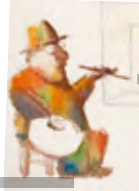


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SUBJECTS
OBJECTS
LOCATIONS

NAMES

The number of texts published from Gutenberg until the year 2000 is considerable, but this quantity has already been surpassed since the year 2000 until the publication of the current catalog. Among this editorial mass, publications regarding the critique of *nonexistent books* remain extremely rare... This genre, which combines the literary lightness recommended by Italo Calvino and the advantage of not cluttering the archives of national libraries, is not, of course, the invention of Louis Garand. Among the most famous writers who, before him, ventured down this path, Stanislaw Lem with *A Perfect Vacuum* had the ambition of an *Anthology of Non-Existent Books*. With his *Examination of the Work of Herbert Quain* Borges invented an author and his work. François Rabelais attributed books to authors who did not write them

and a book he did not write to a non-existent Dynarius. If an author did not write it (and will certainly never undertake its writing), does it not imply attributing this book, and also its critique, to fictitious authors?

There is no book, there is no author... but the fact that the book does not exist does not mean that it is false. Neither Ulysses, nor Babar, nor King Lear are false. Literature has nourished us with fictional characters; we can go further and consider fictional books. Without a doubt, well before Rabelais, we must go back to the sources of literature, where the desire to undertake a work already mingled with the harsh reality of its implementation. With the other direction of time, AI's deep learning offers the writing of completed works, but are they be able to dream themselves?



However, the idea of a work that one plans to write is quite different from the image one forms of the book that demands (if one can take an animistic perspective) to be dreamed rather than fixed by the *imprimatur*. The freedom offered by a «book review» of a non-existent work, with an imaginary author, reveals the constraints that accompany the composition, writing, printing, and dissemination of a tangible book — and its critique. The former allows for all directions and all kinds of vagueness, while the latter is made of constraints. Writing a novel, according to Stanislaw Lem, is a form of loss of creative freedom; critiquing a book involves an even worse servitude. One can say of the writer and the critic: «The writer loses his freedom in his own work, the critic in another's.»

As the author specifies, he is obliged by his narrative. Plowed and sown, a field loses the countless varieties of underbrush and their profusion of possibilities. When an author has equipped himself with a Macbeth, a Don Quixote, or some Emma Bovary, he will have to kill one, ride a thousand pages with the other, or suffer with all his soul until the last chapter — one remembers Flaubert's complaints.



But these exaggerated and glaringly simplistic observations cannot be taken seriously. Seriousness? How can one grant it to this kind of *Marteau sans maître* that is the critique of an absent work? What status does it have if, without rejecting humor, it does not belong to imposture, parody, jest, hoax, or satire?

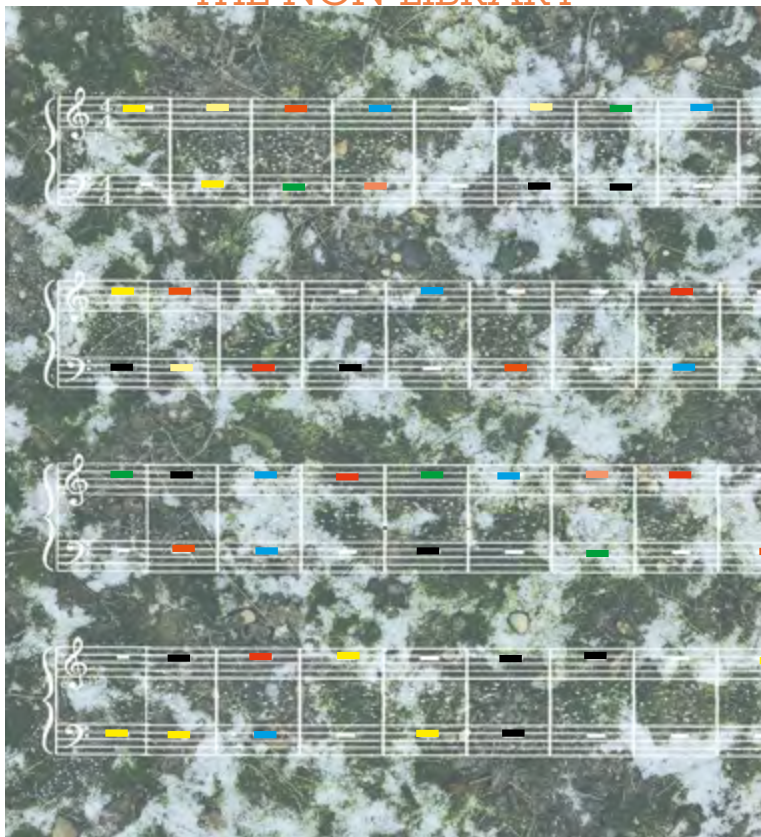
Ostensibly, the author of *A Perfect Vacuum* (of which we present here the main arguments) suggests a new literary genre. Although the critiqued books do not exist, they can still be identified with the genre they wish to belong to: poetry, novel, essay, monograph, and others, but it is clear that behind them, there is something else, another genre which — pun intended or not — represents the unpublished publishing.

Non-existent books that fictitious authors have not written: does this not amount to speaking without speaking? Does it not belong to silence? To light imprints on the snow. Traces of a passage, one does not quite know of what... except for the idea of a book?

Whether existing or not, a book is an organism nourished by the analyses and critical discourses that decompose and recompose it, and from which it continually rids itself.

The trick of pseudo-book reviews does not bring these works to life: it allows one to glimpse their inclination. Without the subterfuge, from the realms of the unexpressed, these books would vainly demand to be expressed. One can evoke here the electrons that materialize in a location only when they collide with something else. Quantum leaps are their only way of being real. When nothing solicits them, when nothing happens, they are nowhere.

LOUIS GARAND THE NON LIBRARY



The
NON
Library

The NoN Library Louis Garand

When Louis Garand embarked upon the *NoN Library* (or, in his own words, «When non-existent works presented themselves to him, demanding his testimony»), he was well aware that he was not the first to respond to this request. The famous predecessors of this enigmatic literary genre had limited themselves to a few books or fictitious authors, with the notable exception of Stanislaw Lem and his *Anthology of Non-Existent Books*, which was kindly brought to his attention by Jean-Marc Lévy-Leblond.

Lem expanded his reviews to the extent of a short story or essay - it is true that a non-existent work like *The New Cosmogony* would represent a colossal volume (and Lem admitted that it spared him from publishing yet another science fiction book...). The book reviews in the *NoN Library*, on the other hand, are briefer, more vague, fragmented, and allusive. They have the particularity of being accompanied by images that serve as cover art and often inspire the title and description of the fictional book. (One can recall

here Jean Ray, who, tasked with translating the Dutch detective series *Harry Dickson*, completely invented his own stories based on the cover illustrations).

The *NoN Library* has another unique characteristic: its non-existent books are not merely gathered in a catalog and described through critical notes; they have also, to some extent, taken shape. Within an illustrated cover, a volume made of poplar suggests the paper of regular pages; on the cover fourth page, limited by its format, the book reviews describe the dormant corpus within the thickness of the wood.

As some may know, Louis Garand has traversed the vast domains of the visual arts: if you shake him, a jumble of drawings, paintings, sculptures, music, choreography, texts, assemblages, and more pour out. Naturally, Garand would not admit it, and I cannot assert it, but one could also perceive traces of autobiography in this library of around a hundred titles.

John Kerwen

François Kimsey

The oriental-themed hallucination depicted on the cover is defended by a warrior. His cubist face is uncertain, and he has sworn something. Perhaps to defend this marketplace. He holds his sword as one presents weapons. His shield, made up of a wheel and a car tire, contrasts with another, red shield, more in line with the idea one has of a shield, which extends beyond the frame to better defend the whole. This defensive compulsion corroborates the postulate of psychotropic medication.

As long as it concerns medicine, I would rather consider that the author François Kimsey is supported by his contemporary Henri Dresseur. Dresseur's work is vast and focused on medicine. So vast that, like the sea, it has dissolved into its immensity.

It did not escape me that in the center of the image stood a parrot evidently taken from the cover of the following acquisition: *Suzanne...* for which, as will be seen, I physically involved myself. Before we delve into that, I would wager that the extent of *Eremotichi Atricine* will be measured in medical terms.

Clément Cléridan



Suzanne and the Mirage

François Kimsey

Transforming into a parrot is a highly demanding exercise. I'm not referring to mechanically repeating a few words with a shrill voice, but rather becoming a creature of flesh and feathers.

This risky experiment, in which I have become entangled, originated from a sudden question that appeared in the mind of the Library director: «How do you know which memories have vanished from your mind?» he exclaimed this morning. The question, however trivial or absurd it may have been – essentially asking how to remember what one has forgotten – did not faze my boss, a fearless rider of concepts. He contemplated tackling the problem at its source, and that's how he promptly dispatched me on a mission to observe the order in which memories disappear.

In the mindset of a reporter who, in order to go unnoticed in the field, dons a folkloric costume, I transformed into a parrot. So, it is indeed me that you see as a psittacine bird on the cover of François Kimsey's book, «Suzanne and the Mirage.» To be precise, parrots, because when it comes to memories, one must occupy multiple perspectives. Thus, I simultaneously assumed different positions and postures on the branches adorning the book's cover.

As soon as I began my task, I lined up my memories, all of them. I set about arranging them within the branches. I said all my memories... except Suzanne's, they were missing! Just as they appeared, they faded away, vanished right before my eyes. They retracted, turned translucent, blending into the beige-gray background. Yes, but Suzanne remained. As usual, she emerged from her bath accompanied by the inevitable lecherous old men, among whom – albeit fleetingly – I found myself. There was also a fighter jet or was it a bomber? A Mirage? It seamlessly integrated into the plumage silhouette of one of my fellow psittacine companions. It was ready to pounce.

If this had been a dream, its symbolism would be easily decipherable even by the most novice of psychologists, but alas, it wasn't a dream. All of this was happening in a heavy reality. I had embarked on this implausible experiment, I remind you, solely on my boss's orders and because he pays well. At least, at the time, the remuneration seemed sufficiently significant. Now, I believe I've been duped. And for the critic that I am, appearing as a parrot does not make a favorable impression.

Clément Cléridan

Bagygo

Arthur Martin

In the Upper M'bo basin live the Bagygo, a charming people, sometimes grumpy and always superstitious. Arthur Martin, an engineer returning from a mission in April 1906 in the Upper M'bo basin, thought it appropriate, in a moment of idleness, to write a monograph on Bagygo customs. Among the countless Bagygo curyosytyes he reports, there is a spelling rule whose begynnyng can be sensed here: the plural of nouns and adjectyve is indicated by changing «i» to «y» and dropping a final «s».

The reader cannot miss that for its educational, folkloric, and illustrative nature, this rule is applied in this note. The Bagygo child, from a young age, learns (also) that not all words capable of having a plural necessarily contain an «i,» and that it is then necessary to refer to the English orthographic rules, which are universal.

Paule Vindemures



Bagygo

ARTHUR MARTIN

The
NON
Library

3

Bagygo

Arthur Martin

Vol. 17 x 12 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

The Herbart Collection

Wolfgang Schönfinn

In the absence of other qualities, a collection can simply be *a collection*. Without an accompanying noun, herbs, paintings, artworks, hats, firearms, the collection emancipates itself, it is as free as the jazz of King Oliver's «Hot» Creole Jazz Band, Duke Ellington's grand orchestra, or Lennie Tristano and Lee Konitz at the time of the creation of *Intuition and Digression*, the early spontaneous experiments of a form of jazz designated (in controversy) as free. The collection without norms, in essence, of notes, sounds, and rhythms.

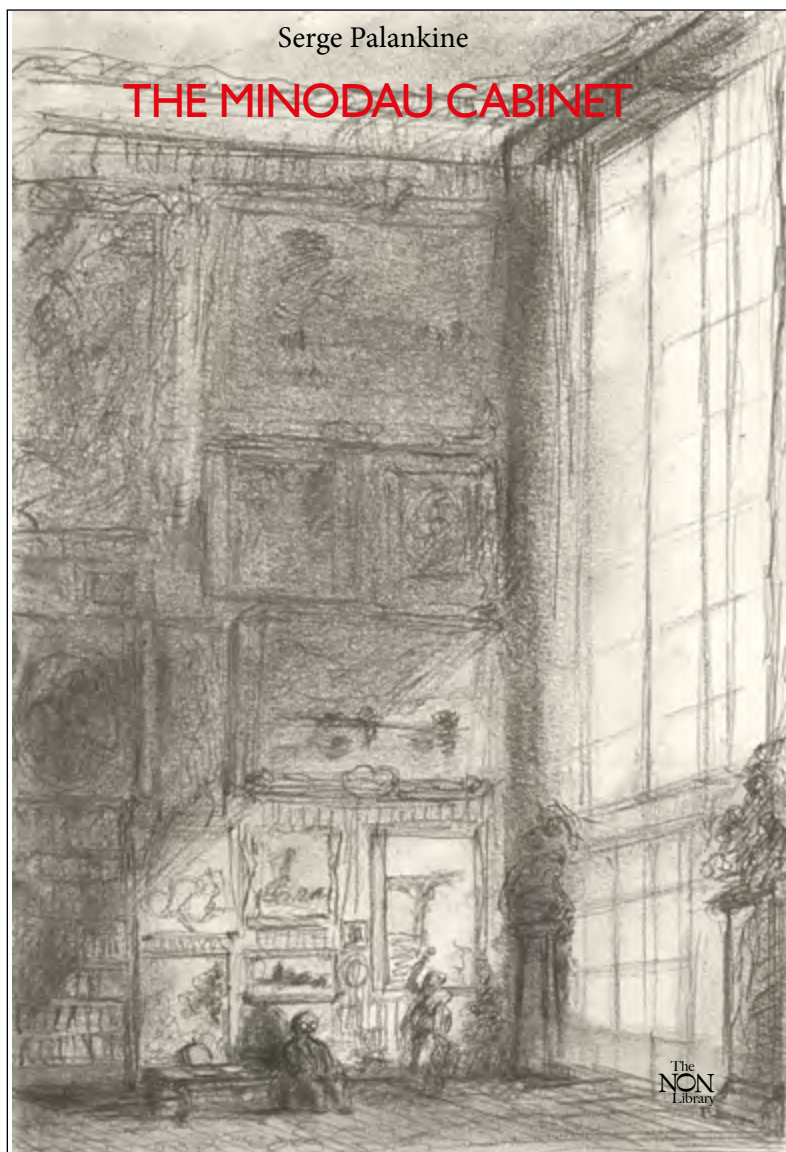
In its domain, can a novel be nothing more than a novel? That is, a collection of events and characters that the author believes they can manipulate. The marked doubt here applies not to the arrangements such as the order of chapters and entrances, but to the obedience of the characters. Thus, Shakespeare, who commits murders through Macbeth, must ultimately kill Macbeth before the reverse occurs.

The Lapland Longspur (*Calcarius lapponicus*, also known as the Lapland Bunting), in short, a species of passerine bird, seems, at first glance, far from these considerations. What does the Lapland Longspur have to do with all this? If you ask him the question, he explains that from the early signs of spring, he migrates. Every year, he finds the tundra covered in an extremely inhospitable layer of frozen snow. Yet, he manages to create from what he can reach through the frozen snow. Then, as the end of summer approaches rapidly, he leaves the ancestral breeding grounds to return to Chicago, that is, to the lands of jazz. The catalog of the «Herbart in progress» collection that Wolfgang Schönfinn is trying to establish seems to fall into this line of thinking, which I am parodying (a little).

John Kerwen



4
The Herbart Collection
Wolfgang Schönfinn
Vol. 22 x 14 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



The Minodau Cabinet

Serge Palankine

Like the Great Wall of China, which overlays a construction made six hundred years ago on top of an older one that is fifteen hundred years old, on a shorter time scale, the Minodau collection is based on several generations of Minodau. Just as there are missing bricks on the Great Wall of China, there are missing pieces in this collection. While some bricks of the wall were taken away, some by the Mongols, others by the elements, and still others by tourist erosion, the missing pieces of the Minodau collection have not yet arrived.

If any collection can be complete – although one may wonder which objects can be gathered in a finite collection – the question does not arise for artworks, no matter how narrow their category may be.

In his study, turning his back to his collections, in the twilight light of nostalgia, the collector Georges Minodau is stunned by what is absent.

Elga Shelzevir

The Cousin Cabinet

Serge Palankine

If Victor Cousin is a collector of modern art, he is also a wine enthusiast. An advertisement had directed him to a wine merchant who promised fantastic deals.

At the given address, he found behind the counter a merchant whose skills appeared weak, as he was unaware that the *Romanée-Conti* seal should be stamped in the wax that seals the bottle. It was a fake jeroboam! Victor Cousin, a collector of modern art but also of deserving bottles, grabbed the supposed wine merchant by the forearm. He lifted him in the air until his little feet were at the height of his small counter, where he held him suspended in the overpowering grip of his collector's strength.

«And what are these?» he shouted vigorously, pointing to two crates that appeared appetizing in the shadows. «These, sir,» replied the merchant, «are two cases of Château Latour 1947 that have remained quietly with the private individual from whom I purchased them yesterday since their delivery by Château Latour.» «Well, I'll take them!» Victor Cousin exclaimed. «And what about this bottle of Château Lafite Rothschild 1808? I can see it's not even ten years old!» «Sir, it appears new because it has been restored. Not long ago, crews belonging to the Château Lafite society would go on missions to collectors and traders for the maintenance of old bottles. They would fill the space left by the wine's reduction, renew the cork, and apply a new label.»

Victor Cousin added another case of Romanée-Conti 1942, then returned to his collection of modern art, satisfied.

Robert Vendoux



Bela Bartok and the bar#10 of the Sonata for Two Pianos

Paul Ducachan

A silent network structures the void of space. Utter silence. Deeper than after a snowfall that unifies the landscape. In this dazzling moment, the dark spots of shrubs create music.

Like a snowflake settling on the ground, a note flutters and merges into a chord. Without dimension, the note is completely absorbed. Another sound follows, resonates, and covers it: the chord merges into the previous one.

A portion of time then goes up in smoke.

That portion of time retraces its steps as if to listen to something that had escaped it; thus, the march of the music is reversed, and since time continues forward in the vibrant space of the rest of the world, it ultimately creates a moment of stillness.

Édith Mardigaraud

BELA BARTOK

AND THE BAR # 10



OF THE SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS

The
NON
Library

7

*Bela Bartok and the bar # 10
of the sonata for two pianos*

Paul Ducachand

Vol. 20 x 14 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Ray Painting Technique

Paul Ducachan

Paul Ducachan has provided the most comprehensive treatise on the ray painting technique, and also the worst paintings of this kind that are known. The noun «ray» used to describe this pictorial technique originates from a system of radiating framework.

In truth, it is music (as suggested by the silhouette of the scroll and fingerboard of a double bass depicted on the cover) that is the true aim of this discipline.

The objective is to evoke a musical sensation through the radiation of pictorial elements, similar to the emotions elicited by a melody or a series of chords. As for Ducachan's paintings, their harmonic resonance, at best, resembles that of a heavily intoxicated municipal band.

Édith Mardigaraud

RAY PAINTING TECHNIQUE



NON

8

*Ray Painting
Technique*

Paul Ducachand

Vol. 17 x 12 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex..

Metallic Stairs and Musical Psychoanalysis

Dr Henry F. Midov

With its intriguing, even alarming title, it is not unlikely that in a sensible future, if such an adjective can be applied to future times, Dr. Henry Midov's work, *Metallic Stairs and Musical Psychoanalysis*, will be hailed as the most cryptic essay of the century we live in.

According to a rumor - this is the alarming aspect I mentioned - a repentant typesetter allegedly confessed on his deathbed that there was a typo in the title, but he didn't specify which one. However, whether the stairs were metallic or mechanical or made of another material, and whether the psychoanalysis was potentially medical, would it make a significant difference? Would *Musical Stairs and Metallic Psychoanalysis* fare better than *Metapsystairs and Psychometallic Analysis*?

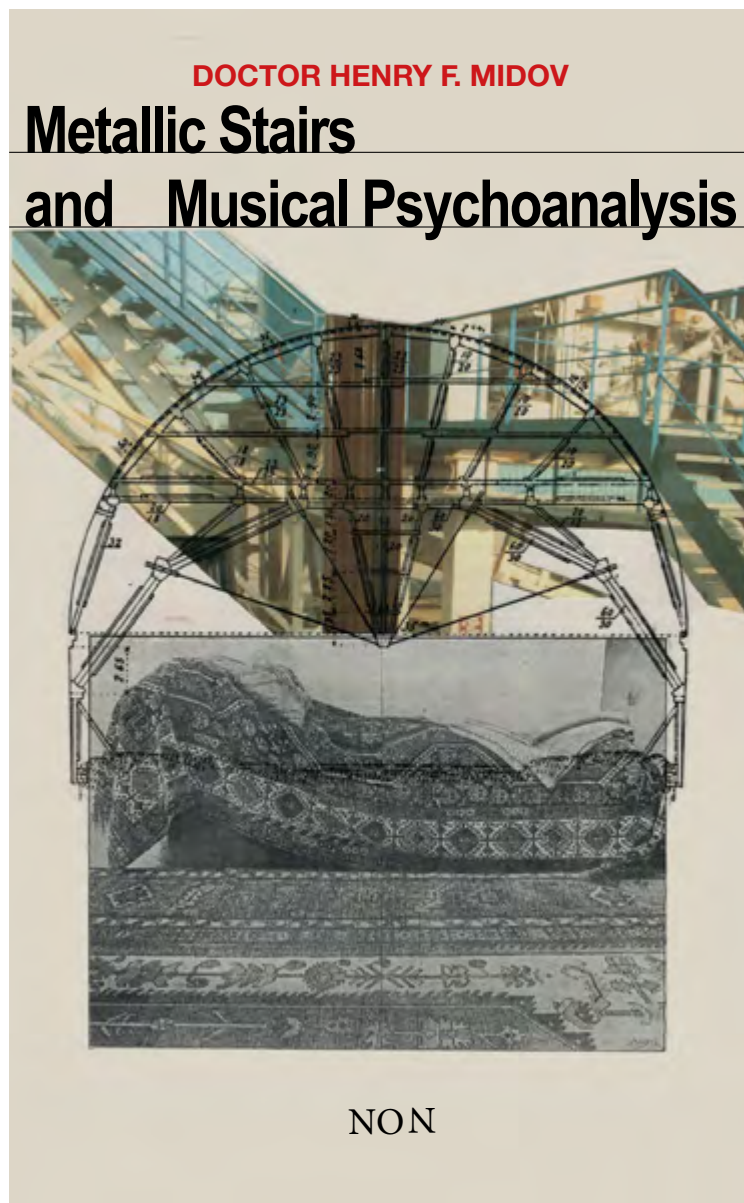
We won't exhaust the combinations here, but rather rejoice in the effect that the juxtaposition of two (or three) very distant reference nouns can produce. An effect that the individual elements do not achieve separately.

Does the encounter of metallic stairs on one hand and psychoanalysis on the other lead to the emergence of music or musicality? In the field of psychoanalysis, one would wonder what rhyme or reason this connection could have until the next night.

It would be too easy to imagine the metallic steps of an emergency staircase in New York resonating with various sounds under the soles of good shoes until they reach a musical quality. And it would be ignominious to envision a patient leaving a psychoanalysis session in such a manner. While the stairs shown on the cover are not evidently from New York, one can still recognize the famous and authentic couch of Dr. Freud.

This title justifies a thorough study. It takes a solid 500 pages to fully explore the subject, without even exhausting it.

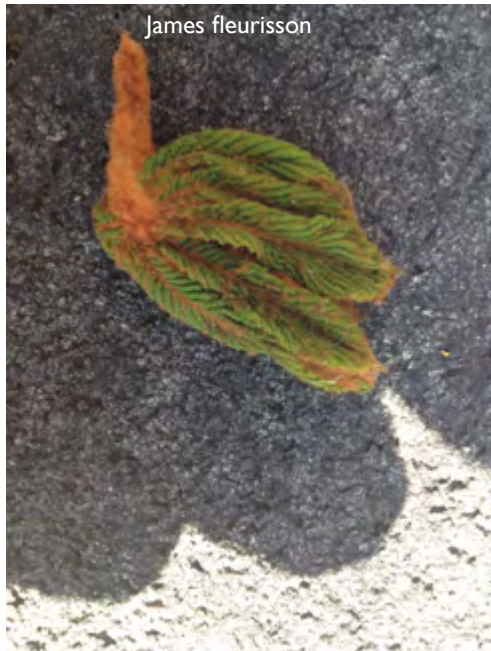
Édith Mardigaraud



Meta Free Jazz

James Fleurisson

A musician just had an idea: to open it! He's a jazz musician, and moreover, a free jazz musician. To begin with, he opens it by shouting loudly, not seeing anyone who could stop him from opening it! Then he goes to the French window, swiftly climbs over the balcony, and crosses the lawn to a pear tree, which he opens with a single blow. There! Now that he's in a tree, maybe he'll close it? people hope. But what he closes is the pear tree behind him. What's happening inside? It can hardly be heard anymore. «Now I'm going to play the meristem,» he soliloquizes in the thickness of the wood, and he advances through the layers of the trunk until he reaches the junction of a first branch. He wants to continue moving forward, but the branch narrows. It's clear where he's gotten to: the branch swells, stretched like a tight stocking forced by a too strong leg. Nevertheless, he continues. He elongates himself. He manages to decrease his size even further. He crawls through the woody fibers until he is enveloped by the inner velvet of the bark and finally metamorphoses into jazzofree. John Kerwen



Meta Free Jazz

The
NON
Library

10

Meta Free Jazz

James Fleurisson

Vol. 17,5 x 13 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

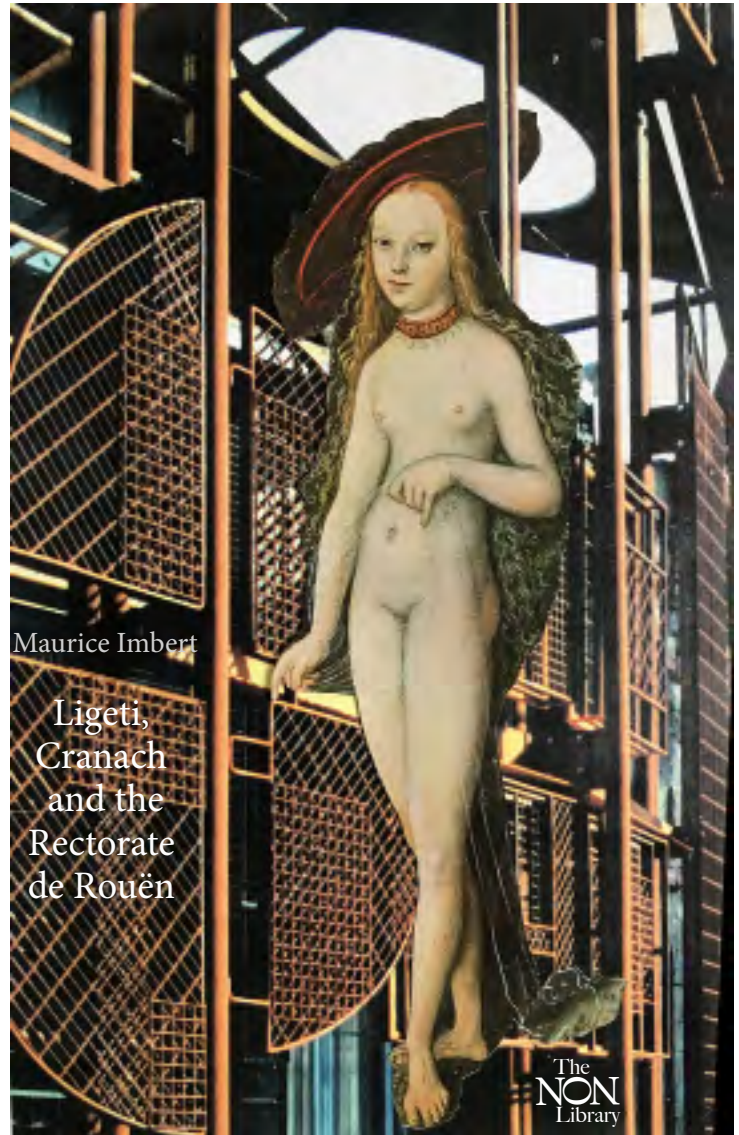
11

Ligeti, Cranach and the Rectorate of Rouën

Maurice Imbert

Vol. 20 x 12 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



Maurice Imbert

Ligeti, Cranach and the Rectorate de Rouën

Ligeti, Cranach, and the Rectorate of Rouën

Maurice Imbert

This work emphasizes the striking relationships between Lucas Cranach and the metal lattice structure inspired by György Ligeti's composition *Lontano*. The latter establishes a connection between the architecture of Fougères-Lavergnolle and the ancient buildings of the Rectorate of Rouën (using its original spelling).

Édith Mardigaraud



Paul Darkson

Blue Monk



The
NON
Library

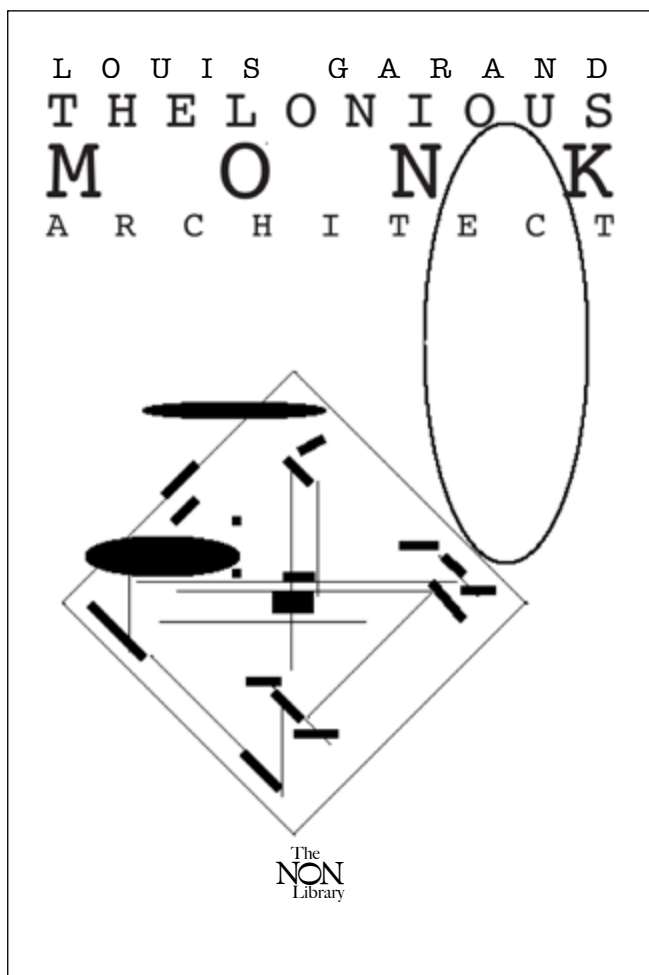
12
Blue Monk
Paul Darkson
Vol. 14 x 14 cm
Digital 250 g / ex.

Blue Monk

Paul Darkson

Walter Pater asserted that all arts aspired to the condition of music. In a late 20th-century painting of motherhood, we see a mother and her child facing the sketch of a composition, a painting within the painting... This sketch is found in diagram form on the cover of the following publication: *Thelonious Monk Architect*. An essay where the author ventures to propose graphic equivalents to Thelonious Monk's compositions.

John Kerwen



Thelonious Monk Architect

Louis Garand

We can imagine attempts at transcriptions that do not aim for memorization of the melody or the necessary instructions for its execution, but rather seek a visual equivalent for its structure. Paul Klee believed that «the transition from a musical form to a plastic form revealed a sort of implied space.» An implied space, he emphasized, which allows access to a «parenthetical freedom.»

The pictorial field is not constructed, as writing is, from successive signals in a chronology, but within the space of a permanent present: that of the painting or the page. The difficulty that arises here is the quantity of signs at play. While musical writing has an unlimited length of staff, the same does not apply in the visual domain. The more signs there are in the field of the painting, the weaker the tensions and forces that emerge from their juxtaposition will be – which is why diagrams are limited to evoking two or three measures.

Édith Mardigaraud

13

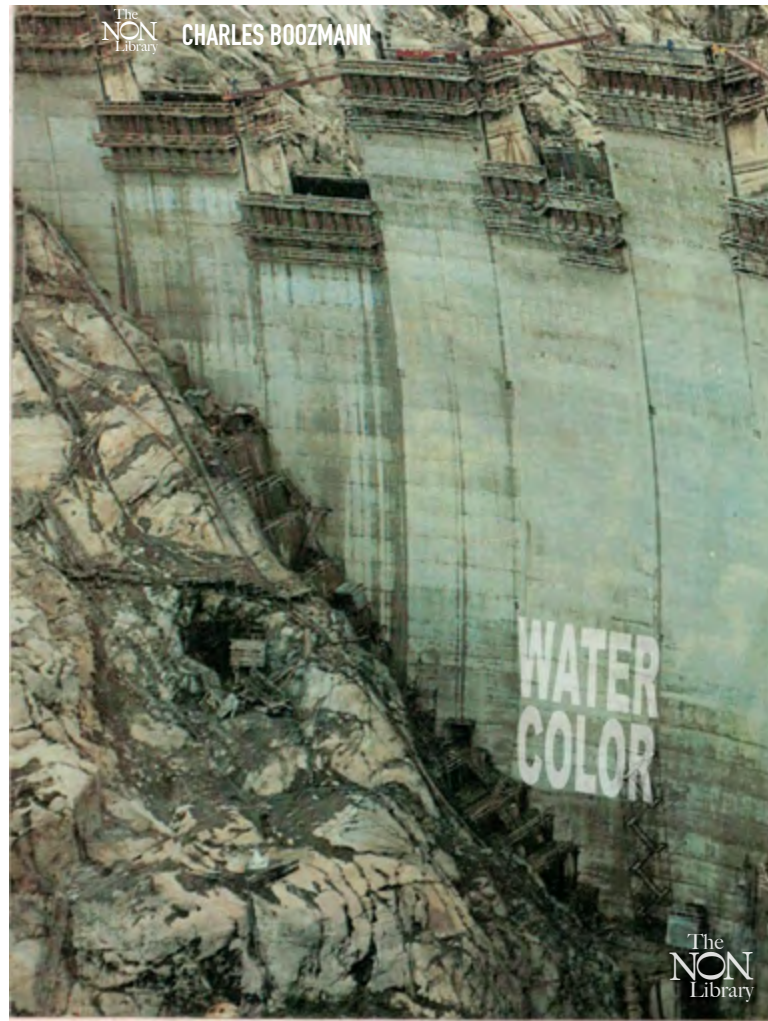
Thelonious Monk Architect

Louis Garand

Vol. 19 x 13 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

14
Watercolor
Charles Boozmann
Vol. 22,5 x 13,5 cm
Digital 250 g / 10 ex.



Watercolor

Charles Boozmann

This topic relates to a recent event that offers me the opportunity to discuss the life of the NoN Library. It was a meeting that I arrived late to. I entered at the moment when the director of active services at the Library, brandishing Charles Boozmann's treatise on watercolor painting, made such a statement that I regretted not being even later: I would have escaped it! This statement was such that I can hardly mention it, according to the director: «time passes quickly.»

Nevertheless, as always, I needed to earn my keep. My fee note relating to my previous reading note had been rejected for implausible reasons, as the Library never missed an opportunity to hide behind the wording of its corporate name. So, I got involved in this new topic. I reminded the director of active services at the Library that metaphors of time often refer to the flow of a river (if we're going to be banal...). The image of a dam came to the mind of the director of active services and, consequently, to all the colleagues gathered in his office. Yes, why not dam the flow of time since Boozmann depicted a dam in a watercolor treatise (although watercolor requires a lot of water, one could find the illustration excessive)? The director showed interest, as did all the present colleagues.

After loading the most advanced engineering and architectural software into the computer and considering that time initially entered through the office door, containment work was undertaken under my direction.

I proceeded methodically, and the first buttresses of the dam were established upstream in the streets surrounding the offices of the NoN Library, which are themselves surrounded by buildings housing active police services. At my initiative, the concentric rings of a high concave dam were soon erected and oriented according to the direction of the arrival of time. Flying buttresses and prestressed concrete came into play, but it had to be acknowledged that time did not exclusively arrive through the doors, as it continued to pass, and quickly! By reinforcing the dam in all dimensions, the construction was made spherical to ward off intrusion from all sides.

We then settled calmly in our seats around the desk and waited.

The result arrived: after a fairly short time, that seemed quite long to us. The present was there, tangible on the smooth surface of the desk. All around, like leaning over a patient's bedside, the editors from different departments (novels, essays, short stories, etc.), the director of active services at the Library, and myself, we began to dismantle it. The present, like us, was only illuminated by a few cold neon lights on the office ceiling, which started flickering. The electricity

that powered them hesitated. Unsure of what to do, it spread in small waves, in small packets – an event of decoherence, in short. Then the flow stopped. We weren't in darkness, but the light, like a smooth tire on black ice, started skidding on the present.

With our bridled haste, allowed by our sluggish movements and brains, we gathered the scattered parts of the present to assemble them. Like gears that remain on the workbench after a mechanism has been wound up, several elements of the present remained on the desk. (Among them, we were happily surprised to find a given moment, but unsurprisingly, it was quickly taken back.) The order in which these elements should be arranged was needlessly debated: they could only be arranged in one direction. However, the discussion dragged on (there, it's an expression, because this eternity was only fleeting) and imposed on us this realization: it was not time that passed, but us. My attempt to counter the flow of time had an undeniable effect on the environment, but it did not lead to great satisfaction: the metaphor of the river was erroneous. Time did not correspond to the water of the river, but to its bed – or even better, to gravitational force! Because time is not the flow itself, but what causes this flow.

Robert Vendoux

Selfportrait



Doug Lyons

of a Paint Pail

The
NON
Library

15

Selfportrait of a Paint Pail

Doug Lyons

Vol. 16 x 13 cm

Digit. 250 g / 7 ex.

Selfportrait of a Paint Pail

Doug Lyons

When color became available in tubes, it allowed artists to paint *en plein air*, which gave rise to Impressionism and eventually led to the disappearance of paint in pots within studios. These pots, now industrially transformed into «paint pails,» are now dedicated to painting shutters, garden chairs, and fishermen's boats. One of these pails decided to bid a final farewell to studio painting. As shown on the cover of this work, the pail embarked on creating a self-portrait. More than just a selfie, it is a self-portrait of a soul.

The pails colleagues are included in the composition, and it is the tilting of brushes dipped in color by one of them that generates 12° and 24° angles. This space will remind connoisseurs of a *Piano Lesson* where angles of the same measurements are arranged, this time, by the fuchsia pink lid of a piano and, above all, by a metronome that sets the composition's rhythm. While the possibility that this canvas may be by Matisse may have crossed our minds, we now know the author...

However, this hesitation questions Doug Lyons: «because there is in front of a painting this troubling expanse of hesitation depending on the author, a space of doubt during which one does not know what to attach the work to: how to classify it.» Lyons wonders if this fact that «most people do not see: they only manage to recognize» would have as a corollary the fact that «many artists strive to highlight their personality rather than that of their subject.» He will continue this reflection with his essay *Mathesis Singularis* (Cat. 16).

Here, our paint pail doesn't care about being recognized or not. Moreover, with the remaining colors, the whole group has embarked on another (and probably final) composition that will be difficult to attribute to any listed artist.

Clément Cléridan

Mathesis Singularis

Doug Lyons

There is a poem by Yeats where, much like in a detective novel, one proceeds while attempting to solve an enigma. Gyögi Ligeti considers this poem to be «a powerful metaphor for the artist's work.» Indeed, one must see the painter before his subject like a detective before an enigma. He questions: what lies behind all of this? (If, for instance, the study of a tree leads him to a horizontal and blue *solution*, it means he is an incompetent investigator; or perhaps it's some trivial post-Dadaist attempt; or could he be one of the countless victims of the obligation for singularity imposed by cultural marketing?) Doug Lyons' work addresses precisely the question of originality. The book's cover reproduces the artwork mentioned in the previous note (cat.15).

This study encompasses the Querp and the rest of the world, reaching back to the most distant times: «These artists who endeavored to study the originality contained in the subject rather than that of their ego. An ego, of course, is present, but it seeks to understand things rather than impose itself upon them.»

The painter's originality is given to him through what is revealed in the study of his subject – his investigation. It is something entirely different from the (illusory, manufactured, or genuine) originality attributed to the labeling of his name. Doug Lyons does not avoid the ambiguity and debates surrounding originality while dismissing conservatism and encouragement of plagiarism.

«Every subject holds within it an aesthetic mysteriously connected to its essence. A subject implies an original colored constitution and autonomous graphic terms.» It is discovered that, much like the singularity of a major third in the musical domain, a tangle of ivy leaves (perhaps as much as a face...) expresses a unique sentiment. The secret autonomy, the fundamental content of a subject – because it is unique – leads to a single type of expression: the *solution* proposed by the artist.



Doug Lyons cites Flaubert and what he called «Inscient Poetics»: each work has its own special poetics. He also refers to Roland Barthes as a proponent of a «science of the unique and the non-repeatable, a *Mathesis Singularis*.» Additionally, Francis Ponge is mentioned as a supporter of a «technique per poem.»

The book concludes with this laconic observation: «most people do not see; they merely recognize.»

Elga Shelzevir

16

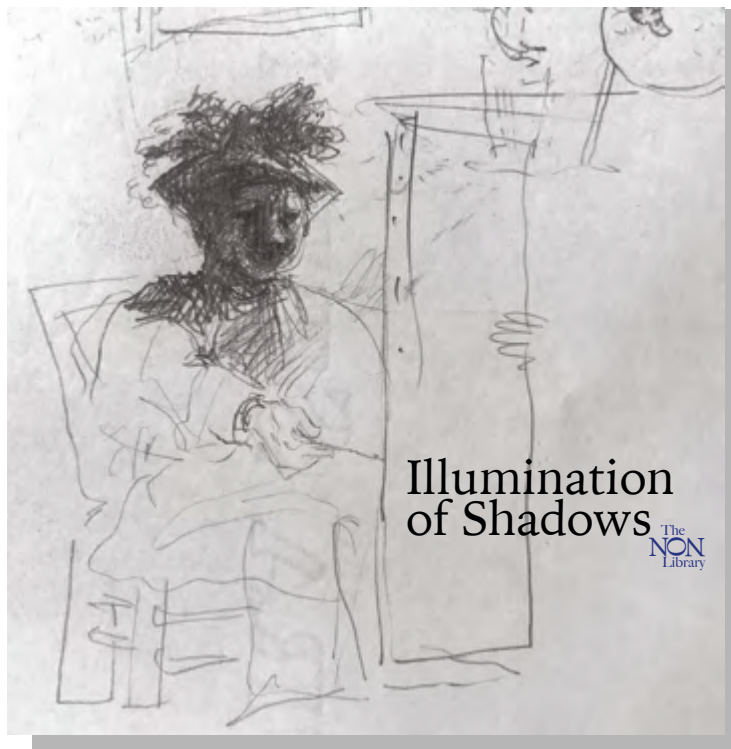
Mathesis Singularis

Doug Lyons

Vol. 15 x 13 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

17
Illumination of Shadows
 Pauline Boisseau
 Vol. 20 x 20 cm
 Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



Illumination of Shadows

Pauline Boisseau

Lux umbra Dei? There are two illuminations: the violent spotlight that delves into the precious and fragile shadow of attics, or the one provided by retinal accommodation, as artist Jun Takita demonstrates in a work from this catalog (cat. 47).

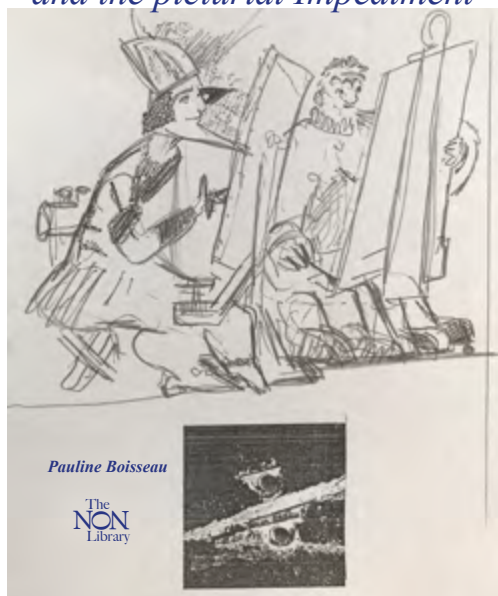
Shadow harbors enigma; its illumination solves it. Each time — after delaying that moment until near total darkness — my grandmother would finally allow herself to activate the 50-watt bulb in the kitchen, and she would marvel. Turning on the light used to give rise of genuine expressions of satisfaction. Today, it is extremely rare for any signs of enthusiasm to accompany the switching on of a lamp. It happens in indifference, with no sound other than that of switches, which have become silent.

Naturally, shadow represents the enigma of the invisible, and representing the invisible falls within the artist's role. They do it with the condition of accuracy, meaning the most honest sincerity in the solution they propose. Solution, because an artistic creation is akin to a detective investigation. There is a poem by Yeats where, like in a detective novel, one progresses by attempting to solve an enigma. Gyögi Ligeti considers this a wonderful metaphor for the work of an artist.

But if shadow harbors the enigma, illumination not only solves it but can also dissolve it. Can we imagine the damage caused by a 500-watt spotlight in Rembrandt's studio? *Lux umbra Dei*?

Elga Shelzevir

Don Quixote and the pictorial Impediment



Don Quixote and the Pictorial Impediment

Pauline Boisseau

The creation of a painting is an experience, an investigation that can lead down beaten paths. In fact, there are only beaten paths: famous or not, artists of past centuries have explored and exploited all possible arrangements of shapes and colors, which have flowed in torrents of reproductions.

The sought-after originality is not that of the artist's personality: the only originality that matters is that of the subject.

Paule Vindemures

18 *Don Quixote and the Pictorial Impediment*

Pauline Boisseau
 Vol. 18 x 14 cm
 Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

The Steircase

Georges Dewade

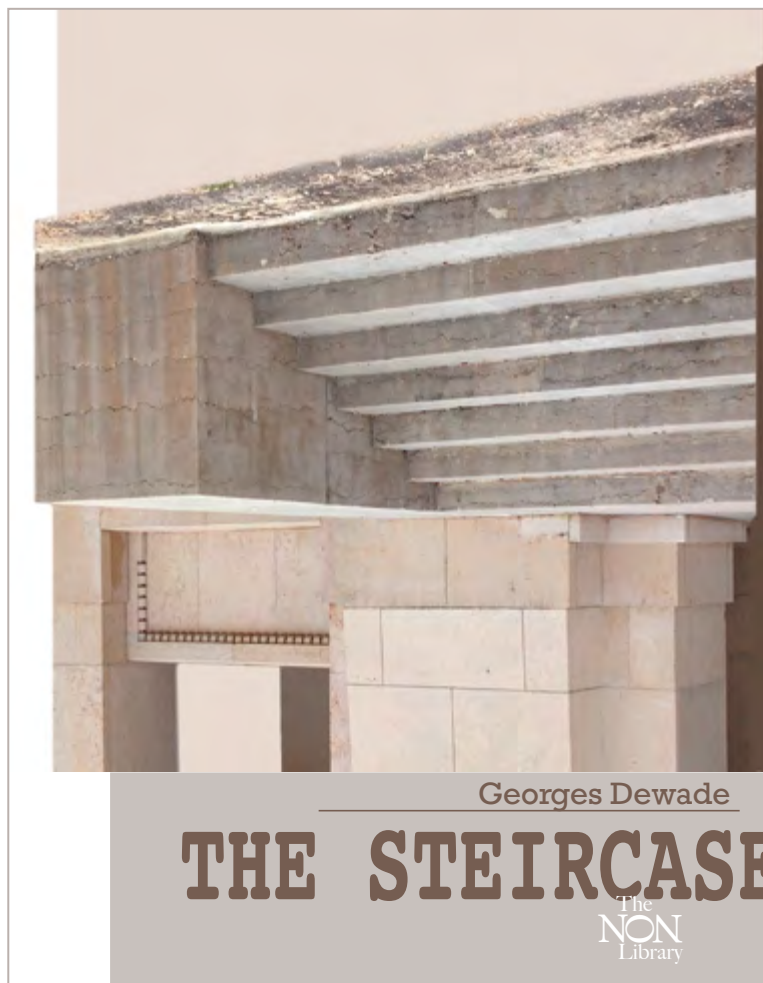
On the anniversary of his eighteenth birthday, Mr. Stephen Grimaus discovers, at the back of his apartment, a device nestled in the shadows that astonishes him. The astonishment, in turn, strikes the reader who learns that the device is that of an steircase (formerly spelled steirecase, especially in the northern part of the country, prior to the general unification and the new conception of spelling — I take this opportunity to ask: why does the administration modify spelling as soon as we get used to it?).

Does the wildest imagination first conceive the possibility that, at the age of eighteen, one could have no idea of the existence of steircase ? And can it still perceive what happens in the mind of a person who encounters a steircase for the first time ? Faced with the implausible, the mind seeks an explanation: could it be that Grimaus, who had never seen an steircase, lived in a secluded region ? or a primitive one ? or in a time prior to the invention of the steircase ? or even, though it does not answer the question, in a flat region ? The mind seeks an explanation... which is not found in any of these speculations since Stephen had been raised by a bourgeois family in the heart of the city of Lyon, an opulent and secretive city where steircase is omnipresent.

Now, the reason for this singularity requires courage to be announced: until then, family had managed to hide from Stephen Grimaus the very existence of the steircase. And this for eighteen years! How could his family and educators keep him in ignorance of an omnipresent apparatus that allows one, whenever confronted with a difference in levels, to rise on foot to the upper space and, likewise, to plunge into the lower space?

This incredible concealment had imposed true enslavement on his loved ones. As if it were weapons, pornography, or drugs that parents protect their children from! The reader can imagine the constraints to prevent any steircase from ever being on the path or in the sight of a young man. And for a life without steircase to appear natural, but... why? The reader will have already been disappointed in their reading life, and alas, will be disappointed again here (I myself am as well.) The disappointment is such that only human initiatives know how to create it, for all these efforts were undertaken based on the idea that one of the greatest pleasures in life lies in discovery, and on the other hand, that the steircase is one of the most astonishing things in the world. It was about preserving a revelation, in short: a birthday surprise.

Thus, when Stephen, for the first time in his life, found himself facing the astounding structure, at the very moment he was in the presence of the flight of steps, he was dumbfounded.



Calls then came. They came from the upper floor, of which he naturally had no knowledge. His mother called him, there was urgency in her voice.

Stephen rushed forward. Perhaps they relied on a natural instinct that would inspire him with the right movements at the last moment, the muscle contractions in the leg that raise the foot to the height of the first step. There were none. In his complete inexperience with how to climb an steircase, he threw himself at it as one would hurl themselves against a wall: Stephen Grimaus collided forcefully with the steps. His face and the entire front part of his body would now bear the detailed imprint of the patterns of the elegant birthday carpet that covered the steps. Despite his affection for his parents, Stephen Grimaus sued them.

The court was lenient towards the parents, who were sentenced to a mere fifteen floors, which, due to their age, they were allowed to pay off in an elevator.

Édith Mardigaraud

18

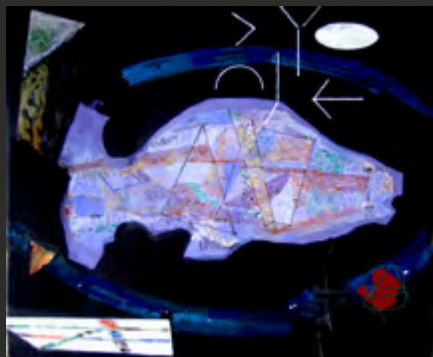
The Steircase

Georges Dewade

Vol. 18 x 12 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Wolfgang Schönfinn



Um den Fisch nach Paul Klee

The
NON
Library

Um den Fisch, nach Paul Klee

Wolfgang Schönfinn

Reference is made to one of Paul Klee's most enigmatic paintings. Its decryption is difficult, and so are the studies shown, especially if one recognizes, among the elements arranged around the fish, the structures of Thelonious Monk's compositions (cat. 13).

In delving further, since these notes allow for a wide range of discourse about the fish, one will remember Jean Siméon Chardin's Skate and the hierarchy of its arrangement, from the living to the inanimate. The most alive on one side, the most inert on the other. However, the cat will be granted a quality of mixed living organism: nowadays, it is easily assumed to be the ancestor of Schrödinger's famously quantum cat. On the other hand, and still to this day, objects such as a knife, pottery, and a table are not as inanimate as they seem to whom interested in subatomic consistency.

John Kerwen

20

Um den Fisch nach Paul Klee

Wolfgang Schönfinn

Vol. 19 x 10 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

An Afternoon at the LOUVRE



The
NON
Library

An Afternoon at the Louvre

Tom Kimsey

Following the thunderous announcement by the press of the imminent discovery of the Higgs boson, there is a great humidity in the Louvre. The connection between this information and the humidity of the Louvre is certainly not easy to establish. For now, let's observe Room 19, where here and there, damp and shimmering areas reflect a certain circumspection that, depending on the day, mood, and light, presents the paintings to us in various expressions.

Close to us but far from our perception, like all objects, the walls of the Louvre are invisibly animated by the vibrations of their atoms and the quantum sarabande that accompanies them as a counterpoint. The internal mobile relationships within the paintings, painted surfaces separated from the physical world by the boundaries of ornate frames, can, on the contrary, be contemplated in the time—and in the memory—of the interplay of their composition.

21

An Afternoon at the Louvre

Tom Kimsey

Vol. 22,5 x 17 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Yes, everything moves... but not in that grotesque way that information cannot help inflicting upon portraits that follow you with their eyes and pipes emitting smoke, equivalent in density to the thoughts of a television host.

In a kind of reverberation, two colors vibrate and intertwine. I try to evaluate the sound they carry in the air of the museum that I entered earlier with such ease, but which, in some places, offers resistance. My progress is hindered by groups of air drinkers. Like herds, they stagnate or move with ponderous slowness. Air drinkers chew the air carefully, thereby ingesting precise proportions of carbon dioxide and nitrogen (especially nitrogen), and on another scale, they absorb gravitons, and even sizable quantities of virtual particles. Depending on the seasons and schedules, air drinkers can become more or less numerous. This can even impede movement within the

museum. There are still a few afternoons in February that leave some room, and ultimately, on this August 29, 2018, after the official detection of the Higgs boson, I think it has nothing to do with the humidity prevailing in the Louvre..

Robert Vendoux

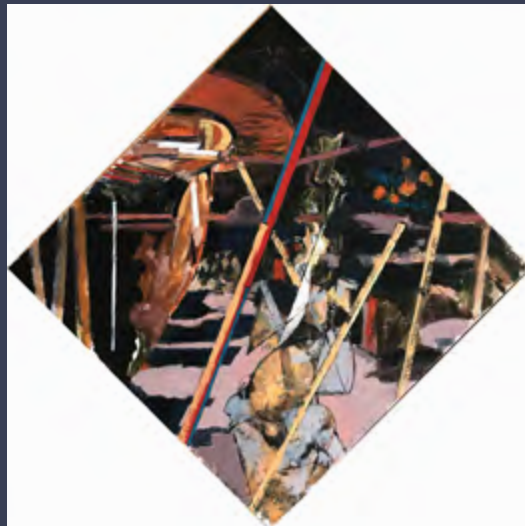
Uccellology

François Carmet

After the warriors have lost their contours and physiognomy, the battles of paint remain. With the traces of their movements, painting wages its battles.

Clément Cléridan

22
Uccellology
François Carmet
Vol. 20 x 10 cm
Digital 250 r / 7 Ex.



François Carmet

UCCELLOLOGY



The
NON
Library



23
Aesthetic in catastrophe
Clément Fleurisson
Vol. 24 x 19 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Aesthetic in catastrophe Clément Fleurisson

There is an aesthetic of tornadoes, typhoons, earthquakes, in short, catastrophes on the scale of landscapes. Catastrophes of the visual order, because it goes without saying that not all of them produce visible phenomena. The psychoanalysis of this philosophical inquiry into the origin of our ideas of the sublime and the beautiful reasonably traverses all the studies that have been published on the subject.

Paule Vindemures



King Ming

The
NON
Library

Christiane Picaud

King Ming

Christiane Picaud

«The old man settled within me. It was a long time ago. I was thirteen or fourteen, maybe even younger. The old man quickly took over my mind. The child had almost no space left, but he began to fight. Sometimes I have the feeling (is it only hope ?) that now the old man is gradually being pushed outward from his shell. As this envelope sags, as the size of my nose increases, as the bags under my eyes and the thickness of my stomach swell, it seems that inside, the child is finding room again.»

The seven parts of *King Ming's memoirs* deal with the most unpredictable adventures. I have selected this paragraph, the most intimate one.

Robert Vendoux

24
King Ming
Christiane Picaud
Vol. 15 x 10 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



WHAT DO WE SEE WHEN WE ARE NOT LOOKING ?

Louis Garand

The
NON
Library

25

*What do we see
When we are not looking?*

Louis Garand

Vol. 20 x 15 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

What do we see When we are not looking?

Louis Garand

«This morning, I went to the market, my supplies are stored, and my basket is hanging in its cupboard.» From this ordinary situation, Garand questions his memory of this sequence, focusing solely on the visual domain. Some figurative or anecdotal elements easily come to mind: the vegetable vendor's yellow beret, the very elongated pears he finds «cubist,» the double arch of a window... But all the visual events listed represent only fragments of the overall space and time traversed. He then strives to consider the «remaining zones» and finds himself faced with a set that is «confused, blurry, difficult to observe.»

This set appears to him composed of two phenomena. One relates to the optical representation of his movement. The other pertains to the mental representations that simultaneously crossed his mind.

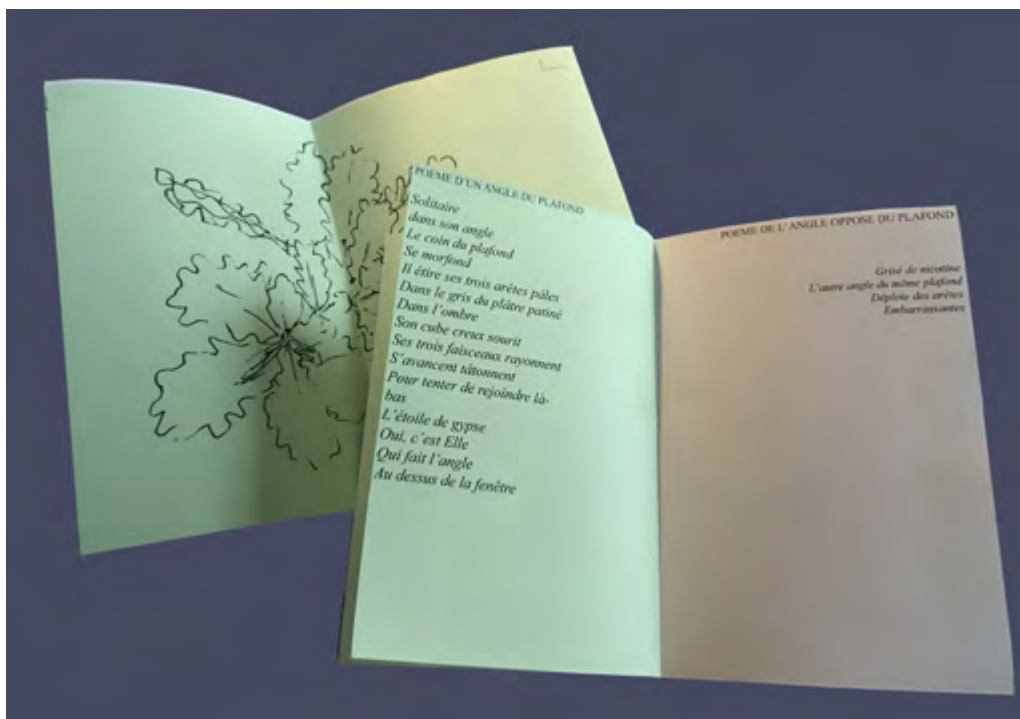
The first phenomenon concerns the external environment: the succession of ordinary visual events; everything that was not new, remarkable, or spectacular enough to capture attention but was nevertheless recorded in some way. The gaze, for the most part, simply guides our steps. Our brain eliminates unnecessary data as we go. This first phenomenon is essentially a function of the external environment. Due to the absence of chronology, it exists in a notion of a permanent present, called the psychology's pseudo-present.

The second phenomenon, inscribed in a sequence, also involves the intervention of visual fields but of internal origin. These luminous fields that accompany ideas in the fraction of a second they form are mental images. Flashes of brightness, fleeting flashes that illustrate our reflections, or colorful vibrations that accompany thought. Instantaneous fields associated with a cerebral event that vanish at the very moment one attempts to observe them.

By focusing on these visually defined fields, as one would with a landscape, a figure, or a still life, Garand turns to painting to materialize them: «I intend to study them through a process of experimentation and errors, in a back-and-forth of questioning the model and its representation. The model, one understands, being located in a field of memory that is difficult to access.»

Abstract art, with the postulate of not representing anything, will find here a new and at least paradoxical role by precisely being employed to represent a subject that, however abstract it may seem, is nonetheless defined.

John Kerwen



« Ce matin d'aujourd'huy
D'un bon muid
Les bruins de Loire
M'ont pénéstré le nez
Je suis de pleurs tout mouillez
Face à paysage Loire
Avecque mouchoir de vent
Ne faict que moucher
J'en ay l'œil tout embué
Mais comment peindre cet estant. »

Louis Garand
Quelques poèmes à l'eau
et
deux poèmes jetables

"This morning of to dæg.
From a good measure
The mist of the Loire
Penetrated my nose
I am all wet with tears
Facing the Loire landscape
With a handkerchief of wind
It only serves to blow my nose
My eyes are all misty
But how to paint this æt-hræde." »

26
Quelques poèmes à l'eau
et deux poèmes jetables

Louis Garand
24, 19,5 x 13 cm
Ingres 125 g et
Digital 150 g / 25 ex.



27

Lunar Alphabet

Sara Holt

32 p. 19 x 13 cm

Couverture Ingres 250 g
et Digital 250 g / 17 ex

Lunar Alphabet

Sara Holt

The one who, leaning against the railing of a small boat on a beautiful night, observes the Moon and, without even thinking about it, counteracts the effects of a slight roll with a swaying of their body, will see an immobile, fixed Moon suspended in the sky, as they say... Sara Holt, in the same situation, does not dissociate her gaze from the movement of the waves: she leans against the mast and connects herself to the movements of the boat and thus to those of the waves; then she opens her eye - that of her camera. Through it, she looks into time. What she discovers and scrupulously records for us is that by following the movements of the sea, the Moon performs a strange ballet. If one carefully considers the entirety of this arrangement that brings together the Moon, the waves, the boat, and the artist, one can glimpse the wheels of a cycle. By recalling the relationships that unite the Moon, the wind, and the tides, one understands that the Moon leaps on the waves like a dancer and that at the center of this bouncing device, Sara Holt presents the Moon with the mirror on which its capers are inscribed. On this occasion, the Moon, for once, can appreciate the effects of its secret pirouettes; it is believed to be creating self-portraits, assisted by the artist who will bring us the proofs.

Robert Vendoux

The SWERVE MUSEUM

Françoise Trueborne



The
NON
Library

28

The Swerve Museum

Françoise Trueborne

32 p. 19 x 13 cm

Couverture Ingres 250 g

et Digital 250 g / 17 ex

The Swerve Museum

Françoise Trueborne

A «swerve» referred to a team of horses unexpectedly deviating from its path; this term, relatively uncommon nowadays, would aptly evoke the loss of control displayed daily in the management of the planet... Just as an excessively loaded vehicle tips and departs from the road, our ecological rout is caused by the calamity of *quantity*. Quantity dislocates the world in all fields; the artistic industry, for its part, continuously pours forth a plethora of images, the feebleness of which is proportional to their abundance. What about—without even delving into preservation—the storage of this mass of images? These considerations, certainly valid, nonetheless represent a slight detour before arriving at this Museum of Swerves.

Of this museum, we will know nothing except that it is inaccessible to the public, modest, and that its curator claims a robust anonymity (contradicted here by the publication of his portrait on the very cover of the monograph!). Because it is indeed the curator himself who, in a slightly theatrical attitude, is about to enter through a door – a door whose appearance is quite unassuming for a museum... It could just as well be that of a garage to which a sign has been applied. The idea of a photographic montage grazes the reader: he notices the inconsistency of the photomechanical texture, and also that the interplay of shadow and light in the foliage framing the door is peculiar. But plays of shadow and light are often curious... «Shadow and light mutually give each other existence, just as the adverb 'non' and the tangible world do.» aptly observes Françoise Trueborne.

Not all of Françoise Trueborne's opinions will be shared, but a few of her assertions will be retained: «Things that appear established by light remain disputed by darkness. The adverb 'non' is that of refusal and denial (of our unfathomable ignorance and negligence) but also of the unformulated and the potential. This adverb meticulously counters apparent manifestations; it is the territory of the imaginary and the malleable.» The author salutes the swerving as non-conformity: «Deviation from the intended trajectory is a sketch of a non-trajectory. A swerve in painting is a leap of the spirit that guides the brush. Lastly, Trueborne opportunisticly takes advantage of this praise of the 'non' to extensively salute the present library.

Elga Shelzevir.»

A Geometrical Success

Hans Delisle

With the same naturalness, Macbeth is both a poet and an assassin. Some would say complementary activities. Just as in theater, dramas unfold in geometric fashion. Behind the two dimensions of a flat stage, the interweaving of two polyhedra takes place, and the victorious glory of a pyramid emerges. It appears within the play of light and shadow, in the midst of another realm. Just as the actor who plays Macduff will survive his death on stage to be able to perform again the next day (barring any unfortunate accidents, you never know...), the pyramid belongs to a permanent present. Elga Shelzevir



HANS DELISLE
A GEOMETRICAL SUCCESS

The
NON
Library

29
A Geometrical Success
Hans Delisle
Vol. 21 x 15 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



Blowing into the Nasturtium

Stephen Briand

The expression «blowing into the nasturtium» encompasses two activities that are barely distinguishable: that of a trumpeter blowing into his instrument – insofar as the bell of a trumpet can be compared, albeit rather loosely, to the calyx of a nasturtium, a comparison that was once facilitated by substances circulating in the world of jazz but have since shifted to other segments of society. The second case referred to by this expression is enigmatic because if it also applies to a trumpeter when, for reasons difficult to explain and once again involving alcohol, drugs, and fatigue, they actually blow into a nasturtium (monks cress), one must wonder about the hypothetical spouse of a monk (or worse: a female monk)? The reader would undoubtedly be quite interested in a detailed description of this blowing action, but the reader's imagination is beyond comparison with a reality that itself surpasses everything. The degree of fusion achieved between reality and imagination seems reasonable here.

John Kerwen

30

Blowing into the Nasturtium

Stephen Briand

Vol. 21 x 14 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Chairs and Mesochairs

Louis Garand

Leibniz, in order to demonstrate that there are no two perfectly identical leaves on a tree, resorted to a princess. In our age of molded plastics, he would hesitate to disturb a princess: collections of perfectly identical objects - chairs, for example - are not lacking. However, there are still a few cases of uniquely distinct chairs. If tree leaves are creations of nature, unfortunately, it rarely concerns itself with creating chairs, so it is surprising to find chairs that are one of a kind. Leaves, as shown in biology encyclopedias, have a complex internal structure that one does not suspect in a chair. Nevertheless, one must attribute to the chair a kind of internal organization - shall we speak of the soul of a chair? - or better yet: an internal spirit that, like that of an individual, does not appear in the external envelope of its physiognomy. An artisan (perhaps Garand himself...) has created a few models of mesochairs, three-dimensional cuts on the internal structure of the chair, which express its secret dispositions towards the world..

Clément Cléridan

Louis Garand

Chairs and Mesochairs

The
NON
Library





Delta S is always greater than or equal to zero.

Clément Fleurisson

The two men who have just left a bar, on this winter month, are captivated by the first principle of thermodynamics: heat flows from hot bodies to cold bodies, and never the other way around. They discuss under the sign of the brewery $\Delta S \geq 0$ (for an isolated system S, the entropy of a body increases or remains constant but never decreases). «This is the very equation of the arrow of time!» remarks one of them. Just then, they are once again captivated, this time by the unidirectional current of time which, on January 25, 2022, travels along the one-way (of course) street of rue Basfroi (75011 Paris). The larger of the two men then quotes an article by Kurt Gödel from issue 21 of *Reviews of Modern Physics* dated 1949, which he has just received: «Henceforth, the notion of 'now' is nothing more than a certain relation of a certain observer to the rest of the universe.»

John Kerwen

Notes about Peter Scharr

Erwan Raymond

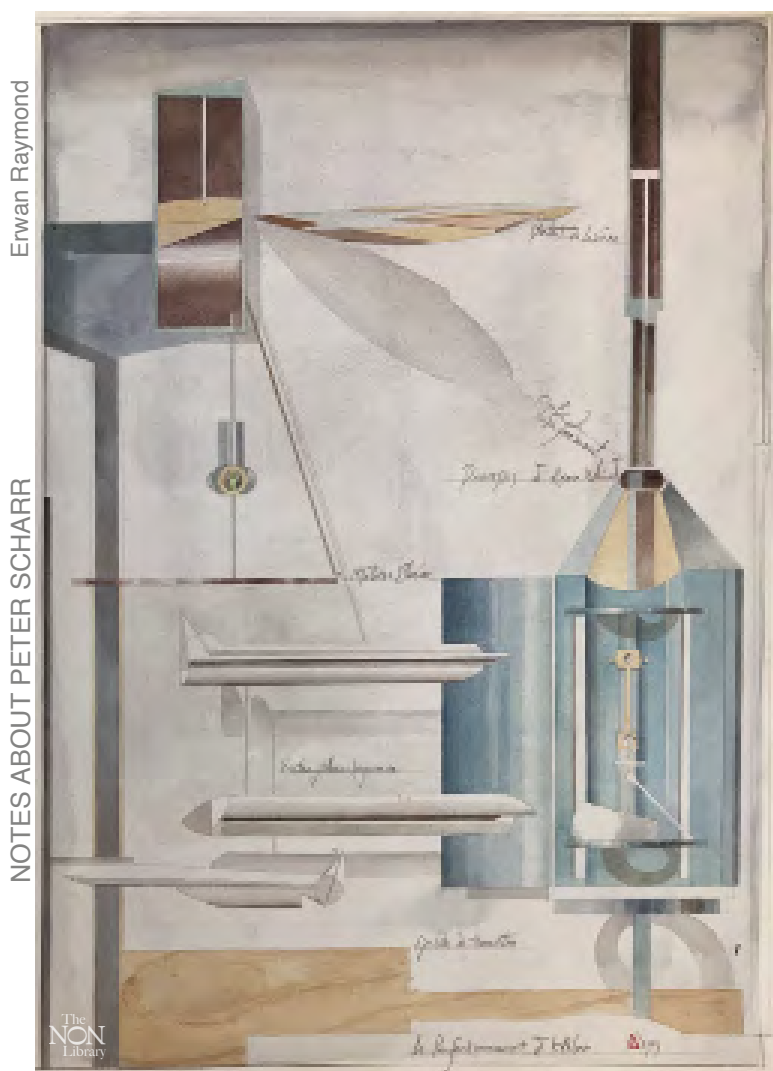
Because the painting reproduced on the cover shows nothing familiar and effectively eludes suggesting something identifiable, it was judiciously chosen to illustrate the biography of Peter Scharr, particularly *Kléber's Improvement* (cat. 78), which presents a progress, one of whose (numerous) singularities is that it cannot be said whether it was imagined by Erwan Raymond in the present biography or by Elga Schelzevir in her review dedicated to it, or by Peter Scharr himself.

Peter Scharr, born around 2301 in Argentina, of French nationality, died in Brussels around 2367. None of the three places nor the two dates, which are enough to exhaust his biography, justify comparing it to that of Charles XII, which Voltaire composed in Geneva (the same city where Jorge Louis Borges re-read it on the eve of his death). There is no indication that Peter Scharr ever set foot in Geneva, but precisely because his biography eludes any investigation, we can also mention, *ad absurdum*, that of Charles XII, following a type of reasoning that is perhaps overused in many reviews of this catalogue.

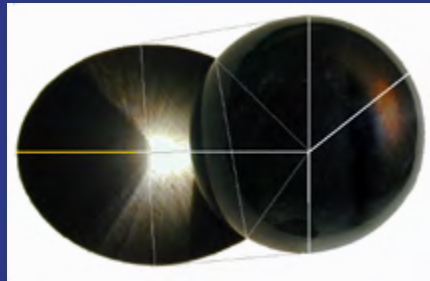
The reason for Peter Scharr's presence in these pages lies in the presumption that he was considered by some scholars to be the author of four works: *Prospective Atonality* (cat. 72), *Excessive Curvatures* (cat. 92), and *The Volume of the Shadow* (cat. 97). According to these specialists, even if not explicitly stated, the precepts are as follows: «What one writes is in vain if one is not anonymous.» and «Publication is not the essential part of a writer's destiny.»

To go against our colleagues, we believe that these recommendations should be attributed not to Peter Scharr but one to Borges, and the other to Dickinson.

Édith Mardigaraud



34
Science and Representation
Vince Fischer
Vol. 16 x 20 cm
Digital 250 g / 12 Ex.



Science and representation

Vince Fischer

Artist interpretations in scientific publications often indulge in the spectacular permitted by Photoshop. Artistic works, on the other hand, are naturally more liberated in terms of scientific relevance. Artists mostly focus on astronomy, which remains, to some extent, visible. As for the subatomic world, it is not a matter of invisibility but non-optical visibility!

Representations are in the form of diagrams and schematics. We encounter Schrödinger's warning

from as early as 1921: «A satisfactory model is not only inaccessible in practice, but it is not even conceivable. Only mathematics can describe it.»

What should deter any attempt does not discourage an artist. In the context of particles that we consider as nothing more than configurations, could we envision similar configurations?
Édith Mardigaraud

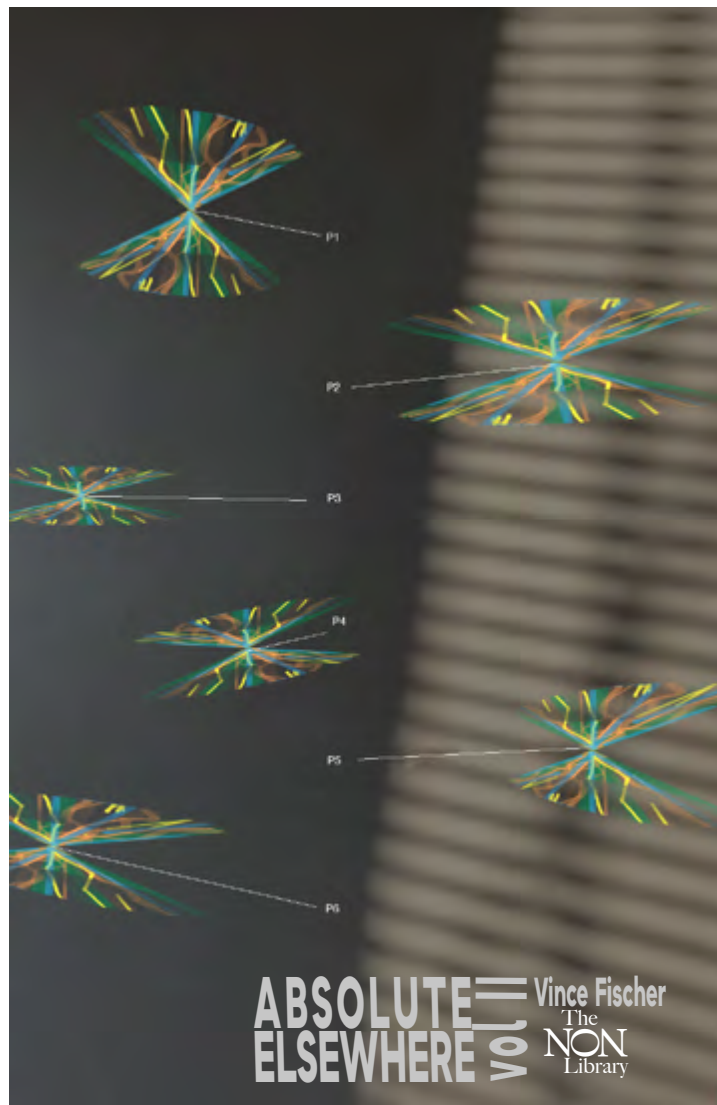
Absolute Elsewhere vol. I et II

Vince Fischer

When it comes to literary criticism, the critic, regardless of agreement or disagreement, must adhere to the author's thoughts. This constraint, of course, disappears when composing entries for the NoN Library. However, if «a writer is a person who finds it more difficult to write than anyone else,» as Thomas Mann jokingly said, it holds true for the authors of entries, especially when dealing with the subjects we are confronted with. Sometimes the submitted titles strike me with astonishment. Astonishing events naturally make it difficult to «make sense of them.» I wouldn't be surprised if a sort of aphasia affects the reader upon discovering the eccentric variety (in all senses) of the subjects of the unpublished works listed in this catalog. Take this extensive gift, which, based on the representations shown on the two volumes of *Absolute Elsewhere*, refers to the structure of spacetime as exposed by Albert Einstein in 1905.

The depictions feature cones (called light cones because light travels along oblique lines that form cones). Each cone represents an event with its past, present, and future. While each event encompasses the past, present, and future, in the background, we observe the field of action, nothing less and nothing more than the Universe. It lacks a past, present, or future, as implied by the sensational title of an absolute elsewhere. «Being elsewhere in the space of elsewhere,» as Supervielle said.

Clément Cléridan



36

Absolute Elsewhere

vol. I

Vince Fischer

Vol. 17 x 13 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

35

Absolute Elsewhere

vol. II

Vince Fischer

Vol. 22,5 x 15 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

James Webb Sat
Clément Fleurisson

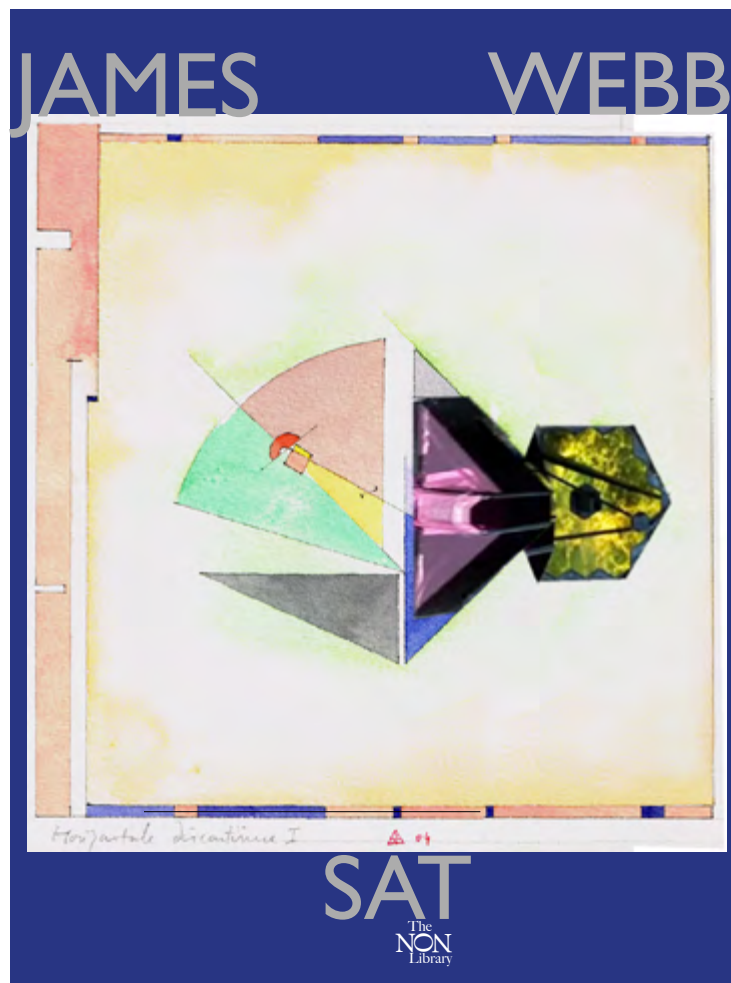
Now, there came a day, or rather an evening, when the Sun (Phoebus) allowed his son (Phaeton) to drive his chariot. Barely having the reins in his hands, the young fool indulged in the worst extravagances. For this reason, and probably a sufficient one, as he almost set the Universe ablaze, Zeus hurled Phaeton and the chariot into a river named Eridanus. This river, near the Great Bear, appears as a bright and isolated star known as HD 84406.

These lines, which associate the mythology of the sky and the profound universe, could introduce — if it exists or when it exists — Clément Fleurisson's work: James Webb Sat. On one side, the cosmos, the possible and impossible vastness. On the other, a tiny, invisible point somewhere in the multidimensional spatial geometry of the fabric of the universe.

This point, the James Webb satellite, contains the immense cosmos, and moreover, it reveals it. Clément Fleurisson's work explores the relationships of the James Webb Space Telescope in a duality, a sort of face-to-face, perhaps a confrontation, between what is seen and what enables seeing. Because Clément Fleurisson's work invites us to look at what allows us to look. While the eye has been the subject of inexhaustible iconography and symbolism since ancient times, its extensions — glasses, microscopes, telescopes, cameras — remain secondary. Yet, with its complexity and the beauty of technological aesthetics, the JWST becomes an iconic subject.

For each image in the world — bathers, construction machinery, Venice, vegetable garden — there is a catalog of graphic and chromatic elements. Similarly, for the cosmos, the visual repertoire consists of nebulae of luminous objects unfolding against the originally black background studded with starry twinkles. However, the captured freeze-frame of photography reveals views that close themselves under the push of time. Our memory, on the other hand, reproduces ensembles that are not stable because our memory (the only place of reality...) organizes and disorganizes the reference image, introducing fleeting and dazzling sensations and perceptions brought by other subjects.

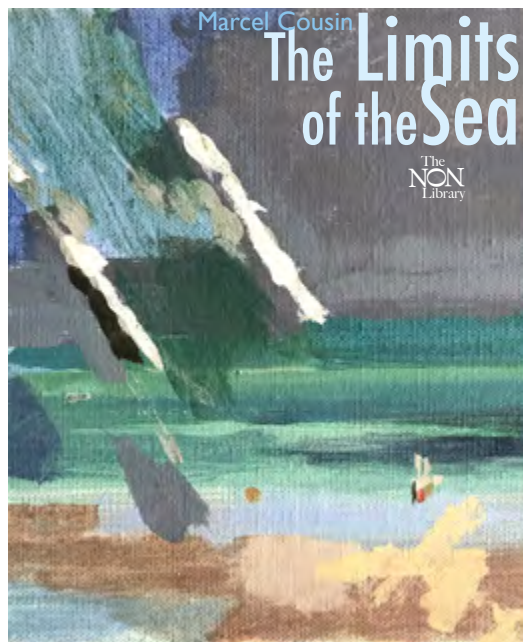
The images of the James Webb Space Telescope compiled by Clément Fleurisson feature unusual juxtapositions — which are the most enlightening and refreshing.



The characteristic aesthetics of cosmic space intertwined with familiar and close images. The new, entirely technological beauty of carbon fiber, hexagonal gold mirrors, and kapton polyimide is enhanced, like a perfect fifth, by the pulsations of a butterfly's colors, the opacity of rain clouds, the rhythmic sequences of hermetic folkloric motifs, or the clean lines of descriptive geometry, which, since Monge, also apprehends the dimensions of space

Clément Cléridan

37
James Webb Sat
Clément Fleurisson
Vol. 19 x 19 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



38
The Limits of the Sea
 Marcel Cousin
 Vol. 18 x 12 cm
 Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

The Limits of the Sea

Marcel Cousin

While I am here, writing, I let out small cries... Is it because at my age I am (still) here, writing? What does my age have to do with it! Can't one write at any age, whether making small cries or not? To my wife who rushes to see what's happening to me, I explain that they came too quickly. They: four thoughts. Without leaving a space between them to breathe, they clung to four chords! Yes, I was busy composing the music for a ballet. I didn't have time to write down these few thoughts. Not even the first one! Where are they, I ask you. And you reply that it's not your concern... I was right to cry out.

The terrible chain of ideas that, while I was peacefully occupied with composing, made me cry, still torments me two days later. When I try to reconstruct it: nothing! I could try to make an aphorism, to extract a fragment or a piece of one of those ideas. I could recall that losing the thread of one's thoughts happens constantly to everyone. I could harp on about how I was preoccupied elsewhere and that it passed too quickly to be grasped by anyone! Finally, I could suggest that I didn't know what it was about, but that it doesn't matter, positioning myself in the lineage of authors who have extensively developed that their thoughts raced faster than their pen. Yes, I will position myself there.

A dozen new days have passed since the unfortunate adventure of that chain of ideas that my memory couldn't grasp. Still disappointed, I leafed through, diagonally seated in an uncomfortable armchair in the library of the Hôtel de la Marine, *Around the Day in 80 Worlds*, in which Julio Cortázar compares memory to «a schizophrenic spider in the laboratories where hallucinogens are tested, spinning aberrant webs with holes, patches, and stitched-on pieces.» That's well formulated, I thought. This time, rather than provoking a cry, this consideration made me raise the other arm. Because (until then) each of my arms could be considered the other.

Once again, thoughts too rapid to be noted! This time, I physically accompanied my exclamation by raising the other arm in the air. This time, it was truly the other arm since the first one remained raised. I was embarrassed – more than embarrassed: frozen, clumsy. Exhausted, depleted of resources, I left it in the air, so it felt as if someone was threatening me with a firearm, and since I was letting everything go, I let my gaze wander. It immediately roamed the shelves of the library of the Hôtel de la Marine and the wide window that opened to the sea. A narrow window overlooking a strait is an alternative I prefer to forget.

The gaze inexorably drawn to the horizon, I then questioned the limits of the sea. However, the new day was fading in favor of a new night, which descended upon the trees. The leafy and dark trunks within the frame of the wide window captured all of my attention: their inflections reproduced four transitional chords... the very same chords that, a few days earlier, elicited small cries from me!

Robert Vendoux

SORTIE DE BAIN



VINCENT BOISSEAU

The
NON
Library

Sortie de bain

Vincent Boisseau

To dry themselves and modestly remove their wet swimsuits after their sea bath, the bathers of the past century had the habit of wrapping themselves in vast towels. This modesty in the wind created spectacular choreographies. Neither draped nor naked, their figures extended by movements sculpted the open air. Not only did they indicate, on this occasion, like an equation of gravitational field, the curvature of space — a notion that, despite being a century old, is not part of common sense — but they also replayed the emergence from water of our origins: the first vertebrates abandoned aquatic life, their fins rolling under their bodies served as legs to advance on the beach.

Édith Mardigaraud

39

Sortie de bain

Vincent Boisseau

Vol. 18 x 14 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



The State of the sea

Bruce Kimsey

The Kimsey report presents the sea hanging on clothespins like an old fabric. Would we still hope to rid it (wash the sea...!) of plastic waste ingested by animals, harmful substances discharged, the proliferation of harmful species, and preserve it? The subject of this book, ocean pollution, is among the most depressing ones. Fortunately, the publication of Vincent Domeizel's work, *The Algae Revolution*, opens up some less gloomy perspectives.

John Kerwen

40

The State of the Sea

Bruce Kimsey

Vol. 18 x 10 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Standing Oysters

Laurence Nepta

Among the gods of mythology, the males, as we know, do not hesitate to transform into bulls, goats, or winged horses for the purpose of seduction. In truth: for the purpose of impregnating goddesses who themselves transform into heifers, goats, or winged mares — in an intention that is not lacking in symmetry... Another mythology, that of oysters, arises from a certainly different sexuality but with similar customs in terms of their presumed appearances. Thus, some of these mollusks do not hesitate to stand up straight, assuming the appearance of a flask from which an appendage emerges. This attribute, which was unknown until today, seems to be a head that resembles a spoon that resembles a reduced version of their shell. This can only be observed when oysters are certain to be sheltered from prying eyes, which is to say, never! The reader senses that they are fortunate, as an artist has managed to represent this fleeting and secret event, as seen on the cover. Without this unexpected document, considering a work on this subject — even in its draft form — would have appeared highly fanciful.

Paule Vindemures



Standing Oysters

Laurence Nepta

The
NON
Library

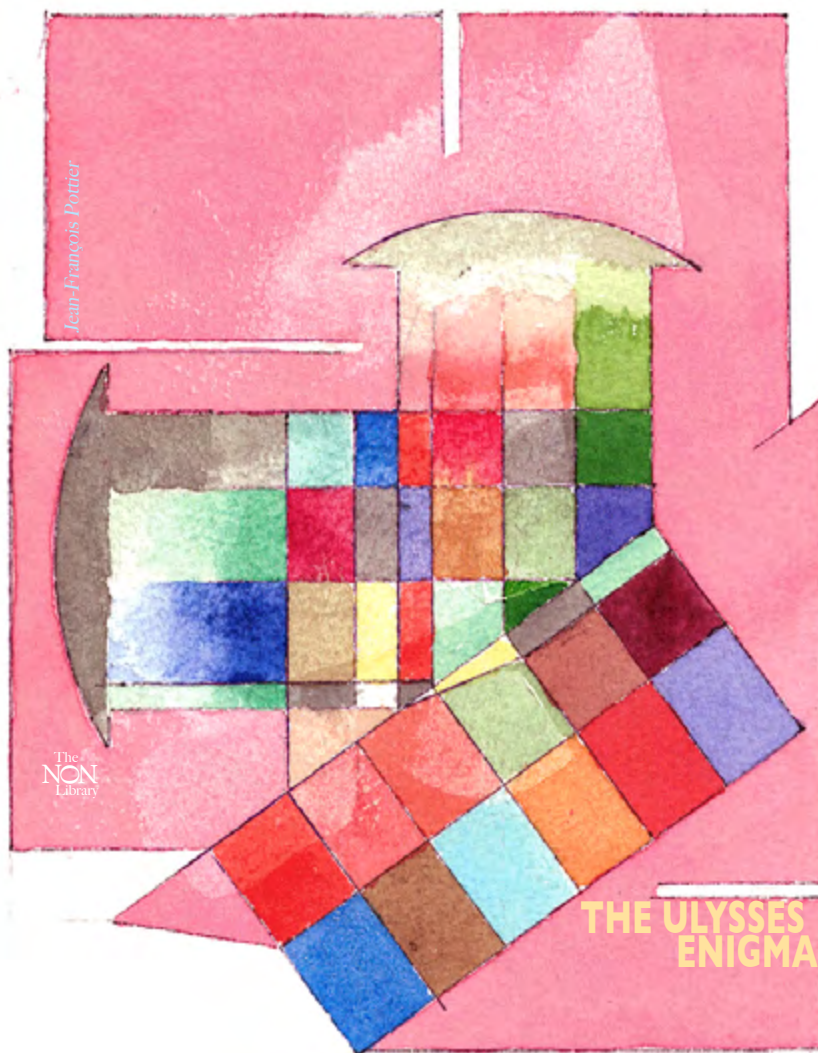
The Ulysses Enigma

Jean-François Pottier

Ulysses and the sirens, this great scene of literature and the history of thought, an inexhaustible reservoir of metaphors, has not remained fixed in an orthodoxy where Ulysses forever plugs the ears of his world and ties himself to the mast to prevent any actions prophesied as fatal.

Franz Kafka brings freshness to the myth and the rich reflections it engenders. He portrays a behavior of Ulysses quite different from that of the Homeric tradition. Surprisingly so, as it is Ulysses himself who plugs his ears - however, he remains tied to his mast... For once, the sirens transition from the auditory world to the visual world. «But they, more beautiful than ever, stretched themselves, turning around, let their terrifying hair float freely in the wind, and their claws relaxed on the rock.»

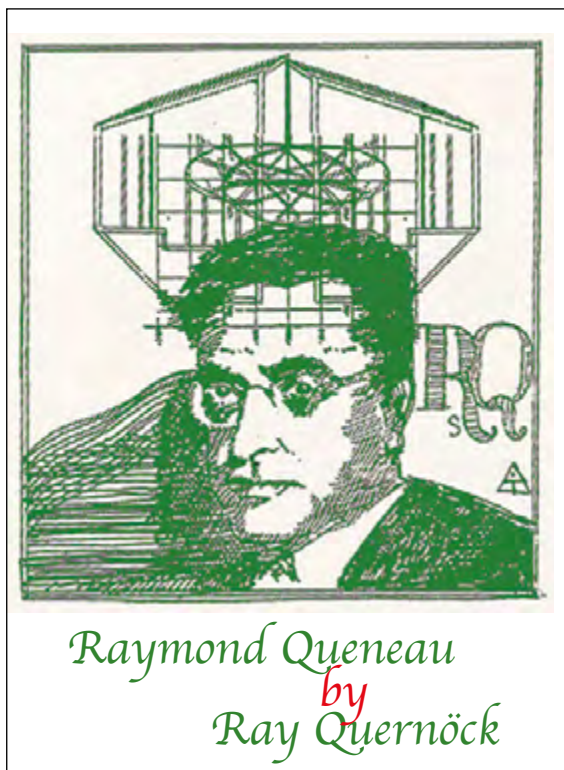
A convincing suggestion, of which Jorge Luis Borges is a master, is presented as «the Ulysses enigma»; it concerns Ulysses according to Dante's work. In his *Divine Comedy*, Dante places Ulysses in one of the circles of hell. However, Ulysses is driven by a desire for knowledge! Borges is astonished: how did this desire for knowledge - which appears to be the noblest of causes - lead Ulysses to hell? Borges proposes the following: Dante identified himself with Ulysses and imagined his own punishment. Yes, Dante was aware that no one was allowed to know the judgments of fate as he had allowed himself to do, Dante had dared - «on the poetic level,» Borges doesn't forget to specify - to foresee this judgment. Who could know who would be condemned and who would be saved: No one. We find the name taken by Ulysses - through cunning in the text of Homer, through humility in that of Plato.



42
The
Ulysses Enigma
Jean-François Pottier
Vol. 16 x 12 cm
Total 250 g / 7 ex. 20 €

In the end, by punishing himself through Ulysses, Dante was still allowing himself to anticipate the inscrutable providence of God... «Dante must have known that acting in this way was not without danger,» Borges concludes. And would Borges ever deliver anything other than an enigmatic conclusion?

Clément Cléridan



The
NON
Library

43
Raymond Queneau
by Ray Quernöck
Louis Garand
Vol. 18 x 13 cm
Digital 250 g / 12 Ex.

Raymond Quenaud by Ray Quernöck Louis Garand

«Framework of a Fishing Weir for Flounder Fishing ? Windmill Mechanism in an Outbuilding? Querpenian Clock ?»

We met the artist who drew Raymond Queneau's portrait. He expressed his astonishment, an astonishment that grew over time, at never having been questioned about the symmetrical structure that, like a translucent headdress, overlays the portrait. This portrait, which has been reproduced many times: on stamps, postcards, even illustrating Raymond Queneau's Wikipedia page. But no one seems to be concerned about it. It must be said that in the century we are in, the uninterrupted surge of images leaves no time to ponder their details – if one can speak of details when an element occupies half of the image. Speaking of time, and with the mention of Ray Quernöck, whose homophony is clear, we will assume a Querpenian presence behind the project of this book: the Querpenians, neglected inventors of time. Should we recall that, before this invention, hours did not appear one after another, as they do now; events did not succeed each other: everything was there all at once! A piece of music, for example, presented itself as a single entity: notes, silences, and harmonies merged together, compressed into a single instant – although the word «instant» is, one can imagine, inappropriate in that it implies a fraction of time in an era where time, precisely, was indivisible. With the entirety of this piece of music, you also had the musicians in all states of their lives – including prenatal and post-mortem! And all at the same time as the music and the musicians, there were also horses, all together galloping, trotting, resting, urinating steaming urine in winter mornings, mating in summer evenings and all sorts of in-between seasons, and at the same time, just as well, the trees with green leaves rustling in the wind, with red leaves twirling as they fell; trees at once in seed form in the ground and already logs in the fire. In this dull and multicolored mass, stable and leaping, nothing could be discerned! Today, in Querp, thanks to the invention of Time, things succeed one another, each in its place and at the appointed moment.

John Kerwen



STARS CROSSING MATHILDE STROLLA-DIBON

The
NON
Library

44

Stars Crossing

Mathilde Strolla-Dibon

Vol. 18 x 13 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Stars crossing

Mathilde Strolla-Dibon

The stars are in motion... If our retina retained the luminous impression of their movement for a few moments, and if we then shifted our gaze to another part of the sky, we would see the stars intersecting! Similar to schools of silvery fish crossing paths in the frame of an underwater photographer.

The paths of fish are unpredictable and ephemeral; they will not be repeated. On the other hand, the paths of the stars are cyclical: in the future, their configuration will be identical. One can dare to consider that these intersections, while subjective in their aesthetics, nevertheless represent a simultaneous view of past and future moments.

Paule Vindemures



Midi pile de Jean-Claude Mocik

Robert Vendoux



46

Raku

Clément Cléridan

THE RAUCH WORKSHOP



VINCENT LEFERM

47

The Rauch Workshop

Vincent Leferm

Jaquette et 4ème 22,5 x 25 cm

Digital 250 gr / 7 Ex.

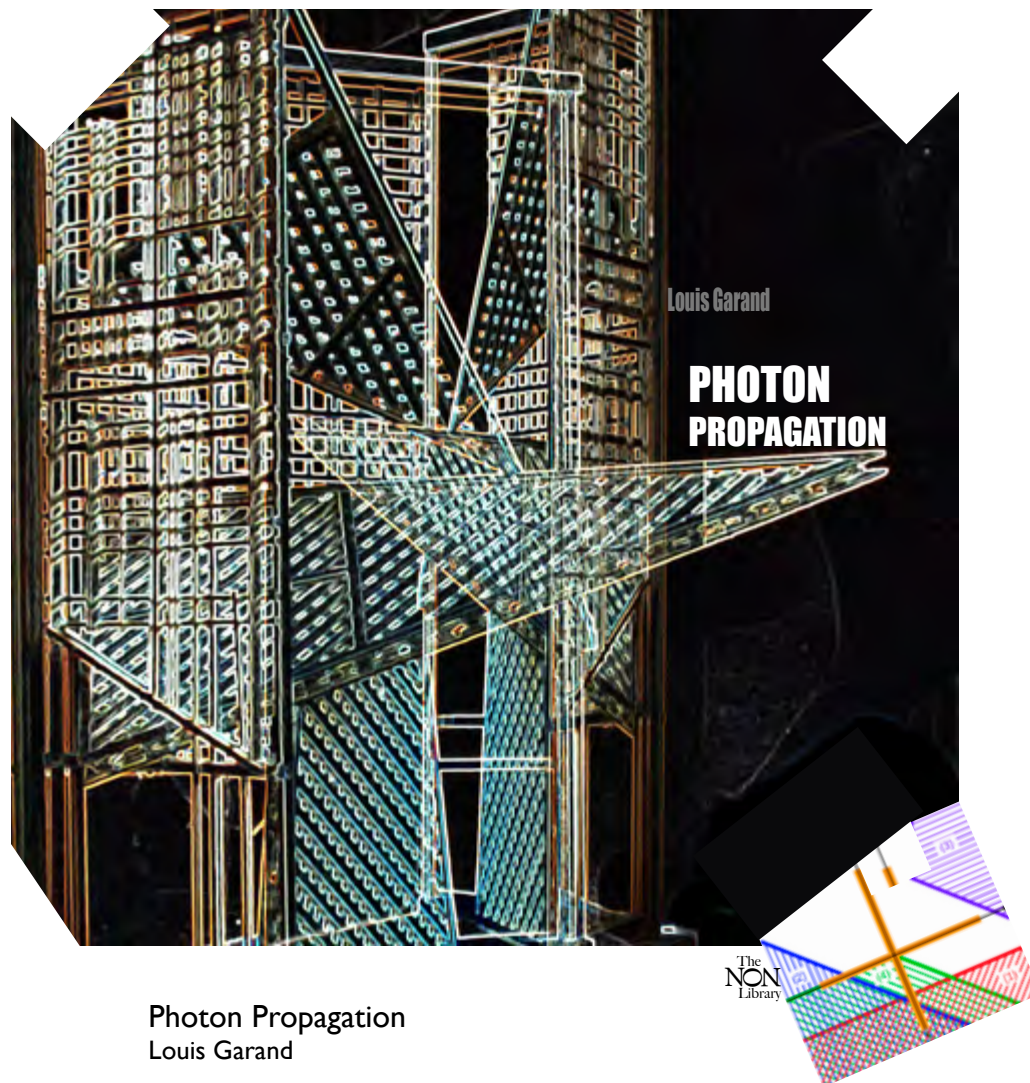
The Rauch Workshop

Vincent Leferm

The question of interpretation, which «expresses the rejection of any objective norm and any problem of the absolute,» is at the core of Vincent Leferm's work.

Clément Cléridan

49
Photon Propagation
Louis Garand
Vol. 18 x 15 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



Photon Propagation
Louis Garand

«Instantly, the foolish vanity of this project becomes evident.» Louis Garand immediately establishes the approach of the book he devotes to the most thorny problem of representation imaginable. Part of the book concerns the attempt of a 21st-century artist whom Louis Garand, for good reasons, chooses not to name. He reports that the author of this attempt admits to a certain blindness, yet he claims that it was not the photon itself, but – and it made a significant difference – only its propagation that he intended to evoke.

While making things visible at the macroscopic level – and perhaps because of it – the propagation of light, an obviously significant and ubiquitous phenomenon, is invi-

sible. The event takes place continuously at every instant in every corner in front of or behind us. Photon propagation could caption any view of anything, except for the deepest darkness – although the photon can only be observed when it disappears...

Anything would do: a battery of pots on the kitchen wall or a portrait of Marilyn! But just as a sail filled with wind is not the wind itself, the objects made visible are not the propagation of the photon; they are the result of it.

In addition to Schrödinger's warning: «A satisfactory model is not only inaccessible in practice, it is not even conceivable. Only mathematics can describe it,» a few remarks friendly addressed to the author of the project by Jean-Marc Levy-Leblond, whose perplexity is perceived and understood: « *I am really curious about what you will write about the propagation of the photon. May I allow myself to submit the following paradoxes, in the etymological sense of the term: para-doxal = contrary to common opinion, not logically contradictory* »:

- *One cannot observe a photon while it is propagating;*
- *One can only observe it by making it disappear;*
- *For a photon, its own propagation (between its creation and its annihilation) is instantaneous;*
- *When light passes through glass, it is not the same photons that enter and exit the glass. Very friendly. Jean-Marc.»*

With all this, the author of the work – as he presents it as a sculpture – presumed that if particles were to be considered nothing more than configurations, he could well envisage a configuration... The wave train of photons, whose patterns describe contingent geometric zones, shows up like a lattice structure. Its two-dimensional graphic translations are cross-hatching and grids. Despite immaterialities and dimensions that reason cannot reconcile – but we have understood here that reason is hardly a concern – they were compared to lattice. Naively or, at best, elliptically, the lattice would represent the wave train of photons. The mesh shows a discontinuity that persists within spatial continuity. The fanatic, as reported by Louis Garand, ultimately argues that the configuration he produces represents the mental image of his effort upon the subject rather than the subject itself; he hopes to be even just a tiny bit less distant from it than the battery of pots and pans is; as for Marilyn's portrait, the assertion becomes less firm. Lastly, and even from a distance, will the subject have been addressed. Clément Cléridan

The XXIIIrd Century Portraits

Clément Fleurisson

Clément Fleurisson, with the encouragement of the NoN Library, undertook a study on the art of portraiture in the 23rd century without delay. He begins his presentation with what seems like a confession: «On the advice of several friends,» he announces, «I went to see a psychiatrist...

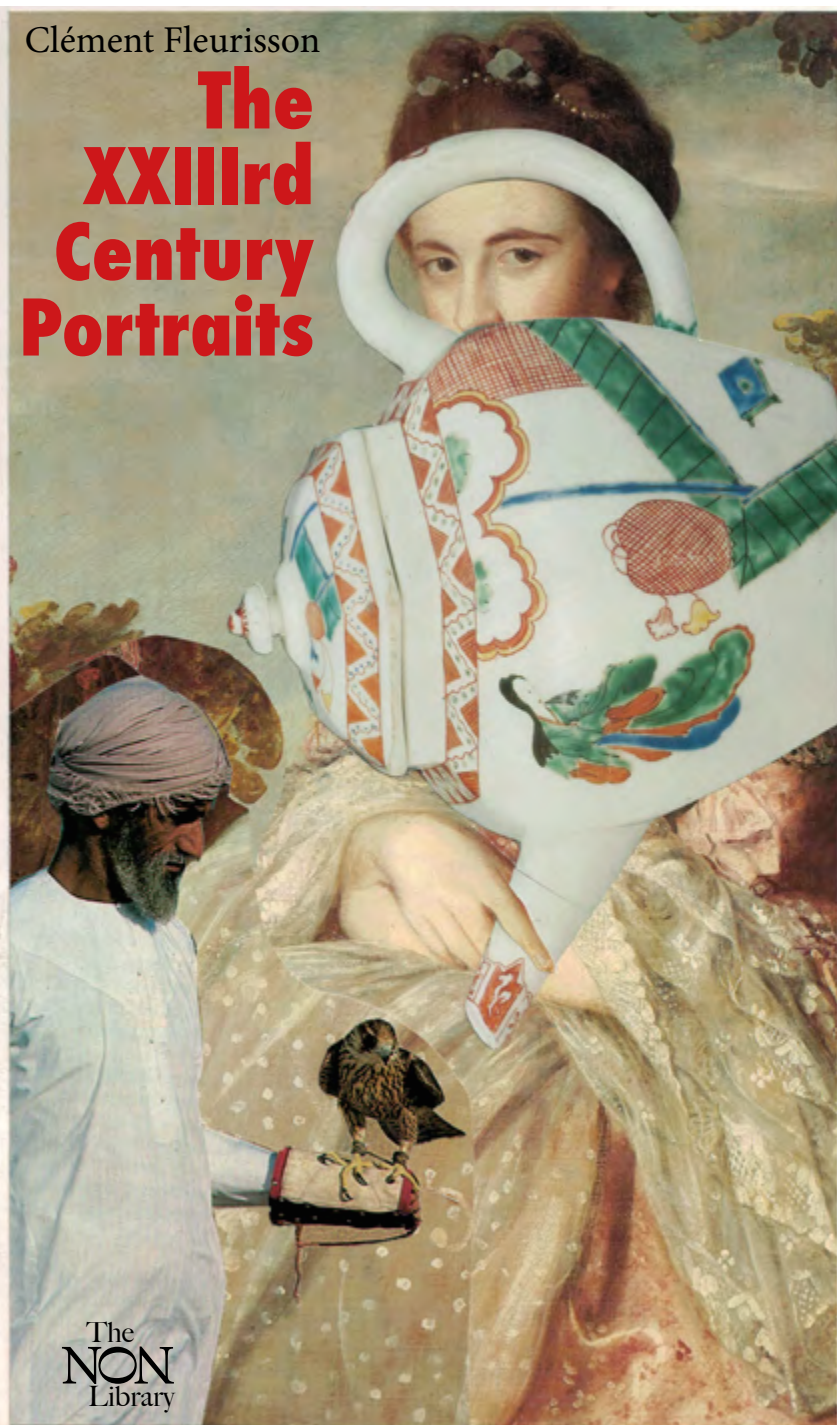
«It wasn't so easy. I lay in wait for long hours near the plaque that indicated his office. On watch from the beginning of the evening, I stayed all night without seeing anything at all. Finally, in the morning, he came out. He crossed the street in front of me. I followed him at a discreet distance. He headed towards a small bar where, of course, I entered and ordered a dry white for the morning. Leaning on a corner of the counter, I could see him quite comfortably.

Engaged in a phone call while consuming coffee and a croissant, he stayed there for a good half an hour. After observing him attentively, I hurried to meet my friends to thank them for their good advice. Can you believe it? They found nothing else to do but insist that I go back to see him.»

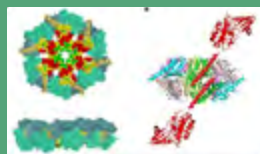
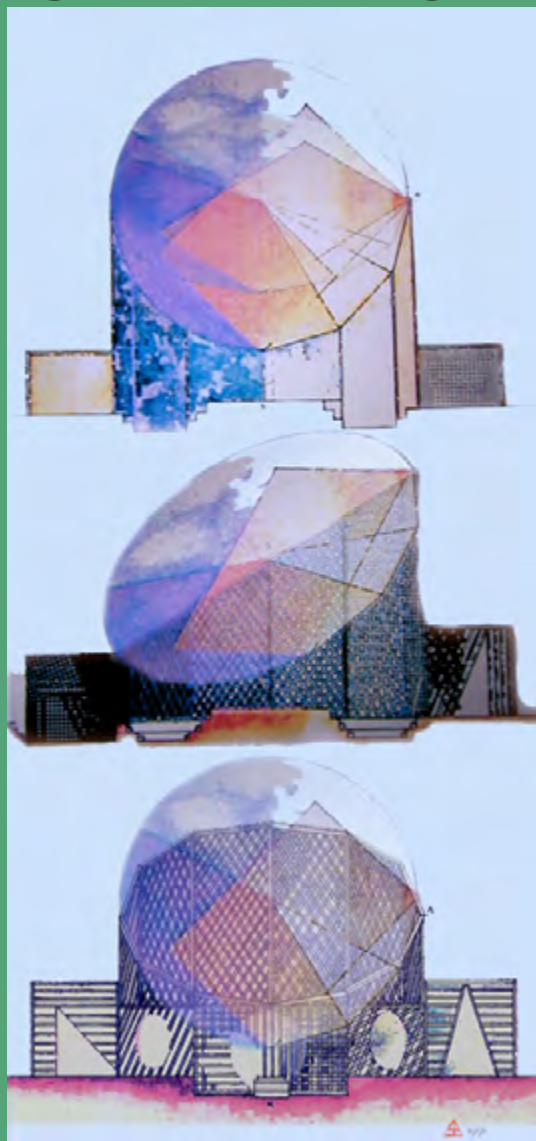
The publication date of the book remains discreet until this day.

John Kerwen

Clément Fleurisson

**The
XXIIIrd
Century
Portraits**The
NON
Library

OCCIDENTAL and SCULPTURE CALMODULINE



Peter Godfried
The
NON
Library

Occidental
Sculpture and
Calmoduline
Peter Godfried

Calmodulin is a project dedicated to the vegetation itself, in terms of biological activity. The utopian Calmoduline Monument is based on the property of a protein, calmodulin, to bond selectively to calcium. Exterior physical constraints (wind, rain, etc.) modify the electric potential of the cellular membranes of a plant and consequently the flux of calcium. However, the calcium controls the expression of the calmodulin gene. The plant can thus, when there is a stimulus, modify its typical growth pattern. The basic principle of this sculpture is that to the extent that they could be picked up and transported, these signals could be enlarged, translated into colors and shapes, and show the plant's decisions. This permanent show, installed in a public place, would suggest a level of fundamental biological activity.

John Kerwen

Flatland Ballet

Choreography and dance :

Sarah Berges,

Clare Schweitzer,

Marcos Vendovetto

Music and concept :

Jean-Max Albert

This ballet is originally inspired by Edwin A. Abbott's Flatland. The structure of the choreography is an anamorphosed rhombus. This figure turns to be comprehensible only from a specific vantage point. This process allows the same dancer's movements and speed to cover different lengths.

Within this set-up, the music and choreography evoke Minkowski's diagram of Einstein's 1911 thought experiment on length contraction — and further, Minkowski's spacetime, and the most recent loop quantum gravity theory. John Kerwen

FLATLAND

BALLET

Choreography and Dance :

SARAH BERGES

CLARE SCHWEITZER

MARCOS VEDOVETTO

Concept and Music :

JEAN-MAX ALBERT



The
NON
Library

53

Flatland Ballet

Sarah Berges, Jean-Max Albert

Vol. 22,5 x 10 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

The Second Reasoning of Hyménope VI

Doug Demeter

A queen loses her wings after the nuptial flight — after the nuptial flight, she no longer needs them. What happens to them then ? Such was the first reasoning of the worker Hymenope on a beautiful morning in May, a day precisely for nuptial celebration. With this reasoning, Hymenope had followed, naturally from the ground, the nuptial flight and had recovered the wings that had fallen where the queen had abandoned them. On this basis, she proclaimed herself queen. Who knows why, she took the name Hymenope VI instead of Hymenope I... because, to our knowledge, she was the first of the lineage and also, in fact, the last, as we will see.

These wings, which Hymenope seized to adorn herself, were a good opportunity to get herself fired. She was fired on the spot: fired for stealing wings! Half a dozen grand workers led her unceremoniously to the entrance of the anthill. But their incompetence allowed Hymenope VI to keep the royal wings concealed under her popular abdomen (popular in more than one sense, I may come back to that).

The clearing where the anthill stood was on the edge of a forest, by a lake — you would call it a puddle, but for Hymenope, an ant, it represented at least a lake.

Hymenope had a huge head and beetle-like mandibles, which had been sufficiently mocked (for that reason, she did not regret leaving the colony). To avoid going around the lake-puddle, Hymenope imagined using the stolen wings.

At this point, it is time to admit that this narrative has an educational purpose. If we hear about elementary particles, we hardly see them... The tale-like beginning is an old trick to convey information that is more difficult to assimilate.

To illustrate the principle of what a wave can reveal, physicists mention ripples in water. If there were a rock in that water, even if invisible, the modification of the ripples would outline its shape. The ripples would intercept the form of the rock. Light, an electromagnetic vibration, is, like ripples in water, intercepted by the objects it encounters. This is what makes the objects it encounters appear. With a very small object — let's say an ant — that falls on the water, the waves are not stopped at all: they do not «see» it. This was Hymenope VI's second (and final) reasoning: we cannot see quarks or leptons because elementary particles are too small to stop the waves of light, she thought in the brief moment when she was still floating.

Clément Cléridan



The Second Reasoning of Hyménope VI

Doug Demeter

The
NON
Library

54

*The Second Reasoning
of Hyménope VI,*

Doug Demeter

Vol. 16,5 x 12 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Sculptures Bachelard

Christine Picaud

A *Sculpture Bachelard* proposes to restore, in the form of a small bronze piece, the quality of the specific portion of space it aims to represent. Not in the sense of a photograph or a model, but in the more abstract sense of the character of a place. The sculpture presents these portions of space transposed into a geometric summary.

This concentrate, agglomerated like a kind of nucleus of a place, represents, if you will, and in an animistic vision, the spirit of that space. It would be a kind of camera with only a single shot, petrified by the environment it aimed at.

The sight-aiming sculpture reverses the common situation of a sculpture being located in a site, by including the site within the sculpture on this occasion. Because it includes the dimensions of the aimed space, it is, strictly speaking, without scale. *Sculptures Bachelard* can only be discovered in proximity that corresponds precisely to the relevant space.

John Kerwen



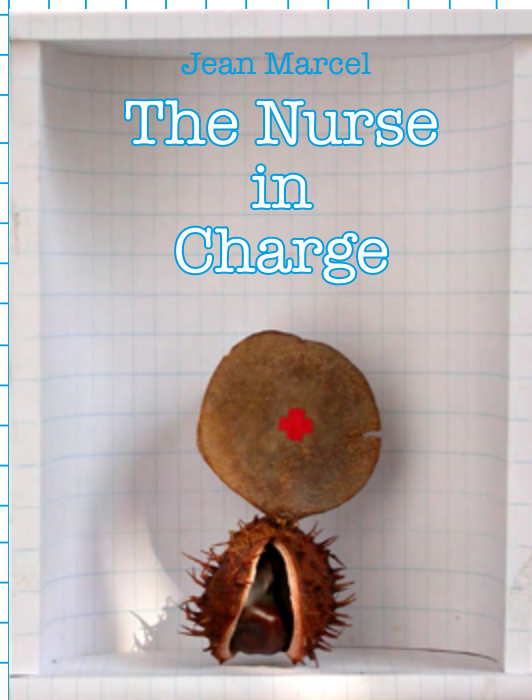
55

Sculptures Bachelard

Christine Picaud

32 pages, 18 x 11,5 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



The Nurse in Charge

Jean Marcel

Among the many questions I would like to ask the service nurse, one, as expected, burns my lips. Hers, as we know, are voluptuous, and I would gladly press them against mine... but the fever, as expected (again!), keeps me bedridden. My question is about the level of complexity I should consider. (It's evident that I have a fever!) If we were in the presence of the service nurse, we would be just as close to it, because the closer we get to primal structures, the more universal they become: they apply equally to Monk or Rembrandt, to be precise: they apply equally to *Round Midnight* and *The Night Watch*. Nietzschean in nature, the service nurse leans over me and, with a gentle kiss, confides, «One day, perhaps, we will come to know that there was no art, only medicine.»

Robert Vendoux

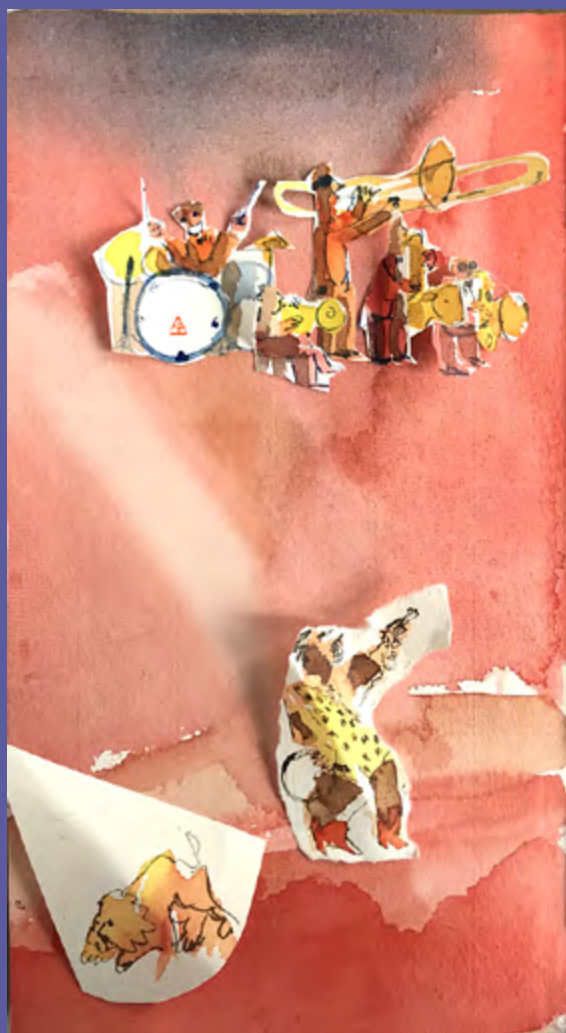
56

The Nurse in Charge

Jean Marcel

Vol. 14 x 10 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



Drama at Circus «C»

part I

A Novel by Elsa Quant

The
NON
Library



Drama at Circus «C»

part II

A Novel by Elsa Quant

The
NON
Library

Drama at Circus «C»

Elsa Quant

To counter the intermission assaults, Franz usually prepared his beverage stand during the show. He had arranged to be ready earlier to witness Korniza's act. She entered the ring and gracefully settled on a swing attached to a cluster of multicolored balloons that lifted her into the air: it was her act. Franz smoked a cigarette in nervous puffs, never taking his eyes off Korniza. She's too confident, he thought. Yet, even though she appeared self-assured, Korniza was not unaware of the danger: her husband, the lion tamer Dédé Rangé, was jealous of Franz... and rightfully so! He drew his Diliger and

struck the balloons supporting Korniza's trapeze. She plummeted straight onto a lion.

Despite the extravagant promotions offered by the management, the spectators did not continue watching the rest of the performance.

The scenario I've summarized here represents the heart of Elsa Quant's novel; it may seem ordinary, but the circumstances leading up to the tragedy and the consequences that follow are truly extraordinary.

Paule Vindemures

Au-Deçà of Joan Mitchell

Jean Thévenaud

From the beyond where she currently resides, the year 1987 represents a realm beyond for Joan Mitchell. On the cover of what could be a monograph, she is seen during her friendly visit to the exhibition *De la roue du champ à la queue du sel* a tribute marking the centenary of Marcel Duchamp's birth and referencing his inspirations. One confirmed inspiration: R. Roussel, and the other presumed: J. J. Lequeu.

Paule Vindemures



58

Au-deçà of Joan Mitchell

Jean Thévenaud

Vol. 18 x 9 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Umberto Eco and the Future of 'Pataphysics

Louis Garand

It must be reiterated here that the NoN Library holds firsthand information regarding the origin of titles and cover illustrations. Some of them are based on famous events. Here, for example, the regent in charge of the hypothetical second chair at the College of 'Pataphysics presents Umberto Eco with the model of the stamp that perpetuates his prophetic indication.

Paule Vindemures



Louis Garand **Umberto Eco**

59

Umberto Eco

and the Futur of 'Pataphysics

Louis Garand

Vol. 20,5 x 11,5 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

The past Loses One's Grip

Maurice Snourzoff

The director of active services at the Library strongly urged us to remember various elements of the past: «To remember different elements of the past, one must have the means!» he exclaimed, emphasizing the sentence with a palm strike on a literary topographic map. Lost among the countless colleagues present in the vast office, I remained silent. Apart from me, I agreed somewhat with the assertion and let my thoughts wander: it is

true that in life, it is good to have the means! To play the piano, one must have means, and just as well to woo the air maiden, and yet one must also have means to go out with the air maiden! I remember our last outing...

Furthermore, the means differ depending on the case. To remember different elements of the past, as the director said, one must therefore have different means than those required to play the piano or go out with the air maiden. It is conceivable that the piano remains with you. That the air maiden remains with you is only as long as you have the means to take her out... but it is not the same for different elements of the past! To remember different elements of the past is to recall scattered things to oneself. Should we, with a tired but helpful metaphor, act like a fisherman casting a net to unscatter the fish? Unscattering things is at least a fisherman's vocabulary, or even better, a fishmonger's, because on their display, the fish are very unscattered. But what kind of means do we need to unscatter different elements of the past? Intellectual means are expected: if it is about casting a net, it will be an intellectual net, risking entangling the neurons. And for the air maiden? Is it, by the way, an air hostess or a woman who left without warning? The director of active services at the Library then pounds something loudly. It snaps me out of my thoughts. What is he saying? My goodness! He's answering my question: «She's the fishmonger's daughter!» he shouts.

That, I can't believe it!

Robert Vendoux





The
NON
Library

Pascal Meistermann

L'Sec-Neml

L' Sec-Neml

Pascal Meistermann

In my studio, there is a mirror in which L'Sec-Neml lives. His voice resembles the combined sounds of a trumpet and an oboe in its low register. L'Sec-Neml is an angel - for real! I'm not talking about someone helpful, but a genuine angel belonging to the Department of Celestial Indulgences. However, every time he sees me, L'Sec-Neml, the angel of indulgence, starts by scolding me: what a strange idea you had (we speak casually to each other) to put a circle there in your composition? Most of the time, I try to explain myself. He insists. So I tell him that for an angel of indulgences, he is not very merciful, an angel who, moreover, lives with me, at my expense (it's true: his mirror is hung on hooks that belong to me). Immediately, he forgives (from his side of the mirror). As one would expect from a stroke of forgiveness, the situation becomes clearer; but while the mirror is clearer, strangely enough, L'Sec-Neml becomes less distinct.

Yesterday, I hadn't said anything yet, and he was already apologizing: «I shouldn't have, I shouldn't have, sorry! sorry!» he pleaded, clearly visible in a mirror that hadn't been wiped clean because I had been away for several days. «Sorry for what?» I asked, somewhat alarmed, because I know him... «In your painting, you know, the one... well, I moved the circle,» he confessed, «and it's even worse than before. I moved it downward, against the red spot, you know... the effect is disastrous!»

I promised to fix it, and I was the one who gave the forgiving stroke of the sponge. However, I was more annoyed than I showed, because I don't like it when my compositions are modified as soon as I turn my back. This resulted in a sponge stroke that was too vigorous for the hooks (which belong to me). They gave way. Before the mirror even shattered on the tiled floor, I already regretted having reproached L'Sec-Neml so much last week for always hanging on my hooks... And what a silly idea to hang it above a tiled floor! And what a silly idea to hang it instead of placing it on my Flemish dresser! And now, who will kindly point out my composition errors, of which I painfully aware? The rest of the world doesn't care.

Robert Vendoux

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L' Sec-Neml

Pascal Meistermann

Vol. 16 x 11 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

La luna de que habia caido un leon

The
NON
Library

La luna de que habia caido un leon

Jorge Amarillo

We knew (according to Italo Calvino) that the Moon used to be very close to the Earth. And when it was the new moon, it «rolled in the sky like a black umbrella carried by the wind.»

In this cosmos where distances and orbits were very different from today's, it is quite conceivable that a lion would have fallen from the Moon, as a Argentinean friend once told me. Especially since, under the Argentinean sky, the angle of the lunar inclination is favorable to the dumping of an object, even if that object is an animal, and even if that animal is a lion.

Robert Vendoux

62

*La luna de que
habia caido un leon*

Jorge Amarillo

Vol. 15 x 11 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



*Only Certain Aspects
Will Be Discussed*

Jean Zum

Jean Zum

Maud Wantey was universally known as the woman-ladder. As soon as the words woman and ladder are associated, an image forms: can one imagine a very tall woman equipped with rungs? Do we also see, on the cover of the book, blended into Maud Wantey's silhouette, a ladder rung? It could just as well be the handle of a broom: the outline of a scarf tied on her head suggests that Maud Wantey is busy cleaning. But the reason for her nickname of woman-ladder is not found in this superficial interpretation.

Maud Wantey was the daughter of a geographer and a biologist, and the granddaughter of a renowned physicist; thanks to this scientific family environment, Maud developed extraordinary abilities to perceive the relative dimensions of things - their scale, precisely. The surprising mimetic abilities of childhood physically translated these perceptions. Through constantly seeing and hearing about sometimes astronomical, sometimes microscopic dimensions, Maud came to retract or stretch herself far beyond what an ordinary human anatomy allows. Depending on the circumstances, her body would elongate or shrink dramatically. As suggested by an opening in the illustration's architecture, her physique would expand on the scale of plains and hills; on the other hand, a skirt in the wind and polka-dot underwear of varying sizes perfectly symbolize the subatomic world.

Clément Cléridan



63

*Only Certain Aspects
Will Be Discussed*

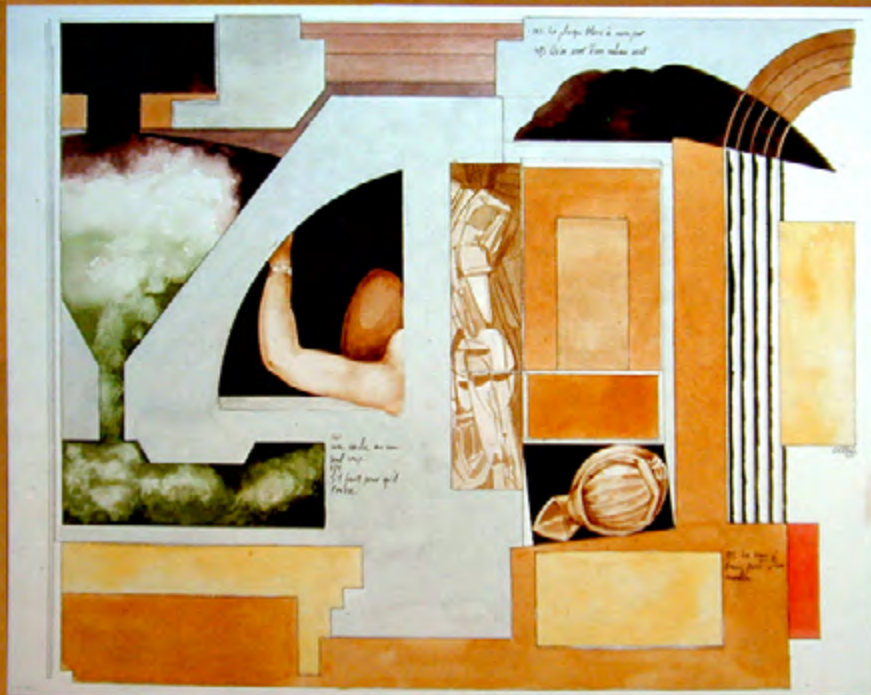
Jean Zum

Vol. 24 x 17 cm

Digital 250 g / 12 ex.

Vincent Boisseau

ROUSSEL LEQUEU DUCHAMP



The
NON
Library

Roussel, Lequeu,
Duchamp

Vincent Boisseau

Towards the end of the 22nd century, La Fontaine's fables were completely forgotten. The few scholars who still knew of their existence considered them intellectually inaccessible. For discreet reality, the notion of fable was reduced to the principle of hierarchy, moving in quantum leaps from the least to the greatest.

As an example, the quantifiable *Roussel, Lequeu, Duchamp* stated that Roussel was slower and less influential than Lequeu, while Lequeu was less proficient than Duchamp. This example sparked countless debates, with critics questioning the distinction established between the comparative speeds of watercolor, Africa, stairs, nudes, and discussing the validity of a hierarchy designating one as dependent on the other two.

Clément Cléridan

64

Roussel Lequeu Duchamp

Vincent Boisseau

Vol. 27 x 19 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

The day the present was dismantled

Louis Garand

This work refers to two excerpts from the present catalog. Firstly, to Robert Vendoux's note on the pastiche of a painting treatise: Charles Boozmann's *Watercolor Painting* (cat. 14). The present is supposed to be linked to the technique of watercolor in the sense that it envelops the action of the watercolorist, and the watercolorist reciprocally envelops it. This somewhat aligns with the great Chinese tradition of brushstrokes, in terms of the harmony between moisture and brevity. However, Robert Vendoux quickly departs from this promising exposition to recount a personal experience that is sufficiently improbable to warrant my testimony, as I was there, in the offices of the Library, on the day the present was dismantled. I witnessed this episode that Vendoux brilliantly described: "the light, like a slick tire on ice, began to skid on the present." One may remember the continuation: "like gears that remain on a workbench after a mechanism is reassembled, several elements of the present were found on the desk." Vendoux's conclusion, observing that time is not its passage but what causes its passage, taught us about the nature of time. The civil engineering work illustrating the cover is a complex metaphor of the subject that would require a separate note.

The second work to which this book refers is Vince Fischer's *Absolute Elsewhere*, courageously reviewed by Clément Cléridan (cat. 35-36). Courageously, because there, Vince Fischer (like Charles Boozmann before him and Louis Garand here) is kept in that absolute elsewhere where the *NoN Library* delights in preserving its authors; the critic Cléridan was therefore entrusted with giving this project a beginning of existence. He apologized, to begin with, for giving the impression of "not quite knowing what to think," which, for a critic, could be embarrassing, considering critics always know what to think... But then he vehemently denounced (rightfully so) the editorial policy of the *NoN Library*; finally, he summarized the subject by describing cones of light representing events with their future, their present, and their past.

The reader (before being the reader present here) initially moved within the background zone of the temporal cones shown on the cover of *Absolute Elsewhere* - that is to say, they were somewhere in the Universe. Then they entered the temporal zone of the *NoN Library* until reading notice 14. Then, moving along the cone of light, notice 35 allowed them to traverse a moment of an approximate present.

Now, in order for the reader to have a future, they absolutely needed a third element to read, which they find here.

Édith Mardigaraud



Nicolas Audibert



A Path Beside the Essential

The
NON
Library

A Path Beside the Essential

Nicolas Audibert

We know nothing about this title, except that it doesn't exist. Naturally, I'm not going to recommend reading a non-existent book... but I do recommend writing about it enthusiastically. Let Nicolas Audibert (or anyone else) study this pendulum system at work in front of a bookseller's inventory or a publisher's catalog. Above all, observe it at the end of each swing. Memory slips between the presences of the present: the present of reality and the permanent present of our psychology. But I can only clumsily dream in a creative fog, where ideas are born, in the incandescence of intuition, in the tension of imagining what has not yet been.

Robert Vendoux

66

A Path Beside the Essential

Nicolas Audibert

Vol. 27 x 19 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

67

Contemporain

Agnès Nicosi

Vol. 27 x 19 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



CONTEMPORAIN

Agnès Nicosi

The
NON
Library

Contemporain

Agnès Nicosi

In a world where we are already in the eternal permanence of an incomprehensible system, the contemporary contains two elements whose appearance decreases as their existence increases.

Electronic components are miniaturizing and soon become invisible to the naked eye, plastic material is degrading and soon becomes invisible to the naked eye. Their contemporary omnipresence is inversely proportional to their reduction and dissolution. The opposite of the narratives of universal shipwrecks that the perplexed reader can consult: *The Epic of Gilgamesh*; *The Apocalypse of Saint John* (out of catalog).

Clément Cléridan

A Disparition Inside of a Table

Hugo Pinson

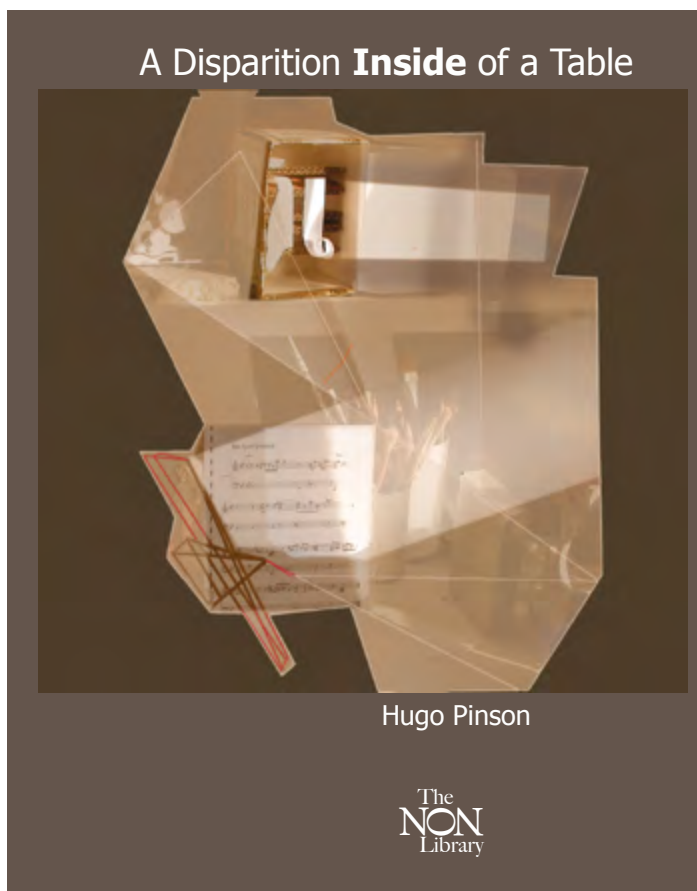
After a title that seemed to announce a detective story and a first chapter dull enough to test our patience, Hugo Pinson wakes us up with a surprising action from his heroine. We can read the following words: «Theyrine then disappeared *into* the massive oak table.»

At this stage, any disappearance is welcomed as a hope: the hope of dragging along with it the entirety of this wicked novel. And if we startle, it's not because this Theyrine disappears (Theyrine, really, what kind of parents came up with such a name?), no, what awakened us is the destination of the heroine: the inside of a table!

The duly emphasized preposition of place rules out the possibility of a typing error, just as the imprudent culinary-sounding name, repeated identically in typography, confirms that it is deliberate.

We must therefore believe that the author intends to embed his character, Theyrine, within the very wood that makes up a table. The interest of the reader and that of my critical note are rekindled, but like a bird on the crest of a wave, I remain vigilant: the literary tide of Pinson conceals pitfalls.

For the moment, and if it is true that in this century we have grown accustomed to being surprised by nothing, the fusion of a young woman into a table still leaves the reader perplexed. Apparently, the author is also perplexed, and in order to justify the improbable phenomenon, he will now provide dubious explanations. He first suggests that certain trees, such as willows or lindens, whose hearts are not hardened, rot in their centers and become hollow. That would be a flaw where a young woman could disappear! But it is written that this table is made of oak! After these hypotheses on a macroscopic scale, the author shifts to the microscopic and even the infinitely small. Matter is not as material as it seems, he announces: if one delves into the atomic level, there are vast spaces between the atoms and their nuclei. Does Hugo Pinson intend to intricately intertwine Theyrine within the wood ? He goes so far as to propose



68

*A Disparition Inside
of a Table*

Hugo Pinson

Vol.

22 x 16 cm

that the protons and neutrons of carbon and a few other elements that make up the cells and flesh of Theyrine could slip between the protons and neutrons that make up the oak wood; he also implies – does this have anything to do with it? – that inside a table, in the manner of ancient funerary traditions, various elements useful to the deceased, such as music, painting, and geometry, are arranged.

Finally, we note that this work has had a strong influence on other scenarios involving the disappearance of characters. See, for example, *Denise Watkins' Disappearance* (cat. 69) or *Esther at the Market* (cat. 70), and even *The Death of Marat* (cat. 71).

Disappearance of Denyse Watkins

Alain Descours

Something was not right with the table behind which Denyse Watkins was last seen. The stainless steel tube legs had nothing to do with the ancient craftsmanship of the solid oak top they supported. This kind of oddity was not limited to the table where the missing young lady had been, it extended to all the furniture — it was, so to speak, the BurgerQuinc style. The reader surely knows what the word «Burger» entails, but may wonder about the appended «Quinc.» It simply represents the French abbreviation for hardware store. It is certainly uncommon for a restaurant and a hardware

store to be combined. However, it was the idea conceived by Émile Basse, owner and director of the establishments bearing the same name: an immense and renowned hardware store, in which he introduced a fast-food service. The first BurgerQuinc was set up on the ground floor of the flagship store in Brussels. The unexpected ambiance created by the hardware store environment caused the anticipated trend phenomenon. Émile Basse, who knew what he was doing, completed his work by choosing furniture — particularly tables — in an indescribable style. As for the disappearance... we needlessly alarmed ourselves: Denyse Watkins, who had finished her lunch, had simply left the establishment to return to her office.

Robert Vendoux

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Disappearance of Denyse Watkins

Alain Descours

Vol.

18 x 13,5 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



Disappearance of Denyse Watkins

Alain Descours



Esther at the Market

Louis Legrand

The second volume of what could inaugurate a true saga of Esther's adventures will be published in London in 2038. We thought we were rid of Louis Legrand and his Esther after the deserved failure of his first detestable novel, built, it must be recalled here, on the equally detestable pun «How to silence Esther too?» Legrand would be well advised to apply his injunction to himself.

This time, if he still doesn't silence Esther, at least he makes her disappear, and right from the first page: «Before going to the market, Esther was having breakfast when she disappeared into the table.» The reader will not fail to draw a parallel between this fortunate disappearance and the one that befalls the heroine in Hugo Pinson's novel (cat. 68). Therefore, one should refer to the notice concerning that title to find everything that the new literary genre of disappearance inspires. But while disappearance is part of the basic strategy of a novel aiming to intrigue, disappearance inside a table remains a unique literary case.

Elga Shelzevir

70

Esther at the Market

Louis Legrand

Vol. 22 x 20 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

The Death of Marat

Liliane Schmid

We perceive the strangeness of the image on the cover at first glance. After a second look, and aided by the name Marat that makes up the title, we identify the setting in which David placed the famous dead man. Naturally, something is missing. The previous works in this catalog, focusing on the theme of disappearance, have sharpened our minds...

Now, does the absence of the victim's body justify presenting this book as belonging to the crime genre ? The assassination of Marat is not the *Mystery of the Yellow Room*, and if it is inappropriate to reveal the solution to a crime novel, here the assassin and the victim are well-known to the public for several centuries. Known... ? Do Charlotte Corday and Jean-Paul Marat fall into the category of « you and me, » meaning (through this admittedly hazardous comparison) that one wonders if we ever truly know someone ? Already, Marat did not know Charlotte. And did she know him for his *Essay on the Human Soul* or for his *Calling for Murder* in *L'Ami du Peuple* ? One naturally wonders to what extent this call was a misunderstanding.

If the detective plot, as we have seen, has no future here, the destiny of the characters remains a profound mystery. Charlotte acts after a good quarter of an hour. What was said during that quarter of an hour ? And besides a painting, what subject for a tragedy ! Moreover — can you still imagine it ? — Pierre Corneille is directly linked to Charlotte Corday as an ancestor !

But let's return to David's painting, which can be said to have been *de-picted* (or *de-painted*) here... Cleared of the corpse, the composition appears in its purity. David knows how to compose; he knows how to stage; he knows how to communicate. While other engravings and paintings, like Paul Baudry's, show a crime scene worthy of a magazine cover, plausible because of its cramped space, disorder, and overturned chair, David's sobriety announces the space of the Pantheon. Its light is a temple light, between brown and green, in an institute sandwiched between three vertical planes and a dusty horizontal one. Everything is static, still, solemn. The vertical plane of the writing desk is that of a stele.



Liliane Schmid The NON Library The Death of Marat

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The Death of Marat

Liliane Schmid

Vol. 24 x 17 cm

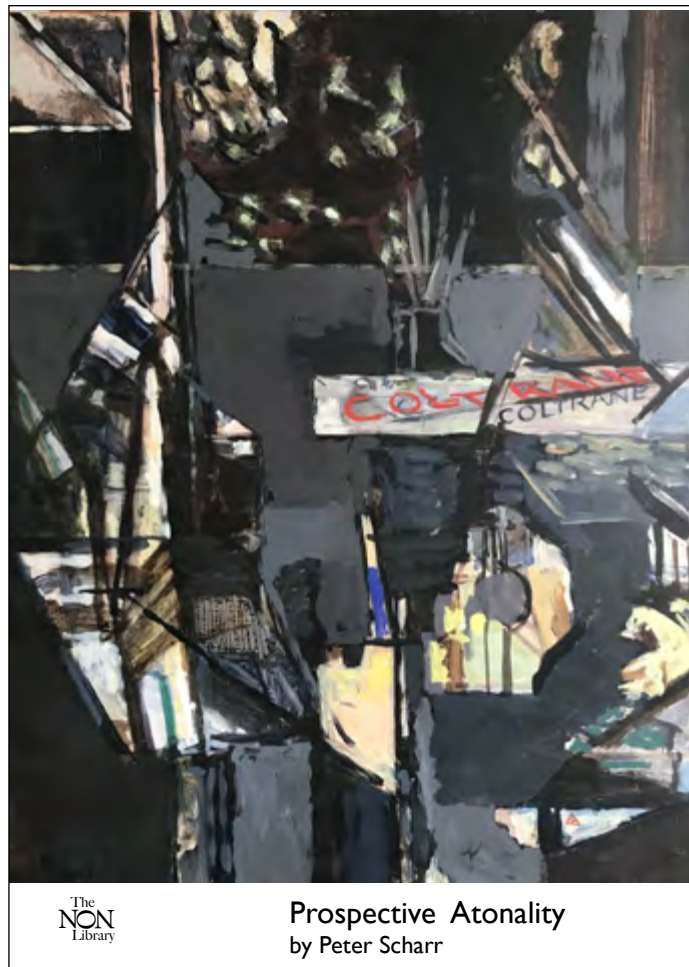
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Prospective Atonality

Peter Scharr

Vol. 13,5 x 18 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

The
NON
LibraryProspective Atonality
by Peter Scharr

Since 1898, music has been recordable. Since then, when listening to it, things other than musicians can appear before you: an office, a road, a garden...All things that, in some way, are changed by the music, just as a landscape is changed by a variation in light. After these relevant remarks, Peter Scharr describes the activities of the Querpean painter and musician Henri Quornille.

When he wasn't busy painting, he worked on formulating a composition method based on a sequence of fifteen sounds that he called «Prospective Atonality.» These sounds were arranged based on the postulate that the difference between the past and the future only exists when there is heat. This reference points to physics, and Peter Scharr claims that when asked, «Why from hot to cold rather than the reverse?» Quornille proposed a brilliant statistical response: atoms that move quickly in the heat have a higher probability of colliding with the atoms of cold substance, which move more slowly. These works did not prevent Henri Quornille from also observing what music transformed in his studio. He listened to *Well You Needn't* when, around measure six-

ty-five, Thelonious Monk exclaimed, «Coltrane, Coltrane!» (Coltrane had fallen asleep!) Quornille, who had depicted the effects of music, added Coltrane's name repeated in a Cubist manner, on the canvas.

Considering that Henri Quornille was born in 1710 and based on the reported facts, one may wonder if Peter Scharr is in full possession of his faculties because unless one considers Quornille as an extraordinary visionary, it is difficult to imagine him listening to a recording from 1973 or reasoning in the early 18th century like Boltzmann in terms of thermodynamics or in terms of Cubism. I believe that Peter Scharr needlessly made himself ridiculous with these implausible anachronisms. However, I do observe that Quornille's composition method, with its arrangements of high-temperature sixteenth notes that, when colliding with the coolness of a round, induce the fusion of cold chords, could evoke the wonderful choruses of John Coltrane.

Edith Mardigaraud

The False Relation Madrigal

Henriette Arthus

As promising as they may be, the sentimental adventures of a more or less obscure goddess and a seductive blacksmith cannot avoid situations that have already been seen. Seen, reviewed, perfectly predictable because, despite her legitimate obsession with finding an original narrative, none of the desperate twists that Henriette Arthus subjects her characters to result in anything other than *déjà vu*. It has been a long time since cohorts of video series writers, organized like drugged commandos, have been activating algorithms that combine all possible arrangements of sentimental, financial, and political plots. All possible configurations between two characters, especially those of a goddess and a blacksmith, have been exhausted. However, Henriette Arthus had the penetrating vision of a plot that escapes this editorial impasse. By combining a literary device with a musical device, she found a rich and unexpected opening. It is what musicians call a *false relation*, which immediately suggests the world of emotions. In a sequence of chords belonging to tonal harmony, the false relation occurs between two notes spaced by a tritone, for example, C and F-sharp. One can imagine what a skilled writer could derive from a chromatic false relation or a false relation of an octave... Also known as *diabolus in musica*, the strategy includes a delightful phase called *preparation*. This involves introducing in advance the note that causes the dissonance, just as one prepares to deliver bad news. (Monteverdi made ample use of it.) Transposed into writing, the conventional love plot takes on an exciting aesthetic dimension and problematic. Henriette Arthus transposes the moral ugliness of the seductive blacksmith through the use of unbearable syntax, and the obscure ambiguity of the goddess through hair-pulling orthography.

Édith Mardigaraud



73

The False Relation Madrigal

Henriette Arthus

Vol. 14 x 18 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Instantaneous Speed

Éléonor Liu Zengh According to Schopenhauer, the greatest imperfection of human intelligence lies in its successive, linear nature. This book makes a daring connection between the imperfection of human reasoning observed by the philosopher and the question of instantaneous speed in the field of physics. The speed of a body changes during

its fall. Measuring its instantaneous speed means measuring the speed of an object at a given moment, without it having time to move... The mental representation of speed without displacement requires an effort — this was one of the most difficult questions faced by Galileo. With the two simultaneous images presented on the cover of the book, intelligence departs from linear mode. Like listening to the notes of a chord, it operates in an instantaneous register. Its speed is that of the mental images that cross our minds. Perception does not have time for reasoning (nor time to wander). While the speed of falling bodies is handled by infinitesimal calculus and the concept of derivative — which Galileo was not aware of — what kind of mathematization can be hoped for regarding the speed of a mental image ? And should it even be invoked ? Whatever the answer, the simultaneity produced by the inclusion of two images offers a particular level of intelligence about the world. This study notes that not long after Galileo's research (perhaps even at the same time), Shakespeare (who was born the same year as him) had a scene within a scene staged in the third act of *Hamlet*...

Robert Vendoux



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Instantaneous Speed

Éléonor Liu Zengh

Vol. 16 x 22 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



John McMord

The
NON
Library

The Longevity of Effigies

The Longevity of Effigies

John McMord

The longevity of icons such as the Mona Lisa seems solid. Does Cranach's intervention with the silhouette of a Venus revealing a Mondrian composition manage to inspire doubt? However, it is not the nose of the Mona Lisa that characterizes her but her smile...A smile ultimately forced to adorn all kinds of trinkets to sell them better.»

Clément Cléridan

75

The Longevity of effigies

John McMord

Vol. 19 x 26 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



Nonpiods

Josée Francq

Madame Josée Francq dedicated a monograph to the Nonpiods. Just as something non-sweet is not sweet, if the prefix leads us to believe that it is the opposite of a Piod or, at least, something that is not Piod, it does not shed any light on its nature. In the world, the number of elements that are sweet and those that are not represents significant quantities. Is it the same for the (or the) Piod(s) ? Another important number in the world is that of uncertainties. There are things that may be slightly sweet, and it is uncertain whether they belong to one category or the other. This system of negation, if it is one, evokes some assertions of quantum physics, such as, "I don't know where this photon is, but I know where it is not." All of this doesn't advance us much, and while their decisions may sometimes be questionable or regrettable, we are pleased here that the NoN Library simply mentions this monograph without asking us to further pursue this vain analysis.

Clément Cléridan

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Nonpiods

Josée Francq

Vol. 12 x 16 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Christofer Rhodes



77

Confucius

Christofer Rhodes
Vol. 14 x 20 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Confucius

Christofer Rhodes

- Is the title chosen by Christofer Rhodes misleading ? His novel has no connection, directly or indirectly, to the famous Chinese philosopher. Nor does it apply to any character, be it a policeman, a criminal, or a detective who goes by the nickname Confucius. Although it is not uncommon in detective novels to come across «Napoleons of burglary» or «Einsteins of fraud,» even wise philosophers of safes. With its title, this detective story displays the first in an endless series of confusions that could well continue until infinity, but is the thickness of a book, like a big car or a large house, a sign of quality ?

Consequently, one can question the honesty of the title, as it hints at the literary path Christofer Rhodes takes us on. Immediately after the title, without fearing paradox, as it flashes like lightning, the first obscurity arises. Yes, lightning, which the narrative brings forth from a storm but which Christofer Rhodes immediately changes the origin of, making it «in fact» come from the tramway's overhead wire, where his detective and his criminal confront each other. The next confusion promptly follows with this coppery reflection, whose source is uncertain, whether from the lightning or the overhead wire, on the revolver brandished by the detective, who then wonders innocently, «Why coppery ? My revolver usually reflects bluish hues!»

Furthermore, the detective, just like us, is not spared from surprises, and he continues: «I focus on the gun I hold under his nose and before my eyes, and I can't believe it: it's not mine! It's not my revolver!» The hero's inquiries then disrupt all conventions: «Whose gun is it, then?» the detective asks while simultaneously pressing the weapon «against his own chin while threatening the bandit.» This scene concludes as follows: «But since it's not my revolver,» he moaned. And nothing indicates which, the detective or the criminal, moaned... because, adhering to this nearly maniacal principle, the imprecision spreads to the point of being unable to identify which character is speaking.

Thus, Christofer Rhodes, from paragraph to paragraph, from line to line, and sometimes from one word to another, sows confusion. What about Confucius ? we wonder. Is it an implied reference that goes beyond a slight homophonic connection ? And since we are discussing nearly maniacal principles, we must mention the *NoN Library* here, which, with its strategy of collecting non-existent books, easily avoids any questions by leaving it to the critics to figure out: «Let your imagination compensate for the absence of text,» they ask. We can see where that leads...

Clément Cléridan

Kléber's Improvement

Peter Scharr

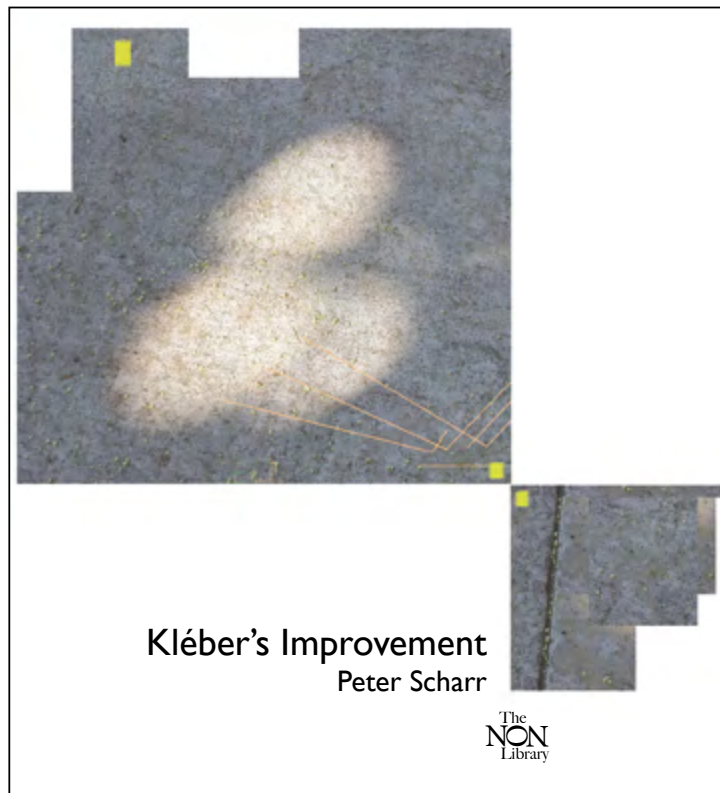
What is commonly referred to as *Kléber's improvement* is nothing other than the perfection of a gap – I am not referring to the unexpected encounter of two vowels but rather to the void between two structures, like the one existing in civil engineering between the deck and the abutments of a bridge.

This void is, in principle, no different from the other voids above, below, and all around a bridge, but it is perceived differently – it is perceived as tension. The perfection was achieved through Kléber's attention to the particular tension that inhabits this gap.

It is a significant improvement that has been applied to countless states of affairs from the end of the 20th century to the present, that is, the middle of the 21st century, and its interest should continue for a long time. Kléber's Perfection is mentioned in numerous books, all competent yet mediocre – competent in considering the improvement, but mediocre because its true quality is not understood.

Peter Scharr, however, insists on the central question: the status of the border between dense matter and that of ethereal matter, which bears a resemblance to the transition between shadow and light. But does the alternately luminous and dark succession (indicating, incidentally, that light is of a wave nature) have any equivalent concerning the void and the solid? Always: these shadows and lights lead Peter Scharr towards cinema. And he mentions a film: Pierre Huyghe's *Ellipse*, which takes up the sequence of a jump cut eclipsed by Wim Wenders in *The American Friend*. Bruno Ganz no longer plays the role he embodies in the latter film but his own character, twenty years later. This is removed from Kléber's perfection strictly speaking but suggests an idea that brings them closer. If this ellipsis leads to a meta-physical circumspection between the actor and the character he plays in the film, the idea it inspires belongs to the impassible absurdity of childhood reasoning. I will explain it with the help of the famous *Rear Window*. This time, we are not considering the actress Grace Kelly but her character, Lisa Fremont; we remain within the film's unfolding. When Lisa Fremont leaves the room, she closes the door behind her and, at the same time, in the long take. «But then, what happens to her?» a child would ask. For him, there is no implicit journey of Lisa Fremont until she appears in the next framing: that of the famous courtyard.

Kléber's improvement contemplates filming beyond the closed door, even if it confirms – which is highly unlikely – the banality of an uneventful journey in a hallway and stairs. But the perfection certainly does not stop at this example: it could be judiciously applied to everything that cinema has omitted between two long takes.



At this point, since we are not subject here to vertigo, the perfection allows us to contemplate the elimination of all sequences filmed to date and finally shoot the shots that were deemed either implicit or uninteresting by the director.

We assert that between their appearances on the screen, the replicants of Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner* engage in fascinating activities. If there are objections regarding the duration of shootings and their screenings, I invite you to cast a look at the values of the cosmos or geology, one should add with dark humor, that Philip K. Dick's androids have limited life expectancies...

Kafka criticized cinema for the constraint placed on the spectator of enduring its «iron shutters» framings. Did he contemplate the constraint of time editing? Because we note that while literature and cinema skip transitional episodes, this practice is foreign to music, poetry, and painting.

Elga Schelzevir

78

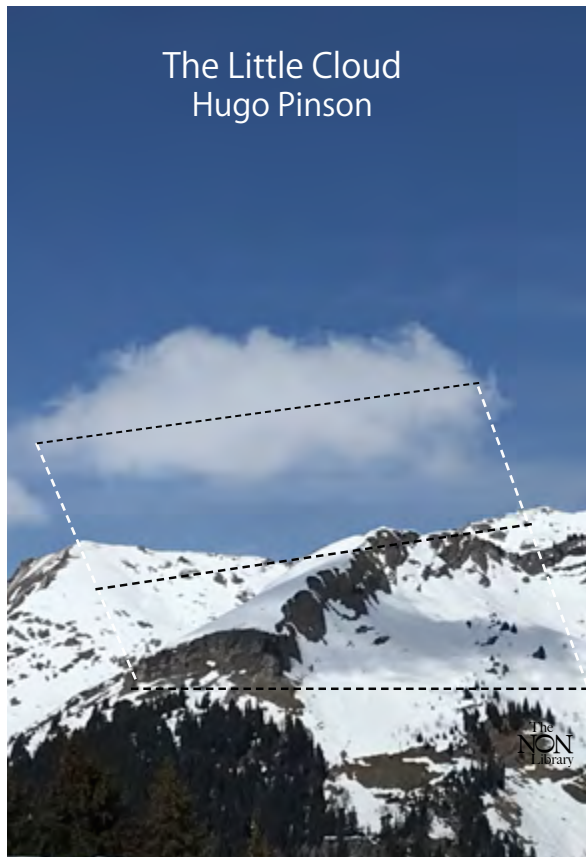
The Kléber's Improvement

Peter Scharr

Vol. 14 x 21cm Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

The Little Cloud

Hugo Pinson



79

The Little Cloud

Hugo Pinson
Vol. 14,5 x 20 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

The Little Cloud

Hugo Pinson

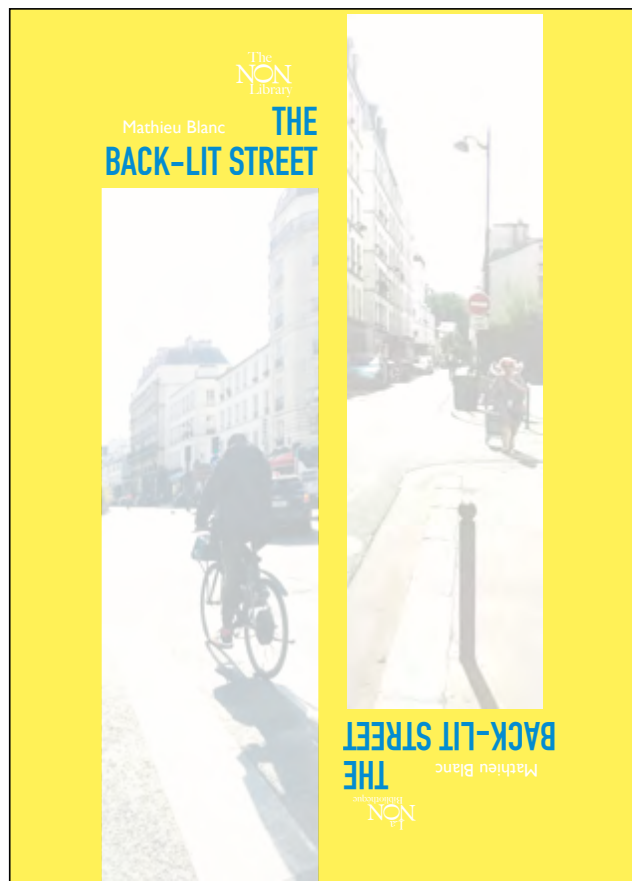
If the title evokes a tale, let us warn you right away that we are far from it: the tale ends well, whereas the present affair ends badly. In the early stages of their formation, the education of clouds mainly relies on Georges Gromort's Introduction to the *Study of Shadow Tracing*. At the time the *Dicaliel* - « Digital CApture of Light ELEments » was taken - does it not advantageously replace the old « photo cliché » ? - which illustrates the cover, at that moment, the idea that the little cloud cherished was to leave a trace of its existence in the world. People usually think of leaving a portrait, but the work of the current catalog, which announced a *Portrait of Marat* (cat.71), led the little cloud in a different direction. As for leaving a trace, what better than the trace of my shadow ? he thought. At the moment the *Dicaliel* was taken, therefore, the little cloud was studying the first paragraph of its manual. It was at: « c gets closer to s until it casts a shadow on the ground in a planar manner. » « c stands for cloud, » the little cloud said to itself, « but s... is it for sun or for shadow ? » and it continued its study: « It is essential, when tracing the entire length of a cast shadow, to never lose sight of the line or portion of the line that casts a shadow at the point where one is at. » The formula wasn't very clear. Should it get closer to the ground or, on the contrary, to the sun ? And all this while not losing sight of the fact that the shadow it was casting at that moment was very well defined because the little cloud was hovering, as shown by the *Dicaliel* above a mountain where it had snowed. To deal with the question calmly, it would have been necessary to stay in place for a while. But the wind was blowing. Staying still requires a significant effort of concentration, and if a cloud is accustomed to concentration, it is at least the concentration of the water vapor that forms it. To stay in place, it undertook to project the droplets that constituted it against the wind. It was a somewhat complicated maneuver that was, in a way, reconstructing itself behind it, avoiding dissipating its water particles to the four winds. It was somewhat like, but in reverse, the way photons pass through glass: in the glass, each photon recreates a new one, which recreates a new one until it passes through the glass. No doubt we are getting away from the subject - but why miss an opportunity to learn this: the photon that arrives on your desk is not at all the same as the one that encountered the glass a while ago - and what about that « a while ago » ? Is it a matter of a few minutes or a nanosecond ? With all this, we have become dissipated... But if dissipation doesn't matter much to us, it is fatal to a little cloud. We had warned that this affair would end badly.

Elga Shelzevir

The Backlit Sreet

Mathieu Blanc

To all remarks, the film director J-L Go. would counter with a resounding « On the contrary! » It is true that physics — more specifically quantum physics — is said to be made up of contradictions. But one cannot affirm that this was the origin of his contrarian stances from morning till night, every blessed day of shooting. We have a thought here for his collaborators because while it was easy for passers-by to avoid the refrain by avoiding J-L Go.'s presence, it was not the case for those around him. Was this way the origin of such an original work ? which, as we will see, caused annoyance. Almost systematically, and potentially in bad faith, his denial extended one day to contradicting the position of the rising sun! It seems difficult to respond with a « On the contrary! » to the eastern situation of the sunrise. This is, of course, provided that one is in the northern hemisphere, but that was indeed the case for the studio where J-L Go. was shooting. The street was precisely oriented east-west — naturally, J-L Go. insisted that, on the contrary, it was west-east. For his interlocutor, the East was to his left when leaving the building, and since it was morning, the sun would be there. « Certainly not! » said J-L Go. Anticipating the filmmaker, the incredulous person even went to the door and, turning his gaze to the left, was dazzled by the sun. J-L Go. invited him to look on the other side, towards which the incredulous person was again dazzled. He returned to the left and then to the right: the rising sun was on the side toward which he turned his gaze. What drove the visitor insane was not so much the surreal nature of the phenomenon as J-L Go.'s triumph. Curious on-lookers came in great numbers, eager to witness the backlit street; however, none of them would be able to identify the murderer. It was suggested that he had



killed himself to thwart the investigation. An investigation where everyone declared to have been dazzled. Because, after dozens of sequences with unexpected twists and contrary to the most elementary laws of detective films, no other character than J-L Go. and his opponent had been introduced to the reader, who, by the way, did not care at all about knowing the identity of the murderer. On the other hand, their curiosity was aroused by the deliciously implausible mystery of this omnipresent backlit scene. The publisher begged Mathieu Blanc to reveal the explanation of the mystery, but, like most authors of the *NoN Library*, Mathieu Blanc remained elusive, and the dazzling mystery remained.

Robert Vendoux

80

The Back-Lit Street

Mathieu Blanc

Vol. 13,5 x 19 cm

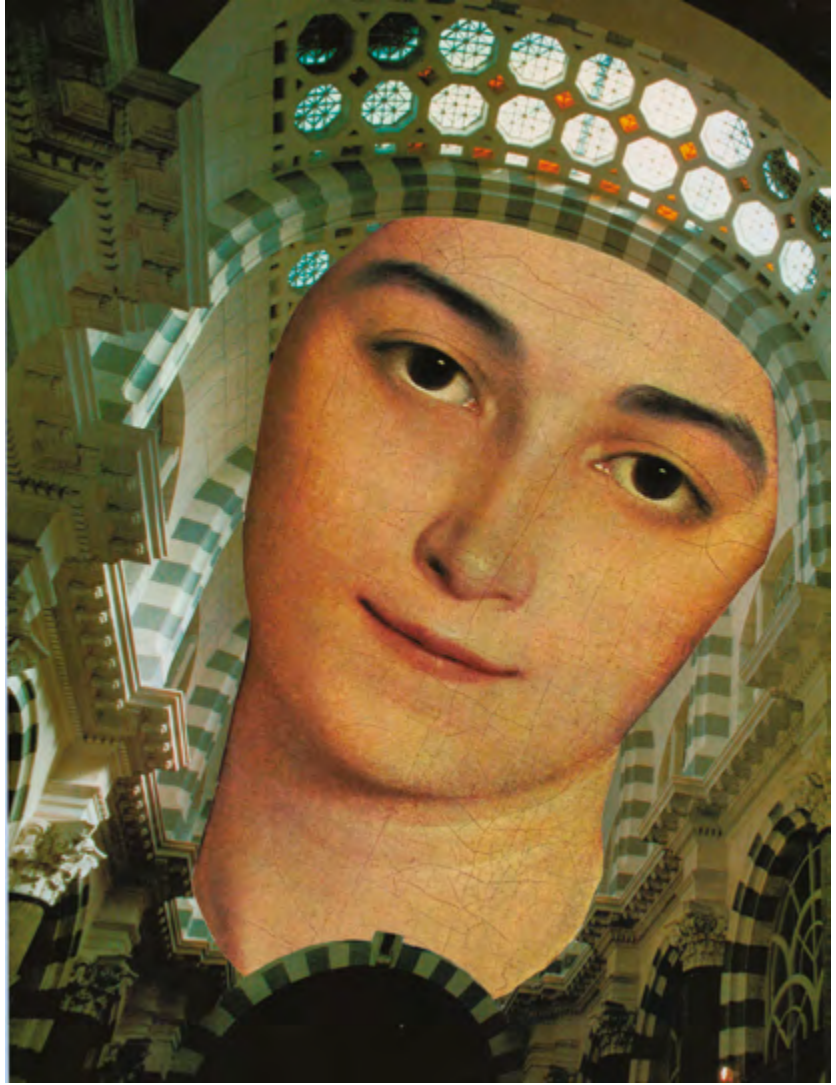
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



81

A Portrait of Madame Devauçay,
by Ingres

Brigitte Gaglione
Vol. 18 x 25 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



Brigitte Gaglione
A Portrait of Madame Devauçay
by Ingres

The
NON
Library

A Portrait of Madame Devauçay by Ingres

Brigitte Gaglione

After the quotation marks of the literary coquetry, which will be forgiven: « How to avoid clichés when describing the portrait of Madame Devauçay by Ingres ? » I will proceed to enumerate them: two dark pearls for the eyes; the lips hint at delicate ivory teeth; the face expresses the controlled benevolence of a measured smile. Now, when we come to Madame's hairstyle and its pattern of alternating light circles, which might initially bring to mind the headdress of a pharaoh, but whose massive, architectural character turns out to be the vault of a thermal establishment, any idea of cliché vanishes. Why did Ingres hide this architecture ? Because it was not visible when the painting was delivered! What did Ingres mean by that ? What did he foresee or even desire ? Did he want Madame Devauçay to go for a cure ? And to Mont-Dore, since the vault we see is that of the Mont-Dore thermal baths. Or is it an evocation of some secret romance, or perhaps - since there are, as mentioned in item 63 of this catalog, ladder-women - did he want to suggest that Madame Devauçay was a vault-woman ? Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres was said to anticipate the aging of his paintings, but did anyone imagine to what extent ? Behind the classical technique of « smooth semi-paste, » there is another technique that borders on alchemy or magic: the architectural hairstyle is concealed under a coating that has a brown and neutral background. This coating deteriorates over time. It will crumble to dust, revealing the vaults of the Mont-Dore thermal baths, which can only be seen today through X-rays. According to experts' estimates, their appearance to the public should coincide with the anniversary of the birth of Roman Cieslewicz. Paule Vindemures

A Portrait of Madame Devauçay by Ingres

Ansiao Buffet

To say that Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres anticipated the aging of his paintings is not enough. As Brigitte Gaglione has shown (cat. 81), it is not just about predicting the yellowing of silver white or the fading of carthamine pink, nor even about a hairstyle that will reveal itself as architecture. Ansiao Buffet teaches us that the painter's anticipations, which should be considered as future variations of the Portrait of Madame Devauçay, go far beyond its background; he also points out that Ghérasim Luca had already envisioned it in 1960. Every art is a convention, and behind the convention of a portrait, behind its characteristic features - eyebrows, nose, mouth, face, neck, hair, and gaze - down to the depths of the subject's soul, Ingres saw the shape of a junk sailing on the blue of a calm sea, its sails woven by the embankments of the Fier d'Ars. He saw it and he painted it... but, by means of a mysterious technique, in such a way that it remains invisible in the early stages - stages that, in this case, represent a good number of decades. If, as we know, pigments change with the years, those used by Ingres have more spectacular properties than just yellowing or fading. They are programmed to, one fine day, rotate on themselves, forming an evolved view of the original image. Moreover, at the same time that the pigments forming the traditional face will restore the vision of a junk sailing on the waves, the pigments outlining the vault of the Mont-Dore thermal baths will turn around to restore the neutral background of the first version. Fortunately, the cover shows better than words the extraordinary vision that we can expect to discover soon in the dedicated room of the Musée Condé in Chantilly.

82
A Portrait of Madame Devauçay
by Ingres
Ansio Buffet
Vol. 18 x 25 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



Ansio Buffet
A Portrait of Madame Devauçay
by Ingres

The
NON
Library

83

35, Rue de Sèvres

Gilles Wallace

Vol. 19 x 22 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

35, Rue de Sèvres

Gilles Wallace

I just learned that our city is proceeding with the installation of a general window. Finally! one might say. Readers who have been avoiding the news wonder what a general window could be. While it is not difficult to understand what a special window is, like those that provide light to houses and buildings, one must imagine that the general window concerns a specific time and place, whereas the relativity of the same name concerns all of time and gravitation in their generalities.

John Kerwen

35, RUE DE SEVRES/Gilles Wallace

The
NON
Library



Loop Quantum Gravity

Hector Rocca

The rapprochement of black Crimean tomatoes and black cactus dahlias can be undertaken, if not in terms of flavor, at least in terms of color and shape. A dizzying inventory of observations can result from unexpected comparisons, with the most unexpected ones being the most refreshing and enlightening. The juxtaposition of a frigate and an overturned Louis XV two-body buffet is difficult to accomplish. Frigates and buffets share the commonality of being made of wood, iron, and canvas, but the connection between folded table linens in the drawers and the *grand* and *petit cacatois* hoisted in the wind is hardly convincing. The two-body buffet does not navigate, not even upside down, and a frigate is not anchored in the dining room to store table linens or dishes.

Thus, it is noted that being composed of the same elements does not lead to the same consequences. One can also remember this: things that are in motion tend to continue their motion. We expect the frigate to continue its course, and we expect the buffet to remain still, as inert objects tend to stay motionless – although the illustration leaves some doubt about the immobility of this buffet.

Let us continue by venturing to suspect, on the surface of the cover of this book where our frigate and buffet evolve, a fleeting and romantic representation of the most remarkable theories of 20th-century physics. In this way, the navigation of the frigate would converge with the principle of least action; the theory of the



local field would benefit from the curved space of the sails where everything is continuous...And then, between its planks, this buffet would describe a Newtonian space while, within the thickness of its panels, quanta of energy would jump. The frigate of general relativity and the two-body buffet of quantum physics, two theories that contradict each other but (as we see) work perfectly together!

The color of the background raises hopes for a combination of these two systems with the a priori pink theory of loop quantum gravity.

John Kerwen

84

Loop Quantum Gravity/Hector Rocca

Vol. 17 x 20 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Cinquemila Trecento Settantasette

Anna Owo

Nothing surprising, on the contrary, that the same number appears on the tickets of different countries – at least during the time when each transport ticket was duly numbered.

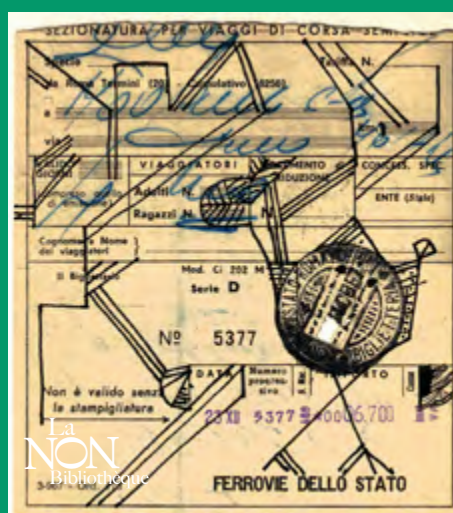
It is also not impossible for a traveler to take a train in Italy and a ferry in New York, albeit at different intervals of time. The pieces of evidence are reproduced on the cover for the reader to see. One can observe that the year 1976 is indicated on the American ticket, while the Italian ticket only shows the day and month of travel.

However, while it is possible for the same number to appear on tickets from different countries, it is extraordinary for the same traveler to possess two such tickets. Extraordinary but possible... Now, we learn that, during a search as part of an identity check, these two tickets were discovered tightly packed in the wallet of the main character: Simon Peircereau.

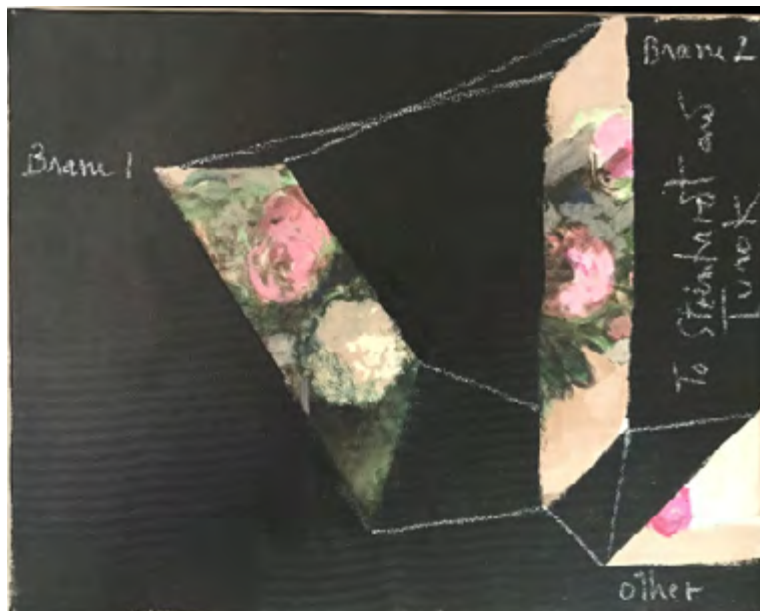
From there, we must trace back to the misdeeds and crimes committed by Peircerau – what

else would he do, involved as he is in the texture of a detective novel? The drawing on the Italian document evokes Paul Klee; if it were authentic, it could justify its preservation – but what about the other ticket...?

Was there falsification, and for what purpose? This leads to a more general question: can we expect from an author – as they would do when describing their project verbally to a friend, for example – to stick to the seven or eight pages that are perfectly sufficient to simply present the problem and solution of a puzzle generally submitted in the title? Robert Vendoux



CINQUEMILA TRECENTO SETTANTASETTE
ANNA OWO



THE INVENTION OF LIFE

The
NON
Library

Guillaume Bessèges

The Invention of Life

Or: *The step preceding the ingenious systems of nature to bring forth life.*

by Guillaume Bessèges

Whether under this title or under similar ones, we can assert that there is no publication offering a reliable answer!

Not that there is no edition on the subject, quite the opposite: « The Invention of Life » could be the subtitle of all scientific works. It could also be the subtitle of many literary works – except those that precisely aim to distract from this question, intriguing above all.

With Victor Hugo: « The deep nature opens up, the unknown abyss of creation begins its work. » As everyone knows, for each description of ingenious systems and nature's attempts to bring forth life, one step is missing. A step that is upstream.

It is understood that one must go back far to hope to envision the promise of the title of this work; let us invoke for that purpose the primordial Universe: a region a priori closest to our subject.

To the famous explosion that generated the Universe, we must add the concept of perfect symmetry. This explosion, due to the implied symmetry, should have produced as much matter as antimatter – although the physicist prefers the term « antiparticles » to that somewhat emphatic term, which means particles with opposite electric charges, and the name « positron » is ultimately much more appealing. However, a proportion of these appealing particles, not having encountered the symmetry of electrons, then (what else to do ?) formed the matter of galaxies. Perhaps it is an « infinitesimal » proportion, but still « billions » of galaxies. If this can be called a « process », it was undoubtedly ingenious, but it is still just a system... and still not the actual invention.

Édith Mardigaraud

Anatomy of Meeting

Brigitte Adanerana

Is it necessary to situate the author and time of a composition in order to truly appreciate it ? Does an assembly gathered this morning have more strength than if it dated from an older morning ? What matters is what certain forms and colors assembled in a certain order create in the mind of the viewer. « Assembled in a certain order... » Has there ever been a better formula for defining the nature of painting, music, and poetry ? Maurice Denis expressed that there are singular and eternal joys.

However, it should be noted here, just as it is lacking in Guillaume Bessèges' work *The Invention of Life* (cat. 86), that there is a step upstream. Despite Maurice Denis' excellent indication, we remain in questioning: why this particular assembly rather than another ?

Clément Cléridan

87

Anatomy of Meeting

Brigitte Adanerana

Vol. 17 x 13 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

The
NON
Library

Brigitte Adanerana
Anatomy of Meeting





Werner Heisenberg

Hélène Ronsard

From the window opening onto a garden through a painting, the spectacle is conventionally predictable. What appeared to Lisa was unexpected.

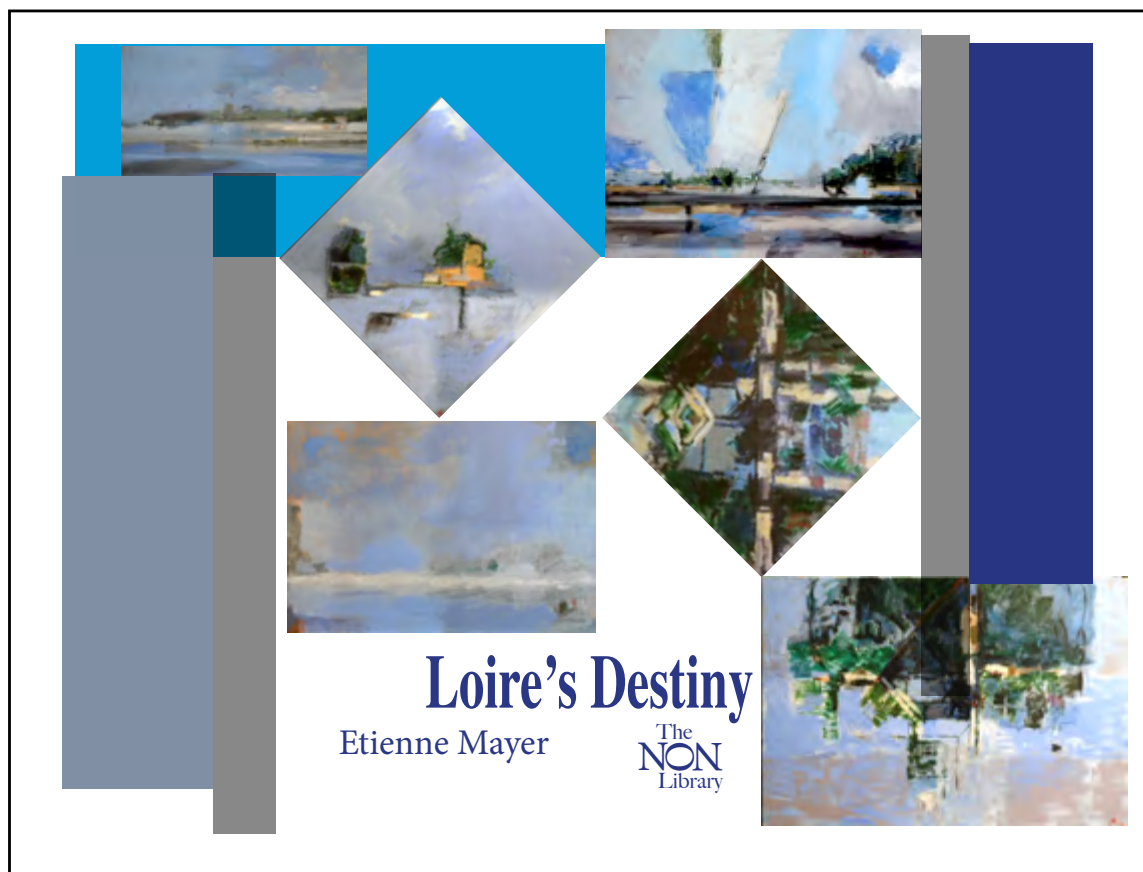
At least, that is what Hélène Ronsard suggests at the end of the second chapter of *7600*, although this chapter – like the others – has not yet been written and is intended to arouse curiosity, following the shared strategies of authors and publishers for titles and the first lines of a book.

Thus, in a bedroom overlooking a garden, the dim light diffuses the vibration of 7600 varied fragments of green, ranging from light to dark. These colored patches only exist when they interact with something else. From this state, Hélène Ronsard joins the seemingly distant view of Heisenberg concerning electrons: they materialize in a location only when they collide with something else. Quantum leaps are their only way of being real. When no one disturbs them, when nothing happens, they are nowhere. Similarly, for these strokes to have a momentarily real existence, they must encounter a memory or a dream.

We cannot approach electrons or enlarge them: they are too far away... (at least, that is the feeling that paradoxically arises, as they are there, beneath and within our fingertips).

To approach an object or enlarge it is the same thing that reduces the field of the image. To simultaneously see the twinkle of a microscopic vegetal cosmology within the dimensions of a window's frame belongs to the realm of dreams or digressions.

Paule Vindemures



16
Loire's Destiny
 Étienne Mayer
 Vol. 15 x 20 cm
 Digital 250 g
 7 ex.

Loire's Destiny
 Étienne Mayer

Étienne Mayer

Jean de La Fontaine, whose ability to captivate attention is undeniable, once claimed to wish ill upon the Loire! «The Loire? I wish it harm in one thing: that after seeing it, I imagined there was nothing left to see.»

By a method aimed at intriguing as well, did Étienne Mayer omit the pictorial mention in his title? *Pictorial Destiny of the Loire* : the complete title would have lost some intrigue while gaining precision. A destiny that is assumed—within the limits of possibility—not to be tied to the aesthetics of an era. Shi Tao proposed an interesting inversion: «Paint in such a way that the paintings of the ancients resemble ours.»

Pictorial destiny of an aesthetic crafted in the traditional manner, subject to the nuances of sand tones, atmospheric vibrations, reflections, silver-green vegetation, and even the silhouettes of its islands — corners of the Amazon for Julien Gracq as a child and deemed excessive by Stendhal, always a controversialist — and the skies with their steadfast and discreetly misty blues. The painters who undertake to represent it here do so with the intention of showing an idealized Loire, in the sense of the Renaissance's *Città ideale* or, if one prefers, a *synthetic* Loire, a notion dear to Borges.

Clément Cléridan

Tub'

Franscesca Normand

« Freight elevators tend to narrow beyond a certain speed. The young woman at the controls undoubtedly exceeded this critical speed. » If the reader is surprised to find a young woman operating an elevator, it is because they are in an era prior to the 22nd century... It is likely and even probable that if the reader belongs to that era, they would wonder if they read correctly: «the speed of an elevator»! This can be even more perplexing because the speed seems so great that it can alter the structure of the device! Are we talking about a spacecraft reentering the atmosphere or an aircraft surpassing the speed of light? Yet, these are indeed the first lines of Franscesca Normand's novel. Like others, the 22nd century has seen the evolution of language; thus, the original meaning referring to a device that lifts loads upward has gradually extended to any aircraft. Similarly, the term « tub » refers to another category of spacecraft. The novel could just as well begin like this: « Beyond a certain speed, tubs tend to narrow. » Language has evolved, just like silhouettes. The shape of aircraft has moved away from the fuselages supported by wings in their early days. Some machines bear a striking resemblance to utility vehicles that, before surpassing the speed of sound, were known as « Tube Citroëns. » Unlike

its ancestor that rests on the ground with the solidarity of four wheels, the one in Franscesca Normand's century moves in the cosmos and also narrows with speed – as shown in the image. If we believe the rest of the novel, it is regrettable that the crew, especially the young woman at the controls, does not appear in this photograph: « Because the young woman at the controls of the elevator undoubtedly exceeded this critical speed, her copilot found himself close to her. And the pilot's ample chest also experienced the tightening of the elevator cabin. » Franscesca Normand adds this relevant comment: « We know that in movies, regardless of the width of panoramic screens, actresses' chests seem to have difficulty staying in place. » For those who question the unexpected chronology suggested by a notice that implies it concerns a book to be published in 2145, let us clarify that Franscesca Normand sent the manuscript to the NoN Library through means obviously incomprehensible to a citizen of the present century.

Paule Vindemures



Summary of Querpian Gymnastiics

by Ansiao Buffet

On a spherical planet, the body remains perpendicular to the ground. On an ovoid planet with varying gravity, different latitudes require the body to tilt according to the axis of attraction – much like on a ship's deck during rough seas. In Querp, as in the rest of the world, the consequences of this elongated ovoid configuration could significantly alter physical culture exercises. Throughout the pages that list these exercises, Ansiao Buffet will gradually teach us, not without some disappointment, that the planet where Querp is located is identical to the one carrying the rest of the world.

Clément Cléridan»

91

Summary of Querpian Gymnastiics

Ansiao Buffet
Vol. 12 x 18 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Ansiao Buffet

SUMMARY OF QUERPIAN GYMNASTIICS

La
NON
Bibliothèque

Excessive Curves

Peter Scharr

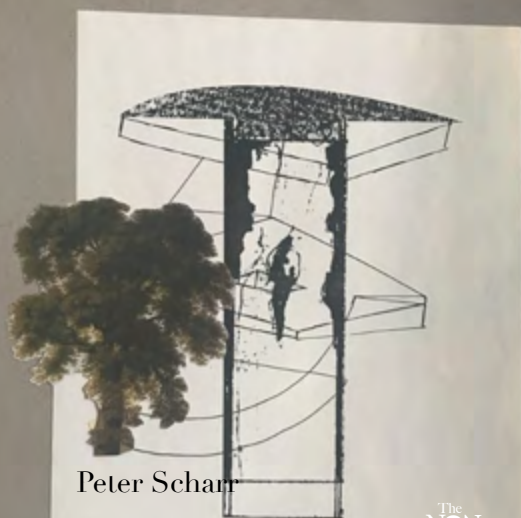
In the schoolyard, a child demonstrates to the amusement of their peers: with chalk, they trace a large curve on the ground next to a hopscotch drawing. This curvature is clearly excessive. And it is excessive without anyone knowing why! This makes the child laugh. The laughter is that of a god. As soon as their laughter resounds, water appears! (and on the seventh day of their laughter, the soul appears).

Édith Mardigaraud

92

Excessive Curves

Peter Scharr
Vol. 18 x 13,5 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



Peter Scharr

The
NON
Library

Excessives Curves

[Aculepeira ceropegia]

Shinzo Cross

The spider (Germaine) escapes the role guards. We are in a world where there's no joking around. In this world of constant performances, roles are not refused, and Germaine had refused a role: that of a judge in the next Spiderman movie! She had rejected this role, citing a « fantasmagoric incursion, » an incomprehensible term that meant nothing to the directors. They wanted her head; an arachnid's skin is thin. On her eight legs, she scurried away. She made a run for it. And the path Germaine had chosen led her to a snowy landscape for the needs of another film.

While the snow would seriously complicate her escape, it wasn't, as one might imagine, due to the inconvenience of a dark spider being more visible against a white backdrop than on a carpet of green and brown twigs. It wasn't about the cold or food either. None of that mattered. The aculepeira ceropegia is accustomed to snow; it's even its natural habitat. The difficulty lay in the fact that the snow evoked memories, and Germaine had to forge a path through those memories. Like this image that appeared in her mind: a scene from *Lady Chatterley* – why *Lady Chatterley* ? She wondered, as one does when bizarre images pass through one's mind. It was a few seconds of footage, probably meant to depict the season in the script; footage that could have served many other films as well. It was a close-up shot of the edge of a path under dark tree trunks; blades of grass appeared, and the snow had receded into small melting islets. That's what happens with snow: various evocations emerge – Christmas, for example – one could say accumulations, traffic jams of memories, in which Germaine inevitably got lost.

Robert Vendoux





The Sky and the Clay Marc Ponsin

The
NON
Library

The Sky and the Clay

Marc Ponsin

Once, the sky heard about a ceramic formed of right angles. The vast existence of the sky and the intimate existence of clay have in common their unfamiliarity with right angles. The revolution of the celestial vault, the curvature of spacetime, the rotation of the potter's wheel throwing the clay, all disregard planes and angles. The sky, being curious, came to visit

the cubic ceramic. It was amazed and, as the sky does not move without reason, it engraved some traces of its stars to mark its passage. A passage that, in essence, for our poetry, is something entirely different from a consequence of the Earth's rotation.
Paule Vindemures

94

The Sky and the Clay

Marc Ponsin

Vol. 18 x 13,5 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.



CHRISTINE EGUISHEIM
 GHERASIM LUCA
 CENTRE CHOC/A SHOCK CENTER
 The
 NON
 Library

Gherasim Luca, Centre choc

Christine Eguisheim

Everyone knows it well: poetry is an enigma. But how can we refrain from reiterating it? If Christine Eguisheim here intends to highlight what poetry is not, she quickly concludes that the stratagem, sometimes effective for a scientific demonstration, would dissolve into countless interrogations: for some, this compilation would overflow a digital library; for others, it would comfortably fit on a notebook page.

Christine Eguisheim presents Gherasim Luca's poetry as an unknown category of psalm, whose metrics are pathetic and intimate, combative and exalted. The words are everyday words, so to speak. They speak clearly, very simply, and advance with poses on their meaning and sound. Like those of music, these words cannot be translated into any other language than French, and what they convey cannot be the subject of reasoned discourse in prose: poetry is an enigma.

Gherasim Luca presides over a place where silence and clamor collide – *a shock center* – as he specified one day, if one briefly disregards dates and eras.

Paule Vindemures

95

Gherasim Luca, Centre choc

Christine Eguisheim

Vol. 18 x 15 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

The Painting went up in Smoke

Virginie Datta

According to Herodotus, the Egyptian sailor Thamous was tasked with proclaiming the death of the great god Pan. From antiquity (at the time of this announcement) to antiquity (the era we are in now), Virginie Datta notes that nothing has confirmed this proclamation. She suggests the hypothesis that either the sailor was hard of hearing or, more likely, he had been deceived: many indications indeed suggest that the god Pan is still here. As myths and social networks allow, those who deceived Thamous remain in courageous anonymity.

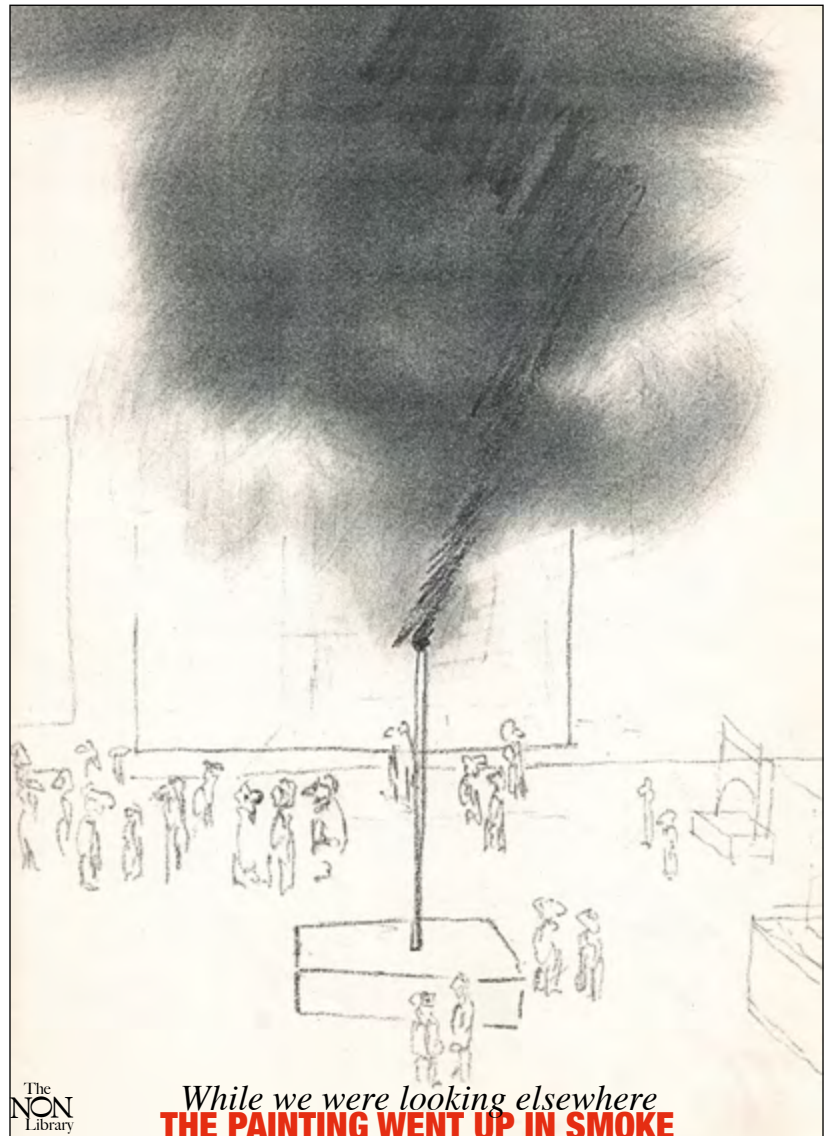
Rustic, sensual, and musical, the great god Pan extends his influence over several domains of Olympian activity, and undoubtedly he revels in this multiplicity. Being a musician, Pan infuses painting—as we have seen (Cat. 12), Walter Pater indicated that all arts aspire to the condition of music.

Virginie Datta further informs us that, more recently, Thamous was once again solicited to publish an announcement. Far from the Echinades Islands of his first performance, his ship was sailing on the Hudson when, once again, he heard a voice commanding him to spread a sentence.

Thamous hesitated. For the announcement regarding Pan, he had been criticized by Plutarch in his Dialogue on the Disappearance of Oracles, and what he was asked to propagate indeed resembled an oracle: «The golden gaze cracks the painting.» After the previous experience, Thamous became more cautious. It could have been, he corrected: «Look at Orpheus and make a painting.» (For Thamous, Orpheus was linked to his belonging to mythology rather than the artistic movement initiated by the poet Apollinaire). But a passenger suggested that instead of «golden gaze,» Thamous should have heard «viewer.» Thamous rejected such an idea. «Viewer...!» he exclaimed, exasperated, to the passengers once again assembled on the deck to listen to him, «If I had heard that, I would have kept this ugly neologism to myself.»

According to Virginie Datta, Thamous then launched into a vehement demonstration, going from «the reader creates the news» to «the listener invented the radio.» In other words, he went from truth to absurdity.

On this occasion, Virginie Datta indicates that the famous poet and painter, subtly alluded to but not named, made other errors, one of which was highlighted by Rabelais in chapter 18 of Book



IV of Pantagruel: *Vostre oraculeux fist bel erroi quant dift ung jour que c'estoient toudis altruy qui mouroit. Car si toutes Ames intellectives com le fils de Mercure & de Pénélope font exemptes des cizeaulx d'Atropos, encor fault-il vëoir en quel estât luy se trove maintenant.*

I referred to the indicated chapter: it does indeed relate the adventure of the sailor Thamous, but I found no trace of this quote. To conclude with the striking illustration that documents Virginie Datta's work and, as the reader has likely already noticed, I realize today that the «viewers» in question are looking elsewhere.

John Kerwen

96

The Painting went up in Smoke

Virginie datta

Jaquette et 4ème, 18 x 16 cm

Digital 250gr

Ed. 7 Ex.

Volume of Shadow

Peter Scharr

Light is spatial. We feel it as a flow that fills space and makes space exist. Shadow, on the other hand, is understood as flat. We see it as a sheet sliding over the surfaces of floors and facades. But that is not the case: shadow is just as spatial as light. It fills the volume that the flow of light is prevented from reaching — such as by a house. All houses cast a shadow. Unlike others, Buster Keaton's shadow will demonstrate the volumetric nature of its own cast shadow by projecting it. Like a blueprint, his facade will describe in space the orb of the shadow it bears. Naturally, once the curve is complete and this facade arrives in the plane of the floor, it can only carry a flat shadow.

Paule Vindemures



**VOLUME
OF SHADOW**

Peter Scharr
The
NON
Library

97

Volume of Shadow

Peter Scharr
Vol. 18 x 13,5 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

Cézanne on a Bus

Bruce Kimsey

« There was a time when ceremonies were organized to explain to trees the necessity of cutting them down and to ask for their forgiveness. » According to Simon Leys' intuition, as explained in *Le Bonheur des petits poissons*, philistines are not incapable of recognizing beauty; on the contrary, « They detect it instantaneously with a flair as infallible as the most subtle aesthete, but it is to be able to pounce on it immediately and smother it before it can take root in their universal empire of ugliness. » In more recent times, a tree will be chopped down to print flyers or because it casts shade on the lawn. Similarly, without ceremony or scruples, the Atelier des Lumières has organized the chopping up of Cézanne's work.

Cézanne's vision is a specialized vision. It distinguishes the structures of the dimension specific to painting, which is depth, frontal depth — of all dimensions, the most existential, as Merleau-Ponty said. How can we measure the deep negligence of the *Atelier des Lumières*' show, which cuts out the backgrounds of the paintings like theater or cartoon sets ? To restore, no doubt, the conventional perspective that Cézanne had replaced with the perspective of psychology ? Perspective transforms the original image into a copy image.

And let it move! Tireless and infallible in their grotesqueness, the communicators have worked to «animate» the compositions—compositions where everything was already in its place!

The painter and his subject are immobile. The art lover and the painting are immobile. If immobility bothers the communicators at the Atelier des Lumières, it is because the movements that take place there are those of spirit. Ignorance drives them to shake the painting as they would shake an insolent child — an insolence of a truth that escapes, an insult to clumsiness.

Chardin's « I add or remove until it feels right » or Cézanne's « sensation » are not crude expressions ; they weigh as much as thousands of pages. Painting is not in the domain of literature. Neither is poetry. In *La mer à l'Estaque* (where



CEZANNE ON A BUS

The
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emeralds and carmines are now reduced to percentages of magenta, yellow, and cyan), the poet understood the confidences exchanged between a celestial blue and the blue of the sea and the red of the rooftops, amidst a green touched by the intimacy full of complicity. Rilke evokes an animistic thought that joins the Pacific Islanders mentioned by Simon Leys and also Cézanne's words about the fruits he painted : « They were as if asking for forgiveness for fading. » Animism is related to morality, and returning to Leys' intuition, the forces of ignorance and stupidity are active forces. The communicators at the *Atelier des Lumières* have dealt with Cézanne's work as society deals with what is extraordinary : by making it ordinary, by diluting meditation into visual noise. The effigy of Cézanne carried by the buses is the trophy of the army of the norm.

Édith Mardigaraud



The Invisibility Combination

Vincent Daam

The title hesitates between two kinds of combinations. One involving physical or chemical elements, a potion, for example, that renders someone invisible, or a garment, like that of astronauts, that envelops the entire body. It is this latter *combinaison* that Vincent Daam proposes as a factor of invisibility. Imagine a cameraman harnessed in the manner of those old sandwich-board men who carried huge advertising posters on their shoulders, and imagine this cameraman carrying a massive screen on his back. Further, imagine that the screen on his back displays what the cameraman is filming in front of him, and finally, picture the image on this screen being of absolute realism. Then, for anyone following this cameraman, he would be invisible... Vincent Daam's fiction proposes a refined version of this device with the assembly of tiny liquid crystal screens and microscopic cameras. Each micro-camera projects a micro-image of the environment in its exact axis. The garment is certainly not very flexible, but it renders the wearer invisible. With this, the author takes care to distance himself from H. G. Wells' novel and those that followed. This invisibility offers an exciting scenario with the encounter of this cameraman and a mirror.

Elga Shelzevir

99

La combinaison de l'invisibilité

Vincent Daam

Vol. 18 x 13,5 cm

Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

100
*The Apparition of Mnémosyne
in 1975*

Gilles Wallace
Vol. 18 x 13,5 cm
Digital 250 g / 7 ex.

**The Apparition of Mnémosyne
in 1975**

Gilles Wallace

The fourth reason why I claim to be unable to describe this blue most likely lies in the fatigue of my imagination and, above all, in the very fact that I designate this reason to be the fourth : where are the preceding three ? Do these opening lines sufficiently illustrate the distress I am in for having the project of describing this blue ? A futile project in itself, and furthermore, useless since its reproduction is before the reader's eyes — though this impression is but an illusion. For color, just like music, one cannot separate form from substance. Regarding blue, the form I speak of is not that of its contours ; I refer to its tonality, its sonority, one might say, while remaining in the realm of evoking music. I dare return to those three preceding reasons that have vanished: what could they refer to ? To the other blue, the background sky ; the three white lines ; the support of an ecru canvas ; the chestnut tree... And who knows if I am not capable, in the abstraction of the preceding ones, of mentioning up to eight or nine reasons ? Where are we headed if I reach

nine when, just a moment ago, I announced only four reasons for being unable to describe an object that (I must say in my defense) does not yet have a literary existence ? It is evident, understood, seen, I am subject to the innumerable reflections and inflections that collide with one attempting to describe the fortuitous and rare appearance of Mnemosyne. Because yes, it comes back to me now, this is a photograph of her appearance. Mnemosyne appeared to me in July 1975. Luckily, I had an efficient Nikon F3 in my hands. Needless to say, it was an unexpected shot, as the goddess appeared for only 1/125th of a second. The appearance, by some miracle, coincided with a kind of nervous reflex that made me re-

lease the shutter. Hieratic, upright in her form of the day (and once again, I am not referring to contours), both distant and near, surrounded by foliage and displaying her three characteristic vertical and horizontal lines in a blue of which, ultimately, I say nothing more...

Robert Vendoux



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