



Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968), **Pocket Chess Game**, 1943

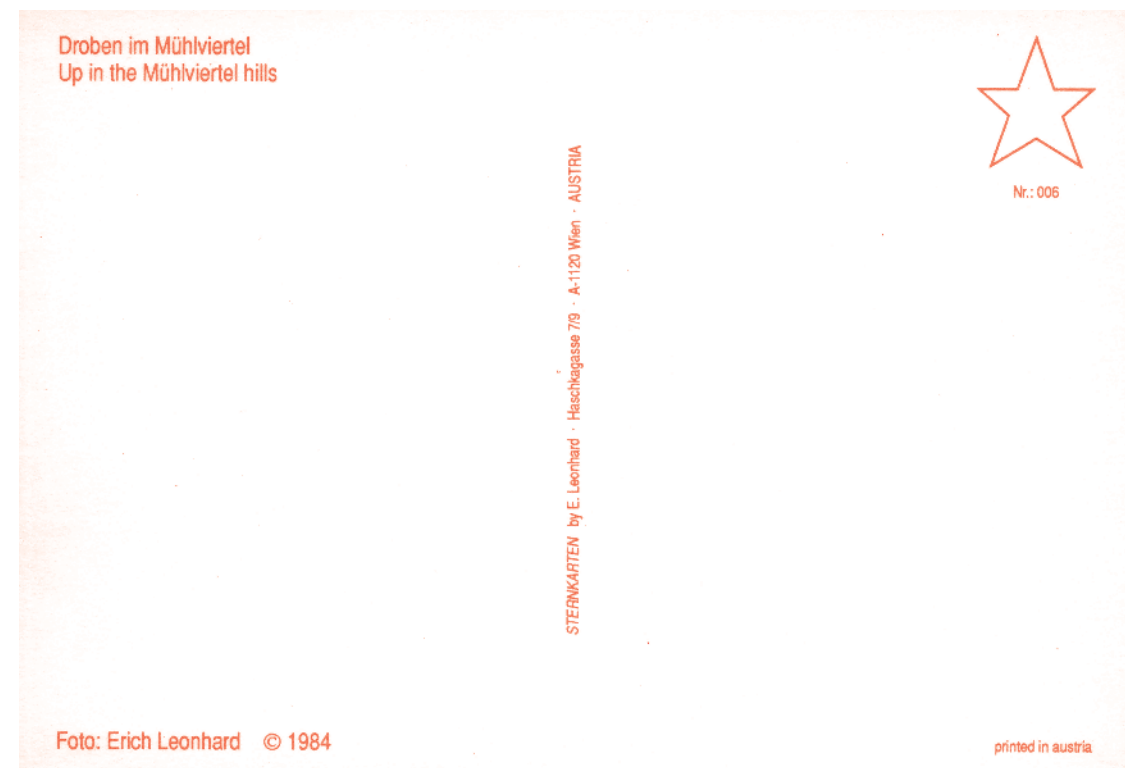
“What does that mean—‘tame’?” [asked the little prince].

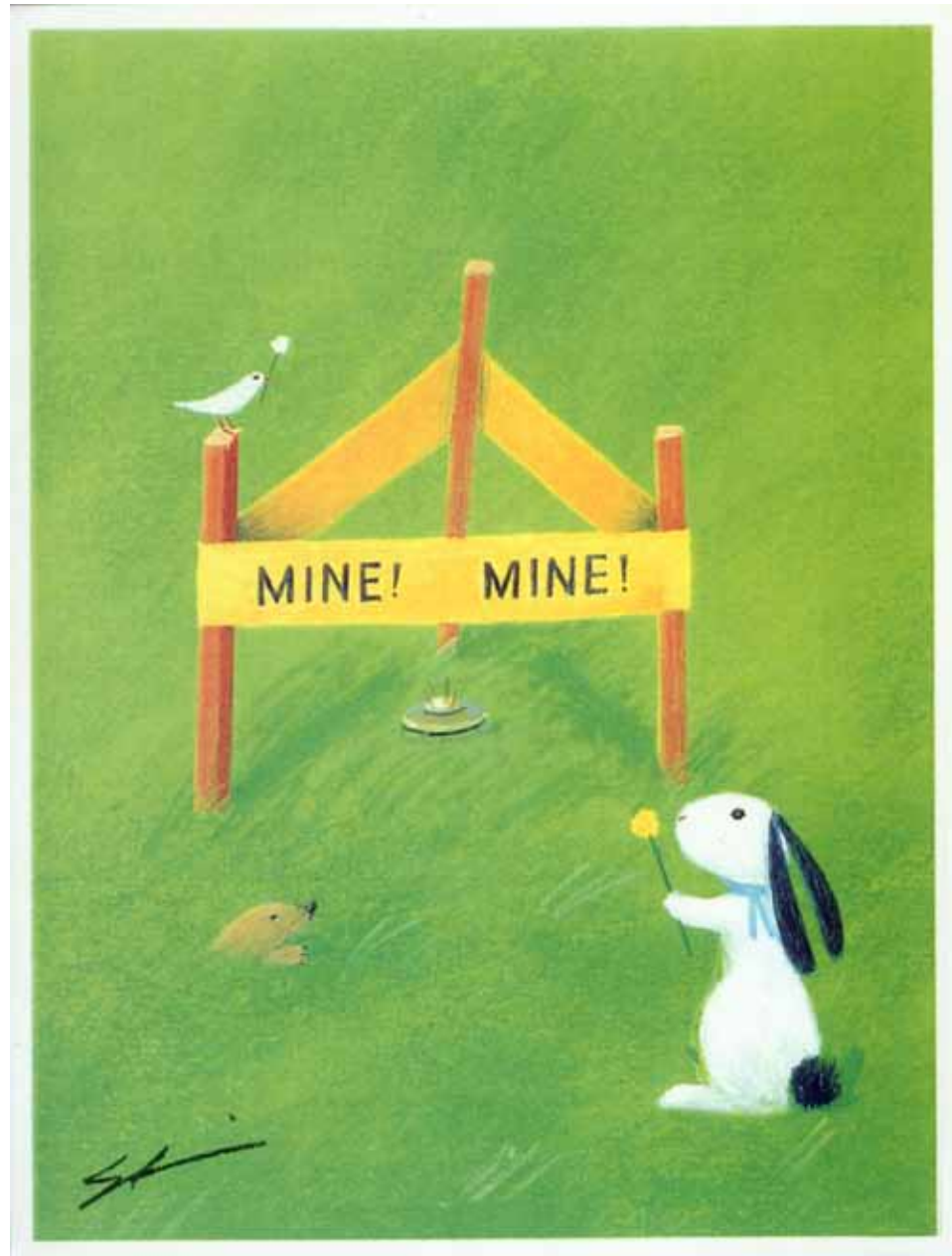
“It is an act too often neglected,” said the fox. “It means to establish ties....”

“What must I do, to tame you?” asked the little prince.

“You must be very patient,” replied the fox. “First you will sit down at a little distance from me.... I shall look at you out of the corner of my eye and you will say nothing. But you will sit a little closer to me every day.... You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed.”

(SAINT-EXUPÉRY, THE LITTLE PRINCE 1971)





Roman de Paris. Bibliothèque des Arts Graphiques, Paris.

Child: Did you ever have bad dreams?

Therapist: Yes, sometimes I have had bad dreams. Usually when I have bad dreams, it means that I'm worried about something.

Child: What are your bad dreams, usually ?

Therapist: I think that they are a bit like yours. You know, monsters and things like that.

Child: And snakes...

Therapist: What else do you have bad dreams about?

Child: A snake biting...

Therapist: When you have those bad dreams, what do you think you are worried about ?

Child: You dying. Everyone dying in the world and leaving me alone.

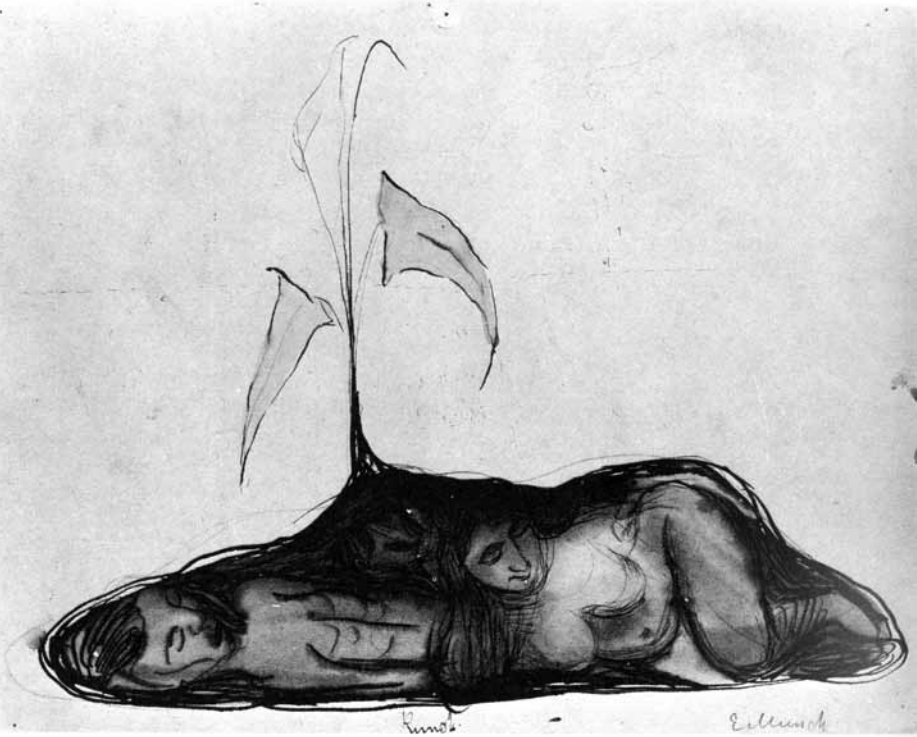
Symbiosis was defined by the botanist Heinrich Anton de Bary in the late 10th century as “the living together of differently named organisms.” From the beginning it was recognized as a peaceful phenomenon and distinguished from pathogenesis and parasitism, in which living together occurs at the expense of one of the participants. In pathogenesis one of the organisms is severely damaged or destroyed, and in parasitism one partner is gradually debilitated.

Over the past century the definition of symbiosis has not changed very much; it is generally considered to be the association for a major portion of the life cycles of two or more partners that are members of different species. Scientists now know, however, that symbioses may transform into pathogenic or parasitic relationships and that parasitic relationships may become benign and even obligate; that is, necessary to both partners. This realization that associations change with time has led to new perspectives on symbiosis. The phenomenon is common rather than rare, and it is a product of an evolving interspecific relationship. It even seems clear on the basis of microscopic and biochemical studies that the nucleated, or eucaryotic, cells of plants and animals are themselves the products of symbioses between ancestral microbes.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE

Symbioses were thought to be limited to bizarre special cases. Often cited as examples were lichens, which are always composed of fungi in symbiotic partnership with photosynthetic cyanobacteria (blue-green algae) or green algae, and cow rumens, which are special stomachs harboring billions of cellulose-digesting microorganisms. It is now realized that symbioses are ubiquitous and central to the mainstream of cell evolution. The truth is that nature abhors a “pure culture”; that is, organisms living in the absence of members of other species. All organisms are associated with members of other species, some more and some less. It has been estimated, for example, that even human beings are about 10% dry-weight symbionts. The vast majority of these organisms are housed in the small and large intestines and are bacteria. Symbionts on the skin, in the mouth, and in the genital tract add to the load. Because they make vitamins and in chemical ways enhance the digestive process, bacterial symbionts are indispensable to human life.







Staghorn fern at the Jardin botanique, Montréal.

These spectacular ferns originated in Africa and Australia. They are epiphyllous; that is, they adhere to other plants though they do not draw any nutrients from them. They produce two types of fronds or leaves. The smaller, sterile fronds attach the plant to its support. They accumulate organic debris which supplies nutrients to the plant and helps to retain moisture. The fertile fronds develop from the centre of the plant and can grow up to three meters in length for some species. The sporagia are grouped together to form large brown masses under these leaves. Sporagia are the organs which enclose the spores.

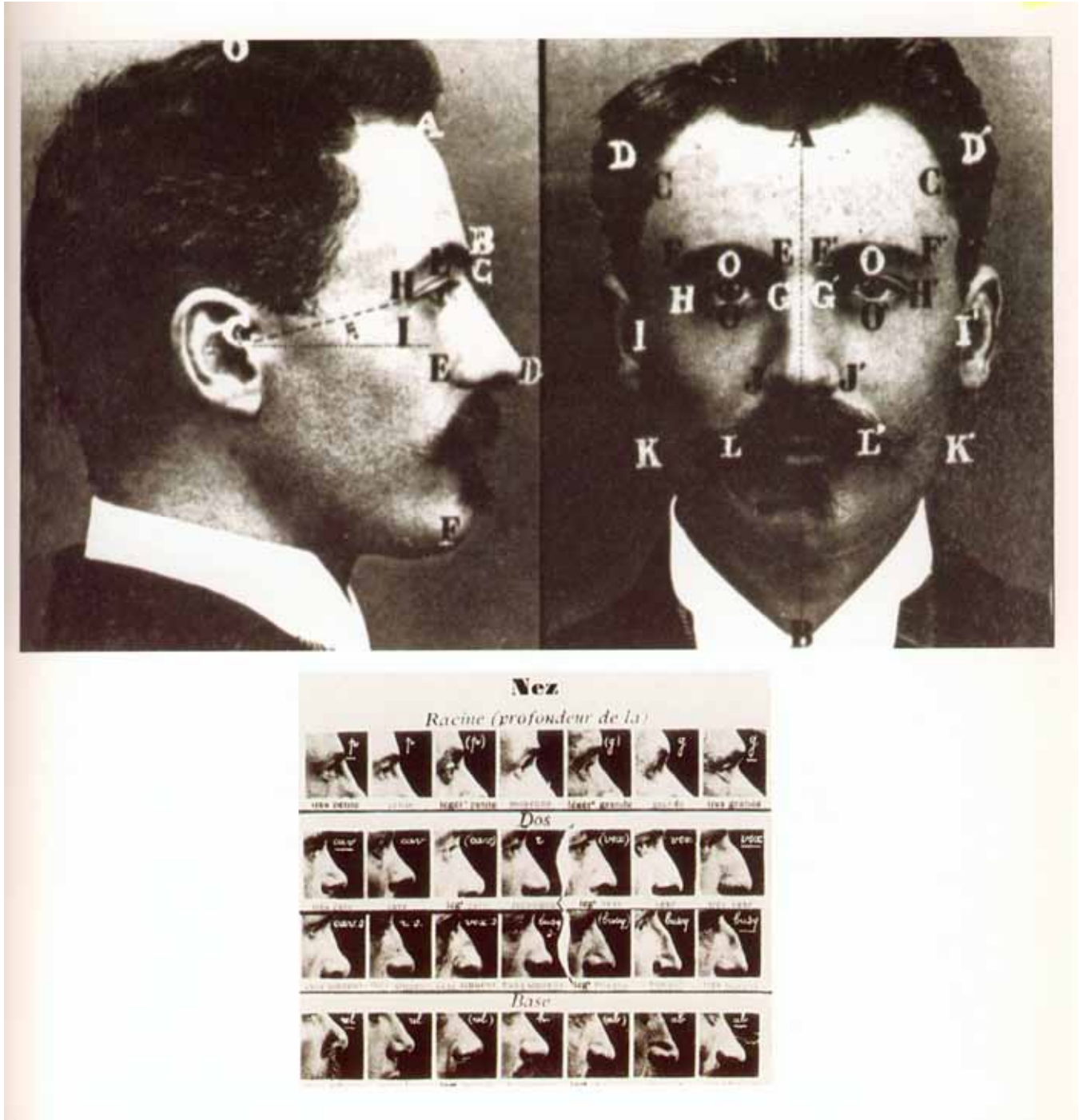
Les jardins botaniques de Montréal

a virus that...explained why tulips, alone among the flowers of the garden,
displayed the distinct, intense, and brilliant colors that collectors came to crave.

The virus was caused by aphids, a fact that was discovered only in the twentieth century. It caused the flower to “break,” a process by which the solid-colored or regularly patterned flowers normally to be expected from a certain bulb come out striated or flamed. The virus also had the effect of weakening the bulb and reducing the number of offsets it could produce, only adding to a broken tulip’s desirability.



Eugène Chevreul, scientifique français interviewé par Félix Nadar et Paul Tournachon (fils) en 1886.



Warts are wonderful structures. They can appear overnight on any part of the skin, like mushrooms on a damp lawn, full grown and splendid in the complexity of their architecture. Viewed in stained sections under a microscope, they are the most specialized of cellular arrangements, constructed as though for a purpose. They sit there like dense, impenetrable horn, impregnable, designed for defense against the outside world.

In a certain sense, warts are both useful and essential, but not for us. As it turns out, the exuberant cells of a wart are the elaborate reproductive apparatus of a virus.

You might have thought from the looks of it that the cells infected by the wart virus were using this response as a ponderous way of defending themselves against the virus, maybe even a way of becoming more distasteful, but it is not so. The wart is what the virus truly wants; it can flourish only in cells undergoing precisely this kind of overgrowth. It is not a defense at all; it is an overwhelming welcome, an enthusiastic accommodation meeting the needs of more and more virus.

The strangest thing about warts is that they tend to go away. Fully grown, nothing in the body has so much the look of toughness and permanence as a wart, and yet, inexplicably and often very abruptly, they come to the end of their lives and vanish without a trace.

And they can be made to go away by something that can only be called thinking, or something like thinking. This is a special property of warts which is absolutely astonishing, more of a surprise than cloning or recombinant DNA or endorphin or acupuncture or anything else currently attracting attention in the press. It is one of the great mystifications of science: warts can be ordered off the skin by hypnotic suggestion.

Not everyone believes this, but the evidence goes back a long way and is persuasive. Generations of internists and dermatologists, and their grandmothers for that matter, have been convinced of the phenomenon.

I was once told by a distinguished old professor of medicine, one of Sir William Osler's original bright young men, that it was his practice to paint **gentian violet** over a wart and then assure the patient firmly that it would be gone in a week, and he never saw it fail. There have been several meticulous studies by good clinical investigators, with proper controls. In one of these, fourteen patients with seemingly intractable generalized warts on both sides of the body were hypnotized, and the suggestion was made that all the warts on one side of the body would begin to go away. Within several weeks the results were indisputably positive; in nine patients, all or nearly all of the warts on the suggested side had vanished, while the control side had just as many as ever.

It is interesting that most of the warts vanished precisely as they were instructed, but it is even more fascinating that mistakes were made. Just as you might expect in other affairs requiring a clear understanding of which is the right and which the left side, one of the subjects got mixed up and destroyed the warts on the wrong side. In a later study by a group at the Massachusetts General Hospital, the warts on both sides were rejected even though the instructions were to pay attention to just one side.

I have been trying to figure out the nature of the instructions issued by the unconscious mind, whatever that is, under hypnosis. It seems to me hardly enough for the mind to say, simply, get off, eliminate yourselves, without providing something in the way of specifications as to how to go about it.

I used to believe, thinking about this experiment when it was just published, that the instructions might be quite simple. Perhaps nothing more detailed than a command to shut down the flow through all the precapillary arterioles in and around the warts to the point of strangulation. Exactly how the mind would accomplish this with precision, cutting off the blood supply to one wart while leaving others intact, I couldn't figure out, but I was satisfied to leave it there anyhow.

And I was glad to think that my unconscious mind would have to take the responsibility for this, for if I had been one of the subjects I would never have been able to do it myself.

But now the problem seems much more complicated by the information concerning the viral etiology of warts, and even more so by the currently plausible notion that immunologic mechanisms are very likely implicated in the rejection of warts.

If my unconscious can figure out how to manipulate the mechanisms needed for getting around that virus, and for deploying all the various cells in the correct order for tissue rejection, then all I have to say is that my unconscious is a lot further along than I am. I wish I had a wart right now, just to see if I am that talented.

There ought to be a better word than "Unconscious," even capitalized, for what I have, so to speak, in mind. I was brought up to regard this aspect of thinking as a sort of private sanitarium, walled off somewhere in a suburb of my brain, capable only of producing such garbled information as to keep my mind, my proper Mind, always a little off balance.

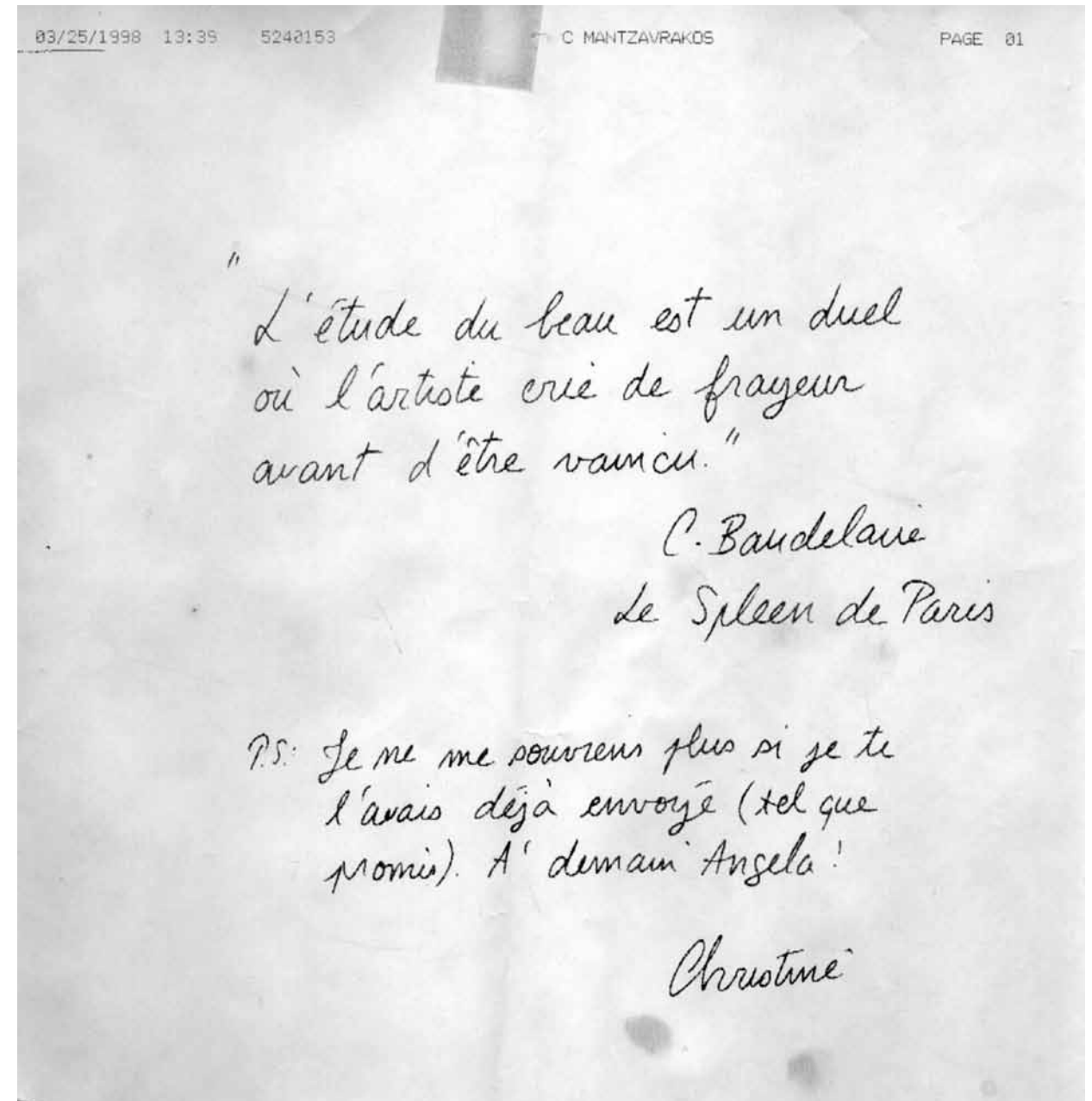
But any mental apparatus that can reject a wart is something else again. **This is not the sort of confused, disordered process you'd expect at the hands of the kind of Unconscious you read about in books**, out at the edge of things making up dreams or getting mixed up on words or having hysterics. Whatever, or whoever, is responsible for this has the accuracy and precision of a surgeon. There almost has to be a Person in charge, running matters of meticulous detail beyond anyone's comprehension, a skilled engineer and manager, a chief executive officer, the head of the whole place. I never thought before that I possessed such a tenant. Or perhaps more accurately, such a landlord, since I would be, if this is in fact the situation, nothing more than a lodger.

Among other accomplishments, he must be a cell biologist of world class, capable of sorting through the various classes of one's lymphocytes, all with quite different functions which I do not understand, in order to mobilize the right ones and exclude the wrong ones for the task of tissue rejection. If it were left to me, and I were somehow empowered to call up lymphocytes and direct them to the vicinity of my wart (assuming that I could learn to do such a thing), mine would come tumbling in all unsorted, B cells and T cells, suppressor cells and killer cells, and no doubt other cells whose names I have not learned, incapable of getting anything useful done.

Even if immunology is not involved, and all that needs doing is to shut off the blood supply locally, I haven't the faintest notion how to set that up. I assume that the selective turning off of arterioles can be done by one or another chemical mediator, and I know the names of some of them, but I wouldn't dare let things like these loose even if I knew how to do it.

Well, then, who does supervise this kind of operation? Someone's got to, you know. You can't sit there under hypnosis, taking suggestions in and having them acted on with such accuracy and precision, without assuming the existence of something very like a controller. It wouldn't do to fob off the whole intricate business on lower centers without sending along a quite detailed set of specifications, way over my head.

Some intelligence or other knows how to get rid of warts, and this is a disquieting thought. It is also a wonderful problem, in need of solving. Just think what we would know, if we had anything like a clear understanding of what goes on when a wart is hypnotized away. We would know the identity of the cellular and chemical participants in tissue rejection, conceivably with some added information about the ways that viruses create foreignness in cells. We would know how the traffic of these reactants is directed, and perhaps then be able to understand the nature of certain diseases in which the traffic is being conducted in wrong directions, aimed at the wrong cells. Best of all, we would be finding out about a kind of superintelligence that exists in each of us, infinitely smarter and possessed of technical know-how far beyond our present understanding. It would be worth a War on Warts, a Conquest of Warts, a National Institute of Warts and All.



L'aventure d'un automobiliste

A peine sorti de la ville, je m'aperçois qu'il fait noir. J'allume les phares. Je vais, en voiture, de A. à B., par une route à trois voies, de celles où la voie du milieu sert pour les dépassements dans les deux sens. Pour conduire de nuit, même les yeux doivent comme suspendre un dispositif qu'ils ont au-dedans d'eux et en allumer un autre, parce qu'ils n'ont plus à se forcer pour distinguer, d'entre les ombres et les couleurs atténuées du paysage du soir, la petite tache au loin des autos qui viennent à votre rencontre ou qui vous précèdent ; ils doivent en revanche contrôler une espèce de tableau noir qui demande une lecture d'un ordre différent, plus précise mais simplifiée, étant donné que l'obscurité dissimule tous les détails du tableau qui pourraient vous distraire, mettant en évidence seulement les éléments indispensables : lignes blanches sur l'asphalte, lumières jaunes des phares et feux de position rouges. C'est une façon de faire qui se déclenche automatiquement, et si ce soir je suis quant à moi porté à y réfléchir, c'est parce que, maintenant que les possibilités de distraction par l'extérieur diminuent, celles par l'intérieur prennent en moi le dessus, mes pensées circulent pour leur propre compte suivant un circuit d'alternatives et d'interrogations que je ne réussis pas à éviter ; en somme je dois faire un effort tout particulier pour me concentrer sur la conduite.

J'ai pris ma voiture à l'improviste, après une dispute au téléphone avec Y. J'habite à A., Y. habite à B. Je ne pensais pas aller la retrouver ce soir, mais, pendant notre coup de téléphone quotidien, nous nous sommes dit des

choses très graves ; à la fin, poussé par le ressentiment, j'ai dit à Y. que j'avais l'intention de rompre nos relations ; Y. a répondu que cela lui était égal et qu'elle allait téléphoner à Z., mon rival. A ce moment, l'un de nous — je ne me rappelle plus si c'est elle ou moi — a coupé la communication. Il ne s'était pas passé une minute que déjà je m'étais rendu compte que l'occasion de notre dispute était peu de chose, comparée aux conséquences qu'elle provoquait. Rappeler Y. au téléphone aurait été une erreur ; la seule façon d'arranger la chose était de faire un saut jusqu'à B. et d'avoir avec Y. une explication de vive voix. Me voici par conséquent sur cette route, que j'ai faite des centaines de fois à toutes les heures et dans toutes les saisons, mais qui ne m'avait jamais paru aussi longue.

Pour mieux dire, il me semble que j'ai perdu le sens de l'espace et du temps : les cônes de lumière projetés par les phares engloutissent dans l'indistinction le profil des lieux ; les kilométrages sur les panneaux, de même que les chiffres qui se marquent au compteur, sont des faits qui ne me disent rien, qui ne répondent pas à l'urgence de mes interrogations quant à ce que Y. en ce moment même fait, ou pense. Avait-elle vraiment l'intention d'appeler Z. ou bien n'était-ce qu'une menace en l'air, pour se venger ? Et, si elle parlait sérieusement, l'aura-t-elle fait tout de suite après notre coup de téléphone ou bien aura-t-elle voulu y réfléchir un peu, laissant refroidir sa colère avant de se décider ? Z. habite, tout comme moi, à A. ; depuis des années il aime Y., sans succès ; si elle lui a téléphoné pour l'inviter à venir la voir, il se sera précipité en voiture à B., sans aucun doute ; par conséquent, lui aussi est en train de rouler sur cette route ; chaque voiture qui me dépasse, ce pourrait être la sienne, et de même chaque voiture que moi je dépasse. M'en assurer n'est pas facile : les voitures qui vont dans la même direction que moi, ce sont deux points rouges quand elles me précèdent et deux grands ronds jaunes quand je les regarde qui me suivent, dans mon rétroviseur. Au moment où on se dépasse, je ne peux guère reconnaître que, tout au plus, le type de voiture, et combien de personnes s'y trouvent, mais les autos où le

conducteur se trouve seul sont la grande majorité et, quant au modèle, il ne m'apparaît pas que la voiture de Z. soit spécialement reconnaissable.

Comme si cela ne suffisait pas, il se met à pleuvoir. Le champ visuel se réduit au demi-cercle de vitre balayé par l'essuie-glace, tout le reste n'est plus qu'obscurité striée et opaque ; comme informations qui me viennent du dehors, il n'y a plus que des lueurs jaunes et rouges déformées dans le tourbillon de l'eau. Tout ce que je peux faire à propos de Z., c'est m'efforcer de le dépasser et lui interdire de me dépasser, quelle que soit sa voiture, je ne saurai jamais laquelle c'est. Pour moi, toutes les voitures sans distinctions qui vont vers B. sont des ennemies : chaque auto plus rapide que la mienne qui, non sans mal, me fait signe avec son clignotant dans mon rétroviseur pour me demander la voie libre provoque en moi un élan de jalousie ; et chaque fois que devant moi je vois diminuer la distance qui me sépare des feux arrière d'un rival, c'est comme un sursaut triomphal qui me pousse dans la voie du milieu, pour arriver chez Y. avant lui.

Quelques minutes d'avance me suffiraient : en voyant avec quelle promptitude je suis accouru vers elle, Y. oublierait aussitôt les raisons de la dispute ; tout entre nous reviendrait comme avant ; en arrivant, Z. comprendra qu'il n'a été appelé que par une sorte de jeu entre nous deux ; il se sentira de trop. Même, peut-être que maintenant déjà Y. regrette tout ce qu'elle m'a dit, peut-être a-t-elle essayé de me rappeler au téléphone, ou peut-être qu'elle aussi a pensé comme moi que la meilleure chose à faire était de venir en personne, elle a pris le volant, voici qu'elle roule dans le sens contraire au mien, sur cette même route.

A présent j'ai cessé de prêter attention aux voitures qui vont dans la même direction que moi et je regarde celles qui viennent à ma rencontre et qui pour moi n'existent que par l'étoile double de leurs phares, qui se dilate jusqu'au moment où elle balaie l'obscurité de mon champ visuel pour ensuite disparaître d'un coup dans mon dos en traînant derrière elle une espèce de luminosité sous-marine. Y. a une voiture d'un modèle très commun ;

comme la mienne, du reste. Chacune de ces apparitions lumineuses, ce pourrait être elle qui roule vers moi, à chacune je sens quelque chose qui me remue le sang, comme pour une intimité destinée à demeurer secrète, le message amoureux adressé exclusivement à moi se confond avec tous les autres messages qui courent tout au long de la route, et cependant je ne saurais désirer d'elle un autre message que celui-ci.

Je m'aperçois que, roulant vers Y., ce que je désire le plus, ce n'est pas de trouver Y. au terme de mon voyage : je veux que Y. roule vers moi, voilà la réponse dont j'ai besoin ; c'est-à-dire que j'ai besoin qu'elle sache que moi je roule vers elle, mais dans le même temps j'ai besoin de savoir qu'elle roule vers moi... L'unique pensée qui me reconforte est pourtant celle-là même qui me tourmente le plus : la pensée que si en ce moment Y. roule en direction de A., elle aussi, chaque fois qu'elle verra les phares d'une auto en route vers B., se demandera si c'est moi qui roule vers elle, et désirera que ce soit moi, et ne pourra jamais en être sûre. Là, maintenant, deux voitures qui vont en sens opposé se sont trouvées pour une seconde flanc contre flanc, une flamme a illuminé les gouttes de pluie et le bruit des moteurs s'est fondu comme en un brusque souffle de vent : peut-être était-ce nous, ou si vous voulez il est certain que moi-même j'étais moi, si cela signifie quelque chose, et l'autre ce pouvait être elle, c'est-à-dire celle dont je voudrais que ce soit elle, son signe à elle où je veux le reconnaître, bien que ce soit précisément le signe même qui me la rend non reconnaissable. Rouler sur la route est la seule façon qui nous reste, à moi et à elle, pour exprimer ce que nous avons à nous dire, mais nous ne pouvons pas nous le communiquer ni non plus en recevoir communication aussi longtemps que nous roulons.

Sans doute je me suis mis au volant pour arriver chez elle le plus vite possible ; mais plus j'avance, plus je me rends compte que le moment de mon arrivée ne sera pas la véritable fin de mon voyage. Nos retrouvailles, avec tous les détails inessentiels que comporte une scène de retrouvailles, le minutieux filet de sensations significations

souvenirs qui se déploiera devant moi — la pièce avec le philodendron, la lampe en opaline, les boucles d'oreilles — et les choses que je dirai, certaines à coup sûr de travers, ou équivoques, et les choses qu'elle à son tour dira, de quelque manière probablement détonantes ou qui du moins parfois ne seront pas celles à quoi je m'attendais, et tout le déroulement d'imprévisibles conséquences que chaque geste ou chaque mot comporte mettront autour des choses que nous avons à nous dire, ou, mieux, que nous voulons nous entendre dire, un nuage tapageur tel que la communication déjà difficile au téléphone s'en trouvera encore plus dérangée, étranglée, ensevelie comme sous une avalanche de sable. C'est pour cela que j'ai éprouvé le besoin, plutôt que de continuer à parler, de transformer les choses à dire en un cône de lumière lancé à cent quarante à l'heure, de me transformer moi-même en ce cône de lumière qui se déplace sur la route, parce qu'il est certain qu'un tel signal peut être reçu par elle et compris, sans se perdre dans l'équivoque désordre des vibrations secondaires, de la même façon que moi-même, pour recevoir et comprendre les choses qu'elle a à me dire, je voudrais n'être rien d'autre (même, je voudrais qu'elle ne soit rien d'autre) que ce cône de lumière que je vois s'avancer sur la route à une vitesse de (je le dis comme ça, à vue d'œil) cent dix, cent vingt. Ce qui compte, c'est de communiquer l'indispensable en laissant tomber tout le superflu, de nous réduire nous-mêmes à une communication essentielle, à un signal lumineux qui se déplace en une direction donnée, supprimant la complexité de nos personnes, situations et expressions faciales, les laissant dans cette boîte d'ombre que les phares reportent en arrière et dissimulent. La Y. que pour ma part j'aime en réalité est ce faisceau de rayons lumineux et mouvants, et tout le reste de son individu peut bien rester implicite ; et le moi qu'elle, de son côté, peut aimer, le moi qui a le pouvoir d'entrer dans ce circuit d'exaltation qu'est sa vie affective, c'est le clignotement de ce dépassement que, par amour d'elle et non sans risque, je tente maintenant.

Et pourtant, avec Z. (car je n'ai pas oublié Z.), le

rapport juste avec lui, je ne peux l'établir que s'il n'est pour moi qu'un éclair ou éblouissement qui me suit, ou des feux de position que moi-même je suis : parce que, si je commence à prendre en considération sa personne, avec — disons — tout ce qui s'y trouve de pathétique mais en même temps d'incontestablement déplaisant, encore que — je dois l'admettre — explicable, avec toute son ennuyeuse histoire qui le regarde d'un amour malheureux et sa façon de se comporter toujours un peu équivoque... bon, on ne sait plus où on finira. Au contraire, tant que tout cela continue de cette façon-ci, ça va très bien : Z. qui essaie de me dépasser ou bien qui se laisse dépasser par moi (mais quant à moi je ne sais pas si c'est bien lui), Y. qui accélère en ma direction (mais je ne sais pas si c'est bien elle) regrettant et amoureuse de nouveau, moi qui accours vers elle jaloux et anxieux (mais je ne peux pas le lui faire savoir, pas plus à elle qu'à n'importe qui).

Sans doute, si sur la route j'étais absolument seul, si je n'y voyais rouler d'autres voitures aussi bien dans un sens que dans l'autre, alors, tout serait bien plus clair, j'aurais la certitude que ni d'une part Z. ne s'est mis en mouvement pour me supplanter, ni de l'autre Y. ne s'y est mise pour me retrouver, faits que je pourrais consigner soit à l'actif soit au passif de mon bilan, mais qui en tout cas ne laisseraient pas de prise au doute. Et pourtant, s'il m'était permis de substituer à mon présent état d'incertitude une telle assurance, négative, je me refusais sans remords au change. La condition idéale qui pourrait exclure toute espèce de doute, ce serait que dans cet endroit du monde n'existent que trois automobiles en tout : la mienne, celle de Y. et celle de Z. : alors et en ce cas aucune voiture ne pourrait aller dans le sens où je vais sinon celle de Z., et la seule voiture en route dans le sens inverse, ce serait celle de Y. Tout au contraire, d'entre les centaines de voitures que la nuit et la pluie réduisent à d'anonymes lueurs, seul un observateur immobile, et encore, placé dans une position favorable, pourrait distinguer entre une voiture et une autre et finalement reconnaître qui est dedans. Voilà la contradiction où je me trouve : si je veux recevoir un

message, je dois renoncer pour ma part à être un message, mais le message que je voudrais recevoir de Y. — à savoir que Y. elle-même s'est faite message — n'a de valeur que si moi-même à mon tour je me suis fait message, et d'autre part le message que je suis devenu n'a de sens que si Y. ne se contente pas de le recevoir comme une quelconque réceptrice de messages, mais si elle est elle-même ce message que j'attends d'elle de recevoir.

Désormais, arriver à B., monter à l'appartement de Y., voir qu'elle est restée là avec son mal de crâne à ruminer les raisons de la dispute, ne me donnerait plus aucune satisfaction ; si d'ailleurs j'y trouvais en plus Z., il en sortirait une scène de vaudeville, détestable ; et si en revanche j'en arrivais à apprendre que Z. s'est bien gardé de venir ou encore que Y. n'a pas mis à exécution sa menace de lui téléphoner, j'aurais le sentiment quant à moi d'avoir joué le rôle du crétin. D'autre part, si j'étais pour ma part resté à Y., et que Y. y fût venue me demander pardon, je me serais trouvé dans une situation gênante : j'aurais vu Y. avec d'autres yeux, comme une faible femme, se raccrochant à moi, quelque chose entre nous aurait changé. Je ne suis plus en mesure d'admettre d'autre situation que cette transformation de nous-mêmes en messages de nous-mêmes. Et Z. ? Z. lui-même ne doit pas échapper à notre sort, il doit lui aussi se transformer en message de lui-même : attention, si moi je roule vers Y., jaloux de Z., et si Y. roule vers moi, repentante, afin de fuir Z., tandis que Z. n'a pas eu l'idée de sortir de chez lui...

A mi-chemin, sur la route, il y a une station-service. Je m'arrête, je cours au bar, je prends un jeton, je forme l'indicatif de B., le numéro de Y. Pas de réponse. Avec joie je reprends le jeton : il est clair que Y. n'a pas tenu d'impatience, qu'elle a pris sa voiture, qu'elle roule vers A. Me revoici maintenant sur la route, mais dans l'autre sens, je roule vers A. moi aussi. Toutes les voitures que je dépasse, ce pourrait être Y., ou encore toutes les voitures qui me dépassent. Sur l'autre voie, toutes les voitures qui vont dans le sens opposé, ce pourrait être Z., l'imbécile.

Ou encore : Y. elle aussi s'est arrêtée à une station-service, elle a téléphoné chez moi à A., ne m'y trouvant pas elle a compris que j'arrive à B., elle a repris en sens contraire. Nous roulons maintenant dans des directions opposées, nous éloignant l'un de l'autre, et la voiture que je dépasse ou bien qui me dépasse, c'est celle de Z. qui lui aussi à mi-chemin a essayé de téléphoner à Y...

Tout est encore plus incertain, mais je vois bien qu'à présent j'ai atteint un état de calme intérieur : aussi longtemps que nous pourrions nous appeler au téléphone et qu'il n'y aura personne pour répondre, nous continuerons tous trois à rouler dans un sens et dans l'autre le long de ces lignes blanches, sans points de départ ni d'arrivée qui chargeraient de sensations et significations l'univocité de notre voyage, nous sommes finalement délivrés de l'encombrante épaisseur de nos personnes voix états d'âme, réduits finalement à des signaux lumineux, seule façon d'être appropriée pour qui veut s'identifier à ce qu'il dit en évitant le ronflement déformant que notre présence propre ou celle d'autrui ajoute à ce que nous disons.

Le prix à payer sans doute est élevé, mais nous devons l'accepter : ne pas pouvoir nous distinguer des si nombreux signaux qui passent par cette route, chacun avec un sens qui demeure caché et indéchiffrable, parce que au-dehors de soi il n'y a plus personne qui soit capable de le recevoir ni de l'entendre.



FIGURE 423. Chang and Eng, the most famous pair of Siamese (conjoined) twins. The photograph clearly shows the band of flesh connecting them, which is evidence that conjoined twins are due to an incomplete separation of the embryo. They are always of the same sex. Chang and Eng were both married and said to have had 22 children. (Photo courtesy of F.H. Meserve.)

Babies are being selected because they are tissue matches for existing children.

Children created as so-called “saviour siblings” to aid a sick brother or sister must be monitored to ensure their wellbeing, experts suggest.

The recommendation is made in a report on reproductive technologies by the Human Genetics Commission.

It warns that once a child has been created to save a sibling, there could be a temptation to view them as a spare parts bank.

But the HGC says “designing” clever or sporty children is not on the horizon.

A number of “saviour siblings” have been born, including two-year-old Jamie Whitaker.

He is a near-perfect genetic match for his older brother Charlie — now five — who has a rare condition called Diamond-Blackfan anaemia, which could only be treated with a stem cell transplant from a matched donor.

‘Need for safeguards’

The HGC’s report, compiled following a national consultation exercise, does not talk about individual family’s cases.

But it does consider the welfare of a child born as a saviour sibling, as part of its analysis of developments in reproductive technology and genetic testing.

It says there is concern over the extent to which that child is used to benefit another person.

The report says: “Taking blood from the umbilical cord after birth causes no ill effects, but the removal of bone marrow is more controversial as it causes discomfort, although the long-term risk of harm is slight.

“However, once it is accepted in principle that children can be created to save the lives of siblings, perhaps more extensive — ie the donation of a kidney — or repeated tissue donations may be seen as equally permissible.”

The report suggests it would be difficult to justify preventing parents who have a child with a life-threatening condition from attempting to create a saviour sibling.

But it says there have to be safeguards for family relationships and the wellbeing of the child in such circumstances.

The HGC said there should be research into the wellbeing of children born in this way.

The report also calls for research to look at the development of children born after pre-implantation genetic diagnosis (PGD) — where embryos are selected if they are free of an inherited condition.



But the HGC said it concerned PGD should not be considered as “purely routine” and called for clear advice so that women understood clearly that they could choose not to have screening.

‘Social experiment’

Baroness Helena Kennedy QC, Chair of the HGC, said, “With the accelerating pace of genetic research, the possibilities for couples experiencing fertility problems or families with a history of genetic illnesses are now considerable and increasing.

However these new possibilities bring with them new concerns.

“We have to balance the need to assure reproductive autonomy—the rights of parents to make their own decisions—with the welfare of the child and the wider interests of society.”

But Josephine Quintavalle, of the group Comment on Reproductive Ethics, said the potential impact of new technologies—such as those for saviour siblings—should have been thought of before.

“These issues are absolutely what we have been worried about. And they should be thought about before children are used as guinea pigs in a social experiment.

“We can’t imagine what it might be like for children born in these circumstances, and what might be expected of them in the future.”

BBC, Tuesday, January 31 2006

The Gazette

THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 2002

Siamese twins dream of surgery

ALI AKBAR DAREINI
Associated Press

TEHRAN, Iran – After 27 years of shared life, a set of Iranian Siamese twins joined at the head are seeking international help to undergo surgery and lead individual lives.

Laleh and Ladan Bijani, who share most things from a Tehran apartment to the same head scarf, have been rejected on numerous occasions from receiving the surgery they so desperately crave.

“Our biggest dream is to be separated physically and live the rest of our lives as independent individuals,” Laleh told the Associated Press yesterday.

Laleh and Ladan, both Tehran University law graduates, underwent tests in Germany in 1996 where physicians said separation surgery could be fatal for one or both of them.

Attempts to separate them have been complicated by an artery supplying blood to the brain that both sisters share. Ladan said their hopes hinge on a surgical procedure they heard was available in the United States.

Asked if one of them was ready to die for the other, Laleh said “we have waited for 27 years because we didn’t want to choose such a difficult option.”

Laleh and Ladan refused to discuss details of their personal lives but admitted to occasionally disagreeing on what to eat, read or watch on television and how to spend their leisure time.

Puzzle solving is a love of Laleh’s, but she dislikes cooking and cleaning. On the other hand, Ladan does the cooking, which annoys her sister, but they both are known for making compromises.

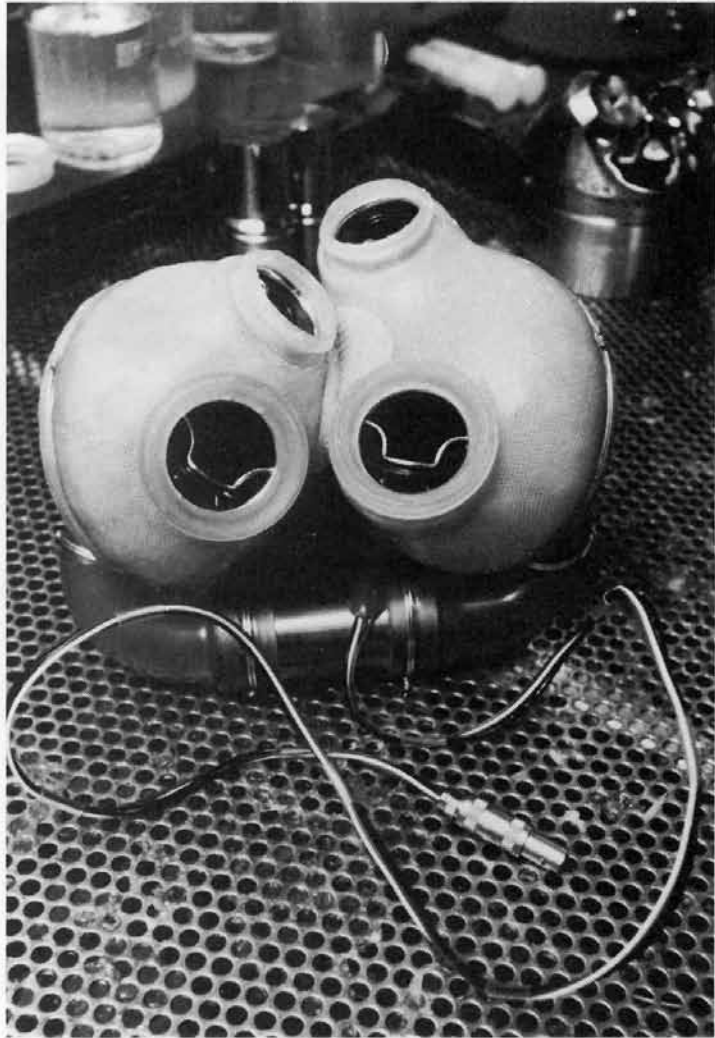
“Sometimes we have quarrels and disputes over various issues. But generally we have a good understanding and love each other,” Ladan said.



VAHID SALEMI/AP

Siamese twins Ladan (left) and Laleh Bijani are appealing for help to get surgery in the U.S.

Jim Pozarik—Gamma/Liaison



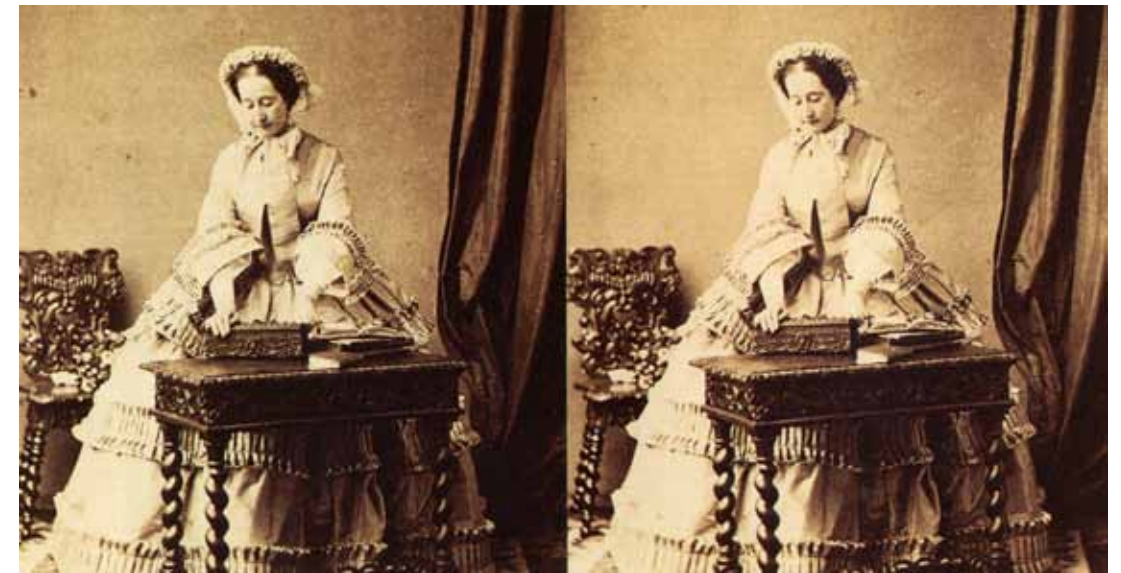
Artificial heart, developed at the University of Utah, is made of polyurethane and aluminum. It is powered by compressed air that passes from a compressor through six-foot-long plastic hoses in the patient's abdomen.



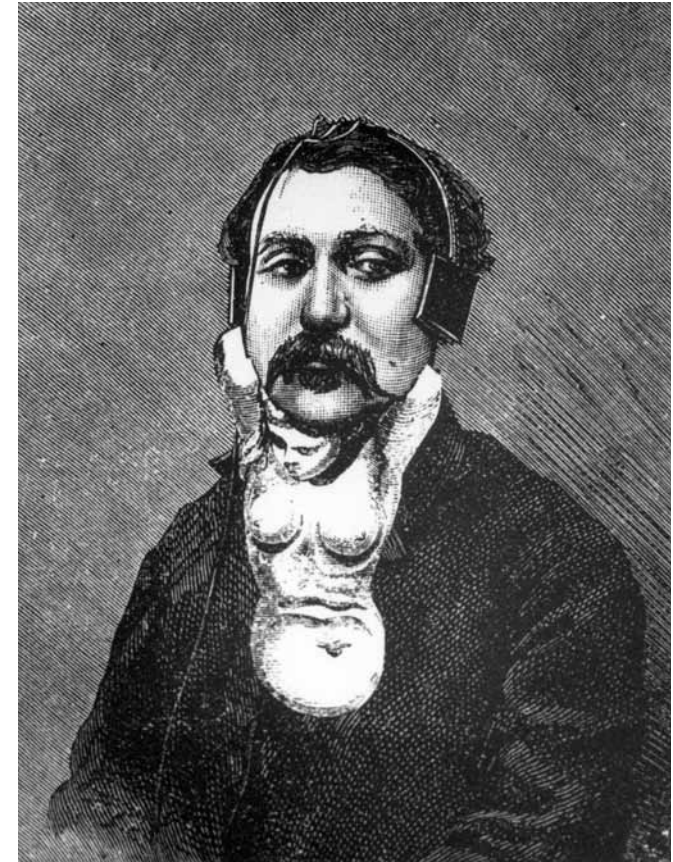
Les frères Pollet ont été jugés en 1908 et l'exécution a eu lieu le 11 janvier 1909 à Béthune.



The Cholmondeley Ladies, c. 1600-10, collection of the Tate Gallery, London.



Photograph by Andre Adolphe Eugene Disderi, date unknown.



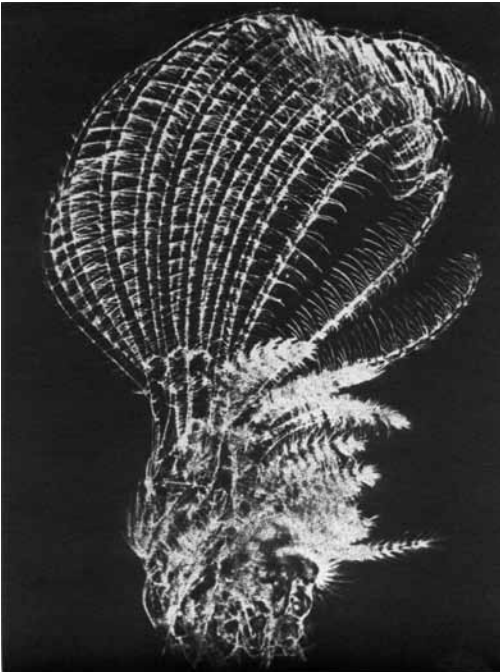
Max Ernst (1891-1976), tirée de *La femme 100 têtes*, 1929



Photograph by Julia Margaret Cameron, found in *Pleasures Taken, Performances of Sexuality and Loss in Victorian Photographs* by Carol Mavor, 1995



Edvard Munch (1863-1944), *The Kiss*, Woodcut, 1897



In botany, a rhizome is a usually underground, horizontal stem of a plant that often sends out roots and shoots from its nodes, though a number of species of plants have above ground rhizomes or rhizomes that sit at the soil surface including some Iris species. **Rhizomes may also be referred to as creeping rootstalks, or rootstocks.** A stolon is similar to a rhizome, sprouting from an existing stem with long internodes and generating new shoots at the end. Rhizomes have short internodes normally with papery leaves at the nodes; they root at the underside and form green shoots at the apex.

Many plants have rhizomes that serve to spread the plant by vegetative reproduction. Examples of plants that do this are asparagus, ginger, irises, Lily of the Valley, Cannas and sympodial orchids. The spreading stems of ferns are also called rhizomes.

A tuber is a thickened part of a stolon or root that has been enlarged for use as a storage organ. They are typically high in starch. An example of a tuber is the common potato, a modified stolon. The term tuber is often used imprecisely and is sometimes applied to plants with rhizomes.

Ecologists find killer trees in Ontario

BY ANNE McILROY, SCIENCE REPORTER

Beware the killer pine.

In a discovery that could change the way we look at the food chain, researchers have found that the stately white pines in Ontario's Algonquin Park team up with mushrooms to eat insects alive.

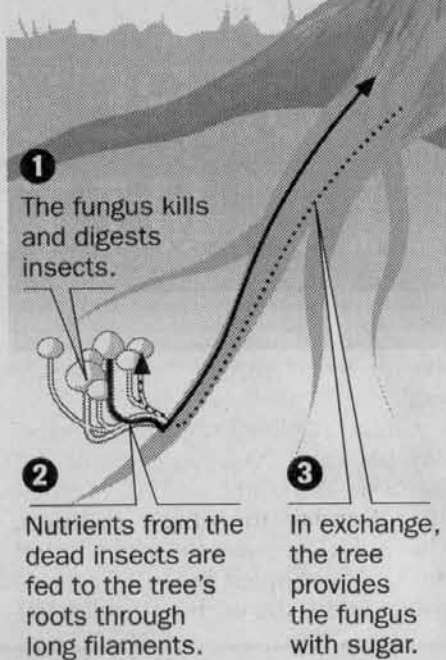
"Above ground, these trees may look so harmless, but it turns out that below the surface, they are feeding on live animals," says John Klironomos, a soil ecologist at the University of Guelph.

The carnivorous trees don't work alone, Dr. Klironomos says. They use beige mushrooms attached to their roots as hit men.

Their victims are tiny white insects known as springtails that live in the soil, including most potting soil. Springtails look like white specks jumping up and down, until they bounce into the mushrooms, that is. The researchers believe the mushrooms, a common species known as *Laccaria bicolor*, release a toxin that paralyzes the insects. Then the mushrooms grow inside the comatose springtails, eating them alive. The mushrooms are connected to the tree's roots through long filaments and feed the tree nutrients from the dying insects. In return, the tree feeds the

Underground

How fungus helps the white pine to tap into an additional source of food



RICHARD PALMER/The Globe and Mail

fungus sugars it has produced.

"This could redefine the way we think of the food chain," says Dr. Klironomos, who will study other trees to see if they do the same.

Scientists have known for years

that trees absorb nutrients from dead and decaying plants and animals in soil, always with the help of fungal species that break down the material. However, this discovery is different, because insects are actually being killed for their nutrients, with the fungus and the tree acting as predators.

Dr. Klironomos and graduate student Miranda Hart did their research, published in today's edition of *Nature*, in Algonquin Park.

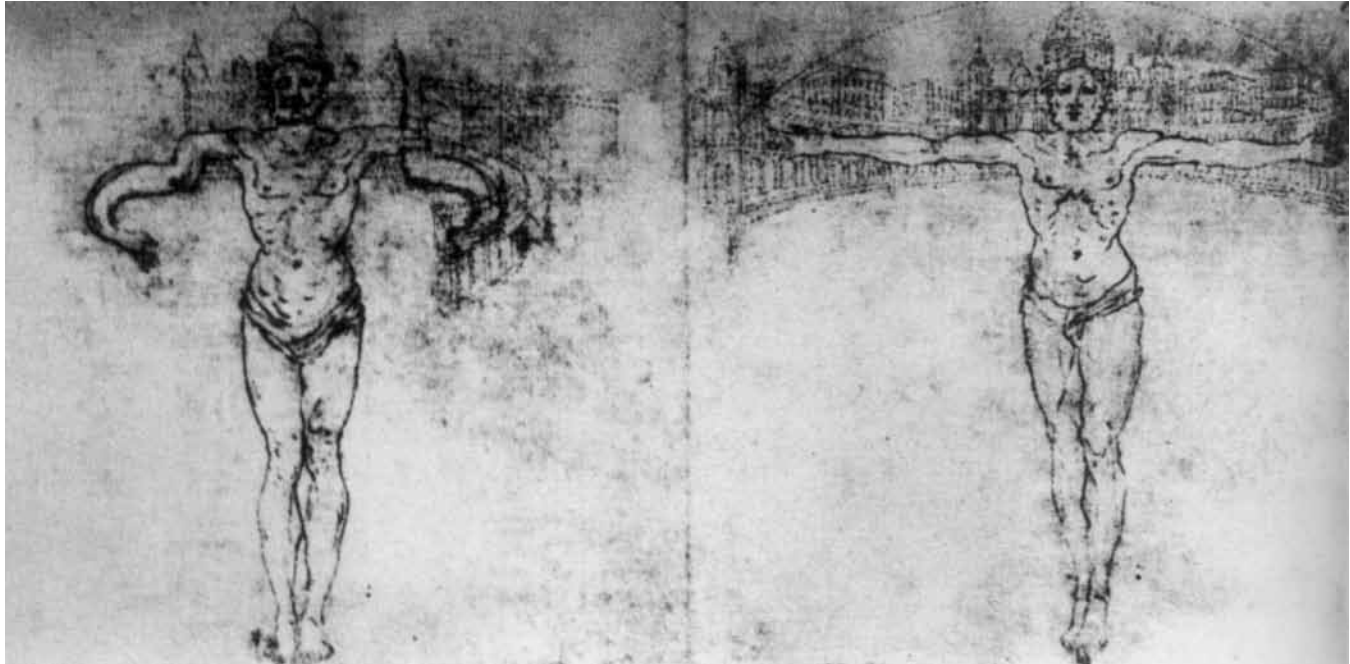
They were able to attach a radioactive marker to nutrients in the springtails, and track them as they passed from the insect's body to the fungus to the tree.

To back up the observations they made in the wild, they performed controlled experiments with springtails in their university lab. They found that only five per cent survived two weeks in the presence of the killer mushrooms.

They also grew white-pine seedlings, and found that the trees were able to acquire nitrogen, a key nutrient, only from dead insects.

Dr. Klironomos is planning more experiments to see if the killer-tree phenomenon is widespread.

"If it is just the white pine, it may not mean anything in terms of ecology. If it is common, that changes everything."



La Piazza di San Pietro



There was once a king who wished to know how much his three daughters loved him. He called the eldest and asked her, ‘How much do you love your father?’

His daughter answered, ‘My love cannot be measured. You are more precious to me than a palace full of rubies and gold,’ and the king was pleased.

He then called the second daughter and put the question to her also.

The girl answered, ‘My love is beyond compare. It will endure until roses bloom in snow and fish nest in the trees,’ and again the king was pleased.

He then called his youngest daughter and asked her, ‘My dear child, how much do you love your father?’

The girl replied only, ‘I love you as meat loves salt,’ and whatever the king coaxed or threatened her with, she would not change her answer.

Insulted, the king divided the youngest daughter’s fortune between her sisters, cursed her and cast her out.

Seeing how foolish their father was, the two eldest sisters began to intrigue against him, and in a short time they had seized the kingdom and cast him out in his turn. He became a beggar, and wandered across the land he had once ruled, despised by everyone he met.

One day, weary and hopeless, he came to a village where all the inhabitants were hurrying along the road together, dressed for a celebration. When he asked the reason for this he was told that not far off there was a great house, and that in this house there was a wedding, and the young

couple had said that no one should be turned away. The king was very hungry, so he went with them hoping for some share of the feast.

When he arrived he was put to sit at a bench with the rest of the humbler people. For some time he thought of nothing but how much he would be able to eat, but at last, on looking up, he saw that the bride was none other than his own daughter whom he had banished. The king was too ashamed to make himself known. ‘Besides,’ he said to himself, ‘she only loves me as meat loves salt.’

Now it happened that the generosity of the bride and groom was so well known that many, many unexpected guests had come for the feast. When the meat was served and everybody helped themselves, there was not enough salt to go round, and the king was one of the guests who was left out. He took a mouthful of roast meat and tasted it, and how he longed for salt to put on his food. Then he understood, at last, the meaning of his youngest daughter’s words and the love that she had felt for him, for the meat is nothing without the salt.



Bernadette et Jean Damien CHÉNÉ
La Grande Roulière
LE POIRÉ-SUR-VIE Tél. 31.23.54
85170 BELLEVILLE-SUR-VIE

chère Angela Grauerholz

Votre lettre promise, il a été écrit à l'occasion
d'un atelier d'écriture, avec des élèves de CE2 de La Roche-Bernard
(école Flora Tristan). L'atelier, qui s'appuyait sur les cartes
postales éditées au Musée de La Roche-Bernard, m'a fait être
une réunion, pour quelques jours. Il n'y a pas eu d'autre
trace qu'une exposition, à la bibliothèque municipale
(auvergne de Saint André d'Ormay), comportant les textes des
enfants et les miens, tous écrits sur la carte postale choisie.

Quant à moi, mon écriture a consisté parfois
à répondre aux réactions des enfants eux-mêmes.

Par exemple pour votre œuvre, "The Leap", par un enfant
avait choisie — qui n'est restée délicate à exploiter avec des
enfants, du moins l'instituteur, la bibliothécaire — et puis moi-même — me trouvais le moyen de faire passer
à l'enfant ce qu'il avait exprimé d'ensemble et qui totalisait
toute son expérience du regard : "elle est à l'air", sous le
rueux entendait de ses lèvres.

Mon texte reprend donc le regard de l'enfant



1
_ "à poil!"

_ Sans cesse

sans voile
mais vue?

Au fond floue
par en devant
la nudité

2
"The leap" aveugle
à pieds disjoints sur le sens

(d'où
vient-elle?

diaphragme l'ouvert
sans éclair

que des étoiles! L'une
_ et quelques branches élaguées _
les bras étirés, visage
renversé (exorbité
par ailleurs)

jambes

singulière

jaillie corps _ _ d'équilibre

s'extasie
en l'air

repos

) saut

Jean-Damien Chéné
10.10.1994 / 10.08.1996

" Je vois"
Tu dis
que tu vois mais enlève
ce "vois" que tu dis
que vois-tu? Cela vit-
(t'-) il dans ta vue? Cela dit-
(t'-) il dans tes mots? "Je vois"
dis-tu. Qui te lit
lit-il dans tes mots ce que tu
as vu? Crois-tu
qu'il croit sur parole
ta vue? Vois-tu
dans ta parole sa vue
s'approcher de croître à la tienne
qui s'éclaire, à ta gorge
qui s'éclaircit pour parler?
"Je vois"
dis-tu moi aussi
te le dis

Jean-Damien Chéné

10.10.1994

Pour les enfants du C.E. 1 de l'école primaire Flora Tristan, Saint André d'Ornay



Photograph by Alphonse Bertillon of the police archives.

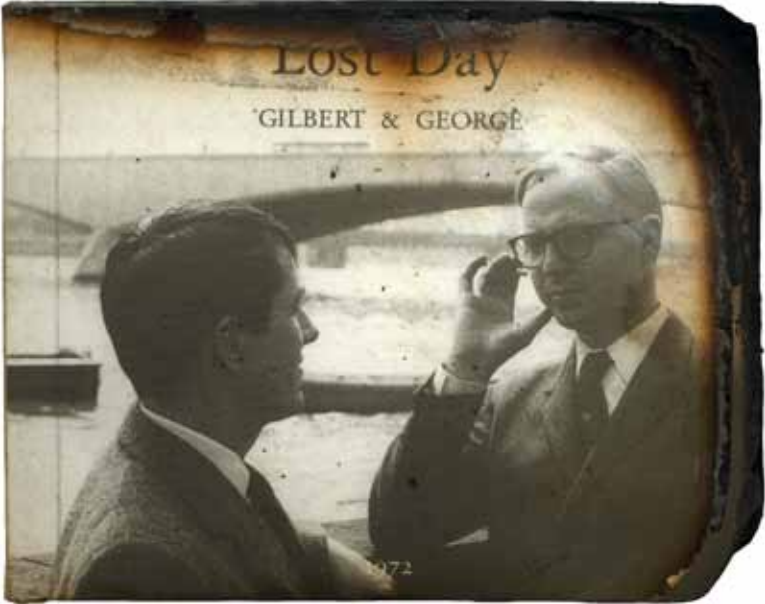
The twenty-third letter of the alphabet is written in French, as in English, as a double V; and in French the letter “W” is also called “double-vé.” The title of Perec’s double tale of the Olympic ideal and of the discovery of a lost childhood thus has nothing to do with the sound of the letter U; it’s not ‘dvbel. ju: (or dΩ.b’l,yù) that is meant to echo through these pages, but ‘dvbel. vi: (or dΩ.b’l,vé).

In this book there are two texts which simply alternate; you might almost believe they had nothing in common, but they are in fact inextricably bound up with each other, as though neither could exist on its own, as though it was only their coming together, the distant light they cast on each other, that could make apparent what is never quite said in one, never quite said in the other, but said only in their fragile over-lapping.

One of these texts is entirely imaginary: it’s an adventure story, an arbitrary but careful reconstruction of a childhood fantasy about a land in thrall to the Olympic ideal. The other text is an autobiography: a fragmentary tale of a wartime childhood, a tale lacking in exploits and memories, made up of scattered oddments, gaps, lapses, doubts, guesses and meagre anecdotes. Next to it, the adventure story is rather grandiose, or maybe dubious. For it begins to tell one tale, and then, all of a sudden, launches into another. In this break, in this split suspending the story on an unidentifiable expectation, can be found the point of departure for the whole of this book: the points of suspension on which the broken threads of childhood and the web of writing are caught.

G.P.







Laboratoire pour l'analyse des eaux, réduction des matières organiques, Compiègne, 1919



**THE ART OF
GILBERT & GEORGE**



BREGENZ 2002

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GILBERT & GEORGE

28|04|–23|06|2002

Einladung | Invitation

Wir laden Sie und Ihre Freunde herzlich
zur Eröffnung der Ausstellung
am Samstag, 27. April 2002, um 19 Uhr ein.

You and your friends are cordially invited
to attend the opening of the exhibition
on Saturday, 27 April 2002 at 7 p.m.

Es sprechen | speakers

Dr. Hans-Peter Bischof, Kulturlandesrat
Dr. Simon Cole, Direktor British Council Österreich
Eckhard Schneider, Direktor Kunsthau Bregenz

Coverdesign: © Gilbert & George | London | 2002



Kunsthau Bregenz



Cabinet Magazine (A Quarterly of Art and Culture), no. 14: Doubles, Summer 2004. Photo: Milena Dopitová, Dance, 2003



WITH SMALL WATERFALL



AT RESTAURANT COUNTER



Two GLASSES



Two CUPS





World-view and self-image are indissolubly intertwined with each other. The way man sees the world is the way he sees himself; the way he conceives himself is the way he conceives the world. Alterations in his view of the world lead to alterations in his view of himself and vice versa.

Time is the medium that binds a man's view of the world with his view of himself. It follows, then, that alterations in man's view of the world and of himself are to an essential degree alterations in his perception of time. The dimensions of time connected with the world at large differ from those connected with the individual.(...)

From Husserl's concept of "Lebenswelt" (= living world, world of life), springs the reference to the way world and life are intertwined. Under the general concept of time, an encreasing gap has grown between the individual life-span and extended world-time. An ever-growing shortage of time, an acceleration of the conflict with the world, these are the results. How can a human being, within his restricted life-span, cope with the fact that the world is expanding beyond historic time and beyond the temporality of nature into a virtual infinity, with the discrepancy between the potentiality of an individual life and the general time limits of the world at large becoming intolerable? The increasing acceleration inherent in modern life makes it impossible to put an end to this growing discrepancy.

Adam and Eve's life in Paradise was outside time; they lived in a circumscribed world without knowledge of and the ability to judge between good and evil. Life in Paradise meant there was nothing external to it and nothing to come after is. Adam and Eve's world of perception was everything and was always available. Eating the apple from the Tree of Knowledge made a knowledge of evil unavoidable. Being driven out of Paradise brought privation and death into the life of man and, inevitably, evil followed. Now that life was finite, the balance was broken between life and the world; the world has become increasingly more comprehensive; a life-time does not suffice to gain control over it.



The self is created by its apprehension of an other. The other is created by its distinction from a self. They create each other and sustain each other's existence. Each makes the other what it is.

The self cannot be itself unless it stands against what is not-self. Not-self is needed to make self self. Therefore not-self is in self. It is its necessary condition and its negative essence.

The other is not other except in its difference from self. It is brought into existence by the self's apprehension of that difference. The other and the self are simultaneous. They come into existence at the same instant and recreate one another at each succeeding instant.

There cannot be self without other; there cannot be other without self. They exist only and always in a secret embrace. They are a mutually dependent eternally interlinked pair.

The gaps that separate the self from the other are infinite. Self and other are two; the relation of difference between them is a third; the difference of each of them from the relation of difference are a fourth and fifth; and so on ad infinitum. The chasm between them is infinitely divisible.

The bonds that join the self and the other are infinite. Their reciprocal necessity flashes endlessly back and forth between them, like the caresses of their embrace.

Each, in its selfsameness, knows itself and is unknown to the other. Each, by its difference, is known to the other and unknown to itself.

Insofar as the other is unknown it is known; insofar as it is known it is unknown. The other is other because it is unknown. The other is known because it is known to be other. It is known by negative implications of the self.

Insofar as self is unknown it is known. It is known as self only by its distinction from the other, which as other is unknown. It is known insofar as it is different from an unknown. It is known by an unknowable difference. It is unknowably known.

It is not merely that the other is a mystery to the self; it is that the other is the mystery of the self.

Sameness is self without other and hence without self. Difference is not-self, with otherness and hence with self. Sameness is sleep, nonentity, abyss, bliss. Difference is awakeness, entity, form, anxiety.

Sameness is made sameness by its difference from difference, as self is made self by its separation from an other. Sameness contains difference as its hidden essence as the self contains the other as its unknowable known.

Sameness is unutterable. If two things are the same then any predication between them is tautologous.

Difference is unutterable. If two things are different then any predication between them is meaningless. If a thing is itself by reason of selfsameness it is not a self since it is not defined by a difference. If a thing is itself by reason of difference it is different from itself and the same as not-self.

If a thing is both the same and different then it is two things. If a thing is two things, then each of these two things, also both the same as itself and different from an other, is two more things. And so on ad infinitum.

Sameness lies at the heart of difference. Difference is the irrevocable condition of sameness.

The self fears the other, thinking that otherness will overwhelm it and cause it to cease being itself. Yet it is the other alone that compels the self always to be itself.

If it wishes to escape the other the self can only sink into it, fusing with it so that neither self nor other remains to be seen.

If it wishes to absorb the other into itself and enrich itself through otherness, the self, drawn out of its limits, can only force the other into new forms of otherness.

The self can never reach the other and can never do without it.

The self's love of and need for the other is matched only by its hatred of and repulsion from it. The other is the eternally elusive beloved and the eternally pursuing enemy.

The self reaches for the veil of the other trembling to see itself. The other slips beneath the skin of the self and becomes its desire and its terror.

Pursued by the other the self flees it through all nature, begetting in its flight the infinite forms of selfhood and of otherness.

Yearning for the other, the self pursues it through all nature, annihilating the countless forms in its desire to leap into the abyss.

Change is the procreation of the self and the other. The infinite is begotten through their sameness and their difference.



CONFIDENCE

There remains, however, the self-confidence of being, of being able to settle within the self with a smooth, opaque certainty—an oyster shut under the flooding tide or the expressionless joy of warm stones. Between the two pathetic shores of courage and humiliation, against which he is tossed by the clashes of others, the foreigner persists, anchored in himself, strengthened by such a secret working-out, his neutral wisdom, a pleasure that has been numbed by an unattainable solitude.

Deep-seated narcissism? Blank psychosis beneath the swirl of existential conflicts? In crossing a border (... or two) the foreigner has changed his discomforts into a base of resistance, a citadel of life. Moreover, had he stayed home, he might perhaps have become a dropout, an invalid, an outlaw ... Without a home, he disseminates on the contrary the actor's paradox: multiplying masks and "false selves" he is never completely true nor completely false, as he is able to tune in to loves and aversions the superficial antennae of a basaltic heart. A headstrong will, but unaware of itself, unconscious, distraught. The breed of the tough guys who know how to be weak.

This means that, settled within himself, the foreigner has no self. Barely an empty confidence, valueless, which focuses his possibilities of being constantly other, according to others' wishes and to circumstances. I do what they want me to, but it is not "me"—"me" is elsewhere, "me" belongs to no one, "me" does not belong to "me," ... does "me" exist?



Many a time the mirror imprisons them and holds them firmly. Fascinated they stand in front. They are absorbed, separated from reality and alone with their dearest vice, vanity. However readily they spread out all other vices for all, they keep this one secret and disown it even before their most intimate friends.

There they stand and stare at the landscape which is themselves, the mountains of their noses, the defiles and folds of their shoulders, hands, and skin, to which the years have already so accustomed them that they no longer know how they evolved; and the multiple primeval forests of their hair. They meditate, they are content, they try to take themselves in as a whole. Women have taught them that power does not succeed. Women have told them what is attractive in them, they have forgotten; but now they put themselves together like a mosaic out of what pleased women in them. For they themselves do not know what is attractive about them. Only handsome men are sure of themselves but handsome men are not fitted for love: they wonder even at the last moment whether it suits them. Fitted for love and the great ugly things that carry their faces with pride before them like a mask. The great taciturns, who behind their silence hide much or nothing.

Slim hands with long fingers or short, that grasp forth. The nape of a neck that rises steeply to lose itself in the forest's edge of the hair, the tender curve of the skin behind an ear, the mysterious mussel of the navel, the flat pebbles of the knee-caps, the joints of their ankles, which a hand envelops to hold them back from a leap—and beyond the farther and still unknown regions of the body, much older than it, much more worn, open to all happenings: this face, always this face which they know so well. For they have a body only at night and most only in the arms of a woman. But with them goes always, ever present their face. The mirror looks at them. They collect themselves. Carefully, as if tying a cravat, they compose their features. Insolent, serious and conscious of their looks they turn around to face the world. (MARCEL DUCHAMP: MEN BEFORE THE MIRROR)





Lukas Furtenagel (1505 - ca. 1546), **The Painter Hans Burgkmair and His Wife Anna**, 1529, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.

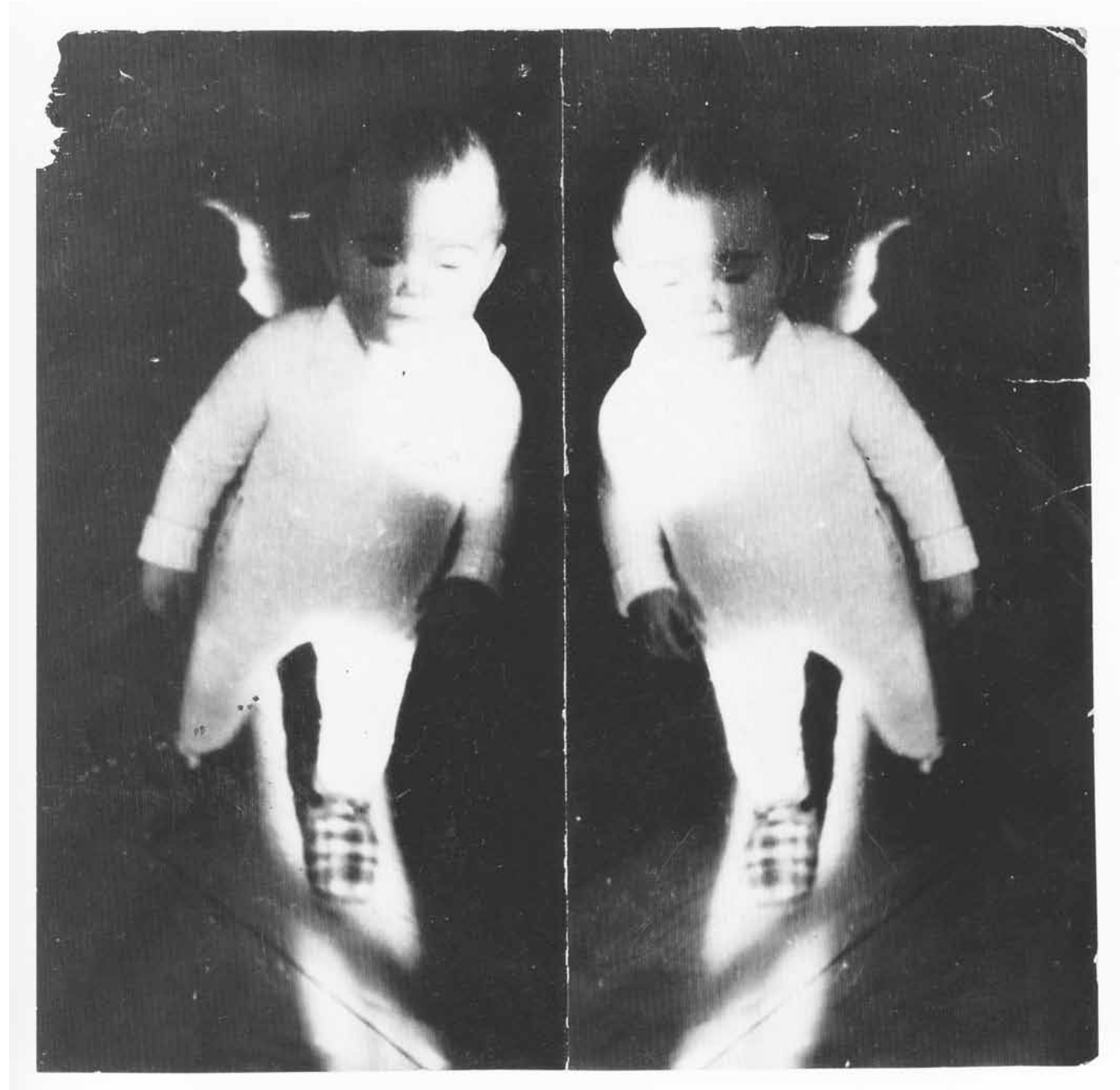


Abb. 1 MN.: 24.778



Abb. 2 MN.: 24.779

Kieferstation, Pathologisch-Anatomischen Bundesmuseums, Vienna.

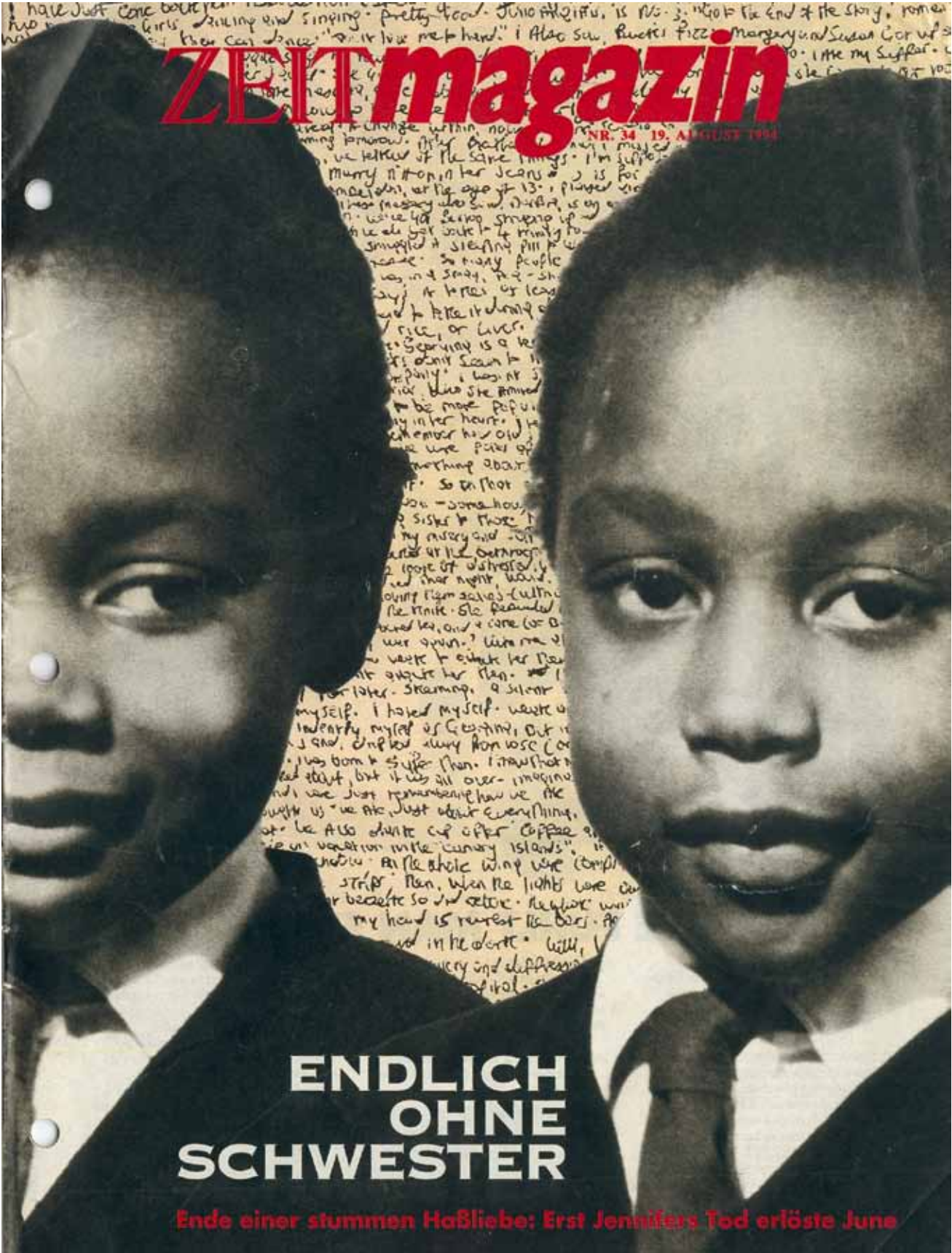


El Lissitzky (1890-1941), Untitled (Double exposure of his son Jen), 1931

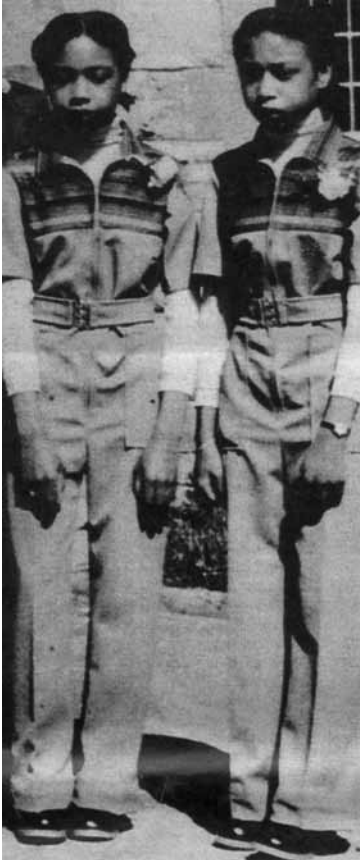




FIGURE 422. A pair of strikingly similar identical twins. Identical twins are usually very much alike in physical, mental, and personality traits. (Courtesy of The Toni Company.)



MARCH 24TH, WEDNESDAY



Diary page written at Broadmore (an asylum) by June Gibbons, the surviving twin, a document of a psychological war that began when the twins decided to stop speaking at about age four.



MORNING LIGHT ON ART FOR ALL. 1972. 38x31 cm. Edition of 12.

These spectrograms record the analysis of sunlight and electric arc light.



Hermann Krone (1827-1916), Interference colour spectra, 1892, Lippmann process. Deutsches Museum, Munich.

By Max Tegmark



Parallel Universes

Not just a staple
of science fiction,
other universes are
a direct implication
of cosmological observations

Is there a copy of you

reading this article? A person who is not you but who lives on a planet called Earth, with misty mountains, fertile fields and sprawling cities, in a solar system with eight other planets? The life of this person has been identical to yours in every respect. But perhaps he or she now decides to put down this article without finishing it, while you read on.

The idea of such an alter ego seems strange and implausible, but it looks as if we will just have to live with it, because it is supported by astronomical observations. The simplest and most popular cosmological model today predicts that you have a twin in a galaxy about 10 to the 10²⁸ meters from here. This distance is so large that it is beyond astronomical, but that does not make your doppelgänger any less real. The estimate is derived from elementary probability and does not even assume speculative modern physics, merely that space is infinite (or at least sufficiently large) in size and almost uniformly filled with matter, as observations indicate. In infinite space, even the most unlikely events must take place somewhere. There are infinitely many other inhabited planets, including not just one but infinitely many that have people with the same appearance, name and memories as you, who play out every possible permutation of your life choices.

You will probably never see your other selves. The farthest you can observe is the distance that light has been able to travel during the 14 billion years since the big bang expansion began. The most distant visible objects are now about 4×10^{26} meters away—a distance that defines our observable universe, also called our Hubble volume, our horizon volume or simply our universe. Likewise, the universes of your other selves are spheres of the same size centered on their planets. They are the most straightforward example of parallel universes. Each universe is merely a small part of a larger “multiverse.”

By this very definition of “universe,” one might expect the notion of a multiverse to be forever in the domain of metaphysics. Yet the borderline between physics and metaphysics is defined by whether a theory is experimentally testable, not by whether it is weird or involves unobservable entities. The frontiers of physics have gradually expanded to incorporate ever more abstract (and once metaphysical) concepts such as a round Earth, invisible electromagnetic fields, time slowdown at high speeds, quantum superpositions, curved space, and black holes. Over the past several years the concept of a multiverse has joined this list. It is grounded in well-tested theories such as relativity and quantum mechanics, and it fulfills both of the basic criteria





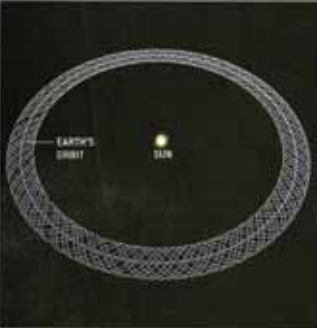
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LEVEL IV MULTIVERSE

THE ULTIMATE TYPE of parallel universe opens up the full realm of possibility. Universes can differ not just in location, cosmological properties or quantum state but also in the laws of physics. Existing outside of space and time, they are almost impossible to visualize; the best one can do is to think of them abstractly, as static sculptures that represent the mathematical structure of the physical laws that govern them. For example, consider a single universe: Earth, moon and sun, obeying Newton's laws. To an objective observer, this universe looks like a circular ring (Earth's orbit smeared out in time) wrapped in a braid (the moon's orbit around Earth). Other shapes embody other laws of physics (a, b, c, d). This paradigm solves various problems concerning the foundations of physics.



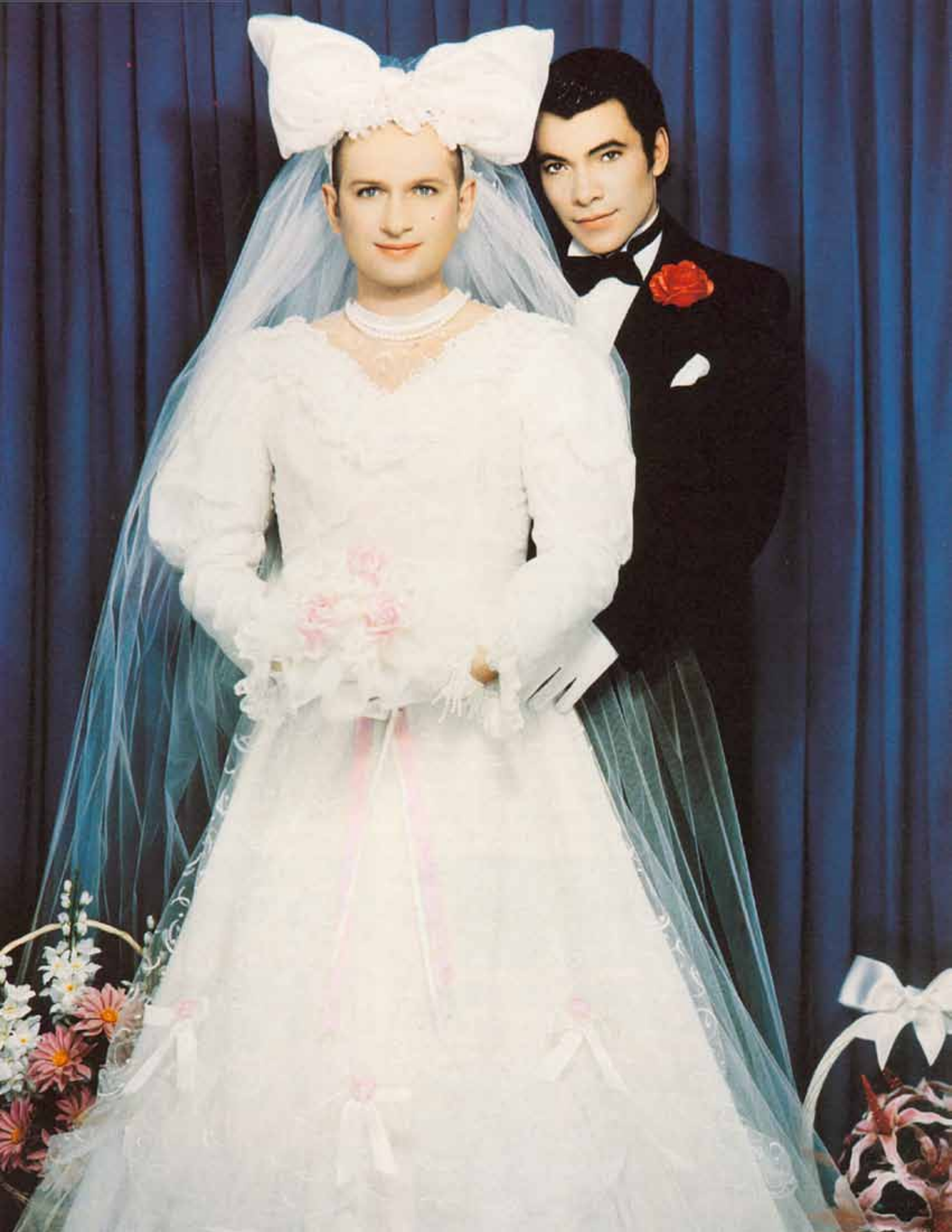
LEVEL III MULTIVERSE

QUANTUM MECHANICS PREDICTS a vast number of parallel universes by broadening the concept of "elsewhere." These universes are located elsewhere, not in ordinary space but in an abstract realm of all possible states. Every conceivable way that the world could be (within the scope of quantum mechanics) corresponds to a different universe. The parallel universes make their presence felt in laboratory experiments, such as wave interference and quantum computation.



Quantum Dice
IMAGINE AN IDEAL DIE whose randomness is purely quantum. When you roll it, the die appears to land on a certain value at random. Quantum mechanics, however, predicts that it lands on all values at once. One way to reconcile these contradictory views is to conclude that the die lands on different values in different universes. In one sixth of the universes, it lands on 1, in one sixth, on 2, and so on. Trapped within one universe, we can perceive only a fraction of the full quantum reality.





ÉVÈNEMENT. A Florence
Les Européens enterrent la vache de guerre
Le Royaume-Uni a accepté, hier, au sommet de Florence, le plan européen sur une levée progressive de l'embargo frappant la viande bovine britannique. Avant d'annoncer la fin de sa politique d'obstruction au sein de l'Union européenne. Page 6

MONDE. Moines d'Algérie
Quand l'ambassade écrivait au GIA
«Libération» publie le document par lequel l'ambassade de France à Alger a confirmé au dirigeant du Groupe islamiste armé, Abou Abderrahmane Amine, avoir reçu son message après l'enlèvement des sept moines trappistes (photo). Page 9

FRANCE. Dans un foyer
Metz: la fugue manifeste de 32 ados
Trente-deux jeunes se sont échappés du centre départemental de l'enfance de Metz lundi. Une fugue collective préparée pour protester contre les conditions d'hébergement dans ce foyer «prétendu d'urgence où on reste des années». Page 12

ECONOMIE. +0,34%
Hausse de rigueur pour le Smic
Le salaire minimum devrait passer la barre symbolique des 5.000 francs brut par mois au 1^{er} juillet. Mais la hausse sera limitée au plancher légal: soit 13 petits centimes de plus à l'heure. Page 18

PLAISIRS. A la campagne
Un saut dans le Perche
Les collines de ce futur parc naturel régional ont déjà séduit de nombreux citadins avides de verdure et de tranquillité. Promenade dans un coin vallonné de campagne normande à la découverte des haies et des manoirs. Page 22

SPORTS. Euro 96
Les Bleus prêts à passer l'Orange
L'équipe de France de football affronte ce samedi les Pays-Bas en quart de finale du championnat d'Europe des nations. Également au programme ce week-end: Angleterre-Espagne, Allemagne-Croatie et République tchèque-Portugal. Page 25

Samedi, la 15^e Gay Pride
L'union fait la manif
Le contrat d'union sociale est, cette année, le grand thème de revendication de la marche pour la fierté homosexuelle, qui se tient ce samedi à Paris et dans plusieurs villes de province. A cette occasion, «Libération» met son logo aux couleurs de l'arc-en-ciel, le drapeau de la communauté gay et lesbienne. Page 2

SAMEDI 22 ET DIMANCHE 23 JUIN 1996 PREMIERE EDITION NUMERO 4693

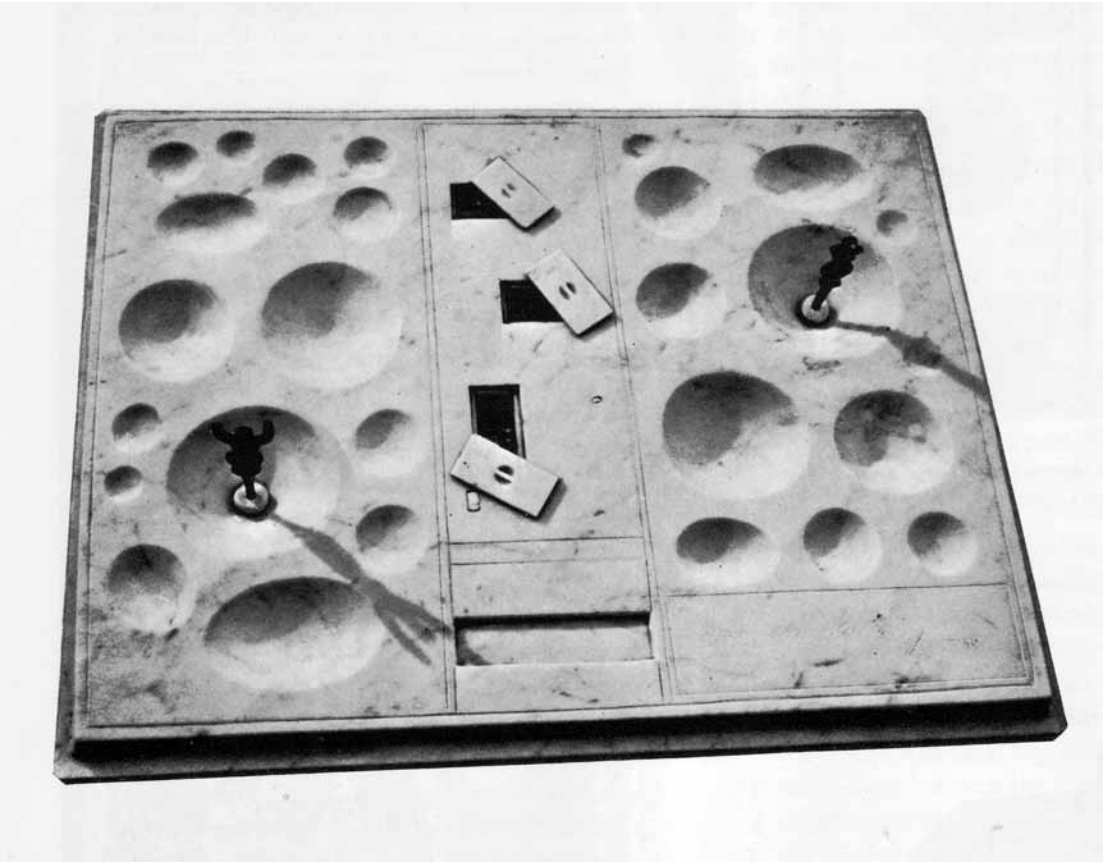
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“I declare it’s marked out just like
a large chessboard!” Alice said at last.

Lewis Carroll





Alberto Giacometti (1901-1966), On Ne Joue Plus, 1932

“... Plato’s distinction between the concrete world of the senses and the immutable world of ideas.”

“What about their philosophy?”

“That too was characterized by powerful struggles between diametrically opposed modes of thought. As I have already mentioned, some philosophers believed that what exists is at bottom spiritual in nature. This standpoint is called idealism. The opposite viewpoint is called materialism. By this is meant a philosophy which holds that all real things derive from concrete material substances. Materialism also had many advocates in the seventeenth century. Perhaps the most influential was the English philosopher Thomas Hobbes. He believed that all phenomena, including man and animals, consist exclusively of particles of matter. Even human consciousness—or the soul—derives from the movement of tiny particles in the brain.”

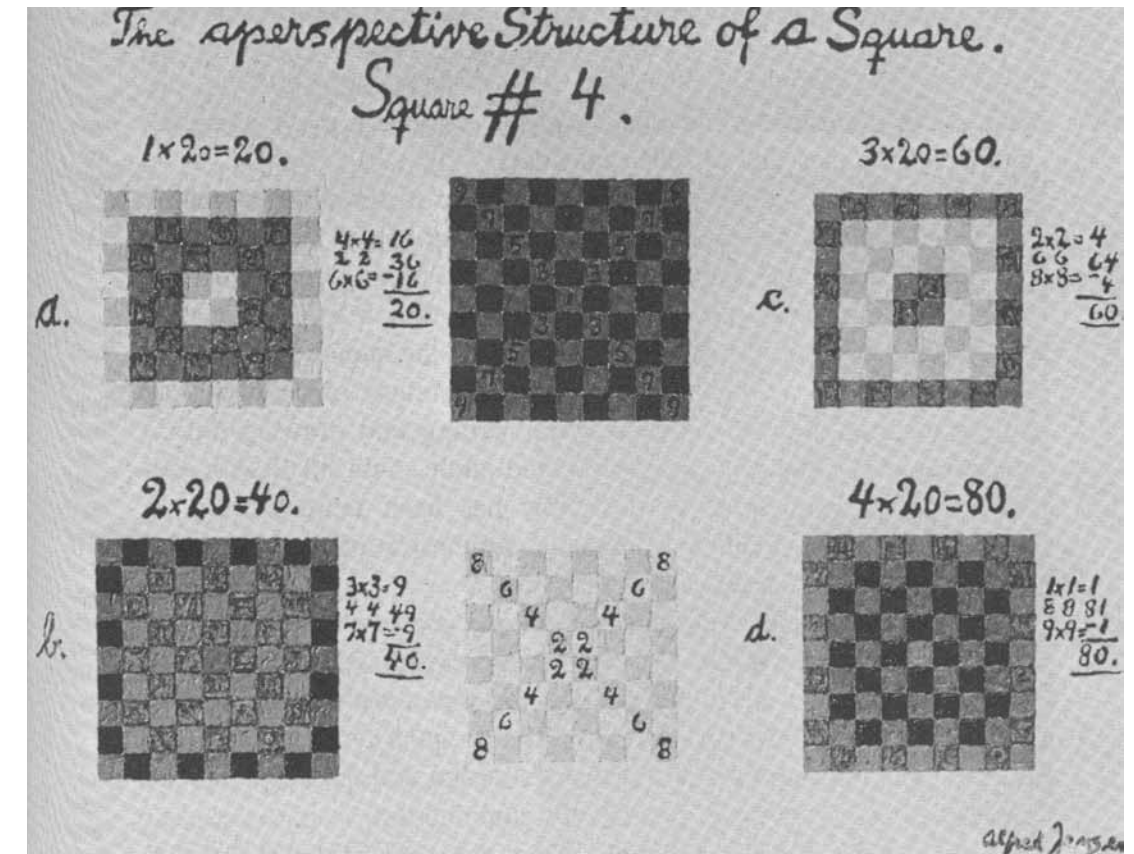
“So he agreed with what Democritus said two thousand years before?”

“Both idealism and materialism are themes you will find all through the history of philosophy. But seldom have both views been so clearly present at the same time as in the Baroque. Materialism was constantly nourished by the new sciences. Newton showed that the same laws of motion applied to the whole universe, and that all changes in the natural world—both on earth and in space—were explained by the principles of universal gravitation and the motion of bodies.”

“Everything was thus governed by the same unbreakable laws—or by the same mechanisms. It is therefore possible in principle to calculate every natural change with mathematical precision. And thus Newton completed what we call the mechanistic world view.”

“Did he imagine the world as one big machine?”

“He did indeed. The word ‘mechanic’ comes from the Greek word ‘mechane,’ which means machine. It is remarkable that neither Hobbes nor Newton saw any contradiction between the mechanistic world picture and belief in God. But this was not the case for all eighteenth- and nineteenth-century materialists. The French physician and philosopher La Mettrie wrote a book in the eighteenth century called *L’homme machine*, which means ‘Man—the machine.’ Just as the leg has muscles to walk with, so has the brain ‘muscles’ to think with. Later on, the French mathematician Laplace expressed an extreme mechanistic view with this idea: If an intelligence at a given time had known the position of all particles of matter, ‘nothing would be unknown, and both future and past would lie open before their eyes.’ The idea here was that everything that happens is predetermined. ‘It’s written in the stars’ that something will happen. This view is called determinism.”



«L'homme machine» – Der Mensch eine Maschine - lautet der so provozierende wie programmatische Titel einer 1748 anonym in Leiden erschienenen Schrift. Der Verfasser war der französische Arzt und Philosoph Julien Offray de La Mettrie, der in diesem schmalen Bündchen ein materialistisches und mechanistisches Weltbild entwickelte, das in seiner Konsequenz und Radikalität bis heute nachwirkt.

Der 1709 geborene Autor erregte noch seinem Studium der Medizin und Philosophie mit seinen ketzerischen Schriften gegen die traditionelle Schulmedizin in Paris derart Anstoß, daß er in das liberale Holland flüchten mußte. Selbst hier verlor er nach Erscheinen seines Werkes »L'homme machine« Asyl, und auf Empfehlung von Maupertuis nahm ihn Friedrich II. auf. Durchaus nicht sorgenfrei lebte er bis zu seinem frühen Tod auf Schloß Sanssouci. Bereits im Alter von 41 Jahren starb La Mettrie unter bis heute ungeklärten Umständen. Hartnäckig hält sich die bereits von Zeitgenossen kolportierte Version, der haltlose Epikureer habe seine Genußfähigkeit unter Beweis stellen wollen und demonstrativ eine riesige Pastete verzehrt, woran er wenig später, noch eigensinniger Selbsttherapie, gestorben sei.

Da seine als »très considérable« eingeschätzte Bibliothek zur Versteigerung gelangte, überlebten ihn nur seine zahlreichen Schriften, unter denen »L'homme machine« die nachhaltigste Wirkung auf das Denken im industriellen Zeitalter ausübte.

Schon der Titel seiner Schrift läßt keinen Zweifel darüber aufkommen, daß der Mensch eine Maschine sei und zwar die perfekteste und höchstorganisierte unter allen Lebewesen. Die Idee, Lebewesen als Mechanismen, gleichsam als Uhrwerke zu betrachten, war damals keineswegs neu. Schon die antike Philosophie und Literatur kannte dieses Motiv, und die »unterhaltende Physik« reicht zumindest bis zu den Automatentheatern Herons von Alexandria zurück. Neu war allerdings die Radikalität, mit der La Mettrie das mechanistische Weltbild verfochten und mit vorher nicht gedachter Kühnheit auf den Menschen übertragen hat. Indem er nur »eine Substanz auf dieser Weit« annimmt, damit das dualistische Leib-Seele-Modell aufgibt, will er den Menschen von jeglicher Spekulation der Theologie und Metaphysik befreien. Nicht ohne Sarkasmus hat Friedrich II. ihn als »ein Opfer der Pfaffen und Narren« bezeichnet. La Mettrie entwickelte sein materialistisches Weltbild in der Auseinandersetzung mit Descartes, der bereits in seiner »Abhandlung vom Menschen« alle Tiere zu aus Korpuskeln gebauten Automaten erklärt und den Menschen als einziges Lebewesen von dieser mechanistischen Lehre ausgenommen hatte. Ferner berief er sich auf die Kunstfiguren des französischen Mechanikers Jacques de Vaucanson, den er als einen neuen Prometheus feierte.

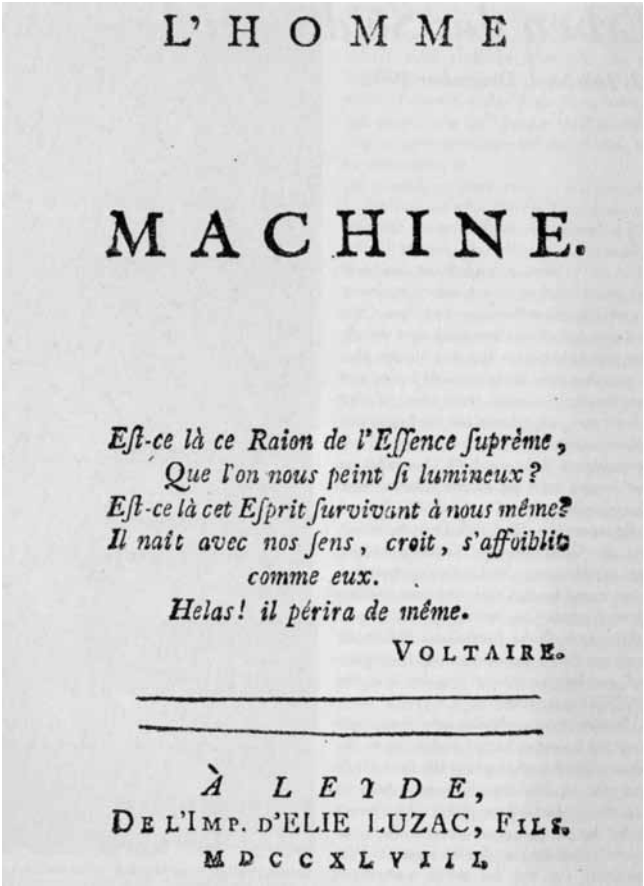
Das Zeitalter der Androiden begann im Jahre 1738, als Jacques de Vaucanson seinen epochemachenden, vielbewunderten Flötenspieler im Hotel de Longeville einer erstaunten Öffentlichkeit vorführte. Obwohl man über die mechanischen Kenntnisse im Prinzip schon seit dem Bau der berühmten astronomischen Uhren des 16. und 17. Jahrhunderts verfügte, stellten die Androiden einen bis

dahin nicht erreichten Gipfel an feinmechanischer Präzision und schöpferischer Ingenieursphantasie dar. Der Flötenspieler konnte z.B. Zunge und Lippen naturgetreu bewegen und zwölf leichte Stücke spielen. La Mettries These, daß der Flötenspieler und der Mensch sich nicht substantiell, sondern ausschließlich nach der aufgewendeten Kunstfertigkeit ihrer jeweiligen Schöpfer unterscheiden, hat die Hoffnung genährt, durch Perfektion der Automatenkunst zu vollkommenen mechanischen Menschenkonstruktionen zu gelangen. Die blühende Androidenkultur des späten 18. Jahrhunderts ist belegt durch die Androiden der Schweizer Pierre und Henri-Louis Jacquet-Droz oder durch den mechanischen Schachtürken des Baron von Kempelen. Nachdem aber ihr Höhepunkt überschritten und auch die literarische Durchdringung des Stoffes durch die Romantiker abgeschlossen war, machten die Automaten des 19. Jahrhunderts nur noch den Eindruck infantilen Puppenunwesens. Die Hoffnung hatte getrogen, durch immer kompliziertere Androiden das Rätsel der Substanzen und des Menschen zu lösen. Sie verloren im Zeitalter der Automation ihre Aura, denn die Wissenschaft schickte sich an, echte Automaten zu bauen. Der Mensch war aus der Maschine verschwunden.

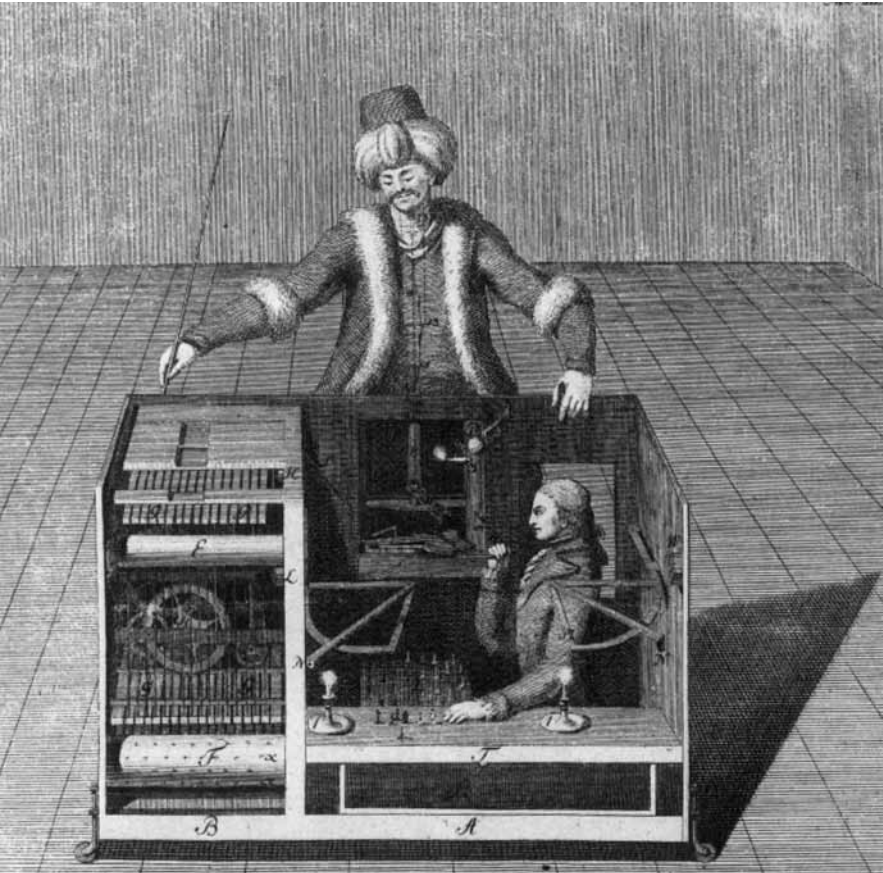
Heute liefern Computer mathematische Beweise, spielen Schach, übersetzen Sprachen, ja sie wären sogar in der Lage, sich selbst zu reproduzieren. Sie offenbaren Phänomene, die wir als charakteristisch für lebende Systeme ansehen.

Seit den 60er Jahren liegt eine umfangreiche Literatur mit der Fragestellung vor, ob Maschinen denken können. Diese moderne Diskussion vollzog sich unabhängig von der klassischen Erörterung über den mechanischen Materialismus. Die Maschine, die den Menschen nur in seiner Eigenschaft als »informationsverarbeitendes System« simuliert, stellt im Vergleich zu den Androiden früherer Zeit, die Aussehen und Verhalten so weit wie möglich abbilden sollten, ein ausgesprochen reduziertes »Modell vom Menschen« dar. Doch konnte gerade dieses so extrem reduzierte Modell der Auffassung vom Menschen als Maschine zu einer neuen Plausibilität verhelfen, weil es die ureigenste menschliche Fähigkeit, das Denken, mit vorher nie gekannter theoretischer Fundierung und mit anscheinend erheblichen Erfolgen simuliert.

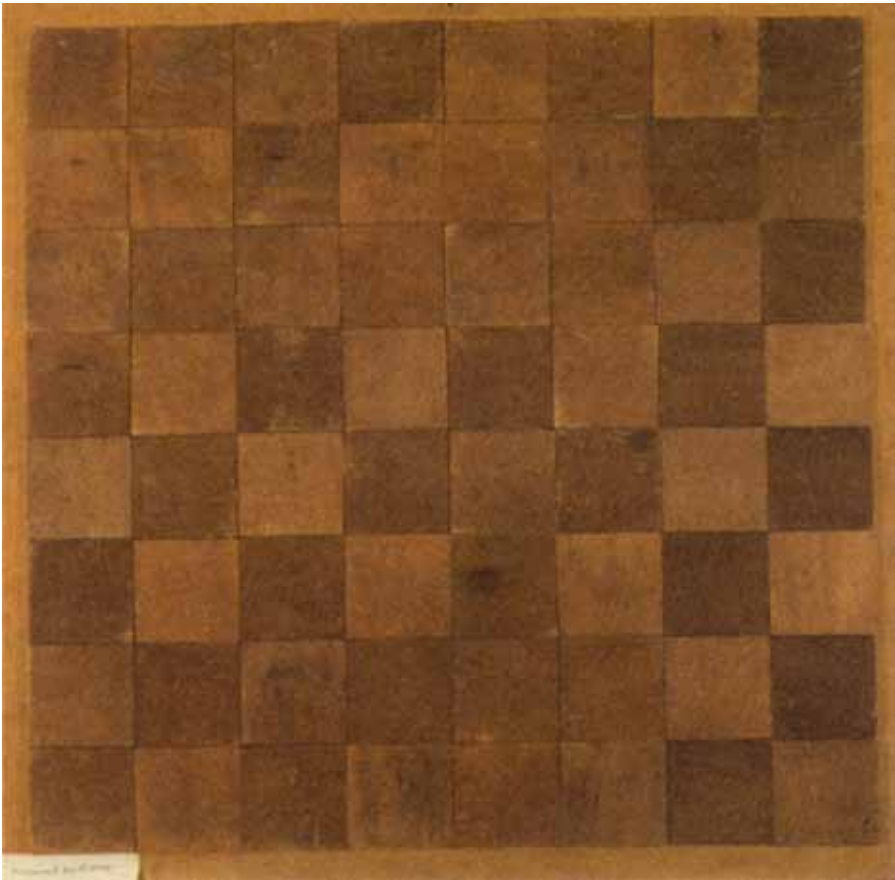
Michel Foucault beschreibt in »Oberwachen und Strafen« die zunehmenden Reglementierungen des Körpers und der Seele in unseren Disziplinargesellschaften. Die These von Julien Offray de La Mettrie über die Mensch-Maschine ist für Foucault nicht nur eine mechanische Reduktion des Seelenautomaten, sondern auch ein Symptom der Dressur des Körpers. Die berühmten Automaten waren nicht nur Illustrationen des Organismus, sie waren auch politische Puppen, verkleinerte Modelle der Macht.



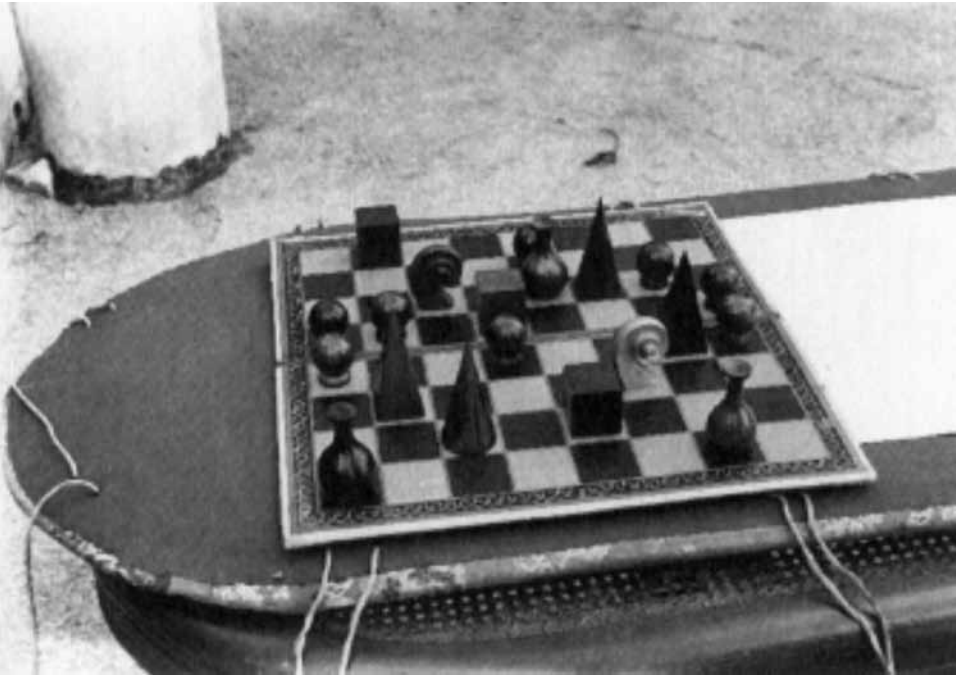
Julien Offray de La Mettrie (1709-1751), page titre du livre de L'homme machine, 1747



L'Homme machine, an example of a late 18th Century androide as represented by this illustration of a replica of the chess player Herr von Kempeln. (J. F. Freiherr von Racknitz)



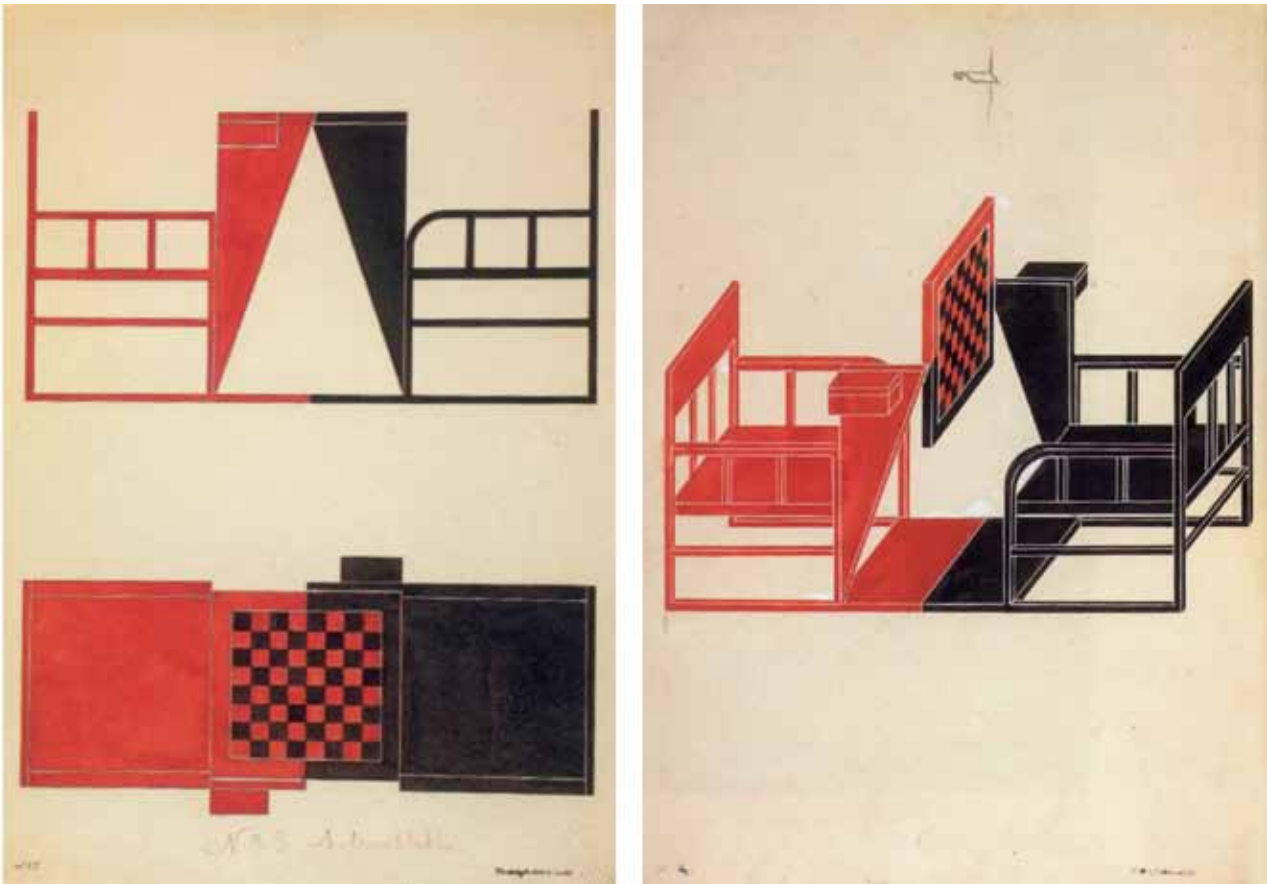
Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968), Chess Board, 1937



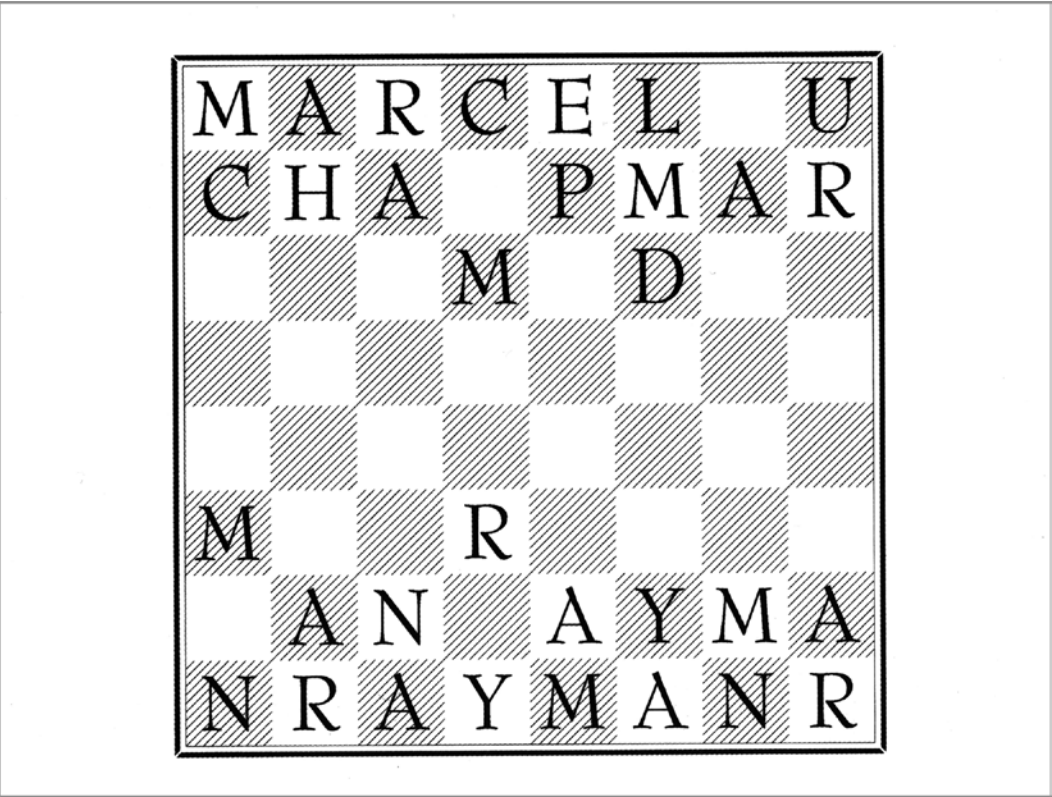
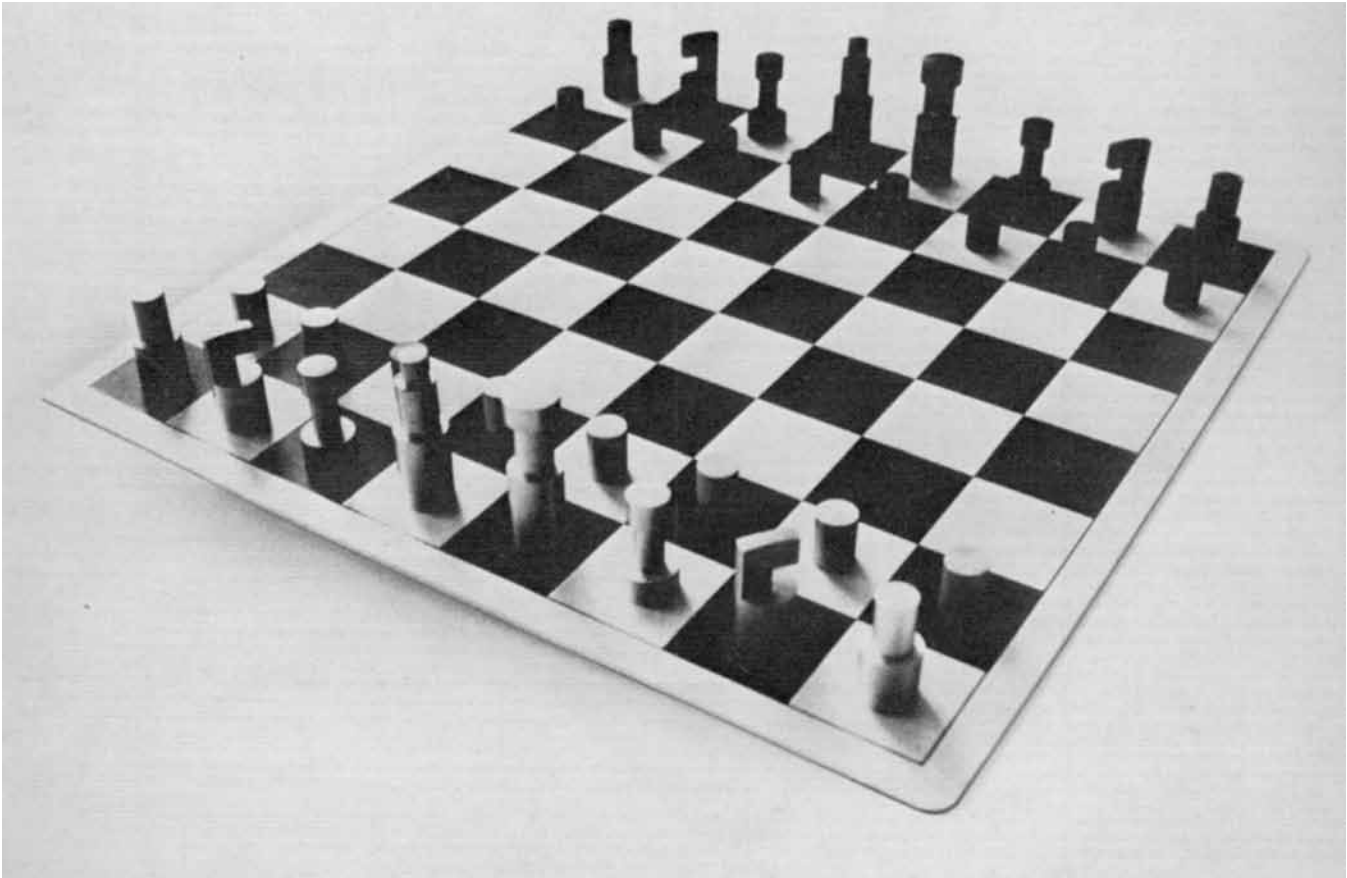
Man Ray (1890-1976), Jeu d'échecs, Villefranche-sur-mer, 1931. Photographie originale de Brancusi.



Chess Table/Schaaktafel (Paper Model, Scale 1:7), facsimile, a box set edition to build model of the chess table of the “Workers’ Club” with booklet, compiled by J. Niemeijer and Chr. Overvoorde 1989 (Couverture / Cover)



A.M. Rodchenko (1891-1956), Plan for the Chess Table for the Reading Room of the USSR Workers’ Club conceived for *L’exposition internationale des Arts décoratifs et industriels modernes* in Paris, 1925



Schachspiel (Chess Game), 1920/1973, Kunsthandel Monet, Amsterdam.

Marcel Duchamp/Man Ray

opening reception Thursday January 27, 2000, 6.00-8.00pm

EXHIBITION DATES

January 28 - March 4, 2000

Tuesday - Saturday, 11.00am-6.00pm

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Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray playing chess on a rooftop in René Clair's film *Entr'acte*, 1924



Marcel Duchamp and Eve Babitz posing for the photographer Julin Waseer during the Pasadena Museum of Art retrospective, 1963

The wooden chessboard was made in New York in 1946. Artist Sir Peter Blake has recreated a famous chess game between surrealist Marcel Duchamp and nude model Eve Babitz ahead of a major auction. The chessboard, created by Duchamp in 1946 and immortalised in the game at the Pasadena Art Museum in 1963, goes on sale in London on Monday.

Sotheby's estimate it will sell for between £180,000 and £250,000.

Artists' model Carol Holt played against Blake. The surrealist sale also includes work by Dali and Magritte.

Attack

Duchamp is probably most famous for his work *Fountain*, which shocked the art establishment when he took the work, a urinal, signed it and put it on display in 1917.

Fountain is considered a landmark work of modernism.

The work was named the most influential modern art work of all time in a poll of 500 art experts in 2004.

A Frenchman attacked the urinal with a hammer earlier this month when it was on display at the Pompidou Centre in Paris.

He was ordered to pay a fine of 214,000 euros (£147,000). The work was left with a slight crack.

Duchamp has inspired many contemporary artists, including Tracey Emin.

Chess was an obsession for the French-born artist—he devoted much of his life to studying the game and played in the French chess championships.



photo: Bruno Vincent / Getty Images



Artist Peter Blake and actress Carol Holt recreate the scene of a chess game between Marcel Duchamp and nude model Eve Babitz at Sotheby's auction house on February 1, 2007 in London. The original chessboard, made by Duchamp will be auctioned at Sotheby's on February 5, 2007 and is estimated to go for GBP 200,000.



Duchamp playing chess at the Pasadena Museum, 1963



Duchamp's personal chess game

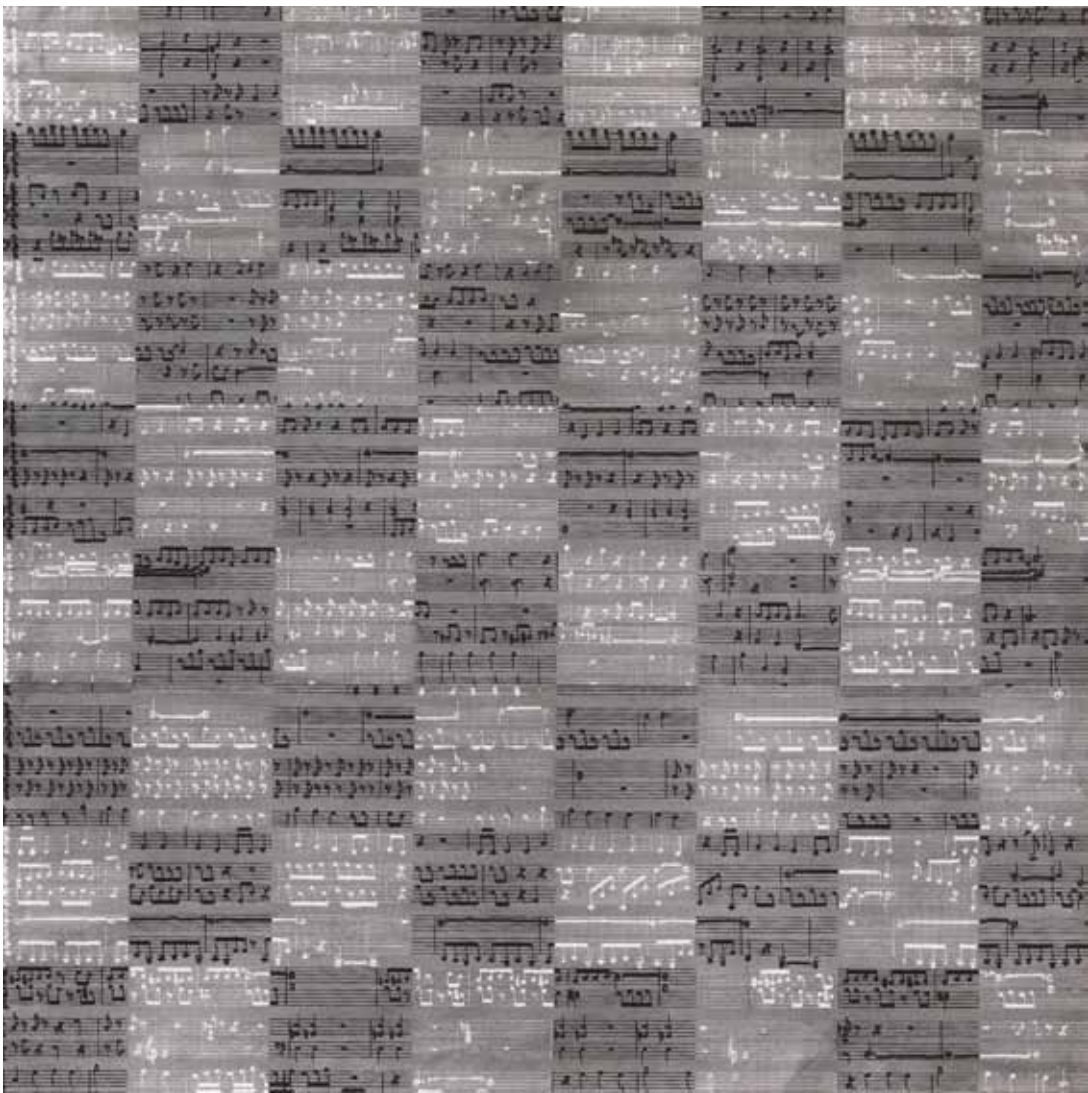


My interest is in experience that is wordless and silent, and in the fact that this experience can be expressed for me in art work which is also wordless and silent.

It is really wonderful to contemplate the experience and the works.

But with regard to the inner life of each of us it may be of great significance. If we can perceive ourselves in the work—not the work but ourselves when viewing the work then the work is important. If we can know our response, see in ourselves what we have received from a work, that is the way to the understanding of truth and all beauty.

Agnes Martin, 1965



John Cage (1912-1992), Chess Pieces, 1944, black and white ink over gouache on Masonite with recorded music.

Alle Arten von monomanischen, in eine einzige Idee verschossenen Menschen haben mich zeitlebens angereizt, denn je mehr sich einer begrenzt, um so mehr ist er anderseits dem Unendlichen nah; gerade solche scheinbar Weltabseitigen bauen in ihrer besonderen Materie sich termitenhaft eine merkwürdige und durchaus einmalige Abbrüchigkeit der Welt. (...)

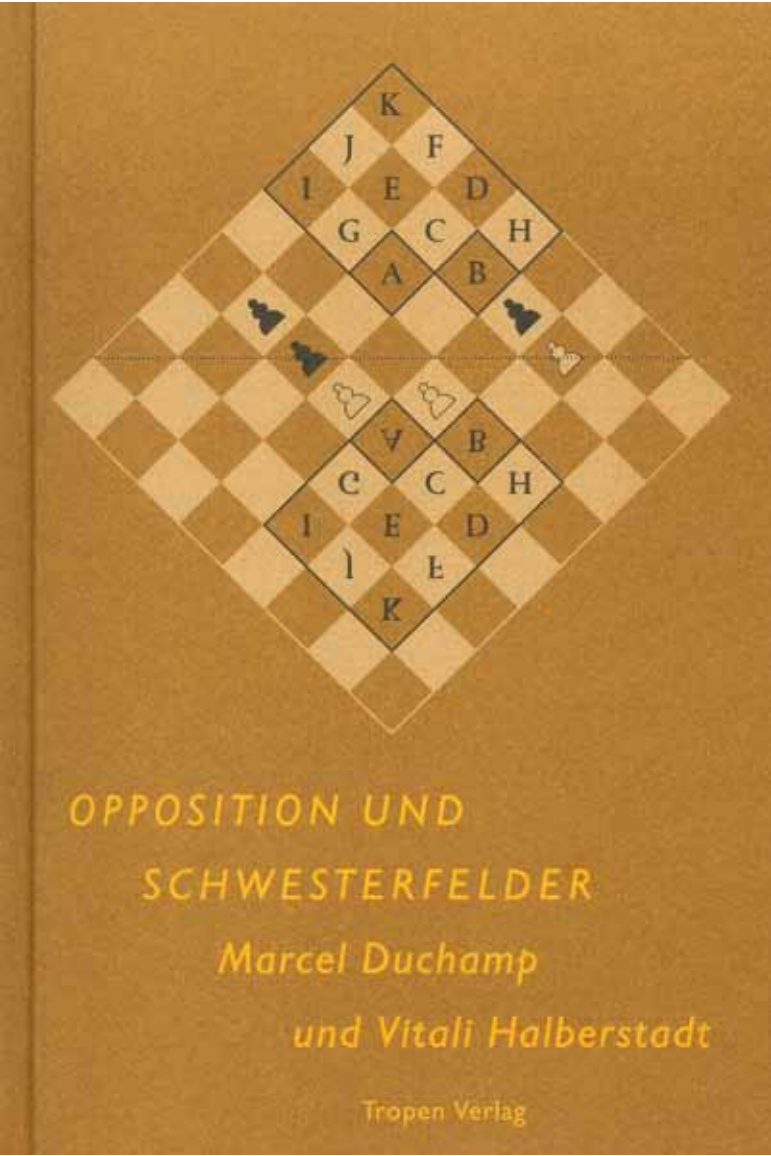
Ich hatte in meinem Leben noch nie Gelegenheit gehabt, die persönliche Bekanntschaft eines Schachmeisters zu machen, und je mehr ich mich jetzt bemühte, mir einen solchen Typus zu personifizieren, um so unvorstellbarer schien mir eine Gehirntätigkeit, die ein ganzes Leben lang ausschließlich um einen Raum von vierundsechzig schwarzen und weißen Feldern rotiert. Ich wußte wohl aus eigener Erfahrung um die geheimnisvolle Attraktion des ‘königlichen Spiels’, dieses einzigen unter allen Spielen, die der Mensch ersonnen, das sich souverän jeder Tyrannis des Zufalls entzieht und seine Siegespalmen einzig dem Geist oder vielmehr einer bestimmten Form geistiger Begabung zuteilt. Aber macht man sich nicht bereits einer beleidigenden Einschränkung schuldig, indem man Schach ein Spiel nennt? Ist es nicht auch eine Wissenschaft, eine Kunst, schwebend zwischen diesen Kategorien wie der Sarg Mohammeds zwischen Himmel und Erde, eine einmalige Bindung aller Gegensatzpaare; uralt und doch ewig neu, mechanisch in der Anlage und doch nur wirksam durch Phantasie, begrenzt in geometrisch starrem Raum und dabei unbegrenzt in seinen Kombinationen, ständig sich entwickelnd und doch steril, ein Denken, das zu nichts führt, eine Mathematik, die nichts errechnet, eine Kunst ohne Werke, eine Architektur ohne Substanz und nichtsdestominder erwiesenermaßen dauerhafter in seinem Sein und Dasein als alle Bücher und Werke, das einzige Spiel, das allen Völkern und allen Zeiten zugehört und von dem niemand weiß, welcher Gott es auf die Erde gebracht, um die Langeweile zu töten, die Sinne zu schärfen, die Seele zu spannen.

Wo ist bei ihm Anfang und wo das Ende: jedes Kind kann seine ersten Regeln erlernen, jeder Stumper sich in ihm versuchen, und doch vermag es innerhalb dieses unveränderbar engen Quadrats eine besondere Spezies von Meistern zu erzeugen, unvergleichbar allen andern, Menschen mit einer einzig dem Schach zubestimmten Begabung, spezifische Genies, in denen Vision, Geduld und Technik in einer ebenso genau bestimmten Verteilung wirksam sind wie im Mathematiker, im Dichter, im Musiker, und nur in anderer Schichtung und Bindung. In früheren Zeiten physiognomischer Leidenschaft hatte ein Gall vielleicht die Gehirne solcher Schachmeister seziiert, um festzustellen, ob bei solchen Schachgenies eine besondere Windung in der grauen Masse des Gehirns, eine Art Schachmuskel oder Schachhöcker sich intensiver eingezeichnet fände als in anderen Schädeln. Und wie hätte einen solchen Physiognomiker erst

der Fall eines Czentovic angereizt, wo dies spezifische Genie eingesprengt erscheint in eine absolute intellektuelle Trägheit wie ein einzelner Faden Gold in einem Zentner tauben Gesteins. Im Prinzip war mir die Tatsache von jener verständlich, daß ein derart einmaliges, ein solches geniales Spiel sich spezifische Matadore schaffen mußte, aber wie schwer, wie unmöglich doch, sich das Leben eines geistig regsamen Menschen vorzustellen, dem sich die Welt einzig auf die enge Einbahn zwischen Schwarz und Weiß reduziert, der in einem bloßen Hin und Her, Vor und Zurück von zweiunddreißig Figuren seine Lebenstriumphe sucht, einen Menschen, dem bei einer neuen Eröffnung, den Springer vorzuziehen statt des Bauern, schon Großtat und sein ärmliches Eckchen Unsterblichkeit im Winkel eines Schachbuchs bedeutet — **einen Menschen, einen geistigen Menschen, der, ohne wahnsinnig zu werden, zehn, zwanzig, dreißig, vierzig Jahre lang die ganze Spannkraft seines Denkens immer und immer wieder an den lächerlichen Einsatz wendet, einen hölzernen König auf einem hölzernen Brett in den Winkel zu drängen!**



Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968) and Vitali Halberstadt, **Opposition and Juxtaposed Squares Reconciled** (*Opposition et cases conjuguées sont réconciliées*), Brussels, 1932



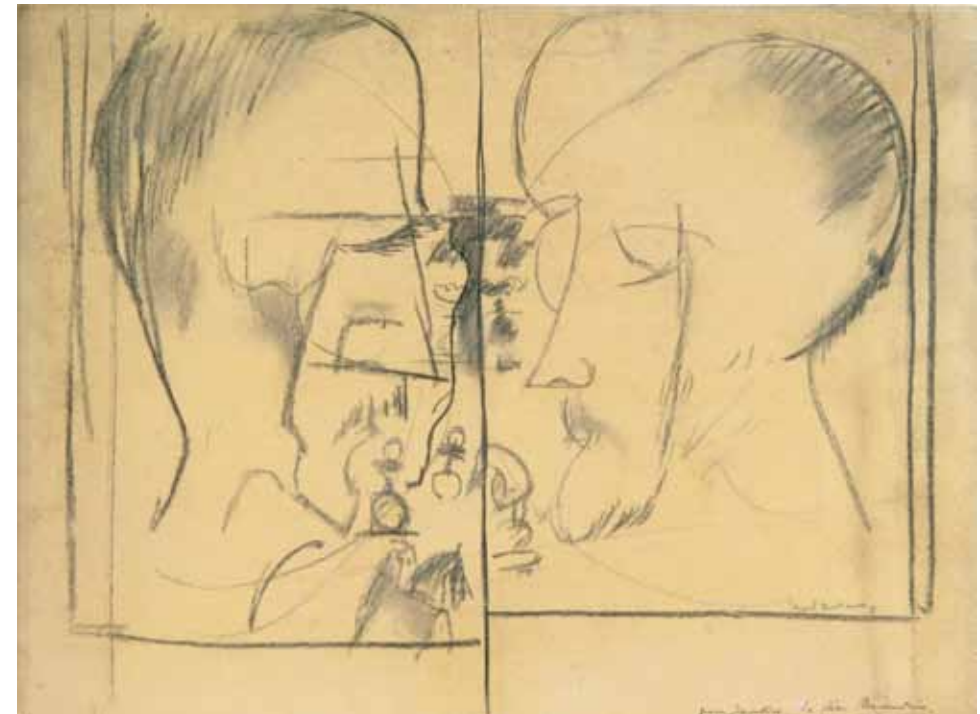
Marcel Duchamp and Vitali Halberstadt, **Opposition und Schwesterfelder** (Gebundene Ausgabe), facsimile, 2001 (cover)

„Schönheit im Schach scheint keine visuelle Erfahrung wie in der Malerei zu sein. Die Schönheit im Schach steht der Schönheit in der Poesie näher; die Schachfiguren sind das Alphabet, das Gedanken ordnet; und diese Gedanken, obwohl sie eine visuelle Gestalt auf dem Schachbrett erzeugen, drücken ihre Schönheit abstrakt wie ein Gedicht aus. Aus diesem Grund ist die ästhetische Quelle im Schach die Vorstellungskraft, die Gabe zur Erfindung. Die Figuren werden nach festen Regeln über das Brett bewegt, und der Gewinner, der seinen Gedankenflügen folgt, erkennt die Gewinnmuster.“

Marcel Duchamp

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Marcel Duchamp and Vitali Halberstadt, **Opposition und Schwesterfelder** (Gebundene Ausgabe), facsimile, 2001 (back cover)

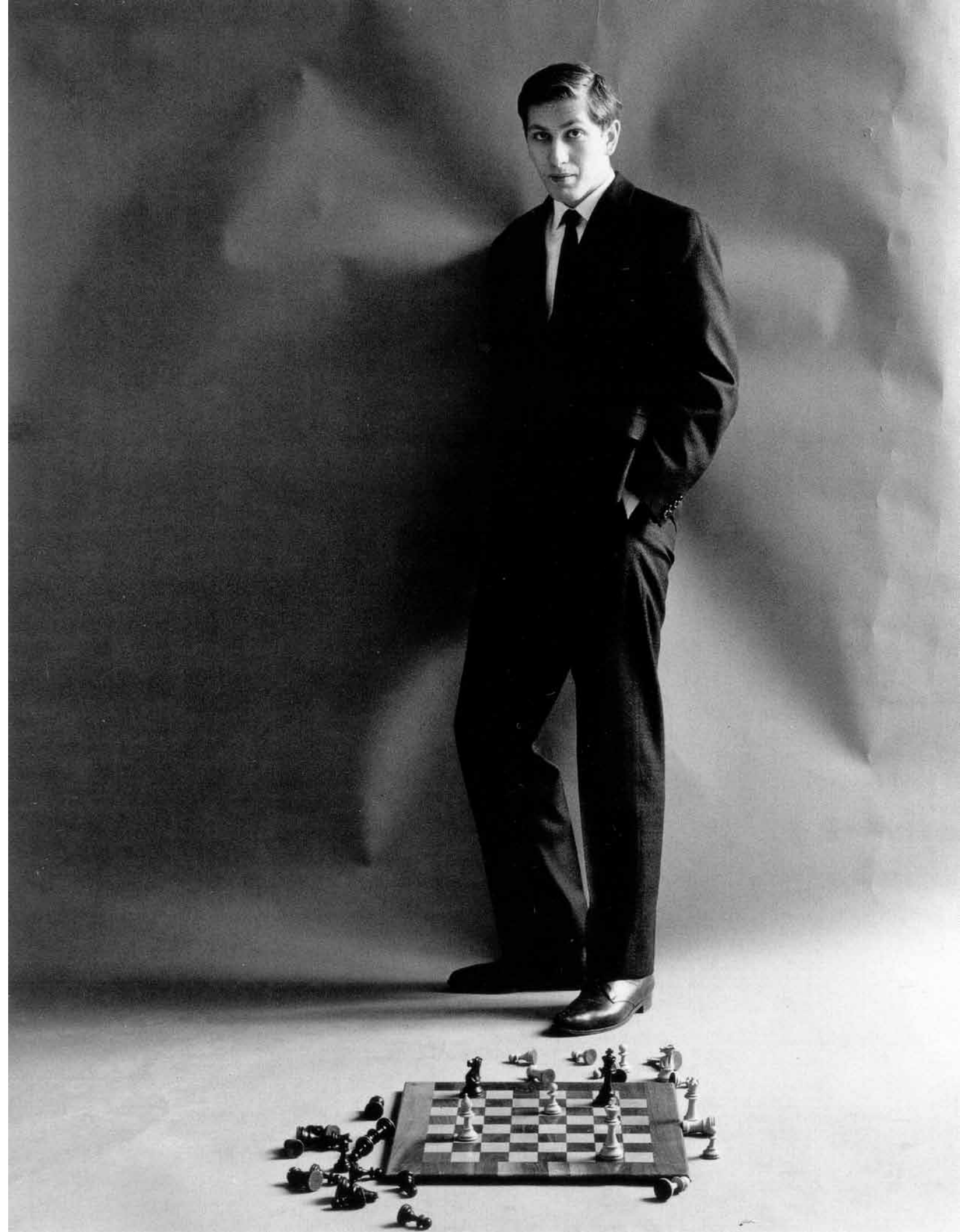


Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968), **Study for a chess game**, 1911



Le géant
Paul Nougé
Côte belge, 1937

BOBBY FISCHER



MONTREAL

‘The kid’ is now the king

18-year-old Pascal Charbonneau wins Canadian chess championship

YVONNE ZACHARIAS
Vancouver Sun

VANCOUVER — In chess circles, they call him “the kid.”

Make that whiz kid.

Just 18 years old, Montrealeer Pascal Charbonneau became the top chess player in Canada in an edge-of-your-seat match yesterday.

So far as anyone can remember, he’s the youngest player to become the crown prince of Canadian chess. Charbonneau will go on to represent Canada on the world stage in London, England, on a still-to-be determined date.

Yesterday, Charbonneau took on an old pro, 48-year-old Kevin Spraggett, also from Montreal, and beat him.

In typical kid fashion, Charbonneau sprang from his chair after winning, lifted two clenched fists into the air in a victory signal and strode around the front of the room as though emerging from a boxing ring instead of the sport of mind-flexing.

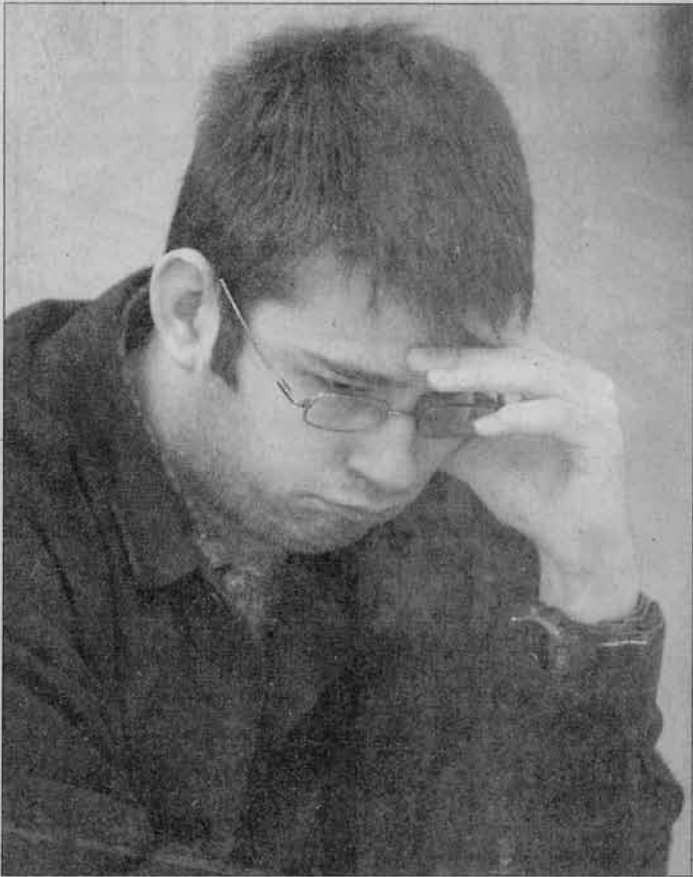
JUST A KID

When he settled down for an interview, he seemed, well, just like a kid, although perhaps a little shyer and more introverted than most.

Charbonneau started playing chess when his father bought him a set at the age of 6. He then took chess as an extracurricular activity in school.

The fluently bilingual student who first attended the Mont Jésus-Marie private elementary school, the same one attended by former Quebec premier Lucien Bouchard’s kids, and then Collège Jean de Brébeuf high school, wants to clear up one point: “I’m not the world’s biggest geek.”

Besides playing chess while growing up in Outremont, the child of an actuary father and computer-science-teacher mother played competitive tennis and basketball in high school.



GLENN BAGLO, VANCOUVER SUN

Pascal Charbonneau, 18, ponders a move during Canadian chess championship match against Kevin Spraggett yesterday at Vancouver.

He is good in math and physics but he also has a love of French literature, his favourite novel being Alexandre

Dumas’s *The Count of Monte Cristo*. He describes himself as “a pretty good student” but an annoying one

who always talked too much in class.

But to paint Charbonneau as just your average kid wouldn’t be right, either. He hasn’t been in school for the past year, although he says he plans to return soon.

Instead, he has been traveling to chess tournaments around the world and putting in anywhere from 20 to 30 hours a week playing the game.

In fact, he has been living for the past month in an apartment in Vancouver’s west end just so he could prepare for the 78th Canadian championship match held in suburban Richmond during the weekend.

This is serious business. The atmosphere in the hotel ballroom was more sombre than a Sunday-school lesson.

HUSHED ROOM

Even the rustle of jackets and notepaper sounded too loud. When a cell phone went off, organizers reacted like a bomb had detonated.

About two dozen people sat around the room, apparently gripped by the game. Two little Quebec flags sat on the table where Charbonneau and Spraggett went head to head, testing their mental mettle in two games that each began and ended with a polite handshake.

The first ended in a draw, but the second saw the kid emerge a clear winner.

Thousands of chess fans from around the world clicked on their computers for a play-by-play account of the games, which were posted on the Internet as they unfolded.

“He had an aggressive position,” Spraggett said of his opponent after the match ended. “I would have had to play perfectly.” He didn’t.

So what does the kid see in the game? “It’s very artistic. Every game is different,” said Charbonneau.

And what does it take to win? “Determination, concentration, good nerves.”



Duchamp and Man Ray playing chess in Man Ray’s studio, 1955

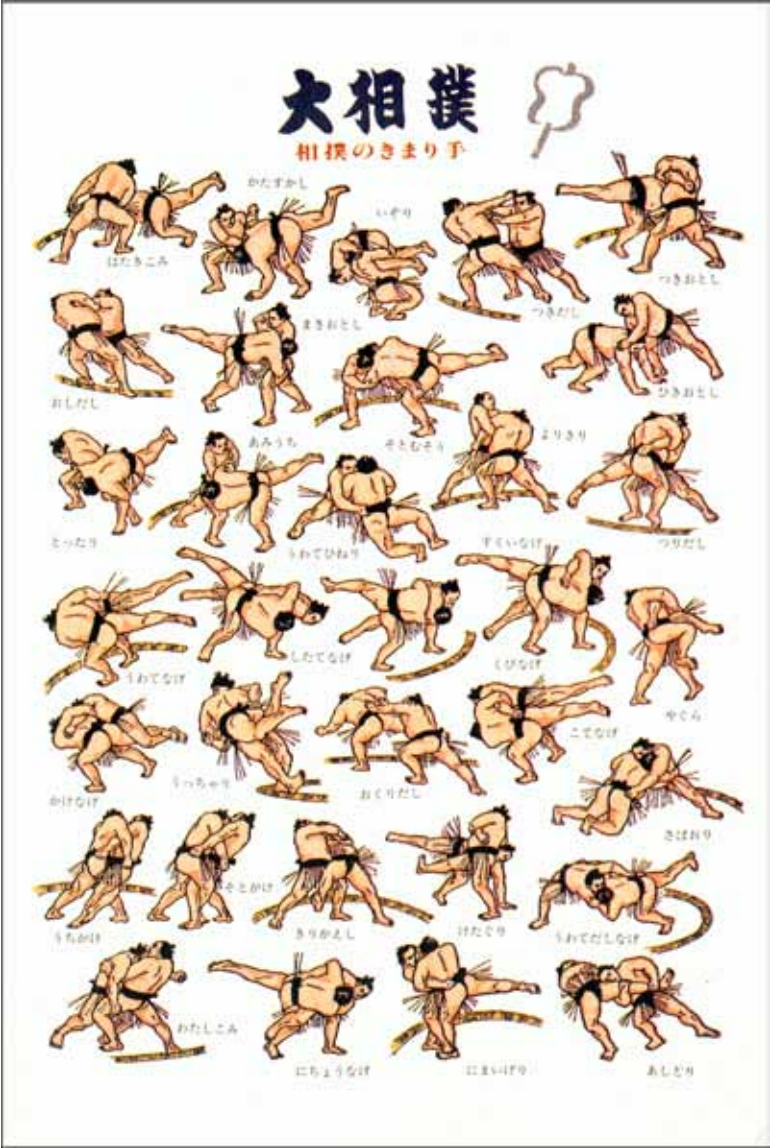
ROYAL COUPLE

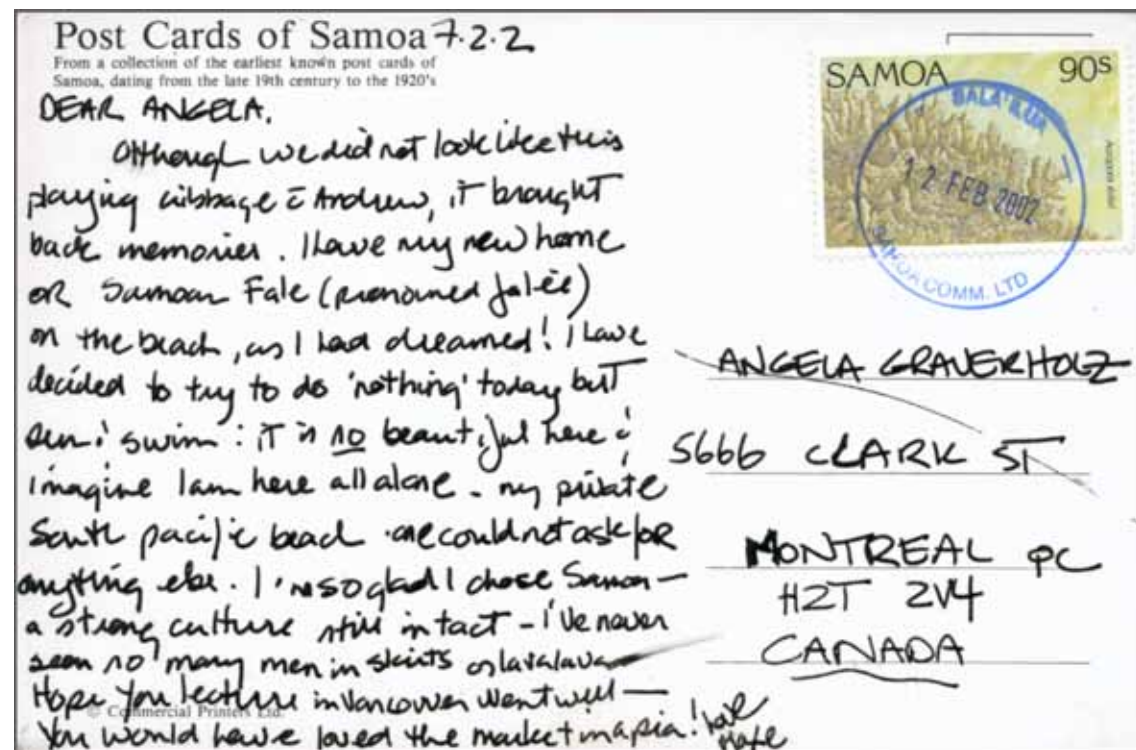


BOUQUET



René Magritte (1898-1967), *Le bouquet*, 1937







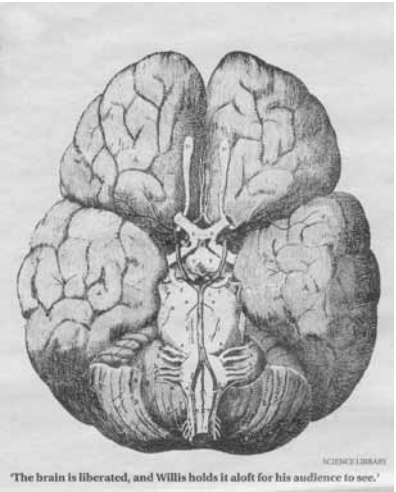














Caspar David Friedrich (1774-1840), **Angel in adoration**, 1826

epiphyte / *n.* a plant growing but not parasitic on another, e.g. a moss

