





# Litotes / Litotes

Spatial Movements



Spatial Sequences

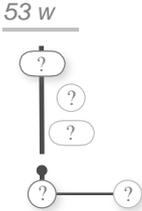


Some of us were travelling together. A young man, who didn't look very intelligent, spoke to the man next to him for a few moments, then he went and sat down. Two hours later I met him again; he was with a friend and was talking about clothes.

Temporal continuity

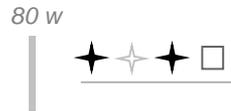


Spatio-temporal continuity



# Métaphoriquement / Metaphorically

Spatial Movements



Spatial Sequences



Temporal continuity



Spatio-temporal continuity



In the centre of the day, tossed among the shoal of travelling sardines in a coleopter with a big white carapace, a chicken with a long, featherless neck suddenly harangued one, a peaceabiding one, of their number, and its parlance, moist with protest, was unfolded upon the airs. Then, attracted by a void, the fledgling precipitated itself thereunto.

In a bleak, urban desert, I saw it again that selfsame day, drinking the cup of humiliation offered by a lowly button.

Raymond QUENEAU, *Exercises in style*  
**Rétrograde / Retrograde**

Spatial Movements



Spatial Sequences



Temporal continuity



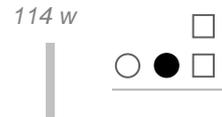
Spatio-temporal continuity



You ought to put another button on your overcoat, his friend told him. I met him in the middle of the Cour de Rome, after having left him rushing avidly towards a seat. He had just protested against being pushed by another passenger who, he said, was jostling him every time anyone got off. This scraggy young man was the wearer of a ridiculous hat. This took place on the platform of an S bus which was full that particular midday.

## Surprises / Surprises

Spatial Movements



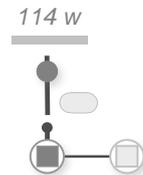
Spatial Sequences



Temporal continuity



Spatio-temporal continuity



How tightly packed in we were on that bus platform ! And how stupid and ridiculous that young man looked ! And what was he doing? Well, if he wasn't actually trying to pick a quarrel with a chap who-so he claimed! the young fop ! kept on pushing him ! And then he didn't find anything better to do than to rush off and grab a seat which had become free ! Instead of leaving it for a lady!

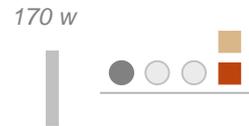
Two hours after, guess whom I met in front of the gare Saint-Lazare! The same fancypants ! Being given some sartorial advice! By a friend!

You'd never believe it!

Spatial Movements



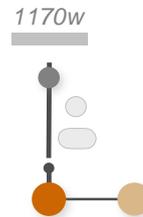
Spatial Sequences



Temporal continuity



Spatio-temporal continuity



(Dowry, bayonet, enemy, chapel, atmosphere, Bastille, correspondence)

One day I happened to be on the platform of a bus which must no doubt have formed part of the dowry of the daughter of a gentleman called Monsieur Mariage who presided over the destinies of the Paris Passenger Transport Board. There was a young man on this bus who was rather ridiculous, not because he wasn't carrying a bayonet, but because he looked as if he was carrying one when all the time he wasn't carrying one. All of a sudden this young man attacked his enemy--a man standing behind him. He accused him in particular of not behaving as politely as one would in a chapel. Having thus strained the atmosphere, the little squirt went and sat down.

Two hours later I met him two or three kilometres from the Bastille with a friend who was advising him to have an extra button put on his overcoat, an opinion which he could very well have given him by correspondence

# Rêve / Dream

Spatial Movements



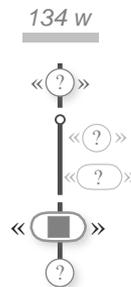
Spatial Sequences



Temporal continuity



Spatio-temporal continuity



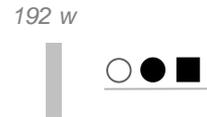
I had the impression that everything was misty and nacreous around me, with multifarious and indistinct apparitions, amongst whom however was one figure that stood out fairly clearly which was that of a young man whose too-long neck in itself seemed to proclaim the character at once cowardly and quarrelsome of the individual. The ribbon of his hat had been replaced by a piece of plaited string. Later he was having an argument with a person whom I couldn't see and then, as if suddenly afraid, he threw himself into the shadow of a corridor.

Another part of the dream showed him walking in bright sunshine in front of the gare Saint-Lazare. He was with a companion who was saying: "You ought to have another button put on your overcoat."

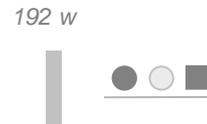
Whereupon I woke up.

## Précisions / Precision

Spatial Movements



Spatial Sequences



Temporal continuity



Spatio-temporal continuity



In a bus of the S-line, 10 metres long, 3 wide, 6 high, at 3 km, 600 m. from its starting point, loaded with 48 people, at 12.17 p.m., a person of the masculine sex aged 27 years 3 months and 8 days, 1 m. 72 cm tall and weighing 65 kg, and wearing a hat 35 cm. in height round the crown of which was a ribbon 60 cm. long, interpellated a man aged 48 years 4 months and 3 days, 1 m. 68 cm tall and weighing 77 kg., by means of 14 words whose enunciation lasted 5 seconds and which alluded to some involuntary displacements of from 15 to 20 mm. Then he went and sat down about 1 m. 10 cm. away.

57 minutes later he was 10 metres away from the suburban entrance to the gare Saint-Lazare and was walking up and down over a distance of 30 m. with a friend aged 28, 1m. 70 cm. tall and weighing 71 kg, who advised him in 15 words to move by 5 cm. in the direction of the zenith a button which was 3 cm. in diameter.

# Autre subjectivité / Another Subjectivity

Spatial Movements



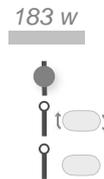
Spatial Sequences



Temporal continuity

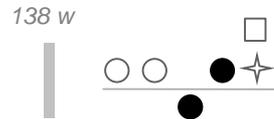


Spatio-temporal continuity

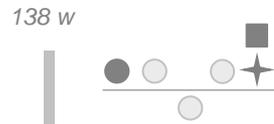


Next to me on the bus platform today there was one of those half-baked young fellows, you don't find so many of them these days, thank God, otherwise I should end up by killing one. This particular one, a brat of something like 26 or 30, irritated me particularly not so much because of his great long featherless turkey's neck as because of the nature of the ribbon around his hat, a ribbon which wasn't much more than a sort of a maroon-coloured string. Dirty beast! He absolutely disgusted me! As there were a lot of people in our bus at that hour I took advantage of all the pushing and shoving there is every time anyone gets on or off to dig him in the ribs with my elbow. In the end he took to his heels, the milksop, before I could make up my mind to tread on his dogs to teach him a lesson. I could also have told him, just to annoy him, that he needed another button on his overcoat which was cut too low at the lapels.

Spatial Movements



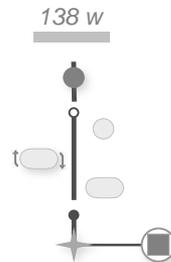
Spatial Sequences



Temporal continuity



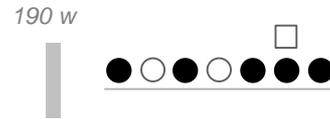
Spatio-temporal continuity



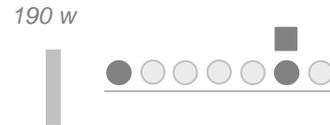
One day at about midday in the Parc Monceau district, on the back platform of a more or less full S bus (now No. 84), I observed a person with a very long neck who was wearing a felt hat which had a plaited cord round it instead of a ribbon. This individual suddenly addressed the man standing next to him, accusing him of purposely treading on his toes every time any passengers got on or got off. However he quickly abandoned the dispute and threw himself on to a seat which had become vacant.

Two hours later I saw him in front of the gare Saint-Lazare engaged in earnest conversation with a friend who was advising him to reduce the space between the lapels of his overcoat by getting a competent tailor to raise the top button.

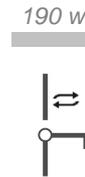
## Spatial Movements



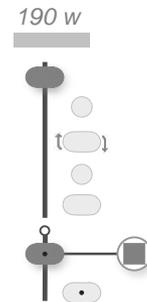
## Spatial Sequences



## Temporal continuity



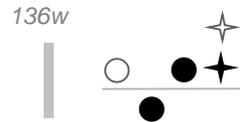
## Spatio-temporal continuity



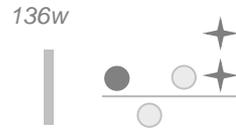
I got into the Porte Champerret bus. There were a lot of people in it, young, old, women, soldiers. I paid for my ticket and then looked around me. It wasn't very interesting. But finally I noticed a young man whose neck I thought was too long. I examined his hat and I observed that instead of a ribbon it had a plaited cord. Every time another passenger got on there was a lot of pushing and shoving. I didn't say anything, but all the same the young man with the long neck started to quarrel with his neighbour. I didn't hear what he said, but they gave each other some dirty looks. Then the young man with the long neck went and sat down in a hurry.

Coming back from the Porte Champerret I passed in front of the gare Saint-Lazare. I saw my young man having a discussion with a pal, the pal indicated a button just above the lapels of the young man's overcoat. Then the bus took me off and I didn't see them any more. I had a seat and I wasn't thinking about anything.

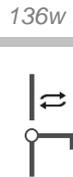
Spatial Movements



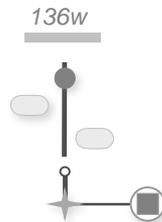
Spatial Sequences



Temporal continuity



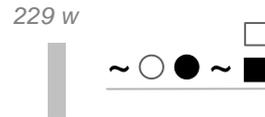
Spatio-temporal continuity



One midday in the bus--the S-line was its ilk--I saw a little runt, a miserable milk--  
milk--  
Sop, voicing discontent, although around his turban  
He had a plaited cord, this fancy-pants suburban.  
Now hear what he complained of, this worm-metamorphosis  
With disproportionate neck, suffering from halitosis:  
--A citizen standing near him who'd come to man's estate  
Was constantly refusing to circumnavigate  
His toes, each time a chap got in the bus and rode,  
Panting, and late for lunch, towards his chaste abode.  
But scandal there was none; this sorry personage  
Espied a vacant seat--made thither quick pilgrimage.  
As I was going back toward the Latin Quarter  
I saw him once again, this youth of milk-and-water.  
And heard his foppish friend telling him with dispassion:  
"The opening of your coat is not the latest fashion."

Raymond QUENEAU, *Exercises in style*  
**Moi je / Speaking Personally**

Spatial Movements



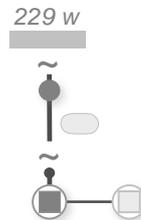
Spatial Sequences



Temporal continuity

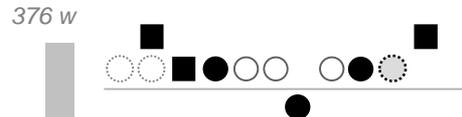


Spatio-temporal continuity



That's something I do understand: a chap who goes out of his way to tread on your dogs, it makes you go bloody wild. But after you've made a fuss about it to go and sit down like a bloody coward, that personally I don't understand. I saw it with my own eyes the other day on the back platform of an S bus. Personally I thought the young man's neck was somewhat long and I also thought that kind of plait thing round his hat was bloody silly. Personally I would never dare to show myself in such a get-up. But anyway, like I said, when he'd moaned at another passenger was was treading on his toes, this chap went and sat down and that was that. Personally I would have clipped him one, any bastard that trod on my toes. I tell you, personally I think there are some odd things in this life, it's only mountains that never meet. A couple of hours later I met that young chap again. I saw him with my own eyes in front of the gare Saint-Lazare. Yes, I saw him myself wiht a friend of his own kidney who was saying--I heard him with my own ears: "You ought to raise that button." I personally saw him with my own eyes, he was pointing to the top button.

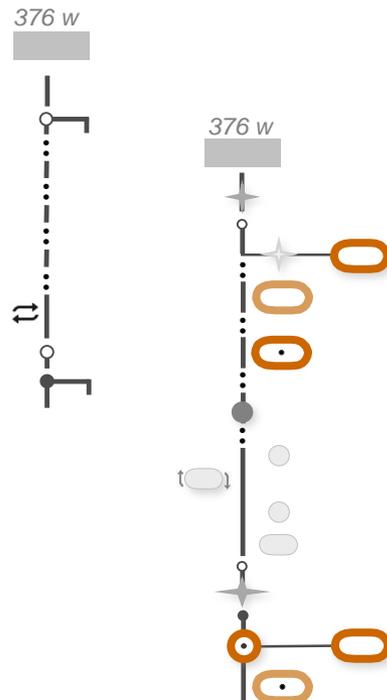
## Spatial Movements



## Spatial Sequences



## Temporal continuity



## Spatio-temporal continuity

After an inordinate delay the bus at last turned the corner and pulled up alongside the pavement. A few people got off, a few others got on. I was among the latter. I got shoved on to the platform, the conductor vehemently pulled a noise-plug and the vehicle started off again. While I was engaged in tearing out of a little book the number of tickets that the man with the little box was about to obliterate on his stomach, I started to expect my neighbours. Nothing but males around me. No women. A disinterested look, then. I soon discovered the cream of this surrounding mud: a boy of about twenty who wore a little head on a long neck and a large hat on his little head and a pretty little plait round his large hat.

What a ghastly type, I said to myself.

He wasn't only a ghastly type, he was a quarrelsome one as well. He worked himself up into a state of indignation and accused a perfectly ordinary citizen of laminating his feet every time a passenger went by getting on or off. The other fellow looked at him severely, trying to find an aggressive retort in the ready-made repertory that he no doubt lugged around with him through the varying circumstances of Life, but he was somewhat out of his depth that day. As for the young man, he was afraid he was going to get his face slapped, so he took advantage of the sudden liberation of a seat by precipitating himself upon it and sitting on it.

I got off before he did and couldn't continue to observe his behavior. I was deciding to condemn him to oblivion when, two hours later, me in the bus, him on the pavement, I saw him in the Cour de Rome, looking just as deplorable.

He was walking up and down in the company of a friend who must have been his arbiter of elegance and who was advising him, with dandy-esque pedantry, to reduce the space between the lapels of his overcoat by having a supplementary button united to it.

What a ghastly type, I said to myself.

Then the two of us, my bus and I, continued on our way.

Spatial Movements



Spatial Sequences



Temporal continuity



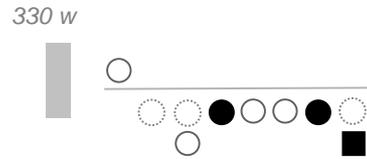
Spatio-temporal continuity



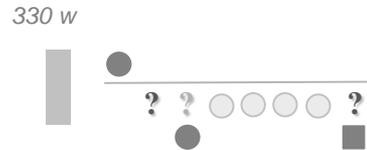
This particular bus had a certain taste. Curious, but undeniable. All buses don't have the same taste. That's often said, but it's true. Just try the experiment. This one--an S, not to make too great a mystery of it--had the suspicion of a flavour of grilled peanuts, not to go into too great detail. The platform had its own special bouquet, peanuts not just grilled but trodden as well. One metre 60 above the trampoline, a gourmand, only there wasn't one there, would have been able to taste something rather sourish which was the neck of a man about thirty. And twenty centimetres higher still, the refined palate was offered the rare opportunity of sampling a plaited cord just slightly tinged with the flavor of cocoa. Next we sampled the chewing gum of dispute, the chestnuts of irritation, the grapes of wrath and a bunch of bitterness.

Two hours later we were entitled to the dessert: an overcoat button...a real delicacy.

Spatial Movements



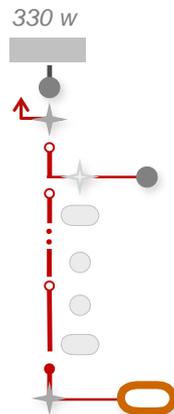
Spatial Sequences



Temporal continuity



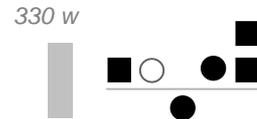
Spatio-temporal continuity



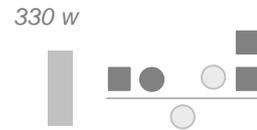
It was in the vicinity of a midday July. The sun had engraved itself with a fiery needle on the many-breasted horizon. The asphalt was quivering softly, exhaling that tender, tarry odour that gives the carcinomous ideas at once puerile and corrosive about the origin of their malady. A bus in green and white livery, emblazoned with an enigmatic S, came to gather from the neighbourhood of the Parc Monceau a small and favoured batch of postulant-passengers into the moist confines of sudiferous dissolution. On the back platform of this masterpiece of the contemporary French automobile industry, where itinerants were packed together like sardines in a tin, an incorrigible rascal who was slowly advancing towards the commencement of his fourth decade and who was carrying between a neck of almost serpentine length and a hat encircled by a cordelet a head as insipid as it was leaden raised his voice to complain with an unfeigned bitterness which seemed to emanate from a glass of gentrian-bitters, or from any other liquid of similar properties, of a phenomenon of the nature of a recurring blow or shock which in his opinion had its origin in a hic et nunc present co-user of the P.P.T.B. In order to give utterance to his lament he adopted the acid tones of a venerable vidame who gets his hindquarters pinched in a public privy and who strange to state does not at all approve of this compliment and is not at all that way inclined.

Later, when the sun had already descended by several degrees the monumental stairway of its celestial parade and when I was once more causing myself to be conveyed by another bus of the same line, I perceived the individual described above displacing himself in a peripatetic fashion in the Cour de Rome in the company of an individual ejusdem farinae who was giving him, in this locality dedicated to auto-mobilistic circulation, sartorial advice which hung by the thread of a button.

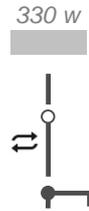
Spatial Movements



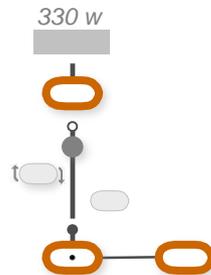
Spatial Sequences



Temporal continuity



Spatio-temporal continuity



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