

Flintpapier

s tørt

HEDER
RATER
EM

752

V
F

- bør opbevares tørt

MEN IKKE I NÆRHEDEDEN
AF VARMEAPPARATER
ELLER I SOLEN

S

papier

2

MÉMOIRES

GUY-ERNEST DEBORD

MÉMOIRES

SUPPORTING STRUCTURES BY ASGER JORN

this book is entirely composed of prefabricated elements

PUBLISHED BY THE SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL

JUNE 1952

" Let the dead bury the dead and mourn them...
it is enviable to be the first to enter upon a
new life: this shall be our lot. "

MARX, *Letter to Ruge.*

Remember thee? Ay thou

Lights, shadows, shapes

In the evening, Barbara

we will observe fringes of silence

this strange system of narrative

it is for you
full of discord and dismay

it concerns a topic thoroughly soaked in alcohol

Naturally, all the same, I will discuss events and voice opinions

Mistress of her desires, she saw the world, and was seen by it



All the perfumes of Arabia

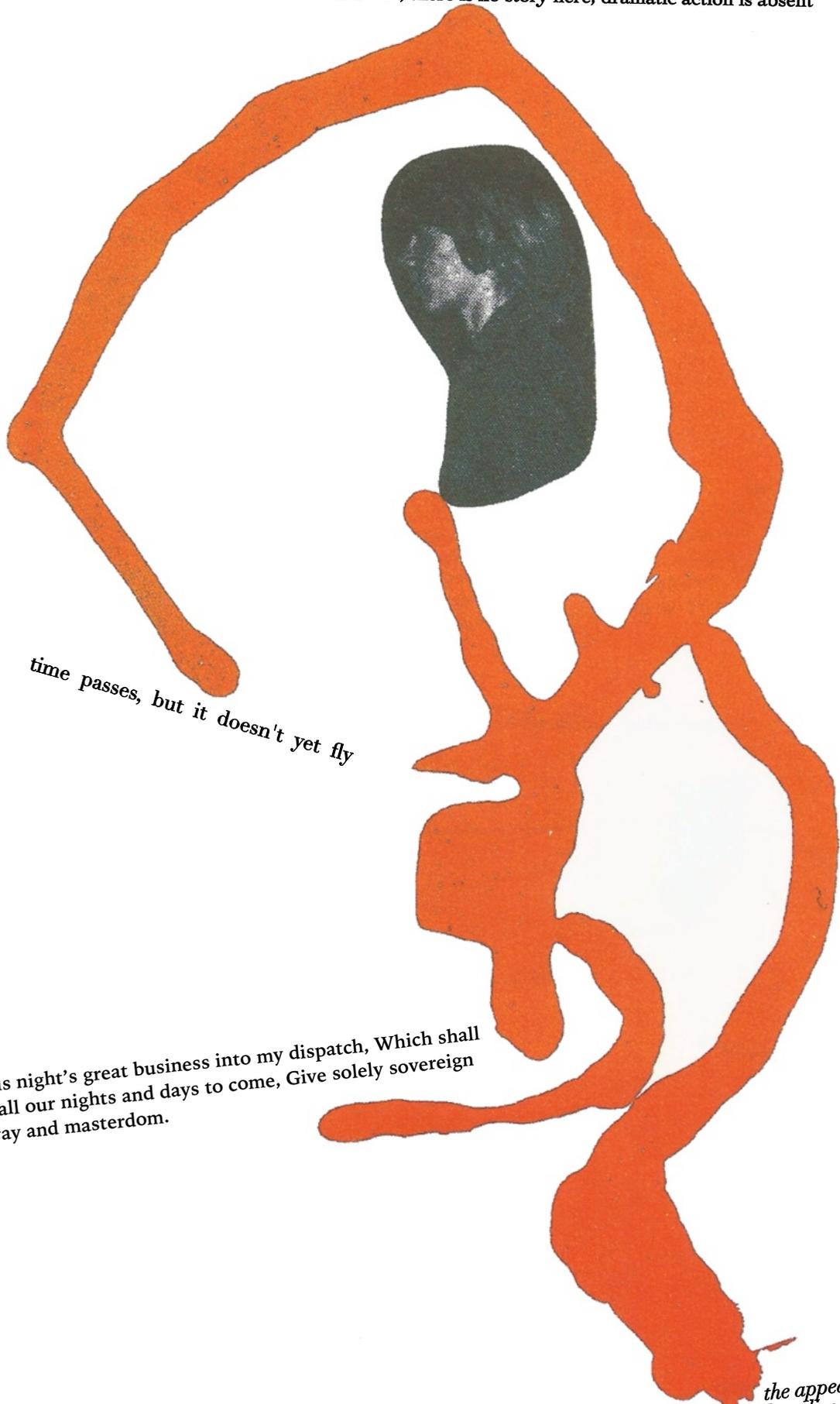
— The memory be green

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

— What is 't you say? the life?

" like acid on iron "

EVERYTHING takes us back to the heroine, there is no story here, dramatic action is absent



time passes, but it doesn't yet fly

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

*the appeals of a
past which can only be relived in the
memory, or in a "repetition" where,
no matter what, it will fade.*

A few moments, next to one another

The intention is not very clear either, and those who like tight plots will be disappointed: the story begins a bit aimlessly and ends the same way.

The material is rich with numerous directions

— What are you thinking about?

How old were we then?

in the city's labyrinth of stones

— Yes

as "lost children"

Amidst such weakness

Barbara walks in front

— The power is in our hands

— And now

she was seventeen years old

— I would like

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

She began to tremble, unresponsive

And so the great convulsions had not yet fully subsided

I found Barbara's breasts

She burns with the same desire

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

Barbara started screaming

she took most of her pleasure in that way. At one point, if I hadn't restrained her, she would have collapsed on the ground racked with convulsions

Barbara and I realised that something was wrong with this girl

erotic frenzy undermines the foundations of the established order



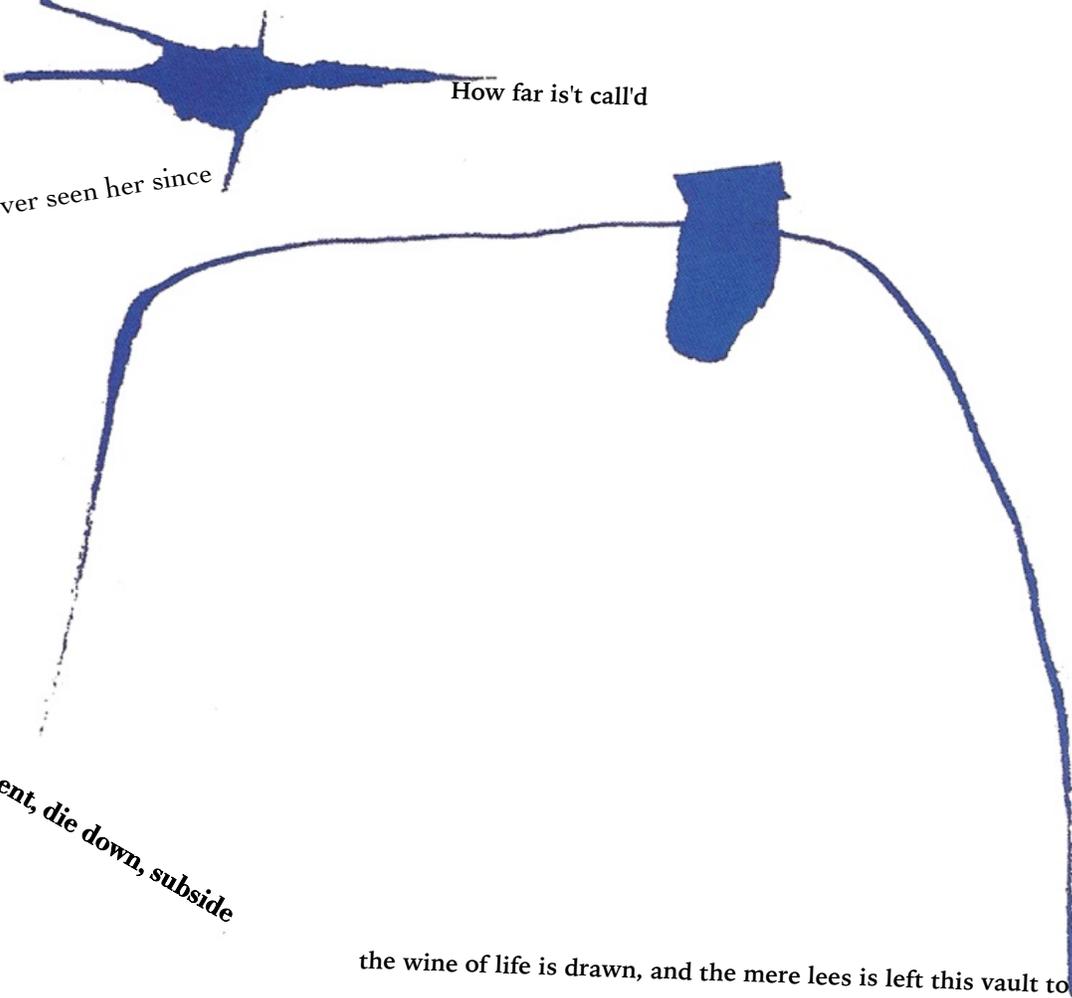
we feel the warmth of life

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

of fire

How far is't call'd

never seen her since



Then the tremors become less frequent, die down, subside

the wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees is left this vault to brag of

the disregard for technique is pushed so far as to break apart successive episodes:
key features are not outlined, they are alluded to indirectly through lesser details



an extraordinarily appropriate tone in which to speak of this life

The direction also bears the marks of youth

its dreadful, magnificent and hopeless disorder

All the elements of the American crime novel are found here, violence, sexuality, cruelty, except the setting

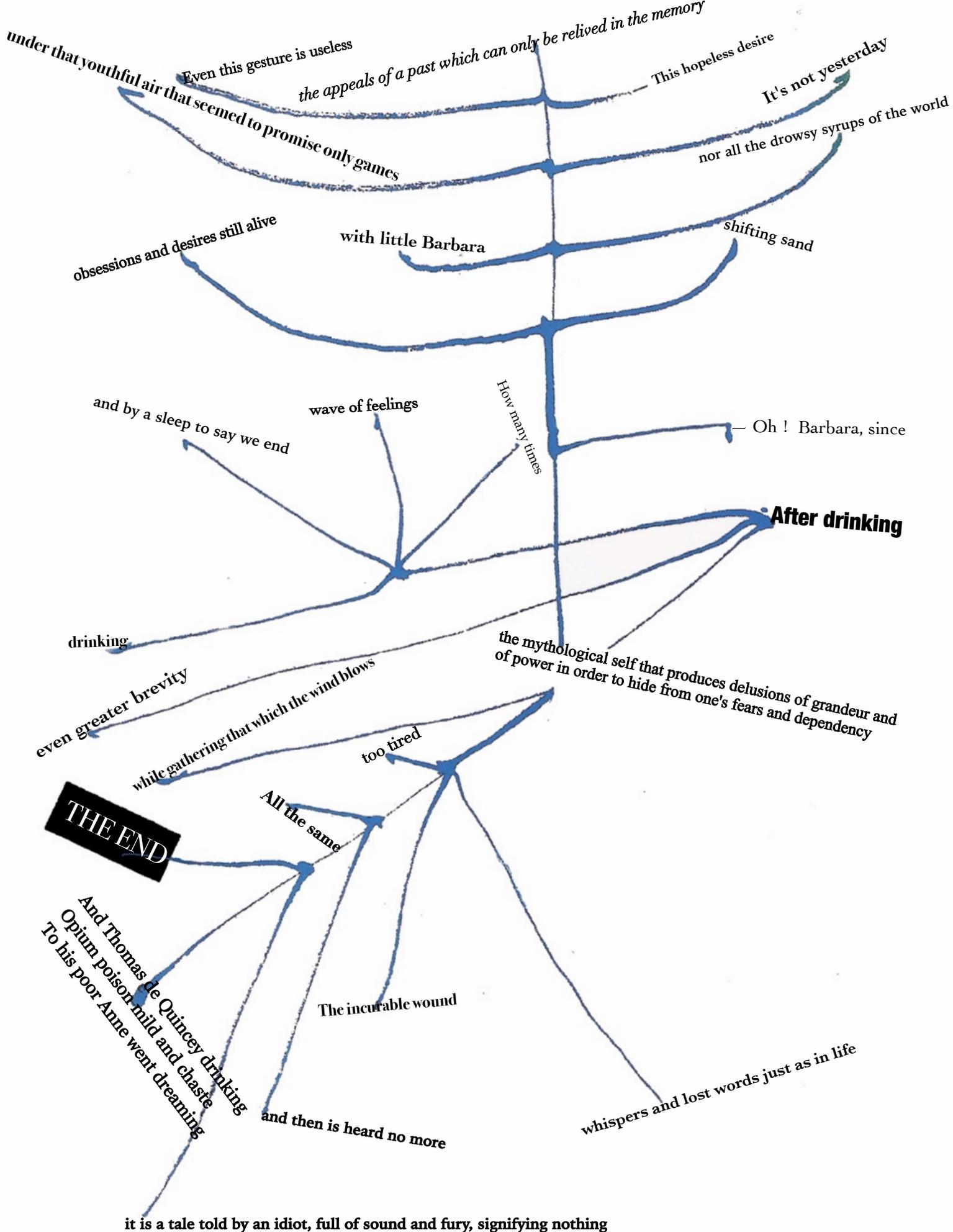
Truth - or what people call truth - I don't recognise it, I forget it, I don't see it, I don't know what it is

In this ghastly and pathetic "Carte du Tendre", the search for a character is suggested through their successive lives

We think about so many things at once, so many things rush in on us, all at the same time. How can we fight this whirlwind which constantly assails us?

Barbara tears open her blouse; she has no bra

Beneath that laughing face, beneath that youthful air which seemed to promise only games



it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing

... mais à ceux qui p...
susceptible de figur...
paraphraser d'un con...
tageux tout ce qui peut...
haut ? C'est pourqu...
gela later sa « bombe »
cont a blond explosive,

... bien loin
les gens font v...
ce qu'ils ont ait l...
que mesurant sa poitrine et
j'ai 92 cm de taille peut dire
86 de hanche
mieux ? » Et, ass...
l'a courage, se peut affronter Javne.

Christian Dior's passion for perfection is probably at the root of his success

wanted his models to be happy

— "When I decided to marry Daniel Gelin", said Sylvie, "Christian Dior called me and questioned me at length, asking loads of questions about Daniel and myself. He wanted me to be happy; he wanted my marriage to be built on something serious, not to be short-lived." When Sylvie came to tell him of the birth of her little Pas

Productivité pour bénéficier
le confort des méthodes
dirigeantes récentes d'abri.
L'on attend tout en
sagement de plus en plus
méliorant d'été.

Voici...um
La...um...
pour...
A...

Barbara

THE pre-war movie *Sans Famille*, in which the young Robert Lynen had left such a strong impression, is being remade. Twenty-three years later, Joel Plateau stars as Rémi. Joel will turn seven this Christmas.

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

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

INTERNATIONALE DE
PARIS
BORDEAUX
LILLE
TOULOUSE
DISQUE
SEULE
1966

Confronted with the work of a young filmmaker, the most unusual reluctance is felt

in all of history, an obvious and unique example of these fierce extremes

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

inaudible during a first viewing

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

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

The lights of the winter streets will end near a kiss

Black Screen
Guy-Ernest Debord

(End of Lettrist improvisation)

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

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

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

HOWLS IN FAVOUR OF

the audience were offended and screamed madly

we could hear the shrill cries of women and the slanders of men. "Sons-of-bitches, pigs, bastards, assassins, butchers" echoed



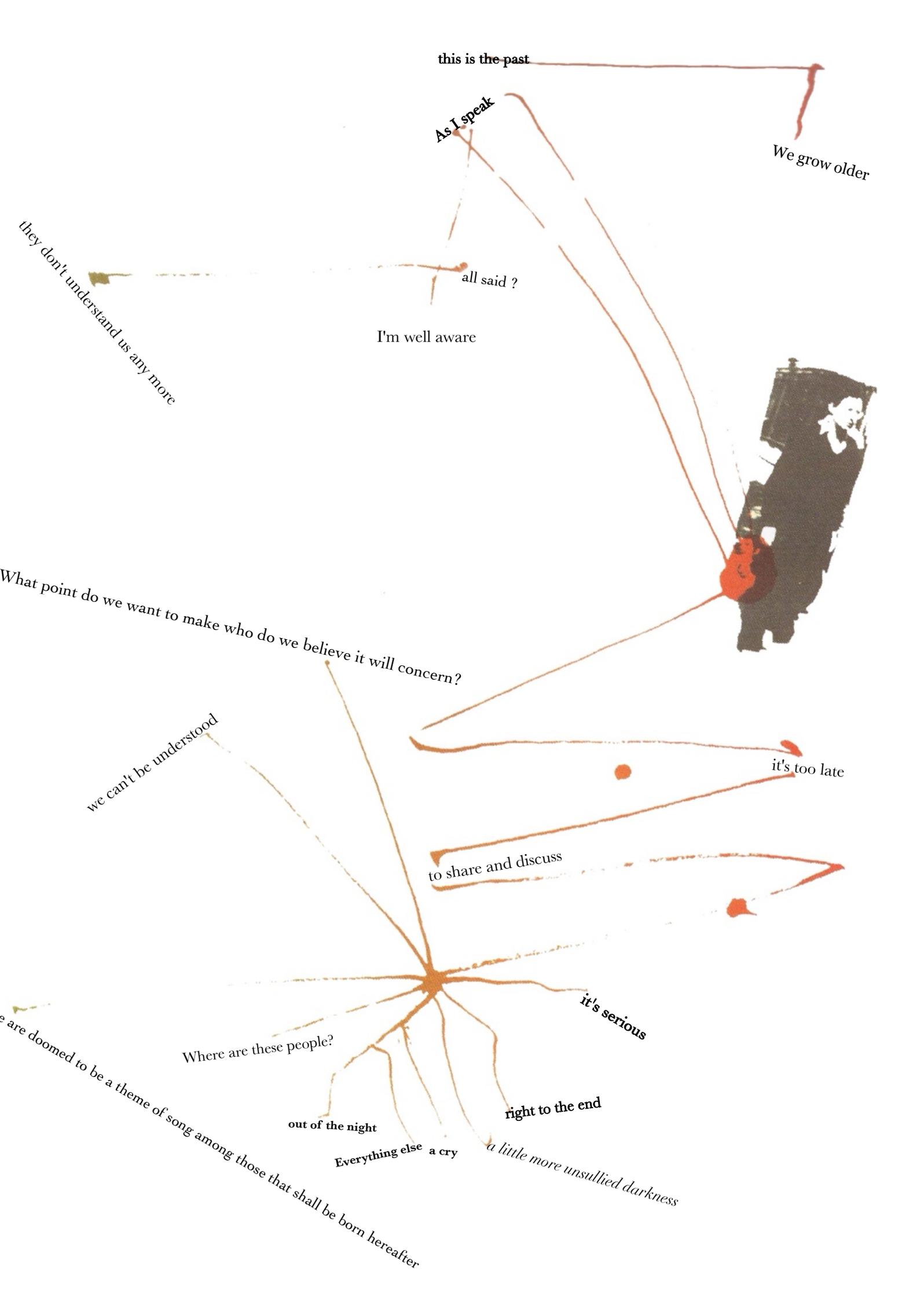
FILM CLUB : *You are attending the screening of the first flop*

The arts of the future will be upheavals of situations, or nothing

DECEMBER 1952

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

HUIZINGA, *The Waning of the Middle Ages*.



GUY



like some ore among a mineral of metals base

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

— What's your name?

our beautiful song

marihuana

Five years ago

— Show me your papers

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

All the desire

She was looking cold and afraid

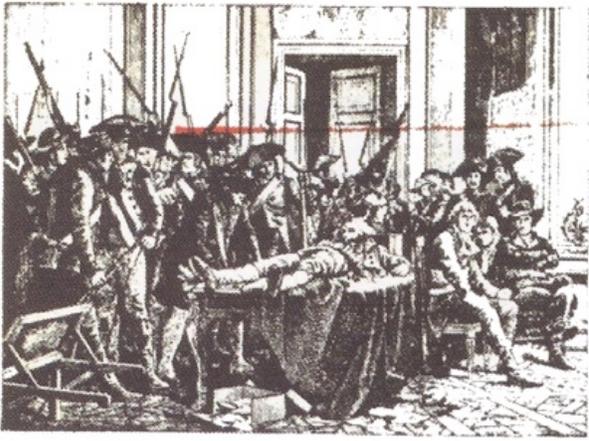
Alertness became confused with sleep

we drank an inordinate quantity of all kinds of wines

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

under-age sex, I know where this leads

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



1793

Song of the Swiss Guards

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

Under the influence of alcohol

She remained standing, biting her lower lip

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

youth to itself rebels,
though none else near

Breasts that nothing conceals

the smell of marijuana

Bernard, Bernard, this green youth will not last forever



winter

won't last forever

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

your songs?

the Paris of the young men and girls



who haunt the Left Bank

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

they forget and are forgotten

the slow succession of hours, of days, in the unchanged scenery

Oh! never the sun

the spatial theme of a universe both labyrinthine and forever trapped

(DARK PASSAGE)

PASSENGERS OF THE NIGHT

the fainting sensation

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

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

The night and the snow

bitter picture of this suffocating society which is our own





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

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

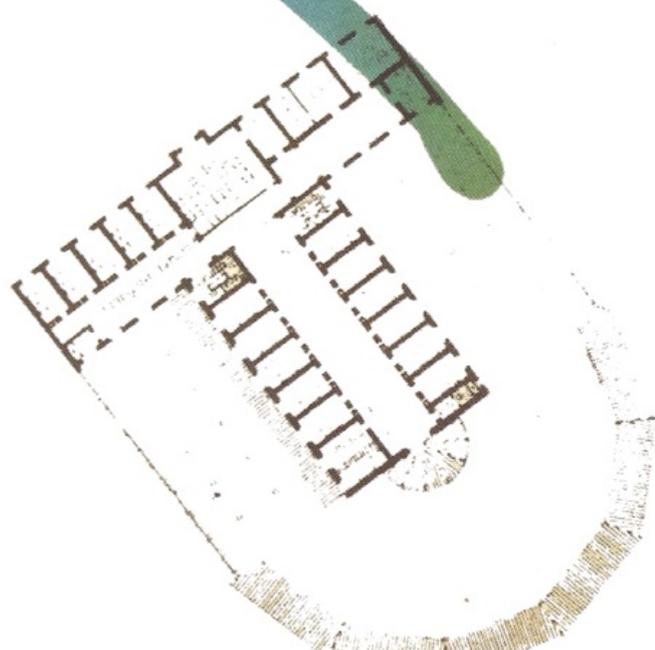
and, in the most desperate cases, go out the window

spend the night

these are the facts; everyone is free to interpret them

like a holiday

after life's fitful fever he sleeps well

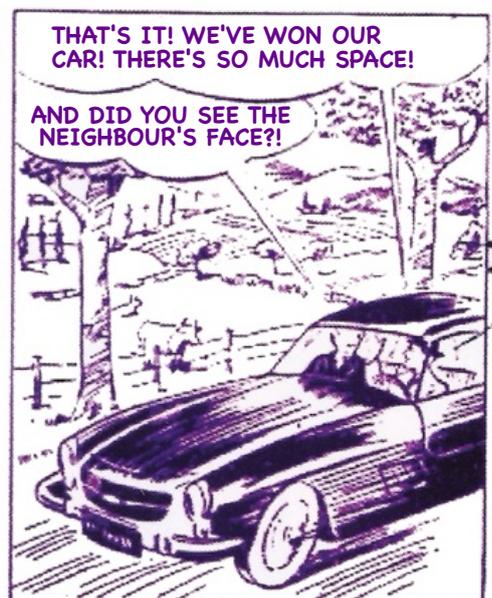


Here is what this world passionately offered to our consciousness

as time was passing

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

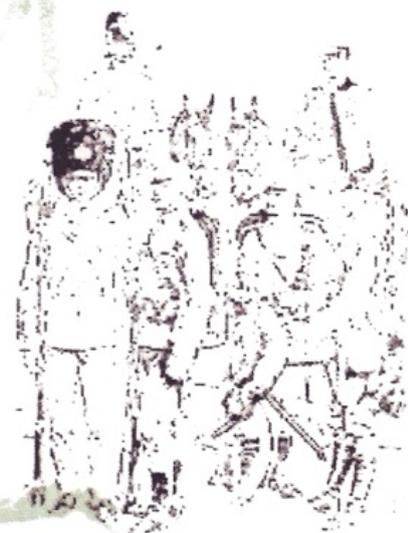
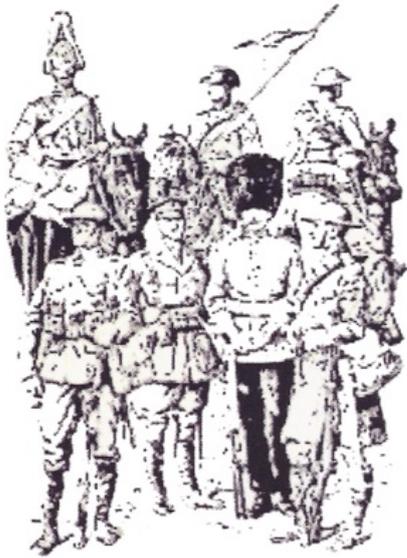
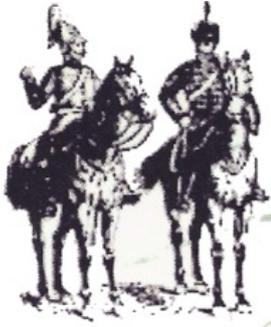
youth without benefit for anyone



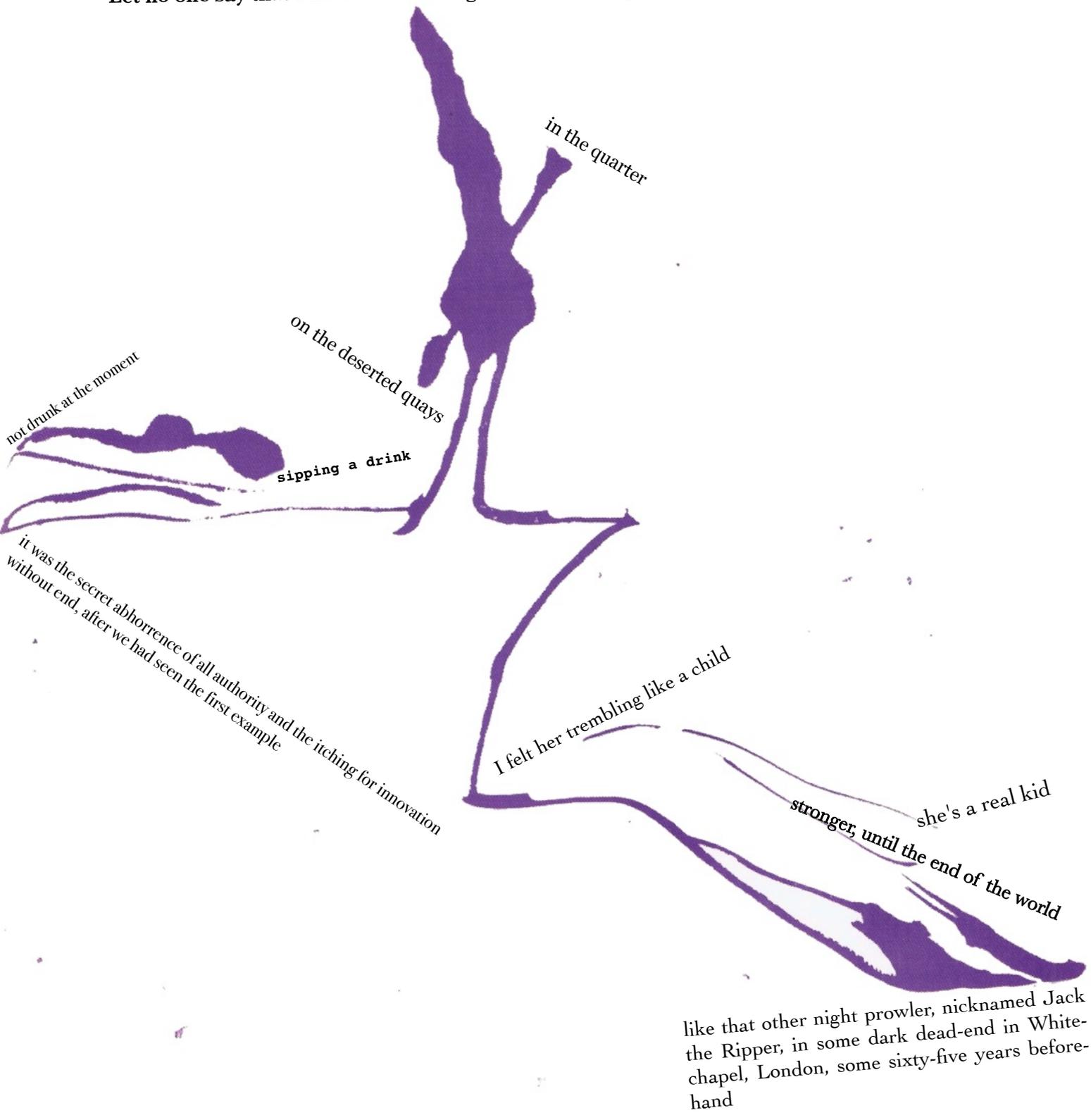


THE POPULATION AND MAJOR ECONOMIC ISSUES





Let no one say that I have said nothing new; the arrangement of the material is new



not drunk at the moment

on the deserted quays

in the quarter

sipping a drink

it was the secret abhorrence of all authority and the itching for innovation without end, after we had seen the first example

I felt her trembling like a child

stronger, until the end of the world
she's a real kid

like that other night prowler, nicknamed Jack the Ripper, in some dark dead-end in White-chapel, London, some sixty-five years before-hand

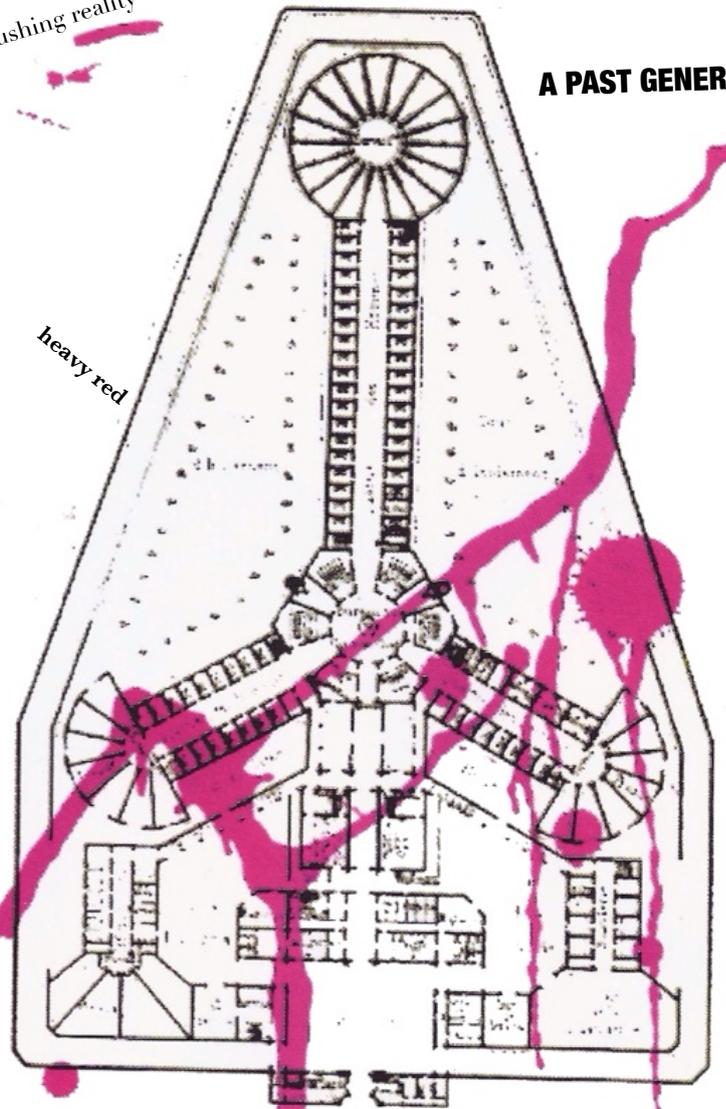
creator of their hopeless gestures, of their shapeless conversations, a crushing reality

A PAST GENERATION

ether

absinthe

heavy red



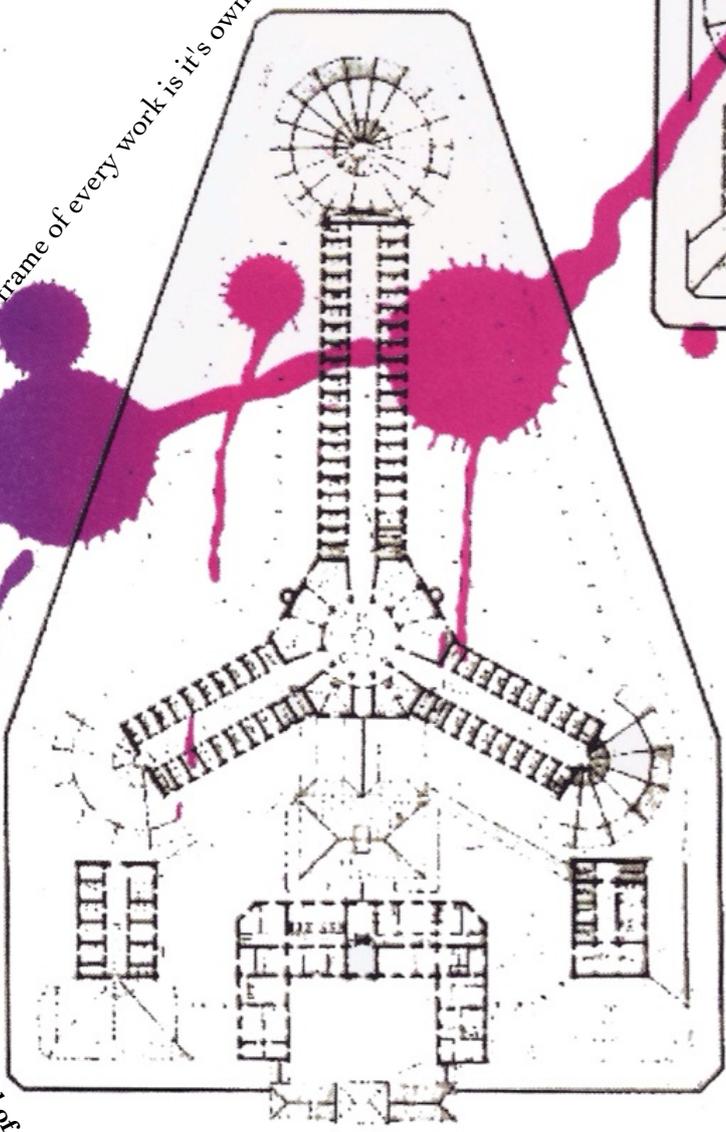
the frame of every work is its own epoch

the apprenticeship of conditioned freedom

the shapeless pathway of non-memory

the absurd world of disease

Violence is only the indicator of empty hearts



*All this, however, is presented in a
contrived style - probably due to the
provocative years in Saint-Germain-des-
Prés*

Continuous eloquence wearies



SEPTEMBER 1953

" What a tragedy! And who can we rely on? Ardor, good will, good disposition, I dare say were on our side. But within half an hour, the manoeuvres of the King of Prussia made cavalry and infantry submit; all retreated without fleeing, but without ever looking back... "

SOUBISE, *Letter to Choiseul.*

what we today call urbanism, namely the art of arranging and enhancing diversions

The intrusion into coming festivals

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

the d rive

Indeed, it's a game

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

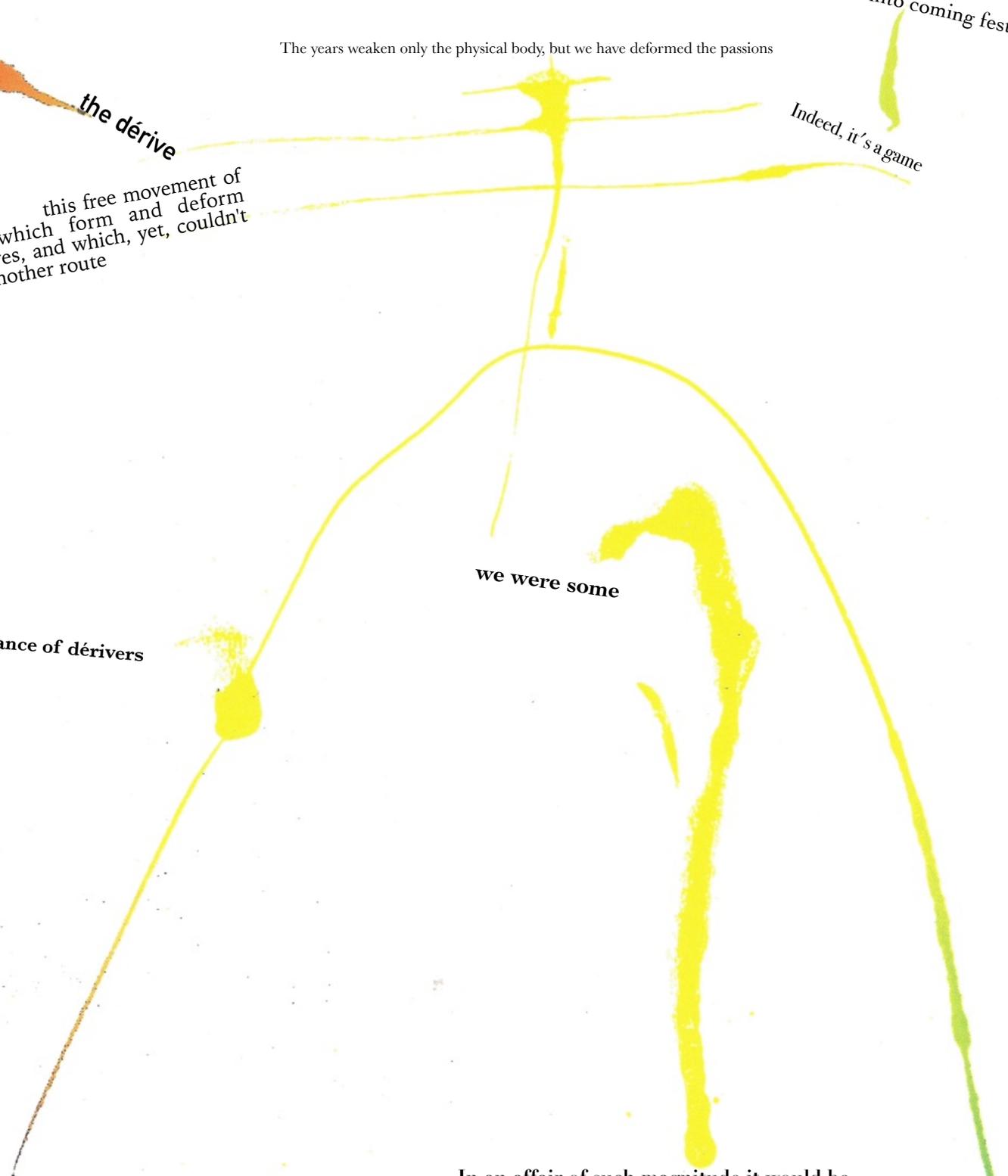
we were some

the appearance of d rivers

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

enduring all the external world with an intensity of interest

assist in creating a situation



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



everything is taken by the rapidity of time

comrades

around one of the most singular and admirable of all landmarks

in the rupture

Will they find it?

We were not many

new behaviours

like the Aztec's Coatlicue

in India's delirious temples

new ambiances

Already the greatest day strikes and enlightens us

depictions of an intense life where truly

at Easter Island

Avenue Montaigne

still further in the street

the great totems of the American Indians

a new way of life

probably the greatest architects of all time

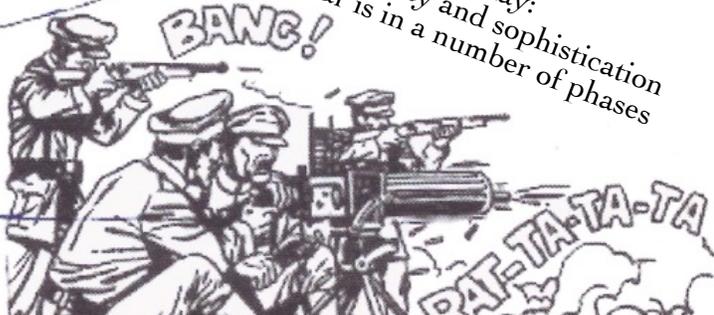
serious and lucid under a cover of play and escape

this small world in derive



There is a new look today: a certain simplicity and sophistication. Formal wear is in a number of phases

They are trying to join with men in their factories, with girls



As soon as the cataclysm ends, we see it has altered the topography

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

the history of the Northwest passage

those who felt themselves to be indeed companions of the Quest

After many travels, many bizarre encounters

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

a long walk

I wonder if we shall ever again recover the particular brilliance

poor, rootless, disguised, "those for whom the world wasn't worthy" like the powder and coloured materials of the fire, they dazzle only to perish in the shadows

In every way it seems difficult to end this delirious story

The art of festivals

We lived very quickly

the development of method and new currents

cities for the use of those who can imagine

the ambiance of the most fleeting scenes

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

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

Yes, that is the true décor I was seeking



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

Every day that passes, adds to our ability to be astonished by something new



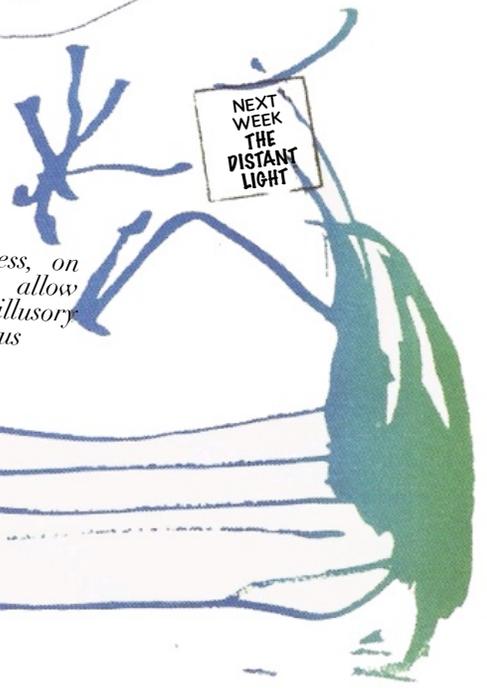
in the real decor of the streets

full employment of one's self

NEXT WEEK
THE
DISTANT
LIGHT

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

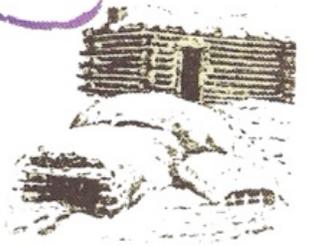
the systematic exploration of old maps



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



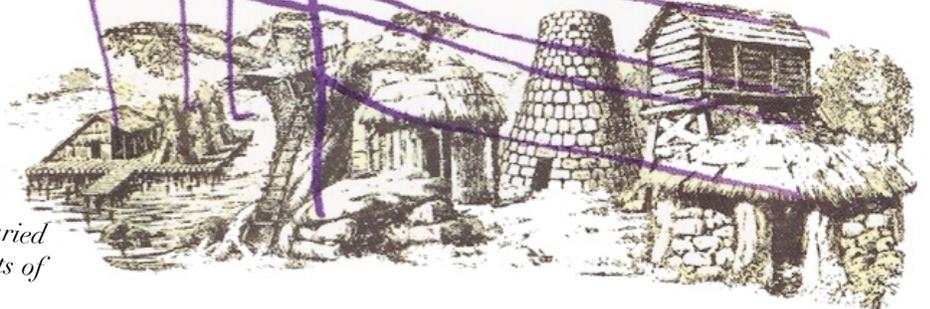
But naturally we understand that these ambiguities owe nothing to psychology, they arise from interference in situations



All these influences follow on from, superimpose themselves on, or become entangled with each other



one of the most remarkably varied of all the internal arrangements of urban space



in the history of exploration

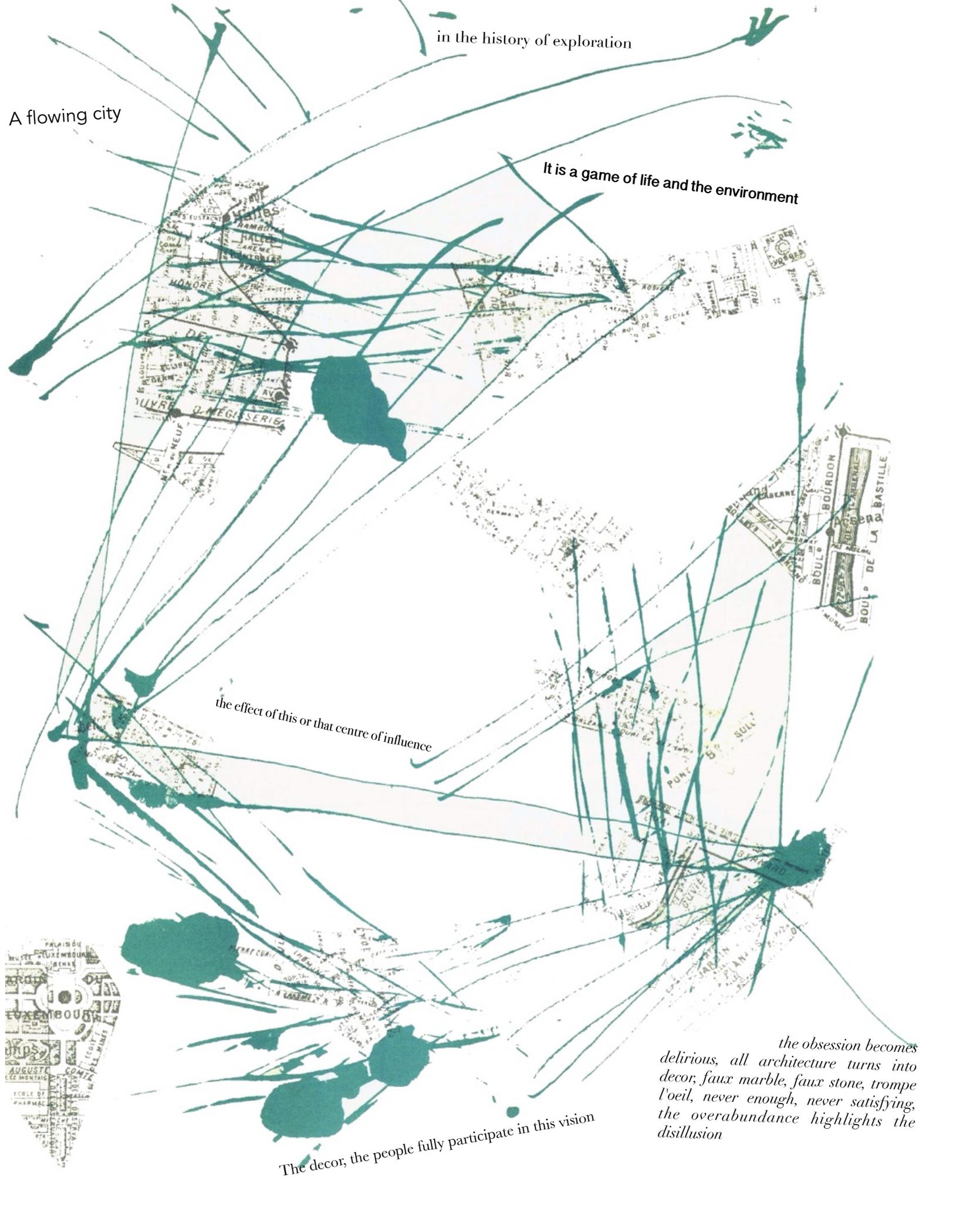
A flowing city

It is a game of life and the environment

the effect of this or that centre of influence

the obsession becomes delirious, all architecture turns into decor, faux marble, faux stone, trompe l'oeil, never enough, never satisfying, the overabundance highlights the disillusion

The decor, the people fully participate in this vision



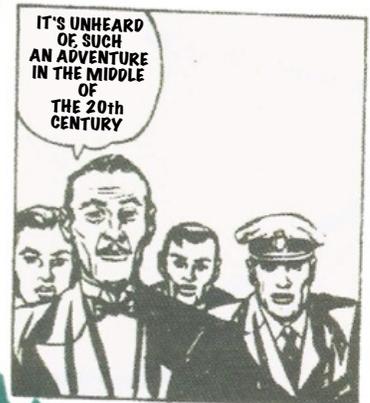
through volleys of abuse, menaces, curses and blasphemies

It is probably too early

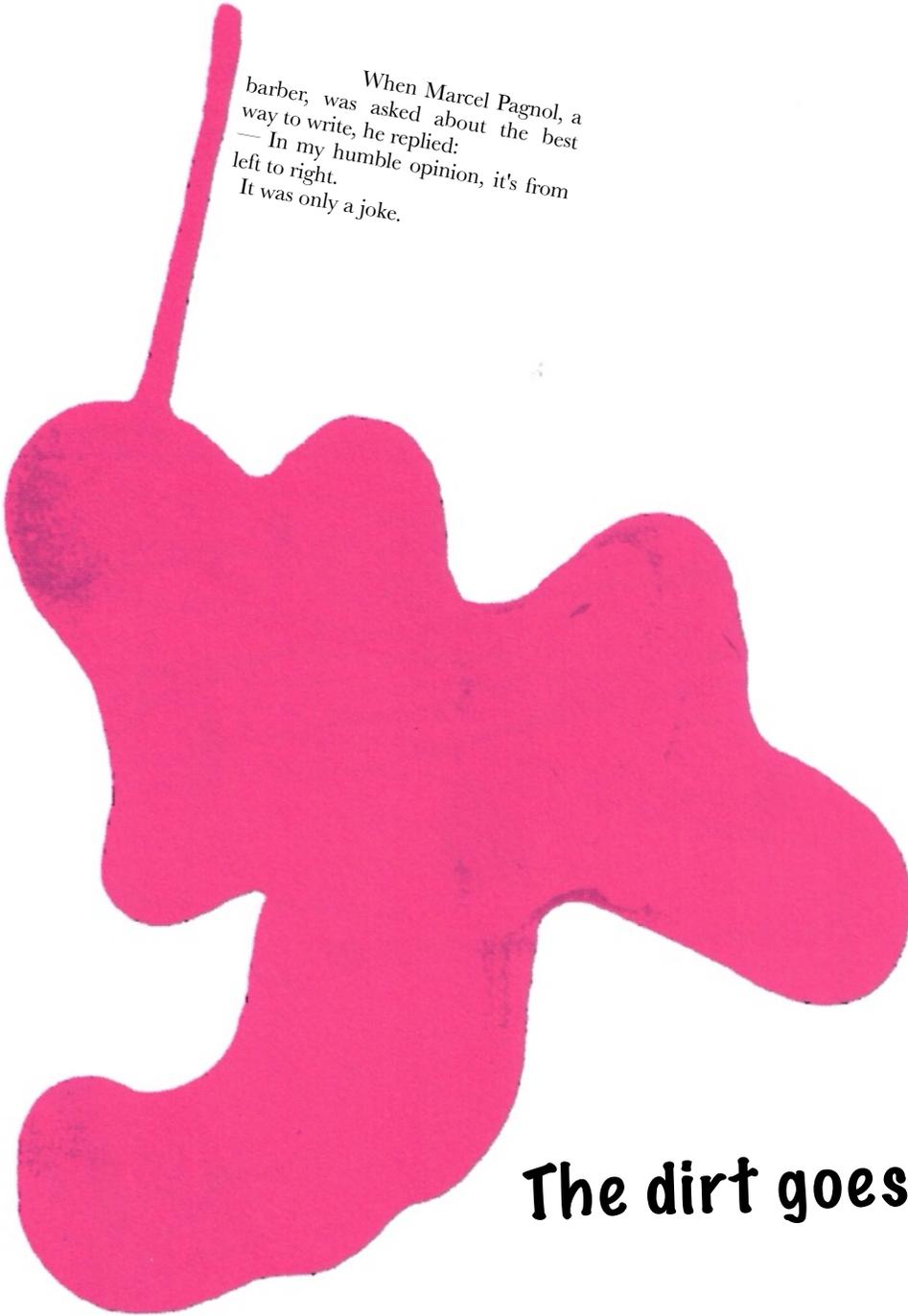
a notice on the walls of Paris announced the fleeting appearance

spectacle without further speciality characterises scandal well

open all night



When Marcel Pagnol, a
barber, was asked about the best
way to write, he replied:
— In my humble opinion, it's from
left to right.
It was only a joke.



The dirt goes away!

the land with its sounds

But it is in the interior of the maze at the same time gloomy and fabulous, so lavish, so dilapidated, this disorderly pile, luxurious and absurd, of halls, of courtyards and of gardens

a new current carries us a little to the left

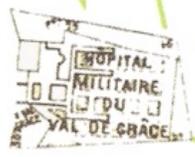
— It takes time to get used to his nighttime strolls

The continents which are said to be solid

A remarkable place! Where all the tangled routes flow past

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

— This castle hath a pleasant seat



But he had never heard of any Malay being found dead on the main road and he became convinced that the strange traveller must have been sufficiently used to the poison

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

the opportunity to see zombies

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

The novels of the time had turned their heads

They took themselves for the heroes of fiction. "This mixture of blue scarves", says Retz, "of ladies, of armour, of violins in the room, trumpets in the square, gave an air of spectacle seen more often in novels, than anywhere else; Noirmoutiers " I imagine that we are besieged in Marcilly

- You are right, I replied ... "

changing his surroundings has become his habitual task: his constant obsession

We would sweep away the old world
we don't enter history alone, like the knight who goes into battle single-handedly

the stress of a mind in unremitting thought,
the agony of a constantly suspicious heart,
anxious and distressed

the seat of danger



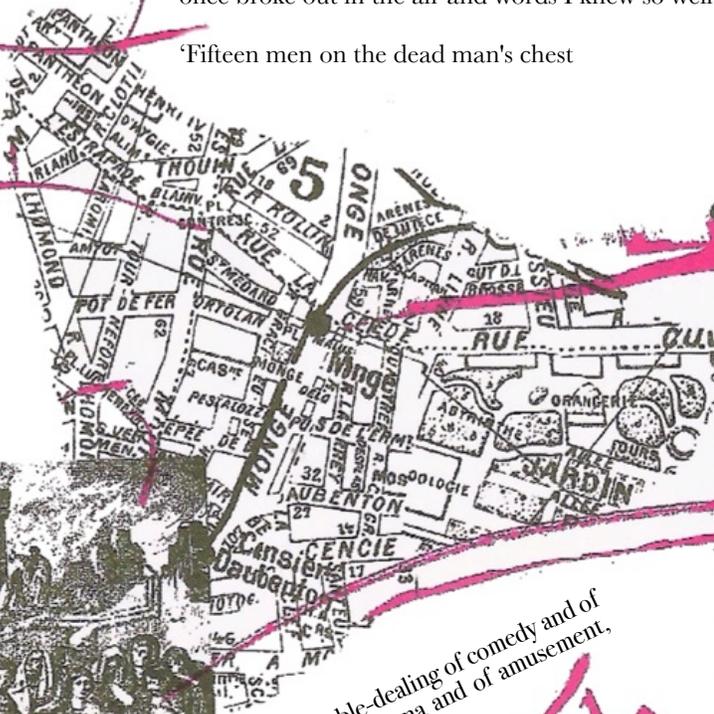
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

secret societies and their machinations

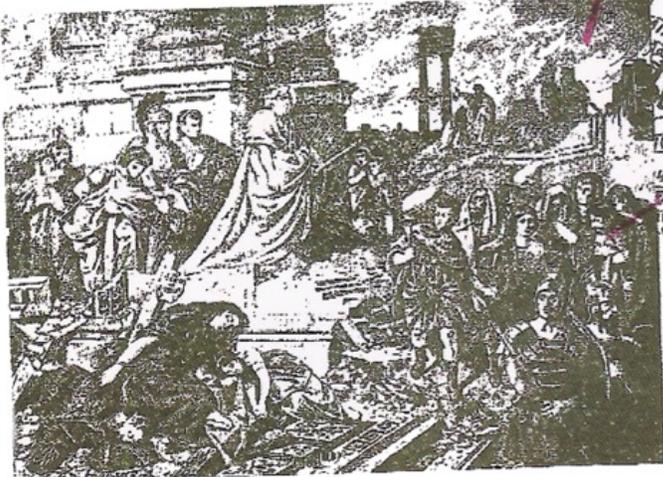
— 'Now, Barbecue, tip us a stave', cried one voice.
— 'The old one,' cried another.
— 'Aye, aye, mates,' said Long John, who was standing by, with his crutch under his arm, and at once broke out in the air and words I knew so well:

'Fifteen men on the dead man's chest

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



Gilles



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

Nothing stays for us. This is our natural condition and yet most contrary to our inclination; we burn with desire to discover

the mysterious castle



CLOSED AT TEN O'CLOCK
FOR A PRIVATE MEETING

WE ATE WELL
THERE... AND MET
MANY PEOPLE.
WRITERS, ARTISTS.
MOST WERE POOR
AND ALL WERE
FULL OF ILLUSIONS

Of stirring ruins



HALF-BURIED ON THE SLOPES OF EASTER ISLAND



I haven't given all of these details: for, who could say everything without dying of boredom?

We returned to the mainland. We... Split off

leave traces

It seems the latest news is that significant progress has been made towards the fulfilment of these dreams

We are all more or less like a traveller who has traversed a very large country

THE TIDE EBBS

Where will we find ourselves tomorrow?

I wanted to speak the beautiful language of my century



- bør opbevares tørt

MEN IKKE I NÆRHEDEDEN
AF VARMEAPPARATER
ELLER I SOLEN

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VI

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2

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VIKS

Flintmanis

