)

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

†† EROS is also the family name of MARIE-LOUISE, a young Hungarian of the quarter, who wrote a book of prayers and in whose

PACK OF BLUE TOILET PAPER / 45

room I made the snare-picture "Birthday Breakfast With EROS" the morning of my 32nd anniversary.

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

††† The text of the topography going through my head, I was intrigued to learn that while soundproof toilet paper is only optional in Paris, it is obligatory for garbage cans to be (see the decree of the prefecture of police of the Seine Department of March 1962). I also found and bought another brand of toilet paper that considers the whole thing a Bagatelle (registered trademark, B&B, Paris); but the Catholic Church does not consider it a bagatelle, and made the manufacturer of another brand of paper, Adios, back down. I learned this from reading *Der Spiegel* (March 14, 1962) in an article titled "Blasphemy in Crepe." I asked *Der Spiegel* for permission to reprint excerpts from the article, which they very generously granted:

The Catholic Church has compelled one of West Germany's richest firms to change its business tactics. . . . Feldmühle, manufacturer of the old Servus paper, had decided to introduce "a modern toilet paper, fully hygienic, perfectly detachable, of fine crepe in pastel colors" at the attractive consumer price of 60 pfennigs. In view of the broadened touristic horizon of West Germans, advertising psychologists added to the name Servus, borrowed from Austria, the Spanish word Adios. Feldmühle launched Adios with a half-million-mark advertising campaign. In train compartments, on advertising pillars and match covers the firm confided: "Adios is better."

The new product had hardly been put on sale when, toward the beginning of December, the Feldmühle telephone rang. On the other end of the line was DR. JOHANNES NEUHÄUSLER, suffragan bishop of Munich, energetically demanding a bit of information: "I've just learned that you are advertising a toilet paper called Adios. Didn't you realize what you were doing?"

In a letter to the firm NEUHÄUSLER protested against the use of Adios for toilet paper, because according to the man of GOD the word offends religious sentiments: Adios means "GOD be with you."

For fear that the Catholic clergy would call for a boycott from the pulpit, the directors called off the publicity campaign and an order went out to find another name acoustically similar to Adios that would not hurt religious feelings. Publicity writers came up with Arios, but almost immediately it was

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pointed out that this name, too, could insult the faithful. At the beginning of the 4th century A.D. the Arian controversy, which traced its origin to the presbyter ARIUS of Alexandria, threw the Christian world into an uproar. Because ARIUS had been anathematized by the Council of Nicaea for his teachings—he denied the consubstantiality of the Father and the Son—Feldmühle's directors recoiled from the name Arios.

In their confusion the publicity men finally settled on Amios. But it was still not certain that the bishop would accept the new name. Amios recalls the Old Testament prophet AMOS who once warned against the inner corruption of men in times of economic prosperity. [*Tr. Note 1.*]

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

Returning from the art talks in Vienna (see No. 66, translator's note), the author and I stopped off in Munich to visit SOPHIE VON BEHR-NEGENDANK of *Der Spiegel*. She gave us the key to a very comfortable apartment (equipped with TV, and across the street from where KANDINSKY's atelier used to stand) owned by friends of hers then on vacation. One morning, planning an outing, the three of us were unable to agree on a destination. To decide the matter, SPOERRI placed a large map of the Munich area on the floor, shut his eyes, and dropped a coin: where it landed, we would go. It landed on Dachau. At Dachau I bought a book describing the German Catholic Church's opposition to HITLER, and it was written by this very same suffragan bishop, who had been interned at Dachau during the Second World War.

46

**Greenish Bakelite
ashtray**



broken on one side and burned in many places, fallen from a picture by GÉRARD DESCHAMPS exhibited at the New Realist show in Stockholm (the beginning of June 1961) and returned to me by mistake. When he came to retrieve his picture, DESCHAMPS preferred it without the ashtray, which is easy to explain because it clashed with the other material—cloth, bras, slips, etc.—with which he normally composes his pictures.†

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† DESCHAMPS, when this paragraph was read to him, explained that he really left me the ashtray because he didn't want to nail it up again, and that he hoped to see it someday in a good spot on one of my snare-pictures.

46a

Burnt match

in ashtray No. 46 (Nos. 7,
7a, 10).





47

White shirt button

(Nos. 58, 59, 73).

48

Electric plug

connected to the snare-picture "I'm Not Allowed to Dance." The star-shaped pin bearing this inscription (in German) I found about the time I gave up dancing;† along with a lot of other stuff I had collected over the years, it finished up on this picture and gave it the title. The plug is connected to a small lamp on the work, which can be turned on.



AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† I had just taken up dancing when I met MAX TERPIS, ballet master of the Berlin Opera during the 1920s. (The Nazi rise to power ended his career.) By the time I met him he had become a psychologist (before becoming ballet master he had been an architect). I mention this meeting here because it is to him that I owe most in life. Over the years we saw one another every day, and thanks to him I realized my potentialities. Once I acquired my own individuality, however, it inevitably conflicted with his, and I saw

ELECTRIC PLUG / 48

him only rarely the last years of his life, which he spent alone. After his death in 1958, his brother, in announcing the decease and informing me that TERPIS had remembered me generously in his will, justifiably reproached me for my ingratitude.

49

**Tricolored plastic
stopper**

black-green-red, from a bottle of Vin des Rochers (Nos. 3, 25, 341, 57, 67).





50

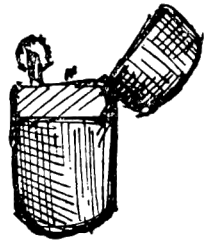
**Sample of Olfran
after-shave lotion**

(77%) found inside the electric-razor bag (No. 31), which I used only once; half empty due to evaporation.

51

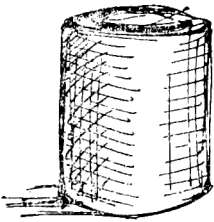
Small dispenser

of cigarette-lighter flints bought, although I didn't have a lighter, because the system of ejection seemed ingenious to me.



52

Two-pound container



of Vinavil glue bought, with four others, in Milan during my exhibition, on the advice of ARTURO SCHWARZ; the best glue I have found so far. Forgetting that I wasn't returning directly to Paris but via Amsterdam, I had to pay a surcharge for them on the plane. In Amsterdam I was visited by a friend who was hitchhiking back to Paris and who bravely undertook to carry the ten pounds of glue to my room. This is the glue I subsequently poured into the flexible apparatus described in No. 16.†

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† I am now in the happy position of being able to announce that my worries about glue are about to disappear. It was at the Bazar

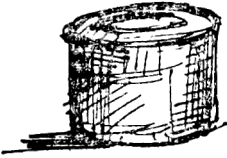
AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

de l'Hôtel de Ville that I fell upon Araldite (sold in America as Epoxy) which FELIX LEU had already described, but not by name, as miraculous, which I can confirm as true now that I have used it. During a trip to Basel, where FELIX LEU was born and lived for 16½ years, I visited the laboratories of CIBA, manufacturers of Araldite. A chemist there agreed that the problem with Araldite is not making it stick, but unsticking it when necessary. Which made me think that FRANÇOIS DUFRÊNE could find himself without an art if they ever start using Araldite for pasting posters.

53

Jar of powdered coffee

the brand name I forget;
after the first tracing of this
topography the jar got lost.
But one thing is certain, it
wasn't Nescafé, most likely
a Danish imitation bought
at IRMA'S (Nos. 15, 19, 21).



54

Screw, 2.5 cm long

from the assortment I generally use to fasten objects, bought from a hardware store on the Rue Mouffetard. The dealer is certainly surprised by my diligence, but he doesn't know that most of the screws are scattered about and glued to the pictures themselves.





55

Peanut presented to me

by MR. PEANUT, the peanut vendor in the quarter, my brother (“yessir, you’re my brother”), an old one-armed Algerian with a wrinkled face, who likes to recount the story of his missing left arm: “When I was little I fell out of a tree, yessir, really. Then my arm turned completely black, yessir, it really turned completely black. Afterwards I was able to remove the hand and throw it away, yessir, and later the whole arm turned black, and one day *it* fell off, yessir, that’s the truth, because we didn’t have any doctors, nobody went to see a doctor in those days, and that’s really true, yessir.”

56

Screw

Tr. Note 1.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

This simple entry should appeal to purists.



57

**Stopper† from Vin des
Rochers**



tricolored, this time red-
white-yellow. (Nos. 3, 25,
341, 49, 67.)

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† Crossing the Pont Neuf accompanied by ROBERT and probably MARIANNE and KICHKA, we all noticed at the same time a truck whose tire bolts were decorated with multicolored stoppers, which excited us and incited us to take down the license number and name of the firm, to be able to include it here:

RUFÈRE & Co.
Pigs
8356 GL 75

58

White shirt button

(Nos. 47, 59, 73).





59

White shirt button

(Nos. 47, 58, 73).

60

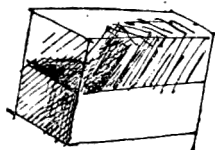
Screw

1.5 cm long (Nos. 54, 56).



61

Plastic box



containing 20 transparency frames, used during direct projections with polarized light (a method invented by BRUNO MUNARI) † on an evening at the I.C.A. (Institute of Contemporary Arts, see Nos. 34b, 34o, 77) in London in February 1960. The audience consisted of about 150 people and I was afraid the evening would be boring, but everyone was delighted and took part, with as much application as at a nursery school, gluing and arranging the slides. A jury selected by the audience chose the winning compositions, so everybody signed their frames. Among the names on the frames in said plastic box are MAPUJAH, TABAKO-

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

BUF, IRMA BODLEY, A.B., SPEARPOINT, LEE PENROSE, ROSALIE DE MEVI (?), EARL KOHN, I.H., LEONIE KOHN, S. RANKIN, BANKS, FRANÇOISE GILOT, TONY, and TOM GARLAND. *Tr. Note 1.*

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† *“Direct Projections with Polarised Light*

“This method uses projected light and breaks its course like the prismatic phenomenon by using a polarised slide which changes the colour composition. The audience is invited to make compositions with different materials such as cellophane and cellotape, which become coloured by the polarisation. The different colours are produced by the number of superimpositions of the same material. Materials which are already coloured do not give as many possibilities for changing colour.

“Start experimenting by folding a piece of cellophane or two pieces of different colours, a small square of black paper, a drop of mastic squeezed between two pieces of colourless rodhoid. Black or opaque papers in opposition to the coloured parts give more depth.

“Cleanness is important, for any trace of dirt or any speck of dust, no matter how small, will be magnified by the projection.”

—(English text distributed to the I.C.A. audience)

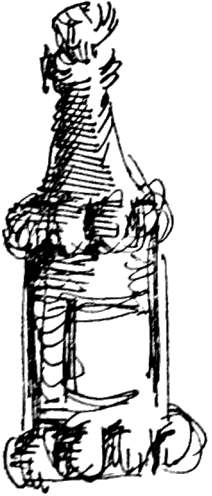
TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

Rummaging through the author's room, I found these other names on slides used during the same evening at the I.C.A.: UG, A, CROSBY, EILEEN, G. WISE, M. MORRIS, J. (?) BAKKER, VISCOTI, DAVID, VANE BIER (?), LAMI, D.G., and DAVENPORT.

62

Bottle of Sauzé

eau de cologne for men, verbena scent, three-fourths full, around the neck a black bow KICHKA gave me the day I received an invitation† to the preview of the “Art of Assemblage” exhibition in New York which stated that guests had to wear black ties.†† I had remarked to KICHKA that since I didn’t have one I wouldn’t be able to go to New York.†††



AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† Text of the invitation:

The President and Trustees of The Museum of Modern Art
request the pleasure of your company
at the Contributing Members' Preview of the exhibition
the art of assemblage
on Monday evening, October 2 from 9-11:30 o'clock

Tickets are required for admission

R.S.V.P. 11 West 53 Street New York 19

Black tie

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

†† After reading the manuscript, PIERRE RESTANY, theoretician of the New Realists, explained to me that "black tie" is the fashionable phrase for evening dress, that the tie can be black or white, which makes the immediate purchase of a black tie unnecessary.

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

††† I should point out that this exhibition was organized by WILLIAM C. SEITZ, who spoke to me about it in Amsterdam (No. 34d) during an agitated evening when we had had a lot to drink and I insulted him, for which I offer my apologies here. After the opening of my exhibition at Galerie LAWRENCE (Feb. 9 to March 7, 1962) SEITZ, passing through Paris, visited the gallery and, seeing one of my snare-pictures that caught his fancy, went against his principle of not collecting to the point of taking it off the wall himself and carrying it with him to the airport. He was unaware

BOTTLE OF SAUZÉ / 62

that this snare-picture—the top of a suitcase—had quite a story behind it. I told him all about it in my reply to his letter announcing the hanging of the picture:

The Museum of Modern Art
New York 19

February 27, 1962

Dear DANIEL,

Just a word to tell you that the frying pans, etc., are now hanging on my wall and look great.

With best regards,
BILL
(WILLIAM C. SEITZ)
Associate Curator

WCS:sjk

Paris, March 17, 1962

Dear BILL,

Just a word to tell you that the letter, etc., is now in my pocket and feels great.

With best regards,
DANIEL
(DANIEL I. SPOERRI)

P.S. It might interest you to know the story of the suitcase top. I was invited by an awful modernistic architect to participate in an exhibition he had arranged at his house in Cologne. . . . A few years ago, when I was going around Europe exhibiting the Edition MAT (multiplied art objects) I always wanted to be able to carry all the works of the artists in one suitcase. Once I even asked some of them to make their work small enough to fit into a suitcase. So on this new occasion . . . I took up the idea again, and I asked ARMAN, CÉSAR, DESCHAMPS, DUFRÊNE, HAINS, RAYSSE, NIKI DE ST-PHALLE, TINGUELY and DE LA VILLEGLÉ to participate with me in a suitcase exhibition. I made use of an old suitcase of mine that I was then using as a kind of table; the snare-picture that you bought is the top of this suitcase. By chance, a young gallery owner from Cologne—HARO LAUHUS—came to see me the same week I was working on the suitcase, and proposed an exhibition at his gallery, to follow the first performance at the architect's house.

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

So I went. BOB RAUSCHENBERG, who was at that time also in Paris, offered to participate in the exhibit, then said the only thing he'd like to do was furnish a padlock to lock the suitcase with, and to throw the key away. And I did it. It was rather difficult to cross the Franco-German border with my locked suitcase, but I succeeded in explaining to the customs officials that I was an illusionist, and that I couldn't open the suitcase without ruining my whole act—and from the way the top of the suitcase looked, they were ready to believe me. . . . I arrived, with my suitcase, at the house of the architect as scheduled (June 10, 1961). About 200 people were there, including DAVID TUDOR. The architect asked me not to take more than ten minutes, but I think the whole performance lasted about an hour and a half. First I had to saw the padlock, then I hung all the things on the wall, explaining irrelevant things about each artist and his work. NIKI had given me sugar candy to distribute to the public, TINGUELY asked me to blow soap bubbles, GHÉRASIM LUCA made a poem that I handed out, DUFRÊNE screamed a few letrist poems on a tape, we shot at one of NIKI'S pictures, two sculptures of TINGUELY had to be mounted together (they were attached to the suitcase), and so on. Anyway, I succeeded in what I wanted to do. . . . Next evening was the *vernissage* at the gallery. . . . And that's the story about the Blue GILLETTE Blade.

P.P.S. For the sake of exactness, I inform you that ROBERT FILLIOU has since made an even smaller exhibit. He carries small "works of art" in his cap, over his head, through the streets. He calls cap and contents "The Legitimate Gallery."††††

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

†††† This Legitimate Gallery also has a history. The idea was born during a tumultuous evening at the sumptuous seaside villa of AAGARD ANDERSEN near Helsingør where we drank a great deal, and where FILLIOU insulted MESDAMES ANDERSEN and HALLING KOCH, for which I don't know if he has been pardoned. In any case, during dinner he got the idea of starting a wheelbarrow gallery in Paris, where he was returning soon because of his expulsion from Denmark. Everybody present—TINGUELY, NIKI DE ST.-PHALLE, ADDI and TUT KOEPCKE, the ANDERSENS, the HALLING KOCHS, the USSINGS and I—was bowled over by the idea and, convulsed with laughter, made preposterous suggestions, which FILLIOU took seriously. And to prove to us that he was serious, the following day he sent TINGUELY this letter:

BOTTLE OF SAUZÉ / 62

Dear TINGUELY,

Pursuant to our conversation of last evening, I confirm that the *vernissage* of The Legitimate Gallery will take place during the month of October (or as soon as possible) with an exhibition of your work. The Legitimate Gallery is itinerant. It consists of a wheelbarrow or pushcart, according to need. It travels (legitimately) through the streets, in the highest creative tradition. Upon receipt of your works, I promise to maintain them in good condition, respect your prices, and to follow an itinerary to be worked out with you. My commission will consist of the usual 33 per cent.

On your part, you will contribute to the launching of the gallery by sending out invitations to your exhibition, and taking care of publicity (press, television, collectors).

The Legitimate Gallery will open as soon as legal formalities are arranged. If the price of the license surpasses my means, you will be expected to advance me the money, to be deducted from my commission.

In exchange for your assistance in launching the gallery, I promise to exhibit your "legitimate works" whenever you express the desire, in Paris as well as in the provinces and abroad (I intend to take the gallery to such cities as Brasilia, Tokyo, New York, Moscow, Peking, etc.), respecting, of course, contracts with other artists (NIKI DE ST.-PHALLE and DANIEL SPOERRI have already given their consent). Your confirmation of receipt of this letter will serve as our bond of agreement.

So long,
R. FILLIOU

Incidentally, I would like to quote the song FILLIOU sang, completely soused, to the tune of the COLONEL BOGEY March the rest of the evening, almost bursting our eardrums:

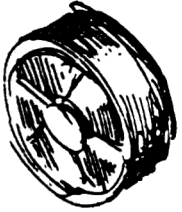
GOERING has only got one ball
HITLER has got them very small
HIMMLER
Is very similar
And poor old GOEBBELS has no balls at all

explaining each time that only the English could call their worst enemy "poor old GOEBBELS" and that's why they won the war.

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

To conclude the history of the gallery: FILLIOU was not able to get a license from the city of Paris, so he decided to reduce the dimensions of The Legitimate Gallery and carry it around on his head without a license. Thus The Legitimate Gallery turned out to be an illegitimate gallery.

I myself was so drunk that evening that I'm certain it was there I infected my finger, and not in the door of a taxi, as I once supposed; after two days the infection had spread almost up to my shoulder, and I was sent to a doctor: if I had come two days later, he said, I probably would have died of blood-poisoning. I don't know how the art critics of Copenhagen got wind of the infection, but EJNER JOHANSSON, the best known of them according to MARIANNE (anyway, he writes in the best paper, *Information*), said of me in an article dated Tuesday, Oct. 10, 1961: "He recently exhibited in Copenhagen, where he walked around with a serious blood infection that frightened his acquaintances."



63

Roll of Scotch tape

used up, with which I sealed the surprise packages for KICHKA'S sister on her birthday (Nos. 2, 17, 22, 29, 45).

64

Corner of a half-liter container of milk

Blue Circle brand. This container is one that has taken my fancy, and contains, in effect, a lesson in applied geometry. Cylindrical at the start, it ends up a pyramid.†



AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† From the *Petit Echo Diététique* No. 46, June 1960:

Blue Circle sells milk in this special container at the same price as bottled milk. It is the ideal container for milk. This simple and hygienic modern method for distributing pasteurized milk (see note to No. 9) comes to us from Sweden, a country with a very high dairy reputation (see No. 34d) and in which hygiene has advanced as nowhere else.

Why the strange shape? We are often asked the reason for the curious shape. Those who have seen our packaging machine in operation have been left spellbound and fascinated by its technical and mechanical perfection. The qualifying adjective "ingenious" has often been pronounced: this is in no way an exaggeration. How simple, how clean, how hygienic. It is not a prefabricated container, which is later filled;

CORNER OF A HALF-LITER CONTAINER / 64

in a single operation, without handling or human intervention, the machine shapes the container around the milk, and seals it vacuum-packed.

The container is not just a fancy carton: it is made from very special paper. The side that comes in direct contact with the milk is not coated with paraffin, but with pure polyethylene, used preeminently for packaging food products. It is absolutely harmless.

Why not a transparent container? Because light—natural or artificial—spoil milk, as well as many other products. The more exposure to light through a window, the sooner the exposed products deteriorate. Light “eats” colors, causes oxidation, corrosion and burning.

What does light do specifically to milk? In a matter of minutes it destroys vitamins A, C and B2, accelerates oxidation of fatty matter, and causes the distinctly unpleasant sensations known as “oxide taste” or “fishy taste” or “metallic flavor.”

65

Nail

3.5 cm long, brought from Sweden, square. In France, as far as I have been able to find out, nails are round and make wood fart. *Tr.* *Note 1.* Square nails are the only ones that don't have this defect, as ULTVEDT pointed out to me.



TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

Péter means "to fart" in French, and that is what the author says ULTVEDT told him square nails prevent wood from doing. But it seemed a harsh word for such an activity, and I queried another sculptor, LAURENCE WHITFIELD, in London, who obliged with the following data:

Nope, I ain't never heard of any wood that farts. I've known wood that splits, warps, dries in, swells out, twists, cracks, shakes and runs, but no sir I ain't never heard of any wood that farts. I thought I knew every kind of wood in GOD'S creation but this is a new one on me. . . . Happy to say that I do know something about your other query, though. I think the term "square nail" is a misnomer though there is an actual square nail made, which is used largely in packing-case manufacture, but I don't think that it has any advantages over the ordinary round nail, though perhaps it can be clenched over easier when it comes through the other side of the wood as it does in packing cases. But I think the ones you mean

NAIL / 65

are called "cut nails" or "brads." Nails were at one time made individually by blacksmiths, each one beaten out on an anvil, and so they had square corners. The first machine-made nails were stamped out from sheets of steel and so these too had square corners, and because of their rough edges gripped the fibres of the timber well. They don't have a sharp point like wire nails have, but have a flat tip. A thickish nail with a sharp point, when driven through a piece of timber, parts the fibres to allow the shaft of the nail through, but is really acting like a wedge and has a tendency to split the wood. With the cut nail, however, the square flat tip severs the fibres as it is driven in, in effect making a hole for itself, and so this lessens the chances of splitting, anyhow, that's enough about nails. Tap-Tap-Tap. . . . Q: What is a grub screw? A: A poke in the lunch hour.

66

Ordinary cork

Tr. Note 1, on a corkscrew, the missing handle of which was broken off a long time ago. I have continued using it with the aid of pliers because I keep forgetting to get a new one.



TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

The French word for cork is *liège*, but the Flemish city has no more to do with the bark of the cork-oak than has County Cork (which means swamp). Yet the ordinary cork (*bouchon ordinaire en liège*) gave SPOERRI an opportunity to digress on the contents of the right pocket of his black suit coat in an essay printed in a special number of the *Daily Bul* (published at La Louvière, Belgium) devoted to "A Stethoscopic Examination of the Belgian Continent." During this embryonic strip tease the author commented that the "bouchon ordinaire en liège" in his pocket "is not Belgian because it is stamped with the words 'fine wine.'"

The same black coat and the suit pants as well were submitted to a more thoroughgoing strip tease in Vienna. The summer of 1963 I accompanied SPOERRI to the IX. *Internationale Kunstgespräch* in the Austrian capital. We were installed in the apartments of prince-bishops at the Stift Klosterneuburg, where we plotted our strategy in baroque splendor. The title of the lecture-event was *Vortrag Über Das, Was im Augenblick zu Sagen Wäre, Mir Aber Vielleicht Nicht Einfällt*. SPOERRI removed the contents of his pockets and discussed each item in the fashion of the topography. While he lectured away (this was 9 a.m.

ORDINARY CORK / 66

Sunday morning, and we had been swimming nude in the Danube only a few hours before) I played a taped concert of music ranging from rock and roll to Romanian love ballads, served beer to everyone in the audience, took photos, passed out hard-boiled eggs, refilled the beer cups from time to time, gave away cigarettes, bonbons, lollipops and bubble-gum, interrupted him when he omitted what I considered relevant data (much in the fashion of my notes to this volume), handed out copies of the topography to the spectators page by page, conducted a lottery (won by ARNULF RAINER) and presented everyone an autographed photo of SPOERRI and myself. SPOERRI was brilliant. Then why did I interrupt him, and drown out his words? Well, what can be more boring than an art lecture? Anyway, it was a perfect collaboration. And even the Jesuit MONSIGNOR PROFESSOR DR. OTTO MAURER, who every Sunday spellbinds the faithful from the pulpit of ST. STEPHAN'S Cathedral, found it "amusing nonsense" (*charmante blödelei*).

I might add that in May 1965, after his return from New York, SPOERRI discarded his famous black suit, which I salvaged from the trash pile and wore during the translation of the greater part of this topography.

67

Plastic bottle-stopper

tricolored, red-white-yellow
(Nos. 3, 25, 341, 49, 57).



68

Paint brush

28 cm long, bought at the paint shop opposite the Greek restaurant on the Rue DESCARTES, the owner of which has called me Mr. Constanza ever since he learned that I am Romanian by birth. The Romanian port of the same name caused his ears to be boxed when he was a schoolboy in Athens and wasn't able to solve a textbook problem about seamen making purchases in Constanza; ever since, Romania for him has equalled Constanza. This brush replaced another of the same size on a snare-picture called "Edition MAT" (Nos. 20, 34e), now in TINGUELY'S possession, so named because




AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

all the tools and other material used to make the objects in the MAT collection are on it. The first brush was lost during the New Realist exhibition at the Galerie J in June 1961.

69

Aluminum tube



full of pistachio-green Dolorostan† pills bought while I was vacationing in Nice after a sudden attack of rheumatism that seemed all the more violent because it was my first. After three days I went to see a doctor who told me the pills were “not worth shit” and that there was nothing more effective against rheumatism than plain old aspirins.

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† Inscription on the tube:

“Pain-chasing DOLOROSTAN / Directions for use: 2 to 6 pills daily before meals. For gout, rheumatism, sciatica, arthritis and affections of the liver and kidneys. Dosage: Extr. graminis 0.008g—extr. fraxini 0.024g—extr. sarothamhi 0.0064g—extr. juniperi 0.019g—extr. hyascyami 3 millig. 2—extr. sarsaparilloe 0.0011g—extr. sassafra 0.012g—extr.

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

scilloe 0.012g—extr. convallariae 0.002g—extr. guaiaci 0.0064g
—natrsalicylicum 0.05g $\frac{1}{2}$ —natr. bromatum 0.02g (per tab-
let). DUMONTIER Laboratories, Rouen, France.”

(In addition, there is a pretty little picture of a chapel on
a mountain slope.)

A spool that isn't one

but a cardboard star of black thread (No. 39) bought several days ago at my newsdealer's, as well as a needle. At Les Cinq Billards café (see No. 3, note††), where I went after making the purchase, I met ANNIE, a young woman of the quarter: seeing me with these two objects, she offered to sew on the button missing from my fly† (see translator's note, No. 66). She started at once, on the spot, which reminded MADELEINE the waitress that one day back in the Auvergne she sewed two buttons on a customer's fly, that it was difficult to do without touching it, and that everybody had laughed.



AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† I recall the teacher in grade school, HERR MOLL, who never remembered to button his fly after going to the lavatory. Our big pleasure consisted in pointing out to him: "You left something open, HERR MOLL"—which never failed to embarrass him very much.

At the house of my brother, a future minister who teaches school in the meantime, I copied down this composition of one of his students, KÄTHI HELD, a young girl of 14, considered the brightest student in the class:

I want to be a seemstress. That is a nice job. You can sit in the room and still earn something in summer and winter. Only it is expensive to learn about 3 years that is a long time. To learn it right. It is hard but even so it is still nice. That would be my wish when I am out of school and could learn to sew. It takes pashents and you have to try hard. [*Tr. Note 1.*]

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

KÄTHI'S composition was translated from the German by my daughter PENELOPE, age 12. Instructed *not* to better what she called "very bad German," she attempted to render it in "very bad English." I find the result very satisfactory, although my daughter LAURA is puzzled that such sloppy writing is going to be published.

To return to the subject of HERR MOLL'S fly: My son EUGENE one Thanksgiving Day convulsed a dinner guest by pointing his finger and shouting "One two three four five six seven eight nine ten—the hot dog stand is open."



71

Rusty nail†

(No. 65).

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† La même nuit où RAYMOND HAINS me parla (note to No. 3) pendant qu'il me disait au sujet de ce clou, en réponse à ma question sur son idée du clou de la Palissade: "Quand ma Palissade est au clou, ma tante est au Mont de Piété," ANNETTE, la propriétaire du café de la rue THOUIN où nous nous trouvions alors par coïncidence, racontait à un client: ". . . et moi je traversais les clous en dehors des clous, alors le flic me rappelle et me dit: 'Vous allez faire le passage des clous dix fois'—alors à la dixième fois je suis partie en biais sortant des clous—j'étais terrible quand j'étais petite." *Tr. Note 1.*

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

This note has been kept in the original French for three reasons: it abounds in untranslatable puns, shows how the author handles his adopted language, and affords students of French an opportunity to show off. But mostly for the first reason.

72

Ball-point pen

Bic brand, black ink, with grooved no-slip grip, which says nothing to me except something I prefer to keep absolutely to myself, for the sake of propriety. I am in the process of using it while writing these very lines.



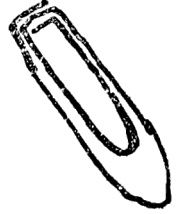


73

Small white card

to which nine white shirt buttons were originally sewed; only two of them remain (Nos. 47, 58, 59). The card is torn at one corner and partly covered with crumpled silver paper.

Paper clip†



AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

† “trom·bone\ (') träm'bōn, (,) trəm'bōn\ *n* -s [It, aug. of *tromba* trumpet, of Gmc origin; akin to OHG *trumpa*, *trumba* trumpet—more at TRUMP (trumpet)] **1 a** (1): a brass wind instrument that has a cupped mouthpiece, that consists of a long cylindrical metal tube bent twice upon itself and ending in a bell and that has its first crook as a movable slide thereby permitting the player to control the length of the vibrating column and produce any pitch within its compass of E to b_b'—compare VALVE TROMBONE (2): a player on this instrument **b**: a large-scale pipe-organ stop of a quality similar to that of the trombone **2**: an early blunderbuss having a large trumpet-shaped muzzle **3**: a U-shaped section that resembles the slide of a trombone and that adjusts tuning in a wave-guide or coaxial-line circuit.”

—By permission. From WEBSTER'S *Third New International Dictionary*, copyright 1961 by G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers of the Merriam-WEBSTER Dictionaries.

(None of these trombones, but a paper clip.) *Tr. Note 1.*

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

Unfortunately for the English and American reader, a paper clip in the shape shown at No. 74 on the topographic map is called a *trombone*

PAPER CLIP / 74

in French; I say unfortunately, because it deprives him of the lusty exchange between PIERRE RESTANY†† and SPOERRI that appeared in the original French edition of the topography. To supplement the definitions of *trombone* in the *Petit LAROUSSE* and the *Petit LITTRÉ*, both of which standard French dictionaries ignore the contemporary commercial and administrative use of the word, RESTANY suggested the following:

A clasp or holder for letters, bills, clippings, etc., made of metal or plastic, bent twice upon itself (the large crook embracing the smaller one), the shape of which resembles the musical instrument from which the name is derived. Use: place the edges of the papers to be clasped or held together between the two crooks until the upper extremity of the trombone is level with the edges of the papers; to remove, turn rather than pull the trombone to avoid puncturing the papers. Historical: this type of fastener (certainly posterior to the war of 1914-18: GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE did not know of it) has advantageously replaced such anterior methods of ligature as paste, wire, pins. Its hegemony is nevertheless threatened at the present time, challenged . . . above all by the automatic stapler. . . .

I should like to point out that the *LAROUSSE Dictionnaire Moderne Français-Anglais* does list the administrative and commercial use of *trombone*, an insight I attribute to the genius of ROGER SHATTUCK whose hand I detect (rightly or wrongly) in the more interesting entries of this useful work.

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

†† The following letter from PIERRE RESTANY, in which he criticizes my vocabulary, was printed on the flyleaf of the first edition of the topography:

Can Day, AMÉLIE-les-Bains, 30-12-61

Salut!

The topography holds up briskly under a second reading . . . in the calm of the Pyrenees. I have not succeeded, however, in digesting the term "anecdote" (*Topographie Anecdotee du Hasard*). After an extensive examination of the *Grand LAROUSSE Encyclopédique* in seven volumes I point out for your benefit:

1—that the orthography *anecdoté, ée*, which presupposes the verb *anecdoter* (non-existent) is not listed, and that it is thus necessary to consider it a neologism of your invention, a rather inharmonious one.

2—that the word *anecdote* in its original sense (from the

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

Greek *anekdotos*) signifies "things unpublished": I forward this observation for your cogitation.†††

3—that there exists, on the other hand, the word *anecdotomanie*, from which one can very properly build *anecdotomaniaque*, and which means mania for research, for telling anecdotes. It offers, moreover, the advantage of being recognized by the Academy (in the spirit of a "new realist").

P. RESTANY

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

††† During the course of a conversation on Feb. 15, 1962, KICHKA'S sister, told of EMMETT WILLIAMS' declaration that "people will kiss your ass [*Tr. Note 2*] for the next fifty years because of your book," suggested rephrasing the sentiment to read "people will kiss your book for the next fifty years because of your ass," adding that that is what happened to the MARQUIS DE SADE.††††

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 2

Figuratively speaking.

AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

†††† BAZON JÜRGEN HERMANN JOHANNES VLADIMIR HANS JOACHIM PHOENIX PHLEBAS BROCK, who once started to translate the topography into German, told me with enthusiasm several years ago, in an intellectual fashion I have never been able to understand (his thesis, "Die Kategorien der Selbstbestimmung und Fremdbestimmung des Geistes," helps confirm my incomprehension), that the topography represents the materialization of a method of writing propagated by JAMES JOYCE. I replied that I had never read JOYCE, but that I knew from an anecdote about him that I read in *Der Spiegel* that JOYCE had never read his colleague MARCEL PROUST. Some weeks later I found in *l'Express* of Feb. 15, 1962, the same anecdote: according to JOYCE, the conversation at the meeting of the two geniuses was restricted to the word "No." PROUST asked JOYCE if he knew the DUKE OF_____. JOYCE answered no. Their hostess asked PROUST if he had read such and such a passage in *Ulysses*, to which PROUST answered no.

According to another version of the meeting, PROUST regretted that he did not know JOYCE'S work, and JOYCE said he had never read PROUST, and the conversation stopped there.

75

Bronze token



inscribed on one side “Métamatic — TINGUELY — July 1959 — Paris” and on the other side “Métamatic” across the middle, and in a circle around the rim “VIVA EVA — YVES — HENRI — IRIS — XAVIER — PONTUS.” They could be purchased for 3 francs during the exhibition of Métamatic† machines at IRIS CLERT’S gallery in June 1959, an exhibition that had wide repercussions, particularly in the press, which wrongly interpreted the machines as only a joke at the expense of abstract painting.

AUTHOR’S ORIGINAL NOTE

† “Letters patent / P.V. 798.710 / No. 1.237.934 / International classification: B 43 h-B 44 d / French Republic /

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Industrial Ministry / Bureau of Patent Rights / Drawing and painting machine / JEAN TINGUELY, Swiss resident / Applied for June 26, 1959, at 1700 hours, Paris. Issued June 27, 1960 / (Letters patent of which the issuance has been postponed in pursuance of article 11, section 7, of the law of July 5, 1884, modified by the law of April 7, 1902) / The present invention has as its objective a machine of simple construction, for drawing or painting in a manner which, in practice, is wholly automatic, human intervention being limited to the selection of one or several parameters and, on occasion, furnishing motor energy.

“This machine can be used as a toy, for the realization of abstract drawings and paintings capable of being exhibited and preserved, for the continuous decoration of rolls of paper or cloth. It permits the execution on a sheet of paper, canvas, roll or other element referred to hereinafter as ‘drawing sheet’ a drawing or painting referred to as ‘drawing’ by means of a writing instrument or brush and referred to as ‘writing instrument,’ this instrument being able in a very general way, accepted or other, to draw and paint. This granted, the apparatus is noteworthy in that it comprises in combination a frame, a support for the drawing sheet attached to this frame, a writing-instrument holder placed in front of the drawing-sheet support and also connected to the frame, the means of liaison between the frame of the drawing-board support and the writing-instrument holder being such that the writing instrument can approach or withdraw from the support, its active extremity being able to sweep across the surface of the support, and a control mechanism, also attached to the frame, and destined to communicate, through the intermediation of said means of liaison, connected unsystematic movements to the writing instrument in relation to the frame to place it in contact in an irregular manner and under the influence of chance with the drawing sheet held by the support.

“According to a preferred method of execution, the control mechanism is attached to the means of liaison, to the frame of the drawing-sheet support and the writing-instrument holder, to impel both with unsystematic movements.

.....

BRONZE TOKEN / 75

“In another variant, the machine is portable, its frame adapted to fit easily the body of the person carrying it.

.....

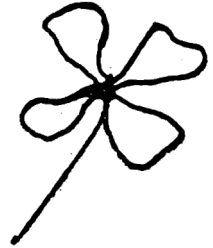
“JEAN TINGUELY (by proxy): LAVOIX, attorney-at-law”

—(Excerpt)

76

Four-leaf clovers

gilt, pinned to a small card that tells my fortune and describes the good-luck charm.† I got the small white rectangular card by taking a chance at a bakery at the Flea Market in the company of KICHKA and KICHKA'S sister, then instructor of English at a school in Dijon and now assistant professor at the University of Nantes, who provided the 10 centimes.



AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL NOTE

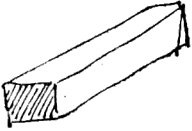
† Text of the card:

“Don't let reversals upset you. React against the weaknesses you show from time to time. Avoid a person among your acquaintances who tries to learn your secrets in order to divulge them to others and harm you.”

77

Cover for the plastic box

(No. 61) containing the projection frames. On it, a Magic Marker (No. 78).



Magic Marker

black ink. The pictures exhibited at Galerie KOEPCKE (No. 6) in Copenhagen were signed with it. I found it there, in the apartment of FILLIOU, who helped me write this text in French because I was born March 27, 1930, in Galati, Romania, and he was born Jan. 17, 1926, at Sauve (Gard).†



AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† Thinking it might be diverting to review the facts of my life up to the present, I asked ROBERT FILLIOU to write my biography from details MICHÈLE RICARD (see No. 25, note †) received from my mouth:

DANIEL was born DANIEL ISAAC FEINSTEIN March 27, 1930, at Galati, a Romanian port on the Danube. He lived there until he was 12. His father, a Jew converted to Protestantism, had founded a mission there to convert other Jews. After his death at the hands of the Germans in 1941, the family fled to Switzerland, where DANIEL was adopted by his maternal uncle, PROF. DR. DR. H.C. DR. H.C. DR. H.C. THEOPHIL SPOERRI, rector of the

University of Zurich. He was a bad student, and was apprenticed to an import house. He stole large quantities of postage stamps and was dismissed. He became an apprentice bookseller in a bookstore that also sold stuffed animals. He stole a mounted frog and was dismissed again, which pleased him because, recently converted, he had decided to become a missionary in Tibet. But he lost his faith after reading COUÉ'S "Auto-suggestion" at a model farm where he had been apprenticed while waiting to enter missionary school. He left the farm and headed for Basel where his family enrolled him in a commercial school. He was thrown out because he spent his time reading poetry (especially RILKE, HOFMANNSTHAL and STEFAN GEORGE). After that he lived alone, without a regular job, under the surveillance of the minors' control board, from whom he escaped many times during trips to Amsterdam, Paris and Marseille. He stole fruit on the street, hired out as an unskilled laborer, waited tables at a café, and wrote poetry until all his manuscripts were stolen while he was sleeping under a bridge of the Seine, then stopped writing poetry altogether. He studied photography, but not for long. Then he started dancing nights in a Zurich jazz cellar, and shortly afterwards entered a school of classical dance, which he attended more or less regularly for two years. In 1952 he was in Paris studying classical dance with PREOBRJENSKA and mime with DECROUX. He guided tourists around Paris and escorted pilgrims to Lourdes. In Paris he renewed his acquaintance with TINGUELY, whom he had known in Basel. Together they conceived a color ballet with mobile decor, which collapsed the day of the final rehearsal. In 1954 he was first dancer at the Bern Opera. He staged several avant-garde plays ("The Bald Soprano" and "The Lesson" of IONESCO, PICASSO'S "Desire Trapped by the Tail" and works of TARDIEU, BECKETT and TZARA). He taught mime and jazz choreography, and directed several studies for the experimental theater. In 1957 he became an assistant to GUSTAV RUDOLF SELLNER at the Landestheater in Darmstadt, Germany. He took part in the movement exhibition at the Hesselhuis in Antwerp, where he exhibited a wood sculpture transformable by the chance participation of spectators, and, with the help of TINGUELY, the Autotheater, which turned the spectators into actors. This was in 1958, after he had published a series of articles with CLAUS BREMER on experimental theater. In 1959 he left Darmstadt and went to Paris with VERA. The rest is in the topography.

79

Tin sauce ladle

rejected by KICHKA from a pile of shoemaker's tools with which she herself wanted to make a picture, all bought at the Flea Market for 25 francs.†



AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTE

† MONSIEUR RIES, whose sole trip outside of France was to Metz (part of Germany before 1914), and who now runs the café-grocery-telephone at Grégy-sur-Yerre where TINGUELY has a barn, and a former secondhand dealer who still knows a bargain when he sees one, says to me every time he sees me: "You have a small truck and you know the Flea Market so well, you ought to get into the secondhand business. You can't make anything out of art. But you'd make a good secondhand dealer. During the week you could drive around the countryside and visit farms—I can give you plenty of addresses—and on Sunday set up shop at the Flea Market and show off your things all cleaned up. You'll see, sometimes nothing happens, then all of a sudden, when you least expect it, zap! you'll have a wad in your pocket." *Tr. Note 1.*

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE 1

MONSIEUR RIES has been otherwise immortalized in another of SPOERRI's works, the trilingual *L'Optique Moderne* (see Introduction, translator's

TIN SAUCE LADLE / 79

note 2), in which the author models something misnamed and misspelled "Assymetrical eye-blower." This turns out to be a pair of eyeglasses with one powerful lens and one of plain glass ("Mister Ries model"), the type worn by the former secondhand dealer of Grégy-sur-Yerre, shortsighted in his right eye.

But perhaps the most spectacular of the spectacles demonstrated in this unusual book are "ROBERT FILLIOU'S glasses, reduced to powder, promised to the collection." Their reduction to powder is shown in twenty-five photographs of "Thirteen Ways to Use EMMETT WILLIAMS' Skull," a composition by ROBERT FILLIOU. Here is the script:

On stage: EMMETT WILLIAMS, bald since the age of 17, designated by the initial E., and ROBERT FILLIOU, who has worn glasses since the age of 4, designated by the initial R.

E. is seated on a chair. R. stands behind him. From a bag, R. takes a wig and places it on E.'s skull. R. removes the wig, and replaces it with a second. He repeats this operation until he has placed the thirteenth wig on E.'s skull.

As R. leans over to see how the thirteenth wig looks on E., E. suddenly snatches the glasses off R.'s face and snaps them in two. Then he throws them on the ground. He stands up and stomps on them. He produces a grinder, scoops up the remains of R.'s glasses, stuffs them into the grinder, and reduces them to powder. Next he takes an envelope from his pocket, pours the powdered glasses from the grinder into the envelope, extracts a piece of paper and a pen from his pocket and writes: "Dear DANIEL, here, to augment your collection, are FILLIOU'S glasses, reduced to powder."

R. casts his eyes heavenward and intones: "Powder! Oh heavens!" E. puts the letter in the envelope, seals it, stamps it, addresses it, then reads in a loud voice: "DANIEL SPOERRI, 24 Rue Mouffetard, Paris 5." E. leaves, saying to R. in parting: "I have to mail a letter."

And this really took place outside of the Chope, a café only a stone's throw from the Hotel Carcassonne, to the utter bewilderment of passers-by who thronged to watch (unknowingly) the perpetrators of this topography at work.

80

Cigarette burn

on the first tracing of this
topography.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Illustration is manufactured by carefully burning the book with a
cigarette.

appendix i

Topographic Relief Index

For the benefit of readers who have not seen MERET OPPENHEIM'S composition based on the relief features of this topography, which consists of the topographic map covered with cotton representing 15 centimeters of snow, the contours of only those objects exceeding 15 centimeters in height cut out (underlined in the list below), here are the heights of all the objects, measured at her request Feb. 28, 1962:

		12.	12.5 cm
		13, 13a.	2.5 mm
		14.	4.5 cm
		15.	7.3 cm
		16.	<u>14.5 cm</u> (cut out only partly)
		17.	ca 2 — 3 mm
		18.	<u>15 cm</u>
		19.	7.9 cm
		20.	11.2 cm
		21.	7.3 cm
		22.	1.5 mm
		23.	8.5 cm
		24.	ca 7.5 cm
		25.	1 cm
		26.	1.7 cm
		27.	2 cm
		28.	7.5 cm
		28a.	0.0 mm
		29.	1 mm
		30.	7.3 cm
		31.	ca 10 cm
		32.	1.3 cm
		33.	ca 3.3 cm
		34.	9.5 cm
		35.	<u>23.3 cm</u> } <u>32.8 cm</u>
		36.	ca 5 mm
		37.	1.7 cm
		38.	11.7 cm
		39.	0.5 mm
1.	ca 1.5 cm		
1a.	ca 1-3 mm		
2.	2.8 cm (egg cup)		
	ca 5-6 cm (egg cup with shell)		
3.	<u>32 cm</u>		
4, 4a.	ca 1 mm		
5.	0.5 mm		
6.	6.9 cm		
7.	1.5 cm	} 1.65 cm	
7a.	1.5 mm		
8.	6.1 mm		
9.	<u>21.5 cm</u>		
10.	1.5 mm		
11.	13 cm		

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40.	1 cm	60.	ca 3 — 4 mm
41.	2.8 cm	61.	4 cm
42.	5.6 cm	62.	12.3 cm
43.	3 cm	63.	1.5 cm
44.	<u>26 cm</u> (bottle)	64.	1.2 cm
	<u>41 cm</u> (with socket and bulb)	65.	3 mm
45.	ca 3 cm	66.	2 cm
46.	1.5 cm	67.	1 cm
46a.	1.5 mm	68.	1 cm (on No. 45; together, ca 4 cm)
47.	2 mm		
48.	1.5 cm	69.	2.4 cm
49.	1 cm	70.	0.5 cm
50.	1.3 cm	71.	ca 2 mm
51.	3 mm	72.	0.9 cm
52.	13 cm	73.	ca 3 mm
53.	ca 7 cm	74.	ca 1 mm
54.	ca 4 mm	75.	2 mm
55.	ca 1 cm	76.	ca 0.5 cm
56.	ca 4 mm	77.	2 cm
57.	1 cm	78.	1.7 cm
58.	ca 2 mm	79.	3.5 cm
59.	ca 2 mm	80.	0.0 mm

appendix ii

Development of the Snare-Picture

(1) Snare-picture: objects found in chance positions, in order or disorder (on tables, in boxes, drawers, etc.) are fixed ("snared") as they are. Only the plane is changed: since the result is called a picture, what was horizontal becomes vertical. Example: remains of a meal are fixed to the table at which the meal was consumed, and the table hung on the wall.

(2) Snare-picture squared (snare-picture of a snare-picture): the tools used to fix the objects in a snare-picture are themselves snared along with the objects, in the position they occupied at a certain "snared" moment.

(3) In the "Grocery Store" at the Galerie KOEPCKE in Copenhagen in October 1961, groceries were recognized as individual works of art without being incorporated into an assemblage. They were stamped "Caution, Work of Art" and bore my certifying signature (see No. 6). Nothing else about them was changed, and the price was the

current market price of each article.

(4) Dark glasses equipped with needles to poke out the eyes made necessary and possible the recreation of objects through memory and the imagination. The objects found on a table, instead of being fixed and exhibited, are simply indicated on a numbered topographic map, with anecdoted descriptions of the objects in an accompanying text. Example: the present volume.

(5) Once the creation of objects through the imagination is accepted (at first the imagination was totally rejected), the false snare-picture enters. It consists of imagining and composing a situation in which the details appear to be a chance situation, so that the result cannot be distinguished optically from a real snare-picture. Example: a playpen with scattered objects and toys that a baby might have left in disorder, except that the pen was never used by a baby.

(6) Working with chance sit-

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

uations implies the acceptance of chance as a collaborator after the initial result has been achieved, of transformations due to time, weather, corrosion, dirt, etc. Example: the rats who devoured the organic matter on two of my snare-pictures at Galleria SCHWARZ in Milan (see No. 38, note ††) have been accepted as collaborators. Taboos have as their objective the preservation of traditions and forms, an objective that I reject: at the Galerie KOEPCKE "Grocery Store," sandwich rolls, in which garbage and junk were mixed during the kneading, were baked and sold as "taboo catalogues."

(7) When the supporting element of a snare-picture represents something (if it is a realist painting, for instance) a relationship is automatically established between the snared objects and the supporting element. This relationship destroys the false perspective of the representation: a deliberate choice of added objects interprets, profanes and changes the meaning of the supporting element. Ex-

ample of a *détrompe-l'oeil*: a romantic view of the Alps—a valley with a stream flowing toward the spectator—is augmented by bathtub faucets and a shower.

(8) Chance and creation merge, the difference between the snare-picture and the false snare-picture gradually disappears when the real snare-picture is multiplied by false ones. In the "art multiplier," a chance situation is fixed to a mirror, and the same situation is reflected into another mirror joined to the first by hinges. In addition, the objects are reflected and multiplied in proportion to the angle at which the mirrors are set.

(9) Everything is a snare-picture, anybody can choose a chance situation and make a picture out of it. To demonstrate this, I accepted an invitation to exhibit at the Danish "Salon de Mai" in 1962 on the condition that ADDI KOEPCKE be allowed to choose and fix situations in my name. The following certificate of guarantee was printed for the occasion:

DEVELOPMENT OF THE SNARE-PICTURE

BREVET DE GARANTIE

TABLEAU - PIÈGE

Fabriqué sous licence par :.....

Titre :.....

Date :.....Lieu :.....Dim. :.....

en foi de quoi - pour que ceux qui ont des yeux voient -
j'autentifie :

(DANIEL SPOERRI)

(10) The foregoing principles can be applied to the other arts. A conversation between four persons, snared on tape and reproduced as was, became the play "Yes, Mamma, We'll Do It," first performed at the Municipal Theater in Ulm, Germany, in October 1962. This true snare-play became a false snare-play when it was acted out on the stage; but it became a true snare-play in the second part of the play when the actors listened to themselves speaking their roles in the first part and commented spontaneously.

(11) During the group mani-

festation Dylaby (dynamic labyrinth) at the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam in September 1962, I transformed two rooms of the museum. In one, converted into a dark labyrinth, the spectators were exposed to sensory experiences (warm and humid surfaces, varied textures, sounds and odors) as if, blinded by the dark spectacles equipped with needles (see above), they had to develop their senses to appreciate the environment. In the other room, a principle of the snare-picture (changing of plane) was applied to a whole room containing an exhibition

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

of *fin de siècle* painting and sculpture. The real floor was "hung" with paintings, so that it was transformed into a wall; sculpture "stood" on one of the real walls, transforming a real wall into the floor; and the other walls shifted their position in relation to the new "floor."

(12) In my "collections," a definite object, preferably commonplace (cooking utensils and gadgets, eyeglasses, shoe stretchers), is shown in as many variations as possible, as found at different times and places. Here the goal is not to show the chance relationship of the object to the other objects around it, but its evolution and transformation. For this reason the objects are not fixed to a supporting element, but placed or hung ready for use.

(13) In the "Restaurant" (see Appendix IV) several of the foregoing independent ideas were integrated:

- (a) The restaurant tables became snare-pictures.
- (b) As in the Grocery Store, the foodstuffs were exhibited as works of art without being incorporated into assemblages.
- (c) The prepared dishes were transformed (eaten, etc.) during the meals.
- (d) The sense of taste was added to the visual, descriptive, tactile aspects of the exhibition.

(e) The "collection," in this case cooking utensils, found its ideal use.

(14) In March 1963, a composite photograph of my room, composed of 55 individual shots, was exhibited as a snare-picture at the *Comparaisons* exhibition in Paris.

(15) In the Dorotheanum (Non-Profit Suicide Institute), at DOROTHEA LOEHR'S gallery in Frankfurt-am-Main in October 1963, different facilities for suicide were offered in eleven rooms. (No one took advantage of the opportunities offered.)

(16) In March 1964 at the ALLAN STONE Gallery in New York, I exhibited 31 "Variations on a Meal," extending the variations-on-a-theme principle of hard-edge art to include the collaboration of chance. Thirty-one identically set tables were transformed through the agency of the invited guests. The results were exhibited.

(17) The "word traps" made together with ROBERT FILLIOU were an attempt to visualize proverbs and sayings. Example: "Raining cats and dogs," in which toy cats and dogs were fixed to the top of an open umbrella.

(18) The exhibition of my hotel room. (See 34d, translator's note.)

These principles developed in an unmethodical fashion, and are much less precise categories than they might seem as outlined above.

appendix iii

Topographical Reconstruction of a Criminal Act

(First printed in the YVES KLEIN memorial number of *KWY*, Paris, Spring 1963)

1. S.E.I.T.A. matchbox, half full, with drawing of an Alsatian man in traditional costume, lying face down. (EMMETT tells me that in this position one doesn't snore.)
2. Freshly opened pack of Gauloises, bought at Les Cinq Billards (where I was waiting for EMMETT, living in the room next to mine, to get dressed and come with me to lunch at LOU's apartment), after I discovered I had left my cigarettes upstairs in my room.
3. Wine glass, one finger full of smoked wine. (See 11.)
4. Matchbox, same design as 1, face up and empty. (See 11.)
5. LOU's scissors, used to cut silver foil. (See 10, 11.)
6. Milky-porcelain ashtray with red CARLSBERG trademark, containing seven cigarette butts (one of which, only a quarter smoked, probably belonged to LOU), 14 burned matches, some of them only a quarter of an inch long (see 11) and ashes.
7. Two small bars of Suchard chocolate, offered to EMMETT and me by LOU, who wondered what the word *croquer* in "chocolat à croquer" on the wrapper meant. I explained it by telling her what *croqueuse de diamants* meant.
8. Small sewing kit, in a clear plastic case, called Multifil (patent not protected by the French government), containing interwoven strands of multicolored thread and four needles. The fifth needle, double-threaded with black, was used to punch holes in the silver foil. (See 11.)

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9. Cork (from 10) inscribed "Plan de Dieu."
10. Part of the base of a bottle of Côtes du Rhône, "Plan de Dieu," bought near the Place de la Contrescarpe with EMMETT on the way to lunch with LOU, to help convince her that the delay in our travel plans was a *Plan de Dieu*. (My Milan show was postponed four days after ARTURO SCHWARZ, the gallery owner, broke two ribs in an automobile accident.)
11. Medicine bottle with plastic top, originally containing a very expensive antibiotic available only with a prescription, partly refilled with *canabis indica*. A rubber band around the bottle top secured the folded silver foil (see 12) after completion of the criminal act. Following lunch, which consisted of eggs scrambled with onions, beans with corn, sliced ham, croissants, pumpernickel, butter and Gala cheese, LOU brought the medicine bottle to the table and offered to show us how to play hooka-ooka, poppety-boo, or something similar, I forget the expression she used. Then she closed the curtains to darken the room. EMMETT seemed to know what was about to happen, but as usual he hid his knowledge behind a mischievous smile. Then LOU outlined the rim of a glass on the silver foil, and cut around it so that it would fit over the top of the glass with enough space below the rim to allow for a rubber band to hold the foil in place—like one does with opened cans and jars, etc. She took the needle and punched 20 or 30 tiny holes in an area about the size of a 1-franc piece near the rim of the glass, and opposite the tiny holes she cut a narrow slit (she called it a mouth) with the needle. I was mystified by these activities, not knowing why one should drink wine out of a glass prepared in such a fashion. LOU told me to wait and see. Then she put a small amount of *canabis indica* over the holes, and after lighting it told me to suck through the slit. Then I understood. To make LOU and EMMETT happy I participated in this strange cult. But it gave me little pleasure or inspiration. LOU said that she did it just for fun, but EMMETT seemed to enjoy it. I must admit that I found the resultant aromatic wine (see 3) superb.
12. Silver foil cut too small, in haste, to cover 3 properly. (See 11.)
13. Original position of EMMETT'S Gitanes, moved by him to position indicated in 15 during reconstruction of the criminal act.
14. EMMETT'S wine glass, one-third full of "Plan de Dieu."
15. EMMETT'S Gitanes, after removal from position indicated in 13.
16. Pink saucer used as an ash-tray, containing five cigarette butts, five matches (length indicated that they were not used in the crim-

RECONSTRUCTION OF A CRIMINAL ACT

inal act), ashes, one Kleenex with wine stains, one pit and a wrapper from Chun Pi Mui (orange peel plum) furnished by LOU. LOU and EMMETT enjoyed this Hongkong delicacy, but I spat it out as soon as I tasted it.

17. Wrapper of chocolate bar eaten by EMMETT. (See 7.)
18. LOU'S empty wine glass.

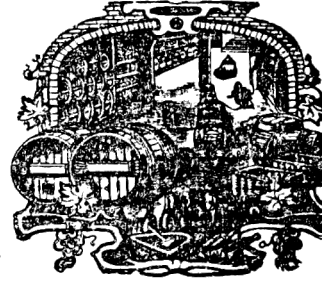
(This crime took place at LOU'S apartment April 1, 1963, and was reconstructed immediately afterwards. The text was dictated by me, DANIEL SPOERRI, in very poor English [constantly corrected aloud by LOU], and hastily put into the present form by EMMETT WILLIAMS.)

appendix iv



RESTAURANT
DE LA
GALERIE J.

8, Rue de Montfaucon
PARIS (6^e) DAN. 30-65



A l'occasion de l'Exposition de Daniel SPOERRI
" 723 USTENSILES DE CUISINE "

la Galerie J. annonce l'ouverture d'un Service de Restaurant
du 2 au 13 Mars 1963

8. RUE DE MONTFAUCON — PARIS (6^e)

La Galerie fermant ses portes sur l'Exposition chaque jour à 19 heures,
le Restaurant ouvrira à 20 heures (fermeture hebdomadaire le Dimanche).

Aux Fourneaux le Chef SPOERRI " DANIEL "
Les Critiques d'Art assurent le Service

Attention : Le nombre des couverts étant limité à 10 par soirée (sauf le buffet exotique qui sera de 20 couverts) les amateurs éventuels sont priés d'indiquer le menu de leur choix, soit en téléphonant à DANton 30-65, soit en faisant parvenir le bon ci-joint sans délai au Service Restaurant de la Galerie J., le cachet de la poste faisant foi pour les priorités. (Les places retenues et non occupées demeureront à la charge de la personne ayant fait la réservation)

L'activité gastronomique du Chef SPOERRI " DANIEL " entraînant d'immédiates conséquences esthétiques (dans la plus pure orthodoxie du Nouveau Réalisme), le public est prié de venir juger sur pièces, le lendemain du jour de clôture du Restaurant: **le 14 Mars à partir de 17 h.**

VERNISSAGE DES MENUS-PIÈGES

COCKTAIL



RESTAURANT DE LA GALERIE J.

DINERS

Cuisine soignée

PRIX MODÉRÉS

Réservation obligatoire

(ouvert du 2 au 13 Mars, à partir de 20 heures)

Apéritifs, Hors-d'œuvre, Fromages, Fruits, Café, Pousse-café,
1 Bouteille de vin, Couvert, Pain compris dans les prix indiqués

Service : 15 % en sus

La maison n'est pas
responsable des vêtements
ou objets perdus, tachés,
échangés ou brûlés.

Prière de ne pas nourrir les bêtes
dans le matériel de la maison.

Samedi 2 Mars

MENU FRANCO-NIÇOIS (servi par Michel Ragon)

Pastis

Salade Niçoise

Testicules à la crème fraîche et aux champignons

Boursault à l'ail

Noix

Café Marc

15 francs

Dimanche 3 Mars

Fermeture

Lundi 4 Mars

MENU DES INDES OCCIDENTALES & ORIENTALES (servi par Pierre Restany)

Punch froid

Salade fraîche

Poulet aux pommes, ananas, curry et chutney

Gingembre confit et en sirop

Café Alcools

15 francs

Mardi 5 Mars

REPAS INTERNATIONAL (servi par Jean-Clarence Lambert, opposant)

MENU DE PRISON

Soupe maigre aux choux, 125 gr. de pain

1 franc 50

Mercredi 6 Mars MENU ROUMAIN (servi par Tony Spiteris)

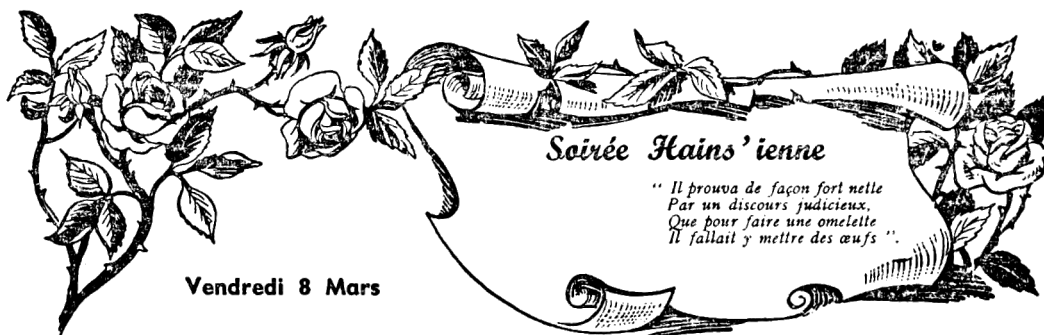
Apéritif Roumain (Tuicâ)
Hors-d'œuvre : Salata de vinete, Mititei, etc.
Tocanâ cu givets cu mâmaliga
Fromagă : Brînza
Confitures de Roses, Rahat
Café-Turc Alcools

15 francs

Jeudi 7 Mars MENU FRANÇAIS (servi par John Ashberry)

Dubonnet, Picon ou Suze
Langoustines au vin blanc flambées à l'Armagnac
le plateau de fromages
Mendiants
Café Alcools

15 francs



Vendredi 8 Mars

MENU-HOMMAGE A RAYMOND HAINS

L'Abstrait, Sigisbée de la Critique, par Pierre Restany et Daniel Spoerri

Potage lettriste
Coquilles St-Jacques au gratin, Mahé de la Villeglé
Araignée de mer, sauce Heinz
Ramereaux aux olives, à la Toulouse-Lautrec
Bœuf écorché nouvelle mode
Pommes de terre à la Dubourg ou en robe des champs
Fromages : Gala Claudel, petit Briennois
" Les Entremets de la Palissade "
Far Breton, éclairs *
Négresse blonde en chemise
Himalaya, Mont Blanc
Charlemagne, Napoléon
Les Vérités de La Palisse
Vin : Clairette de Bellegarde
Champagne Heidsieck — Cognac Hennessy
Cigares Néos

25 francs

SUPPLÉMENT : Hommes-Sandwich
Vin des Rochers

2 fr. 50

* Fournisseur : André Breton, Boulevard du Montparnasse, Paris

Samedi 9 Mars

MENU HONGROIS (servi par Jean-Jacques Lévêque)

Apéritif Barak
Hors-d'œuvre : Paprikas szalonna
Szegedi gulyas
Rétes
Café — Tokaji

15 francs

Dimanche 10 Mars

Fermeture

Lundi 11 Mars

MENU SUISSE (servi par Alain Jouffroy)

Apéritif Suisse
Pommes de terre en robe de chambre
Bündnerfleisch
Fromages, beurre et petit suisse
Salade
Birchermuesli
Café — Träsch

15 francs

Mardi 12 Mars

BUFFET EXOTIQUE (self-service)

Itinéraire gastronomique international rassemblant les spécialités les plus rares des cuisines les plus exotiques du Mexique à la Chine, du Danemark à la Bulgarie, du Tessin à l'Auvergne...

25 francs

Mercredi 13 Mars

MENU SERBE (service surprise)

Apéritifs Sliboviza
Lentilles au lard dans leur vin
Langue de veau au citron et aux amandes
Salade de poivrons
Le plateau de Fromages
Café — Pousse-café

15 francs

Judi 14 Mars à partir de 17 heures

VERNISSAGE DES MENUS-PIÈGES

COCKTAIL



appendix v

A Listing of the Objects

on the blue table at 9 p.m. on the first day of December 1964 when EMMETT WILLIAMS began the translation of the topography in DANIEL SPOERRI'S room, SPOERRI having left Paris for his New York exhibition. Objects marked with an asterisk were not on the table when SPOERRI departed.

Serving tray

* Christmas gift shopping bag from Amsterdam in which LYDIA LUYTEN had wrapped:

* One loaf of home-baked bread and

* One jar of homemade hip jam

Can of Bel Canto olive oil

* Quarter of a pound of butter

Can of Primis olive oil

Pfeifer & Langen Kölner sugarloaf

* Carving knife given me by RENATE KIRCHHOFF

* Blue Circle dairy store bag

* One egg, on top of the Blue Circle bag

Honey

Candied sugar

* Chunk of Parmesan cheese
Bulgarplodexport Jam of
Roses

One almond, in the shell
Garlic salt (German)

* Eggshell

* Top to teapot

Roses Petal Jam (sic)

Jar of Amora mustard

Green Label curry paste

One whole nutmeg

* Royco bouillon cube

* Knorr bouillon cube

Viandox bouillon cube

* Liebig bouillon cube

TWINING'S Ceylon breakfast
tea

Sauermann's Paprika Speck

Colorant Rosière

Cane sugar from the Antilles

* Note from JENNIFER CUSH-
ING: "Dearest Twerp, I
came by but nobody was at
home (turn s.v.p.) Hey ho
nobody home Drink nor
sleep nor money have I
none (turn over) So . . .
bye love YUK"

* Chopstick glass

* Ten pairs of chopsticks

Vinegar

A LISTING OF THE OBJECTS

Van Houten's powdered chocolate
Dessaux mustard
* Salt, spilled
Vinavil, the Universal Adhesive

Sambal Kemerie
Sweet mustard
* Package of Kinortine
BEA salt and pepper shakers
Carroway seeds
* TOM WASMUTH'S passport

appendix vi

Anecdoted Topography of Order

(see Postscriptum to Introduction)

- I. Typing paper, thin, for copies, cut in four for personal needs. From a package of 500 sheets bought for 4 francs from my news dealer.
- Ia. Flat pack of interfolded toilet paper, trademark Bagatelle (see No. 45).
- Ib. Sheet of toilet paper from the pack described above, crumpled but brought back unused from the public convenience in the stairwell.
- II. Yellow rennet apple, beginning to rot, but not enough to throw it away, placed on I, Ia and Ib as a hygienic paperweight.
- III. Box of Gitanes kitchen matches (S.E.I.T.A. — see translator's note, No. 7), bearing an advertisement for Champigneulles, "the queen of beers, leading brewery in the Common Market. Ask for it at your café or grocer." Bought at the tobacconist at 26 Rue Mouffetard, for 70 centimes.
- IIIa. Small box of matches, undoubtedly S.E.I.T.A. (I have lost the box), on top of the large box and spotted with paint.
- IIIb. Small flint dispenser (see No. 51).
- IV. Cupping-glass, one of a dozen bought at the Kremlin-Bicêtre Flea Market the end of January 1962 for 5 francs. In the glass, filled with water, an onion is sprouting.
- V. Cream-colored plastic salt cellar, a present to me from VERA, brought from Frankfurt-am-Main by BAZON BROCK.
- VI. Small vise, for the amateur or part-time mechanic, cast iron, blue varnish, weight 1 kilo 250 grams. Bought for 10 francs from SINCLAIR BEILES who, in need of money, sold it to

ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF ORDER

me the beginning of February 1962.

VII. Combination lock with secret (see No. 37) combination: one clockwise turn to 1, counterclockwise to 9, then clockwise to 11. Bought in the cutlery shop at the foot of Rue Mouffertard for about 4 francs 30 centimes.

VIII. Red or yellow petal fallen from a bouquet of flowers.

IX. Diary for 1960, bound in red imitation leather, probably given away as publicity by the Reederei Rhine shipping company in Switzerland. I found it the summer of 1960 in the back seat of TINGUELY'S Peugeot 203, during the era I was constantly with him. It must have been lost by a Swiss the night of a party in the woods of the Chevreuse Valley organized by a South American. Each guest had to pay 10 francs, to cover the cost of wine, bread and mutton roasted on a spit. TINGUELY and I took part only because the others didn't have transportation. I suppose the person who lost the diary went with us, because I found it the day after the party while accompanying TINGUELY to a junkyard. Even on first reading it I found it so significant and important that I thought right away about publishing it. But it kicked around my room and got lost, and I found it again only a few weeks

ago while I was looking for a catalogue to show BAZON BROCK. After re-reading it I decided to integrate the text in the next edition of the topography. I could certainly have stuck it in somewhere as a note to one object or another, but the contents seemed so strange and outside of my world that I decided to place it deliberately on the blue table when I made the topography of order. Thus this opuscle is the only object in the two topographies that found its way onto the table by design.

The entries begin on New Year's Eve of 1959 and finish Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1960. The name and address of the owner are written in the diary, as well as the names and addresses and telephone numbers of his friends and acquaintances, but for obvious reasons all of these have been changed. I find the day by day entries so impressive, and the life of the author so well presented, that I take upon myself the risk of publishing the text, leaving the reader free to interpret as he sees fit.

*Thursday, St. Sylvester,
31 December*

New Year's Eve with Monika. Late Christmas present for her. A nice coat that we both like. Met Margie: martial

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

type. Even without ski a happy new year's eve. Ate caviar again at Margie's. Monika is very lovely in her coat.

Friday, Jan. 1

Bad weather. Warm, rainy.

Saturday, Jan. 2

Miserable weather. Friends at Andermatt.

Sunday, Jan. 3

At the swimming pool with Monika. Things going well between us now. Getting myself ready for new job. Ever in an unholy rage against Cliché Hoch.

Monday, Jan. 4

Started new job at Lift and Spranger as copyist! Crummy place, same atmosphere. Real contrast with Hoch. Little work, therefore boring. Ulf sick. In the evening plodded through French.

Tuesday, Jan. 5

I was second in French. Later at the Mosque. (Translator's note: the Mosque is a pseudo-Arab café in Basel, real name Atlantic, but known to teen-age jazz fans as the Mosque.)

Wednesday, Jan. 6

Tried in vain to telephone Zurich. Was pretty furious. After work drove to Zurich. Ate a Twelfth-night cake.

Thursday, Jan. 7

At the Turkish bath. Freddy brought Rust to the Mueslin. He has a beautiful complex.

Friday, Jan. 8

Gym. Good workout.

Saturday, Jan. 9

Left Basel with Hermann at 6:30. Light snow. 3½ hours of driving. Many more slalom spectators than before. Clouds and snow gusts hampered the descent. Burgers completely suburbanized—eat in restaurant and go to bed. With Hermann in the village. Car, music, French people.

Sunday, Jan. 10

Began with a fight between Bernie and his wife. She's terribly complicated. Slalom fascinating although Swiss very bad. The Burgers going to carouse again in this good weather—just fill up their bellies. Irritating remarks from Annemarie. Weather and descent fantastic. Marvelous landscape. Biting cold, about -20°. Fiat wouldn't start. Snow in Basel!

Monday, Jan. 11

2CV wouldn't start, had to crank it. Got skis fixed. Mosque.

ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF ORDER

Tuesday, Jan. 12

Like the job better already. Time passes relatively fast copying. Tried French pronunciation on tape. Makes me too nervous. Good pronunciation but rhythm German. Practice! Mosque. It's snowing! Long telephone talk with Monika. She's getting tired.

Wednesday, Jan. 13

Swimming pool. It's boring and I'm tired. Very cold in Basel, -14° . Read *Du*.

Thursday, Jan. 14

2CV wouldn't start. Very cold. Meeting of the ski committee. Headache.

Friday, Jan. 15

Hans brought his Porsche. Very fine car. Telephoned Monika. I was upset.

Saturday, Jan. 16

Going to Zurich instead of ski meet. Monika getting along relatively well. I'm terribly sad, lost something. Feel like after a funeral. Also very tired.

Sunday, Jan. 17

Good rest. Better spirits. Such fine weather outside makes me think of the slopes. One gets older. Plugged battery in in room, otherwise

motor won't start. Monika very sad, worries a lot. Intense pains.

Monday, Jan. 18

For apartment, Wanda's. We ate spaghetti. She's very nice. Peter started! She's going to marry money. Happy with the apartment. 160 francs. Late to bed.

Tuesday, Jan. 19

French dictation. Not good, because I don't know the forms. Went with Wanda to an excellent film, *The 400 Blows*. Mosque.

Wednesday, Jan. 20

Wanted to make some enlargements. But I'm too tired. Talked too long on the phone with Monika. She's better. Mosque.

Thursday, Jan. 21

Turkish bath. Mandi on vacation. Freddy sick. Mosque.

Friday, Jan. 22

My birthday. I am 33 years old. Very nice to me at home, and always a little awkward. — At Monika's. Nicely arranged table, pleasant atmosphere. She's very beautiful, and I love her very much.

Saturday, Jan. 23

Weather heavy: slept a lot. Monika has a headache.

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

Sunday, Jan. 24

Still heavy weather. Toured the lake. Very beautiful. Discussion, and I threw a fit. Terribly sad. Returned home late. 2CV has a flat.

Monday, Jan. 25

Much too warm, I'm tired. (Illegible passage.) Didn't follow the plan.

Tuesday, Jan. 26

French. Trouble with the *passé composé*. Went downtown with Tony and Wanda. They hatch incomprehensible politics. Saw Marcel.

Wednesday, Jan. 27

At Monika's. She always has a headache and must be X-rayed. We're both incorrigible. Returned home late.

Here the daily entries stop. On the pages that follow there are only such sketchy notes as these:

Feb. 4: 10 o'clock, Dr. Hubert, teeth.

Feb. 21: Sick, walk in the park.

and dates of ski meets:

March 6: Stoss.

March 13: Jochpass.

and after that, nothing until

Saturday, June 18:
PARIS.

I think it was close to this date that I found the diary, because it is blank after that. At the very end, however, on the unlined pages, one finds:

Work—not very interesting. Possibilities not sufficiently explored. Result—Inaction and fatigue. Antidote—Get interested in photo reproduction. How, and in what manner, can one make clichés? Prepare for a new job through French, German and language courses.

Pleasures—not satisfactory, makes me nervous and leads to lack of sleep and dissatisfaction. Antidote—stay away from cafés, find rewarding amusements, create (absolutely) a larger circle of friends, moral stiffening, and more personal initiative.

Health—state of health continually bad, like insomnia, instability, chronic fatigue, resulting in the disproportion described above. Antidote—satisfying way of life (see above), gymnastics more times a week, walks, swimming pool twice a month, ski outings in the spring, summer excursions, kayak with Hermann.

In the near future—enlarge vacation photos, and portraits. Work at French and answer let-

ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF ORDER

ters. Visit Hans for fixing up interior. Guitar, reading. Keep in contact with lots of people.

Addresses and telephone numbers follow. In a pocket at the end of the book are the following cards and papers:

- 1—receipt for 40 francs for furnishing and dishes, dated Basel, _____ the 25th, 1960, signed by Frau _____.
- 2—Membership card in the Basel Jazz Club, No. _____.
- 3—Piece of yellow paper with the following penciled note: "Apartment. On the entrance door, fix photo emblem on Pavatex (the eyes of a skier). In the kitchen, paint cabinets and other things. Redo tables and chairs. Repaint the smallest room myself. Go see about the plugs. This afternoon change the wheels, remove the seat. 13 h. 25 change the plates. See classified ads for furniture. Telephone?"
- 4—Floral postcard:

Jan. 22, 1960

My dear Walter,
Today, the day that you perhaps think with a certain amount of regret

that you have grown a year older, I wish you with all my heart the happy fulfilment of all your wishes. My love will accompany you through all your trials, and will always be your joy.

Your
Monika

I wanted to refrain from anecdoting the objects found in order on the blue table Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1962, at 8:07 p.m. The order in effect condemns the objects to a specific use, while disorder and chance free them, thanks to the unusual rapprochements that stimulate the memory. But I can't refrain from saying:

- that SINCLAIR BEILES was the first man in space, put there during TAKIS' exhibition of "The Impossible" at IRIS CLERT'S gallery.
- that the paint stains on the matchbox are due to ERIK DIETMANN who was in my room to restore paintings used for my *détrompe-l'oeil* exhibition.
- that EMMETT WILLIAMS has written a novel, which I have never read, that takes place in toilets and lavatories.
- that the yellow or red petal has to be yellow or red since it came from a *détrompe-l'oeil* consisting of a bouquet on which I fixed an empty bottle of Tuborg beer containing a dried bouquet of yellow and red flowers, and that now belongs to MERET OPPENHEIM.

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

- that SINCLAIR BEILES was shut up for the second time in ST. ANNE'S psychiatric hospital, as false rumors said TITOV had been after his conquest of space.
- that the bolt of my new lock was forced twice, once by the hotel proprietor during one of my nocturnal absences because there was a fire in the adjacent room and she thought it was in mine; another time while I was on a trip to Germany, accompanied by ROBERT FILLIOU, during which my phonograph was stolen.
- that in Germany there exists a serious problem for the city water supply during TV program intermissions because everybody rushes to the toilet at the same time, and this necessitates stepped-up water pressure.
- that if Champigneulles beer calls itself the leading brewery in the Common Market it is not the only one, since all French beer pretends to be the best, while everyone knows that all Common Market countries except France produce good beer, but so what, I prefer wine and I prefer France to all other countries and not only for that reason.
- that VERA sent me the salt-cellar to remind me of the many pounds of salt we used during our marriage in Darmstadt because she must have remembered the old Romanian proverb that you don't really know a person until you've eaten a sack of salt together.
- that I placed the other cupping-glasses on a painting of a nude woman that became the *détrompe-l'oeil* "LEDA and the Swan," thanks to the little porcelain swan between her thighs.
- that SINCLAIR BEILES believed he would receive the NOBEL Prize for his conquest of space.
- that until a few years ago there was a tax on cigarette lighters in France, that they were engraved that the tax had been paid, and that the police could fine the owner of an illegal lighter.
- that I like to see not only onions growing, but all vegetables and herbs.
- that there is no longer a padlock on the door, but a security lock, and since I don't live there anymore there is no reason to force the lock to room No. 13 on the fifth floor of the Hotel Carcassonne at 24 Rue Mouffetard where, to the right of the entrance door, between the stove and the sink, there used to stand a table that VERA painted blue one day to surprise me.

appendix vii

Topor's Notes on the Illustrations

(Numbers indicate the items to which each note refers)

3—After making this drawing, I realized that the bottle is absolutely not the kind that Vin des Rochers comes in.

6—I have never seen Danish Nescafé, but to make up for it I met a Dane one night at the Restaurant Echaudé, with whom I talked theology at great length.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: Did Topor make a connection between *echaudé* (light pastry), the theologically-inclined Dane, and Danish pastry?

16—Bizarre object evoking anything but a container of glue. In fact, it evokes nothing.

28a—Ink stain wishing to resemble a wine stain.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: This could, of course, be taken as a portrait of SPOERRI (see translator's note, No. 28a). The situation of one inanimate object wishing to be another reminds me of ROBERT FILLIOU'S poetic construction, "A Bottle of Milk Dreaming It Is a Bottle of Beer," exhibited at the Danish Salon de Mai several years ago. Just before the exhibition opened, the bottles fell off the construction and broke on the floor. The custodian came with a broom to sweep away the mess, but I managed to

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

talk him out of this drastic step, roped off the area strewn with broken glass, and posted a notice to the public that the metaphors of ROBERT FILLIOU are extremely fragile.

34—My drawing of the box resembles a shoe box more than anything else. Maybe because I bought a pair of shoes today, and since it was raining, the box broke open on the way home and the old shoes tumbled out onto the wet sidewalk.

34e—The object referred to in the text doesn't have, more than likely, saw-tooth edges, made less and less, and I personally regret it.

34h—A door (*porte*), because I don't know how to make a case for drills (*porte-mèches*). For me, a case for drills calls nothing to mind. Done the night of July 15–16, 1965. I stopped drawing because the birds are singing.

INDEX

Numbers refer to the numbered sections of the text, which in turn correspond to the numbered objects on the topographic map of chance. Entries marked with an asterisk are new to the English edition, and refer to the translator's notes and re-anecdotalizations. Translator's notes are set off in parentheses (1) to distinguish them from author's notes: †.

- *A, amateur of contemporary art: 61(1).
- A.B., amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- ABIMELECH, who sowed the city with salt: 12†.
- ACKERMANN, spoils: 34q††††††††.
- ADAM, not chased out of Paradise: 18.
- ADAM, Willi, who is afraid of me: 34e, 34m.
- ADLER, Herr, whom I saw for the last time on my 20th birthday: 38†.
- AEPPLI (see Eva).
- AGAM, Jacoov, who invented everything earlier: 20.
- ALBERS, Josef, whom I have owed a letter since 1960: 20.
- *ALEXANDER THE GREAT, husband of Roxana: 31(1).
- AMELIE, the baths: 74††.
- AMOS, the prophet and my guinea pig (Amos du Kugel): 45†††.
- ANDERSEN, Aagard and Mme, actually no kin to Hans Christian: 62††††.
- ANNETTE, qui était terrible quand elle était petite: 71†.
- ANNIE, who didn't sew the button on well: 70.
- APOLLINAIRE, Guillaume, pornographer: 74(1).
- *ARENSBERG, Walter C., brui-tist composer: 34q(7).
- ARIEL, airy spirit who wouldn't have amounted to much without Caliban: 34a, 34a(2).
- ARIUS of Alexandria, name-sake of the Arians, of which, if they were spelled with a "y", I'd be one half: 45†††.
- ARMAN, who has written only one poem: "glou glou glou glou glou glou" etc.: Intro. (2); 36†††††; 38; 43; 62†††.
- ARP, Jean (Hans), who took some lessons from Brancusi: 45.
- *AUGUSTUS, who drove An-

AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE

- tony and Cleopatra to suicide: 31(1).
- ***AYCARD**, Albert, whose truth is stranger than fiction: 3(2).
- BACCHUS**, of whom I am a servitor: 34†.
- BAJ**, Enrico, whose prices rise or fall: 36††.
- ***BAKKER**, J. (?), amateur of contemporary art: 61(1).
- BANKS**, amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- BARDOT**, Brigitte, who received a letter from the Secret Army Organization: 35†.
- BATICHEFF**, Jacqueline Blanche (Kichka), whom I call Pnouchknieff or Schnoopie: 1; 2, 2(2); 5; 7†, 7a; 12; 13, 13a; 20, 20(2), 20†††††; 32; 43; 57†; 62; 76; 79.
- BATICHEFF**, Jeannie (Nano), sister of Pnouchknieff or Schnoopie: 2; 17; 22; 29; 45; 63; 74†††; 76.
- BECKETT**, Samuel, who was never Joyce's secretary, despite persistent rumors: 78†.
- ***BEHR-NEGENDANK**, Sophie von, whose mother is also very charming: 45(1).
- BEILES**, Sinclair, a round-trip visit to whom at St. Anne's took six hours: Appendix VI.
- ***BIER**, Vane, amateur of contemporary art: 61(1).
- BITOS**, Monsieur, whose prick pops out when you push his head: 34, 34†.
- BODLEY**, Irma, amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- BOGEY**, Colonel, whose march goes marching on: 62††††.
- ***BOYLE**, Kay, who almost missed dinner: 30(1).
- BRANCUSI**, Constantin, like Steinberg, Tzara, Ionesco, Popesco, Brauner, Isou, Luca, Istrati, and Goldmann & Feinstein, Romanian: 34d††.
- ***BRAUN**, whose razor is a work of art: 31(2).
- BREMER**, Claus, Germanophile German poet: 1; 2, 2(2); 11; 30; 78†.
- BROCK**, Bazon Jürgen, Hermann Johannes Vladimir Hans Joachim Phoenix Phlebas, the most beautiful of the blond German poets: 74†††††; Appendix VI.
- ***BURTON**, Maurice, nature noter: 38(1).
- BURY**, Pol, a Belgian who remarked that when somebody in Switzerland has the air of being a twat, he is Belgian: 20.
- CABANES**, Docteur, my kind of historian: 31†, 31(1); 34†.
- ***CAESAR**, Julius, who was beardless, like most dictators: 31(1).
- CAMILLE**, alimentary philosopher: 3††.
- CARLSBERG**, Johannes, who rewards beer drinkers by pasting odd facts on the necks of bottles, unless it's Tuborg: Appendix III.
- ***CASARES**, Maria, butt of a Claudelian joke: 3(2).
- ***CATHERINE THE GREAT**, pronounced Yekaterina: 31(1).
- CENDRARS**, Blaise, who bought 9,000,000 eggs in one day: 2(2); 5†.
- CESAR**, who according to Michel Ragon is the buffoon of high society: 62†††.
- CHAMPOLLION**, Jean-François, who could have deciphered the topography: 25.

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- CHAPEAU**, Joe (Joe Pfeuffer), whom I met recently without a hat: 3††.
- ***CHARCOT**, Jean-Martin, clean-shaven as opposed to Freud: Intro. (1).
- ***CHRIST**, Jesus: 31(1).
- CITROEN**, André, from whom I bought an old jalopy: 30, 30†.
- CLAUDEL**, Paul, Catholic diplomat: 3††††, 3(2).
- CLERT**, Iris, who gave up the slogan "the most avant-garde gallery in the world": 75; Appendix VI.
- ***CLOVIS**, from Hlodoviko, which ended up as Louis: 3(1).
- CORDIER**, Raymond, gallerist, not to be confused with Daniel, gallerist: 44.
- CORRE-HURT**, Dr., the pied piper of Paris: 38†††.
- COUE**, Emile, whose method of autosuggestion caused me to have several fits of vomiting: 78†.
- ***CROSBY**, amateur of contemporary art: 61(1).
- ***CUSHING**, Jennifer, Yuk or Boo: Appendix V.
- D**, stammerer (see Spoerri, Daniel).
- DANIEL**, an Aries, like Bluebeard Landru (see Spoerri, Daniel).
- ***DAN THE EGG MAN** (see Spoerri, Daniel).
- ***DAVID**, amateur of contemporary art: 61(1).
- ***DAVENPORT**, amateur of contemporary art: 61(1).
- ***DA VINCI**, Leonardo (see Duchamp, Marcel): 5(2).
- DECROUX**, Etienne, who taught mime to Jean-Louis Barrault, not very much admired by Kichka: 78†.
- DELAMBRE**, Chevalier Jean-Baptiste, on whose street is the hotel in which I took refuge with Fatma in 1952 to escape from Erika, before abandoning Fatma to return to Erika: 3††††.
- ***D.G.**, amateur of contemporary art: 61(1).
- DESCARTES**, René, Renatus Cartesius: 3(1); 68.
- DENOEL**, publisher of Blaise Cendrars, who died poor: 5†.
- DECHAMPS**, Gérard, who took some lessons from Raymond Hains: 46, 46†; 62†††.
- DIETMANN**, Erik, Swedish native who from his fourth-floor window the morning of May 3, 1952, pissed onto the courtyard of the Hotel Carcassonne, and a year later broke Emmett Williams' eyeglasses: Appendix VI.
- DUCHAMP**, Marcel, who recently shaved the wife of Francesco del Giocondo: 20; 32(1); 34q(7).
- DUFRENE**, François, who belated my scream: Intro.(2); 18†; 36†††††; 45†; 52†; 62†††.
- DUFRENE**, Père, whose other son inspects meat: 20††.
- DUMONTIER** and Co., who like pistachio green: 69†.
- EHRLENFELD'T**, Agneta, who isn't cited in the text, but typed it, despite pains in her back, admired by many.
- ***EILEEN**, amateur of contemporary art: 61(1).
- ***ELIZABETH**, Regina: 30(1).
- ***ERASMUS**, Desiderius, real name Gerhard Gerhards: 3(1).

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- EROS**, Marie-Louise, a young Hungarian girl favored by the Greek god of the same name: 45††.
- ETIEMBLE**, author of a grammar of Franglais: 3††††.
- ***EUGENE**, observant young man: 70(1).
- EVA**, Aeppli Eva, mother of Leu Felix, who signs himself Aeppli after his mother: 36††; 75.
- EZEKIEL**, visionary: 12†.
- EZRA**, like in Pound: 12†.
- FAHRENHEIT**, Gabriel Daniel, thermometrist: 9†.
- FEINSTEIN**, Daniel Isaac, not to be confused with the wine stain in 28a; (see Spoerri, Daniel).
- FEINSTEIN**, Isaac, my father, a boxer before his conversion, whose family name takes up four pages in the Manhattan phone directory: 12†; 78†.
- FERRO**, pseudonym of Gudmundur Gudmundson, who launched a priority suit against the sculptor Feraud, whose real name is phonetically the same as Gudmundur's adopted one: 18††.
- FILLIOU**, Robert, who found himself cited too often in the first edition of the topography, but has since changed his mind: 4(1); 5(1); 6; 15; 22, 22†; 25†††; 31(2); 33; 34d††, 34g††††; 35; 57†; 62†††, 62††††; 78, 78†; 79(1); Appendix II; Appendix VI; Appendix VII.
- FOUQUET**, Nicolas, former proprietor of Vaux-le-Vicomte: 11†.
- ***FRANCK**, Jacqueline, who freed humor: 3(2).
- ***FREUD**, Sigmund, who found Parisian women ugly: Intro. (1).
- ***GALLIMARD**, not cited in the *Petit Larousse*: 3(2).
- GARLAND**, Tom, amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- GEORGE**, Stefan, who preferred the Greek way: 78†.
- GERSTNER**, Karl, who recently published a new edition of his book on cool art, although some like it hot: 20(1); 36†††††.
- GIDE**, André, who could easily have gotten an annulment: 3††††.
- GILLETTE**, G. F., instead of whose stainless Silver blades Emmett Williams bought a package of Silver-Tex rubbers by mistake: 62†††.
- GILOT**, Françoise, amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- GOD**, whose father signed himself Anton Müller: 12†; 45†††; 65(1); Appendix III.
- GOEBBELS**, Dr. Josef, poor old, who had none at all: 62††††.
- GOERING**, Hermann, who has only one: 62††††.
- GOGH**, Vincent van, who didn't cut his ear with a Gillette blade: 22†.
- GOLDSCHMIDT**, Jeanine de, who is noble: 31.
- GOMRINGER**, Eugen, "inventor of concrete poetry": 34g†††††.
- GRANDPRE**, de, who witnessed a pantomime in 1787: 34†.
- GRIMM**, one of the brothers, who called Perret Perrel: 31†, 31(1).
- GUENEGAUD**, Henri de, who,

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- after keeping the seals of Louis XIV, had the glory of having a street named for him on which I was beat up and left unconscious by three Negroes: 44.
- HADERT**, Hans, glue poet, not to be confused with the glou glou glou glou glou poet: Motto.
- ***HAIGH**, John George, inventor of the silent hammer: 36(3).
- HAINS**, Raymond, who had to clear a passageway through the jungle of posters in his room: 3††††, 3(2); 31; 34f; 62†††; 71†.
- HALLING KOCH**, Paul von, and Mme., who, because they paid his passage to Copenhagen in 1958, are responsible for Diter Rot's marriage in Iceland: 62††††.
- HARPIN**, Monsieur du, collector of crumbs: 1a†.
- ***HARRIS**, Marilyn, who gave me her father's cap: 37(1).
- HAUTECLOQUE**, Philippe de, better known as Général Leclerc, posthumous marshal of France: 2; 29.
- ***HECHT**, Anthony, who patronized Lionel Trilling's dentist: 30(1).
- HELD**, Käthi, whose mother, according to my brother, wrote her composition: 70†, 70(1).
- HENRI**, ?: 75.
- ***HENRI IV**, whose equestrian statue on the Pont-Neuf is rumored to have a dead horse inside: 3(1).
- HERODOTUS**, whom I always mix up with Heraclitus: 34†.
- HIGGINS**, Dick, something else: 6(1); 19††.
- HIMMLER**, Heinrich, is very similar: 62††††.
- HIQUILY**, Philippe, who solders aluminum better than Müller: 32††.
- HITLER**, Adolf, who has them very small: 5(1); 45(1); 62††††.
- HOFMANNSTHAL**, Hugo von, whose poems I once knew by heart but have since forgotten: 78†.
- HOLMES**, Sherlock, private detective: Intro.
- HUGGINS** (see Jane).
- HULTEN**, Carl G., historian of art whose thesis explored the relationship between Spinoza and Jan Vermeer van Delft: 34d; 75.
- I.H.**, amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- IONESCO**, Eugène, who, wishing to vacation in Switzerland in 1955, booked rooms at a hotel whose windows opened onto the shooting range of a casern: 78†.
- IRIS**, amalgam of Isis and Osiris (see Clert, Iris).
- IRMA**, the Danish A&P: 15, 15†; 19; 21; 53.
- JANE** (see Huggins): 18.
- JAQUEMAIRE**, who sent a free sample to Marcelle: 34j††††††.
- JOHANSSON**, Ejner, who resembles Johannes Carlsberg. Why?: 62††††.
- ***JOHNSON**, Philip C., who got involved with Kichka's breakfast: 20(2).
- JOUFFROY**, Alain, to whom I owe a lot: 15(1); 18††; 28a(1); 32††; 34q††††††††, 34q(7).

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- JOYCE**, James, to whom I owe nothing: 74††††.
- ***JUDAS**, who spilled the beans as well as the salt: 5(2).
- JUSTINE**, sister of Juliette: 1a†.
- ***KANDINSKY**, Wassili, the information about whom in this volume the author challenges: 45(1).
- ***KAPROW**, Allan, who is awaiting the death of museums: 34d(3).
- ***KENYON**, Lord, at whose college I was dismissed as editor of Hika for printing a philosophy teacher's short story with the word "hole" in it: 30(1).
- KICHKA** (see Baticheff, Jacqueline Blanche, whom I call Pnouchknieff or Schnoopie, and about whom I should make it clear that she does not spend all of her time eating eggs).
- KICHKA'S SISTER** (see Baticheff, Jeannie [Nano], whose academic titles have no English or American equivalent).
- ***KIRCHHOFF**, Renate, giver of gifts: Appendix V.
- KLEIN**, Yves (see Yves le Monochrome), who signed the sky.
- KOEPCKE**, Arthur (Addi), at whose gallery Manzoni exhibited his "artist's shit": Intro. (2); 1a††; 6; 22, 22†; 35; 62††††; 78; Appendix II.
- KOEPCKE**, Tut, my former grocer: 6; 62††††.
- KOHN**, Earl, amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- KOHN**, Leonie, amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- KORZYBSKI**, Alfred Habdank Skarbek, Count, who knew the Fontaine-de-Vaucluse story before I did: 25††††.
- LACEPEDE**, Etienne de, who followed in the steps of Buffon: 26.
- ***LAMI**, amateur of contemporary art: 61(1).
- LANGE**, for whom Mies van der Rohe built a house: 36.
- LAROUSSE**, Pierre, for whom François Dufrêne built a tomb: 74(1), 74††.
- LAUHUS**, Haro, who got beat up in Darmstadt by Karlheinz Stockhausen, was hospitalized, and recuperated in a cast at the home of Emmett Williams: 62†††.
- ***LAURA**, Petrarch's and mine: 1a(1); 25(1); 70(1).
- LAVOIX**, attorney-at-law, with whom Tinguely has not renewed his patent: 75†.
- LAWRENCE**, Lawrence Rubin, Galerie Lawrence, who returned my works to me, including three he had bought: Intro. (Postscriptum); 33†; 36†††; 62†††.
- ***LEAR**, Edward, whose Pobble had no toes, but once had as many as we: 6(1).
- LEBAUDY-SOMMIER**, who dropped Sommier: 11, 11†.
- LECLERC**, Général (see Hautecloque, Philippe de).
- LEDA**, striking lesson in sodomy for the young: Appendix VI.
- ***LELAND**, Charles G., inspired by "lou-shu-lai-kek-teng": 38(2).
- LEMOINE**, Jean, Cardinal, born at Crécy (1250-1313): 36††.

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- LEONELLI**, Jules, who coats stomachs with velvet: 3†.
- LEPINE**, Louis, prefect of police and patron saint of gad-geteers: 32†, 32(1).
- LEU**, Felix, who signs himself Aeppli after his mother: 34n; 52†.
- ***LINDE**, Ulf, who copied "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even": 34q(7).
- LITRE**, Emile, afraid to call a spade a spade, and whose election to the French Academy provoked the resignation of Msgr. Félix-Antoine-Philibert Dupanloup: 74(1).
- LOEHR**, Dorothea, who once waited for me in vain to meet her at a Paris train station at 6 a.m.: Appendix II.
- LOU**, an assumed name: Appendix III.
- LOUIS XIV**, the Sun King: 11†.
- LUCA**, Ghérasim, who, while hiding under the name Exactamo, assigned me my word—Dadanier: 62†††.
- ***LUYTEN**, Lydia, who bakes her own bread: Appendix V.
- MADELEINE**, whose tips I once bought at the end of the day: 70.
- MALINA**, Frank, whom I still owe 1,800 francs: 20.
- MALLARME**, Stéphane, who anticipated snare-pictures: 36†††††.
- MALZAC**, Florent, Big Flo: 36†††.
- MANINA**, about his indebtedness to whom, if he owes her anything, Alain Jouffroy should know: 34q††††††††.
- MAPUJAH**, amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- MARABELLE**, Madame, who is still writing letters, if she hasn't died: 26.
- MARCEL**, Marcelle's uncle and a doctor: 33.
- MARCELLE**, who is beautiful, blonde, next to me and laughing: 33.
- MARGOT**, mistress of François Villon: 36††††.
- MARI**, Enzo, who is Italian: 20.
- MARIANNE**, about whom I once dreamed that I would confess in a note to the topography that I had slept with her in my dream (see Staf-feldt, Marianne).
- MARTIN**, Phillip, who is very tall and his wife very short: 18††.
- MAUBERT**, of whom only the pedestal remains, his statue having been melted down by the Germans. (Translator's note: The missing statue honored the philosopher Etienne Dolet, martyr of the Renaissance, burned as a heretic.): 3, 3(1).
- ***MAURER**, Msgr. Prof. Dr. Otto, a Jesuit, who found it "amusing nonsense": 66(1).
- MERTZ**, Mutti, Vera's mother, born Therese Mathilde Maria Alma, Baroness of Stosch-Stiebitsch: 33†.
- MEVI**, Rosalie de, amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- MICHEL**, Albin, who published a history of the bidet: 31†, 31(1); 34†.
- ***MICHELANGELO**, water drinker: 25(1).
- MOLL**, Herr, who predicted that babies soon would be born on roller skates: 70†, 70(1).

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- MORITZ**, Karl Philipp, whose book I leafed through at Ben Patterson's: Motto.
- ***MORRIS**, M., amateur of contemporary art: 61(1).
- MUELLER**, Anton, who signed himself "father of God": 36†††, 36(2).
- MUNARI**, Bruno, who owns a trumpet run over by a steamroller: 20; 34b; 61, 61†.
- NADIA**, whose poultry shop, "Chez Nadia," is opposite another poultry shop called "Chez Lea": 34d††.
- NEUHAEUSLER**, Johannes, suffragan bishop, whose belief *a dios* stops at the bathroom door: 45†††, 45(1).
- NOBEL**, Alfred, Swedish philanthropist and inventor of dynamite whose prize was withheld from Sinclair Beiles: Appendix VI.
- OPPENHEIM**, Meret La Roche, whose fur-lined cup would delight Jules Leonelli, who lines stomachs with velvet: Appendix I, Appendix VI.
- PASCAL**, Blaise, thinker, celebrated since the book on him by my uncle, Prof. Dr. Dr. h.c. Dr. h.c. Dr. h.c. Theophil Spoerri: 35†.
- PASTEUR**, Louis, who experimented in a garret: 9†.
- PATTERSON**, Benjamin, who doesn't like to lick whipped cream off the bodies of beautiful nudes in public or private: 30, 30(1).
- ***PATTERSON**, Everett Emmett, who'll probably call me uncle: 30(1).
- PAUVERT**, Jean-Jacques, who owed a lot to the Marquis de Sade: 1a†.
- PEANUT**, Mr., Monsieur Cahuète (Mehour Messoud), who doesn't sell peanuts anymore, but garlic: 55.
- ***PEGEEN**, who forgives and forgets: 7(1).
- ***PENELOPE** (see also Ulysses): 70(1).
- PENROSE**, Lee, amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- PERGAUD**, Louis, who knows how much females suffer: 36††††.
- PERREL**, later Perret (see Perret).
- PERRET**, and not Perrel, to whom we don't owe the art of shaving: 31†, 31(1).
- ***PETER THE GREAT**, pronounced Pyotr: 31(1).
- ***PETRARCH**, who died on Good Friday, as did Laura: 1a(1); 25(1).
- PHILIPS**, very well known to G. F. Gillette: 31.
- PICASSO**, Pablo Ruiz, writer: 78†.
- PLATO**, who blew up: 36†††.
- ***PLINY**, who perished in the most famous fixation in history: 31(1).
- ***PODBER**, Dorothy, alliterator: 36(4).
- ***POLLY**, who pays caution instead of attention: 5(1); 15(1); 30(1); 36(1).
- POLO**, Marco, to whom we owe spaghetti and an operetta: 34.
- PONTUS** (see Hulten, Carl G.), concerning whom Robert advised me not to say to him what I wanted to.
- PREOBRAJENSKA**, Olga, last *prima ballerina assoluta* to

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- dance before Czar Nicholas II: 78†.
- PRIAPUS**, god of the vine, fruitfulness and bananas: 34†.
- PROUST**, Marcel, whom I owe to Joyce, who met him once: 74††††.
- QUINET**, Edgar, who wrote a prose poem about Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew: 18.
- R** (see Filliou, Robert), who appreciates the music of a flushing toilet when he smokes marijuana.
- ***RACINE**, Jean, at No. 39 on whose street Verlaine died: 3(1).
- ***RAINER**, Arnulf, Viennese gambler: 66(1).
- RANKIN**, S., amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- RAUSCHENBERG**, Robert (Bob): 62†††.
- RAY**, Man, Man Ray, who dedicated a pair of sugar tongs to me: 20.
- RAYSSE**, Martial, whose wife's name is France because she was born on the 14th of July: 62†††.
- REMBRANDT**, Harmenszoon van Rijn, painter: 25†††.
- RENAULT**, Louis, who died in the prison of Fresnes: 41.
- RESTANY**, Pierre, Pope of New Realism: 38††; 62††; 74(1), 74††.
- RICARD**, Michèle, with whom I celebrated New Year's Eve in 1960 and Christmas Eve of 1961: 25†; 78†.
- RIES**, Monsieur, who bought a new pair of glasses: 79†, 79(1).
- RILKE**, Rainer Maria, whose mother dressed him up like a girl until he was 9 years old: 78†.
- ROBERT** (see Filliou, Robert), who believes that kitchen oil makes the hair grow.
- RODIER**, Georges, who may or may not write a novel stretching from his café to Place Maubert: 3††; 70.
- ***RODIER**, Madame, who is proud that there is a Rue Rodier in Paris: 2(2).
- ROT**, Diter, who once carried out an experiment to discover whether cactus grows better in camembert or potato salad: 20; 34e, 34e†††, 34e(4); 34g†††††.
- RUFERE & CO.**, pigs: 57†.
- ***RUMNEY**, Ralph, who owns two bush babies: 7(1).
- ***RUTHS**, Heiner, who pitied the translator: 36(2).
- ***SADE**, Chevalier-comte de la Coste et de Mazan, Seigneur de Saumane, Lieutenant-général pour le roi de la Haute et Basse Bresse, Bugey, Valromey et Gex, Comte de, whose only son was divine: 1a(1).
- ***SADE**, Hugues de, who had something in common with Petrarch: 25(1).
- SADE**, Louis-Donatien-François-Alphonse (or Aldonze) de, the Divine Marquis: 1a†, 1a(1); 25(1); 74†††.
- ST. ANNE**, wife of Joachim and mother of the Blessed Virgin and the name of I don't know how many other saints, nor do I know why an insane asylum bears her name: Appendix VI.
- ***ST. BRIEUC**, patron against insanity: 3(2).

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- ***ST. ETIENNE**, whose arm and rib are at Capua: 3(1).
- ***ST. GENEVIEVE**, whose prayers routed Attila the Hun: 3(1).
- ***ST. GERMAIN**, who wrote a letter to Queen Brunehild: 7(1).
- ***ST. LOUIS**, namesake of the blues: 7(1).
- ST. LUKE**, who follows St. Mark: 12†.
- ST. MARK**, who follows St. Matthew: 12†.
- ST. MATTHEW**, like Rousseau, a customs-house officer: 12†.
- ST. PHALLE**, whose relics are at Moutier-la-Celle, feast day May 16; also Niki de: 62†††, 62††††.
- ***ST. STEPHAN**, whose right hand is incorrupt: 66(1).
- ST. VICTOR**, first pope of that name: 36††.
- SALM**, Stanislaus, who made Kichka cry when he died: 34, 34(1), 34n.
- SARTRE**, Jean-Paul, who enriched the proprietor of the Café Flore: 3††††.
- SAUZE**, who scents his toilet water with verbena: 62.
- ***SCHATZ**, Paul, who turned up cubes: 34o(6).
- ***SCHLACKE**, alias Lamsche, who knew the combination: 37(1).
- ***SCHULZE-FIELITZ**, Eckhard, architectural chess player: 34o(6).
- SCHWARZ**, Arturo, who intends to write a book about me: 2; 15(1); 20†††††; 34q††††††††, 34q(7); 38††; 52; Appendix II; Appendix III.
- SCHWEIZER**, Hans (Snaky Jack), now deceased, but whose name lives on through his viper: 38†.
- ***SCIAMA**, Sharon, who knows a face when she sees one: 30(1).
- ***SCIPIO** Africanus, who shaved daily and defeated Hannibal: 31(1).
- SEITZ**, William C., who flew across the ocean with an old suitcase lid: 62†††.
- SELLNER**, Gustav Rudolf, theater and opera director who profited very little from my assistance but from whom I profited very much: 78†.
- ***SHAKESPEARE**, William, the Bard: 31(1).
- ***SHATTUCK**, Roger, who translates *con* as *juk*: 74(1).
- SHAW**, George Bernard, also aware of snares and word-traps: Motto.
- SOMMIER**, dropped by Lebaudy: 11†.
- ***SONNABEND**, Ileana, who collects Empire State Buildings: 37(1).
- SOTO**, Jesus Raphael, who painted over the mural of a colleague in the Venezuelan pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair: 20.
- SPEARPOINT**, amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- SPOERRI**, Daniel, myself, who according to Claude Rivière, critic of art, am an adventurer of art: Intro. (Post-scriptum), (1), (2), (3); 1(1); 3(2); 4†, 4(1); 5(1); 6(1); 7(1); 15(1); 20††††, 20(1), 20(2), 20†††††; 22†; 25†††, 25(1); 28a(1); 31(2); 34a(2); 34d(3); 34o(6), 34q††††††††, 34q(7); 36(1), 36(2); 37(1); 45(1); 62†††, 62††††; 66(1);

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- 74(1); 78†; 79(1); Appendix III; Appendix V; Appendix VII.
- SPOERRI**, Lydia, my mother, whom I call Muck, who thinks I travel too much: 4, 4a†.
- SPOERRI**, Theophil, my uncle, who came to my room to kiss me goodnight only when I was sent to bed without supper: 78†.
- SPOERRI**, Theophil, my brother, member of the Alpinist's Club of the Bernese Alps: 12†; 70†.
- SPOERRI**, Vera, who made the photo of my room attached to this volume, which I think is one of the best explanations of cubism: Intro.; 3(1); 17; 33, 33†; 34a, 34m; 43; 78†; Appendix VI.
- STAFFELDT**, Marianne, Danish, but who danced before the Queen of Holland: 25†; 33; 57†; 62††††.
- STEIGER**, Renate, who said to me "First you learned how to dance, now you know how to write, next you've just got to learn how to count": 1, 2, 2(2); 11.
- STONE**, Allan, who saw me dance like an idiot one whole night: Appendix II.
- STROMBECK**, Wesley, whose garbage is high-falutin': 38††††.
- SUC**, Jean-Pierre, who one Sunday at dawn couldn't remember where he lived: 36††.
- TABAKOBUF**, amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- TAKIS**, author of an autobiography: Appendix VI.
- TARDIEU**, Jean, in English John Lategod: 78†.
- ***TARQUINIUS** Priscus, Lucius, who erected the sewers of Rome: 31(1).
- TERPIS**, born Pfister, Max, who bequeathed me his ring: 48†.
- ***THOMAS**, Dylan, the rich man's Oscar Williams: 30(1).
- THOMKINS**, André, who takes care of the children while his wife works: 34o, 34o(6), 34o††††††††.
- THOUIN**, inconnu en dehors de sa rue: 71†.
- ***TICINIUS** Mena, patron of barbers: 31(1).
- TINGUELY**, Jean, adios amigo: 20; 36, 36†††, 36(2); 62†††, 62††††; 68; 75, 75†; 78†; 79†; Appendix VI.
- TITOV**, German, competitor of Sinclair Beiles: Appendix VI.
- TONY**, amateur of contemporary art: 61.
- TUBORG**, inventor of the beer label anecdoted with out-of-the-way data, unless it's Carlsberg that does it: 35.
- TUDOR**, David, who during his concert at the American Embassy in Paris went to bed under the grand piano for a quarter of an hour: 62†††.
- TWINING**, who printed one of the most banal phrases of St. John Perse on their teabags: 14; Appendix V.
- TZARA**, Tristan, whose real name is something like Finkelstein, and whose pseudonym means country: 78†.
- ***UG**, amateur of contemporary art: 61(1).
- ULTVEDT**, Per Olof (Hante), a name Agneta made fun of

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- for a long time because she understood "vante ylltvätt" which in Swedish means small linen glove and a big wash: 20; 65, 65(1).
- ULYSSES**, whose wife had the same name as Emmett Williams' youngest daughter: 74††††.
- USSING**, Kjeld and Mme., whom I remember well from Amsterdam before making their acquaintance in Copenhagen: 62††††.
- VASARELY**, Victor, "precursor and originator of art in motion": 20.
- VERA** (see Spoerri, Vera), who photographed my balls.
- VERALDI**, Gabriel, who, if he knows something, doesn't spill it: 25†††.
- VERLAINE**, Paul, who died on Rue Racine: 3(1).
- VILLEGLE**, Jacques Marie Bertrand Mahé de la, who, like Philippe Hiquily, me and the father of Alexandre Dumas père, was born March 27: 32†; 62†††.
- VIRGIL**, who hid an egg in Naples: 1(1).
- VIRGIN MARY**, whose son has given his name to the Dead-end of the Baby Jesus (Impasse de l'Enfant-Jésus) in Paris' 15th arrondissement: 34f.
- ***VISCOTI**, amateur of contemporary art: 61(1).
- ***WASMUTH**, Tom, called Toom: 36(4); Appendix V.
- WEBSTER**, Noah, whose Spelling Book earned him the money to compile his dictionary: 74†.
- WEWERKA**, Stephan, who once sent me a pack of punctured contraceptives: 22.
- ***WHITFIELD**, Laurence, who has heard wood do *almost* everything: 65(1).
- ***WIDOW OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER**, unknown: 22(1).
- WILLIAMS**, Emmett, who wrote for *The Stars and Stripes* the headline "Life on Venus May Be Boneless," one of my two favorite sentences, the other being "Put the cotton back in the bottle": 2(2); 4(1); 30(1); 34g†††††; 34o(6); 36(1), 36(2); 37(1); 74†††; 79(1); Appendix III; Appendix V; Appendix VI.
- ***WILLIAMS**, Oscar, no relation: 30(1); 36(1).
- ***WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR**, real name Guillaume le Bâtard: 31(1).
- ***WISE**, G., amateur of contemporary art: 61(1).
- ***WITTGENSTEIN**, Ludwig, former architect who couldn't stand eggs: 1(1).
- ***WOOLLEY**, Sir Leonard, who anticipated Arman and Spoerri: 36(5).
- X**, egghead diddler: 36.
- XAVIER**, not cited under Lalande: 75.
- YVES (Klein) LE MONOCHROME**, who said to me one evening at the Coupôle: "I refuse, I'm jealous of the universe," and who was the first of the living persons cited in this topography to die: 75; Appendix III.