

# The Fart Organ, when laughter puts fear in the wind

**Benoît Decron**

*It's better to have a loud fart that you can hear around you than a stinking fart that betrays you”.*

Brother Édouard Leroux AKA *Jellyfish* (1)

A strange, spectacular object, this man who farts by regularly emitting a short, musical sound. What the poet Jehan-Rictus, who carefully prepared his cabaret declamations, articulating in a lively voice, called the “musiquante syllable” (2). A clear signal, but not an unequivocal affirmation. Gilles Barbier's wax mannequin is a master of ceremonies, inviting us into his world. The artist has always graced us with his false dilettantism: “I don't know why I do it...”. A world shaken by apocalypses, an exciting drift between continents, no doubt. With *The Fart Organ*, laughter puts fear in the wind. The sense of tragedy, of the downgrading of a work in perpetual metamorphosis, takes a step aside.

## **Mezzo voce**

With Gilles Barbier, we've always been happily surprised by the inextricable association between gaudy, proud, ordinary, infatuated, shrivelled objects... real or imagined, but cruelly material, and the innumerable manifestations of his thought. *The Fart Organ* belongs to this category of works that are as obvious in their literalness as they are charged with mysterious intent. Barbier drives his creation like the coachman whips the carriage, for an artist's work. We're talking about a job, because this work, matured over 25 years, all apparent profusion and chaos, is disconcerting in its laborious sweat: rectifications, prostheses, tappings, coverings, in short, a perpetual, totally destabilizing reiteration, despite some more or less reassuringly ordinary accents. A Benedictine layman, Barbier is a tireless worker who constantly puts his irons back in the fire.

*The Fart Organ* (1996) is a mezzo voce sound machine: it produces neither miasma nor olfactory discomfort. As historian Alain Corbin tells us in “le miasme et la jonquille” (The miasma and the daffodil), after a few centuries of indifference, winds, smells and defecation became a nineteenth-century affair (3) : sewers were created, cemeteries were relocated, women's toilets were much improved, although body odors were concealed under heady perfumes; architecture was hygienist; naturalist or decadent literature dealt with garbage and putrefaction while chemists set about deodorizing excrement. For all that, Gustave Flaubert, dandy dynamiter, advises his friend Ernest Chevalier: “Fair in the boots, piss out of the window, shout shit, shit clear, fart hard, smoke stiff, burp in people's noses”. *The Fart Organ* has its quant-à-

soi, a clever narcissistic ego that promises scatology without flaunting it. The work is remarkable for its brutal yet subtle evocation.

The Fart Organ is a simple musical instrument, not a perfume organ like those perfected in New Age cenacles. An organ is usually several pipes at attention, the ancient virginal improved, the concert of angels of the predella: here it's one and the same organ, a scalloped duct, a long and tortuous glass intestine, finished off with a bird-song-sounding decoy. It could be any bird or mammal, cooing, feinting, chirping, blathering, hooting, hooting, chattering, fluttering, stridulating, grunting, agassing and so on. The organ is monosyllabic, melodious because it holds a single note. As so often in Barbier's work, it emits a sound, a voice, but in no way participates in the tohubohu or hullabaloo, if you're feeling carnivalesque. The final flutey breath of the birdcall is there to simulate, to stimulate, to attract the customer.

This fart organ is a singular sculpture that has occupied our attention for a long time: its droll, lonely irruption into Barbier's creative career has, in a way, represented him. It takes up a lot of space. It's an Incipit, the beginning of scenarios that now make up the Barbier galaxy, combining objects, images and words, single or in clusters. It initiates language in its infinite variety. The organ begins with a man on bent knees, with the mark of effort on an open-mouthed face, and ends with a singing bird call. The clone/model, Gilles Barbier, is a concert performer, as indicated by his black suit and bow tie: he puts on a show like the petomaniac Joseph Pujol, the 1900 lyric artist and darling of the Exposition Universelle and the Moulin Rouge. Despite the striking resemblance, the petomaniac musician doesn't countertype the artist, who finds it more convenient to take the edge off with a burlesque device: an enriching schizophrenic dissociation. In this case, it's no more Gilles Barbier than a young Christian Boltanski acting out his life in playlets with photographs mimicking an autobiography. The end of the individual story.

Of course, the wax figure brings us back to the artifice of the living, like the royal remains of the Renaissance -the king is dead, not quite- and the quidams of Pop Art or hyperrealism, the scruffy American pedestrians of George Segal or Duane Hanson, more recently, the monumental sculptures of Australian artist Ron Mueck. Like them, Barbier molded faces and bodies, with the obvious difference that the clone, including the famous pawns, agglutinates and compresses subject and object: Claes Oldenburg seems closer to Gilles Barbier, more convincing in his deliquescence and presence to the viewer, less ghostly too than scrupulously human humans. An anthropomorphic cast of Barbier discredits the actor (his paradox...) and his simulacrum of freedom, to become a kind of tool, a direction, a segment, a circulating vehicle, a shuttle. His bonshommes, molded, painted or drawn, are applied gatekeepers of language and meaning (let's talk about narratives), witnesses who pass by, perorating and commenting, gentlemen loyal to the grand illusion of a life or the credibility of a universe. They are present, but curiously imprecise, ambivalent; they can take all sorts of directions.

### **Attack organ**

The Fart Organ is not only an anatomical curiosity, but also a marvel of sinusoidal glasswork (4). It's a succession of tubes, panses, coils, elbows and flasks, between Murano Island and the Faculty of Medicine. He steals the mystery of metamorphosis from the alchemist. The petomaniac, a museum automaton, produces the vital

breath, as precious as the “Air de Paris”, which wriggles its way to the decoy-duck. Delicate minds notwithstanding, this sculpture/test-tube is a thing of beauty. The mannequin precedes its transparent, fragile train, like the peacock's multicolored wheel.

Gilles Barbier asserts: “There's nothing to stop us talking about any object whatsoever, a viscous entity, whether alimentary or not, a lonely organ. His environment is constantly noisy with words, legends and this tight, copied, demonstrative prose: all this calls for no response, all this is thrown there against the galactic black background of large gouaches. One of them, dated 2006, “Coupe d'une poche d'existence” (cross-section of a pouch of existence, highlighting the organs) is eloquent, depicting an attacking organ like a pedagogical fragment, like an image taken from a medical dictionary. This pouch, a sort of wineskin, draws the real in through a hole - Barbier's hole acts as a connecting agent - to expel the fiction, the expression, through an emission mouth and, at the other end, through the asshole, the pressurized gas (the mode of propulsion of the pouch of existence), The organ is swollen with a fictional intestine, itself surrounded by auxiliary glands, like Proust's and Joyce's, the novelists who know how to tell stories and chisel language. The image is self-sufficient: it's an autonomous vessel that wanders through existence, hiding nothing. Many have pointed out Barbier's close ties to the images of Hieronymus Bosch and Breughel the Elder, and even to art brut artists such as Carlo Zinelli, or to the cartoon of Mandrake the Magician or Flash Gordon, for the magic and anticipation of Cheap (5): organs and objects defy gravity as in haunted houses, parts of a whole live on in their own right, their transparency largely erasing the gangue of what is shown, drawn or painted. Without doubt, Gilles Barbier has invented the paranormal that works in the ordinary.

In an exchange with Pierre Sterckx, the artist assures us that he sees the living being in a way other than from head to toe, namely through the mouth and the anus (6). Cosmic fart and solar anus (that of the luminous Georges Bataille of the first short stories (7)) The petomaniac's laborious deflagration triggers a story that swells at the edges, in the seams. The crude and the vile thus respond to the forces of the Universe and the imperious call of the unconscious. The shame of talking about such things now trails behind the rest of Western literature. The artist and art critic obviously compare Wim Delvoye's Cloaca, the shit machine to the Fart Organ: “I think it's worth pointing out that in both pieces, the interior is carried outwards and horizontalized. To Wim Delvoye the material, to me the air. His the object, mine the music...”. For the two visual artists, the digestive tract is: out and fallen to the ground, vulnerable, “The body emptied like a fish after fishing” (8) The gut in the air, unrolled with its full and untied, must be transparent to show this “slow and serene digestion”, an ostentatious transit like the gangways and glass conveyor belts of an airport where anonymous travelers pass in single file.

### **Ars petendi**

Pierre Sterckx rightly speaks of “Rabelaisian logorrhea à-la-Barbier” (9) Let's return to texts and images, a kind of linguistic regurgitation: for Barbier, who reads and writes extensively, what he creates could be the illustration of the text. An inextricable process. In the black gouaches, the long notations and layers of text, combined with the “proliferating” images, are often compared to illuminations. This is doubtful, since medieval illuminations - however profuse - are added to the text, in

principle out of synch, in an inferior condition. Which is it, the chicken or the egg? Barbier's images and texts colonize the same Far West. To return to Rabelais, whose drawn portrait appears in "Artist Interviews" (2016), we note the commonality of linguistic verve, of the *bas morceaux* of the body, of its reification, of the crowd and of enumerations, inventions and descriptions (10).

The historian Mikhail Bakhtine wrote the seminal book on François Rabelais and popular culture, particularly in its carnivalesque and festive dimension (11). He enacts the principle of life, conferring on grotesque realism - a belittlement in his terms - a positive, active power of laughter, in the humanist sense, of the Renaissance, which absorbs medieval culture: drinking, eating, digesting, flattering one's sexuality. The body mingled with the world, also wide open, becomes a cosmic body, the bottom becomes the top, the front the back, the inside the outside, the left the right, madness a liberating state and not a certificate of impiety, the famous season in hell promised by the Church. "Laughter revealed the material and corporeal principle in its true sense. It opened our eyes to the new, to the future" (12). Hippocrates, prized by the clergy, paved the way with his medical laughter. This "joyful grammar", according to Bakhtin, can be interwoven with Barbier's art, if only for the "rigorous, scientific seriousness" that takes on a modern character. Gilles Barbier carefully studies contemporary science, which he transposes into his creations.

The grotesque figure, in its triviality, is the "carnival of the underworld", a healthy ambivalence that might enable us to relativize trademarks of all kinds, the qualities and defects of the judging *vulgum pecus*. In the end, it's not so bad.

Let's get back to basics: moods, bowel movements and flatulence. Barbier scatters figures and objects throughout the cosmos; he organizes himself underground, which is the womb and beginning of all being (fine example "The Burrow"): "Et venus en vôtre monde, portez tesmoignage que sous terre sont les grands trésors et choses admirables" (13) writes Rabelais. The famous episode of the *torcheculs*, a scene freed from the proper use of objects and reason, seems helpful. Gargantua doesn't know how to clean his bottom, so he gives Grandgousier an endless list of *torcheculs* (scarf, satin cap...sage, fennel, dill, etc.), including a fluffy bird "...as well as the sweetness of the gosling, which is easily communicated to the gut and intestines, and from there to the heart and brain" (14). It would be a mistake to see this as a heavy-handed piece of gossip, for here everything is beatitude and voluptuousness, as experienced by saints, ascetics and perfect personalities. From Rabelais to Michaux, Castaneda to Barbier (15). *L'Orgue à pets* could finally be part of these voluptuous transports, with its traversed body of varying depths and heights. A body like a trunk with fluctuating shapes, a body arranged, spread out, erect, moved, "imprecative", but a body exuding emotion or simple contentment. "The soul comes out of their asses", as Plato would have said (16).

Epistemon, another singular protagonist of Rabelais's "Livre Second", came back to life as in the resurrection of Lazarus: (17) From top to bottom and in order, he opened his eyes, breathed hard, yawned, sneezed and finally let out a fart that brought him back to life. This vitalistic lurch had the most beautiful effect. We won't go into detail here on the recurrence of the fart in Rabelais, from weapon of mass destruction to expression of social life. *The Ars petendi in societate, cum scholiis* (The Art of Farting

in Society) is a work from the XVI century that has been attributed without foundation to Rabelais, 64 pages in which he sorts out the winds and the vesses. The omnipotence of breath is celebrated - wind in the body, air out of the body - command over storms, seasons, moon, sun and stars. The vesse is outlawed, because despite its hygienic virtues, it still stinks: the pet franc (crepitus) is preferred. At the apex of these shades of wind (furtive, indiscreet, vengeful) is the musical fart: "... a first classification according to their musicality by comparison with the musical instruments of the time: farts resembling the sound of the bagpipe, the rebec, the spinet, the viol, the lute, the hurdy-gurdy, etc." (18). The honest fart can be practiced elegantly and in a group, whether musical (imagine a coryphée of petomaniacs) or not. Pedium, it is eloquence, rhetoric, a manifestation of intelligence.

At first glance, The Fart Organ is a sketchy piece of music. The panoramic gouache that inspired it, The Second Ghost (2007), unwinds the concentrated farting and the glass piping, all topped by a flowing wave, a musical snake of staves and notes. It sounds like a Hamelin melody... The artist makes no secret of his intention: this piece of music is a facetious homage to Alphonse Allais's Marche funèbre d'un grand homme sourd (the funeral march of a great deaf man), which maintains that great sorrows are mute. It is to be played *lento rigolando* (lento laughando), an accumulation of many silences with hidden notes, known only to the musicians (19) Emptiness and matter, language of course. The musical expression of the Fart Organ is surprisingly reminiscent of the rhyming chapter of the mad musician with his dunce cap and bells in Sébastien Brant's Nef des fous (1494): the work is a moralizing indictment of the world's turpitudes, a repertoire of sins (of which music is a part). The standing woodcut vignette shows the musician playing the loure, a variety of bagpipe (20). From the loure to the outre (wineskin), from this existential pouch to the self-propelled organ, there's only one breath.

« Qui se plaît à sonner musette  
 Ignorant la harpe et la lyre  
 Ira dans le vaisseau des fous »  
*(He who delights in sounding musette  
 Ignoring harp and lyre  
 Will go into the ship of fools).*

La musique des artistes déstabilisateurs constitue un vaste corpus qui va, par exemple, de Jean Dubuffet, ses bricolages de bandes magnétiques, puis le *Coucou Bazar* un orchestre à base de flûtes, d'instruments à vent et de percussions, à Yves Klein et à sa symphonie *Monoton-Silence* jouée en mars 1960 devant un public muet et sidéré à la galerie internationale d'art contemporain de Paris (21). Dans les deux cas, la production musicale est un choix totalisateur, une métaphore de leur pratique picturale : d'un côté la cosmétique à l'emporte-pièce des *Matériologies* ou de l'*Hourloupe*, de l'autre le monochrome consacré, l'IKB. En ce qui concerne Gilles Barbier sa musique des sphères, cosmologique et mach inique, le conduit au désaccordé, mais également aux longues séquences d'un Giacinto Scelsi, compositeur et poète italien totalement atypique. Proche de la pratique atonale (le maître Arnold Schönberg, peintre et compositeur) Scelsi cultive un son long et monodique, dans un cluster de voix ou d'instruments, avec des intervalles minuscules et des articulations :

une musique tirant le temps par la note entêtante, comme dans une filière. Plainte sonore, mélopée sinueuse, note tendue à l'extrême, rompue et renaissante, telle pourrait être la musique de l'*Orgue à pets*.

The music of destabilizing artists forms a vast corpus, from Jean Dubuffet, for example, and his tinkering with magnetic tapes, followed by the Coucou Bazar, an orchestra based on flutes, wind instruments and percussion, to Yves Klein and his Monoton-Silence symphony performed in March 1960 before a dumbfounded audience at the Galerie Internationale d'Art Contemporain in Paris (21). In both cases, musical production is a totalizing choice, a metaphor for their pictorial practice: on the one hand, the cookie-cutter cosmetics of *Matériologies* or *Hourloupe*, on the other, the consecrated monochrome, *IKB*. As far as Gilles Barbier is concerned, his cosmological and machinic music of the spheres leads him to detune, but also to the long sequences of Giacinto Scelsi, a totally atypical Italian composer and poet. Close to atonal practice (the master Arnold Schönberg, painter and composer) Scelsi cultivates a long, monodic sound, in a cluster of voices or instruments, with tiny intervals and articulations: a music pulling time by the heady note, as in a spinneret. A sonorous lament, a sinuous melody, a note stretched to the extreme, broken and reborn: such could be the music of the Fart Organ.

### **The galactic meadow of words**

As we have seen, music is a language that can both flow and be read. A closer look at Gilles Barbier's work reveals a universe teeming with language. Language, particularly in the black gouaches and large square compositions, the Soups, which according to subtle, pre-established rules add phrases to suspended objects, Moebius ribbons and phylacteries. Barbier's daily routine for over 25 years has consisted of carefully copied dictionary pages, texts and images. He copies texts and images, with no desire to finish the job: the Larousse contains a treasure trove of proper nouns and celebrity vignettes, bad Roger-Viollet clichés. Barbier doesn't see himself as the master of amphigoric writings that mingle with all these images that colonize one another: "One is the owner and tenant of one's own language" (22). Owner or tenant, these words emerge like calls, cries, in a number of Speech Bubbles, three-dimensional comic strip bubbles in particular... As always in Barbier's work, identities are porous and come and go. He speaks of a textual murmur enveloping each of his intentions, of "bursts from the outside and ruminations from the inside" (23) An anarchic housing estate, a park in the wind of uncertain futures, without neighborly conflict. Language in machine-gun fire tars the velvety expanse of the black cosmos, heckling space-time studded with machinic and organic details, holding firm to its productive logic.

Gilles Barbier's physical universe, with its expected localisations and interdependencies, recalls a short story by Roland Topor in *Café Panique: Pleine-Lune* (Fullmoon), the sorcerer, has too many mouths to feed, so he houses 12 spirits in his body, which has become a council flat. "This cohabitation was not without friction when, for example, one of the tenants neglected his cleaning or excrement removal duties, but such cases were rare. In general, the rule 'Please leave this body as clean as you'd like to find it' was respected" (24) Las, expelled spirits had to relocate when a body died. There were 47 spirits crammed into a single body, and the sorcerer's washed up on the pavement... In Barbier's work, the question constantly arises as to who expresses themselves and in what form, and how to live with promiscuity.

Simply put, do creatures, machines and people have only one life? The artist, born in Vanuatu, with his many beliefs and languages, has retained the sensitivity of a man who can occupy and inhabit two floors, one rational, the other irrational. Nothing is frozen in his world.

Barbier attaches equal importance to these texts, written and described before they are deployed in his work: they must therefore be carefully deciphered, however small, and the nature of their information measured, even if it may seem haphazard, algorithmic or cryptic. He calls them "legend": "Legend is a state of language that floats outside" (25). He seizes upon the fable, the parable, the exergue, the quotation, the commentary... Of course, to qualify a text as a legend. Louis Soutter colonized the margins and illustrations of his cousin Le Corbusier's architecture books: with his pen-and-ink drawings - which he called "ornaments" - he filled in the gaps and doubled the printed images with grids of lines and curves. Barbier's sentences have a tessitura, through clutter or fragmentation, in short a material and physical dimension worthy of Ursonate, the recordings of declaimed/sung poetry by Dadaist Kurt Schwitters (1921-1932). Later, Gherasim Luca, the Romanian-born poet, would make a name for himself with his "Théâtre de bouche". Barbier can make his own the remark by Mallarmé, who struggled to finish a sonnet in more than a day: "But, Degas, it's not with ideas that one makes verses...It's with words" (26). Words weigh down the image, while ideas are often the rewards.

This brings us to Barbier's earthworms, interpreters of words and sentences. "It is doubtful whether there are many other animals that have played as important a role in the history of the globe as these creatures of such inferior organization", said Darwin. Choosing the worm, a digging and burrowing creature, not very expansive, for which we can't feel any empathy, is certainly surprising: Barbier's *Mega-model* gives voice to the animals of Noah's Ark, with bubbles full of Latin quotations taken from the pink pages of the dictionary.... "The worm is infinitely securable, totally deterritorialized, a consumer mixing mouth and anus, speech and devouring, aerial serenity and subterranean anguish", writes Pierre Sterckx (28). He also speaks of 'plurivers', 'as a plural of versification, gluing earthworm and universe'. By splitting the speaker in two, we multiply speech like quicksilver. The worm has a mouth with teeth that Barbier imitated from Francis Bacon's (*Triptych*).

After the chatter of bubbles, the galactic meadow of words, this fertile expanse, magnifies Gilles Barbier's territory. The slick, bored words provide landmarks, shores and beacons for those who scan the unfathomable black of the gouaches. You can gymkhana around these blocks of words, avoiding or colliding with them. Tightly packed sentences, inscribed in a white stencil imitating small print, tell the story - let's say the plot - with just the right amount of shift, slippage and vertigo to accentuate the mysterious nature of the whole. In *Nessie*, a gouache from 2003, Barbier recounts his encounter with the Loch Ness monster in the magazines he read as a child. The legends here deal with deferred reality, with monsters that undoubtedly exist, whatever we may see of them: "There's something else to tell, or perhaps it's the fiction that's gone elsewhere...". In *Les vers* (the worms) of 2003, a colony of earthworms holds a symposium and explains their communal fate: "If you spit out your own language with the language of the worm, as one would say 'throw out the baby with the bathwater', then who's talking in your mouth?" It would be pointless to go back over other examples. The *Black Box*, with its 96 gouaches, many explosive and extraordinary scripts, as if backlit, is charged with memory like a monumental lithium battery. The

planetary *scriptorium* , somewhere between apocalypse and scientific progress, overflows with books and maps. This aggregate of encyclopedic knowledge, melancholy excipient of a tightrope-walking future and caustic humor, far removed from chapels, makes Barbier a singular artist, with no cause and no throne, for a sharpshooter's efficiency.

Last but not least, Barbier's words, his quiet walk as a *versiculturist* (29), with its fragile comments and justifications, would not be what they are without his interest in the promenade, which he found in Robert Walser (30). He likens his works to excursions: "Every encounter is always a moment of wonder: Swiss cheese, Vaseline, a Mac Donald TM slide, a hole, even a thumbtack.... They have the right to speak (30). Walking is not an act of idleness, but a craft practiced with pleasure. "When I go for a long walk, a thousand usable ideas come to me, whereas locked up at home I'd spoil and dry up miserably. For me, a walk is not only healthy, but profitable, and not only pleasant, but also useful", Walser argues (31). What's more, the novelist produced "micrograms", 526 sheets of paper of various sizes covered with texts written in pencil in tiny characters: these micrograms could be deciphered and recopied identically by Walser, who used them to write short stories, feuilletons or mood bills. So little was used. After his death in 1956, the entire collection amounted to 4,000 printed pages, the first complete edition of which was published in 1980. One can only imagine the attention and concentration required to decipher and copy texts with characters no more than a millimeter high. Gilles Barbier loves the idea of vermicelli writing, secret phrases massaged into a rectangle like an abstruse screen, for those who don't grasp the delicacy of the act. Like many of his gouaches, the micrograms are available to those wearing glasses. Adjusting one's gaze is part of the victory over opacity: all is belly to belly for those who know how to see. The abundance of words, serving these minimalist stories, so ordinary and so naturally written that they seem unreal, are all part of a slow, reiterated process, earned like a long, hygienic walk. This is the way to visit an exhibition of Barbier's work, which presents a succession of events and places. Walser reveals in Barbier a great deal of reserve, the reserve that soothes human beings, despite their accidents.

Benoît Decron

February 14, 2021.

In tribute to Pierre Sterckx, the inspiring friend.

- (1) In high school, our history-geography teacher would suddenly stop his lesson, nose to the wind, to tell us again. For him, it was better to have the obvious, sonic manifestation of a fart than the sly, embarrassing one of a buttock. After all, in the second grade, no one knew what a vesse was.
- (2) Gaston Ferdière, *Jehan-Rictus. Son œuvre*, Paris, éditions de la Nouvelle Revue Critique, 1936, p. 22
- (3) Alain Corbin, *Le miasme et la jonquille : l'odorat et l'imaginaire social, XVIII<sup>e</sup>- XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle*, Paris Flammarion, 1982.
- (4) Gilles Barbier created the glass pieces for *the Fart Organ* at the CIRVA in Marseille ( International Glass Center) . At the same time, in the same place, Erik Dietman was working on a project: we don't know if he had seen Barbier's work. These subtle glass

- flasks, hanaps or bowls, populate Flemish still lifes. Closer to home, artist Richard Fauguet assembles glass tableware in his *Tétinages*.
- (5) Alex Raymond and Phil Davis, giants of the comics strip, made objects and creatures that were initially atonic or amorphous, talk and move in abundance. Later, Mandryk would do the same in his *Masked Cucumber* panels.
  - (6) Pierre Sterckx, *Gilles Barbier. Un Abézédaire dans le désordre*, Paris, éditions du Regard 2008, p. 65. To date, the most comprehensive monograph on Barbier, with rich iconography.
  - (7) Written in January 1927 at the same time as *Histoire de l'œil*, *L'anus solaire* appeared in 1931, accompanied by drypoints by André Masson. It's a text of "fulminant joy", of the dazzling power of the organ: "...nature responds with a whip, as gallant as the pretty tamers admired on the shelves of pornographic bookshops".
  - (8) *Sterckx (op. cit.)*, p.65
  - (9) *Ibid* p 47. Among Sterckx's adjectives and phrases about Barbier: "horrible and magnificent machine for making linguistic sausage", "impregnable and galactic laughter", "the very matter of reality is worm-eaten", "*Plurivers*, plural of versification, stick earthworm and universe", "here is the complex soap on which Gilles Barbier surfs".
  - (10) Gilles Barbier, *Entretiens*, Paris, éditions du Regard, 2018. In addition to Rabelais, there are drawn portraits of Walser, Bakhtine, Deleuze, Asterix, Kafka...
  - (11) Mikhail Bakhtine, *l'œuvre de François Rabelais et la culture populaire au Moyen Age et sous la Renaissance*, Paris, Gallimard, 1970. Traduit d'après par Andrée Robel.
  - (12) *Ibid*, p.101.
  - (13) Quoted by Bakhtine, p. 367: Livre V, chap. XLVII Rabelais gives priority to the bottom, the depth and the bottom of the earth and the divinity is a "sphere of which in all places is the center has in one place no circumference".
  - (14) François Rabelais, *Gargantua*, Paris, classiques Pocket, 2018, chapter XII "how Grandgousier recognized Gargantua's marvelous intelligence at the invention of a torchecul" pp. 124-135. How F.R.'s quiet, attentive rereading detoxifies us from the scholastic constraints of Lagarde et Michard...
  - (15) Henri Michaux, de d'Ecuador à la mescaline, Carlos Castaneda, *the devil's grass and the little smoke...*, Kiki Picasso (Christian Chapiron: ... Ataraxia, ecstasy, beatitudes, strange and ascending fruits of brain chemistry, writers and poets have been preoccupied with them for a century: /123; p. 113. Brilliant, erudite article available on the Internet
  - (16) *Bakhtine (op.cit.)*, pp. 380-381
  - (17) *La Charité (op.cit)* p. 119.
  - (18) Barbier has always admired the *Incoherents*.
  - (19) Sébastien Brant, *The Ship of Fools*, Paris, publisher José Corti, 1997, p. 153 (chapter 54 *Do not admit correction* : in the stanzas, " To the fool nothing is so pleasing / As a blowpipe and a windbag ").
  - (20) Jean Dubuffet's early musical experiments were accompanied by Asger Jorn. Yves Klein, who was not particularly fond of jazz, unlike his friend Arman, attached great importance to his one-note symphony.
  - (21) Robert Walser, *Der Spaziergang / La promenade*,
  - (22) *Ibid*, p. 12